

It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia

SAMPLE SCRIPT

"The Gang goes on a Treasure Hunt"

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: Thursday 3:00pm

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

We find DENNIS and DEE, their backs to us, huddled at the counter in some unseen activity.

DENNIS

Damn.

DEE

Crap.

DENNIS

Damn.

DEE

Crap.

DENNIS

Goddammit, Dee! You're giving me bad luck! Why don't you go over there.
(points to a booth)

DEE

You're giving me bad luck! You go over there.

DENNIS

Would you please just get away from me? I've only got one left.

As Dee picks up and goes, reveal a pile of scratched out lottery tickets littering the counter.

DENNIS

Here we go, last one. Big winner, big winner...

He scratches out his remaining ticket.

DENNIS

Son of a bitch!

DEE

Awww, that's too bad. You want one of mine?

DENNIS

Yeah.

DEE

Screw you!

The door jingles open and in struts MAC, carrying a brown paper sack.

MAC

What's up, bitches.
(holds up the bag)
Guess what I have.

DENNIS

A sack containing all your discarded hopes and dreams?

MAC

No, but when I'm ready to sit around here all day like a couple of losers scratching out lottery tickets, I'll let you know. What I have here...

He delicately removes a foreign looking BOTTLE from the bag, and places it on the counter.

MAC

-is a bottle of beer all the way from Mongolia.

DEE

Mongolia?

DENNIS

Dude, nothing good's ever come from Mongolia.

MAC

Hello? What about Genghis Khan? He's from Mongolia.

DENNIS

Genghis Khan was a brutal warlord who slaughtered women and children by the thousand.

MAC

Yeah, and now I get to drink his beer.

DEE

We did eat at that Mongolian grill a while back.

DENNIS

Wait, the one where you get to pick out all your meats and vegetables, and then they fry it up right in front of you?

DEE

And Charlie pretended to get splattered with hot oil, to get out of paying the bill.

DENNIS

Yeah, that was good stuff. Okay, maybe not everything from Mongolia totally sucks balls.

MAC

That's what I've been trying to tell you freaks. I am going to savor this.

He grabs a mug from behind the bar and pops open the tab, then sniffs the bouquet as if it were a bottle of wine.

DENNIS

Where'd you get it?

MAC

Johnny Tucci's brother just got back from Asia. He went over there to climb Everest or something, and he brought back a six-pack, and Johnny sold one to me for twenty bucks.

DEE

You paid twenty dollars for a bottle of beer?? Are you nuts?

MAC

Well, I am a connoisseur, Dee.

DEE

No you're not. I've seen you get drunk
on Natty Lite.

MAC

That's because I didn't have anything
better to drink -- until now.

Having finished pouring, he holds the mug up to the light,
basking in its rich amber glow.

MAC

Look at that, it's a thing of beauty.

We hear the door jingle in the background.

CLOSE IN on Mac, the look on his face tells us he's expecting
an experience that's beyond sublime.

MAC

(reverently)
To Genghis.

But just as he's about to drink, a sharp CRACK reverberates
through the bar, and the glass SHATTERS in Mac's hand.

Mongolian Ale flies everywhere, drenching Mac, who remains
frozen in place holding what's left of the mug.

Pan across to CHARLIE brandishing a bolo WHIP.

CHARLIE

Check it out. Pretty sweet, huh?

He cracks the whip again.

ON MAC, his face beet red. Like a steam kettle boiling over,
he lets out a yell and whirls to face Charlie.

ON CHARLIE, whose expression goes from self-satisfaction to
one of terror, as an enraged Mac descends upon him. He lets
out a frightened SCREAM.

END TEASER

INT. PADDY'S PUB - LATER

Mac and Charlie nurse a beer at the counter.

Mac stares with disdain at the untouched bottle of Natural Lite in front of him, while Charlie rubs his neck.

CHARLIE

Dude, did you have to choke me with my own whip?

Mac, too frustrated to speak, gets up and storms out.

DEE

What's with the whip, Charlie?

CHARLIE

My uh... ex-girlfriend Chandra brought it over.

DENNIS

She's not your ex-girlfriend, she's a dominatrix you paid to tie you to the bed.

CHARLIE

Okay first of all, I didn't pay her. She did that voluntarily.

FLASHBACK: CHARLIE'S APARTMENT

We find him tied down spread-eagled on his crappy sofa bed, wearing nothing but his undershorts.

CHARLIE

Um, Chandra? I don't know if I'm up for this. Could you please untie me?

(beat)

Chandra? Baby? Come back!

We hear the door slam.

BACK TO PADDY'S

CHARLIE

And second, it's none of your business.

DENNIS

It becomes our business when you don't show up to work for two days, and we have to go to your apartment to check up on you. Only to find you tied to the bed dehydrated, lying in a pool of your own urine.

DEE

Gross, Charlie! I didn't know you were that kinky.

CHARLIE

It was a one-time thing!

Both Dee and Dennis roll their eyes, neither buys it.

CHARLIE

Since then we've just been hanging out as friends. She even showed me how to use the whip.

The door swings opens, and in struts FRANK, grinning like he's won the lottery.

FRANK

Great news! Bob Pope died!

He does a little shuffle.

DEE

Bob Hope?

FRANK

Bob Pope.

DENNIS

The guy who did all those USO tours and Christmas specials?

FRANK

I didn't say Bob Hope. I said-

DEE

Wait, I think Bob Hope's already dead. Didn't he kick the bucket like five years ago?

CHARLIE

Are you serious?? Dammit! I didn't get to mourn him!

FRANK

No, not Bob Hope -- Bob Pope! P-O-P-E! Pope!

CHARLIE

Wait, the Pope's dead? Oh, man, that's terrible! Who's gonna lead the Catholic church now? It's gonna be anarchy!

DENNIS

Dude, when the Pope dies they just replace him with another. I think they have a big vote or something, the same way we elect a new president.

DEE

Sounds democratic.

FRANK

No, that's not it at all. People don't elect a new Pope.

CHARLIE

I know, his son replaces him as ruler, and then he marries all his father's concubines. Wait, the Pope's name is Bob? I didn't know that.

FRANK

What? No, you idiot. Bob Pope, my former accountant died.

CHARLIE

So the Pope's not dead?

FRANK

No, the Pope's not dead, moron.

CHARLIE

And neither is Bob Hope?

DEE

Well, Bob Hope is still dead.

CHARLIE

Oh, now you're just confusing me!

FRANK

Just shut up, all of you! Bob Pope died and in his will he left me this.

He pulls out a weathered piece of cloth.

DENNIS

What is that, an old handkerchief?

DEE

I think it's a napkin.

FRANK

It's a map of Philly Park.

DENNIS

Why would someone draw a map of Philly Park on a napkin? You could just go down to the Wawa and buy one for a buck.

FRANK

It's a treasure map. Bob Pope buried his loot somewhere in the Park and this map will show us where.

DENNIS

How do we even know it's real?

FRANK

Because Bob Pope was loaded. The man was crooked as a three dollar bill! He used to skim from all his clients.

DEE

Wait, didn't you say that he was your accountant?

FRANK

Yeah, but he promised he never stole from me -- just from everyone else.

The group snickers at Frank.

FRANK

Anyway, Bob Pope got busted by the IRS, but before they could take everything, he hid his money and jewelry in a lock box and buried it somewhere in the park -- and this is the map.

CHARLIE

So we just go over there and dig it up?

FRANK

Well, not right now. It's the middle of the day; there'll be a bunch of people around. If they see us digging a hole, they'll call the cops.

DENNIS

So we wait 'til it's dark.

DEE

I don't know. Philly Park at night can be dangerous. It's full of drug dealers and crack whores.

FRANK

We're gonna have to risk it.

The door opens and Mac returns sporting a slick brown leather bomber jacket. He does a little turn to show it off.

MAC

Notice anything different?

FRANK

You get a haircut?

CHARLIE

No, I think he grew an inch.

MAC

The jacket. Check it out. Nice, huh?

DENNIS

There is no way you could afford that jacket. You stole it, didn't you?

MAC

What? No. I found it on the bus.

FLASHBACK: METRO BUS

Mac sits in the back. He glances over at a man slumped to one side, asleep -- the jacket lying beside him.

BACK TO SCENE:

DEE

So you just "found" it on the bus?

MAC

Someone probably forgot it -- happens all the time. It's mine now. Don't tell me you bitches are jealous 'cuz I look cool.

DENNIS

Like wearing some lame jacket suddenly makes you cool.

MAC

Tell it to the Fonz.

FRANK

Could we please get back to me and my treasure map?

MAC

What treasure map?

CHARLIE

Frank inherited a treasure map from Bob Hope, and we're gonna go down to the park and dig that booty up.

MAC

Frank, you knew Bob Hope? Wait, are we gonna split the treasure?

FRANK

No way, the treasure's mine! You losers don't get any of it.

DEE

So you're just going to go down to the park, at night... all by yourself?

Frank considers the prospect.

FRANK

Okay, maybe I could use some backup.

CHARLIE

Of course you do, Frank. I'm here for you, man, just as long as I get my cut.

FRANK

Alright, we split it eighty-twenty.

DENNIS

We get eighty?

FRANK

I get eighty. You vultures split twenty.

DEE

But that's like five percent each!

FRANK

Take it or leave it.

Unhappy looks, but the group grudgingly concedes.

MAC

Okay, so what's the plan?

FRANK

We meet back here at midnight and head out to find the treasure. Oh, and make sure you wear black, we want to blend in with the dark.

(leans in)

But no one else can know about this, so don't tell anyone!

DENNIS

Mum's the word, Frank.

A SNEEZE from one of the booths, and everyone's head swivels to the source -- RYAN MCPOYLE, their old nemesis.

CHARLIE

Oh, shit!

DENNIS

It's McPoyle!

He bolts for the door.

FRANK

Somebody stop him!

MAC

Go, go, go!

The gang scrambles to intercept, but end up getting in each other's way and fall over themselves as he races out the bar.

CHARLIE

Damn, those McPoyle's are quick!

MAC

What're we gonna do now?

FRANK

We stick with the plan. The McPoyle's aren't gonna stop us.

DENNIS

Let 'em try.

Dennis and Frank high-five each other.

DEE

Damn, straight.

Dee raises her hand, but they turn and leave her hanging.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: MIDNIGHT

INT. PADDY'S PUB

The group's dressed like cat burglars -- black jeans, black sweaters, black caps and shoes -- all except Charlie, who's wearing khaki pants and a white t-shirt.

FRANK

Whoa, whoa, whoa... Charlie, didn't I tell you to wear black?

CHARLIE

I don't have anything black; besides I'm comfortable like this.

MAC

In that case, I'm wearing my jacket.

He puts on the brown bomber.

FRANK

Mac!

DENNIS

Hey, if Mac's gonna wear his jacket, I'm wearing my new hat.

Dennis whips out a tanned weathered fedora, and flips it onto his head.

FRANK

Oh, Jesus.

MAC

What the hell is that?

DENNIS

It's a fedora.

MAC

Dude, you look like a total douchebag. Where'd you find that, Goodwill?

DENNIS

It's vintage. You're not the only one who can wear something cool.

FRANK

Fine, whatever, let's just get this show on the road. Dee, you take point.

DEE

Why do I have to take point?

FRANK

Because I don't want any surprises. If anything bad goes down, I want you out in front.

(over Dee's outraged expression)

Don't argue. I'm in charge.

CHARLIE

Relax, Dee. I got your back.

He cracks the whip.

FRANK

Charlie, what the hell are you doing with a whip?

MAC

Could we please just go already?

EXT. PHILLY STREETS - NIGHT

The group slinks along, ducking between shadows, with Dee in front nervously leading the way.

DEE

Anyone else want to take point?

FRANK

Just keep your eyes peeled. We don't wanna run into any McPoyles.

MAC

God, I hate those inbred bastards.

CHARLIE

I'm freezing out here. Mac, let me borrow your jacket.

MAC

Get your own jacket.

CHARLIE

Bro, I'll buy it from you. I'll give you fifty bucks from my share of the treasure.

MAC

A thousand.

CHARLIE

Sixty-five.

MAC

Done.

He takes the jacket off, and hands it to Charlie.

FRANK

Shhh, stop talking.

He scans the surroundings -- hidden dangers lurk everywhere.

FRANK

(whispers to Dennis)

I think we're being followed.

DENNIS

You sure?

FRANK

No, but I don't wanna take any chances.

(to everyone)

Okay, group huddle.

They gather to conference.

FRANK

New plan. We're splitting up.

DEE

What?

MAC

Why?

FRANK

I think we're being followed. Charlie, you break off from the group and say you're going to look for the treasure, while the rest of us announce we're going to McDonalds.

CHARLIE

Wait, I wanna go to Mickey D's.

FRANK

We're not really going to McDonalds, you idiot, we're only *pretending*, so that whoever's following us, follows you. Then we can go find the treasure unhindered. Get it?

CHARLIE

Well, what am I supposed to do?

FRANK

Just go wander around for a few hours. Keep 'em off our tail.

CHARLIE

Are you serious? C'mon, Frank.

DENNIS

What's the big deal, you go wandering by yourself all the time.

DEE

Yeah, Charlie, you're a great wanderer.

FRANK

Then once you're sure you lost them, you can double back and meet us at the park.

CHARLIE

How am I supposed to find you guys? Wait, you're not just trying to ditch me, are you?

FRANK

Would we do that? Now come on, Charlie, I really need you to sell it, okay?

WIDE SHOT: Charlie heads off in the opposite direction, calls back in a loud voice.

CHARLIE

So, um, I'm gonna go look for the uh, treasure now, guys!

DEE

Good luck, Charlie!

FRANK

And we are going to go to McDonalds for
some hamburgers and fries!

MAC

And a milkshake!
(whispers)
Think they bought it?

EXT. PHILLY PARK - NIGHT

A FLASHLIGHT cuts through the dark, as the group shuffles
through the brush.

DENNIS

Oww! Stop stepping on my feet, Dee!
Jesus, could you be more uncoordinated?

DEE

I can barely see where I'm going. Frank,
shine the light back here.

MAC

Anyone else getting hungry?

FRANK

Everyone shut up! You want the crack
whores to hear us?

MAC

What's the map say?

FRANK

Once we get to that big rock, we turn
left and go ten paces-

DENNIS

Shhh!

MAC

What?

DENNIS

I heard something.

DEE

I don't hear anything.

DENNIS

There's nothing now, but there was something earlier.

FRANK

We're wasting time.

The group resumes their search. Frank starts to giggle.

DENNIS

What?

FRANK

I was just thinking about Bob Pope.

DENNIS

What about him?

FRANK

I totally banged his wife.

DENNIS

Aw, Frank!

FRANK

He never had a clue, and now I'm getting his fortune too.

(he laughs)

Man, what a jerkoff!

After proceeding further, Frank comes to an abrupt stop, causing the rest of the gang to pile up behind him.

DENNIS

Oww! Dee!

DEE

Wasn't me.

FRANK

Here we are.

MAC

What? Here?

FRANK

Yeah, I think this is the spot.

DEE

You sure?

FRANK

Start digging.

They look around at each other.

DENNIS

Okay, who's got the shovel?

(he looks to Mac)

MAC

Why are you looking at me? I didn't bring it. Dee?

DEE

Yeah, it's right here in my purse.

FRANK

Did nobody remember to bring a shovel?
Jesus Christ! What kind of treasure
hunters are you?!

RYAN MCPOYLE (O.S.)

Hey losers.

The MCPOYLE FAMILY steps out from behind a copse, dressed up as a squad of NAZI STORMTROOPERS.

DENNIS

Told you we were being followed.

FRANK

I thought we lost you freaks when we ditched Charlie.

RYAN MCPOYLE

Yeah, like we're going to fall for that. How dumb do you think we are?

LIAM MCPOYLE

(mocking)

Oh hey, let's go to McDonalds.

Eye-rolls from the McPoyle's, as they pretend to march.

FRANK

So where's Charlie then?

RYAN MCPOYLE

How would we know? He probably got lost wandering around.

FRANK

Goddammit!

DENNIS

What are you retards wearing?

RYAN MCPOYLE

Are you referring to our uniforms?

LIAM MCPOYLE

Every Thursday we get together with a group that re-enacts World War Two.

MAC

And you guys are the Nazi's.

DEE

Sounds about right.

RYAN MCPOYLE

Where's the treasure?

He reaches behind him and pulls out... a shovel.

GROUP HUDDLE

The gang holds conference off to a side, while the McPoyle Nazi's look on.

DENNIS

Alright, what do we do?

DEE

Well, they have a shovel.

MAC

I didn't really want to dig anyway.

FRANK

Okay, we agree to split the treasure with those idiots, as long as they dig the hole.

DENNIS

You can't be serious.

FRANK

Of course not. Once they find it, we grab the box and run!

LATER - BREAK OF DAWN

We find the park grounds littered with huge mounds of dirt and random holes everywhere as evidence to their apparent lack of success.

The gang watches the McPoyle's busy at work.

DENNIS

Jesus, those McPoyle's can dig.

DEE

It's almost dawn. We better get out of here.

FRANK

I ain't leaving without my treasure!

MAC

At least we didn't have to dig.

DENNIS

If there really was a treasure, don't you think they'd have found it by now?

Dee and Mac nod in agreement. They all turn to Frank.

LIAM MCPLOYE (O.S.)

Found it!

Liam McPoyle climbs out of a hole, covered in dirt, but holding a lock box.

FRANK

Alright, let's see it. Hand it over.

LIAM MCPOYLE

Yeah, I don't think so, old man. The treasure's coming with us.

FRANK

You double-crossing son of a bitch!

RYAN MCPOYLE

Like you wouldn't have done the same.

FRANK

Yeah, I guess you're right.

(he points up)

Look! A Zeppelin!

As the McPoyle's glance skyward, Frank grabs the box and runs.

FRANK

See you back at the bar!

The gang scrambles after him, chased by the McPoyle's.

Keystone Cops action as they zig-zag all around the park.

LATER

Wheezing with effort, Frank finally comes to a stop. He bends over, winded. The gang catches up with him.

FRANK

Where are we?

DEE

Still in the park, Frank.

FRANK

Really? It feels like we've been running for hours. I'm ready to cough up a lung.

MAC

It's only been like five minutes. We've mostly been running in circles.

FRANK

Okay, let's just walk to the bar.

He turns and his chest bumps into the point of an ornamental Nazi officer's sword. At the other end is McPoyle.

RYAN MCPOYLE

Hand it over.

The rest of the McPoyle's assemble to block them.

Frank reluctantly gives over the box.

FRANK

You lousy bastards.

LIAM MCPOYLE

And the hat.

They look to Dennis, still wearing the fedora.

DENNIS

No way. Nope. Not gonna happen.

DEE

Just give them the hat, Dennis.

DENNIS

No. In fact, I would rather throw this hat away than see a McPoyle wear it.

He takes off the hat and whips it like a Frisbee. It flies off into the brush.

DENNIS

There, goodbye hat. Sayonara.

LIAM MCPOYLE

You know, I could just go over there and get it. Nevermind.

(to the McPoyle's)

We got what we came for, let's go.

As they turn to go, from out behind a tree steps CHARLIE, sporting the brown bomber jacket and khaki pants.

He picks up the Fedora, puts it on, and snaps his whip.

You guessed it -- cue the Indiana Jones theme music.

CHARLIE

You Nazi bastards going somewhere?

NAZI MCPLOYLE

It's you...

A crack of the whip knocks the lockbox out of McPoyle's hands and sends it tumbling through the air into Frank's waiting arms.

CHARLIE

We'll be taking the treasure.

CRACK! The next strike knocks the sword away.

CHARLIE

Guess who's been practicing.

But as the McPoyle's step forward, Charlie snaps the whip again, forcing them back.

CHARLIE

Dance, bitches! Dance!

He cracks the whip at their feet. They start hopping around.

DENNIS

That's it, do the Cha-Cha.

Charlie cracks the whip again and again, and laughs in an out-of-control maniacal fit.

INT. PADDY'S PUB

The gang enters the bar, in excellent spirits.

CHARLIE

See that? I made those McPoyle's dance like a pack of trained monkeys.

MAC

Bro, you went all *Ghenghis Khan* over their ass!

CHARLIE

I had those inbred bastards doing the texas two-step.

MAC

You know what I should have said was,
merengue, motherf-

DENNIS

Can we open the box already?

They gather around the lockbox.

LATER

Empty bottles line the counter as Frank pries haplessly at
it with hammer and screwdriver. The gang looks on, bored.

A wrong twist sends the screwdriver flying out of his hands;
it PLOPS into a pitcher of beer.

FRANK

Dammit!

MAC

Here, let me do it.

FRANK

Don't you touch my treasure!

DENNIS

C'mon, you've been at it for over an
hour already. Let Mac open it.

CHARLIE

Mac's good at breaking into things.

MAC

I am an expert.

DENNIS

We're not getting any younger here,
Frank.

FRANK

If you don't shut up, I'm giving your
share of the loot to your sister.

CHARLIE

Wait, if anyone deserves Dennis' share,
it's me. I'm the one who saved the day.

DENNIS

Let's just chill out. Nobody's getting my share of the treasure but me, okay.

DEE

Why? You didn't do anything.

DENNIS

And you did?

DEE

I seem to remember taking point.

DENNIS

That was only because you're the most expendable member of the group.

DEE

Um, excuse me... that title belongs to Charlie. After all, wasn't he the one that got ditched?

CHARLIE

What? So you guys were trying to ditch me! Man, that really sucks, especially since I came through for you assholes!

And as a round of bickering ensues, Mac gets in the middle.

MAC

Stop it, all of you! Don't you see what's happening here? The treasure's cursed -- it's causing us to fight amongst ourselves.

CHARLIE

If you don't want your share, I'll be happy to take it.

MAC

Touch my share, and you're dead!

As the fighting recommences, the lock POPS open.

Instant silence. Everyone stares in anticipation. Frank rubs his hands greedily.

FRANK

Finally.

The gang leans in as he lifts the lid.

FRANK

What the hell?

DEE

There's nothing there. Why is it empty?

MAC

Where's all the money, Frank?

Frank pulls out a piece of paper, begins reading.

FRANK

"Dear Frank, if you're reading this, then you can see there is no treasure. I made it all up because you slept with my wife, you scumbag. P.S. When I said I never stole from you... I lied."

He blinks in disbelief.

FRANK

That son of a bitch!

DENNIS

Awww, come on!

CHARLIE

Wait, so there's no treasure?

MAC

Give me back my jacket, Charlie!

CHARLIE

A deal's a deal!

MAC

Deal's off, there's no goddamn money!

CHARLIE

Not my problem.

Mac grabs Charlie and the pair start to wrestle, as Mac tries to yank the jacket off Charlie.

CHARLIE

Hey, hey, hey! Get off me, man!

DENNIS

What happened to my hat?

Dee throws her hands up.

DEE

Time to buy more lottery tickets.

FRANK

Wait 'til I get my hands on him! I'll kill him! I'll strangle him! I'll...

(beat)

Charlie, where the hell is my gun?!

Charlie continues to wrestle with Mac over the coat.

CHARLIE

Don't make me summon the Hulk!

MAC

Gimme back my frickin' jacket!

FRANK

Quit screwing around, Charlie, and help me find me my gun!

DENNIS

Dude, Bob Pope's dead.

THE END