

3/12/06

FAMILY GUY

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

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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 AORTA'S - 22, VISITORS - 18". The crowd chants "**Boom-boom...Boom-boom...**" a la a heart beat.

LOIS

(SHOUTS) Go Aorta's!

PETER

I wish they'd put Chris in already.

LOIS

Patience, Peter. It's his first game.

ANGLE ON the game where one PLAYER collides into an OPPOSING PLAYER and they fall to the ground. The Pumping Aorta player gets up and limps over to the bench. The coach motions to CHRIS, who runs onto the court.

BRIAN

They're sending him in!

LOIS/PETER

Yay, Chris! / Atta boy!

Chris runs to the spot where the players fell and pulls out a towel. With an intense game face, he wipes the sweat off the floor, then runs back to the bench. He "high-fives" several of the PLAYERS on the bench.

BASKETBALL PLAYER

You and that towel are representin'!

CHRIS

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

ANGLE ON Peter and Lois, who beam proudly, then kiss. Peter turns to a MAN sitting next to him.

PETER

(TO MAN) Hey, the kid who just wiped
up that puddle of sweat? My son.

MAN

Not bad. But my boy's down there
operating the score board.

The man puts his hands behind his head and leans back smugly.
A BALD MAN one row back sticks his head in between them.

BALD MAN

Oh, yeah? Well, the bleachers we're
all sitting on were pulled out
anywhere from forty-five minutes to
an hour before the game by my son.

Meg, who sits on the aisle, notices a teacher, MR. KEIFER,
sitting a few rows down. She walks over.

MEG

Hi, Mr. Keifer!

MR. KEIFER

(NOT RECOGNIZING HER) Uh... hello.

MEG

It's me, Meg. Griffin. I had you
for Social Studies. And Geography.
I was your T.A. for a semester.

MR. KEIFER

(LONG BEAT, THEN) Huh.

MEG

Oh, c'mon, I helped you organize that
student trip to Washington.

(more)

MEG (CONT'D)

Remember, I got real depressed and you convinced me to start eating again?

MR. KEIFER

Are you sure you're not thinking of Mr. Harrigan?

MEG

No, it was you! Remember, the day after I got my learners permit I plowed into your wife as she was crossing the street?

MR. KEIFER

(REMEMBERS) Oh, Meg! I'm sorry. How are you?

MEG

I'm good, I'm good. I'm in high school now.

ANGLE BACK ON Peter and Lois.

PETER

I'm starving, Lois. I told you we should've eaten before the game.

LOIS

Just try to get your mind off food.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the Buddy Cianci Junior High cheerleaders!

LOIS

Oh, here you go. Watch these pretty
little girls as they bounce around in
their newly developing bodies.

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

Let me hear your heart beat!

The entire gymnasium loudly chants "**Boom-boom, boom-boom, boom-boom...**" STEWIE looks around, excited and bewildered.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Give me an "A"!

The crowd **answers**, as does Stewie, to his own astonishment.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Give me an "O"! (CROWD CHANTS "O")

Give me an "R"! (CROWD CHANTS "R")

Give me a "T"! (CROWD CHANTS "T")

Give me an "A"! (CROWD CHANTS "A")

Give me an "S"! (CROWD CHANTS "S")

What's that spell?!

CROWD

Aorta's!

CHEERLEADER

Who's gonna win this game!

CROWD

Aorta's!

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

STEWIE

Th--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 curtsey. I must unlock the
secret to their mind-control powers.
Then I can take over the world one
glorious gymnasium at a time!

We PAN TO Peter who stares mesmerized at 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 barbequed ribs pour out and float through the air toward Peter. Suddenly, the lights come up and a female TEACHER rushes over to the cheerleader, covering her with a jacket.

TEACHER

Shame on you, Terry! You're done for
the night. Now, go hit the showers.
(BEAT) And stop stuffing your uniform
with spare ribs!

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

The family drives home.

PETER

Nice job tonight, Chris. Especially when that real sweaty guy fell down and then started crying. Aw, you were super absorbent on that one.

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

(COVERS FACE) It burns! It burns!

PETER

(TO LOIS) It's working!

BRIAN

You're dousing him with Paco Raban.

LOIS

Peter, stop! Chris is not possessed.

PETER

But the gibberish?

MEG

It's not gibberish, 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 phase. You've gone through a few yourself.

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

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 - SAME (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.

(more)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I needs to be Mackin' style!

PETER

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

Peter, uncomfortable, quickly exits.

EXT. BOBBY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL YARD - DAY

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

STEWIE

I wonder what those poorly
synchronised dance moves have to do
with the art of mind control. I must
infiltrate their coven and find out.

Stewie checks a pocket watch.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Excellent. It'll be hours before
Lois wakes me for my next feeding.
God, I wish she'd put me on formula.
Last night it tasted like something
crawled in her breast and died.

ANGLE ON Cindy, the girl from the top of the pyramid, as she addresses the other girls.

CINDY

Okay, that was much better, but it
still sucked worse than anything I've
ever seen. Let's do it again.

Cindy turns on a boom-box and plays an **uptempo song**. They begin a simple, choreographed dance.

We PULL BACK to see Stewie, now in formation and doing his own dance moves. His moves are at times a bit erotic (think Leroy in Fame). Soon, the rest of the girls stop dancing and watch Stewie, and he knows it. 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 like us!

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

STEWIE

(SOTTO) Consider yourselves lucky I'm
not after your hymen.

EXT. \ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - CONTINUOUS

HORACE puts a fresh beer in front of TONY, a customer who sits at the bar.

HORACE

Brutal weekend, huh? I told you not
to bet on Cleveland.

TONY

Yeah, but I'm from there, you know.

HORACE

Can't bet with your heart. I keep
telling you that, you chowderhead.
So, you wanna pay me now or later?

TONY

Now, I guess.

Tony lays his hand on the bar. Horace pulls out a meat cleaver and **chops** off one of Tony's fingers. Tony **screams** in agony. Horace pins the finger to the wall behind him, where other fingers hang.

HORACE

So, who do you like this weekend?

TONY

(IN PAIN, WEEPING) Nebraska...

PAN down the bar to Peter and CLEVELAND, drinking beers.

PETER

So, I ask Chris to pass the potatoes
and he rattles off all this "yo-yo-
yo" stuff and I don't know what he's
saying. I was hoping you could help.
(RE: PIECE OF PAPER) I wrote it all
down.

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. Give it here.

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

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

Oh, my. If this is what Chris said, then he's planning to murder you and Lois in your sleep tonight. (THEN, CHUCKLES) I'm joshin' you! He just wants some more soda next time y'all go to the grocery.

PETER

I can't believe I'm losing touch with my own son... (GETS IDEA) Hey, I know. You can teach me how to speak black! I'm a real fast learner.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter, in a white lab coat, holds a blue-colored vial in one hand and a red one in the other. He pours them both into a beaker. It **explodes** in Peter's face. Peter **yells** out in pain.

PETER

I see. Well, I won't let that happen again.

Peter sets down the vials, then puts on a pair of safety goggles. He then picks up the vials and once again pours them into the beaker. Again, it **explodes** in his face.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

CLEVELAND

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

PETER

Hey, you know, I never thought of that. Hold those jive lessons, Cleveland. I'm gonna make my son proud to be Irish!

EXT.\ESTAB. MUSEUM OF IRISH HERITAGE - DAY

INT. MUSEUM OF IRISH HERITAGE - CONTINUOUS

Peter, Chris and Brian walk through the museum.

PETER

See, son, this is where your ancestors come from.

They go up to a large display of an Irishman's face. The mouth is slightly open and next to it is a beer tap. Peter grabs a mug and fills it up.

PETER (CONT'D)

Watch what happens when we pour this Guinness into the Irishman's mouth.

Peter pours the beer into the Irishman's mouth. As he pours, the veins in the Irishman's nose redden and expand. Soon, his whole nose is bulbous and swollen.

CHRIS

(LAUGHS) Look at his capillaries go!

Weeeeeeee!

Peter proudly clasps Chris' shoulder as they walk away. Brian points off screen.

BRIAN

Hey, let's check out the I.R.A.'s bloodiest broken peace treaties.

PETER (O.S.)

Later. First, I want to take Chris
on the Potato Famine Rollercoaster!

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Peter, Chris, and Brian in the front car of a **speeding** rollercoaster. They **scream** happily. The potato-shaped car slows down as they travel through Irish farmland. They pass a mechanical FARMER who stands in his barren field, looking desperately skyward, and shaking his fist repeatedly at the heavens. Peter and Chris smile at each other, then:

PETER

(POINTS) Look at the malnutrition!

They roll by a group of mechanical RAIL-THIN PEOPLE holding their pleading hands out toward the rollercoaster. Peter and Chris high-five.

INT. MUSEUM OF IRISH HERITAGE - LATER

Peter, Chris and Brian walk down the hallway.

PETER

Wow, that was depressing and
exhilarating.

CHRIS

Seeing all those starving people made
me hungry!

BRIAN

Hey, I'm gonna grab a smoke. I'll
meet you guys at the cafeteria.

Brian enters a cordoned off section marked "Smoking Section". Peter and Chris walk off. Brian lights a cigarette as several other people quietly smoke. A Muzak version of U2's "Sunday, Bloody Sunday" **plays**. Brian taps his cigarette into a bin which reads "Angela's Ashes".

INT. CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

It's an Irish pub, crowded with people drinking, playing darts, etc. The only thing that makes it a cafeteria is the sign, "O'Brien's Cafeteria". Peter and Chris sit at a table looking at menus. A red-headed WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS

And what can I get you lads?

PETER

We're both gonna have the special.

WAITRESS

Alrighty then, two orders of Lucky
Charms on soda bread with cabbage.

The waitress walks off.

CHRIS

I like being Irish, Dad! I'm gonna
learn all about our family history!

PETER

Aw, that's great, Chris. Now, I can
tell everyone you're my son again.

INT. QUAHOG PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

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

PETER

Excuse me, can you tell me if you
have 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 all these books on our genealogy!

PETER

Way to go, son.

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

PETER (CONT'D)

Wow! Chris, here's a picture of your Great-Granddad, William Griffin.

CHRIS

It says here he died during the stock market crash of 1929!

ANGLE ON the book, where we see a picture of WILLIAM GRIFFIN, in a business suit, standing on a New York sidewalk. We ZOOM IN on the photo and it comes to life.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - DAY (CUTAWAY)

William Griffin flips a coin to a NEWSIE, who hands him a newspaper. He reads the headline.

WILLIAM GRIFFIN

Oh, no, the market crashed. Good
thing I don't have my money in it.

He **chuckles** to himself. It grows to a **laugh**. Then a **belly laugh**. Then a distraught-looking BUSINESSMAN falls from the sky and **crushes** William, killing him instantly.

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

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 SCENE)

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--?

We quickly ZOOM IN on the photo of NATE GRIFFIN, a black version of Peter, who has a horse's hoof on his knee. The photo comes to life.

EXT. STABLES - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Nate flashes a smile straight to the camera.

NATE

Surprise!

INT. LIBRARY - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

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.

BRIAN

Peter, how can you be black? You're the whitest man I know.

PETER

Thanks, Brian. I'm still not convinced it's true. It's probably like that UFO in Roswell. You know, just some big misunderstanding.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A flying saucer has crashed in the distance. Two dying ALIENS crawl across on the ground.

ALIEN #1

You said, "Make a right."

ALIEN #2

I said, "Make a left."

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

LOIS

Still, Peter, the man in this book does look an awful lot like you.

PETER

That doesn't prove anything.

Brian grabs one of the other books Chris is holding.

BRIAN

The Selected Writings Of Nate Griffin?

PETER

That won't prove anything either.

Brian opens the book and reads.

BRIAN

(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

Wow. I guess 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
to your ancestral onion. (BEAT,
THEN) Oh, I gotta tell Bonnie I'm
sleeping with a black man!

Lois exits hurriedly into the kitchen.

EXT. BOBBY CIANCI CAFETERIA LUNCH BENCHES - DAY

Stewie and the girls sit at a bench.

STEWIE

Okay, what about...Scott Martin?

JILL

Total babe.

TONYA

Yeah, and when he grits his teeth
when he goes for a lay up? So cute!

STEWIE

(LOOKS DOWN) Oh, my god. (QUICKLY,
UNDER HIS BREATH) Here he comes, here
he comes, here he comes!

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)

Oh, no, my feeding. I'm late! (CALLS

OUT) Bye, guys! See you later!

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

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lois is drying a dish when she looks up at the clock.

LOIS

Oh, time for Stewie's lunch.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Stewie runs down the street, he looks up at a car next to him and sees Meg is driving. 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 sunbath 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.

INT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE / STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Lois walks up the stairs. She stops, **sighs**, then picks up some socks that are laying on the staircase.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - 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. STEWIE'S ROOM - CONTINUING

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 eat.

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

LOIS

Wake up, sleepy head. Momma's milk
bags are nice and full.

Stewie grimaces.

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. Look, Peter, there's no right way to "be" black. 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 comeingle amongst your newly found brethern. Discover for yourself what it means to be black.

PETER

Yeah, that's exactly what I'll do.

Thanks, Cleveland.

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. Peter, the only white guy there, stares at the stage, expressionless.

BLACK COMEDIAN

Who used to wear a lot of Gerry Curl?

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDS) I know I did. I

wore so much, I used to carry around

a dipstick just to check it!

The audience **laughs** wildly. Peter just stares blankly.

INT. BLACK DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Funky music **plays**. Peter dances horribly, i.e. steps on toes, bumps into people, etc. Soon, everyone disperses, leaving Peter dancing by himself. After a beat, Peter notices he's alone and walks quickly off the floor.

EXT./ESTAB. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The marquee reads "Passenger 57b: Window Seat to Hell".

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Peter sits in the crowded theater. Action movie **music** plays as the primarily black audience shouts at the screen.

AUDIENCE

Get him! / Careful, he's still got

his gun! / Kick his ass, Wesley!

PETER

(BEAT, THEN) Fire!

Everyone rushes out in a panic. Peter sinks in his seat.

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - DAY

Peter shuffles down the street, despondent.

PETER

Oh, what's the use? I've gotten so
far away from my black heritage, I
might as well be white.

Just then, a lion's **roar** is heard. Peter turns and sees a lion meandering out of the entrance of the Quahog Zoo. People run and **scream**.

TERRIFIED PEOPLE

The lion's escaped! / Run for your
lives! / Widespread panic is also the
name of a somewhat popular rock band!

Peter is about to run, but the lion leaps to within a foot of him. Peter is frozen with fear. He and the lion stare into each other's eyes. Suddenly, there's a BRIGHT FLASH.

EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A black TRIBESMAN (greatly resembling Peter) wears a loincloth and body paint. He also stands face to face with a lion. At a distance, fellow TRIBESMEN look on, frightened.

The lion **growls**. Tribesman Peter **growls** back. The lion **growls** louder. Tribesman Peter **growls** back even louder. After a beat, the lion turns and walks away. The other Tribesmen **cheer**. Tribesman Peter quietly **tongue-clicks** to himself. The subtitle reads: "Sarah's definitely giving it up tonight!" Another BRIGHT FLASH and we're back to:

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter and the lion still stare at each other.

PETER

(IN AWE) Yes...I was in Africa. I
tamed lions! I remember! I remember!

Peter dashes off. The lion shakes off his trance, then pounces on an OLD WOMAN, **mauling** her.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Peter again sits in the crowded theater. Scary **music** plays.

AUDIENCE

He's coming up the stairs! / Look
out! / He's still got the knife!

PETER

Run, you stupid bitch! Get the hell
out of the house!

The audience **cheers** in agreement. Peter smiles, satisfied.

INT. BLACK DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Peter dances, smoothly this time. Two BLACK DANCERS watch him, impressed.

BLACK DANCER #1

Who gave Whitey the secret dance
moves?

BLACK DANCER #2

Nobody. His great-great-great-great-
granddaddy was black.

BLACK DANCER #1

Oh, that's cool.

Peter continues to shake his booty with great aplomb.

INT. THE APOLLO THEATER - NIGHT

Peter and the audience watch ANOTHER COMEDIAN on stage.

BLACK COMEDIAN #2

So, I'm chillin' with my girlie in
front of the fireplace, and I musta
got too close because poof!

(more)

BLACK COMEDIAN #2 (CONT'D)

My Gerry Curl lit up like the Olympic torch! I'm all hearing (HUMS OLYMPIC THEME).

The audience **laughs**. Peter **laughs** so hard that he falls out of his seat and rolls down the full length of the aisle, clutching his stomach and **laughing** as he goes.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Stewie stands inside a locker which is slightly ajar.

STEWIE

Perhaps they'll be more inclined to discuss their trade secrets if they think they're alone.

The cheerleaders enter and 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's 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.

(more)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

And Cindy's on top because she's
their leader. It's so simple. I
just eliminate Cindy and take her
spot on the pyramid!

Stewie **gasps** as the girls change out of their uniforms and
into their street clothes (no naughty parts are seen).

STEWIE (CONT'D)

They're getting nude! Oh, I mustn't
watch. It's not the proper thing to--
Woah! Nice ones, Janine! I had no
idea. And look at Lisa in all of her
curvaceous glory. And so well
groomed. (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, many wearing suits. A
banner on the wall reads, "Unity Through Brotherhood Since
1979". Cleveland and Peter sit near the back. The CHAPTER
PRESIDENT is addressing the room from the podium.

CHAPTER PRESIDENT

It's not easy being a black man in
this world! We've worked hard to get
to where we are! Years of struggle!
And perserverance!

(more)

CHAPTER PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

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 Krispy treats. I share them with you all in the hopes that one day your wounds may be healed as well.

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. Judge me not by the color of my skin, but by the content of my television viewing habits. 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. I was there when Lamont proposed to single-mother and divorcee Janet Lawson. And when Benson ran for governor himself. Hallelujah, those were happy times! But I was also there for the bad times. When Florida lost James to that tragic auto accident. And Tootie got those terribly painful braces. Oh, and all those times the Devil made poor Flip Wilson do it? I was there. 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**.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

Good, Meg. Babs, give her a caramel.
Now, Chris, this one's for you: How
many white Presidents have there been?

CHRIS

I don't know.

CARTER

All of them!

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 aight. (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 have my own posse.

Peter opens the front door revealing THREE YOUNG BLACK MEN.

PETER (CONT'D)

Z, 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

Well, that's just great, Peter. But
I think Chris and Meg should know
where they come from, too.

Babs confidently hands Carter a large photo album. Chris and Meg sit on either side of him. Peter shoots Lois a look of concern. Lois can only smile back weakly.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You see, children, your ancestors
were among the first to colonize
America. In fact, we were the
richest family on the Mayflower.

Carter opens the book to a PHOTO of a COUPLE in big, fluffy chairs being carried off the Mayflower ship by pilgrims.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Yes, we were so rich we had cameras
even before they were invented.

PETER

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

Carter continues to flip slowly through the pages.

CARTER

Our family used it's great wealth to
buy lots of land and respect.

Carter sees the next page, then quickly turns past it.

CHRIS

Wait, I missed that one.

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 photo.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, lordy. That's Nate!

ANGLE ON a photo of Nate, steadying two horses for a pre-Civil War MR. AND MRS. PEWTERSCHMIDT. It comes to life.

EXT. STABLES - DAY (CUTAWAY)

NATE

(TO CAMERA) Now, ain't that a bitch?

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

PETER

Lois, your family owned my family!

END OF ACT TWO

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

The family is where we left them.

LOIS

Daddy, did our family really own
Peter's ancestors?

CARTER

I guess it might be possible.

PETER

"Might be Possible"?! (RE: PHOTO)
That's Nate Griffin! Look at that
stupid smile, that vacant stare. I
might as well be looking in a mirror.

Carter and Babs share an uncomfortable look.

CARTER

Boy, this is pretty embarrassing.

PETER

Yes, it is. And stop calling me
"boy".

Babs digs in her purse and pulls out a handkerchief.

BABS

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. Old habits die hard, former slave owner, old habits die hard.

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 **sigh** and start to head upstairs, when Carter steps on a toy fire truck and loses his balance.

CARTER

Woah...!

Carter grabs onto the drapes to keep his balance, but the drapes come off their rungs and come **whipping** down on Peter's back.

PETER

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

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - MORNING

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 - SAME

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

STEWIE

You little porker. Oink, oink,
fatty. Oh, yes, you'll take butter
on that English muffin, because
you're the cheerleading squad's token
blimp! Stupid. Nobody wants to be
brainwashed by a moo-cow. You don't
deserve to eat!

Stewie turns and **retches** into the toilet.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

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

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

PETER

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.

LOIS

Peter--

PETER

Kichwa!

CARTER

It's okay, Lois. (STERN) Kichwa, I'd like to have a word with you alone.

Carter puts down his napkin and exits.

INT. PORCH - DAY

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

CARTER

I think we're both sensible men.

PETER

Yes, yes, and I'm black and you're white. And you've got the fever. So let's just go ahead and get this over with.

Peter starts unbuttoning his shirt. Carter stops him.

CARTER

Look, Babs and I feel awful about this whole slavery thing.

(more)

CARTER (CONT'D)

There must be something we can do to make things right with you.

PETER

Actually, there is. You can give me an apology and some Rice Krispy treats.

CARTER

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

Carter pulls out his checkbook and starts writing a check.

PETER

Ten thousand dollars?!

CARTER

Not enough? Fine, make it twenty.

Carter hands Peter the check and starts to exit.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Oh, and I appreciate you not mentioning to anyone our family's dirty little secret.

PETER

Oh, sure, sure.

INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

TOM TUCKER sits behind the desk, addressing the camera.

TOM

This just in. 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 GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

We hear a **shower** off screen. Friday the 13th-type music **plays** and **heavy breathing** is heard. As someone walks through the locker room, we see things from their POV. The tone is scary and demented. Suddenly, the person trips and falls face-first on the floor.

STEWIE (O.S.)

Augh! Dammit!

He gets up and continues walking.

ANGLE ON Cindy shampooing her hair. The lights go out.

CINDY

(SHAMPOO IN HER EYES) Hello?

No answer. She begins rinsing her hair quickly. She stops when she hears Stewie's **scampering**.

CINDY (CONT'D)

(EYES STILL SHUT) Who's there?!

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

STEWIE

Nice ones!

Stewie reaches down and covers her nose and mouth with a small cloth. As Cindy loses consciousness, we go to BLACK.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter drives. Lois sits in the passenger seat.

LOIS

Peter, you haven't suffered. That money should go to a worthy black charity.

PETER

Lois, my ancestors would have wanted it this way.

WIDEN TO REVEAL the car is packed to the hilt with several electronic gizmos, i.e., big screen TV, stereo, speakers, etc.

PETER (CONT'D)

You know, to be born with a natural sense of rhythm and not have the best sound system money can buy... Well, that's just criminal, Lois. Criminal.

Peter turns up the **music** in the car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The bass **resonates** from Peter's car. The car passes a man carrying a glass of water and the glass **shatters**, getting him all wet. The car then passes a man carrying a fishbowl. The fishbowl **shatters**, getting that man wet also. They then drive by a large-breasted woman. Her silicone-filled breasts **pop** one after the other, soaking her blouse as well.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Back inside the car, Peter bops his head to the music. We hear a police **siren**. Peter checks his rear-view mirror.

PETER

Damn. The po-lice.

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

COP

(UNFRIENDLY) You're that black guy I saw on the news conference, ain't ya?

PETER

(PROUD) Yep.

COP

Well, it looks to me like you're in the wrong neighborhood. Is this your car?

PETER

Yeah, of course.

COP

How about that shirt? You got a receipt for that shirt?

Lois leans forward.

LOIS

It's okay, officer. He's with me.

COP

Oh, I didn't see you there, ma'am. Everything all right?

LOIS

Yes, yes. Everything's fine.

COP

Okay, then. Move along.

Peter drives on.

PETER

Did you see that, Lois? I was just
the victim of racial profiling.

There hasn't been an abuse of power
this bad since the days of Genghis
Khan.

INT. HUT - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

GENGHIS KHAN sits with his WIFE and DAUGHTER at the dinner
table. Genghis shovels gruel in his mouth.

DAUGHTER

But, Father, everyone else is going
to the dance. Why can't I?

GENGHIS KHAN

Because I said so.

She looks at her mother as if to say, "Do something!"

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG MALL - DAY

INT. QUAHOG MALL - SAME

Peter walks through the mall.

PETER

So much reparation money, so little
time.

ANGLE ON a LITTLE BOY and his FATHER outside a sporting goods
store. The little boy tries to throw the football, but the
ball lamely drops to the ground.

FATHER

That's not the way to throw your new
football, son. Here, watch Daddy.

The father looks around and spots Peter walking in the distance. He throws the ball at Peter, hitting him in the face, and knocking him down. The man **gasps** and runs over.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I could've sworn you were
that black man I saw on TV earlier.

PETER

(RUBBING HIS FOREHEAD) I am.

FATHER

(CONFUSED) Well, then you should have
caught that with your innate athletic
ability. (THEN) Come on, son. Let's
go before he breaks out in song with
the most beautiful voice you've ever
heard.

The father pulls his son away.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Peter with several shopping bags steps outside the department store. He looks around, annoyed.

PETER

Where the hell's Lois? I'm like
three hours late. She should've been
here a long time ago.

Peter spots a cab approaching.

PETER (CONT'D)

(WAVING IT DOWN) Hey! Taxi!

The cab passes Peter and stops in front of a WHITE BUSINESSMAN.

CABBIE

Need a cab, buddy?

WHITE BUSINESSMAN

Huh? Oh, no thanks. I'm fine.

Peter runs up to the cab.

PETER

Hey, I need a ride. I'm going to--

CABBIE

(TO BUSINESSMAN) Pally, you sure you don't need me to take you somewhere?

WHITE BUSINESSMAN

Yeah, I'm sure.

PETER

Hey, buddy! Listen, I need a cab!

CABBIE

(TO BUSINESSMAN) I'll take you anywhere you want to go. My treat.

WHITE BUSINESSMAN

(RELUCTANT) Oh... Alright.

The white businessman gets in the cab and it pulls away, leaving a confused Peter behind. Peter sees a public bus stopping at a bus stop a few feet away. He runs to catch it.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Peter pays the driver and is about to sit in the front seat.

BUS DRIVER

Nuh-uh. You sit in the back.

PETER

Excuse me?! I've got as much a 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. (THEN) 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 stews.

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

INT. THE QUAHOG AFRICAN-AMERICAN LEAGUE - SAME

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

PRESIDENT

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

The President **bangs** the gavel. Peter enters the room in a
flashy new suit and hat.

PETER

Sorry I'm late, everyone. I was
being discriminated against.

(more)

PETER (CONT'D)

Man, it's unbelievable what we people have to put up with. I mean, I'd always heard about it. I've even had some kicks doing it. But experiencing it first hand? Whew! Not fun.

The men stare at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

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

CLEVELAND

Because, Peter, we know about your reparations. And if you'll recall, I shared mine. You, on the other hand, went on a selfish shopping spree, giving nothing back to the community.

PETER

Yeah, but don't you see? Spending money on myself makes me happy. So, in a way, I'm doing my part to dispel 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 registers that he's unwelcome and exits sadly.

EXT. /ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - NIGHT

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 by

me. It's like I'm a freakin' leper.

They walk up a couple more steps and come upon a section filled with lepers. They see Peter and snub him as well. Disheartened, Peter climbs to an empty section near the top.

BRIAN

(POINTING) Hey, 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, Chris! 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.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI BOYS RESTROOM - NIGHT

Peter enters. He goes to the sink, splashes water on his face, then blots it with a paper towel as he looks into the mirror. Suddenly, his reflection morphs into none other than Nate Griffin's (but the reflection is ghost-like).

PETER

Ahh!

NATE

Hello, Peter. It's me. Nate.

PETER

Oh, my god, it's a spook! You must be 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.

PETER

I see what you're getting at. And don't worry, I'm gonna do something good with that reparation money.

NATE

That'd be mighty fine, Peter.

PETER

Thanks. And I'm real sorry you had to do all that suffering.

NATE

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

PETER

Oh, that's classic.

NATE

Well, so long, Peter. Oh, and you
got a little something right there.

Nate points to a spot on his own cheek, then fades away.
Peter, now looking at his own reflection, scratches his cheek
where Nate was pointing. A little piece of skin comes off.
Peter starts tearing at his face with both hands, pulling off
hunks of flesh a la Poltergeist. Peter stares into the
mirror, horrified, when his face instantly returns to normal.

NATE (O.S.)

Just messin' with ya!

PETER

(GOOD-NATURED) Naaaate!

PETER/NATE (O.S.)

Hehehehehe! / Hehehehehe!

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, **muted
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 (a 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) Okay, that's enough of that.

(INTO BULLHORN) Alright, everyone,
stand up!

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

LOIS

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

ANGLE BACK ON Stewie.

STEWIE

(INTO BULLHORN) Everyone clap!

Everyone starts **clapping** repeatedly in unison.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Now, stomp on the person to your
right's foot!

They all **stomp** on their neighbor's foot, then **howl** in pain.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

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

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,
a lot of you know I recently came
into some money. Well, I don't think
I really deserve it. So I've decided
to give it to all of you.

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, African-American or Irish-
American. We're all united in our
insatiable greed for money!

Lois and Peter hug.

END OF SHOW