

ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA - SPEC SCRIPT

Written by
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First Draft - May 2nd

COLD OPEN

TITLES

A Wednesday - 11:30am -
Philadelphia, PA.

DENNIS (V.O.)

What? Nobody's saying that - open
your God damn ears when I talk,
Dee, I swear, sometimes-

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

DENNIS is drinking behind the bar, DEE is sat across from him
with an open magazine.

DEE

Swear, Dennis! Do it. It's been a
good week for the money jar.

MAC bursts into the pub.

MAC

(pumping his arms)
Oh man - hey, listen up, you guys!
Keifer Sutherland just helped
Charlie figure out how I can
communicate with my dad!

DENNIS

Is it the same way Charlie believes
he's communicating with TV's Jack
Bauer?

DEE

Big deal, Mac, he reminded you
about prison visitation.

MAC

No, no, I can't visit my dad in
prison anymore.

DENNIS

Took you off the visitor list?

MAC

(beat)
Dude, no - it's 'cause he's still
in the hospital.

DENNIS
 (narrows his eyes)
 Buuut he still took you off that
 list, though, right? For being gay?

MAC
 Come on...He tried to take his own
 life.

DENNIS
 (nodding)
 ...Because you're gay?

MAC
 Yeah, he took me off the visitor's
 list.

DEE
 Baha!

DENNIS
 Boom! HEYO! Worst father ever.

FRANK enters.

FRANK
 (yelling behind)
 EEHHHHHH!! Wrong!

CHARLIE follows him in, pushing a shopping cart of hobo
 science supplies - it's junk, but CHARLIE keeps a 90's
 keyboard on the top of the pile to indicate the technological
 applications.

CHARLIE
 (scoffs)
 Uh? Uh? I'm sorry? Frank, how long
 have you been doing this? How many
 trials have you erred, sir? I've
 gone through trial and error-a-
 many, and I-

FRANK
 Charlie, you've been at this for a
 day or two.

CHARLIE
 Yeah, so, longer than you. Guys-
 GUYS!

CHARLIE wheels his cart to the gang - FRANK plops onto a
 stool and pulls out his blackberry, and a snack-sausage.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Who wants to do a "line"?

DEE
Oh, no-no-no-no-no-

DENNIS
Nope. Not uh, can't really...

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Charlie, I'm clean.

FRANK
You're drinking a beer.

DENNIS
Clean isn't sober, Asshat.

DENNIS throws a quarter off camera - it CLINGS on something.

CHARLIE
I'm messin' around! I don't mean a
line of cocaine or an-

DEE pulls out a chip/coin from a recovery group.

DEE
Yeahhh, but our sobriety is from
many, many, many select things -
all the good ones, actually.

FRANK
Except beer.

DENNIS
(pulling out a coin as
well)
Sort of a buffet line of sobriety,
if you will.

CHARLIE
Is that casino money?

DENNIS
No.

DEE
They represent our sobriety fr-

DENNIS
Yeah, Dee, shut the hell up -
basically, lines of anything "fun"
are a big no-no, Charlie.

DEE snaps her fingers and points - DENNIS throws a quarter
into a large jar marked "Swear Jar/MDMA money"

MAC

How long have you been on the wagon?

CHARLIE

What? You shouldn't be on anything when you're staying clean.

MAC

No, no, wagons are okay.

FRANK

And beer, apparently.

DENNIS

Jesus Christ, Frank-

DENNIS throws his recovery token into a an even larger jar (filled with recovery tokens) marked: "Relapses".

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You happy now? Charlie: Gimme some crack, then - or whatever the hell you're peddling - I'm relapsed.

CHARLIE

It's not drugs!

CHARLIE whips away a tarp to reveal - a car battery.

MAC

"Flatliners!"

CHARLIE

"Flatliners!"

MAC

Like the Keifer Sutherland movie! My daddy's in a coma right now, so I'm gonna walk through the "realm of purgatory" and tell him I still love him! Make my apologies.

FRANK

Apologies?

DEE

How do you know any of this is possible?

MAC

Dee, I'm very religious. I know about all the realms, and angels, and I'm part of Jesus' crew, so...

DENNIS

Oh yeah? What's the big guy got to say about your life of buggery? Is God a fan of you? You don't think maybe you're off his visitor's list too?

MAC

God is the ultimate father.

DEE

Yeah, and you're the Jesus Christ of Daddy Issues.

FRANK

Hey! Listen! Those Keifer kids were using death to get high, Charlie, you're playing with fire. You'll get addicted, and be as strung out as these two knuckleheads.

CHARLIE

I've been watching the movie backward and forward for days, Frank - learning everything I could about the way to do this safely.

DENNIS

And then presumably unlearning it all while watching on "rewind" - now, now, Frank: Can you explain this little death drug thing that Keif and his friends were up to?

MAC

That doesn't matter! I'm the only one going under, and then Charlie's gonna zap me back to life!

CHARLIE brandishes two thick, exposed wires leading from the car battery. He makes them kiss and spit sparks

CHARLIE

"It's a good day to die" baby!

MAC

That's the Kief' line! WOOO!!

CUT TO BLACK

TEXT

"The Gang Goes To Hell"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

MAC is lighting numerous candles around his comatose FATHER, and FRANK is guarding the doorway with a revolver.

FRANK

I got a bad feeling about this voodoo, Mac.

MAC

It's not voodoo, Jesus Christ: It's religion.

MAC kneels by the bed, and prays intensely.

FRANK

And I don't like all this talk about "apologizing" either.

MAC

Frank: I put my dad in a coma.

FRANK

A bunch of toilet wine and sleeping pills put your dad in a coma - you don't got nothing to apologize for.

MAC

My dad doesn't love me, Frank.

FRANK

Because gay?

MAC

Because lots of things!

FRANK

So you're apologizing for lots of things, or for gay?

MAC

Well...

FRANK

Exactly.

FRANK holsters his gun down the back of his pants.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Coast's clear! Let's go, come on!

MAC and FRANK spring into action. They disconnect and steal the EKG/Heart monitor from the room; they steal supplies.

MAC
Let's go, let's go, let's go!

As they leave with the unit, the police officer stationed outside the bedroom continues to sleep in his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - LATER

DENNIS and DEE are inhaling a bunch of cocaine.

DENNIS
(wiping his gums)
I mean, I feel like we earned the relapse. That's why they use currency as markers - it's all about earning and spending.

DEE
Yes!

DENNIS
We put out time in, we got those little chips along the way; that's more than a lot of other people do.

DEE
(her nose is bleeding)
Some people do nothing.

CHARLIE comes in wearing a magician top hat and cape. He's wheeling a fish tank full of water.

DEE (CONT'D)
(buzzed)
Charlie, what's with the fish tank? Can I help? Where's the fish? HA! Where's...Where's the...

CHARLIE
What? Why-? Are you on drugs right now? What happened to the wagon? You were on the wagon! Where's your wagon?

DEE puts an arm around CHARLIE and throws her sobriety chip - it CLANGS into the "RELAPSE" jar.

DEE

Now, Charlie, tell me about this little Kiefer drug you're peddling.

CHARLIE

My what? Dee, no way, there's too many cooks in the kitchen trying to do science with me, right now.

DENNIS

Yeah, Charlie: You've got a car battery and a fish tank - I'm not seeing where E manages to equal MC squared, here.

CHARLIE sets the water tank next to the car battery. The cables connected to the battery have soaking wet oven mitts duct taped to their bare ends, serving as faux paddles.

CHARLIE

(walking toward the bathroom)

You guys can just take your little, ah, "ski trip" back on over to the apartment, okay? If you're gonna, you know, gum up my jam here?

DENNIS

Gum up your God damn what? Charlie, tell us how people get high off this.

CHARLIE

Ugh! It's not important.

DEE

Oh, Charlie, it's veeery important.

DENNIS

He probably doesn't know!

CHARLIE

(defeated)

It's afro-crack, okay!

(Beat)

It's afro-crack...Frank told me about people in Thailand, and Vietnam, who get off on it - and he would know, he's done business there.

DEE

Afro-Crack? Is it a blacks only thing?

CHARLIE

Woah!

DENNIS

Woah, Dee.

CHARLIE

2019. That's like just saying "Jew".

DEE

What the hell does that mean?

CHARLIE

It's not a racial thing, it's people *getting off on death*. Death is a type of afro-crack and people will do, like anything for it. Hump a *dead* dude, play Russian roulette, and in the case of our Agent Jack Bauer: Flatlining, baby! Flatline!!

DEE

Afro...?

DENNIS

Ugh - You illiterate mongrel. He's saying aphrodisiac.

CHARLIE retrieves a large potato sack from the bathroom - it's writhing and SQUEAKING.

CHARLIE

Yeah! Exactly - getting high on death. You might as well be trying to hump a dead dude.

DENNIS

You tested this out?

CHARLIE

Ew, no.

DENNIS

Charlie: You can bring someone back so we're not just insane people committing suicide? Because this whole thing feels like deadly make-believe, and I'm putting my foot down unless you prove that.

CHARLIE plops the sack into the water tank - we only hear SQUEALING, and see water splash on him violently.

CHARLIE
What does it look like I'm doing?

DENNIS
(beat)
Like, honestly?

The SQUEALING and splashing continue - then subside a bit.

DEE
Charlie, did you just drown rats in
the bar?

The sack sinks to the bottom - the rats float high and dead.

CHARLIE
Don't be stupid, Dee, I drowned
them in a water tank.

DEE
Charlie!

CHARLIE pulls a dead rat out of the fish tank, and lays it on the bar. He takes the oven-mitt-electric-cable.

CHARLIE
(staring down DENNIS)
"Did I test it"...Clear!

ZAP! The rat springs to life and runs away. DEE screams and stands on a stool.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(reloading another dead
rat onto the bar)
Flatliner!

ZAP! The rat springs to life and scampers away - he still holds DENNIS' gaze.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Flatliner!

He reaches in the tank and resets a dead rat onto the bar.
ZAP! The rat scampers

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Flatliner!

DEE is still screaming.

DENNIS
Interesting...Very interesting.

CHARLIE zaps another rat back to life.

CHARLIE
(hushed, vindicated
whisper)
...flatliner.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDY'S PUB - LATER

MAC and FRANK are wheeling a cart filled to the brim with bagged ice.

MAC
Because it's not for snacking on,
Frank!

FRANK
You've still got plenty of ice for
your thing.

MAC
It's gotta cover my entire body -
quit snacking on the ice!

FRANK gobbles down some ice and gets the door for MAC.

MAC (CONT'D)
You eat like a God damn snarling
animal, Frank - you're disgusting.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

MAC and FRANK get the ice inside -

MAC
What the fuck!

DENNIS is motionless on the bar, back-flat, pale.

CHARLIE is strangling DEE from behind with his belt - cutting off blood and air - her face is swollen, blue and hideous.

DEE
(her dying, choked words)
Sss-swear--swear jar...

She passes out, purple; cross-eyed, and with her tongue sticking out.

MAC

What are you doing?

MAC throws a coin in the swear jar, but bounds on the gang. SWEET DEE is laid back flat now as well, and CHARLIE charges the car battery.

CHARLIE

Don't touch them!

He ZAPS DENNIS' chest and he immediately jolts upright.

DENNIS

(gasping)

Oh, yes!

He tweaks his nipples.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I wanna go again! Again and again and again! Woo-mamma!

MAC

You son of a bitch! Stop flatlining!

CHARLIE

I have to assume it's more of a bumpy dirt road-line without that heart machine you were supposed to get

FRANK

It's out in the car.

DENNIS

Terrific!

CHARLIE

Oh, so good!

DENNIS

SO good.

CHARLIE

We've just been sniffing model glue and choking each other.

DENNIS

Well, I mean, the glue's meant to be a form of anesthetic - if we're to take this seriously, of course.

MAC

Did you...did you go to the afterlife?

DENNIS

The afterlife? No! No, there is no God. I've just been tasting the exquisite nectar that drips from the edge of life and death - get your head outta your ass.

DENNIS throws a quarter into the swear jar.

CHARLIE

It's the afro-crack! He's hooked, guys.

FRANK

What did I say? Eh? What'd I tell you would happen? All the things I seen in the world, and now you're an addict; you're a friend of Kief's!

CHARLIE

I'm not dosing, Frank, it's just these guys!

MAC

No! No! This isn't a drug thing, this is science and religion working in harmony.

FRANK

It's a car battery next to glue

DENNIS

I wanna go again, Charlie.

MAC

No - damnit, this is my thing.

DENNIS

Mac - do you know what sucks about crack?

MAC

Nothing?

DENNIS

Exactly! Which is why that shit can kill you.

(throws a coin)

Now I can get high off the very thing I'd normally be afraid of - the consequence is now the drug. Do you know what kind of power that is? Do you know what it's like to feel powerful and confident as if you're God?

FRANK

You just said there was no God.

DENNIS

BECAUSE I AM GOD - sorry, that...sorry. I'm just...I wanna go again.

MAC

The afterlife is sacred, Dennis - if you and Dee get kicked out of it over and over before I go to try and find my dad, You'll screw me over.

DENNIS

Are you under the impression that heaven is a nightclub with angel-bouncers? Angel bouncers that will now be on some sort of extra alert for you?

MAC

Look at me, Dennis - think of the life I've lived - through security jobs and enforcement; as gang muscle and brawn: What you think God had in store for me all this time if not to make me the new bouncer up there?

FRANK (O.S.)

Deandra!

CHARLIE

Oh she's good; that's mostly the glue.

MAC

You sure?

DENNIS

Well...

(checks in with CHARLIE)

I mean, we assume so.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

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