



FAMILY GUY FANON

"Do or Die"

PRODUCTION # 1FGF04

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(FINAL DRAFT)

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COLD OPEN**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY****INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

The family sits on the sofa, watching television.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. STREET, 1860'S - DAY (ON TV)**MUSIC: THE MINTOS THEME SONG**

ABRAHAM LINCOLN gets out of a carriage. JOHN WILKES BOOTH lurks suspiciously behind a lamppost. He takes out a pistol and points it at Lincoln.

BOOTH'S P.O.V. - He can't get a clear shot. Lincoln is blocked by people as he enters the building. Booth lowers his gun, annoyed. Suddenly, he looks up, noticing the sign above the building. It says "Theatere". Booth smiles, and pops a MINTO into his mouth.

INT. THEATRE - SAME

Lincoln takes his seat in the balcony. At the back of the auditorium, Booth enters into frame, pauses with his pistol, and looks up at the balcony with conviction. He runs up a stairwell to the balcony.

ON THE BALCONY - We see Lincoln and his WIFE from behind. Booth raises his gun, and takes a shot at Lincoln, blowing a hole in his hat. Lincoln whirls around, alarmed, to find Booth standing with a grin. Lincoln gives an "Oh, you devil" expression. Booth turns to the CAMERA, holding up his MENTOS for us to see, as we **FREEZE=FRAME**.

ANNOUNCER: Mintos! The Freshmaker.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEG: These commercials are stupid.

CHRIS: You're one to talk, Meg.

LOIS: You're sister's right for a change, Chris. They certainly don't make me want a Minto.

BRIAN: Totally ineffective.

ANGLE ON Peter heading for the door in a trance.

PETER: Must... kill... Lincoln.

MEG: He's already dead, Dad!

Peter heads back with an axe. He swings the axe.

PETER: Must... kill... Meg.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTB. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM BOOTH - SAME

Peter, Quagmire and Cleveland are at a booth, when the bartender Horace comes up to the three and with their beer refills on a tray.

HORACE: Hey, hey, it's my three favorites! The Pete-boy, the Q-Man and the Dark Chocolate!

PETER: How's it goin, Hor-boy?

HORACE: Fresh and hot off the house. Like you're beer refills.

Horace handed them all their refills

QUAGMIRE: Al-right!

CLEVELAND: Thanks, Horace.

Horace exits to the bar.

PETER: Okay, here's another one. Would you rather, eat a live worm or a handful of maggots?

Quagmire and Cleveland both cringed.

CLEVELAND: Peter, that's the third insect related Would You Rather tonight.

QUAGMIRE: Not to mention in a row.

PETER: My turn, my choices. So, what's your guy's pick?

QUAGMIRE: (THINKING) Can we have something alongside it?

PETER: Quagmire, that's avoiding the taste of them. Which is cheating.

CLEVELAND: Eh, I guess I have to choose the worm. Compared to maggots, it's just a small thing. Besides, I have experience eating one.

INT. BROWN LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Cleveland is on his sofa when his son Cleveland Jr. comes to him with his hands together and jumping up and down.

CLEVELAND JR.: Daddy! Daddy! Open your mouth and close your eyes, and you will get a big surprise.

Cleveland shrugs and closes his eyes and open his mouth to accept the surprise that Cleveland Jr. had, which was a worm. Cleveland Jr. began to drop it in his father's mouth.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BROWN BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Cleveland is throwing up in the toilet in the bathroom, as Loretta and Cleveland Jr. look at him. Loretta groans.

LORETTA: Junior, you gotta stop tricking people into eating worms you dig in the garden. Please tell me you're not planning to do this again.

Cleveland Jr. looked down to his pants pocket to the worms crawling out of it, and crammed them deeper in the pocket.

CLEVELAND JR.: Nooooooo.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM BOOTH - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

QUAGMIRE: Heh, I'd choose the maggots, then I could pretend the maggots are women I go on town with. Heh, heh, OH!

PAN OVER TO Horace at the bartender table, cleaning bar glasses.

HORACE: Hey, boys! Could I have a say in the game?

PETER: Sure, Horace. Worm or maggots?

HORACE: Hmmm, the maggots. My brother Barton used to play jokes on me putting maggots in my mouth in my sleep when I was a kid. So, then I got back at him by putting maggots in his mouth in his sleep. Then it repeated over and over and over again, then things got hazy afterwards. All I remember is that we got grounded for a month by our mother for something we did.

PETER: Ugh.

CLEVELAND: Too much info, Horace.

QUAGMIRE: Hey Peter, I just had the best idea for what we should do together Saturday: waterskiing! We can use this to surf wild and pick up chicks!

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Peter and Cleveland are on a rental boat while Quagmire waterskied. Quagmire did a spin after ramping from a wave.

QUAGMIRE: Heh, that's the third in row! Oh!

Peter and Cleveland **cheer** Quagmire on as a woman friend group comes up to their boat. ANGLE ON Quagmire and the WATERSKIING WOMAN.

QUAGMIRE: Hey there, sweetie. After we're done, you wanna come to my house for some quality time with the Q-Man?

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM BOOTH - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER: No way. You wanna pick up chicks? We should all tightrope across a dangerous cliff! That get all the bitches.

QUAGMIRE: Waterskiing!

PETER: Tightroping!

QUAGMIRE: *Waterskiing!*

PETER: *Tightroping!*

QUAGMIRE: Well then we should vote for what we do Saturday.

PETER: (RAISES HIS HAND) All in favor of tightroping!

QUAGMIRE: (RAISES HIS FIST) All in favor of waterskiing!

Peter and Quagmire realize they tied, and look to Cleveland, undecided.

CLEVELAND: Sorry, fellas. Both are good options so I can't choose between one or the other.

PETER: (SIGHS) Damn, we really need to start finding more members.

A chime sound comes from the clock next to Horace.

HORACE: Oop, that's the closing jingle. Sorry boys, but that means I need to close the bar for the night. You better be getting going home.

PETER/CLEVELAND: Awww!

QUAGMIRE: And just when it was getting fun.

PETER: Well, can we at least take our beers to go, Horace?

HORACE: Eh, I don't see why I can't allow you not to. There's no law in Quahog that says they can't allow that.

PETER/QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND: Sweet!/All right!/Thanks, Horace.

EXT. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire exit the bar and enters Peter's car to drive home. Horace exits and waves.

HORACE: Au revoir! Get home safe, boys!

EXT. QUAHOG STREETS - NIGHT

INT. CAR - SAME

Cleveland and Quagmire are shown wickedly drunk and singing to a song on the radio.

QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND: (SINGING) THROUGH HIGH WATER AND TOUGH MOUNTAINS AND ALL THOSE IN BETWEEN. WE'LL CONQUER ALL DESPITE THE RISKS-

The two are taken out when a swerve is made by Peter, who's behind the wheel and also drunk.

CLEVELAND: Peter, watch the road!

PETER: Relax, Cleveland, I know what I'm doing. In fact, watch me, I'mma gonna take a shortcut.

Peter swerves the car to a factory, crashing inside and slams into a stack of containers and careens through a series of walls, destroying everything in its path. Peter then redirects back to the main road.

PETER: There we go.. shaved off a few minutes.

Peter's watch beeps.

PETER: Aw, crap! We're late!

QUAGMIRE: L-Late for what?

PETER: I don't remember, but the fact there's an alarm set for this time means it's something important! We need to speed up!

Peter accelerates and swerves in and out of lanes, causing multiple car crashes. As Peter passes a red light, it causes two cars to collide and crash with each other. As Peter continues to drive, crashes and screams are heard until there's one final crash sound, with a **PAN TO** reveal it was Peter's car crashing into a streetlight.

EXT./ESTB. GRIFFIN HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. PETER & LOIS' BEDROOM - SAME

Lois is sleeping in bed, with Brian at the foot, until loud knocking wakes her up.

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lois walks down with a nightgown on and gets the door to see a cop with a very wasted Peter in his right arm.

PETER: Hey, tuts. Wanna hit all the four bases with me?

POLICE OFFICER #1: Is this the Griffin household?

LOIS: Um, yes?

POLICE OFFICER #1: Mrs. Griffin, your husband has recently been drinking while driving and wrecked ten cars and buildings respectively, alongside killing fifteen people and injuring seven.

LOIS: Oh my God! Is he going to jail?

POLICE OFFICER #1: Oh, he's not going to jail. Quahog Law says that "inebriated felonies" are not illegal, due to you be unable to blame someone for a crime while intoxicated. (TO PETER) Though consider this a warning, Mr. Griffin.

PETER: Hey, how come I wasn't invited to this meeting, Mr. Weed?

Peter drops drunk to the Griffin living room carpet.

INT. BROWN LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Loretta goes downstairs in her bedrobe to answer the door and is greeted by the same officer with a wasted Cleveland.

LORETTA: Lemme guess. My damn husband got wasted and caused a car crash.

POLICE OFFICER #1: Actually, he was a passenger in a car crash.

LORETTA: (SIGHS) Cleveland, what am I gonna do with you?

CLEVELAND: Love me like your sweetheart?

INT. QUAGMIRE HOUSE - NIGHT

A knock is heard. Then another knock is heard. The officer then opens the door to see nobody there.

QUAGMIRE: Heh, the joke's on you. I don't have a wife.

Quagmire ends up dropping drunk on his floor like Peter.

EXT./ESTB. GRIFFIN HOUSE - SUNRISE

INT. GRIFFIN KITCHEN - SAME

Lois, Meg, Chris and Brian are having breakfast. Chris was eating a bowl of Cheerios, Meg was eating pancakes, Brian was eating some Dog Chow, and Lois was having a cup of coffee.

MEG: Hey, Chris. Did you know that for every bowl of Cheerios you eat, you take in 105 calories?

CHRIS: Wow, thanks Meg for that useless information I didn't ask for.

Peter enters, reading a newspaper.

PETER: Hey, Lois, look at this.

Peter shows Lois the article, which was about his drunken escapades, as the front line read "Drunk Driver Kills 15".

PETER: What a dumbass. Guys should learn how to not drive while drunk.

Peter **laughs** as Lois looks uncomfortable, knowing the irony.

PETER: Well, I'm off to work. Bye, honey! Bye, kids!

Peter leaves out the kitchen door as Lois **sighs**. Brian notices it.

BRIAN: Is something up, Lois?

LOIS: Wha?

BRIAN: Lois, I can tell when you're feeling off. What's wrong?

LOIS: Brian, I guess I'm just conflicted about last night.

As she speaks, Stewie peaks from the door frame with a crossbow in hand in an attempt to kill her.

LOIS: I mean, I'm happy Peter didn't go to jail-

STEWIE (MOUTHED): I'm not.

LOIS: But this recent altercation with the police made me realize Quahog's laws are completely nonsensical and highly dangerous.

Stewie nods his head in agreement.

LOIS: Peter committed multiple accounts of vehicular-ramming and vehicular manslaughter, and he got let off the hook because of a law loophole. He didn't get a DUI, or community service, or even a *fine* for drinking while driving. And what impact do you think this will make on Stewie in the future?

Stewie aims the crossbow at Lois, ready to fire.

LOIS: I'm afraid he'll see Peter get away with murder and think he can do the same if he gets drunk beforehand.

Stewie shoots ... and ends up missing Lois and shooting the ceiling instead.

STEWIE: Ah! Damn it!

LOIS: (OBLIVIOUS) I'm just worried about Stewie, you know?

Brian, having seen all that happened, takes a BEAT.

BRIAN: I think you should worry about Stewie now more than in the future.

EXT./ESTB. HAPPY GO LUCKY TOY FACTORY - DAY

INT. PETER'S WORKPLACE - DAY

Mr. Weed enters to check on Peter's progress.

MR. WEED: How's the toy inspection going, Peter?

PETER: We hit a new record! There were only three defected toys in my inspection round.

Peter pulls out an action figure with loose joints.

PETER: This one's joints are loose,

Peter pulls out a bear plush that lacks a lot of stuffing.

PETER: This one's lacking stuffing,

Peter pulls out a seemingly normal teenage girl doll.

PETER: And then there's *this* one.

MR. WEED: That seems like a normal doll.

Peter then pushes the doll's voice button.

DOLL: Oh! Ooh! Harder! Push it harder!

PETER: Something tells me this was one of those joke variants made for the office only.

MR. WEED: (TAKES THE DOLL) Well, I'll go to the employees and fire whoever made this sick joke of an innocent doll!

Mr. Weed heads out, but instead of going to where the employees are constructing the toys, he heads straight for his office, locking the door, shutting off the lights and putting a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign on the office doorknob.

ESTB./EXT. CLEVELAND'S DELI- DAY

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI - DAY

A MAN and WOMAN walk into the deli, to be greeted by Cleveland and Loretta.

CLEVELAND: Welcome to Cleveland's Deli! We hope we can serve you wel-

MAN: Enough of the intro crap! My car just got totaled last night in sleep by some jackass, and I need somewhere to get food to focus on what I'm gonna do before I burst in anger!

CLEVELAND: So, would you like the "normal" seating, or the "chill out" seating?

WOMAN: Uh, what's the difference between them.

LORETTA: The difference is that "chill out" is just telling him to chill the hell out. Now, move it!

Loretta pushes the two towards seating.

ESTB./EXT. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

INT. BUDDY CIANCI HALLWAYS - DAY

Chris is seen struts down the hall, looking like a boss and passes multiple students and teachers.

STUDENT #1: Hey, Chris.

CHRIS: 'Sup.

TEACHER: How ya' doing today, Chris?

CHRIS: Looking up on the high life!

Chris reaches his locker and enters the combination of his lock to unlock it and put in some books. As he does, a group of his friends come up to him.

FRIEND #1: Yo Chris, did you hear about what happen last night? Some drunk drivers crashed into Hector's dad's car.

HECTOR: My dad's currently in the hospital. And if I find who caused it, their son's getting beaten up today.

Cleveland Jr. comes up to the boys

CLEVELAND JR.: You talking about my daddy? He recently got arrested for drunk driving with his friends and he got off on a technicality!
(LAUGHS)

As Cleveland Jr. continues to laugh, Hector looks at Jr. in anger and starts seeing red with his fist clenched up.

HECTOR: You little brat-!

Hector lunches to attack Cleveland Jr., but Chris stops him.

CHRIS: Hector, he doesn't know better. Besides, my dad was the one driving.

Chris puts his hand over his mouth, realizing what he just gave away. Hector frowns in anger at Chris, who can only chuckle it off.

EXT. SKY - DAY

INT. AIRPLANE CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Quagmire is flying a Rhode Island tourist plane. As it was passing by Cranston, Quagmire reached for the intercom and put it on speaker.

INT. AIRPLANE SEATING - DAY

QUAGMIRE (V.O.): Attention, passengers. If you look to your right, you will see we're above Cranston. The birthplace of our mayor Buddy Cianci!

The passengers' ooh and aah as they pass it, with some taking photos of it.

INT. PETER'S WORKPLACE - DAY

Peter is looking at a magazine when his work friend Johnson opened the door in a rush and tugged on Peter's hand.

JOHNSON: Hey, Peter! Our mayor's getting arrested!

PETER: Hold on, what?

Johnson pulls Peter out of his workplace.

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI - SAME TIME

Cleveland turns on the TV for the customers, which goes to a Breaking News report.

CLEVELAND: Huh?

LORETTA: What the hell's going on?

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN/GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lois is teaching a student to play the piano in the den.

BRIAN (O.S.): Uh, Lois?

LOIS: Take five, Reuben.

Lois enters the living room.

LOIS: What is it, Brian?

BRIAN: I think you should see this.

Brian points to the TV, having the same Breaking News report getting Lois to look in surprise.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI JR. HIGH - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Chris in his science class with his science teacher Randall Fargus pulling a rolling TV stand.

RANDALL: Alright, class. Today, we'll be watching a Bill Nye episode. And you'll watch this as I sit at my desk and rethink my life choices.

Randall teacher turns on the TV, but instead, comes on the same Breaking News report. The students murmur.

CHRIS: What the-?

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWSROOM - DAY

Our newspeople, Tom and Diane, are giving a breaking news report with a "CHANNEL 5 NEWS" logo behind them.

TOM: We interrupt this program to bring breaking news. Mayor Buddy Cianci has recently been forced to resign from his role as mayor after being charged with racketeering, while sober!

DIANE: We join Asian reporter Tricia Takanawa live at Town Hall where Mayor Cianci's being taken to jail for four years. Tricia?

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. QUAHOG TOWN HALL - DAY

Tricia is nearby Town Hall as a crowd is gathered around it.

TRICIA: Diane, I'm standing beside the surprised crowd as Mayor Cianci is about to be escorted out of Town Hall.

Buddy Cianci then is walked out of Town Hall in handcuffs with two police officers on both side of him. Multiple reporters taking screenshots.

POLICE OFFICER #1: Hey! No photography! No photography!

POLICE OFFICER #2: WE SAID NO PHOTOGRAPHY!!

Tricia comes close to Buddy Cianci to interview him.

TRICIA: Mr. Cianci, before you get taken away, is there anything you'd like to say to the town of Quahog?

BUDDY CIANCI: Don't believe the news! Whatever they said, I didn't do it!

POLICE OFFICER #1: Sir, there's video footage that shows that you were involved with third-party businesses.

POLICE OFFICER #2: And we found leaked phone calls that have your voice.

BUDDY CIANCI: That's all false evidence! I was framed! Framed, you hear me?! FRAMED!

POLICE OFFICER #2: Yeah, yeah. Tell it to the prison mates.

Buddy Cianci is shoved into the back of the police car, and the two officers get up front and drive off to the prison.

TRICIA: There you have it, Quahog. The last word of our mayor is a desperate plea to clean himself up. And this also means that Quahog is now without a mayor. Back to you, Diane.

In a four way view, Peter, Cleveland, Lois and Chris are shocked.

PETER/CLEVELAND/LOIS/CHRIS: Holy crap!

EXT./ESTB. SPOONER STREET - DAY

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lois and Loretta are on the sofa reading a newspaper with the heading "QUAHOG MAYOR RESIGNS".

LOIS: I can't believe our mayor has been arrested.

LORETTA: Serves that man right. I always knew there was something up with that man through his photos in the mayor hall.

Peter enters.

PETER: Hey Lois, you won't believe what happened. Our mayor-

LOIS: Got arrested for racketeering. We know.

PETER: Wha- How did you know?

BRIAN: (SARCASTIC) Easy, Peter. We just read your mind.

PETER: Oh, really? (CLOSES HIS EYES) Then what am I thinking about now?

LORETTA: (BEAT; TO BRIAN) How long have you been with this idiot?

BRIAN: About three years.

LOIS: Peter, what are you doing home early?

PETER: Oh, Mr. Weed gave us the day off when the news came out, as a way to respect Mr. Cianci. But I'm taking it!

As if on cue, Meg and Chris walks in.

MEG: We're home from school early.

CHRIS: Principal Sloan heard about what happened to Mr. Cianci on the news, and gave us a free day off!

MEG: And my school was-

PETER: Yeah, whatever Meg, we get the picture.

LORETTA: Wait, if you got home early, does that mean Cleveland Jr. got home early as well?

CHRIS: Yeah. I had to walk him home, and then he just went to run on the lawn.

EXT. BROWNS FRONT YARD - DAY

Cleveland Jr. is running around the house in a circle, laughing all the way, as Cleveland just looks at him.

CLEVELAND JR.: I'm gonna be the faster black runner in the world!

CLEVELAND: You're suppose to be dead tired when you get home.

CLEVELAND JR.: School got cancelled before it started! Full of energy!

Cleveland Jr. continues running as Loretta sighs in disappointment]

LORETTA: We really gotta look into finding ways to calm that boy down.

PETER: Well, since we got a free day thanks to Cianci, anyone wanna watch a movie? I got a storage bin of movies on VHS we can watch! Most of them are taped off the TV, so they commercials on them, but still.

BRIAN: Peter, don't you get what's happening? The fact that all workplaces and schools closed down because of Mr. Cianci is serious!

MEG: Brian's right, Dad. And now, Quahog has no mayor!

CHRIS: In fact, with Mr. Cianci being arrested recently, it kinda makes the reason why Principal Sloan named my middle school after him age a bit poorly.

EXT. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - DAY (ON TV)

Principal Sloan is speaking to an O.S. audience.

PRINCIPAL SLOAN: The common question I get is, "Why did you name your middle school after our mayor?" The answer is that I decided to name my middle school after our mayor because Mayor Cianci is such a great person, and would never betray us! (BEAT; WHISPERS TO EAR SPEAKER) I-Is that what you wanted me to say, Mr. Cianci? (BEAT) Could've been better? Do I at least get my money for this backend deal for your ego? Like, do you know how many hoops I had to jump through to get this school named after you? Multiple!

EXT. QUAHOG TOWN HALL - DAYS LATER

The Town Hall is crowded with citizens and there's a murmur of conversation amongst the crowd as they await news. The Performance Artist (AKA Bruce) walks on stage and spoke into the podium.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Hey y'all. Know, we knows there's a big buzz goin' 'round here with the recent news of our mayor being taken out of office. However, I'm here to announce that we have someone running for mayor. And how should I know, you may ask?

STEWIE: I didn't have that question on my mind.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: The reason is because I'm the candidate's assistant! And any moment, he'll be here to announce himself.

MEG: Who do you think is gonna run for mayor, Mom?

BRIAN: Honesty someone who isn't a behind door dealer?

LOIS: I'm just happy that this is going to happen, as I know that *hopefully*, the candidate running for mayor will be good and put an end to all these messed up laws.

The Performance Artist looks up and gasps in glee.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: There's our candidate coming in right now!

PAN ABOVE to a helicopter that flew above Town Hall. The doors open and reveal Adam West wearing a Batman costume.

ADAM WEST: Citizens of Quahog! Unbeknownst to all of you, I am none other than-

Adam tries to grab the rope to slide down to Town Hall, but ends up losing his grip on the rope, and ends up crashing onto the roof of Town Hall and sliding off and smacking his face on the wooden podium, shocking everyone. A BEAT happens and then Adam jumps back into position and rips off his Batman costume to reveal his true identity.

ADAM WEST: I meant to do that!

PETER: Holy crap, it's Adam West!

The crowd erupts into cheers and applause.

MEG: Dad, you know that man?

PETER: Meg, that's *the* Batman from 1966! I remember when I saw his show when I was a kid. I used to dart around my house in a Batman costume, watching all the VHS tapes I bugged my parents to buy for me. I ran those VHS' so much I ended up rubbing them out fast. (SIGHS) Good memories.

ADAM WEST: It seems like we have a few super fans of me! Now how many of you know me?

The majority of the citizens - sans Lois and Brian raise their hands.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Look at all those hands! Almost look like they wanna come and shake your hand. Or ask for an autograph. Ethier or.

ADAM WEST: Citizens, if I'm elected mayor, I promise new and improved laws. For instance, if I'm elected, all citizens must wear a cape in town hall meetings and we should begin them singing this!

Adam pulls up a record and begins **playing** it on his portable record player, which he puts close to the microphone for all of Quahog to hear. With the song being the 1966 Batman theme. With the crowd is **laughing** and **clapping** in approval.

Citizen: We love it!

ADAM WEST: (LAUGHS; PUMPS HIS FIST) Long live Quahog!

As the crowd **cheers** for Adam West, Lois can only do nothing but stare in fear.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY (ON TV)

ADAM WEST: Hello, citizens of Quahog. I'm Adam West. You all might know me as Batman, though only in the 1966 version, not whatever the hell they're making now. But now, I want to be a mayor to protect the city even more than I did as Batman. So, I'm here to ask you to make me the mayor of your town. Vote for me, Adam West. It'll be a home run.

Adam West takes out a baseball bat with blood and hair all over it.

ADAM WEST: Ugh, dear God! Assistant, get me a *clean* bat.

The Performance Artist hands Adam a clean baseball bat and takes the bloody bat.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Here you go, sir.

ADAM WEST: Like I said, it'll be a home run.

Adam West swings the bat as it freeze-frames on him and puts some applause sounds as the words "VOTE FOR ADAM WEST" show up.

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Peter, Lois and Brian are on the couch, having saw the ad.

PETER: Alright, Adam! Run a home run!

BRIAN: (SARCASTIC) Yeah, it'll be a home run, alright. To destruction!

PETER: What are you talking 'bout, Brian? Adam West will be a great mayor.

LOIS: Peter, Quahog has a corrupt city with a terrible mayor for too long, with nonsense laws that cause more trouble.

PETER: And how so? I mean, I'm sure the law took care of those three idiots that were drunk driving a few days ago.

LOIS: **YOU WERE THE DRUNK DRIVER, YOU MORON!** The only reason you were allowed to come home again was because of a law loophole.

PETER: (LIP SMACK) Ah.

LOIS: And with Buddy Cianci out of office, I had hope that someone with actual brains would run this town. And Adam West is the answer to my hope. In fact, him being a loony idiot is exactly what I feared would run for office.

BRIAN: In fact, I made a list of all of them.

Brian pulls out a notepad and **clears his throat** to read them.

BRIAN: "Making us wear a cape and sing a theme song at a Town Hall meeting, all buildings needing to be brightly colored. No loud music after 10PM." Actually, I kinda like that last one.

LOIS: Yeah, but that's the only good new law. The rest are God awful!

PETER: Well, I don't care what you think about him, Lois. 'Cause I love Adam West and my vote's going to Adam, alongside everyone else's. Any complaining you do about him won't mean jack. You can make a big ol' fuss about it and I'm sure to my aunt's grave nobody here will care about what you think. They'll see you as whiny, nag who hates fun. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna see if I can vote for him now!

Peter leaves in a huff, slamming the door behind him.

LOIS: You'll adding fuel to his fire! Making Adam mayor will be the downfall of Quahog! Mark my words, Peter Griffin!

BRIAN: Lois, since you have a high agenda for the safety of Quahog, why *hope* for a mayor that will never come when you could *run* for mayor?

LOIS: You know what, Brian? That's a great idea! From this day on, I'm gonna run to be the mayor of Quahog!

Lois strikes a pose on the couch and looks determined with **swelling music**.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWSROOM - DAY**

TOM: Good evening, Quahog. I'm Tom Tucker.

DIANE: And I'm Diane Simmons.

TOM: Here with some new developments on the Quahog mayoral race. Incumbent Adam West is having some competition in his thought-to-be instant win victory for mayor. With Lois Griffin being the sole person challenger as the challenger.

DIANE: Which leads many political analysts to ask the question, "Can a woman really be mayor?"

TOM: Honestly, I doubt she'll even get a vote.

DIANE: Tom, I'm getting a late word of you being a sexist dick.

TOM: In a bit of breaking news, we find out that Diane has been dying her hair brown.

Diane widens her eyes and glares angrily at Tom.

EXT./ESTB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

The Spooner Street mailwoman Nancy comes to the Griffins' lawn to deliver mail, and sees signs recently added that say "Vote Lois Griffin for Mayor".

NANCY: This neighborhood gets weirder by the day.

INT. GRIFFIN BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brian is hosting a meeting at Lois Griffin Headquarters. Meg, Chris, Lois and Loretta being members of the meeting as well.

BRIAN: All right everyone, listen up. We got a good two weeks or so before the election day, and we have a lot to do if we're going to win this election. Chris, you're in charge of making the signs and posters for Lois' run. You'll need to make them as vibrant and eye-catching as possible.

CHRIS: All right!

BRIAN: And Loretta, you're in charge of spreading the word to whoever you can.

LORETTA: Oh, I'll make sure to spread the word.

BRIAN: I'll be in charge of managing the campaign and keeping track of the polls. Remember, we're running against someone who can use his superficial looks and vase vocabulary to win against us. So we need (SLAPS HAND FOR EVERY WORD) all hands on deck! Any questions?

Meg raises her hand.

MEG: Yeah, I have one. What's my role in this group?

BRIAN: You don't have a role in this plan, Meg.

MEG: But you said "all hands on deck". Couldn't I be the gossip girl? Or the candidate fashion helper? Or the door-to-door advertiser? Or-?

BRIAN: Meg, no role could fit you. You're just here to have an illusion of having a real purpose in the group.

Meg looks down disappointed.

MEG: Aww.

LORETTA: (TO MEG) Honestly, I think the dog's doing you a favor.

PAN UP to Peter opening the door to the basement.

PETER: Aw, don't worry, Cleveland. I'm sure I can find something to cover it in the basement.

Peter walks down the stairs and looks to see the club.

PETER: Lois, what the hell are you having down here in the basement? Some kind of intervention?

BRIAN: Peter, this is a meeting for Lois' campaign for mayor.

A BEAT, then Peter starts laughing hysterically until he notices nobody's laughing with him and instead are staring at him.

PETER: Hold up, you're serious Lois?

LOIS: Damn right I'm serious, Peter. I don't wanna spend four years having Quahog ran by an idiot running around in a Batman costume. I'm running against him, and when I win, I'm making big changes. I'm gonna ban drunk driving, rework Quahog's laws and fix our environment. Especially those sprinklers at the park.

EXT. PARK - DAY

An old man is seen walking in a park, when he gets close to the sprinklers where a puddle is around said area, and ends up falling through said puddle, with it being revealed that it ended up making a hole in the ground.

INT. GRIFFIN BASEMENT - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER: Good luck, Lois. You're gonna need a lot of it to beat Adam West. Everyone loves him. Even my workplace! Mr. Weed just signed a deal with Adam West to have us produce Adam West action figures with voice samples from the man himself!

Peter pulls out a prototype of an Adam West action figure and pushes a button on the Adam West figure's chest.

ADAM WEST FIGURE: There's no need to fear: Adam West is here!

MEG: That doesn't even sound like him-

PETER: It's a prototype! I gave my voice to this as placeholder voice work! Anyways, we can't go through until Adam West wins mayor, which he will.

LORETTA: Fat chance.

PETER: But everyone at the factory, including the females, are voting for Adam to have the deal go through. If I were to guess, you would only get ten votes max.

Peter walks up the stairs and shuts the door behind him. A BEAT happens, before he comes back down remembering why he went down in the first place and gets a tarp.

PETER: By the way Loretta, your son broke one of our windows throwing a football with Cleveland.

LORETTA: Damn it Cleveland Jr.!

EXT. SPOONER STREET - DAY

Meg is seen walking down the street, wearing campaign buttons, flyers and adverts. She comes to a house and rings the doorbell. With Father Bob coming to answer it.

MEG: Hi, I'm going door-to-door to campaign on behalf of Lois Griffin who's offering real change for Quahog. May we count on your vote for Election Day?

FATHER BOB: Let me think about it... (BEAT) Ooh! I got my answer... NO.

Father Bob slams the door on Meg hard, causing her to fly to the ground and have her supplies float in the air.

MEG: Damn it, the fifth one in a row! Eh, sixth time's the charm.

Meg walks up to the next house to repeat the process again.

EXT./ESTB. CLEVELAND'S DELI - DAY

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI - SAME

Loretta serves a booth hosting a wife, husband and teenager their food.

LORETTA: Here's your food. And since I have your attention, would you all be thinking about voting for Lois Griffin to be mayor? With your vote, we can make her the first female to become mayor.

Loretta pulls out a Lois for Mayor advert to hand to the family.

WIFE #2: Oh, I'd be happy to vote for her!

HUSBAND #2: No way am I voting for her.

TEENAGER: Yeah, she'll probably just nag all the time.

Loretta and the wife give both the husband and teenager angry glares, which strike fear in both of them

HUSBAND #2: I-I-I be happy to vote for Lois!

TEENAGER: Go feminism!

CLEVELAND JR.: Look at me! I'm Michael Johnson! Wheeeeeeeeeeee!

Cleveland Jr. rides across the aisle on a food cart.

LORETTA: Cleveland Jr., stop riding on that cart! That's for customer serving only!

EXT./ESTB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

INT. BUDDY CIANCI JR. HIGH - PRINCIPAL OFFICE - SAME

Principal Sloan is working at his desk as Chris enters his office.

CHRIS: Hi, Principal Sloan.

PRINCIPAL SLOAN: Chris, you're not in trouble - yet. What are you doing here?

CHRIS: I know. But I was wondering if I could hang up some posters I drew in the school?

PRINCIPAL SLOAN: Of course, Chris. You have my blessing.

Chris closes the door. A BEAT happens, before Principal Sloan quickly jumps out of his seat.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS

Principal Sloan opens his door to see Chris putting up "Lois Griffin for Mayor" posters. With taglines like "Vote for Lois if you want change". As Chris finishes hanging a poster up, he sees Principal Sloan slack-jawed.

CHRIS: Is there something wrong, Principal Sloan?

EXT./ESTB. GRIFFIN HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brian is heading to the basement until he gets a book thrown at the back of his head by someone.

BRIAN: Ow! Who threw that?!

Looking back, its revealed to be Stewie from the kitchen.

STEWIE: Hey, dumb dog! Why don't you make yourself of some use and get me the animal crackers at the high shelf?

BRIAN: Sorry, mutant. But I have more important matters to attend to. Such as helping your mother try to win the role of Mayor of Quahog.

Brian walks off.

STEWIE: Lois becoming mayor? I say, that might make the vile woman have some use for me in the future...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STEWIE'S QUAHOG - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Stewie imagines being the mayor sitting in a dark chair in the now burnt Quahog, **laughing maniacally**, before it cuts to show the Griffin family working like slaves as he whips them.

STEWIE: Keep moving, servants!

Meg comes to Stewie.

MEG: Mayor Stewie, when will we be able to have our freedom again?

STEWIE: What's today?

MEG: Tuesday.

STEWIE: Hmm, let me think... Wednesday, Thursday, Friday... **NEVER!**

Stewie grabs his whip and **whips** Meg.

STEWIE: Now back to work!

Meg meekly hurries away as Stewie give another evil **laugh**.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

A BEAT happens and then Stewie pulls out a tape recorder.

STEWIE: (TO RECORDER) Note for future self: if Lois wins the election, make a plan to take her power.

INT. GRIFFIN BASEMENT - SAME

Brian was down at Lois Griffin HQ with Lois, Chris, Loretta and Meg, hosting another meeting to check on their progress.

BRIAN: Alright, group. We're two days into our campaign, and what are the updates?

LORETTA: I got a couple votes for Lois thanks to my charms at the deli.

CHRIS: I hung up posters at my school. Most of them have been taken down by Sloan, though. And he gave me detention for "putting up propaganda". His words, not mine.

BRIAN: Man, is there any worthwhile news from any of you?

MEG: Well, on my end, I did a poll around Quahog around my school and usual spots where people discuss politics, and a whopping 85 percent

wanted Adam West as their mayor. With only 15 percent wanting Mom to be mayor!

BRIAN: Hey, Meg, what did we talk about your role in the group?

MEG: (SIGHS) I don't have a role.

BRIAN: Good girl.

Brian pats Meg like a dog.

LOIS: Brian, I think Meg's right for a change.

MEG: Aw, thanks, Mom. (REALIZATION) Hey, what a minute...

LOIS: What we're doing right isn't working. And currently, our mayor campaign is dying like Humphrey Bogart in his final films.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

A sexy woman is about to leave the door to Humphrey's apartment, with him leaning on a desk in the foyer.

SEXY WOMAN: If you need me, just whistle. You can whistle, can't you? Just put your lips together and blow.

HUMPHREY BOGART: (BEAT) I have so much cancer I couldn't even hear a single thing you said.

INT. GRIFFIN BASEMENT - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS: We need to improve our plan to gain support from Quahog, or we're never gonna win this race.

Brian thinks about what to do before he **snaps** his fingers.

EXT./ESTB. WQHG-FM RADIO STATION - NEXT DAY

INT. WQHG-FM RADIO STATION - SAME

Lois, Meg, Brian and Loretta exit off an elevator and Brian leads the way to their room.

BRIAN: The studio's right this way.

LORETTA: Brian, can you explain why we're here?

BRIAN: I've rented a studio room in the station so we can line Lois up with an interactive radio QnA so she can have a chance to answer questions that some of the voters may have. It's the kind of exposure we need.

LOIS: Was it hard to get lined up?

BRIAN: No, it was actually really easy. The only part I worry about is being identified as a dog.

As they're about to enter the recording studio, the security guard halts them.

SECURITY GUARD: Sorry, no dogs allowed on the set.

BRIAN: Oh boy.

The security guard reaches his hand out near Brian, but instead reaches for Meg and holds her up like a dog.

MEG: Hey!

SECURITY GUARD: You three can go in. (TO MEG) As for you, I'm gonna have to take you outside.

Lois, Loretta and Brian enter the studio while the security guard takes Meg out.

MEG: Wha-? This is so unfair! *Brian's* the dog, not me! Mom!

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

Lois, Loretta and Brian set up for their radio segment. Lois puts on headphones with a mic on, Loretta puts a telephone on a desk near Lois, to hear calls alongside her, and Brian attaining the sound equipment.

BRIAN: Okay, everyone. We're going live on 97.1 in 3... 2 ... 1. (BEAT) Welcome everyone to *Ask Lois!* The talk segment where you call candidate Lois Griffin to ask her your burning questions.

LORETTA: We have the station for about an hour, so if you have any questions for Lois, please dial 555-9679.

After a BEAT, the phone starts to **ring**, which Loretta answers.

LORETTA: Well, I'd be. Thought it would take longer. (ANSWERS PHONE)

CALLER #1 (ON PHONE): Hello? Hello? Am I on the air?

LOIS: Yes, you're on the air, hun.

LORETTA: What do you have to say to the candidate? Do you have a question?

CALLER #1 (ON PHONE): Yes. I'm a first-time caller, but a longtime listener. I was wondering how you would deal with your humiliating loss, as most people in Quahog have seemed to dislike the idea of a woman becoming mayor, and many think you'll just do nothing but nag in office. Nag, and nag, and nag and na-

Loretta then **hung up** and accepted another caller.

LORETTA: Hello?

CALLER #2 (ON PHONE): Hello. I have a question. I want to ask this question, and I want to talk to the candidate. Can I ask the candidate a question?

LORETTA: Yes, the candidate is here.

LOIS: Hello, hun. What's your question?

CALLER #2 (ON PHONE): My question is about how will it feel to be the first celebrity to become a mayor of a town?

LORETTA: Wha-? Who do you think you're talking to?!

CALLER #2 (ON PHONE): I'm talking to Adam West, right?

Loretta **hangs up** in disgust and accepted another caller.

CLEVELAND JR. (ON PHONE): Hi, Mama!

LORETTA: Cleveland Jr.?! What are you doing on the phone for this talk show?

CLEVELAND JR. (ON PHONE): I found the talk show on the radio, and I decided to call the number to troll you!

Cleveland Jr. starts to **laugh** until Loretta **slams** the phone, hanging him up from them. She then accepted another caller.

ADAM WEST (ON PHONE): Hello? Who is this?

LORETTA: Adam West? What are you doing on the phone?

ADAM WEST (ON PHONE): I'm calling my mom. Who are you? I don't know for sure, but you sound like that aunt I avoid visits for.

LORETTA: Excuse me?

LOIS: I'll handle this, Loretta. It's me, Lois Griffin. You know, the candidate that's running against you for mayor?

ADAM WEST (ON PHONE): There's someone running against me in mayor? Well, whoever is running against me must be doing a great job hiding it! (LAUGHS)

Loretta **slams** the phone so hard it breaks the base in rage. After she calms down, she turns to Lois.

LORETTA: I think that was a pretty successful talk show.

BRIAN: (SARCASTIC) Yeah, Lois. You blew it out of the water.

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - DAY

LOIS (ON RADIO): I don't feel anymore confident about winning this election.

PAN OUT TO Peter, Quagmire and Cleveland driving, listening to the whole audio disaster.

PETER: You should feel not confident in winning, Lois.

CLEVELAND: Man, radio stations are sure declining in quality.

EXT. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

The Griffin's car approaches the Clam and Peter parks nearby as he, Quagmire and Cleveland exit.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - CONTINUOUS

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire enter the bar, and **gasp**. **ANGLE TO SHOW** the bar having the mini TV wrecked, shattered glass everywhere, and multiple posters of Adam West and Lois for mayor around the bar. Despite that, the bargoers talking and drinking and Horace is washing beer jugs as normal.

HORACE: Hey, boys!

QUAGMIRE: Horace, what the hell happened?!

PETER: Yeah, Horace, the place looked like it was graffitied by politic figures.

HORACE: Yeah, there was some political debate going on here last night about who would be the better mayor. Things got a little out of hand that night.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The night prior, Horace is cowering and **whimpering** in fear under a bar stand as we **PAN OUT** to see a full-on bar fight breaking out, with people using beer jugs, pool sticks and balls to attack each other.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

HORACE: (CHUCKLES) Waaaaay out of hand. (BEAT THEN IN A HUSH VOICE) In my opinion, I honestly think Adam West is the better of the two.

Horace then ducks to avoid a flying beer jug thrown at him O.S., with the jug hitting the wall behind him and shattering to pieces.

HORACE: (TO O.S.) You're paying for that! But, anyways, just sit at a booth with a poster of the person you're voting for mayor.

CLEVELAND: O-kayyy?

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire sit at the usual booth, which has an Adam West poster, and start looking around the bar.

QUAGMIRE: Heh, look at all of the Lois posters around the bar.

CLEVELAND: Peter, how could you not be worried about your wife running for mayor? I mean, if anything from Loretta yelling at our customers at the deli means anything, she must be serious about changing Quahog.

PETER: Worried? Please, Adam West has this election in the bag. Everyone loves him. The best Lois will get is some angry women voting for her. And I doubt she'll get any big attention.

QUAGMIRE: Clev's got a point, Peter.

CLEVELAND: Don't-Don't call me "Clev".

QUAGMIRE: There's a debate coming on tomorrow night, and a lot can change in a night.

PETER: Ha! Yeah, right. Nothing big can happen in a night. Right?

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire wonder about that question.

EXT. QUAHOG TOWN HALL - NIGHT

It's the mayor debate. Lois, Loretta, Brian, Chris and Meg are on the left side of the stage curtain, waiting for Lois' turn, while the Performance Artist stands at a podium in the middle. Meg peeks out to see all the people at the debate.

MEG: Boy, this debate sure is packed.

CHRIS: Shh! It's starting.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Awrighty, 'yall! Settle down. I know you are all anxious to hear what Adam West have to say.

BRIAN (O.S.): You mean the *candidates*?

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Now, we all know nobody here thinks Lois will win. But back on topic, for tonight's debate, we'll be hearing from Adam West and Louis Griffin.

BRIAN (O.S.): Lois Griffin!

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: (TO BRIAN) I'm sorry, but who's in charge of the mic here? (TO EVERYONE) So, we're gonna flip a coin and see which candidate gets to give their speech first!

The Performance Artist flips a nickel into the air. We follow the nickel up as it flips towards the right side, only to see it grabbed in the rafters by Adam West.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: I guess Adam West is up first. Take it away, Adam!

Adam West struts up to the podium as the crowd goes wild for him.

LORETTA: What are you going to say to impress these people, Adam?

BRIAN: Who knows what kind of speech Adam has lined up, Loretta.

Adam West gets to the podium, and after a BEAT, hits a cheesy smile, and does that "Pow, I'm a Gunslinger" thing. The audience goes berserk with cheering as Adam walks off.

LOIS: That's it? A smile and a pointing gesture is all Adam had to do to get applause?

BRIAN: I wrote an entire speech to win these people to our side, and yet here comes Adam West doing the simplest of crap to get people to like him.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Now I'd like to introduce Lois Griffin.

LORETTA: Go tell them what's in your mind, Lois.

Lois takes Brian's speech and storms to the podium, yet the whole way through and when she's at the podium, compared to Adam West, Lois has a small applause, making her look disappointed.

LOIS: God... Doesn't anyone here want me to be mayor?

ANGLE ON Meg, from behind stage, **clapping** and **cheering** for her, with the others look at her.

MEG: Whooo! Go, Mom-!

Brian covers Meg's mouth.

BRIAN: Meg, please.

ANGLE ON Lois. She continues to look silently, before getting annoyed and throwing her speech.

LOIS: You know what? Screw my speech! What the hell is wrong with you people?! What kind of speech is (DOES THE SAME GESTURE ADAM DID)? We just got done dealing with a mayor that got arrested for committing racketeering behind our backs, and we should be focused to vote for the right person for office! A person that can rebuild Quahog and make it safer, more law filled and less prone for crime because the criminals can loophole their way out of an arrest. And yet, despite having the chance to, you're gonna let some Batman celebrity run our town?! What has he shown to be worthy of running a town?

A hand from the audience raises up.

LOIS: And superficial looks *don't count*! Give me one good reason you all have to want to make Adam West our mayor!

A long BEAT. None of the audience has an answer. Lois puts a hand to her ear.

LOIS: What's that? No answer? Well, that's what I thought! You don't want him in office because he shows a promising future for Quahog. You want him to be mayor because he's Adam West, and "Oh my God, having Batman as our mayor would be cool!" without actually thinking about what he'll do. The truth is you're all being lied to by a man who's only ability is to use his vast vocabulary to give an illusion as to what he knows what he's doing, when it's clear from his stupid rules and laws he wants to put in motion if he wins that he has **NO GODDAMN IDEA WHAT HE'S DOING!** This man you want to vote into the mayor office is the same man that a day prior I saw running around Quahog in a Batman costume. If there's any person that should be right for the job as mayor, it's me. Vote for me!

The crowd goes nuts for Lois, to Lois' surprising delight and to Adam West's semi-dismay.

EXT./ESTB. DRUNKEN CLAM - NEXT DAY

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM BOOTH - DAY

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire enter and sit at their booth.

PETER: Hey, Horace. Refills, please.

HORACE (O.S.): Have it in a jiff, boys!

CLEVELAND: Did any of you catch the debate last night? I was unable to see it due to a football game playing at the deli.

QUAGMIRE: I was out scoring chicks at bars, but none of them were playing them. How 'bout you, Peter?

PETER: Sorry fellas, I was working a long night at the toy factory double checking revisions of our Adam West figures. Mr. Weed is working us like dogs to get them done by the deadline.

Horace walks up to them with their beer jugs on a tray.

HORACE: I was able to see it. The bar was playing it last night, and your wife crushed it at her speech, Peter. Majority of my bar were cheering for her and had a vote planned for her next week. In fact, her reception was so good, she was even able to get Adam West's assistant to switch sides!

INT. BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Adam West comes up to the Performance Artist, who has his back turned, with polls in his hand.

ADAM WEST: Assistant, I need your help getting back some support from last night.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: You can stop calling me that, sir.

The Performance Artist turns around, revealing he's wearing a "Vote Lois" shirt.

ADAM WEST: Wha-? You work for *Lois* now?

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: I'm sorry, Mr. West. Your campaign's becoming a sinking ship. And I need a winner.

The Performance Artist leaves as Adam West droops his head.

ADAM WEST: And to think I had someone left on my side.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM BOOTH - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

HORACE: With the current polls, it looks like Lois is taking the lead. Meaning that your wife might win this, Peter.

PETER: And... if that happens...

Peter stops. As a horrible thought came to his head.

CLEVELAND: Peter?

PETER: Wha-? Huh?

HORACE: Pete-boy, you were staring into space for a few minutes. Is everything okay?

PETER: No. Nothing is okay.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT./ESTB. GRIFFIN HOUSE - DUSK****INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM/GRIFFIN'S BASEMENT - SAME**

Peter enters and hears commotion in the basement. He peaks down to see Lois, Loretta, and Brian seated around a table - the former writing on a paper and the latter is tallying the recent polls - with Chris and Meg working on the advertisement and Stewie listening for his own use.

BRIAN: I gotta say, Lois. You really did get something from that speech at the debate. My new polls show that you're leading with an increase of forty-five percent in people wanting to vote for you. Putting you at sixty percent for Lois, forty percent for Adam West. As long as Adam West doesn't do anything to redirect his attention back to him, we might put it out of the bag.

MEG: I can't believe you're close to becoming mayor, Mom! I'll become the coolest person in school for having their mother as mayor.

STEWIE: Dream big, girl. The best you'll get is being a slave to my future kingdom.

The Performance Artist rushed to the basement and bumped into Peter on his way down.

PETER: Aah! Hey, watch it!

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Hey, y'all. I delivered all the voting messages to the neighborhoods like y'all.

LORETTA: (SARCASTIC) That's great, hun. What do ya want a cookie for doing something so basic correct? Something so basic (POINTS AT MEG) she could even do it. Make yourself of better use and help with getting merch deals down.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Aye aye!

The Performance Artist rushed upstairs as Peter headed downstairs.

LOIS: Oh, Peter! Can't you believe it? I was able to crack through to the dense heads of Quahog citizens and now have Quahog rooting for me!

PETER: Yeah, I know. You just costed my job a big toy line.

INT. HAPPY GO LUCKY TOY FACTORY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter is putting boxed Adam West action figures away in a big box ready for shipping when Mr. Weed comes up to him.

PETER: Mr. Weed, we got good news. We were able to box all of the finalized Adam West toys and we're ready to ship 'em up by next week.

MR. WEED: Yeah, uh, Peter about the toys... we're canceling the line.

PETER: Canceling the line?! But why? We got through the deal phase, the prototyping phase, the voice sample phase, and all the workers worked long nights to even make the tight deadline, which we were able to make without rush jobs! Why would you cancel when we're this close to done?

MR. WEED: Turns out Adam West's reception is dying. And since him not being mayor won't work for the toys, we're pulling out. Every employee is free to take one home with them.

JOHNSON (O.S.): We are?!

PAN OVER to show Johnson and the other workers eavesdropping on their conversation and then jump on the boxes to take the figures, forming a huge dust cloud brawl that transitions back to the present scene.

INT. GRIFFIN BASEMENT - DUSK (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER: And all the company has to show for our hard work thanks to you is a canceled topline that would've sold millions.

Peter pulls out his copy of the boxed Adam West figure.

PETER: Maybe I can pawn my copy on eBay. Heh, might be worth a lot of money for a boxed, mint and in-condition figure of Adam West.

BRIAN: Hey, Peter, can I see that?

Peter then hands the boxed figure to Brian, who tears the box open, snaps all the limbs and head off the toy in front of Peter, leaving him shocked.

BRIAN: (LYING) Oops. My hands slipped.

PETER: You suck!

LOIS: Peter, it won't matter about your job lost out at that deal.

PETER: It does to me! We spent hard hours on that.

LOIS: Sometimes minor losses need to happen to get major victories. And currently, with me on track to becoming mayor, it won't matter. I'll be able to provide more for Quahog by refunding our systems and emplacing some new laws for the town.

PETER: Lois, what do you mean by new laws?

LOIS: Oh, when I become mayor, I plan to put new laws. I even make a scratch list.

Lois pulls out her rules and begins to read them, but as she does, Peter gets a notepad and writes down all of Lois' planned laws, or most of them he could.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM BOOTH - DAY

Peter shows the notepad list to Cleveland, Quagmire and Horace.

PETER: And here's the majority of all the rules I caught down. It's not a pretty picture.

QUAGMIRE: You're telling me. "No nightclubs; No bars".

CLEVELAND: "No illegal street racing; No hosting illegal fireworks".

HORACE: "No alcohol"?! That'll run me out of business!

PETER: And this is just a small fraction of the ones she plans! Plus, she said there's no changing them.

CLEVELAND: She's about as stubborn as Loretta when we're being tender.

QUAGMIRE: You call loud smashing sounds and you yelling "Ow" a lot "being tender"? That sound disturbing even for *me*! And I smash chicks all the time!

CLEVELAND: She's very picky on how we be tender.

PETER: I'm more worried about what's gonna happen to you, Horace. With the bar rule, you'll go out of business.

Horace heads to his bar stand and pulls out three beer jugs with a new purple color drink.

HORACE: Eh, I'll just adapt to the time period. In fact, I'm currently working on a revamp to The Drunken Clam, and I'm gonna call it The Smoothie Clam, and I even created a recipe for a new drink to sell at the revamped Clam. And you all get a prototype of it now.

Horace hands Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire each a jug, and the three take a swing of the drink... Only to have their eyes widen and all spit it out in disgust.

QUAGMIRE: Dear God, that was awful!

CLEVELAND: It's like Loretta's aunt's sloppy kisses.

PETER: Horace, what the hell was that?!

HORACE: A juice smoothie with tabasco sauce inside it.

Horace sees Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire's sour looks.

HORACE: And from the looks of it, I need to go back to the drawing board.

EXT. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

Horace takes the drinks and dumps them outback into a batch of flowers, which die from the liquid afterward.

EXT./ESTB. CLEVELAND'S DELI - DAY

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI - SAME

PAN UP from a mess of dirty glasses on the floor to see Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire gulping down milk, and sigh.

PETER: Man, we tried smoothies, punch, lemonade, and even milk and none of them seem to be good substitutes for beer drinking.

QUAGMIRE: It's just not the same getting drunk on milk than beer.

CLEVELAND: Too bad we won't have that experience again.

PETER: Yeah... (BEAT; IDEA) Or maybe we can still do what we love!

CLEVELAND: Peter what are you talking about?

PETER: Cleveland, we got until Tuesday for the big Lois bomb, and that's four days away.

QUAGMIRE: So?

PETER: So, we can still do what we love until that date. (WRAPS ARMS AROUND QUAGMIRE AND CLEVELAND) Come on, guys. It's the 90's! Let's make the best of this glorious time we live in.

CLEVELAND/QUAGMIRE: Yeah!

Peter and Quagmire leave out before Cleveland stops the two.

CLEVELAND: Oop! Don't forget to pay for the drinks.

The guys **laugh** it off before Cleveland snaps it off.

CLEVELAND: (STERNLY) No seriously, pay for the drinks.

ILLEGAL LAW MONTAGE:

EXT. STREETS - SUNRISE

PETER (O.S.): Number six, no graffiti.

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire goes up to a wall, **shake** their spray paint cans to begin tagging the wall. Peter tags "NO ONE'S FREE 'TIL WE'RE ALL FREE", Quagmire tags "GIGGITY GOO" and Cleveland tags "DESTROY RACISM". Though as they leave, Peter heads back to Cleveland's message and adds "DOUBT IT".

EXT. QUAHOG STREETS - DAY

CLEVELAND (O.S.): Number fifteen, no illegal street racing.

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire race around Quahog at high speeds in their cars, **laughing** and **yelling** at each other. While they were racing, a woman was about to cross the street before being caught off-guard by the speeding guys.

Woman: Yaah! Damn men!

Quagmire's car later backs up to the woman.

QUAGMIRE: Hey there, sweetcakes! Wanna come over to my house later on?

EXT. HILL - AFTERNOON

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire go on a food hunt. With them driving across Quahog trying out all the local street vendors and food trucks.

CLEVELAND: Peter, none of Lois' rules said anything about banning these places.

PETER: Would you put it pass Lois to ban something good?

Cleveland and Quagmire look at each other for a BEAT.

QUAGMIRE: Has a point.

CLEVELAND: Might be right.

EXT. QUAHOG PIER - AFTERNOON

QUAGMIRE (O.S.): Number twenty-seven, no fireworks on days that are not the fourth of July.

Peter smuggles fireworks and **lights** them in the middle of the pier. He sets them off and heads to the highest roof where Cleveland and Quagmire are to see the fireworks. The sky lights up in a kaleidoscope of colors, and the three friends watch in awe. But then the sparks land on the pier and set it on **fire**, causing them to flee in terror. **PAN UP TO** the SUN, which...

DISSOLVE TO:

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. QUAHOG STREETS - DUSK

Becomes a moon. **PAN DOWN TO** Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire walking the streets while checking the legal list.

CLEVELAND: Welp, I think we took down every item that was on that list.

PETER: Fellas, hold on. There's one more law not crossed out.

QUAGMIRE: What's the final item of the list, Peter?

PETER: Let's see the last one for the list is... (BEAT) "No bars and alcohol".

The three stop as they look at the last item and look above to see The Drunken Clam.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - DUSK

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire enter and find the bar completely empty, except for Horace cleaning the bar table.

HORACE: Ah, my favorite customers have come for the last time before the Clam gets revamped. And before I was about to close the bar for the final time. Lemme guess, three of the usual?

PETER: Yeah. And we'll take them to go.

HORACE: I actually knew you guys were coming, so I made these in advance.

Horace brought out three beer jugs and hands one to each of them.

HORACE: Here's one for the Pete-boy, one for the Q-Man and one for the Dark Chocolate. And don't worry about paying, boys. They're free for this night only.

PETER: Thanks, Horace.

HORACE: It's been a pleasure serving you guys beers for the final time.

EXT. DRUNKEN CLAM - DUSK

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire exit out with their beers as Horace exits to shut the bar down and wave them goodbye.

CLEVELAND: Goodbye, Horace! We hope to see what you do next for the Clam.

HORACE: Thanks! And goodbye, my most valuable income!

The guys are gone. Horace looks small and alone on the street.

HORACE: Goodbye... my friends. (TEARS UP; WHISPERS) My friends!

Horace looks back more somberly at the bar as he puts up a sign that says "CLOSED (FOR GOOD)". He **sighs** as he walks off.

INT. HORACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Horace is seen in his chair with a beer can watching the election.

EXT. QUAHOG TOWN HALL - NIGHT (ON TV)

The Performance Artist is in front of a teleprompter that's printing the winner.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Okay, y'all. It was a close one, but all the votes are in, and we're ready to announce Quahog's new mayor!

INT. HORACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Horace drinks the last bit of beer from his can.

HORACE: I'm gonna miss selling you, old friend.

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI - CONTINUOUS

Cleveland is behind the counter watching the election while Cleveland Jr. was jumping on a table booth seat.

CLEVELAND: Cleveland Jr., settle down. The votes are in and Daddy's wants to hear the winner. And we told you quit jumping on the seats.

CLEVELAND JR.: You're not the boss of me, Dad! Ha-ha!

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter, Chris and Meg are on the sofa watching the election.

MEG: Come on, Mom!

PETER: You can pull through, Adam West!

CHRIS: GO MOM!

EXT. QUAHOG TOWN HALL - NIGHT (ON TV)

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: And the winner for the mayoral election is... Adam West!

The crowd **cheers**.

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter jumps up victorious as Chris and Meg look slack jawed.

PETER: Yeah!

CHRIS/MEG: What?!

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI - CONTINUOUS

CLEVELAND: No way, he won?!

INT. HORACE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HORACE: Yes! I can still run my bar!

Horace **smashes** his beer can on the ground jumps up in celebration, but it dies down when he comes to a realization.

HORACE: I... just sold thousands of dollars worth of beer for free... Damn it.

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter continues to celebrate, dancing around the living room until he bumped into Lois by accident, who just entered the house along with Loretta and Brian.

PETER: Lois, you won't believe it. Adam West won!

LOIS: (SIGH) Yeah. I know.

PETER: Wait, you knew he was gunna win? How? Especially since you mentioned you got major support from citizens?

LORETTA: Well, we did. Until the night before the election.

LOIS: We had one more town meeting, and we decided to let Adam West speak first since we thought he would lost. And then...

EXT. QUAHOG TOWN HALL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Adam West has a long awkward silence as he stares at the crowd. They give him no applause or a no cheer to be heard.

ADAM WEST: It seems I have no one left to support me for this election. And I know you all have good reasons to. And I doubt I can use my looks or vocabulary to help me. Buuut, I do have one more thing up my sleeve to see if I can regain all your support.

Adam reaches down and puts out a complete series box set of the 1966 Batman show.

ADAM WEST: Everyone who votes for me gets a signed copy of the complete series of my Batman show!

The crowd **cheers** and focuses away back on Adam West, who only stares as the Performance Artist takes off the Lois voting shirts and puts on an Adam West voting shirt.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: Sorry, but I need a winner. And right now, Adam's that winner!

The Performance Artist runs over to Adam, and Lois **groans**.

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS: So, I was doomed to lose from the moment voting opened.

PETER: Huh... so that meant what I say was right all along. Ha! I was right!

Peter begins dancing around again, but this time singing "**I was right**". Which Lois rolled her eyes at.

LORETTA: Hey at least you tried to fight against him, Lois.

BRIAN: And sometimes, trying is better than succeeding. Though believe me, I would've vote for you in a heartbeat. Well, if I could've vote.

EXT. VOTING HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Brian is shown getting kicked out of the voting house.

SECURITY GUARD: Didn't you read the sign, dog?! No! Dogs! Allowed!

The security guard **slams** the door.

BRIAN: You have no respect for talking dogs!

EXT./ESTB. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM BOOTH - SAME

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire are back at their booth, being served beers from Horace again, like nothing happened.

PETER: Here's to Adam West. The best mayor we all could ask for. Sure he might bring some new laws, but whatever laws he'll bring will be much better than what Lois was gunna bring to the table.

QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND/HORACE/BARGOERS: Here, here!

The trio begins drinking beers as Horace looks upon them and sighs.

HORACE: Man, it's good to be back.

EXT. QUAHOG STREETS - NIGHT

Peter is seen drunkenly driving and drinking his beer he took to go like at the beginning of the episode, except compared to the previous time, he **hits** something that stops his car in his tracks by an unknown man.

PETER: Who the hell do you think you are stopping my carrrrrAAh!

Peter's pulled out of his car and is giving an ass kicking by the man.

PETER: Who-Who are you?!

PETER'S P.O.V. - the man holds him up by his collar to show Adam West dressed as "Batman".

ADAM WEST: The name's Batman. And I'm dishing out some justice in this messed-up city with a corrupt mayor. And you're gunna get to see what happens when you deal with me.

"Batman" then punches Peter and knocks his lights out!

EXT./ESTB. QUAHOG TOWN HALL - NEXT DAY

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME

Adam West sits in his mayor office, doodling on papers he needs to sign when a pissed off Peter barges into Mayor West's office with a blackened right eye.

ADAM WEST: Ah, what seems to be your problem, kind citizen?

PETER: I'll tell you the problem, someone beat me up for doing something perfectly legal.

ADAM WEST: So, what do you want me to do about it?

Adam West reaches for a peppermint in his bowl, only to not feel any and find the peppermints gone. **PAN RIGHT** to see the Performance Artist's face covered with peppermint smudges.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: I took a few peppermints from the dish.

The Performance Artist notices Adam angrily eying him.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST: I'll- see myself out.

The Performance Artist then leaves sheepishly.

ADAM WEST: I'll take care of him later, but what do you want me to do about this person?

PETER: I want him caught and given a good punishment for what he did!

ADAM WEST: Hmmmm, I'll see what I can do... but I doubt there's a way I'll be able to catch this smooth and slick vigilante.

Adam gives a smug wink to Peter, making Peter leave. After a BEAT, Adam checks outside his office suspiciously before closing the office doors and locking them as he went into his closet and pushed aside clothes that revealed a pin pad.

ADAM WEST (V.O.): I may be a horrible mayor for this town...

He then enters a code, which opens a secret room he enters as the closet reverts to normal.

INT. SECRET ROOM

Adam then walks up to a costume display that shows his Batman costume in a display case.

ADAM WEST (V.O.): But that'll be my cover story.

Adam then goes into a quick rapid montage of changing from his mayor outfitter into his Batman costume.

ADAM WEST (V.O.): I'm a horrible mayor by day...

EXT. QUAHOG TOWN HALL - NIGHT

PAN ABOVE to show Adam in his Batman costume, looking off into the night.

ADAM WEST (V.O.): Superhero of justice in this crime-ridden town by night!

PAN UP to show the **BATMAN** signal flare up into the dark sky, while a bolt of lightning strikes down, dramatically.

END OF SHOW