

FAMILY GUY

"Tea Party Foul"

Written by

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ACT ONE**EXT./ESTAB. GUN SHOW - NIGHT**

The sign out front reads "Quahog Gun Show - Jokes About The Size Of Your Arms Being Like Guns Prohibited"

INT. GUN SHOW - SAME

The Griffin family walks past various displays of firearms. STEWIE pays a pimply kid a dollar for a lollipop shaped like a gun. LOIS puts her hands on her hips

LOIS

I can't believe you took us here for our family field trip Peter.

PETER

The Museum of Natural History was closed, ever since Ben Stiller became a security guard there that place has been nothing but trouble.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

BEN STILLER walks through the museum in the dark, shining his flashlight on various historical setups. He comes to a bear and a raptor having tea. The bear is holding out its paw, upon which are a bunch of very tiny cowboys and Indians. His eyes widen in horror.

BEAR

Hey, we're the museum displays.

RAPTOR

We come alive at night and drink tea and frolic together.

TINY INDIAN

Yeah what are you gonna do about it?

Ben Stiller stares at them for a beat, then pulls out gun and shoots himself in the head. He flops over.

The bear and raptor look at each other.

RAPTOR

What? I'm not gonna clean that up.

INT. GUN SHOW - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter is holding two rifles, has a machine gun belt around his chest and is wearing a helmet with a pistol on it.

LOIS

Well I don't like Stewie having that gun lollipop, it's a bad influence.

PETER

What could be more harmless than a gun shaped lollipop?

Stewie licks the lollipop and it fires. A **man screams**.

Behind them the candy vendor slaps his pimply son.

VENDOR

I tolds you onlys to sells the unloadeds candysies!

PIMPLY KID

I'm sorrrys dadsys! I'ms just a simples boys from a simples families!

The Vendor sits down hard, running his hand through his hair.

VENDOR

(DESPONDENT) Ain'ts thats the truths ofs thingses.

INT. GUN SHOW - A LITTLE LATER

Peter and CHRIS are each carrying as many guns as they can and Chris has a shopping cart he is pushing with even more guns.

PETER

Be careful with those guns Chris, I bought those with your college money.

CHRIS

What?!

PETER

I'm just kidding Chris, we haven't saved you any college money.

CHRIS

Whew! That was a close one.

They walk up to a booth labeled "TEA PARTY PATRIOTS". A nicely dressed black man and a white woman stand at the booth: RICK and TINA. Rick and Tina both smile and appear very friendly.

RICK

Hello.

PETER

(SLITTING HIS EYES) Tell me more.

BLACK MAN

Do you hate evil?

PETER

Unless it somehow benefits myself.

WHITE WOMAN

And did you know that Barack Obama is evil?

PETER

I did not, but I am willing to believe what you have to say, given your general level of cleanliness.

BLACK MAN

Then it must stand to reason that you
hate Barack Obama right?

PETER

(SLITS HIS EYES EVEN TINIERS) Check and
Checkmate.

BRIAN walks up.

WHITE WOMAN

Here take this pamphlet.

BRIAN

I'm surprised a black man would go in
for something like this.

BLACK MAN

Actually, I'm white. I just killed a
black man and stole his skin and then
wore it to make our group seem more
diverse.

Brian laughs as though he must be joking. The black man
laughs with Brian. As he is laughing a part of his forehead
slides down to reveal bloody white skin. Brian stops
laughing. The man pushes it back up, but continues to smile.

EXT. GUN SHOW - A LITTLE LATER

Peter and Chris load up the trunk of the car with guns. Lois
straps Stewie into his car seat.

LOIS

I for one am glad that's over. I do
not like guns.

MEG waves a card at her mom.

MEG

I had a great time. These guys let me join their men only private club, even though I'm a girl.

A man wearing a top hat (with an ostrich feather sticking out of his top hat) and cape with a long mustache smoking a big cigar walks up. He has a very old fashioned hunting rifle.

GENTLEMAN'S CLUB GUY

You are a girl?!

The gentleman rips Meg's card away from Meg, tears it in half, and throws it on the ground. Then he stomps on it. Then he spits on it, and then he spits on her. Then he takes her glasses and eats them.

MEG

Dad, are you just going to let him do that to me?

Peter is feeling the man's cape.

PETER

He said if I did he'd let me feel his cape.

GENTLEMAN'S CLUB GUY

It's made out of four kinds of animals. One of which is imaginary!

PETER

What's the imaginary animal?

GENTLEMAN'S CLUB GUY

A rational woman!

He laughs. Peter starts to laugh along with him. Then man after man (construction workers, doctors, etc.) All come out of the bushes and from behind cars and start laughing along with them. They all put their arms around each other's shoulders and have a good long laugh.

Finally the laughter slowly dies down and the Gentleman wipes a tear from his eye.

GENTLEMAN'S CLUB GUY
(CONT'D)

Oh... heavens.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - SAME

Peter sits watching TV with his stomach out. He eats a handful of chips. BRIAN enters.

BRIAN

What are you up to Peter?

PETER

Chips.

BRIAN

Where's the bowl?

PETER

Don't need no bowl no more.

Peter reaches his hand into his stomach, shovels around for a minute, pulls out a TV remote, reaches back in and shovels around for a moment, pulls out a mouse which he sets down that subsequently scampers off, then pulls out a handful of chips and eats them.

PETER (CONT'D)

I have become perfect.

BRIAN

Well, I'm just glad you didn't get swept up in that tea party movement pamphlet. Those people are nuts.

PETER

Wait a minute! Did you just say those tea people like to party and have bowel movements, and are giving away free nuts?

BRIAN

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

Peter jumps up.

PETER

Sorry, I couldn't hear you cuz my ears were buried in the couch pillows and now I'm too excited to hear more!

Peter runs off.

Brian stares after him. The mouse from before scampers up to Brian and stands on its hind legs.

MOUSE

(REGULAR GUY VOICE) Excuse me, but I've been trapped in that man's stomach for eight months now. I've been subsisting on the chips and fresh meat he keeps in the folds. Can you tell me, have you seen my family around?

BRIAN

Oh, uhh... gosh. Sorry to tell you this, but we had pest control come by and your whole family is...

The mouse slumps down on its ass.

MOUSE

I've got nothing left. Listen, I need you to step on me man.

BRIAN

I don't think I can do that.

MOUSE

Oh you can snuff my whole family with chemical weapons but you can't step on one little mouse?!

BRIAN

I wasn't even home when they did it.
The mouse grabs Brian's foot and tries to lift it.

MOUSE

Just do it man, step on me!

Brian giggles.

BRIAN

Hey, cut that out.

MOUSE

Lift your foot and take my *****
life!

Brian laughs harder.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you laughing at?

BRIAN

I'm sorry, I'm ticklish, plus this is easily the cutest suicide ever.

The mouse falls over **panting**.

MOUSE

I can see them all choking on their own blood. The image runs over and over in my head twisting like a rusted blade.

BRIAN

Yeah, sorry, you're still cute.

MOUSE

Arghhhh!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Meg is sitting on the toilet with her pants down, looking for something to read in the magazine rack.

MEG

Argh! Where are all my Tiger Beats?

INT. CAVE BATHROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

TONY THE TIGER is sitting on his toilet with a Tiger Beat magazine, next to him is a bottle of lube. He puts some of the lube on his hand and reaches down.

TONY THE TIGER

Yeah, this is gonna be good.

He flips through the pages.

TONY THE TIGER (CONT'D)

This is going to be...

He flips through the pages.

TONY THE TIGER (CONT'D)

Man, what the hell. There isn't a single tiger in here.

A man in a labcoat walks in the bathroom.

TONY THE TIGER (CONT'D)

Hey I'm busy in here!

MAN IN LABCOAT

Tony, we're running out of Frosted
Flakes, we need you back at the
factory.

Tony picks up a cheese grater and grates Frosted Flakes off of his own back while grimacing. He throws them at the man in the labcoat.

TONY THE TIGER

There are you happy?! Now take them
and get out!

INT. GRIFFIN'S BATHROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Meg roots around the rack and pulls out a UFC magazine.

MEG

Uhhh, I'll just read this.

Meg opens the magazine and gasps.

MEG'S P.O.V.: We see a page with an attractive UFC Fighter named "Girth Strongington".

She admires his smile, then his abs, then his Turn-ons which read "bacnee, lumpy stomachs, dandruff, a crap face", then she notes his turn-offs "popularity, self-esteem".

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

O-M-G he's perfect for me!

Below the picture it says "UFC Event coming to Quahog, one week only!"

MEG (CONT'D)

The man of my dreams is coming to
Quahog, nothing could spoil my mood
now.

There is a **knock** on the door.

PETER (O.S.)

Hey Meg, I invited a bunch of your friends from school over to watch me get drunk during the day.

CONNIE (O.S.)

I don't know how he does it!

Meg stares at the door, horrified.

PETER (O.S.)

And we all need to use the bathroom. So we're all right outside. Are you crapping in there? It smells like you're crapping in there but that could just be your period. Either way the smell is awful. I'm gonna go use the other bathroom, have a good day honey.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

EXT. GRIFFIN'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Peter is standing with Rick and Tina. They are all holding tools and wearing camouflage vests. Rick and Tina are wearing business clothes. They are all standing in front of a mostly finished above ground concrete shelter.

Lois walks up to them.

LOIS

Peter what the hell are you building?

PETER

Oh hey Lois.

RICK

TINA

Hello Lois.

Nice to meet you Lois.

PETER (CONT'D)

Me and the Quahog chapter of the Tea Party Patriots are just building a concrete shelter to defend ourselves and wage war against the oncoming Socialist Monarchy.

RICK

That's about right.

TINA

Yes, it's pretty fun. I love defending myself.

LOIS

Peter there is no Socialist Monarchy. Barack Obama is just a president like any other president.

PETER

If he's just a regular President then explain how come he's secretly a lizard!

RICK

That is a good point.

TINA

Say do you have any lemonade?

LOIS

He is not a lizard, and I can prove it. Barack, get over here.

BARACK OBAMA rides up on a giant Iguana.

BARACK OBAMA

See Peter? I'm not a lizard, I just ride giant lizards like a horse.

PETER

What do you think guys, evil or not
evil?

RICK

Still seems evil to me.

TINA

I heard he uses baby blood
instead of ketchup on his
eggs.

Peter crosses his arms and turns away from Barack Obama.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sorry Barack, my friends still say
you're evil. And that's that.

BARACK OBAMA

But I've got Lady GaGa tickets.

PETER

And that's THAT.

BARACK OBAMA

Right up front.

PETER

And that, as they say, is that!

Peter stomps once.

Barack looks sad. The iguana blinks then shoots out its
tongue, grabs a cat, and swallows it.

BARACK OBAMA

Herman! What have a I told you!

The iguana **roars** and hangs its head.

IGUANA (SUBTITLE)

Not in front of the voters.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT**

The sign out front reads "UFC - All Week Long"

INT. DRESSING ROOM - SAME

GIRTH STRONGINGTON is standing in front of the mirror. He is wearing a Speedo with a lightning bolt on it. He is pointing at his penis.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Whatever you do don't get hard don't
get hard don'tgetharddon'tgethard-

He punches his penis. Meg enters. Girth quickly leans against the mirror like nothing's wrong.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON (CONT'D)

Hey hey what are you doing here
whoever you are? I most certainly was
not willing my penis to stay soft
during the match. The match... all the
holding... and the whispered secrets.

Girth's Speedo tightens. He punches it. It goes down again.

MEG

I'm Meg Griffin. I just wanted you to
know that you are so hot. You are
hotter than Matt LeBlanc's career was
the day before he signed the contract
to be on the TV spinoff show "Joey".

INT. MATT LEBLANC'S AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

An agent is holding out a contract to MATT LEBLANC who is holding a pen.

AGENT

Alrighty then, all that's left is for you to sign this contract agreeing to be on "Joey".

Matt LeBlanc slowly lowers the pen then signs the contract, and is immediately pulled out of the office by an invisible force, over the Hollywood hills, and into a greasy diner where a dirty apron floats down onto his body. An old cigarette smoking waitress walks up to him and hands him a plate of food.

OLD WAITRESS

So this is where you're gonna be working from now until the day you die.

A angry guy at the counter stands up.

ANGRY GUY

Hey! You made a movie where you starred opposite a chimpanzee!

MATT LEBLANC

(SADLY) This is everything I deserve.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Girth is rubbing coconut oil all over himself.

MEG

Plus we're like, perfect for each other. Look!

She shows him her backnee. He **gasps**.

She pulls up her shirt. He stops rubbing the oil on himself.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

I've never seen so many lumps on a single stomach!

She points to her face. He walks over to her.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON (CONT'D)

May I touch it?

MEG

You may.

He gently rubs her face.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

This is the crappiest face I've ever
seen. Meg, I think I love you.

A referee leans into the dressing room.

REFEREE

Hey Girth, you're on in five. And you
are fighting Rod Cornholeson. He is
6'4", lithe, sinewy, and when his face
is close to the ground he makes an
adorable kissy face.

Girth's Speedo gets an even bigger erection than before. He
punches it three times and continues to hold Meg.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFIN'S FRONT YARD - DAY

EXT. GRIFFIN'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Peter, Rick, and Tina are all aiming rifles across the
street. They take turns firing.

Brian walks up to them.

BRIAN

What are you doing?

PETER

No big deal Bri. We're just practicing
our aim for the upcoming civil war
against the Communist Zionist
Oncologist Oligarcrcacy.

Peter, Rick, and Tina all fire again.

JOE (O.S.)

Please stop shooting you've shot out
every window in my house!

PETER

Tell that to the second amendment
buster!

RICK

You're a dog that can talk. I think
that's nice.

BRIAN

Peter, Lois sent me out here to talk
to you because I'm more political than
her.

A moveon.org email screen with legs and a mouth walks up to
Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Not right now.

MOVEON.ORG SCREEN

B-b-b-b-ut th-th-th-the baby wolves,
how can they tumble and play amidst
the clatter of new c-c-c-onstruction-

BRIAN

I said not right now!

The moveon.org screen runs off.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Jesus. (THEN) Peter these people are very nice but their ideas are nonsense. Not just nonsense, but dangerous.

PETER

That doesn't make any sense. Ideas aren't real, how could they be dangerous?

A bunch of kids are across the street.

KID 1

Hey look! There's Johnny Different!

JOHNNY DIFFERENT, who has a hand growing out of his chest in which he is holding flowers, walks up.

JOHNNY DIFFERENT

I brought you guys some flowers.

KID 1

I've got an idea let's throw rocks at him because he's so different!

The kids say "**yeah! Let's do it! Etc.**" and chase him throwing rocks.

Peter turns to Brian.

PETER

What? It's not their fault that he's different.

JOHNNY DIFFERENT (O.S.)

Ow my hand! My precious final hand!

EXT./ESTAB. LAKE - DAY

EXT. LAKE - SAME

A **happy friendship song plays** as Peter, Rick, and Tina stand together by the lake feeding ducks.

Across from them a picnicking gay couple starts to kiss. Rick runs over to a nearby American flag, uproots it, and throws it through the chests of the gay couple, pinning them both to a tree.

Peter, Rick, and Tina all breath a sigh of relief, wipe their foreheads and go "**phew**".

A swan also wipes its forehead and breathes a sigh of relief. They all look at the swan.

SWAN

What? Just because I'm a swan I can't

be a homophobe? Man, you people.

EXT. LAKE - A LITTLE LATER

The **happy friendship song continues** as Peter, Rick, and Tina walk through the park and see a homeless man with a change cup. Tina runs over, knocks the cup out of his hand, takes him by the shoulders and shakes him, then slaps him.

The homeless guy then walks into the bushes and comes back out clean, wearing a nice suit, and holding a briefcase.

Peter, Rick, and Tina all hug him.

TINA

RICK

See, relying on the state was He's gonna be A-OK!

only bringin' him down.

The homeless guy walks past them, opens his briefcase, and pulls out a resume which he hands to a hot dog vendor at a hot dog cart.

HOT DOG VENDOR

Welcome aboard!

The hot dog vendor holds out his hand to the homeless guy who bites it off. The hot dog vendor screams, the homeless guy pulls a mostly drunk beer out of a trash can nearby, and dives into the bushes.

EXT. LAKE - DUSK

The **happy music continues but fades** as Peter, Rick, and Tina all sit on a park bench watching the sun set.

PETER

This is the greatest day of my life.
It's so good to finally believe in something bigger than myself, and I couldn't ask for nicer people to share that with.

RICK

You got that right.

TINA

I bake cookies that I don't let minorities eat!

Peter **sighs contentedly** and puts his arms around both his new friends.

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

Peter, Rick, and Tina are all sitting on the couch wearing American flag bandanas. Stewie is sitting on the couch with them.

Meg enters.

MEG

Dad I need to talk to you.

PETER

Quiet Meg, we're watching a liberal sitcom so we can know our enemy.

ANGLE ON the TV.

The show's title "Consideration" is on the TV. We hear **sitcom intro music**.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (ON TV)

Two men sit on the couch in front of a coffee table with a bowl on it. The **sitcom intro music** fades.

MAN 1

More seaweed and tofu clumps? Every time you eat one a net gets pulled off of a dolphin.

A black man enters. The audience **hoots and cheers**.

MAN 2

Hey look, an African-American. Or whatever he prefers to be called.

MAN 1

Hey, that was insensitive.

Man 2 looks sad.

MAN 2

You're right. I'm sorry.

The audience **awwww's**.

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

Peter sips a beer. Rick and Tina take notes.

MEG

Look. My boyfriend is coming over for dinner tonight and I don't want you ruining it. I plan on him loving me forever, so if you screw this is up I'll never forgive you.

STEWIE

Tell me Meg, how is he going to ruin your date? By making your boyfriend not blind? Haha!

Stewie puts up the high five.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh come! You know, because of her looks... I deserve some skin on that one... it was a pretty good one... I just went to the bathroom on myself and there was nothing I could do about it.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Peter is wearing his American flag bandana. He, Lois, Chris, Stewie, Meg, and Girth sit at the table.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

(TO CHRIS) What's your name?

CHRIS

I'm Chris.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

That's great. I'm Girth. Do you have any hobbies?

CHRIS

I'm Chris!

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

... So it would seem.

STEWIE

I cannot believe you are here with Meg. Why if you were any better looking I would crawl up into your lower intestine and stay there until the stink could never be washed off again.

PETER

Girth, I don't get it. You're not homeless and you have all your faculties about you. Why do you like Meg?

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Actually, Mr. Griffin, I like Meg because she is ugly.

LOIS

Well I think that's wonderful.

PETER

Are you absolutely sure you're not grossed out by Meg at all?

MEG

Dad! You're supposed to be supportive.

PETER

Of course, I'm sorry Meg. What meant was... wouldn't you... like... to put Meg... in the ground... where her face... can... no longer... hurt us.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Mr. Griffin. You must understand. I
very much like Meg's physical
features. They are the glue that bonds
us.

Peter laughs.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON (CONT'D)

What?

PETER

Didn't you just make a glue related
joke?

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

It was more of an observation really.

PETER

Oh, sorry.

Stewie gets up, walks over, and slaps Peter.

STEWIE

Interpret situations properly!

PETER

Never!

Peter leaps out the closed window.

The family all looks down, ashamed. Girth **clears his throat.**

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Gotta love this meatloaf.

EXT. QUAHOG STREETS - NIGHT

Girth and Meg drive in Girth's BMW up to a fancy hotel
parking lot.

INT. GIRTH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Girth turns off the car.

MEG

I'm sorry my Dad is so weird.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Don't be.

MEG

I'm totally embarrassed and I understand if you never want to see me again.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Meg, would you like to... come upstairs?

MEG

No!

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

What?

MEG

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just so used to people asking me to come upstairs because they have an attic they want me to live in as a form of pest control.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

No Meg, I want you to come upstairs so I can... be with you.

MEG

Oh my God let's!

They lean towards each other, about to kiss when the referee leans into Girth's driver's side window.

REFEREE

Girth, you're on in two. You're going to be wrestling C*** Dillsuckingman****er. He is 6'11, all muscle. His flesh smells like apples and tastes like honey, and he loves coming in from behind, throwing his opponents down on the ground and licking the tiny parts of their ears while he defeats them.

A **by-voing** sound comes from Girth's lap and he punches and punches and punches at his lap while Meg waits starry-eyed in the passenger seat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Girth closes the door behind the both of them.

MEG

Wow.

Girth has posters of all the most unattractive actresses in Hollywood up on his walls.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

I've got all the ugliest of the ugly.

Sarah Jessica Parker-

There is a poster of a skeleton with Sarah Jessica Parker's hair and a Prada bag.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON (CONT'D)

Glenn Close-

There is a poster of Glenn Close with a long razor-sharp mouth holding a half-eaten wild boar.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON (CONT'D)

Meryl Streep-

There is a poster of Meryl Streep with her whole face sucked into her face. Her face just looks like a completely empty face with an asshole in the center of it.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON (CONT'D)

Sandra Bernhard-

SANDRA BERNHARD is standing there in a leather jacket with three cigarettes in her mouth holding a bottle of beer.

SANDRA BERNHARD

No one else would let me into their home.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Go wait in the bathroom Sandra I have a guest.

SANDRA BERNHARD

Eat my ass!

Sandra takes a bite of out of a pack of cigarettes then walks into the bathroom.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

And use the litter box if you have to go!

SANDRA BERNHARD (O.S.)

Suck on my ass you ass!

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

And don't eat the litter in the litter box this time!

SANDRA BERNHARD (O.S.)

(CHEWING AND CRUNCHING) You think you're better than me?!

(MORE)

SANDRA BERNHARD (O.S.)

(MORE CHEWING AN CRUNCHING) You're not better than me.

MEG

This hotel room is great. The UFC paid for all of this?

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

They sure did. Would you like to have sex? I'm famous so it's not considered statutory rape. Meg?

Meg is already in bed with her top off and her back facing up.

MEG

(SEXILY) If you're really good I'll let you pop the big ones.

The hotel shakes.

MEG (CONT'D)

What was that?

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

The hotel has a mouth. It shivers again.

HOTEL

Sorry, that's just the worst thing that anyone's ever said inside me.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON (O.S.)

Ooh, the hair on your inner thigh looks like a pack of angry rats feasting on an expensive toupee that's been left out in the rain.

The hotel throws up on a woman walking by with her dog. The torrent crushes them both.

A man runs up.

MAN 1

Oh my God is anyone a doctor?

HOTEL

Hey, I'm the victim here!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian sits on the bed and Lois paces in front of him.

LOIS

Brian, I'm really worried about Peter. He's so dedicated to those tea party people and their crazy notions.

BRIAN

Maybe he's just excited Lois. He's finally found a group of friends that forms their opinions as seemingly-at-random as he does.

LOIS

He's completely pulled away from us though. He sleeps over at their house every night, who knows what they even do over there.

INT. RICK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

Rick, Peter, and Tina are in their pajamas and having a huge pillow fight. They are all **laughing** and hitting each other with pillows.

PETER

Tag, you're it!

Peter tags Tina. She **laughs** and hits him with a pillow.

A fat guy with a shirt that has a picture of Obama with a bullet wound in his head on it walks in with a giant saucer of warm milk.

MAN IN OBAMA SHIRT

Warm milk anyone?

Rick, Peter, and Tina stop pillow fighting. They all stick their heads in the saucer, sip up some milk, then look up and **sigh**.

RICK

Man, Jews are not people.

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Brian pats the bed and Lois sits down next to him.

BRIAN

You just relax, huh? I'm sure this is
all harmless fun and it'll be over
before you know it.

INT. GRIFFIN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter, Rick, and Tina are all sitting in the dark. A single dim light shines, revealing them all at a wooden table set up in the center of the Griffin living room. Rick and Tina are smiling and affable as always.

RICK

I'm having a great time hanging out
with you Peter.

TINA

Heck yeah, Peter, you're the best.

PETER

I'm having a lot of fun too guys.

RICK

I've got a great idea, hows about we
make s'mores-

PETER

Yaayyy!

RICK

- and then after that we assassinate a
local elected official who supports
health care reform!

Rick picks up a sniper rifle and holds it out to Peter.

PETER

Umm... well. If I don't kill a local
elected official, do I still get
s'mores?

TINA

Absolutely.

PETER

And if I *do* kill a local elected
official... do I get even more
s'mores?

RICK

I don't see why not.

PETER

You drive a hard bargain, but I
consent to your terms.

Peter takes the rifle. **Ominous music swells.**

BRIAN (O.S.)

Oh dear lord!

The **music stops**.

Rick looks up, still smiling.

RICK

What did you hear dog?

BRIAN

Nothing.

RICK

You didn't hear an assassination plot
did you?

BRIAN

No.

RICK

I'm not gonna have to kill you am I?

BRIAN

No. Not at all.

RICK

You sure now?

BRIAN

Oh yes.

RICK

Man, I tell you what, that dog is
alright.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Brian rings Joe's doorbell. JOE answers in his cop uniform.

BRIAN

Joe, I hate to tell on Peter like this, but he's planning to kill a local elected official.

JOE

Very funny Brian, but I'm kinda busy.

BONNIE (O.S.)

(SEXILY) Joe, I'm innocently jaywalking late at night while otherwise doing nothing out of the ordinary.

Brian takes a beat. Bonnie walks out wearing two-piece lingerie and black face.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Joe, what's taking you so long?

JOE

I'll be right in sweetheart. Now go sit on the couch and pretend like it's a nice car and you're going 67 in a 65 and when I get back I'll pull you over for no good reason.

BONNIE

(COOING) Oooh, you're so bad!

Bonnie walks away.

BRIAN

Joe, I'm being serious.

JOE

Brian I don't know what your instinct is telling you but I'm a cop and I've known Peter forever. Trust me, he wouldn't harm a fly.

ANGLE ON Peter sitting in a lawn chair on his lawn. A fly **buzzes** around him for a beat and then lands on his lemonade glass.

He roots around on the ground while not otherwise moving or looking away from the fly, and picks up a rolled up newspaper. He slowly brings it back and then slams himself in the face with the newspaper.

The fly **buzzes** off.

Joe and Brian are watching Peter.

JOE (CONT'D)

I guess what I meant was that he *couldn't* harm a fly.

ANGLE ON Peter, as the fly **buzzes** down and lands on Peter's lemonade glass again.

Peter roots around on the ground and picks up a **quietly whirring** chain saw. He slowly brings it back, and then cuts himself in the shoulder with it.

The fly **buzzes** off.

Brian steps closer to Joe.

BRIAN

Joe just listen to me.

JOE

Brian I've gotta go.

ANGLE ON Peter, who is on the ground, holding his cut open arm. His other hand still holds the glass of lemonade.

The fly **buzzes** back down onto it.

PETER

(TO HIMSELF) I've got you this time
fly.

He roots around on the ground and comes back with a revolver.

He slowly brings it up and points it at his own head.

Joe and Brian watch.

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

Ahhhh!

There's a **slump**. Brian turns to Joe.

JOE

I'll see you later Brian.

BRIAN

Joe wait!

Joe closes the door. Brian **sighs**.

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JR. HIGH - DAY

INT. BUDDY CIANCI JR. HIGH - SAME

Meg and Girth walk down the hallway past groups of mingling kids.

MEG

I brought you to my school since this
is where I spend most of my time.

PRINCIPAL SLOAN enters. Meg and Girth stop.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Hello sir, I am having sex with this
underage girl.

PRINCIPAL SLOAN

Are you a celebrity?

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Among certain circles.

PRINCIPAL SLOAN

That's good enough for me, carry on.

Meg and Girth keep walking.

MEG

I thought it was time you got to know
the real me. The woman underneath.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Ummm... that's not really my thing...

(THEN) Oh my.

At the end of the hall, surrounded by jocks is JAKE the
upside-down-face-boy.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON (CONT'D)

It's... hideous... ly appealing.

Jake backs up against the wall.

JAKE

Come on guys, if you beat me up you'll
have to answer for it in the
afterlife!

EXT. ST. PETER'S GATE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

The jocks from before are all grown up, but still wearing
their same clothes.

ST. PETER

So, I'm lookin' down at my bookie book
here, and it looks like when you guys
were thirteen you beat up a kid with
an upside down face. Is that so?

They all look down sheepishly, rub their arms, clear their throats, etc.

JOCK 1

Umm... I mean... sorta.

JOCK 2

Yeah, yeah we did.

There is silence. St. Peter puts up a high five hand.

ST. PETER (CONT'D)

God you guys are cool. Consider yourselves accepted.

A Nun enters and almost walks past St. Peter.

ST. PETER (CONT'D)

Whoah there sister, what'd you do when you were alive that was so great.

NUN

I gave my life to God. I built a children's hospital with money I made by washing the feet of children that were too sick to wash their own feet.

St. Peter rolls his eyes.

ST. PETER

Nerrrrrd!

He pushes a button and she falls through a hole that appears under her and into Hell. She **screams** as fire shoots out of the hole. Then the hole closes.

ST. PETER (CONT'D)

Seriously though guys, you da' man.

Now get in there and get yourself some

Red Bulls.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI JR. HIGH - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Girth runs up and punches out, kicks away, or other wise beats up the jocks surrounding Jake. Girth gets the last jock into a wrestling hold and grapples him on the floor. While still grappling the jock he looks up at Jake.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Are you a boy or a girl?

JAKE

Well I-

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Who cares. You're the most beautiful

thing I have ever known.

Meg's jaw drops.

MEG

No...no!

Girth holds out his hand to Jake.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Come with me, and I will use my

"knockout of the night" money to bathe

you in milk and swath you in linens

such as you have never known.

JAKE

I'm troubled, yet intrigued.

Jake takes Girth's hand.

JOCK 1

Let me go, this is totally gay.

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

There's nothing gay about UFC
wrestling!

JOCK 1

Then let me go!

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Not until I climax!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

EXT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - SAME

Meg is crying on the couch. Peter walks in wearing his American flag bandana. He is holding a flyer. Brian, Chris, Stewie, and Lois enter.

PETER

Family, I have good news and I have
bad news. The bad news is that Ellen
DeGeneres is more successful than ever
before.

Ellen DeGeneres is at the open window.

ELLEN DEGENERES

Not very nice Mr. Griffin, not very
nice at all.

Ellen backs up a step.

ELLEN DEGENERES (CONT'D)

No sir, I did not care for that
remark.

Ellen backs up almost out of view.

ELLEN DEGENERES (CONT'D)

Not. at. all.

Ellen runs off.

PETER

The good news is we're going to that
UFC event tomorrow.

Meg sits up.

MEG

Dad, you've decided to support me!

Peter raises his hand to Meg.

PETER

Meg you take that back!

MEG

You're taking us to the UFC fight so I
can try and get back my true love!

PETER

Your who love?

MEG

Girth, the guy I brought over for
dinner.

PETER

You brought a guy over?

MEG

Yes, for dinner.

PETER

We... eat dinner?

BRIAN

Peter, there isn't a certain local
elected official going to this UFC
Event who you've been tasked to take
out is there?

Peter slowly lowers the flyer.

PETER

I won't have to answer to you once
I've escaped in this cloud of smoke!

Peter pulls out a smoke bomb and lights it. The fuse burns
down but it doesn't smoke.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hold on, that one was a dud.

Peter pulls out another one. He lights it. It also does not
smoke.

He drops it and pulls out another one. This one does start to
smoke, but there isn't that much smoke.

Brian coughs a little bit.

PETER (CONT'D)

Can you hold this?

Brian takes the firework and Peter, not breaking eye contact
with Brian or turning around, slowly backs away, then gets to
the bottom of the staircase, then runs up the stairs.

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

The sign out front reads "UFC - MAIN EVENT"

INT. QUAHOG CIVIC CENTER - SAME

Rick, Tina, Peter, Meg, Lois, Chris, and Brian are sitting
together in the front row.

Stewie is standing in front of a muscular UFC fighter in a
Speedo.

STEWIE

So how much would it cost me to ride
around on your back and bury my face
in your hair?

UFC FIGHTER

Hey, did someone lose their kid?

STEWIE

Fine, play hard to get.

Rick taps Peter, then touches his own nose, then points
towards a man in a suit sitting with an entourage of security
guards.

PETER

That's him?

Rick nods.

PETER (CONT'D)

Guys I don't know if this is such a
good idea.

RICK

Hey, if you don't wanna do it, don't
worry about.

TINA

Yeah, no big.

Rich turns the heat down on his gas powered grill. He picks
up a stick covered in big fluffy marshmallows. They **hiss**
steam and glisten gooey goodness. Next to the grill is a box
of graham crackers and a stack of chocolate.

RICK

I guess me and Tina will just have to
finish all these s'mores on our own.

Peter stands and grabs the marshmallows, he looks to the sky with sense of purpose.

PETER

History is filled with men who have
killed for far less.

Suddenly, the **UFC intro music** comes on and Girth appears at the end of the corridor leading to the ring. He is followed by Jake, who is being carried in a bathtub full of milk, and several of his handlers.

They walk by Meg toward the ring.

MEG

Girth, I thought you loved me!

GIRTH STRONGINGTON

Sorry Meg, I only love whoever is the
ugliest person in the room at the
time.

Jake sticks his tongue out at Meg. He smiles.

JAKE

I like the luxury of the milk, but not
the itching!

They walk past Meg as her shoulders slump.

INT. QUAHOG CIVIC CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Two announcers sit near the ring.

ANNOUNCER 1

And it's almost time for the match to
begin.

Stewie walks through the ring in a bikini holding the round number one card.

ANNOUNCER 2

Hey, who's that baby? And what
happened to Linda?

INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

The room is completely dark except for a small light shining
the center of the room illuminating a woman in a bikini with
a metal killing device on her head from the movie "SAW".

WOMAN

(GROGGY) Wha...where am I?

A creepy Stewie doll dressed like the "SAW" dummy rolls in on
a tricycle and speaks in the "SAW" guy's creepy modulated
voice.

EVIL STEWIE DOLL

Do not worry. The key is in your
stomach.

INT. DARK ROOM ABOVE THE CROWD - NIGHT

Peter finishes putting together his sniper rifle and aims it
out the window.

PETER

Alright buddy, you can do this, I know
you can.

PETER'S P.O.V.: Through the sight Peter has a clear view of
the back of the liberal politician's head. The man sitting
next to the politician turns to face the politician.

MAN 1

Are you sure sir?

LIBERAL POLITICIAN

Absolutely. Lowering the price of
s'mores ingredients will make it
easier to afford s'mores.

(MORE)

LIBERAL POLITICIAN (CONT'D)

And frankly I say, the more s'mores
there are the better.

Peter drops the rifle. He looks down at his hands.

PETER

Oh sweet Mary and Joseph, what have I
become?

INT. QUAHOG CIVIC CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks up to where Rick, Tina, and his family are
seated. He throws off his American flag bandana.

PETER

Sorry Tea Party friends, no dice. That
liberal politician is a good man!

Rick smiles and shakes his head.

RICK

Peter, don't be ridiculous. He's a
liberal! Liberals eat children.

TINA

And their women menstruate abortion
instruments! It's in the Bible!

Peter grabs Rick by the lapels.

PETER

(SLOWLY THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) That.
Man. Cares. More. About. S'mores.
Than. The. Both. Of. You. Combined.

Peter throws Rick to the ground.

PETER (CONT'D)

Now get out!

Tina stands. Meg runs up and kicks her in the ass and she slams into the ground.

MEG

Yeah, get out of here!

Rick talks into his wrist watch.

RICK

They're on to us! Get us out of here!

A giant muscular eagle being pulled on a chariot by Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, and Ben Franklin smashes through the wall of the Civic Center.

EAGLE

Quick! Hop on!

The crowd stares in disbelief.

Rick and Tina crawl onto the chariot. The Eagle pulls out the memory erasing device from "Men In Black".

EAGLE (CONT'D)

All of you! Forget!

The device goes off in a bright flash of red light and everyone in the crowd blinks and stares straight ahead like zombies.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I went a number two again!

EAGLE

Quiet Lincoln!

The eagle whips Lincoln and then they ride off through the hole they originally came in.

Peter hugs Meg.

PETER

You did real good honey, I'm proud of you.

Meg smiles. A handsome young boy taps Meg on the shoulder. She turns around.

MEG

Wowzers.

The boy **chuckles**.

BOY

Hello, I noticed you were ugly.

Meg frowns.

BOY (CONT'D)

But then I noticed the take charge way
you handled that woman and I thought,
now there's a girl who might very well
be beautiful... on the inside.

Meg smiles.

MEG

You know what. I think I'd like to
have someone get to know what the me
inside is like for once.

Peter leans over to the boy.

PETER

(WHISPERING) Be careful. That's where
she keeps her farts.

The boy stares at Peter.

END OF SHOW