

IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

"The Gang Starts A Sovereign State"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

TITLES: 12:15 pm

TITLES: On a Tuesday

TITLES: Philadelphia, PA

OVERHEARD OVER TITLES:

MAC (V.O.)  
Have we ever paid our taxes for  
Paddy's?

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
*Taxes?* Bars don't pay taxes Mac,  
this is America!

MAC (V.O.)  
Bars don't pay taxes? That doesn't  
make any sense.

\*

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Mac and Charlie sit at the bar with beers.

CHARLIE  
You know what doesn't make any  
sense? Giving the government my  
hard earned money!

\*

MAC  
Charlie, you don't *earn* anything.

CHARLIE  
No, I've *earned* my right to not pay  
any taxes!

\*

\*

Dennis then explodes through the front door flashing a small  
ticket.

DENNIS  
You guys are NOT going to believe  
what this is.

Dennis approaches a puzzled Charlie and Mac.

MAC  
A piece of paper?

DENNIS

No... well yes, but the goddamn  
meter maid got me again.

\*

CHARLIE

(Scoffs)

Come on man... I get those from the  
cops all of the time, you just  
throw them out.

\*

\*

DENNIS

Well obviously I would just throw  
this one out too but... They towed  
my goddamn car!

\*

\*

MAC

Holy shit! That can't be legal.  
They just stole your car?

\*

\*

DENNIS

Pretty much!

\*

Charlie takes a sip of beer with a smirk.

CHARLIE

And that's why we shouldn't pay  
taxes...

DENNIS

He's got a point. I'm literally  
paying the government to tow my  
car.

MAC

You guys are right. This whole  
government is just like one of  
those massage parlors where they  
promise you a good time, but at the  
end there's no happy ending and you  
just get screwed by a big burly  
dude!

\*

\*

\*

Silence.

MAC (CONT'D)

I've never been to one but you  
know... It's a thing.

CHARLIE

That definitely is not a thing.

The front door then opens and Dee enters with two large bags.

DENNIS

Okay, well, I'm going to fight  
this. I'm not paying these tickets.

Dee makes her way behind the counter and starts loading up  
the bags with alcohol.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Um... Dee, what the hell are you  
doing?

\*

Dee stops for a second and collects herself.

DEE

Just grabbing some beers.

DENNIS

Why?

\*

DEE

I'm... going to sell them at an  
event?

DENNIS

*An Event?* What the hell is  
happening at 12pm on a Tuesday?

At the front door, a tall and muscular blonde man, ARLO,  
pokes his head in.

ARLO

Hey babe, you ready to head back to  
PUAZ?

DENNIS

Oh no. Oh no no no.

Dennis darts around the counter and grabs the bags from Dee.

They start to struggle over who gets the bag.

MAC

What the hell is a PUAZ?

DENNIS

You haven't heard about these  
assholes?

\*

\*

\*

We hear Frank's voice from across the room.

FRANK

Who's from PUAZ? Where is she?

Frank enters abruptly and eyes ARLO.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Damnit. I thought you would be one  
of their broads.

ARLO

We are the Philadelphia United  
Autonomous Zone.

\*

ARLO has now seemingly teleported right beside Mac. He towers  
over him.

\*

DENNIS

Dee wants to steal beer and give it  
to a bunch of liberal hippies.

Frank approaches the bar. Mac is comparing arm sizes  
nervously.

ARLO

We are not "liberal hippies." We  
are citizens of a new, sovereign  
nation. We have our own laws, our  
own justice system, and our own  
militia.

Charlie perks up.

\*

Dennis finally gets the bags away from Dee and puts them back  
under the counter.

DENNIS

Go buy your own beer!

Frank approaches.

FRANK

Not so fast. We might just benefit  
from getting a bunch of hot hippies  
drunk... We could tag along and-

\*

Dee laughs.

DEE

They would *NEVER* let you guys in.

Dennis and Frank are offended.

DENNIS

Like we would want to join your  
little camp anyways.

\*

ARLO

It's okay, babe, they're just  
jealous.

\*

He motions for her to come over to him, and then he abruptly \*  
smacks her ass.

DENNIS

Gross.

CHARLIE

So you guys just created a brand  
new country?

ARLO

Yes we did.

Mac leans in.

MAC

It's that easy? You can just do  
anything you want?

ARLO

Uh, yeah?

Dennis, Frank, Mac, and Charlie seem to get the idea all at  
once. Dee and ARLO are left puzzled.

DENNIS

I think I know how to solve my  
little ticket issue after all.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

TITLE: "The Gang Starts A Sovereign State"

TITLE: "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia"

ACT ONE

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Mac and Charlie are at the pool table which has been covered in stacks of copy paper.

MAC

We need a law that says if you  
can't shotgun a beer in under 3  
seconds, you don't have the right  
to vote.

CHARLIE

That's not very democratic.

MAC

We don't want lightweight bitches  
joining our country.

CHARLIE

Fine. But make it 4 seconds.

Dennis then enters from the front door carrying an assortment of colonial writing tools and parchment paper. He approaches Mac and Charlie.

DENNIS

Sup guys.

\*

CHARLIE

Oh hey Dennis, we've just been  
writing down some laws for our new  
country.

\*

Dennis sets down the writing materials and grabs the paper from Mac.

\*

DENNIS

On *COPY PAPER*?

He reads it.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You want us to give every citizen  
free steroids?

MAC

I mean we all already agreed on  
free beer right?

DENNIS  
Um, of course.

Dennis tears up the paper.

\*  
\*  
\*

\*

\*  
\*

\*

\*

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\*

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\*

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\*

\*  
\*



DENNIS

Calm down, I think those are both  
valid. Maybe we can count each as a  
half rule.

CHARLIE

Can I get another half rule.

DENNIS

No, that's not how it works.

MAC

Dennis, you have to redo yours.

DENNIS

Okay fine, how about this: all  
women must be topless at all times.

Dennis and Charlie both smile.

Frank then comes barreling out of the back office with a hand-  
painted flag. It's red, white, and black, and awfully fascist  
looking.

FRANK

Did someone say topless women?

The gang looks to Frank, appalled. Frank realizes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, what do you think?

He starts waving his flag.

MAC

Frank, what the hell is that?

Frank stops and looks at his flag, puzzled.

FRANK

It's our flag. For our new country.

DENNIS

Frank, that looks like something  
straight out of 1945 Germany.

FRANK

You said you wanted it to look  
powerful.

DENNIS

Frank, people are going to think  
we're extremists or something. Go  
make another one. Here-

He goes over and grabs a tiny American flag off of the wall.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Use this as inspiration. That's the  
one thing they got right. Then come  
help me with this constitution.

\*  
\*

MAC

Hey, how come we don't get to help  
with the constitution?

DENNIS

Because I need you two to go out  
and find us some citizens! Tonight  
we will have our first town hall as  
an independent nation.

Everyone gets a little giddy.

CHARLIE

Are we going to have like a  
handshake or something?

DENNIS

You're right, we probably should...

\*

Frank puts his hand in and yells.

FRANK

DEATH TO AMERICA! LONG LIVE PADDYS!

EVERYONE

DEATH TO AMERICA! LOVE LIVE  
PADDY'S!

CUT TO:

EXT. PUAZ CAMP - DAY

Dee steps over piles of clothes and trash and joins a small  
group at a trash can fire.

DEE

Hey guys and gals. Fellow freedom  
fighters. What's up?

They look at her like she's insane. HIPPIE 1, clearly high as  
a kite, offers her a blunt.

DEE (CONT'D)

Oh, um, thank you but I'm allergic  
to other people's spit.

Her boyfriend then emerges from a tent. He eyes Dee, and gives her a wet, sloppy kiss. He then goes over to a bench and starts lifting weights.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Isn't he just the sweetest?

The other PUAZ members look unimpressed. One person, HIPPIE 2, perks up.

HIPPIE 2  
Who are you?

DEE  
Oh... Um, I'm Dee. I'm new here.

HIPPIE 2  
Clearly.

DEE  
Hey, no no. Don't do that. I'm cool! Give me that weed.

Dee grabs the blunt out of Man 1's hand and takes a huge hit. She coughs profusely.

DEE (CONT'D)  
What the hell is in this?

Arlo finishes his workout and notices Dee. He grabs the blunt.

ARLO  
It's homegrown, baby.

Dee is still coughing as she pretends to know what he's talking about.

A SKINNY MAN sneaks over with a small box, and hands it to Arlo. They move out of sight. \*

Dee raises an eyebrow, she sees him open the box to reveal a syringe.

She screeches as she runs over to him. \*

DEE  
Are you doing meth?

Arlo shushes her.

ARLO

It's not meth! It's just  
testosterone. It's perfectly  
healthy.

DEE

Is it *homegrown*?

\*

Arlo pulls up his shirt.

\*

ARLO

You like these?

Dee swoons and caresses his six pack.

\*

DEE

Yeah...

\*

ARLO

Then don't say anything to anyone  
about this, okay?

\*

Dee is still enamored.

DEE

Yeah, okay.

Arlo smiles, they hop back into their tent.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB

Frank and Dennis are at the pool table with the  
"constitution" they've written. They both wear big wigs.

DENNIS

We hereby endorse and enamor this  
constitution for Paddy's Pub, it's  
elected leaders, and it's  
constituents-

FRANK

Does that mean the sexy broads?

DENNIS

Oh yes Frank, indeed it does.

As they chuckle, Charlie and Mac come through the front  
doors.

\*

MAC

Guys, we might have a problem.

\*

They approach Dennis and Frank.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Look at this.

He hands Dennis a pink notice, Dennis reads it.

DENNIS  
Frank, when is the last time we  
paid our taxes?

FRANK  
That was your job last month.

DENNIS  
Well it says here that we have one  
month until they condemn the bar. \*

CHARLIE  
First your car... then your bar...

DENNIS  
Not on my watch.

He tears up the paper.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
If they come, we will greet them  
with our militia.

MAC  
On shit, that sounds... cool? No  
killing anyone though right- \*

DENNIS  
Obviously! \*

CHARLIE  
Hey, what's with the wigs? \*

DENNIS  
We're founding fathers. It's the  
look.

MAC  
Wait, do we not get wigs?

DENNIS  
I only had these. But Uh... here. \*

Dennis crumples up Mac and Charlie's old constitution and  
hands it to Mac.

MAC

Oh... Well, we have another problem. Recruitment didn't really go as planned.

CHARLIE

Mac just isn't being very patriotic! Remember what the founding fathers said? Bring us your huddled asses.

\*

DENNIS

It's huddled masses, Charlie.

FRANK

Maybe we could say, bring us your sexy lasses!

DENNIS

Actually, I like kind of that.

MAC

You don't get it... There are no *sexy lasses*.

\*

DENNIS

What do you mean...

MAC

W went out to find some big buff dudes, hot ladies, all of the sort right?

\*

Dennis and Frank nod.

MAC (CONT'D)

But then Charlie starts going into alleyways, and like gross little dugouts and shit.

CHARLIE

Okay, yes, they are filthy... But so was America back in the 1800s.

FRANK

So what? Did he find some prostitutes? I'm fine if they're a little saggy.

MAC

Well, no...

Before Mac can finish, there's a knock at the door.

MAC (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Charlie smiles and walks over to the front door.

CHARLIE

Gentlemen, please welcome the first  
citizens of Paddy's Pub.

He throws open the door to reveal a horde of disgusting men. \*

DENNIS

Oh god.

The room floods with people. Charlie is excited, Frank is  
disgusted.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Charlie, what the hell did you do?

Charlie pulls out a barstool and stands up on it.

CHARLIE

Here ye, here ye! Citizens of  
Paddy's Pub.

Dennis grabs a chair and stands beside him.

DENNIS

Thank you, Charlie, but I've got  
this- You are all very lucky, you  
are apart of something new,  
something special!

The audience is lost. One guy scratches his ass.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Okay. We only have three rules.  
Rule one: women must be topless at  
all times.

An old lady makes her way to the front of the crowd, she  
smiles and starts to take her top off.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

WAIT! Maybe we can scratch that  
one. \*

CHARLIE

Rule 2: You will all have your fair  
share of Charlie work to do around  
the bar.

The crowd moans, Mac peeks in.

MAC

Also, no pissing in the bar. And if  
any of you dudes wanna get  
married...

\*  
\*  
\*

Mac pulls out a Bible.

\*

MAC (CONT'D)

I've still got this.

\*  
\*

DENNIS

Alright, sure. Just follow those  
few simple rules, and you'll get  
free beer for life!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The crowd cheers drunkenly. Charlie leans in.

CHARLIE

This is gonna be awesome.

CUT TO:

INT. PUAZ CAMP TENT - DAY

A tiny tent is packed with all of the members of PUAZ. Arlo  
stands to address them, he looks a little frail.

ARLO

Okay, okay. I know the feds are  
coming down on us, but we have to  
stay strong.

\*  
\*  
\*

HIPPIE 2

I heard that they're going to kick  
us out!

\*  
\*  
\*

ARLO

We don't know that yet, but we are  
still looking for a permanent  
home...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HIPPIE 1

And we're running out of weed!

\*  
\*

The crowd bustles as Arlo attempts to calm everyone down.

\*

ARLO

Just... remember what we're  
fighting for.

Dee pokes out from behind Arlo as he coughs.



DEE

Um... Hi... What exactly are we  
fighting for?

\*

ARLO

Babe, I've told you like three  
times...

DEE

Ohhhh, were you shirtless? I kind  
of don't pay attention when you're  
shirtless.

\*

ARLO

Capitalism has ruined this country.  
Greedy corporations have ruled for  
decades. Not here though, NOT HERE!

He addresses the crowd, which cheers.

DEE

Oh, cool, um, how are we going to  
eat and stuff?

\*

ARLO

As everyone should, free from the  
tyranny of food corporations. We  
are 100% self sustained!

Dee tries to smile, but she looks terrified.

DEE

So like, no takeout or doctors  
or...

ARLO

NONE! We are free! Free... Free  
to...

\*

\*

Arlo gets dizzy as his voice trails. He falls over. Dee moves  
out of the way as he crashes onto the ground.

\*

DEE

Oops.

\*

A few PUAZ members pick him up and check on him.

\*

HIPPIE 1

He needs rest. Lets get him to the  
tent and give him some Kombucha and  
essential oils.

\*

\*

\*

\*

They shuffle Arlo out of the tent.

\*

Everyone looks to Dee.

DEE

Oh... Uh, Hi... Everyone...

Awkward silence.

HIPPIE 2

Does that make you the new leader?

Dee perks up.

DEE

Your leader? Okay, sure. Maybe we  
could go with... I don't know...  
Queen?

\*

She puts herself into a royal stance. The crowd doesn't seem  
to care.

HIPPIE 3

Uh... okay. So what are we gonna  
do?

\*

\*

DEE

Um, well me and the feds aren't  
exactly good friends so...

\*

\*

\*

HIPPIE 4

Are we going to move?

\*

\*

Dee thinks.

\*

DEE

I know a pretty nice place. There's  
a ton of weed there, and beer too.

\*

\*

The crowd perks up.

\*

HIPPIE 3

Is there anyone there now?

\*

\*

DEE

Oh yes... but they don't deserve to  
be there. They're a bunch  
capitalist pigs! I say... I say we  
take it from them.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

The crowd is into it now. Dee smiles devilishly as the  
everyone looks up to her. She fashions a makeshift throne out  
of some crates and assumes her spot.

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB BASEMENT

Mac is with a group of hobos, he passes out nun-chuks.

MAC

Thank you for being the first brave  
souls to sign up for the Paddy's  
Pub militia. I'm now passing out  
your greatest tool: the Nun-chuk.

The drunk hobos twirl around the nun-chuks confusedly.

MAC (CONT'D)

They aren't as cool as mine, but  
they'll do. Now, watch me.

Mac starts doing a nun-chuk move. He thinks he looks cool,  
but he really doesn't know what he's doing.

Dennis peeks his head in and motions for Mac. Mac shakes his  
head, Dennis insists.

MAC (CONT'D)

One moment, you guys just try to do  
what I just did.

\*  
\*

He runs over to Dennis as the hobos start to play with their  
nun-chuks.

\*  
\*

MAC (CONT'D)

What's up?

DENNIS

Is this our Milita?

MAC

Yeah!

\*

DENNIS

You think a bunch of drunk guys  
with nun-chuks will do anything?

MAC

Well, tomorrow I'm gonna give them  
guns.

\*

Mac whips out a gun.

\*

DENNIS

Oh shit, sweet! I was worried there  
for a second... Also, hold on, do  
you always carry that?

\*  
\*

Mac shrugs.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Nevermind, we have an issue  
upstairs.

MAC  
Can it wait?

DENNIS  
I just need your gorilla strength  
for like one second, it's really  
important.

MAC  
You really think I'm as strong as a  
gorilla?

\*  
\*

\*  
\*

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Dennis and Mac emerge from the basement into a makeshift  
courtroom that is buzzing with activity. Frank sits behind a  
cardboard box that's acting as a podium. Charlie is standing  
with a man behind a table.

FRANK  
Order! Order!

The crowd doesn't listen, it's a chaotic mess.

DENNIS  
SHUT UP! General Mac is present.

Mac perks up, not realizing Dennis is half kidding.

MAC  
General? I think I like that.

Dennis drags Mac over to the tables in front of Frank.

FRANK  
Resume court.

Frank uses a beer bottle as a gavel, he starts eating a  
Philly Cheese Steak as Charlie stands.

CHARLIE  
Your honor. As official lawyer of  
this great nation, I believe that  
every citizen has the right to a  
fair trial.

Frank licks his fingers.

FRANK

Agreed.

CHARLIE

We created this country to escape  
the unfair laws and tyranny of the  
American justice system, did we  
not?

The crowd roars.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

My client stands accused of  
breaking one rule. One of the most  
important rules, yes, but a  
misunderstood one indeed.

\*  
\*  
\*

DENNIS

How the hell is "don't pee in the  
bar" misunderstood? Your honor, I  
motion to kick this guy out.

Frank takes a greasy bite of his sandwich.

\*

FRANK

Agreed.

The crowd cheers.

CHARLIE

Wait, hold on, maybe we can make a  
deal?

Dennis motions for Mac.

DENNIS

Get him out of here.

MAC

Gladly!

\*  
\*

Mac moves over and grabs the DEFENDANT. He drags him over to  
the door.

Before he gets there, it opens to reveal Dee. She stands with  
her hands on her hips and surveys the chaos.

DEE

It smells like shit in here.

Mac throws the Defendant right into Dee, she falls over with  
a screech.

MAC

Dee? How did you get past our  
security?

\*

Dee pushes the drunk guy off of her and gets up.

\*

DEE

Security? Was it the guy sleeping  
in the shopping cart or the other  
one shooting up?

\*

\*

MAC

I knew they couldn't be trusted...

\*

Dee moves past Mac.

DEE

I came to deliver a message.

Dennis pushes through the crowd.

DENNIS

What? Do you want to steal more  
beer?

DEE

No. The Philadelphia United  
Autonomous Zone, and it's queen,  
are officially declaring a turf  
war.

\*

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

EXT. PADDY'S PUB - NIGHT

Two hobos are on top of the bar, pointing flashlights at the ground like prison guards.

INT. PADDY'S PUB

Chaos in the pub as the citizens swarm the bar. Dennis, Mac, and Charlie are scrambling to give everyone beers.

DENNIS

Okay, maybe free beer wasn't such a good idea.

A HOBO swats at Mac as he attempts to pour.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

BACK OFF!

MAC

Any sign of PUAZ?

DENNIS

Not yet. You have your guys watching though-

The Hobo spills the beer while trying to grab it.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Okay, screw you. No more beer! Go. Get out of here. All of you!

CHARLIE

Come on Dennis, these are our citizens!

Dennis slams his beer glass down.

DENNIS

You know, I don't think this is working out. We already cancelled our first town hall, we're at war, and we can't even enforce the pissing rule.

A Hobo then unzips his pants and starts to relieve himself.

Dennis tumbles over the bar and tackles the hobo.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

It's one rule! ONE RULE!

He raises a fist, but Charlie and Mac come over and calm him down.

CHARLIE

That's no way to treat your citizens.

MAC

I know this guy sucks but Charlie is right, we have to set an example.

Dennis pushes Mac and Charlie off. He gets up and surveys the room.

DENNIS

I'm sorry...

MAC

We just need to focus on the big picture here.

CHARLIE

Yeah... Like what are we gonna do about your car?

DENNIS

Oh gentlemen... I have something to show you.

HOBO 1

More BEER!

Dennis puts away all of the remaining beer glasses.

DENNIS

We're out of beer! Now everyone shoo.

The hobos disperse as Dennis retreats to the Office.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S PUB OFFICE

Dennis has constructed a large corkboard with images, lines, etc. His master plan. Dennis and Charlie watch as he finishes explaining.



DENNIS

After making our escape, we will  
return here with the car, safe and  
sound...

\*  
\*

MAC

Dude, this is sick! It's like some  
Oceans 11 shit.

CHARLIE

I get to be Brad Pitt though!

\*

MAC

You aren't Brad Pitt, I'm Brad  
Pitt. I'm cool and buff and shit.

\*

DENNIS

And I planned this all so I'm  
George Clooney. Not to mention the  
charm and good looks.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHARLIE

So who does that make me? The Asian  
guy?

DENNIS

Maybe the nerdy guy...

\*  
\*

MAC

He could be Matt Damon!

\*

CHARLIE

Oh hell yeah, I'm in.

\*

DENNIS

Perfect. So, Mac will be in charge  
of the militia, Charlie will  
distract, and I will oversee from a  
safe distance. All we need is Frank  
to stay here and keep watch.

\*

MAC

Where the hell is Frank?

CHARLIE

I think I saw him out behind the  
bar when I was eating trash  
earlier.

\*  
\*

MAC

You eat trash?

CHARLIE

Recycling! It's patriotic.

\*

MAC

I don't think you know what that means.

CHARLIE

Okay then, you guys can continue to pollute...

DENNIS

Just let him do his thing, Mac. You need to start training the guys for the mission.

MAC

Copy that.

DENNIS

Alright guys...

They all put their hands in.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

LONG LIVE PADDY'S, DEATH TO AMERICA!

CHARLIE

LOVE LIVE AMERICA, DEATH TO PADDY'S!

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh shit, wrong way...

DENNIS

(Scoffs)

Nevermind, It's kind of lame anyways.

Dennis leaves.

INT. PUAZ TENT

Dee has concocted a plan of her own. She now has a crown on, and is dressed in makeshift robes.

DEE

Our main goal is to overrun them. We will get them to surrender, and then the bar is ours for the taking!

The group looks a little bit less fired up now.

DEE (CONT'D)

What's wrong guys? You coming down off your high or-

Hippie 3 steps up.

HIPPIE 3

Well... I just feel that I was more  
of a lover, not a fighter.

DEE

Huh? This is WAR.

\*

HIPPIE 2

Yeah, I thought this was going to  
be like, a metaphorical war?

HIPPIE 1

Yeah! Like a war of ideas.

\*

\*

Dee groans.

DEE

We can't take over another  
sovereign nation with ideas.

\*

\*

The hippies don't look convinced.

\*

DEE (CONT'D)

How about this.

Dee grabs a bunch of blunts and passes them out.

DEE (CONT'D)

Smoke this and come back when  
you're feeling a little more  
patriotic.

\*

\*

\*

The hippies go right for the weed.

\*

EXT. PADDY'S PUB BACK ALLEY

Frank sits on top of a small pile of trash, his "throne". He  
is talking to a group of hobos.

Dennis comes through the back door and searches the alleyway,  
finally finding Frank after stepping over a few sleeping  
hobos.

FRANK

The best I can do is two days with  
no beer... Okay, fine.

Dennis approaches, and sees a few dollar bills go into  
Frank's hand.

DENNIS

What the hell is going on here?

Frank puts his hands up.

FRANK

Nothing at all, just talking.

Dennis grabs the cash from the hobo.

DENNIS

Are you taking bribes??

FRANK

I'm sorry! This just isn't working  
out for me. I needed a side gig!  
The whole reason why I joined this  
place was to get some tail and-

\*

\*

He eyes the line of ugly hobos.

\*

FRANK (CONT'D)

That ain't happening.

\*

\*

Dennis is appalled.

\*

DENNIS

You... traitor... TRAITOR!

He yells at Frank as he backs away back into the bar.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Wait until I tell the council about  
this. You will be tried. The  
consequences of your treason will  
be severe!

\*

\*

\*

\*

Dennis goes back inside.

Frank shrugs, he goes back to his dealings.

FRANK

One day, no beer. That's my final  
offer.

INT. PADDY'S PUB

Dennis re-enters the bar, and finds Mac showing a hobo how to  
use a gun.

MAC

No *THAT* one is the trigger, and  
*THAT* one is the safety. You'll get  
it right eventually, just try  
again.

DENNIS  
Frank is a traitor.

MAC  
What?

DENNIS  
I found him taking bribes.

MAC  
Oh shit!

DENNIS  
It gets worse, we don't have anyone  
to watch the bar now.

MAC  
What about Charlie?

DENNIS  
He's in the plan!

MAC  
And you can't either...

DENNIS  
Right. Danny Ocean always has a  
role in the heist. Sometimes in the  
back and not involved, but he's  
still there.

MAC  
And I mean... Brad Pitt.

DENNIS  
Oh, you have to go, there's no way  
he'd stay back.

Mac perks up.

MAC  
What if we just take everyone with  
us?

DENNIS  
Everyone? How many people is that?

MAC  
Actually... We've been kind of on  
the decline ever since the run on  
the beer.

DENNIS  
How many guys are we down to?

MAC  
Like 5 or 6. \*

DENNIS  
Oh crap. How many guns do you have? \*

MAC  
Three. I also have some bats and  
stuff though. \*

DENNIS  
It'll have to do. If the stealth  
approach fails, we'll go in loud. \*

MAC  
Good plan. \*

Dennis leaves Mac. The Hobo is looking right down the barrel.  
Mac grabs the gun.

MAC (CONT'D)  
No no. Don't do that.

EXT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Dennis exits the front with a bag of trash. He piles it up  
onto the curb with a mountain of other bags. He notices a car  
parked in front of the bar. An INSPECTOR gets out. \*

DENNIS  
Hey!

Dennis runs over.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
You can't park here, this is  
sovereign land!

The Inspector looks at the road side: No Parking - THURSDAY. \*

INSPECTOR  
It's Tuesday, and are you the owner  
of this bar? \*

DENNIS  
No! This is PRIVATE LAND. And you  
have to move your car. MOVE IT. \*

The Man locks his car, and stands his ground. \*

INSPECTOR  
I'm here on behalf of the city of  
Philadelphia. \*

DENNIS  
(Under his breath)  
Oh shit.

Dennis looks back to the man's car. A hobo starts pissing on his tire. The inspector turns to shoo him away.

INSPECTOR  
Get away from my car, it's a rental!

Dennis sneaks back into the bar.

INT. PADDY'S PUB

Dennis nearly barricades the door with every chair he can find. Mac notices.

MAC  
Uh, what's going on?

DENNIS  
This guy says he's from the city.

MAC  
What?

They look out the window and see the inspector hitting the hobo with his briefcase.

DENNIS  
Send out all of your guys. Maybe we can scare him off with their shit breath and piss soaked jackets.

MAC  
Are you sure? What if he comes back?

DENNIS  
We have to get my car back tonight. Things are gonna get hot.

Mac begins to rally up his men as Dennis goes back to the office.

INT. PADDY'S PUB OFFICE

Charlie is crafting some sort of makeshift device when Dennis bursts in and starts searching around.

DENNIS

Do we have any nails?

\*

CHARLIE

Finger nails? I thought you'd never ask! Under that stack of papers right over there.

\*

DENNIS

No! Ew, that's disgusting. Like, metal nails. I'm gonna spread them out on the road so nobody can park out front.

\*

\*

\*

CHARLIE

OH! Yeah right here, we have like a whole bag of them for that nail bed we never made.

DENNIS

Ah man, we should've done that.

CHARLIE

We still can! Also, I'm almost done with my masterpiece.

\*

\*

He holds up his device.

\*

DENNIS

Is this your distraction?

CHARLIE

This is only the beginning. I have a whole collection of booby traps that I have designed to keep the bar safe while we're gone. I might need a few of those nails actually.

\*

\*

DENNIS

For the traps?

\*

\*

CHARLIE

I was just gonna eat some... But I guess we can use them in the traps.

\*

\*

\*

DENNIS

Somehow, I'm now more nervous than I was just leaving the bar alone.

\*

\*

Charlie stands and puts his arm around Dennis.

CHARLIE

Trust me, I'm a lawyer.



He pats Dennis on the back, leading him out, and then gets back to work.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - LATER

\*

Frank is tied up naked to a post as he is being pelted with beer, vegetables, and underwear.

FRANK

This is humiliating. You are all sick!

CHARLIE

No Frank, you are the sick one. Sick with greed and tyranny.

DENNIS

You know the punishment is for traitors, Frank.

\*

FRANK

We never agreed on this!

\*

\*

Mac lights a fuse to a string of fireworks that are wrapped all around Frank.

\*

\*

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna die.

\*

\*

DENNIS

You'll be alright, the fat will absorb the explosions.

\*

\*

\*

Dennis looks at his watch.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Oh crap, we gotta move.

\*

CHARLIE

I'll set up the traps.

Charlie scurries back into the office.

DENNIS

Mac, are the men ready?

Mac turns and blows a whistle.

The remaining hobos that were booing Frank rearrange themselves into loosely formed rows. They stand at attention, all armed with an assortment of random weapons.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Let's move out!

Frank screams as he struggles to escape.

FRANK

I'm a founding father! You can't do this.

DENNIS

Oh yes we can. Traitor!

Dennis goes to open the front door but is greeted by The Inspector.

INSPECTOR

I'm back.

Dennis winces.

DENNIS

Come on in! We were expecting you.

He moves into the bar. Dennis shoots a panicked look at Charlie.

CHARLIE

(Whispering)

You guys go on ahead, I'll take care of this.

Charlie pulls out some duct tape and smiles.

Dennis shrugs and he moves everyone out.

EXT. PADDY'S PUB - NIGHT

Dee surveys Paddy's from afar. A group of hippies stands beside her with baseball bats, metal pipes, and other weapons.

HIPPIE 4

There hasn't been any movement for hours, no lights on either. We heard some banging then... Silence. It's like the place has been abandoned.

DEE

Ah, they're trying to get in our heads. They're locking down. Giving up! Now is our chance to move in.

She motions for everyone to move forward.

HIPPIE 3  
Are you coming too?

DEE  
I'll just stay and watch.

HIPPIE 2  
I feel like the leader should *lead*  
us into battle.

HIPPIE 1  
Yeah! If Arlo were here, that's  
what he would do.

DEE  
Alright, fine... Just move your  
asses, come on!

\*

\*

\*

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND - NIGHT

Dennis, Mac, and Charlie survey the impound lot from atop a  
nearby bridge.

DENNIS  
There it is. Are you guys ready?

MAC  
I don't know man, this is pretty  
intense. What if something goes  
wrong.

DENNIS  
Get your act together man, we've  
prepared for this. Just like George  
Clooney and Brad Pitt.

CHARLIE  
And Matt Damon.

DENNIS  
Yes and Matt Damon too.

MAC  
You're right. We've got this.

DENNIS  
Okay Charlie, show us what you've  
got.

CHARLIE  
Alright!

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

He whips out a cannister labeled "tear gas."

\*

DENNIS

Woah hold on... You made tear gas?

\*

CHARLIE

Yeah! To take out the guard.

MAC

You can't tear gas anybody, that's like against the rules of war!

CHARLIE

Who said we had to follow those rules?

MAC

It's in the genital convention- Or the geriatric convention?

\*

\*

\*

DENNIS

Mac is right, we can't tear gas anyone. You're going to have to use something else.

CHARLIE

And we can't kill him?

\*

DENNIS

Jesus, Charlie...

\*

Charlie waits for an answer.

\*

DENNIS (CONT'D)

NO you can't kill anybody!

\*

\*

MAC

Hold on... I think I have an idea.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND SHED - NIGHT

A Police Officer drinks coffee in a small security hut.

Mac then slides into the streetlight, shirtless, and starts flexing.

The officer quickly notices.

POLICE OFFICER

What the hell?

As he leaves the shack to check out Mac, behind him Charlie and the hobos sneak past.

INT. PADDY'S PUB

The front door bursts open as Dee pushes in. \*

Charlie's booby trap goes off over the door. It deploys a can of spray paint directly into Dee's face. \*

DEE \*

Holy Shit! My eyes. \*

Dee hits the floor and lands on another trap: exposed wire. She gets served a jolt of electricity. \*

DEE (CONT'D) \*

AHHH! \*

Meanwhile, the bar is still full of smoke from the firecrackers. It's empty except for a naked Frank, who is covered in soot. The Inspector is tied up next to him. \*

FRANK

Sweet Dee! Oh thank god.

INSPECTOR \*

HELP ME! These people are insane. \*

DEE

What the hell was that? I can't see anything. Am I dead? \*

She struggles to stand up as her Hippies come in behind her. \*

Her eyes are red and her hair is frayed out. She looks insane. \*

INSPECTOR \*

Please let me out. I won't say anything I swear. \*

FRANK \*

Come on Dee, help us out. \*

Dee struggles to collect herself as the hippies look around the disgusting bar. \*

They then hear the sounds of sirens in the distance. \*

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh shit. \*

Outside, there's a loud POP followed by a CRASH. \*

The doors fly open and Dennis, Mac, and Charlie run in.

DENNIS

Dee? What are you doing here?

MAC

EUGH! I didn't know you could get  
that ugly.

Dee struggles to get the words out.

DEE

I... Us... We! Are taking over this  
nation.

DENNIS

Umm... Okay, sure. It's yours.

Dennis pulls out his keys and shoves them in her hands. The  
sirens grow louder outside.

Dennis and Mac push Dee over as the make a break for the back  
door.

Just as they leave, a cop pulls up out front. They enter the  
bar, baffled by the state of it, and survey the chaos.

POLICE OFFICER

What is going on in here?

Awkward silence. Hippie 1 decides to make a stand.

HIPPIE 1

We are citizens of a sovereign  
nation. With Dee as our leader, we  
have successfully conquered this  
bar.

FRANK

They stuck fireworks up my ass!

The officer notices Frank and The Inspector tied up.

POLICE OFFICER

You're in charge of all of this?

Everyone looks to dee, who is still wearing her crown.

DEE

Uh...