

FAMILY GUY

"Lethal Weapons"

Production #2ACX18

Written by

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Created by

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TABLE DRAFT
October 1, 1999

“Lethal Weapons”

CAST LIST FOR #2ACX18:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN (SUB: MARK HENTEMANN)
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BLACK MAN.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
BONNIE.....JENNIFER TILLY (SUB: BOBBY BOWMAN)
BRONX GUY #1.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
BRONX GUY #2.....TBD (SUB: DAN PALLADINO)
CHARO.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
CHORUS.....TBD (SUB: SETH M, MIKE B, MATT W.)
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
DAVEY.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
DIANE.....LORI ALAN (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)
DOCTOR MORIN.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
DONNA.....TBD (SUB: MILA KUNIS)
DORIS.....TBD (SUB: MILA KUNIS)
ERIC.....TBD (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)
EVERYONE.....ALL
EXECUTIVE #1.....TBD (SUB: RICKY BLITT)
EXECUTIVE #2.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
FATHER.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
FATHER O'BRIEN.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
FATHER SAPIENZA.....TBD (SUB: DAN PALLADINO)
FOOTBALL FAN #1.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
FOOTBALL FAN #2.....TBD (SUB: MATT WEITZMAN)
GOLIATH.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
JARED.....TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
JIM.....TBD (SUB: NEIL GOLDMAN)
JOE.....PATRICK Warburton (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
KATHY.....TBD (SUB: BOBBY BOWMAN)
KATIE COURIC.....TBD (SUB: MILA KUNIS)
LADY.....TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
LARGE MAN.....TBD (SUB: BILLIAM CORONEL)
LITTLE BOY.....TBD (SUB: RICKY BLITT)
MAN.....TBD (SUB: NEIL GOLDMAN)
MEAN WOMAN.....TBD (SUB: MILA KUNIS)

MIDGET LOIS.....ALEX BORSTEIN (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)
MIKE.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
NEW YORKER #1.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
NEW YORKER #2..... TBD (SUB: DAN PALLADINO)
NEW YORKER #3.....TBD (SUB: BILLIAM CORONEL)
NORDIC GUY.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
OLD LADY.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
PLAYER.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
SECURITY GUARD.....TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
TECHNICIAN.....TBD (SUB: BILLIAM CORONEL)
TOM.....SETH MACFARLANE
TONY.....TBD (SUB: DAN PALLADINO)

ACT ONE**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

PETER, LOIS and BONNIE ride on board the Swanson's boat, as KEVIN drives. JOE waterskis behind the boat in his wheelchair with skis under the wheels. He crosses the boat's wake which sends him into the air. He does a helicopter spin before landing.

JOE

Whoa-ho, baby! Twelve in a row!

He continues skiing. Bonnie calls back at him.

BONNIE

Joe, summer's almost over! Give
someone else a turn.

She gets up and takes her wrap off. She's wearing a skimpy bikini over her very pregnant belly.

PETER

Wow, you musta had a great body
before it went all funhouse mirror on
you.

BONNIE

(FEELS HER BELLY) Oooh, the baby's
kicking! Wanna feel?

PETER

Sure.

Peter puts his hand on her belly and leans in close. A tiny little foot shape pushes out of her, **kicking** Peter in the face. Peter stumbles back.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ahh! Oh, you're freakin' dead, kid!

Peter starts to run at Bonnie. Lois stops him.

LOIS

Peter! (TO BONNIE) I can't believe
how terrific you look.

BONNIE

Thanks, I've been taking Tae-Jitsu
classes.

LOIS

Really? When I was pregnant, I
didn't want to do anything.

PETER

Yeah, me, neither.

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A YOUNGER-LOOKING LOIS lies in bed. A YOUNGER PETER comes
out of the bathroom. Lois pats the bed seductively.

LOIS

(FLIRTY) Come to bed, honey.

PETER

Gross, Lois, you're knocked up.

LOIS

Peter, I'm only a week and a half
pregnant.

PETER

Yeah, and bestiality's only havin'
sex with a horse. F.Y.I., I'm not
into that either.

EXT. LAKE - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

BONNIE

You should come to class with me some time.

LOIS

Sounds like fun.

PETER

Forget it, Lois, this'll just be another one of those hobbies you get tired of and quit, like that physical therapy for your car accident. I paid fifty bucks for those crutches and you don't even use 'em anymore.

ANGLE ON the beach. BRIAN, CHRIS, MEG, and STEWIE sit on the shore. Brian **sips** a martini.

MEG

I love this time of year.

BRIAN

Me, too. The summer tourists are gone, and we finally have the town to ourselves before those idiots from New York show up to watch the leaves change-- (GASP)

BRIAN'S P.O.V.: A green maple tree with one very red leaf. Brian looks away from the tree and towards the street. A mass of cars **rumble** on the horizon, headed their way. He jumps up and calls to the people on the boat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(YELLING) Leafers!

ANGLE ON the boat. Everyone looks up, panicked.

PETER

Holy crap! We gotta get outta here!

Kevin races the boat to the shore and beaches it. Joe, still skiing behind it, rolls up on shore. Brian and the kids hurriedly grab their stuff as the others jump out of the boat and they all race for the car.

BONNIE

What about the boat?

JOE

Leave it!

Peter grabs his keys and, hands shaking, tries to get the right key in the door lock.

LOIS

Hurry, Peter! They're almost here!

CHRIS

We're too late!

Chris points in horror. A car pulls up, from which emerge TWO BRONX GUYS in their early 30's, wearing Yankee caps and leather car coats. They look at another tree with some colorful leaves.

BRONX GUY #1

Yo, Matty, check out those colors.

Yellow like a taxi, orange like the ball in a Knicks game, and red like the sauce on my mama mia's goo-gots.

BRONX GUY #2

Yeah. And brown, like the guys I don't pick up in my cab.

BRONX GUY #1

Be-yootiful.

EVERYONE

(HORRIFIED) Ahhhhh!

INT. CHANNEL FIVE STUDIO - DAY

TOM and DIANE sit at the newsdesk.

DIANE

Good evening, I'm Diane Simmons.

TOM

And I'm Tom Tucker.

DIANE

Tonight's top story, Quahog is infested. With loud, hairy creatures also known as New Yorkers.

TOM

These dirtbags invade our lives every fall to see the foliage, and I think I speak for all of us when I say that New York and everyone from there can fornicate themselves with an iron stick.

DIANE

On a happier note, sixteen New Yorkers burned to death in a subway fire.

From off-camera, we hear a smattering of **applause** and **cheers**.

EXT. QUAHOG, RHODE ISLAND - DAY

PAN ACROSS the beautiful landscape that is Quahog, Rhode Island in the fall. It's colored in beautiful hues of red, orange and yellow. In between the trees is a long line of cars, bumper-to-bumper, moving very slowly.

TOURISTS hang out of the cars, staring at the foliage. In the middle of the line is Peter's car.

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - SAME

The Griffins are in the car, dressed nicely.

LOIS

Oh, we're gonna be late for church.

Peter sticks his head out of the car window.

PETER

Move it! (PULLS HEAD BACK IN) Damn
leafers.

MEG

Ew, Chris, put your shoes back on!
Your feet stink!

CHRIS

No, they don't! They smell like corn
chips. See?

He shoves his shoe towards Meg.

MEG

Ew, gross! Mom!

STEWIE

Meg, stop your whining! Chris, put
your shoes back on. Lois, for god's
sake, take your thumb out of your ass
and do some parenting!

LOIS

Kids, stop bickering. You know, some
day, you two are gonna be the best of
friends.

PETER

Aw, don't listen to your mother.

Lois reacts to the slight as Peter continues, oblivious.

PETER (CONT'D)

Brothers and sisters fighting is as
natural as a white man's dialogue in
a Spike Lee movie.

INT. SAL'S PIZZA PLACE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A BLACK MAN walks up to the counter.

BLACK MAN

Whatsup? Can I get two slices of
pepperoni?

REVEAL a WHITE MAN **snarling** like an animal.

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

PETER

(LEANS ON HORN) C'mon, move it!

TONY and DORIS, two New Yorkers with thick New York accents
sitting in the car next to the Griffins, look over.

TONY

Doris, gedda loada dat accent. I
think it's one of dem frickin' locals!

DORIS

Oh my Gawd, Tony, take a picture!

Tony stops the car and grabs a camera. Doris follows.

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tony and Doris run back to the Griffins' car.

DORIS

Feed 'em the falafel.

Doris grabs the camera. Tony holds out a falafel to Chris, who eats it from his hand as Doris **takes a picture.**

TONY

(EXCITED) He ate it right outta my hand! Did you get it?

DORIS

I got it! I got it!

LOIS

Chris, get your head in the car!

Chris ignores her and snatches another sandwich out of Tony's bag.

DORIS

Ooh, don't anger the mother.

TONY

Hey, remind me to tell Frankie Nickels something about cannoli and bada-bing!

Peter **fumes.**

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG HOLY CHRIST CHURCH - LATER

A sign on the church reads, "Come for the Mass, stay for the guilt." Peter's car drives into the crowded parking lot.

INT. QUAHOG HOLY CHRIST CHURCH - SAME

The Griffins enter the church. It's packed.

PETER

Oh, this is great. Damn New Yorkers took our seats. Heathens.

LOIS

Peter, just because they're from New
York doesn't mean they're not
Christians with values just like ours.

ANGLE ON a NEW YORKER FAMILY sitting in one of the pews. A
LITTLE BOY holds up a gum wrapper to his FATHER.

LITTLE BOY

Daddy, what do I do with my gum
wrapper?

FATHER

Whadda ya think you do wit it? It's
garbage, trow it on da ground.

The boy does.

FATHER (CONT'D)

And when you finish wit dat gum,
stick it under da seat or put it in
that lady's hair.

ANGLE ON the Griffins standing in the back of the church.

MEG

This sucks. I'd rather go home and
watch one of those religious shows on
TV.

EXT. YARD (ON TV) - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A YOUNG GIRL throws a stick. GOLIATH chases it and brings it
back. DAVEY walks up to him.

DAVEY

Goliath! Where the hell have you
been?

GOLIATH

Gee, Davey, I don't know what you're talking about. My name is Rex and I belong to this nice girl who feeds me and doesn't make me do dirty things.

DAVEY

Then how did you know my name was "Davey?"

A beat. Goliath realizes he's been caught. Goliath bolts. Davey gives chase and **tackles** him. Davey leans in close to Goliath's face.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Don't you get it? The Lord wants you to be with me.

Davey pulls out a stun-gun and **stuns** Goliath. He then puts a leash around Goliath's neck and drags him away.

INT. QUAHOG HOLY CHRIST CHURCH - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

The Griffins stand in the back. A kindly OLD LADY sitting in the back pew glances over and smiles at Stewie.

OLD LADY

Aren't you precious!

Stewie ducks back down, then pops up wearing a pair of devil horns, makes a horrible face and **hisses** at her satanically. She faints. Stewie **laughs**, gleefully. He turns to some other CHURCH-GOERS who are staring at him.

STEWIE

(TO THE OTHERS) Some of today's novelty items were provided by Jack's Joke Shop of Attleboro, Massachusetts. Remember, "If it ain't funny, it ain't worth Jack."

FATHER O'BRIEN takes the altar.

FATHER O'BRIEN

I'd like to welcome all our out of town parishioners. My cousin Father Sapienza is in from New York to see the leaves, and I'd like to invite him to do the opening prayer.

FATHER SAPIENZA, a burly priest, stands on the altar and addresses the convocation.

FATHER SAPIENZA

Yo, God is good, huh? And he expects us to be good. If you're not, he's gonna come down and bust your freakin' skull. Amen.

A NEW YORKER sitting in one of the pews stands up.

NEW YORKER #1

Who do you think yous are talkin' to?
Your God ain't tougher than me.

Another NEW YORKER, several pews away stands and shouts at New Yorker #1.

NEW YORKER #2

You can't talk to the father like that, you stupid gavone. I oughta come over there and break your freakin' arm.

NEW YORKER #1

You wanna go, tough guy? I'll snap
you in half like an almond biscotti
from Valero's on fifty first street.
Best in the city.

New Yorker #2 throws a prayer-book at New Yorker #1 and
charges him. They begin to fight. The other New Yorkers
scream "**Kick his ass!**", "**Break his face!**", "**You call these
bagels?**"

STEWIE

Oh, please, even the best biscotti is
nothing but a chocolate-covered
doorstop. (TO A NEW YORKER) Hey
Guido, watch this.

He points to his bow tie, which starts spinning around. He's
now holding a fake cigar.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Whoa, I've gotta lay off the coffee.
Ha-cha-cha-cha-cha! (TAPS CIGAR)
That's Jack's, exit fourteen off two-
ninety-five.

EXT./ESTAB. JARED FELLOW'S TAE-JITSU - DAY

INT. JARED FELLOW'S TAE-JITSU - SAME

JARED, an overly aggressive Tae-Jitsu instructor, leads the
class through some moves. We **PAN** past the STUDENTS to see
Lois and Bonnie in the class as well.

JARED

Left kick, right kick, punch combo,
stomp! Beautiful, again!

BONNIE

(SOTTO TO LOIS) Wow, you're doing
great for your first lesson.

LOIS

I'm just lettin' it all hang out.
Just like Charo on "Merv Griffin."

INT. MERV GRIFFIN SHOW SET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

MERV GRIFFIN sits at his desk watching CHARO gyrate as she
does a breathy, vocal interpretation of the **instrumental hit**
"Popcorn."

CHARO

(SINGING) HI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI / HI-
YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI / HI-YI-YI-YI-YI-
YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI /

This goes on way too long, until a TECHNICIAN, wearing a
headset, walks onstage and calls to Merv.

TECHNICIAN

Merv, the network called. It's
official. No one's watching.

Charo continues to keep **singing**. Merv shakes his head and
dumps a bottle of pills on to his desk and slowly eats them
like M&M's.

INT. JARED FELLOW'S TAE-JITSU - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Jared speaks, while doing moves with the class.

JARED

Tae-Jitsu is about exercise. Tae-
Jitsu is about discipline. Tae-Jitsu
is about taking control of your life.
Left kick, right kick, punch combo,
stomp!

As Lois goes along with the routine, she smiles broadly, enjoying every second of this.

LOIS

(SINGING TO HERSELF) HI-YI-YI-YI-YI-

YI-YI / HI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI...!

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

A sign out front reads, "NFL Football Every Sunday -- Welcome New Yorkers." A clam-shaped satellite dish is on the roof. The parking lot is packed.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter, QUAGMIRE and CLEVELAND enter the bar. It's packed with LEAFERS watching football.

QUAGMIRE

I haven't seen this many guys in one place since we found that peep hole to the J.V. girls locker room back in 'Ninety-six. (THEN, QUICKLY) I mean, 'Seventy-six. Oh!

The TV is tuned to the Jets game. The Jets score. The CROWD **cheers**. Two FOOTBALL FANS jump out of their seats and **head-butt** each other.

FOOTBALL FAN #1

Yeeeeeeaaaaahhhhh!

FOOTBALL FAN #2

Jets ruuuuule!

Both guys chug their beers and throw the glasses against the wall, **smashing** them. Another New Yorker at the bar leans over to the guy next to him.

NEW YORKER #3

Watch my seat. I gotta bleed the lizard.

The New Yorker gets off his barstool, takes one step to the right, pulls down his pants, and **pees** onto the side of the bar.

CLEVELAND

Public urination is just wrong.

Except during the Million Man March
when protestors burned our Porta-
Potties. Then I used my stream of
justice to put out the hate.

PETER

This sucks. (TO THE BARTENDER) Hey,
Mike. Put the Pats game on the TV
and get me a few beers, huh?

MIKE

Sorry, Peter. Someone stole the
remotes. And the kegs. And I'm not
sure, but I think I've been shot.

Mike looks down and sees a blood-stain on his shirt.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yup.

Mike **falls** to the floor.

PETER

Jerks. I don't go into New York and
screw up their city.

CLEVELAND

What about the "Today" show?

INT. "TODAY SHOW" SET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

KATIE COURIC and MATT LAUER are on the set. In the b.g.
Peter pushes his way through the crowd up to the window.

KATIE COURIC

Coming up, Jack Ford will have part
four of his week long series on tax
reform.

In the b.g. Peter **knocks** on the glass.

PETER

(MUFFLED) Katie... Katie...

She sees Peter out of the corner of her eye, but continues
addressing the camera.

KATIE COURIC

Then get out your hula hoops as Maria
Shriver takes us back to the fifties.

Peter **taps** on the glass with his car keys and yells louder
this time.

PETER

(MUFFLED) Katie! Hey, Katie!

Katie hesitates, annoyed. During the following, Peter takes
off his shirt and wraps it around his fist.

KATIE COURIC

Plus, Betty Furness and a whole lot
more...

Peter **smashes** through the window with his wrapped fist.

PETER

Katie!

Katie turns around.

KATIE COURIC

What?!

PETER

Could we get some coffee out here?

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

QUAGMIRE

I don't know, fellas. I think
there's potential in this crowd.

Quagmire approaches a LADY sitting at the bar.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

Hey, honey, why don'tcha turn around
and show me the Lower East Side?

The lady stands. She towers over Quagmire.

LADY

(DEEP MALE VOICE) Sure.

QUAGMIRE

(THROWN) Whoa! Transvestite. Back
off! (THEN) Wait a sec. Pre-op or
post-op?

LADY

Pre-op.

QUAGMIRE

(DISGUSTED) Whoa! Transvestite.

Back off! (RETURNING TO THE OTHERS)

You're right, this place blows.

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - DAY

Peter, Cleveland, and Quagmire walk down the street, taking
in the sight of their town being overrun by New Yorkers. NEW
YORK KIDS play in the water shooting from an opened fire
hydrant; DO-WAP SINGERS **harmonize** over a trash can fire; food
cart VENDORS crowd the sidewalks, etc.

PETER

I'll be damned if I'm just gonna
stand here in a crowd of New Yorkers
gettin' knocked around like a pinball!

INT. ABSTRACT ENVIRONMENT (CUTAWAY)

Peter rolls through the obstacle course that is the Sesame Street pinball machine.

CHORUS

(SINGING) ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE,
SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN, ELEVEN
TWELVE. DO-DO-DO DO-DO! SEVEN!

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

We gotta find a way to send 'em back
where they came from.

CLEVELAND

That's not gonna be easy. New
Yorkers are crafty. And I'm not
talking about papier mache or turkeys
drawn from the outline of your hand.

PETER

Oh, yeah, they're crafty. But I got
an idea that's so smart, my head
would explode if I even began to know
what I was talking about.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATER

There are still tourists on the street, looking at the trees.
Peter hides at the top of the maple tree in his front yard.
Obscured by tree limbs, Peter **shouts** down at the leafers.

PETER

Hey, don't look at me and my tree
friends! I'm only colorful because
I'm angry! Oooooo!

Peter puts his hand in a bag and starts throwing various
objects at the people.

PETER (CONT'D)

Go back to New York, or I'll throw my
acorns at you, and these charcoal
briquets, and this NordicTrak! And
this Nordic Guy.

A NORDIC GUY is tossed out of the tree.

NORDIC GUY

Ikea!

PETER

And I don't know what this thing is,
but here it comes.

An unidentifiable object is tossed from the tree. The
leafers start to scatter as Peter slips and falls out of the
tree, **landing** on the hood of someone's car -- putting a big
dent in it. A LARGE MAN gets out of the car.

LARGE MAN

My car! What're you, some kind of
idiot?

PETER

Don't look at me. The tree threw me
at you because the tree wants you to
get the hell outta my town.

The man **punches** Peter. Peter starts wrestling with the
guy -- the other people look on.

The man gets Peter in a head lock. Lois runs out of the house.

LOIS

Oh, my God! Stop fighting!

The man rolls Peter down onto his back and starts **punching** Peter in the face. Lois kicks the man off Peter and **punches** him in the head.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(BREATHLESS) Are you okay?

PETER

Lois. Holy crap.

WHIP PAN OVER to the two Bronx Guys we saw earlier.

BRONX GUY #1

Yo, Mattie, check it out. That guy's eye is all purple like the Barney balloon from the Macy's Parade.

BRONX GUY #2

Yeah, tomorra it'll be all black like the guy's I don't make eye contact with on the subway.

Bronx Guy #1 eyes #2 for a moment.

BRONX GUY #1

You're kind of a racist, aren't you?

BRONX GUY #2

(SHRUGGING) Ay-- my father hated, so I hate.

They both go "**ay**", and spar with each other good-naturedly, and then go walking off with each other in a headlock.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - LATER

Lois and Brian sit at the kitchen table. Chris enters.

CHRIS

All right, mom! You beat a guy up!
Can I have some of the blood from
your knuckles for show and tell?

LOIS

No way, young man. I do not condone
violence and I am not gonna be
responsible for bringing fist-
fighting into our schools.

BRIAN

Gee, Lois, can you hear me all the
way back there in the fifties?

LOIS

(SIGH) Poor Peter. I emasculated him
in front of all those people. I
think he's really upset.

PETER (O.S.)

Gather 'round, everybody, ten bucks
is all it takes.

Brian and Lois rush to the front door and look out.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peter has set up a makeshift boxing ring out of four trash
cans tied with rope on the front lawn. A huge sign reads,
"Fight the Ass-Kicking Housewife!" next to a picture of Lois.
A LARGE CROWD is gathered.

PETER

Step right up and fight my wife!

Lois and Brian look on, incredulous.

PETER (CONT'D)

All you guys with Oedipal complexes,
come get spanked by Mommy!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

Everyone is where we left them.

PETER

Come one, come all! She floats like
a butterfly and stings like when I
pee!

LOIS

Peter, I am not a side-show
attraction. At least not anymore.

EXT. CARNIVAL GROUNDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A CROWD surrounds a small circus wagon with bars on the
sides. Inside the cage, a midget Lois (with fat, stumpy arms
and legs) wearing a caveman bikini, jumps up and down on a
mini-trampoline, **clapping** her hands.

MIDGET LOIS

Me likey bouncy! Me likey bouncy!

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

Forget it. I'm not fightin' anybody
on our front lawn.

Lois storms off, angry.

PETER

C'mon, Lois. I already turned Meg's
room into a luxury box.

We **PAN TO** an upstairs window where we see TWO EXECUTIVES
watching the proceedings.

EXECUTIVE #1

So, how's everything down in sales?

EXECUTIVE #2

Jennings finally had a good idea last week.

EXECUTIVE #1

Jennings? I thought he shot himself.
Executive #2 smiles and nods his head.

EXECUTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

You are bad.

INT. JARED FELLOWS' TAE-JITSU OFFICE - DAY

Lois and Jared sit on pillows in his zen buddhist-esque office.

LOIS

I'm, I'm just afraid I'm gonna hurt somebody else. I think I should quit Tae-Jitsu.

JARED

Lois, clocks may dream of being calendars, but the sundial fears only the umbrella.

LOIS

(BEAT) I-I don't know what that means.

JARED

Of course, you don't. That's why you need to take my advanced class.

LOIS

Advanced class? No, no, no, I don't think so. I better stick to my jazzercise.

Lois starts for the door. Jared doesn't walk, he "tae-jitsus" over to intercept her.

JARED

Lois, Tae-Jitsu isn't just about exercise. It's a very ancient form of martial arts that I myself invented. I'm offering you power, assertiveness, and this mouse pad with our logo on it.

LOIS

Thank you, but I already have plenty of power.

Peter enters.

PETER

Geez, Lois, how long you gonna keep me waitin' out there? Just tell Mr. Miyagi to wax off and let's go, chop chop.

Peter exits. Lois grimaces and turns back to Jared.

LOIS

Okay, how much for the advanced class?

She opens her wallet and takes out a couple bills. Jared takes them from her.

JARED

More, give me the rest of it.

LOIS

Okay.

Lois does. Jared counts her money.

JARED

Oh, you are gonna kick so much ass.

INT. TAE-JITSU ADVANCED TRAINING AREA - LATER

Lois and the rest of her CLASS are practicing on a row of heavy bags. Jared stands in front of them.

JARED

All right everybody, good work.

Let's do some sparring. Lois and...

Benjamin.

Lois and Benjamin cross to the center of a mat.

LOIS

Hello, Benjamin, it's nice to--

She extends her hand to shake. Benjamin, with two quick movements, swipes her hand away and **punches** her in the jaw. She **falls** hard.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(CHUCKLING) That really hurt.

Lois gets back up.

JARED

Oh, Lois. We never shake hands

before sparring. We bow, like so.

He puts his hands together and bows elegantly.

LOIS

Oh, how polite.

Lois bows to Benjamin. When she's in mid-bow he **kicks** her in the face sending her to the mat again.

JARED

Never let your guard down. Always be aware.

LOIS

Oh, okay. (THEN) Look, my boobie fell
out.

Benjamin glances down at Lois' chest. She suddenly sweeps
her leg into his, sending him **crashing** to the mat.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(TO BENJAMIN) Aw, you were so quick
to look. I'm flattered.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Lois and Stewie walk towards the swingset.

LOIS

Stewie, you wanna swing?

STEWIE

Yes, why not? I'll have a go at it.

Perhaps a quick stretch first.

Stewie does a couple quick stretches: Reaches for his toes,
does some squats, etc.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(WINCES) Damn! I must've pulled
something playing hoops last week.

EXT. CITY PARK BASKETBALL COURT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Stewie plays a game of three on three with FIVE BLACK GUYS.
An opposing player tries to get open, but Stewie sticks with
him by chest bumping his shins each step of the way. The
player gets the ball. Stewie waves his arms.

STEWIE

I know you're not putting that rock
up from here. You ain't got no "J".

The player makes his move toward the basket. Stewie subtly
trips the player who falls to the ground, the ball rolls out
of bounds.

The player gets up and he and Stewie walk up to each other and stand toe to toe.

PLAYER

(ANGRY) Yo, man, that's tripping!

STEWIE

Brother, please! You're the one who's trippin'. Go on, go cry home to your momma. She waitin' for ya.

PLAYER

Don't make me put my size thirteens up your narrow ass--

STEWIE

(LEANS INTO PLAYER'S SHINS) I don't sweat you. Bring it on, bitch. Now how you gonna act?

The Player turns and walks away. Stewie walks back up the court.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Sheee. Bringing that trash in here.

(POUNDS HIS OWN CHEST TWICE) This is my house.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Another WOMAN and her DAUGHTER approach. The girl quickly jumps on the swing.

LOIS

Excuse me. We were about to use that.

MEAN WOMAN

You snooze, you lose, lady.

The woman pushes her daughter on the swing. Lois grabs the swing with her hand, stopping it, and leans into the woman's face.

LOIS

You have two choices. Either my baby swings from this jungle gym, or you do.

The frightened woman grabs her daughter off the swing and runs away. Lois puts Stewie on the swing and gives him a push, still angry.

STEWIE

Well done, Lois. There may be hope for you yet. Perhaps I'll take you off my "to die" list and put you on my "assassins for hire" list.

LOIS

She saw me walking to the swing.

Lois pushes the swing harder, launching Stewie forward. He's surprised by how forcefully she pushes him.

STEWIE

Yes, she saw you. Easy now.

LOIS

Sometimes people just make me so angry!

Lois gives the swing a huge shove and it flies forward and up, launching Stewie into the air.

STEWIE

Ahh!

He lands in a baby carriage, next to a BABY GIRL.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(SNIFFS) Well, someone's got a messy
diaper. (BEAT) God, why does that
turn me on?

INT. TAE-JITSU ADVANCED TRAINING AREA - DAY

Jared finishes tying a blindfold over Lois' eyes. Lois holds
a long staff out in front of her.

JARED

Trust your senses.

Jared steps away so we only see Lois. A series of balls are
thrown at her. She deftly deflects them with her staff.
Suddenly arrows come flying at her. She once again deflects
them. Then a book, a potted cactus, and a porcelain toilet
come flying at her. She swats the book, then the cactus.
She catches the toilet on the end of her stick, swirls it
around a couple of times and throws it away. The last thing
thrown at her is the Nordic Guy.

NORDIC GUY

Haagen Dazs!

Lois does a shoulder roll and head-butts him in the gut. He
falls to the ground. The whole class **applauds** as she takes
off the blindfold and bows.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

Tourists are still populating Spooner Street, looking up at
the trees. Meg and Chris are raking leaves.

CHRIS

Hold it, Meg. Those two are mine.

MEG

What?

CHRIS

(POINTING AT SPECIFIC LEAVES) That's
Randy. And that's Fred.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Randy's the messy one. Fred's very neat. And when you get 'em together, hold on to your sides!

MEG

(SHAKING HER HEAD) God, I should have sold you to that old man when I was six.

ANGLE ON Peter with a trash bag, cleaning up garbage. Brian stands by. Lois comes out of the house.

PETER

Jeez Lois, look at the garbage those damn leafers dumped on our lawn. (RE: ITEMS) New York Post, New York Magazine, the Mets.

ANGLE ON an area of the yard where the Mets Baseball team lie in a lifeless heap.

BRIAN

Well, at least we don't have to buy fertilizer for a while.

ANGLE ON the Executives up in the luxury box. They **applaud**.

EXECUTIVE #1

He's got that right. The Mets suck.

EXECUTIVE #2

(LAUGHS, THEN) So anyway, I walked down to accounting and said, "Look, a monkey with an abacus could do a better spreadsheet."

EXECUTIVE #1

(CRACKING UP) You said that?

EXECUTIVE #2

I, ah, kinda said it. But he knew.

ANGLE ON Peter, Lois, and Brian.

LOIS

Peter, I'm sick and tired of hearing
you whine about the leafers. Take
some action!

She strides over to the tree, grabs the trunk, and shakes it
violently. All of the pretty colorful leaves fall from the
tree to the ground. Lois turns to the leafers.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Okay, nothing to see here! Goodbye!

The leafers scurry away, intimidated. Peter has been
watching, impressed.

PETER

Hey, Lois. Buy ya lunch?

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter enters with Lois.

LOIS

Peter, what's this all about?

PETER

What, do I gotta have a reason to
take my wife out to lunch?

Peter walks up to his normal seat and taps the guy on the
shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)

Excuse me, New Yorker. I think
you're in my seat, and I had sex with
your mother last night.

LOIS

(SHOCKED) Peter, what're you doing?

We can sit somewhere else.

The man stands up out of the seat and towers over Peter.

MAN

What did you say?

PETER

About the seat? Or about my plowing
your father's wife?

The man takes a swing at Peter, but Lois **blocks** the punch and
pushes the man away.

LOIS

Peter, what the hell is wrong with
you...?

Peter turns to another GUY.

PETER

Excuse me, is your refrigerator
running? Because if it is, it
probably runs like you -- very
homosexually.

The man comes at Peter. Again, he throws a punch, but Lois
grabs his hand.

LOIS

(TO THE GUY) Oh, you wanna dance?

She flips him. Peter goes over to a group of New Yorkers.

PETER

(CALMLY AND QUICKLY) Jets suck,

Yankees suck, Knicks suck.

With each proclamation, another set of New Yorkers comes at Peter. Lois is fending them off two at a time. She flips two guys onto their backs, **kicks** two guys in the face, **knocks two guys' heads together**. Peter looks on happily as Lois proceeds to kick ass around the bar. He leans over and speaks to the bartender.

PETER (CONT'D)

I haven't seen this much blood since
that time I picked off that scab,
only later I found out it wasn't a
scab at all. It was my left nipple.

INT. TAE-JITSU ADVANCED TRAINING AREA - DAY

Peter, Brian, Chris, Meg and Stewie are sitting on bleachers with dozens of other spectators. Lois stands near the other students, punching and kicking in place.

JARED

We'll conclude today's graduation
ceremony with a demonstration by the
black belts. (TO STUDENTS) Okay,
people, let's show 'em what we've
learned. Kathy, get in there with
Lois.

KATHY

Uh, I can't. I have cramps.

LOIS

What, and I don't? Come on, throw
down.

JARED

All right, Jim, you fight Lois.

JIM

Uh... I have cramps too.

LOIS

Why're you puttin' me up against the scrubs, anyway, Jared? Why don't you be a man and fight me yourself?

JARED

Well, Lois, the sensei is a sacred position. I could never violate the spiritual bond of the student-master relationship.

LOIS

C'mon, spin the wheel, raggedy man.

Lois and Jared square off.

STEWIE

Go, Lois! Pummel him with your powerful fists of female fury. And then when he's weary, emasculate him with your incessant nagging. (TO NEARBY MAN) Women. (MIMES A MOUTH WITH HIS HAND) Yackity-yackity-yack. (NUDGES GUY AND POINTS TO HIM) You know. Enjoy the fight.

Lois and Jared circle each other warily. She feints a kick. He dodges it and comes back with a roundhouse **kick** to her head. Lois shakes it off and hits him with two quick **shots, dropping** him to his knees.

LOIS

Sensei, floor. Floor, sensei.

She **smashes** him into the floor. This time instead of bowing, she stands over Jared and emits a testosterone-filled **scream**.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Yeeeeaaaahh!!

Peter runs over to Lois, excited.

PETER

Lois, that was amazing! Congra--

Lois grabs him by the back of the hair and kisses him hard on the lips. She then grabs his groin off-screen and **yells** for all to hear.

LOIS

This is mine! This is where my
babies come from!

Peter looks a little horrified.

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter lies in bed.

ON TV: The TITLE CARD for "That '70s Show."

INT. "THAT '70S SHOW" LIVING ROOM - DAY (ON TV)

ERIC sits in a bean bag chair, looking at a lava lamp. DONNA enters wearing a smiley-face T-shirt.

DONNA

Are you just gonna sit there in your
bean bag chair all night and look at
the lava lamp while you're wearing
your tie-dye?

ERIC

No, I'm gonna put on my bell bottom
jeans with the daisy patch and drive
my Pacer to the disco where we'll
boogie to the Bee Gees on eight track.

DONNA

Far out.

ERIC

Keep on truckin'.

We hear a **click** and the TV screen **GOES BLACK**.

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER

Lois, I was diggin' that.

Lois stands in the bathroom doorway in silhouette, backlit by the bathroom light. Lois tosses the TV remote aside, turns off the bathroom light, revealing her face for the first time. She stares at Peter with a look of primal lust.

PETER (CONT'D)

Whatcha lookin' at?

LOIS

The boxers. Lose 'em.

PETER

Actually, uh, I sorta have kind of a
headache.

Lois just stares at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ya know, maybe tomorrow, or--

LOIS

Take 'em off.

PETER

(GIVING IN) Yeah, okay, honey.

Peter's hands shake as he reaches down for his boxers.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - SAME

Brian enters the darkened room, crosses to the window and throws open the shades. He turns to leave when he notices Peter, in his robe, lying on top of the bed in the fetal position, asleep and clutching a pillow (facing away from Brian).

BRIAN

(NUDGES PETER) Peter?

Peter wakes with a start.

PETER

(HORRIFIED, QUICKLY) Not again! Be gentle! (THEN, TREMBLING) Oh, I thought you were Lois.

BRIAN

Peter, you look terrible.

PETER

(CHOKED UP) Last night... Lois... was... the man!

Peter shakes with emotion, **gasping a dozen little breaths.**

BRIAN

(REALIZING) Good lord, no.

PETER

Brian. (BEAT) I just want you to know... (WHISPERS, DEFIANT) I didn't cry.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Peter sits at the table eating animal crackers. Stewie **patters** in and stops when he sees Peter.

STEWIE

Whoa! What the hell are you doing?

PETER

Oh, are these yours? Sorry, this is the last one. Hehehe.

Peter **eats** the cracker. He then pulls out another.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, no, there is one more. Look, a rhino.

Peter puts it out in front of Stewie's face. Stewie goes to bite it, but Peter pulls it away.

PETER (CONT'D)

But he was friends with the first one.

Peter pops it in his mouth and then **sips** Stewie's juice. Stewie **sighs** fatalistically. He **scampers** out and walks back in carrying a baseball bat. He paces behind Peter, casually **smacking** the bat into his hand as he speaks, a la DeNiro in "The Untouchables."

STEWIE

You know what this is about? Team work. This family is a team. And -- oh, who the hell am I kidding? It's every man for himself.

Stewie raises the bat above his head and brings it down toward Peter's head, as Lois enters. The bat **smashes** Peter in the back of the head knocking him out. Peter's head hits the table with a **clunk**. Stewie bows the way he saw Lois bow in the Tae-Jitsu class. Lois is horrified.

LOIS

Oh my God! Stewie, what did you do?

STEWIE

Hmm? Oh! Oh, yes. Sorry. I seem
to have been rather selfish. If
it'll make you feel better, you can
do the dog.

Stewie hands Lois the bat. As Lois looks on in shock, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG CHILD PSYCHOLOGY CENTER - DAY

INT. TESTING ROOM - SAME

A concerned Peter (with a bandage on the left side of his head) and Lois stand behind a large glass observation window, watching Stewie, who sits on the floor of the testing room with DOCTOR MORIN. He hands Stewie male and female dolls.

DOCTOR MORIN

Now, Stewart, I want you to take this mommy doll and this daddy doll and show me how they act together.

STEWIE

Yes, very well. Um... (HOLDING UP MAN DOLL) You see, Margaret, after twenty odd years of marriage, your curious indiscretions no longer faze me. (HOLDS UP WOMAN DOLL) Really? And I suppose you think I enjoy hanging onto those hammocky deposits of gin-sugars you call buttocks. (AS MAN) Yes, I drink. I have to do something to fill the emptiness when I'm up at night wondering who's diddling your precious. (AS WOMAN) Perhaps if you had the "tools" of the trade, I wouldn't be forced into your brother's bedroom.

Stewie makes the man doll **slap** the woman doll.

DOCTOR MORIN

Interesting.

The doctor **writes** something on his pad. Stewie stops playing.

STEWIE

(RE: NOTEBOOK) What was that? What
did you just write there?

Stewie reaches for the pad. Doctor Morin pulls it away.

DOCTOR MORIN

(SIGNIFICANTLY) Hmm.

The doctor **writes** some more.

STEWIE

Fine, write your little NAMBLA memo,
or whatever that is.

A beat. Stewie quickly lunges for the pad, snatching it out
of the doctor's hand. He runs to the other side of the room.

DOCTOR MORIN

(CHASING STEWIE) Give me that.

STEWIE

(READING) "Insecurity?" "Abandonment
issues?" "Gender confusion??!" I'll
give you something to write about.

Stewie starts to **eat** the paper.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Look at me. I'm crazy. I'm insane!

Stewie latches onto the doctor's face and starts **chewing** on
his ear.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - LATER

Lois and Peter sit with DOCTOR MORIN. Stewie sits nearby, half-listening as he plays with some other toys.

DOCTOR MORIN

Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, does Stewart have a history of aggression?

LOIS

No, no, hitting Peter is the first violent thing he's ever done.

STEWIE

Well, technically, my first act of violence was that bomb I rigged in your uterus before I came out. Happy fiftieth birthday, Lois.

DOCTOR MORIN

It's obvious your son is learning this behavior from someone.

PETER

Lois...

LOIS

Now hold on, Peter! For your information, the whole reason I started fighting is because of you. I felt weak-- You never listen to me, you undermine me in front of the kids... And besides, you're not exactly father of the year yourself.

PETER

Hey, I don't allow any violence in
our house. (CHUCKLES) Except maybe
when I try to fix the water heater.

INT. THE BASEMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

From behind we see Peter at the water heater, **humming** to himself with a red box of tools nearby. A **rumbling** is heard when suddenly a barrel bounces down the basement stairs. Peter turns startled and we see he has a mustache and is dressed like Super Mario from the Donkey Kong game. The barrel closes in and he leaps high over it, grabs a huge mallet and charges up the stairs.

We **PULL BACK QUICKLY** to reveal the entire house in cross-section like the game. A gorilla is up in the attic tossing barrel after barrel down all the stairs of the house, which Peter leaps over as he makes his way to the attic. Peter heads down the hall toward the the attic stairs when suddenly, Pac Man emerges from the end of the hall with **PAC MAN MUSIC**. Pac Man eats Peter who **screams** in agony.

INT. CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

DOCTOR MORIN

Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, there seems to
be a lot of anger in your household.
You owe it to your son to learn how
to manage these feelings.

STEWIE (O.S.)

Well, look at this!

ANGLE ON Stewie playing with a couple anatomically correct dolls. The boy doll has his pants down to his ankles.

STEWIE

Did you know this doll has a willy?

Stewie then pulls up the skirt of the female doll.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(RE: HER PRIVATE AREA) What the hell
is that?

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The Griffins sit on and around the couch.

LOIS

Okay, kids, the psychologist wants us
to try an exercise called role
reversal.

BRIAN

Yes, I'm familiar with that. The
idea is that we can demonstrate the
behavior in others that makes us
angry by acting like that person.

MEG

If I'm gonna act like Chris, do I
have to remove half my brain?

CHRIS

If I'm gonna be Meg, do I have to
remove half my boobs? (LAUGHS)

STEWIE

Oh, role playing. (AS BRIAN) I'm the
dog. I'm well read and have a
diverse stock portfolio.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

But I'm not above eating grass
clippings and regurgitating them on
the small braided rug near the door.

BRIAN

(AS STEWIE) I'm a pompous little Anti-
Christ who'll probably abandon his
plans for world domination when he
grows up and falls in love with a
rough trick named Jim.

PETER

(IMITATING LOIS' VOICE) I'm Lois, I
brake for yard sales. But I don't
let Peter buy anything he likes, like
that Narragansett Beer sign where the
hot chick has two mugs for jugs. (OWN
VOICE) It was eight freakin' dollars
and we have a dozen places to put it.

Lois shoots Peter a look, then sits on the couch as if she
were him.

LOIS

(AS PETER) Don't listen to your
mother, kids. She's worthless and
dumb and, and ignore her and only
listen to me... Peter.

PETER

(UNTUCKING HIS SHIRT) Look, I'm Lois.
I wear my shirt out like a slob.

LOIS

Hi, I'm Peter. I watch TV all day
long. Pull my finger, it's magic.

Lois does an exaggerate lean to the side and makes a **farting noise** with her mouth.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Hehehehehe.

PETER

I'm Lois and I fold up my dollar
before putting it in the basket at
church so it looks like more, as if
a grifter like me can fool someone as
powerful as God.

Everyone stares at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

What? You should be starin' at her.
She said it.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - LATER

Peter stands at the refrigerator. He pulls out a juice box, removes the little straw and tries to put the straw in the hole. The straw bends, not puncturing the hole. Peter tries several more times in quick succession, but the straw keeps bending. Now very angry, he puts the juice box on the counter and **smashes** the straw with his fist causing the juice box to **explode**. He then **sucks** the juice off the counter with the straw. Brian stands in the doorway.

BRIAN

Well, that's progress.

PETER

These stupid anger management
techniques aren't working.

BRIAN

What about the "writing angry letters
and not sending them" exercise?

PETER

Aw geez, I wasn't supposed to send
those?

MEG (O.S.)

Hey, look, I got a letter from Dad.

Brian shakes his head in disbelief.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Brian enter to the rest of the family holding
letters.

CHRIS

(TO MEG) Yeah, and I got one from
you.

Chris opens her letter and reads it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(READING) "Dear Chris. You gave
Grandma her stroke." I did not. You
did. You kissed her while you were
wearing that parka with the furry
hood, and she thought a monkey was
attacking her. A big red-heiny
monkey!

PETER

(RE: LETTER) Oh good, one from Lois.

(READING) "Dear Peter.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Blah-blah-blah-blah-blah incessant flatulence, blah-blah-blah oh that gas! Blah-blah-blah Dutch oven, but I'll move on to more important things, blah-blah-blah What is it? The beer, the cabbage? Blah-blah-blah." (TO LOIS) Oh right, and yours smell like some professor's pipe.

MEG

(HOLDING A LETTER) Dad! (READING)
"Dear Meg. I wish you were the Morgan girl down the street"?!
Stewie **scampers** out.

STEWIE

(READING) "Dear Stewie, get out."
(TO PETER) Oh, that's nice.

Stewie **scampers** out.

LOIS

(ANGRILY) Mine just says "Dear Lois."
And after that, it looks like someone just spit on the paper. (TO PETER)
You got something to say to me?

Stewie re-enters the room holding the bat again.

STEWIE

I'll show you "Get out."

LOIS

Stewie, put down the bat. (GIVES
PETER A LOOK) Better yet, give it to
mommy.

Lois grabs the bat from Stewie and takes a step toward Peter.
Brian jumps up.

BRIAN

Hold on! Relax! Everybody relax.
Okay, look. I was hoping it wouldn't
come to this. But we need to get our
anger under control before we kill
each other.

Brian produces a bottle of pills from his fur.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

These pills will help... even us out.

The family considers this for a moment.

EXT. PROVIDENCE WATER PARK - DAY

The Griffins sit on a park bench, smiling. Their faces are glazed with contentment. A long beat as birds **chirp**. One of those birds flies over them and craps on Peter's head. Peter doesn't move.

PETER

(RE: TURD) Hey, look, a new hat.

LOIS

Oh Peter, no white after labor day.

The whole family **chuckles** euphorically.

EXT. PROVIDENCE FEDERAL BUILDING - LATER

Stewie and the Griffins hold hands, creating a human chain that blocks the entrance of the building.

STEWIE

(THROUGH BULL HORN) Once again, out of love for our fellow man and all peace-loving creatures on this Earth, we shall not vacate these steps until you end your senseless war.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL he's addressing a single SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

What war? There is no war.

STEWIE

Right on!

Stewie passes by a NATIVE AMERICAN sitting under a tree.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Hey, sorry we took your land, man.

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - DAY

The family sits around the piano, singing "**Row, Row, Row Your Boat**" as a round. When it's done, they **clap and laugh**.

CHRIS

Hey, let's clear all the furniture out of the living room and have a square dance. Who's in?

STEWIE

Oh me, me! But I get to call it.

(SINGING; SWINGING ELBOWS) ALLA-MAN
LEFT AND DOSEY-DOE, A BUTTON ON THE
BOW AND HERE WE GO.

The family moves into:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEG

Mom, the way the sunshine is
reflecting off your hair makes you
look as beautiful as Marisa Tomei.
And it makes me proud and excited to
know that I've inherited your genes.

Lois takes this in for a beat, then:

LOIS

These pills are freaking great.

BRIAN

Well, actually, maybe it's time to
let you in on a little secret. They
were only sugar pills.

LOIS

Sugar pills?

BRIAN

I wanted to prove a point. We had
the ability to get along all the time.

PETER

Wait a second. Are you telling me I
just wore a crap hat for six hours
for nothing?

BRIAN

Well, yes, but calm down, Peter.

LOIS

Yeah, Peter. If it didn't bother you then, it shouldn't bother you now.

PETER

Oh yeah. Let me crap on your head. See how many sugar pills it takes you to get over that, Frances Farmer.

LOIS

Don't use that tone of voice, you... you...

PETER

You what? Wh-what were you going to say? Fat ass?

CHRIS

Wide load?

MEG

Dough boy?

STEWIE

Uh, uh... Country virtuoso Roy Clark?

LOIS

How 'bout all of the above?

PETER

I see, so we're calling each other names? How's this for a name: Miss Kathy Crow's Feet Thick Ankles the Third.

Lois **punches** Peter. He reels backwards and stumbles into the side table. He looks at Lois in disbelief.

PETER (CONT'D)

You - you just hit me.

LOIS

That's right.

Peter pauses a beat, then winds up and **punches** Lois. She reels, then wipes her mouth off with the back of her hand.

LOIS (CONT'D)

You can't hit me. I'm a girl.

PETER

Sometimes I wonder.

Lois **kicks** Peter in the head. He recovers.

PETER (CONT'D)

Kicking, Lois?

LOIS

Hurts, doesn't it.

PETER

You tell me.

Peter **kicks** her in the shin. They start fighting.

CHRIS

Go, Dad! Kick her ass.

MEG

(PUSHING CHRIS) Shut up. This is all Dad's fault.

CHRIS

I don't like to be touched!!

Chris dives at Meg, knocking her to the ground. They begin fighting. Stewie looks at Brian.

STEWIE

I knew all along the pills were fake.

BRIAN

Sure you did. When'd you figure it out, before or after you scratched my belly and called me "Puppy Luvin's."

STEWIE

You're taking that out of context!

BRIAN

I'm sorry, I was paraphrasing. I believe your actual words were, "Who wants a scratchy scratchy, Puppy Luvin's?"

Stewie jabs at Brian, **hitting** him in the face. Stewie reacts, shaking his hand in pain. Brian lunges for him and now they're fighting, too.

VARIOUS SHOTS of the family as they savagely beat each other, trashing the living room and its contents. Peter charges at Lois. She ducks out of the way and he **crashes** his head right through the wall. Lois can't help but **laugh** at the sight. One by one, the others look up from their fighting and start **laughing** and pointing, the tension broken. They all **sigh**, catching their breaths. Suddenly Stewie smashes a chair over Lois' head. She goes after Stewie, but Chris trips her. Meg piles on and now they're all battling each other in a free for all.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

The family, bruised and bandaged but otherwise in good spirits, sits on the couch.

BRIAN

Man, I'm glad we got that out of our systems.

MEG

I wonder what came over us.

LOIS

Maybe it's all the TV we watch.

There's so much violence.

PETER

Yeah, TV is dangerous. Why the hell doesn't the government step in and tell us what we can and can't watch? And shame on the advertisers who use this filth to sell their crap! I'm gonna print up some letterhead, pretend I represent a huge organization and threaten the sponsors with a boycott! And what about the network that puts this junk on the air?

LOIS

(NERVOUS) Uh, Peter, maybe you shouldn't say anything bad about the network.

PETER

Why? What are they gonna do? Cut our budget? Feh! I'm gonna get a beer.

A still drawing of Peter slides crudely across the screen toward the kitchen.

END OF SHOW