

IT'S  
**ALWAYS  
SUNNY**  
IN  
PHILADELPHIA

*Mr. Kelly*  
GOES TO  
*Washington*

*Written by Donald Smith*



COLD OPEN

TITLE: 1:54 PM

TITLE: On a Tuesday

TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

OVER TITLES WE HEAR:

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
Unbelievable. That's crazy.

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

DENNIS walks through the back door to find CHARLIE, head in his hands, in front of the TV.

DENNIS  
Hey buddy. What's up?

CHARLIE  
Oh, not much, just saw the greatest movie ever is all.

Charlie bolts upright from his seat, paces back and fore.

DENNIS  
Yeah? Finally watched *Citizen Kane*, huh?

CHARLIE  
Nah dude, *White House Down*.

Dennis laughs mockingly.

DENNIS  
The, uh, Gerard Butler movie?  
That's what you --

CHARLIE  
He's not in it. This has President Jamie Foxx.

DENNIS  
Right. Well Jamie Foxx is an actor, not the President. And I've not seen it, but I guarantee you it's not as good as --

CHARLIE  
It's amazing, man.

MAC enters.

MAC  
Hey-oh! What's going on dawgs?

DENNIS  
(Sarcastically)  
Charlie's just proclaimed *White House Down* the greatest movie in history.

MAC  
Aw, the Gerry Butler flick? Yeah, that's awesome bro.

DENNIS  
No, moron. The copycat. You're talking about *Olympus Has Fallen*.

The smile is wiped off Mac's face.

He turns on Charlie.

MAC  
Butler on his own has more mass than those pussies Tatum and Foxx, so don't even compare them!

CHARLIE  
That's got nothing to do with it, man. Butler's a terrible actor.

DENNIS  
I gotta say, I'm with Charlie on that; he's gotten sloppy.

Dennis adopts a terrible, Groundskeeper Willie-esque accent.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
He's tha noo Sean Connery.

MAC  
The racist from Fox News?

DENNIS  
No man, that's Hannity.

MAC  
The singer?

Dennis stares at him with fury.

CHARLIE  
I wanna go there?

Charlie points at the screen.

MAC  
D.C.?

CHARLIE  
Huh?

DENNIS  
You want to visit Washington D.C.?

Charlie glances blankly, nervously, at Mac.

Dennis accepts he has to break it down further.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
It's where the White House is.

CHARLIE  
YEEE-HAW. We're going to CD.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

TITLE: "Mr. Kelly Goes to Washington"

TITLE: "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia"

FADE IN:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

Charlie, hands on hips, is next to a confused Dennis.

They're on the street, looking up through tall metal railings.

CHARLIE  
There she is.

DENNIS  
Who?

CHARLIE  
The White House.

Confusion turns to RAGE.

DENNIS

That's why we're stood here? That's the Eisenhower Building you idiot!

CHARLIE

Eyes in who?

DENNIS

Charlie, this is not even remotely secure enough to house the leader of the free world. I could toss a grenade into the dining room from here... and the building's blue.

DEE appears, done up like a dollar-store Marilyn Monroe.

An ill-fitting light blue dress sits atop shoes that barely fit her giant feet.

DEE

That ain't blue dipshit, it's gray.

Dennis COCKS HIS FIST and advances, ready to strike.

Mac steps into Dennis' path and holds him back, groping his arms unnecessarily.

Mac is also dressed for the occasion, donning cheap shades and a fake earpiece.

He would be mistaken for Secret Service, if he wasn't topless underneath the duster.

MAC

Not here dude, it's crawling with witnesses. She's not worth it.

DENNIS

NNNGGGHHH. She just --

MAC

I know, man. I know.

Mac massages Dennis' arms again, before being shrugged off.

MAC (CONT'D)

We'll get that stupid bitch later, but they waterboard the shit out of people here for nothing. Next thing you know you're in Guatemala Bay.

FRANK, wearing his trusty toupee and a silk suit, removes an unlit cigar from his mouth.

FRANK

He's right, this ain't the streets  
of Philly where they'd cheer as she  
hit the dirt.

Dennis LAUGHS as he visualizes the scene.

It subsides as he turns on Frank next.

DENNIS

And what's your angle; why are you  
dressed like a salesman?

Frank CHOMPS the end of the cigar, SPITS IT on the ground.

FRANK

Because I'm gonna make some sales,  
man. These assholes dish out  
contracts like candy.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LATER

The gang amble slowly at the back of an official tour.

A WALL OF PEOPLE march between them and the inaudible guide.

DENNIS

This sucks.

FRANK

Yeah, this is bullshit. They ain't  
gonna show any good stuff to these  
losers.

Dee holds on to an increasingly irritated Mac's shoulders, as  
her high heels give her jip.

MAC

Let go!

DEE

Come on Mac, just help take the  
weight off. I'm blistering.

MAC

It's my fault you came as a tranny?

Charlie is having a great time, head swivelling as he soaks  
up the famous halls and sculptures.

CHARLIE

It's just like the movie.

FRANK

They probably filmed it here.

DENNIS

They didn't. Charlie, can we go now?

An Asian diplomat in military uniform, GENERAL POH, 70's, strides past deep in conversation with an ADVISOR.

Charlie eyeballs him, then SHRIEKS.

CHARLIE

He was in the movie; he fought Canning Taintum.

DENNIS

That was an actor Charlie. The man who walked by us is likely an ambassa -- damnit.

Dennis glances back. Charlie is in pursuit of the two men.

The rest of the gang ditch the tour and follow Charlie.

Dee hobbles along in the background.

DEE

Ah, fuck it.

She removes her heels and sprints barefoot, sliding to a stop and disappearing round the corner.

Tailing them all is a suspicious-looking MIDDLE EASTERN MAN in his 40's.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR

As Charlie catches up to General Poh, a FEMALE SECRETARY bows to them before opening a door.

The SECRET SERVICE agents stationed outside also assume they're all one group as they get escorted into -

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE

The look of surprise on the redneck 60-year-old PRESIDENT THOMAS HUNT as he stands is mirrored by the shock on the gang's faces.

Sitting on the famous couches eating lunch are the FIRST LADY, a heavily botoxed 40-something Eastern European, and their flamboyant son EDGAR, 20's, a short mess of wispy blonde hair and bright clothing.

DWAYNE 'THE ROCK' JOHNSON sits across from them, dressed head to toe in brilliant white, taking a careful final bite.

As soon as they spot The Rock, Mac and Dennis look at each other with open mouths, star-struck.

DENNIS  
Hey man. Wow.

Their excitement is interrupted by a COMMOTION behind.

The Middle Eastern man walks backwards into the room with a SMALL GUN firmly held against Dee's head.

The Secret Service aim their guns into the room.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
Everybody back up!

The Rock SCREAMS and hits the deck as the group is forced further into the room.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (CONT'D)  
Pretty boy - lock the door.

Dennis and Frank step forward.

DENNIS  
Where are you going?

FRANK  
He looked at me when he said it.

DENNIS  
You think you're 'pretty boy',  
really?

The terrorist gets increasingly agitated.

He swaps the meaningless Dee for the President.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
It doesn't matter who does it.

Dennis SHOULDERS FRANK aside then turns the lock.

FRANK  
(whispering)  
Don't antagonize him Dennis.

Everyone in the now-sealed room moves toward the couches.  
The terrorist drags President Hunt over to the famous desk.

DENNIS

He's not here for us you idiot. At  
the very least Mr. Johnson is above  
us in desirable victims.

The Rock looks embarrassed as he gets back to his feet.

CHARLIE

What was that dude? Did you squeal?

The Rock tries to justify his behavior by directing their  
attention back over to the terrorist.

The man unzips his coat, removes a SUICIDE VEST, and places  
it over the President.

FRANK

So what? I thought you boxers were  
meant to be tough.

THE ROCK

Look, I -- my twin brother Dane is  
the wrestler, alright?! You think  
one guy can do all those movies,  
TV, the tequila, constant workouts  
on the 'Gram, and still be so  
positive? Come on guys, grow up.

Dennis puts a hand on The Rock's shoulder, bashfully.

DENNIS

I knew it.

FRANK

Bullshit.

DEE

You have his poster up on  
your wall!

Mac nods.

DENNIS

Whatever! Ha-ha. They're kidding.  
Anyways, I got an idea.

Dennis struts over and sits next to an emotionless First  
Lady.

She senses his presence, shifts over.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

It's Elaina, right?

FIRST LADY

No.

DENNIS

Cool, cool.

Beat.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Dennis.

She stares straight ahead.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

So, this is nuts... This ever happened to you before?

Nothing.

Edgar watches on, mortified by the terrible pick-up attempt on his mother.

Mac takes a seat next to Edgar.

MAC

What's up bro?

EDGAR

I ain't your bro.

(pause)

What's with the jacket?

MAC

Pretty sweet, huh?

EDGAR

Not really, no.

Mac stands and DOES A 360, before striking a karate pose.

Edgar spies his abs, raises an eyebrow.

Mac reciprocates.

THE ROCK

Hey!

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - SHORTLY AFTER

Frank stands by the fireplace, blowing cigar smoke into it.

General Poh approaches, cautiously.

GENERAL POH  
What is it you do, sir?

FRANK  
What's it to ya?

GENERAL POH  
I recognize you. We may have met  
here before?

FRANK  
I doubt it, this is my first time  
in this shithole.

GENERAL POH  
Hm... You look very familiar.

FRANK  
Oh yeah? Where you from?

GENERAL POH  
Vietnam.

Frank shuffles. Looks at his feet.

FRANK  
That so. Must just have one of  
those faces, I guess.

An UNCOMFORTABLE LAUGH as he tosses the cigar.

Beat.

General Poh eyes Frank suspiciously as he walks away.

LATER

A TENSE SILENCE fills the room.

Nervous faces, as the Middle Eastern man paces angrily.

He has the gun in one hand, a bomb trigger in the other.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
Why hasn't anyone called yet?

PRESIDENT HUNT  
We don't deal with terrorists.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
I could eat a camel.

PRESIDENT HUNT

What?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

I'm starving.

DEE

Hold on, all you want is food?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

That's just to begin with, you  
silly American man-lady.

Dee's face contorts.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (CONT'D)

Soon I shall gain the freedom of my  
brothers around the globe!

(pause)

But the smell from lunch is killing  
me. Wrestler, give me an energy  
bar; you must have one?

The Rock innocently points at himself, then rises.

The man aims his pistol, stopping him in is tracks.

THE ROCK

Hey, let's all stay calm. As I  
explained to the guys here, I do  
movies. My brother is the one who --

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

So you have nothing to eat?

The Rock sports a fake grin as he shakes his head.

BANG.

The terrorist SHOOTS THE ROCK directly in the heart.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (CONT'D)

Triple X sucked balls.

Mac WAILS and drops down over the Rock's lifeless corpse.

He immediately begins mouth-to-mouth.

CHARLIE

Awww, c'mon Mac. He's clearly dead.

MAC

No, The Rock never dies! He always  
makes it in the end.

Mac licks his lips and puckers up to go again.

DENNIS

Dude, we all know what you're doing, and it's just sad.

MAC

From the guy who's great plan was to bang this old broad?

The First Lady tries to show anger. Her face remains rigid.

DENNIS

And? So I wanted to get one last blow, before we all blew.

CHARLIE

Nice.

Dennis fist-bumps the laughing Charlie.

DENNIS

Also, you've been trying to bang the son since we arrived. Flaunting the duster and --

EDGAR

Leave him alone!

Edgar CHEST BUMPS Dennis timidly.

A gun is placed into Mac's ribs.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

That is a nice duster.

MEANWHILE

Dee has used the distraction to sneak over to President Hunt.

DEE

Rough day, huh?

The President grabs her by the hips and PLANTS HER DOWN right in front of him.

DEE (CONT'D)

Whoa, okay. I'm glad someone knows a beautiful woman when --

PRESIDENT HUNT

Stop talking.

He shifts her over a little further, then opens his desk drawer and pulls out a chicken wrap.

DEE  
Seriously?

The Commander-in-Chief quietly opens it.

PRESIDENT HUNT  
Spread your arms out like a shield.

He looks her over.

PRESIDENT HUNT (CONT'D)  
Or, like wings, if that helps?

DEE  
Your sandwich could've saved the  
Rock's life. You know that, right?

He ignores her and takes a huge bite.

The President SQUIRTS MAYONNAISE down Dee's dress.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Hey! You asshole, this cost me  
almost fifty bucks.

He notices the terrorist looking over, hides the sandwich.

The President quickly WIPES the stains as the bomber walks towards the desk.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
What is happening here?

The President swallows subtly.

PRESIDENT HUNT  
Nothing. I was just getting her to  
do some hand stuff.

DEE  
What?!

The man yanks Dee away from the desk.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
You expect me to believe a man with  
your authority would lower himself  
to this?

PRESIDENT HUNT  
 Hey, y'know, desperate times and  
 all that.

The terrorist looks an irritated Dee up-and-down.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
 What is this?

He sniffs the stain.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Spicy mayo!

PRESIDENT HUNT  
 What? No, that's uh, jizz.

The terrorist cocks the gun.

PRESIDENT HUNT (CONT'D)  
 You have to believe me - I did have  
 sexual relations with that woman.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - LATER

The terrorist, wearing the duster, studies the faces of the  
 ten hostages standing in front of the windows.

He walks along the line-up.

The Rock lays in a CRUMPLED HEAP by the door, topless and  
 shoeless.

A bewildered Dennis spots his exposed feet, before finding  
 the culprit.

DENNIS  
 Dude, you stole The Rock's  
 sneakers?

Charlie admires his new, perfectly white canvas shoes.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
 They're about eight sizes too big.  
 You look ridiculous.

CHARLIE  
 They're a nice momentum of the day.

DENNIS  
 The word's 'memento'.

He looks over at a sheepish Mac, standing in a large blood-soaked shirt.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Shame on you both.

Edgar stands uncomfortably close to Mac.

MAC  
I had to. This guy wouldn't leave me alone.

DENNIS  
I thought you wanted a twink?

MAC  
Too needy.

DENNIS  
Daddy issues.

The terrorist STRIKES DENNIS with the back of his hand.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
Silence!

Dennis holds his cheek, stunned.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (CONT'D)  
Someone here is concealing chow,  
and I will find out who.

DENNIS  
It's him.

Dennis points at Frank, who looks outraged.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
Why do you say this?

DENNIS  
You have Mac's jacket. I'm on a fast. Charlie's poor. Dee can't hide anything in that child's dress. The VIP's just had lunch. So, it's gotta be Frank.

The terrorist hovers menacingly over Frank, before RIPPING his wig off.

An active recording device sits atop Frank's skull.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
What is this? Are you CIA!?

FRANK

Nah. I just record everything. To cover my ass.

DENNIS

That bit's true. Check his pockets.

FRANK

Shut up, Dennis.

The man fumbles inside Frank's jacket.

He pulls out a GREASY WOODEN BOX. It's locked.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Open it.

FRANK

No chance.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Open. It.

He places the gun between Frank's eyes.

FRANK

Look, I'll give you cash instead.  
Please don't take my sausages, man.  
I need my meat!

Standing next to Frank is General Poh, whose eyes widen as the phrase ECHOES in his head:

*'I need my meat... need my meat...'*

EXT. VIETNAM VILLAGE - 1972 - FLASHBACK

Huts are ablaze.

EXPLOSIONS everywhere.

Helicopters WHIRR overhead.

Chinese soldiers surround dozens of kneeling Vietcong in the center of a destroyed village.

They execute a villager, before moving onto the next one.

CHINESE OFFICER

What about -- Wait, you're a white man! Where are the weapons, traitor?

It's Frank.

He's younger, yet oddly similar. His natural hair the exact same as his present-day toupee.

FRANK

Listen, I'll do you a solid Chang.  
I'll show you where the weapons are  
if you let me keep all of their  
alcohol and food. Deal?

He stands up gingerly, extends a hand.

CHINESE OFFICER

No. The rations are ours.

FRANK

Then you can get bent. I need my  
meat!

The officer admires Frank's guts. He cracks a smile.

They shake hands.

Frank walks away LAUGHING as -

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE

General Poh snaps out of it.

GENERAL POH

It's you. You're the Beast of Binh  
Dinh!

Poh LUNGES for Frank, but is held back by his advisor.

GENERAL POH (CONT'D)

You're a war criminal.

FRANK

Sheeeit. I knew he'd click on  
eventually.

The terrorist shoots General Poh in the leg, then aims it at his chest.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Wait! I'll open it, but there's  
three sausages in there and I want  
one. Deal?

The man reluctantly shakes Frank's extended hand.

Frank pulls out a small key and unlocks the box, removes one sausage, then hands it over.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I don't want any more Vietnamese deaths on my conscience.

DEE

How noble of you. Really makes up for your atrocities.

FRANK

Hey, it wasn't all doom and gloom back then.

Frank points at Dee with the sausage.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Rum-ham was invented in that jungle.

He bites it with vigor.

DENNIS

Guess this whole thing makes you our 'Deepthroat', eh Frank?

Dennis looks around, expecting laughs.

Beat.

The First Lady looks at him, disgusted.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Well I didn't expect you to get it, with ol' mushroom-dick over here.

PRESIDENT HUNT

Hey.

Charlie hears a KNOCK on the window behind him.

He turns around to see an ecstatic BEN THE SOLDIER waving at him, oblivious to the events unfolding inside.

CHARLIE

Ben? Dee, look who it is.

DEE

Holy shit. What's he doing here?

Ben's mic'd up, in full Secret Service attire.

Charlie glances at the distracted terrorist.

CHARLIE  
 (whispering)  
 Give me your lipstick.

PRESIDENT HUNT  
 If there's any left.

DEE  
 Hey, bomber guy, there's half a burrito or something in there.

Dee points at the desk.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
 Is that so?

The terrorist grabs the President and drags him over.

DEE  
 Eat that, dick-splash. OK, that buys us time. What's the plan?

Charlie grabs a napkin from Dee's purse, then spins her 180.

CHARLIE  
 First I need a less bony back. This is like writing on rocks.

An offended Dee is switched for a smug Dennis.

Charlie WRITES FERVENTLY with the red stick.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 I'm gonna slip Ben a note to tell him the situation.

Dennis catches a glimpse of the incomprehensible pictograms as Charlie slides it under the door.

EXT. THE OVAL OFFICE

Ben crouches down.

BEN THE SOLDIER  
 Oooo, a gift.

He lifts up the napkin, starts laughing heartily.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE

Dennis looks pissed at Charlie.

DENNIS

No-one on Earth can decipher that,  
you illiterate piece of -- oh no,  
he's got it.

Ben gives them a thumbs up, strolls away.

LATER

The TICKING of the grand office clock fills the silent room.

**7.56pm**

The inhabitants are scattered as daylight fades.

Frank, seated by a door, locks eyes with General Poh, who has his bandaged leg elevated on a sofa arm.

Dennis removes Old Glory from the flagpole and drapes it over The Rock's stiff corpse.

Mac emotionally kisses his fingertips and gently touches the former Champ's bald, blue-ing dome.

Dee also kisses her fingers, then tries to wipe the sauce stain off her dress.

The Middle Eastern man observes them all, and the windows, from the far wall.

Charlie SIDLES OVER.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

What do you want?

He points the gun at Charlie.

CHARLIE

Whoa there fella. I come in peace.

Charlie raises his hands and keeps his distance.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The question is - what do you want?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

For my imprisoned brothers to be --

CHARLIE

No man. What do you want?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

No-one has ever asked. Thank you. I guess what I really want is...

Charlie drops his hands, looks over to the rest of the gang who hover over The Rock in faux tribute.

Mac spots his cue.

MAC

That's the green light.

DEE

What is?

DENNIS

Shut up Dee. OK Mac, you got this bud. Remember what I told you?

MAC

Be the Golden God.

DEE

What's he --

DENNIS

If you don't shut up for the first time in your life Dee, I swear I'm going to put you next to Dwayne.

Frank puts his grease-covered hand over her mouth.

Mac struts, shirt unbuttoned, towards Edgar who is leaning on his father's desk.

MAC

Hey Eddie. Sorry 'bout before. That's just the Bear in me reacting to this whole thing.

Edgar nervously glances at his father, sitting at the desk.

EDGAR

Um, don't worry about it.

MAC

So, what's your plans when we get out of this whole crazy mess?

FIRST LADY

Might not, bozo.

MAC

Holy shit - it speaks English?

Dennis and Frank also notice.

FRANK

I thought you said she couldn't understand you?

DENNIS

Clearly I was wrong. Let's stay calm; plans change. Ask ourselves, what would Gerard Butler do?

FRANK

He'd have a beard for a start. I'd be happier if you had one.

DENNIS

I laser head-to-toe Frank, you know this.

Beat.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Agghh, I hoped it wouldn't come to this... I'm putting you in.

Dee FIST-PUMPS to herself in celebration.

FRANK

No! She always screws it up.

DEE

I do not. I can do this brother, trust me.

DENNIS

I don't. But you're the only other woman here, so I need you to hit Allana or whatever her name is with some 'girl talk'. Think you can manage that?

DEE

I can... Like what?

Dennis looks away as Frank SNAPS.

FRANK

She's gonna get us all killed Dennis!

Dennis goes right up to Dee's face.

DENNIS

You need to distract her so the big man listens in on Mac flirting with his son. To be President of this country, you have to hate gays. That's just a cold hard fact.

Frank nods.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

And Hunt may be the biggest homophobe to sit in the chair. Somehow, he's blinded to how incredibly camp his son is.

They look over as Edgar giggles and PLAYFULLY SLAPS a struggling, recoiling Mac's chest.

FRANK

He is a gay, no doubt.

DENNIS

Noted. We're running out of time. Dee, I need you to get her away from the President's side now.

Dee exhales loudly, smiles and sashays over.

DEE (O.S.)

Hey gurlfriend.

Frank's head drops.

DENNIS

She's the worst. OK, can you to make Vietcong guy flip out again?

FRANK

Piece o' cake. He's a cripple, got nowhere to go. I'll taunt him from arm's length.

Dennis CACKLES as he watches Frank depart.

He scans the room, proud of the three simultaneous distractions he's created.

DENNIS

Clockwork. I should run this country.

He looks up.

**7.59pm**

EXT. THE OVAL OFFICE DOOR

A child's pink digital watch.

**7.59pm**

Ben the Soldier puts his arm down for a moment.

He lifts it again, stares excitedly at his wrist.

Ben puts his other hand on the door handle, ready to go.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE

Dee and the First Lady are nose-to-nose, both red faced.

FIRST LADY

I did not think my husband would  
look at woman who is post-op.

DEE

You wanna talk about operations?  
Take a look in the mirror you  
bottle-faced bitch.

FIRST LADY

You want stains, I give you stains!

The First Lady steps back then SPITS ON DEE.

Dee returns fire.

President Hunt looks on with infantile glee.

He turns to see if his son is watching too.

Mac spots the President looking, puts his arms around Edgar.

MAC

So you'll come to my bar?

EDGAR

I guess I could probably --

The President EXPLODES out of his chair.

PRESIDENT HUNT

Get away from my son butt-boy!

He lunges for Mac and starts THROTTLING HIM.

Frank is DANCING at the end of General Poh's extended limb,  
taunting him with gentle slaps and a song.

FRANK  
"Rum-ham, Rum-ham,  
From the spoils of Vietnam."

Frank's attention gets diverted by Mac, now punching the desk as he GASPS FOR AIR.

General Poh takes his chance.

He pulls a medal off his chest, STABBING FRANK with the pin.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
AAHH! He popped me, the slippery  
lil' bastard.

Blood SQUIRTS from Frank's jugular.

GENERAL POH  
I've slain the Beast!

FRANK  
Gusher... He got me.

The terrorist scans the room which was silent seconds before.

Spitting. Choking. Bleeding.

Chaos.

Dennis looks over his masterpiece with a menacing grin.

The clock CHIMES.

Dennis turns and unlocks the door, just as -

BEN BURSTS IN.

The door SMASHES DENNIS square in the face.

Ben takes aim at the terrorist, shooting his arm.

The man FIRES A ROUND as the gun slips from his grasp.

The room FREEZES.

Dee is mid-spit.

President Hunt has his hands around Mac's throat.

Dennis clutches his nose.

Only Charlie is in motion. He DIVES into the path of the bullet, which is making its way towards the First Lady.

It HITS CHARLIE in the chest. He goes down.

The Middle Eastern man smiles. He lifts his good hand.

His thumb hovers over the detonator button.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
Fuck Americaaaaa!

MAC  
No hombre, fuck you.

Quick as a flash, Mac executes a PERFECT ROUNDHOUSE.

He kicks the detonator out of the terrorist's hand.

General Poh leaps up and sticks the unarmed terrorist in the neck with the pin.

Two gushers now.

The terrorist falls next to Frank.

EDGAR  
Ronald, you saved me.

MAC  
I saved America.

BEN  
We're heroes!

The First Lady drops down, cradles Charlie.

FIRST LADY  
Don't die peasant boy, please?

Charlie stirs slowly.

He wakes up, PATS HIS CHEST gratefully.

Reaching into his track top he pulls out:

A RAT.

The brown rodent absorbed the bullet, saving Charlie's life.

FIRST LADY (CONT'D)  
Oh no, your pet died.

CHARLIE  
Nah, he was dead already.

FIRST LADY  
You risked your life for me.

CHARLIE  
This is America Ma'am, we don't  
leave damsels in distress.

She plants a long, loving kiss on Charlie's lips.

DENNIS  
Oh sure.

Dennis stands over them, ranting with a newly-nasal tone as the First Lady helps Charlie up.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Fine, I'll ask. Why did you have a  
dead rat on you, bro?

CHARLIE  
He was the President of the rats,  
so I was going to bury him on the  
lawn outside.

DENNIS  
That makes sense.

DEE  
Hey asshole, I was a damsel in  
distress; you couldn't have dived  
in front of some of this crazy  
bitch's loogies?

The First Lady turns calmly. She KNOCKS DEE OUT.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

Dee's black eye stares unblinking at the television.

The rest of her face appears, not looking any better.

Flanking her are Dennis, bust nose, and Frank, neck in a  
brace.

None react to the LIVE NEWS FEED of a medal ceremony.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN

A LARGE CROWD has gathered for a special occasion.

A marching band plays. The guests of honour observe the  
parade alongside President Hunt and his family.

Charlie, Mac, Ben and General Poh proudly SALUTE military jets flying overhead.

Dwayne Johnson's framed black & white portrait is on display solemnly behind them.

The President steps up to a podium as the band finish.

PRESIDENT HUNT

Four brave men deservedly receive a Purple Heart today. As does a dear friend and national treasure, after dying in the line of fire.

In the front row, STONE COLD STEVE AUSTIN weeps.

INT. PADDY'S PUB

The screen is filled by The Rock's beaming smile.

DENNIS

Turn that shit off.

He walks to the bar as Frank cracks open beers for them all.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

National treasure. Ha! The Rock was a fraud, man. It was my plan that saved us all.

FRANK

They're all frauds. I took one in the neck from a Vietcong - I'm a war hero!

DENNIS

Exactly. I took one in the face. How was I supposed to know I hadn't locked the door correctly, y'know? It's not my door.

He takes an angry drink.

FRANK

I'm proud of you, son.

DENNIS

Thanks Dad.

They share a moment of solidarity as they clink bottles.

FRANK

We need to stick together from now on, as a family.

DEE (O.S.)

Uh, Frank. Might wanna see this.

FRANK

What does that dumb bitch want now?

'BREAKING NEWS' scrolls along the bottom of the TV.

Grainy security footage of a hammered, khaki-covered Frank plays, as he offers passers-by bits of rum-ham.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

We believe the notorious Philadelphia businessman will be extradited shortly.

'SAIGON, 1972' flashes up as Frank drops his meat on the street. He salvages it and tucks back in.

FRANK

Shit.

Frank runs behind the bar as Dennis, unmoved, keeps drinking.

FRANK (CONT'D)

They caught up with me, son.

DENNIS

In reality, they caught up with that rug. If you hadn't had that monstrosity on your head you'd be a free man.

Frank swipes cleaning products off the shelves under the bar.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

What you got down there?

Frank resurfaces and dumps a black rucksack onto the bar.

FRANK

My go bag.

DENNIS

That been there this whole time?

FRANK

Since I bought the building from that guy who was banging your mom.

Dennis LAUGHS as Dee sits down.

DEE  
Oh yeah, I forgot about that guy.

DENNIS  
So, what's in the bag?

FRANK  
Essentials.

Frank starts pulling out the contents.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Gun. Cash. Passports. Egg.

DEE  
Good to go, huh?

FRANK  
Yep. See ya when I see ya, kids.

Frank exits.

EXT. PADDY'S PUB BACK ALLEY

After ensuring the coast is clear, Frank makes a run for it.  
He's stopped in his tracks as he gets HIT FROM BEHIND.

SLOW-MO: FRANK SINKS TO HIS KNEES, ARMS ALOFT, LIKE TOM  
BERENGER ON THE 'PLATOON' POSTER.

Two wires stretch back inside the door.

Dee holds a TASER.

She and Dennis step over Frank's SHAKING BODY.

They toss the passports and egg, then split the cash 50/50.

They walk back inside, tossing the bag into the alley.

A fresh rum-ham ROLLS OUT.

It rests on Frank's head.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE