

FAMILY GUY

"PROBLEMATIC GUY"

Written by

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ACT ONE

EXT. THE GRIFFIN HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. THE GRIFFIN'S LIVING ROOM

LOIS, BRIAN, and STEWIE are watching TV.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

We now return to The Real
Housewives of Long Island.

WE SEE the action on the TV. FOUR WOMEN who define tackiness--big hair, nails, cleavage, too much makeup--eat brunch at a restaurant, chomping with mouths open.

The HORRIFIC SOUNDS of food being chewed and lips smacking builds and builds. They SLURP mimosas.

A BRUNETTE, same type as the others, suddenly enters and SUCKER PUNCHES the BLONDE at the table. Blood gushes from the BLONDE's nose, splattering the table.

BRUNETTE

Dat's fa askin' Rocco ta clean ya guttahs! Oh, you tink I wasn't gonna find out? And you tink I don't know ya code words by now? It ain't real hahd ta decipha! Da gawl on you! Da GAWL!

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

BRIAN

(disgusted)

Of all the versions of this trash, somehow this one is the worst.

LOIS

Don't be a buzzkill, Brian. We all need something to make us feel superior.

LOIS checks her watch, stands.

LOIS

I'll be back in a bit. I gotta get Stewie to his doctor appointment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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LOIS (CONT'D)

He's still got Play-Doh up his nose from when I left him with Peter the other day.

CUT TO:

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - DAY

PETER sits in a chair, scrolling his phone, oblivious. STEWIE is delighted. He is extruding a long rope of PLAY-DOH from a press and feeding it straight into his nose.

STEWIE

Fat man! It's the perfect size!
Fits right in!

PETER

(still scrolling)
Daddy's very proud of you.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

BRIAN

Ugh. Still up there, huh?

STEWIE

It has maintained its trademark odor, which has actually been a pleasant surprise.

STEWIE takes a deep breath through his nose, rolls his eyes and MOANS with pleasure.

LOIS

When everyone else wakes up there's breakfast on the table.

BRIAN

Oh. Yeah. Of course. Breakfast for... everyone.

STEWIE

You did leave enough for everyone, didn't you doggie? You're not so hungover you're overeating again?

BRIAN

What? Noooooo. Plenty for all.

LOIS leaves with STEWIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Crap.

INT. THE GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

From the POV of the back of the freezer--the door opens and BRIAN nervously rummages through the contents.

BRIAN

Come on, there's gotta be something... BINGO!

In BRIAN's hands WE SEE an old, freezer-burned box of breakfast sausage. He tries to grab another box of something, but it's frozen in place. He strains. Nothing. He finally reels back and punches it.

CRACK! The ice shatters.

BRIAN

OW!

BRIAN sucks on his knuckles, then pulls out what he successfully dislodged--a box of EGGOs.

BRIAN

(self-satisfied)
Bon appetit.

BRIAN hesitates, then wipes a chunk of ice off the corner of the box. It reveals promotional artwork of Jar-Jar Binks and proclaims, LOOK INSIDE: WIN TICKETS TO SEE THE PHANTOM MENACE! ONLY IN THEATERS!

BRIAN

(shuddering)
Oh, Brian. Ooo-sa in big doo-doo dis time.

INT. THE GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - LATER

MEG and CHRIS are seated in front of full plates, about to dig in. BRIAN sips coffee, but fidgets throughout the ensuing exchange. PETER enters, sits.

PETER

Aww, sweet. Lois hasn't made waffles in ages.

CHRIS

Sausage too!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS passes the sausages to PETER.

MEG

Though these look suspiciously
like EGGOs.

PETER

No way. Lois got up early to cook.

CHRIS

I dunno. Now that she mentions it,
I think these are frozen. Mine are
a little too uniform.

PETER

But mine are...

MEG glances over.

MEG

(shocked)
Definitely not uniform.

PETER holds up a waffle. It is a miraculous factory
deformity, though not shaped like Jesus. Rather, it is an
erect penis with a scrotum--or as closely resembling one
as can legally be gotten away with.

CHRIS

Your waffle is happy to see us!

PETER

(blushing)
Wow. Looks just like me. Guess I
really made an impression on the
cook last night.

CHRIS and MEG retch.

PETER

(angry, slams table)
Or is she telling me to eat a--

BRIAN

No! Lois didn't cook this, OK? I
ate your breakfast and tried to
replace it. This frozen stuff is
all we had.

PETER

Aww, man. That crap's been in
there for years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Even the sausage?

CLOSE ON MEG, whose teeth are all broken. She now speaks with a lisp.

MEG

Even tha thawsage.

BRIAN

I'm sorry. I was just so ravenous this morning. I guess I had one too many last night--

CUT TO:

INT. A HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

BRIAN is drunk, slurring his speech. He's hitting on a WOMAN in business attire. She's uncomfortable.

BRIAN

No... no... nobody wants to hear that, though. But it's true! If... if you gave everyone in the Middle East a Pornhub Premium account - Boom! No more conflict. Anyway, what's your name?

BACK TO THE KITCHEN

PETER takes his phone out and holds it over his plate.

BRIAN

What are you doing?

PETER

You kidding? I'm gonna complain to EGGO about this.

BRIAN

You're going to e-mail them about a random factory mishap?

PETER

E-mail? No way. I'm gonna let em hear it on Twitter.

WE SEE THE SCREEN ON PETER'S PHONE. Twitter is open and he's adding a caption to the photo of the penis waffle. It reads: Umm, really Eggo? My family did NOT need to wake up to this. #DownWithThePatriarchy #BoycottEggo

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Down with the patriarchy?

PETER

It's trending for like eight different guys today. Ya gotta jump on that trend, Brian. Then more people see the tweet.

CHRIS

Which gets you what, exactly?

PETER

More followers.

BRIAN

Which pays you...?

PETER

Listen: I don't expect you to understand the motivations of a high-level influencer such as myself. I am a thought leader, Brian. I lead people with my thoughts.

BRIAN

I guess you didn't learn your Twitter lesson from me? ... When I got canceled for that racially insensitive Tweet? .. I moved out! It went on for a while ... We're not doing this again, are we?

Silence. Peter glares back vacantly.

BRIAN

I guess we're doing this again... Fine, why are you even on Twitter?

PETER

Where else would I send condolences to the families of dead celebrities I once took a selfie with?

WE SEE a TWEET--a photo of PETER, close up, drunk, his arm around DUSTIN DIAMOND, who is frightened. SECURITY GUARDS are pulling PETER away. OVER THIS WE HEAR PETER, wistfully sentimental, reading the CAPTION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER (V.O.)

My heart goes out to the family of Dustin Diamond, AKA Screech from Saved by the Bell. He was humble and gracious when we met at a private party years ago. I have to believe he's in a better place now, making sex tapes with the angels. Rest in power, king.

BACK TO THE KITCHEN

BRIAN

How many followers do you have?

PETER

Forty-eight thousand and change.

BRIAN

What?! How?

PETER

I have even more on YouTube. Got most of em when I did a big takedown of the lady Ghostbusters movie a few years back.

CUT TO:

A YOUTUBE CLIP

The FOUR WOMEN from the 2016 Ghostbusters movie are in costume, proton packs on. PETER's HEAD appears in the upper left corner of the screen. His fingertips touch, forming a tent with his hands. He oozes self-importance. He wears headphones and talks over the action. There's dialogue in the movie but we can't hear it.

PETER

(way too serious)

Here's the thing: Egon Spangler spent his entire career developing the technology that our new heroes invented in a matter of minutes. And now they're marching right into danger - with no training? Are we really meant to believe they ain't afraid of no ghost? Seems unlikely... So you see, people, I dislike this film for perfectly logical reasons.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER (CONT'D)
That, and ghostbusters ain't
supposed to have no vaginas.

BACK TO THE KITCHEN

BRIAN
(snorts derisively)
And now you're tweeting *down with
the patriarchy*.

PETER
I contain *multitudes*.

PETER sets his phone down.

BRIAN
That's one way to put it, though
I'd say it's more a case of trying
to have your cake and eat it, too.

PETER is bewildered. He has somehow never heard the
expression before.

PETER
What?!

BRIAN
I said you're trying to have your
cake and eat it, too.

PETER
What the hell else would you do
with a cake?

BRIAN
It's an expression. I'm saying
you're trying to do two
incompatible things. In this case
you can't claim to be a feminist
for a day when your past behavior
tells a very different story.

Not one bit of this lands on PETER.

PETER
But like, if you're not gonna eat
the cake... would ya throw it out?

Peter's phone VIBRATES. PETER reaches for it, but before
he can grab it, it VIBRATES again. And again. PETER and
BRIAN look at each other. BRIAN grabs the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

This particular cake? Yeah, you probably should've thrown it out.

WE SEE Twitter again, ablaze with notifications. Thousands of women are retweeting Peter with comments like, THIS! SO MUCH THIS! and an explosion of emojis.

BRIAN scrolls. MEG and CHRIS crowd around, too.

CHRIS

Wow, dad! You're a feminist hero!

MEG

Look at all those names. Gloria Steinem, AOC, Margaret Atwood...

PETER

Not too shabby. I even got a shoutout from male feminist icon Joss Whedon.

BRIAN

If you're in better shape than him when this is all over, it will be a miracle.

INT. BUZZFEED OFFICES - DAY

A large BUZZFEED sign hangs above the reception desk. A dozen Millennial JOURNALISTS, carefully dressed, work on laptops in a modern open floor plan. The BOSS is a man slightly older than the rest--goatee, glasses, a sweater vest. He approaches LAUREN, 30. A no-nonsense woman, she's seated at a long table, hair pulled back, typing.

BOSS

You get a load of America's new favorite feminist?

LAUREN

(disgusted)
Peter Griffin?

BOSS

Yeah. He just doesn't look like a feminist. Think you can milkshake duck him? I want us to be first on the backlash. Ruin his life as quickly as possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

(stops typing, huffs)
I'm finishing my new piece on
twenty-two times Mindy Kaling made
us say *yasssss kween*, then I'm
supposed to leave in fifteen
minutes...

(brightens)

So yeah, that's plenty of time.

BOSS

Let's hear it for journalism!

The entire STAFF stops. They throw paper, pens, and other
office supplies into the air. They whoop and cheer like
wild animals. Bedlam ensues as we FREEZE FRAME.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The future of journalism! Better
get comfortable with this now.

CUT TO BLACK

ACT TWO

EXT. MCBURGERTOWN RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. MCBURGERTOWN RESTAURANT

PETER and the whole FAMILY are in line to order.

MEG

(to Lois)

So that woman I met with the
grocery cart full of red meat? She
said I have the *perfect* body type
for powerlifting. Wants to start
training me tomorrow!

LOIS

Aww, that's sweet, hon, but we
don't really have time for a B
story. Your father's thing is
kinda big this week and I'm sure
it's gonna blow up any second.

MEG

It doesn't need to be a lot! I'll
settle for cutaways. You'll barely
know I'm there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOIS
(through gritted
teeth)

If I said we haven't got time for a B story this week, we sure as HELL don't have time for a B story about MEG. You can be so thick!

CLOSE ON STEWIE.

STEWIE
Which is, coincidentally, why you'd make a good lifter.
(chuckles to himself)
Yes, I bet the two of you will be *thick* as thieves... You might say your new friend is *down with the thickness*. Which is, you know... there was a song...

WIDEN TO INCLUDE MEG and LOIS.

MEG
Fine. I'm gonna go and have a great time. And when you ask to cross over, I might just say no.

CHRIS puts his hand on MEG's shoulder.

CHRIS
I'll come visit you in lady powerlifter land tomorrow.

MEG
Thanks, Chris!
(suspicious)
This isn't CrossFit. A lot of these girls are bigger than dad.

A smiles slowly creeps across CHRIS's face.

CHRIS
I'm well aware.

The FAMILY gets to the register and encounter the FEMALE CASHIER, 20, fit, attractive.

FEMALE CASHIER
Welcome to McBurgerTown, may I take your order?

PETER folds his arms, throws his nose in the air and talks loud enough for the whole place to hear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER

Unbelievable! McBurgerTown may think we're still in the middle ages, but *I live* in the 21st century! Ma'am, please know your worth. You are so much more than a serving wench. Don't let anyone suggest otherwise.

FEMALE CASHIER

(confused, hurt)

You're... the first...

LOIS

What the hell are you doing?

PETER

Letting THE MAN who runs McBurgerTown--and trust me, it is always a man--know that his days of subjugating the fairer sex by dressing them in suggestive outfits to accentuate their perfect, ample breasts--

The FEMALE CASHIER is mortified, steps back from the counter, covering her chest.

PETER (CONT'D)

--and leggings in which the undergarment lines are so tantalizingly visible--

Further horrified, the FEMALE CASHIER reaches for her butt, then runs from the counter in tears.

PETER (CONT'D)

--and relegating them to outdated roles in the kitchen will no longer be tolerated! You hear me?! You have no business turning this woman into spank bank material!

LOIS

(livid)

You're the only one who made life difficult for that poor girl. God! One viral tweet and you're a pompous windbag.

STEWIE

You think that's a *new* development?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLOSE ON BRIAN who has his phone out.

BRIAN

Uh, Peter, you should see this.

PETER looks. WE SEE what he sees: A Buzzfeed HEADLINE that reads, YES, #HETOO: FAKE FEMINIST PETER GRIFFIN'S PROBLEMATIC PAST REVEALED by Lauren Davies

CHRIS

Is it one of those listicles? Like ten times Peter Griffin was problematic?

BRIAN

Seven hundred and thirty-eight times, actually.

PETER

(angry)
Where they getting this stuff?!

BRIAN

Clips from the show, obviously.

PETER

(calm)
Oh yeah, I keep forgettin' that.

LOIS

Well, you better fix this quick. I know how these witch hunts work. The next phase is guilt by association and I'll be next.

INT. THE GRIFFIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The FAMILY, minus MEG, are watching TV.

CUT TO:

THE NEWS ON TV

TOM TUCKER addresses the camera.

TOM TUCKER

Quahog resident Peter Griffin is under fire for misogynistic comments about women, such as this newly resurfaced incident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE VIDEO over TOM TUCKER's shoulder begins to play, then fills the screen. It's an old FAMILY GUY clip: PETER at work, talking to his co-workers.

PETER

Why do women have boobs? ... So ya got something to look at when you're talkin' to em!

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

PETER

The joke in that episode was that ya shouldn't do that! I even went to sensitivity trainin'!

BRIAN

Uh-huh. Cake, remember?

PETER

What else do you do with cake?! It's food, not a collector's item!

BACK TO TOM TUCKER

TOM TUCKER

This inappropriate workplace joke is just one of seven hundred and thirty-eight problematic utterances or acts by Griffin, which were brought to light by Buzzfeed sleuth Lauren Davies, who edited together this supercut of all his offenses, which we are proud to present to you now.

PETER (O.S.)

Oh, come on!

THE MONTAGE: PETER is an absolute monster. The images whiz by at light speed: old stuff first, then new, PETER as a Hasidic Jew, PETER "breastfeeding" STEWIE, the side-boob hour... it goes on forever, revolting and hilarious.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

The FAMILY is aghast.

PETER

(suddenly proud)
That is a lot of stuff.

BACK TO TOM TUCKER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM TUCKER

Griffin's employer, Pawtucket Patriot, is now under pressure to cut ties with the controversial figure.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

PETER

They can't fire me!

WE HEAR a phone VIBRATE. PETER pulls it from his pocket.

PETER

Never mind, they just did.

LOIS

This is ridiculous! We cannot afford for you to lose your job. Beg Buzzfeed to tell your side of the story. Say you've changed!

BRIAN

Has he?

LOIS

I don't care! If we don't nip this in the bud they're gonna take the show away!

CHRIS

They wouldn't.

STEWIE

Nip in the bud? Or butt. I always thought it was butt...

CHRIS pulls his phone from his pocket.

CHRIS

Never mind, they just did.

LOIS stands.

LOIS

I'm going to the network first thing tomorrow with Chris and Stewie to argue our case. Peter, take Brian and go talk to that blogger bitch. We are not getting canceled! Again!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MEG walks in, elated. She's wearing a powerlifting singlet, a huge duffel bag slung over one shoulder, a weight belt over the other. CHALK covers her hands and powders the rest of her outfit.

MEG

Good news! She said I'm a natural!

LOIS

(frothing)

Ya stink to high heaven, ya look ridiculous, and oh yeah--NO ONE CARES!!

After a beat...

PETER

(spooked)

I think a simple *Shut up, Meg* would have sufficed.

EXT. 20TH TELEVISION OFFICES - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. 20TH TELEVISION OFFICES

Two EXECUTIVES, a white-haired MAN, and a serious-looking WOMAN, sit in a conference room across the table from LOIS, CHRIS, and STEWIE.

LOIS

(pleading)

See, ya can't cancel us. If you remember, you already did that once and it didn't take.

(gaining confidence)

We're like Obi-wan, strike us down and we shall become more powerful than you can possibly imagine.

MALE EXECUTIVE

An original trilogy reference. Timely. Listen, DVD sales saved your asses on the first go-round. Not gonna happen this time.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

The streaming era provides for a very different landscape. We have more than enough content to fill the void you'll leave behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Wait, we're not just getting canceled on Fox, you're gonna delete our whole show on Hulu? It's over three hundred episodes!

MALE EXECUTIVE

Afraid so. Keeping it is too much of a liability.

LOIS

Meaning ya don't wanna get yelled at on the Internet for not being PC! It's pathetic!

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

It's smart. We can redirect the resources we'll save to our partnership with Tyler Perry, who has a new annual commitment of one thousand hours of content.

LOIS

That's impossible! Even for him.

CUT TO:

A CAVERNOUS FUTURISTIC LABORATORY - NIGHT

TYLER PERRY is dressed in a lab coat, walking amid ROW AFTER ROW of human-sized liquid-filled TANKS, which are each growing a TYLER PERRY CLONE. TWO CLONES, wearing hospital gowns, nervously follow at his heels. One carries a clipboard, taking notes.

TYLER PERRY

Increase the nutrient feed to row seven. They look a little skimpy.

CLONE #1

Yes, sire.

CLONE #2

Row seven, they're to work on additional Madea sequels, yes?

TYLER PERRY draws a GUN, shoots CLONE #2 in the head. CLONE #1 is terrified, but TYLER PERRY soothes him.

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CONTINUED:

TYLER PERRY

He was from the first batch. They all had memory problems. You'll remember what I teach you, right?

CLONE #1

(choking back tears)

Yes...

TYLER PERRY

Won't you?!

CLONE #1

(sobbing)

Yes!

TYLER PERRY

Now... what are the clones in row seven for?

CLONE #1

They're... they're... going to work on your new show. BRUH.

TYLER PERRY

(turning to address the camera, smiling)

Don't miss BRUH! Now on BET PLUS!

BACK TO THE BOARD ROOM

LOIS

Look, there's gotta be something we can do. It can't end like this.

MALE EXECUTIVE

(sighs)

There is one thing, but I doubt you're gonna like it.

LOIS

Anything!

FEMALE EXECUTIVE

Scrub all problematic jokes from your library.

LOIS

What?! Half the episodes wouldn't even make sense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALE EXECUTIVE

None of them will. But people will go along with it... if the whole cast publicly says it's the right thing to do.

LOIS

(defiant)

You want us to be a bunch of phonies...

(giving up)

Which I suppose is fair since it was Peter's phony feminist overture that got us into this.

INT. BUZZFEED OFFICES - DAY

PETER and BRIAN sit across from LAUREN, pleading their case. LAUREN's arms are folded, not buying it.

PETER

We changed since all that stuff ya brought up. Honest!

LAUREN

Oh, really? Because for my follow-up piece, a McBurgerTown cashier tells me she was traumatized by your sexist comments.

BRIAN

You're writing a follow-up piece?

LAUREN

It's actually my second. My first went live a few minutes ago.

BRIAN

What?!

LAUREN spins her laptop around. WE SEE the headline: A PIG'S BEST FRIEND: BRIAN GRIFFIN 'DOGGED' BY HISTORY OF USING WOMEN by Lauren Davies

BRIAN

Oh, so not settling down now makes me some kind of monster?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREN

I quote a woman you met the other night who says you started talking about pornography before you even introduced yourself.

BRIAN

(abashed)

I was really drunk.

LAUREN

Which, I've learned, is something of a pattern.

LAUREN presses a key on her laptop and a new MONTAGE begins to play: BRIAN's 20 seasons worth of drinking and womanizing, compressed into 10 seconds of images.

BRIAN

So that's it. You've made up your mind that we're irredeemable.

(beat)

You know, I never bought into the cancel culture stuff before. The very worst people apply it to everything, even cheating in the Kentucky Derby, but... that's exactly what this is.

LAUREN

Please. This is accountability culture. Cancel culture doesn't exist. Face it. You don't hold up because you're relics. Just two more aging chauvinists trying to have their cake and eat it, too.

PETER flies out of his chair, which falls behind him.

PETER

WHAT ELSE DO YOU DO WITH A CAKE?!?! HUH?!?! ANSWER ME!!

(relaxing completely)

Oh... the cake disappears when ya eat it so ya don't technically have it no more... I get it now.

(anger rising again)

But wait! How long do people really think you can keep a cake!? If you froze it, maybe it holds for a little while, but--

CUT TO BLACK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

EXT. THE GRIFFIN HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. THE GRIFFIN'S LIVING ROOM

PETER, BRIAN, and CHRIS sit watching TV. The doorbell RINGS. PETER answers. It's the MAILMAN with a huge box. PETER takes it. His eyes go wide.

PETER

Aww, sweet. It's my eBay order!

PETER sets the box on the couch and rips it open, pulling out stacks of DVDs.

BRIAN

Out of work and now buying DVD collections from strangers? I think you should be medicated.

PETER

You heard what they want, Brian. Get rid of all problematic jokes. We're never doing that, but there's nothing to stop THE MAN from cannibalizing beloved classic films and streaming only the watered-down versions from now on.

BRIAN and CHRIS scan the collection. They hold up the DVDs they talk about as the conversation goes on.

BRIAN

Classics, huh? Why are you worried about them altering Porky's? Revenge of the Nerds?

PETER

Sex stuff that don't hold up.

CHRIS

Rudy?

PETER

Magical negro.

BRIAN

The Green Mile?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
Super magical negro.

CHRIS
Tropic Thunder?

PETER
Ironic black face.

BRIAN
Season Nine of The Office?

PETER
Less ironic black face.

CHRIS
Holiday Inn?

PETER
Disturbingly earnest black face.

BRIAN
But Holiday Inn sucks.

PETER
I know it sucks, Brian. It sucks worse than A Million Ways to Die in the West.

CHRIS
Leave that poor movie alone! Can't you see it's dead already?!

PETER
It's the principle of the thing! I should be allowed to watch it if I want to!

CHRIS
A Christmas Story? TNT literally plays it for twenty-four hours straight every Christmas Day.

PETER
Yeah, but it's only a matter of time before they kill the joke at the end where the Chinese restaurant workers can't pronounce the letter 'L'.

BRIAN
Blazing Saddles?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER
(snickers, proud)
The whole movie.

CHRIS
And last but not least, Walt
Disney's Song of the South.

PETER
That's where the Zippa-Dee-Doo-Da
song came from! And they won't put
it on Disney Plus!

BRIAN
Peter, they won't even put it on
DVD. This is a bootleg because it
was panned for being racially
insensitive when it came out--in
Nineteen forty-six! I gotta say:
Your desire to preserve some of
this stuff is a little creepy.

CHRIS
As creepy as a Season One episode
of Star Trek The Next Generation?

CUT TO:

THE BRIDGE OF THE ENTERPRISE

GEORDI and WORF wear goofy smiles as FEMALE OFFICERS--
--their uniforms torn strategically to create bikinis--
hang all over the men, cooing and tracing fingers along
their chests. PICARD enters. He's angry.

PICARD
What is the meaning of this?!

WIDEN TO INCLUDE DATA, bemused, seated at his console, a
FEMALE OFFICER in his lap.

DATA
(straightening)
It appears to be the anomaly, sir.

WE SEE THE ANOMALY on screen--a crappy CGI ball of light.

DATA
It's emitting an energy signature
that has turned all women into...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PICARD

Out with it!

DATA

They've all become what you would call... *hoes*, sir.

PICARD

Get us out of here. Set a course--

WIDEN TO INCLUDE RIKER, a FEMALE OFFICER under each arm.

RIKER

Delay that order! We still have *research* to do.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

PETER

Thanks for reminding me. I better get Next Generation, too.

EXT. THE CLAM - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. THE CLAM

PETER, QUAGMIRE, CLEVELAND, and JOE in their usual spots, nursing their beers.

QUAGMIRE

So what are you gonna do, Peter? Delete all those jokes?

PETER

No way! Ya can't just go back and erase the past because it makes some people uncomfortable today.

JOE

Isn't this DVD collecting getting expensive?

PETER

Yup, another reason I refuse to pay for these streaming services.

JOE

Peter, you don't pay for them. You just mooch the logins from us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Hey! You use Quagmire's Netflix, too! Everyone does.

JOE

Yeah, but I share my Hulu login.

CLEVELAND

And everyone uses my Disney Plus and HBO Max. So we all contribute to the pool except you, Peter.

PETER

You are all welcome to my Peacock login. I have been open about that from the beginning.

QUAGMIRE

Don't fall for it, guys. He's got a free account.

PETER

Ya get a lot of stuff with the free one!

QUAGMIRE

I could just make my own free one! Besides, you gotta go premium if you want the WWE archive.

JOE

You watch wrestling?

QUAGMIRE

Not the current roster, no. But I am a connoisseur of the classics, particularly the Attitude Era.

JOE

You watch the bra-and-panty matches.

QUAGMIRE

I watch the bra-and-panty matches.

CLEVELAND

Love me some bra-and-panty matches. Really lets you see what *all* the muscles are doing. Mmmmm.

JEROME brings a fresh round of drinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEROME

If I could join this little login pool, I'd be happy to contribute BET Plus. Gets you access to all thirty-seven Tyler Perry movies that have released so far this year, plus his new show, BRUH.

Only CLEVELAND is interested.

CLEVELAND

And that new series about trap queens?

JEROME

You know it.

CLEVELAND

I say we let him in.

JOE

I have a Fox Nation login I'd like to put on the table.

PETER

Ugh. Why?

QUAGMIRE

Hear him out. Tomi Lahren's got a show on there, yeah? I'd watch her on mute.

JOE

Ainsley Earnhardt's Bible study show, too, also good on mute.

(suddenly sullen)

The rest is Dan Bingo-Bongo and a bunch of other mutants.

CLEVELAND

Then why would you pay for it?

JOE

You try sitting in the police station break room and not being able to join the conversation.

(head down)

It can get lonely.

EXT. NETFLIX OFFICES - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. NETFLIX OFFICES

LOIS stands at the head of a board room before a large group of EXECUTIVES. CHRIS and STEWIE are with her. She is giving a Power Point presentation, clicker in hand.

The SLIDE on the projector is a picture of LOIS, confident, arms folded, surrounded by MEG, CHRIS, and STEWIE. No Peter or Brian. There is an artsy script title over top that reads LIVE, LOVE, LOIS.

LOIS

I think people are dying to see a strong, single mother keep it together and find true love at the same time. Think Kate Plus Eight meets The Bachelorette.

The HEAD EXECUTIVE, a man, 50, tents his hands, oozing self-importance. He smiles.

HEAD EXECUTIVE

I agree.

LOIS

So that means--

HEAD EXECUTIVE

And normally I'd be happy to extend to you our standard high eight- to low nine-figure development deal. But your brand is simply too radioactive right now. I'm sorry. It's a no from us.

LOIS

Aww, come on! You can't hold all of us responsible for Peter and Brian's behavior!

CLOSE ON FEMALE EXECUTIVE #2, 40.

FEMALE EXECUTIVE #2

Your children aren't blameless, Missus Griffin.

LOIS

Meg and Chris are teenagers. Who among us hasn't raised a little hell in our youth? And Stewie, I mean, Stewie's just a baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE EXECUTIVE #2

A baby who incited plenty of
online rage just a few months ago.

CUT TO:

A VERTICAL CELLPHONE VIDEO

A TikTok logo is visible in the corner. WE SEE STEWIE dressed in drag, appearing in various exotic locales with skinny white HIPSTERS. As STEWIE speaks, we see them painting, doing yoga, taking part in fire ceremonies. (This should be an almost shot-for-shot recreation of Michelle Rusk's viral TikTok video.)

STEWIE (V.O.)

Follow me, Stewie Griffin, and my
tribe of conscious and passionate
co-creators as we endeavor to live
simply... in a simpler part of the
world... amongst simple people.

On this last line, the camera PANS dozens of LOCALS, all
with BROWN FACES.

BACK TO THE BOARD ROOM

CHRIS

Yeah, that was not great, Stewie.

STEWIE

Colonialism my ass! They said I
brought disease there on purpose!
(to himself)
Lemme tell you: It was not...
on... purpose.

EXT. THE GRIFFIN HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY**INT. THE GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN**

BRIAN sits at the table, glasses on, typing on his
laptop. PETER enters.

PETER

Whatcha writin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

(stops typing)

Pitching a story to the New Yorker about these internet pile-ons from my point of view... I've got some expertise now that I've been at the center of a few. I think once people get the full context of my actions, they'll think twice about judging people by the worst thing they ever did.

BRIAN resumes typing with a flourish.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And... send!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEW YORKER OFFICES - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. THE NEW YORKER OFFICES

WE SEE the EDITOR-IN-CHIEF of the New Yorker behind his desk, impossibly pompous, sipping tea as he reads e-mail, muttering to himself in a prissy sort of way.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Uh... Hmmm...

His ASSISTANT enters.

ASSISTANT

I have that cake you asked for.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

(gestures to desk)

Hrmmm...

The ASSISTANT places a beautiful cake on the desk, then leaves. He looks after her for a long moment and then...

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

(back to his e-mail)

Wrrrrmmhmm... Nice try, Brian Griffin, but cancel culture doesn't exist.

He stares at the cake, admiring it for a long beat. Then we WIDEN TO INCLUDE the wastebasket beside the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shoves the cake off the edge and it crumples unceremoniously into the trash with a satisfying PLOP.

BACK TO THE KITCHEN

BRIAN

If this doesn't work I don't know what the hell we're gonna do. Lauren just wrote *another* follow-up. In this one she accuses you of wearing *digital black face*.

PETER

What the heck is that?

BRIAN

She says you reply to most text messages with either Terry Crews dancing or Denzel Washington looking relieved.

PETER

Phew. I thought they were gonna make us answer for the whole Cleveland voice thing again.

BRIAN

But it's insane. It posits the notion that engaging with any part of black culture is somehow appropriating or subjugating it.

(beat)

I don't think an op-ed is gonna cut it... I think we need to blackmail her.

PETER

How do we do that?

BRIAN sits thinking, then is suddenly excited.

BRIAN

Of course! How could I not have thought of this before? She grew up with the Internet! Can't be hard at all to find some dirt.

INT. THE GRIFFIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MUCH LATER

PETER, LOIS, CHRIS, and STEWIE sit watching TV. BRIAN enters, laptop under his arm, coffee cup in hand, looking haggard but triumphant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

OK. I think I got something. When Lauren was in college she wrote a series of articles for her student newspaper where she revisited older films and enumerated all their problematic elements.

BRIAN opens his laptop, showing everyone.

LOIS

(reading)

Steve Martin's stereotypical depiction of Italian-Americans in Nineteen-ninety's My Blue Heaven is harmful and degrading and needs to be purged from existence. If you own a copy of this film, you need to destroy it or you're part of the problem.

(stops reading)

Well, that's really [BLEEP]-ing stupid, but how are you gonna blackmail her with it?

BRIAN

As [BLEEP]-ing stupid as it is, it's not even her idea. She plagiarized The Atlantic.

STEWIE

Wait. I thought The Atlantic was supposed to be really good?

BRIAN

For the most part. Online they occasionally do some stuff that's really [BLEEP]-ing stupid.

CHRIS

Let's go to BuzzFeed right now!

MEG enters in her powerlifting singlet, beaming. Her shoulders and biceps are now round and full. She looks like she could whup some serious ass.

MEG

Guys! You are not gonna believe the PR I just hit!

LOIS

(incandescent rage)

MEG! HOW MANY TIMES--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN
WAIT! I've got an idea.

EXT. POWERLIFTING GYM - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

A big sign outside the gym reads QUAHOG POWERHOUSE.
Underneath it on the marquee: GET BIG OR DIE TRYIN'.

INT. POWERLIFTING GYM

It's a dingy old spot with peeling wallpaper, rusty weights, and a DOZEN POWERLIFTERS--men and women--squatting, deadlifting, and bench pressing. Trophies and plaques litter the background.

MEG lies on a bench. She grabs a bar loaded with two big plates on each side. A BURLY WOMAN stands behind her.

BURLY WOMAN
(deep as hell)
Let's go, girl! You got this!

MEG braces herself, unlatches the bar, slowly lowers it to her chest, pauses--seemingly stalled out--then digs deep, face twisted with effort, and locks out the bar.

BURLY WOMAN
Hell yeah!

MEG jumps up.

MEG
Yes! Two-twenty-five! Another PR!

WIDEN TO INCLUDE PETER, LOIS, CHRIS, STEWIE, and BRIAN who all just observed the lift.

MEG
Thank you guys for coming down!
See, mom? I told you it was cool!

LOIS
(feigning interest)
Oh, YES. My. We are so, so proud
of... what ya just did.

LAUREN enters, looking non-plussed.

LAUREN
(to Brian)
This better be good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Well, since you doubted our commitment to women's empowerment, we thought you should see this. Doesn't get much more empowering than cheering on women in a powerlifting gym, amirite? And...

BRIAN gestures to PETER, who puts his arm around MEG.

PETER

(robotic)

This is my daughter Meg. We *fully support* her and her alternative lifestyle.

MEG

Hey--

PETER

Now maybe you could write that we ain't so bad after all and people should leave us alone.

LAUREN

Ugh. Supporting your daughter's athletic pursuits is a baseline minimum for any parent, and it by no means wipes out all the harm you've done over the years.

LAUREN turns to leave. WE PUSH IN ON BRIAN for his stirring monologue, during which, MUSIC SLOWLY BUILDS.

BRIAN

Fine. You're having your day now, so enjoy it. But *reason* has been with mankind far longer than your self-righteous hyperventilating and reason will win out in the end. Your moral certainty is a joke. No one who eats food, lives in a house, drives a car, or uses a phone is innocent of inflicting some kind of unseen harm on his fellow man.

LAUREN

Fellow *man*? Erasure of women and non-binary persons much?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN

See? You police language because the concerns that genuinely affect people's lives are too big and thorny for you to even attempt to tackle. Sitting online all day and applying constantly-shifting purity standards to every little thing you see in pop culture, well, it sure beats the hell out of doing real journalism, doesn't it? Speaking of which--!

BRIAN produces his phone and shows it to LAUREN. WE SEE the words THE ATLANTIC with more text underneath.

BRIAN

Your little *problematic movies* series? I know you plagiarized it. So maybe it's time to help us out, wouldn't you say?

LAUREN

Please. That was in college.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE the whole group again.

LOIS

So you've grown since then? And now you won't afford anyone else the same luxury. What a hypocrite.

BRIAN

A hypocrite who's about to get canceled. I've got a blog post of my own about to go up detailing your impropriety.

LAUREN

One: You flatter yourself. There's no way anyone's going to take your word--with all the baggage that comes with it--over mine. Two: For the last time, it's *accountability culture*. Cancel. Culture. Does. Not. Exist. Get it? I DON'T BELIEVE IN CANCEL CULTURE!!

WE HEAR A LOW BOOM, THEN BLINDING WHITE LIGHT fills the screen. EVERYONE recoils, shielding their eyes. A MEEK FIGURE emerges from the center of the light, walking straight toward the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As the FIGURE gets closer, her features gradually become visible: an old black woman wearing a floral summer dress and a pearl necklace. She is the MAGICAL NEGRO, and her face is perfectly angelic, as is her voice.

MAGICAL NEGRO

Oooo, chile. It don't matter.
Cancel culture believe in YOU.

LOIS

Who is that?

PETER

It's the magical negro!

STEWIE

Which one?!

MEG

Are you the Oracle from The
Matrix?

LOIS

Or Louise from Sex and the City?

CHRIS

Or Maz Kanata from The Force
Awakens?

BRIAN

Or Whoopi Goldberg from Ghost?

MAGICAL NEGRO

(matter of factly)
I'm Mother Abigail from The Stand.

EVERYONE mutters pleasant surprise.

PETER

Ah, I was gonna say dat!

BRIAN

From the old one, right? Heard
they fixed it in the new one.

MAGICAL NEGRO

True dat.

(to Lauren, angelic
again)

Chile, your time has come. You be
canceled just like me now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LAUREN

No! I didn't do anything! I mean... I did, but my politics are *correct*! The Griffins are the problematic ones! Why won't you take them?!

MAGICAL NEGRO

(thinks for a second)
Mmm, they kinda grandfathered in.
Plus they still profitable.

The MAGICAL NEGRO takes LAUREN by the back of the collar and they begin to float into the light.

WE STAY WITH THEM and as we do, WE SEE other people--JOSS WHEDON, GINA CARANO, HARRY KNOWLES in his wheelchair, MATT LAUER, MAX LANDIS, and OTHERS.

LAUREN

(bewildered)
What is this place?

MAGICAL NEGRO

You among the canceled. Don't worry. Cancel just mean the end of the good life. But you still get a life. See? Gina Carano in here, she still makin' movies. She just make 'em with Ben Shapiro now.

LAUREN

So... I still get to be a journalist?

MAGICAL NEGRO

Sheeet, you ain't no real journalist. But sho, you can still write dem listicles. Just gotta do it for Zergnet.

LAUREN

What's that?

MAGICAL NEGRO

You know dem *around the web* links at the bottom of *real* websites? Dat's Zergnet.

LAUREN begins screaming bloody murder, thrashing wildly but the MAGICAL NEGRO easily holds her still, and together they keep floating into the light, which gets brighter until it's BLINDING again, then suddenly--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

We're back to normal, minus the Magical Negro and Lauren.

THE FAMILY looks around at each other, astonished.

A phone RINGS.

LOIS reaches into her pocket, answers.

LOIS

Uh-huh. OK. Sure. No problem.

LOIS hangs up.

LOIS

That was Fox. We're back on.

BRIAN

So they agree with us?

LOIS

Nah. There was a chemical fire at Tyler Perry's lab. Wiped out a whole crop so now they need content. They just want us to get the hell out of this gym immediately. We're hemorrhaging viewers by the second.

MEG

(cheerful)

Well, I'm still thankful you came... I love you guys!

EVERYONE hugs MEG and says "WE LOVE YOU, TOO" as we slowly pull back and...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. - THE GRIFFIN'S LIVING ROOM

PETER sits with CLEVELAND and BRIAN watching TV. PETER and CLEVELAND's clothes are in tatters and they're both bearded. BRIAN also looks like shit.

The house is mostly destroyed. The windows are all shattered and BULLET HOLES riddle the walls.

CHYRON: JANUARY 2027

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Fox Nation is proud to exclusively present President Ivanka Trump's State of the Union address!

BRIAN

Why are we watching this?

PETER

It's a Fox Nation exclusive. Not just anyone can watch this, Brian.

CLEVELAND

How do you still get Fox Nation?

PETER

Credit card company doesn't know Joe was killed in the last bread riot so they still ring him up.

WE SEE the action on TV: IVANKA addresses a Capitol that has been partially bombed out. Chairs are broken. The walls are charred. Most SENATORS wear big bandages.

IVANKA

The state of our union is, as my father would say, tremendous. And I am happy to announce that the weekly bread ration per family will increase from three quarters of a loaf to one full loaf!

There is scattered CHEERING, but it's coming from the injured SENATORS, so it's weak and labored.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

PETER

Hey Brian, remember a few years back when the Internet got all mad at us and you had that ridiculous, long-winded, preachy monologue about how reason always wins out?

BRIAN stares back at PETER. A very long beat... then--

BRIAN

We all make mistakes.

CUT TO CREDITS

END OF EPISODE