

It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia

"The Gang Kidnaps a Witch Doctor"

written by

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Spec Episode

COLD OPEN

TITLE: 6:17 am

TITLE: On a Tuesday

TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

OVER TITLES, WE HEAR:

DENNIS

Where's the snap, the crackle...?

SWEET DEE

The pop?

DENNIS

There's no pop!

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Dennis, Dee, Charlie and Mac stand at the bar. An obscene amount of empty bottles spread out before them.

CHARLIE

I'm not feeling it.

MAC

I don't feel a thing!

SWEET DEE

(to Mac)

You wouldn't. Woodman. How could you?

The guys turn disapproving gazes toward her, shake their heads with pity.

DENNIS

No, no, Dee. This is not the time for your sad little jokes. Look at you. The worst of us all. Just drained of life and vitality. Absolutely no glow at all.

MAC

No glow.

CHARLIE

No glow. How are you worse than me?

DENNIS
Isn't it amazing how that happened?

MAC
You know what works? If we just
drink some more!

DENNIS
Okay... Sure. Let's take a stab at
this-

Charlie can't contain his frustration. Starts chugging
whatever he can grab.

CHARLIE
We've got nothing here! Something's
gotta give!

SWEET DEE
Oh, don't drink it all! Charlie!

Mac pushes Charlie aside.

MAC
I've got mass to saturate.

Mac starts chugging. Dennis and Dee lock eyes, break into
chugging. They suck down the last of the booze. A beat.

SWEET DEE
Nope. I'm not feeling it.

MAC
Goddamn it, Dee!

DENNIS
Dee! You need to just...!

CHARLIE
She's right.

FRANK (O.S.)
What the shit happened here?

Frank, wearing only underwear, closes the front door.

CHARLIE
Oh, Frank!

Dennis, Mac and Dee shield their eyes. Charlie rushes over.

DENNIS
There you go, Charlie. Forgot to
get Frank.

MAC

Charlie did it Frank. Charlie's idea.

SWEET DEE

No! Put some clothes on.

Frank eyeballs the ravaged liquor supply.

FRANK

Where's the booze?

CHARLIE

I only put you out there for fun. Everyone laughed. It was fun!

DENNIS

Funny at 3 am, Charlie. Now it's just sad.

SWEET DEE

(to Dennis and Mac)

See? I wouldn't forget Frank!

FRANK

I don't give two shits. It actually worked out that you pranked me. I like to feel the air on my body when I drink Schnapps.

(to Charlie)

You did good.

Charlie gloats at Dee.

SWEET DEE

Well I'm glad you're goddamn fine! Ooh, I need a little something.

Dennis sorts through the empty bottles.

DENNIS

I could use a taste.

FRANK

You drank it all? It's a bar.

MAC

We don't have enough!

CHARLIE

WE NEVER HAVE ENOUGH! WE NEED MORE!

DENNIS
Hey now, okay. Let's just ramp this
down. Clearly something's not
working here.

SWEET DEE
Clearly.

DENNIS
(headache coming on)
Just you, shh. Quiet now. We need
to make a change.

MAC
Something's gotta give.

CHARLIE
That's what I'm saying! Something's
gotta give! Something's gotta give!

FRANK
We need to do something good!

Everyone stares at Frank, stunned. Dennis is inspired.

DENNIS
Okay... sure. Why not take it all
the way? Make this happen. From now
on, only good things.

FRANK
I don't know about that.

SWEET DEE
What does this mean?

MAC
I have needs.

CHARLIE
Something's gotta give!

DENNIS
No, no. From now on... we only do
things that are good for us!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

TITLE: "The Gang Kidnaps a Witch Doctor"

TITLE: "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

The bar is tidy. The gang is dressed for a classy summer outing. They drink coffee from fancy little cups.

DENNIS

Well, that seems to put us in order.

MAC

(re: coffee)
Robust.

DENNIS

What say we finish up, head out for a little drive about this fair city of ours. Do some good.

Dee's pinky raises as she finishes her coffee.

SWEET DEE

See the people.

FRANK

We've got a fresh start. Let's turn this leaf over.

MAC

Let's flip this bitch!

CHARLIE

Flip this bitch! Flip this Bitch!

The gang all clap to the beat.

THE GANG

Flip this bitch! Flip this bitch!
Flip this bitch!

They break into warm fellowship, share a laugh. Charlie gets excited.

CHARLIE

(singing)
I want to be your Black Teenager!

DENNIS

What? No.

SWEET DEE

Oh, I don't know about that,
Charlie.

MAC

You can't sing that, Charlie.

DENNIS

You don't sing that, Charlie.

CHARLIE

No, it's just a new hit song. He
wants to be her Black Teenager.

SWEET DEE

Who? Who wants to be her Black
Teenager?

DENNIS

Ah. It's one of his little songs.

SWEET DEE

Of course.

CHARLIE

No, it's not mine! It's really
cool. Like all the young "Gamers."
(sings)
Let me be your Black Teenager.

MAC

Gamers? Who play videogames?

FRANK

I don't know shit about this.

CHARLIE

No, like for the hip-hop game.

DENNIS

One of the hip-hoppers. Okay.
(sings)
Let me be your Black Teenager.

FRANK

That's not bad. Has swing.

SWEET DEE

I'd buy that.

CHARLIE

(singing)
I want to be your Black Teenager!

DENNIS

See, no. That's just not it at all.
And who would ever want you like
that? Who could want you to be
their teenager?

MAC

Of any color.

DENNIS

Of any color!

SWEET DEE

Unless this coffee grows dicks we
need to get this show on the road.

MAC

Do some good.

FRANK

This isn't good.

DENNIS

That's what I'm talking about.

MAC

Good for the nation. American
style.

DENNIS

Good for the world. This is big
picture stuff. Let's get out there.

The gang heads for the door.

SWEET DEE

Goodness here I come. I'm going to
good the shit out of this.

DENNIS

Goodness reigns.

MAC

(rapping)

Uh, uh, let me be your Bla-black
Teenager!

FRANK

That I can work with.

CHARLIE

I told you! I did write it! It's my
hit!

INT. DENNIS' RANGE ROVER - DAY

Rick Astley blares as the gang rolls through the Philly streets. Frank sits beside Dennis up front, turns the music way down.

DENNIS

Oh, hey there. I've got my Rickroll on now. Good, clean fun.

SWEET DEE

What the shit is Rickroll?

DENNIS

Good clean music for a clear blue day!

MAC

Dude, that sounds gay.

FRANK

It's too moody.

DENNIS

No! Good clean music. We're doing good now.

SWEET DEE

(edgy)

Mmm, doing the shit out of good!

CHARLIE

They hide it on the internet.

SWEET DEE

(sharp)

Who hides what?

CHARLIE

The gamers.

FRANK

Who the shit?

DENNIS

Now, now Frank. Charlie, I believe, is referring to the "Rickroll".

Charlie nods.

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

The Rickroll, is in fact, an internet "easter-egg" game, a "meme" if you will, that finds Rick Astley's 'Never Going to Give You Up' just, well, popping up in the most unexpected places.

MAC

I don't even have to say it. Gay, though.

CHARLIE

The Gamers do it!

SWEET DEE

Gamers all day now, Charlie? No. The internet people are not called gamers! Gamers play videogames, not do the internet.

DENNIS

Unless they are, in fact, playing games upon the internet.

FRANK

Touche!

CHARLIE

(in Dee's face)

It's the Gamers! I know Gamers! Gamers all day now! Gamers all day now.

SWEET DEE

Goddamnit, change the music.

Frank turns the dial, hits some banging hip-hop.

MAC

Ahhh yeah! Gamer style!

Mac and Charlie grind it out as Dee squirms between them.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY STREETS - DAY

Downtown in the sunlight.

INT. DENNIS' RANGE ROVER - LATER

The gang intently listen to a Talk Radio host. Frank grimaces.

TALK RADIO HOST

To find that power in one's self
through utter devotion is the
narrow passage. Only through rising
up-

Frank hits the dial, finds some "elevator" music.

CHARLIE

How do I rise up, Frank? Put it
back! Put it back!

FRANK

You gotta be careful with this
religious stuff. A little goes a
long way.

SWEET DEE

What do you know about religion?

DENNIS

Christ, you're like the Mariah of
the group. Lecturing us.

FRANK

Mariah? You mean Pariah? Smart ass.

MAC

(pointing at Dennis)
Ah ha-ha! Mariah Carey!

SWEET DEE

Mariah Carey!

DENNIS

Just wow, Frank. You've got all the
answers, huh? Some type of
spiritual leader, come to save us
all-

FRANK

I put in my time.

SWEET DEE

Time for what?

FRANK

The Catholic God. I'm still
careful.

MAC

Careful. How?

FRANK
Payin' my dues.

CHARLIE
Like the nice lady who gives me
free soup?

FRANK
Cash.

SWEET DEE
Cash? Where?

DENNIS
You're giving cash to churches now?

FRANK
Just the Catholics. That's the God
you've got to watch out for.

MAC
He's right.

DENNIS
Let me get this straight, you are
paying money to this Catholic God
of yours? Why?

SWEET DEE
Why? Frank, why?

FRANK
Easy. Judgment Day. Got my ticket.

CHARLIE
Why do you need a ticket?

FRANK
In case things go bad with the
fires of damnation and all that
stuff, I'll be sitting pretty. It's
an investment.

MAC
I won't be going anywhere. Some
will be chosen to stay behind to
"police" the sinners cast out from
the harvest. I'll walk the earth,
living by the strength of my body
and holy will.

DENNIS

Clearly I'd survive by my cunning
and intelligence. Probably
worshipped as a false idol.

SWEET DEE

Well I don't care about you
bitches, I know I'm going to
heaven!

DENNIS

Oh, no, Dee. You will be
subjugated. A road gang whore.

MAC

Passed around like a wanton piece
of trash.

Dee considers the possibility with an open mind.

CHARLIE

(worried)

What do I do?

FRANK

You'll be fine, Charlie!

DENNIS

There'll be plenty of Charlie work
to be done. You'll survive much
like a cockroach, or mutant vermin
of one type or another.

MAC

The power resideth insideth,
Charlie.

Mac reaches across Dee and touches Charlie's forehead.

DENNIS

You've just got to be careful to
sort the rubies from the trash.

SWEET DEE

Lot of trash in there.

DENNIS

No, no, Dee. Focus upon the pearls
cast before you.

MAC

That's how you do it. Take what you
need.

CHARLIE
(a realization)
Take what you need to be good!

FRANK
I'm paying.

Dee spots someone out the window.

SWEET DEE
Oh, Cricket! Rickety Cricket! Keep
moving, keep moving.

FRANK
Cricket! This might be our chance
to do some good! We've got to help
him out.

SWEET DEE
No, he's running toward us, go, go!

Mac and Charlie peer out the window.

CHARLIE
Like a three-legged cheetah.

MAC
An ugly one, though.

CHARLIE
So ugly!

DENNIS
I have to agree with Frank, Dee.
You have been horrible to that poor
man. Let's make it right!

MAC
Make it right! Make it right!

DENNIS/FRANK/CHARLIE/MAC
Make it right! Make it right! Make
it right!

INT. DENNIS' RANGE ROVER - MOMENTS LATER

Cricket sits crammed in next to Dee between Mac and Charlie.

MAC/CHARLIE
Cricket! Cricket! Cricket!

They break off into childish giggles.

CRICKET

I'm really glad you decided to stop. I'm at a real low point. When I saw you drive up, I just knew-

DENNIS

That's what we do now, Cricket. We're good.

SWEET DEE

I can't do this.

Dee tries to scramble up front.

DENNIS

Let's watch the Cockpit area now!

Mac pulls her back as Frank pushes her.

CHARLIE

(intrigued)

You do have a surprisingly strong smell, Cricket. What's going on there?

Dee resigns back to her place. She's queasy.

SWEET DEE

Goddamn you! Goddamn you all!

CRICKET

I'm sorry, Dee. I've been doing the best I can. Walking too much, though.

FRANK

Like Jesus.

MAC

He didn't walk too much. Man on a mission.

FRANK

That's what got him into trouble. Covered too much ground.

MAC

He had to spread the word.

DENNIS

See, that's what we need for Paddy's. Really get the word out.

CHARLIE

We need a Jesus Patrol.

Cricket starts taking his shoes off.

DENNIS

You know, I'm liking this. Get into business with one of Frank's churches. One with the big billboards. Get Paddy's up there with a Jesus.

CHARLIE

We could do it! We're good now!

Cricket's foot smell hits nose level. Dee starts gagging.

MAC

Jesus Christ!

Dennis swoons, swerves the vehicle.

DENNIS

Oh good god.

Frank is casual. Charlie gets his face right up close to Cricket's feet.

FRANK

Smells like gangrene.

CHARLIE

We definitely got some rotting areas here.

(moves closer)

Oh, yeah, that's a big chunk right there.

CRICKET

I just need a place to soak them. Even Paddy's basement. You won't have to see me.

CHARLIE

I don't know about the basement. I got a lot going on down there.

Dee can hardly talk between the gags.

SWEET DEE

Dennis. You have to pull over. You have to-

FRANK

It's fine. Do some good.

DENNIS

No. We're not out here to stuff someone down into the basement. We need a good that shines.

MAC

The kind that people can see. So they know we did it.

CHARLIE

So they know we're good!

Dennis pulls over.

DENNIS

Out, Cricket. Out!

Mac and Charlie push Cricket over Dee's body and out of the vehicle. Charlie throws Cricket's shoes out as they drive away.

SWEET DEE

(retching)

That wasn't good. That was horrible.

DENNIS

Goddamnit, we've got to so some goddamn good!

EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY STREETS - DAY

Not the nicest part of town.

INT. DENNIS' RANGE ROVER - LATER

The gang is bored and irritable. Italian "Western" music plays on the radio.

SWEET DEE

Well, this sucks balls.

The others groan with disappointment.

MAC

Dee!

FRANK

We're here to do good, Deandra!

DENNIS

Okay, a little stern, but to the point! We are in fact here to do good.

CHARLIE

If we can't lend a hand in this part of town, I just don't know what I'll do!

Mac, acting like the "Terminator", scans the street.

MAC

I may have a target located. Locking...

CHARLIE

SLOW DOWN! SLOW DOWN!

SWEET DEE

Jesus, Charlie!

MAC

2 o'clock, 40 yards. Male subject, costumed appearance. Automobile malfunction.

Frank and Charlie beam at each other.

CHARLIE

Oh, my god, Frank. Did you see that?

FRANK

Lockdown Style.

Mac has the 1000 yard stare going.

MAC

It takes a unit.

DENNIS

Okay now, what's the plan here? We going to approach this unusual man standing by his broken-down car right here in the city?

CHARLIE

His car is broken. Let's do good!

Through the windshield: a South American man wearing traditional garb, holding a large glass bottle. Resume:

DENNIS

Jesus. I think that man is some
sort of Shaman-WitchDoctor-
JungleWizard.

MAC

Holy shit, like that nature show
dude!

DENNIS

And is he holding-?

MAC

(to Dennis)
Ohmygod. It's like brown gold.
(to the others)
That stuff gets you high as shit!

DENNIS

As high as shit.

SWEET DEE

What?

DENNIS

No, no Dee. We get this man back to
the bar and I guarantee we'll be
seeing some goodness.

MAC

Seeing real good.

FRANK

You don't want to touch that stuff.
Trust me.

DENNIS

(to Frank)
You. No. Mm-mm.

Dennis makes eye contact with Mac, Dee and Charlie.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I need you to trust me on this one.

They nod in agreement. Mac looks out the window, back to
Dennis.

MAC

Let's do him good.

INT. DENNIS' RANGE ROVER - MOMENTS LATER

A bottle of brown liquid sloshes around on Frank's lap as he sits on the South American guy, MONTY.

MAC
(to Monty)
That's quite the bottle you got there, bud.

MONTY
Oh, this? Yeah, it's pretty heavy stuff, but I grew up with it so... just kinda my thing now.

Dennis and Mac glance to each other, eyes widening.

FRANK
(enjoying himself)
Oh, you bitches are going to be sorry.

MONTY
So, no one has a cell phone?

DENNIS
Well, no one said that, but we do have that land line for you!

MAC
Cell minutes don't grow on trees.

CHARLIE
Sure don't!

DENNIS
I mean, we're out here to do good, not give out charity!

SWEET DEE
Oooh, I think I need to get back to the bar.

DENNIS
I hear you, Dee. We are on the way!

Dennis floors it.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

The gang stands in a close huddle.

MAC

Okay. We've got to think this through.

FRANK

You don't want to do this.

SWEET DEE

How do you know? You don't know!
You don't know!

DENNIS

Now, whether we want to or not, we do have a tremendous opportunity here. You all know I have my eye on the prize.

CHARLIE

I can do this.

SWEET DEE

What? No.

MAC

This is Dennis work.

DENNIS

It's a whole different level, Charlie. You wouldn't even see it if you were looking straight at it.

FRANK

Let him try it out. He needs a break. It's gonna break bad, but you don't care, do you Charlie?

CHARLIE

I don't! I don't care!

Dennis locks eyes with Mac. Mac nods.

SWEET DEE

I need this to work.

Dennis takes Charlie by the shoulders.

DENNIS

One shot, Charlie. That's all you get.

MAC

Right down the line or nothing.

MONTY (O.S.)

I don't wanna be rude to you people.

Monty stands just down the bar.

MONTY (CONT'D)

I would like to use the phone. If that's possible.

DENNIS

Yes! Certainly. Charlie. Why don't you show our guest to the phone. The downstairs phone. In the downstairs office.

Charlie freezes.

SWEET DEE

Where the basement is.

FRANK

(to Monty)

Go ahead pal. There's a great phone in the downstairs office.

(to Charlie)

That's in the basement.

Charlie clicks in. Winks at Frank. He pulls Monty away.

CHARLIE

It would be my fine pleasure to escort you to the basement phone located in the downstairs office, right this way in the basement. In your line of work you must be familiar with the rat kingdom, yes?

DENNIS

Goddamn doing it.

FRANK

The kid just needs a break here and there.

MAC

Will he get the package out of there, though?

SWEET DEE

Probably not. Oooh, goddamnit.

DENNIS

No, no. I think Frank might be right. He might just have this.

FRANK

If you think I'm right, you don't want to drink that stuff.

SWEET DEE

No, you little-! Oooh.

FRANK

You got it bad there, huh? Just have a drink! You don't want to touch that jungle juice.

Frank gets behind the bar, starts pouring a whiskey.

DENNIS

No, we want the jungle juice!

SWEET DEE

I need something!

MAC

I want the Wizard's elixir.

Frank sips his whiskey.

FRANK

Your funeral.

DENNIS

No! Your funeral! Look at you Frank. Back at the booze not a day since your precious words. You're not good. You're not good at all!

Dee breaks toward the booze.

SWEET DEE

I don't want to be good!

Dennis intercepts her.

DENNIS

No, Frank is fallen. You must rise up! When I saw that Monty guy, I thought alright - but then I saw that Jungle Juice. I mean this is our ticket.

MAC

That stuff is some rare shit.

SWEET DEE

Oh, I don't give a damn! I can't wait.

FRANK

Have a drink.

Dennis nods to Mac. Mac grabs Dee, holds her from getting to the booze. Dee struggles.

SWEET DEE

Get, you - I, ahh-

DENNIS

Dee! Can't you see what Frank is doing? Tempting us! Like a goddamn devil. A dwarf little devil!

Dee calms down, Mac let's her go. She slaps Mac.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(re: slap)

Sure, yeah. But look at Frank!

(to Frank)

What a little monster you are, Frank. Just a complete little monster.

FRANK

(enjoying himself)

Oh, is that what I am?

Dennis dashes behind the bar, grabs an ugly, old bottle.

DENNIS

Here, look at this here. This is you, Frank. A dirty little tub of mean spirited kick-ass.

Dennis pours a sloppy drink, lines it up on the bar.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Cheap bourbon and fixings. You're cheap bourbon is what you are.

FRANK
So what are you?

Dennis snorts, grabs a scotch bottle from the top shelf, makes a clean, even pour.

DENNIS
Clearly I'm a fine Scotch.
Obviously, a better year than this,
but I think this illustrates the
point.

Dennis pours a glass of wine, then a beer with a shot beside it.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Dee here is a sweet red wine.

MAC
Like too sweet.

DENNIS
Oh, like spoiled.

FRANK
Like a rotten sweet.

DENNIS
And Mac. Good old trusty Mac. A
stout beer with whatever strong
hell he can get in there.

Mac points to the sky.

MAC
Strong, but...

SWEET DEE
Ohhh, where is Charlie.

Mac shakes his head, snorts a little.

DENNIS
Goddamn Charlie! I knew he couldn't
do this!

MAC
You should've gone down there,
Dennis.

DENNIS
Oh, so why not you?

MAC

I would've. I just wanted Charlie to have his break!

SWEET DEE

Scared little bitches. Send down Charlie.

MAC

I'm not scared.

FRANK

No? Why'd you let Charlie go down there?

Dennis and Mac are shamed.

SWEET DEE

Goddamn little bitches.

MAC

(defensive)

Well it's Charlie work.

DENNIS

That jungle juice is some mystical shit! What if something goes wrong? Charlie's clearly the dispensable one.

Mac gestures to himself and Dennis.

MAC

Who would you rather lose? One Charlie or two of us?

SWEET DEE

Ahhhhh...

FRANK

Kinda a wash...

Dennis pours a near-empty keg into a dirty beer glass, adds to the line of "representative" drinks on the bar.

DENNIS

No. Charlie is the warm, rancid slop at the bottom of this old, rusted keg. In a filthy glass.

Mac picks a clump of dirt off the floor, plops it into the "Charlie Drink".

MAC
And moldy dirt from under
shuffling, sour feet.

Frank, Dennis and Dee stare at Mac, confounded. Then:

SWEET DEE
Goddamn Charlie.

FRANK
Yeah, I probably shouldn't have
suggested him. Just doesn't got
what it takes.

DENNIS
This was our one chance to do
something good. And by good, I mean
get properly blasted once and for
all.

MAC
Jungle buzzed.

SWEET DEE
Oh, I needed this bad. Goddamn
Charlie.

MAC
Goddamn bastard Charlie.

FRANK
It's sad.

DENNIS
Charlie Kelly. Just a pathetic
little loser.

Charlie bursts in with the bottle of brown liquid.

CHARLIE
I got it!

SWEET DEE
Goddamn got it.

DENNIS
I knew you would, Charlie.

MAC
That's my bud!

FRANK
Oh, this is going to be good.

Frank moves around to grab a seat at the bar.

MAC
Charlie! Charlie!

MAC/DENNIS/DEE/CHARLIE
Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!

Dennis maneuvers, takes the bottle from Charlie. Everyone stops chanting except Charlie.

CHARLIE
Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!

They all stare at Charlie until he breaks the chant off. He's all smiles.

DENNIS
Okay, now we don't want to drink too much to start, we'll need to pace ourselves-

Mac grabs the bottle from Dennis, starts chugging - and gagging - the stuff is obviously caustic. Franks laughs as he pours himself another whiskey.

SWEET DEE
No!

Dee grabs the bottle from Mac, chugs, instantly starts gagging. Dennis tries to get it from her but he's too disgusted by her huge retches.

DENNIS
Charlie, take it from her. Get it, Charlie.

Charlie does, drinks with ease.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Okay bud, how about a little for old Dennis, huh?

CHARLIE
(passing to Dennis)
It's good!

Dennis gets down what he can, gags. Charlie grabs it back, finishes the whole bottle. Dennis, Dee and Mac moan, sick to their stomachs.

FRANK
You didn't want to drink it all, Charlie. That's mean stuff.

CHARLIE

Huh?

FRANK

I saw some hippies drink that
jungle juice down Tijuana way.

Charlie puts the bottle down at the end of the bar.

CHARLIE

What happened?

Frank draws his finger across his throat, deadman style.

DENNIS

Jesus, Frank, why didn't you tell
us?

SWEET DEE

Yeah, Frank!

FRANK

(delighted)
I told you all along!

MAC

(real scared)
What do we do?

FRANK

I don't know. Light a candle? It's
gonna be a baaaaaad trip.

Dee curls up in a ball on the floor. Dennis starts pacing.

SWEET DEE

Oh god, oh god, oh god.

DENNIS

I've just got to stay cool, I've
got to keep it easy. Nice and easy.

Mac runs behind the bar, frantically searches.

MAC

Do we have a candle? We need a
candle, Frank? Is a candle what we
need?

CHARLIE

I know!

Charlie dashes off. Frank gets up, dances a little, laughing.

FRANK

I told you bitches! But noooo, you wouldn't listen! And now, you are going to Lose. Your. Shit!

A powerful beam of light suddenly blinds Frank. He grabs at his face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ah shit!

Charlie wields one of those super-high powered, oversized flashlights.

DENNIS

Charlie! What are you doing?

Charlie swings the light onto Dennis, blinds him.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus! Goddammit!

Dee, panting, rises up from the floor.

CHARLIE

I got a light! We can use this to save us!

SWEET DEE

Oh, I think I'm feeling it. Not good. Not good.

MAC

Charlie, give me the flashlight.

Charlie swings the flashlight at Mac, blinds him.

MAC (CONT'D)

(like a girl)

Ow!

Dennis grabs it from Charlie.

DENNIS

This is not a toy, Charlie! This thing is like a billion candle power. You can burn a person's eyes out!

FRANK

He's just trying to help-

Dennis swings the flashlight onto Frank, blinds him.

DENNIS
Shut up you! Filthy little man!

Dennis pursues Frank, aiming the light as he tries to escape.

FRANK
AHHH!

SWEET DEE
(very sick)
We need to do something good. I'm
feeling it. We need to fix this!

Mac grabs the flashlight, turns it off.

MAC
Dee's right! This shit isn't
sitting right.

FRANK
I told you it would be like this.

Mac turns on the flashlight, blinds Frank.

SWEET DEE
Nobody cares, Frank!

Dennis grabs the flashlight, turns it off.

DENNIS
Okay, we need to get our heads
together. Just think. We need to
come up with a plan.

Frank rubs his eyes. Dee gags a little. Mac and Charlie stare intently at Dennis.

MONTY (O.S.)
I couldn't find the phone down
there.

Monty is standing at the end of the bar.

MONTY (CONT'D)
I used the one up here. Hope you
don't mind.

FRANK
Huh.

Frank pours another whiskey, grabs a seat, watching. The rest of the gang stares at Charlie.

DENNIS
You didn't lock the basement door?

MAC
You're supposed to lock it!

CHARLIE
I didn't think-

DENNIS
No, you didn't think!

MAC
You never think! Goddamnit,
Charlie.

SWEET DEE
Ohhh shit.

Everyone looks at Monty for a beat. He takes out a pack of chewing tobacco, pops some in his mouth.

MONTY
Called my friend, he's gonna pick
me up. Thanks for helping me out. I
thought I wasn't gonna make my gig.

FRANK
(disappointed)
Ah shit. You ain't a Witch Doctor?

MONTY
What? No, I'm a singer. We do a
traditional thing. You know, for
tourist types. Easy money.

Monty notices his glass bottle on the bar.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Oh, hey. Thanks for cleaning this
out.
(refers to chewing
tobacco)
This stuff ain't good for my voice,
but you know how it is. I'm hooked.

He grabs his jar, spits some brown juice into it. He offers the chewing tobacco. Dee gags hard.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Want some?

Frank grabs a pinch like it's a consolation prize.

FRANK
Never turned down a little chewin'
tobacco.

MONTY
Okay, well thanks again.

Monty heads out. Frank chuckles. Mac breaks the silence.

MAC
So we drank-

DENNIS
No! Don't!

Frank snickers. Spits some brown juice of his own straight on the floor.

FRANK
Yep. You sure did.

Frank makes a show of sipping the "Frank Drink" Dennis poured earlier. Charlie suddenly notices the "Charlie Drink".

CHARLIE
What could this be?

He picks up the dirty glass.

MAC
Ah, you don't want that buddy.

CHARLIE
(captivated)
No, in fact, I believe I do.

He takes a sip. Finds it curiously delightful. The others take note of their own representative drinks.

DENNIS
Well, sure, maybe just a sip. A
fine scotch never hurt anyone.

Dee checks her watch.

SWEET DEE
It is 5 pm.

FRANK
Sure. It'll do you some good.

They sheepishly pick up their drinks in front of a gloating Frank.

DENNIS

We're all good people here. Always
good to have a civilized, social
drink.

Mac drops a shot in his "Mac Drink", pounds it. Dennis
gingerly sips his "Dennis Drink". Dee shamefully sips her
"Dee Drink" with a soft, desperate slurping noise.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Dennis, Mac and Dee stand drinking at the bar, bottles spread out before them. They are very, very hammered.

DENNIS

You see, this it what I'm talking about. You only get out of it what you put into it.

SWEET DEE

What goes around, comes around.

Mac chugs from a bottle of whiskey, staggers.

MAC

It's coming in my face!

DENNIS

No.

SWEET DEE

Well.

DENNIS

It is a gift. We let it go, but we got it back!

Dee starts muttering to the drink in her hand.

SWEET DEE

Momma's sorry, little baby. She's never gonna let you down again. Momma's never, ever gonna let her baby cry.

MAC

I'M NEVER GONNA LET YOU DOWN!

Mac starts aggressively draining a row of shots lined up on the bar. He falls down midway through but recovers to finish the series.

DENNIS

It feels good to be back in the groove.

SWEET DEE

Feels so, so good. So, so, right.

DENNIS
Just to let loose.

Mac falls down.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Well, he's out.

SWEET DEE
Little puss.

DENNIS
It does feel like it's been a full
shift. What time is it?

Dee checks her watch. Can't make it out.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Here, here. Give it here.
(focusses on watch)
Jesus - 6 am.

SWEET DEE
(slurring hard)
Perfect timing.

DENNIS
A job well done!

They clink glasses, take congratulatory sips. Suddenly Frank
and Charlie burst in the front door, both only in underwear.

DENNIS/SWEET DEE
There they are! Ey-o!

CHARLIE
Oh my god, it's so amazing out
there! Do we have any more
Schnapps? We need more Schnapps!

FRANK
Feels like a Witch Doctor is
dancing on my balls.

Dee falls down. The guys laugh at her.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE