

FAMILY GUY

"Finding Poofball"

Written By

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Second Draft

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COLD OPEN

EXT. / ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

PETER and BRIAN sit on the couch. Peter watches TV while Brian, wearing reading glasses, is absorbed in a novel.

INT. BAR (ON TV) - NIGHT

The BARTENDER wears outlandish, flamboyantly homosexual clothes and stands behind a trendy GAY BAR. Techno music pumps in the background.

BARTENDER

Okay fellas, come on in!

A GANG OF BIKERS **enters**. They stop in their tracks and look around, horrified.

BIKER #1

Jimmy? Is that you?

BIKER #2

What'd you do with the pool tables?
And your mullet?

BIKER #3

And the bitches?

BARTENDER

Surprise!

Beat.

The bikers whip out bats, crowbars and other blunt objects and immediately start **trashing the place**.

INT. "QUEER EYE" SET (ON TV)

The FAB FIVE watch the debacle on their plasma screen, mouths agape.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER

Wait a minute, are those guys gay?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

PETER sits in front of the TV with BRIAN. CHRIS **enters** through the front door.

CHRIS
Hey Dad! Look what I found outside!

PETER
Stop right there, Chris! If it's another deflated mayonnaise-filled balloon, throw it back in Quagmire's yard.

CHRIS
No, look! IT'S A HAMSTER!

An adorable GERBIL peeks from behind Chris's head.

BRIAN
That's a gerbil.

CHRIS
His name's Muffball, can we keep him?

PETER
Where'd you find it?

CHRIS
Quagmire's yard.

Peter raises a finger and takes a breath to say something.

Brian interrupts him.

BRIAN
(TO PETER) I'll handle this one.
(TO CHRIS) I dunno, Chris, it might belong to somebody. Remember the time you brought home that cat?

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A giggling Chris sits on his bed and gleefully plays with a TAN CAT. Suddenly a HUGE FEMALE LION **crashes in** through the window with a roar, **knocks** Chris away with one swipe of its paw, **grabs** the cub in its mouth, and **bounds** out the window.

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

CHRIS
(SCRATCHING HIS HEAD) No...

PETER
Yeah, Brian's right, Chris. Plus your mother hates gerbils.

LOIS **enters** from upstairs, holding a full laundry basket.

LOIS
Aww, isn't that adorable! I love gerbils!

CHRIS
I found him outside! Can I keep him?

LOIS
Oh, I don't know, honey, you know how your father hates small animals.

PETER
Oh, way to make me the bad guy, Lois. I suppose Stewie being born is my fault too, huh, Miss "marijuana doesn't affect your judgment Oh God I want you so much right now?"

LOIS
(BLUSHING) Oh Peter, you know that's not how it...

Lois trails off and hurriedly **exits** into the kitchen.

BRIAN
Look, I'll be the bad guy this time. Chris, I hate gerbils. I'm allergic to them. Just getting near them makes me--

CHRIS
AHH!

The gerbil **escapes**, scampers across the living room floor and disappears through a crack in the corner.

CHRIS
MUFFBALL!

PETER
Aw, don't worry, Chris. Brian will sniff him out. Right, Brian?

BRIAN

Sure, if I can catch him between sneezing fits.

PETER

Sneezing fits? That reminds me, I gotta go drink beer!

Peter quickly **exits** through the front door.

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - LATER

Peter sits with CLEVELAND, QUAGMIRE and JOE at their usual booth drinking beers.

PETER

I dunno, what?

QUAGMIRE

... Michael Jackson!

They all **erupt** into uproarious laughter.

CLEVELAND

Oh Quagmire, you just bought your one-way ticket to Hell.

JOE

So, what are you guys doing for Mother's Day this year?

CLEVELAND

I'm gonna drop off Cleveland Jr. at a sitter and treat Loretta to an all-day festival of lovin'. What about you?

JOE

Well, my mom's in town from Providence, so I'm gonna take her and Kyle and Debbie to the new steakhouse in town.
What about you, Quagmire?

QUAGMIRE

I got stuck with my niece Julie all weekend while my big bro takes his wife camping.

CLEVELAND

So you just left her at home tonight?

QUAGMIRE

Eh, She's 13, she can handle it.
She's busy looking for her pet gerbil
anyway.

PETER

Uh oh.

QUAGMIRE

Yeah, tell me about it! Heh, I
thought she was moody to begin with,
but when she saw that empty cage, heh,
freak-out city!

CLEVELAND

Peter, what about you?

PETER

Eh, I'll just send my mom her usual
gift.

INT. SEEDY APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PETER'S MOM sits in a beat-up armchair surrounded by empty
booze bottles and glasses. She takes a piece of paper out
of an envelope and reads it.

It's Peter's handwriting: TO MOM--IOU--1 MOTHER'S DAY
GIFT.

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

JOE

Uh, and what about Lois?

PETER

Oh, right, Lois... hehehe. I, er...
when's Mother's Day?

CLEVELAND

It's tomorrow.

PETER

Aw, crap!

Peter **dashes** out of the bar.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MEG, Lois, Stewie and Brian sit on the sofa watching the
news on TV. Stewie sits on Lois's lap, dozing off.

ON TV SCREEN:

News anchors TOM and DIANE sit at their desk.

TOM

Our top story tonight, Mother's Day:
phony Hallmark holiday, or ancient
pagan day of ritual maternal
sacrifice?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STEWIE wakes up and is instantly riveted.

STEWIE

Oh God, please be the latter!

ON TV SCREEN:

DIANE

But first, we take you Live, to these
commercials.

STEWIE (O.S.)

BLAST!

EXT. CITY STREET (ON TV)

A BUM is shuffling along a sidewalk when he notices a
PEANUT BUTTER CUP in the gutter. He picks it up and looks
at it.

BUM

Mmmm!

He **eats** it and is immediately overcome by nausea. He
rushes to a nearby trash can and **pukes** into it, then
stumbles off, just as a BUSINESSMAN **enters** from off
camera.

The Businessman hesitantly walks over to the trash can,
looks around, then sticks his head into the trash can and
noisily **eats** the vomited peanut butter cup.

The slogan appears as the NARRATOR reads it:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There's no wrong way to eat a Reese's.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter, who has **entered** silently, tiptoes his way to the
kitchen, but blows his cover by **farting**.

PETER
(MUTTERING) Dammit.

LOIS
Hey Peter, back so early?

PETER
Uhh, yep! I didn't wanna stay out too late, uh, what with our big day tomorrow!

LOIS
What big day?

PETER
Oh come on, Lois, Mother's Day! What, did you think I forgot? Geez, give me some credit! Brian, can I see you in the kitchen?

BRIAN
Uh, sure, Peter.

Peter and Brian **exit** into the kitchen.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brian pulls up a chair next to Peter at the table.

BRIAN
You forgot, didn't you.

PETER
Aw geez, Brian, what do I do?

BRIAN
Well, you could always go with flowers and candy.

PETER
Nah, that didn't go over too well last year.

INT. SHOWER (FLASHBACK)

Lois **hums** to herself as she showers. Suddenly, Peter **bursts** through the shower curtain, holding flowers and candy.

PETER
HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!

LOIS

AAAAHH!

Lois **jumps**, slips and **tumbles** to the shower floor.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

I wanna do something great this year.
Something that looks like I planned it
in advance.

BRIAN

Hmm, that'll be tough to pull off
overnight.

PETER

Yeah, well, I'll stay up all night, if
it means not sleeping on the couch
tomorrow night.

BRIAN

Good point. I'll make some coffee.

They're interrupted by a high-pitched squeal from the
living room.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Peter and Brian **burst** through the kitchen door. Meg
stands on the couch, while Lois tries to calm her down.

PETER

What is it?

MEG

A RAT! There's a rat in the house!

PETER

Where?!

MEG

(POINTS TO CREDENZA) It ran under
there!

PETER

Oh relax, Meg, it's not a rat. It's a
hamster.

BRIAN

Gerbil.

STEWIE

Oh for God's sake, just catch the damn thing before Miss Piggy tinkles on the sofa!

Brian **creeps** over to the credenza and **peers** under it.

BRIAN

I got it--

Brian suddenly **erupts** into a VIOLENT SNEEZING FIT. The GERBIL **darts** across the floor and into its hole in the corner. Meg squeals and **exits** up the stairs.

STEWIE

Well well, it appears our resident pet is unable to perform his basic duties! HA!

LOIS

Brian, are you all right?

BRIAN

(SNIFFLES) Ugh. I'm fine. I told you I was allergic.

PETER

Aw, that's just great. Can't you put a clothespin on your nose or something?

LOIS

Peter, it's not his fault!

BRIAN

It's all right. I'll try to hold my breath next time.

STEWIE

Yes, see that you do, or, or it's back to the streets for Sneezy! Ha ha ha... Ohhh my, you suck so bad.

LOIS

Don't worry, Brian, I know you can catch it. (TO STEWIE) As for you, little man, it's bedtime!

Lois **picks** Stewie up and heads for the stairs.

STEWIE

Damn it, woman, I'm not tired!

Lois and Stewie **exit**.

PETER
Okay, Brian, put the coffee on. It's
go-time.

CUT TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Peter sits at the kitchen table with a pot of coffee,
staring at a blank notepad.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF KITCHEN CLOCK:

It reads 11:30.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP OF KITCHEN CLOCK:

It now reads 11:35.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

The table is empty; the blank notepad remains.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Peter lies asleep on the couch, snoring. Several beer
bottles are scattered about. The TV is on, but it's just
the color bars.

Beat.

ON TV SCREEN:

The color bars are replaced by a WOMAN who **screams**.

TV WOMAN (FILTERED)
AAAAAAAH!

Peter **wakes** with a start.

PETER
AHH!

TV MAN (FILTERED)
What is it, honey?

INT. KITCHEN (ON TV) - CONTINUOUS

TV MAN and TV WOMAN stand in their TV KITCHEN. The haggard woman cradles a BABY in her arm while doing dishes, and a TODDLER yanks on her apron. TV Man is at the kitchen table finishing his breakfast.

TV WOMAN

All these kids of ours, they're driving me crazy! I need a vacation!

TV MAN

Oh honey, you know money's tight. And we just took a vacation last year. What would you have me do?

Suddenly, FRED SAVAGE (or another celebrity of similar caliber) enters the TV Kitchen.

FRED SAVAGE

Hi, I'm TV's Fred Savage. Does this sound like your family?

PETER (O.S.)

Hehehe, no.

FRED SAVAGE

Of course it does. Every family needs a vacation. And if you're in Rhode Island, do we have the perfect deal for you! Follow me!

TV WOMAN

Okay!

TV Woman **umps** the baby in the sink with the dishes, **unties** her apron, which falls on the yanking toddler, and is led away by Fred Savage. TV Man **follows**.

INT. PROVIDENCE SPA LOBBY (ON TV) - CONTINUOUS

The trio **enters**. A beaming CLERK stands behind the counter in the lobby.

FRED SAVAGE

What you need is the luxurious Providence Resort & Spa! It's the perfect local getaway, and with our Spring Savings Package, even single-income families like yours can afford it!

TV MAN
Wow! Tell me more, Fred Savage!

FRED SAVAGE
(TO TV MAN) Let me talk and I will!
(TO AUDIENCE) The hotel has over two
hundred one- to three-star rooms for
your comfort!

An image of an average-looking hotel room flashes briefly
on the screen.

FRED SAVAGE
But with our fabulous resort and spa,
you won't want to go to your room!
Come on, I'll show you!

Fred Savage **yanks** TV Woman by the wrist and they **exit**.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

A gorgeous blonde MASSEUSE works on a handsome CUSTOMER in
the background.

The trio **enters**.

FRED SAVAGE
Full-body massage!

Fred Savage **runs off** and TV Man and Woman follow.

INT. MUD BATHS - CONTINUOUS

CUSTOMERS relax in the mud baths. The trio **enters**,
stopping from a run.

FRED SAVAGE
World-class mud baths and facials!

Fred Savage **runs off** again, and TV Man & Woman follow.

INT. SALON - CONTINUOUS

CUSTOMERS in the background are getting haircuts, perms,
manicures and pedicures. The trio **enters** with Fred Savage
in the lead.

FRED SAVAGE
A full-service beauty salon!

Fred Savage again **yanks** TV Woman away. TV Man catches his
breath and then reluctantly **follows** them.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - CONTINUOUS

CUSTOMERS play tennis in the background. Fred Savage **enters** with TV Woman in tow.

FRED SAVAGE

And our outdoor facilities feature professional-grade tennis and squash courts, hot tubs, and an Olympic-sized swimming pool!

TV Man **enters**, gasping for breath. Fred Savage and TV Woman **run off**.

TV MAN

(PANTING) Oh God.

TV Man **staggers** after them.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Fred Savage and TV Woman **enter**.

TV WOMAN

Wow, Fred Savage, the Providence Resort & Spa has everything!

FRED SAVAGE

(TO TV WOMAN) That's right!

(TO AUDIENCE) So visit us now while these spectacular Spring Savings last!

Fred Savage smiles at the audience. TV Man **enters** and immediately **collapses** on his face.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER

Holy crap, that's perfect!

Peter **jumps** off the couch and **darts** up the stairs.

TV NARRATOR (FILTERED)

(IN FAST END-OF-COMMERCIAL VOICE)

Appointments made by reservation only. All Mother's-Day reservations are full.

INT. GRIFFINS' MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lois is fast asleep in bed. Peter **bursts in**.

PETER
HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!

LOIS
AAAHH!

Lois **jumps** with a start and **tumbles** onto the floor in a heap with her covers.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GRIFFINS' MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Peter stands in the doorway. Lois gets up off the floor.

PETER

Rise and shine, Lois! I got a surprise for ya!

LOIS

Oh God. Did you... cook breakfast?

PETER

Hehehe, c'mon, Lois, you know that's woman's work. Besides, this surprise is much better! This Mother's Day, we're going to a spa, just you and me!

LOIS

(GIGGLY) Oh Peter, really?

PETER

Yep, pack your things, we leave in half an hour!

LOIS

But what about the kids?

Brian **enters**.

PETER

Relax, they're fine with Brian. Right, Brian?

BRIAN

(PUZZLED) Uh... yes!

PETER

That's right, Lois--Brian and I had this planned for weeks. I got it all worked out. All you have to do is get packin'!

LOIS

Oh Peter, what a wonderful surprise! I'll get my things ready, you pack the car.

Lois **exits** into the bathroom.

BRIAN

Oh God, what'd I agree to?

Peter takes suitcase from under the bed and haphazardly **tosses** some clothes into it.

PETER

Relax, Brian, you just have to watch the kids 'til tomorrow. I'm taking Lois to this fancy spa I saw on TV at five in the morning.

BRIAN

An infomercial for a spa? Don't you think you should at least call ahead?

PETER

Oh come on, Brian, why would I hafta call 'em on the phone if I saw 'em on television? TV was invented like ten years later!

Peter sloppily **zips up** the suitcase and heads for the bedroom doorway.

PETER (CONT'D)

Besides, they even had the retarded kid from "Life Goes On" endorsing it. What could go wrong?

Peter **exits**.

BRIAN

I shudder to think.

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Peter **tosses** luggage into the station wagon. Lois sits in the passenger seat.

LOIS

Oh Peter, I packed in such a rush--I think I forgot my toilet kit!

PETER

Don't worry, honey, this place is top-notch! All your woman stuff will be in the room. I bet the bathroom even comes with one o' those fancy anus washers.

LOIS

You mean a bidet?

PETER
(CONDESCENDINGLY) I think they prefer
to be called maids, Lois.

Peter **hops** into the driver's seat.

PETER (CONT'D)
All right, Providence, here we come!

Meg and Chris, both in their pajamas, **enter** from inside
the house and rush to the car.

CHRIS
Mom! Dad!

LOIS
What is it, sweetie?

MEG
Where are you going?

PETER
Hehe, don't be silly, Meg, don't you
remember it's Mother's Day?

MEG
I know, we wanted--

PETER
(INTERRUPTING) Uh uh, no time for
talking, Meg--come over here and say
goodbye. Chris, say goodbye to your
mother.

As Chris hugs Lois, Meg hesitantly walks over to Peter.
He hastily **pulls** her close in a faux hug and **stuffs** a \$50
bill in her hand.

PETER
(WHISPERING) You know the drill.

MEG
(WHISPERING) Yep... no talky.

Meg and Chris **back away** from the car.

MEG
Bye mom! Hope you like our surprise!

CHRIS
Yeah, bye mom, hope--what?

The car **peels out**.

LOIS
(WAVING OUT WINDOW) Bye kids!
Behave!

Meg and Chris walk toward the front door.

CHRIS
Aw, I didn't get to give her my gift.

Meg **exits** into the house as Chris produces a peanut butter-covered pine cone, stuck with pieces of candy, from behind his back.

Suddenly he's distracted by JULIE, 13, Quagmire's niece. She's walking down the sidewalk toward Chris, looking around carefully.

JULIE
Poofball! Where are you??

Cut to a close-up of Chris's eyes widening. Thus begins the

SLOW-MOTION SEQUENCE:

CHEESY MUSIC plays as Chris's POV sees Julie's face, then wanders down to her chest--they're just mosquito bites, but he's nonetheless captivated. POV continues on to her skirt and spindly legs.

Cut to an extreme close-up of JULIE'S EYES as they start facing the camera but slowly start **looking down**.

Cut to extreme close-up of CHRIS'S EYES as they do the same. But then **PULL OUT** to reveal Chris as he realizes he has **PITCHED A HUGE TENT IN HIS PAJAMAS**. This **abruptly ends** the slow-motion sequence.

Chris **drops** the pine cone and covers his crotch with both hands.

CHRIS
AHH!

He **runs** toward the front door and **exits** into the house.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian, dozing on the sofa, is **awakened** as Chris **enters**, runs across the living room and **exits** up the stairs. Brian pauses, then goes back to sleep. But he is awakened again by a **knock** on the door.

BRIAN

Ah, dammit.

He gets up and **opens** the front door.

BRIAN

Listen, old man, I told you he's not a paperboy anymore!... Oh.

Julie is at the door, holding Chris's pine cone.

JULIE

Hi. He, um, dropped this.

She hands him the pine cone.

BRIAN

Uh, thanks.

JULIE

My name's Julie. I'm Glenn Quagmire's niece?

BRIAN

(OFFERING HIS HAND) Brian.

JULIE

(SHAKES BRIAN'S HAND) Nice to meet you, Brian. Sorry to bother you, but have you seen any gerbils around lately?

Brian **glances** quickly at the gerbil's hole.

BRIAN

Uh, gerbils? N-no, no I haven't. Why, did you lose yours?

JULIE

(DISAPPOINTED) Yeah. If I don't find him soon, I'll fail my science project on Monday.

The Gerbil **darts** from its hole, across the living room and under the credenza.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What was that?

BRIAN

Oh, did you see a rat? Yeah, we have a rat problem. We live in squalor.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(NERVOUSLY LAUGHING) Heh, I'm, I'm not
even house trained!

JULIE
Oh, I ... see. Well, if you--

BRIAN
(INTERRUPTING) Yeah, I'll definitely
keep an eye out for your gerbil.

JULIE
If you see anything, you know where to
find me.

BRIAN
Sure do.

Brian **closes** the door.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Is she gone?

Chris is **peeking** through the bannister.

BRIAN
Shhh!

Brian points at the credenza, then creeps toward it. He
takes a deep breath and holds it, then **lunges** under the
credenza.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I got it!--

But upon opening his mouth to speak, he again erupts into
a VIOLENT SNEEZING FIT. The gerbil **escapes** into its hole.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
DAMN it!

CUT TO:

EXT./ ESTAB. PROVIDENCE RESORT & SPA - DAY

The GRIFFINS' CAR pulls up and parks.

INT. PROVIDENCE SPA LOBBY - DAY

Peter and Lois **enter**, carrying their bags. Peter
immediately **drops** his suitcase on the floor.

PETER

Hey, can we get some service over here?

An annoyed but polite BELLHOP approaches them.

BELLHOP

Sir, you need to check in first.

He points them to the CHECK-IN DESK.

PETER

Oh wow, it's just like on TV! Wait here, Lois, let me check us in.

Peter **approaches** the desk, where a smiling blonde CLERK awaits.

PETER

I'd like your Spring Savings Spectaculaganza, please.

CLERK

Yes, sir. Your name?

PETER

Peter Griffin.

She consults her computer.

CLERK

Let's see, Griffin... Griffin... um, I don't see any reservations for Peter Griffin this weekend, sir.

PETER

Reservations? I just want a room and some spa!

CLERK

I'm sorry, sir, but we're all full this weekend. The only way you can get a room is if you have a reservation.

PETER

(FINALLY CATCHING ON) Oh, I--I'm sorry, did I say Peter Griffin? I meant, uh... Well, you got any other Griffins in there?

CLERK

I have a Patrick--

PETER
Yeah yeah, Patrick Griffin, that's me.
It's me and my wife over there...

Peter points to Lois and looks at the Clerk expectantly.

Beat.

CLERK
... Doris?

PETER
Yeah!

CLERK
Of course, Mr. Griffin. Okay, you're
all set. The bellhop will show you to
your room.

PETER
All right!

The Bellhop leads them to the elevator and they **exit**.

An OLD COUPLE **enters** and approaches the front desk.

CLERK
May I help you, sir?

OLD MAN
Yes, we have a reservation for Patrick
and Doris Griffin?

CLERK
(YELLING AND POINTING) IMPOSTORS!
SEIZE THEM!

The SECURITY GUARD in the corner **steps out** and reaches for
his gun.

In a flash, the Old Lady **whips out** NUNCHAKUS from her
purse and assumes a defensive stance; the Old Man **launches**
into a back-flip, lands back-to-back with the Old Lady,
and **throws** a SMOKE BOMB onto the ground.

There's some commotion and when the smoke clears, they're
gone and the Clerk and Guard lie unconscious on the floor.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The Bellhop **opens** the door and Peter and Lois **enter**.

LOIS

Thank you!

BELLHOP

You're quite welcome, ma'am.

Lois goes into the room.

The Bellhop **coughs** expectantly.

PETER

Oh no you don't! I'm not gettin' sick
on Mother's Day.

Peter **slams** the door in the Bellhop's surprised face.

LOIS

Oh Peter, how sweet! You even set up
activities for us! Here's my
schedule--a massage at noon, facial at
two... this is so exciting!

Peter goes over to the bed, where Lois is lying and
looking at a piece of paper.

PETER

Uh, yeah! Let me see mine.

Lois hands him his schedule.

PETER (CONT'D)

Let's see... Yep, there's my, uh,
water aerobics at noon... shuffleboard
at two, followed by a...
(MISPRONOUNCES) high colonic? Huh.

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chris sits on his bed, looking out the window.

Brian **enters**.

BRIAN

Hey Chris, I made you a sandwich if
you--what's the matter?

CHRIS

(GLUMLY) Nothing.

BRIAN

Come on, Chris, I just offered you a
sandwich and you didn't even turn
around. You can tell me.

Brian sits on the bed next to Chris.

CHRIS

When I saw that girl outside, I thought she was so pretty...

BRIAN

Who, Julie? Yeah, that's Quagmire's niece. She's here for the weekend.

CHRIS

(DESPAIRINGLY) Oh, great.

BRIAN

Why's that bad? If you like her, you should go introduce yourself.

CHRIS

No, she'll laugh at me!

BRIAN

What?! Chris, don't be so self-conscious! Why would she laugh at you if you just go say hi?

CHRIS

Because when I saw her outside this morning... (LOOKS DOWN AT HIS CROTCH) part of me said hi already!

BRIAN

What?... Oh. OH!

CHRIS

(COVERS FACE WITH HANDS) Oh God, it was so embarrassing!!

BRIAN

Ah, I see. Well, look, you know Muffball?

CHRIS

(PERKS UP) Did you catch him?

BRIAN

No, but it turns out he's Julie's science project. If we catch him and surprise her with it, she'll instantly like you! Hell, she might even give you a kiss!

CHRIS

ON THE MOUTH?

BRIAN
(THROWN OFF) I dunno, maybe.

CHRIS
LET'S DO IT!!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brian crouches by the gerbil's corner hole, holding a vacuum tube. Chris stands behind him wielding a pot and lid.

BRIAN
Okay, GO!

Chris flips the vacuum switch and it roars on. Brian sticks it into the gerbil's hole and there's a THOK sound.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
YES!

He pulls the tube out of the hole. The GERBIL is caught head-first in the tube, its hind legs scrambling frantically.

Brian holds his breath and gestures for Chris to turn the vacuum off.

Chris flips the switch, but it goes into REVERSE. The Gerbil **pops** out and sails across the room just as...

Stewie **enters** from the kitchen, waving an empty juice cup.

STEWIE
Listen, Dog, are you going to pour me some bloody juice or do I have to--
AHH!

The Gerbil **bounces** off Stewie's face and lands feet-first in his juice cup. It's stuck.

STEWIE (CONT'D)
What the hell just happened?

Chris rushes over to Stewie. Brian keeps a safe distance.

CHRIS
Whoa, way to go, dude! You caught him!

He takes the cup away from Stewie.

BRIAN
(SARCASTIC) Yeah, way to block it with
your face.

STEWIE
(SENSING BRIAN'S FEELING OF
INADEQUACY) Oh, it's easy when you
don't go into conniptions every time
you do this.

He grabs the cup back from Chris.

STEWIE
(TAKES DEEP BREATH THROUGH HIS NOSE)
Ahhh, smell that fresh air! Wait,
what's this? Why, it's a cute little
gerbil! Let me smell it to make sure!

He holds the cup under his nose and sniffs.

STEWIE (CONT'D)
Yes, that's definitely--AHH!

The Gerbil **bites** Stewie's nose and he recoils. Chris
catches the cup.

BRIAN
(CONDESCENDINGLY) See, Stewie, that's
called poetic justice.

STEWIE
GO TO HELL!

Stewie **exits** into the kitchen, holding his nose.

CHRIS
Oh man, this is great! I'm gonna go
and give it to Julie right now!

EXT. QUAGMIRE'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Chris knocks on the door. He has the Gerbil in a mason
jar behind his back.

Julie answers the door.

CHRIS
(NERVOUS) Hi, um, I'm Chris.

JULIE
(SMILES KNOWINGLY) Yeah, we've met.

CHRIS

I, uh, found this in our yard.

He produces the gerbil from behind his back.

JULIE

(DELIGHTED) Poofball! You found him!

She takes the jar from Chris.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you! This means so much--

She **peers** at the gerbil and trails off.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(CRESTFALLEN) Oh.

CHRIS

What?

JULIE

This isn't Poofball. Poofball is a darker brown. And poofier. And he has one ear.

CHRIS

(LOOKS DOWN AT THE GROUND,
EMBARRASSED) Aw man...

JULIE

(FEELS BAD) Hey, it's okay. My science teacher probably won't know the difference.

She puts her hand on Chris's shoulder.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Chris. It was sweet of you to try.

She **kisses** Chris on the cheek. His eyes widen and he glances down at his crotch.

CHRIS

Uh, I... gotta go.

He **runs** back toward his house. As he approaches the front door, he looks up and sees the EVIL MONKEY THAT LIVES IN HIS CLOSET **pointing** at him from his bedroom window, accompanied by its usual MUSICAL STING.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

AHH!

Chris runs inside and **slams** the door.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN is reading on the couch. Chris runs to the stairs.

BRIAN

How'd it go?

CHRIS

(STILL RUNNING) It happened again!

He **exits** up the stairs.

INT. QUAGMIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

QUAGMIRE, in his typical robe, **enters** from upstairs.

QUAGMIRE

Hey Julie, who was it?

JULIE

Chris found this gerbil in his yard.
But it's not Poofball. Who knows
where this one came from.

Quagmire looks at the gerbil in the jar. It **points evilly** at him, just like the Monkey, and is accompanied by the same MUSICAL STING.

Quagmire shakes his head and looks again at the Gerbil, which has returned to normal.

His eyes narrow and he cringes.

EXT. / ESTAB. PROVIDENCE RESORT & SPA - AFTERNOON

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter, clad in a Providence Spa bathrobe and slippers, sits in a chair with his hands folded in his lap. A SNOOTY LADY, 60s, also in a bathrobe, sits two chairs down.

SNOOTY LADY

(TO PETER) This spa is just wonderful,
isn't it?

PETER

Yep.

SNOOTY LADY
Have you had a colonic before?

PETER
A what? Oh, yeah, I get these all the time.

SNOOTY LADY
Aren't they absolutely refreshing?
The last time I had one, it felt like I dropped twenty pounds!

PETER
(PLEASANTLY SURPRISED) Twenty pounds?
Oh man, that's great!

The door opens and the HYDROTHERAPIST, a friendly-looking man in his early 40s, **enters**.

HYDROTHERAPIST
Patrick Griffin?

Peter looks at him blankly.

HYDROTHERAPIST (CONT'D)
Uh, Mr. Griffin?

PETER
That's me.

HYDROTHERAPIST
Follow me, please.

Peter follows him and they **exit**.

INT. HYDROTHERAPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HYDROTHERAPIST
(OFFERS HIS HAND) Nice to meet you, Patrick--

PETER
You can just call me Mr. Griffin.

HYDROTHERAPIST
(PAUSES, THROWN OFF) I'm Dr. Watts, the spa's hydrotherapist. Tell me, is this your first colonic irrigation?

PETER
What, are you kidding me? These things are great!

HYDROTHERAPIST
(LAUGHS PLEASANTLY) Terrific, so you
know what to do. Just get on the table
and we'll get started.

Peter **hops** onto the table and sits.

Beat.

HYDROTHERAPIST
All right, whenever you're ready.

PETER
I'm ready.

HYDROTHERAPIST
(A HINT OF IMPATIENCE) Lie face-down
on the table and remove your shorts,
and we can begin.

PETER
You know what, you can skip the
prostate exam, I just had mine last
month. That was humiliating enough!

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A YOUNG DOCTOR in a white coat stands behind Peter, taking
off a rubber glove.

YOUNG DOCTOR
There, that wasn't so bad, was it?

Suddenly the door **opens** and another DOCTOR, with black
hair and a black mustache, steps in.

DOCTOR
Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr.
Griffin, let's get started on your
prostate exam...

He stops and looks at the Young Doctor. They stare at
each other.

Beat.

The Young "Doctor" suddenly sheds his coat and **dashes** out
of the room... naked.

INT. HYDROTHERAPY ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

PETER

So just keep your hands where I can see 'em and let's do this, huh?

HYDROTHERAPIST

(ANNOYED) Sir, since you've done this before, you know that the procedure involves a tube, running water, and your colon. Now please, let me do my job.

PETER

(HORRIFIED) My colon? Crap.

INT. WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SNOOTY LADY sits and reads a magazine.

PETER (O.S., MUFFLED)

CRAAAAP!

She **starts** in her seat and drops the magazine.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. / ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - EVENING

A PIZZA DELIVERY CAR is in the driveway. The PIZZA GUY knocks on the front door.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian answers the door.

PIZZA GUY
(CUTESY TONE) Hey there lil' fella!
Where are your owners?

Brian offers him cash.

BRIAN
(UNFAZED) Here ya go.

The Pizza Guy, dazed, hands Brian the pizza and **turns** to leave as Brian closes the door.

PIZZA GUY
(TO HIMSELF) I gotta stop getting high
on the job...

Brian brings the pizza into the kitchen.

BRIAN
(SHOUTING) PIZZA!

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Meg **enters**, carrying Stewie.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Where's Chris?

MEG
He went outside with a flashlight. I thought he was playing flashlight tag, but then I remembered he has no friends. (LAUGHS AT HER OWN JOKE) Ha ha!

She sets Stewie in his high chair.

STEWIE
Oh, that's rich.

BRIAN
(SIGHS) I think I know what he's up
to. I'll go find him.

Brian **exits** out the side door.

Meg sits at the table and serves herself a slice, then
gives Stewie one and begins cutting it for him.

Beat.

STEWIE
God, you're fat.

EXT. QUAGMIRE'S SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Chris is crouched in front of Quagmire's bushes with the
flashlight. Brian **approaches**, lighting up a cigarette.

CHRIS
Heeere, Poofball!

BRIAN
Chris, what are you doing?

Chris stands up.

CHRIS
I gave her the wrong gerbil so now I
gotta find Poofball.

BRIAN
Chris, do you have any idea how slim
the odds are of--(SNEEZES) AH-CHOO!

They look at each other.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(POINTING TO BUSHES) That way.

Chris **lunges** into the bushes.

CHRIS
Owww! Over here?

BRIAN
No, not--screw it.

Brian holds his breath, **yanks** the flashlight from Chris
and crawls into the bushes in a different direction.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I just gotta pick up the scen--AH-
CHOO! AH-CHOO!--There it is--AH-
CHOO!!

CHRIS
(EXCITED) Go get 'im, Brian!!

Brian takes a deep breath and crawls further into the bushes, next to the house.

BRIAN
(GASPS, THEN IMMEDIATELY SNEEZES) AH-
CHOO--I see it!!

There is an intense rustling in the bushes and the flashlight beam dances all over the place.

Brian **emerges** with a squirming POOFBALL in his grasp.

Chris jumps up and down, **squeals**, and laughs giddily.

They **rush** to Quagmire's front door, and Brian rings the doorbell, still holding his breath.

INT. QUAGMIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The doorbell rings as Quagmire **enters** down the stairs.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)
Hold on, dammit!

He **trips** on the sheet and **tumbles** down the stairs.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!

He **gets up**, rubs his head and goes to the door.

EXT. QUAGMIRE'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Quagmire **opens** the door.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)
(ANNOYED) What?

Brian, blue in the face and dancing back and forth, holds out POOFBALL.

CHRIS
We found Poofball, Mr. Quagmire!

QUAGMIRE
Oh, that's great, but I just dropped
Julie off at the bus station.

CHRIS
Oh no!

QUAGMIRE
(LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) But her bus
doesn't come for fifteen more minutes-
-if you hurry, you can catch her!

CHRIS
Aw man, we don't have a car!

Brian, still holding his breath, is **hopping** frantically.

QUAGMIRE
Aw, I'd take you, but I'm...
entertaining. Ah, screw it, just take
my car.

He takes his keys from their nearby hook and tosses them
to Chris, then **exits** into his house.

CHRIS
Come on, Brian, let's go!

Chris **grabs** Poofball out of Brian's hand and **dashes** to
Quagmire's car.

BRIAN
GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASP...

Brian **passes out**.

INT. QUAGMIRE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

For a second, we see Lois and LORETTA lying in Quagmire's
plush bed, **beckoning** to the camera. But we quickly **zoom
out** to reveal Quagmire putting finishing strokes on it
with a paintbrush--it's a PAINTING.

Quagmire puts the brush down and looks over to the bed,
where a HOT BLONDE beckons to him.

QUAGMIRE
Heh, baby, you are a work of art.

As he struts to the bed, we **zoom out** again to reveal it's
a VIDEO on a TV, then **pan** to reveal Quagmire lying in bed
alone, watching it.

QUAGMIRE
Heh, heh, allllll right.

EXT. / ESTAB. PROVIDENCE RESORT & SPA - EVENING

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lois relaxes on the bed. Peter **enters** from the hallway, waddling.

LOIS
Hey, Peter! How was the colonic?

PETER
(SURLY) I don't wanna talk about it.

LOIS
(SURPRISED) What, you didn't like it?

PETER
Aw, I dunno, Lois, maybe it's just me, but I have this thing about (SUDDENLY SHOUTING) ANAL PENETRATION!

LOIS
(DEFENSIVE) Hey, don't yell at me! You were the one who signed up for it!

PETER
(STILL ANGRY) No I didn't, Lois, it was that damn Patrick Griffin! (OOPS) I--I mean...

LOIS
What?

PETER
I meant, uh--I love you. Let's have sex.

He suddenly drops his bathrobe.

LOIS
Peter, put that away! Look, do you have something to tell me? Maybe something that could save you a lot of trouble and embarrassment?

PETER
Okay, okay! I swiped all the towels and the hair dryer and put 'em in my bag! Geez, what is this, the Spanish Inquisition?

INT. FAST-FOOD TACO RESTAURANT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter stands at the counter looking up at the menu.

PETER

(TO GUYS BEHIND COUNTER) 'Scuse me,
could one of you Spanish people tell
me what the hell a... (GROSSLY
MISPRONOUNCES) quesadilla is?--AAH!

Out of nowhere, a SPANISH INQUISITION GUY **enters** and **whips**
Peter's back.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

LOIS

(EXASPERATED) Peter, look. Even if I
didn't hear everything when you
checked us in, I woulda figured it out
after people called me Doris all day!
(ANGRY) Now fess up!

PETER

Aw jeez. Look, I'm sorry, honey. I
forgot Mother's Day. I--I just wanted
so bad to make you happy, I got
desperate. (LOOKS AT HIS FEET) I
guess I let you down again.

Lois gets up off the bed and **hugs** Peter.

LOIS

Oh, don't be silly, honey! I had a
wonderful time today!

PETER

Really, you're not mad?

LOIS

No! The important thing is you tried.
(SWITCHING GEARS) Now let's get packed
and sneak outta here and we're gold.

Lois begins picking things up.

PETER

I'll grab more towels.

LOIS

I already got 'em. (PICKS UP A LAMP)
See if you can fit these lamps in your
suitcase.

EXT. / ESTAB. QUAHOG BUS STATION - NIGHT

QUAGMIRE'S CONVERTIBLE pulls up and screeches to a halt.

INT. QUAGMIRE'S CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Chris is at the wheel; Brian is slumped in the back seat. He wakes up.

BRIAN
(GROGGILY) Where... where are we?
Holy crap, Chris, you drove?!

CHRIS
Just follow me!

Chris opens the glove compartment and quickly grabs Poofball, then hops out of the car and runs into the station. Brian follows suit.

INT. QUAHOG BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Chris **enters** and immediately spots JULIE about to board a bus.

CHRIS
JULIE, WAIT!

Julie sees him and hesitates. He **runs** over to her and she sees Poofball.

JULIE
(ECSTATIC) POOFBALL!! Oh, Chris, you found him!

She **embraces** Chris. He blushes.

CHRIS
Actually, Brian found him. He sniffed him out in the bushes.

BRIAN
(BRUSHING IT OFF) Oh, it was nothing. I'm a dog, it's what I do.

But his tail wags furiously, betraying his cool facade.

Julie goes over to the side of the bus, opens the luggage compartment and takes out her gerbil cage.

JULIE
Welcome home, Poofball!

She drops Poofball into the cage, then reaches in and takes out the other gerbil.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(TO BRIAN) Wanna keep him?

She offers it to Brian, who **jumps** back and waves his arms in refusal.

BRIAN
No no, that's all right. We--we don't get along.

JULIE
Well, they'll fight in the same cage.

She bends down and puts it on the ground.

JULIE (CONT'D)
There ya go, lil' fella, you're free!

It scampers off.

The BUS DRIVER sticks his head out of the bus.

BUS DRIVER
Let's go, I got a schedule to keep!

JULIE (CONT'D)
(TO CHRIS) Oh Chris, I wish I could stay here longer! Email me, will you? It's julie6969@yahoo.com.

CHRIS
Okay.

Julie gives Chris a **lingering kiss** on the mouth. Chris looks down at his crotch again, but just **shrugs**.

JULIE
(BOARDING BUS) Bye!

CHRIS
(GIDDILY) Bye.

An off-camera MAN suddenly **screams**.

MAN (O.S.)
Oh God, something's in my pants! OH GOD GET IT OUT!!

Chris and Brian look at each other, then **run** off.

EXT. / ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The GRIFFINS' CAR pulls into the driveway.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Chris, Meg and Stewie are on the couch watching the news on TV.

ON TV SCREEN:

Tom Tucker sits at the news desk. A picture of PATRICK and DORIS GRIFFIN appears next to him.

TOM

Good evening, I'm Tom Tucker. Our top story tonight: Fugitive geriatric criminals Patrick and Doris Griffin assaulted several employees at the Providence Hotel & Spa, and made off with over three thousand dollars' worth of hotel property. The couple has been on the run since escaping from a Florida mental institute last month.

DIANE

And in our Mother's Day human interest story: Tom Tucker didn't even call his mother today, citing her as being, and I quote, an "overbearing bitch." Tom, can you tell us more about this?

Tom just stares at the camera, open-mouthed.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Lois **enter**.

MEG

Oh my God, we're watching the news. Are you guys okay?

PETER

What the hell are you talking about? We're fine. Now come help us, we got a ton of crap in the car.

BRIAN

I thought you were staying overnight.

LOIS

Well, we knew you kids would miss us,
plus it was cheaper for a one-day
stay.

She **jabs** Peter and winks. Peter snickers. Everyone gets
off the couch and heads to the door.

PETER

Oh, and Meg, I'm gonna need that fifty
bucks back.

END OF SHOW