Barry

"Chapter One: Make Your Mark"
(PILOT)

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Directed by
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101 INT. ROCHESTER RADISSON, HOTEL ROOM - PRE-DAWN (D1)

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)

Barry is asleep in the aisle seat, his mouth open, snoring.

103 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT (CLEVELAND) - MORNING (D1)

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)

Barry takes a shower.

105 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT (CLEVELAND) - LATER (D1)

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)

Snow swirls around a bleak apartment block lit by orange street lights.

107 INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT (CLEVELAND) - NIGHT (N1)

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)

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)

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)

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)
BARRY - 101 - FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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)

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)

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.
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.

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)

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)

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)

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

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

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)

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

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

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.
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.

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

RYAN
(as “Drexl”)
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)

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

125 INT. RESIDUALS - NIGHT (N3)
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)

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

BARRY
I gotta go, Vickie.

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

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)

BARRY
(switches over)
Hey, Fuches.

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

Barry turns to look at his door.

BARRY
You're here?
INT. BARRY'S LA HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D4)

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 days 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)
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)
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)

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 dissembles 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)

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)

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.