

IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

"The Gang Starts a Gang"

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.)

Do you think if I paint my penis  
black it will look any bigger?

MAC (V.O.)

I think it could add some needed  
girthiness -- but can we please  
stay on topic here for a second.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA

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

CHARLIE

The tribe has spoken. There's no  
way I'm going into the wild with  
you.

MAC

I'm being serious bro, think about  
it. No money, no food, no shelter.  
Just two best friends using their  
wits to survive in the harsh  
Pennsylvania wilderness.

CHARLIE

So you're telling me it won't be a  
significant change from our current  
lifestyle?

MAC

Exactly.

Charlie stops walking and looks to the sky for an answer.

CHARLIE

Nope, not goin'.

MAC

Give me one good reason why not.

CHARLIE

Okay. How bout' the boy scout who disappeared on his camping trip last month?

MAC

What boy scout?

CHARLIE

It was all over the news -- the poor son of a bitch had his face torn off by a lone wolf.

MAC

You're not serious.

CHARLIE

I'm dead serious. Those wolves love the taste of the sweet meat.

MAC

Sweet meat?

CHARLIE

Human flesh. I just can't risk it out there.

Mac and Charlie resume walking and as they approach Paddy's Pub they see three STREET KIDS spray painting the wall outside the bar.

CHARLIE

Are those kids spray painting our bar?

They run over to the Street Kids.

MAC

Hey. Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing?

KID 1

What does it look like we're doing?

CHARLIE

It looks like you are spray painting fairly large dicks all over our bar.

MAC

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

Kid 2 grabs Mac and pushes him against the wall.

KID 2

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

Charlie looks up and down the spray painted wall.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

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 Street Kids 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

I've had it with these guys! This  
is the third time this month they  
vandalized our bar.

CHARLIE

I'm with Mac. I'm sick and tired of  
trying to turn those dicks they  
spray paint out front into happy  
faces.

DEE

Yea, and 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 teach those street tuffs a thing or two about who 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 STARTS A GANG

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Charlie is washing mugs behind the bar while Dennis sits on a stool scribbling notes on a yellow 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 just am 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 school-bus 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?

CHARLIE  
That movie man. I just can't shake it from my brain.

DENNIS  
Hold on. Are you ...

CHARLIE  
Yep.

DENIS  
The 'Bear Jew'! That is brilliant!

CHARLIE  
We're KILLIN' NAZEES!

DENNIS  
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 can't take any chances.

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

You know I was a 'snakehead' for the Triads in the late 70's? I got experience dealing in human cargo.

DEE

Human cargo?

FRANK

Oh yea, exotic animals too. I once sold a Komodo Dragon to Frank Stallone.

DEE

You want us to believe you sold a Komodo Dragon to Sylvester Stallone's brother?

Frank takes a picture out of his underwear and shows it to the group.

FRANK  
Believe me now?

CHARLIE  
(to Mac)  
Told you that story was true!

DEE  
Why do you carry a picture of a  
huge reptile in your underwear?

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 dong  
drawers 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 dick-drawing Street Kids  
smoking and drinking outside Murphy's Liquor 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  
Gun? I didn't bring a gun.

DENNIS  
I thought you said you were  
bringing a gun.

CHARLIE  
I didn't say that.

MAC  
I heard you say it too.

CHARLIE  
No. I said we were going to have  
*fun*. I can see where there would be  
a misunderstanding.

DENNIS  
Oh great. Tell me how 'fun' is  
going to help us fight off these  
street tuffs?

CHARLIE  
Let's not just dismiss the power of  
fun here.

Charlie takes out his mini-souvenir bat and taps it against  
his hand a few times.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I did bring my trusty bat.

DENNIS  
Did you bring your mini-glove also?  
Mac, just do us a favor and yell if  
there is trouble.

MAC  
Ok, 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 Teenagers 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

KID 1

(turns around to point gun at Dennis and Charlie)

Stay on the ground!

DENNIS

Wait. Wait. I think there has been a misunderstanding.

KID 1

Ain't no misunderstanding.

CHARLIE

(whispers to Dennis)

I think these are the dicks.

DENNIS

No shit.

KID 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...

KID 1  
Shutup!!!

Dennis slowly gets up and attempts to reason with Kid 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. I am sure we can divide  
this turf in a way that is fair to  
all of us.

The Street Kids laugh and Kid 1 points gun directly at  
Dennis's head.

KID 1  
Oh really?

DENNIS  
You have an excellent point.

Dennis takes his wallet out of his pocket and hands it to Kid  
1. The Street Kids 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 Kenneth 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.

DENNIS

Did you say you need protection?

MURPHY

Yes, Murphy need protection for his store.

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 trying to get her attention.

DEE

Wait ... so Murphy's 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.

DEE

Oh, am I?

MAC

Dee, when faced with a life-threatening situation there is a protocol of actions that a man must take ...

DEE

Just shut up. We need to call the police.

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, we are not gang  
material.

DENNIS

Is that so? Because for your  
information, Murphy is going to pay  
the SkullBangers \$200 a day to  
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 secure the perimeter of his store.

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 to pay 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!!! Damn it, that really hurt.

CHARLIE

The shirt please.

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

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT I

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.

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 positive influence on this community if only they would use their power in a positive way.

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 to any quadrant. Where is the manager of this store?

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 time of people is that?

The African American Man reaches to grab Dennis, but Charlie steps in between the men and pulls a can of mace out of his belt.

CHARLIE

Sir, if you won't kindly remove yourself from the premises I will spray this here can of mace directly between your eyes. Then I'm gonna twist the head directly off your shoulders and spike it like I just scored the winning touchdown of the Superbowl.

(yells)

DO YOU READ ME?

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN

You will be hearing from my attorney.

Dennis pulls a card out of his pocket and hands it to the man as he is leaving.

DENNIS

You can tell your so-called attorney to call the SkullBangers.

The African American Man grabs the card and leaves the store.

CHARLIE

(to Dennis)

Just doing our job.

DENNIS

The problem these days is that people just show a general lack of respect for authority.

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. All we ask for is a bit of civility when you enter our store.

There is a brief awkward silence.

CHARLIE

You know I would have seriously maced the shit out of him if he moved one step closer.

DENNIS

You would have been well within your authority.

An attractive blonde-haired woman walks out of the store.

DENNIS

And a good day to you beautiful.

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 buffoon  
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

Damnit! 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

This lady - she give me ten dollar and says she give Murphy twenty dollar. She try to cheat Murphy.

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)

Ughh ... 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.

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?

DEE  
Go eff yourself Dennis.

DENNIS  
I'll take that as a no.

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT II

INT. PADDY'S BACK OFFICE - 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 garbage 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!

Pan out to see 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 Peru. 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 Chang-Do Pong in the rare animal business 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. Charlie and Dennis are drunk with power.

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 goes off, and the Street Kids walk in.

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

KID 1  
Your store? This is OUR store homey.

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

KID 1  
(to Kid 2 and 3)  
What's this fool talkin' about?

MURPHY

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.

BOY 1

Really?

Kid 2 grabs Charlie and puts him in a headlock. The kid 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 Street Kids.

KID 3

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

Kid 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

(still in headlock)  
Dude, you look ridiculous.

CHARLIE

Help! He's got me in the death grip.

Frank steps closer.

KID 1

Stay right there old man.

FRANK

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

CHARLIE  
Seriously Frank, I am bleeding from  
the ears over here.

DENNIS  
What do you want from us?

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

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 man! Just get me  
out of here.

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

KID 1  
One step closer and I'll blow your  
brains out.

FRANK  
Dee! Get in here.

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

KID 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.

Kid 3 tightens his grip on Dennis's head and Dennis lets out  
a yelp.

Frank takes a whistle out of his pocket.

FRANK  
Why don't you let them go.

KID 1  
This bird doesn't scare me.

FRANK  
I would not talk about Mr. Knuckles  
like that.

DENNIS  
Mr. Knuckles?

MAC  
Blow it Frank! Let him tear their  
eyes out!

Kid 2 and Kid 3 let Dennis and Charlie out of the headlocks  
and look at each other nervously. They are clearly frightened  
of the bird.

KID 2  
I don't want to get my eyes torn  
out.

KID 3  
Me neither. I got beautiful eyes.

The two kids run out of the store. Kid 1 raises his gun and  
aims it at the gang.

KID 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.

KID 1  
I dare you to blow that thing.

Not wanting to be shown up Frank blows the whistle. The bird  
launches off of Dee's gloved hand and goes straight for Kid 1  
as he takes aim at the bird ...

MAC

Holy shit.

A loud POP is heard as Kid 1 shoots Mr. Knuckles and it makes a distinct THUD as it hits the ground.

FRANK

Mr. Knuckles!

Kid 1 runs out of the store.

CHARLIE

That. Was. Awesome.

DENNIS

Those dicks ... they got us again.

FRANK

Fifteen thousand dollars! That stupid bird will cost me fifteen thousand dollars!

DEE

It's a falcon. Well, it was a falcon.

Murphy assesses the damage to his store. It looks like a hurricane has blown through.

MURPHY

Murphy is ruined! Murphy have no money! No more money.

Murphy crumples to the ground in grief.

DENNIS

(to the gang)

Gosh, he is such a whiner.

DEE

(mocking Murphy)

Oh, look at me! I'm a big giant baby crying big giant baby tears. Waaaah, waaaaah.

In chorus, the gang mocks Murphy with crying sounds.

MAC

This dude is pitiful, let's get out of here.

DEE

See ya la-hooo-ser.

Each member of the gang steps over Murphy as they head out the door. After a moment the door chime goes off and Charlie enters by himself. Charlie sheepishly walks over to the dead bird on the ground to pick it up and jams it into his pants pocket.

CHARLIE  
(to himself)  
Looks like rare bird is on  
tonight's menu.

Still on the floor, Murphy looks over at Charlie in disbelief and puts his face into his hands.

CUT TO:

BLACK

END OF ACT III