

IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

"The Gang Attempts to Bang"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

TITLE: 1:00 P.M.

TITLE: On a Saturday

TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

OVER TITLES WE HEAR

CHARLIE (V.O.)

How bout' if I paint my penis
black? You think that will make it
look any bigger?

MAC (V.O.)

I think it could add the illusion
of a little extra girth.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA

Mac and Charlie walk towards Paddy's Pub looking especially
disheveled even by their low standards.

CHARLIE

It's just that my penis isn't
living up to its full potential.

MAC

Dude, that's because your penis
reached it's full potential at
birth. You got to face the fact
that you have a baby-dick.

CHARLIE

Oh, c'mon. I don't have a baby
dick.

MAC

We all know you have a micro-dick
It's no big ...

Mac and Charlie stop walking as they notice something in the
distance.

CHARLIE

What the hell is this?

Mac and Charlie begin to run up to Paddy's Pub where they see
three teenage THUGS spray painting the wall outside the bar.

MAC
Are those kids spray painting our
bar?

They run over to the Thugs.

MAC (CONT'D)
Hey! What the hell do you think
you're doing?

THUG 1
What does it look like we're doing?

CHARLIE
It looks like you are spray
painting enormous male genitalia
all over our bar.

MAC
(inspects the wall)
Yep, they're dicks alright.

Thug 2 grabs Mac and pushes him against the wall.

THUG 2
Why don't you and your raggedy-ass
friend mind your business.

Charlie looks up and down the spray painted wall.

CHARLIE
Oh c'mon! A little originality
wouldn't hurt. Can't you at least
draw a rainbow around some of this
penis art? It looks ridiculous.

The Thugs crowd around Charlie and menacingly stare at him.
Mac grabs Charlie and leads him inside the bar.

MAC
This isn't over!

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Dennis, head tilted back, is holding a baggie of ice on a
fresh shiner. Dee works behind the bar.

MAC
What the hell happened to you?

DENNIS
They jumped me.

MAC
The penis painters?

Dennis nods his head.

MAC (CONT'D)
I've had it with these assholes!
It's the third time this month they
vandalized this place.

CHARLIE
Yea, I'm sick and tired of trying
to turn those spray painted dicks
into happy faces.

DEE
Well I'm sick of having to look at
the penis-nosed happy faces every
time I walk into this dump.

DENNIS
You know, maybe we should start a
gang of our own and show those
street tuffs who really runs this
block.

MAC
I've always wanted to gangbang.

DEE
Me too. I just never imagined my
first gangbang would be with two
losers and my brother.

MAC
Well, this is our chance to bang,
and bang hard.

CHARLIE
Hmmm ... our own gang.

MAC
Yes, our own gang.

DENNIS
It's settled. We're banging.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

TITLE: IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

TITLE: THE GANG ATTEMPTS TO BANG

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Charlie is washing mugs behind the bar while Dennis sits on a bar stool scribbling notes on a notepad.

DENNIS

What do you think about the
"Dreaded Jew-Sharks" as a gang
name?

CHARLIE

Ehhh ... in a different context a
half-Jew, half-shark hybrid could
be frightening, but I'm just not
feelin' it as the gang name.

DENNIS

(looks back at his notes)
Fine, how about "The Midnight Jew
Hammers?"

CHARLIE

You seem pretty hung up on the Jew
names over there.

DENNIS

I know man. Ever since we rented
Inglorius Basterds' the other night
I've been brimming with J rage.

CHARLIE

I know what you mean -- I would
give anything for a real live Nazi
to walk through that door right
now.

Dee walks in from the bathroom.

DEE

That leftover pad kee mao did not
sit well.

DENNIS

You know that's been in the fridge
for over two months now?

DEE

Maybe that would explain why I just
Taliban'd the hell out of the
bathroom.

Dee sits down at the bar.

DEE (CONT'D)

I've been thinking about this whole gang idea and it seems kinda ridiculous. We know nothing about gang life.

DENNIS

I was in a gang during college. I know exactly how it works.

DEE

You weren't in a gang, it was a stupid fraternity.

DENNIS

Well Dee, we were named the second most dangerous fraternity on campus by the *Daily Pennsylvanian*.

DEE

That's because half the freshmen girls ended up in the women's clinic after your CEOs and Business Hoes party.

DENNIS

Yourself included.

Mac walks in the front door of the pub carrying a large box in his hands.

MAC

Que paso bitches?

DENNIS

What you got in there?

MAC

Well, if you must know, I've taken the liberty of getting us gang uniforms.

Mac walks to the bar and places the box down. He pulls out four yellow cut-off sleeve shirts with a black skull on them and throws one to Dennis.

DEE

Wow. Yellow shirts. Nothing screams 'scary street gang' like neon yellow shirts.

MAC
Whattya think?

DENNIS
(reads the shirt)
The SkullBangers. Hmmm ...

Charlie takes out a red souvenir mini-Philadelphia Phillies baseball bat from his pants and starts to swing it wildly.

CHARLIE
I think the name will send a message to the dick bandits that we are ready to bang their skulls in.

DENNIS
Whooooa. Where the hell did that come from?

Dennis looks puzzled, but suddenly a switch flips on in his head.

DENNIS
Hold on. Are you ...

CHARLIE
Yep.

DENIS
The 'Bear Jew'!

CHARLIE
Nailed it!

DENNIS
We're KILLIN' NAZEES!

CHARLIE
WE'RE KILLIN NAZEEEEES!

MAC
WE'RE KILLIN NAZEEEEEEES!

DEE
(to Charlie)
Have you been carrying that bat with you since we saw that movie?

CHARLIE
The Bear Jew would never leaves the house without his trusty bat.

DEE

Does he ever leave without his mini glove too?

Dee grabs the shirt from Dennis and examines it.

DEE

Hold on. Don't you think that 'Skull Bangers' makes us sound like we get off on having sex with the skulls of dead people?

CHARLIE

Awwww - that is just sick Dee. I am really disappointed in you.

MAC

Why would we want to have sex with someone's skull? Waaay over the line Dee.

Frank walks out of the back office in his nothing but a pair of tighty whities.

FRANK

What the hell are you deadbeats up to?

DENNIS

We're starting a gang Frank, why don't you just go back to sleep.

FRANK

A gang huh? I want in on that action.

MAC

Yeeaa, you're just not SkullBanger material Frank, I'm sorry.

FRANK

I know more about gangs than any of you morons. In the early 70's I used to run with some big players in the exotic animal trade.

DEE

What the hell are you talking about?

FRANK

I specialized in the illegal bird trade.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mostly birds of prey -- falcons,
hawks, eagles. It was big money
back then.

MAC

Where did you get the birds?

FRANK

Let's just say I was making
frequent trips to Venezuela for a
few years.

Frank bends over to scratch his feet and his exposed butt
cheeks pop out through his ripped underpants. The gang is
repulsed.

DEE

Do you even know how to tell the
truth anymore?

DENNIS

He lost touch with reality a long
time ago. Let's move out of this
strange alternate universe Frank
has created for himself and get
back to the task at hand.

FRANK

I'm telling you the truth!

MAC

Sorry Frank, but we only got four
shirts and there is five of us.

DEE

I'll give him mine. I am not
joining this ridiculous gang.

CHARLIE

Whoa ... you know the rules --
blood in, blood out Dee.

Dee gets up and starts to walk away.

DEE

I'll go ahead and take my chances.

FRANK

Can I have her shirt?

DENNIS

No. Gang members only.

FRANK

What can I do to get in the gang?
 What's the initiation? How bout I
 pimp slap Deandra? Will that do it?

Frank walks over and raises his hand to Dee, but before he can hit her Dee strikes him in the throat with pointed fingers and Frank goes down.

CHARLIE

(to Mac)

To get in we each have to kill
 someone right?

Charlie takes the mini-Phillies bat back out of Dennis's hand and swings it like he is about to hit Dee over the head.

MAC

We are not killing anyone Charlie.

CHARLIE

Not killing anyone? I thought I
 joined a gang here.

MAC

We're gonna get back at those thugs
 by taking over their turf.

DENNIS

Are we talking a turf war?

CHARLIE

Turf war!!!

MAC

A couple of bums told me that they
 hang out over at Murphy's Liquor
 Store. Tonight we go to Murphy's
 and make it our turf.

CHARLIE

Turf war!!!

EXT. OUTSIDE MURPHY'S LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Mac, Dennis and Charlie, wearing their bright yellow gang shirts crouch behind bushes outside Murphy's Liquor Store. From their point of view we see the Thugs smoking and drinking outside the store.

MAC

(whispering)

Ok, since I have the best night-vision I am going to be the look-out. You guys go over there and take care of those dicks. Once you claim the turf, meet back at the rendezvous point.

CHARLIE

Doesn't seem like a well thought out plan.

DENNIS

Whoa, wait a second. I am pretty sure my night-vision is a lot better than yours. Why don't you go in and I'll be the lookout.

MAC

Your night vision can't be trusted. Just follow the plan.

DENNIS

There is no plan!

MAC

It's the best plan we have!

Mac, Charlie and Dennis sit in silence for a moment.

DENNIS

Fine, we will go along with your idiotic non-plan. Did you bring the gun Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yea, I got it.

Charlie proudly holds up a neon, water-pistol type gun that is clearly a fake.

DENNIS

Dammit Charlie. You brought a toy gun?

Charlie aims the pistol at Dennis and pulls the trigger squirting liquid on his face.

DENNIS

What's in here? It's burning my eyes.

CHARLIE

It's piss.

Dennis wipes his eyes furiously.

MAC

Sick idea. You got another one of those things?

CHARLIE

No dude, it took me two trips to fill this thing up.

DENNIS

You shot pee in my face?

CHARLIE

I needed to demonstrate the power of this weapon.

Dennis lunges for Charlie and Charlie lets out a screech. Mac breaks it up.

MAC

It's go time. If I see something I will let out the pony call we rehearsed.

DENNIS

Whatever, just make sure we hear it.

Dennis and Charlie lay on their stomachs and army crawl towards Murphy's Liquor Store. Mac takes out a pair of binoculars and from his point of view we see the Thugs go into the liquor store and draw guns on the clerk.

MAC

(not loud enough to be heard)

Naay. Naaaaaay. Charlieeee.

Naaaaaaaaaay. Dennis.

(a bit louder)

Dennis! Naaaaaay.

Dennis and Charlie do not hear Mac's calls and crawl through the front door of the liquor store. A chime goes off and everyone turns to see them on the ground.

INT. MURPHY'S LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

THUG 1
(turns around to point gun
at Dennis and Charlie)
Stay on the ground!

DENNIS
Wait. Wait. I think there's a
misunderstanding.

THUG 1
Ain't no misunderstanding.

CHARLIE
(whispers to Dennis)
I think these are the dicks.

THUG 2
Shutup before we smoke you! Give us
what's in your pockets.

Charlie empties his pockets onto the ground and out of his pockets falls loose change, a voodoo doll with a picture of the WAITRESS'S face attached to the head, and old, unwrapped sucking candies. Charlie picks a few of the candies off the ground and quickly puts them in his mouth.

DENNIS
Awww, that is disgusting.

CHARLIE
Five-second rule.

DENNIS
There's no five-second rule, do you
see this floor it's ...

THUG 1
Shutup!!!

Dennis slowly gets up and attempts to reason with Thug 1.

DENNIS
We are all reasonable people here.

CHARLIE
C'mon, just do what they say man.

DENNIS
We think we have just as much right
as you to loiter in this store as
you do.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I am sure we can divide this turf
in a way that is fair to all of us.

The Thugs laugh and Thug 1 points gun directly at Dennis's head.

THUG 1

Oh really?

DENNIS

You have an excellent point.

Dennis takes his wallet out of his pocket and hands it to Thug 1. The Thugs push Dennis and Charlie out of their way and walk out of the store.

CHARLIE

Wow. Those guns looked pretty real.

DENNIS

Pricks.

MURPHY (50), a frumpy middle-aged Asian man, walks out from behind the counter and assesses the damage.

MURPHY

They take everything! This is third
time this month that thugs rob
Murphy's store.

DENNIS

Tough break man, but we should be
getting out of here.

CHARLIE

Wait. You're Murphy?

MURPHY

Yes. I the Murphy.

CHARLIE

(to Dennis)

Hmmm ... I wouldn't think a Murphy
to be soo, um ...

DENNIS

Asian?

CHARLIE

Yea. I figured more Irish-Catholic.

Dennis and Charlie begin to walk out of the liquor store.

DENNIS

It's funny because I went to middle-school with an Asian kid named Gabe Greenberg and even though he looked Asian he celebrated all the Jewish holidays.

Murphy collapses against the wall, hands over his face.

MURPHY

(hysterical)

Murphy can do nothing to protect store! I try everything. I bring shame to my family. I bring shame and dishonor!

Dennis stops before he is out of the liquor store. He pulls Charlie aside and whispers in his ear. After another moment they walk back towards Murphy.

DENNIS

So Murphy, you really don't want to bring shame to your family do you?

MURPHY

No, no shame.

DENNIS

Has Murphy ever heard of the Skullbangers before?

MURPHY

Murphy not watch much porn.

Dennis stammers.

DENNIS

No, it's, it's not ... it's a gang.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - NIGHT

Mac is sitting on a stool at the bar. Dee is ignoring a bar patron waving to get her attention.

DEE

Wait ... so the store was already being robbed when they walked in?

MAC

Yep.

DEE

And instead of helping them you ran away?

MAC
You're making it sound much worse
than it is.

The door swings open and Charlie and Dennis walk in.

DEE
Thank God you're ok!!!

MAC
I knew they would be fine.

CHARLIE
(to Mac)
Well, well. Look who it is. Mr.
Benjamin Franklin himself.

MAC
What?

DENNIS
He means Benedict Arnold --
traitor.

Mac gets up and pats Charlie and Dennis on the back.

MAC
Whew! That was a close call, lucky
we got out of there.

Dennis and Charlie each put a hand on Mac's shoulder and push
him down into a chair.

CHARLIE
We? I don't seem to recall Tom
Arnold being with us. Do you
Dennis?

DENNIS
(sarcastically)
Hmmm ... let me think.
(beat)
Nope, don't remember it.

Charlie pulls his souvenir bat out of his pants.

MAC
Face it, you guys couldn't execute
the plan.

DENNIS

Oh right, the plan. We must have forgotten about the part of this plan where you ditch us and leave us at the mercy of gun-wielding, penis-obsessed adolescents.

MAC

Let's just forget about this whole gang thing, it's not our style.

DENNIS

Is that so? Because for your information, Murphy is going to let the SkullBangers provide security for his liquor store.

DEE

(shocked)

He is going to do what?

Charlie and lifts up his shirt and flexes his muscles.

DENNIS

Yep, Murphy needs the SkullBanger's muscle to keep away the derelicts that ruin this great city.

CHARLIE

The next time those dicks walk in to the store ...

(smashes bat against the bar)

BAMMM! We bang their skulls.

MAC

Really? Murphy wants us to protect his store?

DENNIS

Us?

Dennis and Charlie break out into sarcastic laughter that goes on longer than Mac would like.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Good one, but the SkullBangers are just me and Charlie now. We are going to need your shirt back.

MAC

(to Dennis)

Just you and Charlie? C'mon I am a founding member.

Charlie signals for the shirt.

MAC

I made these shirts, I am not giving mine back to you.

Charlie takes his souvenir bat and smacks Mac on the head.

MAC

Owww!!!

DEE

You just got skullbanged bitch.

With Charlie pointing the mini-bat at Mac, Mac reluctantly takes his shirt off and hands it to Charlie.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. MURPHY'S LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Dennis and Charlie are standing inside Murphy's liquor store dressed in their yellow SkullBanger shirts and camouflage army helmets. They have set up a greeting table adorned with balloons and scattered with free giveaways. A frail elderly woman walks in Murphy's.

CHARLIE

Good afternoon Ma'am.

Dennis bows to the elderly woman and picks up a trinket off the greeting table to hand to her.

DENNIS

How do you do? Why don't you take a Murphy's keychain home with you today.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh, what lovely gentlemen!

The elderly woman passes Charlie and Mac and goes to the back of the store.

DENNIS

How great is this job? I think we're showing that gangs can have a good influence on this community if only they would use their power in a positive way.

CHARLIE

Speaking of, I'm still twelve hours short on my community service for that little stalking, errr, mishap. Think I can get hours for this?

DENNIS

Couldn't hurt to ask the judge.

A nerdy-looking Asian man walks into Murphy's.

CHARLIE

Good day sir.

ASIAN MAN

Hey.

DENNIS

Please enjoy your shopping experience with us here at Murphy's.

ASIAN MAN

Okay ... thanks.

Asian Man walks off to back of store.

DENNIS

(to Charlie)

Nice guy.

CHARLIE

Great guy! Why haven't we thought of this before? This do-gooding thing has really taken hold of me.

The door chime goes off and a nicely-dressed AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN (35) walks through the door.

DENNIS

(whispers to Charlie)

We may have a bogey here.

Charlie waves Dennis off as the African American Man approaches Dennis and Charlie.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN
Can you please show me to the wine
section?

CHARLIE
(grabs a handful of stress
balls)
Sure, but first why don't you take
a couple stress balls home for your
kids.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN
It's ok, I am in a rush to get out.

DENNIS
Whoooa sir, we don't need any
trouble today. Just take the stress
ball and move along.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN
I said I don't want the stress
balls.

CHARLIE
Sir, am I noticing an aggressive
tone in your voice?

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN
I just need to pick up a bottle of
wine for a dinner party, please let
me through.

The African American Man attempts to walk past Charlie and
Dennis, but they form a wall blocking him.

CHARLIE
Sir, I'd like for you step away
from this vector and remove
yourself to a different quadrant --
immediately.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN
I am not removing myself. Where is
the manager?

DENNIS
You see, the manager is *managing*
the store because that's what
managers do. The manager hires us
to deal with people like yourself.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN
And what type of people is that?

Noticing the commotion, Murphy runs over to intercede.

MURPHY

Mr. Franklin, what is problem?

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN

These buffoons just cost you my account at this store!

MURPHY

No! Not employees. I tell them not to come. They don't listen.

DENNIS

We're here on a strictly voluntary basis.

Murphy attempts to grab Dennis and Charlie and push them out of the store.

MURPHY

Go! Leave! Get out of my store!

Dennis and Charlie resist and put their arms around Murphy who is helpless against them.

CHARLIE

Oh, no. You need our help. We're not done our work here.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN

You guys are morons.

The African American Man aggressively bumps shoulders with Charlie as he leaves the store.

CHARLIE

Total lack of respect.

DENNIS

I mean, Black, White, Asian, Muslim, Jew, we love everyone the same.

CHARLIE

Oh yea, this definitely isn't about race.

DENNIS

Definitely not.

An suspicious looking CAUCASIAN MAN in a black hoodie walks out of the store with a huge bottle-shaped bulge under his sweatshirt.

DENNIS

Have a wonderful day sir.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - BACK OFFICE - DAY

Frank is sitting in the back office watching television in his underwear.

FRANK

What did you come back here to bother me about?

MAC

Listen, I need your help to get back at Charlie and Dennis. They booted me out of my own gang.

FRANK

Rightfully so. I heard what you did -- that was some low-life stuff.

MAC

C'mon Frank, don't you remember the shame and humiliation you felt when they turned you down from the SkullBangers? I wanted you in the gang all along.

FRANK

You seriously think I'm gonna fall for that? Anyway, I got much better things to do now.

MAC

Like what?

Frank opens a desk drawer and grabs a pamphlet to show Mac.

FRANK

I am reading books now. A dolt like you wouldn't understand how one feeds his spirit with the bread of books.

MAC

That is a pamphlet on teenage pregnancy!

FRANK

Thanks for ruining the ending
asshole.

MAC

I need you to get serious here --
the bar is falling apart without
them.

FRANK

The've been gone for less than a
day.

MAC

Yea, but we can't let Charlie and
Dennis think they have the power to
get up and abandon us.

FRANK

I'm sorry, I can't do anything
about it.

MAC

Who else beside Charlie can get the
caked-on fecal stains scrubbed off
the toilet?

FRANK

I don't know, he's awfully good at
that.

MAC

And Dennis, you know how he, umm
... you remember when ... ok,
Dennis is worthless, but we need
Charlie back.

FRANK

You guys were right, my days with
this gang stuff are long past. Let
me get back to my book.

Frank turns around away from Mac. Mac puts a child-sized
purple t-shirt with cut-off sleeves on Frank's shoulder.

FRANK

What is this?

MAC

Go ahead and turn it around. I got
your old nickname sewed on the back
-- Frankenstein.

FRANK
Really? You did this for me?

MAC
It's all yours.

Frank holds up shirt and is obviously pleased.

FRANK
Damn it! You know I love free shirts.
(beat)
Okay. I'm in. But we are going to play this by my rules.

MAC
Anything you want.

FRANK
First things first, you are wearing this shirt. I can't fit into this baby-tee.

MAC
But, it has your name ...

FRANK
You wear it or I'm out!

MAC
Fine, fine. I'll wear the baby-tee.

INT. MURPHY'S LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Dennis and Charlie are standing at the front of the store pacing around the front entrance. There is yelling from the back of the store between Murphy and a young Woman.

WOMAN (O.C.)
I gave you twenty-dollars. I want my change back.

MURPHY (O.C.)
You gave me ten dolla. Ten dolla, not twenty dolla!

CHARLIE
(to Dennis)
Looks like we got a five-nine-four situation on our hands - disturbing the peace.

DENNIS
Oh, it's on.

Charlie and Dennis hurry to the back of the store.

WOMAN (O.C.)

I gave you twenty dollars. Twent-ty
Doll-ars. Do you understand me?

Charlie and Dennis approach the register.

DENNIS

What seems to be the problem here?

MURPHY

No problem, no problem. Just go. I
handle.

DENNIS

(to Charlie)

Never ceases to amaze me the kind
of dead-beats that walk through
these doors. Real scum of the
earth, just no-good decaying losers
who have nothing better than ...

The Woman turns around. It's Dee.

DENNIS

My. My. My. You must have snuck
right by us. To what do we owe this
pleasure?

DEE

We're out of well liquor. Just get
my money back so I can get out of
here.

DENNNIS

You want your money back?

DEE

Was I unclear the first time?

DENNIS

Hmmm ... this presents me with an
interesting situation.

DEE

Seriously Dennis, I need to get
back to the bar.

DENNIS

On the one hand, you are my sister,
my very own flesh and blood.

DEE

Exactly.

DENNIS

But, on the other hand, Murphy did believe in the SkullBangers when you did not. For this, we must reward him with our loyalty.

DEE

(turns to Charlie)

Charlie, will you get the money?

Charlie steps towards Dee and puts his hand on her shoulder.

CHARLIE

Sorry Dee, but you heard the man. We are going to have to ask you to step away from our client.

MUPRHY

No!!! Leave her alone. I have under control!

CHARLIE

It's clear this situation is so not in control.

DEE

I can't believe you guys.

CHARLIE

Don't make me ask twice ...

DENNIS

No worries Murph, we will get this white trash out of here in a second.

DEE

Yea, well this white trash isn't going anywhere!

Charlie takes a metallic flashlight out of his pants and twirls it around Dee's face.

DEE (CONT'D)

Seriously Charlie? Are you honestly thinking about hitting me with that thing?

Charlie takes a step back.

CHARLIE
 (nervously)
 I will not hesitate to skull bang
 you.

Dee gets directly in Charlie's face.

DEE
 Well, go ahead because I am not
 going anywhere until I get my money
 back.

CHARLIE
 (nervously)
 I'm gonna do it.

DEE
 Well, go ahead.

Charlie raises the flashlight to strike Dee, but Dee grabs it out of Charlie's hands and clocks him over the head with the butt end of the flashlight. Stunned from the blow Charlie stumbles and hunches over.

DENNIS
 (to Dee)
 Are you nuts?

DEE
 He was about to hit me!

DENNIS
 You barbarian! You white trash
 barbarian.

CHARLIE
 I'm fine, I'm fine. It barely
 grazed my ...

Charlie stumbles to the corner of the store and pukes.

DENNIS
 (to Dee under his breathe)
 Quite an impressive display, you
 really skull-banged the hell out of
 him. What do you say to getting
 back in the gang?

As she is walking out, Dee jams the butt end of the flashlight into Dennis' crotch. Dennis crumples in pain.

DENNIS
I'll take that as a no.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. BACK OFFICE PADDY'S - DAY

Mac rushes out of the bathroom. Dee is restocking the liquor behind the bar.

MAC
Code brown!

DEE
Code brown?

MAC
Level five code brown. Toilets are overflowing, shit is everywhere.

DEE
Ugh, I thought it smelled like rotting babies in here.

Frank rushes out of the office.

FRANK
What's all the commotion?

MAC
Code brown.

FRANK
Oh, this is bad. Where's Charlie?
(yells)
Charlieeee! Charlie, code brown!

DEE
What's wrong with you? Charlie's not here, remember?

FRANK
Oh right ... well why don't you just go in there and throw some napkins over it? That will help.

DEE
Are you crazy? We have a level five code brown!

Frank looks to Mac.

MAC
I'm not going back there.

Dee starts to dry heave.

DEE
I'll do anything if you just go in
there and take care of it.

FRANK
Anything? Fine, let me take a look.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Mac and Dee stand next to Frank as he hammers the final nail
in a wooden plank to seal the door to the bathroom shut.

FRANK
That should do it.

MAC
I'll get the bucket we used during
the blackout last year.

DEE
That was disgusting. You were the
only one who used the bucket.

MAC
Sorry, but it's not my fault I had
food poisoning.

FRANK
(turns to Dee)
Now back to that favor I needed
from you.

DEE
What is it?

FRANK
Just come to the office with me.

Frank leads Dee and Mac to the back office.

INT. PADDY'S BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FRANK
I want to show you something.

Frank walks behind the desk and pulls a black sheet off a
large, box-like object next to the desk. Dee screams.

MAC
Holy shit! It's an owl with a
motorcycle helmet!

There is a large hawk-like bird with a leather helmet standing on top of a wood branch in the back of the office.

FRANK

Keep your voice down - Mr. Knuckles spooks easily.

MAC

(whispers)
Sorry.

DEE

What the hell is this thing doing in here? I'm calling animal control.

MAC

That is a badass bird.

FRANK

This isn't any bird. It is a rare Arabian Falcon smuggled in from Venezuela. It's worth \$15,000.

DEE

You have an endangered species in our bar? This has to be a felony.

FRANK

Relax, I hooked up with my old buddy in the rare animal biz and borrowed him for the day.
(points to bird)
The talons on this baby can puncture the skull of an elephant.

MAC

That is totally awesome.

Frank takes a notepad out of the desk.

FRANK

I came up with a plan. We are going to use Mr. Knuckles to get Charlie and Dennis back to the bar.

Frank shows the notepad to Dennis and Dee.

MAC

Oh, this is going to be good.

DEE

What? I don't want to have anything to do with this.

FRANK

(ignores Dee and points to
pad)

You see, Dee will be carrying Mr.
Knuckles into the store wearing a
leather glove and ...

DEE

Oh no! I am not carrying Mr.
Knuckles anywhere.

FRANK

You said you would do *any* favor.

DEE

Any *reasonable* favor. I am not
carrying a predatory bird into a
liquor store.

FRANK

Deandra, you *will* carry Mr.
Knuckles into Murphy's. When I blow
my whistle Mr. Knuckles will use
his 'flush and ambush' technique to
scare Charlie and Dennis out of the
store. Once they are out, Mac will
be waiting outside to throw these
potato sacks over them.

Frank takes out two potato sacks from under his desk.

DEE

You can't be serious.

FRANK

Then, I will bring the van around
the corner and Mac will throw them
in the back.

DEE

No way. I am not taking part in
this.

FRANK

Oh yes you are.

Mr. Knuckles flaps his wings and let's out a loud hawk
scream.

FRANK

Shhhh ... you're upsetting him.

INT. MURPHY'S LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Charlie, with bandage around his head, and Dennis are standing by the door as a Woman and her cute pre-school-aged Daughter walk in the store.

DENNIS
(to Daughter)
What are you looking at bitch?

Mother takes daughter's hand and angrily walks towards the exit.

MOTHER
(appalled)
How dare you talk to my daughter like that!

DENNIS
I will give you till three to get this she-devil out of my face! One ... two ...

The Mother and Daughter quickly race out of the store.

DENNIS
I will not have the security of this store compromised!

CHARLIE
That girl is a menace to society.

The door chime of Murphy's store goes off, and the Thugs walk in.

Murphy comes out from behind the counter.

MURPHY
No!!! No!!! Get out of Murphy's store.

THUG 1
Your store? This is OUR store homie.

CHARLIE
Well if it isn't the Leonardo, Michaelangelo and Splinter of dick drawing.

THUG 1
(to Thug 2 and Thug 3)
What's this fool talkin' about?

MURPHY

Everyone! Get out of my store! Go!

DENNIS

You heard the man. I think it's best if you just go ahead and leave before we have to hurt you.

THUG 1

Really?

Thug 2 grabs Charlie and puts him in a headlock. The thug rams Charlie's head into the wall and liquor bottles come crashing down.

CHARLIE

Owwwwwwww!

MURPHY

No! Please! No more! Here, I give you free Wild Turkey. Take it, go take Wild Turkey. Very good.

Dennis whips out his flashlight and points it at the other two Thugs.

THUG 3

Oh no! My man is gonna shine a light on us. What should we do?

Thug 3 puts Dennis in a headlock. Both Charlie and Dennis try to squirm free but are hopeless.

The door chime goes off and Frank walks in followed by Mac in the purple baby-tee.

DENNIS

Frank, help us! He's got me in the death grip.

MURPHY

Let him go! I call the police!

Frank walks towards Dennis, who is still in a headlock.

THUG 1

Stay right there old man.

CHARLIE

I think I'm bleedin' from the ears over here!

FRANK

(to Dennis and Charlie)
Ha! You punks think you can keep me
out of the gang? I should let them
have their way with you.

DENNIS

Now's not the time!

FRANK

If I agree to help you guys, you
have to come back to the bar.

The Thugs tighten their respective grips on Dennis and
Charlie's heads and they start to squirm uncontrollably.

DENNIS

Okay. Okay. Just get this guy off
me before he cuts off oxygen to my
brain.

Mac, keeping a safe distance, chimes in.

MAC

And you have to clean up the code
brown.

DENNIS

No way! I am not cleaning up a code
brown.

CHARLIE

We'll clean up the code brown!

Frank steps closer. Thug 1 raises a gun and aims it at Frank.

THUG 1

One step closer and I'll blow your
brains out.

FRANK

Dee! Get in here.

Dee, looking embarrassed, walks in with the hooded falcon
perched upon her right hand. Everyone in the store takes a
few steps back.

MURPHY

No pets allowed! Get it out!

THUG 2

Look at the beak on that thing.

DENNIS
(still in a headlock)
I know. I keep telling her to get a
nose job, but she won't listen.

Frank takes a whistle out of his pocket.

FRANK
Why don't you let them go.

THUG 1
That bird doesn't scare me.

FRANK
I wouldn't talk about Mr. Knuckles
like that.

DENNIS
Mr. Knuckles?

MAC
Blow it Frank! Let Knuckles tear
their eyes out.

Thug 2 and Thug 3 let Dennis and Charlie out of the headlocks
and look at each other nervously.

THUG 2
I don't wanna get my eyes torn out.

THUG 3
Me neither. I got to use these
bitches to see.

The two Thugs run out of the store. Thug 1 raises his gun and
aims it at the Frank.

THUG 1
Damn! This fool is bluffing. That
bird can't do shit.

CHARLIE
(whispers)
Do it!

DENNIS
Blow it!

The bird, visibly agitated, lets out a ear splitting cry and
starts to rapidly flap its wings.

THUG 1
I dare you to blow that thing.

Frank blows the whistle. The bird launches off of Dee's gloved hand and circles the store as if searching for prey. Everyone hits the floor, except for Murphy.

MURPHY

No more!!!

Murphy lifts up his shirt and pulls out a gun and trains it on the bird. Murphy takes a few wild shots and misses.

FRANK

Mr. Knuckles!

The bird nosedives at Murphy and Murphy lets out a loud cry as the bird attacks him. The gang watches on stunned.

DEE

This does not look like it's gonna end well.

Murphy struggles trying to get the attacking bird off of him. In the background we see Thug 1 loading bottles of liquor into a giant black bag behind the counter.

CHARLIE

Do something Frank! That crazy bird is gonna kill him.

Frank blows his whistle and the bird releases from the Murphy and heads directly towards Frank. Frank leaps out of the way and we hear a loud THUD as the bird crashes into the glass window and falls to the ground.

MAC

That. Was. Awesome!

FRANK

My bird! My fifteen thousand dollar bird.

DEE

Actually, I'll remind you that the heap of feathers and splattered brain over there is a *falcon*.

With a sack of stolen liquor over his shoulder Thug 1 heads toward the door.

DENNIS

Where do you think you're going with that?

Thug 1 raises his gun at Dennis.

THUG 1
I'm gonna walk up out of here and
you ain't stopping me.

Dennis steps out of the way and out of nowhere Charlie runs up from behind Thug 1 and smashes him over the head with his mini baseball bat. Thug 1 crumples to the floor and drops the sack of liquor.

CHARLIE
SKULLBANGED!!!

Dennis walks over to Charlie to give him a hug.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
We're killing nazeeees!

DENNIS
We're killing nazeeees!

MAC
We're killing nazzzzzeeeee!

DEE
We're killing nazeees!

DENNIS
Goddammit Dee, you ruined it.

DEE
Screw you guys.

With Murphy still sobbing in the corner and Thug 1 knocked out from Charlie's blow, the gang leaves the liquor store.

A moment later, the door to the store opens and Frank peeks in. He walks over to sack of stolen liquor next to knocked out Thug 1 and throws it over his shoulder. Murphy looks at him in disbelief.

FRANK
Consider this payment for services
rendered.

Murphy puts his head back in his hands.

FADE TO:

BLACK

END OF ACT III