

IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

Spec. Episode

"The Gang Swipes Right"

Written by

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TITLE: 11:15 AM

TITLE: On a Tuesday

TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

OVER TITLES WE HEAR:

DENNIS (V.O.)
As an alpha man!

DEE (V.O.)
Oh, come on.

DENNIS (V.O.)
AS AN ALPHA MAN, I demand to levy
judgement.

INT. PADDY'S PUB -- DAY

The whole gang, looking at a cellphone.

Dennis is standing, giving a presentation.

CHARLIE
He's right.

DEE
How is he right?

CHARLIE
Just, you know, jungle law.

DEE
This is ridiculous.

CHARLIE
It's closely related to bird law.

FRANK
Dee, you do yourself a favor by not
talking so much. What's this app
called again?

MAC
I think the men agree.

DENNIS
Thank you. As we can all see -
Charlie, hold the phone up - as we
can all see, there are glaring
issues here.

FRANK
She's unattractive.

DENNIS
No. It's not that she's
unattractive, Frank. That's a
common misconception.

DEE
Thank you.

CHARLIE
Really? Because --

Frank is looking at his phone now, confused.

FRANK
Is it this one or this one?

DENNIS
(ignoring Frank)
It's that she's aggressively ugly.

MAC
That makes more sense.

CHARLIE
Right, right. I see that.

DENNIS
Do you? It's an easy mistake to
make.

CHARLIE
Well, yeah, because one is, you
know, and the other is, you know,
also, and jungle law.

DEE
Christ.

DENNIS
Right, no. Here's the difference.
Unattractive people can still be
good citizens, because they walk
around with their heads down, they
don't make me look at them, they
don't parade themselves around on
social media, and they know they
should hide from the world. That
type of person is okay.

MAC / CHARLIE
Right / gotcha.

DENNIS

But the true enemy. The true enemy.

He makes eye contact with Dee.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Is the aggressively ugly woman. The woman who makes us look at her as she obnoxiously flaunts her brutality. That's the crime.

MAC

That's the real problem.

DENNIS

Good work, Mac.

MAC

Thank you, Dennis.

FRANK

(at his phone)

I think I'm downloading it.

DEE

Fine. Whatever. Fine, then just swipe left.

DENNIS

Oh no. I swipe left on pretty women. I swipe left on plain women. I swipe left on unattractive women. But brutally ugly women, Dee? I report their profiles.

Taking the phone from Charlie, Dennis presses a few buttons on his phone.

A DING.

Dee looks at her phone.

DEE

Oh you assholes. That was the third time this week. My account was just suspended.

MAC

Good!

Dee's phone RINGS.

DEE
Hello? No, this is not a Nigerian
prince. ... Yes, I'm a real person!

She storms out of the bar.

FRANK
(at his phone)
Oh! This is good. Mac, look at
this!

Mac sits next to Frank.

MAC
Oh, that is good.

Dennis walks over to the bar, grabs a beer. Sits, takes a
drink, looks at his phone.

DENNIS
Charlie!

Charlie comes over.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Who is this girl?

INSERT: Profile of a beautiful girl, KENNEDI, 25, on the
screen.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
It says you're friends with her.

CHARLIE
Oh, yeah. I know her. She works at
the coffee shop across from the
coffee shop the waitress worked at.

DENNIS
The one right outside of your
restraining order?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

DENNIS
Doesn't matter. The point is, I
shall have her. And ... super like.

He swipes. Beat.

CHARLIE
Ah.

DENNIS
We didn't match.

CHARLIE
Well, you can't win them all.

DENNIS
Yes, I can. I do.

CHARLIE
Sometimes you don't match.

DENNIS
Maybe she hasn't seen it yet.

CHARLIE
I don't think that's how this one works.

DENNIS
She's swiped on me?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

DENNIS
She said no, to me?

CHARLIE
I mean, there are more fish in the sea.

DENNIS
No.

CHARLIE
Well there are tuna, and chicken of the sea, and the pink one, and ...

DENNIS
She is my pink one, Charlie. And she made the greatest mistake of her life, swiping poorly on me. She is my pink one, and I am her Ahab. And I shall have her.

CHARLIE
You're her Arab?

DENNIS
Ahab.

CHARLIE
Right. Because she's white.

MAIN TITLES

TITLE: "The Gang Swipes Right"

TITLE: "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia"

INT. PADDY'S PUB BACK OFFICE -- DAY

Frank and Mac.

Frank is wearing fetish gear.

FRANK

Do I have to show the butthole?

MAC

What?

FRANK

I'm getting pressured, Mac. And I don't wanna be a prude. But I'm no school bus, either. Not until later.

MAC

You are disgusting. But yes. Obviously, you have to show butthole.

FRANK

That's what I thought.

MAC

The outfit is a nice touch.

FRANK

Is it? I was worried you wouldn't like it.

MAC

Let's be honest. Your appeal is limited to a very specific type of gay.

FRANK

The freaks.

MAC

And you're embracing that. Which is good.

FRANK

But Mac, let's be clear. This is a business transaction.

MAC

Right.

FRANK

So you can be less aroused.

Mac looks at his lap. Tries to stand. That won't help. Sits again. Grabs a folder from the desk, puts it on his lap.

MAC

All business.

Frank BURPS.

FRANK

Now it took me a few hours and a lot of cat food, but I finally figured out how to set my location to New York.

MAC

You are such a bad gay.

FRANK

That's why I need you!

MAC

But what's in it for me?

FRANK

Other than a guilt free way to flirt with hot dick?

MAC

Because you're the one sinning?

FRANK

Yes. I'm sinning. You're just advising me, which is --

MAC

Not a sin.

FRANK

Exactly.

MAC

Okay but what else?

FRANK

Look, you help me get these Wall Street types to give me stock tips, and when they send me free stuff, you'll get a cut.

MAC

What free stuff?

FRANK

Dildos.

MAC

Dildos?

FRANK

Have you ever been on this site?

MAC

Um.

FRANK

There's no foreplay! They don't even ask about the dick pictures any more. It's just penis, then, bam, show me your asshole.

Mac is getting really turned on and flustered.

MAC

That sounds, well, I don't know how I could help --

FRANK

Next thing you know, these rich Wall Street types are asking to send me big sex toys to use on my gimp.

MAC

Your gimp?

FRANK

Did I not mention that yet?

MAC

You have a gimp?

FRANK

Well, if you think about it ...

MAC

You want me to be your gimp?

FRANK
I'll give ya \$50.

MAC
Are you kidding me?

FRANK
\$150?

MAC
I am not going to help you swindle
Wall Street guys.

FRANK
It's the right thing to do! They
swindle us. So I swindle them.

MAC
That doesn't make it right.

FRANK
What did Jesus do to the rich
people?

MAC
Is this a trick?

FRANK
In the temple. He got a cord of
ropes and whipped them.

MAC
He did.

Frank, in his fetish outfit, stands and gets close to Mac.

FRANK
Help me be like Jesus. Help me whip
the rich people. Like Jesus did.

MAC
That makes sense.

Mac covers his erection again.

FRANK
I'm proud of you.

MAC
Thanks Dad.

An awkward moment.

FRANK

I have a gimp suit in the bag. Get dressed.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Dennis and Charlie sitting at a table, Dennis looking across the street at Kennedy with binoculars.

DENNIS

Oh yes. I shall have her. I shall enter her, and she shall be entered by me.

CHARLIE

You mean take her virginity? Dude. I already slept with her.

DENNIS

You what!?

His face gets beet red; his veins pulse.

WAITRESS (V.O.)

Hi Dennis.

And the WAITRESS approaches.

DENNIS

What?!

WAITRESS

I was just saying hi. You look nice today.

DENNIS

Who are you? Get away from me!

CHARLIE

Hello.

WAITRESS

Ew.

CHARLIE

Can we get two coffees --

WAITRESS

One coffee? Sure. Dennis, do you like cream or sugar?

CHARLIE

You don't have to be, like, rude.

She gives him a nasty look, pulls up a chair to Dennis.

WAITRESS

Dennis, I'm actually really glad
you're here, because I wanted to --

DENNIS

BEGONE FROM ME, foul woman!

WAITRESS

Fine. You don't have to be rude.

Dennis is looking through his binoculars again.

Kennedi is looking right at him; he made a lot of noise.

Dennis waves.

DENNIS

Hello!

She looks creeped out, turns away.

CHARLIE

Bro.

DENNIS

Charlie.

CHARLIE

Do you maybe, wanna --

DENNIS

Take her? I will.

CHARLIE

Go?

DENNIS

Why would we go?

WIDE: Everyone is staring at them because of Dennis' outburst.

CHARLIE

I just wanted coffee, so ...

DENNIS

Very well. We shall go. I have
important errands to run.

Dennis stands, with all dignity possible, and leaves.

The waitress comes back, coffee in hand.

WAITRESS

I brought you a coffee ...

But Dennis is gone.

CHARLIE

I'll take it.

WAITRESS

You smell like an open sewer.

CHARLIE

Well I took a bath last ... so, ...

WAITRESS

Last when, Charlie? Last when?

INT. CLOTHING STORE -- DAY

Dennis and Charlie looking at clothes.

CHARLIE

What are we doing here?

DENNIS

What's the most powerful color?

CHARLIE

Yellow.

DENNIS

Y-yellow? Why yellow?

CHARLIE

Dayman. Color of the sun.

DENNIS

Okay, I could have guessed that.
But no. It's red. Red is a powerful
color.

CHARLIE

Oh, because the sun turns red when
it's a sunset.

Dennis is admiring a red shirt.

DENNIS

No, Charlie. No. This is more of a
rhetorical thing. You stop talking.
Damn it, where is that bitch?

And Dee arrives.

DEE
What was so urgent?

DENNIS
You lazy --
(sighs)
Wait here.

Dennis takes his red shirt into a changing room.

DEE
What's his problem?

CHARLIE
That girl he super liked thinks
he's a creep, then he found out I
slept with her ...

DEE
Oh, I bet he didn't like that.

DENNIS (O.S.)
Obviously her thumb slipped and she
swiped the wrong way! It was
clearly an accident.

CHARLIE
Yeah, okay!

DEE
Why do you need me here, anyway?

Dennis comes out, wearing a shirt that's patently too small
for him.

DENNIS
Admire me.

Dee stifles a LAUGH.

CHARLIE
It looks very red.

DENNIS
Yes. Thank you.

DEE
It's a little small.

DENNIS
No, no it's perfect.

DEE

Why did you have me come down here
if you didn't care about my
opinion?

DENNIS

Go away now.

INT. PADDY'S PUB -- DAY

Things got weird. A greenscreen, a stool, lights, and a camera on a tripod.

And Frank, wearing fetish gear, but this time holding both a whip and a remote camera release.

FRANK

Mac, get out here!

MAC (O.S.)

I don't wanna.

FRANK

Mac, damnit, get out here before I
whip you for real!

MAC (O.S.)

Frank, I don't wanna!

FRANK

Damnit!

Frank heads offscreen. A TUSSELE, then the sound of a whip hitting leather.

And in comes Frank again, this time leading Mac by a leash.

Mac is wearing a gimp suit, just like in Pulp Fiction.

MAC

[muffled noises]

FRANK

I don't pay you to talk. When the
zipper is closed, you don't talk.
Got it?

MAC

[muffled noises}

Frank HITS HIM again.

FRANK

Got it?

Mac nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Good, because we have a long list to get through. Wallstreetsuckkker69, wow there are three "k's" in that username, that can't be good, has some very specific demands. Then we have a live show in an hour for big-bank-bailout-bitch, and finally something really messy for someone that I think is Ben Bernanke.

Mac slumps.

In walks Dee.

DEE

Dennis is such a piece of shit. Are you guys doing a scam?

FRANK

Wall Street guys.

MAC

[muffled sounds]

FRANK

Quiet, gimp!

DEE

Well get done before tomorrow, because I have a date.

FRANK

Go clean something.

And she's gone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Mac)

Now, I need you to bend over.

And in comes Charlie.

CHARLIE

Oh, you're doing a gay thing?

FRANK

It's for money.

CHARLIE
I mean, okay.

Charlie sits at the bar to watch.

FRANK
(to Mac)
Bend over!

He presses his camera release, and the lights FLASH as the camera CLICKS.

INT. COFFEE SHOP #2 -- DAY

Wearing his red shirt, Dennis enters Kennedy's cafe.

He's carrying a copy of "Infinite Jest." He sits at an open table.

And his SERVER arrives -- a man.

SERVER
How can I help you?

DENNIS
Oh. Hello. Let me figure this one out. Um. Can you not serve me?

SERVER
Do you have a problem with me?

DENNIS
No! Not at all. It's not like a racial thing. Or a gay thing. At all. I was just hoping to meet your coworker. The girl. I wanted to seduce her. We matched on an app.

SERVER
Is she expecting you?

DENNIS
Well, I matched with her. She didn't match with me. Her thumb slipped. But she wanted to. That's not important. The important thing is that it's not a race thing. Or a gay thing. I just was hoping she'd serve me.

SERVER
That's really not how things work around here.

DENNIS
But they could be.

SERVER
They really can't be.

DENNIS
I think if you just asked her --

The server looks over his shoulder, finds Kennedy.

SERVER
(to Kennedy)
Hey K! You wanna serve this guy? He says he's here to seduce you.

DENNIS
Hi! I'm, um --

He raises his book, to show it off.

She looks at his too-tight shirt and clear aura of desperation.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
We met on an app. You meant to swipe right on me. It was an accident. I don't blame you. You slept with my friend. And he's ugly. And reeks of cheese. So I wanted to --

KENNEDI
So you thought I'd want anything to do with you? That's pathetic.

DENNIS
Pathetic? No, I don't think you understand. It's romantic. And sexual.

KENNEDI
It's creepy, and you need to leave.

DENNIS
I AM HOT.

KENNEDI
You're making me uncomfortable. Please go.

DENNIS

Look, I bought the book. And the power shirt. And I rented a silver truck, just like your father.

KENNEDI

You know what car my dad drives?

DENNIS

It was online.

KENNEDI

Get out!

And EVERY PATRON in the restaurant stands. Dennis is humiliated. He has to leave.

ACT TWO

INT. PADDY'S PUB -- NIGHT

A FEDEX GUY walks in.

FEDEX GUY
I'm looking for a Frank Reynolds?

Frank, still wearing his fetish gear, hurries over.

FRANK
Whatcha got?

CHARLIE
Is it mine?

FRANK
No Charlie. I told you before, that was a special order. Get back to work.

CHARLIE
But it's coming today?

FRANK
It's coming today.

Dee walks over.

DEE
What did you get him?

FRANK
Let the men work. I'll be with you when I'm done.

DEE
Fine.

FEDEX GUY
I just need a signature.

FRANK
How many packages did we get?

FEDEX GUY
About ... 24.

FRANK
Bring em in!
(to Dee)
Let's go.

As they walk through the bar to the back office, we see ..

Maybe 15 GIMPS and photographers bustling about, posing, tying on phones or laptops. Opening packages to reveal sex toys. A full-blown operation.

INT. PADDY'S PUB BACK OFFICE -- DAY

Frank sits down, Dee sits across from him.

The office is loaded with packages.

DEE

I want a better deal than Charlie got.

FRANK

Charlie is cleaning the sploog of 15 gimps for a 30lbs block of Jarlsberg.

DEE

I'm not doing that.

FRANK

Here's the deal. These money types are giving me more stock tips than I know what to do with. I'm making a fortune. But they also keep sending me plastic dong.

DEE

Gross.

FRANK

And I keep getting in trouble, because they'll send me a black dong, and a gimp will pose with it, but then he'll send it to the wrong person. Or I get an Asian dong --

DEE

How do you know it's Asian?

FRANK

It's yellow. Don't interrupt me.

DEE

You're disgusting.

FRANK

The point is, Charlie is having a hard time matching the sex toy to the boy to the mark. We need someone to keep it organized.

DEE

What's in it for me?

FRANK

Do you like Jarlsberg?

DEE

I want 10%.

FRANK

That much money would make your head spin. You wouldn't know what to do with yourself.

DEE

5%.

FRANK

Unacceptable.

DEE

2%.

FRANK

I'll loan you a gimp for an hour.

INT. PADDY'S PUB -- DAY

Dee walks in, clipboard in hand.

DEE

Alright, everyone listen up!

No one does anything.

Charlie hurries over.

CHARLIE

Why are you screeching at us?

DEE

I was not screeching; I was being authoritative!

CHARLIE

You were being terrible.

FEDEX GUY
Where do these boxes go?

CHARLIE Over there. DEE Here is fine.

The FedEx guy pauses, then listens to Charlie.

DEE (CONT'D)
Okay, this is ridiculous. I am in charge now.

CHARLIE
Shut up. You're the organizing bitch. Go unpack those dildos. I have work to do.

INT. PADDY'S PUB BACK OFFICE -- DAY

Dennis leans back on his chair, eyeing Frank.

Frank looks right back.

Neither blinking.

DENNIS
Let me guess. You gave Charlie animal-grade cheese from Malaysia.

FRANK
Jarlsberg with a "G," not a "J."

DENNIS
Clever man. And you gave Dee one of the unpaid gimps?

FRANK
They're "modeling interns."

DENNIS
Of course, of course. And Mac ...

FRANK
Is having the time of his life.

DENNIS
But what do I get, Frank?

FRANK
I'll help you with your lady problem.

DENNIS

I don't need help. Least of all
from some cretinous old man.

FRANK

You will. You'll come back to me,
begging for help. And I'll reject
you.

Mac BURSTS in.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Damnit, Mac! What did I tell you
about Daddy's private time?

DENNIS

(mouthing to Frank)
Daddy?

MAC

I've got news. Big news.

FRANK

If it's a stock tip, you know what
to do.

MAC

SECdaddy13 is coming.

FRANK

Did he ask permission?

MAC

No, he's coming here!

FRANK

How the hell does he know where we
are?

MAC

I told him.

FRANK

Why?

MAC

Because he works for the SEC!

DENNIS

You know, Mac's stupidity could be
a benefit for you. This might be
profitable.

FRANK
The SEC here? Hmmm....

MAC
Did I do good?

INT. CAR -- PARKED -- NIGHT

Outside an apartment complex. Dennis spritzes himself with cologne.

Pauses. Does it again. Undoes his belt, spritzes his groin with cologne. Smells himself. Does it once more for good measure.

EXT. APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

With a certain swagger, Dennis exits the car, looks at the apartment buildings.

DENNIS
Yes. I will spill my seed here,
onto her. And she will thank me.
For I am man.

Dennis walks onto the apartment stoop, poses.

Wait a beat, shifts pose.

Another beat, shifts his pose for a third time.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(practicing, to himself)
Hello there.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(practicing, to himself)
What a surprise.

A girl walks up the street. Dennis stares at her ... it's Kennedy!

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Go time.

She approaches the stoop.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
I've been thinking about you.

She YELLS. Grabs her keychain, sprays MACE right into his face. He collapses. YELLS in agony.

KENNEDI
Stay away, pervert!

Dennis is now curled up in a ball on the ground, and she's still spraying mace directly onto him.

INT. PADDY'S PUB -- DAY

In walks GREG, 24.

And he stops. He's looking at what can only be described as an arrangement of gimps.

And they start to sing.

GIMP GROUP 1
Welcome!

GIMP GROUP 2
Welcome to our --

GIMP GROUP 3
Home!

Frank hurries over.

FRANK
Are you SECDaddy13?

GREG
You can call me Greg.

FRANK
You're young.

GREG
They tell me I'm a savant.

FRANK
How do you see wheat futures performing in Eastern Bloc counties?

GREG
This quarter or next?

FRANK
(to the gimps)
He's legit!
(to Greg)
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Come in, come in. We have so much to discuss.

GREG

This is ... a lot.

FRANK

Do you want a beer?

Mac hurries over, holding a beer.

GREG

No, thanks. I'm sober.

FRANK

Oh. That sucks. You want heroin?

GREG

Who are all these people?

FRANK

My gimps. Let's talk oil futures.

GREG

Why do you care?

FRANK

I'm just turned on by boys who use big words.

(beat)

It's a fetish.

GREG

Then buy all the oil.

FRANK

What?

GREG

Buy it all.

FRANK

That's stupid. Who are you?

GREG

Who are these men?

FRANK

They're my gimps.

GREG

Can I talk to them?

FRANK

No.

Greg holds out a badge.

GREG

F.B.I.

FRANK

Shit.

EXT. PADDY'S PUB -- DAY

Frank paces back and forth, puffing anxiously on a large cigar.

Up comes Dennis. He's looking at his phone.

His eyes, red and raw from the mace, look like two ugly little sphincters on his face.

FRANK

Woah, woah, woah. You can't go in there.

DENNIS

Why the hell not? You gonna mace me, too?

FRANK

You deserved it.

Dennis is still on his phone.

DENNIS

What do you know?

FRANK

I know you probably deserved it.

DENNIS

I'm going in.

FRANK

Can't. FBI's here.

DENNIS

Hopefully they'll take you away from us.

INT. PADDY'S PUB -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

And Dennis storms in.

Gimps, face masks removed, loiter around drinking beer, relaxing.

GREG
Sir! Are you okay?

DENNIS
I'm fine.

GREG
Have you been crying?

DENNIS
No.

GREG
Did that man out there hurt you?
Did he touch you? Does he make you
do things?

DENNIS
I have nothing to do with any of
this! This whole scheme? Not my
problem!

He sits at the bar next to Charlie; Dee is across the bar.
Charlie is eating a massive block of Jarlsberg cheese with a
spoon.

CHARLIE
You got maced.

DENNIS
How do you know?

CHARLIE
It's a role play me and the
waitress do. Every time it's like,
I'll do something nice to her, and
she'll mace me.

DEE
That's not role play.

CHARLIE
Yeah it is.

DEE
She's literally spraying mace into
your eyes.

CHARLIE
But, like, she doesn't mean it.

DEE
Yes she does.

CHARLIE
Why is my face on your phone?

DENNIS
I don't have time to explain this
to you.

Dee leans over, looks at Dennis' phone.

DEE
(to Charlie)
Oh, he's pretending to be you to
seduce the waitress.

CHARLIE
But I love the waitress.

DEE
Not your waitress. The other
waitress. The one who maced him.

CHARLIE
Oh. Okay then.

INT. PADDY'S PUB BACK OFFICE -- DAY

Frank and Greg.

GREG
You're in luck.

FRANK
Huh?

GREG
This is what we classify as "almost
sex slavery."

FRANK
They're unpaid interns.

GREG
Which saved you.

FRANK
What is this?

GREG

I'm an undercover agent looking for sexual abuse in the homosexual community.

FRANK

Well, sir, agent, let me assure you. I'm no homosexual. No sir. Just a normo-sexual trying to scam these queers into giving me stock tips.

GREG

That's terrible. Unfortunately, your operation doesn't legally qualify as sex trafficking. So I can't arrest you.

FRANK

Phew.

GREG

So I'll be going.

Exit Greg, enter Dennis.

DENNIS

I need \$10,000.

FRANK

No.

DENNIS

When do I ever ask you for anything?

FRANK

Pretty much every week.

DENNIS

I'm seducing this girl. She thinks I'm Charlie, and I'm going to sweep her off her feet with this grand romantic gesture, then reveal myself. And then she'll love me, so I can bang her and dump her.

FRANK

You are my son.

DENNIS

Eh.

FRANK

And I hate to see you in pain.

DENNIS

This isn't going to be a life lesson, is it?

FRANK

Women do love money.

DENNIS

Yes, and I'm asking you for money.

FRANK

But they love grand romantic gestures more.

DENNIS

Are you going to help me or not?

FRANK

Oh, I'm going to help you.

Dennis is squirming around on his chair.

DENNIS

What is this?

He's sitting on someone's wallet. Opens it -- it's not a wallet. It's Greg's FBI badge.

FRANK

We better not lose that.

INT. PADDY'S PUB -- DAY

Frank bustles in, fetish wear back on.

FRANK

Listen up!

Activity stops.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We're back in the game, for one more night!

A CHEER.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mac!

MAC
Dad?

FRANK
I need you on choreography.

MAC
Aye, aye!

FRANK
Charlie?

CHARLIE
Frankaroo?

FRANK
Get this place clean as a whistle
and covered in flowers.

CHARLIE
Done.

FRANK
Dee?

DEE
You want me to stay hidden?

FRANK
No! Dee, we need you prominently
featured!

DEE
Awww.

FRANK
That way, Dennis' girl will feel
much better about herself.

DEE
Damn it.

FRANK
And Dennis?

DENNIS
Frank?

FRANK
Let's get some more makeup on you.

DENNIS
Right.

EXT. PADDY'S PUB -- NIGHT

Kennedi walks up the street. She types on her phone.

INSERT: Are you sure this is the right place?

INSERT: CHARLIE: 100% [Thumbs up]

INSERT: It looks closed.

INT. PADDY'S PUB -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

In the dark.

DENNIS

Don't be a stupid bitch.

CHARLIE

You can't say that!

DENNIS

Fine, then. You type the answer.

INSERT: Charlie: Big surpriz al gud.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Well that's obviously not going to work --

The door opens.

KENNEDI

Hello?

And a spotlight on a romantic table, set for two. Roses, silverware, platters of fine food.

KENNEDI (CONT'D)

Oh! Charlie!

A HARMONIOUS SONG of acapella voices as the lights slowly fade up.

GIMPS

(singing)

You don't know me, but you love me,
because I'm me, and my me should
become a we...

Frank WINCES at the lyrics, looks at Mac.

MAC

I didn't have much time!

And as the music hits a crescendo --

DENNIS

And I love you, and you're meant to
be with me!

Dennis dances onto the floor, his face caked with makeup, but
the red still showing through.

A look of utter ... wonder on Kennedy's face as she looks
around at the gimps, and then at Dennis.

Dennis walks closer to her.

She walks closer to him.

Closer.

And she SPRAYS HIM IN THE FACE with mace again.

KENNEDI

What the fuck is this!

DENNIS

Damnit!

She YELLS, and in bursts Greg, gun drawn. He FIRES into the
ceiling.

GREG

Everybody, stop!

Freeze.

GREG (CONT'D)

I came back for my badge, but I
heard the music, and something is
terribly wrong here.

KENNEDI

Oh thank God!

She runs to Greg.

GREG

It's okay now.

She's sobbing and clutching the FBI agent.

Frank walks up, hands out the badge.

FRANK

Here.

GREG
You're sick.

FRANK
Yeah, I know.

INT. PADDY'S PUB -- DAY

The whole gang around a table, lots of beer. Dennis' eyes are more or less normal now.

MAC
Charlie, you wanna join Frank and me for some adventure tonight?

CHARLIE
I have a date.

MAC
You what?

CHARLIE
Yeah, I told that girl Kennedi that someone stole my identity, and she really likes me, so I'm gonna take her for a date at the waitresses' place.

DEE
The coffee shop across from where the waitress works?

CHARLIE
Don't be stupid, Dee. Tonight. The coffee shop will be closed.

MAC
Then --

CHARLIE
We're going to have a picnic outside of the waitresses' apartment. To make her jealous.

Everyone kinda looks at Dennis.

DENNIS
Oh, I don't mind. I realized she isn't actually my type, anyway.

FRANK
Right.

And a GOOD LOOKING MAN walks in.

DEE
 (to the gang)
 Watch this.
 (to the man)
 Can I help you?

GOOD LOOKING MAN
 I'm just here to meet a date.

DEE
 I know.

Dee saunters over.

GOOD LOOKING MAN
 Huh?

DEE
 Mike? Hi. I'm Dee.

GOOD LOOKING MAN
 Right. How do you know my name?

DEE
 I'm your date. I'm Dee.

GOOD LOOKING MAN
 No, Dee was a stunningly beautiful
 woman.

DEE
 I mean, I photoshopped a bit, but --

GOOD LOOKING MAN
 ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

DEE
 I'm still the girl you're wildly
 attracted to.

The man LOSES IT.

GOOD LOOKING MAN
 THIS IS SOME CATFISHING BULLSHIT.
 You look like a --

MAC
 A bird?

GOOD LOOKING MAN
 YES! A BUTT-UGLY BIRD!

He storms out.

DENNIS

I warned you, Dee. Some people just
shouldn't try.

END OF EPISODE.