## IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

"The Gang Grieves for Chunk"

Written by

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#### COLD OPEN

TITLE: 11:00 AM

TITLE: On a Thursday

TITLE: Philadelphia, PA

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY (DAY 1)

Charlie, Dennis and Dee sit at the bar while Mac restocks the liquor behind it.

MAC

I don't mind being ripped beyond belief, it's just the long term effects of radiation that I'm worried about.

DENNIS

The power lines over your place aren't giving you radiation.

MAC

Says you.

Mac does a few showy bicep curls with a crate of booze.

**DENNIS** 

Says the fathers of modern science.

MAC

Please don't sit there and try to act like the Incredible Hulk wasn't based on reality.

Charlie picks at a swollen red lump on his arm.

CHARLIE

This thing is really getting ripe.

**DENNIS** 

Mind telling me what sort of hideous disease you're incubating on your arm there, Charlie?

DEE

Oh my God, is that thing for real?

CHARLIE

Excuse me?

DENNIS

God damnit, Charlie, show some class! Stop picking your scabies while you're sitting beside me!

Charlie stops, considers his wound.

CHARLIE

Wait - this thing? This is just a little spider bite situation.

MAC

I'm hulking out with the power lines, he's probably going to turn into some sort of super-powered teenager-

DEE

Oh my God. Would you give the superhero thing a rest, Mac? You're not that big, okay?

MAC

In the eyes of a gigantic bird woman, of course not. What's your story, anyway? You get slammed by a barrel of toxic waste?

DENNIS

Charlie, why don't you go outside and let your rats gnaw that off, alright?

CHARLIE

Can't. I was singing to them the other day and I think some of them fell in love? This one chick-

DEE

Chick?

CHARLIE

Like the rat queen or whatever. She's been trying to slip me the tongue.

The front door opens and Frank enters, moaning.

DENNIS

You need to be put down, Charlie. Seriously. Whatever aspirations-

Frank moans LOUDER.

MAC

Yes, Frank?

FRANK

My heart's going to burst-

Dee rubs her hands together.

DEE

Here we go...

FRANK

He's dead - oh, God! He's dead!

Frank wails.

**DENNIS** 

Who's dead?

Frank points to his phone.

FRANK

The face of a whole generation!

MAC

Morgan Freeman?

FRANK

No, you idiot - the eighties!

DEE

Oh, God - Kirk Cameron?

DENNIS

Lord, please don't say Belinda Carlisle!

FRANK

No, no, no! JEFF COHEN!

Everyone moans and wails, but it slowly tapers into-SILENCE.

DENNIS

...Who?

FRANK

Jeff Cohen! America's sweetheart!

CHARLIE

I have no idea-

# FRANK Chunk! The fat kid from Goonies!

The bar moans again, this time with sincerity. Mac pulls two bottles out of the well and pours them out onto the floor.

MAC Farewell, little prince.

CUT TO:

## MAIN TITLES

TITLE: "The Gang Grieves for Chunk"

TITLE: "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia"

### ACT ONE

INT. PADDY'S PUB - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 1)

The gang sits on the stools, facing out towards Frank, who paces the open floor.

MAC

It doesn't make any sense.

DEE

So young.

**DENNIS** 

Dee. Please keep your idiocy at a minimum. How did Chunk go, Frank?

Frank scrolls through his phone.

FRANK

God, it's all coming in right now.

MAC

What is?

FRANK

The tweets on "Celebrity Morgue." It's a feed for dead celebrities.

**DENNIS** 

My fallen comrades.

DEE

Yeah, yeah - how did the kid die?

FRANK

The fatness.

MAC

The silent killer.

DENNIS

Not that silent. You ever listened to Dee eating lasagna?

FRANK

If I may steer us back to the deceased?

CHARLIE

You may help me pop this thing if ye like.

DEE

I swear to God, Charlie.

DENNIS

Charlie, some of us are trying to mourn the loss of a fabled actor.

FRANK

Here, here!

CHARLIE

Yeah, but-

MAC

Jeff Cohen. Debuted on Webster. Stole the show during an appearance on Facts of Life.

DEE

I know all that already. Who doesn't?

DENNIS

You'd be surprised, Dee. When you get right down to it, there's only one person on this planet who can truly be his number one fan.

DEE

I bet that fan will be showered with just as much love and condolences as Chunk.

**DENNIS** 

If not more.

Dee and Dennis stare at one another.

DEE/DENNIS

One, two, three, four - I declare a title war!

FRANK

No, no Title Wars! Title Wars never ends well!

MAC

Are we still mourning Jeff Cohen?

**DENNIS** 

Mac, please, some of us are taking this harder than others.

Dennis kisses his fingers and points to the sky.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I <u>will</u> take the title of number one fan, Dee.

Dee kisses fingers on both hands and points to the sky.

DEE

Blow me, Banana Republic.

CHARLIE

I feel like a chicken is going to walk in here wearing denim any second now.

FRANK

This isn't a dream, Charlie. This is real, okay? Chunk is dead.

CHARLIE

The soup or ..?

MAC

From the eighties film, Goonies!

CHARLIE

Everything sounds like Chinese.

**DENNIS** 

Give it up, Charlie. Just admit you don't care.

CHARLIE

Of course I care when someone dies, but I literally have no idea what you mean when you say, "the eighties."

FRANK

What the hell is the matter with you, Charlie?!

CHARLIE

I think this bite is getting into my brain.

MAC

I'm going to faint. Do you seriously not remember the eighties?

Frank claps his hands.

FRANK

Ok, circle the wagons back around. This is about Jeff-

DEE

Who?

FRANK

Chunk.

DENNIS

My hero.

My idol.

DEE

FRANK (CONT'D)

Exactly. I'm thinking we throw a little soirée here tomorrow so the bar can cash in on our fallen fatso.

DENNIS

That sounds like it will be in remarkably poor taste.

FRANK

It's a celebration of his extermination.

DENNIS

Missing the part where it sounds like a good thing.

DEE

Sounds great to me. All those fans in one place? Someone's bound to earn the title of the biggest.

DENNIS

I'm in.

FRANK

Well get off your asses and start helping me bid farewell to Chunk!

Frank exits to the office with Dee and Dennis in tow.

CHARLIE

Mac. Look. I'm not exactly earning right now, per se, so if Frank's turning eighty, I can't really afford to do the gift thing.

Mac sweeps an arm over Charlie and pulls him to the door.

MAC

No, no - the eighties, Charlie.

Charlie tries to hug Mac, but Mac squirms out of it.

MAC (CONT'D)

Whoa - nope! No touch-y with that arm-y, okay buddy?

CHARLIE

I don't feel good. Do you think that spider put something in me?

MAC

No, that spider took something out of you.

CHARLIE

Holy shit, are my kidneys gone?

MAC

No, Charlie! You've been robbed of the greatest decade of all time, the Renaissance of Panache.

CHARLIE

I'm just not sure-

MAC

I'm going to ram you with so much eighties, you're going to be raw for a week!

INT. PADDY'S PUB - OFFICE

Frank, Dennis and Dee work assemble a flyer for the event.

FRANK

Give me something else. Something to bring in the broads.

**DENNIS** 

A mop.

DEE

Uh, okay - or a gigantic corporate office and equal pay and-

DENNIS

No, no, that's so unrealistic, Dee. And sloppy.

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I mean this thing already looks like a child's ransom note-

FRANK

Well a lot of help you nitwits turned out to be! I need material related to the theme. This is your favorite celebrity, remember?

DENNIS

Chunk. Right. Well how about-

DEE

A baby.

**DENNIS** 

I'm sorry, what does that baby have to do with Chunk's passing?

DEE

Uh, I'm sorry - everything? Was he or was he not a baby?

**DENNIS** 

Jesus Christ, he didn't <u>die</u> as a baby.

DEE

Broads like babies, Frank. Slap it on.

Frank shrugs and glues a photo to the flyer. He points at Dennis.

FRANK

What about you, Mr. Big Fan?

**DENNIS** 

Ok. Fine. How about some peanut butter?

FRANK

The hell's that got to do with anything? I'm trying to get people inside the bar to make some bucks, remember?

**DENNIS** 

You wouldn't get it.

DEE

Enlighten us.

DENNIS

For starters, it should be 'chunky' peanut butter, which he loved to eat.

DEE

My God.

FRANK

The hell he did.

DENNIS

What do you know about him, Frank? You're far too old to know anything about him - put it on there!

DEE

Add the thing, Frank. The man circle. The symbol of man.

FRANK

The anus?

Dee draws the Mars gender symbol for man on a piece of paper.

DEE

Because he's a guy. Was a guy. Lord rest him.

DENNIS

Whatever, can we start passing these out already? I can't claim the title of number one fan until I get amongst the masses.

FRANK

The hell have I done?

INT. MAC'S APARTMENT

Charlie tries to get up from the couch, but Mac shoves him back into place.

CHARLIE

Mac, please.

MAC

I want to know if you've absorbed anything I've told you. Fill in my blanks. You ready?

CHARLIE

I'm ready to see my doctor.

MAC

Ninteen eighty five. Boy travels through time in a bitchin' car. Movie's called Back to the..?

CHARLIE

Land of the dinosaurs?

MAC

No, Charlie. Concentrate!

CHARLIE

Back to the Concentrate?

MAC

Nineteen eighty four. Boy is saved by a mermaid. She returns twenty years later and they fall in love. Movie's called-

CHARLIE

Boner City?

MAC

Charlie. Please. I need you to get this last one, alright? Nineteen eighty five. Guy with a big slobbery face, fights Dolph Lundgren, fourth movie in a very rocky franchise...

Charlie raises his hand. His arm is red from his fingertips to his shirt sleeve.

MAC (CONT'D)

Yes! You there, handsome boy in the front row!

CHARLIE

Please call me a doctor.

MAC

Dr. Feelgood?

CHARLIE

Is he good?

MAC

He's the one that makes you feel alright.

CHARLIE

Good. Call him.

MAC

This is serious, isn't it?

CHARLIE

Yes! Thank you for finally noticing.

Charlie tries to stand, but Mac shoves him to the couch again.

MAC

Bonus round! Nineteen eighty six, a bunch of sweaty, beautiful dudes flying jets, extended beach volleyball scene with these jean cutoff shorts that are just hugging all kinds of ass.

CHARLIE

I got it!

MAC

Yeah?

CHARLIE

You're trying to bang me again, aren't you?

#### EXT. PHILLY SIDEWALK

Frank paces the sidewalk of a busy shopping center. He's holding a stack of flyers in his hands.

FRANK

Hear ye, hear ye, the great Chunk has croaked! Celebration tomorrow night!

Frank tries to pass a flyer to a CHILD, but the child's MOTHER pulls him away.

CHILD

Was that Rumpelstiltskin, Mom?

FRANK

Ahoy, Mateys! Chunk bit the big one! Party at Paddy's!

A MAN tries to sneak past Frank, but Frank bullies him into taking a flyer.

MAN

What is this thing? Who's dead?

Dee rushes up holding a handful of her own flyers.

DEE

I can take this one, Frank.

FRANK

No - beat it, Dee!

DEE

(to the man)

Dee Reynolds, biggest fan.

MAN

Of me?

DEE

No, dumbass. Of the dead celebrity.

MAN

Is that what this flyer is supposed to be for?

Dennis rushes up with his own handful of flyers.

DENNIS

It is, Sir. My very close friend has passed on.

FRANK

Damnit, you two! Do you have any idea how much money you're going to cost me with this title war?

**DENNIS** 

Excuse me? Chunk is dead, Frank. A little respect would go a long way. So would you bestowing me with the title of the biggest fan.

MAN

Who is Chunk?

FRANK

He's a goner. That's why we're having a little shindig in his honor. Two for one at Paddy's Pub. Tomorrow night. We'll have merch, we'll have-

DEE

That's beside the point, Frank.

FRANK

It's the entire point!

The man studies the flyer.

MAN

Him? Wait - the kid from Goonies is
dead?

DENNIS

My porky pal. Best pal, actually.

FRANK

May I suggest following "Celebrity Morgue?" Here's a photo of Chunk's exit wound.

Frank shows a photo on his phone.

MΔN

That's a close up of ground beef.

FRANK

What do you know about dead bodies?

DENNIS

Did I mention that Chunk and I-

Dennis puts his hand on his heart, catching the eyes of an attractive WOMAN.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Excuse me a moment, this thing's breaking down on me...

WOMAN

You do seem very upset.

DEE

Him? Come on, Lady. I was with that dead lardo two nights ago and he planted this hickey right on my neck. Last mark he'll ever leave on me.

Dennis twists to show off scratches on his back.

DENNIS

She's not alone. That bi-curious bastard came after me right before he bit the big one.

The woman consoles Dennis and allows him to sob silently atop her breasts.

DEE

Oh, please - are you serious? You got those when you were squirming through the vents at the women's-

**DENNIS** 

You're not getting this one, Dee. You always used your feminine wiles to win the Title Wars when we were kids!

DEE

You don't say?

Dee grabs the man by his shirt collar.

MAN

What are you doing?

DEE

I'm carrying Chunk's child.

The woman pushes Dennis away to help Dee.

DEE (CONT'D)

My baby daddy is dead.

**DENNIS** 

Son of a bitch!

DEE

Who will take pity upon me and my child? Who will shroud me in my dead lover's soothing cloak of celebrity?

The crowd thickens with sympathetic onlookers.

FRANK

Sing sweetheart, sing!

DEE

Who amongst you will assist me? My loins will need tending to, Gentlemen.

Dee pushes a few people out of the way to get a look at some handsome men.

DEE (CONT'D)

Oh, hello... Come one and all!

FRANK

To Paddy's! Tomorrow night! Take these flyers, bring your wallets, please - this poor widowed whore begs of you!

DENNIS

Trumped by her feminine wiles again! You'll pay for this, Dee!

Dennis storms off.

INT. MAC'S APARTMENT

Mac's dancing around the room wearing a pink business shirt, white socks and no pants. Charlie, sicker than ever, is on the couch.

CHARLIE

Please, stop.

MAC

I haven't even started yet. You need to remember the eighties, Charlie. Watch me.

CHARLIE

Your tighties are really loose.

MAC

Would you concentrate? I'm giving you the full Risky Business here!

CHARLIE

I feel like you're about ready to give me a dong to the eyeball.

MAC

Look, if you're not going to concentrate and take this seriously, I quit.

CHARLIE

Oh, I'm so sorry for succumbing to this stinky, puss-filled wound on my arm!

MAC

You're a dead man walking if you forget the eighties, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I can't feel my face.

MAC

Without The Color Purple, there's no Hook. Without St. Elmo's Fire, there's no Batman Forever. Without Diner, there's no Toys. Without-

Charlie covers his ears and screams. Dennis enters.

**DENNIS** 

Hey-hey-hey!

MAC

Finally. Dennis, can you help me?

DENNIS

Are you trying to bang him again?

CHARLIE

Yes.

MAC

No! Dennis, that spider bite wiped the eighties right out of his brain!

DENNIS

No one gives two shits about the eighties, Mac. Charlie, get up.

Charlie reaches for Dennis to help him.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

No - Charlie - keep your leprosy'ed arm away from me.

CHARLIE

Why isn't anyone helping me?

**DENNIS** 

God, you are selfish - Dee is about ready to claim the title of the biggest fan! All the sympathy, the free meals, the pity sex-

MAC

I'm not giving up.

DENNIS

Who said anything about giving up? I just have to figure out a way to bury Dee.

MAC

I'm not murdering anybody. I already have a hit and run in my closet.

CHARLIE

I feel like I'm literally straddling between life and death.

DENNIS

That's it! The only thing bigger than Dee's pregnancy card is a death certificate.

CHARLIE

Fine. Just bury me amongst my rats.

DENNIS

No, Charlie - the only one who's allowed to die tonight is me.

END ACT ONE

### ACT TWO

INT. PADDY'S PUB - THE NEXT NIGHT

Frank is on a ladder, setting up decorations behind the bar while Dee watches.

DEE

Did you have a stroke? What's with the crooked banner, Frank?

FRANK

Well why don't you use those bigfoot limbs of yours and help me!

DEE

Oh, I totally would but-

Dee puts her hand on her belly.

DEE (CONT'D)

This guy's kicking. My goodness is he a kicker. Just like his famous daddy.

FRANK

His late father was an actor.

DEE

Like Chunk didn't have time for recreational kicking? Jesus, Frank, I think I would know!

FRANK

Are you serious with this?

DEE

Serious as these lower back pains. Aye caramba-

Dee drops herself on a stool.

DEE (CONT'D)

Got to set these milky udders down. Come on, Frank, that banner's not going to un-crook itself. Do it for Chunk.

FRANK

I wish Death would have done you instead!

The front door opens and Mac wheels a casket to the front of the bar with Charlie staggering behind it.

MAC

Special delivery!

CHARLIE

Spreshal dillery!

DEE

No. Nope. Get that body bin away from the front of the bar. I'm using this space to declare myself the victor of Title Wars.

CHARLIE

I can get you re-situated?

DEE

Ew, no! God, don't touch me with that arm. Last thing my baby needs is spider measles.

MAC

God, you do look terrible, Bro.

CHARLIE

I should get in the coffin. Did everyone know I'm eighty?

MAC

Hold tight, little buddy. I am going to drop an atom bomb-

Mac kisses his fingers and points to the sky.

MAC (CONT'D)

Of eighties on your head, fix you right up.

FRANK

I asked you to help me with some merchandise, Mac! Is this what you two nincompoops have been up to? A bone box?

MAC

No. This? I don't give two turds about this thing. I'm here for Charlie.

Frank pulls a sack of garbage out from under the counter and spills it across the bar top.

DEE

Oh my God! You are going to wake the baby, Frank. All of you, get away from here.

FRANK

Start signing "Chunk" on all that shit. We'll just tell everyone that it's props from The Goonies, charge them twenty bucks a pop.

DEE

Is that what you think this event is about? This is my night, Frank! I'm right on the edge of another Title Wars victory!

There's a KNOCK from inside the casket.

MAC

Ugh, here we go...

DEE

God, what now?

The casket opens to reveal Dennis, dressed in a suit with his face done up in cadaver makeup. Charlie takes one look and SCREAMS, running off to the basement.

DENNIS

My God, how long are you animals going to let a coffin sit unaddressed in the middle of the bar?

FRANK

Wouldn't be the first time.

DEE

Why don't you and your prom makeup beat it, alright? I'm going to be dubbed the biggest Chunk fan in all the lands. Got his bun in my oven to seal the deal.

**DENNIS** 

Oh, no - Chunk's little grief parade will be making its first, last and only stop at the side of my sad little coffin.

DEE

Why would they do that?

DENNIS

Because <u>I'm</u> Chunk's number one fan, Baby. In fact, <u>I died just thinking</u> <u>about it.</u>

Dennis lays back down, frozen in the casket like a corpse.

MAC

Sounds like you were served.

DEE

No! No I wasn't! That wasn't even an appetizer!

FRANK

Crap, here they come. You lost, Dee. Get out of the way.

MAC

Damnit, what about Charlie, Frank?

FRANK

What about him? This is Chunk's night!

MAC

It's cool, I'll improvise!

FRANK

Absolutely not!

DEE

Get out of there, Dennis!

The doors open and the crowd trickles in. Dee tries closing the casket, but it pops open immediately.

DEE (CONT'D)

You think I can't twist this thing? Watch me.

Dee waltzes over to Dennis' casket and drapes herself across it as guests make their way to the bar.

DEE (CONT'D)

Once I found out he was responsible for Chunky's death, I killed him.

MALE GUEST

And you brought him here?

DEE

Hunter's display their kills all the time.

MALE GUEST

Is that legal?

DEE

Pregnancy is a very hazy time for laws.

FEMALE GUEST

She's very pretty.

DEE

Oh. Thank you.

FEMALE GUEST

Not you. The woman you killed.

**DENNIS** 

(sotto)

My God. Would you get your bison fingers off my casket?

DEE

I think I hear the spirit of a plan going down in flames. Would anyone like to call me the biggest fan?

MALE GUEST

Did that body talk?

DEE

I'm talking, you're listening. Call me the biggest fan.

MALE GUEST

You? I waited in line to see Goonies at the theater for three hours the day it came out.

DEE

There was a line for that shit?

MALE GUEST

You're kidding, right?

FRANK

Dee, would you move your sideshow somewhere else? I can't serve drinks with that thing at the front of my bar!

FEMALE GUEST

Drinks?

FRANK

Two for one, Toots. What'll it be?

FEMALE GUEST

I thought this was a wake?

**DENNIS** 

(whispered)

Then why don't you come drops those things on my face and wake me up.

FEMALE GUEST

Did that body just talk?

FRANK

I think that was your wallet, screaming out to buy some of this rare and beautiful memorabilia.

MALE GUEST

That's not memorabilia.

FRANK

Oh no?

Frank picks up a rotten cantaloupe from the bar.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I present to you a skull, as used in the movie Goonies, as signed by the late and beloved Chunk.

MALE GUEST

Why would he sign it as the character he played?

FRANK

Alright, someone get this troublemaker out of here. Hey, Mac!

Frank waves to Mac, who hovers in an open space at rear of the bar.

Mac shakes his head at Frank, his hand cupped over his mouth.

MAC

Ladies and Gents, lovers of the Decade of Decadance, may I have your attention, please!

FRANK

The hell is that knucklehead doing now?

Frankie Goes to Hollywood's "Relax" begins to blast across the bar while Mac wiggles to the beat.

MAC

This is for you, Charlie! Remember this one, Charlie? Charlie?

INT. PADDY'S PUB - BASEMENT

Charlie paces in the flickering furnace light like a madman while the beat from upstairs thumps through the ceiling.

CHARLIE

Marty falls in love with an eighty year old mermaid. Takes her out four times, throws her off the rocks.

He freezes and looks at his arm.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Something's happening. The spider did something to me.

Something wriggles beneath the skin of his arm. Charlie pokes it and his arm SQUEALS.

Charlie freezes, hypnotized by whatever's happening to his arm. His face suggests it's something incredible.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sweet mother hubbard!

INT. PADDY'S PUB

Mac's wearing a baby carrier with a My Pet Monster doll inside of it. The crowd MOANS when he pulls an Alf mask over his head.

MAC

When there's something strange, in your neighborhood, who you gonna call-

MALE GUEST

I'm gonna call this an abomination!

MAC

Come on, Man! You know bustin' makes you feel good, too!

FEMALE GUEST

I want to leave.

FRANK

Leave? You haven't spent a single goddamn dime yet!

FEMALE GUEST

You're disgusting! How is any of this supposed to honor the man we came here to celebrate?

Dennis pops out of the casket and grabs the female guest.

DENNIS

Hey, I died for the guy, alright? Would you just acknowledge my rightful claim to the title already?!

FEMALE GUEST

Get your hands off of me, Lady!

MALE GUEST

I knew it!

DENNIS

Oh, really? You knew it? Of course you did. You damn nerd. Move. Get back.

Dennis climbs out of the casket.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

God. Blow it out your ass, alright? What are you wearing there, are those khakis? What the hell are you planning on doing with that cargo pocket?! I mean really. Look at me and then look at yourself. That's how you come to pay your respects to the greatest fan in Philly?

MALE GUEST

You? What was the name of the Asian character in the film?

**DENNIS** 

Ling Mulan?

MALE GUEST

Jesus.

DEE

Uh-oh, caught with your pants down, Dennis!

MALE GUEST

Can <u>you</u> answer a question about Goonies?

DEE

Hit me.

MALE GUEST

What famous ex NFL star played Sloth?

DEE

Jerry Montana. Rice. A roni.

MALE GUEST

You two aren't fans at all!

DEE

Uh-oh, I think all this yelling is putting me into labor.

FEMALE GUEST

This is pathetic.

MAC

I say, "Chester," you say-

Charlie bursts out of the basement.

CHARLIE

Cheetah!

MAC

Charlie?

CHARLIE

"I know you are but what am I?" Nineteen eighty five's Pee Wee's Big Adventure!

MAC

No-

CHARLIE

Yes, Mac! "Life moves pretty fast. You don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it." Nineteen eighty six's Ferris Bueller!

MAC

What is that?

CHARLIE

"Why is it people who want the truth never believe it when they hear it?" Yentl, nineteen eighty three!

MAC

No, I get all that. Your face. What is that stuff, Dude?

CHARLIE

Oh, this?

Charlie points to a mess of black hairy things that cover half his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Turns out I didn't get poisoned. The mamma spider laid her eggs in my arm. I'm a dad!

DEE

I'm going to throw up.

**DENNIS** 

That's it, this Title War's officially gone to the dogs.

CHARLIE

They grow up so fast, don't they?

All the guests head for the door.

FRANK

No, no one's leaving. I haven't made a dime off these schmucks!

MAC

Charlie, I think you've got something, Bro. I mean with my hulkish strength and your - can you shoot webs?

CHARLITE

I don't know. The little rascals keep trying to suck the moisture out of my eyeball!

FRANK

Did you peasants hear me?! I said-

The front door slams open, a lightning strike silhouetting a STRANGER in the doorway. Everyone freezes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Welcome to the party, Pal.

STRANGER

Is it?

FRANK

Yeah, that Jeff Cohen kid croaked.

STRANGER

Oh really?

The stranger enters, smirking.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Well?

DEE

Are we supposed to do something?

DENNIS

Who's this svelte son of a bitch?

FRANK

Grab a drink or get off the pot.

MAC

Can you move, actually? Kind of creating a fire hazard situation. Lot of people trying to get out.

JEFF COHEN (STRANGER)

I'm Jeff Cohen!

DEE

You're Jeff Cohen?

CHARLIE

Should I sic my spider babies on this guy?

COHEN

Oh my God...

Cohen lifts his shirt up and does a lackluster "Truffle Shuffle."

COHEN (CONT'D)

The Truffle Shuffle, anyone? In front of Mikey's house? Little film called Goonies?

RANDOM GUY

Wait, you're Jeff Cohen? I guess I was thinking of someone else.

RANDOM GIRL

I was thinking of Jeff Goldblum.

COHEN

Oh get the hell out, all of you!

Dennis, Dee, Mac and Charlie gather at the front of the bar while Cohen angrily herds the crowd out of the bar.

COHEN (CONT'D)

Scram!

When the guests are clear, Cohen faces off with Frank in front of the others.

FRANK

Jeffrey.

COHEN

Celebrity Morgue is you, isn't it, Frank?

FRANK

I didn't think you'd mind. I figured I'd cut you in when I turned a profit, you know? Like the good old days, Jeffrey-

Cohen slaps Frank.

COHEN

You mean when you were my manager? Like when you took a ninety-ten split of my income?

FRANK

That was standard for the industry at the time-

Cohen slaps Frank again.

COHEN

I was up for Ernest Goes to Camp, Frank!

DEE

Frank, how could you?!

COHEN

Who the hell are you?

DENNIS

She's the succubus who was trying to pass herself off as your dead-

CHARLIE

And pregnant-

**DENNIS** 

And pregnant lover.

Dee wraps a curl of hair around her finger and bats her eyes at Cohen.

DEE

Want to fill up the tank, for old time's sake?

COHEN

Not if you were the last bird woman on earth.

**DENNIS** 

Excellent burn. Hi, Dennis Reynolds, number one fan. Have you considered getting back into the biz at all? I have some management experience here at the bar, so maybe you and I can-

COHEN

Lady you are aren't even close to my number one - I can barely look at you with all that makeup on.

MAC

Mr. Cohen?

Cohen turns to face Mac.

MAC (CONT'D)

I want you to know-

COHEN

I'm going to stop you right there, Wheezy. Take it from someone who's been there - it starts with the diet.

MAC

Excuse me?

COHEN

The fatness, my man. The silent killer.

**DENNIS** 

Not that silent. You ever listen to Dee eat lasagna?

COHEN

Lady, please get out of my face.

Cohen notices Charlie and his spiders. Charlie waves. Cohen shakes the image out of his head and walks behind the bar.

FRANK

What are you going to do to me, Jeffrey?

COHEN

"This was my dream, my wish. And it didn't come true. So I'm taking it back. I'm taking them all back."

MAC/CHARLIE

(sotto)

Goonies!

Cohen smashes the register with his fist and pops it open.

FRANK

Oh, crap.

COHEN

You did this to yourself.

**DENNIS** 

Am I watching a robbery?

COHEN

Damages due, Franklin.

Cohen scoops out the pitiful amount of cash in the register and rams it into his pockets.

DEE

Yikes. Damages still due.

FRANK

Come on, Kid - you and I, we were friends, once! This is an amazing opportunity for us to join forces again!

COHEN

More amazing than the time you ate your weight in Godfather's pizza?

MAC/CHARLIE

(sotto)

Goonies!

Cohen comes around the bar and heads for the door.

FRANK

Jeffrey-

Cohen slaps Frank again.

COHEN

"You are a puke. You are the lowest form of life on Earth. You are not even a human being. You are nothing more than an unorganized, grabastic piece of amphibian shit."

MAC

CHARLIE

Wow. Not Goonies.

Definitely not Goonies.

COHEN (CONT'D)

Full Metal Jacket, dickbags.

Cohen exits.

DEE

Wow, he's kind of-

Cohen peeks his head back through the door.

COHEN

Kind of what? Amazing? Shut your hole, you disgusting, giraffe-legged, bug-eyed sack of waste!

DENNIS

That's not from a movie.

COHEN

You're right, it's from this brilliant brain, Lady! Roll credits!

Cohen flips everyone off as he exits.

MAC

Wow, that guy was amazing!

DEE

Kind of an asshole.

Frank sits at the bar and sighs. The other join him.

FRANK

What can I say? You win some, you run a few of them over in the driveway.

DEE

Not an expression.

FRANK

Says the bug-eyed sack of waste.

DEE

Okay, let's not make that a thing.

CHARLIE

Say, whoever won the Title War?

DEE

No winners this time. Stalemate.

DENNIS

For the first competition, yes.

DEE

For the only competition.

DENNIS

Mmm, I think I laid claim the title of Chunk's "Least Favorite Fan."

DEE

No! That wasn't a thing!

DENNIS

He slaughtered me with his contempt, Dee. It's a thing.

MAC

Truth.

DEE

No! Didn't you see how he-

DENNIS

Shut up you bug-eyed sack of waste!

All the men laugh at Dee.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW