

**FAMILY GUY**

"Mind Over Murder"

Production #1ACX03

Written by

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Created by

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BROADCAST DRAFT (GOLDENROD)  
April 28, 1999

# "Mind Over Murder"

## CAST LIST FOR #1ACX03:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN  
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN  
MEG GRIFFIN.....LACEY CHABERT  
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
ANNOUNCER.....SETH MACFARLANE  
BERT.....WALLY WINGERT  
BICUSPID.....SETH MACFARLANE  
BLACK WOMAN.....LESLIE UGGAMS  
BOY.....SETH MACFARLANE  
CHARLIE.....SETH MACFARLANE  
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY  
DRUNK GUY.....SETH GREEN  
ELDERLY NAKED PRIEST.....SETH MACFARLANE  
ERNIE.....SETH MACFARLANE  
FAUN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
GUY #1.....BUTCH HARTMAN  
GUY #2.....SETH MACFARLANE  
HOUSEWIFE #1.....LORI ALAN  
HOUSEWIVES.....FEMALE CAST  
INCISOR.....SETH MACFARLANE  
LORETTA.....ALEX BORSTEIN  
MAN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
MISTY.....LORI ALAN  
PARENT #1.....BUTCH HARTMAN  
PARENT #2.....SETH MACFARLANE  
PATRIOT/EERIE VOICE.....WALLY WINGERT  
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE  
REFEREE.....SETH GREEN  
SOCCER PARENT.....ALEX ROCCO  
SPY.....SETH MACFARLANE  
STRANGER.....BUTCH HARTMAN  
V.O.....SETH MACFARLANE  
YOUNG PETER.....SETH MACFARLANE

COLD OPEN

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The family sits on the sofa, watching television.

ON TV:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. STREET, 1860'S - DAY

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 "Theatre." 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 the back. Booth raises his gun, and takes a shot at Lincoln, blowing a hole in his hat. Lincoln whirls around, alarmed. Booth smiles with the smoking gun. Lincoln gives him an "Oh, you devil" expression. Booth turns to the CAMERA, holding up the candy package for us to see, as we FREEZE-FRAME.

V.O.

Mintos! The Freshmaker.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEG

These commercials are stupid.

LOIS

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.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. AMPHITHEATER (FANTASY) - EVENING

The packed house listens to a piano concert.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER (FANTASY) - SAME

ON LOIS - Dressed in a formal evening gown, on stage performing a solo. As she nails the final note, the crowd erupts into **thunderous applause**. Lois takes a bow. In the wings, we see Peter, dressed in a tuxedo, blowing her a kiss. She smiles as flowers shower onto the stage. Suddenly, she is hit in the head with a baby's bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - MORNING

LOIS has been daydreaming while washing silverware. STEWIE sits in his high chair, holding his jaw in agony.

STEWIE

Blast you, woman! Awake from your  
damnable reverie!

Lois sighs and retrieves the baby bottle he's thrown.

LOIS

(SIGH) Honey, I'm doing the dishes.

STEWIE

Oh, well, a thousand pardons for  
disrupting your flatware sanitation  
ritual (DEEP BREATH) but, you see,  
I'M IN SEARING PAIN!

LOIS

Oh, you're just teething, Stewie.  
It's a normal part of a baby's life.

STEWIE

Very well, then. I order you to kill  
me at once!

---

LOIS

Aw, honey. I know you're hurting,  
but Mommy has to clean up the house,  
all right?

STEWIE

No it's not all right. For the love  
of god, shake me! Shake me like a  
British nanny!

Lois sighs again.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

An idyllic fishing hole. PETER, BRIAN, QUAGMIRE, and  
CLEVELAND sit in a fishing boat. They're loaded and a little  
sunburned. A dozen empty beer cans float in the water.

PETER

Aw, man, this is the life. Hey, hand  
me another one of them Pawtucket  
Patriots.

Brian hands him a beer. (On the beer can we see the symbol  
of the PAWTUCKET PATRIOT, a young Johnny Tremaine-type in a  
tri-cornered hat and holding a frosty mug.)

PETER (CONT'D)

Guys, guys, I-I wanna say a toast to  
you. Q-Q-Quagmire, Cleveland....

He just stares at Brian, blanking.

BRIAN

Brian.

PETER

Yeah, yeah.

(MORE)

---



PETER (CONT'D)

If - if you guys were beers, I would  
drink every one of you. And I, I  
wish you were, 'cause we're out.

Everyone but Brian doubles over with laughter. Peter  
crumples his can and tosses it in the water.

CLEVELAND

Oh, that's funny. That's even more  
humorous than that joke you told us  
last night.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Peter sits at a table with Quagmire, Cleveland, and Brian.

PETER

Okay, so a Jewish guy and a Chinese  
guy walk into a bar... right, eh, oh,  
oh, wait a second.

He looks over his left shoulder. There's nothing but JEWISH  
GUYS. He looks over his right shoulder. There's nothing but  
CHINESE GUYS. Peter turns back to his pals.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, Jewish guy and a Chinese guy  
walk into a bar, and there's this  
naked priest sittin' there, and he --  
ooh, sorry, Father.

We see that Peter and his pals are sitting with an ELDERLY  
NAKED PRIEST wearing a clerical collar.

ELDERLY NAKED PRIEST

(IRISH BROGUE) Oh, I've heard 'em all.

EXT. LAKE - DAY - (BACK TO PRESENT)

CLEVELAND

(CHECKS WATCH) Oh, look at the time.

I promised Loretta I was gonna trim  
the hedges and be tender with her.

PETER

Believe me, Cleveland, o-our wives  
need some time off as much as we do.  
This-this is when Lois does all those  
little things women like to do.

INT. GRIFFINS' BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Lois, looking a little weary from her housework, is plunging  
the toilet.

SFX: CAR PULLING UP AND HONK

She puts the plunger down and checks her hair in the mirror,  
then hurries into:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lois picks some magazines up off the floor and puts them on  
the coffee table as Peter enters with Brian. Peter carries  
a cooler and tackle gear.

BRIAN

(TO PETER) I'll be on your bed. No  
calls.

Brian leaves. Lois watches in dismay as Peter "undoes" all of the housework she's just done; i.e., tracks muddy footprints across the carpet, drops his jacket and tackle gear on the furniture, knocks the magazines off the coffee table, etc.

PETER

Heya, Lois. Look, I know you've been busy all day so I took care of dinner.

LOIS

Really?

He pulls a big dead fish out of the cooler and drops it on the coffee table with a loud **thwack**.

PETER

All you gotta do is gut it, clean it, scale it, and cook it.

He **kisses** her, plops onto the couch, and flips on the TV. \*

LOIS

Peter, I spent all morning cleaning up the house and in five seconds you turn it into low-tide at the pier.

Peter notices the mess he's just made.

PETER

Aw geez, I'm sorry, honey. I-I-I'd help you clean it up, but I-ayay you know how lousy I am with housework.

Heh, remember when I tried doin' the laundry? \*

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT - AFTERNOON - (FLASHBACK)

Peter's taking laundry out of the dryer.

PETER

Aw, let's see... shirt, pants, he-

hey, I'm missin' another sock! Hey!

Peter pounds on the back of the dryer. The back of the drum opens like a door. Peter tumbles out onto a snowy landscape. A cloven-hoofed FAUN (like a satyr) skips up to him. \*

FAUN

Welcome to Narnia! I'm Mr. Tumnus!

Mr. Tumnus is wearing one sock on his hoof.

PETER

Hey! Gimme back my sock, ya' goat-

bastahd!

Mr. Tumnus runs away.

PETER (CONT'D)

H-Hey!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

You're right, it's better if I do it.

STEWIE (O.S.)

Aah! Damn it to the bowels of bloody hell!

LOIS

(SIGHS) The baby's up. Can you get him?

PETER

Okay. I just hope he doesn't need changin'. I'm a little gun-shy after what happened last time.

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Stewie lays on his back, while Peter changes his diaper. Next to Peter is a white bottle of talcum powder and an orange bottle. Peter grabs the orange bottle.

STEWIE

No, no, no, you imbecile, that's not talc, that's paprika!

Peter sprinkles the paprika between Stewie's legs.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Aaaah! (SHOOTS A STREAM OF PEE IN PETER'S EYE) Take that!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

(GETTING ANNOYED) All right, I'll do that, too. Can you at least take Chris to his game?

PETER

Aw geez, Lois, I just spent all morning on a boat with my friends drinking beer, tellin' jokes and screwin' around. How 'bout a little me time?

LOIS

Honey, I'm beggin' ya, just drop  
Chris off at his soccer game and come  
right home. I need you to look after  
Stewie while I'm teaching piano  
lessons. Please?

PETER

You know, I spoil ya. \*

Peter exits.

EXT./ESTAB. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - SAME

Peter pulls up in a car with CHRIS. They both get out.  
Chris, is wearing a red soccer uniform (along with his  
baseball cap). His shorts are stretched at the seams. Chris  
starts toward the field.

CHRIS

Thanks for the ride, Dad.

PETER

Awright. Have fun, Chris.

ON QUAGMIRE - He sits in the bleachers flirting with some middle-aged women.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, Peter!

PETER

Quagmire? What are you doin' here?

QUAGMIRE

Oh, heh, you know, soccer moms!

Heheh, all right.

PAN TO a group of SOCCER MOMS. PAN BACK TO Quagmire, who nods.

PETER

Why, I'd love to hang around wit'ya,

but Lois needs me at home.

Quagmire pulls a beer from a cooler.

QUAGMIRE

I got beer!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER

Peter, now shirtless, has a beer in one hand and waves his shirt over his head with the other.

PETER

Boo, Lois! Yay, beer!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

In the b.g., we see a young boy playing the piano. Lois holds Stewie in the next room. He looks miserable and grumbles. She glances at her watch, annoyed.

LOIS

Ssshhhh. It's okay, Stewie. (TO  
HERSELF) Where the hell's Peter?  
(CALLING TO DEN) That was good,  
Reuben. Now play, uh, B-Brahms'  
Lullabye.

SFX: PIANO PLAYING "BRAHMS' LULLABYE" (The student keeps  
playing one particular note wrong.)

LOIS (CONT'D)

(SINGING) "Lullabye, and good  
night..."

STEWIE

Oh, enough! The only thing worse  
than the wretched pain in my mouth is  
the excrement spewing from yours!

LOIS

Aw, I wish I could make the pain go  
away sooner but I can't turn time  
forward. \*



STEWIE

(EUREKA!) No, no, but perhaps I can!

Of course! I'll simply build a

machine that can move time! I shall

call it... (PROUDLY) a "time machine!"

The piano music ends on a particularly sour wrong note.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED) E flat, Salieri! E flat!

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

Chris is standing still, prepared to block a corner kick.

PETER

(SHOUTING) Go Chris! Daddy loves

you! (TO NEARBY PARENT) I-I mean that

in a platonic way.. I'm married.

A PLAYER from the opposing blue team takes the corner kick. Chris catches it, then realizing, drops the ball and tries to look innocent.

SFX: WHISTLE BLOWS

REFEREE

Hand ball! Penalty kick, blue!

Chris looks sheepish. A beer-bellied SOCCER PARENT (in a red sweatshirt) loses it.

SOCCER PARENT

(LIVID) That's the tenth time today!

(SHOUTING TO CHRIS) Nice grab, Orca!

Hey, get Moby Dick off the field

before he burps up a license plate!

PETER

Hey, hey, hey, easy, fella, that's my  
kid. Now apologize.

SOCCER PARENT

Okay, I'm sorry your kid's a brain  
dead stinkin' bleu cheese fat ass!

The Soccer Parent knocks beer out of Peter's hand.

PETER

Oh, oh, that's it.

Peter decks the Soccer Parent, knocking him out cold.

ON CHRIS - watching from the field.

CHRIS

Way to go, Dad!

BACK TO the sidelines. A BOY from the red team runs over to  
the Soccer Parent, who's sprawled out on the ground.

BOY

(TO PETER) Hey, you hit my mom!

PETER

No, I hit your dad.

A crowd starts to gather.

PARENT #1

Whoa, stand back. Give her some air.

PETER

Yo-you mean, give him some air.

PARENT #2

Call an ambulance! She's going into  
labor!

PETER

Y-you mean, he's going into labor.

SFX: CRY OF NEWBORN BABY

PETER

(REALIZING) Whoops.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAYS LATER - EVENING

~~EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - SAME~~

Peter's having a beer with Brian, Quagmire, and Cleveland.

PETER

I can't believe I punched a woman.

BRIAN

A pregnant woman.

PETER

I just hope she accepts my peace offering. I sent her a little somethin' for the baby.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING - (CUTAWAY)

The Soccer Parent lays in bed with a black eye, holding her NEWBORN beside her. She unwraps a jack-in-the-box. She smiles and cranks the handle. It tinkles a little tune, then pops open and socks her in the other eye.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - EVENING - (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Ha, 'course, I woulda brought it over  
myself if I wasn't under house arrest.

CLEVELAND

Oh, you're just fortunate this is  
your first offense, Peter.

PETER

Ha, no kiddin'. Coulda been a lot  
worse if the cops knew about those  
other times I broke the law...

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Peter stands with his back against the wall, next to a sign  
that reads "No Loitering." His eyes dart from side to side,  
guiltily.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - EVENING - (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

Then there was that time I took a  
whiz in public...

EXT. QUAHOG COMMUNITY POOL - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

As PARENTS and KIDS swim around beside him, Peter stands  
motionless in the pool, guiltily darting his eyes from side  
to side.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - EVENING - (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

And that time I snuck into  
Wimbledon...

EXT. TENNIS MATCH - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

SFX: TENNIS STROKES

Peter darts his eyes from side to side, following the volley.

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - EVENING - (BACK TO PRESENT)

QUAGMIRE

Heh. (GETTING UP) Well, me and  
Cleveland are gonna amscray, heheh.

PETER

You guys can't leave me here alone.

CLEVELAND

.. Well, why don't you come with us?

Peter shows the guys his ankle bracelet. It has a small  
flashing red light.

PETER

Aw, I can't leave the premises.

They're monitoring my every move.

INT. QUAHOG COMMAND CENTRAL - DAY - (CUTAWAY)

SECURITY GUARDS sit around watching a video screen.

ON VIDEO SCREEN - It's a game of "Pong." A little white blip  
is bouncing back and forth.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - A WEEK LATER - DAY

OVERHEAD SHOT of Peter running back and forth between two  
living room walls, just like the blip in "Pong."

PETER

(FRUSTRATED) Ha, I gotta get out of  
here!... I gotta get out of here!...

I gotta get out of here!

**NORMAL SHOT** of the living room. While Peter paces like a caged animal, Brian reads the paper and Stewie tinkers with his tools off in the corner. Lois enters from the kitchen and gives Peter a kiss and a beer.

LOIS

There's my little house husband.

It's been so wonderful having you  
home all week.

She kisses him.

PETER

Oh, thanks, honey, butta honestly, I  
don't know how you stand being in the  
house all day. I mean, I-I'm so  
bored I can't even watch TV anymore.  
All the shows are starting to run  
together.

**ON TV (CUTAWAY):**

We see a title card that says: "HOMICIDE: LIFE ON SESAME  
STREET."

ANNOUNCER

This show contains adult content, and  
is brought to you by the letter "H."

**INT. RUN-DOWN NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAWN**

A telephone rings. BERT from Sesame Street groans, rolls over and answers the phone.

BERT

(INTO PHONE) Hello... (SIGH) Son of  
a bitch... I'm on my way.

---



As Bert gets out of bed, we see him naked from behind. He pulls on a pair of dirty jeans.

---

BERT (CONT'D)

Some poor bastard got his head blown  
off, down at a place called

"Hooper's."

Bert takes a slug from a bottle and coughs. REVEAL Ernie,  
also in bed. He sits up and starts eating a cookie. \*

ERNIE

Bert, I wish you wouldn't drink so  
much, Bert.

BERT

Well, Ernie, I wish you wouldn't eat  
cookies in the damn bed.

ERNIE

Bert, you're shouting again, Bert.

Bert reacts and a musical sting.

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

PETER

I know you can't understand what I'm  
goin' through, Lois. I mean, all  
this stuff that makes you happy,  
y'know, like cooking and cleaning,  
it's, it's right here in the house,  
just waiting for you. You are one  
lucky...

BRIAN

(QUIETLY) Ah, ah, stop now.

LOIS

(TIGHTLY) Peter, I don't do those things because I enjoy them, I do them because I love my family.

---

PETER

Hehehehehe. (TAUNTING) Lois loves her family. Lois loves her family... \*

(SINGING) Lois and her family sitting in a tree.... (OFF HER LOOK) See, now Lois. The guys would've found that hilarious. \*

LOIS

(FLIRTY) Why don't I go buy some groceries and make us a nice romantic dinner, you know, like when we were dating. That oughta take your mind off the guys.

PETER

(BIG SMILE) It already has!

Lois smiles and exits. Peter turns to Brian.

PETER (CONT'D)

I wonder what the guys are up to.

EXT. QUAHOG COMMUNITY POOL - DAY - (CUTAWAY)

As PARENTS and KIDS swim around beside them, Quagmire and Cleveland stand motionless in the pool. Quagmire's eyes guiltily dart from side to side. After a beat, Cleveland turns and looks at Quagmire.

CLEVELAND

Oh, that's nasty.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT - DAY

Peter, holding a Pawtucket Patriot beer, opens the basement door. He flails his arms about, looking for the light.

PETER

Ah, where's the damn pullstring?

He pulls the string, and the light comes on. A SPIDER hangs from a web right in front of his face.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah, AAAH! Heh, you never know what

you're gonna find down here.

Suddenly, a DOG abruptly descends from another web, barking viciously in Peter's face.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aaaah!

Peter is startled and falls down the stairs, grunting, landing on the floor. He gets up, woozily, rubbing his head. \*

EERIE VOICE (O.S.)

Peter!

Peter shakes his head, trying to clear his vision.

PETER'S P.O.V. - A ghostly image of a strapping young COLONIAL MAN hovers before Peter. Peter looks at the Patriot on his beer can, then back at the apparition.

PETER

Hey, hey, you're the Pawtucket

Patriot.

PATRIOT

Verily! Come hither and give heed!

PETER

Whoa, whoa, whoa, I don't swing that way, pal. Look, I got a date with my female wife. I just came down to get some beers.

PATRIOT

Why spend time with your wife? If you build a bar in this basement and stock it with plenty of frosty Pawtucket Patriots, your friends will come down here for a beer, as well.

PETER

Build a bar? That's a great idea! The apparition starts to disappear.

PETER

Wait, wait, wait, one last question... If I walk through you, does that mean, like, we've "done it"?

PATRIOT (V.O.)

Geez, what's with you and the gay jokes?

**PETER BAR-BUILDING MONTAGE:**

We INTERCUT the following under HAPPY UPBEAT MUSIC:

- Peter cheerfully builds a counter.
- Lois comes home with bags of groceries in her arms.
- Peter happily assembles a bar stool.

- Lois puts a roast in the oven.
  - Peter sits on the can, reading the newspaper.
  - Lois pulls a fabulous cooked roast from the oven.
-



- Peter is still on the can, but now he's sleeping.
- Lois lights the candles on her perfectly set table. She checks her hair in a mirror, then looks around, satisfied all is ready.
- Peter is back in the basement. His bar is complete. He finishes painting the last letter of a sign that reads, "Ye Olde Pube." He stares at the sign for a beat, then paints over the "e" in "Olde."
- Lois sits alone in the dining room with a candlelit dinner in front of her. She looks down at her watch, annoyed.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT - EVENING

Peter looks around his completed basement-bar. It's a simple but comfortable space. Peter wipes down the bar. Lois enters from upstairs, miffed.

LOIS

Peter, where the hell have you been?

We had a date.

PETER

Ah, sorry, honey, musta lost track of the time. (RE: BAR) What do you say? Hey, you think the guys'll like it?

LOIS

(LOOKS AROUND) This is why you missed our dinner? To make a bar for your friends?

PETER

Yeah, isn't it great? Ya, boy, I feel just like Tim Allen. I build stuff, and I have a criminal record!

(GRUNTS LIKE TIM ALLEN)

In a "Home Improvement"-esque transition, TIM ALLEN leans into the frame, inserts a straw in his nose and inhales the entire screen, revealing the next scene.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - THAT EVENING

Peter, Cleveland, Quagmire and CHARLIE are huddled together, sharing a loud, drunken raucous laugh.

PETER

Okay, okay, okay. Guys, I got another one. What's the difference between pornography and art?

QUAGMIRE

(LAUGHING ALREADY) Here it comes.

PETER

A government grant!

Peter looks back and forth, mouth agape, anticipating laughter. The crowd erupts with laughter.

CLEVELAND

Peter. You are in the zone.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The house rattles from the party music coming from the basement. There are stacks and stacks of dirty dishes and glasses piled high on every usable bit of countertop. Lois is standing at the sink, washing glasses, fuming. Peter enters from the basement, holding a drink.

PETER

Heya, honey. Y'know those little  
clam cakes you always make whenever  
we have company? I need about a  
dozen of those... A, you know,  
actually, better make it like six  
hundred.

LOIS

That's it, Peter! I'm not a servant.  
I'm through takin' care of you and  
your bar buddies.

PETER

Geez, where the hell did that come  
from?

Lois exits. Peter follows her into:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Meg watch TV as Stewie tools away on his time  
machine. Lois picks up Stewie (interrupting his tinkering)  
and hands him to Peter.

LOIS

Watch the kids, I'm taking a hot bath.

She exits upstairs.

STEWIE

(TO PETER) Ah, Put me down, you  
Brobdingnagian blunderbuss!

MEG

He's a little cranky from teething.

PETER

Aw, I can fix that.

Peter dips his finger into his drink and starts to rub it over Stewie's gums. Stewie yells and spits, disgusted.

STEWIE

(HORRIFIED) Good God, man! One can only imagine what foul regions that finger has erstwhile probed!

PETER

There ya go. My mother used to use whiskey whenever I had a toothache...

INT. 1950'S-STYLE LIVING ROOM - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

A nine year-old Peter looks OFF-CAMERA.

YOUNG PETER

.. My toof hurts.

A whiskey bottle whizzes past Peter's head and smashes against the wall behind him.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - EVENING - (BACK TO PRESENT)

Peter removes his finger. Stewie looks much more relaxed.

PETER

There, how's that feel?

STEWIE

(DRUNK) Well... it's... it's... it's delightful.

INT. GRIFFINS' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SFX: RUNNING WATER

Lois enjoys a serene, "Calgon moment." She lounges in a bubble bath with the water still running, surrounded by lit candles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMPHITHEATER (FANTASY) - EVENING

In the continuation of Lois' earlier fantasy, the sound of the running water turns into the sound of thunderous applause...

Lois takes another bow in front of the packed amphitheater.  
**Fireworks** go off in the evening sky in celebration of Lois'  
grand performance.



SFX: FIREWORKS

LOIS

Thank you. Thank you, very much.

---

Lois makes her way offstage where she's greeted by an applauding, tuxedo-clad Peter.

PETER

Lois, you are a wonderful woman.

Words cannot express the depth of my appreciation and love for you.

LOIS

Oh, Peter.

The two kiss passionately as skyrockets explode in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SFX: WATER RUNNING

Lois smiles to herself as she turns off the water flowing into the tub.

SFX: WATER STILL RUNNING

Lois looks up, puzzled. She turns and is shocked to find Charlie taking a whiz in the toilet.

LOIS

(SHRIEKS)

CHARLIE

Hey, you must be Lois.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - LATER

The bar is even more swingin' than before. Chris sneaks a beer from the tap and is about to drink it when Peter grabs it out of his hand and dumps it out. Chris smiles sheepishly. Meg serves drinks to some people sitting at a table. They give her a buck as a tip.

ON STEWIE - He's totally inebriated, chatting up a ditzy, curvaceous BLONDE at the bar.

STEWIE

---

(EXPLAINING) No, no, not silicone,  
silicon. And, the design of the  
device is quite ingenious, if I do  
say so myself, Misty -- what a  
delightful moniker.

Stewie starts sketching blueprints onto a cocktail napkin.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(RE: SKETCH) You see... Misty,  
(LAUGHS) my time manipulator employs  
axioms from the quantum theory of  
molecular propulsion...

His pencil breaks.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(GASPS) I've broken my pencil.

MISTY

I have a Barney pen in my purse,  
hmmmm.

She hands it to Stewie. He leans in close to her.

STEWIE

You... are spectacular!

The basement door bursts open. Lois stands at the top of the stairs in a bathrobe with a towel wrapped over her hair.

---

She furiously marches to the bottom of the stairs where Chris stands next to a velvet rope. Chris blocks her path.

LOIS

Chris, what are you doing here?

CHRIS

Sorry, Mom. (THEN) I'm gonna need to see some I.D.

LOIS

(ANGRY) Chris, go to your room.

Chris turns to exit. Stewie stumbles up to Lois, still drunk.

STEWIE

Hello, Mother. Care to partake in one of your oh-so-exhilarating games of peek-a-boo? (CACKLES DERISIVELY)

LOIS

Oh my god, my baby is drunk!

The music grinds to a halt. Peter comes over.

PETER

No, I'm not. (OFF STEWIE) What, oh, him? Oh, yeah, yeah, he's a real lightweight.

LOIS

(FURIOUS) Meg, take Stewie upstairs.

Meg exits upstairs with Stewie.

STEWIE

(SINGING) "Show me the way to go home..." Everybody!

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

"I'm tired and I want to go to  
bed..." Just the women! (FADES OUT)

---

LOIS

Peter, in the seventeen years that  
we've been married I have never been

---

as angry as I--

She spots her piano off in the corner.

LOIS (CONT'D)

What is my piano doin' down here?

PETER

Well, it was supposed to be a clam  
cake buffet, butta... (OFF HER GLARE)  
uh... never mind.

LOIS

That does it, Peter. Either this bar  
goes or I do.

PETER

Oh, Lois, honey, I-I haven't even  
told you the other reason your  
piano's down here. (THINKING FAST) I,  
I uh...uh... wanted you to play it...  
you know, like it was an instrument.

Lois looks doubtful.

PETER

I'm telling ya the truth. (TO  
FRIENDS) Right, guys?

We PAN down Peter's line of friends, each ad-libbing  
"absolutely", "definitely", etc. Finally, we reach a  
SCIENTIST reading the printout of a polygraph machine. The  
Scientist looks at Lois and shakes his head "no."

The patrons turn to Lois and ad-lib "please" "come on", etc. \*  
Lois softens.

LOIS

---

Oh, no, no. I couldn't.

A patron cheers Lois on.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Well... maybe one song.

As Lois starts for the piano, Peter secretly turns back to his friends.

PETER

(SOTTO) Pretend you like it. No

matter how bad it stinks.

The crowd nods. Lois sits at the piano and clears her throat.

LOIS

(SINGING, TIMIDLY) "You'll never know

just how much I love you. \*

Lois is really getting into it now. She stands as an \*  
ACCOMPANIST takes her place without missing a beat. \*

LOIS (CONT'D)

(WITH MORE CONFIDENCE) You'll never \*

know just how much I care."

The guys sit up and take notice.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(EMBOLDENED) "And if I tried I still

couldn't hide my love for you."

Lois pulls the towel from her head, revealing her wet and wild-looking hair.

The men rise to their feet, hooting and whistling.

LOIS

"You ought to know,

for haven't I told you

so."

PETER

(WEAKLY, TO FRIENDS)

Uh, o-okay, guys... th-

thank you. You can

stop pretending now.

LOIS

"If there is some other way..."

Lois wiggles out of her bathrobe, unveiling a sexy nightgown. The patrons whistle their approval.

The mostly male crowd is now totally turned on. They go wild with applause and catcalls. Peter starts to look uncomfortable.

LOIS (CONT'D)

"...to prove that I love you, I swear

I don't know how."

Brian notices Peter squirm.

BRIAN

Something troubling you, Peter?

PETER

(NERVOUSLY) Aw, no, nothing. Just

all my friends are eye-humpin' my

wife.

LOIS

"You'll never know if you don't know

now."



Peter looks worried.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois is excitedly talking to Meg and Chris as she serves them breakfast. A hungover Stewie is slumped in his high chair, head resting on the tray.

LOIS

It was absolutely amazing! The second that spotlight hit me I became a whole different person.

STEWIE

Silence, you contemptible shrew!

LOIS

Aw, I bet your gums are still sore.

STEWIE

Oh, you're so observant, aren't you? Are you a detective? Yes, my gums are sore! (GROANS, INWARDLY) Enough of this! I must complete my time machine, move time forward and end this agony!

Peter enters.

CHRIS

Hey, Dad, Mom said she was really on last night.

PETER

Oh, a, yeah. About that, a, Lois,  
see, the guy's were just bein'  
polite, you know. They, they thought  
your singing was too, uh...uh..

LOIS

I was just nervous. Tonight'll be  
better.

PETER

Tonight? Aw, honey, I-I don't think  
anyone's gonna come back tonight.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - THAT NIGHT

Scores of HUSBANDS pack the bar, which now seems more built  
up (more booths, a dance floor, etc.) Lois wears a sequined  
gown and exudes confidence and sensuality. She shimmies  
through the finale of "You Made Me Love You."

LOIS

(SINGING) "Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme  
what I cry for, you know you got the  
brand of kisses that I die for..."

Cleveland turns to Brian.

CLEVELAND

Oh, this one takes me back.

Quagmire watches from a nearby table with lust.

QUAGMIRE

Now that's a woman!

We PULL BACK to reveal that Quagmire is looking at different flashcards held by the Scientist.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

(OFF DIFFERENT CARDS) That's a house,  
that's a fish, that's a bee!

ON LOIS:

LOIS

"You know you made me love you!" I  
love you.

The crowd cheers as Lois blows a kiss to them.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Thank you, thank you. (RE: PIANIST)

Johnny Muldoon, ladies and gentlemen.

THE ACCOMPANIST puts his palms together and bows. The audience applauds. Lois takes a sip of water.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(ENCOURAGING THE APPLAUSE) You know,  
I was born in a little town called  
Quahog--

More applause.

DRUNK GUY (O.S.)

(SOUNDS LIKE HE'S AT THE BACK OF A

LARGE AUDITORIUM) We love you, Lois!

The guys hoot and howl: Lois giggles.

LOIS

Let me finish the story, fellas. You don't want to be up all night.

(COYLY) Or do you?

The guys hoot and howl again.

ON PETER - who is tending the bar.

PETER

(WITH DISDAIN) "Or do you?"

A STRANGER approaches.

STRANGER

(TO PETER, RE: LOIS) She's a smokin' little pistol, isn't she?

PETER

Are you a woman?

STRANGER

No.

Peter punches the Stranger in the face.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - SAME

Brian is reading the paper. Peter comes out of the house, twirling his ankle bracelet around on his finger.

PETER

(SIGH) My house arrest is over, Brian. Round up the guys. Now that I'm a free man, we can do anything we want.

BRIAN

Ooh, ah, there's only one thing the guys want to do, Peter, and that's ogle your wife. Heh, I tell ya, if Lois were my woman, I'd keep an eye on her. Then again, I'm the jealous type.

Peter looks worried.

EXT./ESTAB. STOP 'N SHOP - DAY

INT. STOP 'N SHOP - DAY

Peter walks down the aisle with Lois. He protectively watches over her like a hawk as every guy they pass checks her out. A passing MAN recognizes her.

MAN

Wow, Lois Griffin! Hey, I love your act. Nice melons.

Peter spins around, ready to clock the guy.

PETER

Hey, listen, pal...

LOIS

Peter. I'm holding melons.

We see that Lois is, in fact, holding a couple of melons.

PETER

Oh.

Peter and Lois continue down the aisle.

MAN

And her hooters ain't bad, either.

Peter hurries back into the screen.

PETER

(ANGRY, TO MAN) Now hang on a second  
there!

LOIS

Peter! I'm holding hooters.

We see that, in addition to two melons, Lois is also holding  
two OWLS. One of the owls hoots.

PETER

Oh. Sorry.

MAN

Huh, no problem. (LONG BEAT) Your  
wife's hot.

The guy runs away.

PETER

(STEAMED) All right, that's it!

Lois, your singin' days are over.

For God's sake, if I wanted to marry

Lola Falana, I would've.

INT. VEGAS DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

A BLACK WOMAN sits at her make-up mirror crying, her back to  
Peter. He looks younger, and nervous.

PETER

Look, Lola, this whole thing's goin'  
way too fast for me. \*

BLACK WOMAN

For the last time, I'm not Lola! I'm  
Leslie Uggams! \*

She hurls a vase of flowers at Peter.



INT. STOP 'N SHOP - DAY - (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

Peter, havin' me sing was your idea  
in the first place.

PETER

Hey, hey, hey, I just wanted to keep  
my bar. The whole reason I built  
that thing was so that my friends  
would come to see me, not you.

LOIS

Is that so? Well, let me tell you  
something. I love singing and I will  
continue to sing and..... (TEARING  
UP) Oh, how dare you upset me this  
close to showtime!

She runs off, upset.

PETER

Oh, Lois!

Peter runs after her. He turns a corner and bumps into  
somebody else's cart.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah, hey, watch where you're goin',  
buddy!

We PULL BACK to see that Peter has bumped into the Soccer  
Parent from Chris' soccer game. She holds her infant in her  
arms.

SOCCKER PARENT

Griffin! I gotta bone to pick with  
you!

PETER

Whoa, whoa, listen, pal, I don't want  
any more trouble.

A crowd of angry HOUSEWIVES starts to gather around the two  
of them.

SOCCKER PARENT

Thanks to your wife, my husband  
hasn't been home all week!

HOUSEWIFE #1

That singing hussy is destroying our  
marriages.

HOUSEWIVES

(AFFIRMATIVE NOISES)

LORETTA

(OVERLAPPING) Mm-hmm.

PETER

Well, then, do something about it.  
Come down to my basement tonight and  
drag your husbands outta there  
yourselves.

HOUSEWIFE #1

Maybe we will!

SOCCKER PARENT

Yeah.

Peter notices the Soccer Parent is breast-feeding her infant.

PETER

Aw geez, fella, can't you take that  
outside?

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

SFX: MUFFLED PARTY WALLA

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - SAME

Lois' popularity has obviously classed the place up even more: Chandeliers hang from the ceiling, WAITERS traverse the floor, etc. Lois is at the microphone.

LOIS

This next number is dedicated to my very supportive husband, Peter.

Peter looks up from behind the bar, confused.

PETER

Huh?

LOIS

Hit it!

The Johnny Muldoon Orchestra launches into "Don't Rain On My Parade." Lois sings directly to Peter, backed up by three MALE DANCERS.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(SINGING, ANGRILY) "Don't tell me not to fly, I've simply gotta. If someone takes a spill, (WITH ANGER) it's me and not you! Don't bring around a cloud to rain on my parade!"

ON PETER - He's taken aback by her vehemence. He turns to Brian, who is sipping a martini. Lois continues to sing.

PETER

Huh, boy, Lois is pretty pissed, huh?

LOIS

"Don't tell me not to live, just sit and putter."

BRIAN

Yes, your judgment  
lately has been  
rather -- well, you  
have crappy judgment  
anyway.

LOIS

"Life's candy and the  
sun's a ball of butter"

ON STEWIE - who sullenly stands in a "jolly jumper," suspended from the doorway. He holds the napkin with the blueprints on it.

STEWIE

Oh, this is  
intolerable! This  
foolishness is  
preventing me from  
completing work on  
my...

LOIS

"Who told you you're  
allowed to rain..."

A PATRON walks by bumping into Stewie, knocking the blueprints from his hands. The napkin sticks to a PASSERBY'S heel. Stewie's eyes widen.

STEWIE

Egads! The blueprints  
for my time machine!  
Those are for my eyes  
only!

LOIS

"...on my parade!"  
Thank you, thank you.

The crowds **applauds** for Lois.

Stewie looks up just as the napkin comes loose from the patron's heel. It is then kicked by someone on the dance floor, and ends up floating through the air like a feather. Stewie **gasps** in shock as the napkin lands on Muldoon's piano.

LOIS

(NOTICING NAPKIN, TO STEWIE) Aww...  
look everyone, Stewie drew a picture  
for his Mommy.

STEWIE

No!

Stewie rushes toward the napkin, but the jolly jumper **snaps** him back against the wall. Lois picks him up and carries him to the stage.

CLEVELAND (O.S.)

Hold up the picture, let's see!

Lois sets Stewie down on the piano and holds up the napkin. CLOSE UP of the sketch, which at the bottom reads "Stewie (with a backwards 'e'), Age 1." The crowd ad-libs patronizing "ooh"'s, "uh-oh"'s, etc.

STEWIE

No, no. No, no. Nothing to see here.

GUY #1

Oh, how cute! It's a time machine!

STEWIE

No! No! No! It's a...it's a... \*

(INWARDLY) Blast, what the devil do children draw? (THEN:) It's a pheasant!

To Stewie's horror, Lois begins passing the sketch around the bar for all to admire.

GUY #1

A time machine! Well sure, here's where the flux capacitor goes! \*

GUY #2

Aw, I can't wait to build one of these of my own.

Stewie jumps off the piano and starts to scurry upstairs.

STEWIE

I'll not stand idly by while you abrogate my plans.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

You shall rue this day! (BEAT)

Well, go on! Start ruing!

LOIS

Bye-bye, Stewie! Mommy will be  
upstairs to kiss you good night.

STEWIE

(FROM TOP OF STAIRS) Burn in hell!

LOIS

Hell. Hell has fire, and you know  
what else?

Lois rips off the modest skirt she's wearing, revealing red,  
sequined hot pants. The crowd of husbands goes wild.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(SINGING) "It's got Ssssteam Heat!

I got... Ssssteam Heat! I

got...Ssssteam heat, but I need your

love to keep away the cold. I got

Ssssteam Heat..."

The door suddenly bursts open and the angry wives storm in,  
led by the Soccer Parent.

SOCCER PARENT

All right, break it up!

The housewives fan out across the bar, heading to their  
respective husbands.

LOIS

(STOPS SINGING) What's going on here?

The music stops.



SOCCER PARENT

(TO LOIS) Your little peep show is  
over! We're taking back our men!

---

LOIS

Peep show?

LOIS (CONT'D)

I just do this for fun. All day long  
I scrub and cook and take care of my  
kids, and nobody cheers. No one even  
says thank you. But when the band  
starts playin', and the music's  
flowin' through me, I-I feel, I don't  
know, special. I, I guess you all  
think that's pretty silly.

The Soccer Parent has a tear in her eye.

SOCCER PARENT

(SOBBING) Not at all.

Housewife #1 turns to Peter.

HOUSEWIFE #1

You didn't tell us that part.

LORETTA

Mmmm-hmmm.

LOIS

Peter, you're behind all this?

PETER

Yes, and you'll never catch me!

Hahahahaha!

---

He dashes to a bookshelf and pulls a wall sconce. The bookshelf spins vertically, catching Peter's legs at the top. The bookshelf keeps trying to close, slamming against Peter with a pneumatic "chu-chu-chu".

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

LOIS

(TO HOUSEWIVES) I bet he also didn't tell you he never helps me around the house, or takes me out to dinner, or notices when I get my hair done.

The housewives ad-lib "no", "that's terrible," "mmmmmm" etc.

SOCCER PARENT

My husband's the same way.

HOUSEWIFE #1

So's mine!

Marital arguments erupt all across the bar, as the angry housewives bicker with their respective husbands. Quagmire looks around.

QUAGMIRE

Ah, this place is full of dead pigeons. I'm gonna go grab some ozone.

Quagmire takes one last drag on his cigarette and tosses it. It lands in a trash can, which bursts into flames. Everyone is too busy fighting with their spouses to notice.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

Uh-hey, hey, Peter, there's a kink in  
the konk. Uh, ee, ah, hey...

---

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stewie is pacing in front of his time machine.

STEWIE

They saw my blueprints. What a  
greivous breach of security. Damn!  
What to do? (THINKING) Wait for it,  
wait for it... (EYES THE TIME MACHINE)  
Yes! Instead of moving time forward  
to bypass this wretched teething, it  
might just be possible to reverse  
time's heady flow and undo ever  
having drawn those damnable  
blueprints!

WHIP PAN to a James Bond type SPY, and a BOND GIRL, tied back  
to back around a large pole.

SPY

You'll never get away with this--

STEWIE

(QUICKLY) Silence!

SPY

(CHASTENED) Oop.

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

As Peter and Lois argue, in the b.g. Quagmire ad libs as he desperately tries to put the fire out by dousing it with brandy, which only makes the fire worse. \*

PETER

Lois, you make it sound like I don't appreciate you at all.

LOIS

Peter, when was the last time you told me you love me?

PETER

... Ah, you know I do.

In the b.g., Quagmire tries fanning the fire with a tablecloth. The tablecloth catches fire. He tosses it away and it ignites the bar.

LOIS

I want to hear it.

PETER

Is that what this is all about?

QUAGMIRE

---

Run for your lives!

Everyone sees the fire and runs out screaming.

PETER

Holy crap!

Peter runs for a fire extinguisher and grabs it.

PETER

Ah, ah! Hot! Hot! Hot!

**SFX: SIZZLING**

He tosses the fire extinguisher, it lands, and **explodes**. A master shot reveals that Lois and Peter are alone in the bar and surrounded by flames. They run for the stairs, but a flaming beam falls and blocks their escape. They yell. They stand there, shocked, taking in the destruction that surrounds them. \*

LOIS

There's no way out!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stewie completes his time machine. In the background, we HEAR the pandemonium from the basement and we see smoke rising up from the heating grates.

STEWIE

At last! There! My time device is  
complete. Just one final adjustment.

Stewie flips a switch from "FORWARD" to "BACKWARD".

STEWIE (CONT'D)

There! Now, I shall negate ever  
having drawn those damnable  
blueprints!

CLOSE ON -- He presses a red "on" button. The display switches from "Ready" to "Printing Test Page."

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Blast!

INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - CONTINUOUS

SFX: SWEEPING, ROMANTIC ORCHESTRA MUSIC

Peter holds Lois in his arms as the flames burn around them. It's a grand, lovey-dovey, movie moment.

PETER

Aw geez, we're screwed! Look, I-I  
promise, if we ever do get out of  
this alive, I'm gonna help out around  
the house and say "I love you" every  
day.

LOIS

You mean it?

PETER

Oh, I'm a changed man, Lois. A  
better man. And to think, if I  
hadn't taken Chris to his soccer  
game, I-I never would've learned this  
valuable lesson.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Stewie hits a big red button on the time machine. The space  
around Stewie starts to go in reverse. **CLOSE UP** on the  
clock -- it starts moving backwards.

**INT. GRIFFINS' BASEMENT/BAR - CONTINUOUS**

We see Peter and Lois playing their last scene in reverse, as  
if time was indeed going backwards. The action gets faster  
and faster until we blast to a:



WHITE SCREEN

SFX: SONIC BOOM

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - FOUR DAYS EARLIER - DAY

---

Stewie sits in the same spot behind his time machine. Peter and Lois are exactly where they were four days earlier.

LOIS

Honey, I'm beggin' ya, just drop  
Chris off at his soccer game and come  
right home. I need you to look after  
Stewie while I'm teaching piano  
lessons. Please?

PETER

Heh, you know I spoil ya. \*

As Peter makes for the door, he trips over Stewie's time machine, breaking it.

PETER

(FEIGNING AGONY) Ow, my foot! Ow,  
ooh, I can't walk! I guess you'll  
have to take Chris yourself.  
Hehehehehe.

Stewie looks at his broken time machine.

STEWIE

Aaaah, my device! (CLUTCHES HIS JAW  
IN PAIN) Aaaah, my teeth!

ZOOM INTO Stewie's mouth. We see a top, front TOOTH violently burst through Stewie's gumline. The tooth bears a strange resemblance to Stewie.

INCISOR

I'm free, free! I claim this mouth  
in the name of Incisor!

---

A BICUSPID bursts through his bottom gum.

BICUSPID

I think not!

INCISOR

(GASPS) Bicuspid! We meet again.

BICUSPID

Have at you!

INCISOR

En garde!

They grunt, both trying to move. They realize that neither of \*  
them can.

BICUSPID

(BEAT) Shall we bite the tongue, then?

INCISOR \*

On three. One, two...

STEWIE

Aaah!

THE END