

Barry

"No Killing Today"

Written by Carl Burcham

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, FRONT LAWN - DAY

A children's birthday party in full swing. Balloons, bounce house, harried PARENTS.

EXT. STREET - DAY

THROUGH BINOCULARS: A CLOWN making balloon animals for delighted kids.

PULL BACK to reveal BARRY BERKMAN, in a parked car talking on his cell while he conducts surveillance.

BARRY
Fuches, there are like forty kids here.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

MONROE FUCHES paces nervously across a shabby shag carpet.

FUCHES
Perfect! No one will suspect a hitman at a kid's birthday party.

BARRY
Except the target is the birthday clown, Fuches.

FUCHES
Oh shit.

Barry sighs, returns to the call.

BARRY
You want me to kill a clown in front of a bunch of nine-year-olds?

FUCHES
I mean when you put it that way... but that clown is actually Kazimir Volkov. Ex-KGB. Killed fourteen people last year alone.

Barry admires the clown's surprising dexterity as he folds and twists a balloon into a rabbit.

BARRY
Forget it, I'll handle it.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Barry, now in a delivery uniform and carrying a massive present, approaches the party. A MOM intercepts him.

MOM

You can put that with the others.

She points to a gift table without really looking at Barry.

Barry positions his package with the others, scans the yard.

The CLOWN (50s, makeup hiding a hard face) is twisting a balloon dog. The clown spots Barry. Their eyes lock.

The clown's smile never falters as he hands the balloon dog to a YOUNG GIRL.

CLOWN

Who wants to see the magic
disappearing man?

He points at Barry. CHILDREN cheer.

The clown reaches into his oversized pocket. Barry immediately bolts.

He leaps over the snacks table, sends a punch bowl flying.

The clown chases Barry through the party, pulls out a real knife hidden in his costume while still maintaining his performance smile.

He tries to reassure skeptical PARENTS--

CLOWN (CONT'D)

All part of the show, folks!

Barry grabs a piñata stick from a KID and uses it to fend off the clown's knife attacks.

They battle through the bounce house as CHILDREN scream with delight thinking it's all part of the entertainment.

The BIRTHDAY BOY watches in awe.

BIRTHDAY BOY

Best birthday party ever!

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

The fight spills into the house. Barry and the clown crash through rooms, destroying furniture, scaring GRANDPARENTS.

Barry finds himself cornered. The clown advances, cocky, knife raised.

CLOWN

You know how many hitmen have tried
to kill me?

He gestures to his rainbow wig.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

This wig has survived three ex-
wives, two gunfights, and a
bachelor party in Vegas. You're
just my typical Tuesday, Slick.

Barry glances at the nearby counter, grabs a cake knife.

BARRY

I hate kid's parties.

A serious knife duel erupts.

They slice through birthday decorations, sending streamers
and confetti everywhere.

The clown lunges, stumbles on a balloon octopus.

Barry sees his opening and slings the cake knife with
surgical precision.

The clown freezes, then looks down at the knife handle
protruding from his chest. His snarky smile finally fades.

CLOWN

I told... that... fucking agent...
corporate gigs only...

The clown falls face-first into the birthday cake.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Barry straightens his delivery uniform, calmly walks across
the lawn where children are still playing, oblivious.

A DAD approaches him.

DAD

Yo, is that clown okay? That fight
looked so real!

BARRY

Pretty sure. Last time I saw him,
he had a big smile and was wolfing
down some birthday cake.

Barry rushes away, leaving the confused dad shaking his head.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Barry sits on his couch, a gun disassembled on the coffee
table. He methodically cleans each piece, his face blank.

His phone VIBRATES. It's FUCHES. Again.

BARRY

Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

FUCHES paces, agitated, his tie loose, hair a mess.

FUCHES

Nice job with the KGB clown. But we
got a problem. The Yakuza job this
afternoon's postponed. Their guy
got sushi poisoning or some shit.

BARRY

So... what? Tomorrow then?

FUCHES

No, no. At least a week. Just...
take the day off. Go bowling or
something.

Fuches hangs up. Barry stares at his phone, then at the
dismantled gun.

BARRY

Day off?

His face registers confusion: he clearly does not understand
that concept.

INT. ACTING CLASS - DAY

GENE COUSINEAU holds court before his STUDENTS.

GENE

And THAT, my struggling protégés,
is why Brando could make you
believe he was a longshoreman
despite being raised by wealthy--

Gene spots Barry sneak in and take a seat in the back row.

GENE (CONT'D)

Ah! Barry! So nice of you to grace
us with your presence!

Everyone turns to Barry, who freezes like a deer in
headlights.

BARRY

Sorry I'm late, Gene. I... got held
up. I can stay for the entire class
today, though. My afternoon job was
canceled.

GENE

Canceled? Well, how fortunate for
us all. Please, come down and share
with us your interpretation of
Willy Loman's breakdown.

Barry reluctantly walks toward the stage.

GENE (CONT'D)

Actually, no. Stop. Just... stop.

Barry stops on the stairs, looking relieved then confused.

GENE (CONT'D)

What did you do this morning,
Barry?

BARRY

Uh... cleaned my gun.

The class shifts uncomfortably.

SALLY REED exchanges looks with another student.

GENE

You know your problem, Barry? You
have the emotional depth of a
parking ticket. How can you ever
portray the human condition when
you don't experience it yourself?

BARRY

I experience things.

GENE

No. You don't. You are a VACUUM.
You suck the life out of every
scene because there's no life in
you to give.

Barry takes this hit hard.

GENE (CONT'D)

You want to be an actor? Carpe
deim. Seize the day!

Gene climbs the stairs to Barry.

GENE (CONT'D)

Go to the fucking beach. Eat a
churro. Weep at a sunset. THEN come
back and show me something real!

Gene dramatically points to the door.

GENE (CONT'D)

Out! You're banned from my class
today. Go LIVE, for God's sake!

Barry glances at Sally, shrugs, then heads for the exit.

INT. HALLWAY - A BIT LATER

Barry stares blankly, processing. Sally emerges from class.

SALLY

Hey. You okay?

BARRY

Yeah. I guess.

SALLY

Gene's not wrong. You need a life
outside of... whatever it is you
actually do.

BARRY

I do a lot of *odd* jobs.

SALLY

OK, so you said your *odd* job today
was canceled. So go experience L.A.
for once, like a real person.

BARRY

Like... tourist stuff?

SALLY
 Why not? Look, I gotta get back.
 But really, Barry. Go be normal for
 just one day.

She kisses his cheek and heads back to class. Barry stands there, considering this new challenge.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Barry does a search on his cellphone.

ON SCREEN: "what do normal people do on days off"

He scrolls through results: "Beach trips," "Movie theaters," "Hiking," "Museums"...

He shakes his head, closes the search. He grabs a gun part, begins to clean again. Familiar. Safe.

Out the window he sees a "HOLLYWOOD TOURS" bus drive past.

Barry stops cleaning the gun parts, grabs a notepad and writes: "THINGS NORMAL PEOPLE DO ON THEIR DAY OFF" followed by "Venice Beach," "Hollywood Tours," "Griffith Observatory"

He underlines the entire list, then adds beneath it: "NO KILLING TODAY"

He stares at the words, like a man about to jump off a cliff.

BARRY
 (mumbles)
 How hard can it be?

His phone BUZZES with a text. It's NOHO HANK.

NOHO HANK (TEXT)
*Barry!!! EXCITING BIZ
 OPPORTUNITY!!!*

NOHO HANK (TEXT) (CONT'D)
*Gentlemen's Dispute Resolution
 Club! \$5000 for 10 min work!!!*

BARRY (TEXT)
Working today, Hank.

NOHO HANK (TEXT)
*But this IS work! Just punch guys
 who deserve it! Win-win!!!*

Barry ignores NoHo Hank's sales pitch and requests an Uber.

EXT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Barry waits outside. A Toyota Camry pulls up. PAUL (30s, mild-mannered, nervous energy) rolls down the window.

PAUL
Barry?

BARRY
Yeah.

INT. UBER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Barry settles into the back seat. Paul keeps glancing at him in the rearview mirror, too intensely, too frequently.

PAUL
Where to?

BARRY
Venice Beach.

PAUL
First time there?

BARRY
Yeah.

PAUL
Tourist, huh?

BARRY
Something like that.

Paul studies Barry in the mirror.

PAUL
Hey... do I know you?

Barry tenses slightly.

BARRY
I don't think so.

PAUL
You look really familiar.

BARRY
I have one of those faces.

PAUL
No, it's more than that. I never forget a face.

Barry's hand instinctively moves toward his waistband, but there's no gun there. He exhales, reminds himself: day off, no killing.

BARRY
I'm an actor. Maybe you saw me in something.

PAUL
Yeah, must be it.

But Paul's smile doesn't reach his eyes. Something's off.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

Barry strolls the boardwalk, takes in the Southern California scene: ROLLER SKATERS, STREET PERFORMERS, TOURISTS.

He stops at MUSCLE BEACH to watch BODYBUILDERS work out. One massive MUSCLE GUY notices Barry's interest.

MUSCLE GUY
Wanna pump some iron, bro?

BARRY
What? No. Just watching.

MUSCLE GUY
Come on. Show me what you got!

Before he can protest, Barry is pulled into a basic workout session. He's surprisingly good at it.

MUSCLE GUY (CONT'D)
Not bad, bro! You're a beast!

Barry almost smiles. His phone BUZZES with a text.

NOHO HANK (TEXT)
Bro, serious question: How hard can you punch?

NOHO HANK (TEXT) (CONT'D)
Asking for insurance purposes.

Barry ignores the text.

As he looks up, he spots something unsettling: Paul, his Uber driver, arms crossed, across the boardwalk, watching him.

When he sees Barry looking, Paul turns away quickly and disappears into the crowd.

EXT. VENICE BEACH, TACO TRUCK - A BIT LATER

Barry waits in line, glances around nervously. When he turns back, Paul is suddenly *right there* in line behind him.

PAUL
Hey! Small world!

BARRY
Are you... following me?

PAUL
No, No! Just hungry. Been driving all morning. Let me buy you lunch. My way of saying thanks for the nice tip earlier.

BARRY
That's not necessary.

PAUL
I insist.

Barry reluctantly agrees. They get their food and sit at a nearby table.

PAUL (CONT'D)
So, you're really an actor, huh?

BARRY
Trying to be.

PAUL
Been in anything I might have seen?

BARRY
Commercials mostly. Small stuff.

Barry takes a bite of his taco, pauses chewing. Something's off with the taste. Metallic, sour.

He glances at Paul, who's watching him intently.

Barry spits the food into a napkin.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Sorry. Not as tasty as I expected.

PAUL
Oh, really? That's too bad.

Barry's phone RINGS. It's Gene.

BARRY
Gene, you kicked me out of class,
remember?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GENE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Gene sits at his desk, guzzling whiskey at 11 AM.

GENE
(slurring words)
Did you go to a fucking museum yet?
Or a park? No? Then you're still
dead inside.

BARRY
I'm at Venice Beach. I'm doing
tourist stuff like you said.

GENE
New assignment: Weep in front of
the Bronson Gate at Paramount and
send me the selfie. I want to see
TEARS, Barry. TEARS!

BARRY
Maybe later? I'm busy now, Gene.

GENE
That's the spirit! I'll be on high
alert for that selfie.

Gene hangs up. Barry looks at Paul, trying to appear casual.

BARRY
I should get going.

PAUL
Oh, OK. Where to next on your tour?

BARRY
Hollywood. Walk of Fame maybe.

PAUL
I'm headed that way too. I can--

BARRY
No. No. I'm good.

Barry forces a smile, stands up abruptly and races off,
leaving Paul holding his taco, staring creepily at him.

EXT. VENICE BEACH, SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Barry passes a hardware store. Through the window, he spots Paul inside, purchasing rope and duct tape.

Barry stops abruptly. Across the street, a POLICE OFFICER writes a parking ticket.

BARRY
(mutters to himself)
Officer, I'm a hitman and I'd like
to report a stalker.

He weighs the absurdity of telling the cop, shakes it off.

His phone BUZZES again with a text from NoHo Hank.

NOHO HANK (TEXT)
EMERGENCY!!!

NOHO HANK (TEXT) (CONT'D)
Bolivian fighter pulled out!

NOHO HANK (TEXT) (CONT'D)
*First bout this afternoon at Santa
Monica Pier!!!*

NOHO HANK (TEXT) (CONT'D)
*Need you, Barry! (I may have bet
Chechen money on you.)*

BARRY (TEXT)
*What the hell are you talking
about, Hank?*

Barry checks over his shoulder. The hardware store door opens. He doesn't wait to see who emerges. He hurries down the street and jumps into an idling cab.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - LATER

Barry emerges from the cab, steps onto the Walk of Fame. He nervously scans the crowd, still on edge from Venice Beach.

Tourists snap photos of the stars embedded in the sidewalk.

A street performer dressed as a MINION approaches him.

MINION
Picture mister? Ten dollars!

BARRY
No thanks.

Barry spots Paul again, across the street, trying to be inconspicuous, clutching a bag from the hardware store.

He's definitely following Barry.

MINION
OK, five dollars! Best deal on the
boulevard!

BARRY
I said no!

Barry quickly ducks into a souvenir shop.

INT. SOUVENIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Barry peers out the window. Paul crosses the street, heading toward the souvenir shop.

SHOP OWNER
Can I help you find something?

BARRY
Do you have a back exit?

SHOP OWNER
No, but--

Barry spots a rack of outfits and grabs the first one he sees: a Minion costume.

BARRY
How much?

SHOP OWNER
Sixty dollars.

BARRY
Fine. Keep the change.

The owner looks surprised as Barry hands him a \$100 bill.

INT. SOUVENIR SHIOP, CHANGING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Barry struggles into the tight full-body Minion costume, his face a study in both determination and humiliation.

INT. SOUVENIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Paul enters the store. A MINION (clearly Barry) passes him on his way out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

In the Minion suit, Barry blends in with the other costumed characters.

Paul exits the shop, looking confused and frustrated. He scans the street but can't spot Barry.

Barry "the Minion" hides behind a TOUR GROUP.

TOURIST

Hey, Minion! Can I get a selfie?

Barry shakes his big fake head "no" and backs away, bumping into the REAL MINION from earlier.

REAL MINION

Hey! This is my spot, asshole!

BARRY

Sorry, I just--

REAL MINION

You're stealing my tourists! HEY
EVERYONE! FAKE MINION! FAKE MINION!

Other COSTUMED CHARACTERS slowly gather like the living dead.

Barry sees the escalation and bolts down the street, the angry Real Minion chasing him, while Paul watches the commotion from a distance, suddenly realizing--

PAUL

You've got to be kidding me.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Barry ducks into an alley, breathing hard, struggling to remove the Minion costume.

He gets it halfway off when his phone RINGS. It's Gene again.

Barry answers as he continues to struggle with the costume.

BARRY

Not now, Gene!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GENE'S CAR - SAME TIME

Gene is driving, one hand on the wheel, phone in the other. We hear HORNS and CUSSING outside the car as Gene, clearly sloshed, weaves through traffic.

GENE

Barry? Why are you panting? Are you having an authentic emotional experience?

BARRY

I'm hiding in an alley in a Minion costume.

Long pause.

GENE

Interesting choice. Very method. Chaplin began his career in a similar fashion.

BARRY

Gene, I need to call you back.

GENE

Fine but remember, Barry. Art is pain! EMBRACE IT!

Barry hangs up. He finishes removing the costume, stuffs it in a nearby dumpster, and peers out of the alley.

No sign of Paul or the angry Real Minion. Barry exhales, adjusts his baseball cap lower over his eyes.

His phone BUZZES with a text from NoHo Hank.

NOHO HANK (TEXT)

Look! Got the ring ready! We're selling tickets!!!

ATTACHED PHOTO: NoHo Hank in boxing promoter attire (flashy suit, gold chains) standing in a makeshift ring on the Santa Monica pier, giving a thumbs up while sporting a black eye.

Barry shakes his head, pockets his phone.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD TOUR BUS STOP - LATER

Barry, now wearing sunglasses and a baseball cap, waits in line for a Hollywood tour bus.

BUS DRIVER
Have your tickets ready, folks!

INT. HOLLYWOOD TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Barry boards the tour bus, settles near the back. Just before the doors close, Paul slips inside.

Barry tenses. Paul sits directly behind him, grips the hardware bag tighter.

PAUL
Did you really think a Minion
costume would throw me off?

Barry exhales, flexes his fingers, shifts in his seat.

BARRY
What do you want?

PAUL
You killed my brother.

Barry barely reacts but his mind races through escape plans.

BARRY
I think you have the wrong guy.

PAUL
Three years ago. Cleveland. Parking
garage hit on Viktor Petrov.

Barry stiffens. He remembers. Collateral damage.

PAUL (CONT'D)
My brother was just delivering
flowers to his girlfriend. Wrong
place, wrong time.

The tour bus stops at a red light.

EXT. RED LIGHT - SAME TIME

Gene Cousineau's car pulls up next to them. He sees Barry and WAVES FRANTICALLY, SHOUTS--

GENE
BARRY! YOU LOOK ALIVE! THAT'S
METHOD ACTING!

INT. HOLLYWOOD TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

The TOUR GUIDE notices Gene at the stop light.

TOUR GUIDE

Ladies and gentlemen, a real
Hollywood treat! Look out the
window. That's Gene Cousineau,
acting coach to former and wannabe-
stars!

Passengers OOH and AHH, snap photos of Gene.

EXT. RED LIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Gene dramatically points at Barry, SHOUTS--

GENE

DID YOU GO TO A MUSEUM YET? CRY AT
THE BRONSON GATE?! EMBRACE THE
HUMAN CONDITION!

INT. HOLLYWOOD TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Barry gives an awkward thumbs-up.

The bus pulls away, leaving Gene grinning at his own
brilliance.

Paul looks at Barry, thrown.

PAUL

You really are an actor?

BARRY

I told you.

Paul shakes his head, more baffled than angry now.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - LATER

The tour bus stops. RIDERS disembark to take photos of the
HOLLYWOOD SIGN in the distance.

Barry and Paul stand apart from the group, in a strained
standoff. Paul still holds the hardware bag.

BARRY

What now? You want to kill me in
front of all these tourists?

PAUL

I don't know anymore. I had it all planned out. Poison first. If that didn't work, take you somewhere, maybe some light torture. I've been fantasizing my revenge for years.

BARRY

And?

PAUL

And then I actually met you. And you're just... some sad guy trying to be an actor. That's fucking WORSE somehow.

BARRY

Thanks.

PAUL

I mean, my brother's dead, and you're out here taking acting classes and sightseeing.

BARRY

Look, I can't bring your brother back. But killing me won't make you feel better.

PAUL

How would you know?

BARRY

Because I've killed a lot of people.

Paul stares at Barry, shocked by the admission.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Trust me. It doesn't fix anything. You just become... empty.

PAUL

That's why I'm here. I'm already empty.

BARRY

Then maybe we should both try something different.

A beat--

BARRY (CONT'D)

Ever been to the Santa Monica Pier?

PAUL

Are you seriously suggesting we go
to a beach amusement park now?

BARRY

Unless you have a better idea.

Paul stares at him, utterly baffled.

PAUL

This is not at all how I thought
this would go.

BARRY

Makes two of us.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - LATER

Barry and Paul walk in awkward silence amid the carnival
atmosphere of the pier. Games, rides, food stands.

Barry buys tickets to the FERRIS WHEEL.

PAUL

This your idea of therapy? A Ferris
wheel?

BARRY

Dunno. I'm making this up as I go.

PAUL

Very reassuring.

They board the Ferris wheel.

Barry spots a commotion at the edge of the pier - a makeshift
boxing ring with NoHo Hank acting as emcee in a flashy suit.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL, GONDOLA - MOMENTS LATER

Barry and Paul sit opposite each other. The cart sways
slightly, creating a tense, isolated environment.

BARRY

What did your brother do? For work,
I mean.

PAUL

Florist. He loved arranging
flowers. Can you believe that? A
fucking florist.

BARRY
I'm sorry.

PAUL
Don't. Just... don't.

The wheel stops, leaving their gondola at the very top.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Why did you become a... you know.

BARRY
A killer? I'm good at it. It's the one thing that makes sense to me.

PAUL
And now?

BARRY
Now I'm trying to be something else.

PAUL
An actor?

BARRY
A person.

Paul looks at Barry with newfound understanding. They sit in silence for a moment.

PAUL
I don't think I can forgive you.

BARRY
I'm not asking you to.

The Ferris wheel starts moving but suddenly JERKS to a stop.

Their gondola rocks violently. Paul loses his balance. He falls out, dangles over the edge of the gondola. The hardware bag falls from his hands.

PAUL
HELP ME!

Barry stares. This is it. The easy way out. Let Paul go, no loose ends. His muscles twitch. Paul's grip is slipping.

Paul looks up at Barry, breathing hard, scared as fuck.

Barry clenches his jaw, hesitates. Then, he REACHES OUT, grabs Paul's arms, and pulls him back inside.

They fall into the gondola. Paul stares at Barry, stunned.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You... you saved me.

Barry just nods, still catching his breath.

Paul looks away, his anger hollowing out. A long beat.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I really don't know what to do now.

BARRY
Maybe just... go live your life.

PAUL
That's it?

BARRY
What else is there?

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DUSK

Barry and Paul exit the Ferris wheel, both shaken by the experience.

Paul stands there, still broken, but with the wind taken out of his revenge sails.

PAUL
I still hate you.

BARRY
That's fair.

Paul looks at Barry one last time, then walks away. Barry watches him go, exhales deeply.

As he turns around, Barry is suddenly face-to-face with NOHO HANK, wearing a gaudy promoter's outfit - flashy suit, gold chains, and fedora. He has a BLACK EYE and SPLIT LIP.

NOHO HANK
Barry! You came! The ring is ready!

BARRY
What?

NOHO HANK
My Gentlemen's Dispute Resolution Club! Extremely high-end, very exclusive. Look!

NoHo Hank gestures proudly to the boxing ring at the pier.

CHECHEN and BOLIVIAN GANGSTERS mill around. Some wear amateur boxing gear.

BARRY

You started a fight club?

NOHO HANK

Not fight club! Dispute resolution through controlled physical negotiations! Very different! Lawyers involved!

BARRY

Why do you have a black eye?

NOHO HANK

Ah, slight problem. Main event canceled. Bolivian champion got arrested. I had to step in for promotional exhibition match.

He points to an intimidating BOLIVIAN GANGSTER warming up.

NOHO HANK (CONT'D)

It did not go super great. But! Now you're here! My champion!

BARRY

I'm not fighting anyone, Hank.

NOHO HANK

But it's perfect! I saw what happened on Ferris wheel! You have special energy today! Fighting but also... not killing! Exactly what we need!

BARRY

You saw what happened?

NOHO HANK

Very impressed you didn't let that guy fall! That's kind of restraint we need in ring!

Barry studies NoHo Hank's battered but enthusiastic face.

BARRY

This is a terrible idea.

NOHO HANK

No, no! Is genius idea! We settle Chechen-Bolivian territory disputes with fists, not bullets! Everyone wins! Less paperwork, fewer bodies, more fun!

BARRY

You're going to get yourself killed.

NOHO HANK

Maybe little bit. But is good for business relations!

Barry notices that despite NoHo Hank's cheerful demeanor, he's wincing in pain.

BARRY

Does this actually make you happy?

NOHO HANK

Yes! I mean, my ribs are definitely broken. And I lost some teeth. But I'm bringing people together!

Barry hesitates, then makes a decision.

BARRY

I need to pass on the fighting, Hank. But... good luck with your new business venture.

NoHo Hank looks disappointed but nods.

NOHO HANK

I understand. Not everyone cut out for sport entertainment business.

A BELL RINGS behind them. NoHo Hank perks up.

NOHO HANK (CONT'D)

Oh! Lightweight division starting! Must go! I bet a lot of money!

Barry's phone CHIMES. It's Gene.

BARRY

Yes, Gene?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. - CAR - SAME TIME

Gene drives erratically, one hand on the wheel, the other clutching a bottle. Completely hammered. Still.

GENE

Barry, listen. I saw something in you today. You were... ALIVE. Whatever demons you tapped into -- use them. That's acting! That's TRUTH!

(beat)

Class is canceled for tomorrow. Got called to audition for a hemorrhoid commercial. Carpe diem, Barry!

Gene hangs up. Barry stares at his phone, processing the irony of his real demons being mistaken for acting talent.

EXT. FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - NIGHT

Barry and NoHo Hank exit with acai bowls. NoHo Hank's is elaborately topped with gummies and granola. Barry's is plain.

NoHo Hank now has an ice pack held to his eye and walks with a slight limp. While they walk and eat--

NOHO HANK

I cannot believe you got zero toppings. Toppings are entire point!

BARRY

I just wanted to try the basic thing first.

NOHO HANK

That is so you, Barry. So... foundational.

Barry takes a bite, considers.

BARRY

Not bad.

NOHO HANK

Not bad? It's TRANSCENDENT. Great for post-fight recovery! Full of anti-inflammatories to combat hematoma!

BARRY
Thanks, Hank.

NOHO HANK
For what?

BARRY
I don't know. For being... you.

NoHo Hank looks genuinely touched.

NOHO HANK
Barry, that might be nicest thing
you've ever say to me. I think you
ARE changing!

BARRY
Maybe.

NoHo Hank tips his cup to SLURP UP any sweet acai residue.

NOHO HANK
(through the slurping)
So... that Ferris wheel guy you
didn't kill today. Is he going to
be problem later?

BARRY
I don't think so. He seemed...
done.

NOHO HANK
Like, done done? Or just
momentarily done?

BARRY
I don't know. Does anyone ever
really get over something like what
I did to his brother?

NOHO HANK
Maybe not. But sometimes enough to
just move forward, you know?

BARRY
When did you get so philosophical?

NOHO HANK
Promotional fight business, baby!
Only four ninety-nine U.S. for
motivational intro package.

Barry shakes his head, but he almost smiles.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barry enters. His phone rings—SALLY.

BARRY

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Sally sits on her bed, flipping through a script, distracted.

SALLY

Hey! How was your day of being a normal person?

BARRY

It was... educational.

SALLY

That doesn't sound fun at all.

BARRY

No, it wasn't. But... maybe it was important.

Sally pauses, studying his tone.

SALLY

You okay?

BARRY

Yeah. I think so. I might be... changing.

SALLY

Changing how?

BARRY

Not sure yet.

SALLY

Well, you sound different. Good different. Want to tell me about it over dinner tomorrow?

BARRY

Yeah. I'd like that.

SALLY

Cool. Text me where. See you then.

They hang up. Barry picks up his notepad, adds a line to his checklist: "Dinner with Sally."

He stares at it. A normal plan, normal relationship. A step forward. His phone buzzes.

A text from NoHo Hank:

NOHO HANK (TEXT)
*Great news! Made peace deal with
Bolivians!*

NOHO HANK (TEXT) (CONT'D)
*Only cost me three teeth and
possibly spleen!*

ATTACHED PHOTO: NoHo Hank, heavily bandaged, arm-in-arm with the Bolivian fighter in hospital beds.

Barry smiles, nearly laughs.

He makes check marks in his notepad: "NO KILLING TODAY ✓"
"SAVED A LIFE ✓"

His phone BUZZES with a text from Fuches:

FUCHES (TEXT)
*Yakuza job's back on. Tomorrow.
2pm. Call me in the morning.*

Barry stares at the text. Then, slowly, he writes beneath his checklist: "TELL FUCHES NO."

He underlines it. Twice.

Then... he actually LAUGHS.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END