

Barry

"Chapter One: Make Your Mark"
(PILOT)

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- 101 INT. ROCHESTER RADISSON, HOTEL ROOM - PRE-DAWN (D1) 101
- BARRY emerges from the bathroom.
- He crosses the room, and as he does we pan with him, revealing a DEAD LAWYER IN BOXERS AND A T-SHIRT, lying in bed, slumped against the headboard.
- Barry turns to the nightstand and picks up a GLOCK with a silencer. He racks the bolt, checks the chamber, unscrews the silencer, and stows both parts in his jacket.
- Barry pats his jacket, takes one last look around the room, then nods. "All set." He exits.
- 102 INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING (D1) 102
- Barry is asleep in the aisle seat, his mouth open, snoring.
- 103 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT (CLEVELAND) - MORNING (D1) 103
- Barry enters a sparse apartment, looking like any other jet-lagged guy back from a business trip.
- 104 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER (D1) 104
- Barry takes a shower.
- 105 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT (CLEVELAND) - LATER (D1) 105
- Barry sits on the couch/bed, cranking 80's metal, playing Xbox. Beer cans and fast food wrappers are strewn about.
- 106 EXT. BARRY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX (CLEVELAND) - NIGHT (N1) 106
- Snow swirls around a bleak apartment block lit by orange street lights.
- 107 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT (CLEVELAND) - NIGHT (N1) 107
- Barry is passed out on his bed/couch, video game controller still in his hand.
- The video game is on pause. WE SEE that he still keeps his framed Marine picture on his dresser; the only area of the apartment kept clean.

FUCHES (O.C.)

Barry...Barry? Wake up, buddy.

Barry stirs and opens his eyes to see: FUCHES, 50s, with a crew cut and a golf shirt, a faded army tattoo on his forearm. He sits awkwardly on a bean bag chair.

BARRY

Fuches?

FUCHES

I let myself in. No one saw me.

BARRY

How long have you been watching me sleep?

FUCHES

Money just cleared on the Rochester job. One less bad guy in the world. Nice work, Barry. As usual.

BARRY

He was in bed. Wasn't work, exactly.

FUCHES

Then why did it take you two days?

BARRY

(caught)

I was doing recon. Wanted to make it clean.

FUCHES

Or were you just laying around your hotel room like in Sioux Falls last month? Or in St. Paul before that? Those extra expenses add up.

Barry stares into the middle distance. He's not just tired, this guy is depressed. Fuches eyes the trashed apartment.

FUCHES (cont'd)

I'm worried about you, buddy. This shit heap reminds me of the old Barry. Before he had a purpose.

BARRY

I think I'm just burnt out or... maybe I need a break or something.

FUCHES

Now, I think what we need to do is shake things up. So instead of burning another small-time hood in some snowed-in rust-belt shit-hole, what do you say to a little trip out to sunny Los Angeles?

BARRY

(bummed)

You came here to give me an assignment?

FUCHES

Chechen mob, a guy named Goran Pazar, needs an outsider to handle something embarrassing. Great money, could get us a lot closer to where we need to be to hang it all up someday.

Barry sits.

BARRY

When do you think that will be?

Fuches gets up.

FUCHES

Your flight to LA leaves in four hours. I'll have a car waiting for you at the Ontario airport.

BARRY

Ontario? It's like a two hour drive.

FUCHES

Yeah, but you can't just fly into LAX. We've got to cover our tracks.

BARRY

Is it because it's cheaper?

FUCHES

No, it's because it is smarter.

BARRY

How much cheaper was it?

108 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING, FOYER - DAWN (D2) 108

Barry heads down the stairs and bumps into VICKIE (late 50s), who's carrying a PIPE WRENCH.

BARRY

Hey Vickie. I've got a convention in Albuquerque. I'll be gone for a couple of days.

VICKIE

People in the building are tired of your terrible music.

Barry ignores her and heads for the door.

VICKIE (cont'd)

Seriously. They hate it.

BARRY

Thanks.

Barry exits.

109 EXT. LA/ONTARIO AIRPORT, PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY (D2) 109

On the roof of the parking structure. A PLANE ROARS over Barry as he searches for his car, cell phone up to his ear.

FUCHES (V.O.)

Hey Barry, it's Fuches. You're probably still on the plane, but welcome to California, buddy. Hey, my guy said he left the car in space four-oh-eight. I told him you were my best guy so he should hook you up. He said the car is "dope" so, enjoy that, buddy.

He finds the car. It's a shitty Camry.

110 INT. BARRY'S CAR - DAY (D2) 110

Barry inches along in traffic.

FUCHES (V.O.)

When you meet Goran, don't be afraid to sell yourself. Remember that liquor distributor in Canton you stabbed in the nut?

(MORE)

FUCHES (V.O.) (cont'd)
I think Goran's the kind of man who
would find something like that
intriguing.

Barry notices a car-seat in the back.

FUCHES (V.O.) (cont'd)
So work it into the conversation,
to make him aware, that you know,
you'll go there.

TWO MOTORCYCLES ZOOM past either side of him, weaving
between the slow-moving cars.

BARRY
Fucking dick!

111 EXT. PAZAR HOUSE - DAY (D2)

111

A modest house in Glendale with super nice cars in the
driveway.

NOHO HANK (20s, dressed conservatively in a golf shirt and
khaki pants, yet with a tattoo on his neck) appears in the
doorway.

NOHO HANK
Hey, you must be Barry! I am Noho
Hank. I trust your flight was good,
nah?

112 INT. PAZAR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (D2)

112

Barry is led through the house by Noho Hank.

NOHO HANK
Are you hungry? I mean you want a
submarine sandwich? If you're
thirsty, we got juice boxes,
Hawaiian Punch, maybe beer or
something. So we're gonna do this
outside, if that's okay. His
daughter has some friends over.
They're watching their Jessie.

They pass a group of TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRLS watching that Disney
Channel show *Jessie*. They are all dressed like *Jessie*. An
OLD CHECHEN WOMAN sits beside them, judging.

113 EXT. PAZAR HOUSE, POOL AREA - MOMENTS LATER (D2)

113

Goran Pazar (50s) shows them the back area.

PAZAR

(no one asked)

We moved to this house...I want to say, a year ago...little over a year ago. You see this fountain?

Pazar points out the window to a giant, hideously overdone fountain next to the pool.

PAZAR (cont'd)

I put that in. When you are new somewhere, first impressions are important. You want to show best version of yourself.

BARRY

Seems a little overbuilt for the backyard, don't you think?

PAZAR

Overbuilt?

BARRY

It's just a very small backyard is what I'm saying. It's not...it's nice. It's nice. I'm not saying it's not nice. I'm just saying it's very busy.

PAZAR

We are going to add additional water feature.

BARRY

I wouldn't...

NOHO HANK

Ok, let's go sit in the cabana, yes?

Noho Hank leads Barry off, leaving PAZAR, who checks the fountain and pool again, seeing it with fresh eyes.

114 EXT. PAZAR HOUSE, CABANA - MOMENTS LATER (D2)

114

Noho Hank and Pazar sit at the table with Barry.

NOHO HANK

We haven't been in LA long, but we've made a lot of progress: The harbors, identity theft, meth, 99 Cent stores. The business has been going great. But recently, personal matters cropped up that needs to be kept separate from the business. So we called you.

(lifts up laptop)

Can you see this okay? This is Ryan Madison.

On the screen a driver's license picture of RYAN MADISON, 30s, good-looking Midwestern dude.

NOHO HANK (cont'd)

He is a physical trainer in Silver Lake. He works with Goran's wife Oksana. They've been training together for...

Noho Hank looks at Pazar for an estimate, but his boss is lost in a grim reverie.

NOHO HANK (cont'd)

...two, three months? Ya? Over the past few weeks these sessions became more frequent. Goran asked me to follow her and I became aware that they were taking up in a Holiday Inn in Studio City.

(holds up camera)

I snuck a lipstick camera similar to this one in the room and got this.

On the laptop we see grainy footage of Ryan and OKSANA (30s, ex-Penthouse Pet) fucking.

PAZAR

Why would I want to see this? Turn that off. TURN IT OFF.

NOHO HANK

I wanted to give him the whole --

PAZAR

He gets it. You already said they are taking up in a hotel, why show footage? You are just impressed with yourself for planting the camera. Trash that footage.

NOHO HANK

Ok...

Barry wants to wrap this up:

BARRY

So you guys want him gone?

PAZAR AND NOHO HANK

Yes.

BARRY

Good. Ok.

NOHO HANK

We'd pay you a --

BARRY

No, you don't pay me anything. Fuches takes care of the money. I just need his name and address and it'll be done in a couple of days.

NOHO HANK

That sounds good.

BARRY

Alright, now there's a lot of ways I could do this for you. One of them is I could stab him in the nut. That's something I did once and I'm very comfortable doing it again.

PAZAR

What??

BARRY

Or not.

PAZAR

Why?

BARRY

Forget about it.

PAZAR

Who would want this?

NOHO HANK

Can't you just shoot him?

BARRY

Yeah. No I --

NOHO HANK

Because being shot is very painful.
Have you ever been shot? I have.
It's like crazy painful.

PAZAR

Anything is better than stabbing a
guy in the nut.

BARRY

I'll shoot him, I'll shoot him,
I'll shoot him...

NOHO HANK

Ok, Goran. I think he is going to
shoot him.

115 -- EXT. MAIL/SHIPPING STORE - MORNING (D3) 115

Early morning: Barry exits the shipping center with a FED EX
box tucked under his arm. He gets in his Camry, opens the
FED EX box and a GLOCK, TWO CLIPS, SEVERAL LOOSE BULLETS
tumble into his lap.

BARRY

No silencer. Thanks, Fuches.

116 -- EXT. GYM - LATER (D3) 116

Barry is parked outside the gym. He watches the guy from the
photo, Ryan Madison, talk to an older woman.

Ryan Madison gets in his truck.

117 -- INT. BARRY'S CAR - LATER (D3) 117

Barry maintains a three car length behind Ryan's truck.

118 EXT. TOLUCA LAKE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON (D3) 118

Barry pulls over, down the street from a nondescript
building. In the rear view mirror he watches Ryan approach
the entrance.

Out in front are about a dozen people, all smoking, drinking
coffee, and chatting.

Barry keeps watching as a black Escalade pulls up in front
of the building, and noses into a parking spot blocked off
with two ORANGE CONES.

A FEMALE STUDENT (NATALIE) waves at the Escalade and pulls the cones so it can take the space.

A MAN IN A COAT emerges from the Escalade. Natalie hands him a coffee, and follows him inside.

Barry watches everyone disappear inside. He checks his watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 EXT. TOLUCA LAKE STREET - LATER (D3) 119

Barry sits in the Camry. He checks his watch again.

120 EXT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING, ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS (D3) 120

Barry walks down the alleyway next to the building and spots a side entrance that is propped open. He heads toward it when he hears...

WOMAN

Fuck you too! Don't you call me --

Barry looks around, not sure what to do. He walks toward the voice and sees A WOMAN (SALLY, 30s, Midwestern cute) in the alley, mumbling to herself.

Barry instinctively drops into a defensive pose. Sally is startled to see him.

SALLY

What are you doing out here? Who are you? Shit, I lost my place. Dammit!

Just then Natalie pops her head out of the side door.

NATALIE

Sally, he's ready for you.

SALLY

Shit.
(to Barry)
Thanks a lot...

She stomps inside, leaving a confused Barry in the alley.

121 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS (D3)

121

Barry enters through the back. He watches Eric and Sally on stage.

ERIC

Strong, strong stuff you got here, boy... woah. What have you got wrong that you need all this stuff?

SALLY

You motherfucker.

ERIC

What?

SALLY

You fucking asshole. Who the fuck are you? Who the fuck do you think you are?

ERIC

Please lady, why don't you just calm down --

COUSINEAU

Bullshit!

They stop. GENE COUSINEAU, 60s, acting teacher extraordinaire, approaches the stage, fuming. Sally looks mortified.

COUSINEAU (cont'd)

Bullshit! It's false, Sally.

SALLY

Yeah, I know...I got thrown off right before I was about to go on. I was outside going through my --

COUSINEAU

Excuse me, I don't give a shit! Even your excuses are false. You're up there, stinking up my stage babe. What the fuck do you want?

SALLY

The prescriptions.

COUSINEAU

Not Linda! You! Little Sally Reed from Joplin, Missouri. What do you want?

SALLY

To be an actress.

COUSINEAU

Again, I don't believe you!

SALLY

(starting to cry)

It's all I've ever wanted in the whole world.

COUSINEAU

Oh really? Except you don't think you're gonna make it, do you? I mean that's what you told me.

(to room)

Oh ya, last week she takes me out for a cup of coffee after class, starts to cry, snot running down her nose. All of a sudden she said, "I'm not gonna make it." I'm telling you, I was embarrassed. It was pathetic. Here was a person who's spending her money. She doesn't have any talent whatsoever. This chick shouldn't even be in this class. I cannot believe --

SALLY

(angry, tears pouring)

That is not fair, Gene --

COUSINEAU

(abruptly "inspirational")

Don't think, just finish the scene.

Sally takes a beat, realizing what he's done, then wheels around to Eric.

SALLY

Don't you call me "lady!" I come in here. I give these things to you, you check - I'm SICK! I have sickness all around me and you fucking ask me my life? Have you seen death in your bed? In your house? And then I'm asked fucking questions. What's...wrong? Suck my DICK.

Barry startles.

SALLY (cont'd)
That's what's wrong. Shame on you!
Shame on you...SUCK MY DICK!

Sally "exits" the pharmacy, looks down, solemnly, then looks up.

SALLY (cont'd)
And, scene.

The class erupts in applause.

Cousineau bounds up on stage and hugs her.

COUSINEAU
(to Sally)
You know that I had to do that,
right? You know I love you.
(to students)
Alright, now that was something.
Now as beautiful Sally just
demonstrated, that's what this
class is about, LIFE. I want you to
create a LIFE right here on this
stage. We're not here studying some
fucking TV commercial acting.
That's not why you came to LA, is
it? You didn't move all the way
across the country for that. This
is the THEATER! Now, let's give her
another round, she deserves your
praise.

Barry's intrigued by this, when...

VOICE (O.C.)
Hey, man...

Barry turns and is face to face with RYAN, who stands two feet from him holding a SCRIPT.

RYAN
Are you new to this class? I
haven't seen you here before.

Barry eyes the exit, but Ryan's blocking his path.

RYAN (cont'd)
I'm Ryan. Ryan Madison.

He holds out his hand to shake. Barry hesitates, then...
shakes his hand.

RYAN (cont'd)
Listen, I was supposed to put up a scene with Matt Kennedy, but he got a catering gig. So, could you help me out?

Ryan holds the script pages out to Barry, who doesn't know what to say.

COUSINEAU
Ryan, you're up. Where's Kennedy?

RYAN
He's not here.
(points)
But I'm going to do the scene with him.

122 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - A LITTLE LATER (D3)

122

On stage, Ryan is wearing a rasta wig and sits at a table with some paper cups on it.

RYAN
(as "Drex1")
Grab a seat there, boy. Grab yourself an eggroll. We got everything here from a diddle-eyed joe to a damned-if-I-know.

Barry looks at him, shocked.

RYAN (cont'd)
Mean you ate before you came on down here? All full? Is that it? Nah, I don't think so. I think you're too scared to be eatin'. See? You ain't even sat down yet. On that TV over there, since you been in the room, is a woman with her titties hangin' out. Now, I know I'm pretty, but I ain't as pretty as a couple a titties.

Long beat. Barry catches the eyes of the crowd staring.

BARRY
(as Clarence)
What's in that envelope is for my peace of mind. My peace of mind is worth that much. Not one penny more. Not one penny more.

Ryan picks up the envelope and looks inside, acts surprised at what he sees.

RYAN
It's empty.

Barry stands there.

Then, Ryan very "dramatically" stares at Barry. Suddenly, he sweeps the paper cups off the table and lunges at Barry.

RYAN (cont'd)
And, scene!

The class erupts in applause. Barry takes it in. This is new. A weird smile creeps onto his face.

Cousineau comes on stage, looks at Barry.

COUSINEAU
(to Barry)
Who are you?

BARRY
Barry.

COUSINEAU
Barry what?

BARRY
Berkman.

COUSINEAU
Well, Barry Berkman, you just used up your one free audit class. If you want to be here on Thursday you better prepare a monologue. You understand?

Barry nods.

COUSINEAU (cont'd)
Wow...Ok, who's next?

123 EXT. THEATER, PARKING LOT - NIGHT (N3)

123

Barry exits the theater, starts to head for his car when...

SALLY (O.C.)
Hey! Hey, Barry!

Barry turns to see Sally standing with several other actors who are smoking and drinking coffee. She heads over to him.

SALLY

Hey. I just want to say sorry for snapping at you back there. I didn't realize you were an actor.

BARRY

I'm not actor --

SALLY

So what are you gonna do for your monologue? I did the scene from *The Blind Side*. You know, the one where Sandy Bullock interrupts football practice. "*This team is your family. You protect his blind side.*" Do you remember that? It won her an Oscar.

BARRY

I'm not doing a monologue.

SALLY

What would be a good mono for you? Let's go brainstorm. A bunch of us are going to Residuals.

BARRY

What's Residuals?

124 EXT. STRIPMALL, ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (N3)

124

A sign touts the existence of Residuals, right next to a taco place.

125 INT. RESIDUALS - NIGHT (N3)

125

A Studio City watering hole serving starving actors for decades. Signed headshots of up-and-comers and never-was'es cover the walls, along with scores of residual checks in the amount of pennies.

Barry sits with a handful of folks from the class chatting animatedly, Sally using up most of the oxygen in the conversation.

SALLY

What if you did Robert Duvall from *Tender Mercies*?

NATALIE

Oh yes, yes, the one where he's talking about his daughter? You should totally do that.

SALLY

Or Brad Pitt from *Fight Club*?

SASHA

Ooh, I love that one, yes.

Another student, NICK (clearly gay), weighs in.

NICK

You know, to me the most important thing is honesty. Like, whatever you can bring your truth to.

SALLY

Wait, what is that Kevin Spacey movie? You know the one where he's the bad guy who's got the limp.

SASHA

Oh, oh my God, *Usual Suspects*!

SALLY

Indian guy...oh India...

NATALIE

Indiana Jones?

SASHA

It's *Usual Suspects*.

SALLY

K-Pax.

NATALIE

K-Pax.

SASHA

It's *Usual Suspects*.

NICK

(to Barry)

Like, my girlfriend is doing a day-player under five on *The Young and the Restless*. "Nurse." Very official.

BARRY

Did you say girlfriend?

SALLY
Did you just move here, Barry?

BARRY
Uh yeah. I'm from Cleveland.

SASHA
Cool, welcome to Los Angeles.

BARRY
Oh, are you from LA?

SALLY
Nobody's actually from LA, Barry.

NATALIE
Oh, I am though. Remember?

SALLY
Nick is from Florida...

NICK
Go Gaters.

SALLY
Jermaine is from...

JERMAINE
Denver.

SALLY
Denver. And Antonio here is from...

ANTONIO
Puerto Rico.

SALLY
Puerto Rico. Ya, he just booked
CSI.

ANTONIO
It's true. I'm playing a dead body
on that show. But the next time...
(full of inspiration)
I'm going to play somebody who is
alive.

EVERYONE
Yes!

SALLY
It's about talent for sure, but
mostly it's about passion.

(MORE)

SALLY (cont'd)

Do you think Meryl Streep and Kaley Cuoco became stars just because they were the best? No. It's because they wanted it the most. Look, there's always a million reasons not to do something, Barry. But if you want it, go for it. Oh, my girlfriend dates a manager at The Standard so if you have bartending experience or lie and say you do, I can get you a job there.

BARRY

Oh, I have a job. Sales. Auto parts.

Nods all around, "interesting."

SALLY

Oh that's cool.

SASHA

Different...

"JOURNAL OF ARDENCY" BY CLASS ACTRESS comes on.

SALLY

(re: dance floor)

Oh my God. Look at Lydia! She's out there all by herself.

Indeed, Lydia is on the dance floor alone, swaying to the beat.

SALLY (cont'd)

(to Barry)

C'mon. Let's go dance.

The group rushes out to the dance floor, Sally motions to Barry, who stays seated.

BARRY

I don't dance.

SALLY

Bullshit, yeah you do. I can tell you wanna dance.

Barry nods, "no."

SALLY (cont'd)
(laughs)
Ok, no pressure. You'll know where
to find me.

WE FOLLOW SALLY as she skips out to the dance floor, leaving Barry to watch.

BARRY POV: SLO-MO of Sally looking over at him.

SONG
*You think I'm livin', I'm livin',
I'm livin' it up / In the
spotlight.*

Barry is pretty sure she's flirting with him. This never happens on a job. Somewhere in his brain a voice is saying "Enjoy this."

RYAN
(chanting drunkenly)
Barry Berkman! Barry Berkman!

Barry looks over to see Ryan Madison sitting next to him.

RYAN (cont'd)
You've got to change that name. I
changed my name. My real name's
Richard Krempf. Ryan Madison sounds
way cooler. Barry Berkman. It's too
plain. You sound like an accountant
or something. You want something
people can remember. I've got the
perfect stage name for you.

BARRY
What?

RYAN
Barry...Block.

BARRY
Barry Block. I don't get it.

RYAN
Ya, cuz when I look at you...I
think of a block.

SALLY
(leans in)
Hey, hey Barry...Can you drive him
home? He has like seven DUIs.

She points to Ryan, who is now pretty much passed out.

BARRY

Sure.

She gives him a kiss. It's right on the line between friendly and sexual.

SALLY

Goodnight. Looking forward to your monologue.

She dances back onto the floor.

BARRY

Alright, Ryan...time to go.

126 INT. BARRY'S CAR - NIGHT (N3)

126

Ryan freaks out in the car.

RYAN

What? Are you insane?

(beat)

You gotta take this class, bro.

BARRY

(distracted)

Oh. Um...No. I can't do that.

RYAN

What? Come on! It's not that hard.

Here. It's all in the book.

Ryan pulls out Cousineau's book: "Hit Your Mark and Say Your Lines."

RYAN (cont'd)

This is your new bible, bro. Gene's teachings changed my life. So go home and Google "Great Monologues," choose one, and I'll help you prepare before class tomorrow.

BARRY

You're gonna help me audition? Why?

RYAN

Uh, you're my scene partner, bro. We rocked it out today. You were so chill. You just let me do my thing. You're a very generous performer.

BARRY

A generous performer...?

RYAN
Totally! So I'll see you tomorrow,
scene partner.

Ryan hugs Barry. After a beat, Barry pats him on the back awkwardly.

LIPSTICK CAM FOOTAGE -- Barry and Ryan hugging.

NOHO HANK (O.C.)
What the fuck?

REVEAL: Noho Hank and Thick Neck in a BMW down the street, casing Ryan's house. Noho Hank has the lipstick cam on the dashboard. Thick Neck is clearly not impressed with Barry's methods.

Ryan gets out of the car. He shouts to Barry.

RYAN
Ryan Madison! Barry Block! We're
gonna do it!

Noho Hank and Thick Neck watch Barry drive away.

NOHO HANK
What the fuck? They were hugging.

127 INT. BARRY'S LA HOTEL ROOM - MORNING (D4)

127

Light peeks around the drawn curtains. Barry's fast asleep. His cell phone rings.

BARRY
Yes.

INTERCUT:

128 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING (CLEVELAND) - SAME (D4)

128

Vickie in the hallway of Barry's apartment building. We see several firefighters and a cop trudging past in the BG, some smoke in evidence.

VICKIE
It's Vickie.

BARRY
Yeah?

VICKIE
This cop just said your apartment
blew up.

BARRY
A cop said my apartment blew up?

VICKIE
Yeah.

BARRY
What, are you there?

VICKIE
Yeah.

BARRY
How's my apartment?

VICKIE
It's all blown up. The cop wants to
know, did you leave the gas on or
something?

129 INT. BARRY'S LA HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D4) 129

Barry gets another call. He looks at his cell: FUCHES. Fuck.

BARRY
I gotta go, Vickie.

130 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING (CLEVELAND) (D4) 130

VICKIE
I can't believe it. He just hung up
on me like he don't give a shit.

131 INT. BARRY'S LA HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D4) 131

BARRY
(switches over)
Hey, Fuches.

FUCHES (V.O.)
Hey, bud. I'm outside.

Barry turns to look at his door.

BARRY
You're here?

132 INT. BARRY'S LA HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D4)

132

Fuches takes the crappy room in; he holds one of those "I HEART LA" bags you get at the airport.

BARRY

Why didn't you tell me you were coming?

FUCHES

This Noho Hank guy woke me up last night saying you and your mark were hugging?

BARRY

They saw that?

FUCHES

Oh yeah. I think they might blow up your apartment.

BARRY

They did.

FUCHES

How 'bout that. Well, this warrants a face-to-face, don't you think?

BARRY

I know it looks bad, and I'm going to take care of the guy --

FUCHES

Just needed to hug him first?

BARRY

Listen-listen to me. Something really cool happened.

Fuches sits down, never having seen Barry this genuinely excited by something.

FUCHES

Okay.

BARRY

Yesterday I followed Ryan. And he went to this acting class. And...I ended up doing a scene with him from *True Romance*.

FUCHES

True Romance?

BARRY

Yeah, it's LA theater so I guess all the scenes they do are from movies. And...I was good. Like everyone in the class thought I did well. Apparently I'm a very generous performer. And I hung out with them afterwards --

FUCHES

Them?

BARRY

The acting class. And they were really nice.

FUCHES

The whole class? Including the guy you're supposed to burn?

BARRY

Ryan Madison, yeah. He's a great dude. And... they just made me feel really good about myself. And you know how we always talk about my purpose --

FUCHES

You think acting could be your purpose?

BARRY

I don't know. All I know is I feel...motivated or something...

FUCHES

But...what about what we do together, Barry?

BARRY

Well they told me only a very small percentage of actors actually make a living acting, most of them have day jobs, so I just figured I would do night hits...

FUCHES

Ho-ho-ho. Wait.

(how do I explain this)

Barry. Being an actor is a very face-forward type of job, which is in direct conflict to being someone who anonymously kills people.

(MORE)

FUCHES (cont'd)

(off Barry's blank look)

Look -- if you're looking for a hobby or something, when we get you back to Cleveland, and we get you a new apartment just as nice as the one they blew up, maybe you can take up painting. Hitler painted. John Wayne Gacy painted. It's a good, solid hobby, and it never got in the way of what they were doing.

BARRY

(giving it one last shot)

Fuches. I know I'm good at killing. But I really think I could be good at this, too.

FUCHES

Acting?

BARRY

Yeah. Maybe. These are like, professionals, and they said I was good.

FUCHES

Think this through. You want to show up to burn a guy and they say "Hey, there's the guy from the chicken commercial."

BARRY

I don't know if I'd do commercials.

Fuches' patience is running out. It's time to lay down the law and end this nonsense.

FUCHES

When you decided to do this for a living, what we do here, you closed the door on being able to do anything else. You're a killer, Barry. You kill the bad guys.

BARRY

But...Ryan's not a bad guy.

FUCHES

No, no, no. See? Now you're all fucked up in the head because of this hug. Stop thinking. Kill Ryan. Okay? These Chechens...they are the scariest people I've ever worked with.

(MORE)

FUCHES (cont'd)

And they are talking about taking you off this job. You know what that means, right?

Barry nods.

FUCHES (cont'd)

I don't feel like dying over some wannabe actor. Okay? This is what you do. This is all you do. You understand?

Barry nods.

FUCHES (cont'd)

Okay good.

Silence. Barry's clearly frustrated. This might be the first real disagreement they've ever had.

133 EXT. THEATER, PARKING LOT - NIGHT (N4)

133

Students file out, light up, smoke and chat.

REVEAL: Barry is once again watching the theater from his Camry in the parking lot.

Barry's POV: Sally, Ryan, and the other actors emerge from the front of the theater, say their goodbyes, and disperse. Ryan and Sally walk down the street for a bit, and then part.

Now's the time. Let's get this over with. Barry hops out of his car to follow Ryan when he spots Cousineau saunter out of the theater, heading to his Escalade.

134 INT. COUSINEAU'S ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS (N4)

134

Cousineau starts the car when TAP TAP TAP!

A startled Cousineau looks up to see Barry tapping at his window. Barry waves. Cousineau rolls down the window.

BARRY

Hey, Cousineau.

COUSINEAU

You weren't in class today.

BARRY

No, I know --

COUSINEAU

Ryan was very upset.

BARRY

Yeah. I know. I've got to leave town.

COUSINEAU

So sorry to hear that.

BARRY

Mr. Cousineau. I just wanted to know...do you think I was good enough to be in your class?

Cousineau gives this question some real thought.

COUSINEAU

No Barry. I don't. What you did was truly dog shit. Really really awful. Dumb acting, I call it. And do you know why? Because acting is truth. And I saw no truth. So here's my advice to you: you go back to whatever nook of the world you call home, and you do whatever it is you're good at, because this is not it.

Cousineau turns back to his car.

BARRY

You know what I'm good at? I'm good at killing people.

Cousineau stops --

BARRY (cont'd)

Yeah, when I got back from Afghanistan, I was really depressed. I didn't leave my house for months. Then my dad's best friend, this guy's like an uncle to me, he helped me out and gave me a purpose. I learned that what I was good at over there could be useful here. It's a job. Money's good. And these people are pieces of shit. All of 'em. They...deserve what's coming to them. But lately...I don't know, I've been having trouble sleeping and, every once in awhile, I get that depressed feeling again.

(MORE)

BARRY (cont'd)

Like I know there's more to me than just this. But...maybe not. Maybe this is all I'm good for...Anyway. Fuck it. Sorry to waste your time.

Silence. Then:

COUSINEAU

What's that from?

BARRY

What do you mean, what's that from?

COUSINEAU

You're telling me that was an improvisation? Huh. Interesting. The story is nonsense but there's something to work with.

(beat)

My class is not cheap.

BARRY

That's not a problem.

COUSINEAU

You pay in cash. And you pay in advance.

BARRY

I can do that.

COUSINEAU

Next class is tomorrow. Two PM. We start on time.

BARRY

Absolutely.

COUSINEAU

What's your last name, again?

BARRY

Block. Barry Block.

COUSINEAU

You pay in advance.

BARRY

Yes, I can do that.

COUSINEAU

Gene M. Cousineau. I look forward to the journey. Watch your toes.

Cousineau rolls the window up and drives away. Barry is elated. Barry turns and runs to his car.

135 EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N4)

135

Barry reads Cousineau's book. He turns a page to reveal a young Cousineau yelling at a young Delta Burke.

Ryan's truck turns a corner and PASSES Barry's Camry. Barry puts the book down and watches Ryan park on the street. Barry primes the Glock and steps out of his car...WE FOLLOW HIM as he approaches the truck...as he gets closer the engine grows ominously louder...he moves around to the driver's side and abruptly stops --

Ryan is dead. A bullet hole in his head. Barry follows the hole in his head to the bullet hole in the windshield, which means the shot must have come from...

Barry peers ACROSS THE STREET and sees Noho Hank and Thick Neck in a BMW. Standing up through the sunroof is LUCKY, reloading a rifle with a silencer on it.

BARRY

Hey, what's going on guys?

Lucky aims the rifle at him.

NOHO HANK (O.C.)

NOW. Now, shoot him now.

BARRY

Hey, don't pull that gun man. Don't pull that gun.

THIS IS ONE SHOT: AS LUCKY IS ABOUT TO FIRE Barry quickly and collectively responds with his Glock. Instead of retreating behind Ryan's car, Barry walks toward the BMW UNLOADING HIS GUN. LUCKY IS HIT. THE WINDSHIELD IS HIT. THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW EXPLODES. Barry walks away quickly, jacked on adrenaline.

BARRY (cont'd)

Fuck.

Barry instinctively disassembles his gun and tosses pieces in a trash can, a storm drain, throws the car keys into some bushes, etc.

136 INT. NOHO HANK'S BMW - CONTINUOUS (N4) 136

The car is silent, Noho Hank and Thick Neck lay motionless. THEN FOCUS ON NOHO HANK'S LIPSTICK CAM, still attached to the steering wheel...

137 INT. PATY'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER (N4) 137

The place is sparsely populated. Barry sits at a booth. A WAITRESS brings him a menu.

As Barry checks out the menu, THREE POLICE CARS screech to a halt across the street. Their lights strobe inside of the diner.

WAITRESS

I wonder what's goin' on over there?

BARRY

Do you have whiskey?

WAITRESS

No. We have herbal tea?

BARRY

I'll have herbal tea.

The waitress takes his menu.

Barry notices she's holding a SCRIPT.

BARRY (cont'd)

What do you have there?

WAITRESS

I've got an audition tomorrow.

(smiles)

I'm an actor.

Barry smiles back.

BARRY

So am I.

"JOURNAL OF ARDENCY" kicks back in as WE:

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS.