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

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 MCPOYLE (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

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 MCPOYLE
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.
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