

BARRY

"Chapter Six: This Whole Thing is a Farce"

Written by

Paul Hufker

paulhufker@gmail.com

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Made in Highland

PREVIOUSLY ON BARRY: Sally suggests to Barry that they should take a break from each other, only to immediately discover they have been cast as scene partners in the Shakespeare showcase. Detective Moss returns to the acting class and re-interviews three men, including Barry, who could match the photo of the tall, unrecognizable figure from the lipstick camera. Barry and Taylor successfully raid the stash house. The next morning, Barry meets with Fuches, who is happy to see Barry alive. Taylor soon joins, revealing Barry did not follow Fuches' advice.

SYNOPSIS (ALERT -- EPISODE SPOILERS!): Barry and his theatre class study French farce, while Sally finds out she is pregnant. Goran mistakenly believes it is his mistress who Barry has impregnated, and Barry must go to farcical lengths to save his own life, put on his best performance for his class, and hide his violent profession from the future mother of his child.

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INT. STRIP MALL, CHINESE RESTAURANT. AFTERNOON.

With CUTS on his FACE, a dazed and exhausted Barry waits in LINE to order. He looks at his hands to find more CUTS.

FLASHBACK: Barry TWENTY MINUTES EARLIER, fighting off TWO THUGS in the NURSERY ROOM of a suburban house. BABY THINGS go FLYING as Barry and THUG ONE TRADE HARD PUNCHES to the FACE. Barry manages to finish off Thug One with a single silenced shot to the HEAD. Thug Two gets a few GOOD SHOTS in on Barry's FACE, too. Barry recovers, knocks Thug Two to the ground, STANDS OVER HIM, aims the GUN, and pulls the TRIGGER, but it JAMS. With open CUTS on his FACE, Barry pulls a KNIFE, looks at the massive blade, and the downed Thug Two. Deep sigh. He doesn't really want to do this. A BABY IN A CRIB silently watches the whole thing, SMILING, HAPPY, UNAWARE.

BACK IN THE PRESENT: Barry looks at his BLOODY HANDS. He shoves them in his POCKETS. He's exhausted and hungry.

The WOMAN AT THE COUNTER is helping the person ahead of him.

Barry's FINGERS dig in his POCKETS for his money, but they find a folded piece of PAPER. He UNFOLDS it. We see FLASHES of words like "owes 14K, make him suffer." He SHOVES it back in his pocket. He FISHES around and pulls out a WAD OF BLOODY HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. He didn't know the money got bloody. Damnit. He tries to quickly WIPE OFF a bill, but doesn't get far.

He gets a TEXT from Sally. He uses his SHIRT SLEEVE to touch the PHONE, to keep the blood off. There's a NEWBORN BABY EMOJI. The text says "I'm late. 4 days. If it's positive, ur the father."

Fuck.

WOMAN THE THE COUNTER

Next.

Barry walks up. The woman stares at his hands and face.

BARRY

Got in a fight with a cat. Kung
Pao shrimp, please. Extra spicy.

He HANDS her the least bloody hundred dollar bill. She's not pleased.

BARRY

Keep the change. Bathrooms are
this way?

Barry RUSHES down the HALL to the BATHROOMS, looking at the phone.

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He looks up to find:

THREE DOORS for the bathroom, one for men, one for women, one for disabled folks. Barry STOPS in his tracks and looks at all three - the bathroom hall feels odd, and far away.

He approaches the MEN'S ROOM DOOR, but the WOMEN'S DOOR opens. A MAN comes out. He brushes by a confused Barry.

The MEN'S ROOM DOOR flings open, and Barry braces to move out of the way, but NO ONE comes out. Barry checks inside. EMPTY. He goes in, and reads the text again. He takes a DEEP BREATH.

He sees his BLOODY, BRUISED FACE in the MIRROR. He starts to WASH the BLOOD OFF his hands.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

BARRY
Someone's in here.

Another KNOCK. Barry hasn't washed off all the BLOOD his hands, so he looks for paper towels - there's only a BLOWDRYER.

Barry WRAPS his hands in TOILET PAPER to both dry them and hide the blood.

Nervously, cautiously, Barry OPENS the door. No one is there. Pissed, he CLOSES the door, UNBUCKLES his belt and takes down his pants. Another KNOCK.

Barry GRABS QUICKLY at the door, UNBUCKLED pants in hand. He is stunned to see a BABY in a CAR SEAT on the floor. It's the BABY IN A CRIB from earlier.

Barry's eyes get wide. Does the baby LOOK ODDLY LIKE HIM? He QUICKLY closes and reopens the door and the baby is GONE. What the hell is going on?

Barry hears his name being called for his food. He BUCKLES his pants, turns, and exits the bathroom hallway. He picks up his order, and heads to the PARKING LOT, toilet paper still wrapped around his hands.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT. AFTERNOON.

Walking to his car, Barry sees a MOMMY AND ME CLASS letting out next door.

He STOPS dead in his tracks as he watches an SUV roll by, being DRIVEN by the BABY.

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After a stunned moment, Barry, still watching the SUV DRIVE OFF, gets a text from Fuches. He looks down to read it, takes a few steps and walks smack into a POLE. More CUTS on his face.

MAIN TITLE: Barry, opening theme.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATRE PARKING LOT. AFTERNOON.

Barry pulls up in his car. He notices there's still some toilet paper stuck to his hands. He TEARS it off.

He sees himself in the REARVIEW; he looks like he's been in the FIGHT he was in.

He gets another text from Fuches. "Hello??" He puts his phone away.

He takes a deep breath, grabs his EMPTY CHINESE FOOD CONTAINER, and exits the car. He tosses the container in the TRASH as he enters the theater.

INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM. AFTERNOON.

Barry looks around cautiously. Some students are there, in-costume, milling. Barry tries to SNEAK to the bathroom, but Nick, dressed in full costume, sees Barry and his CUTS.

NICK

Dude, look at you. How did you get your make up so lifelike?

BARRY

I, uh.

NICK

That's amazing.

Nick tries to touch Barry's face, Barry WINCES.

NICK (CONT'D)

Are those *real*?

BARRY

Nah. I know someone -- a real good make up person.

NICK

They look funny on you. A buncha macho cuts on such a quiet guy. Haha. Break a leg.

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Nick rushes off, Barry wonders why everyone is dressed in costume and what he should break his leg for.

Barry looks around the auditorium for Sally, but doesn't see her among the MINGLING ACTORS. He again takes a few steps toward the bathroom to wash his face, but BUMPS physically into Sally who doesn't want to talk.

SALLY

Oh, hey.

She's in-costume. She sees his face.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Method isn't good for you.

BARRY (what method?)

It's not?

SALLY

It takes your mind to some fucked up places.

BARRY

Wouldn't want that.

SALLY (disapproving)

Did you get those in a bar fight?

BARRY

No, it's make up. It's all make up.

She TOUCHES his face. He forces himself not to flinch. His HAND CLENCHES to soak up the pain.

He tries to LEAN IN to her.

BARRY (*whispering*)

So, was the test pos--

She LEANS away.

SALLY (a realization)

You're not in the show! Gene!

BARRY

Show?

Cusineau is mid-conversation but stops to say...

CUSINEAU

Oh that's right, Barry doesn't know.

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ERIC

We've been rehearsing something.
For, what a couple months now?

The CLASS AGREES, and GATHERS for Cusineau to address them.

CUSINEAU

We must add one of our band of
brothers into our humble little --
yikes! What happened to your face?

BARRY

It's make up. For something else.
Tell me about the thing.

ANTONIO

You're going to like this play,
Barry.

NICK

Yea, it's farce, it's fun.

CUSINEAU

I think he will, too. Because I am
going to give him...the role I was
playing!

The whole class says "No!"

CUSINEAU (CONT'D)

Yes, I shall. I have trod these
tired planks till they have
squeaked and groaned from boredom.
I anoint another. Barry, we are
doing the French farce "A Flea in
Her Ear." You will play the hot-
blooded, vengeful Carlos.

NATALIE

The character is super fun, Barry.

SASHA

Yea, violent, obsessive guy - huge
stretch for you.

JERMAIN

He carries this gun everywhere he
goes. He's crazy.

CUSINEAU

And I have a gift for you, Barry
Block. By the way, we can work on
that name. Here.

Cusineau holds up a big, HEAVY BOOK.

CUSINEAU (CONT'D)
This is the Collected Works of
Feydeau, our author. Familiar?

Barry shakes his head "no" as Cusineau plops the massive book
in his HANDS.

CUSINEAU (CONT'D)
Well, get familiar. Farce plays a
wonderful role in our lives, if we
let it. Heightened, exaggerated
reality. Every moment forced to be
sure that we're alive. Who can say
they actually live like that?
Alright people, we have a dress in
twenty minutes!

The class begins to disperse.

SASHA (to JERMAINE)
Let's go run lines. I'm like
utterly shaky on that one scene.

They go to run lines.

BARRY (looking at the script)
Can I really memorize all these
lines?

SALLY (walking away)
The performance isn't for a week.
It's a small role.

BARRY
Do you think you could help me?

SALLY
I have my own things going on,
Barry.

Sally SHOOTs Barry a KNOWING LOOK as she walks past the other
students and EXITS the auditorium. Barry just STARES at her as
she goes.

Cusineau remembers something, and addresses the class again.

CUSINEAU
Ah yes, I pulled some strings, and
industry is coming to the run,
people. An actual casting
director. To our actual 8PM run.
So make it fucking good.

The class SQUEALS with delight at the thought of industry
attending.

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CUSINEAU (CONT'D)
Or you're *killing* me.

They stop.

CUSINEAU (CONT'D)
Remember that: every time you
don't make it fucking good, you
physically, literally kill a piece
of me. OK? So.

The class doesn't know what to do with that. Cusineau passes Barry on his way backstage.

CUSINEAU (CONT'D)
Don't worry, Barry. Your character
is violent, brutish, ugly. Nothing
like you. It'll be a fun
challenge.

He pats Barry on the shoulder, walks to the exit, and turns back.

CUSINEAU (CONT'D)
Oh, and get rid of that bad make
up and get in a real fight. Method
acting is the only way to go!

He leaves.

EXT. THEATRE PARKING LOT, METAL STAIRS. MINUTES LATER.

Barry exits the theatre at the top of the METAL FIRE ESCAPE STAIRS. He sees Sally SITTING at the BOTTOM.

He walks down to her. He waits for her to say something. She waits for him to say something.

BARRY (his character)
I think this guy has a lisp.

SALLY
What?

BARRY
Yeah, he's from Barcelona and it
says he has a lisp, and I'm not
sure how to--

SALLY
It's positive.

Barry is stunned.

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SALLY (CONT'D)
The test was. Positive. It has to
be yours. Has to be.

BARRY
Has to...?

Sally TAKES his HANDS in hers; only a trace of blood on them
now.

SALLY
Promise me you'll raise it with
me.

The THEATRE DOOR opens, and Natalie sticks her head out. Sally
DROPS Barry's hands.

NATALIE
Barry, we're almost to your first
scene.

SALLY
C'mon. Let's go. Will give birth
to one thing and then we'll. You
know.

Sally takes a breath to center herself, then CALMLY REENTERS
the theatre while Barry stands, but is too shocked to move.
Natalie waves to him like "Come on!" and he snaps out of it and
rushes back inside.

INT. THEATRE MEN'S DRESSING ROOM. SECONDS LATER.

Sally THRUSTS COSTUME PIECES at Barry who collects them. Other
men finish dressing around them.

SALLY
Here, put this on.

BARRY
I don't even know my lines!

SALLY
I have to get *myself* ready, ya
know. This is my biggest comic
role ever and I want some fucking
representation.

BARRY (lost)
Should I just read from the
script?

She THROWS more pieces at Barry, who FIELDS them, and TRIES
THEM ON.

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SALLY

Here.

BARRY

What happens in the play?

SALLY

You're a murderous Spaniard, named Carlos, who thinks his wife is cheating on him. They're starting with your climax scene. You burst in, looking to kill this high society guy named Victor who you think impregnated your wife.

On the word "impregnated," they share an AWKWARD LOOK.

Barry's only costume piece is a single, ABSURD HAT, which he is not particularly pleased to be wearing.

BARRY (nervously)

How do I look?

He looks like a jackass.

INT. THEATRE. WINGS. MOMENTS LATER.

Barry and Sally wait alone backstage for Barry's entrance. Barry wears the JACKASS HAT.

SALLY does her breath work.

BARRY

I don't think I can do this right now.

SALLY

Barry -- I'm trying to concentrate. Being funny is serious work.

BARRY

No, I mean the baby.

She shoots him daggers with her eyes.

SALLY

You promised.

We see Nick ONSTAGE as Victor.

BARRY

I didn't *actually* promise.

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SALLY
You need to go on.

BARRY
I'll go on as best I can, but I--

SALLY
No, go on.

She SHOVES HIM ONSTAGE.

VICTOR (NICK)
Oh, at last he's gone.

Barry (as Carlos) comes STUMBLING onstage. He gives his usual CONFUSED, FLAT PERFORMANCE, but with the addition of a terrible SPANISH LISP.

Barry reads from his script.

BARRY (as CARLOS)
Ah-ha. There jue are. Jue run away
from me, but I find jue again.

VICTOR (terrified)
What are you going to do?

BARRY (as himself)
It says I have a box? I'm supposed
to have a box.

CUSINEAU
SOMEONE GET HIM THE BOX. Christ
almighty.

Someone HANDS Barry the BOX. He OPENS it. Inside are TWO
PISTOLS.

CARLOS (reading)
Don't *being* afraid, I will not
murder jue. It's going to be a
fair fight.

Carlos takes CHALK form the box and makes a MARK on Victor's
jacket, where his HEART is.

CARLOS
Here's where the bullet goes.

Carlos makes a MARK on his own HEART.

CARLOS
Here is where jue try to shoot me.
(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)
This is how we do it in (heavy
lisp) Barcelona.

Carlos offers the OPENED BOX to Victor.

VICTOR (a bad joke)
Sorry, I never take one between
meals.

CARLOS
AGH. TAKE THE PISTOLA OR I WILL
MURDER JUE.

Victor goes to take a pistol, does a little HAND-FAKE, and CLOSES the BOX on CARLOS' HAND. The box was supposed to miss Barry's real fingers, obviously, but instead they snap down on them. Barry BITES his LIP to hide the pain, but VICTOR sees the pain in Barry's eyes, panics, and as per the script, runs offstage.

CARLOS
AGGGGHHHHH Jue swiiiiiiiiiiiiine!

His hand burning with pain, Barry STOMPS around the set, grunting. He then tries to go on with the scene and FOLLOW Victor, but he can't figure out which door Victor went through - the CLOSED DOORS remind Barry of the BATHROOM DOORS from before. He tries a RANDOM DOOR, but it won't open. He's PUSHING with all his might on a PULL door.

Cusineau watches in HORROR. The whole class is mortified. This is getting grotesque.

Barry finally gets the DOOR OPENED, but because he's coming through the wrong stage door, Natalie, as the stage manager, PULLS the door back CLOSED, again on Barry's HAND.

His fingers have been TWICE-CRUNCHED. He SCREAMS and FLAILS around the stage in real pain, but it's so over-the-top it has a JERRY LEWIS VIBE, and the whole class erupts with LAUGHTER, which turns into APPLAUSE.

CUSINEAU (applauding)
Jesus Christ, Barry, you're method
as *fuck*!

The class trickles out from backstage to applaud Barry, who SHOVES his burning hand in his POCKET.

BARRY
It was all fake. Like my make up.

CUSINEAU

Take a bow, Barry -- you are a surprisingly gifted comic mind.

Barry does an AWKWARD, pained BOW. Everyone is happy for him.

BARRY

Maybe I'll make it big as a comic actor on Broadway.

Everyone thinks that's cute.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'll make a bunch of money and then I can afford...anything I need to.

He shoots a DIRECT LOOK at Sally whose eye he catches, but she LOOKS AWAY.

CUSINEAU

Money? In *theatre*? Hahahahaha.

Cusineau SLAPS Barry on the BACK, laughs long and hard. The class goes from applauding him, to LAUGHING at him.

INT. THEATRE WORKSPACE. MINUTES LATER.

Barry is packed-up and anxiously trying to find Sally. He walks in the HALL past the WORKSPACE. We see Cusineau has cornered Sasha and Natalie and is giving them a fatherly LECTURE. He's holding an OLD, HEAVY PHONOGRAPH.

CUSINEAU

Now, I didn't hear *who* is... in a family way, I just know someone is. My ears are everywhere in this theatre, girls, and I want to say, if you have a kid, you might lose him. I don't mean in a grocery store, for an hour or two -- that can actually be a wonderful little break -- no, I mean lose *touch*. For good. Anything you love, no matter how much you love it, might get up one day and go. And never come back. So *think*, girls. *Think* about this.

He goes to leave, turns back.

CUSINEAU (CONT'D)
Also, you only get one
waistline...

INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM. SECONDS LATER.

Barry walks into the auditorium. The LIGHTS ARE OFF except for ONE in the BOOTH. He sees Sally sitting alone.

INT. THEATRE TECH BOOTH. SECONDS LATER.

He POKES his HEAD in the booth.

BARRY
Hey.

She's not startled. In fact, she doesn't even look at him.

SALLY
Oh, look, it's Jerry Lewis.

BARRY
I don't know who that is.

He comes in.

SALLY
Let's just say, people thought he
was funny.

BARRY
You're funny too, ya know.

He sits down.

SALLY
Not like you, not with such
precision.

BARRY
It was kinda on accident.

SALLY (UGH!)
That doesn't make it any better,
Barry.

He goes to gently rest his GOOD HAND on hers.

BARRY
Sally, I--

She pulls away.

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SALLY
Sorry. I just--

She softens.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You what?

BARRY
No, go ahead.

SALLY
You can think about the baby, you
don't have to make a decision now,
just don't tell anyone. Promise
me, OK, if anyone asks, you'll
lie. I just. I'm not ready.

Barry is relieved he doesn't have to have a decision made.

BARRY
I promise.

SALLY
Those are real cuts aren't they?

She inspects his face -- he's annoyed he forgot to wash.

BARRY
A friend was in trouble, so I
thought I'd...help out.

SALLY
I'll keep your secret.

She smiles, STANDS, and goes to the BOOTH DOOR.

SALLY (CONT'D)
If you keep mine.

She leaves.

Barry's HAND HURTS. He looks down at it to find FEYDEAU'S BOOK in his lap. He opens and it falls to a page which reads
"Feydeau's Steps to Successful Farce, Step: 1 - Establish the need for secrecy on which the subterfuge depends."

Barry thinks, wow -- that's weird.

He gets a TEXT from Fuches: "I'm trying to make a sale. Where the fuck is my wingman???"

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD DIVE BAR. LATE AFTERNOON.

Fuches is sitting with a CARDBOARD BOX, talking to some scruffy, PETTY THUGS.

FUCHES

No-no-no-no-no-no-no. Well, yes. Initially, yes, it might be hard to unload. But, gentlemen, do not fear. There is a school not two hundred yards from here. I can't go any closer, otherwise I'd do it myself. All you need to do is stand in the shadows and push to any kiddie who comes bouncing by. Look at this stuff.

He OPENS the box. It's filled with HELLO KITTY merchandise.

FUCHES (CONT'D)

I've got the little cupcake maker, you can't buy that, they recalled it.

Barry walks in. Fuches goes to him, while the thugs sort through the merchandise.

FUCHES (CONT'D)

Gimmie good news, Barry -- Jesus, what happened to your face? Guys from this morning?

Barry WIPES his face with his SLEEVE. He nods.

FUCHES (CONT'D)

Well, tell me you did worse to them, 'cause these small time losers won't bite on the Hello Kitty. Gimmie some good news in the form of a big wad of cash.

BARRY

Who was the client this morning?

FUCHES

No point in telling you that.

BARRY

The gun they gave me jammed. I'm not gonna deal with that unprofessional shit, Fuches. Ever again.

FUCHES

Fine.

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BARRY
Real fucking professionals, from
now on.

FUCHES
Fine. Deal. Cash?

Barry gives the BLOODY WAD to Fuches who is un-phased by the blood.

FUCHES (CONT'D)
That it?

Fuches STUFFS it in his POCKET.

BARRY
I need some for myself.

FUCHES
Uh-uh. You give it to me, I
portion out what you need back.
That's the agreement. You suddenly
don't like the agreement, we can
alter the agreement, but don't--

BARRY
Sally's pregnant.

A beat. Fuches is like, "...and...?"

BARRY (CONT'D)
And it's mine.

FUCHES (chuckle)
Oh, OK. I was gonna say, why in
the hell are you telling me this,
but if it's yours, that makes
sense. OK, so, um, abort it. Now,
do you think these guys would like
lululemon better, cause I can get
a fuckload of--

BARRY
Fuches. Just shut-the-fuck-up,
man, for a second. I *hate* the fact
that you're my only friend but I
gotta tell somebody this. I think.
I think I wanna be a dad. I mean,
babies have been popping up all
over today, and--

FUCHES
What? What *popping babies*?

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BARRY

No, just, I'm scared of raising it. Around this, around violence. I think, man. I think. I want out.

Fuches darkens.

FUCHES

Barry, "out" is only a place you can go when you've been "in." And you, my friend, are not "in." I am in. I am on the inside. You are on the outside. You are already out. And what you *need* Barry, is to be in. Now I've heard through the rumor mill, which you have to be *in* to know about -- that there's something brewing with the Chechens. They want the Bolivians gone and they're willing to pay big. You want professional, you got it.

BARRY

I think wanna be a *dad*, Fuches.

FUCHES

How, Barry? With what? I'm your ATM. I'm your bank. I'm your lifeline. To the Barry you want to be. The Barry you know you can be. You lose me, you lose. Period. You got close to those touchy-feely theatre people and suddenly you don't know up from down. But lucky for you, I do. And instead of *losing* me, here's what you're gonna do. You're gonna tell this dizzy bitch to abort that baby, and threaten to put a bullet in her head if she doesn't. Then, you're gonna quit that horseshit theatre class, so you don't almost make another mistake which blows the *fucking roof* off our heads, and right now, you're gonna come over with me and help sell Hello Kitty nightlights to those street scum. Or you're gonna be all-the-fuck-alone, Barry. Got it? Not alone-plus-one, plus a *friend*, plus someone who loves you and wants to *help*, but a.l.o.n.e. Alone.

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Fuches leans in, like OK? Barry NODS. Fuches hands him a PIECE OF PAPER.

FUCHES (CONT'D)
Info on where to meet NoHo Hank.

Barry agrees by PUTTING IT in his POCKET. He stands to leave.

FUCHES (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. We're not done here.

Fuches STANDS, and they return to the thugs, ready to sell.

FUCHES (CONT'D)
Barry, which one of these fine products is your daughter's favorite?

Barry pulls a ONESIE out of the box and holds it up to his own CHEST.

BARRY
This is pretty cute.

EXT. STREETS OF NORTH HOLLYWOOD. DUSK.

Distraught, Barry drives to meet NoHo Hank. He pulls up to a STOPLIGHT.

MUSIC: "All that She Wants" by Ace of Base plays INSIDE BARRY'S CAR.

Barry looks casually to his left to see the same BABY DRIVING the SUV.

Just as Barry's mind starts to explode, Barry watches the BABY MORPH INTO a TEENAGER.

The teen LOOKS A LOT LIKE BARRY did as a youth. If it weren't impossible, this could be Barry's kid. Or Barry himself?

Barry LOOKS HARD at the FANCY SUV, notices the LEATHER INTERIOR, the TOUCH-SCREEN PANELS, the WOOD-GRAINED TRIMMING. He looks at HIS CAR, which has CIGARETTE BURNS in the seats and the crappy RADIO with WIRES sticking out.

Barry notices the MOM and DAD of the TEENAGER, in the SUV with him. He STRUGGLES and LEANS to see their FACES, but he can't.

He notices their CLOTHES. They're dressed in well-tailored, expensive, fancy materials and designer brands. Barry looks at his own DISGUSTING CLOTHES, speckled with BLOOD from MURDERS.

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He looks at his HANDS: both with cuts, one PURPLE and SWOLLEN.

Barry now wonders - should he be an actor and make no money or remain a hitman and make some?

The LIGHT turns GREEN, the SUV DRIVES OFF. Barry is caught in his MIND. He hears BEEPS behind him, SNAPS back to reality, and starts to DRIVE.

EXT. NOHO DINNER SPOT WITH OUTDOOR DINING. NIGHT.

Barry enters the outdoor dining space STRATEGICALLY, looking from a few ANGLES for any VULNERABILITIES before he makes his presence known.

He sees NoHo Hank SITTING ALONE at a table, and he starts to walk to him.

He LOOKS DOWN and is surprised to find he still has the FEYDEAU BOOK in his hands. He stops, and OPENS IT to the "Steps of Farce" page.

It READS, "Step Two: Need for a public meeting place."

Barry thinks, woah -- even weirder. What does this all mean?

EXT. NOHO DINNER SPOT. SECONDS LATER.

Barry WALKS to NoHo Hank's TABLE. Hank is having a casual time, while Barry is laser-focused.

NOHO HANK

Barry, always a delight to see you. Carrying a book? It's good to enrich oneself through reading. What's up with your f--

Barry sits.

BARRY

I walked into a pole chasing a driving baby. Listen, Hank--

NOHO HANK

Pole? Driving baby? You must be a hungry, man. They do Paleo super good here. Are you following Paleo or are you doing your own thing? What ever you're doing, it's working, Mr. Universe!

BARRY

Maybe we can sort of speed this along. I have to get back. I have lines to memorize.

NoHo Hank takes a long look at Barry.

NOHO HANK

Something is wrong, Barry, my friend. What is it? You can tell me. I'm an empath.

BARRY

Just gimme the details for the thing so I can go.

NOHO HANK

OK Grumpy Gus, but I can tell something is wrong. Your chakras are totally misaligned. They're a mess, Barry. Tell ol Hanky Panky what the problem is. C'mon. Please. Maybe I can help. Is it Detective Moss? We know she has footage. Have you seen it?

BARRY

Yes.

The moment gets tense.

NOHO HANK

That's OK, Barry. We were prepared for this. Have you seen what's on the lipstick camera?

BARRY

Yes.

NOHO HANK (trying to hide his nerves)

And?

BARRY

A figure. A dark figure. Me, but no face.

NOHO HANK (delighted again)

Oh, no face! You see, Barry, you put good energy out to the universe, and it comes back to you. No face. Groovy. What're you gonna order?

Barry's HEAD is DOWN.

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NOHO HANK (CONT'D)
What's wrong, Barry?

Barry has no other choice; he needs to talk about this and NoHo Hank is his only available option.

BARRY
My girlf--a friend of mine is pregnant.

NoHo Hank is like, "...and...?"

BARRY (CONT'D)
With my baby.

NOHO HANK
Oh, Ok. I was like, *why are you giving me this lady's private information*, but if it's your baby, that makes much more sense.

BARRY
And like, I've seen this driving baby all day and it's freaking me out. It looks like my kid, or maybe...me, even.

NOHO HANK
Alright, alright, I think I'm picking up what you're laying down. As an empath -- which is as much a curse as a blessing, B.T.Dubs -- I'm highly sensitive to this kind of thing. You're feeling trapped. Stuck, in your life, is that right?

BARRY (annoyed that he's right)
Go on.

NOHO HANK
Thought so. I'm taking a class. One of teacher's pets. Maybe, Barry, you just want something so bad, something you're not getting in your life, so *bad*, that your eyes are making you see it? IDK. I'll think about it. I need some time to recharge -- absorbing every-freakin-body's emotions is exhausting.

BARRY

I don't need therapy, Hank, I need money.

NOHO HANK

Oh. But my class, I'm supposed to...No, you're right, this is about you, not me. Rule #1. C'mon, Hank, you know this.

NoHo Hank stands.

NOHO HANK (CONT'D)

Well, money I can give, no skin off my toes. I run to little boys' room, but when I come back, we'll talk (whispers) *Bolivians* -- plenty of dolla dolla bills to be had there.

BARRY

No, Hank, I don't...

He's gone. Barry laments the fact that he can't seem to get any money without killing people.

EXT. NOHO DINNER SPOT, OUTDOOR BATHROOM AREA. SECONDS LATER.

NoHo Hank walks to the OUTDOOR HALLWAY of BATHROOMS.

Goran and his mistress Kandi Kane, just arriving, APPROACH him. Kandi is American, ultra-big-haired, ultra-boobed-out, and dressed in skin-tight FAUX CHEETAH PRINT. She SUCKS ON a CHOCOLATE BLOW POP

GORAN

Hanky Panky.

Goran and Hank HUG. When they do, Goran WHISPERS in HANK'S EAR...

GORAN (whispering)

Deets for Bolivians.

Goran puts a PIECE OF PAPER in Hank's POCKET. Kandi TAPS Goran's shoulder.

KANDI KANE

Gimmie a second, sugar, I gotta tinkle.

She goes to the ladies' room. They both watch her HIPS GYRATE as she walks away. Then, they RESUME the hug.

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GORAN (whispering)
Time to make Bolivians pay.

NoHo Hank smiles, whispers back.

NOHO HANK (whispering)
That's music to my ear. Want more
music? No face on lipstick camera.

GORAN (whispering)
You got lucky. Don't bring cameras
again. Ever. Or the next deets are
about you.

Goran lightens, kisses Hank on the cheeks.

Hank is unnerved.

NOHO HANK
Hahaha. OK, I gotta tinkle, too,
and then we'll talk execution
preference, coolio?

Goran nods, starts to walk away, then PULLS HANK back in.

GORAN (in Chechen)
My new mistress is hot, no?

NOHO HANK
Oh, heck yea, she's a spicy
pepperoni hot pocket for sure.

GORAN
What's the matter? You don't like?

NOHO HANK
It's just -- I get a little
nervous when you bring home a new
one, that you're going to
get...stabby with her.

GORAN (in Chechen)
Not with this one. Her name is
Kandi Kane. Stripper, yes, but she
never asks for more money than our
agreement. This is true love.

NOHO HANK (in Chechen)
OK, good, 'cause I'm an empath and
we feel things, like super deep.

GORAN
But keep a close eye. I don't
trust her.

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Hank goes into the MEN'S ROOM as Goran SITS at a table near the BATHROOM area, his HEAD HIDDEN by a LARGE, LEAFY PLANT.

EXT. NOHO DINNER SPOT. NOHO HANK'S TABLE. SECONDS

LATER.

Barry checks his watch: 7:00PM.

BARRY (to himself)
Run's in an hour?

He gets a glimpse of his fucked-up face in the REFLECTION of a SPOON. He goes to wash.

EXT. NOHO DINNER SPOT, OUTDOOR BATHROOM HALL. SECONDS

LATER.

Barry walks to the bathroom hall, but doesn't notice Goran, whose face is hidden by the LARGE PLANT.

Barry SEES the BATHROOMS and stops for a moment as they also REMIND HIM of the Chinese restaurant bathrooms.

Barry heads to the MEN'S ROOM DOOR as Kandi COMES OUT of the ladies' room. They BUMP into each other.

BARRY
Oh, uh, sorry.

KANDI KANE
No apologies necessary, sugar.

Kandi SUCKS HER BLOWPOP, CRUNCHES IT, and looks Barry up-and-down. She WINKS at him, before she continues back to Goran. NoHo Hank EXITS the Men's room and sees Barry looking at Kandi. He assumes Barry knows who she is. He does not.

NOHO HANK
Hot potato, no?

BARRY
Huh?

NOHO HANK
You need the Ov-Glove to handle that one. She may not even get stabbed to death and chopped up.

Barry is like "what?" as NoHo Hank PATS Barry lightly on the back, and starts to exit the OUTDOOR BATHROOM HALLWAY.

Goran, from behind the PLANT, sees: NoHo Hank walking down the bathroom hall back toward him, Barry standing in the HALL, and Kandi nearly returned to him.

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At the end of the bathroom hall area, NoHo Hank remembers Sally is pregnant. Hank TURNS BACK to Barry and says loudly...

NOHO HANK (CONT'D)
I can't believe you placed a bun
in her oven! Way to shoot and
score, hockey superstar Wayne
Gretzky!

BARRY
Shhhhhh!

Barry enters the MEN'S ROOM. Hank LOOKS AROUND for Goran, but because of the PLANT, he cannot see him, so he returns to HIS TABLE. Goran hears the "bun in the oven" bit, and jumps to a conclusion when Kandi returns.

KANDI KANE
Ready to go, hot stuff?

GORAN (standing)
You have bun in oven?

KANDI KANE
Huh?

Goran GRABS her WRISTS.

GORAN
You let Barry place bun in oven??

KANDI KANE
Who's Barry?

The two begin to struggle.

GORAN
You have condoms in purse!

They each YANK on the purse, TUGGING it back-and-forth.

Barry returns from the men's room, notices the ARGUING COUPLE, but can't see Goran's face because of the PLANT, and he has no idea who Kandi is, so thinks little of it, and heads back to his table.

Goran LETS GO of the PURSE. Kandi goes FLYING into a WAITER, KNOCKING his TRAY of DRINKS all over her.

OUT OF THE PURSE flies little WRAPPED CHOCOLATES, which look a bit like condom wrappers. Kandi, wet from the drinks, GRABS a CHOCOLATE from the ground, and, screaming, SHOVES it in Goran's FACE as proof that he's wrong.

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KANDI KANE
Chocolates, not condoms!
Chocolates! ASSHOLE.

Goran PICKS UP TIC TACS and shoves them in her face.

GORAN
Birth control!

She shows him the label.

KANDI KANE
TIC TACS! Tic tacs, stupid man!

GORAN doesn't believe her, GRUNTS, and pushes her hands out of his face.

Barry walks back to his TABLE, and doesn't register any of Goran's argument. Instead, he checks WATCH. 7:15. He can't wait any longer. He grabs the FEYDEAU BOOK.

BARRY
I gotta go. Text me the info.

NOHO HANK
Barry, wait, I am ready to give more empathy!

Barry is gone.

Goran bursts the MEN'S ROOM DOOR open, looking for Barry and out for blood.

INT. THEATRE MEN'S ROOM. 15 MINUTES LATER.

Barry has finally WASHED his FACE and COMBED HIS HAIR and is sitting in a STALL, looking over his LINES, trying FRANTICALLY to memorize them. His face and hand are still BRUISED, but no longer bloody.

INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM. CONCURRENT.

Goran is CREEPING through the dark theatre, a GUN GLEAMING from his waist, a look of VIOLENCE on his face. He's definitely going to KILL Barry.

INT. MEN'S ROOM. CONCURRENT.

Barry is getting more and more frustrated that he can't keep focused. He's thinking about the baby, his future, his money, his choices, and he can't cram his lines in with all the rest.

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Nick BURSTS into the bathroom.

BARRY

AH!

NICK

Barry?

Barry tries to hide. Nick sees his SHOES under the stall door.

NICK (CONT'D)

Casting director couldn't come to our performance, so he's here *now* for the dress rehearsal! He's in the house! Eek! Dreams *do* come true! Break an effing leg, homie.

Nick leaves. Barry is more PANICKED.

INT. BACKSTAGE. MINUTES LATER.

Barry SNEAKS backstage, to find the class in-costume and ready for the run; but they're frenetic, bouncing like pinballs and unable to calm down.

Barry sees Sally talking in a group. He doesn't know whether to confront her or avoid her. She looks at him and they make EYE CONTACT. She looks away.

Sasha, Natalie, and Jermain come up to Barry.

SASHA

Oh my *gosh*, Barry, the casting director is here!

NICK

I can't calm down. I *can't*.

JERMAIN

I'm almost too calm. It's spooky.

SASHA

Barry, you're a great comic actor--how do we calm down?

BARRY

Uh. You, uh. You just pretend everyone out there's a baby.

NICK

Huh?

SASHA

There's no audience.

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BARRY

Just the one guy, then. Just pretend the one guy is a big, goofy baby.

JERMAIN

Is that a real thing?

BARRY

Hey, who's the comedy legend around here?

NATALIE (as stage manager)

Places everyone!

The class MUFFLES a giddy squeal.

Barry sees Sally BREAK AWAY from the group and go off on her own. He starts to FOLLOW her.

He gets a TEXT. He checks. NoHo Hank. It says, "Hey Barry. Little bit of an oopsie -- Goran thinks you knocked down his hot potato mistress and he's coming to kill you. I told him where you were. Sorry! (shrug emoji)".

A follow-up text reads, "*knocked up"

Barry's like, "oh, shit!" He takes a PEEK out into the AUDIENCE and sees Goran's BALD HEAD and the GUN both GLEAMING in the light.

Super duper *oh, fuck* time.

Barry RUNS to look for Sally. He doesn't want to die, or let her know what he does for a living.

INT. WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOM. SECONDS LATER.

The women are putting FINAL TOUCHES on themselves. Barry tries not to look at the women as he KNOCKS.

BARRY

Sally? Can you come here *please*?

Sally sticks her head out the door.

SALLY

Barry, I'm doing my visualizations -- what do you want?

BARRY

I think we should go. Yea, let's go. C'mon. Right now.

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We HEAR the play going on behind them.

SALLY
What? If this is some method
thing, then, ya know, I'm
intrigued, but--

BARRY
We need to leave, come on.

He GRABS her by the WRIST, gently, but firmly, and tries to
take her out of the space.

SALLY
Get your hands *off* me!

Everyone looks. He lets go.

SALLY (CONT'D)
What is this? What're you doing?

BARRY
Yeah. Yes. Yes, it's a method
thing.

Everyone gathers to hear about method acting.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I'll tell you all about the method
I use to create
this...method...another time.
Sally, can we talk?

Trying anything, Barry whispers in Sally's ear.

BARRY (CONT'D, whispering)
I'm ready. I'm ready to be a dad.
I decided. Let's talk outside.

SALLY (realizing)
Barry! You don't have your costume
on!

The class GRABS PIECES of Barry's costume and begins to UNdress
and DRESS Barry.

BARRY
Oh, OK. Um. I'm not even on for a
while.

NATALIE
They're moving fast, Barry.

They TUG on him to get things off, they tug more to get things on. He STANDS with arms and legs AKIMBO while they do what they must.

BARRY

Maybe this is actually a good time
to -- ow! -- reschedule this
performance.

SASHA

Don't get freaked out now, Barry.

JERMAIN

Yea, look at me. I'm so calm I'm
nearly asleep.

NATALIE

There.

Natalie GESTURES toward a MIRROR. Barry looks at himself. He's in costume but looks terrified. They put the BOX with the DUELING GUNS in his hand. He HOLDS UP a PISTOL from the BOX, and his reflection freaks him out more.

BARRY

Ya know what? I forgot gum. The
method requires fresh breath.

Barry DARTS one way, they BLOCK him.

SALLY

You're ruining my prep, Barry!

He DARTS another, they BLOCK that.

SASHA

Just picture him as a baby, right?

They've SURROUNDED him and they CLOSE IN on him.

SALLY

Don't let him leave. He's a funny
guy and he needs to prove it.

We see NICK AS VICTOR onstage, cuing BARRY to ENTER.

NICK (as VICTOR)

Oh, at last, he's gone.

Sally puts the gun back in the box, and PRESSES the gun box closed in Barry's hands.

NICK (as VICTOR)

Oh, at last, he's gone...

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Barry isn't moving.

SALLY
Alright, Mr. Comedy, time to make
'em LAUGH.

Everyone takes a few steps back for MOMENTUM, and they
COLLECTIVELY SHOVE Barry onstage.

INT. STAGE. CONCURRENT.

NICK (he's never coming)
Oh, at last, he's gone.

Barry comes FLYING onstage, holding the box. Nick is flustered.

NICK (CONT'D)
But he's back. I mean, how did you
get in here?

Barry crosses to Nick.

BARRY (as CARLOS, flat)
Ah-ha. There jue are. Jue run away
from me, but I find jue aga--

Barry LOOKS into the house to see if he can spot Goran, but
because he does, he TRIPS, and GRABS the WINDOW DRESSING for
balance, TEARING it down.

He STUMBLES and TEETERS, KNOCKING over PLANTS and SET PIECES.
The OLD PHONOGRAPH comes CRASHING DOWN. Cusineau WINCES.

Barry FALLS smack into a TABLE with GLASSWARE, CRUSHING the
entire TABLE'S LEGS flat, BREAKING all the GLASS, and making a
huge stage mess.

Everyone is left breathless, mid-gasp, waiting to see what will
happen. Victor walks dejectedly offstage.

Barry LIFTS UP HIS HEAD and weakly says...

BARRY
Jue swine.

Barry SEES GORAN in the house, WINCES, and BRACES for a BULLET
between the eyes.

FLASH: In Barry's mind, an IMAGE of his BLOODY FACE, his HEAD
GETTING SHOT, BLOOD SPURTING.

INSTEAD: we HEAR Goran laughing. At first a CHUCKLE, which
builds to a FULL-ON BELLY LAUGH.

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The CLASS SEES Goran laughing, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

Goran starts APPLAUDING. Barry stands.

GORAN
Bravo. Funny shit, Barry.

Barry rushes to Goran.

INT. AUDITORIUM. SECONDS LATER.

BARRY
Look, Goran, I never slept with
your mis--your girlfr--that woman.

GORAN (still laughing)
Oh, really? I guess I figure as
much. She had tubes tied anyway.
Hot oven, but no dough. You're a
funny guy, Barry.

He WRAPS a FRIENDLY ARM around Barry's neck.

The CLASS has RETURNED to the AUDITORIUM. They CIRCLE Goran and Barry, anxious to chat with the fancy casting director.

GORAN
You're all funny guys!

CUSINEAU
Tom said he couldn't make it. I
suppose he sent you. I don't
believe we've been acquainted.
Gene Cusineau, at your service.

Cusineau does a LITTLE BOW. Goran STICKS out his HAND to shake.

GORAN
Goran, Chechen maf--

BARRY
Goran Chechenmaf. He's new, aren't
you Goran? Brand new.

The CLASS gets in Goran's FACE.

SASHA (with Jermaine)
Mr. Chechenmaf, did you see our
rendezvous at the beginning? What
did you think?

NICK

Did you see how I just walked off
cause I didn't want to upstage
Barry?

Barry gets a TEXT. It has a discreet PICTURE of Sally and Barry TALKING. The text reads "Bolivians took this. They know you work with us. Threatened to kill you and "unborn baby." Don't know how they know (shrug emoji). I didn't say a word, super duper promise. Better get here now."

Barry tries to nod Sally over to him, and away from the group. She won't come, so he moves close to her and whispers.

BARRY

Are you gonna be here for a while?

SALLY (sour)

Of course. I'm not a *comic genius*
like you. I gotta practice.

BARRY

Good. Stay here. I'll be back.

Barry turns to Goran.

BARRY

Don't we have that important
meeting to go to? Now?

GORAN

Oh. Uh, yes, yes, time to go.

The class GROANS.

BARRY

Mr. Chechenmaf will be back.
C'mon, let's go.

Barry pulls Goran to the door. Before he can leave, CUSINEAU catches him.

CUSINEAU (holding the broken
phonograph)

Nice work, Barry. Personally, I
wouldn't have destroyed the *entire*
set, but.

He walks on. Barry DRAGS Goran out.

EXT. THEATRE PARKING LOT. SECONDS LATER.

Barry and Goran walk to their cars.

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BARRY
Hank says the Bolivians know who I
am.

GORAN (suddenly serious)
Go. I meet you there.

EXT. STREETS OF NORTH HOLLYWOOD. MINUTES LATER.

Barry drives like a MANIAC through North Hollywood.

No time to spot the TEENAGER DRIVING THE SUV, who Barry nearly
SLAMS into.

The TEENAGER is ROCKING OUT with his TEENAGE FRIENDS.

MUSIC: Ice, Ice Baby

EXT. NOHO HANK'S HOUSE. 10 MINUTES LATER.

In the dim suburban light, Barry moves quickly, cautiously from
his car to the HOUSE.

He reaches the BACKYARD. It's dark. He tries to FEEL his way
around.

Suddenly, HANGING LIGHTS pop on. They're colorful.

The Chechens yell "Surprise!" and clap.

NOHO HANK
Happy baby shower!

Barry looks around and sees STREAMERS, BALLOONS, and a BABY-
SHAPED CAKE, with SPARKLER CANDLES. The Chechens are wearing
party HATS and have BIG GRINS.

BARRY
The text...?

NOHO HANK
Looks like I'm a bit of a sneaky
mouse on this one -- I made the
text up! I had to get you over
here for the big cele-barry-ation.
Sorry to be the sneaky mouse.

Barry looks around.

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NOHO HANK (CONT'D)
You're noticing some of the decor
is not 100% on-theme -- it must be
a big moment for babies 'cause
this stuff is all they had.

Barry notices all the decorations say things like: "Life Begins
at 40," "Over the Hill," etc.

Goran walks over, LAUGHING.

GORAN
Barry, Mr. Three Stooge! Hey
everybody, I was gonna kill this
guy till I find out how super
funny he is!

He puts his arm around Barry, and turns to Hank, still
laughing.

GORAN (CONT'D)
And you throw party without
permission? Maybe I should kill
you!

Goran is still laughing, Hank laughs nervously.

NOHO HANK
Haha. But now you like Barry and
you like party, right?

Someone hands them all CHAMPAGNE.

GORAN (toasting)
Yes, now I like it all!

They all cheers. Hank is relieved. Goran chugs his champagne,
and wanders off, suddenly YELLING in Chechen at someone.

NOHO HANK
He was never going to kill you. He
gets hot but he cools down.
Usually. So, what's the name if
it's a girl? My sister's name is
Zargan, if you need inspiration.

A MENACING FUCHES emerges from the DARKNESS, a few whiskeys
deep.

FUCHES
Hey, Barry, I hear you're gonna be
a dad. Congrats.

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EXT. NOHO HANK'S HOUSE. SIDE YARD. SECONDS LATER.

Barry and Fuches talk privately.

FUCHES

What the fuck is the matter with you? I'd should slap you in the *mouth*.

BARRY

Try it.

FUCHES

Oh, OK, so you're good to lose everything we have. Everything we've been building. You're cool with throwing all that away. OK, good.

BARRY

What have we been building, Fuches? Look around and tell me what we've built. Where is it? Put it in my *hands*. I want out. I'm not kidding.

FUCHES

Why do I feel like I'm your partner who's always left in the dark? Huh, Barry *Block*? You ignore my texts, you withhold intel...

BARRY

What intel?

FUCHES

Our employers here filled me in on stuff you decided to forget. Why you choose to give them and not me *vital fucking information* is a fun game I've been playing in my head.

BARRY

I'm sorry. I didn't want you to freak out.

FUCHES

Believe me, Barry, I'm trying *extremely* hard not to. I know Moss was at the theatre asking more questions. What did she ask?

BARRY

Just general stuff. I kept my cool.

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FUCHES

Did you see the footage? Did it look like you? Answer me, Barry.

BARRY

No face, but. It looks like me. Kinda. Don't worry.

FUCHES

Don't worry? We gotta leave town for a while. You gotta kill that baby, and we gotta skip town.

BARRY

Kill the baby?

FUCHES

You can't be a fuckin dad, man. Remember your first day? No emotions, no entanglements. We gotta be able to move from place-to-place, unseen, with no one tracking us, especially not *the mother of your fucking child!*

BARRY

You track me. Everywhere I go.

FUCHES

I *have* to track you, Barry, I'm your partner.

BARRY

I want more money. You're taking too much. I want a higher cut.

A standoff.

NoHo Hank walks up to them, unaware.

NOHO HANK

There you are, man-of-the-hour Mr. Barry Block! Listen, I hate to be pooper on the party, but it's confession time -- we did all this for you because yes, we super like you, but also because we need your help. Bad. The Bolivians are gobbling up our market, our territory, just *gobble gobble*, and Goran, he does not like this so much. So, I go rogue and throw this party. And give you this...

He takes out a huge WAD of CASH.

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NOHO HANK (CONT'D)
Because any new dad needs a couple
extra bucks, right? What do you
say? Keep your old pal Hanky Panky
from angry, stabby Goran?

Barry takes a moment, then turns to Fuches.

BARRY
What's the point, Fuches? No
future? No legacy? Nothing even a
little bit normal?

FUCHES has a calm solution.

FUCHES
Keep the cash from this one. All
of it's yours. I'll skip town, you
make the hit, then meet me. Easy
as apple pie. Just. Gotta remove
all the entanglements, right?
Right?

NoHo Hank and Fuches are practically STANDING ON TOP of Barry.

Before Barry can answer, he gets a TEXT. It's from Sally. It
says, "Thanks 4 agreeing 2 raise the bb, but I'm not going 2
keep it. I don't have fancy casting director friends like U. I
only get 1 life to make my mark. And 1 waistline."

Barry doesn't know whether to be heartbroken or utterly
relieved.

BARRY
She's not keeping it.

FUCHES
Thank fuck for that.

NOHO HANK
So...you work for us?

Barry looks down to find the FEYDEAU BOOK in his hands. Has he
been holding it the entire time? He opens to the "Rules of
Farce" page. He holds the BOOK UP to read it in the dim,
colored light. It says, "Step 3: Restoration to a precarious
status quo."

Barry LOOKS UP to see the TEENAGER driving the SUV SLOWLY past
the front of NoHo Hank's House.

Barry RUNS to the FRONT YARD.

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EXT. NOHO HANK'S FRONT YARD. SECONDS LATER.

The SUV MOVES SLOWLY, out-of-time. Barry CHASES AND SHOUTS after it.

BARRY
Hey. *HEY*.

Barry STOPS dead when he sees the TEENAGER TRANSFORM into an ADULT MAN who looks NOTHING LIKE Barry.

In fact, everyone in the SUV TRANSFORMS into who they'll become. Barry can see their FACES this time. Everyone TALKS and LAUGHS. They're a HAPPY FAMILY -- MOM and DAD in their 70's, healthy, vibrant, with two happy, YOUNG GRANDCHILDREN strapped in the back seats, and a BABY in the ADULT MAN'S WIFE'S BELLY.

These people are not Barry or his family -- they never were and never will be.

We see the REALIZATION on Barry's heartbroken FACE.

BARRY (quietly, for himself)
It's not me. It was never me.

Then "Who am I?" Barry wonders.

With his eyes on the departing SUV, Barry takes a few steps back toward the house and walks SMACK into a POLE.

The CUTS on his FACE REOPEN.

NoHo Hank approaches, with Fuches. Hank puts the WAD OF CASH into Barry's hands, along with a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER.

NOHO HANK
Here. For the next one.

Barry looks at Fuches and Hank -- will he accept?

CUT TO BLACK.

MUSIC: The Who's "Who are you?"

CREDITS.

End of Episode.

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