It's always sunny in Philadelphia spec:
 "Paddy's Delivery"

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IT’S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA SPEC: PADDY’S DELIVERY.

Written by Nathan Hill. Not to be used without author’s consent.

FADE IN:
BLACK SCREEN
TITLE: 2:30PM
TITLE: On a Tuesday
TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

MAC
Hey-o!

FADE IN:
CHARLIE SITS AT THE BAR WITH MAC AND DEE NEXT TO HIM, DENNIS STANDS BEHIND THE BAR.

MAC SITS ON HIS STOOL, CELEBRATING WITH HIS PHONE.

CHARLIE
That was a sweet slap.

MAC PLAYS A GAME WHERE THE AIM IS TO SLAP PEOPLE IN THE FACE. WE SEE DEE’S FACE ON THE SCREEN, MAC SWIPES THE SCREEN, SENDING A VIRTUAL HAND FLYING ACROSS HER VIRTUAL FACE.

MAC SWIPES AGAIN, SLAPPING THE VIRTUAL DEE.

MAC
Woah, watch out there, birdy!

CHARLIE MAKES BIRD NOISES, THEN SMIRKING AFTERWARDS.

DEE
Do you not find it a tiny bit sick that you’re slapping me in the face and enjoying it?

MAC
I won’t slap you again, I promise.

MAC NODS SLOWLY TO DEE, HOLDING HIS PHONE NEAR CHARLIE.

CHARLIE QUICKLY FLICKS ACROSS THE SCREEN.

CHARLIE
But I will! HEY-O!

MAC
Hey-o!
DENNIS
Let me have a turn!

FRANK WALKS INTO THE BAR.

FRANK
Hey! I got a van!

DEE
What!?

DENNIS
Can I have a turn?

CHARLIE
I like scooters!

MAC, CHARLIE, DENNIS AND DEE JOG TO FRANK.

FRANK
So, here it is...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF PADDY’S-DAY

THE GANG WALKS OUTSIDE, THEY LOOK AT THE WHITE VAN THAT HAS "PADDY’S DELIVERY" SPRAYED IN RED ON THE VAN.

FRANK
(Shouting) PADDY’S DELIVERY!

TITLE OVER BLACK: PADDY’S DELIVERY

TITLE: IT’S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

ROLL INTRO CREDITS

MONTAGE OF PHILADELPHIA IN IT’S PRIME.

TITLES OF THE PRODUCERS, WRITERS, DIRECTORS ETC.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF PADDY’S-DAY

MAC
What?

FRANK
We deliver beers! And peanuts and chips, get it!?
DENNIS
And who delivers, how much did this cost?

FRANK
We deliver the beer. This van only cost me 50 dollars, some junkies gave it to me.

MAC
Oh yeah, I bet that’s so safe.

FRANK
Stop bitching, the car works!

CHARLIE
Oh, can I drive?

MAC//DEE/DENNIS/FRANK
NO!

CHARLIE
Alright, ALRIGHT! But... Why not?

MAC
You can’t drive, Charlie! You can’t drive!

CHARLIE
I can drive.

DENNIS
You can’t.

FRANK
Okay, lets get the ball rolling!

DEE
What? The ball rolling? Like what? What do we do?

FRANK
Come on over!

THE GANG FOLLOWS FRANK TO THE BACK OF THE VAN.

THE VAN OPENS UP, SHOWING A GRIMEY INTERIOR WITH DIFFERENT PIECE OF LITTER AROUND, BUT IT HAS SOME CAPS ON THE FLOOR AND SOME CARDBOARD BOXES NEAR THEM.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Okay! First thing’s first, logos! We need to be wearing these top quality caps I bought!

FRANK PICKS UP A CAP, THE CAP HAS "PADDY’S" WRITTEN ON IT IN BLACK MARKER.
DENNIS
That looks like shit.

FRANK
It says Paddy's on it, people'll get it. They'll get it. Look, they're trendy.

FRANK PLACES THE CAP ON HIS HEAD, SPREADING HIS ARMS OUT, SMILING.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Ta-dah.

DEE
You look like a rapist.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY’S PUB-DAY

CHARLIE PACKS BEERS IN A CARDBOARD BOX, HIS HAT ON. DENNIS WALKS ALONG, NOT WEARING HIS HAT.

CHARLIE
Hey, hey, hey!

DENNIS TURNS AROUND, RAISING HIS HANDS AND SHRUGGING.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Where’s your hat?

DENNIS
I’m not wearing that thing.

CHARLIE
I am. Wear your hat.

DENNIS
No.

CHARLIE
(Shouting) WEAR YOUR GODDAMN HAT!!!

DENNIS
Okay. Okaaaay!

MAC WALKS ONTO THE SCENE, WEARING HIS HAT.

MAC
Wear your hat, Dennis.

CHARLIE
That’s what I said.

FRANK AND DEE WALK TO THE GANG AT THE BAR.
DEE WEARS A SHORT SKIRT AND A VERY REVEALING TOP.

FRANK
Looking good, Deandra!

DEE
Yeah, not wearing this, sooooo...

DENNIS
Yeah, I don’t feel comfortable with her wearing that aswell.

FRANK
Just wear it, come on.

DEE
I look like a prostitute.

FRANK
Exactly!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF PADDY’S-DAY

THE GANG STANDS INFRONT OF THE VAN, ALL WEARING THEIR HATS, DEE WEARS MORE COVERED UP CLOTHES. FRANK STANDS INFRONT OF THEM ADDRESSING THEM.

FRANK
Okay, crew, get inside the van, lets make some money.

MAC
Woah, woah, crew? You’re coming too, right?

FRANK
No.

DENNIS
No? NO?

FRANK
I’m a behind the scenes guy, what’s the problem here?

MAC
The problem here is the fact that YOU aren’t coming to sell shitty beer to crackheads.

CHARLIE
The beer’s not shitty.

MAC
Uh... Charlie it doesn’t matter.
CHARLIE
The beer's not shitty, Mac.

DEE
Ooookay, can we go now?

FRANK
Yeah, here's the list of all the places that you need to go. Go there, deliver the right amount of beers.

CHARLIE
Alright, lets go! I'm driving.

MAC//DEE/DENNIS/FRANK
NO!

CUT TO:

INT. THE VAN- DAY

MAC AND CHARLIE SIT IN THE BACK OF THE VAN WITH THE CARDBOARD BOXES, DEE SITS IN THE PASSENGER SEAT, DENNIS DRIVES.

DENNIS
Alright, we're nearing the apartments, get a box ready.

CHARLIE
You know, it's really uncomfortable back here, I feel so cramped.

DEE
You're sat next to a cramped space full of boxes, it's going to be a little bit uncomfortable. Stop being a bitch.

CHARLIE
I'm not a bitch, it's really uncomfortable.

MAC
He's right, it's not cool back here.

DENNIS
Okay, we've heard, lets get to these apartments.
MAC
I got a box.

CHARLIE
And, I got a box!

CHARLIE TRIES TO GRAB A BOX BUT THEN DROPS IT AS SOON AS HE PICKS IT UP.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
(Under his breath) Shit.

MAC
Oh, for godsake, Charlie!

CHARLIE
I’m sorry, my hands are sweaty and shakey and stuff.

DENNIS
God, please don’t tell me he dropped a box.

DEE
He dropped a box!?  

CHARLIE
I just dropped it a little.

DENNIS
A little? You dropped the box!

CHARLIE
The box! Wow, it’s a box!

MAC
A box with beer in it! Beer we sell to make money!

CHARLIE
Who needs money?

MAC
We do! We’re broke idiots, we do!

CHARLIE
Chill out, it’s a box! Just one.

MAC
Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA-BACKALLEY-DAY

THE VAN DOORS OPEN, CHARLIE AND MAC COME OUT OF THE VAN HOLDING CARDBOARD BOXES.
MAC
Alright, let's go.

MAC AND CHARLIE KICK THE DOOR SHUT.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VAN—DAY

DENNIS AND SWEET DEE SIT IN THE VAN, DENNIS TAKES HIS CAP OFF, RUBBING HIS HEAD.

DENNIS
This sucks.

DEE
As long as I don’t have to look like a prostitute anymore.

DENNIS
It’s extremely disturbing how our dad likes to dress you.

DEE
I know. It’s like he wants me to get raped.

DENNIS
Well...

BEAT.

DEE
What?

DENNIS
Sometimes you’re extremely annoying and I’d like to see you get raped to.

DEE LOOKS AT DENNIS WITH A SHOCKED FACE.

DENNIS LOOKS AT HER, HE SHRUGS HIS SHOULDER, PULLING HIS BOTTOM LIP.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENTS—DAY

CHARLIE AND MAC LOOK AROUND, HOLDING THEIR BOXES. THEY LOOK AT THE SLEEPING BUMS AND GRIMEY ENVIRONMENTS AROUND THEM.

CHARLIE
(lowered tone to Mac) I’m starting to become a bit uneaaaassssyyy.
MAC
Me to, bud. Let's get this over with.

CHARLIE
Yeah, come on.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENTS—DAY

CHARLIE AND MAC WAIT AT A DOOR, BOXES IN HAND.

THE DOOR OPENS, A FAT HAIRY, VERY SWEATY GUY STANDS AT THE DOOR.

SWEATY GUY
Hey there, fellas.

MAC
Uh, hi there. Paddy’s delivery!

CHARLIE AND MAC SMILE UNEASILY.

SWEATY GUY
Yeah, I love your deliveries. Come on in.

CHARLIE
Come on in?

SWEATY GUY
Now.

MAC
Alright, okay.

MAC AND CHARLIE UNEASILY WALK INSIDE.
CHARLIE WALKS IN LAST, THE SWEATY GUY SLAPS HIS ASS FIRMLY, GRUNTING AND SMIRKING AS HE DOES.

SWEATY GUY
(Lowered tone) Uh, yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VAN- DAY

DEE SITS, LEANING AGAINST HER PALM WHICH IS ELEVATED FROM LEANING HER ELBOW AGAINST THE WINDOWSIDE.

DENNIS
I’m sorry, okay? I was joking. Of course I don’t want you to get raped.

DEE
You already said it! You said it! I hope a bum dry rapes YOU, Dennis. Atleast I might, I might just like it.

DENNIS
Maybe I will! Never knock it until you try it, Dee! I might be gay.

DEE
But you’re not, you’re n-NYAAAAAH!

DEE LOOKS BEHIND DENNIS IN SHOCK, SCREAMING.

DENNIS
What?

DENNIS LOOKS BEHIND HIM TO SEE A BUM LICKING THE FRONT SIDE WINDOW, DENNIS BEGINS TO SCREAM ASWELL.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
(Shouting) GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

THE TWO STOP SCREAMING, THE BUM PRESSES HIS HANDS AGAINST THE GLASS, PULLING HIS FACE BACK, HIS VOICED IS SLIGHTLY MUFFLED BECAUSE OF THE WINDOW.

WINDOW BUM
(Shouting) GIVE ME MY VAN! GIVE MY VAN BACK!

DENNIS
Gah, he’s speaking some sort of foreign language.

DEE
I’ll get a translator up!
DENNIS
Quick, Dee! Quick, Dee!

WINDOW BUM
(Shouting) I WANT THE VAN! VAN!

THE BUM PRESSES HIS TONGUE AGAINST THE WINDOW AGAIN, HIS EYES WIDE OPEN.

DENNIS
He’s licking the window again!

DEE
I know! I know!

BEAT.

DENNIS
D-Dee. Are you using translator.

DEE SWIPES HER SCREEN, LAUGHING.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
You’re playing the slap app! Dee!

DEE
I’m sorry! I like it! I get SOOOO much satisfaction from slapping you, Mac and Charlie in the face.

DENNIS
TRANSLATOR!

CUT TO:

INT. SWEATY GUY’S APARTMENT—DAY

CHARLIE AND MAC SIT AWKWARDLY ON THE RUGGED SOFA.

MAC
We selling this now?

SWEATY GUY
(Shouting O.S) HEY! I’M GETTING READY!

CHARLIE
We can just sell, it’s all okay.

MAC
Yeah, it’s all okay, just do it.

SWEATY GUY
(Shouting O.S) ALRIGHT THEN!

THE SWEATY GUY WALKS OUT OF HIS BATHROOM IN HIS BOXER SHORTS WITH A BLONDE WIG AND LIPSTICK ON.
SWEATY GUY (CONT’D)
Hey, boys!

MAC
(Shouting) WHAT THE SHIT!?

CHARLIE
(Shouting) MAC! MAC! HE’S HALF NAKED! HE’S HALF NAKED! MAAAC!

MAC
(Shouting) GOD! I’M GOING TO VOMIT!

CHARLIE
(Shouting) WHAT... THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

SWEATY GUY
Is it the wig?

CHARLIE
We’re here to sell you beer!

SWEATY GUY
What? I thought that was some sorta metaphor...

MAC
Metaphor? Are you insane? What can selling beer be a metaphor for?

SWEATY GUY
A metaphor for selling ass.

CHARLIE GAGS OVER THE SIDE OF THE COUCH.

MAC
You’re making men sick! Men sick!

CHARLIE GAGS AGAIN.

SWEATY GUY
You telling me you don’t want these perky nips?

THE SWEATY GUY RUBS HIS NIPPLE SLIGHTLY.

CHARLIE GAGS ONCE MORE, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY’S PUB—BACKROOM—DAY.
FRANK SITS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, HE EATS A SAUSAGE AND LOOKS AROUND THE WALLS.

THE PHONE RINGS.
FRANK
Can a man not eat a sausage in peace?

FRANK PICKS UP THE PHONE, TALKING INTO IT.

FRANK (CONT’D)
What?

WE SWITCH BETWEEN LOCATIONS AS EACH CHARACTER SPEAKS.

DEE
Dad! Dad! We need help, help please.

FRANK
God, what is it?

FRANK MUNCHES ON HIS SAUSAGE ONCE MORE.

DEE
Some bum is licking the windows and saying that it is his van, where the hell did you get the van!?

FRANK
He’s probably just some high junkie, poke him with a stick.

DEE
We don’t have a stick! What the hell! He’s licking the window.

FRANK
I know he’s licking the window, just, just deal with it.

DEE
What? Whaaat?

FRANK
D-deal with it.

FRANK SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN, SIGHING.

FRANK (CONT’D)
I swear they’re retards!

FRANK SHOVES THE REST OF THE SAUSAGE IN HIS MOUTH.
HE CHEWS IT AGGRESSIVELY.

CUT TO:

INT.SWEATY GUY’S APARTMENT-DAY

SWEATY GUY APPROACHES MAC AND CHARLIE, LOOKING FOR A HUG.
SWEATY GUY
Come on, give me what I want!

CHARLIE
We’re not... Not prostitutes.

MAC
Back up, man!

MAC PLACES HIS BOX ON THE FLOOR AND BEGINS TO READY HIS VERY AWFUL LOOKING BOXING STANCE.

CHARLIE
Mac! Do something, he’s getting near me!

SWEATY GUY BEGINS TO WRAP HIS ARMS AROUND CHARLIE.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
AAAAAH!

HE SQUASHES HIS CHUBBY, HAIRY CHEST AGAINST CHARLIE’S FACE.

MAC
Oh, god! What the hell is happening to your face!

CHARLIE BEGINS TO CRY AS HIS FACE GETS SQUASHED.

CHARLIE
Hit him, Mac! Hit him!

MAC GRABS A VASE FROM A DRAWER AND RAISES IT UP.

MAC
Should I hit him?

CHARLIE
Do it!

MAC RUNS TOWARDS THE SWEATY GUY AND THROWS THE VASE AT HIS HEAD, THE VASE BOUNCES OFF HIS HEAD, DOING NO DAMAGE AT ALL.

THE SWEATY GUY STANDS UP, VERY ANGRY, HE BEGINS TO CHASE MAC AROUND.

MAC
Oh, shit! Get him, Charlie!

CHARLIE SITS ON THE COUCH CRYING INTO HIS HANDS AS MAC STILL RUNS FROM THE SWEATY GUY.

MAC (CONT’D)
Charlie!

CHARLIE LOOKS UP FROM HIS HANDS, GETTING VERY WORKED UP AND ANGRY.
HE BEGINS TO SHOUT AND THEN GRABS A BOTTLE FROM THE CARDBOARD BOX AND THROWS IT ACROSS TO THE SWEATY GUY, HITHING HIM OVER THE HEAD.

MAC (CONT’D)
Dude! Nice!

CHARLIE
(Shouting) RAPIST!

MAC
Yeah, suck it, rapist! Suck it, yeah!

CHARLIE
(Shouting) RAPER! BUTTHOLE INVADER!

MAC
I’m so teabagging this guy.

CHARLIE TURNS AROUND AND SMILES WIDELY AT MAC.

BEAT.

CHARLIE
Do it.

INT. THE VAN—DAY

DEE AND DENNIS SIT IN THE VAN, DENNIS IS STICKING NEWSPAPER ON THE SIDE WINDOW.

DEE
Get the newspaper on, he might go away.

ANOTHER BUM LICKS THE SIDE WINDOW ON DEE’S SIDE.

DEE (CONT’D)
Oh my god!

DENNIS
Aw, come on, they’re going on that side now! Why?

DEE
You put newspapers infront of them, they dodge the newspaper, makes sense.

THE BACK DOORS OF THE VAN OPEN UP.

DENNIS
They’re inside! Oh god!
DEE AND DENNIS SCREAM.

MAC AND CHARLIE JUMP INSIDE THE VAN, PLACING THE BOXES NEXT TO THEM.

CHARLIE
(Shouting) DRIVE, DRIVE, DRIVE!

MAC
This sweaty fat guy is chasing us, man! We gotta go!

THE SWEATY GUY RUNS OUT OF THE APARTMENTS, HOLDING A BAT.

THE BUMS TRY TO GET INSIDE THE VAN.

DENNIS
(Shouting) Shut the door! The bums are trying to get inside!

CHARLIE SHUTS THE DOOR, THEN SITTING BACK DOWN.

MAC
Drive for godsake, the sweaty guy is chasing us.

DENNIS STARTS THE ENGINE, THE SWEATY GUY CLOSING ON THE CAR.

MAC (CONT’D)
Drive! Drive!

SWEATY GUY RUNS AND FACEPLANTS ON THE CAR.

HE PUKE ON THE WINDOW, DENNIS FREAKING OUT AS HE DOES.

DEE
(Shouting) He puked on the window! Oh my god!

CHARLIE
What the he-....!

DENNIS
I can’t... Look at it.

DEE
It has bits of food in it!

DENNIS DRIVES OFF, TURNING OUT OF THE ALLEY.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY’S PUB-DAY

FRANK SITS IN THE BAR, HIS VIETNAMESE FRIENDS PLAY POKER IN THE CORNER, SMOKING AND DRINKING.
FRANK
Ah, this is the life.

HIS PHONE RINGS.

HE PICKS IT UP FROM HIS POCKET AND ANSWERS IT.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Hello?

FRANK LISTENS FOR A LITTLE.

BEAT.

HE SPITS OUT HIS BEER.

FRANK (CONT’D)
(Shouting) WHAT!?

ONE OF THE VIETNAMESE MEN WALKS TO FRANK, PLACING HIS HAND ON HIS SHOULDER. HE SPEAKS VERY ROUGH ENGLISH.

VIATNEMESE MAN
Are you okay, Frank?

FRANK
Mao, mao. Go away!

THE VIATNEMESE MAN WALKS AWAY.

FRANK (CONT’D)
I’m gonna kill ‘em! Stupid sons a’ bitches.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VAN—DAY

DENNIS DRIVES, CHARLIE AND MAC STILL IN THE BACK AND DEE IN THE PASSENGER SEAT.

CHARLIE
I’m emotionally scarred.

MAC
Come on, bro, it wasn’t that bad.

CHARLIE
His nipple was in my mouth!

MAC
Dude, it’s fine. It was nothing.

CHARLIE
I still have the taste of a very cheesy nipple in my mouth!
DENNIS
Okay, not a good time to lose our heads, we need to just get to the next few places.

CHARLIE
The next few places!? I’m NOT taking nipples in my mouth anymore, guys!

DEE
Charlie, you just won’t stop bitching.

CHARLIE
How many nipples do you have in your mouth, Dee? Cheesy ones?

DENNIS
Stop losing your heads! God!

DENNIS’ PHONE RINGS.

DEE PICKS UP THE PHONE FROM THE CENTRE OF THE CAR.

DEE
Hello?

FRANK
You idiots! Jackasses! Shitheads!

DEE
Woah, Frank, chill out.

FRANK
Chill out!? Chill out!? You hit a man with a vase, a bottle of beer!

DEE
What? Did you guys hit a man with a beer bottle?

MAC
He tried to rape Charlie.

CHARLIE
He put his cheesy nips in my face! He might of inserted me.

MAC
He did? Get checked out.

CHARLIE
Well, I don’t know, my arm’s going dead is that a sign of aids?

MAC
Aids? No, what?
DENNIS
Why’s his arm dead?

DEE
Okay, frank, they tried to rape Charlie, yeah...

FRANK
I don’t care, sell them beer, maybe a few good men need to get raped along the way.

DEE
No. No one needs to get raped.

MAC
He thought we were a prostitution service!

DEE
He thought we were a prostitution service.

FRANK
Just make money!

DEE
Okay, bye.

FRANK
Make money!

DEE
Bye... Bye.

CHARLIE LOOKS VERY FATIGUED, HE SLURS HIS WORDS, DROOLING FROM HIS MOUTH.

CHARLIE
(Slurred) Heey, Mac. I don’t gots aids, right?

MAC
You don’t look so good, Charlie.

DENNIS
He better not be ill, we’re near the place, we need to drop the beer off.

DEE
Yeah, we need you tip-top!

MAC
I’m tip-top, I’m fine. It’s charlie with his aids and stuff.
CHARLIE
(Slurred) Aids?

MAC
You really look awful.

CHARLIE GOES ALL PALE, HE FALLS ON HIS FACE IN THE BACK OF THE VAN.

MAC (CONT’D)
Woah!

DEE
Is he alright?

DENNIS
What was that?

CHARLIE LAYS ON HIS FRONT, A DIRTY NEEDLE STICKING OUT OF HIS RIGHT ARM.

MAC
Shit, guys, he’s got a junkie needle in his arm!

DENNIS
What? WHAT?

DEE
He has! It’s all grimey and dirty.

MAC
We gotta get him to the hospital.

DEE AND DENNIS LOOK AT MAC IN SILENCE.

BEAT.

DENNIS
Aah...

DEE
Hmm...

DENNIS
Aah, no. Not happening.

DEE
Yeah, nah...

MAC
What? He’s going to die, his arm’ll fall off or something, we can’t just let him lay there!

DENNIS
We gotta deliver this beer aswell, Mac, we can’t...
DEE
Call Frank.

MAC
Call Frank?

DENNIS
Call him, call him and say...

MAC
No, don’t call Frank. No. I already know what he’s going to say! He’s just going to be like, make money! Money! Grr, make some money guys! He’s like Mr.. Crabs from spongebob except he eats shit tons of meat.

DEE
He does eat a lot of meat.

DENNIS
Yeah, like this one time when we were kids—...

MAC
No! This isn’t the time to share stories of Frank eating meat! Get Charlie to hospital.

DENNIS
Nyeeah, but we need to sell the beer.

MAC
Do you not care about his life?

BEAT.

DEE
Well...

MAC
You’re insane. Okay, listen to this then, who is going to do the charlie work?

DENNIS
Oh shit, yeah, he’s got a point.

DEE
Crap, go, QUICK!

CUT TO:
EXT. HOSPITAL-DAY

MAC, DEE AND DENNIS QUICKLY SCUTTLE ALONG, HOLDING THE KNOCKED OUT CHARLIE IN THEIR ARMS.

MAC
(Shouting) HELP! HELP!

DENNIS
(Shouting) HE HAS A DIRTY NEEDLE IN HIS ARM!

DEE
Guys, stop going so fast, my legs hurt.

MAC/DENNIS
Shut up, Dee!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL-DAY

THE THREE RUN THROUGH THE HOSPITAL WITH CHARLIE IN THEIR ARMS.

DOCTORS RUSH TO THEM, GRABBING CHARLIE FROM THE THREE.

MAC
He–he’s got a needle in his arm! A dirty one!

DENNIS
Reaaal dirty.

DEE
He’s gonna die, right?

MAC
 Might do, maybe...

DENNIS
Oh jesus.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL-DAY, AN HOUR OR SO LATER

MAC, DENNIS AND DEE SIT IN A WAITING ROOM, ALL OF THEM SLEEPING OFF.

FRANK BARGES IN, LOOKING INFURIATED.

HE THROWS A SAUSAGE AT DEE, IT HITTING HER IN THE FACE.
FRANK
What the hell!? Why is Charlie in the hospital with a dirty needle in his arm?

DEE
(Shouting) YOU JUST THREW A SAUSAGE IN MY FACE, DAD!!!

FRANK
Shut up! Why is Charlie half-dead?

DENNIS
That shitty van had a rusty needle in it! God, Dad, just clean it up!

DEE
Clean it up!!!

WE GET A SHOT OF MAC, HE WAVES SUDDENLY, LOOKING AROUND.

MAC
Woah...

FRANK, DEE AND DENNIS ARGUE IN THE BACKGROUND.

WE GO TO A SHOT OF CHARLIE SIDE-ON.

MAC (CONT’D)
(O.S) Hey, Charlie!

CHARLIE TURNS AROUND, SHOWING HOW THE OTHER HALF OF HIS FACE IS SAGGING AND FLOPPY, HE IS ALSO MISSING HIS OTHER ARM.

MAC SCREAMS LOUDLY AS CHARLIE SMILES WAVES HIS ONLY ARM.

BRIGHT WHITE FLASH ON SCREEN.

MAC WAKES UP SUDDENLY AGAIN.

FRANK, DENNIS AND DEE ARGUE IN THE BACKGROUND.

FRANK
Screw you, I throw sausages when I want!

DENNIS
Charlie is going to die, Dad!

FRANK
So?

DENNIS
Who does the Charlie work, huh?
FRANK
God, alright. You get your work hours done after this, alright?

DENNIS
If Charlie survives, yeah. But he probably won’t and I will have to grieve, so...

DEE
Yeah, me too, all that grief.

UNKNOWN VOICE
HEY!

EVERYONE LOOKS OVER TO SEE CHARLIE WAVING BOTH ARMS TO EVERYONE.

MAC//DEE/DENNIS/FRANK
HEY CHARLIE!

CHARLIE
What’s up? HEY-O!

MAC
What happened, man?

CHARLIE
I’m alive!

FRANK
How? How the hell are you alive? You got a dirty needle in your arm.

CHARLIE
Oh, that old thing? They let me keep it, it was actually clean, just looked dirty. I went all weird because I had this stress overload from the thought of that greasy guy’s nipple in my mouth.

MAC
Oh, well.

FRANK
Oh, well? Get to work, come on!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL-DAY

THE GANG WALKS OUTSIDE OF THE HOSPITAL.

FRANK
Oh god!
DENNIS
Oh, shit!

WE SEE THE VAN BEING BOMBARDED WITH BUMS, CARRYING THE CARDBOARD BOXES OUT OF THE VAN. ONE OF THEM TRIPS OVER AND FALLS INTO THE PAVEMENT WITH THE CARDBOARD BOX AND THE BEERS SMASHING.

THE WINDOW BUM CHEERS, HOLDING A FLAMING MOLOTOV.

HE RUNS TO THE BACK OF THE VAN.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
No! No! He’s gonna burn the van!

FRANK
Oh shit!

THE WINDOW BUM TOSSES THE MOLOTOV IN THE VAN, SETTING IT ALIGHT.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Noooo! God, why!?

DEE
Oh, nice, we don’t need to do this work then?

CHARLIE
I guess I won’t have sweaty nipples or dirty needles in me anymore...

MAC
Cool, now we can get a beer.

DENNIS
Yeah, come on, I’ll call a cab.

FRANK
That van! The beer! We just lost about 500 dollars!

EVERYONE LOOKS AT FRANK IN SILENCE.

BEAT.

CHARLIE
Well, we still have Paddy’s.

A VIRTUAL SLAP SOUND IS HEARD.

MAC
And the slap app!

CHARLIE
HEY-O!