IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

"The Gang Takes Down the President"

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TITLE: On a Friday
TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

OVER TITLES, WE HEAR:

    DENNIS (V.O.)
    It looks terrible, Dee.

    DEE (V.O.)
    Uhhh, no it doesn’t, Dennis. This is the style right now, ok.

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY’S PUB - DAY

DENNIS, DEE, CHARLIE and FRANK convene around the bar. Dee checks out her reflection in a pocket mirror. She wears a ridiculous amount of bright purple eye shadow.

    DENNIS
    That is most certainly not the style. It looks like you got made up by a mortician.

    FRANK
    Oh yeah. That’s dead broad makeup. Trust me, I’ve seen a lot of dead broads.

The door swings open. MAC marches in, outraged.

    MAC
    I cannot believe this son of a bitch!

    CHARLIE
    That goddamn prick!
    (beat)
    Who we talking about?

    MAC
    This goddamn president.

Everyone groans.

    DEE
    We’ve moved on to more important issues, Mac.
MAC
What? What is more important—wait, why are you made-up like some kind of hooker ventriloquist dummy?

DEE
Oh come on! This is--

DENNIS
Well, she looks more like a corpse, but I see where you’re coming from.

CHARLIE
Either way, she looks awful.

MAC
Oh, I’m getting a headache just looking at her. But that’s not the issue! Why aren’t you guys fired up about this president situation?

DENNIS
Look, Mac, we all know why you’re upset.

MAC
Well, yeah. I feel like we should all be on board with this though.

CHARLIE
We are on board, buddy. It just doesn’t affect us as... personally.

MAC
Uhh, why not?

DENNIS
Mac, don’t make us say it.

Mac just stares at them blankly.

CHARLIE
He’s gonna make us say it.

DENNIS
Of course he is.
(to Mac)
Look, we all know you’re concerned about the gay marriage bill, ok.

MAC
What? I am not--
Frank
That thing’s toast.

Dennis
Well, yeah, of course it’s toast, Frank. But let’s be honest, it’s not like Mac was ever going to find someone.

Mac
No, you guys, that’s not why--

Frank
You’ll just have to do what they did in the 80s. Marry a dumb broad, give her your check book, and get blowies in the gym sauna.

Mac
For Chrissake! That is not-- just look at this!

Mac slaps a piece of paper onto the bar. The Gang peruses it.

Charlie
What?! What?!

Dennis
Do you have any idea what that says, Charlie?

Charlie
(nope)
Yeah. Of course.

Dennis looks at him -- really? Charlie studies the text.

Charlie (Cont’d)
Oh my God, Frank, are you choking?

Charlie Heimlichts Frank, who’s absolutely not choking.

Frank
I’m fine, Charlie. Get the hell off me!

Dennis
Jesus Christ.

Mac
It says that goddamn local brewery is no longer gonna sell us their beer. They’re re-branding.

(MORE)
And apparently their president thinks Paddy’s is too “low-brow” for their new image.

Dee picks up the paper and reads a snippet.

DEE
"As part of our re-branding efforts, we regret to inform you that Liberty Brewery will no longer serve our clients operating dive bars, Irish pubs, or bowling alleys."

DENNIS
Bowling alleys? Did they just lump Paddy’s in with bowling alleys?!

CHARLIE
What’s wrong with bowling alleys?

MAC
This is what I’ve been trying to tell you!

FRANK
Bowling alleys have great chili.

CHARLIE
Oh, it’s the best! It comes in those flimsy soda cups. And you can’t even hold it or it’ll burn your hand. It’s amazing.

DENNIS
Shut up! Just shut up! How dare they call Paddy’s low-brow! This is a very classy establishment!

Off in a corner booth, a disheveled VAGRANT coughs uncontrollably, hacking up a lung. The Gang watches. This goes on for quite some time. He hocks up a loogie and spits it into his beer. Then, he chugs the beer.

Dennis turns to Mac with a mischievous glimmer in his eyes.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
What do you say we show that goddamn brewery what happens when you discriminate against something as American as the Irish pub.

MAC
How we gonna do that?

CUT TO:
INT. UPSCALE BAR - DAY

The Gang huddles around a long, marble bar top, scouting out a trendy local joint. It’s one of those fancy bars that has a giant crystal chandelier for no good reason.

DENNIS
Look at this shit hole. What the hell do these pricks have that Paddy’s doesn’t?

MAC
Menus.

DEE
Customers.

CHARLIE
Some kind of strange magic eight-ball.

Charlie picks up a plum from the garnish station.

DENNIS
That’s a plum, Charlie.

Charlie examines the plum with utter bewilderment.

MAC
The menus are laminated, Dennis.

DENNIS
Ok, fine. Maybe this place is a little nicer than Paddy’s. But that doesn’t give some brewery the right to discriminate against our goddamn bar because of how it looks. What, we don’t have some stupid chandelier so we’re not a real bar? Bullshit! We sell alcohol. We’re a bar. Period.

MAC
Yeah, Dennis is right. We’re just as much a bar as this place! (MORE)
MAC (CONT'D)
Who the hell are they to tell us otherwise?!

DEE
You guys realize that brewery’s beer sucks balls, right? We’ve sold like six bottles. Ever. In the history of Paddy’s.

MAC
That is not the point, Dee!

DEE
We only bought some in the first place because Dennis was trying to bang the marketing chick.

DENNIS
Uhhh, I did bang her, Dee. And it was not worth it.

Dennis gazes off mournfully.

DEE
Well, we’ll actually be saving money by not buying their beer.

FRANK
Stop embarrassing yourself, Deandra, and leave the business matters to the men.

CHARLIE
Yeah, I’ve got a real hankering for chili all of a sudden. Why don’t you do something about that?

FRANK
Oooo good call, Charlie. Dee, run down to Gutter Alley. Pick us up some chili.

DEE
What? No. I am not going to some bowling alley to get you chili.

CHARLIE
Uh, Gutter Alley isn’t a bowling alley, Dee. It’s just a regular alley.
FRANK
Yeah, this cheesesteak joint tosses
out their old chili there. It’s way
better than bowling alley chili.

CHARLIE
There’s an extra grittiness to it
that really--

DENNIS
Jesus! Can we get back to the
matter at hand please? We need to
take this brewery down. Teach their
dumbass president a lesson.

FRANK
Dennis, you’re looking at this all
wrong. The bastard don’t want to
sell to us, that’s his choice. It’s
a free market.

MAC
He’s not selling to us because
we’re an Irish pub. That’s
discrimination. Literally the
opposite of a free market, Frank.

DEE
You guys wouldn’t serve those
Australian blokes that came into
the bar a few weeks ago.

DENNIS
Well, yeah. Because they thought
they were so cool with their
accents and jovial demeanor.
Goddamn douche bags.

MAC
That is completely different, Dee.

FRANK
What’d I tell you? Stay out of our
affairs, Deandra.

DEE
You know what, fine! I’m gonna go
mingle with people that don’t eat
chili from a gutter or an alley or
whatever the hell you idiots do.

Dee stomps off. She sidles up to a few SOCIALITES enjoying
happy hour cocktails. The guys resume their conversation.
CHARLIE
I don’t know, Dennis, maybe Frank’s right. “We say fair” and all that.

DENNIS
What? What are you saying? You mean laissez-faire?

CHARLIE
Lay is French for we, Dennis.

DENNIS
I’m dealing with a moron. Look, this bastard insulted our character and he needs to be taken down!

MAC
Yes! That is what I’m talking about! Assassination!

CHARLIE
Shhhhh! You can’t say that!

Charlie glances nervously at a few PATRONS sitting nearby.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
(speaking loudly)
Just four pals talking chili here. No murder being discussed.

The Patrons dart an uncomfortable glance in their direction.

MAC
What? Are you even listening, Charlie? I just said we’ve gotta murder that goddamn president.

CHARLIE
Goddammit, Mac! Would you-- I’m trying to cover for you.

MAC
What? Why--

CHARLIE
(way too loudly)
Mmmm mmm, how I love chili.

DENNIS
I’m just gonna ignore whatever this is and plow right ahead. Now look, what’s one thing that all powerful men have in common?
MAC
Great hair.

CHARLIE
They can read.

FRANK
Tiny dongs.

DENNIS
What? No. They love a good thrill.
And what’s more thrilling than infidelity?

MAC
Pre-meditated murder.

Charlie laughs nervously. He speaks loudly in the direction of the other Patrons, who are all buried in their phones.

CHARLIE
Hahaha this guy’s a comedian. A real funny fun funster.

DENNIS
Goddammit, Charlie. No one is listening, or watching, or observing us in any way.

Dennis gazes directly into the camera.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
Now, look, all these big shot men, they love women. They love women so much that they can only see them as beautiful objects. Like a nice pen. That you dominate sexually.

FRANK
(calling out)
Deandra! Where’s our goddamn chili?

DENNIS
So all we have to do is tempt this prick with some busty chick. Then, when he inevitably takes the bait, we blackmail the shit out of him.

MAC
I hear what you’re saying. But I’m gonna do my assassination thing.

CHARLIE
(way too loudly)
Right you are, Mac, chunky chili is the best!
DENNIS
Would you stop it?!

FRANK
Dammit, Charlie, now I got chili on the brain and I can’t shake it.

Frank calls over the snotty BARTENDER.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Hey, what kind of chili you got?

BARTENDER
Ummm... none?

The Bartender wanders off.

CHARLIE
What kind of bar doesn’t serve chili?

MAC
Uh, we don’t serve chili.

CHARLIE
Well, yeah. But, I mean, if someone asked, we could scrounge some up.

FRANK
Come on, Charlie, let’s go down to Gutter Alley.

CHARLIE
Once chili’s on the brain, that’s really all you can do.

Charlie and Frank head off. Charlie turns back to the guys.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
And would you cool it on the...

Charlie mimes murdering Frank in a variety of ways -- shooting, stabbing, choking, hanging, eating, pecking.

MAC
I get it, Charlie!

Charlie smiles, gives a thumbs up. He leaves with Frank.

MAC (CONT’D)
I’m gonna assassinate the shit out of that president.
EXT. PHILADELPHIA - SIDEWALK - DAY

Dee, Dennis, and Mac strut down the sidewalk.

DEE
Those goddamn bitches! How dare they call me a clown!

DENNIS
I know. A bit on-the-nose for my taste.

MAC
What do you guys think? Simple gun to the head? Or something more subtle? Maybe poison? Oh! Let’s get a swarm of bees to attack him.

DENNIS
Jesus Christ, Mac, how many times do I have to tell you, we’re not murdering anyone.

MAC
No, I know that. Obviously.
(beat)
But if we were, how would you do it?

DENNIS
We’re doing my honeypot thing!

DEE
Love this honeypot idea, Dennis. I was thinking, we should swing by the mall, pick up a hot new dress. Something low-cut and high-hemmed. Really show off ma bod.

DENNIS
Your bod?

Dennis and Mac look at each other. They cackle in Dee’s face.

DEE
Wh-- why are you laughing?

DENNIS
You actually think you’re going to be the honeypot? Hah. That is so pathetic.
DEE
I can honeypot, ok! I can honeypot like nobody’s business!

DENNIS
I don’t think so, Dee. Not unless this dude’s into necrophilia.

DEE
This is the style!

Mac and Dennis just stare at her.

DEE (CONT’D)
Fine, I’ll take off the makeup.

DENNIS
Nooo. No. Don’t do that. That’ll only make things worse. I’m sorry, Dee, you are just far too gangly and bird-like to be a honeypot.

MAC
Not to mention, way too flat-chested.

DEE
Wh--wha-- I am not--

DENNIS
Yes you are, Dee. Your chest literally dips back into your body. It’s quite repulsive.

MAC
Holy shit. I never noticed that before.

DENNIS
Oh yeah. She’s got concave tits. You could serve soup out of there.

They stop in front of an apartment. Dennis knocks on the door.

DEE
I’m gonna honeypot the shit out of this guy and you’re gonna feel so stupid. So goddamn stupid.

Dee marches off.

After a moment, the door swings open to reveal ARTEMIS in a very low-cut blouse.
DENNIS
Now those are honeypot tits.

EXT. SIDEWALK/GUTTER ALLEY - DAY

Charlie and Frank saunter down the sidewalk. Charlie brandishes the plum from the bar.

CHARLIE
Check it out, Frank. I swiped that magic eight-ball from the bar.

FRANK
It’s just a plum, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Alright, well, agree to disagree.

FRANK
What the shit is this?

Frank and Charlie turn down an alleyway. It is overrun with REFUGEES rummaging through the dumpsters. Several of them eat chili out of garbage bags. Frank charges up to them.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Hey! What the hell are you doing? Get away from those garbage bags! That’s our goddamn chili!

REFUGEE
Piss off, you human bowling pin!

CHARLIE
Hey! Watch it! Don’t call him a bowling pin! Although, that is shockingly accurate.

FRANK
We were here first, asshole! That’s our goddamn garbage chili!

CHARLIE
Scram! Scram! SCRAM!

Charlie yells in the Refugee’s face like an insane person.

REFUGEE
If you were here first, then you’d be the one doing this.

The Refugee defiantly scoops a handful of chili and eats it.
Frank whips out a gun and aims it at the Refugee.

Charlie notices that the alleyway is lined with tents.

He motions to a burned-out building across the street.

A cute little girl covered in soot runs up to the Refugee. She clutches a teddy bear with a scorched face.
LITTLE GIRL  
Daddy, I’m hungry.

REFUGEE  
Have some chili, sweetie.

LITTLE GIRL  
I don’t want chili from the garbage.

REFUGEE  
I know, sweetie. But that’s all we have right now.

The girl sighs. She reluctantly takes a handful of chili.

FRANK  
You, uh— you keep the chili. We’ll find another alley.

CHARLIE  
We always do.

Charlie and Frank slowly back away as the Refugee and the Little Girl sadly eat the chili.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Charlie turn the corner. Already back to scheming.

FRANK  
That’s our goddamn alley!

CHARLIE  
Damn right it is!

FRANK  
I don’t see what they’re whining about. They’re munchin’ on garbage chili all day.

CHARLIE  
And they have all those cool tents.

FRANK  
Quite honestly, they’ve got a better set up than we do.

CHARLIE  
Oh absolutely.

FRANK  
We gotta get ‘em outta that alley.
Frank and Charlie exchange a mischievous look.

INT. LIBERTY BREWERY - DAY

Dennis, Mac, Dee and Artemis loiter outside a door with a nameplate that reads "President."

ARTEMIS
How you want me to play this? Sharon Stone in Fatal Attraction or more Julia Roberts in Pretty Woman?

DEE
I was gonna go with more of a mid-century concubine type vibe.

DENNIS
You’re doing nothing, Dee. And Artemis, let me do the talking. You just focus on making your tits pop.

MAC
When do I come in and karate chop his ass into oblivion?

DENNIS
You will do no such thing.

MAC
I’m not gonna kill him, Dennis. Just cripple him enough to send a message.

DENNIS
Goddammit! You and Dee just stay here!

MAC
I feel very under-utilized!

DEE
Well, no, because I’m gonna--

Dennis darts them a piercing glare.

MAC
Fine.

DEE
Goddammit. Fine.

Dennis grabs Artemis. Ushers her through the door into --

INT. THE PRESIDENT’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The PRESIDENT stares out the window, his back to us.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
Hi, there. I’m local businessman D--
Mac flies into the office, throwing karate chops.

MAC
Time to die, bitch!

DENNIS
Goddammit, Mac! That was four seconds!

Dee struts in. Rips off her jacket, revealing a very skimpy Octoberfest outfit.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
(whisper-yelling)
You guys are ruining this!

Dee pops open a beer bottle. Foam rapidly shoots out. She sloppily slurps the overflowing foam, trying to be seductive.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
Stop it. Stop that. You look like an old man eating soup.

The President finally turns around. The Gang recoils with abject horror.

DEE
Ahhh! God!

DENNIS
What is going on with your face?

The President’s face is blotched with patches of orange skin.

MAC
You look like--

DEE
An orange.

DENNIS
Well, no. He is orange. But he looks more like--

DEE
He looks like an orange!

MAC
Stop saying orange! He looks like a...

ARTEMIS
Clementine.

MAC
Yes. Thank you, Artemis.

DENNIS
That’s it. That’s the one.
Dee rolls her eyes.

PRESIDENT
It’s varnish.

The President runs his finger along his desk, picking up a streak of varnish. He shows them his stained finger.

PRESIDENT (CONT’D)
Doing some redecorating. Working on a whole new ima— wait, what the hell are you people doing in my office?

DENNIS
Yes, hi. Dennis Reynolds, local businessman.

MAC
I too am a local businessman. And I am outraged! My rage is out!

PRESIDENT
And why is that?

MAC
Don’t play dumb, dickhead! You know exactly what you did! And I’m gonna make you pay. When you least expect it, I’m gonna come for you. It might be from behind or it might be right in your face. But make no mistake about it, I will come. And I will come hard.

DENNIS
Jesus Christ, Mac. Stop talking. (to President)
My partner and I --

Dennis nudges Artemis to puff out her chest. She does.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
My partner and I have devised a brewing technique that will cut your cost by forty percent, without comprising on taste.

PRESIDENT
Is that right?
ARTEMIS
(seductive)
Oh, it’s right, baby.

DEE
(trying to be seductive)
Mmm hmmm, soooo right.

Dee leans over seductively. Dennis darts her a death glare.

DENNIS
Artemis, give the man a taste of the product.

Artemis fishes a beer bottle from her cleavage. She bends over slowly, resting her breasts on the desk.

PRESIDENT
(re: the desk)
That’s wet.

ARTEMIS
So am I.

Artemis winks. She rises. Her breasts are covered in varnish.

The President takes a sip of the beer. Not bad.

DENNIS
You see, the secret is in our patented yeast culture.

The President takes another swig.

ARTEMIS
It’s from my hoo-ha.

The President spits the beer out, spraying Dee in the face.

MAC
Boom! How you like that, bitch? I told you I was gonna come. And I just came hard! Right in your goddamn mouth!

DENNIS
What are you talking about?

MAC
The beer. I poisoned it.

DENNIS
What?!

PRESIDENT
What?!
MAC (CONT’D)
Yeah, you know that stuff Charlie always uses to kill the rats?

DENNIS
Rat poison? You put rat poison in there?!

MAC
Yeah. Is that bad?

PRESIDENT
Get out! Get the hell out of--

The President grabs a garbage can. Wretches violently.

DEE
Why don’t I stay? Help nurse you--

Dee leans onto the desk seductively. Her grip slips on the wet varnish. She smacks her face on the desk. Crumbles.

DEE (CONT’D)
Oh God! That did not feel good!

MAC
Yeah, we should go. DENNIS
We’re just gonna...

Mac, Dennis, and Artemis slowly back out of the office. Dennis pauses at the door. He locks eyes with Dee. Blood oozes from her nose.

DEE (CONT’D)
Don’t you dare leave me, Dennis! Get back here! Dennis!

Dennis shuts the door. The President vomits violently into the trash can again.

DEE (CONT’D)
Goddammit.

EXT. PADDY’S PUB – DAY

Dennis and Mac approach the bar, arguing.

DENNIS
What the hell was that, Mac?! You poisoned the man?!

MAC
I was trying to send a message! And don’t blame me.

(MORE)
MAC (CONT'D)
Goddamn Dee ruined the whole
goddamn thing with her concave
tits.

DENNIS
Well, yeah, those things are a
disaster. But I told you I would
handle it!

They come upon a pack of PROTESTERS chanting outside of
Paddy’s, holding signs that say “Irish You Were Dead,” etc.

MAC
What the--

Mac pulls a Protester aside.

MAC (CONT’D)
Hey, what the hell is going on?

PROTESTER #1
Beats me. I just heard people
yelling and I wanted in.

PROTESTER #2
Our church is standing up against
all of these Irish bars tainting
our neighborhood. They’re hotbeds
of sinful behavior.

DENNIS
Can’t argue there.

MAC
How dare you?! Paddy’s is a
God-fearing establishment!

Mac pulls Dennis aside.

MAC
I’ll handle this, Dennis.

Mac turns to the Protesters. Gives a rousing speech.

MAC (CONT’D)
Brethren! I hear your concerns! But
I can assure you--

A Protester steps forward with a homemade potato cannon (a
long PVC pipe that looks like a bazooka).

PROTESTER #2
Eat this, Irish scum!

He fires a potato into Mac’s throat. Mac goes down, wheezing.
MAC
Oh goddammit! They shot me with a potato!

INT. PADDY’S PUB – MOMENTS LATER

Dennis and Mac sip on beers, nursing their wounds.

MAC (CONT’D)
This is a goddamn outrage! Just because most Irish pubs harbor heathens, doesn’t mean Paddy’s does.

DENNIS
What? That is not the-- this is all because of that tangerine son of a bitch and his goddamn re-branding! He’s drummed up all of this latent Irish racism!

MAC
He put it in the ether!

DENNIS
It’s in the goddamn ether!

The door swings open. Dee dives inside. A bunch of bloody tissues jammed up her nose. Her forehead is stained orange.

DEE
Those goddamn monsters shot me in the tits with a potato.

DENNIS
What tits, Dee?

DEE
Screw you, Dennis.

MAC
It’s that goddamn president. He’s unleashed all this anti-Irish sentiment.

DEE
It’s in the goddamn ether!

MAC
Well did the rat poison work? Did he get the message?
DEE
Ooo, don’t think so. He was yelling something about criminal charges, taking Paddy’s down, blah blah. It was a little hard to understand between all the violent retching.

MAC
Goddammit. I knew I should’ve used more poison.


FRANK
Hold on to your sacks!

CHARLIE
You guys, there’re all these people out there showering us with gifts!

DENNIS
What? They’re not showering us with gifts, Charlie. They’re protesting. They have signs that say “Irish you were dead.”

CHARLIE
Well, you don’t know that for sure.

DENNIS
Actually I do, Charlie. Because I can read.

CHARLIE
Inconclusive. Dee, grab me a bowl.

MAC
Why don’t you just use her chest? Look at that thing.

They all examine Dee’s chest.

CHARLIE
Oh shit. I never noticed that before. There’s like a dip.

FRANK
Yeah, she’s got concave tits.

DENNIS
That’s what I said! You see, Dee, you’re a disgusting person.

Frank takes a huge chomp out of the raw potato. Scraps spew from his mouth as he talks.
FRANK
Repulsive.

DEE
Says the man eating a raw potato.

CHARLIE
They shot it out of a canon. How cool is that?!

MAC
They were shooting it at you, Charlie. How do you not get this?

CHARLIE
All I know is we got free Lucky Charms and a perfectly good potato.

Charlie dumps the Lucky Charms into a beer mug.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Frank, gimme a bite of that thing.

FRANK
Get your own damn potato, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Just gimme a bite.

Frank and Charlie wrestle over the potato.

DENNIS
Goddammit! Can we focus on what’s important here? I mean, Dee is literally a freak of nature.

DEE
Oh goddammit, Dennis. We should be focusing on how to get rid of these goddamn protesters.

FRANK
I got an idea.

They all turn to Frank. He chomps on the raw potato.

EXT. PADDY’S PUB – MOMENTS LATER

Frank struggles to climb on top of a dumpster. Charlie tries to push him onto it, but very unsuccessfully.

FRANK (CONT’D)
I said to give me a boost, Charlie. Not fondle my sack.
CHARLIE
I’m trying to give you a boost!
There’s nowhere to grab. You’re all torso!

MAC
Jesus Christ.

Mac nudges Charlie aside. He pushes Frank onto the dumpster.
Frank dusts himself off. Calls out to the Protesters.

FRANK
Listen up, Jesus skanks!

The Protesters turn to Frank.

FRANK (CONT’D)
I’ve unearthed more infidels pockmocking our neighborhood! Let’s get ‘em!

The Protesters cheer, much to the Gang’s surprise. Frank struggles mightily to climb down from the dumpster.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Charlie!

EXT. GUTTER ALLEY - DAY

The Protesters peer at the Refugees, confused.

PROTESTER #3
They don’t look dangerous.

FRANK
Of course they’re dangerous.
They're poor.

PROTESTER #3
(shrugging)
Good point.

The Protesters charge the Refugees. Mac pulls Dennis aside.

MAC
What the hell are we doing in a goddamn alley, Dennis? We should be taking down that punk ass president.
DENNIS
Now hold on, Mac. If there’s anything more American than fighting for what you want, it’s letting other people do the fighting for you. Let’s see how this plays out.

Mac shrug-nods -- yeah, that checks out. They turn their attention to the clash going on in the alley as...

We enter a STYLIZED SLOW-MOTION WAR MONTAGE:

-- Two Refugees play chess. A Protester kicks the board. The pieces soar through the air in super slow-mo.

-- Refugees pour out of tents, scrambling for safety.

-- A Refugee clutches a crying BABY in her arms.

-- A Protester steps forward, obscuring the sun. The potato cannon is perched on his shoulder -- like a rocket launcher.

The Little Girl from earlier stands a few feet away, frozen in fear. She clutches her teddy bear to her chest.

Her father spots her from across the alley. He sprints towards her -- in very slow-motion.

Another Protester glides a potato into the back of the canon.

The father sprints. The girl stands frozen.

The Protester pulls the trigger on the potato cannon.

The potato flies through the air.

The girl’s eyes go wide.

The girl is swept out of frame just as the potato whizzes by.

The potato smashes into a tent, flinging it into the air.

The father carries the girl to safety. She looks over his shoulder, reaching back towards something.

Her charred teddy bear lies in a puddle.

END STYLIZED SLOW-MOTION WAR MONTAGE.

The Gang stands nearby, gaping at the aftermath.

MAC
Holy shit. That was awesome.
FRANK
That was only phase one.

Frank ushers the Gang off as the Protesters celebrate. A female Protester squats over the teddy bear, pissing on it.

EXT. BURNED-OUT BUILDING - DAY

The shaken Refugees huddle in front of their scorched apartment building. Frank waddles up with the Gang in tow.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Heyooo!

The Father steps in front of the Little Girl protectively.

REFUGEE
No. Please. Wha--what do you want? We’ll leave the alley, just please--

FRANK
Quit blathering. I’m here to help. What if I told you I know what caused your little building here to catch on fire?

REFUGEE #2
Some crazy bitch tried to microwave her cockatoo.

FRANK
That’s what they want you to think. The truth is...

Frank leans in and whispers. Acting all conspiratorial.

FRANK (CONT’D)
...it was arson. That damn Liberty Brewery lit it on fire. They’re trying to take over the building and turn it into a new factory.

REFUGEE #2
Is that true?

FRANK
Do I look like a dishonest man?

The Refugee looks Frank up and down -- he’s even more disheveled-looking than usual. The Refugee turns to the others and let’s out a battle cry.

REFUGEE #2
Let’s get ‘em!
The Refugees cheer. They march off. The Gang is in disbelief.

DENNIS
Holy shit, Frank. I cannot believe that worked.

FRANK
Classic business tactic, Dennis. Take two of your enemies, make up some crap to pit ‘em against each other, and sit back while they take each other down. I used it on you two bozos all the time as kids.

DEE
What?!

DENNIS
What is wrong with you?

CHARLIE
I can’t believe they bought that crap about the brewery.

FRANK
The truth don’t mean shit, Charlie. People just want an outlet for their anger. Makes ‘em feel better about their miserable lives.

MAC
I’m just glad we got rid of those goddamn refugees. I hated them immediately.

DENNIS
Oh they were the worst.

CHARLIE
Gotta hand it to you, Frank. That was some genius-level stuff.

FRANK
Just wanted our alley back, Charlie.

DEE
Wellll, it’s not really your alley. Technically, it’s Stan’s.

Dee motions to “Stan’s Steak Stand,” the cheesesteak joint adjacent to the alley.

DEE (CONT’D)
You guys just came in and took it from its rightful owner.
FRANK
Pipe down, Deandra. Why don’t you use those scrawny little chicken arms and help us dig through this trash?

Frank and Charlie head for the dumpsters in the alley.

FRANK (CONT’D)
I just hope to God those bastards didn’t eat all the chili.

EXT. PADDY’S PUB – DAY

The Gang saunters down the sidewalk. Mac and Dennis argue.

MAC
I’m not a foreigner, Dennis.

DENNIS
That’s not what I’m saying! I’m saying if you ever left the goddamn country, then you would be a foreigner.

MAC
That makes no goddamn sense! I’m an American, so how could I possibly be a foreigner?

Meanwhile, a bit further up ahead, Frank and Charlie eat chili from plastic shopping bags.

CHARLIE
I gotta say, Frank. This chili is not as good as I remember it being.

FRANK
It tastes like shit. There’s no grittiness to it.

CHARLIE
No grittiness!

FRANK
I’m not even hungry. I feel like I’ve got a rock in my stomach.

CHARLIE
That’s because you ate that whole goddamn potato. Wouldn’t’ve happened if you shared with me.
FRANK
I gotta take a shit the size of a tire. Stand in front of me.

CHARLIE
What? No, I’m not-- you’re not shitting on the sidewalk! We’re like ten feet from an actual bathroom.

FRANK
I ain’t gonna make it.

Charlie shakes his head. Ducks into the bar.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Charlie!

INT. PADDY’S PUB – MOMENTS LATER

Charlie enters to find a MAN IN A SUIT sitting at the bar, his back to us. Charlie freaks out.

CHARLIE
Shit! Shit! Oh shit! Goddamn Mac! I told him not to say that shit!

Charlie scrambles back to the door just as Frank bursts through, bulldozing Charlie to the ground.

FRANK
Move it! This thing’s dangling like a tire swing!

Frank streaks towards the bathroom. The man in the suit turns around, revealing it’s THE LAWYER. He wears sunglasses.

THE LAWYER
Hello, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Oh. Phew. It’s just the dumbass lawyer. What do you want?

Mac, Dennis, and Dee enter. Still arguing.

MAC
It’s very simple, Dennis. There are Americans. And there are foreigners. What don’t you under--

THE LAWYER
Oh good, you’re all here.
DENNIS
What the hell is he doing here?

MAC
I thought you never wanted to see us again.

THE LAWYER
Well, I decided to make an exception. You see, there’s a certain local businessman that has proof you all tried to poison him. That’s attempted murder.

DEE
Ooo, let’s not throw around terms like that. Surely we could work out some sort of...
(seductively)
...arrangement.

THE LAWYER
Please get her away from me.

DENNIS
Goddammit, Dee, stop harassing the man!

DEE
(whisper-yelling)
I’m gonna honeypot him, Dennis!

DENNIS
You can only honeypot someone if you’re hot, Dee. Otherwise it’s just assault. Lawyer, back me up here.

THE LAWYER
Well, it certainly could be construed that-- why-- why am I engaging in this? Listen up! There will be no arrangements. No deals. No schemes. You’re all gonna pay for what you’ve done. And I’m finally going to put you monsters where you belong. Behind bars.

The Lawyer dramatically removes his sunglasses, revealing that his right eye is completely mangled. The Gang recoils.

CHARLIE
Ahhh! Jesus!

MAC
What the hell is wrong with your eye dude?
DENNIS
It’s really bumming me out.

DEE
What happened, you take one too many man-loads to the face?

Dee elbows Dennis like ‘good one, huh?’

DENNIS
Do not touch me, Dee.

THE LAWYER
No! I didn’t take any-- how do you people not remember this?

The Gang gapes at him, baffled.

THE LAWYER (CONT’D)
The trial...
   (no reaction)
The McPoyle’s bird...
   (nothing)
The thing pecked my eye out!

DENNIS
What? What is he saying?

CHARLIE
I have no idea, dude. Birds are gentle creatures. They would never do that.

MAC
No way, I definitely would remember that. That sounds badass.

THE LAWYER
How do you-- I had to spend most of my life savings fixing this thing!

DEE
Ooo, that does not look fixed.

DENNIS
What did it look like before?

THE LAWYER
And what little money I had left, my wife took in my second divorce. You people have ruined my life! And now, I’m gonna ruin yours.
The door swings open. The brewery President bursts in. He wheels several cases of beer on a dolly. He sees the Lawyer.

PRESIDENT
Oh good. I caught you. Listen, I changed my mind. I don’t want to press charges.

THE LAWYER
What?! What are-- why the hell not?

PRESIDENT
Look, I-- I just don’t want to be near these people ever again.

The Gang taunts the shit out of the Lawyer.

DEE
Ooooo, sucks to be you!

MAC
Suck on that, bitch!

PRESIDENT (CONT’D)
Please, just drop the charges.

The Lawyer slams his fist on the bar. He rises. The Gang continues to taunt him as he heads towards the door.

DEE
Hey, why don’t you go down to the trauma ward at the hospital? I bet there are some burn victims that want to feel better about themselves.

MAC
Seriously, dude, get an eye patch or something. You look terrible.

CHARLIE
I’ve seen raccoons that are more attractive.

DENNIS
What? What are you saying, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Actually that’s a bad example. Raccoons can be pretty sexy.

(to Lawyer)
The point is, you’re ugly.
DENNIS
Don’t pay attention to them, man.
Here, why don’t you take a few
bucks, buy yourself a nicer pair of
sunglasses. It’s the least we could
do.

Dennis pulls out some cash from his wallet and holds it out
to the Lawyer. The Lawyer studies him warily.

The Lawyer reaches for the money, but misses, on account of
his poor depth perception. The Gang cracks up.

DENNIS (CONT’D)
Come on. I insist.

Dennis moves the money further over to the Lawyer’s bad-eye

THE LAWYER
This isn’t over.

The Lawyer storms off. But misses the door. Walks right into
the wall.

DEE
Oooo, walk much?

MAC
At least get one of those blind
people sticks. This is pathetic.

CHARLIE
It’s very hard to watch.

The Lawyer finally pushes the door open, escaping the bar.

DEE
What a loser.

The Gang turns around. The President gawks at them in horror.

DENNIS
You’re still here. Why?

The President motions to the cases of beer.

PRESIDENT
Uh-- I-- I just wanted to deliver
this. It’s ten cases. Just take it.
I apologize for any inconvenience.
DENNIS
Alright, well that’s more like it, pal.

MAC
That’s right, bitch! You can’t discriminate against Paddy’s and get away with it.

PRESIDENT
Unfortunately, I, uh-- I won’t be able to serve you moving forward.

DENNIS
Well hold on, now. That’s the whole reason this thing started in the first place.

MAC
I’m gonna kick his goddamn ass!

PRESIDENT
I--I’m sorry. I’m not discriminating. I swear. We have to shut down the whole company.

DEE
What? Why?

PRESIDENT
There was a fire at the factory. The whole place went down in flames. And apparently we weren’t up to code so insurance won’t cover anything.

DEE
Oooooh, bummer.

PRESIDENT
Look, I don’t know how this happened, but please, just leave me alone. I gave you all of our remaining inventory. Just please don’t come near me or my family ever again. Please.

The President scurries out of the bar. Frank rejoins the Gang from the bathroom, a new pep in his step.

FRANK
What’d I miss?
DEE
Not much. Except for that prick’s factory burning down.

FRANK
Oh shit. You think it was the refugees?

DENNIS
Of course it was the refugees.

FRANK
Whoops. I guess that’s what happens when you feed a bunch of lies to angry people displaced from their homes.

MAC
Nah. I did it.

DENNIS
You did what?

MAC
I did the fire. It was me.

DEE
What?

DENNIS
Why would you do that?

MAC
Because, you guys were being too soft. The only way to get things to change is with violence. You gotta use force. Plus, fire’s awesome.

CHARLIE
He does have a point. Fire is pretty awesome. And we got the beer, so, I guess it worked.

MAC
Damn right, it worked! That’s how you take down the goddamn president!

DENNIS
Well, what do you say we crack these bad boys open?

Dennis rips open a case of beer. Everyone grabs a bottle.
DENNIS (CONT’D)
To America. Where the good guys always prevail.

They all clink bottles in cheers. They sip the beer. Gag.

MAC
Oh God, this is awful.

DENNIS
It’s total dog shit.

Frank spits the beer out, spewing it all over the floor.

FRANK
Achh! Charlie, get the garbage chili. I gotta get this awful taste out of my mouth.

DEE
I told you guys! You all just ignored me as usual.

MAC
Well, in our defense, Dee, ignoring you is usually the right play.

DENNIS
Oh well. No harm done.

Dennis shrugs, completely nonplussed.

MAC
So what should we do with all the bottles?

CHARLIE
I’ll ask my magic eight-ball.

Charlie shakes the plum.

DENNIS
Goddammit, Charlie! It’s a piece of fruit!

Dennis snatches the plum. Takes a huge chomp.

CHARLIE
Ahhh! No! Now how are we gonna know how to get rid of the bottles?

EXT. PADDY’S PUB - MOMENTS LATER
A beer bottle smashes into the bar’s brick facade. We widen to find the Gang chucking the bottles against the wall.

MAC
Check this out.

Mac spins in a circle like a discus thrower and hurls the bottle into the building. It shatters emphatically.

FRANK
Ohhh! Nice one, Mac!

MAC
It’s all in the form.

Dee steps up and throws a bottle. It barely shatters.

MAC (CONT’D)
(sarcastic)
Nice one, Dee.

CHARLIE
You throw like a girl.

DEE
I am a girl, Charlie.

DENNIS
Yeah, well, tell that to your face.

Mac, Charlie and Dennis cackle. They high-five.

MAC
Ah! It feels so good to smash shit!

Mac flings a bottle against the wall.

DENNIS
Hell yeah it does.

The Gang hurls bottle after bottle against the wall as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE.