

IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

"Dennis and Mac Become Landlords"

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COLD OPEN

TITLE: 10:08 AM
TITLE: ON A TUESDAY
TITLE: PHILADELPHIA, PA

OVER TITLES:

FRANK (V.O.)
You guys'll never believe what just
fell into my lap.

DENNIS (V.O.)
Another hooker?

FRANK (V.O.)
Better.

MAC (V.O.)
What's better than a hooker?

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S PUB - DAY

FRANK, DENNIS, MAC, AND CHARLIE SIT AROUND WHILE DEE STOCKS
THE BAR.

DEE
(turning around)
A lot of things.

DENNIS, MAC, AND CHARLIE BEGIN TO PROTEST, SENDING DEE INTO A
COUNTERARGUMENT.

FRANK
Shut up, for once, all of ya.

THEY STOP SHORT AND LOOK AT FRANK.

FRANK
A building.

CHARLIE
What do you mean a building?

FRANK

I mean, I am now the owner of an apartment complex in Fishtown.

FRANK PULLS KEYS FROM HIS POCKET AND JINGLES THEM AT THE GANG.

DEE

How'd you get that?

FRANK

An old partner had to off-load a few assets before fleeing the country.

DEE

And how are you going to run an apartment building? You can barely comb your hair.

FRANK

First, the real estate market is hot right now. It's fast money. Second, being a landlord is easy as shit. The trick is doing the absolute minimum upkeep to your properties without being completely neglectful.

CHARLIE

Like our building.

FRANK

Bingo.

CHARLIE

This doesn't mean you're moving out, does it?

FRANK

No. I don't like to mix work and pleasure anymore.

DENNIS, CONTEMPLATIVE, STEPS FORWARD.

DENNIS

Frank, being that you're a business man, let me make a proposition to you in light of this fortuitous event. Since Mac and I have been looking for a place of residence for some time--

MAC

--Can we live in your building and be your landlords?!--

DENNIS

Mac! I was going to make the proposition to--

MAC

--well I just said it, so--

DENNIS

--Yes, but you have no tact--

FRANK

--All right, all right, I get it. I was going to hire a manager, but maybe you're on to something.

DEE

Really?! These two?

CUT TO:

TITLE: DENNIS AND MAC BECOME LANDLORDS

TITLE: IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

DENNIS AND MAC FOLLOW FRANK THROUGH A DECREPIT-LOOKING HALL. THEY CARRY BOXES OF THEIR BELONGINGS.

DENNIS

You know, Frank, this isn't really what we had in mind when we said we'd manage your property.

MAC

Yea, no one's gonna wanna live here.

FRANK WAVES THEM OFF, THEN UNLOCKS A DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL. HE SHOWS DENNIS AND MAC INSIDE.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

MAC AND DENNIS ENTER, THEIR FACES LIGHTING AT THE COMPLETELY RESTORED, HIGH-END LOOKING SPACE BEFORE THEM. FRANK GRINS.

FRANK

(hopping on the leather couch)

Well, whaddya think?

DENNIS AND MAC SIT THEIR BOXES DOWN AND WALK AROUND THE FANCY APARTMENT.

DENNIS

Frank, this is amazing.

MAC

How is this possible? The place is an utter shit hole everywhere else.

FRANK

My buddy who used to own the building tricked this unit out as an escape from his whore wife.

DENNIS NODS APPROVINGLY.

CHARLIE SUDDENLY BURSTS IN, A CAT UNDER HIS ARM.

CHARLIE

Hey Frank, you know there's a cat colony in the vacant lot next door?

DENNIS

Get that flea-ridden beast out of my apartment.

DENNIS SHOOS HIM OUT.

CHARLIE

C'mon, where's this poor little guy
and his friends supposed to live?

MAC

Not here.

FRANK

A cat colony is gonna be bad business.

DENNIS

Make sure they're gone by the time we
start doing showings.

DENNIS BEGINS TO CLOSE THE DOOR.

CHARLIE

I'll do what I can, but I can't make
any promises.

FRANK JOINS CHARLIE.

FRANK

I'll help 'ya, I know a few tricks
from Cricket. He once asserted his
dominance over a cat colony that used
to live under the bridge...

THEY EXIT. DENNIS LOOKS AROUND AND TAPS HIS CHIN. MAC TAKES A
BREATH, THEN PLOPS DOWN ON THE COUCH.

MAC

So how are we gonna get people to live
here when all the other apartments
look like shit?

DENNIS GOES TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT AT THE SKYLINE,
INTROSPECTIVE.

DENNIS

You see that, Mac?

BEFORE MAC CAN RESPOND, DENNIS, CONSUMED BY HIS GREATNESS,
CONTINUES.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Out there is a city full of eligible
young women just waiting for the right
apartment: centrally located, hip
galleries and coffee shops, a thriving
night life. A building with rustic
charm and invigorating natural light.

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

High-end enough to appear classy, but not too expensive to be perceived as pretentious.

(he turns to Mac, smiling)

A paradise, right here in this dirty city we call home.

MAC RAISES HIS EYEBROWS.

MAC

So you wanna rent to just chicks?

DENNIS

No, Mac, not "chicks", but free-spirited, fierce women of the city.

MAC

So, chicks.

DENNIS CLENCHES HIS JAW, THEN GOES TOWARD MAC.

DENNIS

Look, we'll take pictures of *this* apartment to post online. Then, when they come to look we'll just say the other units are under renovation.

MAC

I don't know, man, don't you think we should have *some* dudes livin' here?

DENNIS

To infringe upon this safe space, this harem which shall be the jewel in the crown of my life's work?

MAC

Well, we can't just say no men. That's against the law or something.

DENNIS

(sits down with Mac)

We politely tell them no more apartments are available and move on. We'll pluck the prettiest flowers from the bunch. Imagine: an entire building full of young, fecund women under our total protection and control. If something breaks, they call us. If they need *anything*, they call us. And we'll always know where they live.

MAC, SLIGHTLY UNSETTLED BY DENNIS'S SINISTER IMPLICATIONS, SIMPLY NODS AND SMILES.

MAC

Yea. Yea, man. And if they have
boyfriends maybe we can work on a
leaky faucet together or something--

DENNIS

No. No boyfriends. No husbands. I
thought that was obvious.

MAC

Well how are you going to--

DENNIS

--Have you no faith in my finesse?
During the interview process, we'll
just *gently* insert a few questions
pertaining to each young woman's
situation while at the same time
dropping in innocent queries such as,
"Are you a smoker?" or, "Do you have a
dog?"

MAC

"Are you a Christian?", "Do you
believe in Science?"

DENNIS

What--No.
(huffs)
Let's just go get Dee's laptop.

EXT. STREET - DAY

DENNIS AND MAC EXIT THE BUILDING JUST AS DEE IS UNLOADING
MORE BOXES FROM HER CAR. WITH THE CATS NEARBY, SHE BEGINS
SNEEZING UNCONTROLLABLY.

DEE

I brought the rest of your stuff.

MAC

Hey Dee, did you bring your laptop?

DEE

(wiping her nose)
You're welcome. And no, why would I?

MAC

We need it to meet girls--

DENNIS

--Okay, first, *I* do not--look, Dee, we
need your laptop to post an ad for the
building.

DEE

Let me guess: you're only going to rent to women.

DENNIS

They're adults, they can make an informed decision.

DEE

You're disgusting, you know that?

MAC

Dee, c'mon, please? If this place goes bust, we're back at your apartment.

DEE

(realizing the implication)
I'll go get it.

DEE TURNS BACK TO HER CAR, THEN SNEEZES AGAIN.

MAC

Whoa whoa whoa, wait.

DEE

What?

MAC

(pointing to their boxes)
Aren't you going to take those inside?

DENNIS

Yea, get to it, Dee.

DEE

Screw you.

DEE GETS IN HER CAR AND SPEEDS AWAY.

MAC

Well that was uncalled for.

DENNIS

She can be so unsupportive.

DENNIS SHAKES HIS HEAD, THEN IS STARTLED BY SCREECHING FROM THE VACANT LOT BESIDE THE BUILDING.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

CHARLIE AND FRANK WRANGLE THE STRAY CAT COLONY, LURING THEM OUT WITH SEVERAL CANS OF OPEN CAT FOOD. CHARLIE MEOWS BACK TO THEM.

FRANK

(to Dennis and Mac)

You know, Charlie really has a knack for this. He's like a cat whisperer or some shit.

DENNIS

Cat whisperer's going to have to be gone with his minions soon.

FRANK

Don't worry, he's using his favorite brand.

(holds up one of the cans)

He means business.

ONE OF THE CATS STANDS ON ITS HIND LEGS AND PAWS AT THE CAN OF FOOD. FRANK SITS IT DOWN, WHICH THEN GARNERS THE ATTENTION OF MORE CATS. CHARLIE, LURING SEVERAL CATS INTO CARDBOARD BOXES IN THE BACKGROUND, LOOKS UP.

CHARLIE

Bring 'em over here, Frank!

FRANK

I'm trying!

FRANK APPROACHES CHARLIE. DENNIS AND MAC SURVEY THE LOT.

DENNIS

Are you envisioning what I'm envisioning?

MAC

A wrestling pit right here?

DENNIS DOES A DOUBLE TAKE.

DENNIS

What--no.

(holds up hands to demonstrate)

A volleyball net right there. And down here, soft white sand. To the right, a small bar and grill.

MAC

Volleyball?

DENNIS POINTS TO THE WINDOWS OF THEIR APARTMENT.

DENNIS

Front row seats to weekend
tournaments. Winners get a free
month's rent.

MAC

Dude, I don't know shit about
volleyball.

DENNIS

We don't need to. All we need to do is
tell them they're doing a great job.
You know, stimulating their confidence
really makes them more amenable
later...

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

DEE UNPLUGS HER LAPTOP. THE OUTLET SPARKS, THE POWER SUDDENLY CUTS OUT.

DEE

Goddammit!

SHE SNEEZES AND SNIFFS. IN THE DARKENED ROOM, DEE DIALS HER LANDLORD. IT GOES TO VOICEMAIL.

DEE (CONT'D)

Oh *Goddammit*--hey--there--the power just went out in my apartment. Again. This is Dee, by the way, Dee Reynolds. This is the third time the power has gone out this month--

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

--mailbox full.

DEE

Goddammit!

DEE THROWS HER PHONE IN HER BAG, ALONG WITH THE LAPTOP, THEN STUMBLES OUT.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A NEIGHBOR UNLOCKS HER FRONT DOOR AS DEE EXITS HER APARTMENT. WHEN THE WOMAN SEES DEE, SHE QUICKLY FUMBLES WITH HER KEYS TO GET INSIDE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

DEE

Mrs. O' Neill!

MRS. O'NEILL SWIFTLY CLOSES HER DOOR, BUT DEE SMACKS HER HAND ON IT BEFORE SHE CAN DO SO. MRS. O'NEIL PLASTERS A FAKE SMILE ONTO HER FACE.

MRS. O'NEILL

Oh, hello there, Deandra.

DEE

(uncontrollable sniffing)
Are you having problems with your power? I can never get a hold of the landlord.

MRS. O'NEILL SHAKES HER HEAD.

MRS. O'NEILL

You've lived here long enough to know
that if you need something repaired,
you have to find someone to do it
yourself.

DEE THINKS FOR A MOMENT, SCRUNCHING HER NOSE.

DEE

(pushing in)

Can I come in for a sec--to use your
power--

THE WOMAN QUICKLY SHUTS HER DOOR ON DEE. DEE GRUNTS, THEN
WALKS AWAY.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

DEE USES THE WI-FI TO POST AN AD ONLINE LOOKING FOR A HANDY-
MAN. SHE TYPES: "SEEKING YOUNG, HEALTHY MAN FOR MAINTENANCE
WORK IN AN APARTMENT COMPLEX IN FISHTOWN. MUST BE WILLING TO
DO ANY AND ALL TASKS FOR BUILDING TENANTS. MUST VISIT THE GYM
AT LEAST FIVE TIMES PER WEEK." SHE PROVIDES THE ADDRESS OF
FRANK'S BUILDING, AS WELL AS A TIME TO MEET HER FOR
INTERVIEWS. SHE SNIFFS UNCONTROLLABLY THROUGHOUT, HER BODY
LANGUAGE TWITCHY DUE TO THE ALLERGIC REACTION TO THE CATS.
PEOPLE STARE. DEE POSTS THE AD, THEN SITS BACK, TRIUMPHANT.
HER PHONE RINGS. SHE LOOKS AT IT, ROLLS HER EYES, THEN
ANSWERS.

DENNIS (V.O.)

Where the hell are you?

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

DENNIS PACES WHILE MAC TAKES PHOTOS OF THE APARTMENT.

DENNIS

We're loosing valuable time.

DEE

Okay, I'm on my way.

DENNIS

Fine.

DENNIS HANGS UP, THEN RUBS HIS FOREHEAD. THERE'S A SUDDEN
CRASH FROM OUTSIDE. DENNIS AND MAC RUSH OVER TO THE WINDOW.
BELOW, CHARLIE WEARS A HOMEMADE CAT SUIT WHILE FRANK AND
CRICKET STAND POISED WITH THE CARDBOARD BOXES. DENNIS OPENS
THE WINDOW AND YELLS DOWN.

DENNIS

What the hell is this?

MAC

I thought you had it under control?

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

CHARLIE LOOKS UP, PUSHING THE CAT EAR HOOD FROM HIS FACE.

CHARLIE

Hey guys, you like it?

MAC

(to Dennis)

Well, it is well-made.

DENNIS

Oh good christ.

CHARLIE

I made it myself!

DENNIS

Yea, that's nice, Charlie--

CRICKET

--Hi Dennis, Mac!

MAC

Hey, Cricket. I heard you have experience with cat colonies.

CRICKET

I do, and if we did it my way we'd have these cats out of here by now, but Charlie doesn't want to do it my way.

FRANK

Charlie, you gotta listen to Cricket on this one.

CHARLIE

No, I firmly believe I have more experience in this area.

DENNIS

Charlie, for the love of--just listen to Cricket.

CRICKET

Well, look, I can understand his hesitation. My method requires urine, a lot of urine--

DENNIS

--I don't care what you do. Just get
this furry circus out of here by
tomorrow.

DENNIS SLAMS THE WINDOW SHUT. DEE PULLS UP AND THE CATS FLOCK
TO HER WHEN SHE OPENS HER DOOR. SHE PRESSES HERSELF AGAINST
THE CAR DOOR. SHE SNEEZES SEVERAL TIMES AND RUBS HER EYES.

DEE

Charlie, what the hell!? I've been
having an allergic reaction to these
damn cats all day!

CHARLIE, IN THE CAT SUIT, RUNS OVER.

CHARLIE

Everything's fine, they just like your
scent or something. Did you bring cat
food with you by chance? I'm feelin' a
little hungry myself.

DEE

No!

DEE SLIDES BY, THEN RUNS TO THE BUILDING.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

DEE ENTERS, THEN STOPS SHORT WHEN SHE SEES HOW NICE THE
APARTMENT IS. MAC QUICKLY TAKES HER BAG AND REMOVES THE
LAPTOP.

DEE

You two *do not* deserve to live here.
You know, I'm just as capable of
managing this building for Frank--

DENNIS

--Please, Dee, leave the real work for
the men.

MAC AND DENNIS SETTLE ON THE COUCH AND BEGIN WRITING THE AD.
DEE LOOKS AT HER WATCH.

DEE

(sniffing)
You know which way to the basement?

MAC

Why?

DEE

Well...if you're going to manage this place, you need to make sure everything's...you know, up to par.

DENNIS

(distracted, while typing)
Yea, whatever.

MAC

I don't know, it's down.

DEE ROLLS HER EYES, THEN EXITS. DENNIS FINISHES TYPING, THEN RUBS HIS PALMS TOGETHER.

DENNIS

Now we sit back and wait for the butterflies to flock to the sweet nectar.

MAC

You mean like a fly in ointment?

DENNIS

No--nevermind. Let's get some refreshments to sit out, you know, like those upscale realtors do.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

DEE FLICKS ON AN OLD BULB HANGING FROM THE CEILING. SHE COUGHS AND SWATS AWAY COBWEBS, THEN PULLS TWO DUSTY CRATES FROM THE CORNER. SHE WIPES HER RUNNY NOSE, PUTS ON LIPSTICK, AND FIXES HER HAIR. A MIDDLE-AGED, OVERWEIGHT GUY ENTERS BEHIND HER.

GUY

Um, hello?

DEE QUICKLY TURNS AROUND AND SMILES WIDE. THE SMILE QUICKLY DIES WHEN SHE SEES HIM.

DEE

Can I...can I help you...?

THE GUY GLANCES FROM DEE TO THE DUSTY CRATES, AN EYEBROW RAISED.

GUY

You Dee? I'm here about the ad.

DEE

(sniffing, twitchy face)
Oh! Oh--the ad. Right!

DEE GIVES A LITTLE LAUGH, THEN SITS ON A CRATE. HE DOES THE SAME.

DEE (CONT'D)

Do you have much experience?

GUY

Plumbing, electrical, you name it, I've done it. Anything you need, I'm your man.

DEE

I see. And, if I may, do you--do you work out or...

THE GUY LOOKS AROUND, UNCOMFORTABLE.

GUY

Beyond the manual labor I do on jobs, no. Honestly, I'd rather kick back with a beer when I get home than go to the gym.

DEE FORCES A SMILE AND LAUGH, BUT IT COMES OUT ALL WRONG.

GUY

Uh...is this...is this really for a job or is this one of those hook up ads?

THE GUY STARTS TO GET UP AND DEE PUSHES HIM BACK DOWN.

DEE

(sniffing, itches nose)
Oh, no! No! I'm not a psycho or anything. No, you see, my dad--well, he's not really my dad--acquired this building and my brother and his friend are managing it.

GUY

And you, too?

DEE

Yes. Well, I'm kind of traveling management. There's actually another building, the one I live in, that has a few electrical problems.

GUY

Oh, I see...

DEE

In fact, maybe as a little test you could come to my apartment and check something out for me?

THE GUY LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE AGAIN.

GUY

Are you paying for this job, or...?

DEE

(overcompensating)
Of course.

THE SCREECH OF FIGHTING CATS ECHOES FROM OUTSIDE. THE GUY'S EYES WIDEN WHILE DEE FLASHES A NERVOUS SMILE.

DEE

Actually, I think I have everything I need here. I have your number from your application, so I'll be in touch about that job.

DEE USHERS HIM OUT.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

CHARLIE, STILL IN THE CAT SUIT, CRAWLS AROUND ON ALL FOURS WITH THE CATS. FRANK AND CRICKET EXCHANGE GLANCES.

FRANK

You know, Charlie, if you're not going to listen to Cricket, at least let me call Animal Control.

CHARLIE

Animal Control, are you kidding me? They'll round them all up and put them in an incinerator or something. Frank, we have to relocate them for their own safety.

CRICKET

I can go get my crew right now and we'll take care of it.

CRICKET PAUSES, THEN LOOKS AT THE BUILDING.

CRICKET

And while we're at it, maybe we can squat here for a few days while we help out?

FRANK

No, absolutely not. I know the kind of people you hang around with, Cricket, and while I'm all for that, we can't have it near the building. That's money lost.

CRICKET

All right, I hear ya.

(to Charlie)

So you want me to go get some help?

CHARLIE SIGHS.

CHARLIE

Okay, fine, go. But we're not hurting them. Hey, maybe I could catch some mice from the bar and bring 'em over-- you know, lure them out that way. Or better yet--I could bring the cats to the bar and then I wouldn't have to hunt mice anymore!

CHARLIE BEAMS UP AT THEM AS IF HE HAS JUST COME UP WITH THE BEST IDEA EVER.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. VACANT LOT

DENNIS AND MAC WALK TO THE BUILDING WITH BAGS OF GROCERIES. THEY STOP SHORT WHEN THEY SEE CHARLIE, FRANK, CRICKET, AND A HANDFUL OF VAGRANTS IN THE EMPTY LOT.

MAC

What the hell's this?

DENNIS

Okay--no--no! Everyone out! This is getting ridiculous.

CRICKET

We're about to get started--

DENNIS

--No, be gone with you all! We're about to start showing!

CHARLIE

What about the cats?

DENNIS SCREAMS AND ALL THE CATS BOLT. CHARLIE BLINKS AND MAC SHRUGS. FRANK ROUNDS UP THE VAGRANTS.

FRANK

All right, everybody, you heard him.

CHARLIE

(to Dennis)

Where do you want us to go?

DENNIS

Where do I want you to--Charlie, I'm not your mother.

CHARLIE

Hey, can I come up and check out the place?

MAC

Do you have fleas?

CHARLIE

(innocent)

Yea, why?

DENNIS AND MAC PUSH PAST HIM.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

JAZZ PLAYS, WINE AND CHEESE SIT ON THE GRANITE COUNTER.
DENNIS AND MAC, DRESSED SEMI-FORMAL, WAIT FOR THEIR FIRST
PROSPECTIVE TENANT.

DENNIS

You sure the signs you put up are
visible?

MAC

Yes, Dennis, I know how to tape up
signs.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND DENNIS SPRINGS UP. HE TURNS
TO MAC, A FINGER PLACED TO HIS LIPS, THEN OPENS THE DOOR. AN
ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN STANDS BEFORE HIM.

DENNIS

Good afternoon, you must be Sheila.

SHEILA

I am, hi.

DENNIS

Come inside, please.

SHEILA STEPS INSIDE AND LOOKS AROUND.

SHEILA

Wow, this place is amazing!

MAC APPEARS AT HER SIDE, A GLASS OF WINE IN ONE HAND AND A
PLATE OF CHEESE IN THE OTHER.

MAC

Can I offer you some refreshments?

SHEILA

Oh--uh--sure...

SHE HESITANTLY TAKES THE GLASS.

DENNIS

Come and sit, we can talk about your
application.

DENNIS MOTIONS HER OVER. THEY SIT. DENNIS REMOVES HER
APPLICATION FROM A FOLDER. MAC LEANS OVER TO LOOK.

DENNIS

Now I see here that you're a paralegal-
-that must be a very busy job.

SHEILA

It is.

DENNIS

Probably doesn't leave a lot of free time for a social life, huh?

SHEILA

Um...no, not really, I guess.

SHE NERVOUSLY TAKES A SIP OF WINE.

DENNIS

So if you were to live here, there wouldn't be any...gentlemen callers, so to speak?

SHEILA STOPS SHORT, TAKEN ABACK.

SHEILA

I--why should that matter?

MAC

Well, you see, we're all God's children. He watches everything we do. We just want to make sure our tenants are following the Lord's teachings.

DENNIS SHOOTS HIM A LOOK TO CUT IT OUT, WHILE SHEILA SLIGHTLY EASES UP.

SHEILA

Oh--oh, I see...well, I'm not really religious--

MAC

--you're not?

DENNIS

We should probably move on here, as we have a few other appointments today...

DENNIS LOOKS OVER THE APPLICATION ONCE MORE.

DENNIS

Now it says here that you lived at your last apartment for only six months. That's a little worrying for us, as landlords, can you explain what occurred there?

SHEILA

Oh, it was nothing bad. I paid rent on time and everything, my last landlord can attest. But it was my ex-boyfriend's place first, and when we broke up I had to move out.

DENNIS

He made *you* move out?

SHE NODS. DENNIS EXCHANGES A SHOCKED LOOK WITH MAC, WHO GASPS.

DENNIS

That is classless, *really*. Let me just say that if you live here, you will be treated with the upmost respect and kindness.

SHEILA

Oh, well, that's nice to know, thanks.

THERE IS ANOTHER KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

DENNIS

Looks like our next appointment is here. Mac, can you get that?

MAC GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT. ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN STANDS BEFORE HIM, SMILING.

MAC

Chelsea?

CHELSEA

That's me.

SHE PEAKS INSIDE.

CHELSEA

Am I interrupting?

MAC

No, come in. We have refreshments over here. Make yourself at home.

MAC MOTIONS HER INSIDE. THE WOMEN EXCHANGE AN AWKWARD SMILE.

INT. DEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. THE POWER IS STILL OUT. CANDLES ARE SET UP. DEE WEARS A SATIN ROBE AND NIGHTDRESS, AS WELL AS A HAPHAZARDLY APPLIED FACE OF MAKE-UP DUE TO THE LACK OF LIGHT. THERE'S ANOTHER KNOCK.

SHE PSYCHES HERSELF UP DESPITE THE DISGUSTED LOOK ON HER FACE, THEN ANSWERS THE DOOR WITH THE FRIGHTENING SMILE OF A CHILD PLAYING DRESS UP. IT'S THE GUY FROM THE DAY BEFORE, HOLDING A BOX OF TOOLS. TODAY, THERE ARE VARIOUS STAINS ON HIS SHIRT. HIS PAUNCH HANGS OVER HIS BELT.

DEE

Hi--uh--

GUY

--It's Elton.

DEE

Elton, right. Hi.

DEE HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN AND HE ENTERS.

ELTON

(prying eyes from make-up)
What is it you wanted me to do,
exactly?

HE LOOKS AROUND, UNCOMFORTABLE, AS DEE SEDUCTIVELY AND AWKWARDLY LEANS AGAINST THE WALL.

DEE

The power keeps going out. It's this
outlet right over here.

SHE TAKES HIM INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

DEE

Every time I try to use that damn
thing it sparks and kills the lights.

THE GUYS LOOKS FROM THE OUTLET TO HER, THEN BACK AGAIN.

ELTON

Look, uh, Dee--that's not really
something I can fix from up here. I'd
have to go check the breaker boxes
first--

DEE

Okay--okay, well, can you...

DEE LOOKS AROUND, THEN QUICKLY MOTIONS HIM TO THE BEDROOM.

DEE

I've had the worst draft in my room
ever since my fri--someone I knew
opened the wall up to put a cat--well,
there was a big hole in the wall.

ELTON HESITANTLY FOLLOWS HER INTO THE BEDROOM, THEN INSPECTS THE WALL.

ELTON
Looks like a shoddy job.

DEE
Can you do something about it?

ELTON
Yea, but it's gonna cost ya.

DEE FORCES HER EYES FROM ELTON'S GUT, THE STAINS ON HIS SHIRT, HIS DOUBLE CHIN.

DEE
We can come to an arrangement--
(awkwardly poses again)
--a mutually beneficial arrangement.

ELTON
Can you say that again?

DEE STANDS STRAIGHT, THEN PLACES HER HANDS ON HER HIPS.

DEE
Look, do you want me to spell it out
for you? I'm offering you...
(chokes back throw up in her
mouth)
This--
(motions to her body)
--in exchange for repairs.

ELTON
That's what I thought you meant.

ELTON PULLS A BADGE FROM HIS POCKET AND FLASHES IT. HE'S AN UNDERCOVER COP.

ELTON (CONT'D)
What do you say we take a trip back to
your other building?

DEE SMILES NERVOUSLY.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

DENNIS AND MAC'S APARTMENT IS NOW FILLED WITH BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN. JAZZ PLAYS AS THE GIRLS MINGLE AND DRINK. MAC PULLS DENNIS AWAY FROM A CONVERSATION WITH SHEILA.

DENNIS
What?

MAC

This is too many people. How are we gonna narrow it down? And they keep asking to see the other units.

DENNIS

Mac, you need to learn the art of glossing. When one of our lovely guests asks, just throw a charming smile--

(demonstrates)

--and ask them what they studied in college.

MAC

But I don't care what they studied.

DENNIS

No one does, but you just act like it.

SHEILA APPROACHES, THEN TAPS DENNIS ON THE SHOULDER.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Hi, you.

SHEILA

Some of the other girls and I are wondering if you'd give us a tour?

MAC

The other units aren't finished yet, sorry.

DENNIS FLASHES HIM A LOOK, THEN EXTENDS HIS HAND FOR SHEILA TO TAKE.

DENNIS

But they will be very soon. In the meantime, I will be happy to give you a private tour of this unit.

SHEILA BITES HER LIP, THEN TAKES DENNIS'S HAND. HE LEADS HER OFF TOWARD THE MASTER BEDROOM. THE OTHER GIRLS LOOK ON, JEALOUS. THEN, THEY GLARE AT MAC. HE SMILES NERVOUSLY, THEN PULLS A SMALL BIBLE FROM HIS BACK POCKET.

MAC

Would anyone like to discuss the good word of the Lord?

THEY LOOK AT HIM, BROWS RAISED. MAC NODS TO CHELSEA'S LOW CUT DRESS.

MAC (CONT'D)

(to Chelsea)

You know, the Lord would not approve of those garments because they are meant to tempt men.

CHELSEA

Are you saying if I live here, you're going to have a dress code?

THE OTHER GIRLS WHISPER AND GASP.

MAC

Uh--yes?

EXT. VACANT LOT - EVENING

FRANK AND CHARLIE, BEERS IN HAND, RETURN TO THE EMPTY LOT.

CHARLIE

Where's Cricket? I thought they were meeting us back here?

FRANK

Him and his crew had to go do something.

CHARLIE

Like drug stuff?

FRANK

I told him not to have fun without me.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

THE WOMEN FILE OUT AND MAC SHUTS THE DOOR.

MAC

Thanks for coming. We'll keep your applications in mind!

CHELSEA

Screw you.

DENNIS AND SHEILA EMERGE HAND IN HAND FROM THE BEDROOM.
DENNIS STOPS SHORT.

SHEILA

Looks like the competition's thinned out.

DENNIS CROSSES THE ROOM TO MAC.

DENNIS

What the hell did you do?

MAC
I was trying to distract them.

DENNIS
Distract them with what?

MAC
The good word of our Lord.

DENNIS RUBS HIS FOREHEAD.

SHEILA
(taking a step closer)
Everything okay?

DENNIS
(charming smile)
Fine--everything's fine. Hey, would
you like to see the future volleyball
court outside?

SHEILA
Sure.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

CRICKET AND HIS CREW LAY AROUND IN BLISS. CHARLIE AND FRANK
ENTER. FRANK SHAKES HIS HEAD, THEN KICKS CRICKET'S FOOT.

FRANK
Cricket!

CRICKET JUMPS TO LIFE.

CRICKET
Oh hey....Frank...

FRANK
I told you not to have fun without me!

CRICKET
Sorry, man.

CHARLIE PICKS UP A SMALL BAG WITH A FEW FLECKS OF GREEN IN
IT. HE OPENS IT AND SNIFFS. HE TILTS HIS HEAD, THEN SNIFFS
AGAIN.

CHARLIE
Cricket, did you and your friends eat
catnip?

CRICKET
(laughing)
That's not catnip, man.

CHARLIE

I've eaten enough catnip in my day to know--

FRANK

--let me see that.

FRANK TAKES THE BAG, THEN SNIFFS. HE TAKES A BIT ON HIS FINGER AND LICKS. HE THEN TURNS TO CRICKET AND HIS CREW.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Cricket, you idiot!

FRANK THROWS THE BAG ASIDE, WHICH CHARLIE TAKES AND EATS THE LAST LITTLE BIT FROM.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay, everyone up and out!

CRICKET AND HIS CREW GET UP AS CHARLIE AND FRANK USHER THEM OUT.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

THE GROUP OF GIRLS FROM THE SHOWING EXIT THE BUILDING, THEN LINGER OUT FRONT TO CALL CABS. A FEW MOMENTS LATER, DENNIS, MAC, AND SHEILA EXIT FOLLOWED BY FRANK, CHARLIE, CRICKET, AND CO. THEY ALL LOOK AT EACH OTHER, CONFUSED. AN UNMARKED POLICED CAR PULLS UP WITH DEE IN THE BACK. A MAN GETS OUT AND FLASHES A BADGE.

DENNIS

What seems to be the trouble, officer?

ELTON

(pointing to Dee)
She yours?

DENNIS

What do you mean *mine*? That's my sister.

ELTON

That's just sick.

FRANK

Uh-oh.

ELTON

Are you the owner of this building?

DENNIS

(points to Frank)
He is. But I manage it.

MAC
(overeager)
I do, too.

THE COP NODS TOWARD DEE, THEN TO THE GROUP OF GIRLS.

ELTON
(to Dennis)
Are you aware that running a brothel
is illegal in the state of
Pennsylvania?

CRICKET AND HIS CREW BOLT. DENNIS, AT A LOSS, OPENS HIS MOUTH
TO SPEAK. DEE BANGS ON THE CAR WINDOW.

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

THE GANG SIT SIDE BY SIDE: DEE STILL IN HER NIGHTGOWN, CHARLIE STILL IN HIS CAT SUIT, DENNIS AND MAC IN SEMI-FORMAL WEAR. THEY ALL SEEM RESIGNED, UNPHASED. BEHIND THEM SIT ALL THE PROSPECTIVE RENTERS.

SHEILA WALKS TOWARD DENNIS, THEN DUMPS A STYROFOAM CUP OF COFFEE OVER HIS HEAD. HE DOESN'T REACT, NOR DOES THE GANG.

MAC

What ever happened to those cats?

INT. PADDY'S PUB - NIGHT

THE BAR IS OVERRUN WITH CATS.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE