

Family Guy: The Deal

Written By

Kris Walker

Based on House on Haunted Hill

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE; KITCHEN. NIGHT

STEWIE GRIFFIN and BRIAN GRIFFIN are playing a MONOPOLY GAME similar to monopoly when Brian politely loses his composure.

BRIAN

Stewie, this game has gone on long enough. You win, I don't want it anymore.

STEWIE

Oh Brian, are you really going to cry during Intergalactic Monopoly Night? If you're going to have that kind of astronaut attitude, you're not welcome aboard my NASA space shuttle.

Stewie holds up a questionably shaped rocket ship.

BRIAN

Stewie this isn't the NASA edition. This isn't even about space. This is the Millennium Porn Star edition.

Stewie makes a disgusted face and throws down his piece.

STEWIE

Gross!

BRIAN

You didn't know that was a penis?

STEWIE

Oh that was a penis?

Stewie bends down, picks it back up and pockets it.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Where is everybody anyway?

BRIAN

They all went to bed. We've been playing for hours.

STEWIE

My word, I'm exhausted, even more so than that time Peter attempted to play racquet ball.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. RACQUETBALL COURT. DAY

PETER GRIFFIN is in a racquetball court standing in front of what looks like a tennis ball training launcher.

PETER
If it works in tennis it works in
racquetball.

He starts it up. It fires one and he misses it. It bounces off the wall and hits him in the butt. He turns around.

PETER (CONT'D)
Oww.

As he is turned around, another ball hits him in the back.

PETER (CONT'D)
Oww

More continue to fire and bounce off of him and the walls all around until the scene becomes a swarm of blue racquetballs bouncing all over the place.

PETER (CONT'D)
Ahh, its like an angry ball pit at
Chuckie cheese.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE (KITCHEN). NIGHT

STEWIE
Oh, well best we clean this up and
hit the hay ourselves. Lets return
this to the Fat Man's room.

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE UPSTAIRS. NIGHT

BRIAN and STEWIE walk up stairs and enter PETER and LOUS' room where the two are making love.

BRIAN
Oh Stewie, don't look.

Pulls Stewie back out of the room.

STEWIE

My word, that was absolutely appalling.

BRIAN

Oh...damn, Stewie...they were uh, my God am I going to have to explain this to him...they were wrestling...naked...like...like they always do after game night...and movie night...and dinner night...and Tuesdays.

STEWIE

Is that what they were doing?

Their talking overlaps.

BRIAN

Yea... he's not hurting mommy, they're just, working hard...

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Cause it really seems to me...

BRIAN

...Daddy may sometimes like to...

STEWIE

...Fornicating.

BRIAN

Oh, alright...so you know what that is?

STEWIE

Know, why in my day I could show you a thing or two. But I did thoroughly enjoy your interpretation.

BRIAN

Really, you liked that?

STEWIE

Hah, no. I think I could have gotten a better explanation from Shaquille O'Neal.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. BASKETBALL COURT. NIGHT

SHAQ and INTERVIEWER are having a post-game interview.

INTERVIEWER

Mr. O'Neal, how do you and your
teammates plan to win this game?

SHAQ

Put it in the hole!

EXT. ICE CREAM STAND. DAY

Shaq stands outside an ice cream stand. It is his turn in
line.

ICE CREAM EMPLOYEE

How would you like your ice cream
Mr. O' Neal?

Shaq gestures to his empty ice cream cone.

SHAQ

Put it in the hole!

INT. SHAQ'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Shaq's WIFE is standing over him with a spoonful of peas.

WIFE

Honey would you like some peas?

Shaq opens his mouth.

SHAQ

Put it in the hole!

INT. SHAQ'S HOUSE : LIVING ROOM. DAY

Shaq and his teenage SON are in his living room. Shaq is
nursing a pipe and reading Dr. Suess' HOP ON POP to himself.

SON

Dad, I like Charnelle very much and
I think we're ready to take our
relationship...to the next step.
What should I do?

Shaq peers over his book slowly, building suspense.

SHAQ

(Clears throat) I think you should
(MORE)

SHAQ (CONT'D)

consider Charnelle and your future
thoroughly and inquire as to
whether or not this is the correct
path you'd like to take.

Shaq's Son pauses, obviously disappointed with the answer.

SON

I...um mean, how do sink a free
throw?

SHAQ

Put it in the hole!

SON

You're right dad I'll call her now!

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE: LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

BRIAN

Man it's been too long.

STEWIE

Pardon?

BRIAN

It's been a while since I've had
sex.

STEWIE

For me as well.

BRIAN

You're 1 year old!

STEWIE

You're only 4.

BRIAN

You're right...I think it's about
time we got back in the game.

STEWIE

Why don't we make this more
interesting.

BRIAN

How do you mean?

STEWIE

We'll make this a wager; that by
(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

the week's end, we each 'score.' And
if at the week's expiration one of
us haven't yet alleviated our
carnal desires, the other must
clean the other's filth. That is
you must cycle my soiled
undergarments.

Stewie gestures to his diaper

BRIAN

And so you'll have to clean all my
poop in the backyard?

STEWIE

Yes, yes.

BRIAN

And under the couch?

STEWIE

Sure alright.

BRIAN

And that one I left in Meg's shoes.

STEWIE

Brian, how long has that one been
in there?

BRIAN

I don't know, what's tomorrow?
Friday?

STEWIE

Yes. Wait no Thursday.

BRIAN

Oh. About 4 years then.

STEWIE

Great. Do we have a deal?

Stewie holds out his hand. Brian stares apprehensively,
clearly leaning toward denying the deal.

BRIAN

I don't know man, it has been a
really long time. And a week's such
a short time to do it in. I don't
even really...

Stewie interrupts.

STEWIE

Sit

Brian sits obediently and unconsciously as he continues talking.

BRIAN

...have any real prospects and my game has been a little...

STEWIE

Roll over.

Brian rolls over and continues talking without realization.

BRIAN

...off. I mean, I'm too old to approach girls in a bar any...

STEWIE

Shake.

Brian shakes Stewie's hand.

BRIAN

...more. Maybe I'm just old...

Brian looks down at the now official hand shake.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Damn.

STEWIE

So the rules are set: that all parties present do hereby agree, that whoever can't woo another to stay the night is the loser and must clean the other's doodie. And so on that note, I bid you good night Brian.

I/E. WINDOW PANE: MAYOR WEST'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Camera lingers on the two for a moment, then pans back to the window where a very small microphone sits taped to the pane. Camera exits the window and follows an audio cord downward into the ground and then continues through a maze of twists and turns until it emerges outside MAYOR WEST'S MANSION. The camera follows the cord into Mayor West's window and finally ends at a dixie cup pressed to Mayor West's ear. On the side of the cup reads 'Patriot Act.'

MAYOR WEST

So, it is true... sleeping alone is abominable in the eyes of the public and is punishable by fecal sanitation. Well, I won't be made fool of amidst the citizens of Quahog. I will prove that Mayor West too can sleep in the company of strangers.