

FUCHES^{2.}

CONTINUED:

LATER - Barry watching a show on his laptop while eating Wendy's. An Eminem poster is taped up on the wall behind him. Next to it are framed citations from military service.

LATER -- Barry having a private dance to Ugly Kid Joe's "I Hate Everything About You."

LATER - Barry taking a shower.

LATER - Barry turns out the lights and sits on his couch. He stares out the window at the snowy, low rent neighborhood, glowing orange from the street lights.

Barry is one lonely dude.

CUT TO BLACK. END TITLES.

Beat, then...a cell rings.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - CLEVELAND - DUSK

Barry is asleep on the couch. He stirs. Rummages for his cell.

START
SC 1



BARRY
(into cell)
Hello.

FUCHES (V.O.)
(over cell, no-bullshit)
You back in Cleveland?

BARRY
Uh-huh.

FUCHES (V.O.)
We can say bye-bye to Rochester lawyer?

BARRY
Yup.

FUCHES (V.O.)
Good. Were you asleep?

BARRY
It's five in the morning.

FUCHES (V.O.)
You never know with you guys. Some of you can sleep, others can't.

(CONTINUED)

Barry/Thomas

"Barry"

BARRY

I sleep.

FUCHES (V.O.)

Then I won't keep you too long:
Are you familiar with the Chechen
Brotherhood?

BARRY

No.

FUCHES (V.O.)

Chechen mob out in LA. Ever since
the Balkin war ended these guys
have moved over here to take up
turf. Real deal shit here, Barry.
Shot caller's a guy named Goran
Pazar...

Barry shuffles over to the coffee maker.

BARRY

LA is far.

FUCHES (V.O.)

This guy is big. This whole thing
is very very big. This could be the
dream, Barry.

BARRY

When do you need me?

FUCHES (V.O.)

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

BARRY

Will the car at LAX be nice?

FUCHES (V.O.)

It'll be whatever car my guy can
get on short notice. Oh, and you're
not flying to LAX, you're flying
into Ontario.

BARRY

Fucking Ontario? Why because it's
cheaper?

FUCHES (V.O.)

No, because it's smarter. We have
to cover our tracks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRY

That's like a two hour drive.

FUCHES

Gotta cover our tracks.

BARRY

How much cheaper was it?

FUCHES

Safe travels, call me when you get there.

//END

Barry pours coffee. It's totally because it's cheaper.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FOYER

Barry drags his roller case loudly down the stairs, causing his landlord, VICTOR (late 50's) to peek out to make sure no one is hacking apart the stairs with an ax.

BARRY

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

VICTOR

I don't even know why you pay rent, Belkin. I wish you had a pet or even a plant I could take care of. But you know what? You don't.

Barry nods. A true, weird observation.

EXT. LA/ONTARIO AIRPORT - PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

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

BARRY

(checking license plates)
BDX-7563. BDX-7563.

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

BARRY (cont'd)

Really?

Barry's cell rings.

START
SC. 2

→ FUCHES (V.O.)
You find the car?

(CONTINUED)

3/7

BARRY

Yes.

FUCHES (V.O.)

Nice, right? Listen, when you meet Goran, don't be afraid sell yourself a bit.

BARRY

Why do I need to do that?

FUCHES (V.O.)

I'm thinking specifically about Canton. That police officer?

BARRY

The guy whose dick I set on fire?

FUCHES (V.O.)

I think that would be something Goran would be intrigued by. Just so he's aware, ya know, you'll go there.

BARRY

Why can't I just listen?

FUCHES (V.O.)

Obviously you have to listen. I'm not saying don't listen. I'm just saying he's the type of person that the dick-fire could tip things in our favor. If it presents itself try to fit it into the conversation.

BARRY

But that's not something I'd want to do again. That cop's wife was crazy.

FUCHES (V.O.)

Chechen Brotherhood, Barry. This is big.

// END

INT. BARRY'S CAR - LATER (MOVING)

Barry inches along in traffic, pissed he forgot to bring sunglasses. A MOTORCYCLE ZOOMS past him, weaving between the slow moving cars. It's annoying.

CONTINUED:

Pazer grabs a little plastic oar and starts beating it against the wall like a child. Noho Hank calmly notes it.

NOHO HANK
I'll walk you out.

BARRY
You don't have to.

NOHO HANK
I want to. It's polite.

INT. BARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Total shit hole. As Barry stands at the door, visualizing a mouse crawling on him in his sleep, his cell rings.

START
SC. 3

→ FUCHES (V.O.)
You in the hotel?

BARRY
Yes.

FUCHES (V.O.)
Nice right? Just talked to CB, they said it went great.

BARRY
Oh yeah.

FUCHES
This is going to open up all kinds of doors for us. They need a greedy partner taken out, or a kidnapping, whatever, they call us. Keeps their hands clean. We could become their go to guy. And then, Russian and Asian mobs...who knows where we go from here?

BARRY
You keep saying "we", "us". Seems like this is good for you.

FUCHES (V.O.)
That's very disrespectful, Barry. I got you in a position that other people would kill to be in. Pun intended.

BARRY
(his boss sucks)
...no...

1 END

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOHO HANK (V.O.) (cont'd)

A guy dies and people ask questions and if our fingerprints are on it, then people make assumptions.

BARRY

Goran doesn't want people to know his wife is fucking someone else. I got it. Did you blow up my apartment?

Fuches words "No one gives a fuck about your apartment!" And motions for him to wrap it up.

NOHO HANK (V.O.)

When Goran saw the footage from my lipstick cam of you and Ryan hugging, he felt like you needed a nudge. Usually a nudge is more discreet: a picture of your kids sleeping, video of your wife blindfolded imploring you to do the job. But, we looked into it, and you don't really have any of those things, so we had to blow up your apartment, which incidentally my guy thought was empty.

Fuches notices something on Barry's open laptop. He squints at it, confused.

BARRY

(For Fuches' benefit)

Alright. That hug is part of my... style. I, uh, get off on knowing my marks.

NOHO HANK

That doesn't sound like it's true.

Barry does a slow burn toward Fuches.

BARRY

Look, I'll finish it tonight.

NOHO HANK

That's great. Great great. Thanks for reaching out Barry. I appreciate it and Goran does to. Look forward to talking once it's done. Good day.

→ As he hangs up, Fuches approaches with his laptop, seething.

Sc. 4

(CONTINUED)

6/7

START →
SC. 4

FUCHES
(re:laptop)
"The Top Ten Most Stirring
Monologues in Movie History?"

Barry tries to grab the laptop, but Fuches keeps it away.

FUCHES (cont'd)
You motherfucker. You liked that
class.

BARRY
No, I was just...I, uh,

FUCHES
..want to become an actor? Don't
take this the wrong way Barry but
you are unexceptional. It's
actually exceptional how
unexceptional you are. Don't blow
that. You know, to do your job you
need to be unknown, not known. You
know when they say some actor has
"it"? Like Lesley Ann Warren had
"it". That's not what you want. You
want to have "who?" You want to
have "what?" You don't want to show
up to burn a guy and have people
saying "Hey that's the guy from the
chicken commercial." Because
eventually that'll get you killed.
But really, I don't even give a
shit about that. This speaks to a
larger issue, Barry. This is about
NOT GETTING ME KILLED YOU STUPID
FUCKING FUCK!

Fuches hurls the laptop across the room. He gets into
Barry's face.

FUCHES (cont'd)
Get that class out of your head.
You're stuck with me.

// END

EXT. TOLUCA LAKE THEATER - NIGHT

STUDENTS file out, light up, smoke and chat.

REVEAL: Barry is once again watching the theater from his
Camry across the street.

Barry's POV: Sally, Ryan and the other actors emerge from
the front of the theater, say their good-byes and disperse.

(CONTINUED)