

IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

Episode #1309

"Mac Finds His Pride"

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Production Draft: 5/31/18

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IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA

Episode #1309 "Mac Finds His Pride"
Production Draft

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MACROB MCELHENNEY
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FRANKDANNY DEVITO
GIMP
DRAG QUEEN
LUTHERGREGORY SCOTT CUMMINS
CRICKETDAVID HORNSBY
BEAUTIFUL WOMANKYLIE LEWALLEN

SET LIST

PERMANENT SETS

INT. MAC AND DENNIS' APARTMENT
INT. PADDY'S PUB

LOCATION SETS

INT. STAIRWELL
INT. SEX DUNGEON
INT. DRAG QUEEN BRUNCH
INT. PRISON
- STAGE
EXT. PADDY'S PUB
INT. MAC AND DENNIS' APARTMENT HALLWAY
INT. FLOAT

COLD OPEN

1

INT. MAC AND DENNIS' APARTMENT - DAY (D1)

1

MAC sits alone in flannel pajamas and a dirty tee shirt. He glumly eats a peach as he watches court TV. There are half-eaten peaches and peaches with holes all over the place. Suddenly, there is a BANG on the door.

FRANK (O.S.)

Mac! Mac! Open up.

Mac hears Frank but doesn't bother to get up.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let me in! There's no time to waste!

Boom! Frank is kicking on the door. Boom! Mac just blankly watches this.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come on man! I know you're in there!

Boom!

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's it! I'm coming in!

Boom! FRANK kicks the door open and starts to run in. The door quickly recoils hitting Frank in the face and opening his nose with gushing blood. (See: Ep. #711 "Frank Reynolds' Little Beauties")

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh God! Just opened up the old cut!
Why didn't you open the door!?

MAC

It wasn't locked.

FRANK

Look, we got to get moving! You got ice in here?

Frank starts towards the fridge to look for ice.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(frantic, all over the place)

(MORE)

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FRANK (CONT'D)

They put me in charge! It's a gay pride parade or something! Remember when the bar was a gay bar? I heard that was good. Shoulda stuck with that!

Frank finds some ice and begins to put it in an old sock that was on the floor.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mind if I use this sock? We're building a float for the parade. Rope in the gays. We only got twenty-four hours to submit our float! Christ this stings! Can I use this newspaper?

Frank begins tearing up a newspaper and shoving bits up his nose to stop the bleeding.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're gonna be our prize gay. You're gonna dance on top. They told me to get you. I said "I don't get the whole gay thing." But I drew the short straw so here I am! Let's roll.

Frank stops. He looks insane with newspaper up his nose. He notices all the peaches.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's with all the peaches?

Mac shrugs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You banging the peaches?

MAC

No.

FRANK

Well, come on. We gotta go.

MAC

Nah. I don't want to do that.

FRANK

What? Why?

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MAC

I'm not feeling very proud.

FRANK

Cause you're banging the peaches?

MAC

No. I'm not banging fruit, Frank. Why would anyone -- Look, I just... I don't know where I fit in as a gay man. And it's starting to get to me.

FRANK

Christ? Now? Now?! They gave me one job! And now I gotta deal with your feelings?

MAC

I don't know, Frank. I just wanna be left alone.

FRANK

We don't have time for this! We have one day until the parade! Alright, look, Mac. I never really got you. And I gotta be honest. Now that you're gay, I get you even less. Nothing against it but I just don't get it. If I'm being honest, I've been holding my breath half the time I've been in here but let's try to work together. So help me help you...okay?

MAC

Yeah, okay, I guess.

FRANK

Good. Let's go find your pride.

Frank picks up a peach off the table and goes to take a bite.

MAC

Don't eat that one!!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

TITLE: "MAC FINDS HIS PRIDE"

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TITLE: "IT'S ALWAYS SUNNY IN PHILADELPHIA"

2 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY (D1)

2

Frank (his face swollen and bruised) leads Mac down a stairwell to a door with a velvet curtain at the bottom.

MAC

Where are you taking me?

FRANK

Your problem is that you're only hanging out with straights. I'm taking you to a club where you can meet a couple of nice guys and then maybe you'll snap out of this funk you're in.

MAC

I just don't know if I'm ready for a relationship yet Frank.

FRANK

You're scared, that's all. You just gotta meet some nice normal gays. But listen, you gotta have my back in there. If any of these queens comes at me, I'm gonna go berserk.

MAC

You're a 75-year-old man with a face that looks like hamburger meat. I think you're safe.

FRANK

Alright, let's try and blend in.

They pull open the curtain and enter.

3 INT. SEX DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS (D1)

3

Mac and Frank enter a hardcore, BDSM, leather sex dungeon.

MAC

Jesus Christ! Frank.

FRANK

What? This is what you're into, right?

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MAC

Huh? No. I'm not into this.

FRANK

Isn't this what all gay guys are into?

MAC

No! Either way, it's not what I'm into.

FRANK

Look, just relax. Let's hit the buffet and we'll hang back, scope out the scene.

Frank walks over to a buffet table.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Wow. Look at this. They have a much nicer spread than the straight orgies.

MAC

I don't feel comfortable in here.

FRANK

I know. That's why you gotta jump in head first. Go find a nice guy who'll smack you around a little bit.

MAC

I don't want to get smacked around. I don't want to get ball-gagged. I don't want to be beaten about the buttocks by a mallet.

FRANK

It's a part of the culture, Mac. You gotta get used to it.

MAC

It's a very small subset of the culture. It's fine, it's just too much for me.

FRANK

Yeah, I get it. This whole place is grossing me out.

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Frank pulls the bloody newspaper bits out of his nose and puts them in the chicken wings. Then he pulls the newspaper that's under the chicken wings out, balls it up, and puts it up his nose.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ah. That's spicy. There must have been some hot sauce on those wings. Let me try one.

Frank starts eating a wing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That is hot. Delicious though.

A GIMP approaches Frank.

GIMP

Mmmph. Mmph...

FRANK

Ah. Shit. Look out. Incoming.
(then)
Yes. Hello. How may we help you?

GIMP

Mmmph.

FRANK

I think it wants sex.
(then loudly)
Hello! I am not interested in gay sex! No thank you!!! No sex!!!!

GIMP

Mmmph.

FRANK

Mac. Unzip this freak so we can find out what it wants.

Mac unzips the Gimp's mouth.

GIMP

Sir. I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

FRANK

What!? Why? Cause I'm straight?

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GIMP

No, because you just put your nose rags in the chicken and you're bleeding all over the steamed veggies.

FRANK

Oh, sorry your highness! I'll be more careful. Hey, how much I gotta pay you to let my boy Mac take you for a spin?

GIMP

I'm not a prostitute.

FRANK

You do this for fun?! Oh my God, I don't get it. Why did they give me this mission?! I got the short straw you see--

MAC

Sorry sir. We'll be leaving.

Mac pulls Frank away.

MAC (CONT'D)

Can I just go home please?

FRANK

No way, Goldie Locks. We gotta find that pride. So this place is too hard? Fine. Let's go a little softer.

4 INT. DRAG QUEEN BRUNCH - LATER (D1)

4 *

A DRAG QUEEN performs on stage. Frank and Mac sit at table drinking mimosas. Frank is sweating.

FRANK

God, this cut is killing me. You see anything you like?

MAC

Not really. These are drag queens.

FRANK

Yeah. It's much softer. More feminine. But still gay.

(MORE)

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FRANK (CONT'D)

You wanna pop on a dress? Dance around and sing or something?

MAC

No.

FRANK

Come on Mac! Here I am sticking my neck out for you and you're giving me nothing!

MAC

How are you sticking your neck out for me?

FRANK

I'm running a real risk hanging around these joints. One false move and these fairies could poke me full of holes!

MAC

Do you think gay people are all rapists?

FRANK

What do I know Mac? Christ. I'm sweating. I think I'm having a reaction to that hot sauce.

Frank is dabbing a napkin in his mimosa and putting it on his nose.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The acidity and the alcohol should stop the flow. Gotta plug this up.

MAC

Jesus. You're like an animal. Nobody in here is going to be attracted to you.

FRANK

Well, help me out here man! We're running out of time. What's gonna get you feeling proud?

MAC

I don't know what to tell you, Frank. This just isn't my thing either.

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FRANK

Well, what is!?! Like when you came out to your parents, did you come out as a top or a bottom? A boy or a girl?

MAC

Neither. I just told my mom I was gay and she just passed gas and fell asleep.

FRANK

And your dad?

MAC

Oh. I'm haven't come out to him.

FRANK

Well, maybe that's your problem! Then, let's go tell him!

MAC

I can't just tell him. I've been working on a way to do it but it's gonna take a few more weeks.

FRANK

Weeks?! I need you on that float tomorrow!

MAC

You just don't understand what's going on inside of me, Frank.

FRANK

I'm sure there's five or six super-viruses that are melting your insides.

MAC

No. I mean, like the struggle. To be who I am. I want him to understand.

FRANK

(sighs)

Oh dear God.

(to a Waitress)

I drew the short straw.

(then back to Mac)

Explain it to me.

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MAC

Well... it's like there's two sides of me. The light side and the dark side. And the one side, she's trying to--

FRANK

Wait. *She*? One side of you is a *she*?

MAC

Well, it's like a feminine energy. It's beautiful and nurturing and she's trying to pull me into the light. But I've been resisting it. There's a storm inside of me. There's rain. And thunder and stuff. That's when we start dancing.

FRANK

Dancing?

MAC

Yeah. Until finally she pulls me from the darkness and I hoist her into the sky in triumph. Then it's like I'm gay now. Then she cradles me like I'm her child. But I'm super masculine and an adult. Also we fuck. It's sort of like one of those kind of things. You get it?

FRANK

Mac, that doesn't make one goddamn lick of sense.

MAC

You don't get it?

FRANK

I'll never get it.

MAC

Okay, let me explain it to you slower. And in more detail.

FRANK

No, no, no. Forget all that bullshit. You just gotta sit your Dad down and tell him the truth.

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5 INT. PRISON - LATER (D1)

5

Frank and Mac sit in the waiting room. His nose is swollen badly and his eyes are black and blue.

FRANK

Christ, it's swelling. This is a nightmare.

Frank is now using duct tape and pieces of insulation to seal off any areas where blood may flow.

MAC

I think your nose is infected, man.

FRANK

Nah. Just gotta stop the blood. This insulation will do the trick.

LUTHER, Mac's Dad, gets lead out, looking as scary as ever.

MAC

I'm freaking out, Frank.

FRANK

Just don't dance around it. Tell him right away. Rip off the bandaid. I'm sure he'll be cool.

Luther picks up the phone.

LUTHER

What do you want?

MAC

Hey Dad. Hope you're well. So what's up?

LUTHER

My cellmate ratted on me for having an extra pillow. I cut out his tongue with a rusty pair of pliers and fed it to the maggots.

MAC

Oh... cool.

FRANK

Very cool.

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MAC

So, anyway, there's something I want to tell you.

LUTHER

Yeah?

MAC

It's not easy to say these kinds of things.

LUTHER

Uh-huh.

MAC

Okay... well, there's this woman. And we're dancing in the rain.

FRANK

Don't do it, Mac.

MAC

And she's like -- she wants me to be happy. And with her I can be happy.

FRANK

You're losing him.

MAC

And we come together and we're very passionate and in the end, we're one. And we have sex or whatever and then it's like, something new is born.

FRANK

What he's trying to say is --

LUTHER

I know exactly what he's trying to say.

MAC

You do?

LUTHER

(smiles)

My son finally knocked someone up!
I'm gonna be a grandfather!

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MAC

Well, uh --

LUTHER

Finally someone to carry on my name!

MAC

Well, I could carry on your name.

LUTHER

Son, listen to me. I never really got you. But now I see that there's hope for you yet. Not in your life, but in the life of your son.

MAC

We don't know that it's gonna be a boy.

LUTHER

It's a boy, goddamnit.

MAC

Yes! You're right! It's a boy! Dad, we're having a boy!

LUTHER

If it's not a boy, you flush that shit out and try again.

MAC

Uh-huh! Yeah, of course.

LUTHER

And with my help, even from in here. We'll raise him like a man! Like a MacDonald man is supposed to be!

Luther turns to Others in the room.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be a grandfather!

He hangs up the phone and walks away.

MAC

Yeah! Are you proud of me --
(turns to Frank)

(MORE)

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MAC (CONT'D)

He's just really excited. Probably wants to go spread the good word.

6 INT. PADDY'S PUB - NEXT DAY (D2)

6

Frank is sitting at the bar with lemons and a hot glue gun, fussing with his bloody nose. CHARLIE enters.

FRANK

Ah. Shit. That smarts.

CHARLIE

Frank? What are you doing, man?

FRANK

I'm trying to plug my cut but I can't stop it. I'm using lemon juice and hot glue to close the wound.

CHARLIE

Jesus man. Where's Mac?

FRANK

Huh?

CHARLIE

Mac? You were supposed to get him.

FRANK

Oh. Yeah. Yeah. He's coming.

CHARLIE

Well he's super late.

FRANK

No big deal if he doesn't do it right? I mean, we could find someone else.

CHARLIE

Someone else? No this is a very big deal. He's the authentic gay. We can't have a straight guy playing a gay! The press will murder us!

FRANK

I didn't think you guys were gonna take this so seriously.

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CHARLIE

So seriously? Come check this out.

7 EXT. PADDY'S PUB - CONTINUOUS (D2) 7

Frank and Charlie exit the bar revealing the most INCREDIBLE PADDY'S THEMED GAY PRIDE FLOAT EVER.

FRANK

Holy shit.

CHARLIE

It's a full working bar. We have speakers everywhere. Confetti cannons, a rain machine for maximum sex appeal for Mac's strip dance or whatever you have him doing! It's gonna kill! It's the most successful thing we've ever done! The only missing piece is Mac! And we gotta roll soon.

FRANK

Yeah, yeah. No problem. I got that covered.

CHARLIE

I hope so. Because you only had one job, Frank.

FRANK

I got it! I got it.

8 INT. MAC AND DENNIS' APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER (D2) 8

Frank hustles down the hall, mumbling to himself. He goes to kick the door again.

FRANK

Oh right. It's probably not locked.

He goes to open it and walks forward but it's locked and he SMASHES HIS FACE into it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Goddamnit! It is locked.

The door is unlocked from the inside and it opens. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN exits. She's sweaty and out of breath.

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FRANK (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Who the hell are you?

She continues down the hall.

9 INT. MAC AND DENNIS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (D2)

9

Frank enters to find Mac, also sweaty and out of breath. He's putting his shirt back on.

FRANK
(putting the pieces
together)
Oh no. Mac. Oh no.

MAC
What do you want Frank?

FRANK
You were just banging that broad,
weren't you? You're trying to get a
girl pregnant just because it's
what your Dad wants you do?!

Frank gets more ice from the fridge.

MAC
No, Frank. That's not what it is.

FRANK
You're going back into the closet!
I can't stand it! No one can stand
it!

MAC
I'm not going back in the closet. I
told you. I just need to come out
to him my way. So he can
understand.

Frank starts to rip newspaper and plug his nose more.

FRANK
Ah! Shit this goddamn cut!
(then)
You know what? I don't care. Let's
go. You're getting on that float.

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MAC

No, I'm not. I'm not ready. I don't want to do it and you can't make me.

FRANK

Fine! Fine! I don't need you! Sit here and bang your broads and your peaches and feel sorry for yourself! I'll find somebody else! Another gay! Somebody way hotter than you!

Frank finds a peach with no holes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And can I eat this one?!

MAC

Yes.

FRANK

Alright.

He eats the peach as he leaves.

10

EXT. PADDY'S PUB - LATER (D2)

10

DEE and Charlie are working on the float. Frank walks up, his head swelling like a balloon, still with bloody paper up his nose. He feels and looks grotesque, but does his best to be cheery.

FRANK

Hey-O! It's done and done baby! Let me introduce you to Paddy's top gay! Everybody in the neighborhood knows him, everyone loves him! The gay to rope in all the gays... Cricket!

Cricket comes dancing around the corner wearing leather pants and crossing leather belts as a top.

CRICKET

It's five bucks an hour paid on the hour, I will accept tips, tricks are optional and I don't take lemons. Also I'm not gay for the record. All this is very much against my nature.

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DEE

What the hell is this!? Where's
Mac?

FRANK

Mac's out.

DEE

Why!?

FRANK

I think he's going back in the
closet.

DEE

Frank, you had one job to do! Get
the gay man to dance on the gay
float. How hard is that!?

Charlie comes from inside the float.

CHARLIE

Dennis is saying he doesn't want to
drive. Says he's feeling
claustrophobic in there. Why is
Cricket here?

DEE

Frank blew it!

CHARLIE

Come on man! You had one job to do!

DEE

That's what I said!

FRANK

It's fine. Cricket's gonna dance.

CHARLIE

It's not fine. Cricket looks like a
monster. As do you! We don't want a
bar full of monsters. We want a bar
full of high-spending gay men.

FRANK

Then just have Dennis dance.

DEE

We can't have a straight guy do it.
The press will murder us.

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CHARLIE

That's what I said!

FRANK

The press doesn't give two shits
about us.

CHARLIE

Frank, it's 2018. You're the only
one who doesn't seem to understand
gay culture.

FRANK

Arghh. My entire head is swelling
up with blood.

DEE

Shit, Charlie, we gotta be there in
twenty minutes.

CHARLIE

Jesus. Okay, fine, Cricket get on
top and dance. Frank, you drive
cause you're the only one small
enough to squeeze in there. Go. Go.
Go.

CRICKET

I'm not going anywhere till I see
an Abraham Lincoln.

Dee pays Cricket.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

What's this?

DEE

Seventy-five cents.

CRICKET

I said a Lincoln!

DEE

There's some Lincolns in there. In
or out, Cricks?

Cricket sighs.

CRICKET

Fine.

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11 INT. FLOAT - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 11

Frank is in the cramped cockpit of the gay pride float.

FRANK
Okay, where's drive?

He finds it and looks at some directions on a piece of paper.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Okay, I head down Wharton, left on
Second...
(then, in pain)
Christ. I can barely see. This cut
is killing me!
(then)
Okay, left on Wharton... No left on
Second....
(more pain)
...Shit...gotta plug it some more.

He starts to rip the directions up and shove them up his nose. Then he sees himself in the mirror and has a realization.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You know what? Screw this.

Frank pops it in gear and jams the gas and yanks on the steering wheel.

12 OMITTED 12 *

13 INT. MAC AND DENNIS' APARTMENT - LATER (D2) 13

Mac watches court TV. He hears a BANG on the door.

FRANK (O.S.)
Mac!? Mac?! I'm coming in! I'm
gonna kick the door down! One...
Two...

Mac casually opens the door and Frank comes flying in, crashing down out of frame. When he pops back up, we notice the entire front of his shirt is drenched with blood, but his face looks much better.

MAC
Jesus man. Is that from just now?

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FRANK

No. That's from earlier. See Mac, I've been in agony all day but then I had a realization. And that's that sometimes you just gotta let the blood flow before you can start the healing. Some cuts just can't be plugged. And that's the same for you. You got this thing inside you and you've been trying to plug it up. But you got to let that shit out. You've got to let it flow. Otherwise you'll be in agony your whole life.

MAC

You're saying I have to get on that float and dance to find my pride.

FRANK

No. Forget the float. That's doing it for the wrong reasons. You gotta do something else.

14

INT. PRISON - LATER (D2)

14

A bunch of prisoners, including Mac's Dad, Luther, are escorted into a empty room with rows of benches. They take their seats. Frank and Mac stand to the side. *

FRANK

Okay, I got a few items off the float for you to use, paid off the Warden, they think they're seeing a Blake Shelton concert and I got your Dad a front row seat.

MAC

Frank, I don't think I can do this.

FRANK

Look, Mac. I don't get it and I may never get it, but I know you can't keep plugging that cut. You gotta do this. You said you wanted to tell him your way. So go do it.

MAC

Okay... okay.

CUT TO:

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15 INT. PRISON - STAGE - LATER (D2)

15

Mac steadies himself and addresses the room.

MAC

Hello everyone. I'm Ronald MacDonald. That's my Dad right down here in the middle. Dad, you wanna stand up and say hello to the boys? No? Okay cool. Anyway, Dad, I tried to tell you something before. And it's something that may be tough for you to hear. I just wanted you to understand what's going on inside of me. What it's been like all these years. You see there's a storm and--

FRANK

Just get to it!

MAC

Right. Dad, I'm a gay man.

The LIGHTS snap to BLACK. Shafts of MOONLIGHT illuminate the stage creating a quiet, ethereal scene...

The first thing we HEAR is rain beginning to drip down from the sky. Then with increasing intensity -- a storm.

THUNDER cracks in the distance. Then MAC, looking lonely and afraid, steps into the moonlight and kneels.

MUSIC BEGINS -- Haunting and beautiful.

Out from the shadows -- The YOUNG BEAUTIFUL WOMAN from earlier steps into the scene. She walks to Mac, comforting. She lays her hands on his back and a DANCE BEGINS.

It's quiet, tragic, rife with raw emotion. The WOMAN IS AMAZING. Mac, miraculously, is able to keep up. Eventually it builds to the midpoint -- a point of anguish and angst, yet undeniable beauty.

Mac, kneeling in respite, looks up and notices that --

HIS DAD IS NO LONGER THERE.

The music slows. A HEARTBEAT pulses in the music.

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Frank is riveted. He watches from the audience. Completely stunned. What's going to happen?

Mac hangs his head, heartbroken, devastated. The HEARTBEAT and the patter of the rain, the only sounds.

Then, slowly the MUSIC returns. The BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN (representation Mac's true nature) stands, defiant and courageous.

SHE WILL NOT LET HIM FAIL.

She takes him by the hand and leads him up. She whispers something in his ear. He steels his gaze with resolve and makes a decision. THEY CONTINUE --

The song changes from forlorn and haunting to powerful and uplifting. Mac lifts the woman and throws her into the sky. He twirls her around in the rain, each move more impressive and as the music crescendos --

He lifts her high into the air, their bodies in perfect form. A LUMINOUS DISPLAY OF HUMAN TRIUMPH.

Then silence again. The rain stops. The storm has ended. He pulls her down into his arms and she peacefully falls to the floor. He collapses into her arms, physically and emotionally exhausted. She cradles him in his arms like a mother would a child and she whispers to him --

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Shhhhh. It's okay... It's okay...
It's... okay.

THEN CRACK! A SUNBEAM BREAKS THE NIGHT SKY. They both look to the heavens, their faces full of joy.

THEN -- BLACK.

IT'S OVER. The audience is stunned. What the fuck did they just watch? We find Frank, wide eyed and frozen.

FRANK

Oh. My. God...

WE PUSH IN ON HIM, slowly. Then come to rest.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I get it.

THE AUDIENCE ERUPTS INTO A STANDING OVATION.

CUT TO BLACK.

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END OF SHOW

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