

It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia (Spec) "Mac Gets Typecast"

By

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TITLE: 1:00 PM

TITLE: On a Monday

TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

OVER TITLES WE HEAR:

MAC (O.S.)
The *perfect* look!

CHARLIE (O.S.)
He really said that?!

MAC (O.S.)
Yup!

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

The gang sits at the bar as Mac stands in front of them.

MAC (CONT'D)
The director, literally, hand
picked me. Probably out of
thousands.

FRANK
What's this for?

MAC
Cold Case is back in Philadelphia,
doing a revival episode. And I'm
gonna be featured in it!

CHARLIE
How'd you find the try outs for it?

DENNIS
Okay, Charlie, if I may?

MAC
You may.

DENNIS
This isn't Patriot League Pee Wee
softball, alright? In film, it's
called an *audition*. They had a
secret open casting call. I heard
about it, considered, but I
thought, eh, television crime
drama? Pass.

CHARLIE

How is it a secret if it's open?

DENNIS

Charlie, please, enough with the ignorance.

Dee sneers.

DEE

Yeah, good luck, Mac. I was featured in an M. Night once. Not so easy.

DENNIS

Dee, you were a featured *extra*. You were covered head to toe in fake blood and laid on the ground, face down.

FRANK

And you couldn't even do that, you got fired!

Dennis laughs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at? You got fired too! I had to come in and play both your roles. They still casting, Mac?

MAC

No, Frank, they're not. Even if they were, this isn't some desperate experimental Indian film. I don't think they'd just downgrade from a porterhouse steak, that's me, down to a, a chicken mcnugget.

FRANK

What did you just call me?

MAC

A chicken mcnugget, Frank. I called you a chicken mcnugget.

FRANK

Don't ever call me that again, you understand me?

MAC
Sure, Frank...Anyway, I'm heading
back for my fitting. Charlie.

Mac snaps his fingers.

MAC (CONT'D)
Entourage?

CHARLIE
What?

MAC
Just come with me, dude.

Charlie shrugs his shoulders.

CHARLIE
Okay.

Mac and Charlie exit.

DEE
Well that sure went to his head
fast.

DENNIS
Yeah...you'll find the common man
can't handle the grit and glory of
show business, Dee. He'll come
crawling back before day's end.

FRANK
Oh I'm sure he will.

TITLE: "Mac Gets Typecast"

TITLE: "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia"

FADE IN:

INT. COLD CASE HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Mac and Charlie sit in a large room with several long tables
and chairs. There are a few dozen people in the room,
seated, and a few that walk around and wear walkie talkies.

CHARLIE
Dude, Frank seemed pretty mad about
you calling him a chicken mcnugget.

MAC
Whatever, bro. He'll get over it.

Beat.

CHARLIE
We've been in here forever.

MAC
Would you mind grabbing me a soda?

CHARLIE
Dude, grab your own soda.

MAC
Obviously I would, but I can't
leave. They could call me any
second.

CHARLIE
I'm not your soda grabber!

MAC
You followed when I snapped, thus
placing you in my entourage,
delegating you as my soda grabber!

CHARLIE
Alright, alright, I'll go get you a
soda. Diet?

MAC
..Obviously.

Charlie gets up.

INT. HOLDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Charlie walks up the stairs towards the holding room, soda
in hand.

BOB, red-faced male, early 30's, wears a walkie-talkie
headset, runs up the stairs. He stops at the sight of
Charlie.

BOB
Hi, what are you doing?

CHARLIE
I'm bringing Mac a soda, he's one
of the actors.

BOB

PA?

CHARLIE

..Yeah, dude, we're in PA-

Bob puts his hand over his ear to listen to his headset. He then talks into his walkie-talkie.

BOB

We've got a PA with no walkie.
Copy?

CHARLIE

What?

INT. HOLDING ROOM - LATER

Mac, still seated, admires his own bicep muscle as ALEX, a somewhat muscular guy, early 30's, blonde, slicked back hair, similar look and style as Mac, approaches Mac.

ALEX

Hey, Mac right?

MAC

Yeah, hold on. Kinda in the middle
of something here.

ALEX

I'm Alex, you're playing a
supporting role along side me.

MAC

Oh shit! What's up dude? I feel
like I've seen you before...

ALEX

I mean, I'm an actor, so maybe in
a-

MAC

With the hot chicks! You were
nailing the hot chicks! In that
movie!

ALEX

Oh, yeah, in Study Abroads. That
was a tough role for me, but-

MAC

Nah man, you were great! Hey you have solid bi's, bro, what's your regimen?

ALEX

Maybe we can go to the gym after the fitting and I'll show you.

MAC

Yes, definitely! I'm dying to get my swell on with an equally ripped gym partner.

EXT. HOLDING BUILDING - DAY

Charlie, with a headset and walkie, leans against the wall. Bob approaches.

BOB

I'm gonna need you to run across town and pick me up a few things, here's the list.

CHARLIE

Wait, whoa, what?

Bob reaches into his pocket and pulls out a credit card, which he hands to Charlie.

BOB

Here's the purchasing card, be fast.

CHARLIE

Dude, why do you keep making me run errands?

BOB

You're a Production Assistant, you do what you're told.

CHARLIE

What?

BOB

Go! Now!

CHARLIE

Alright, okay! Jeez.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - NIGHT

Mac and Charlie enter. Dee and Dennis are behind the bar counter. Frank sits at the bar.

DENNIS

Hey hey! Look who's back! How was it, Mac?

MAC

Dude, so awesome. I'm working with the main guy from Study Abroads-

DENNIS

The movie where he bangs all the hot chicks?!

MAC

Yup! And we got our pump on tonight, gonna hit the clubs after filming tomorrow.

DENNIS

Really now?

MAC

Yeah, bro! I was thinking of bringing him here first, get a solid buzz on.

DENNIS

Mac, this is an A-list celebrity. Actually more like C+, but nonetheless, worthy of a list. Bring him here? No, Mac. No. You'll be going to Philadelphia's hottest, most exclusive, and most expensive night clubs.

MAC

Whoa, expensive?

CHARLIE

Oh, shit, dude, I totally forgot. Some guy gave me a credit card, I think it's for you while you're an actor. Just use that.

MAC

Really?

Charlie hands Mac the credit card.

MAC (CONT'D)

Sweet!

FRANK

Mac, you didn't think there was something..weird, about Alex?

MAC

Uh, no, chick-nugs, I didn't. Why?

CHARLIE

You shortened it! Nice!

MAC

Yeah, I thought you'd like that.

FRANK

(to self)

Oh, nothing...

MAC

I'm gonna go get my beauty sleep, gotta be on set early tomorrow.

Mac walks towards the door. He snaps his fingers.

MAC (CONT'D)

Charlie!

Charlie runs to Mac and they exit.

DENNIS

There's something very strange about this. By now he should've experienced complete and total humiliation. Dee, we've gotta crack this case.

NEXT MORNING:

EXT. COLD CASE BASE CAMP - MORNING

Dennis walks around the *Cold Case* base camp with a fold up actors chair. The area is filled with trailers and large tents. Dennis spots Alex and runs up to him.

DENNIS

Hi, excuse me. Alex Santo?

ALEX

Hi, yeah, what's going on?

DENNIS

I'm with the Philly Current. I was hoping you had a minute to tell me about working with our cities rising star, Mac.

ALEX

Oh, sure, yeah. Mac has been great, he's a really good guy.

DENNIS

Really? I heard he can be kind of a jerk.

ALEX

Oh, no, not at all.

DENNIS

He hasn't lost his temper?

ALEX

Never. I mean it's been a day, but he seems very well composed.

DENNIS

Great, thanks Alex.

ALEX

That's it?

DENNIS

Yup. Oh, and I have here with me a gift for Mac, from the Philly Current. Could you give it to him for me?

ALEX

Um. Sure, yeah, no problem.

Dennis hands Alex the fold up chair and begins to walk away.

ALEX (CONT'D)

When does the article come out?

Dennis continues to walk away.

DENNIS

Internet!

INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Alex walks up to Mac, folding chair in hand.

ALEX

Hey, Mac, someone from the Philly Current brought this for you.

MAC

Sweet! I've always wanted one of these-

Mac opens the chair. Printed on it is "RONALD 'MAC' MCDONALD".

MAC (CONT'D)

Seriously, bro? Who the hell gave you this?

ALEX

Some guy, I don't know. Is that your real name?

Alex chuckles.

MAC

This isn't funny, bro! This isn't funny! I hate that name!

ALEX

Alright, Mac, calm down, I'm sorry.

Mac lifts up the chair and smashes it repeatedly over a table until it breaks.

MAC

That's what I think of that name! You got it!? I know who did this...

ALEX

Are you okay?

Mac exhales.

MAC

I'm cool, I'm cool. Sorry bro.

ALEX

Save that energy for the club tonight!

MAC
Haha, yeah!

Mac and Alex high five.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dee and Dennis, dressed very high fashion, walk down the street.

DENNIS
Dee, I've gotta get to the bottom
of this.

Dennis stops, then Dee stops. Dennis stands in front of Dee, puts his hands on her shoulders, and looks her in the eye.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Tonight, we dance.

Dennis and Dee begin to walk again.

DEE
So tell me, Dennis, how do you plan
on getting us into this club?

DENNIS
Very simple, Dee. The theory of
Jakes. Jake is the most popular
male name in the country. You
following?

DEE
Not at all.

DENNIS
Statistically, there *will* be a Jake
tonight. So we try our odds with
the bouncer, tell him Jake put us
down on the list.

DEE
And if that doesn't work?

DENNIS
It will, Dee. But, this being a
highly diverse area, we can try
additional names such as the most
popular Latino name, Santiago, the
top African-American name, Jayden,
or even the Muslim winner,
Muhammad. Actually let's try and
steer clear of the Muslim one.

Dee and Dennis arrive at the club entrance.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Thing is, Dee, with you being a woman in most people's eyes, you hold all the power in the club world, not me. So you have to do the talking.

DEE

What?!

DENNIS

Jake, Santiago, Jayden. Let's go.

EXT. CLUB FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A large African-American bouncer, GEORGE, stands in front of the door. A long line of people in front of him. Dee and Dennis attempt to walk directly past George, but are stopped.

GEORGE

Whoa, whoa, where you think you going?

DEE

Oh, hey, we're on the list, Jayden's list, don't even worry about it.

Dennis slaps his hand on his forehead and sighs.

GEORGE

Yeah there's no Jayden.

DEE

Oh right, that was last night's club, of course. Bleh, was so wasted! You know how it is.

GEORGE

I don't know how it is. I'm a bouncer.

DEE

Oh, right, yeah. Well I meant Jake's list.

GEORGE

What's your name?

DEE

Dee. Renyolds. Or Deandra. Jake can be so formal sometimes, so, could be either. But I'm on there.

George looks through the list as Dee peeks at it.

GEORGE

You're not on here.

DEE

Are you serious? Get Jake out here! He said he put me on the list!

GEORGE

Yo, squawk in my ear like a bird one more time, I swear..

Dennis chuckles.

DEE

This is ridiculous! Get Jake out here right now!

GEORGE

You tell me his last name, and I'll let you in.

DEE

What?

GEORGE

Jake's last name.

DEE

Uh, obviously I know it, I'm on Jake's list.

GEORGE

So what is it?

DEE

He, uh, doesn't have one. Duh.

Dennis rolls his eyes and lowers his head. George raises his eyebrows and shrugs.

GEORGE

Word, you right. Go ahead.

Dennis perks up. Dee walks past George, Dennis follows. George stops Dennis.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Alright now I know Jake didn't put no dudes on his list. Especially ones with tacky ass style.

DENNIS

Oh yeah, because black is just so cool!

George glares at Dennis.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I, I meant your outfit, not skin color. You're complexion, is absolutely fantastic. Ageless.

DEE

He's my plus one, Jake said it was fine.

GEORGE

Jake's don't even let fine ass bitches bring a dude in here.

Dee smiles.

GEORGE

So no shot you're bringin' one in.

Dee's smile drops.

DEE

Well, Jake knows I'm an ineligible "fine ass bitch", because, this is my husband, so yeah.

GEORGE

Where're your wedding rings?

DEE

Come on, can't wear that to the club, you know h-nope, you do not know how it is.

GEORGE

How do I know this isn't some random scrub from the street tryna crash Jake's party?

DEE

I just told you he's my husband, pal.

GEORGE

Prove it.

Dennis grabs Dee's boob, then instantly gags.

DENNIS

I thought I'd be able to handle that.

DEE

What the hell, Dennis!?

GEORGE

That's how you prove your marital vows? Damn..

Dee storms off. Dennis begins to follow her, then runs towards the door. George turns around as Dennis runs towards him. Dennis tries to dive past George, but George catches him in mid-air. Dennis speaks while still in George's arms.

DENNIS

Had to try it. No hard feelings.

George glares at Dennis, then drops him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dennis catches up with Dee.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

The theory of Jakes was working perfectly, and you ruined it, Dee! You ruined it! Why would you say I'm your husband? Extremely unrealistic, Dee, look at me! Look at you!

DEE

What's that supposed to mean?

DENNIS

The fact that I need to explain that says it all. Our best bet now is to wait for their exit. An old fashion stake out.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The club is packed with people dancing and drinking, loud music, flashing lights.

Mac, Alex, and a few other well dressed, clean cut men walk around together. A beautiful girl walks by. Alex stops, turns around, and approaches her.

ALEX
 (to beautiful girl)
 Excuse me, where did you get those shoes? They're great!

Alex walks off with the beautiful girl.

MAC
 (to random guys)
 Did you see that?! That guy is seriously a legend!

Random guys nod, unenthusiastically. Mac leans against the bar and watches Alex talk to the girl. Alex kisses the girl on the cheek, then approaches Mac.

MAC (CONT'D)
 Dude, you've got to teach me your ways!

ALEX
 What?

MAC
 What do you want to drink? I'm buying!

Mac pulls out the company purchasing credit card.

ALEX
 Hmm, cranberry vodka!

MAC
 Seriously?

ALEX
 Have you seen The Departed?

MAC
 Of course!

ALEX
 Ever since that scene where Leo orders cranberry juice, the guy
 (MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)
 asks him if he's on his period, and
 Leo smashes the glass on his head,
 I'm like, yeah bitch, what?! I
 ordered a cranberry vodka!

MAC
 Yeah, I like that! Leo's the man!
 He's about our size too. That'd be
 a serious tri-spot sess in the gym.

ALEX
 Ugh, I wish!

MAC
 (to bartender)
 Two cranberry vodkas!

EXT. CLUB FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT - LATER

Dee and Dennis sit behind two trash barrels on the curb
 outside across from the club.

DEE
 Clearly they're not coming out
 anytime soon, can we just go home?

DENNIS
 Dee, this is a stake out. If you
 don't like it, feel free to leave.

DEE
 Okay, well, that's easy, because I
 definitely don't like it. Bye.

Dee stands up. Dennis pulls her back down.

DENNIS
 Just stay, I might need back up.

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Mac and Alex dance on the dance floor. Mac has a cranberry
 vodka in each hand.

MAC
 Bro, I never realized how good
 these are! Low cal, stacked with
 antioxidants. I don't feel like a
 bitch drinking these at all!

Someone bumps into Mac. He spills a splash of his drink on MALE CLUB GOER, an average sized guy, late twenties.

MALE CLUB GOER
Hey man, watch it!

MAC
You watch it!

MALE CLUB GOER
You spilled *your* cranberry vodka on *me*!

MAC
I'm not on my fucking period!

MALE CLUB GOER
What?

Mac raises his glass over MALE CLUB GOER, who ducks out of the way. Mac instead smashes the glass down on a female club goer, who instantly falls to the floor.

MAC (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

Mac looks at his hand.

MAC (CONT'D)
Shit! I'm bleeding!

ALEX
Mac, what the hell!?

MAC
I don't know! It hurts! Fuck!

ALEX
Come on!

Alex grabs Mac's hand. They run off the dance floor and out of the club.

EXT. CLUB FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Mac and Alex run out of the club. They are instantly bombarded with paparazzi. Frank, in green camo, jumps down from a sidewalk tree.

FRANK
That's them! Go! Go!

The paparazzi chase Mac and Alex down the street.

DEE

Frank?

Frank looks around. Dennis smacks Dee's shoulder.

DENNIS

Shhh!

FRANK

Who said that? Who's there?

Beat.

Frank walks away.

DENNIS

We can't involve Frank in our operation.

DEE

Wait, if he's here, who's watching the bar?

DENNIS

Dee, that's not important right now. I'm sure Charlie's there, where else would he be?

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie sits in the holding room. His eyes are red and puffy, hair a mess. He speaks with a heavy slur, as if very drunk. Bob approaches him with a large bag of potato chips.

BOB

Hey, let's go!

Charlie points at himself.

CHARLIE

Me?

BOB

Yes, you. You bought this giant bag of chips, but no bowl. Do you expect the actors to dig in this disgusting plastic bag? Think for once!

CHARLIE

I am, really, I am, so sorry, sir.

BOB

Go to the store and pick up a bowl
for crying out loud. And a few
bottles of wine for our leads.

CHARLIE

Can I get water?

BOB

For who?

CHARLIE

Me.

BOB

Do this first, prioritize, come on!

CHARLIE

But, but I'm so thirsty...

BOB

I didn't realize it was bitch about
nothing day.

CHARLIE

It is?!

Bob shakes his head and walks off. Charlie gets up. He cannot walk straight, and begins to hum what sounds like a slave spiritual as he stumbles towards the exit.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Charlie walks sloppily down the sidewalk. He sees a POLICE OFFICER, large, bald, African-American man, and approaches him.

CHARLIE

Excuse me, Mr. Officer!

POLICE OFFICER

May I help you?

CHARLIE

Could you tell me, where I could
find, a big, big bowl? And liquor!

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me?

CHARLIE

I need a big bowl, you know. Fill it up, up, up. Because I got a *huge* bag. I meant to get a lot of little bags, but I got too muchy. Many. Much. So now I need a big bowl.

POLICE OFFICER

Son, are you really trying to ask a cop where to buy a bowl?

CHARLIE

And liquor! I usually get it all from the corner store, but it's closed! Help me!

POLICE OFFICER

Which corner store is that?

Police Officer takes out his notepad and pen. He writes as Charlie speaks.

CHARLIE

See that?

Charlie points to a corner store.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Right there, bowls, liquor, big bags. I just wanted little bags. Little bags!

POLICE OFFICER

You said that. Are you currently on anything?

CHARLIE

On? I'll tell you what I'm off. Sleep!

Police Officer talks to himself as he writes.

POLICE OFFICER

(to self)

Possible meth or speed usage.

CHARLIE

I messed up, Officer. Real bad. My boss wanted me to get a lotta *little* bags to distribute, to everyone! But I got a *big* one! That's not good!

POLICE OFFICER
What's your boss's name?

CHARLIE
Bob.

POLICE OFFICER
Bob what?

CHARLIE
I don't know, he's just Bob! It's
just Bob! I don't know! I don't
know!

POLICE OFFICER
Sir, it's alright, calm down!
You're gonna have to come with me.
I'll tell you your rights, ready?

CHARLIE
Yep, yep, sure.

POLICE OFFICER
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you-

Mac and Alex walk into the scene.

MAC
Whoa, what's going on here?!

POLICE OFFICER
Oh, look who it is! The Philly
playboy!

MAC
What?

ALEX
Mac, what's he talking about?

MAC
I don't know, but why are you
arresting my friend?!

POLICE OFFICER
He's been involved with some
illegal activity and appears to be
high on a drug of some sort.

MAC
What!? No, Charlie, are you on
drugs?

Charlie violently shakes his head 'no'.

MAC (CONT'D)
You look like shit, dude. When's
the last time you slept?

CHARLIE
No! No sleep! They don't like it
when you sleep!

ALEX
Who? Who doesn't like it when you
sleep?

CHARLIE
Bob! Bob! It's all about Bob!

MAC
Officer, please, let me take him,
he's not on drugs.

ALEX
Bob is a Second Assistant Director
of Cold Case, his boss.

POLICE OFFICER
I'll release him to your custody,
but I need your names. If it turns
out he is in drug trade, you're all
in serious trouble.

MAC
Thank you, Officer.

POLICE OFFICER
And you guys...you should really
think about the way you present
yourselves.

MAC
Okay...

ONE MONTH LATER:

INT. MAC & DENNIS'S APARTMENT - TV ROOM - NIGHT

The gang sits around the television. Mac turns on the
television with the remote.

MAC
You guys ready to see me in action?

Everyone sips on a drink and nods lamely.

FRANK

Mac, I brought you a little
premiere gift.

Mac stands up and gets in a karate pose, hands out.

DENNIS

Whoa, hey, calm down buddy.

CHARLIE

What's the matter dude?

MAC

If it's anything like that
'present' you sent back on set, I'm
seriously kicking your ass, Frank.

FRANK

Sit down. I told you a hundred
times, that wasn't me. I think
you'll like this more.

Frank hands Mac a large poster that is gift wrapped. Mac
unwraps it. The poster contains dozens of pictures of Mac
and Alex together, with magazine and newspaper headlines
such as "Alex Santo Scoops Up Philly Boy Toy" or "Alex Santo
Finds Brotherly Love in Philly".

CHARLIE

Alex Santos scoops up Philly boy
toy?!

MAC

Alex Santos Finds Brotherly Love in
Philly?!

Everyone aside from Mac laughs hysterically.

MAC (CONT'D)

Frank, what the hell!? What is
this!? Is this why random people
keep calling me gay!?

FRANK

I told you not to call me a chicken
mcnugget!

MAC

This doesn't even make sense! Alex
was definitely not gay!

DENNIS

Mac, Alex Santo was gayer than the cat's meow. I'll admit, I was puzzled at first. How did Mac get in with the best of the best?

MAC

Screw you dude.

DEE

Gayer than the cat's meow? What does that even mean?

CHARLIE

Yeah dude, that doesn't really make any sense. Like at all.

DENNIS

Okay, alright! What I'm saying, is that he's extremely gay. Anyway, I had my suspicions. Within just a few days, some espionage, and a little stake out, I cracked the case. Mac wasn't accepted, no, not at all. He was just a piece of meat to Alex, a porterhouse steak, if you will. Alex's shoot wrapped, and he threw Mac out like a carved up turkey.

DEE

Again with these, carved up turkey? What is that?

CHARLIE

That's more like a Thanksgiving delicacy, if anything. You know, you carve it, then you serve it. I feel like you could've just said *trash*, ya know? He threw Mac out like a piece of trash.

DENNIS

Okay! I was just trying to be a little creative, think outside the box, but fine, he threw Mac out like a disgusting, used up piece of trash.

MAC

Yeah, okay, I get it. The show's about to start, everybody shut up.

INT. MAC & DENNIS'S APARTMENT - TV ROOM - LATER

The gang continues to sit around the tv and watch Mac's episode of "Cold Case".

MAC

Oooh! Guys, guys, this is my part right here!

ON TV:

INT. JAIL HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Mac and Alex stand next to each other in a jail holding room, which has white walls and a window in the front. The back wall is numbered one through six. Mac stands under number three. Alex stands under number four.

By the door is a police officer. On the other side of the window is DETECTIVE, a pretty blonde woman, late thirties, and PETER, male, skinny, early thirties. He wears a white t-shirt and his face is badly bruised.

DETECTIVE

Peter, do you recognize either of these men?

Peter gulps and answers slowly.

PETER

Yes.

DETECTIVE

Where do you recognize them from?

Peter begins to shake and cry.

PETER

The Red Light. They were both lovers of mine. Years ago.

Detective puts her hand on Peter's shoulder.

DETECTIVE

I know this is hard for you, but which of these men attacked you the night of your husband's death?

Peter looks down, then back up.

PETER

Number four. It was number four.

The police officer points in front of Alex. Alex steps forward. The police officer then gestures Mac towards the door. Mac walks towards the door, then turns to Alex.

MAC

(slyly)

Have fun in there for me, bro.

Mac winks at Alex.

INT. MAC & DENNIS'S APARTMENT - TV ROOM - NIGHT

Mac stares at the television, wide eyes, jaw dropped. The gang laughs hysterically.

MAC

No, wait, it wasn't a gay scene!
The director said, he said, I just
had to tease him, since he was
going to jai- oh my God...

FRANK

You played a gay serial killer
suspect!

DEE

"The director said I had the
perfect look!"

FRANK

He sure does!

CHARLIE

That sucks dude! Now even more
people are gonna think you're gay!

The phone rings and goes to voicemail. ARI SILVERMAN, male, leaves a voicemail over the gang's laughter.

ARI SILVERMAN (V.O.)

Hey Mac, this is Ari Silverman, I'm
an agent at WME. Just saw you on
Cold Case, great stuff.

The gang goes silent.

ARI SILVERMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I think I can get you a lot more
work, you really, you felt this

(MORE)

ARI SILVERMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)
role. What do you think about Law
and Order? The material may be
sensitive, some murder, rape,
pedophilia, *definitely*
homosexuality, all in good taste,
but..

Mac gets up, rips the voicemail box out, slams it to the ground, and stomps it to pieces. All the while, the gang laughs hysterically.

FADE OUT.