

BARRY

"Chapter Seven: Loud, Fast, and Keep Going"

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FADE IN:

701 EXT. PALM DESERT - MORNING (D12) 701

The sun is almost up. Smog clearing. A small PRIVATE PLANE comes in for a landing.

702 EXT. AIRFIELD - MOMENTS LATER (D12) 702

As the plane touches down, we see A BLACK SUV, A THUG on a MOTORCYCLE (we'll call him PONCH), and two other men awaiting.

As the three men on the ground look on, the plane taxis to a stop, kills its engine. Silence, then --

We hear SOMETHING - is that MUSIC? Ever so faint. It sounds a little like Pantera's "Cowboys from Hell." The bodyguards turn to see --

Across the airfield, in the distance - TAYLOR'S CAR. Screaming towards them. And we can really start to hear it now, the PANTERA.

We stay behind THE BODYGUARDS as they raise SCOPED ASSAULT RIFLES; shoulder them. The car shrieks closer. The bodyguards take AIM and FIRE off a volley of shots.

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM.

The CAR gets HIT! It flips over several times, lands on its side in the dirt, a couple hundred yards away.

The bodyguards and Ponch look to each other, as, BEHIND THEM --

A bodyguard emerges from the plane, holds the door open for...CRISTOBAL SIFUENTES. He looks intimidating, but there's something about his demeanor that's a little Zen.

CRISTOBAL

That was a rough one. I hate these little planes. Guys! You're not gonna believe this. The pilot is from the same village as my grandfather in Bolivia - fucking crazy right?

Then...he sees the cloud of dust billowing from the crashed car.

(CONTINUED)

702 CONTINUED:

702

CRISTOBAL (cont'd)
 Whoa, what happened?
 (to bodyguard)
 I've only been here two minutes and
 you already shot someone?

The bodyguard says something in Spanish.

CRISTOBAL (cont'd)
 A bum rush?
 (to Ponch)
Ver por ellos!

Ponch peels off toward the flipped car. And we are --

703 EXT. AIRFIELD, TAYLOR'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER (D12)

703

Ponch peers into Taylor's wrecked car. In the front seat;
 two bodies, TAYLOR and VAUGHAN. Dead.

The back seat? Empty. Ponch produces a WALKIE, keys it.

PONCH
Dos Muertos --

He looks at Taylor and Vaughan in bloodied tactical gear.

PONCH (cont'd)
 -- *soldados.*

INTERCUT:

704 EXT. AIRFIELD, NEAR THE PLANE - CONTINUOUS (D12)

704

With Cristobal. One of his goons holds a radio out for
 Cristobal to listen to.

CRISTOBAL
Soldados?
 (to bodyguard)
 Gimme your phone.

705 EXT. AIRFIELD, TAYLOR'S CAR - SAME (D12)

705

Ponch circles the car, spots a BLOODY HANDPRINT on the car.
 That's odd. FOOT TRACKS and fresh blood lead from the
 backseat, heading AWAY from the flipped car down the runway,
 away from the plane.

706 EXT. PAZAR HOUSE, CABANA - SAME (D12)

706

PAZAR is angrily setting out cups and saucers as NOHO HANK emerges from the garage with a large box.

NOHO HANK

Okay, Goran, I think this is all of Vacha's things. Maybe we donate these tools to local veterinarian?

PAZAR

Throw them out. I told him not to go after Barry and he fucking did it anyway.

Noho Hank eyes the cups and saucers.

NOHO HANK

Oh. Are we having guests?

PAZAR

I'm putting this out for when the fucking cops come to ask me questions.

NOHO HANK

Should I go get a babka? Two babkas, maybe?

His cell phone rings. Pazar looks at it.

PAZAR

(into phone)

Hello? Yes, this is he.

INTERCUT:

707 EXT. AIRFIELD - SAME (D12)

707

Cristobal holds his cell phone, warmly responds.

CRISTOBAL

Hey, Goran. This is Cristobal Sifuentes, from Bolivia? How are you?

PAZAR

I am okay.

(covers phone)

It's Cristobal.

NOHO HANK

How is he still alive?

(CONTINUED)

PAZAR

How are you, Cristobal?

CRISTOBAL

Complicated question. See, I flew in because my guys said you took my stash house, and just now two military guys tried to kill me. I hope this aggression is not just about business, because if you wanted in on the stash house, all you had to do was call me. You know that, right?

NOHO HANK

Is he angry?

PAZAR

(covers phone)

I can't tell...

CRISTOBAL

You know, I've been a fan of yours for a while. Like, when you sent me that bullet via DHL, I was like, wow. This guy is next level. Plus we have the same job, you and I. And I know how hard it is to break in in Los Angeles. We should be working together, not against each other. No?

NOHO HANK

(sotto)

What's happening?

Pazar covers the phone.

PAZAR

(bummed out)

He's a super nice guy.

NOHO HANK

(sotto)

That's great.

PAZAR

(covers phone)

We fucked up.

(into phone)

Cristobal, it seems I got bad information. I was told to attack you because you were bloodthirsty maniac.

(CONTINUED)

CRISTOBAL

Whoa, whoever told you that is just wrong.

PAZAR

(covers phone)

We need to kill Fuches.

CRISTOBAL

I mean, you just assumed I was a mean guy without meeting me? Do you know the book The 'Four Agreements'? You owe it to yourself. It's life-changing. Agreement three in the book is "Don't make assumptions."

PAZAR

(into phone)

Don't make assumptions?

NOHO HANK

Is that 'The Four Agreements'? Such a great book.

PAZAR

(into phone)

Maybe we could take two steps backwards, start over?

CRISTOBAL

Oh, I wish we could. But you killed a bunch of my guys, so now I gotta kill a bunch of your guys. You know how this shit goes --

PAZAR

My family is already quite a bit angry with me for some things that have happened here. And you said men I just sent are dead --

NOHO HANK

Barry is dead?

PAZAR

-- Same military guy you just killed, he killed a few of my guys too, so maybe we are now all even Kevin?

CRISTOBAL

If only, man. Agreement number one is "Be impeccable with your word."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

707 CONTINUED: (3)

707

CRISTOBAL (cont'd)

I have to back my people here. So,
yeah man, it's a war now.

PAZAR

War? This is really not good news for
me.

CRISTOBAL

Well, next time you should just reach
out. Lesson learned. And if you
wishlist 'The Four Agreements' on
Amazon, I'll buy it for you. You
really never read it?

PAZAR

My wife gave me Mars/Venus book, but
I could not get through it.

CRISTOBAL

That's got some good stuff, but it's
a little psych one-oh-one for me.
Have you read 'The Alchemist'?

708 EXT. AIRFIELD, BRUSH - CONTINUOUS (D12)

708

Ponch crests a hill at the edge of the airfield, and down
into a hollow strewn with junk, wrecked cars, etc.

He rides slowly along, keeping an eye out.

REVEAL: Behind a junked car, Barry cowers, listening as
Ponch rides past. Barry is pretty worse for wear after the
SUV flipped. When SUDDENLY --

PONCH (O.C.)

Quien eres?

REVEAL: Ponch stands behind Barry, gun drawn.

PONCH

Quien eres? Por quien trabajas?

Barry stares at Ponch, then spots...OVER PONCH'S SHOULDER,
CHRIS emerges, holding the Bushmaster.

He has the drop on Ponch.

PONCH (cont'd)

Diga me! Quien eres?

(CONTINUED)

BARRY
 (without looking at
 him)
 Chris...

PONCH
Chingate! Estas muerto.

Ponch reaches into his jacket, pulls out his radio.

BARRY
 Chris. He calls his boys we're dead.
 Chris, Chris...CHRIS!

Just as Ponch keys his radio, Chris shoots him.

Barry gets up quickly, knowing they need to go.

BARRY (cont'd)
 C'mon.

Chris can't stop looking at Ponch's body.

BARRY (cont'd)
 Dude. Let's go.

Chris drops the gun --

BARRY (cont'd)
 No. Pick that up. We'll get rid of
 it. C'mon!

Barry pulls him toward Ponch's nearby motorcycle --

Barry's phone buzzes. A text from Sally: *"Where the F are
 you? Rehearsal's starting!"*

709 INT. RADISSON HOTEL, LOBBY - MINUTES LATER (D12)

709

Fuches is sitting in the lobby, nursing a coffee, nervously
 waiting for Barry. He takes a Tums, checks his watch --

FUCHES
 (to himself)
 What is going on?

He dials his cell --

INTERCUT:

710 INT. PAZAR HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (D12)

710

Noho Hank is preparing a plate of babka. He answers his phone.

NOHO HANK
This is Noho Hank.

FUCHES
Hey, bud. Barry hasn't called you to tell you how well the job went, has he? Cuz usually he calls me. And I haven't heard from him.

Noho Hank looks around...he shouldn't really be talking to Fuches.

NOHO HANK
Did Barry do this job with someone else? A military buddy, perhaps?

FUCHES (O.C.)
Maybe. Why?

NOHO HANK
Because if he did...Barry is dead.

FUCHES
What...?

It lands on Fuches hard.

NOHO HANK (O.C.)
Yeah, it really hasn't hit me yet. Really broken up about it. Big kick in the balls.

Fuches drops his cell down on the table, stunned. As he tries to not publicly flip out.

711 INT. LAPD OFFICE - DAY (D12)

711

Moss, Loach and several other cops listen to a recording.

CRISTOBAL (V.O.)
Oh, I wish we could. But you killed a bunch of my guys, so now I gotta kill a bunch of your guys. You know how this shit goes --

(CONTINUED)

PAZAR (V.O.)

My family is already quite a bit angry with me for some things that have happened here. And you said men I just sent are dead...Same military guy you just killed, he killed a few of my guys too, so maybe we are now all even Kevin?

MOSS

Military...

CRISTOBAL (V.O.)

If only, man. Agreement number one is "Be impeccable with your word." I have to back my people here. So, yeah man, it's a war now.

PAZAR (V.O.)

This is really not good news for me.

CRISTOBAL (V.O.)

Well, next time you should just reach out. Lesson learned. And if you wishlist 'The Four Agreements' on Amazon, I'll buy it for you. You really never read it?

PAZAR (V.O.)

My wife gave me Mars/Venus book, but I could not get through it.

CRISTOBAL (V.O.)

That's got some good stuff, but it's a little psych one-oh-one for me. Have you read 'The Alchemist'?

Loach stops the playback.

LOACH

There's about ten more minutes of discussion of 'The Four Agreements' and other self-help books, many of which are terrific. There's no shame in seeking help is my point. Anyway, it's all in the transcript. The upshot is we're looking for two DBs at some sort of air strip, one or both possible military. I guarantee you one of them is our Bigfoot here.

Loach holds up a blow-up of the lipstick cam still.

(CONTINUED)

711 CONTINUED: (2) 711

The cops get up, start to file out past Moss, who's looking at Barry's photo on the board.

She takes it down, exits.

712 INT. THEATER, WORKSPACE - DAY (D12) 712

Barry enters from the backdoor, spots himself in the mirror. Jesus, he looks like hell.

Sally passes by in the hallway, spots him, descends like a heat-seeking missile.

SALLY

Barry, where have you been? Jesus, you look like shit.

BARRY

Oh, I just --

SALLY

The cops came and found money hidden in the theater, and they shot a guy. They think Ryan was involved with the mob.

BARRY

What?

SALLY

Also, we changed the scene, I'm Macbeth and your line is different.

Sally turns to go.

BARRY

WHAT?!

713 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER (D12) 713

Sally on stage, running the scene. She utterly sucks.

SALLY (AS MACBETH)

*I have almost forgot the taste of fears
The time has been my senses would
have cooled --*

Wooden. Stiff. Self-conscious.

(CONTINUED)

713 CONTINUED:

713

IN THE WING: Barry arrives, watches her perform for a beat, when --

BACKSTAGE: Natalie and Sasha walk through toward the dressing area.

NATALIE

There's no way that was Ryan's money.
He borrowed money from me, like,
fifteen times.

SASHA

And if he had all that cash, why
didn't he take new headshots?

NATALIE

Exactly. Hello. His still have bangs.

ONSTAGE: Sally continues to struggle.

SALLY

*To hear a night-shriek, and my fell
of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and
stir
As life were in 't.*

Then, she breaks character.

SALLY

Gene, I could really use some
direction here? Any thoughts?

COUSINEAU, slumped in his seat, looks like he slept in his car, still reeling from his break-up with Moss.

COUSINEAU

I think...to use a technical term, it
sucks. Maybe we go back to Lady
MacBeth? Chalk all this up to an
overreach?

SALLY

No. I'm playing MacBeth.

COUSINEAU

You sure? Barry can scream his one
line in either scene.

IN THE WING: Barry's phone rings, he checks his phone, rolls his eyes, answers.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

Chris, man, you gotta stop calling me.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I need to talk to you, man.

BARRY

You need to chill the fuck out.

ONSTAGE: Sally resumes.

SALLY

*I have supped full with horrors.
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous
thoughts! Cannot once start me.*

She glances to the wing. This is Barry's entrance. Where the fuck is he?

ANGLE: Barry's still on the phone.

BARRY

Chris, calm the fuck down, dude.

ONSTAGE: Sally repeats:

SALLY

-- Cannot once start me!

BARRY

(into phone)
Fuck. I'll call you back.

Finally Barry stumbles out, a complete mess.

BARRY (AS SEYTON)

(yells)
My Queen, My Lord, the Lord is dead.

SALLY

That's not...I can't. I just can't.

She heads off.

COUSINEAU

Let's take a tight five people. Tight five.

714 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER (D12)

714

Barry slumps into a seat. Cousineau pipes up from his seat nearby.

COUSINEAU

That was something. You charged out there, equal parts loud and wrong. Eyes like saucers. Blood in your hair.

Barry feels his hair. It may actually be Ponch's blood.

Cousineau grabs a chair, flips it around and sits facing Barry.

COUSINEAU (cont'd)

It's drugs, isn't it Barry? Look, getting clean is an important part of the actor's journey. Quick story to illustrate: I was doing *Long Day's Journey Into Night* at the Pasadena Playhouse with a bunch of cokeheads. It's normally a three hour show, but we could bring it in in just under thirty-seven minutes. We felt great, but apparently it was completely unintelligible. It was the beginning of the bad years, Barry. I felt --

BARRY

I'm not on drugs, Mister Cousineau.

COUSINEAU

Oh. Well, that's not good news. Because it's one line, Barry.

Cousineau puts his chair back where he found it.

COUSINEAU (cont'd)

And tonight, if you're not high, and you still can't successfully deliver one line? Well, I'm afraid this may not be for you.

Cousineau saunters off leaving Barry alone in the theater. Barry's phone buzzes again. Chris is calling.

715 INT. LAPD OFFICE, BULLPEN - DAY (D12)

715

Moss is on her computer. She's on FACEBOOK, searching for "Barry Berkman" but there's no hits. That's odd.

(CONTINUED)

715 CONTINUED:

715

Loach approaches.

LOACH

Hey. Lancaster's Sheriff's got a shot up car near an air strip - two DBs - both Marines.

MOSS

(cocky)

Let me guess.

(slams down Barry's picture)

One of them is this guy?

LOACH

No. But if you'd been right, that would've been cool.

716 INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - DAY (D12)

716

Moss and Loach pass two uniform cops at the door and enter the apartment, in the process of a search. Two forensics guys, dressed much like the TID guys, wearing gloves. Two other detectives in raid jackets. A lieutenant. And a photographer are present as well.

Moss and Loach eye Taylor's Marine Photo.

LOACH

His name's Taylor Garrett. Six foot. He's 415, a real hot head, and some 390s, drunk in public...broke a guy's jaw in a bar once...

He gestures to a shrink-wrapped brick of money. It has a familiar appearance.

LOACH (cont'd)

Same brick as at the theater. Same exact amount. They split it. This guy and Ryan were working together.

MOSS

Slow down. We need to connect them to each other.

Moss spots something on a nearby shelf. A familiar face staring back at her.

She crosses to it.

(CONTINUED)

716 CONTINUED:

716

MOSS (cont'd)
 (to photographer)
 You shoot this already?

The photographer nods. Moss pulls a glove out of her notebook, pulls it on, reaches for a book. It's Cousineau's book. His face on the cover smiles back at her.

Moss opens the cover page. Written inside, in cursive crayon: Ryan Madison. Moss motions to the photographer, 'get a shot of this.'

Loach looks over her shoulder.

LOACH
 I'd say that's a connection, wouldn't you? Say it. Say it...

Finally --

MOSS
 This is our guy. This is our Bigfoot.

She looks down at Cousineau's smiling face.

717 INT. RADISSON HOTEL SUITE, LIVING AREA - DAY (D12)

717

Curtains drawn. Fuches sits in a chair next to a half bottle of whiskey, his phone in his hand, talking in an emotional voice.

FUCHES
 He couldn't've been more than five when I saw his dumb face the first time. Sweetest kid you ever seen.

INTERCUT:

718 INT. NOHO HANK'S CAR, OUTSIDE PAZAR HOUSE - SAME (D12)

718

Hank's got his seat all the way back, whispering into his phone.

NOHO HANK
 You know how sometimes when you meet a person you can tell exactly what they looked like when they were a kid? That's how I feel about my Barry.

(CONTINUED)

FUCHES

I know what you mean. It's a child's eyes looking back at you. It's why he needed me so much.

NOHO HANK

I went to the store this morning. And I saw a man there and just for one second I thought, "Barry?" But it wasn't him. It was not Barry.

FUCHES

You know...he never got a chance to apologize to me. And now...it's too late.

(then)

So, where are we after all this? Are we okay?

NOHO HANK

Well, to be honest, Goran is very upset you told him to start war with Bolivians, who are super nice guys. So no matter where you go, we will find you and kill you. But not before we get ducks in a row with Bolivians, so maybe a week or two? Is that okay?

Beat.

FUCHES

No.

719 INT. CHRIS' CAR - DUSK (D12)

719

A car parked in an isolated turnout deep in the canyons north of the valley. It's quiet. An occasional car whizzes by on the highway in the distance.

Chris is in the driver's seat. Barry, the passenger.

CHRIS

Dude, Taylor and Vaughan...they're dead. Fuckin' dead.

BARRY

Relax.

CHRIS

We just left their bodies out there. What...what do I do next time I see Vaughan's girlfriend. What do I say?

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

Say you don't know anything. We just gotta lay low, man. And keep quiet about all this.

CHRIS

I fuckin' killed a guy. I...I wasn't in the shit, man, I was in logistics. I never shot anyone.

BARRY

You had to do it.

CHRIS

I can't stop thinking about it. It just plays in my head over and over. I didn't even want to do it. You made me do it.

BARRY

Chris. You need to relax, man. You hear me? Relax. Don't say anything to anyone, and this will all blow over.

Chris stews for a moment. He can't relax.

CHRIS

Listen: I think we need to go to the cops.

BARRY

Chris.

CHRIS

We can say it was self-defense -- that they attacked us. Who are they gonna believe? We're fucking Marines -- they're criminals!

BARRY

Chris...what do you think we were doing out there? What do you think I do for a living?

(beat)

The guys who hired me to do that job are already pissed I fucked it up. They sent a dude after me. We need to --

CHRIS

I can't live like this! We could go to jail.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

The only way anyone is going to jail is if you call the police. And these guys I work for will come find your family. Understand what I'm saying? We're good. We're just gonna stay quiet and safe.

Beat.

CHRIS

What if I just turn myself in? I wouldn't have to say anything about you --

BARRY

We're linked, Chris.

CHRIS

Nothing about you --

BARRY

We're linked on Facebook. Your wife met me. If you turn yourself in, the cops are gonna find me.

CHRIS

No, they wouldn't, they wouldn't have to --

BARRY

They would, they'd find out about me and Fuches, and the acting class - everyone would die.

Chris explodes.

CHRIS

I don't fucking care, Barry! I killed a guy. You might be fine with this shit, but I'm not. I got a wife and a kid. The minute I got home, she knew something was up. I lied and said I was going to the gym just now. But, I'm telling ya, she knows something is up and it's gonna come out. So, I'm going to the cops and I'm telling the truth. If I have to serve some time, fine, but I'm coming clean.

BARRY

Why did you just say that?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Can't believe you Facebooked me, dude. You're a fucking hitman and you Facebook me?!

BARRY

Why did you say that?

A beat. Barry stares at Chris.

BARRY (cont'd)

I told you to get out of the fucking car!

ON CHRIS. He feels something. A shift in the energy.

CHRIS

Y'know what? It's fine. I can keep it quiet. I just needed to vent. But, I'm good. I can keep quiet.

Barry says nothing.

CHRIS (cont'd)

And, I didn't tell my wife I was going to the gym. I said I was coming to see you.

Barry says nothing.

Just then, another car pulls off to the side of the road a hundred yards away. A DUDE gets out, ties down the stuff on the roof-rack extra tight. Barry and Chris watch.

Here's Chris' chance. Is he gonna flag the dude down?

CHRIS (cont'd)

I know you're not gonna do anything crazy, Barry. I know you're a good guy.

The dude gets back in his car, drives off.

CHRIS

I'm going to drop you off, and I'll go home and keep my fat trap shut.

Chris starts the car. ON BARRY --

CHRIS (O.C.)

And I promise you, no one will ever --

(CONTINUED)

719 CONTINUED: (4) 719

Chris has both hands on the wheel now. Barry claps a hand on Chris's right hand and pins it to the wheel, pulls out his Glock and as Chris flails with his free hand -- BANG -- Barry shoots Chris.

720 EXT. CHRIS' CAR - CONTINUOUS (D12) 720

Now Barry's voice, from inside the car, a terrible scream:

BARRY (O.C.)
Fuuuuuuuuuck.

We move in TIGHTER. Barry gets out of the running car. We PUSH PAST BARRY to see inside the car:

Chris. His head slumped in death. The gun now clenched in his own right hand. The car door closes.

Barry grabs a piece of brush, sweeps his tracks as he walks away, down the dark road.

721 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (N12) 721

Full house. A BUZZ in the air. The theater is packed. The performances are about to start. Cousineau can be seen ushering VIP Guests to their taped off reserved seats.

722 INT. THEATER, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (N12) 722

Chaos. The entire class is putting on costumes, applying make-up, working elaborate hair styles. Antonio and Natalie are doing vocal exercises, bent over a chair, repeating:

ANTONIO/NATALIE
Many men making much money. Many men
making much money. Many men making
much money --

Cousineau comes flying backstage.

COUSINEAU
Everyone! Bring it in. Jermaine,
Nick.

NICK (AS PUCK)
Who be this Nick of whom you speak? A
nick, a scratch upon this skin that
doth draw blood?

(CONTINUED)

722 CONTINUED:

722

SASHA
He's in character.

COUSINEAU
We're doing that now, are we?
Alright. Puck, take a knee.

The actors surround him.

COUSINEAU (cont'd)
Two minutes to curtain, all! It's a veritable Who's Who of Hollywood out there. The red-headed-reader from ICM, that no-one-knows-what-she-does from 3 Arts. Daniel Meldman from Gersh.

Sally perks up.

SALLY
He came?

COUSINEAU
I wish you Godspeed. I wish you courage. And remember, whatever happens, loud, fast, and just keep going.

He heads off. Everyone goes back to getting ready. Except Sally.

SALLY
Has anyone seen Barry?

723 INT. UBER - NIGHT (N12)

723

Barry in the backseat of an Uber. He looks like hell.
He looks out the window in a daze.

724 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (DAYDREAM)

724

A gauzy idealized version of a performance. SALLY is center stage in a male Elizabethan costume delivering Macbeth to the delight of the elegantly dressed crowd.

SALLY (AS MACBETH)
*I have supped full with horrors.
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous
thoughts, Cannot once start me.*

(CONTINUED)

724 CONTINUED:

724

Now, Barry enters to a soupcon of applause, which he both graciously accepts and modestly shrugs off. He is reminiscent of Sir Laurence Olivier, full British accent.

BARRY (AS SEYTON)
The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

There's an audible GASP from the audience. Barry humbly exits. Sally brilliantly continues.

SALLY (AS MACBETH)
*She should have died hereafter.
There would have been a time for such
a word.*

She's unreal. Barry beholds her from the wings, amazed and in love. And then --

SALLY (AS MACBETH) (cont'd)
*Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to
day --*

FLASH ON: Chris, flailing as Barry holds a gun to his head, FIRES.

725 INT. UBER - A LITTLE LATER (N12)

725

Barry starts. The daydream having turned to a nightmare.

CUT TO:

726 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (N12)

726

We're with the audience as the lights are coming down. Cousineau starts clapping, trying to ignite a pre-show round of applause. It goes nowhere.

Lights up. Sasha enters and comes to center stage.

SASHA
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome.
Recently, our friend Ryan Madison was
taken from us too soon. Because of
this, all of the proceeds from
tonight's show will go toward the
fight against violence.

She walks off as a few confused people clap.

(CONTINUED)

726 CONTINUED:

726

The curtain opens. Jermaine (in tights holding a skull) dramatically takes stage, crosses to a mark, takes a breath, then flubs his very first line.

JERMAINE

Alapse poor -- blub-alub. Uch. I'm gonna come in again.

He walks off stage.

Cousineau looks around. This is worse than he thought it would be.

727 INT. THEATER, BACKSTAGE - SAME (N12)

727

Sally dashes up to Natalie and Antonio.

ANTONIO

I'm just saying we really need to lean into the sexuality.

NATALIE

Oh, boy, I --

SALLY

Barry's not here, and I need someone to do his stupid part. Is there any way one of you guys could help me?

NATALIE

(fake Italian accent)
Sorry. We no can'a do that. We have'a to keep our Italiano accents for our'a scene from *Two Gentlemen from Verona*.

ANTONIO

(normal accent)
She is exactly right. If we don't keep speaking in these accents, we will lose them.

SALLY

It's one line.

NATALIE

(fake Italian)
We have'a saying in'a Italy. You make'a you bed.

She turns to Nick.

(CONTINUED)

727 CONTINUED:

727

SALLY

Nick, do you think you could
please --

NICK

Nick? Never heard'eth of him.

Nick blows past her.

SALLY

Fuck...

728 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - LATER (N12)

728

The show continues. Eric and Sasha do a Chicago gangster
version of Titus Andronicus.

Natalie and Antonio perform something vaguely resembling *Two
Gentlemen from Verona*. Antonio leans into the sexuality.
Natalie retreats.

The audience endures. Cousineau rides it out. Daniel Meldman
from Gersh gets a lot of texting done.

729 INT. THEATER, BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER (N12)

729

Barry enters in a daze. A frantic Sally spots him.

SALLY

You're here. And you're not in
costume. Well...fuck it. We're up!
Put this on. It's something.

She grabs a *Hamilton*-style jacket from a rack, thrusts it at
Barry, who starts to put it on over his street clothes.

SALLY (cont'd)

Come on! It's places. Now.

She pushes Barry into the wings.

730 INT. THEATER, WINGS - CONTINUOUS (N12)

730

Nick's on stage doing Puck. Sally and Barry in the wings.

BARRY

(sotto, nervous)

*My Lord, the queen is dead. My Lord,
the queen is dead. My Lord, the queen
is dead --*

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

Barry, look at me. Here's what's happening. You see that guy out there on his phone?

ANGLE: A guy in the audience doing a bad job of pretending not to be on his phone.

SALLY (cont'd)

That's Daniel Meldman from Gersh. He was Emma Stone's agent until she got too big for him and fired him. He's here to see me. But if I don't do well, it's over for me. He'll never sign me. I'll never get him to work for me. And I'll certainly never get to fire him. So please, please, please give me something to work with. Can you do that?

Barry's in a fog.

BARRY

What?

SALLY

Fuck. Just...whatever.

The lights go down on stage. A smattering of applause. Sally takes a deep breath.

Nick walks off past Sally.

NICK

Well, Puck just took a big dump out there. That guy sucks...

Sally heads on stage leaving Barry alone in the wing.

731 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER (N12)

731

It's entirely dark. We hear, but can't really see, Sally frantically take her place center stage. a buzz of lights as they come up.

SALLY (AS MACBETH)

*I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been my senses would
have cooled --*

ANGLE: COUSINEAU. Slumping down in his seat. She stinks.

732 INT. THEATER, WINGS - SAME (N12) 732

Barry, hands over his face, trying to concentrate, keep himself together.

INTERCUT:

733 INT. BARRY'S DAYDREAM (QUICK FLASHES) 733

FLASH ON: A FAMILY PHOTO of Chris, his wife, SHARON, their kid.

FLASH ON: SHARON'S KITCHEN - Sharon enters frame, answers a phone.

BACK TO: Barry tries to shake it off.

FLASH: Sharon gets the bad news. Her features collapse. Her heart races. She cries.

BACK TO: Barry once again tries to shake it off.

FLASH ON: Chris' son cries. Sharon tries to hug him, to comfort him.

BACK TO: Barry hits himself, trying to make it stop.

FLASH ON: Mother and son cry over a casket.

BACK TO: Barry hits himself again, harder.

FLASH ON: Sharon answers the phone.

FLASH ON: Sharon drops the phone, slumps to the floor, crying.

BACK TO: Barry hits his head on the wall.

And then WE HEAR:

SALLY (AS MACBETH) (O.C.)
-- *cannot once start me.*

Barry's cue. He turns, stumbles out --

734 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS (N12) 734

Barry has entered. Sally, expecting the stiff, wooden idiot she's been rehearsing with, turns to see:

(CONTINUED)

Barry, crying. Real tears of wrenching grief. Frustration. Desperation. Through this squall, with monumental effort, he bravely speaks:

BARRY (AS SEYTON)
My lord, the queen, is dead.

And then he just weeps. All the emotion spills out. The self-loathing, the regret, the guilt, the shame. Barry sobs as he stumbles blindly off the stage.

The crowd is stunned and confused. But Sally?

She thinks all his emotion was summoned FOR HER. She absorbs it, revels in it - is utterly invigorated by it. His catharsis is fuel to her own sputtered emotional flame. She turns back to the audience with new confidence:

SALLY (AS MACBETH)
*She should have died hereafter.
There would have been a time for such
a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to
day --*

ANGLE: PUSH IN ON THE AUDIENCE.

Daniel from Gersh actually starts looking up from his phone. The red-headed reader from ICM, what's-her-face from 3 Arts, they're all engaged.

SALLY (AS MACBETH) (O.C.)
*To the last syllable of recorded
time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted
fools.*

A small smile comes to Cousineau's lips.

COUSINEAU
(low)
Atta girl.

Back ON SALLY: as she AMPS UP for the big finish.

SALLY (AS MACBETH)
*The way to dusty death. Out, out,
brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor
player
That struts and frets his hour upon
the stage*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

734 CONTINUED: (2)

734

SALLY (AS MACBETH) (cont'd)
*And then is heard no more. It is a
 tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and
 fury,
 Signifying nothing.*

She's amazing. Cousineau leaps to his feet, clapping. The crowd politely applauds with him.

If nothing else, she's gotten their attention. Daniel from Gersh makes a face, "not bad."

The lights go down. Sally beams in the darkness. Then, lights up, and the rest of the cast come out for the curtain call.

Sally looks around, no Barry. She looks to the wings for Barry, he's not there.

735 INT. THEATER, WORKSPACE - MOMENTS LATER (N12)

735

Barry paces like a caged animal, still manic, crying. He tears off the *Hamilton* jacket.

When suddenly we hear: CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

Barry looks up. Cousineau is at the door.

COUSINEAU
 Bravo. You went to a place just now
 that I have never seen you go. So,
 bravo to you for --

Barry punches the framed photo of Cousineau and Judd Hirsch.

COUSINEAU (cont'd)
 I see that you're still in that
 place. I'll leave you to your
 process. I have a couple of small
 notes on the scene. But, that's for
 later.

As Barry continues to reel, Cousineau backs out of the room.

736 INT. THEATER, BACKSTAGE - LATER (N12)

736

The backstage area which is now crowded with jubilant actors, some of their friends and family, bouquets of flowers, etc.

(CONTINUED)

736 CONTINUED:

736

Barry emerges in a daze. As he heads toward the exit trying not to be seen.

737 INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - SAME (N12)

737

The houselights are up. A smattering of people remain.

Barry comes out from backstage, heading for the aisle and the exit.

Barry looks up to see Sally shaking Daniel from Gersh's hand. As he heads out Sally turns and spots Barry.

SALLY

Hey, Barry!

She runs up.

SALLY (cont'd)

Look!

She holds up Daniel's business card.

SALLY (cont'd)

Daniel. From Gersh. He told me to call him. He said there was a lot to work with there.

BARRY

Oh. Cool.

SALLY

Barry. Thank you. For doing that for me. That was...amazing. I didn't even have to act. You just gave it to me. Everything I needed. God, you were so generous. That was acting, Barry. You're a real actor.

BARRY

I am?

SALLY

Yes. Whatever you did to get to that place today, that is your new process. All you have to do is do that, every time, okay? I'm going to go change. We're all going out for drinks! Thanks, Barry!

She gives him a kiss, runs backstage.

(CONTINUED)

737 CONTINUED:

737

Hold on Barry as he looks around the theater.

WIDE SHOT of Barry standing alone on the stage. Do that again?

CUT TO BLACK.