

IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

"The Gang catches Predators"

by

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COLD OPEN

TITLE: 10:01 am

TITLE: On a Friday

TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

INT. PADDY'S - BAR - DAY

Dennis and Charlie are sitting at a table watching YouTube on Dennis' laptop computer. Charlie is enthralled.

CHARLIE

This is the greatest show I've ever seen!

DENNIS

Right? Wait, watch. This is the best part. As soon as the predator leaves the house, they've got cops waiting outside. Ready? Here comes the tackle. And...

Charlie and Dennis watch in suspense.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Boom!

Dennis and Charlie react with glee.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Take down!

CHARLIE

Oh man, that was awesome!

DENNIS

I'm tellin' you! Wait'll you see this next guy, he's even more pathetic.

Dee enters from the office holding a small menu.

SWEET DEE

(off menu)

Charlie, this new bar menu makes no sense. You have a five ounce beer as twelve dollars. Did you mean a twelve ounce beer is five dollars?

Charlie waves her off.

CHARLIE

Yeah, whatever Dee. Just round up.

SWEET DEE

Okay, now what you just said makes no sense.

CHARLIE

(not listening)
Okay. Good to know.

Exasperated Dee returns to the office. Mac enters through the front door.

MAC

This is like the dry spell of my life!
Swear to god, if I don't get laid soon I think my head's going to explode!

Dennis and Charlie barely acknowledge him, glued to their show. Mac walks over to investigate.

MAC (CONT'D)

What are you guys watching?
(off laptop)
Oh, is this the thing where they tackle perverts?

DENNIS

Yeah.

MAC

Man, I love this show.

DENNIS

(off Charlie)
He's never seen it.

MAC

You're kidding! This is classic television.
(off show)
Look at this loser. Get ready to eat sidewalk, horndog.

DENNIS/MAC

Boom!

They laugh.

MAC

I love that. I love when they get tackled.

DENNIS

And that guy was a doctor.

CHARLIE

Is he crying?

DENNIS

Of course he's crying. He's totally screwed!

MAC

Perv got served.

CHARLIE

That's so awesome. Why'd they get rid of this show?

DENNIS

I dunno. I think they got sued or something.

MAC

I heard one of these freaks killed himself.

CHARLIE

What? That's no reason to cancel an awesome show!

DENNIS

(light bulb)

You know something...? Charlie's right. This show needs to be brought back.

MAC

Well, yeah Dennis ...but what can we do about it?

Beat.

Before Dennis can say it himself--

TITLE: THE GANG CATCHES PREDATORS

TITLE: MAIN TITLES

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

CHARLIE

But we don't know anything about catching predators.

DENNIS

Dude, what's to know? You saw, it's easy! All you need is a girl, a video camera and some lemonade.

MAC

Perverts love lemonade.

CHARLIE

Yeah but... are you sure we're allowed to do this?

DENNIS

Um, are we allowed to *better the community*? Yeah Charlie, I'm pretty sure we are.

MAC

Seriously, people should thank us! We'd be doing a public service getting these scum bags out of the neighborhood.

DENNIS

We could post it on YouTube.

MAC

Totally! It's like, we'd be informing the public while at the same time entertaining the shit out of them!

CHARLIE

You know, this could be a positive outlet for my love of secretly filming people.

DENNIS

Right! Creepy but...

MAC

So we're doing this?

CHARLIE

Hell, yeah!

DENNIS

Hands in, guys!

Dennis puts his hand out, palm down. Mac and Charlie look confused but play along, each laying a hand on Dennis'.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
One, two, three--!

Dennis lifts his hand up and looks to want to shout something. Charlie and Mac just look confused. After an awkward moment of anti-climactic silence...

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Sorry! I'm sorry.

MAC
I don't know what we were doing--

CHARLIE
Yeah, I wasn't sure what you wanted from us there.

DENNIS
I was trying to do like a 'One, two, three, break!' thing but I couldn't think of the right word to shout.

CHARLIE
Right.

DENNIS
Like 'Go, predators!' or something. Not that obviously but-

MAC
I see what you're saying.

CHARLIE
It's just that we've never done a 'hands in' thing before-

DENNIS
Right, no-

CHARLIE
Kinda caught me off guard-

DENNIS
-you're right. I shouldn't have sprung it on you like that. I just- I wanted it to be spontaneous but... I dunno, I guess we should have discussed it beforehand...

MAC
I think unless you have a team name or something-

DENNIS

Right. Yeah. No, I'm sorry, that was dumb, I just got excited.

MAC

No, hey, don't apologize.

CHARLIE

No, totally!

MAC

I'm excited too.

CHARLIE

Totally excited!

DENNIS

Yeah?

MAC

Hell, yeah!

DENNIS

So am I!

MAC

Then let's do it!

CHARLIE

Let's catch some predators!

DENNIS

One, two, three-!

The guys look at each other anxiously but nothing comes out.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I did it again! I don't know why I did it again.

MAC

It's okay.

CHARLIE

It does feel warranted.

DENNIS

Doesn't it?

MAC

We'll work on it.

DENNIS

Yeah. We'll work on it later, we've got a lot to do, so...

(calling)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Dee! Get out here, we need you for something!

INT. PADDY'S BAR - LATER

Dennis stands in front of the bar while Dee, Dennis and Mac sit at a table in front of him.

Next to Dennis, on a small easel sitting on the bar is a white board which reads: "To Tackle Perverts - Production Meeting" in black marker. Beneath that is everyone's name and their corresponding roles in the production. There's a crude diagram of a living room lay out.

DENNIS

Okay, so...

(pointing)

Charlie, you'll be the lookout and on camera duty. I'm the host, of course, I will confront and question the perverts. Mac, you tackle them.

MAC

(psyched)

Yes!

DENNIS

Charlie, I'll need you to find us a decoy. We need a cute girl to lure in the predators. Ideally, someone who looks fourteen but is really eighteen.

CHARLIE

On it.

DENNIS

Dee, you make the lemonade. Everyone clear? All right, on three: One, two, three-

SWEET DEE

Wait a minute! That's it? I make the lemonade? That's what you're bothering with me this for?

DENNIS

The lemonade is key, Dee.

MAC

Perverts love lemonade.

SWEET DEE

I'm the most capable person in this room! I can do more than make lemonade.

SWEET DEE (CONT'D)

Why can't I be the cute girl who lures
in the men?

Awkward silence.

DENNIS

Dee, why do you always put me in a
position where I have to say mean things
to you?

MAC

Yeah, that's a totally different type of
perversion, Dee, what you're talking
about.

SWEET DEE

(insulted)
What do you mean?

DENNIS

Just focus on the lemonade for now and
if anything else comes up-

CHARLIE

Some cookies might be nice.

DENNIS

There you go!
(to Dee, off Charlie)
If you want more of a challenge, you can
make some cookies, too. Okay? Everybody
happy? Great. One, two, three- Oh, screw
it, let's just leave the room.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Dennis and Dee enter through the back door of a dark
suburban house. Dennis flips a light switch revealing a
beautiful, contemporary kitchen. It's set-up just like a
"To Catch a Predator" house, with a small island counter
and bar stools.

DENNIS

Oh, yeah. This'll work.

SWEET DEE

Godammnit, Dennis. These people trusted
me.

DENNIS

They trusted you to watch their house,
Dee. We're watching the house. In fact,
we're doing better than that; we'll be
videotaping it.

SWEET DEE

I don't think they'd appreciate you advertising their address on the internet as a meet-up spot for sexual predators!

DENNIS

They've got kids, don't they? They, more than anyone, should appreciate what we're trying to do. Now, did you make the lemonade?

SWEET DEE

Yeah, it's in the fridge.

DENNIS

Perfect.

Dennis is dialing his cell phone as he moves to the refrigerator. He takes out the pitcher of lemonade and gets a glass from the cabinet.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yo, dude. I'm in the predator house.

INT. PADDY'S BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is sitting in a desk chair in front of the office computer.

CHARLIE

Sweet, man. Is it nice?

DENNIS (V.O.)

It's awesome! The predators are going to freak when they see this. How's things on your end?

CHARLIE

Lookin' good, bro. I already got a couple candidates lined up for tomorrow.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dennis has a glass of lemonade in his hand.

DENNIS

Perfect! Yo, make sure Mac has a script ready in case we need them to audition.

Dennis takes a sip of the lemonade and immediately spits it out.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Oh, my god!

CHARLIE (V.O.)
What's the matter?

DENNIS
Ugh!

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Is it the lemonade?

DENNIS
Let me call you back, I got a situation here.

He hangs up the phone.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Dee, this lemonade is terrible!

Dee hangs her head.

SWEET DEE
(ashamed)
I didn't understand the directions.

INT. PADDY'S BACK OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Mac is seated in the office chair, looking over a couple pages. There's a knock at the door.

MAC
Come in!

An attractive young girl, SUSAN, peeks her head in the door.

SUSAN
Hi, I'm looking for the auditions....?

MAC
Yeah, right here. You found it. Come on in. Have a seat.

Susan takes a seat in front of Mac. Mac looks at the clipboard on his desk.

MAC (CONT'D)
And you're ...Susan?

SUSAN
Yes.

MAC
And what brings you here, Susan?

SUSAN
Well, I'm trying to become an actress.

MAC

Right.

SUSAN

So this role would be a really good break for me. I mean, if you think I'm good enough.

MAC

Well, you're certainly attractive enough.

She smiles bashfully.

MAC (CONT'D)

You could lure me into a suspicious house any day.

She laughs, charmed.

SUSAN

And what is your reality show about?

MAC

Actually, we prefer the term 'Investigative journalism.'

SUSAN

Investigative journalism. Sorry. What are you investigating exactly? The ad wasn't that clear.

MAC

We're investigating perverts. What we want to explore is how to surprise them, yell at them and finally, tackle them.

SUSAN

Wow, that's cool. And who does the tackling?

MAC

(modestly)
That would be me.

SUSAN

(impressed)
Wow.

She's giving Mac the once-over. Mac is picking up on her vibe but he shakes it off and tries to continue on professionally. He hands her a script.

MAC

So anyway, I've been chatting with some of these scum bags online posed as "Amanda," a young innocent girl with pig tails. What I need you to do is go over

MAC (CONT'D)
some of this dialogue for when you call them up and invite them over to the house. You got that?

SUSAN
I think so.

MAC
Okay so just read the lines and try to imagine that I'm a horny pervert.

SUSAN
Got it.
(off script, sultry)
"Oooh, you're so hot. I'm so horny for you. Take me now. I want to feel you inside me."

All this sexual energy is clearly having an effect of Mac. He crosses his legs and attempts to remain professional-looking.

MAC
(restrained)
Good.

SUSAN
"I haven't had it in so long... I swear, if I don't get laid soon, I think my head's going to explode."

She abruptly puts the script down.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I just--

MAC
What? You're doing great!

SUSAN
I just feel really self-conscious doing this here. You mind if we went somewhere more private?

MAC
(immediate)
Yes! Yes, of course! Good idea! Fantastic. Because it's so noisy in here-

SUSAN
You wanna swing by my place in like an hour? Maybe we can do it there?

MAC
Absolutely.

SUSAN

Lemme give you the address...

She leans over him to write down her address on a piece of paper on the desk.

MAC

Much better idea. Totally.

She hands him the piece of paper.

SUSAN

It'll give me a chance to go over the lines and really give you... my best performance.

MAC

Sounds like a plan, yeah. Okay, see you then.

She exits. Mac jump up and does a little happy dance. His cell phone rings. He looks at it.

MAC (CONT'D)

Shit! Not now, Dennis.

He silences the ring.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SAME TIME

Dennis is standing behind the counter on his cell phone. He's wearing a suit and tie. Dee is sitting at the kitchen table eating a sandwich. The bread, lunch meat and condiments are scattered around the table.

DENNIS

(hanging up)

Shit. What's he doing? He was supposed to be here an hour ago.

SWEET DEE

(mouthful)

I told you to let me hire the girl.

DENNIS

(off table)

Dee, could you please clean that stuff off the table?

SWEET DEE

What for?

DENNIS

Because I want the place to look nice, the predators will be here any minute!

SWEET DEE

Will you relax? You said they weren't coming 'till four.

Charlie (wearing a headset and carrying a clipboard) comes charging into the room, visibly panicked.

CHARLIE

Predator! Predator's coming!

DENNIS

What?!

CHARLIE

Predators! A predator just pulled in the driveway!

DENNIS

(off watch)

What the hell, Charlie? They weren't supposed to be here for another two hours!

CHARLIE

You said for them to be here at 1:38!

DENNIS

I said the address is one thirty eight!

SWEET DEE

I told you to let me place the ad.

DENNIS

Will you shut up, Dee? You couldn't even make the lemonade!

She puts her head down in shame.

CHARLIE

You mean we have nothing for the predators to drink?!

There's a knock at the back door.

DENNIS

Shit! Hide!

Everyone scrambles. Charlie runs off. Dee hides behind the back door, Dennis behind the island.

PREDATOR (O.S.)

Anybody home?

Dennis motions to Dee to say something.

SWEET DEE

Um..uh... Yeah, come in! It's open!

Dee darts into the other room.

The door opens. FRANK REYNOLDS comes strutting in. He's carrying a stuffed teddy bear under his arm and has a six-pack of wine coolers.

FRANK

Yoo-hoo, it's me! Super sexy Man 11081!

Dennis stands up from behind the counter.

DENNIS

Frank! What the hell? What are you doing here?

Frank jumps, startled.

FRANK

Agh! Jesus Christ Dennis, you scared the shit outta me!

Sweet Dee enters.

SWEET DEE

Really, Dad? Are you kidding me?

FRANK

What? I just met some chick on the internet said she wanted to hang out! I didn't know she was a friend of yours.

DENNIS

This is so embarrassing.

SWEET DEE

That's great, Dad. You're a sexual predator. Happy?

FRANK

I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

DENNIS

Come off it, Frank. I have the transcript of your conversation right here. You say "I wanna put my blank in your blank."

SWEET DEE

You don't have to censor it, Dennis, we're not on TV.

DENNIS

I'm not censoring! That's what he wrote; "I wanna put my blank in your blank."

FRANK
(shrugs)
I like to keep my options open.

SWEET DEE
This is a new low, Dad.

FRANK
What? I wasn't going to do anything. You know me, I just like getting into other peoples' houses. "I wanna put my self in your house."

SWEET DEE
I'm taking away your computer!

FRANK
What?! You can't do that!

There's another knock at the door.

DENNIS
Shit! Another predator!

FRANK
You invited predators?

DENNIS
Quiet! Everyone hide!

Dee yells at the door.

SWEET DEE
Come in, predator!

She runs off. Dennis and Frank hide behind the counter.

An average, unassuming man (MIKE, 28) enters. He's wearing a tee-shirt and jeans. He's carrying flowers and a six pack.

MIKE
Hello? Amanda? I'm here! I brought that beer you wanted!

Mike puts the beer on the island counter. Dennis and Frank spring up from behind it.

DENNIS
Surprise, scum bag!

MIKE
What the hell? What is this?

FRANK
You fell into our trap, creep-o!

MIKE

What trap?

DENNIS

You thought you were going to find a young, hot chick here but instead there's only an old, gawky one.

SWEET DEE (O.S.)

Hey!

DENNIS

Sorry, Dee.

MIKE

What is this, a sting? Am I under arrest?

Beat. Frank and Dennis look at each other.

DENNIS

Well no, not technically. There was supposed to be a guy who tackles you but he didn't show up.

MIKE

Oh.

FRANK

(noticing)

Hey, what does your shirt say?

Mike turns around, showing the shirt.

DENNIS

(warning)

Frank-

MIKE

'Paddy's Pub.'

Dennis looks up. What did he just say?

MIKE (CONT'D)

It's just this bar I used to go to in South Philly. It's like my favorite hang-out in the city.

DENNIS

Really? I don't remember ever seeing you in there.

MIKE

Oh, I haven't been there in years. I just moved back here from Austin. Trying to make some friends in area.

DENNIS

I hear good things about Austin.

MIKE

Oh, Austin's great. Great place. Had to come back though, I just missed Philly too much.

Dennis and Frank smile and nod. Right on.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I missed the Yuengling!

Frank and Dennis laugh.

DENNIS

I hear that!

(off the beer)

You mind if I get one of these?

MIKE

Please, help yourselves!

Frank and Dennis each grab a beer.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(noticing)

Oh. My. God.

Dee came out of hiding and is now standing beside Frank and Dennis.

SWEET DEE

No way!

Dee runs over and hugs him.

MIKE

Oh my god, Dee, you look amazing!

SWEET DEE

So do you! What's going on? What are you doing here? You're a predator now?

DENNIS

This is too funny. I gotta tell Mac about this.

Dennis pulls out his cell phone and dials.

MIKE

Mac! How is Mac?

DENNIS

He's supposed to be here! I don't know where he is! Hang on.

EXT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Mac is at the front door of a nice suburban house. He looks at the sheet of paper and matches it against the address by the door. This is it. His phone rings.

MAC
(off phone)
C'mon, Dennis, gimme a break.

He silences the phone and enters the house.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mac peeks his head in the front door.

MAC
Hello? Susan? It's me, Big Mac.

SUSAN (O.S.)
I'll be right there! I'm just finishing laundry.

MAC
Okay! Awesome!

Mac steps inside, closes the door behind him.

SUSAN (O.S.)
There's some lemonade on the counter if you want!

MAC
Perfect! I love lemonade.

Mac makes his way toward the lemonade when suddenly, out steps a tall, handsome, well-dressed man. He's the HOST of a popular investigative journalism reality show.

HOST
So you like lemonade, do you?

MAC
(frozen)
Excuse me?

HOST
Why don't you do me a favor and have a seat right over there please?

Beat.

MAC
(realizing)
Son of a bitch.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mac looks depressed, sitting on a bar stool, slumped with his head in his hand. The Host stands on the other side of the counter. There's some papers in front of him.

HOST

So, "Big Mac." Tell me. What the heck do you think you're doing here?

MAC

Man, what are you doing here? I thought they cancelled your show!

HOST

That's what we wanted you perverts to think!

MAC

Dude, I'm not a pervert! I'm trying to catch perverts, just like you!

HOST

I see. And who invited you here, Mac?

MAC

(sigh)
Susan invited me.

HOST

And how old is "Lil' Suzy?"

MAC

She's eighteen, you moron. We hired her as our decoy.

HOST

Well, I have the transcript right here. She says: "I'm underage and I'm so hot for you."

MAC

I know, that's our transcript! You just transcribed our transcript!

HOST

(continuing)
"I'm fourteen years old," she says.

Mac sighs.

HOST (CONT'D)
"How f'ing hot is that?"

MAC
That's what we asked her to say!

HOST
You asked her to say that?

MAC
Yes!

HOST
Because that's what gets you off?

MAC
Seriously, how are you not getting this?
I'm on your side! We're all huge fans!
My friends are out there right now
probably catching predators as we speak!

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER

Charlie, Mac, Dennis, Frank, Dee and Mike are all laughing, chatting and drinking beer and wine coolers. Music is playing in the background. There's a knock at the back door.

DENNIS
Come in!

A 19 year-old SKATE-RAT pops his head in the door.

SKATE-RAT
Um... is this Amanda's house?

DENNIS
Did you bring any beer?

The kid holds up a six-pack.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Then this is Amanda's house!

Everybody laughs, cheers and welcomes in the new guy.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(waving him in)
Come on in, buddy!

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HOST
Well, maybe you can explain this. It's the ad you posted on Craigslist seeking

HOST (CONT'D)
an actress to play a decoy as part of
what you call "investigative
journalism."

MAC
Yes! Exactly!

HOST
It says the girl must be "fourteen but
look eighteen."

MAC
Thank you! That's what- Wait, what?

HOST
Says it right here.

MAC
Lemme see that.

Mac snatches the page and examines it.

MAC (CONT'D)
Wait, no this is wrong. It was supposed
to say 'Eighteen looks fourteen!'
(realizing)
It's my friend Charlie, he's an idiot!
He screwed this all up!

HOST
(incredulous)
Your friend "Charlie?"

MAC
Yes! This is a mistake! He's dyslexic,
he must have switched the numbers!

HOST
And you think that having dyslexia makes
it okay to have sex with an underage
girl?

MAC
(gimme a break)
Dude.

HOST
I'm just trying to understand what's
going on here, Mac.

Mac takes a sip from his glass.

MAC
This is really good lemonade.

HOST

Well, unless there's anything else you'd like to say...

Three big MEN WITH CAMERAS on their shoulders charge out from different ends of the room. They surround Mac.

MAC

Oh, come on! This isn't fair! This is a mistake!

INSERT SHOT: CAMERA'S P.O.V.

CLOSE-UP OF MAC

MAC (CONT'D)

(into camera)

Listen, to me! This is a mistake! I'm the predator catcher! I catch predators! Ladies, seriously! I don't like young girls, I like women! I like full-grown boobs! You hear me? Full-grown boobs!

RESET TO SCENE

HOST

All right, Mac, I don't have anymore questions so at this time you're free to walk out that door and... skip home, whistling a happy tune.

Mac glares at him.

MAC

Dude, I don't want to get tackled.

HOST

(blatant lie)

I don't know what you're talking about.

MAC

Cops are going to tackle me.

HOST

(playing dumb)

I don't understand what those words mean.

MAC

I'm not going out there.

HOST

You have to.

MAC

No.

HOST

Go now.

MAC

You can't make me.

HOST

(to cameras)

Boys...

The cameras close in on Mac. He struggles as the cameramen shove him toward the back door.

MAC

No, stop it! Don't push me, man! I don't
wanna get tackled! I do the tackling!
You can't tackle me!

Finally he's shoved out the back door and onto the driveway. He now sees it coming...

MAC (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Don't tackle me, bro!

Mac is tackled, knocked off screen by a team of police.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Music blasts from the house. Various cars parked in the driveway and on the street.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The party is in full swing now. There's a beer keg in the kitchen and pizza going around. The whole gang plus about thirty creepy guys are dancing, drinking, laughing and partying.

Suddenly, the music goes off. Everyone reacts in disappointment. Dee stands on a chair to get everyone's attention.

SWEET DEE

Hello? Excuse me? Deviants?
Announcement!

The room quiets down.

SWEET DEE (CONT'D)

Guys, I'm sorry about this. I hate to
break up our little predator party but
I'm afraid I have to ask you to leave.

The crowd GROANS.

SWEET DEE (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry but the owners of the house will be back tomorrow and I really need to clean up.

DENNIS
(drunk, shouting)
No, hey guys! That's okay! Let's take this thing to Paddy's Pub, huh?!

The crowd CHEERS.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Whaddayasay guys?! Who's with me? Hands in!

The crowd drunkenly huddles in and lays their hands on Dennis' hand as best they can.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
One, two, three--

EVERYONE
Paddy's!!

Dennis couldn't be prouder.

DENNIS
Yeah!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The party comes staggering out the back door. Dennis, Charlie and Frank are arm-in-arm with some other guys as they drunkenly sing "Auld Lang Syne." Dee hovers around them, taping everything with a handheld camera. Suddenly--

POLICE (O.S.)
Freeze! Down on the ground! Don't move!

DENNIS
What the--?

Dennis is jumped by cops and taken to the ground. As is everyone else from the party but Dee.

SWEET DEE
(with her camera)
Ooh! Nice tackle, officers!
(to Dennis)
Didja like that, pervert?

DENNIS
Dee, what the hell?

Dennis is on his stomach, hands behind his back, getting cuffed. A POLICE OFFICER approaches Dee.

POLICE OFFICER
Thanks for the tip, little lady. Would you believe this is our second predator house tonight? I tell ya, this town is crawling with sick-o's.

Dee scoffs.

DEE
That's Philly for ya.

Dennis is pulled to his feet by TWO OFFICERS.

DEE (CONT'D)
What do you think, Dennis? Guess it turns out I can do more than just make lemonade!

DENNIS
What? Seriously?! Extreme over-reaction, Dee!

Dennis is dragged off, toward a waiting police van. As is everyone else from the party but Dee.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Your lemonade sucked, Dee! And you suck!
I hate you! I hate your lemonade!

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT II

TAG

EXT. SOUTH PHILLY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Dennis, Mac, Charlie and Frank are walking on the sidewalk of a South Philadelphia neighborhood. Frank has his old "Yellow Jackets" gang jacket on.

MAC

This is so embarrassing.

DENNIS

(bitter)

You try to do something positive for the community and what do you get? Registered as sex offenders.

CHARLIE

Not gonna look great on a resume.

MAC

Dude, I was having a tough enough time getting laid, this shit ain't gonna help.

DENNIS

I can't believe we have to notify our neighbors of our presence.

MAC

I shouldn't have to do this! I think enough people already saw me on TV.

FRANK

(laughing)

Oh man, that was classic. "Don't tackle me, bro!"

Frank, Dennis, Charlie laugh.

MAC

Shut up! This is bullshit. I'm only here because Charlie screwed up that ad!

CHARLIE

Yeah, that was my bad, dude.

MAC

Yeah, that was your bad. That was your really bad!

CHARLIE

Are we sure we don't wanna bring that sheriff around with us? This could get ugly.

DENNIS

Yeah, maybe Charlie's right. This is one of those hot button issues. Tends to bring out of lot of passion in people.

FRANK

No! That's the last thing we wanna do! Having a cop with us will only draw attention to the illegality of our plight! We wanna downplay the announcement. Notifying your neighbors that you're a sex offender requires finesse. We wanna sugar-coat it as much as possible. Just do it the way we rehearsed and we'll be fine.

Frank knocks on the door of a middle class row home. A lovely middle-aged MOM answers the door cautiously.

MOM

Yes?

FRANK

(big smile)

Hi! We're the Yellow Jackets and have we got a message for you! Hit it, boys!

Mac, Dennis and Charlie start snapping their fingers and "doo-wopping."

The MOM looks delighted by this. She waves her husband over.

MOM

Honey, come here!

The DAD arrives at the door holding a toddler on his arm. He watches the show, amused.

(It *could* go a little something like this...)

FRANK

I want to tell you-

DENNIS/MAC/CHARLIE

(harmonizing)

Yooouu-oooh-oooh-oooh...

FRANK

...My darling true...

DENNIS/MAC/CHARLIE

OooooOooooohhh...

FRANK

That I.. am required to notify you...
that in the eyes of the law we're all

FRANK/MAC/CHARLIE/DENNIS

Sex-u-al de-vi-ants....

DENNIS/MAC/CHARLIE

Oooooohhh...

FRANK

(the bridge, talking in
baritone)

My neighbor... we're sorry to bother
you. But if you could just sign here...

Frank holds out a clipboard.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So, baby... we can show the judge you've
been notified... of our presence.

Charlie busts out a high note with the word "Notified"
and the song wraps up. The gang smiles, rather proud of
how well that came off.

The Mom and Dad stare slack-jawed. Appalled.

Charlie holds out a tin can labeled "Tips."

The door slams shut.

THE END