

**IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA**

"The Gang Takes Down the President"

Written by

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TITLE: 3:00 PM

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 import-- 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

Uhhh, 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 Heimlich's 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)

MAC (CONT'D)

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 loogey 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:

MAIN TITLES

TITLE: "The Gang Takes Down the President"

TITLE: It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia

FADE IN:

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

Shhhh! 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 dong.

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

Noooo. 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

That's it!

Frank whips out a gun and aims it at the Refugee.

CHARLIE

Woah, woah, Frank. Take it easy.

FRANK

That's our garbage chili, Charlie!

CHARLIE

I know. I know! But we probably shouldn't murder them over it.

FRANK

How the hell else we supposed to resolve this?

Charlie notices that the alleyway is lined with tents.

CHARLIE

What the hell you guys doing out here anyway?

FRANK

Is this one of those weird millennial things where you pretend to be all poor and go camp in an alley for a week so you feel better about being such spoiled little shits all the time?

REFUGEE

No. Our homes burned down.

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

FRANK

Ohhhh.

CHARLIE

Ohhhhh.

REFUGEE (CONT'D)

Bunch a white people's homes burned down, you're damn sure they wouldn't be sleeping in no alley.

FRANK

Well, yeah, they'd probably have insurance or some--

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	DENNIS
Ahhh! God!	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	DENNIS
Yes. Thank you, Artemis.	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.

What?!

DENNIS

What?!

PRESIDENT

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 and Charlie burst in. Charlie cups Lucky Charms in his palms. Frank munches on a raw potato.

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 canon 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

Welllll, 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 opens. 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 side. The Lawyer grabs for it again. Misses. More laughter.

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

Ooooooh, 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.