



**FAMILY GUY FANON**

"Between Sanity and Madness"

**PRODUCTION # 2FGF17**

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(EXTENDED FINAL DRAFT)

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## ACT ONE

[At the Happy-Go-Lucky Toy Factory, Peter was dancing his way out of his workplace as the safety inspector while humming a little song to himself to head to the main lodge to clock out, excited to head home]

**Peter:** Finally, I made it to my three day weekend where I can do nothing but relax at home, especially with my loving couch.

[Peter looks at the picture of his couch in a seductive manner, when Mr. Weed walks in.]

**Mr. Weed:** [taps Peter's shoulder] Peter?

**Peter:** [shocked] I WASN'T SLEEPING ON THE JOB AGAIN!

**Mr. Weed:** Peter, I was just going to tell you that before you leave, someone left you a message in your answering machine.

**Peter:** Really? How did I miss that? I'm so good at getting them.

### **Cutaway #1**

[Flashbacks to that morning, with Peter listening to a Walkman while he works while his phone rings, and him not hearing it. An employee comes up to him and taps him on the shoulder]

**Employee:** Uh, Mr. Griffin, your phone's going off.

**Peter:** I know, this *is* a great way to power through work!

### **End**

[Peter heads to his answering machine with a cup of coffee, and hit the play button]

**Machine:** You have one new message [beep]

**Francis:** [from voice message] Hey ya Fat Stinkin' Drunk! Guess who?!

**Peter:** [spits coffee] Fpfff! Dad?!

**Francis:** [from voice message] Yeah, it's me, your father Francis. I just wanted to call to tell you that I'm coming over to your house for a visit this afternoon. And guess who I'm bringing along with me!

**Thelma:** [from voice message] Hi, Petey!

**Peter:** M-M-Mom?!

**Francis:** [from voice message] Except us to be around at 3 PM. See you there!

[Peter quickly looks at his watch, which reads 2:45 PM]

**Peter:** No! No, no, no, NOOOOOOO!

[In a panic, Peter runs out of the office, with it showing some coworkers of Peter talking about what they'll do for the weekend]

**Co-Workers (Walla):** I'll catch the football game, hang with my kids, see an art show, -

[Peter pushes past the coworkers in his rush]

**Johnson:** Hey!

**Sarah:** Watch it!

**Peter:** [very fast] Sorryinarushparentscoming!

[He makes his way out the company building and gets into his car to drive home in a hurry to the Griffin household. Around the time, Lois, Brian and Meg are watching T.V., when Chris comes in, home much later than usual]

**Lois:** Chris, there you are! Where have you been?

**Chris:** I had to go to Principal Sloan's office and serve detention 'cause I asked an... as Mr. Sloan says "a not safe for school question".

### **Cutaway #2**

[In Chris' middle school, Buddy Cianci Junior High School, Chris walks up to his English teacher Mrs. Lockhart]

**Chris:** Excuse me, Mrs. Lockhart?

**Mrs. Lockhart:** Yes, Chris?

**Chris:** When will you be getting your first period?

[Lockhart opens her eyes in shock and smash cuts to Chris in Principal Sloan's office]

**Principal Sloan:** So Chris, care to explain yourself?

**Chris:** Yes. Are you having periods, yourself?

[Principal Sloan facepalms into his desk, grumbling annoyed]

### **End**

[Peter then comes serves into the front yard, not even bothering to park, and exits]

**Lois:** Peter, what the hell! I just fixed that lawn!

**Peter:** Lois, we got bigger issues right now! We got a code Red!

[The Griffins gasp]

**Chris:** A code red? That means Grampa and Gramma are coming!

**Lois:** Peter, you-you're kidding right?

**Peter:** No! They send me a message to at work alerting me they're coming at 4!

**Meg:** What?!

**Brian:** Oh, God no!

**Peter:** Quick, everyone! Pack immediately! Into the car!

[The five Griffins then hurryingly pack some essentials in some quick bags or suitcases, not truly thinking much. When Peter looks at the nearby clock again at the mad pack, he notices the time's almost 4 o' clock]

**Peter:** They're almost here! Move it!

[The Griffins rush downstairs with their bags and, without much looking, get into the car]

**Brian:** STEP ON IT!

[Peter rams the gas pedal and quickly drives the car off, just as the taxicab Francis and Thelma are in drives up to the house and the two exit out and get their suitcases out from the trunk]

**Francis:** Thank you, Paul. Great seeing you again!

**Thelma:** We pray your relationship with you wife goes well... [after the cab leaves] They're so not going to make it. It's going to crash and burn.

**Francis:** Oh, snap! Shots fired, shot fired!

[The two head to the door while laughing and Thelma rings the doorbell]

**Thelma:** Petey, break out the drinks and party games! Guess who's came for a surprise visit.

[After a small moment, they get no reply]

**Thelma:** Do you think they're even home, Fran Fran?

**Francis:** Pookie, the lights are on and the TV's playing. I think those fools are playin' the ol' "not home right now" trick. [begins to bang his foot on the door] OPEN UP, PETER! LET US IN! WE KNOW YOU GUYS ARE IN THERE!

[As he continued to bang on the door, eventually trying to pry it open by slamming into it, it cuts to Peter looking back to see if they were being followed]

**Peter:** Phew, I think we got out before they saw us. And the best part is we're all together.

**Lois:** Uh, Peter?

[Lois' concern leads Peter to look in the back of the car, to see Stewie's booster seat empty]

**Peter:** Uh oh.

[Back at the Griffin House, Stewie, who was accidently left behind during the rush, was upstairs going over a notepad with Rupert]

**Stewie:** Now Rupert, it's come to my attention that none of my plans to kill that vile women have worked. So, with the new millennium, I thought we should make some new ways to kill her. Now some ways I've come up with include: the knife slingshot, smothering her in the fat man's stained underwear and Netflixing "Will Grace". What'ya think?

[Rupert, of course, sits by itself]

**Stewie:** Yeah, too much like last year.

[A loud bang from downstairs is made, catching Stewie off-guard]

**Stewie:** What the devil was that?

[The bang was done by Francis, who failed to open the door and was now on the ground clutching his right arm the same way Peter does when he hurts his knee, deeply inhaling with a great hissing sound and following with an "Aaahh"]

**Francis:** I think a dislocated a bone. [pulls on his arm to snap it back into place] Okay. Maybe they're not home.

[Francis leans on the door to catch his breath, only for it to open and him fall onto the carpet]

**Francis:** [weakly] And maybe the Fat Drunk left the door open.

**Thelma:** [helps Francis up and widens the door] A shut door isn't always a locked door, sweetie. Petey? Anyone home?

[Upstairs, Stewie sneak with Rupert in his right arm]

**Stewie:** My, it seems some unwelcome company. Seems like a desperate time to pull out the big guns.

[Stewie takes off Rupert's to reveal a gun's inside the teddy bear, and runs downstairs to take care of the "intruders", as Francis and Thelma head to the dining area to see nobody there]

**Francis:** Huh. I guess the drunk and his family's not home.

[A gun click sound from Stewie's gun alarms the two elders]

**Stewie:** PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

**Thelma:** [begins to turn around] Now look whoever you are, I'm sure we can-

**Stewie:** TURN AROUND AND I SHOOT YOUR ASS!

**Thelma:** [turns back around] Never mind.

**Francis:** Wait a minute... I know that voice.

[Francis turns around to see Stewie]

**Francis:** Stewie?

[Seeing Francis' face causes Stewie to widen, as he begins to remember Francis and drops his original anger to run to Francis' legs to hug him]

**Stewie:** Grandpa!

[Francis scoops up Stewie and holds the baby in his arms]

**Francis:** Stewie! There's my favorite grandson.

**Thelma:** You know him?

**Francis:** Ah, yeah right, forgot about him on the way. Thelma, this is Stewie. And Stewie, this is your grandmother and my loving wife Thelma.

**Stewie:** I'll say, *this* is the fat man's mother? Not too bad, honestly. Frankly, I'd thought she'd be a female version of him.

**Thelma:** Franny, I think Petey and his family left the poor boy in their rush.

**Francis:** Well, I did bring a Catholic board game for Stewie with me. Maybe we can pass some time play some time, whatya say, Stewie?

**Stewie:** Please, any board game's got to be better than the last game I played *Chutes and Ladders*.

### **Cutaway #3**

[Stewie was played Chutes and Ladders with Peter, with him taking his turn in the game]

**Peter:** Okay, Stewie. You're turn.

[A small beat of Stewie looking at the board]

**Stewie:** Are you proud of yourself, Fat Man? Is this really the life you wanted? Playing a preschool game that I'm not even into?

### **End**

[The Griffins arrive back at home and begin to frantically search for Stewie through the bottom floor, calling out for Stewie, that's until Chris comes from downstairs]

**Chris:** Uh, Mom, Dad, I got good news and bad news. Which one do you wanna first?

**Lois:** What's the good news?

**Chris:** Stewie's safe. He's in his room.

**Peter:** Oh, thank God. But what's the bad news?

**Chris:** Well, Grampa and Gramma found him first.

**Lois:** Damn it!

[Upstairs, the Griffins peak into Stewie's room to Francis and Thelma playing a Catholic board game with Stewie, with Francis drawing a card]

**Francis:** Alright! Select a non-Catholic religion to kill! You're pick, Stu!

**Stewie:** Ooh, ooh! Scientology! That religion is just begging to be mercy killed.

**Peter:** [pushing Lois inside] Lois, how you go in there and greet them?

**Lois:** What? Peter, they're *your* parents, you should go in there!

**Peter:** No way I'm going in. The moment I walk in that door, I'm gonna have to pull the same smile of hope I have for them. And its weaking slightly with each and every visit.

**Lois:** Peter, I'm not greeting them. I hate them and they hate me.

**Peter:** Fine! Brian, you go in and greet them.

**Brian:** Well I don't have to because I have [pulls out a coupon and hands it to Peter] this get out of Peter scheme card you gave me last week.

**Peter:** [sigh] I knew I should have checked if that ramp was sturdy before I did that. Alright Meg, you go greet them.

**Meg:** Wha? Dad, I don't wanna talk to Grandpa and Grandma. Grandpa mistook me for a boy and thought I was gay when I talked about Kevin to him and had a Christian meltdown! If that's how he's going to act towards me mentioning him, there's no doubt he'll ruin my chances to get Kevin as my boyfriend.

**Chris:** Oh please, Meg. The chances of you becoming Kevin's girlfriend are about as likely as Dad getting Grampa and Gramma to love him. Basically unlikely.

**Peter and Meg:** Hey!

**Lois:** Well Peter, he kind of has a point.

**Peter:** I guess we now know who's going in to greet them now. [pushes Chris in] You, Chris.

**Chris:** [shoves Peter away] Now way, Dad! Grampa sucks!

[The father and son begin to fight like siblings, pushing and shoving the other until Peter shoves Chris good enough to get in Stewie's room, but Chris at the last moment grabs Peter's shirt to drag him down with him. Who, in response, grabs Lois, who grabs Meg, who grabs Brian and leads to the whole family collapsing to the carpet, which gets the attention of the elders and Stewie]

**Francis:** Well, well. My fat stinkin' drunken' son finally came out of hiding and greeted his parents.

**Peter:** [through a fake smile] Hey Mom and Dad! It's ... so freakin' sweet to see you too.

**Francis:** Oh and look, Thelms. He brought his masturbator son with him.

**Chris:** I was pooping!

**Francis:** I know you're doing it, and it's a sin!

**Peter:** [trying to defuse tension] I... ye, uh, hey Mom, uh, here's my family.

**Thelma:** So, this is the family your father told me about, Petey? I thought he was exaggerating by yikes, this is a disappointment.

**Peter:** [fake laughs] Uh, this is my daughter, Meg.

**Thelma:** Wait, Meg's a girl? I thought was a boy for a minute! [laughs] Though I guess "Meg" can be a unisex name. I once knew a woman named Noah.

**Meg:** [sarcastic] Love you too, Grandma.

**Peter:** This is Brian.

**Brian:** [smells her] You smell like parental neglect and crushed childhoods.

**Thelma:** Who asked for your opinion, Muttski?

**Peter:** And this is Lois. My proud wife of twenty plus years.

**Lois:** It's um... so, so nice to see you, Thelma.

**Thelma:** Semi-nice to meet you too Louis.

**Lois:** It's *Lois*.

**Thelma:** Lois, Louis, who cares? Francis told me all about you so no need in introducing yourself. [pulls out a card] Here's the best spots in the Quahog city to do your street work.

**Lois:** Street work?

**Thelma:** Francis told me all about your wife's prostate work, and while I don't approve, it's best to be "nice" to my son's "lovely" wife.

[Thelma holds back her laughter at her snarks to Peter, but the now annoyed Peter grabs her right hand and moves to grab Francis by his neck collar as he drags the two out of Stewie's room and into the hallway]

**Peter:** Alright, what the hell are you doing back?

**Francis:** Hey, our contracts say we have seasonal guest roles.

**Peter:** [breaks character and speaks to Francis] No, Durning, I meant the *episode's* reason.

**Francis:** [breaks character as well] The episode's reason?

[Lois, breaking character also, comes out to help explain it]

**Lois:** [out of character] Yeah, it's in the script, page 8.

[Francis pulls out the episode script and flips through to find what he was going to say]

**Francis:** Oh, there it is! That's embarrassing. [shouts to the offscreen director] Can-Can we have a redo?

[A director hand comes in front of the camera]

**Director:** Okay, let's take five and redo that conversation.

[A static screen is seen for a second and then it cut to the living room with a clapperboard seen in sitcoms and movies above the scene]

**Director:** Family Guy Episode 2ACX17, Take 2.

[The director claps the clapperboard and moves it out, as Peter now drags Francis and Thelma down the stairs to the living room, continuing as nothing happened]

**Peter:** Alright, since you don't normally visit, I feel there's a reason why you came. So, fess up!

**Francis:** Well, in the time we've been gone, I decided to quit from my job as the Pope's special assistant. It was a decision made by me and the two of us parted on decent terms.

#### **Cutaway #4**

[We see what really happened, with Francis, being dragged out of a building by a security guard with The Pope following behind]



**Francis:** This is an outrage! You heathens can't fire me! I'm the damn best assistant you got!

**Security Guard:** Sir, you're being fired because you're a nuisance.

**Francis:** Nuisance?! Me? I never!

**Francis:** I'm the only one who seems to give a crap about this! And I swear to God, you'll all burn in Hell!!!

[The security guard tosses Francis onto the sidewalk]

**The Pope:** And good riddance.

[The Pope and the security guard walks back inside]

**End**

**Francis:** So, I decided to find Thelma, and we went on a little soul searching...

**Cutaway #5**

[We see what he really meant again, with Francis and Thelma in Las Vegas at a roulette table in a casino, completely wasted]

**Francis:** (slurring) B- Bet on 7. There's more chance in winning.

**Thelma:** (slurring) I'm not gonna bet on 7.

**Francis:** Bet- Bet on- Bet on 7.

**Thelma:** I don't want to.

**Francis:** Bet on 7. You- You gotta-

**Thelma:** For God's sake, Fran, I'm not gonna bet on 7, it's an unlucky number!

[Smash cut to the two outside, with Thelma smoking a cigarette and Francis looking for a bus. The two being both upset]

**Francis:** I told you to bet on 7.

**Thelma:** Oh, hush you.

**End**

**Francis:** And through that, we decided to come back to you to make amends. So how 'bout we all go on a little family outing? My treat.

[Seeing through the excuse, Peter gives Francis and Thelma a deadpan look]

**Peter:** You're not getting money from me.

**Thelma:** (sighs) What gave it away?

**Peter:** You've been doing this since I was a kid! You really think I wouldn't catch on eventually?

**Brian:** Plus, we all saw your firing on the news, (sniffs the two) and you both smell of Las Vegas.

**Thelma:** Sooo, can we have our money?

**Peter:** **No!** You should know I'm tight on money already! I got a family to feed and can't spend it on gambling casino games. (sighs) Know what? Get in the car. I just gonna drive you two home.

**Francis:** Uh, Peter, about that... we can't "go home".

**Peter:** What do you mean? I have the address.

**Thelma:** Well, I may have... And-and you are gonna laugh about this, but I may have gambled away the loan to our house.

**Peter:** You **WHAT?!** How?!

**Thelma:** Petey, that's Vegas. You can gamble anything there.

**Francis:** Yep. It's quite scary what you can bet there. The point is the bank now owns our house, and we're now homeless and have nowhere to go. So, we thought we could ask for money to have another chance at winning money to get our house back-.

**Peter:** The last time I gave you money for a Vegas game, I ended having my wallet *stolen* for you two!

**Thelma:** Oh, I know an alternative. How about we stay at your house for a while? You'd be fine with that, right Petey?

[After a *long*thought, he makes his choice]

**Peter:** Aw, what the hell? Of course you can-.

[The other family member head downstairs to invade on the conversation]

**Brian:** For God's sake not crash at our home!

[Francis slaps Brian in the face]

**Francis:** How dare you use the Lord's name in vain!

**Lois:** [leads Peter away from his parents] Peter, you can't let these two stay here! Francis was an issue last time and I'm sure Thelma will be another one.

**Peter:** Lois, what happened back then was soooo 1999. But it's 2000. And with them in this low point, they might be at their most vulnerable and I think it's best to give another shot at family bond-

[The whole family minus Peter, Francis and Thelma groans]

**Peter:** Come on, guys. I swear there's some humanity in them that can make us like them. And when I find it, we'll have that moment where they admit they love me, and we hug while the music goes-

[Peter points outside to the same band he got in "*Holy Crap*", that plays a heartwarming music string]

**Peter:** I got the band back.

**Lois:** Peter, there's no humanity in them. You're just wasting your time.

**Peter:** Oh, well, now we're just being hurtful, huh? Just hurting my dreams and feelings?

**Chris:** Dad, when has Grampa ever shown you humanity in his previous visit?

**Peter:** [smugly] Well, there was-

**Meg:** Bait-and-switching you into thinking he was grateful for you giving him a job doesn't count.

**Peter:** [slightly defeated] Um, well uh, then there was-

**Brian:** Telling you he loves you but doesn't *like* you *and* rejecting a hug *also* doesn't count.

**Peter:** [sighs] Than none. He just slept around, yelled at me, and was ungrateful towards my love. And my mother is no better as she drinks and smokes too much and was also neglectful.

**Lois:** Yep. That's what we thought.

**Peter:** But I still got a thing called hope. Hope that I can get to their cold ice hearts and melt it. And as I have it, I'm willing to take that chance no matter how many childhood scars, crushed attempts or thousands of dollars I'll never get back I've had to sink in.

**Lois:** Peter, how can childish hope you should've let go of years ago be a good reason to hang on to them?

**Peter:** I had hope we would have a lovely family when we got married. And if that hope came true, don't you think the same hope can work for my parents?

**Lois:** [knowing Peter's right] You earned yourself two weeks, and they don't show any change, they're outta here.

**Peter:** That's all I need, honey. [kiss Lois and turns back to Francis and Thelma] Like I was saying, of course you can crash here. My house is your house.

**Thelma:** Oh Petey, this is really nice of you.

**Francis:** We're extremely grateful.

**Peter:** [with small spark of hope] R-Really?

**Francis:** Ooh, yes. Thank you, God. The fat stinking drunk was finally useful for once. Now, if you excuse me, I'm gonna start nailing crosses on every wall.

**Thelma:** And I'll start rummaging through your cabinets to find cigarettes.

**Francis:** Hey Stewie, come with me. If ya want, you can help with nailing.

[As the two parents and Stewie went off, the rest of the family looks at Peter in disgust]

**Brian:** You're gonna need a *lot* of hope for those two.

**Peter:** Okay, it looks like I got some work cut out for me. But this time, I know things will be different. I can feel it in my bones.

[Smash cuts to the family being wide awake in the middle of the night from a loud snoring sound made by a sleeping Francis on the foldout couch bed which he and Thelma are sleep on. The two, who are deep asleep, can't hear Francis' snoring, but the other family members in the house can hear. Meg is seen blocking her ears with her pillow to stop the noise, Chris is seen with his Walkman headphones on to

drown them and hides in his covers, and Peter and Lois alongside Brian just lie in their bed in just silent pain. After a few seconds, Brian gets off the bed and makes his way to the door]

**Brian:** Well, I'd love be here in your denial, Peter. But, uh, I gonna go sleep outside for the night. Maybe sleeping with the wolves will be more soothing on my ears.

**Lois:** This is gonna be a *looong* two weeks.

[Early the next morning, the Griffins were peacefully sleeping, hours after the snoring had become numb, until the clock struck 3 AM, with Francis blaring a loud airhorn, startling everyone]

**Francis:** Come on, everyone! Get up! We're going to church! Everyone needs to be out by 3:30 sharp!

[He continues to blare it as Lois, Chris and Meg groggily move downstairs while holding their ears, until Peter does a light snap]

**Peter:** WE GET IT! WE'RE UP! YOU DON'T NEED TO BLOW THE DAMN HORN!

[Beat after he walks down]

**Thelma:** Damn, what a crabby bitch.

[Around 3:30, Francis, in the front passenger seat of the car with Thelma behind him and Stewie in his booster seat, is honking the horn to get the family moving]

**Francis:** Come on, slow asses! Move it!

[The family - minus Meg and Brian - tiredly move out and enter the car]

**Francis:** Where you all been? You're two and a half minutes late! If me, Thelma and Stewie can move and get dressed this early, you all should too.

**Peter:** [in a mocking tone] Sorry, Mr. Christian Thumper.

**Francis and Thelma:** You said somethin' sassy, boy?!

**Peter:** Nothin'.

**Francis:** That's what I thought.

[As Meg heads out late, Peter begins to start the car and back out to her noticing]

**Meg:** Dad, wait!

[Peter, being tired, ignores her and continues to back out and drive off, leading Meg to chase after them]

**Meg:** Stop!

[While the family leaves to head to the church, Brian, who was still sleeping outside, comes in yawning, awoken from the car horn]

**Brian:** Okay, Francis, you win. I'm here.

[Brian looks around to see nobody's home]

**Brian:** Peter? Lois? [no response] Huh, they all left.

[Brian looks around and notices Francis' pocket Bible on the carpet and gets a smirk on his face]

**Brian:** Which means Mr. Bible Thumper won't get mad if I do this!

[Brian gets on his four legs to walk to the pocket Bible, and lifts his behind right leg, smiling slyly at the camera. We then see what is possible pee on the book, only for the camera to pan out at reveal it's just the sprinklers at the Holy Christ Church. Inside, the elders and Stewie are invested in what Father Bob's saying, who's reading Colossians 3:16, while the rest of the family - despite their best efforts to stay awake - are dozing off]

**Father Bob:** "Put to death, therefore, whatever belongs to your earthly nature: sexual immorality, impurity, lust, evil desires and gre-"

[Father Bob's interrupted by the Griffins' snoring loudly, which puts the attention from everyone else on them Francis, noticing this, becomes enraged]

**Francis:** PETER GRIFFIN!

**Peter:** YOUR BIRTH YEAR IS 1920! YOU HATE YOUR FATHER! JESUS WAS KILLED BY JEWS!  
[notice's his father's angry face] Hey Dad...

**Thelma:** Francis, please don't make a-[Francis drags the Griffins out of the church] big scene out of nothing.

[Thelma follows the members to the outside of the church]

**Francis:** How dare you sleep in the presence of the Lord! [to Peter] And you, Peter, you should be ashamed of yourself!

[Francis proceeds to beat Peter with his Bible book]

**Peter:** Ow! You're hurting me! Stop it, Dad!

**Francis:** I will not stop until you learn some respect for our Lord and savior!

[As Peter began to break down crying, the members of the church looked at what Francis was doing to his son and were disturbed and some were even uncomfortable. Father Bob, also disturbed, moved out and went to try to deal with it in as peaceful way he could]

**Francis:** And if anyone asks about the bruises, what do you say?!

**Peter:** I fell down a steep hill!

**Father Bob:** Excuse me, Griffins. I'm sorry, but I have to ask you to leave the premises.

**Francis:** Oh, don't worry Father. I'm making sure this sinner knows better than to yawn while you're preaching.

**Father Bob:** No, I mean *all* of you. Leave.

[With it smash cutting to the family outside as Father Bob slams them out. Afterwards, Peter is seen driving the family home from the service, with Francis pissed off at the family]

**Francis:** You all are a bunch of no-good sinners! How the hell could you fall asleep at church and humiliate us like that, *alongside* getting us suspended from the church?!

**Lois:** [yawns a little] Well, maybe waking us up at three in the morning is a reason.

**Chris:** Yeah. When some of us have the day off and spent the night having fun thinking they sleep late.

**Meg:** And maybe also the suspension was caused by you hitting Dad *in front of the audience*?

**Stewie:** [to Meg] Hey, shut up.

**Peter:** [pats his father on the shoulder] Oh, I know how you feel, Pops. I've had my share of times where I was humiliated, too.

**Francis:** Really? Name one.

**Peter:** Well, there were many times [through gritted teeth] because I couldn't get you to go anywhere or do *anything* with me [normal], but one of the times was when I was a kid and because you so busy working, I had to take a replica of you to a Father-Son 3-legged race. In fact, I think I still have a picture in my wallet.

[As Peter goes under the car to go through his wallet, he leaves the wheel unattended while still leaving his foot on the pedal, causing the car to swerve.]

**Lois:** Damn it, Peter! Watch the road.

**Peter:** Not now, Lois! I'm getting close to proving a point!

**Lois:** [sighes] Why do I bother?

[Lois scoots over to Peter's seat and grabs the wheel, only to notice Francis' hands grab the wheel too]

**Lois:** [annoyed] Francis, I'm taking care of the situation.

**Francis:** Oh, no way. I'm driving. I can't trust a protestant whore to take me anywhere.

**Lois:** [fake laughs] This "protestant whore" has taken control of this car more than you ever had!

**Francis:** [fake laughs] Well, I have over sixty years of driving experience!

**Lois:** Oh please, you probably never driven anything in years.

**Francis:** Shut your trap, Lois! You don't know anything!

**Peter:** Actually, you're right Lois. He hasn't drove a car in like, five years. He just car bums or bugs me for rides.

**Francis:** Stay out of this, Peter!

[As Lois and Francis argue and fight for the wheel, the car begins to swerve more uncontrollably, until Thelma notices they're about to collide with a delivery truck and taps Francis on the shoulder]

**Thelma:** Uh Fran Fran, maybe you should stop arguing for a second and WATCH OUT!

[Finally snapping out of the argument, Francis notices the truck and shifts out of the way in time, knocking Lois back, but accidentally loses control and crashes through a person's yard, breaking through most of the fencing and making it onto the road again]

**Chris:** Great timing, Grampa. Now I can see the police blocking the road.

**Francis:** Well, thank you. I've had many experiences with quick timing, as I was a racecar driver in my-WHAT?!

[The camera then showed several policemen with their arms crossed blocking the road with a few police cars behind them. The family screamed in panic as the car kept headed toward the policemen, who immediately jumped out of the way at the last minute and the car drove past them. The family felt relieved for their luck, but soon started screaming again as the car was now heading toward the annual opening of an unfinished bridge hosted by Mayor Adam West]

**Adam West:** It is with my honor, that I now open the first unfinished bridge in my ruling of mayor.

[Before Mayor West could get the chance, the car drove past him cutting the ribbon, catching Mayor West off guard]

**Adam West:** Ha ha! What!?

[The car then drove off the bridge as the family screamed in panic plummeting to their demise in the ground below. Peter, still oblivious to what went down, gets up and looks in his visor side and finds the picture he was looking for]

**Peter:** There it is! I knew I had it with me. Now, the picture's a little fuzzy due to it being taken in the 70's, but you can still make out the stitches in the replica.

[Looks around to notice the family giving him a "are you serious right now?" look]

**Peter:** What?

**Lois:** Oh Peter, its nothing much aside from the fact we're PLUMMETING TO OUR DEATHES!

**Peter:** What are you talking 'bout, honey? We're just taking a normal drive hom-[notices them plummeting towards their house] HOLY CRAP!

[Back in the Griffin house, Brian was whistling as he picked up the newspaper that just got dropped off on their poach and begins to look for the daily advice quote in the paper]

**Brian:** "Odd surprises that happened to you will be revealed to miracles." Ha, please.

[The car immediately crashes into the Griffin's garage as Brian finishes, startling him]

**Brian:** Ah! Oh my God!

[Brian goes to the garage to look, and thankfully the Griffins had small injuries, though the car took a lot of the fall as Brian opened the driver door to check on Peter]

**Brian:** Peter, are you okay?

**Peter:** Yeah, I think so... [looks at his now broken watch] Oh, hey! We're home twenty minutes earlier than we thought. I guess these type of car disasters has their lighter sides, too.

[Peter then gave out a nervous laugh to his dazed family in his car in hopes that it would lighten the mood. The family, however, only gave Peter unsatisfied glares as Francis exits]

**Francis:** I'm gonna take five, and when I recover, I'm GONNA SLUG YOU!

[Francis walks inside, alongside the rest of the family, leaving Peter disappointed. He then looks to his side to see a smug Brian staring at him]

**Peter:** If you say something snarky, I'm sending you to the pound.

[This comment made Brian instantly lose the smug face and head inside. Later that day, Chris was in his room, drawing a picture of Francis that depicted what happened that morning at the Church, when Francis opened his door. And by "open", it was more bust it open with his foot]

**Francis:** Chris?

**Chris:** Aah! Gra-Gra-Grampa?! [closes his notepad and hides it in his desk] You ever heard of knocking?

**Francis:** Knocking's for Jews! But anyway, your father wanted me and your grandmother to spend some "quality time" or whatever the hell with you two. And I'm stuck with you since I'm the man, so is there anything you like to do with your grandpa? We can do anything you want!

**Chris:** Well, we can go to the arcade.

**Francis:** Don't care.

**Chris:** Yeah, that understandable. Arcades can be messy. Ooh, we can go to the art museum and look at statues!

**Francis:** Were any made by Christians?

**Chris:** Grampa, I don't know.

**Francis:** Then pass.

**Chris:** Uh okay then uh, maybe we could watch a baseball game? Go to a comic store? Bungle jump? Do anything fun?

**Francis:** Nope, nope, nope and nope!

**Chris:** Then what *can* we do, Grampa?

**Francis:** Well, if you're that needy for bonding, we could read my pocket Bible. Never leave home without it. [sniffs it a little] Though I think it smells like someone peed on it.

**Chris:** Is this the best I'm getting?

**Francis:** Yes.

**Chris:** Grampa, I...

[Before Chris finishes his sentence, he notices Peter behind Francis holding a sign to him saying "Please for your dad.", and sighs]

**Chris:** Would love too. Man, I wonder if Meg's having this much trouble with Gramma?

[Cuts to downstairs where Meg's on the couch - being forced to ask to spend time with Thelma - as the latter pulls out some El Dorado cigarettes and crossword puzzle book]

**Meg:** So, Grandma, can we spend the day together?



**Thelma:** Absolutely, Megan. I have the perfect day planned for us. It involves me smoking a whole pack of cigarettes and doing half a crossword on the couch while you sit there and be quiet like you always do.

[Meg decides to use this to watch TV, but Thelma smacks her hand as she reaches for the remote]

**Thelma:** That includes TV.

[Meg hung her head in disappointment as she knew she was wasting her time. Later that evening, Lois was in the dining area placing out plates and getting the place settled]

**Lois:** Kids! Peter! Dinner!

[Lois began to sit down in her seat next to Peter on the right side of the table, only for Peter to bump her out of the seat]

**Peter:** Uh, actually Lois, Mom and Dad said they would prefer it if you did not join us. You know, you being a Protestant and all. They said it's ok if you sit at the kitchen table.

[As Peter tells Lois this, Meg, Chris and Brian walk into the dining room and directs his attention to them]

**Peter:** And that also goes for you three as well.

**Lois:** Peter, I cooked the damn dinner for all of us and I want to spend it with my family all together!

**Brian:** Peter, Lois is right. Besides, who would you choose any day of the week: your so-called parents that treat you as a burden, or family that actually cares about you?

**Peter:** You guys, of course. But, for this current moment, I choose my parents. This my time to break the ice, so move it.

**Meg:** But Dad-

**Peter:** I said MOVE IT!

[Annoyed, Peter's family carry their plates and move to the kitchen to eat alone as Francis hold Stewie and Thelma walk to the dining area. As the two groups cross, Stewie shoves Meg's plate into her shirt, getting food all over it]

**Stewie:** [laughs] I knew it! I knew I could do that! [to Thelma] Cough up the money.

**Thelma:** [hands Stewie a \$10 bill] Lots of experience?

**Stewie:** Believe me, Thelma, lots of trial and error.

[The three head to the dining area and head to the seats Peter left for them]

**Peter:** Hey Mom. Hey Dad. How was your time spent with Chris and Meg?

**Francis:** Well, me and Chris read the Bible together. But Chris kept on showing a lack of enthusiasm, so I yelled at him to show more emotion. The boy then yelled at me to get out of his room and forced me out. All in all, normal day.

**Peter:** Hey Dad, how for dinner you tell us all about your experience in World War I, and how America defeated Kaiser Permanente? [in-thought] Please say something about how I remembered that detail and how much you appreciate it.

**Francis:** [in-thought] Not in your life, squirt.

**Peter:** [in-thought] Wha-? How did you hear me?! And how am I hearing you?

**Thelma:** [in-thought] Petey, this is something the Griffin family's carried for years. We all can hear our thoughts in our heads.

**Peter:** [in-thought] Wait, so everyone can hear me? Even my family?

**Meg:** [in-thought] Yeah.

**Lois:** [in-thought] one hundred percent, Peter.

**Chris:** [in-thought] Loud and clear. Even from far away!

**Brian:** [in-thought] Hey, Peter. How's bonding with your parents?

**Meg:** [in-thought] Yeah, Dad. Is it going wonderfully?

**Peter:** [in-thought] Okay, ha-ha, I blew true family love over superficial family love. I'm such a dumbass, just please spare me the snarks.

[We now see a montage of Peter trying to get his parents to bond with him. With the first, being Peter being push on a swing by his family off-screen next a window where his mother, father and Stewie are watching the mini-TV in the kitchen, ignoring him, until the swing set breaks on him.]

[Next, the Griffins are now playing baseball at a baseball field Peter was able to rent. With him pitching and the rest bating. Chris gets a hit, and so does Meg. But when it's Francis' turn, he instead throws the bat at Peter's face, smashing his glasses and getting glass in his eyes, as Peter cries out in pain.]

[The next bonding experience Peter has is painting. He has the family paint a picture of a happy family of eight, with the obvious implication. While the rest of the family paint normal pictures, with Chris painting a high quality paint with shading, Francis and Thelma's feature them walking away from a destroyed house. With the family becoming increasingly disturbed.]

[Then we see the Griffins walking in a park, with Francis and Thelma holding hands with Stewie as they hoist him in the air while walking on the road. While they're doing that, Peter and Lois are attempting the same with Chris and Meg, except they're having issues with Chris due to his weight and Meg's riding on Chris' shoulders. As they were doing this, the Swanson family walked nearby them and looked at them with confused looks, especially Kevin. Leading to Meg hiding behind Chris, embarrassed that she's been seen like this in front of Kevin.]

[Lastly, the Griffins go on a picnic at a park. While the others are setting up, Francis spikes the others drinks - except for his, Thelma's and Stewie's - without them knowing and hand one to them while holding up his glass to emote: "Cheers!" with it cutting to the old couple on the picnic blanket enjoying their company while Stewie draws on the knocked out Griffins with a marker]

[A few days later, at the Happy-Go-Lucky Toy Factory, Peter was seen working around late noon/early evening cleaning the floors with no one else around, much to his boss' surprise when he did a final check for the evening]

**Mr. Weed:** Peter?

**Peter:** Hey Mr. Weed.

**Mr. Weed:** You've usually left by now. Why are you still here?

**Peter:** I was about to leave, but couldn't stand to see this floor so messy from all the spilled drinks over the years. So I cleaned all the floors in the main lobby. And also did triple checks on toys.

**Mr. Weed:** Peter, I loved this side of you caring for the hygiene of my factory, [slowly pushes Peter out] bu-but you'd better be going soon. I-I-I'm closing up the building for the night and it's best for you to head out, and uh [shoves Peter out] go home.

[Mr. Weed closes and locks the door and looks to his left and right before jolting into his office with the shades pulled down. He then reached into his drawer and pulled out a VHS with a cover of hot men in their underwear]

**Mr. Weed:** I'm gonna make you guys my bitch.

[Back outside, Peter, with a sigh, leaves the building and heads to his car to drive off. He didn't put any music on, or hum a tune. He just drove with the blankest and most defeated face he had. After a drive that felt like forever, he soon was on the lane of his house; however, when he saw it, he drove straight past it because a massive part of him wasn't ready to go back to that house. Especially if Francis was there. He circled the block a few more times, before taking a considerable breather before parking the car in the driveway and opened up to see his family on the couch, without his parents or Stewie. And for once in this plan of his, Peter was relieved]

**Lois:** There you are, Peter. Where were you?

**Peter:** I was working extra hours to avoid [looks around] "you-know-whos"

**Meg:** You mean Grandpa and Grandma? Yeah, they left a note saying they left and took Stewie with them.

**Chris:** And thank God for that. If I came home to see Grampa almost try to burn my sketchpad for having "sinful artistry" as he says, I'd probably would have knocked his Christian ass!

**Lois:** Chris, watch your mouth! Don't say that about your grandfather! Even if it's true.

**Brian:** Well, Peter, you're halfway into your two-week plan for Francis and Thelma and it seems there's no clear signs of change in attitude. Or even behavior.

**Peter:** I know, but I still wanna hold hope.

**Brian:** Peter, your quest for validation has been going on for forty-three years at this point. Maybe it's best to throw in the towel and just... throw them out into the cold and never look back?

[Peter outright gasped in shock at what Brian was suggesting]

**Peter:** Brian H. Griffin, you should know how it feels to be a homeless person on the streets! I'd expect you know not to curse misfortune on others, especially family. Besides, you love to support my endeavors. Remember that time you helped me try to be the first man to walk on the Sun?

## **Cutaway #6**

[In outer space, Brian is seen in a space shuttle, lowering Peter on a rope to the Sun]

**Peter:** Okay, lower... lower... [touches the surface and catches fire] AAAH! Back up! Back up! Back up!

**End**

**Lois:** Peter, Brian's right. You may *have* the patience of a saint for them, which is impressive.

**Chris:** Yeah, I can't imagine tolerating Gramma and Grampa for one more week, let alone *forty-three years!*

**Lois:** But everyone has their limits, even people like you, Peter. And sooner or later, if we do nothing about this, you'll reach a breaking point, and when it happens, it's gonna be a huge mess. It's for the best to take care of it in advance before it gets worse, you know like a tumor?

**Peter:** Are-Are you suggesting that my parents are *tumors*?

**Lois/Chris/Meg/Brian:** Yes.

[Francis and Thelma walk in]

**Thelma:** Hey Petey, guess what we bought while you guys were out?

**Peter:** Uh, love?

**Thelma:** Ha! No way. We bought vaudeville performers.

[Thelma claps her hands and to summon with the vaudevillians they got, Vern and Johnny]

**Brian:** You wasted money on hiring performers?

**Vern:** You know what else is a waste, prostitute? Television. Thanks to it, our style's gone out the window. But we'll show you all that vaudevillians can still be entertaining in the 21st century.

[Vern and Johnny rush to the study room and push out Lois' piano]

**Lois:** And they're dragging my piano out without asking for my permission first.

**Vern:** Johnny, give me a song!

Hello, my baby

Hello, my honey  
Hello, my ragtime gal

**Brian:** Oh my God, this is awful!

Send me a kiss by wire  
Baby, my heart's on fire

**Meg:** Grandpa, is this... real music?

**Francis:** Yep. You're new slobbs won't get it, but we get it and enjoy.

**Thelma:** After all, it did play in our wedding

**Lois:** Ugh. That is the lowest form of music.

If you refuse me  
Honey, you'll lose me  
Then you'll be left alone

[During this verse, the Griffins - minus Stewie, Francis and Thelma - sneak off to the kitchen, to avoid]

Oh baby, telephone  
And tell me I'm your own

**Brian:** Can I have some money? I'm going to a hotel until they leave.

**Peter:** Brian, come on, it's not that bad.

**Chris:** Dad, that's always the problem with you and Grampa. You keep saying it's "not that bad" or "he's just acting out", when you know you're lying to yourself and you lying about it will just cause the same disaster as last visit.

**Brian:** Yeah, especially with Mrs. Smokes-a-Lot.

*[Francis re-enters the room with a rolled-up newspaper and everybody gasps]*

**Francis:** Who in this house insulted my wife?! Did you, Dog?

**Brian:** *[frightened]* Oh, I...I...

**Stewie:** Francis, hit him on the nose! That's the best weak point!

**Brian:** *[frightened]* F-F-Francis, I, I...

**Peter:** Brian was just picking up on something I said. I was talking about calling Mom Mrs. Smokes-a-Lot, which he completely disagreed with. Right, Brian?

[Peter winks to Brian]

**Brian:** Yes, I-I completely disagree with that statement.

**Francis:** So, you like to insult *your* mother in my presence, Peter?!

**Peter:** *[whimpers]* M-Maybe... [notices Francis dropping the newspaper and rolling up his right sleeve] uh, I love you?

[Smash cuts to the Drunken Clam the next day, where Cleveland, Joe and Quagmire are at the usual booth, noticing Peter's missing]

**Cleveland:** I feel something's not right.

[The members put their hands on their chins, thinking]

**Joe:** [snaps his fingers] I got it! I'm wearing different pants compared to my usual.

[pulls down to show Joe wearing black pants compared to his usual blue]

**Quagmire:** Joe, I think Cleveland's meaning our group. Peter's missing for our weekly bar hangout.

**Cleveland:** It's not like Peter to miss out on a group hangout.

**Quagmire:** I know! Even when you or I missed a few or so meetings, he never missed a meeting.

[Peter, wearing sunglasses, comes into the bar and sit in his usual spot in the booth]

**Peter:** Sorry I'm late, fellas. I was... [in-thought] what the hell's a good excuse? [back to out loud] finding my pants. Yeah, you know how hard it can be for me to find my pants. [to Horace] Yo, Horace! A glass of your strongest beer.

[Horace comes up to him with a glass of Utopias]

**Horace:** My strongest beer in the house, Peter.

**Peter:** Thanks, Horace.

[As Peter chugs his drink down, the guys stare at Peter]

**Joe:** Peter, would you mind removing your sunglasses when you're with the guys?

**Peter:** Err... yeah?

[Joe sighs]

**Quagmire:** Cleveland, take them off.

[Cleveland removes Peter's sunglasses, revealing that he has got a black eye, causing the others to gasp in horror]

**Quagmire:** Dear God, Peter, what happened to you?

**Peter:** Oh nothing. I was just defending my son Chris when someone bullied him. [chuckles] Believe me, eighth graders can be quite big and strong despite what they do [laughs but notices none of his friends are laughing and see through it] I... got punched by my father. But it's not that bad.

**Joe:** Peter, that's on the level of domestic abuse! That's extremely serious!

**Peter:** Okay, so technically, you're correct. But I'm being the better man by cowering away from him at the Clam so he doesn't do it again. And I doubt he'll find me.

[Horace walks up the group]

**Horace:** Hey boys, can you get rid of that old man outside? He's driving all my customers away.

[Horace points to a window that show Francis yelling at people]

**Francis:** [notices a man walking to the door of the Clam and stops him] Hey, don't you know drinking's a sin?! [smacks him with his Bible] If you're a drinker, you're all damned, each and every one of ya! [the man panics away and Francis looks inside to see Peter inside the bar, and becomes yet again enraged. He barges through towards Peter] PETER GRIFFIN!

**Peter:** Oh God, no...

**Francis:** What in God's name are you doing in here?! Don't tell me you've been lyin' your ass to me about not drinkin'!

[Francis begins to lift his Bible, but before he can do anything, Horace steps to cover his friends]

**Horace:** Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing around my bar? First you drive away my customers, and now you're threatening my best customer? What's wrong with you?!

**Francis:** You should thank me! Your bar's a travesty on Christians alike. Getting them sweet men to fall into drinking is beyond sinful for you!

**Horace:** Let me tell you two things, old man: A, that's my job! And B, this is *my bar*. I own the Drunken Clam. And my establishment, my rules, [shoves Francis] punk!

**Francis:** I'll show you who's the punk!

[Francis tackles Horace and the two get into a fistfight, as the guys watch in shock and slowly back away from the fight and out the door. Later, the guys head down to Cleveland's Deli to hide out, where Cleveland hands Peter a frozen ice pack for his black eye]

**Cleveland:** Here you go, Peter. The coldest ice pack in my freezer.

**Peter:** Thanks, Cleveland. [puts the frozen ice pack on his eye and sighs] Alright, I'll be honest with you fellas. I don't know what to do. I barely held my sanity the last time my dad visited, I don't think I'll hold myself for him and my mom for another week.

**Quagmire:** Peter, you can just kick them out if you're having a hard time with them. You do have the right to.

**Joe:** Or, you can put an anonymous report of abuse, and then we can get in there **AND KICK HIS OLD ASS!** I can even let Kevin throw a few swings on him. We've been practicing on attacking crooks.

**Peter:** Oh, I would love too... But, they're still my parents and, I don't want to just kick them in the cold or kick their asses. Even if it does seem stimulating... [slaps himself] COME ON, PETER! Stick to this hill!

**Quagmire:** Did-Did you just slap yourself?

**Peter:** I'm extremely stuck in the middle and I-I just don't know what to do.

**Cleveland:** Peter, how about instead of driving yourself crazy, you do a middle road decision and put them in a retirement home? I know a good one called Quahog Acres. I once had an issue with my father being in my house a few years back due to him breaking up with my mother, but he drove me to my limits. So I put him there, and haven't heard back from him since then. [writes an address and number] Here's the phone number and address.

**Customer:** HEY! Where's that steak I ordered ten minutes ago?!

**Cleveland:** [sighs] You think it over. I gotta take care of this customer. He's extremely impatient and I really hate it when he comes here.

[A glass is thrown near the booth the guys are at and shatters, barely missing the guys]

**Cleveland:** ALRIGHT, I'M COMING! Damn!

[Cleveland goes to talk care of the customer. Later as Peter drives home, he still looks at the location and number Cleveland gave him, clearly showing to have a hard time trying to decide.]

**Peter:** [in thoughts] A retirement center? Dad couldn't even stand being home with me for a day without working. Though dumping the two off at a place to be someone else's problem might be the best way to solve my situation...

[Just as he's stumped, Peter's angel conscience arrives.]

**Angel Peter:** Shame on you! You should honor your parents. And letting them live with you is another way to honor them.

[Peter's devil conscience arrives in the conversation]

**Devil Peter:** Ha! Honor, shonor! Peter, your parents have never given you anything in return for your honoring or let alone be grateful to you. Remember, that your father is the same guy who fired you from your job.

**Angel Peter:** But that man could've changed! People can change in a year.

**Devil Peter:** He flat out admitted to him he didn't like him!

**Angel Peter:** I guess we only have one way to settle this...

**Angel/Devil Peters:** MORALITY FIGHT!

[As Peter's consciences begin to fling lightning bolts and fire at each other, fighting to the death over who's right for Peter to accept, Peter just gets more tense. As he gets close to his house, he glances to his right to see his lawn... only for him to look again in shock, eyes open when he sees his whole family, who are also in shock sans Francis, Thelma and Stewie, looking at the newly added statue of Jesus. Peter parks the car and exits to get a close look]

**Peter:** [to Francis] Dad, WHAT DID YOU DO?!

**Francis:** I bought a statue of Jesus. While every house I feel needs a cross, I did it to the next level and bought a statue!

**Thelma:** Isn't it wonderful, Petey?

**Brian:** Yeah, nothing says 'Welcome home' like a statue of a bleeding, half-naked Jew nailed to a piece of wood.

**Stewie:** [kicks Brian's head from behind] What do you know, Dog?

**Lois:** How the hell did you even afford this?!

**Francis:** Stole Peter's bank details and won it on a bid on Ebay.

**Brian:** What?! Peter, they just stole from you and what do have to say to this?

**Peter:** Well, it's the front yard look... unique compared to others. Besides, I don't think it cost much.

**Francis:** Yeah, it was dirt cheap. [hands Peter a receipt] See for yourself.

**Peter:** Let's see, it cost... a mere \$10!

**Lois:** [horrified] Peter, that's not a decimal. That's a comma!

*[Peter removed his thumb, revealing that it really costed \$10,000.]*



**Peter:** *[holds back throw up]* \$10,000.

**Stewie:** And the best part about it, Fat Man, is that it went for \$5,000 before we bought it.

**Peter:** *[takes a deep breath about what he heard]* Lois, can I talk to you inside for a minute?

*[Peter takes Lois upstairs to their room]*

**Lois:** So, Peter, did you have your epiphany?

**Peter:** You bet your ass I did! Call the retirement home and book a room for them! 'Cause they have got to go!

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

[The next morning, Peter and Lois - the former's black eye slowly healing back to normal - drive back from the Quahog Acres retirement home, with a pamphlet from the home in hand]

**Lois:** I can't believe you finally are standing up for yourself against them, Peter!

**Peter:** I know, I'm excited as you are!

[Peter's angel comes up to Peter's right]

**Angel Peter:** Peter, you know this is wrong! This isn't like you-

[Angel Peter's cut off by Peter clapping him with his hands, poofing him away]

**Peter:** The only thing I worry about is how Mom and Dad are going to take this.

**Lois:** Just remember Peter, be strong against them if they fight back.

[As Peter and Lois walk back inside the house with the pamphlet, they notice Francis, Thelma, Stewie, Chris, Meg and Brian watching television the same way they do, watching some romance movie. With the lovers Jack and Rose sitting on the deck of the ship]

**Jack:** Rose, I know we've only known each other for a few days, but I feel like I've known you my whole life.

**Rose:** Me too, Jack.

**Meg:** I gotta say Grandpa, you really know how to pick a good movie.

**Chris:** What great movie is this?

[Suddenly, a loud crash sound and screaming is heard. Francis, Thelma and Stewie just laugh at the misery while Chris and Meg immediately frozen in shock]

**Francis:** The movie was *Titanic*!

**Stewie:** Best movie ending, ever!

**Brian:** [sarcastic] Wow, if watching people get killed is so fun to you, I can't possible imagine all the joy you have seeing someone get killed in front of you.

**Peter:** Hey guys. Having fun?

**Thelma:** Hell, yeah. Your father just traumatized your kids by intentionally showing them the movie *Titanic* without telling them it was the move! Look at their scared little faces.

[Stewie is shown taking pictures of the traumatized Chris and Meg for his personal keeping, which Brian looks at him in disgust]

**Brian:** You're a monster.

**Stewie:** Thank you, Mutt.

**Peter:** [sarcastic] Heh, heh, story of my life. [normal] Look, when you've got a minute, I want you to take a look at this. It's a place I want to take you when my two weeks are up.

[Thelma grabs the pamphlet]

**Thelma:** Sure, Petey. [sees front cover: it reads "Quahog Acres"] Uh, Peter, this is a pamphlet for a retirement home.

**Peter:** Yeah. I want to see if your interest in moving into a retirement home. Look in the pamphlet to see the place for yourselves, okay?

[Lois signals Meg and Chris to come with them to avoid the blow up and the four slowly walk out]

**Stewie:** WHAT? A retirement home?!

**Francis:** That boy's way of dealing with us is to throw us in a retirement home?! That's going WAY too far! [growls while straining himself to lift the table, but due to his fegal age, he fails] Come on, Thelms, help me flip the table!

**Thelma:** Fran Fran, relax. Petey seems to have good intentions with this.

**Stewie:** Thelma, I love you hun, but going to those places is like watching a failed comedian. And I should know. I went to a comedy club that had one.

### **Cutaway #7**

[Cut to a shot of a dingy comedy club, where a comedian is on stage, sweating profusely and telling terrible jokes. The audience is silent, except for the occasional cough or throat clear]

**Comedian:** So, what's the deal with airline food, huh? Am I right?

[Crickets chirp]

**Comedian:** Tough crowd. Tough crowd. How about this one: Why did the chicken cross the road? To get run over in traffic! Ha! Ha!

[Silence as the comedian sighs and puts the mic back on the stand]

**Comedian:** I knew I should have listened to Mom about not doing comedy.

[He walks backstage, and a gunshot sound is heard and a plop sound. With this causing the audience to laugh hard]

### **End**

**Thelma:** Come on, boys. Think about the positives. It's not too far away so Stewie can still see us, and a retirement home can be tons of fun for us, Frany. [Looks in the pamphlet] I mean, they got a pool, a billiard table, a place where we they show movies and shows on a big screen TV, and they even give us our own room for free. And there's such few rules to the facil-

[Thelma stops her speaking when she finds a rule]

**Francis:** What?

[Francis and Stewie peak on the pamphlet and see the rule, no smoking, in the rules]

**Stewie:** "No smoking", Aw that's going to be a mark.

[Cut to the kitchen where the rest of the family are semi doing their regular things and semi-listening in]

**Chris:** Dad, I don't hear them anymore.

[Francis smashes his fist into the kitchen table, causing the four to jump]

**Francis:** Where the hell do you get off for putting us in a retirement home?

**Peter:** Okay, I know you two are little mad about this surprise, but...

**Thelma:** A little mad? More like *betrayed!* And by our one and only son.

**Francis:** I wish Karen were here. She wouldn't never let your ungrateful ass put us in a retirement home.

**Peter:** That's too damn bad! She's not here and she's *miles* from my home! If you wanted her to be here so badly, maybe you two should have gone to *her* instead!

**Francis:** Well, we were going to, but...

**Thelma:** Didn't really think through...

**Peter:** Point is, you went to *me*, not *her*. And regardless of the past, you're under my roof and my rules. And my rules say, you two are going to a retirement home with some close supervision.

**Stewie:** Elder supervision? Ugh, if me being under supervision for being a baby, I can't imagine how embarrassing it is for elders to have it.

**Thelma:** We don't need supervision! For your information, me and Fran Fran can get by on our owns.

**Peter:** Mom, there's two things that disqualify your points. One, you two came to me after you *lost your house in Vegas*. And two, [slaps his hand for every word] YOU TWO ARE IN YOUR EIGHTIES! Besides, that retirement home is the best in Quahog and I'm giving you a small period of time before you go. You're just saying that because you're used to your life of working and working all day. I'm sure you'll love the retirement home.

**Francis:** We're not going down without a fight, Peter Griffin! You hear us?! WE WILL GET OUR REVENGE!

**Brian:** Phbbbt! Yeah right.

**Thelma:** We're not lyin'! We'll make you pay!

[Cuts to a sign that is nailed up to the Griffin house that says "Home of the Dumbass", that Francis finishes nailing on]

**Francis:** Hey, Thelma, look what I put on the sign.

**Thelma** [claps her hands for him] Bravo, Frany! Oh, he is bad, isn't he, Stewie?

**Stewie:** [to Francis and Thelma] Is this really the best you two can do?

**Francis and Thelma:** Uuuuuuh... yes?

**Stewie:** [sighs] Alright, let a pro handle the next one you do.

[Later on, Peter is seen on a ladder trying to pull the sign off with a hammer while the Swansons look at him]

**Joe:** Hey, Peter, can you explain why there's a sign that says "Home of the Dumbass" nailed to your house?

**Peter:** It's a practical joke my mom and dad are playing on me.

**Bonnie:** Peter, I don't think this is a "practical joke".

**Kevin:** Seems a lot more like an insult at you, Mr. Griffin.

**Peter:** Oh yeah? Then would a dumbass fall off a ladder somehow for an unknown rea-?

*[As if on cue, the ladder leg snaps and sends Peter crashing into a bush]*

**Joe/Bonnie:** Peter!

*[The Swansons rush to pull Peter out of the bush]*

**Kevin:** Mr. Griffin, are you alright?

**Peter:** I-I'm fine. But why did that ladder snap?

*[A faint sound of laughter is heard. As Peter and the Swansons turn to see the elders and Stewie laughing at Peter while Thelma is holding a hacksaw, indicating she was the one to sabotage the ladder, making Peter groan in annoyance, until he sees Joe getting out handcuffs and Kevin holding a baseball bat, both with vicious looks, until Peter halts Joe]*

**Peter:** Don't. I'll tell you when's a good time.

*[Later on, around the evening time, Peter was finishing setting up the dining table]*

**Peter:** Mom, Dad, dinner!

*[However, to his surprise, Lois and the kids came to the area and settled in]*

**Peter:** What the hell-? Aren't you guys supposed to be sitting in the kitchen?

**Meg:** We were, until Grandpa and Grandma left out the house.

**Peter:** *[puts his hands over his head]* Where'd your grandparents go off to?

**Brian:** They're in your car in the trunk.

*[Peter rubs his temple and lets out a big fat groan]*

**Peter:** Let's go see them.

*[Peter and Brian head outside to the car and open it to see Brian was right about what he said about the two being in his trunk, except Stewie's there too]*

**Stewie:** Ugh, here comes the Fat Man and Muttski to ruin our day as usual.

**Brian:** And along with the mutant is Mr. Bible Thumper and Mrs. Smokes-a-Lot *[gets Francis' bible thrown at his head]* Ow!

**Peter:** What the hell's the deal here?!

**Francis:** We're protesting our placement at the retirement home.

**Thelma:** Yeah, by staying in your car.

**Brian:** [sarcastic] Yeah, your protesting will totally work.

**Peter:** [sighs] You know what, go ahead? I don't care anymore. Anything you do won't work for me now. My mind's made up and you two will be going to that retirement home by my two week end even if I have to drag you there. We'll be inside eating dinner. If I were you two, I quit this stunt and come inside.

[The man and dog head back inside, to not indulge in the behavior]

**Francis:** Thelma, Stewie, don't listen to the boy. We're not going that retirement home.

**Stewie:** And how is camping in the Fat Man's car supposed to help with that?

**Francis:** Well, in my time working at Pawtucket Mill, I've learned that if you want something, you gotta fight back against the man. One time, when our boss wouldn't give us raises, we laid in our parking spaces as a protest until they gave in. Some maybe if we do the same energy, he'll groan and not let us go there!

**Thelma:** Are-Are you sure this is going to work, Fran Fran? I-I-I mean, those types of ways might not play the same.

**Francis:** Really? I thought you might be more interested considering you (in a seducing manner) like the thrill of danger.

**Thelma:** Well...

**Francis:** If we do this, we're gonna get a little kinky.

**Thelma:** Ooh, Francis. You know I love reckless men.

**Francis:** We're gonna get a little wild!

**Thelma:** Oh, \*purrs\* more! Tell me more!

**Francis:** We're gonna get so rough we'll need multiple fans to cool us off!

**Thelma:** Francis, I want that! I want that energy! It was something that I missed from us.

[During their flirting, Stewie just rolled his eyes in disgust]

**Francis:** Good, I gottacha hooked. Though we do need a backup just in case.

**Stewie:** I got one. And it goes a little something like this...

[Stewie huddled the two elders close to him as he whispered his plan to them in their amazement. Around night, when everyone else as gone to sleep, Peter looks out Stewie's bedroom window to see the three still sleeping in his car. The only thing he could do to not worsen situation is shake his head in disapproval and let a sad sigh]

**Peter:** (sigh) I know I'll get you to love me someday...

*Why can't you love me*

*the same way I truly do?*

[Peter leaves Stewie's room to head to the stairs]

*I've let stay in my home*

*With beds and love galore*

*With no strings attached*

*And even with free range*

[Peter makes his way down the stairs]

*Yet, no matter how hard I try to show you I care*

*You still me brush off as an idiot.*

[Peter heads outside, close to the car]

*Can't you show me, that you care?*

*With a hug or saying you love me?*

*Hell, it doesn't need to be something grand*

*Maybe a sweet nickname will do!*

[Peter's singing is interrupted by the knocking of Francis on the car window]

**Francis:** Peter, what in God's name are you doin'?!

**Peter:** Uh, well, uh, I was, uh, singing (nervous laugh).

**Francis:** For God's sake, don't sing in front of the windows. It's makes you look like a moron.

**Thelma:** Your father has a point, Petey.

[Disappointed, Peter goes back inside and heads back to his room]

*And while I'll keep trying*

*To get your approvers*

*I just pray you'll soon love me the same way...*

*I do you...*

[As he completes his song, Peter sighs as he drifts back to sleep. Early the next morning, Peter and Lois in their morning attire look to see what seems like Francis and Thelma sleeping in the trunk]

**Peter:** [sigh] Look at them, Lois. They're still in there from last night.

**Lois:** Peter, we've got to let them boil it over themselves.

**Peter:** I know, but, I still feel a little bad. Not much, but a little.

[Peter and Lois head out to the car and Peter taps the window]

**Peter:** Hey Dad? [no response] The silent treatment huh? [sigh] Look, I know you're mad at me for what I'm doing... and you do have the right to be mad. But I'm not doing this because I want rid of you. I'm doing this to give you a better place to live than in my care. I found a great apartment for you and a personal helper just for you two specially, and I promise you two can visit anytime. So can't you guys please come out?

[Still no response]

**Lois:** Peter I don't think they're in there.

**Peter:** What'ya talking about? [opens the trunk] Of course they two in- there?

[Peter had pulled the covers over from one of what he thought to be one of the elders to see pillows and additional filler to plum it up. As Peter and Lois look, Thelma from behind pushes the two into the cargo area of the station wagon and gets into the passenger's seat in the car with Francis and Stewie joining inside as well]

**Thelma:** Drive, Frany, drive!

[Francis steps on it and drives off. The three have a laugh at how they tricked Peter and Lois into their trap as they're driving, as they make their way to a lake miles far out from Rhode Island, and as they exit out they push the car into the lake. They continue laughing as they make their way home and one scene wipe later, we see Francis, Thelma and Stewie still laughing as they enter the house and sit on the couch of the living room, as their laughter fade and they calm down]

**Thelma:** Those two were so stupid.

**Francis:** I know!

**Stewie:** Should've caught it early.

[Later on that morning, Francis was making breakfast as Thelma set up the table and Stewie was in his high chair]

**Stewie:** Now you two remember the plan, right?

**Thelma:** We do, Stu. We use the distraction we gave to Peter and Lois to bond with Chris and Meg so much that when they come back, Chris and Meg will be begging for us to stay.

**Stewie:** Bingo. I'll say, I didn't expect you two be fast learners. Especially with dealing with Peter. That man can barely do anything right.

[A just awoken Chris and Meg come down, with Chris yawning from his sleep and Meg rubbing her eyes as she puts on her glasses]

**Francis:** [whispering to Thelma and Stewie] Remember, play it cool. [winks to the two]

[Chris and Meg place themselves down as Brian comes in with a newspaper and a cup of coffee]

**Brian:** Morning. [climbs to a chair and looks around] Where's Peter and Lois?

**Francis:** Good question. Which you actually made for a good segway, Brian. Thelma, if you would.

**Thelma:** Kids, we come to announce that your parents are going on eternal vacation this morning. And as they left, they took us to please look after you three.



**Francis:** So, we'll be your new parents!

**Meg:** Oh my God.

**Chris:** Holy crap, no!

**Stewie:** Yes! High five! Anyone?... Anyone?

**Brian:** Shut it.

**Meg:** Grandma, why weren't any of us made aware of this?

**Thelma:** They wanted too, but decided would take too much time and wanted to get going as fast as possible.

**Francis:** Now we know this will be a big change for you guys.

**Brian:** And one none of us had a say in?

**Francis:** But continuing, we'll try to be the best versions of your parents to compensate. But first, we need to set a ground rule... especially made for Brian.

**Brian:** What are you planning, Francis?

[Scene flip to an annoyed Brian being tied up to a post outside in the backyard, as Francis and Stewie dust off their hands]

**Brian:** There's no way Peter and Lois would leave you two in charge of the house.

**Stewie:** And how you gunna prove it, Dog? You're just a dumb dog tied to a post.

**Brian:** I swear to God that I will find wherever you've taken Peter and Lois, and unmask the truth behind your plan, Francis! And when I do, you'll look like the biggest jerk in this family!

[Brian jumps to action, but is jerked and collapses to the ground due to the leash]

**Brian:** As soon as I find out how to get this off.

[That afternoon, Chris comes home with a white shirt that's barely covering up his stomach while holding a shirt and looking beaten. Meg has already come home and is on the couch already and is holding an ice pack on her eye, as Chris plops down next to her]

**Chris:** This day. was. tiring. [pulls out a shirt with text saying "Big Daddy"] I wore this stupid shirt Gramma forced to wear and had to replace it with this tight shirt due to Principal Sloan finding it inappropriate. How was yours, Meg?

**Meg:** [takes off a necklace with a cross on it] Terrible. I wore this stupid cross necklace Grandpa forced on me and it got me until lunchtime...

[As Meg began to explain herself, it flashbaked to what happened earlier that day. She was putting her books in her locker when Connie and her friends were chatting nearby and headed nearby her locker]

**Gina:** I love the color of your new heart necklace, Connie. Where'd you get it from?

**Connie:** Doug got it for me to celebrate our two month anniversary of dating.

**Scott:** Wow, Doug!

**Doug:** Hey, you gotta be a little classy for the queen bee.

**Meg:** [closes her locker] Hey, you guys.

**Doug:** Ugh, it's her.

**Meg:** Uh, Connie, so, I heard you talking about having a necklace, but funny thing is, I have one too!

[Meg shows the bullies her cross necklace, and causes them to gasp, but not in a good way]

**Gina:** Oh my God, she's a Christian?!

**Scott:** No wonder she's so meek!

**Connie:** Look out everyone. Meg the Bible beater will come and bore us all to death with her Bible studys.

[She and the other girls then laughed and walked away, leaving Meg upset, as she sighs as she looks down to the floor in shame, only to have her whole body slammed by a locker that was revealed to be from Scott getting one of his items from his locker]

**Scott:** I knew I forgot a reason why I went here. Hey guys, wait up!

**Meg:** Well, getting slammed by a locker can't get any worse for me.

[As if to tease her, Mr. Berler walks nearby and steps on her stomach, not even noticing. Meg yelps out as Berler stops and looks to his up left and right and shrugs]

**Mr. Berler:** Must have been the wind.

[It then flashed back to the present]

**Meg:** *[mimicking Francis' voice]* Wear it, Megan. It'll bring you good luck. *[normal voice as she snaps the necklace off her and throw it]* Yeah, right.

*[Francis and Thelma come into the house dressed in tacky 90's clothing]*

**Francis:** Sup, bs?

**Meg:** Oh. My. God.

**Thelma:** We just got back hanging with dem "hommies", girl!

**Francis:** Doing all the "Tony Hawk-ing" with the dope homeboys.

**Thelma:** Getting da new "Bling-Bling"

**Francis:** Those kids were the bomb!

**Meg:** I think I just threw up in my mouth.

**Chris:** That's better than me dying a little inside.

**Thelma:** Chili out, Megan.

**Francis:** Damn Skippy. It's the 90's!

**Chris:** Grampa, it's 2000. People literally don't say that anymore.

**Meg:** Plus, I just got bullied thanks to your cross, and I don't feel in the mood for remember slang popular people say.

**Francis:** [to Thelma whispering] I told you it was a bad idea to look at that Slang for Dummies book.

**Thelma:** It was either that or those teens at the skate park. And you know how that went.

### **Cutaway #8**

[Francis and Thelma walk upon teens skateboarding]

**Francis:** Excuse us, fellow teens of the modern day, can you teach me and my wife the ways of your "Tony Hawk-ing" slang?

[The two elders are then seen running away from rocks being slingshot at them by the teens]

**Teenager:** Get lost, Grandpa!

### **End**

[After the cutaway, the elders notice Meg and Chris are gone]

**Thelma:** Where did Chris and Megan go?

**Stewie:** [walking down the stairs] They retreated to their rooms. I saw everything and its clear neither of you know what to do, but lucky, the Stu-man's here to help ya.

[In Peter and Lois' room, Francis and Thelma are on the bed as Stewie marches back and forth with a bat on his shoulder]

**Stewie:** Welcome to Stewie's school for Basic Parenting. If you're gonna be the replacement parents, you need to remind the teens as much of their old ones.

[Stewie walks out and comes back with similar looking Peter and Lois attire, but with minor differences - Lois' shirt is red while Peter's shirt color is yellow and his whole outfits is slimmer - and tosses them at the two]

**Stewie:** Take these clothes and put them on. Any questions?

**Francis:** Yeah, uh, what's with the bat?

**Stewie:** I like it. Make me look like a drill sergeant. Now, move it!

[A scene wipe later shows Thelma coming out from the bathroom completely dressed up in the clothes and looks at a nearby mirror near the bed]

**Thelma:** Dear God, I look a sad housewife that never leaves the house.

[Francis comes next to her a completes getting himself dressed and comes to see]

**Francis:** My, My. Look at that gorgeous woman in the mirror.

[Francis scratches Thelma's chin as she looks at him with a romantic face]

**Thelma:** D'awww, Franny, you always know how to cheer me up.

**Francis:** First time come around, Gumdrop!

[The elder couple laughed at themselves until Stewie snapped his fingers at them to get them back on track]

**Stewie:** Hey, Grandpop, we got kids to wow, remember?

**Francis:** He-he, right. Sorry, Stewie.

**Stewie:** Now we'll do this by gender as that's the best way it might work. Francis, you bond with the fat one, and Thelma, you bond with the ugly one.

**Thelma:** You mean Chris and Meg?

**Stewie:** Hold up, they had *names*?

[Outside the Herbert house, Chris had just finished raking leaves for Herbert, who was watching him rake the entire time]

**Chris:** All done with the leaves Mr. Herbert! Funny how many leaves from your trees can fall off in the springtime.

**Herbert:** [chuckles] Yeah. How funny.

### **Cutaway #9**

[Flashes back to around midnight, where Herbert is seen with a leaf blower trying to blow the leaves off his trees]

**Herbert:** Get off, damn it! If you don't get off, he doesn't rake!

### **End**

**Herbert:** [hands Chris \$10] Here's your promised pay. You know, I could use some help getting into bed. How about for some extra pay, you help me into bed by slowly lifting me into it and getting in to make sure no covers are too tight for me?

**Chris:** You had me at extra pay!

[As Herbert walks inside and Chris begins to follow, Francis pushes Chris away to take him, unaware of him saving Chris from whatever Herbert was going to do to him]

**Chris:** Hey! Grampa, what's the deal?

**Francis:** Chris, it's best not to waste time on the elderly.

**Chris:** But *you're* elderly, Grampa!

**Francis:** Yes, but compared to him, I can fill in the wrinkles.

[Herbert grumbled in frustration on how his plan to seclude Chris failed, as his dog Jesse came out and grumbled too. With the two grumbling together]

**Francis:** Now Chris, I know we had a rough start with me being rough on you masturbating on, but because I'm going to be your replacement father, I feel its best to get a father-son relationship. So, what you like to do in your free time?

**Chris:** Well, I like to draw and paint.

**Francis:** That's neat.

**Chris:** Stare at teenage girls.

**Francis:** Getting colder.

**Chris:** And I love pulling pranks on the school faculty. Though I gotta get better at covering my tracks. Principal Sloan caught me twice pulling pranks and I had to serve detention both times. And I remember him saying: [in Principal Sloan's voice] If I catch you pulling another prank on the faculty one more time, Griffin, I will expell you from this school! [normal voice] That's my impression of Sloan. Not bad if I say so myself.

**Francis:** Uh, is there anything you and your dad liked to do together?

**Chris:** Well, now that I think about it...

[Smash cuts to Chris' room as Chris pulls out the box of dirty magazines Peter gave him in "Running Mates" from under his bed and places them on his lap to show to his grandfather]

**Chris:** ...When I feel like getting a rush of adrenaline, I look these magazines my Dad gave me.

**Francis:** [swipes the box away from Chris] Oh no way in Hell you're lookin' at those! Your father used to bring these damn magazines home all the time when he was a kid to get some sick kink to in his room, despite me always telling him not to bring these sinful books!

**Chris:** But, Dad always said its natural for someone to have a sexual urge. I mean, don't you have some weird sexual urges of your own?

**Francis:** What the-?! I-? Absolutely not! In fact, I'll show you I have no urges by looking at one of these sin books. [pulls a magazine out and looks inside it and his eyes open wided] Oh! Ooh! [unfolds the model] SWEET JESUS, THAT'S HOT!

**Chris:** Soo, you still wanna say you don't have occasionally urges, Grampa?

**Francis:** Wha-? N-N-No no. I just was uh... slightly amused by your father's magazines. [looks down at his crotch and notices his... "you-know-what" harden] Stop, it, damn it! [starts punching it] Stop it! You know better! [upon realizing it's not loosening] Okay, maybe I'm a little excited from that as I haven't had much sexually activity with Thelma. [sigh] I just wish there was some way I could just release that tension.

**Chris:** There is one way.

[Downstairs, Thelma and Meg are looking through a family album]

**Thelma:** Aw, look Megan. That's your father getting his first haircut.

[Thelma points to an image of a younger Peter crying as he gets his hair cut by a barber, while a younger version of her is smoking a cigarette and Francis is reading a newspaper]

**Thelma:** Here's him getting his 300th haircut.

[The second image Thelma points to is a teenager Peter crying the same way he did but with an older Thelma, Francis and barber]

**Thelma:** And here's when the boy snapped.

[The final image Thelma pointed at showed Peter as an adult holding a gun while the barber and Thelma are in shock. Francis is nowhere seen in this image]

**Thelma:** He killed that barber.

**Meg:** Yikes.

**Thelma:** Yeah, we don't do haircuts by barbers anymore because of that.

[Francis and Chris, with ruffled hair and messed up clothes come stumbling down the stairs]

**Francis:** Hey Sugarpop! What's for dinner?

[The next day, Chris and Francis are at the Quahog Zoo when they come across a gorilla in a cage]

**Chris:** Wow, a gorilla! [takes a picture of it with his camera] I can't wait to draw this!

**Francis:** You wanna see something better? [to the gorilla] Hey Mr. Gorilla!

[The gorilla oohs and aahs back to Francis]

**Chris:** What's he askin' Grampa?

**Francis:** He's asking for our names. M'names Francis.

**Chris:** And I'm Chris.

[The gorilla oohs and aahs back again]

**Francis:** The boy is an eighth grader and I'm a man lookin' for work.

[The gorilla oohs and aahs again]

**Francis:** Wha? But, but he's the president!

[The gorilla oohs and aahs more angerly at Francis]

**Francis:** **No! I won't kill for you!**

[A now angry Francis drags Chris out of the zoo, as Chris is just confused from it all. At the same time, Meg and Thelma are seen at the Quahog Beauty Museum]

**Thelma:** This is where I went when I was your age, Meg. Just seeing the possibilities for a woman to become as an adult can be wonderful to look at.

[They first come across a statue of a woman with the title "Sexy Woman", then a second statue of a woman with the title "Sexier Woman", and finally a third statue area, but the statue's not there. With the title saying "So Sexy We Had To Take It Down"]

**Meg:** Think someday I'll be like them?

**Thelma:** [chuckles] I'm sure someday sweetie. [under her breath] Fat chance.

[Around the evening/night time, Francis takes Chris inside the Drunken Clam]

**Chris:** Wow, I never been inside Dad's hangout spot before.

**Francis:** That's because your parents wouldn't allow you to come. But with me, you're open to come in!  
[whisper to Chris] Just in case someone asks, just tell them you're sixteen.

[Francis notices Horace, who is still with a black-ish eye and a semi-working arm cast on his broken right arm that he received from him and Francis' fight earlier, struggling to wash beer jugs]

**Francis:** Hey, Chris, look! It's the bartender I had a fight in the story I told ya. [to Horace] Hey, Fatso! How's it feel to be beaten up by an someone twice your age?

**Horace:** (off-screen) Feels like this, dickhead!

[A beat happens, and Chris opens his eyes wide]

**Chris:** Grampa, he's flipping you off.

**Francis:** I know, just ignore him.

[Francis redirects Chris to a dartboard]

**Horace:** When this heals, I'm gonna find you and beat you up!

**Chris:** He sounds serious, Grampa.

**Francis:** He doesn't matter, so how about a round of Darts?

**Chris:** How exactly do you play Darts, Gramps?

**Francis:** It's very simple, Chris [hands Chris a dart] You just aim the dart at the dartboard and throw it to see if you can make it to the middle.

[Chris fakes a throw twice, setting up, and throws the dart, accidentally landing it on Francis' lump under his chin]

**Francis:** Uh, all right, okay... Uh... I've seen enough TV to know that-that, uh, punctured a major artery.

[Chris comes up to Francis and tries to wiggle the dart out]

**Francis:** Chris, uh I think it's best to uh, leave that in there.

**Chris:** I'm so sorry, Grampa.

**Francis:** Chris, it's fine. This happens to me all the time. In fact, this is the *least* bad dart accident to happen to me. That would be from this-

[Francis pulls up his right pants leg and Chris cringes from what he sees, which is left off-screen to imply that it was something extremely gross and serious. From a booth over, Cleveland comes over to Joe and Quagmire at their usual booth, who were looking at Francis and Chris nearby]

**Cleveland:** Hey Quagmire, Joe, either of you guys seen Peter around? I haven't seen him since I gave him the address for the Acres, and every time I called the house, I kept getting someone yelling "Wrong number!" and hang up.

**Quagmire:** We don't know. Though I do find some suspicion on that fact that ever since Peter mysteriously disappeared, [points to Francis and Chris] his dad has been taking the role of him.

**Joe:** I know something's up. And I'm not taking my eyes off him for one second.

[Horace hands Joe a beer and, without fail, Joe takes it, has a swig, and puts it on the table without even looking. Later that night, when the two come back home, Thelma was sitting on the bed in night gown watching on the bedroom TV as Francis was in his night clothes and ready for bed]

**Francis:** Welp, I just got done with a hard study period with Chris. We crushed his Math!

**Thelma:** Are you sure that's the truth of what you two did?

**Francis:** Yep.

### **Cutaway #10**

[Flashes back to earlier that day, Chris sits in his room looking through his math book upon the other books on the table and looks bored out of his mind, until Francis walks up to him]

**Francis:** Hey, Chris! Wanna study the Grampa way?

**Chris:** Um, okay. How do study the Grampa way?

[Francis shoves all the books off the table]

**Francis:** You're already studyin', boy!

**Francis/Chris:** Yaaay!

[Afterwards, the two are seen playing video games on the living room TV, "studying"]

### **End**

**Francis:** Heh-heh... yeah... But still these days were a success!

[Francis notices that Thelma's looking a little down and giving that "Hmm..." sound. Knowing something's up, he gets next to her in bed]

**Francis:** Something wrong, pookie? That's the fourth you've done that sad "Hmm..." sound.

**Thelma:** I'm in the feeling, hun. It's just... do you think Petey will be upset with us?

**Francis:** Why you say that for, sugar-babe?

**Thelma:** I mean we dumped him and his wife into a lake behind and their back and... I don't know, I just feel he'll be furious at us when he finds we did this to win his children's support of us to not let us leave.

**Francis:** Lollipop, I got the boy fired from his job one time and he responded back with getting the Pope. Trust me, things will be okay.

**Thelma:** But what about your morality, Frany? Doesn't Christianity go against what you did?

**Francis:** Thelms, days ago I just masturbated. I think a little religion rule breakin's fine now.

**Thelma:** Eh, I guess you're right.



**Francis:** And since we're breaking a few rules, you wanna do it on Peter's bed like we did when he was a kid?

**Thelma:** Ooooh, you're bad.

[The two elders cuddle up and begin to have their way on the bed. As they do, Brian shown to still be struggling his way out of his leash outside in the yard, days after being tied up]

**Brian:** Come on, there's got to be a breaking point for this leash.

[He tugged more and more with all the strength his body could do, which was weakening with the lack of food Brian was given. And Brian was almost close to giving up after constantly failing to break free ... until he heard a little sound when he did what would be his final tug: the sound of the rope thinning and slightly breaking. Seeing his chance, he gives one more tug with an increase of strength and with it gets the rope breaks off the pole, freeing him. He also pulled so hard it was able to launch the pole out from the ground]

**Brian:** Yes! Now to find Peter and Lois.

[With no time to waste, Brian sprinted using his dog instincts, not even bothering to check if someone heard him, and ran off down the street. While he was running, we see Joe still looking at the elders using binoculars, not even noticing Brian, with Kevin coming out to check on him]

**Kevin:** Dad, you've been doing this for nights! Please, just take a break.

**Joe:** [removes the binoculars from his eyes] I'll take a break when I'M READY TO TAKE A-

[Joe instantly conks to sleep and Kevin takes control of Joe's wheelchair and takes him inside. Back on Brian, he begins to sniff around for traces of Peter or Lois that led him to running out of Rhode Island and going many miles far out After many hours that took him almost the whole night as he came to the lake by early morning, he came across the same lake the two were drowned in. Brian smells again to check if their scent was there]

**Brian:** The scent's cold.

[He looks down to see the deep water below him. Fearing the worse, he gets a good deep breath in and jumps into the water. As he swims down toward the bottom, he sees the sunken family car. And above he sees an unconscious Peter and Lois, whom tried to escape earlier. Brian checks both pluses and thankfully both are still alive]

**Brian:** [thinking] Thank God, for once.

[Moving before he ends up like them, he grabs the unconscious Lois and pulls her to shore first, with her being lighter, and she begins to cough out water with the air coming back to her]

**Lois:** [coughing] W-Where am I? Brian?

**Brian:** Hey, Lois.

**Lois:** W-Where am I?

**Brian:** Oh, you're just on the set for a movie they were filming starring me, [in a seductive manner] and I just saved my love.

**Lois:** Brian, I'm not gonna kiss you.

**Brian:** [flustered] Wha? Kiss? Lois, we both know I put being in love with you being me since Peter is my faithful friend and all, and-

[Brian's eyes shot open when he remembered]

**Brian and Lois:** PETER!

[As Peter's seen again near is final heart beats, Lois and Brian quickly come back down to him and both bring him to shore. Brian performs some CPR on Peter to rejuvenate him and succeeds as Peter awakens and ends up coughing out a large amount of water that was held in his body from the hours they spend stuck there, and returns as if nothing happened]

**Peter:** Hey, Brian. Hey, Lois. How's it going?

**Brian:** Oh, I don't know Peter. How do *you* think it's going?

[Around the noon time later on, the elders and the kids were walking home from being at the ice cream parlor. With each family member, except Thelma, who was holding Stewie, having their own scoop of ice cream]

**Francis:** Go on honey, tell them what happened at school.

**Meg:** Well, after I got bullied for the cross, I told Grandpa and then he decided to help straighten them out.

### **Cutaway #11**

[Meg is shown closing her locker when Connie and her friends]

**Connie:** Well, if it isn't Meg the Bible Thumper.

**Meg:** I wouldn't rock the boat if I were you, Connie.

**Connie:** Why? You gunna bore as all to death with your Catholic teachings?

[Connie and her friends laugh at her witt, while Meg remains the same until Francis comes by her and the group]

**Francis:** Hi, Francis Griffin. Meg's grandpa. Say, Connie, I got a question: Have you ever dealt with a Bible-Thumper?

**Connie:** Uh... no?

**Francis:** Well, we Bible-Thumpers are a little something like this:

[Francis takes out his pocket bible and whacks Connie with it with so much force it sends her off her feet and on the ground. Francis then continually whacks Connie with the book as her friends look in surprise and try to come to her aid, until...]

**Francis:** IF ANY ONE OF YOU SINNERS COME CLOSER, YOU'LL END UP LIKE THIS BITCH!

[Francis continues his whacking as Meg looks at it with a devilish smile]

**End**

**Francis:** I guess you call that bible-thumping! Afterwards, I got kicked out and banned from the school premises since I attacked a child, but it was still worth it!

**Meg:** Before he got kicked out, Grandpa also helped me with getting Neil off my back. What did you do to him again?

**Francis:** I told him that if he deciphered a letter I gave him, he would find the truth about your love for him.

### **Cutaway #12**

[At the Goldman's house, Neil is shown just finishing decoding the message]

**Neil:** Alright! Took two days but I was finally able to finish decoding the message. Now let's read Meg's declaration to loving me. [reading the letter] "Neil Goldman, leave me alone. I will never love you. Meg Griffin" [beat happens and Neil smiles holding the note anyway] Awww, she must really love me to go through this amount of effort.

### **End**

**Chris:** And all my friends think your photos from your youth are hot, Grandma! They can't believe Dad came out of you the way you looked!

**Thelma:** I'm glad they liked it. And I'm glad Francis helped you with those bullies.

**Meg:** [chuckles] Thanks Grandma.

**Francis:** Soooo, does this mean you want us to stay?

**Meg:** Wait, what?

**Chris:** Come again?

**Thelma:** Well, wha-what Fran Fran's getting at is, do you think that if - and I do mean *if* - your parents do come back, would you want us to stay?

**Chris:** Um... I wouldn't mean stay with us...

**Meg:** I would be more accepting to regular retirement home visits and phone calls...

**Francis:** Ah. [inhales and exhales] Kids, wait inside for a second while me and your grandmother discuss something?

[Chris and Meg back away in confusion]

**Stewie:** Okay, this isn't working. We need to up our game or this whole plan will be for nothing.

[The three thinks for a second before Thelma snaps her fingers, with an idea]

**Thelma:** I got a wild one. We're gonna throw a-

[Smash cuts to later that evening with a DJ - being Bruce - inside the Griffin living room]

**Bruce:** House Par-ty, 'yall!

[Bruce starts up the music to start the party and multiple partygoers are dancing around the living room. Francis and Stewie look upon the partygoers and are dressed for the party. With Stewie wearing a tux and Francis having a green coat on to look classier]

**Stewie:** Now, *this* is the perfect way to win those teens over.

[Thelma comes to the two boys, looking worried]

**Thelma:** Uh, Franny, Stewie, I don't want to set any worries, but I checked out the yard and Brian was not on the rope. Matter of fact [pulls up the torn rope and broken off pole], he tore both the rope *and* the pole out of the ground. Should we be worried?

**Francis:** Phht! Nah, I doubt he'd gone that far.

[Around the same time, Peter, Lois and Brian, who all hitched a ride home, are driving in the car of an older man. With him driving the three back to Spooner Street, all still soaking wet from the pledge in the lake]

**Lois:** You still wanna say they're redeemable, Peter?

**Peter:** They're just acting out. I'm sure what they did to us was a complete accident.

**Lois:** "Acting ou-".? Peter, they drove our car into a lake with us in it! If Brian didn't come out to the lake to find and save us, we could have died!

**Peter:** Yeah, well...

**Brian:** And during your absence, do you know what they did to me? They tied me to a pole! I had to tug my way out for days! Does that sound like "a complete accident"?

**Peter:** Um... no? But still, give me good reasons to not look at them as redeemable.

**Lois:** With pleasure!

[Back at Spooner Street, Joe is watching a game in his living room when his son Kevin comes up to him]

**Kevin:** Hey Dad, Mr. Griffin's having a House Party at his house!

**Joe:** "House Party", eh?

[Joe wheels over to the nearby poach window to see the flashing party lights from the party going on]

**Joe:** Kevin, this is no normal party he would throw.

**Kevin:** Should I get the bat, Dad?

**Joe:** No. [squints his eyes] Get my gun.

[Kevin nods back and goes off. Back at the Griffin household, Francis is walking around the house, checking out the party at making sure it's going well]

**Francis:** Hey, everybody, what's the feeling? Nice party, am I right?

[Francis comes near Chris with some teenage friends from his middle school taking aim at a pinata blindfolded in the study room of the house. He swings and misses, hitting the wall and breaking it.]

**Chris:** Whoa! Sorry, Grampa!

**Francis:** Pssh. No worries, Chris! Anything goes with me as your dad! Let me have a try at that.

[Francis takes the bat and repeatedly smashes the wall with the bat]

**Hector:** Whoa!

**Friend #1:** Chris, your grandpa is cool!

**Chris:** I know, right?

[On the other side, the living room, Thelma's looking around the party and runs into Meg]

**Meg:** Hey, Grandma!

**Thelma:** Oh, Meg!

**Meg:** Grandma, this party is wicked cool! Not only will this make me look popular with all the people here, but a guy actually asked for my number! He might be my boyfriend!

**Thelma:** I suggest you give it to him.

**Meg:** Wait, did I? Be right back. [runs off] Hey! Here's my number!

[Francis comes up to Thelma with Stewie in his hands]

**Francis:** Thelma, this party is working! The kids are loving it and I can just sense us staying here at our fingertips!

**Thelma:** I know! But I can't help but feel this'll backfire on us somehow...

[Cuts to the front door with Kevin busting the door open with his foot and his dad Joe - in his police attire - wheeling in behind him. The two both aim their guns at everyone]

**Joe:** Freeze!

**Stewie:** Thelma, you really gotta stop tempting fate.

**Kevin:** Everyone outta here, we're breaking this party up!

[The partygoers all groan as the party's coming to an end so early]

**Francis:** [to the partygoers] Don't worry, fellas, I'll handle this. [him and Thelma walk up to Joe and Kevin in a casual manner] Hello, officer.

**Joe:** Don't get all goody on me, old man! Peter's been missing for days, and I've had you on my suspicion list ever since.

[Outside, the car Peter, Lois and Brian were riding in drops them off and the trio exits the car and heads to the front door, with Peter in shock from the long list of negatives Lois gave]

**Peter:** [lip smacks] Wow, that... that was a long list of reasons.

**Lois:** Your parents are very easy to rag on, Peter. They're flaws are in plain sight.

**Brian:** Plus, from what I saw, those guys are trying to manipulate Chris and Meg.

**Peter:** But I'm sure there's perfectly valid-

*[As they have their conversation, they're cut off from the conversation Joe and Francis are having in the living room]*

**Kevin:** [off-screen] We think you two are responsible for the disappearance of Mr. Griffin!

**Francis:** [off-screen] Peter? My son? He's been dead!

**Peter:** What the Hell?

*[Peter and Lois open the front door slightly to peak and see the conversation his parents, Joe and Kevin are in]*

**Joe:** [deadpan] Peter's dead?

**Francis:** Oh, oh, oh, yeah! He, uh, died last week and left us the house and kids in his will. *[remembers the lack of Lois]* A-A-As well as his wife, Lois! *[faking sadness]* Sad, sad times.

**Kevin:** Uh huh, yeah. But how do you explain how they're no death certificates for either of them? If they did "die" - which I don't believe - as you say, how come there were no alerts given to us about their so-called deaths?

**Joe:** Plus, Peter and my friends all made an agreement to let ourselves be one of the first contacts if anything happened to us, and the funny thing is that in the past week, and I never got a call about Peter or Lois Griffin dying!

*[Francis started to sweat a little, as he knew Joe had him there. To not help matters, Chris and Meg comes up to him in honest curiosity]*

**Chris:** Um, Grampa, you told us they went on an eternal vacation, not *died!*

**Meg:** What's the deal with that?

*[The front door creaks a little, indicating they came in to get a better look. Nobody notices expect Thelma, whose eyes bulge out in fear and begins to poke Francis' left shoulder with a nervous look]*

**Thelma:** Uh, Franny?

**Francis:** Not now, cutie.

**Kevin:** And now there's *misinformation* being spread?! What's the truth, then? Are they dead or somewhere else?

**Francis:** Uh...

**Thelma:** Fran Fran?

**Francis:** *[to Thelma through gritted teeth]* Now's not the time!

**Joe:** *[to Kevin]* I'm betting money on the former. At least then I can put a good amount of arrest years under him.

**Francis:** Folks, there's, uh, easy explanation for this misinformation being spread... And the answer is, uh...

**Lois:** [off-screen] You're being manipulated!

[The voice of Lois made Francis' heart almost drop as the group and the party in general looked to see the soaked trio that came home. With Peter being surprisingly shock-stricken from what he heard]

**Brian:** See, Peter? I was right! I knew these two parasites did not deserve another chance!

**Peter:** [with stutters] M-Mom? D-Dad? K-Kids?

[To try to weasel out of their mess, Francis tries yet again to act in a casual manner]

**Francis:** P-Peter! [nervously chuckles] You're back from your eternal vacation! Uh, how was it?

[Peter doesn't respond. Or do anything else, aside from twitch his left eye, like something inside him broke. As he did, his angel and devil spirits came to him]

**Angel Peter:** Don't do it, Peter! What's in you isn't like you! You need to stay strong!

**Devil Peter:** Shut up! Peter's been holding it in for 43 years! UNLEASH YOUR RATH, PETER! [Peter doesn't respond to either of them] Peter?

[Inside Peter's conscience, in a parody of Star Trek, Peter is the head captain while Lois, Brian, Meg and Chris are trying to put up with the boiling rage]

**Crewmate Brian:** Captain Peter, it looks like he's to blow!

**Captain Peter:** And he won't. Just put up his denial shields.

**Crewmate Lois:** They're already at maximum! They won't take any more.

[An explosion is heard]

**Crewmate Meg:** Captain Peter, Denial Shield #3 just exploded. We really need to fix that shield.

**Crewmate Chris:** Actually, all our shields seem to be showing wear and need of an upgrade. [to Cpt. Peter] Something we were supposed to take care of.

**Captain Peter:** Look, did you want the denial shields upgraded, or did you want a season of *Star Trek* to watch while Peter's zoning off?

**The Other Members:** The denial shields!

[Another explosion is heard as the controls start to malfunction]

**Crewmate Chris:** Aw crap, the denial shields are down! Rage is building up!

**Crewmate Brian:** And we can't control him anymore!

**Captain Peter:** Everyone, prepare for emotional explosion.

[The area begins to shake as it cuts back to the real world, where Peter begins to chuckle insanely, twitching his whole body around]

**Peter:** How was it? [studders] Ha! How was it?

[Peter heads to the kitchen, still chuckling insanely and after a short beat comes back screaming with a chair and throws it with a full force right towards Francis and Thelma. The two are able to duck in time as it instead breaks into the patio door and shatters the glass]

**Francis/Thelma:** Ahh!

**Francis:** What the hell has gotten into you?

**Peter:** **SHUT UP!** [moves to the front door] Everyone who's not a Griffin, **GETTTTTTTTT OUTTTTTTTTT!**

[Everyone leaves, except the Griffin clan and Bruce, who stays near the door to ask a question]

**Bruce:** I still am getting paid for the night, right?

[Peter slams the door, ignoring his question, then stomps towards to Meg and Chris]

**Peter:** Meg, Chris, take Stewie upstairs and go to your rooms!

**Chris:** But Dad-?

**Peter:** **DID I STUTTER?!**

[Meg and Chris, in fear, shake their heads and slowly back away to get Stewie and head upstairs]

**Peter:** *[to Francis and Thelma]* **YOU TWO! I WANT TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!** I've dealt with you for forty-three years, and not once did I lose it on you. But now, I lost all of my patience on you! Not only have you proven your horrible parents *and* grandparents, but I've finally seen what you truly are.

**Francis:** Aw, look Thelma. He finally saw me as a righteous Man of God and have come for my forgiveness.

**Peter:** No! You're not that way at all! You're the most dishonest, disrespectful, selfish, self-absorbed, ungrateful pricks that I've ever had to experience! I don't even think we've **ever** had a moment where I can truly, proudly say that your parents. You two don't deserve forgiveness for what you've done to me and my family. As far as I can tell, **YOU TWO** are the sinners, Francis!

*[Lois and Thelma gasped in shock at what Peter said. Him, for the first time, going against his father and calling him his real name]*

**Francis:** You-did you call me "Francis"? You-! You-!

**Peter:** Yeah, I did! Because I'm pissed off at you two and done trying to be nice! I would have done this sooner, but I still had the *smallest* hope in my heart that you would change and treat me and my family with a little bit of respect if we treated you two nicely. But clearly, I was wrong. I was wrong to care about either of you. I was wrong to bail you out of jail, Francis. I was wrong to accept in my home twice. And now, I was wrong to even put you two in a retirement home. Because you don't deserve it!

**Thelma:** Petey, wha... what are you saying?

**Peter:** I'm saying, *Thelma*, you two being part of my family and my parents is **over!** You two can forget the damn retirement home, because I'm doing what I should have done, kicking you two out of the house to sleep in filth! **Where you two belong.**

**Francis:** You ungrateful bastard! Raised you for all our lives and *that's* how you treat us?! Throw us out like trash? You no good piece of-!



*[Peter grabs Francis by his vest, and slams him by the nearby wall]*

**Peter:** Listen you cantankerous horrible excuse for a father! I've given you unconditional love for forty-three years and only ask for nothing in return aside from love! And every time I've given you love, you actively abuse me, mocked me, and rarely show me any respect. And the fact that you nearly ***DROWNED ME TO DEATH*** doesn't clue you in to how hypocritically you're being Francis, I don't know what will!

**Thelma:** Petey, we didn't mean to...

**Peter:** Shut up!

**Francis:** P-P-Peter, we...

**Peter:** *[coldly]* Shut up. Stop trying to save your asses. It's over. If you have any respect for me left, you would leave. And never come back.

**Francis:** Can-Can we at least say goodbye to the kids before we go?

**Peter:** *[coldly]* No.

*[The two elders hang their heads down in shame and slowly walk to the door. As the two elders walk out, they stop to glance back at Peter and give him a nervous by still semi happy look, but Peter just gives a "Just go already" face, that makes them continue onward]*

**Vern:** Talk about heavy! I know what can cheer ya up! A good ol' classic song! Johnny, give me a beat!

*[Johnny begins to play on Lois' piano again that has somehow teleported to the living room]*

**Vern:** *Oh-*

*[Instantly cuts to Vern and Johnny being booted out of the household by Peter]*

**Peter:** Move on! It's not the 1930's anymore!

*[Peter slams the front door hard, as it cuts back to Peter's conscience, where Captain Peter is on the floor rubbing his head]*

**Captain Peter:** That wasn't so bad...

**Crewmate Brian:** Captain, we crashed!

**Captain Peter:** Hey, don't we do that every time the man gets drunk?

**Crewmate Lois:** I'm starting to question you're position as captain of the ship.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

[The two elders stroll around a dark alley, not too long after being kicked out]

**Thelma:** Imagine: kicked out by our own son!

**Francis:** Yeah, Usually, you have to piss off your wife to get kicked out of the house! [notices Thelma's glaring at him] I mean... I'm so told. But what do you care? We don't need that stinking drunk.

**Thelma:** Francis, don't be ridiculous! As much as Peter can be a drunk, I mean, a really bad drunk, he's still our boy. After all, we did get invited to his house to live with our possession of our home.

**Francis:** Thelma, who cares about Peter? I don't? Why, getting kicked out was a blessing in disguise! We don't need to be held down by that boy!

**Thelma:** Yeah.

**Francis:** Now that we're free from him, we can live a normal life away from the retirement homes and all those dumb family activities he has.

**Thelma:** Yeah!

**Francis:** We can spread our wings and embrace our true potentials! Today, the streets, in two weeks, THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

**Thelma:** YEAAAAAAAAAH-

[One week of failures later, Francis and Thelma are seen with a box during a rainy night and looking like wrecks. With both of their clothes being wrinkled and covered with messy spots and Francis having a five o' clock shadow. The two are currently trying to get spare change in a cup from passersby]

**Francis:** Spare change? Spare change, sir?

**Thelma:** Have any money to give to two poor souls?

[A can is thrown at Thelma as "payment"]

**Francis:** Hey! That's my wife you sinful bent!

**Thelma:** Francis, please don't lose it on someone else again.

[Francis then gets hit by an alcohol bottle thrown at his head, which is revealed to be Horace]

**Horace:** That's what you get, asshole!

**Francis:** [sigh] Okay, so we had a bit of bumpy start. But, I'm sure in time we'll show Peter-!

*[Another week of failure later, Francis is seen at a alleyway looking sad at a fire as Thelma waiting to him]*

**Thelma:** Any luck on the job search going?

**Francis:** Nope. Got let go from five jobs today. Half of them wouldn't let me work, the other half allowed me, but fired me due to, and I quote: *[pulls out a notice of termination]* "cantankerous behavior and general unprofessionalism". Any luck with the casino?

**Thelma:** What do you think? Francis, we can't survive on the streets.

**Francis:** Well, what are we supposed to do, Thelma? We have no money, neither of us can hold jobs for the life of us. Plus, I'm running out of Bible papers to burn for fires.

**Thelma:** We have Petey.

**Francis:** Not anymore, we don't. We're dead to him.

**Thelma:** Fran Fran, he's a good person. If you just go make up to him, he might help us out.

**Francis:** But what all the time we spent doing this that will be wasted? Besides, what if he doesn't listen?

**Thelma:** Francis, if you don't do something soon, we're going to be on the streets! And you can't have me help because the poor boy won't listen to me. Between you and me, you were the one who gave him the hardest time when you were a child, and as such you are the only one who can get to him. Besides, two weeks passed and I'm sure Peter might give us a chance with the time to calm down... I hope...

[At the Griffin household, things aren't holding up much better. The family is seen having breakfast]

**Chris:** Uh, Mom, is Dad gonna be the same way he's been for two weeks?

**Lois:** I don't know, Chris, but if he does, remember to make him feel loved.

[When a grumpy Peter comes down to eat]

**Lois:** Morning, Peter.

**Peter:** Shut up.

[Peter clumps down at eats breakfast silently]

**Brian:** So, uh, Peter, you got any brand-new pitches for the Toy Factory you wanna talk about?

**Peter:** I got one. Shut up and let me eat breakfast!

[Peter continues to eat as the rest of the family stays silent, until Lois tries to break it]

**Lois:** S-so, uh, anyone got something on their minds?

**Chris:** Dad, I need some advice. See, I don't know if my classmate Barbara likes me and...

**Meg:** Lardo, I need more help from Dad! Dad, Connie and her friends stole all my books as payback for Grandpa hitting her, and Mr. Berler won't help me...

**Stewie:** I'm missing Grandpop...

[The voices of the family start to overlap each other, as Peter continues to eat, getting more and more frustrated, until he does something... slam his fist on the table, causing a deafening silence]

**Peter:** Complain, complain, complain! That's all you guys do! Not looking at who you are now, and hate about yourself to improve, you just mope and complain! [to Chris] You. I know Barbara is in half your classes, *so what are you waiting for?!* Go up and ask her out during one of your classes! Or else, you probably gonna end up like Meg over here in terms of love, where you're too goddamn shy to admit it, that it eats you up. Speaking of... [to Meg] You. You just mope and complain about how you're taking abuse for someone that is less than a year older than you at most! And why are you taking it? Because she's the popular girl? Meg, popularity means **FUCKING NOTHING** in High School! I've seen popular

girls from my high school become strippers in the strip clubs! Don't listen whatever crap they say to you. And while I'm at, stand up for yourself for once in your damn life! You don't need me or Lois to fight your battles! If you don't show to the world that you are a force to be reckoned with on your own, you'll be walked all over! [to Lois] You! Breakfast sucks ass!

**Stewie:** Thank you!

**Peter:** These eggs are overcooked! I know you spend a lot of time alone not doing piano lessons, so what's your excuse? Do a cooking class! [to Stewie] And YOU! Well, I just don't like you.

**Stewie:** That's - That's just cold.

[Peter takes his plate and drops it to the floor, shattering the plate, and walks out]

**Peter:** I'm going to work!

[Peter walks away]

**Lois:** We love you, Peter!

[Peter slams the front door on his way out, proving he didn't hear her]

**Meg:** Mom, this is the seventh time in two weeks that Dad yelled at us.

**Chris:** I don't like it when Dad yells at us! Okay, it funny when he yells at Meg...

**Meg:** Hey!

**Chris:** But still! I just can't understand why Dad's acting this way.

**Brian:** I have a working theory. See, Peter was neglected and rarely had any sort of love. And that will get his parents love must have transferred over to us. But with him currently at odds with his parents, the same negative energy is being reflected to the family.

**Meg:** So, it's like a wave reflection.

**Brian:** Uh, semi close.

**Lois:** And if that's the case, the Peter I loved is still in there, just buried deep?

**Stewie:** It's buried deep down, you better start digger, you hag.

**Brian:** Bingo. So as much as it urkes me to say this... we need to find Francis and Thelma.

**Chris:** Alright, let's do it!

**Meg:** Yeah!

[A bus is heard honking it's horn off-screen]

**Chris:** After school...

[Around the late night, the family, sans Peter, are out on the streets, calling for Francis and Thelma]

**Lois:** Thelma!

**Chris:** Grampa!

**Meg:** Grandma!

**Stewie:** Grandpa!

**Brian:** Bible-Thumper!

**Meg:** Mom, why would you think they would be here of all places?

**Lois:** Meg, honey, if there's anything to be learned from almost drowning in a car by my husband's parents, it's that they're not very smart.

**Chris:** Mom, look! It's Grandpa and Grandma.

[Chris pointed down an alley that had a certain old man and women with their dirty and reeking attire with now blue and purple ropes looking in a dumpster, but Chris could still recognize him instantly]

**Meg:** Chris, how do you even know it's them? For all we know it can be two homeless bums.

**Francis:** Damn frickin' fat drunk, making us eat out the damn dumpster.

**Stewie:** [after a beat] Yeah, that's them.

**Thelma:** Francis, focus! We still need to think of a way to back in our son's good graces.

**Francis:** Ah, right... [thinks then snaps his fingers with an idea] Oh, I know! You see, this is it's gonna go...

### **Cutaway #13**

[In Francis' mind, Francis and Thelma are holding a struggling Pope with rope and a blindfold on and chuck him in a van]

### **End**

**Francis:** And then we drive him to Peter's, beg him to ask Peter for our forgiveness and BOOM! We got our son back.

[Long beat]

**Thelma:** Francis, that's kidnapping. Plus, he'd know you as an ex-worker. He'll call the police on us the second he sees a phone

**Chris:** Grampa?

**Francis:** Uh, I, uh...

[Francis and Thelma dart behind the dumpster as the family walks nearby it]

**Chris:** Grampa, it's me, Chris. Remember, you're grandson.

**Lois:** Dear God, Francis. You look terrible. You two look like you're holding on by treads.

**Stewie:** [sniffs Francis and cringes back while covering his nose] And you smell as worse as your looks.

**Brian:** Are-Are you living like this these days?

**Francis:** What- Living like this? [beat and then laughs as he smacks Lois behind the back] Oh, Lois, Lois, Lois, we're living the great life! We entered a ecochamber planning to attack Peter any minute.

**Thelma:** They were kinder than whatever Peter gave us, and gave us these beautiful capes.

**Brian:** That's a dirty robe.

**Francis:** And this diamond watch.

**Chris:** That looks stolen.

**Thelma:** And this wonderful scepter.

**Stewie:** That's a tree branch.

**Francis:** Tree branch to you lower specs, high quality gold to us! We're livin' the high life, baby!

[The duo starts laughing out loud, gradually growing more and more discordant and strained, before that laugh progressively melts into sobs, with Francis collapsing the ground, pounding it in disappointment]

**Lois:** (sighs) Man, I would enjoy this. So why aren't I?

**Brian:** Maybe because homelessness is a big tragedy?

**Francis:** Who are we kidding? Our clothes reek, you just saw us dumpster diving and I've had to take craps on the street! It's right there [points offscreen] I call it "The crap block", 'cause I do it there most often.

**Chris:** Eww!

**Meg:** Gross.

**Stewie:** Too much info, Gramps.

**Thelma:** Continuing, the point Francis and I are trying to make is...uh...

[Her and Francis clench Lois' shirt, weeping]

**Francis and Thelma:** Please, *please* let us come home and make it up to Petey!

**Chris:** Grampa, we were finding you and Gramma just to take you home.

[Francis and Thelma instantly calm down and their tears seemed to have gone away]

**Francis:** Oh... uh, just to let you kids know, those were real tears, they just, dry up fast for us...

**Thelma:** Wait, I suspect a catch... what is it, Louis?

**Lois:** [sighes] *Lois!* But there's no catch. It's about Peter... he's uh, lost it since he kicked you out.

[The family heads back to the house until Brian holds his hand out in front of the family to stop them]

**Brian:** Wait... [sniffs out] I smell something burning.

[The family goes around the house to look and see Peter dumping what looks like old pictures of him and his parents in a bonfire]

**Thelma:** My God! We ruined our child!

**Chris:** Yeah! Selfish Grampa rules!

**Francis:** No, selfish Grampa doesn't rule.

**Thelma:** Francis, this is the time to make things right by Petey.

[Francis nods and walks up to Peter]

**Francis:** Hey, buddy. Whatcha doing?

**Peter:** Burning all your family photos.

[Peter takes out a photo from the album that showed him as a child with his parents and throws it in the bonfire, watching it slowly burn]

**Francis:** Listen, uh, we just wanted to...you know...apologize for our behavior during your visit.

[Peter says nothing back]

**Thelma:** Look, we know you're mad at us for what we've done... and you do have the right to be mad at us.

[The band Peter hired comes back - this time hired by Francis - begins to play an emotional score]

**Francis:** Wasn't right what we done. What we done was made from impulse and just immature behavior. And I realized I hurt the feelings of, uh, someone I care about.

[Peter scoffs off the apology, and the band stops playing their music in response]

**Francis:** Wha-? He just scoffed at us! We apologized, with a band and everything like he wanted, and he *scoffed* at us?!

**Thelma:** Petey, why are you being such a moody guy? What happened to the sweet boy who would excitedly ask for stories from our past?

**Peter:** His parents drowned him in a lake and stole his kids.

**Thelma:** Eeeeh.

**Francis:** I know we screwed up, and I'm not gonna act like this isn't our fault, but Peter, please! We can't live like this!

**Peter:** [in a mocking tone] "We can't live like this!" [normal] Well, you shouldn't have gone out of your way to act like entitled bastards and fuss about me putting you into a retirement home. You two *asked* for this! Now, you got what you deserved! In fact...

*[Peter takes the Bible book from Francis' vest and carelessly tosses the book into the bonfire, causing it to flame out]*

**Francis:** My bible!

[Francis went to retrieve the Bible, but threw it on the ground as it was steaming hot when he touched it, and sprayed it down with a hose to cool it, only to see it was burned to crisp beyond repair. With him only being able to stare at was once his prized possession]

**Peter:** How does it feel to have ya dreams crushed, eh Fran-

*[Peter is cut off as Francis pounces him for burning the book and starts wailing on him]*

**Francis:** YOU BURNED MY BIBLE! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

[Francis continues to wail on Peter, with Peter not so much as hitting back]

**Francis:** AND WHY ARE YOU NOT FIGHTING BACK AGAINST ME?!

**Peter:** You want me to fight you? Okay...

[Peter grabs Francis' vest to hold him down and clocks Francis so hard it knocks him back. As Francis gains back himself from the knockback, his eyes widen as he sees Peter tackle him, with the two crashing through the study room window and begin fighting in the living room. The family head to the battle and look on at the battle in horror.]

**Peter:** How's it feel to have you're son fight you back, huh Francis?!

**Meg:** Oh my God! Dad and Grandpa are fighting!

**Brian:** Hey, let's place bets on who'll win the fight. I'm betting on Peter.

**Stewie:** Really? 'Cause my bet's on "Who the hell are you?"

**Lois:** So, uh, personal question, Thelma?

**Thelma:** Yeah?

**Lois:** What the hell do you even see in Francis?

**Thelma:** Well, I love him because I know under all his rough edges is a genuinely good person...

**Francis:** I'M GONNA KILL YOU, PETER!

**Thelma:** [sweat rolls down her face] It's just, uh, buried under that crap.

[The fight continues, as Peter roundhouse kicks Francis to a wall he collides on, only getting him more angry and ready to throw more punches at Peter. Thankfully, before they could fight more, the family came to restrain the two. With Lois and Meg both holding back on of Peter's arms while Brian holds him back from hurting Francis, who himself his having his stomach held back by Thelma and held back by Chris and Stewie.]

**Thelma:** Franny, quit this! We're supposed to be getting back into Petey's good books.

**Lois:** And I can't believe I'm saying this Peter, but you need to calm down and listen to them!

**Peter:** Give me a minute, Lois! I need to wrangle my Dad's neck!

**Francis:** And I need to find a way to strangle my son!

[Francis shoves Thelma, Chris and Stewie out his way the same time Peter knocks Lois and Meg away from him while tramping over Brian. Fed up, Thelma gets to the top of a chair and...]

**Thelma:** Alright, that's it! Francis Howard Griffin and Peter Löwenbräu Griffin, STOP FIGHTING!

[The two stop their anger and look at Thelma]



**Thelma:** This fighting is ridiculous. Francis, you going out to fight your own son over a burnt Bible is proving more fuel for why he should hate us. And Peter, I know you still love us. Please, remember the good times we had and give us another chance.

**Peter:** [Glares again] I don't remember *anything* good about you two. The best I remember for you (Thelma) is you throwing whiskey bottles at me and the best I remember about you (Francis) is you hitting me with your bible.

**Francis:** But please, Peter, we sincerely want to be family again, and ...

**Peter:** Shut up! [takes a good deep breath in] Now it's clear neither of you took the hint, so let me spell it out for you. Whatever love I had for you two is long dead. I will never love you again. Not *now*, not in the past, not *ever!*

**Thelma:** N'oh, Peter. What could we do to make you ever forgive us?

**Peter:** [shoves the two out the door] LEAVE! Now get out and get lost before CALL THE COPS!

**Francis and Thelma:** We love... [Peter slams the door shut and the two sigh] you...

**Peter:** "Sincerely want to be family again" Ha! What a laugh! How should I even believe if that's the truth anymore?

[Peter slumps back and grabs the family album he kept and goes back outside to the bonfire. He then threw the album in the fire, burning all the pictures in one strike. Peter stares it with a sullen look as Lois and Brian stare at him in just sad looks. Back outside with Francis and Thelma, Thelma is continually banging on the door]

**Thelma:** Petey, PLEASE! Give us another chance!

**Francis:** Thelma, stop.

**Thelma:** You heard that Peter?! Francis is giving you one minute to- Wait, what?

**Francis:** Thelma, the boy's right. We've done nothing worthy to warrant Peter's love. We manipulated and lied to the boy, crushed him multiple times, and yet never did anything to deserve Peter. What could we say to Peter that could help fix the forty plus years of damage we did to him? We not good people, good parents, or even the flaw parents that still mean to do well. We're just two people who had sex and had a kid neither of us wanted. Nothing less, nothing more. And all we do is screw up his life. And Peter doesn't need in life... [sniffs, as if he's holding back tears] Nobody does...

[Thelma just looks down knowing he's telling the truth. Francis then comes to her side to support her]

**Thelma:** Come on, Francis. We'll find a good alley to sleep in tonight.

[The two leave. An hour or two after the fight, Peter, Lois and Brian are in the master bedroom. With Peter and Lois in bed and Brian on the foot of their bed. However, Peter is turned to the left side, and saying nothing]

**Brian:** Peter, are you *really* mad at them?

[Peter says nothing back]

**Lois:** We know, Peter. You want to accept them again, but don't for a reason you're not telling us, right?

[Peter still says nothing back, only scratching his behind to give an inking that he's still alive, leaving Lois to sigh as she turns on the news, to see Tom Tucker reporting]

**Tom:** Welcome to the 10 o'clock news with me, Tom Tucker! Usually someone else does this hour and I'm asleep, but I lost a game with the reporter for this hour. [to himself, in a softer voice] Knew I should've chosen Craps instead of Mouche for the game. [normal voice] We'll go into more detail of my humiliating loss later tonight, but first, in breaking news, two [squints his eyes] possibly elderly citizens, geez we need better camera equipment, are on the roof of the Holy Christ Church.

[As the camera zooms in to get a better view of the people on the roof, Lois gasps as she recognizes that it's Francis and Thelma]

**Lois:** [shaking Peter to look] Peter! Peter, look!

[Peter begrudgingly gets up and looks at the television, and his eyes widen the same way Lois did]

**Peter:** Mom? Dad?

**Tom:** While our cameraman and reporters have no said clue on what their motivation is, the possible theory is a suicide attempt.

[Peter and Lois look at each other and jump out of bed to get redress. With them getting out with such force to cause Brian to get flopped off the bed]

**Lois:** Kids, get dressed quickly!

[The two alongside Brian rush to see the event and leave the master room without turning off the TV]

**Tom:** Coming up, we answer the question: why are there so many conveniently placed news reports in television shows?

[Cuts to the Holy Christ Church, where a crowd was gathered together to witness the event. Among them were the Griffins, who managed to make it on time and were just exiting their car to see from the back of the crowd]

**Meg:** Oh my God, Grandma!

**Chris:** Grampa!

**Peter:** Hey! Jackasses! Do us all a favor and jump! It'll make us all much happier!

**Lois:** Peter!

**Chris/Meg:** Dad!

**Stewie:** Fat Man!

**Lois:** What the hell, Peter! Don't be a dick!

**Peter:** Why not? They're about to die, their lives and my goal were a damn joke, why not?

**Brian:** Francis! Thelma! Don't listen to him! We all do appreciate you two and don't want you guys to die! [after realizing he's lying to himself] Okay most of us want one of you guys to survive, but you get my point.

**Francis:** Attention citizens of Quahog. It's I, Francis, and my wife Thelma. You might have seen me around praying and spewing the word of God around. Or as the then-assistant of the Pope. And you might have seen Thelma around in casinos in Vegas...

**Person #1:** (off-screen) TELL US WHY YOU'RE ON THE ROOF!

**Francis:** I'M GETTING TO IT! BE PATIENT! Er, anyways, the point is, I go around acting like I'm the righteous Man of God, but I'm not that at all. In fact, that should go to Peter Griffin.

**Person #1:** (off-screen) What?

**Thelma:** PETER GRIFFIN! You know, Peter? Popular around here. He's our son.

**Person #2:** Wait, he's your son?

**Francis:** Uh, yes?

**Person #1:** Y-You two look nothing like him.

**Thelma:** Come on, we have some genetics passed on down to him. Needs to wear glasses, floaty eyebrows, funny chin...

**Francis:** His laugh he does? He got it from me. *[does a laugh similar to Peter's, and then pulls a photo of him, Peter and Thelma from around 30 years ago for the crowd to see]* I even have this family picture of us.

*[The crowd gasps]*

**Peter:** He kept a picture of us?

**Francis:** Yeah, that's our boy. An idiot, but a lovable one. He always meant well and would do anything for his family.

*[A smile emerges on Peter's face from hearing Francis' words]*

**Francis:** And the one thing he asked in return was love. And we couldn't do it.

**Thelma:** We took him for granted, used him, belittled him, treated him like he was stupid. And now, we've lost him and we're dead to him.

**Francis:** So now, heartbroken and having ruined the final relationship that was giving us purpose in life, we will end it all where I hurt Peter the most. Here while taking him to church sessions at six in the morning, except that it's night and I'm not taking him to pray. Peter, if you're seeing this, we're sorry we were hard on you.

*[Peter is shown to be tearing up, with their words striking a cord in him, especially with the band from earlier, now doing the episode score]*

**Peter:** That's all I wanted to hear. If only you said that when you could. I forgive you in a heartbeat.

**Brian:** Well, if you want to forgive them, you better start moving fast, Peter. Look!

*[Brian points to the two setting themselves up to jump, which gets Peter's eyes to widen]*

**Peter:** Holy crap!

[Peter, in a hurry starts to push through the crowd, and even kicks a few to shave off a few seconds as he's rushing to the Church to catch them. The band plays a suspenseful score, which only makes Peter more anxious to get there in time. Thankfully, Peter caught Francis and Thelma just at the nick of time as they landed on top of him and cushioning their fall. Francis and Thelma soon recovered from the landing, where they found that they were on Peter's stomach]

**Thelma:** Petey... You saved us?

**Peter:** Yeah... I did.

[As Peter shoves Francis and Thelma off his stomach, and the rest of the Griffins emerge from the crowd and run out to see the three okay.]

**Chris/Meg:** Grandpa/Grandma!

**Stewie:** [embrace's Francis' legs] Grandpop, you're all right!

**Francis:** Even after all we did to you and your family? But, why?

**Thelma:** [gasps in realization] Petey... you still care about us?

[Francis then gave the band their cue to play, which they did.]

**Peter:** Wha-Wha-? I didn't do it because I cared! I did cause it would look bad on my part! [the music stops] They might have thought I did something to you guys and looked at it out of context, and-and I might have gone to court, and...and...

[Peter stops as he looks to see his parents upset and the crowd just in disgust at what he said and leave the scene. and sighs]

**Peter:** Aw, crap. Look, I've lost a lot of love for you two, and you two have been living nightmares to deal with. And with my opened eyes, I think you both are quite possibly the most horrible people in Quahog, and I'm not alone in thinking that! But at the end of the day, you're my parents. And I didn't want to see you two throw away your lives.

**Francis:** Wow, that type of love was something my own dad never did for me. I was picked on for my beliefs when I was younger, and when I tried to kill myself out of depression he just shrugged and abandoned to go to the bar with his friends.

**Peter:** How familiar. That reminds me a lot of you. Guess Griffin habits carry over in worse ways.

**Thelma:** [to the band] Hey boys, keep playing! I think we're getting something! [to Francis as a new music string starts] Go for it, Frany.

**Francis:** You know, Peter, I'm sorry for how I treated you. I can't believe I was so selfish of you. And you're my son! And one of the few people who seems to accept me. Everyone else pushes me out because of my fundamentalism or just being a nuisance. I didn't realize how lucky I was to have you in my life, and now I feel like a big jackass. But if-if you'll give me a chance, I-I'd like to try to change that.

**Peter:** But how do I know you won't just hurt me again?

**Thelma:** Peter, you don't have the answer to that. Hell, *Francis and I* don't even know the answer.

**Francis:** For all we know, I could go back to my abusive ways, or you become the abuser, or we just fall into chaos. You never know the answer to certain questions you raise. But, isn't taking a risk better than not having that possibility?

**Peter:** Well... yeah, I guess you're right... I took many risks in my life, and most of them have ended well for me...

[Peter eyes his family]

**Francis:** So, Peter, will you let us be your parents again?

**Peter:** [thinks about it long and hard, then decides] Yeah. I'd like that a lot-

*[Francis and Thelma embrace Peter, catching him off-guard]*

**Thelma:** Oh, Petey, thank you!

**Francis:** I love you, son. Don't you ever forget it no matter what I do...

*[Peter, after taking a second to process what Francis said, smiles back and embraces the two back]*

**Peter:** I know you do, Dad. I know.

[As the three hug, a few seconds in Francis notices Peter's not letting go]

**Francis:** Peter, are you deliberately not letting go of your grip?

[Peter nods his head]

**Thelma:** And is it because you worked so hard for this and want to cherish it?

[Peter nods his head again]

**Peter:** You guys don't mind, right?

**Thelma:** Nah.

**Francis:** Take all the time ya' want, boy. You earned it.

[A few seconds later, they're interrupted by a clearing of a throat, which is revealed to be Death with a clipboard, the three un]

**Death:** I'm here to pick up, Griffin, Francis... and Griffin, Thelma.

**Thelma:** Sorry, hun, it was a false alarm.

**Peter:** Yeah, it was prevented.

**Death:** [throws the clipboard down] Damn it! [storms off] I knew my horoscope was right about not going into jobs immediately.

[As Death storms out, the family stays far away to make sure they don't die to him]

**Meg:** Wait, since Dad was able to get Grandpa and Grandma to like him, that means I actually *do* have a chance to have Kevin as my boyfriend!

**Peter and Meg:** Ha! In your face, Chris!

**Chris:** You're still gonna be disappointed by the results, Meg.

[Meg looks surprised, but then decides to punch Chris in the arm]

**Chris:** Ow!

**Meg:** Lemme have this, Chris!

**Lois:** So, Thelma, Francis, what's next for you?

**Brian:** Yeah, I mean, after today there's gotta be some plan you have, right?

**Francis and Thelma:** What's next for us?

[Francis and Thelma ponder said question]

**Thelma:** You know, if you asked me a month or two ago, I would have said "Hit the casinos!". And I'm sure your father would say something about spreading Christian teachings [Francis nods in agreement]. But after today, I don't really know what I wanna to do.

**Francis:** Actually, I think I know what we'll do, Thelma. Appreciate our lives. We never knew how good we had it until we lost it. And I feel the suicide attempt, our rekindling with Peter, and meeting with Death symbolizes something. The old Francis and Thelma Griffins are dead. From this day forward, we'll begin anew never again dwell on our past we screwed up. Today, we make a new path for our future.

**Thelma:** That's- sounds like a good plan, Franny.

**Brian:** You're-You're not gonna move back in, are you?

**Francis:** Oh, no, Brian. We'll be far away from you all. Especially Peter. You worked hard, and it's best for us to give you some time away.

**Thelma:** See you soon, Petey.

[Thelma gives Peter a kiss and begins to walk away with Francis, while Peter watches them leave]

**Brian:** Come on, Peter...

**Peter:** What?

**Brian:** We know you wanna help them.

**Lois:** And since you were able to get to them to show that side you promised you can bring out, we give you full allowance to help them.

**Peter:** [smiles to Brian and heads after Francis and Thelma] Hey Ma, Dad, wait! I, uh, haven't canceled the rooms for the Acres. They're still available if you want them.

[The two smile back at Peter, and a few days later, the Griffin family - minus Peter - is seen watching TV as they always do - as Peter quietly walks downstairs and enters the kitchen]

**Brian:** [whispering to Lois] He hasn't said anything since that night.

**Chris:** You think he's back at square one, Mom?

**Lois:** Only one way to know. [Peter exits the kitchen] Morning, Peter! How you feeling this morning?

**Peter:** [while performing unnecessary poses while talking] I think ... I'm feeling ... the high life! How about ... you guys?

[Peter was then in a pose having his legs spread while having his arms wrapped under his knees. Just then, his pants rip, revealing his underwear]

**Peter:** Aw crap, I posed too hard.

[Everyone laughed at Peter's joke, even Stewie, as Peter came to the couch to sit with the family]

**Brian:** That's the Peter I know!

**Stewie:** I don't get it though, what was the joke?

**Lois:** Oh, it's great to have you back, Peter.

**Chris:** And it's nice that you repaired your relationship with Grampa and Gramma.

**Peter:** Yeah, I have a bad feeling he'll probably go back to his crappy ways later, but the important thing from this is that I can now proudly say there's a moment of true love from my dad. Plus, I have a feeling that what he said was genuine.

**Brian:** Plus, you finally stood up against your parents.

**Meg:** Hey Dad, what did you do for Grandpa and Grandma?

**Peter:** Eh, we came to an agreement. They'll go to the retirement home and are free to visit us anytime... but only once a month, and they have to call in advance. Otherwise, I'm spraying them with the hose.

**Chris:** So you're not holding any grudges for the past week?

**Peter:** Well, not entirely. I had them do a little favor before they'll allowed to go. I think the favor is *very* cathartic.

#### **Cutaway #14**

[Francis and Thelma are seen returning to the front of the Griffin House after running the block three times, sweaty and breathing heavily. With Peter blowing a whistle that startles the two and comes in wearing a general uniform]

**Peter:** [blows whistle, reenters wearing a camouflage cap] All right, you two! Gimmie ten!

**Francis:** (panting) Peter, can we take five please? This has been no fun.

**Peter:** You and ma made your own bed, Franics, now you sleep in it. Besides, working for my respect isn't supposed to be fun.

**Thelma:** W-why not?

**Peter:** Why not? That's Satan talking! You wanna go to that retirement home, don't ya?

**Thelma:** (panting) A retirement home would be so bad right now.

**Peter:** Now, come on you two, I said down and ten!

*[Francis and Thelma get down and does push-ups]*

**Peter:** And one-and-two, and one-and-two! Are you enjoying the taste of your own medicine, Dad?  
One-and-two, and one-and-two!

**End**

[Francis and Thelma open in the family door and knock on it]

**Thelma:** Guess who?

**Peter:** [sigh] Didn't we *just* talk about calling beforehand?

**Thelma:** We would've if a certain someone remembered the house number.

[Francis rolls his eyes and whistles]

**Chris:** How was the retirement home, Grandma?

**Thelma:** Oh, it was wonderful! The place was full of sweet people and the help was lovely assistance.

**Francis:** [grumbles] Eh, it was decent.

**Thelma:** Ignore Frany, Petey. He's just grumpy because he needed to request assistance for buttoning his shirt.

**Francis:** It was ONE TIME! But, I guess the home ain't as bad as we thought. [ruffles Peter's hair] You're a good kid, Peter.

**Peter:** D'awww, thanks Dad.

**Francis:** And you know, since we're on good terms, maybe now's the time the family meets your sister Karen.

**Peter:** [fake laughs] Dad, we're-we're not going to see her.

**Thelma:** Actually, it has been a while since we saw her.

**Peter:** [through gritted teeth] And we never will again!

**Francis:** I got her number, I can call her up for a visit.

**Peter:** Don't you do it, Francis. Don't you even *think* about do it. [Francis reaches for the phone anyways] Francis! If you push one button on that phone, I'm tackling you. I'm dead serious.

[Francis proceeds to push a button to call her, and, in a split second, is tackled by Peter and put on the ground. Francis squirms past Peter and claws to the couch to speak to Thelma]

**Francis:** Thelma, call her! Call her! Call her!

[Francis gets pulled back down and proceeds to get in another fight with Peter]

**Peter:** We're not calling her! You hear me, Francis?!

**Francis:** You're not my Dad! Don't tell me what to do!

**Peter:** YOU'RE NOT TALKING TO KAREN!

**Thelma:** Well, I think Petey and Fran are getting along much better.



**Brian:** Eh, Sorta.

**Lois:** Yeah, let's hope so. I'm tired of family drama.

**Chris:** I'm still processing the full month of absolute - **AAAAAHHHH!** - we had to unfold.

**Meg:** And to make sure, there's for sure no other family drama from Dad's end of the family?

**Thelma:** Pretty much, dear. We're the last bit of it. Though there was Francis' dad, but I'm sure he's been long dead.

[A knock is heard at the door]

**Josiah:** (off-screen) Peter, Francis, it's me, Josiah! Guess who came to possibly live with you guys?

[Peter and Francis stop wrestling as their eyes widen in fear]

**Francis:** Dad?!

**Peter:** Grampa?!

**Thelma:** Oh God, no!

**Brian:** Not again!

**Chris:** Come on, man!

**Francis:** Oh, no way in Hell we're doing this. Everyone, into the car! NOW!

[They eight Griffins all dashed into the garage and entered the car, not even bothering to get some belongings with them]

**Stewie:** [to Thelma] Like son, like father, eh?

**Thelma:** Not now, sugs. Peter, DRIVE!

[Peter rams the gas and breaks the car through the garage door and drive away]

**END OF SHOW**