

IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

**"Mac Joins A Cult"**

Written by

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COLD OPEN

We hear A WHOOSH and THWACK.

TITLE: 5pm

FRANK (V.O.)

Almost got it that time. You're on deck for it.

TITLE: On a Thursday

DENNIS (V.O.)

Shut up, Frank. Let the craftsman work in silence.

TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

INT. PADDY'S PUB - EVENING

DENNIS and FRANK stand at the back of the bar. Dennis, with a knife in hand, stares intent. Next to him, on a barstool, are dozens of other knives haphazardly jenga'd atop one another.

A beat. DENNIS throws the knife, pure spin, brisk velocity...

At CHARLIE, standing by the bar door, who has an APPLE balancing on his head, and kitschy protective gear: oversized shoulder pads, shinguards. He looks to be wearing a mouthguard.

The knife passes...short. Three feet in front of Charlie.

DENNIS

Damn it!

Charlie removes his mouthguard.

CHARLIE

You know, I don't think this is gonna help me, Dennis --

DENNIS

I'll tell you, buddy, it's not even gonna matter, 'cause I can't hit you. It's that tiny rat frame of yours, it's messing up my patterns, giving me double vision.

FRANK

Dennis, your form is shit.

DENNIS  
My form is masterful, Frank. I'm  
wasting my god-given talents on  
Charlie's skinny --

DEE enters the bar.

CHARLIE  
Heyyooooo.

DEE  
What is going on here?

Dennis, Frank, and Charlie look at the knives around them,  
and start chuckling.

DENNIS  
Is that a rhetorical question  
or...?

They continue on laughing as she passes them.

DEE  
I don't even want to know.

She heads to the back office.

FRANK  
You wouldn't understand, Deandra.

She SLAMS the door on her way in. Dennis fixes his gaze back  
to Charlie.

DENNIS  
Put your mouthguard back in.

FRANK  
And fix the shoulder pad. It's  
limpin' off.

Charlie sighs, does it, gets in a ready position. Dennis  
readies another knife.

DENNIS  
My eyes on the apple like the  
eagle's on the... bass...

Shrugs it off, throws the KNIFE, DEAD LEFT --

-- As MAC walks in.

MAC  
Heyyy--OHH!

Dennis, Frank, and Charlie rush over to him.

CHARLIE  
Mac, you alright?

MAC  
You guys, you guys!

His elation is beyond them. He is out of breath, joyful.  
Bright green flyer in his hand.

FRANK  
Did we hit you?

MAC  
Huh?  
(Realizing)  
Oh, no. Wide left by a few feet.

DENNIS  
Damn it!

MAC  
You're still trying to hit Charlie?

DENNIS  
Yes, dude, I've been trying since  
you left, he's got such an awkward  
shape --

CHARLIE  
I don't appreciate that. You don't  
mean to be mean but I think --

DENNIS  
Shut up, rat!

FRANK  
Dennis, leave --

MAC  
-- You guys!

They all stop.

MAC (CONT'D)  
-- I found my people.

DENNIS  
Your people? What do you mean?

MAC  
I was at the gym, and I found this.

Mac hands them the flyer. Dennis reads.

DENNIS

*"Seeking men of strength and combat skills, all ages. Must have valid ID."* What is this?

MAC

Apparently, these guys, combat guys like me, they have a secret society where they like, do cool moves and badassery and save kids and shit.

DENNIS

Where on this form does it say anything about saving kids? Or badassery?

Charlie takes the flyer from Dennis.

CHARLIE

It says, "Jonas...Gorge...Gorgeous Jim..."

DENNIS

Join us at Giorgio's Gym.

CHARLIE

Who's Gorgeous Jim?

FRANK pats CHARLIE on the shoulder: *you tried.*

DENNIS

Well, who's Giorgio?

MAC

It's a gym on the west side, he owns it. They all go there and like, do ceremonial stuff. He's supposed to be like, the badass. It's so awesome.

Mac goes to grab a coat.

DENNIS

Are you going? You're not gonna throw with us?

MAC

No. They're having that meeting in twenty, I just came to grab this.

Mac giddily exits, doing a few awful karate moves on the street as the door closes behind him.

Dennis, Frank, and Charlie stand unenthused.

CHARLIE  
... What the hell was that?

DENNIS  
Goddamn it, Mac. Goddddddddamn it.

**TITLE: "Mac Joins A Cult"**

INT. PADDY'S PUB - LATER

DEE on the computer in the back office. She hears beyond the door "Dee! Dee!". The clamoring gets louder.

Dennis, Frank, and Charlie (still working on removing shoulder pads) pile in to the office.

DENNIS  
Dee. You need to go to the gym.

DEE  
That's a new one.

Dennis looks at Frank and Charlie.

DENNIS  
Is it? We should've really --

CHARLIE  
We should've come up with that years ago.

DENNIS  
Yeah, well -- it doesn't matter! It doesn't matter! We need you to do some intel.

The three look at Dee with collective cool smirks: *you want to be in on this.*

DEE  
Intel. At the gym. You want me to tell you how to lift a weight.

FRANK  
Shut up, Deandra. This is serious.

CHARLIE  
MAC IS IN A CULT!

Frank and Dennis register surprise. A little sudden.

DEE  
Yeah. You guys call it "The Gang".

DENNIS  
No, really, Dee. We have this flyer  
--

They hand Dee the green flyer Mac gave to them. She scans.

DEE  
Is this a gay thing?

DENNIS  
Is it a...

FRANK  
No.

DEE  
This is a gay thing.

DENNIS  
No it's not -- well,

CHARLIE  
It could be, we don't really --

DENNIS  
Will you just go? Scope out the  
place, see what this is? Ask  
someone in tight shorts if they  
know about a gay cult.

A beat.

DEE  
You want me to say those exact  
words?

DENNIS  
Yes. Like a parrot!

FRANK  
Bird.

The three of them laugh.

DENNIS  
But seriously, please go for us.

They walk out, laughing.

CHARLIE

She's a parrot, because she repeats, like a bird!

DENNIS

Charlie, stop. Don't repeat my jokes, you parrot rat shoulder pad monster.

EXT. GIORGIO'S 24/7 GYM - NEXT DAY

Establishing: Gym exterior. Dee walks in.

INT. GIORGIO'S 24/7 GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Dee looks around, sees a landscape of few people, outdated equipment. A few eyes locked on her. She feels uneasy, takes out her phone.

DEE

...Yeah, Dennis, why did you want me to do this? You couldn't yourself?

INT. PADDY'S PUB - MEANWHILE

Dennis on phone, talking head. Frank and Charlie in background. Frank reading a thick book, Charlie tracing pages with his fingers.

DENNIS

Because, Dee. It's a cult for men. Didn't you see the flyer.

DEE (O.S.)

So?

DENNIS

So, A: they don't want you, you're unsuspecting, and B: if I came in, they would be praying to me instantly. My godly physique, it would mess up their whole caste system.

DEE (O.S.)

Caste system. Also, don't you think it's more suspicious for a woman to be asking about a "seeking males" cult?

Dennis has no answer. Deadpan:

DENNIS  
I'm not sure they can tell, Dee.

INT. GIORGIO'S 24/7 GYM - MEANWHILE

Dee, furious, hangs up. Tries to avert men looking at her, and starts from the foyer toward the main lifting area.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - MEANWHILE

Dennis sets his phone down. He looks back at Charlie and Frank.

FRANK  
Did you know you have to pay to be  
in one of these things?

DENNIS  
Paying to let someone dominate you?  
Now that's kinky. You know...what  
I'm thinking...about?

Dennis rapidly bats his eyes, his sleaziest form of seduction.

CHARLIE  
New books. These books have no  
pictures. You can't even tell  
what's happening.

DENNIS  
No, not new books. In fact, why are  
we even leafing through books? Pull  
out a phone, Frank.

FRANK  
This shit is TOP SECRET! You can't  
find out about cults on the  
internet!

DENNIS  
You could absolutely find out. I'm  
sure I could find several million  
results in about -- you know --  
what I was thinking --

CHARLIE  
--Dr. Seuss always puts a picture  
next to the words.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Frank did you check the Dr. Seuss section at the bookstore for books about cults?

DENNIS

Shut up Charlie, let Daddy speak. I was thinking, let's form our own cult.

CHARLIE

Dennis, don't call yourself Daddy.

DENNIS

That way, screw Mac, screw his elitist gym membership. Our own cult, how we like it.

CHARLIE

Just to piss him off. Yeah.

DENNIS

Well, not just that. You see, aside from being extremely smart, I am a natural born leader. People are drawn to me like magnets and obey my every command. Like you, Charlie.

Charlie and Frank look at each other. Charlie shakes his head. Dennis shoots a look at Charlie.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Charlie...

Charlie's scared.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Charlie sit.

He does.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

If we make our own cult, I can provide a forum for all the women of Philly to attend.

FRANK

You just want a fucking orgy.

DENNIS

You can control the money. Be the treasurer.

FRANK

Deal.

Frank leaves.

DENNIS

(shouting after him)  
And make some fliers too! Use my  
swimsuit shots.

CHARLIE

What's my cult job?

DENNIS

Charlie does Charliework.

CHARLIE

But I always do Charliework!

DENNIS

That's because you're good at it.

Charlie exits, shamed and sad.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(to himself)  
Now for my Denniswork.

INT. GIORGIO'S 24/7 GYM - SAME

Dee approaches the front desk where A millennial man is  
drinking a green juice.

DEE

Hi. I would like to "join" your  
gym.

MAN

Great. Are you familiar with our  
membership packages?

DEE

No, I'd like to "join".

MAN

Great. Why are you using air  
quotes?

DEE

I don't want to actually work out,  
if you know what I mean?

MAN

Is this about the steroids? Because Josh doesn't work here anymore and Giorgio's 24/7 Gym was not affiliated with his-

DEE

What? No. I don't want steroids. Look, can I speak to Giorgio? Are you Giorgio?

MAN

My name is Derec.

Dee looks at Derec's name tag.

DEE

Derec with a c?

DEREC

Yeah. I don't think Giorgio is around. My boss's name is Roger.

DEE

Then go get Roger, *Derec*.

DEREC

Okay.

Derec exits. Dee looks around the gym. There are guys lifting weights, on the treadmill, etc. She realizes-

DEE

Oh my god. It's just a regular gym. Assholes.

Mac enters from the locker room. Dee clocks him.

DEE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Dee turns around and pretends to look at a brochure. Mac approaches.

MAC

Dee? What are you doing here?

DEE

Oh, hey Mac, funny seeing you here.

MAC

Are you on, like, a field trip?

DEE

What? No, why would I-

MAC

I don't know, why else would you be here-

DEE

What field trip would I be on-

MAC

Well it's not like you're a member here. This isn't a gym for sissy bird girls.

DEE

I'm not a sissy. Women go to the gym.

MAC

This isn't just a gym, Dee. This is for *badasses*. You know, guys training to be strong, powerful fighters.

DEE

Oh, yeah like you're some strong powerful fighter.

MAC

Am too!

DEE

Are not!

MAC

Am too!

DEE

Are not!

MAC

Am too!

DEE

Alright, this is ridiculous.

MAC

Ha! Totally won that.

Karate kick.

MAC (CONT'D)

Badass!

DEE

You know what? I didn't even want to come down here but now I'm glad. I'm gonna join the gym.

MAC

You can't join the gym!

DEE

That's right Mac, I'm gonna join this gym. And then I'm gonna get all strong and buff and I'm gonna destroy you.

Derec returns with Roger, a chrome-domed, shirt stuffed, middle aged man.

DEE (CONT'D)

(change of tone)

Derec, you're back. You must be Roger.

ROGER

Yes, I'm Roger.

DEE

Hi Roger. Listen you can go now, there was a misunderstanding but I figured it out. Derec, I'd like one membership to the gym please.

ROGER

This is a really a guy's gym.

DEE

(shrill)

Hey, I'm a guy!

Dee clears her throat and deepens her voice.

DEE (CONT'D)

I'm a guy.

DEREC

No, you're a woman.

DEE

What you talkin' bout bro?

DEREC

You're wearing a lot of makeup. Like a lot.

ROGER

And your hair is really long like a woman.

DEE

What this?

Gestures to her hair.

DEE (CONT'D)

Nahhh, bro. This is just a thing I'm doing.. For the kids. The cancer kids. You know.. Locks of Love an' shit?

MAC

Please tell me you're not buying this.

ROGER

Sorry, Miss.

DEE

Fine. This is discrimination! I'll be back.

Dee turns to leave. Mac turns to keep working out.

MAC

Bye, Dee! Tell Dennis I'll be home by six!

DEE

You don't live together.

MAC

(preoccupied with weights)  
Uh-huh. Yeah.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - THE NEXT DAY

Dennis and Charlie have outfitted Paddy's accordingly. They think so, at least. Dozens of candles line the bar and the tables. Slightly ominous opera plays on a cassette from the back.

DENNIS

(aside)

This is what you've been waiting, no, gripping to...your word is golden, your musk unmatched, your aroma...

Dennis sniffs himself. It's as uncomfortable as you pictured.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
...of excellence. Purity. Grace --

ARTEMIS enters the bar. No hesitation, into the vibe immediately.

ARTEMIS  
Wherever a cult candle may burn...

She cozies up to CHARLIE who is understandably petrified.

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)  
...dear Artemis shall return.

DENNIS  
Are you goddamn ser -- what are you doing here?

She laughs to herself.

ARTEMIS  
Is that a rhetorical question?

A beat. Opera fills the silence.

DENNIS  
No, it is not rhetorical at all!

ARTEMIS  
I suppose I'm just drawn to it, a moth to a flame, a camel to water, Frank's gardening to my Eden --

DENNIS  
Jesus.

ARTEMIS  
Heaven is a place on Artemis.

FRANK enters with CRICKET, and LIAM MCPOYLE.

FRANK  
Heyyyyooo.

DENNIS  
Frank, don't just walk -- you can't just -- what are they doing here?

FRANK  
You said "grab men".

DENNIS

The only way I'm letting a McPoyle into my cult is if we sacrifice him.

LIAM

My brother and I already have a murder-suicide pact.

DENNIS

(to Liam)

Freak.

(to Frank)

When I said get men, I meant who will provide a sense of, a sense --

ARTEMIS

Don't worry, Dennis. One of these men is very sensual, I know.

DENNIS

Gross. No! No! This is meant to be exclusive, honorable --

FRANK

Just because it's not the orgy you envisioned doesn't mean it can't be fun.

Artemis winks.

DENNIS

Cricket's not sexy! This is a high class cult not a brothel.

(aside)

Although...

DENNIS (CONT'D)

No. I'm getting ahead of myself. Get them out of here and find me girls.

Charlie is sitting at the bar dripping hot wax onto his arm.

FRANK

But they already paid the deposit. Two hundred and fifty dollars each.

DENNIS

I don't care just- holy shit. You made \$500 bucks off these losers?

FRANK

We're gonna be RICH.

CHARLIE

Look! The candle wax looks like a penis.

ARTEMIS

Alright boys, I'm gone. Your cult isn't ready for the the Hidden Valley of this ranch.

Artemis slowly swishes past Frank.

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna head down to the Dave and Busters parking lot. You know the one.

FRANK

No..?

Artemis gives Frank a disturbing smolder. There is a long pause filled with Opera music again.

Frank hustles behind Artemis barking like a dog.

DENNIS

Frank?

Frank and Artemis exit.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Frank, you son of a bitch!

LIAM

Frank said there were would be donuts...

DENNIS

Well, Frank just left, asshole!

LIAM

And free beer.

Charlie gingerly places two beers down in front of McPoyle and Cricket. Dennis sweeps them off the bar.

CHARLIE

What was that for? You ruined two perfectly good-

DENNIS

Charlie, stop, stop!

Everyone halts at Dennis's rage.

CRICKET

No donuts then.

Dennis, fuming, about to kill someone.

INT. GIORGIO'S 24/7 GYM - SOME TIME LATER

Mac dries off his sweaty neck as he approaches the water fountain by the front desk. A guy with his head down is filling out a clipboard.

MAC

Hey, man, I've been looking for a water bottle like that, right now I've just got this thing-

The man looks up at Mac. It's Dee.

MAC (CONT'D)

DEE??

DEE

(in a gruff tone)

Who's Dee? I'm Chet. Child actor from Los Angeles. Moved to Philly to live a normal life and pursue my dreams as a body builder and a baker.

MAC

This is insane you- man, I actually didn't recognize you.

DEE

(regular voice)

I know right? I mean I used super glue for the wig, so *that's* gonna be tough to get off-

MAC

Wow, super glue?

He gently tugs at the wig.

DEE

Yeah, I dunno I just thought if I was you know, sweating or moving around-

MAC

Yeah it looks really- OKAY WAIT. This is wrong. This is so wrong.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
You can't be in here.

Dee storms into the gym and lifts up a weight that is *just* out of her comfort zone.

MAC (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

DEE  
Just, you know...  
(struggling)  
Pumpiniron..

MAC  
You're what?

DEE  
Pumping.

MAC  
What Dee? Speak up

DEE  
(shrill)  
I'm pumping iron-  
(gruff)  
-goddammit.

Mac lets out a forced chuckle.

MAC  
This is bullshit. You're in pain.

DEE  
No, I enjoy it, sort of. It's a  
good pain.

MAC  
You're so lanky and skinny. I bet  
you couldn't even lift this one  
above your knees.

Mac effortlessly lifts a 25lbs weight. Dee snarls at him and grabs it from him. It drops to the floor. She lets out a girlish squeal of pain. Some nearby gym-goers look over at the scene.

DEE  
Woo! That's the good stuff. No  
pain, no gain, bro.  
(in a pained whisper)  
Mac, Mac, listen to me goddamn it.

DEE (CONT'D)  
I've bulked up before.

MAC  
No you haven't, you were in a head  
brace for all of high school.

CHET  
Well, Chet doesn't wear a brace and  
he's gonna make you look like a  
deformed shrinky dink. Twink.

MAC  
Wanna bet?

DEE  
Hell yeah... bro.

Mac and Dee share a *Good, Bad, and Ugly*-esque stare-down.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - THE NEXT DAY

Dennis stands behind the bar as he vigorously types on his  
computer. Charlie enters from the basement.

CHARLIE  
Okay, this is the only lipstick I  
could find. I broke into Dee's  
drawer, but I'm really doing her a  
favor I told her this shade made  
her look slutty. Oh, and I kept the  
candles. I'm gonna make myself a  
second skin.

DENNIS  
Charlie, come here and tell me if  
this is a good bio for my new  
profile. I'm trying to recruit guys  
for our new cult.

Charlie looks over Dennis's shoulder.

CHARLIE  
"Men seeking men interested in  
erotic passion. Learn the art of  
catching bait. No beer. No donuts.  
Role play involved. Required  
reading material: *Dennis Reynolds:  
An Erotic Life*". I think it's  
perfect.

DENNIS  
Really? I wasn't sure.

CHARLIE

No, it's great. It's to the point, its mysterious, it's got the word erotic in it twice. I know exactly what your cult is all about.

DENNIS

Okay good. Because although this all started out as a way for me to put more stamps in my sexual passport, I found a new calling...calling me. You know? Well, you don't know. You're only calling is being Frank's bitch and doing Charliework.

CHARLIE

Uhhh I think you're mistaken. If anyone is anyone's bitch, then Frank is mine.

DENNIS

The point is, I think that teaching sad, pathetic losers how to get women- for a small sum- is my way of... I don't know... giving back to the community. After all, I was once myself that loser with no hope for sexual vigor.

CHARLIE

Really?

DENNIS

No, of course not. I've always been awesome. How dare you even ask.

CHARLIE

Well I don't know, you said it so I just took your word for it.

DENNIS

Shut up, rat. Go get some skirts from Dee's house. The men will be here soon.

INT. GIORGIO'S 24/7 GYM - SAME

MAC is walking around the gym, clearly looking for someone. He gazes at THREE MEN IN ATHLETIC WEAR he recognizes and approaches them nervously.

MAC  
Hey!

MAN #1  
...Hey.

MAC  
Hey.

MAN #1  
...

MAC  
Fight, there's a fight soon.

MAN #2  
What?

MAC  
I'm fighting soon.

MAN #3  
Do we know you?

MAC  
Yeah, I'm Mac. I've been to a few  
of the meetings.

MAN #1  
Yeah. Okay.

He directs his friends to get up and leave.

MAC  
Waitwaitwait. You don't want to  
see it? I'll be doing like, cool  
kickass moves and all that. Tell  
Giorgio to come.

MAN #2  
What's your name, dude?

MAC  
Mac.

MAN #2  
Mac. Listen.

MAN #3  
You've been having a hard time  
getting accustomed to our group...

MAN #1

And we've seen you talk to that guy  
over there for a while...

They POINT behind Mac, to CHET: pumping iron, drinking  
Powerade.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

We just didn't want you to get the  
wrong idea about us.

MAN #2

We're a strictly fitness operation.  
No uh,

MAN #3

No funny stuff involved.

Mac lights up to their gist.

MAC

I... yeah, I was talking to that  
guy, but only because I want to  
beat his ass.

From behind, Dee waves at Mac, still lifting.

CHET

I'm making this dumbbell my bitch.  
You see me making this dumbbell my  
bitch, Mac?

Mac turns in horror, then turns back. The men walk away.

MAC

Goddamn it.

CHET

Mac? Look!

INT. PADDY'S PUB

Dennis approaches his makeshift stage in the middle of  
Paddy's Pub as Charlie enters from the back door holding six  
metal chairs: one balanced on his head.

DENNIS

Once you've kidnapped her goldfish  
and put it in a tight baggie, then  
she'll really have to depend on  
you.

Charlie drops the metal chairs.

CHARLIE

I found these in the dumpster out back. Who would throw away perfectly good folding chairs? What if you want to start a book club?

DENNIS

Or a cult.

CHARLIE

Yeah, or a cult, exactly.

DENNIS

Just set them up right there.

Dennis's computer starts dinging rapidly like the final draft collaboration notification.

CHARLIE

Woah, Dennis, your computer is blowing up.

DENNIS

No way, really?

CHARLIE

Yeah, you've already gotten like 35 responses to your ad.

DENNIS

Wow. That's kind of a lot.

CHARLIE

I didn't realize so many guys in Philly have trouble with girls.

DENNIS

There are a lot of losers out there, Charlie. I guess my ad really spoke to them.

(then)

Go finish setting up those chairs.

CHARLIE

Ok lemme go just get some toilet paper to wrap around this.

Charlie lifts up his hand to reveal it's bleeding profusely.

DENNIS

Jesus, Charlie, didn't you already have tetanus last month?

As he's walking to the bathroom.

CHARLIE

I don't play, my racket's busted.

EXT. GIORGIO'S 24/7 GYM - ??

Frank hides behind something. A pole, a phone booth, a piece of nice shrubbery. Dee exits the gym - FUCKIN BUFF- and walks past him. Frank steps out from behind his post.

FRANK

Dee?

Dee turns slightly but pretends to not hear.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Deandra!

(relief)

Thank god.

DEE

Goddammit, how did you know it was me?

FRANK

I could pick your flat ass out in a lineup.

DEE

God, Frank, that is so inappropriate. Why are there feathers on you?

Dee notices a smiley face kids stamp on Frank's hand

DEE (CONT'D)

Did you go to Dave and Busters again?

FRANK

Almost. Got kicked out. Just like at the Mattress Firm.

DEE

What do you want.

FRANK

I'm here to meet the boss.

DEE

What boss?

FRANK

The boss of your cult.

DEE  
Frank it's not a cult-

FRANK  
You don't have to lie to me,  
Deandra. We read the books-

DEE  
Who's we?

FRANK  
Me, Charlie and Dennis! But now  
they have their own cult, Dennis  
wants an orgy-

DEE  
What- why- godammit Dennis-

FRANK  
Just take me to Giorgio!

DEE  
He's not real!

A moist bodybuilder wearing a rainbow sweatband appears. He's eating a saltine.

MAN  
Did you say Giorgio.

DEE  
Oh my god-

Frank whips out a pistol.

FRANK  
I don't know anyone named Terry and  
you can tell him I'm keeping the  
goat!

MAN  
Hey man, I'm cool. I'm cool. You're  
looking for the man?

The man points to a large tent behind Giorgio's Gym. There is a banner on the side that says "DO NOT ENTER UNLESS YOU WANT TO"

EXT. PADDY'S PUB - LATER

Cars lining the curbside down the street, signaling at once several men of all walks and styles heading into Paddy's. Charlie is outside, passing them pamphlets as they head in.

MEN (O.S.)

"I solemnly swear, to uphold the teachings of Father Dennis--"

INT. PADDY'S PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Candles. Opera. The only difference between last attempt and this is the wigs, lipstick, and stiletto shoes scattered on different tables. Dennis stands tall, gazing upon the men chanting his oath, all each with one hand in the air and one on a copy of *Dennis Reynolds: An Erotic Life*.

MEN

"-our faithful leader to whom we grant our undivided sexual servitude."

DENNIS

Amen.

MEN

Ahhhh-men.

DENNIS

And with that, welcome to Paddy's Erotica!

They all clap enthusiastically. A few "yeah!"s. Dennis with no clue as to the crowd's thoughts.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

As you read on your pamphlets, this is a lecture-based exploration of pinpointing, seducing, and catching the most dangerous and alluring game: Man.

All ears perk up.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Charlie, get in here.

Charlie appears from the front door with horrifically applied lipstick and skirt. He looks like a vandalized Polly Pocket.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Now, Charlie will be your game, your bait, your TARGET. When we approach a target, what is the first pillar of seductive success?

A fidgeting, smirking man's hand rises.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

SMIRKING MAN

Hi, Gorgeous Jim-

CHARLIE

I told you!

DENNIS

Different thing.

JIM

I- love what you're doing. I would say... focus.

His eyes get wide on Charlie, and he licks his lips rapidly.

DENNIS

Focus. Very, very good. I will be distributing my memoirs, *An Erotic Life*, at the end of today's session.

CHARLIE

What?

DENNIS

By weblink. Anyway, G-Jim show us what you got. Start bold, confident, easygoing. Then pounce.

G-Jim stands up, approaches an increasingly afraid Charlie. He stops, studies.

GJIM

Hey, Tucker.

CHARLIE

T-- Tucker?

INT. GIORGIO'S 24/7 TENT - SAME

The moist man pervertedly opens the tent flap. Smoke emerges. Inside is a semi-circle of gym bros sitting in metal folding chairs. In the center of the semi-circle is a man behind a podium: Giorgio. All of the men are watching two men wrestle going at it.

FRANK

They must be charging a shitload more than us!

DEE

Oh my god, it is a cult.

Giorgio notices, then approaches Dee and Frank. He is wearing a super low cut work out shirt- practically hanging off of him- showing off his ripped upper body.

GIORGIO

Chet, my boy!

Giorgio presents his hand to be kissed. There is a shiny gold band on one of his fingers. Giorgio stares willfully at Dee until she kisses his hand.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)

We haven't had a formal introduction, but I've a-seen you around my gym. Great physique.

Dee and Frank are visibly shocked at Giorgio. He wasn't what they expected.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)

I'd offer you a seat to watch this match, but The Amazing Garth is about to defeat Shiny Pete. Third round.

FRANK

Uh...huh.

GIORGIO

(to "Chet")

And who is your guest?

CHET

This is uhm...Baron...

FRANK

...Davonbuster. I'm a talent scout for the gay stuff.

GIORGIO

You mean my wrestlers? Proud I am of them all.

FRANK

Right, I was hoping to go into some sort of back room, or secret thing to talk business.

GIORGIO  
Silly, we have no "back rooms" you  
speak of. We have a gentlemen's  
locker room to use, to -- how you  
say -- freshen up.

Eyes hard-wired on Frank. Eww.

DEE  
What are you doing?

FRANK  
(sotto voce)  
I have a plan.

GIORGIO  
What?

FRANK  
What?

GIORGIO  
A plan. You have a plan.

FRANK  
No.

GIORGIO  
You had just said --

FRANK  
I was talking to my associate.

Giorgio is suspicious, obviously. Motions to one of his  
guards.

GIORGIO  
I trust that while we discuss  
business there will be no -- how  
you say -- goofing around.

FRANK  
My honor is own my integrity, or my  
name isn't -- what I said it was.

GIORGIO  
Yes. Right. Why don't you find the  
locker room, the lounge room -- and  
I will meet you in -- how you say --  
a jiffy.

FRANK  
Yep.

Frank exits, winks to Chet. Chet just turns to Giorgio and smiles.

GIORGIO  
Sit. You're becoming one of my favorites.

DEE  
Oh.

INT. PADDY'S PUB - MEANWHILE

Gorgeous Joe is standing an inch away from Charlie's face. Charlie is smiling nervously. He has lipstick on his teeth.

CHARLIE  
Dennis??

GORGEOUS JOE  
Wanna see my Lucille Ball tattoo?

CHARLIE  
Ok break time!

All of the men murmur to each other. Charlie pulls Dennis over to the bar.

DENNIS  
What- what's the problem? I'm killing it out there.

CHARLIE  
Uhh, these guys are gay.

DENNIS  
What? No they're not gay.

CHARLIE  
These guys are definitely gay.

Dennis looks over Charlie's shoulder at the men. One of the men is telling the other a joke. He caresses his knee. Another set of guys are doing something gay idk.

DENNIS  
Shit. We started our own gay cult.

CHARLIE  
What? How did this happen? Where did you post your ad?

DENNIS  
I dunno, it was called buzz,  
beetle, no- wait-

CHARLIE  
Bumble?

DENNIS  
Bumble!

CHARLIE  
You made a bumble profile for our  
cult? Oh my god Dennis- Bumble is,  
you for gay guys to, you know-

Charlie taps his pointer fingers together.

DENNIS  
No... Wait. How do you know that?

CHARLIE  
I heard the waitress talking about  
it with that guy she works with.  
Scott.

DENNIS  
So all of these guys are gay.  
(aside)  
And yet, my doctrine of erotica  
resonates with them. My musk is so  
powerful that, not only women  
subscribe to it... it's my own  
fault...

CHARLIE  
What are we gonna do you already  
spent their money on new knives.

Charlie holds up with his giant toilet paper-wrapped hand- a  
GIANT knife.

DENNIS  
I think we need to give these men  
what they came here for. They made  
an oath, after all.

CHARLIE  
I don't want that guy to practice  
hitting on me! I'm not even dressed  
appropriately anymore.

DENNIS  
Charlie, you're being promoted.  
Your new Charliework is to shut up.  
(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
 Just be a talking blow up doll, for  
 all I care. It's what you look  
 like, anyway.

Dennis walks back over to the men with Charlie in tow.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
 Thank you all for your continued  
 patience.  
 (to Gorgeous Jim)  
 You can have a seat.  
 (to all)  
 I will be taking over the role play  
 position of: "hunter"- now please  
 watch as I approach the bait...

Dennis takes Charlie's head in his hands and slowly begins to  
 pull him closer. Pure fear emits from Charlie's eyes.

INT. GIORGIO'S 24-7 TENT - MEANWHILE

As she is stuck with the prospect, Mac barges into the tent.  
 Giorgio immediately rises. Guard on hand grabs him instantly.

GIORGIO  
 I told you to leave, didn't I?

MAC  
 But now, look!

MAC, with no shame but all desperation, flexes some triceps.  
 Giorgio, unimpressed.

GIORGIO  
 Are they greased? You didn't grease  
 them.

MAC  
 I did - I --

GIORGIO  
 With one coat.

MAC  
 You know, I'll do two! Three!

GIORGIO  
 You don't have in you. One coat,  
 you won't impress me. Three coats  
 at least is *what you need*.

MAC  
Is that Dr. Seuss?

GIORGIO  
Undermine me one more time, I swear  
to God!

He SLAMS his fist onto his leg then cries in pain. The guard leads Mac out.

MAC  
This is bullshit, Chet. I'm twice  
the hunk of meat, even without  
lube.

CHET  
Say that sentence again.

MAC  
(realizing)  
...Bulk-off is now! I'm ready!

CHET  
Fine! Let's go.

GIORGIO  
I must say, this drama is ti-til-a-  
tin-guh! You must duel in my tent.  
The Amazing Garth no longer holds  
my sway.

He begins to massage Chet's shoulders.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)  
My Chetty Cheese, you must defeat  
this man. He is a constant pain in  
my -- how you say -- ass.

MAC  
I'm gonna rip your ear off with my  
teeth, bitch!

DEE  
What?

GIORGIO  
Perfect, perfect! We mustn't wait.

Giorgio makes haste back into the center of the tent to break up the wrestling and to prepare.

MAC  
(to Dee)  
What about Frank?

INT. GIORGIO'S - LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Frank is sweating under the oppressive humidity of the nearby sauna. He quickly walks alongside a few LOCKERS, bigger than the others, at the end of the tiled wall. He peers at them, takes a good look.

INT. GIORGIO'S 24-7 TENT - MINUTES LATER

The stage is set, the semicircle now orbiting around TWO FIGHTERS: Mac and Chet.

RANDOM TENT SPECTATOR #1

(to Mac)

Go for the balls!

DEE

Oh, boy...

GIORGIO

Attention, fellows! This brawl will open on my count. 3..2..

Mac breaks before the start mandates, goes to headbutt Dee. She simply sidesteps him then lightly push Mac, who falls thunderously.

DEE

You have no upper body strength!

MAC

I'm all shoulder, what are you talking about?

DEE

I didn't even push you, like, at all.

MAC

I was going down for strategy.

DEE

What?

MAC

A momentary pause for strategy.

DEE

I --

Mac clocks Dee in the face. She is knocked back but still standing.

CROWD

Ohhh!

After the punch, Dee's INK GOATEE stains Mac's fist.

GIORGIO

Hold on a minute --

Just as the crowd gets the gist, Frank is heard yelling outside of the tent.

EXT. GIORGIO'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

FRANK is being chased by security detail. He's holding literal WADS of cash and wallets that extend from his folded arms. GIORGIO pokes his head out, immediately runs out.

GIORGIO

After him, you fools!

Mac and Dee also exit the tent to see the commotion, as do the other spectators.

FRANK

Mac! Deandra! Get in the car!

GIORGIO

Deandra?

They rush off to escape the brawl, following Frank and making quick work on heading into the car and driving off.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)

Hector, being 'round the Prius.  
Now!

INT. PADDY'S PUB - MEANWHILE

Dennis takes Charlie's head in his hands and slowly begins to pull him closer. Pure fear emits from Charlie's eyes. The men watching get emotional.

On lips inches away, coming closer, Charlie and Dennis wince -  
-

Frank, Dee, and Mac all rush in to the bar.

DENNIS

Oh!

CHARLIE

Oh!

They instinctively turn away from each other.

MAC  
What the hell?

DEE  
Hide it, hide it!

FRANK  
I'm gonna spend it in three hours  
anyway. Red Lobster.

DENNIS  
(to Dee)  
Why is there Sharpie on your face?  
You look more man than usual. Well,  
slightly.

The gang all chuckles, as does a few of the random online  
guys.

DEE  
Beating up Mac. Threw him down.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, my god, Dee, you're ripped.

Dee shrugs and smirks.

FRANK  
(re: cash)  
I'm stashing it in the back.

DENNIS  
Okay, uh, you guys have to head  
out, I guess. Mac, you were  
fighting Dee?

The men groan and shuffle out. A few take candles with them.

MAC  
I crushed you, Dee. You were lucky  
I forgot my Tai Chi. Who are these  
guys, anyway?

DENNIS  
It's a...group. Men's group.

MAC  
For?

DENNIS

Well, you were gone, so we made new friends. Taught them about my lessons for erotic life.

MAC

You guys started a gay cult without me?

DENNIS

You were in a gay cult without us!

MAC

Gay? It was a men's group!

KNOCK KNOCK.

GIORGIO barges in.

GIORGIO

You assholes. Ruined my credibility, ruined my record, and ruined Amazing Garth! He's extremely upset over what happened today.

DENNIS

Who are you?

GIORGIO

Just give me back my money, and --

MAC

Giorgio, I understand this isn't a good time, but I fought pretty well for your honor and --

DEE

Bullshit! I knocked you on your ass.

MAC

It was a strategic POSIT --

A knife with impeccable, graceful spin moves past them and into Giorgio's leg. OFF HIS SHOCK AND WINCE:

Frank stands almost victorious but mostly winded at the end of the bar.

A beat.

As Giorgio continues to painfully growl and cry out...

GIORGIO

Okay, okay... goddamnit...

He rushes up, limping, and gets the hell out of Dodge.

The gang stands impressed. Dee is the only one actually struck by the sight of the wound.

DENNIS

That's the kind of spin I needed.  
Intense AND accurate.

CHARLIE

Really nice, Frank.

MAC

*Reallly* nice.

**THE END**