

BARRY:  
CHEKHOV & LARRY

Written by

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INT. BARRY'S CAR - DAY

EMPTY seats. Outside, a regular RESIDENTIAL STREET with a THREE-STORY APARTMENT BUILDING.

Beat.

SMASH of a WINDOW BREAKING.

CHEKHOV  
(shouting)  
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

CHEKHOV - Eastern European muscle - falls to the pavement with a SMACK.

Beat.

Chekhov gets up and limps off.

Beat.

BARRY comes out of the apartment building's FIRE EXIT, gun drawn. He SCANS the area looking for Chekhov.

BARRY  
(to himself)  
Where did he-

He glances at his WATCH.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
*Shit!*

He scans one more time, hesitates, and gets in the car, tossing his SILENCED HANDGUN onto the PASSENGER'S SEAT. Ignition on; NPR comes on the radio. He fastens his seatbelt and speeds off.

NPR VOICE  
... and see, that's the kicker.  
There's people who don't believe in  
climate change; who don't believe  
the ice caps are melting and polar  
bears are going extinct-

As he's turning onto the FREEWAY, his PHONE lights up. FUCHES is calling. He answers.

BARRY  
What, Fuches?

EXT. MOTEL POOL - DAY

Fuches is sunbathing. A FAMILY with YOUNG CHILDREN are playing in the pool.

FUCHES  
(aggressively)  
What do you mean, "what"?

The family LOOKS.

FUCHES (CONT'D)  
(mouthing, to family)  
*Sorry, work!*  
(calmer, to Barry)  
Did you take care of that...  
(off children)  
Little *chore* I sent you on?

BARRY (V.O.)  
I think so.

FUCHES  
You think so? How exactly can you be unsure?

BARRY (V.O.)  
His name is Chekhov the Unkillable.  
I shot him 3 times. He fell out a 3-story window. But no body.

FUCHES  
What do you mean, no *body*??

The family GLARES.

FUCHES (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
There must be *somebody* out there for you, champ! Just gotta keep lookin'!

BARRY (V.O.)  
What?

INT. BARRY'S CAR - DAY

Bumper to bumper TRAFFIC.

BARRY  
Fuck!

FUCHES (V.O.)  
 "Fudge" is right, Bar.

EXT. MOTEL POOL - DAY

Fuches winks at the family. He turns away; gets serious.

FUCHES  
 If you don't find him right now-

BARRY  
 I'm late for my acting class...

FUCHES  
 (voice raised)  
 You're acting-!?

The pool family looks. Fuches takes a calming breath.

FUCHES (CONT'D)  
 Your acting class? You're kidding,  
 Barry.

INT. BARRY'S CAR - DAY

BARRY  
 I'm not.

Barry considers chancing the carpool lane.

FUCHES (V.O.)  
 Priorities, man. For God's sake:  
 priorities. An unkillable,  
 unstoppable murderer is on the  
 loose; he's seen your face and  
 you're going to-

Barry's phone lights up, SALLY calling.

BARRY  
 I have to go, Fuches.

FUCHES (V.O.)  
 Barry!

Barry accepts Sally's call.

BARRY  
 (guiltily)  
 Hiii.

SALLY (V.O.)  
(pissed off)  
**Where are you?** We're up next!

BARRY (V.O.)  
Sorry, I-

Barry looks into his rearview mirror and sees Chekhov - alive and unnervingly expressionless.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

SALLY  
What? Hello?  
(pause)  
Barry, if you're not going to take this seriously... Then I don't know if we should be scene partners...

INT. BARRY'S CAR - DAY

Sally's monologue continues as Chekhov chokes Barry with a CUT SEATBELT.

Barry tries to REACH for his SILENCED GUN in the passenger's seat but can't. He puts the car into PARK.

Barry uses the SEAT ADJUSTER to SMACK Chekhov off of him. He reaches for his gun.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Sally is still monologuing.

SALLY  
... I want to be taken seriously and that just won't happen if you keep-

SILENCED GUNSHOTS through the phone.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
What was that?  
(pause.)  
Barry?

Pause.

BARRY (V.O.)  
What was what?

SALLY  
That sound?

INT. BARRY'S CAR - DAY

Chekhov is dead.

BARRY  
I didn't hear a sound.

SALLY (V.O.)  
There was like a "pew, pew"!

BARRY  
Oh, my window is open. The car next to me has a loud muffler.

SALLY (V.O.)  
Your window's open on the freeway?

BARRY  
I'm stuck in traffic.

SALLY  
Oh. Well, did you get all that?

He didn't.

BARRY  
Yes. Completely. I'll be there as soon as I can. It's just, like I said, traffic.

SALLY  
Well, use the carpool lane, dummy!

BARRY  
I can't just use the carpool lane, I'm all on my-

Barry looks at Chekhov, seemingly DEAD in the backseat.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Great idea, I'll be there soon.

SALLY  
You better be.

Barry awkwardly PULLS Chekhov up to the front and fastens his SEATBELT. His head SLUMPS forward.

Barry tries to push it back. It slumps forward again. He gives up and verges into the carpool lane.

He calls FUCHES.

FUCHES (V.O.)  
(angry, whispering)  
*Listen here-*

BARRY  
Fuches. It's fine. Chekhov the  
Unkillable has been killed.

Stunned silence.

FUCHES (V.O.)  
Never doubted you for a minute,-

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSED: "BARRY"

INT. THEATRE - DAY

GENE COUSINEAU is up in front of the class.

GENE  
Reminder folks; props, costumes,  
all are welcome in the this  
theatre. But let Natalie's  
misfortune be a step in your own  
learning.

Natalie has SINGED eyebrows. She waves awkwardly.

GENE (CONT'D)  
The Theater is a beautiful place,  
but also a very flammable one.  
Bring the fire, but not literally.

Barry rushes in.

GENE (CONT'D)  
Nice to see you decided to join us,  
Barry.

BARRY  
Sorry, had the craziest day.

As he sits, Natalie gives him a look. Her eyebrows would be raised, if they were still there.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
My not *the* craziest...

GENE  
Well, your timing is lucky, because  
I have an announcement.

Excitement swells.

GENE (CONT'D)  
I want everyone to say "thank you,  
Gene"...

He puts his hand to his ear.

CLASS  
(scattered)  
Thank you, Gene!

GENE  
Because... next week... a casting  
director... drumroll... for  
Riverdale will be sitting in on our  
class... casting!

Eruption of cheers and applause. SALLY is amongst the crowd.

SALLY  
What?! That's amazing Gene! How??

GENE  
Let's just say I may or may not  
have once worked on a pilot that  
never saw the light of day with  
their wife's cousin.

OOOs and AAAs.

GENE (CONT'D)  
Anyways, the casting call is for  
someone to play a mean, erratic  
biker. Can be a man or a woman, the  
casting call just says prominent  
eyebrows is a **must**.

This stings Natalie.

GENE (CONT'D)  
Yes, Natalie, I know, unfortunate  
timing but, unfortunately, that's  
the business.

Natalie storms out.



GENE (CONT'D)  
Not everyone's cut out for it.  
Class dismissed. Come next week  
ready with a piece. Think of it  
like an audition.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Barry comes out, chatting with Sally.

SALLY  
There's just so many options to go  
with mean biker! Direct aggression  
just feels too obvious; I need to  
develop more, like, a threatening  
vibe. A Helena Bonham-Carter vibe.

BARRY  
That would work.

SALLY  
No, are you crazy? Way too  
predictable. Nat's doing Bonham-  
Carter. I don't know for sure but I  
just do.

Sally gives Natalie a side-eye. Natalie is trying on fake  
eyebrows with her side-door mirror.

BARRY  
I'm sure that's not...

Barry tenses up. Leaning against his car is HANK - disguised  
with fake eyebrows. Sally doesn't notice.

SALLY  
Barry, you're doing that thing  
again where you trail off. Wait,  
that's a take! Maybe I do Johnny!  
Like, I know he may or may not be  
cancelled, but that just makes it  
less expected, if anything. I'm  
getting a rush of passion just  
thinking about this. I have to get  
to work! This could be my big  
break! I'll see you later Barry!

And she's gone.

BARRY  
Wait, what? Oh, okay, bye.

Barry approaches Hank.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
What're you doing here, Hank?

HANK  
You told me to get rid of body of  
Chekhov the Unkillable, I'm here to  
get rid of body of Chekhov the  
Unkillable!

BARRY  
Shh! Keep your voice down.

Barry looks around.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
(whisper)  
I thought you were going to do it  
while I was in class.

HANK  
And I was! But there is no body. I  
said I'll wait and ask  
clarification.

BARRY  
What do you mean there's no-

Barry looks into the car. There's bloodstains where Chekhov  
used to be, but he is GONE.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Shit, shit, shit-

HANK  
Barry, what did I tell you before?  
He is Chekhov "Unkillable". You  
must kill him ten times as much as  
regular man.

BARRY  
You think I don't know that? I  
killed him twice already!

Gene walks out. Notices Barry talking to Hank. Listens.

HANK  
Ah, see, there's problem. Still  
seven more kills to go!

BARRY  
This isn't funny, Hank. He knows  
where to find me now.

HANK  
(still cheery!)  
That is true. Not smart to bring  
Chekhov Unkillable, unkillable, to  
acting class. Now, all people you  
love and care for endangered.

Gene approaches.

GENE  
Well, look at this.

Barry jumps.

BARRY  
Gene! It's not what it looks like!

GENE  
Oh, I think it's exactly what it  
looks like, Barry...

He looks at both of them. Smiles.

GENE (CONT'D)  
You're practicing your scene  
already! Very admirable.

Gene looks to Hank.

GENE (CONT'D)  
Gene Cousineau. But I'm sure you  
already know that. And you are..?

HANK  
I-

BARRY  
This is my cousin. My **American**  
cousin.... Uh, Larry.

Barry and Hank look at each other. Hank turns to Gene.

HANK  
(bad southern accent)  
Howdy.

GENE  
Wow, that accent, is that...  
southern?

HANK  
Why yes, in tarnation, it is!

BARRY  
Yes, he's from Texas.

GENE  
Texas! I spent time in Texas; what part?

Hank's eye go wide. He sweats.

HANK  
I reckon, in tarnation-

BARRY  
Nowhere. He's from middle-of-nowhere Texas. Real ranch-and-saloon-type.

GENE  
Oh, how very... quaint. You Texans all have such prominent eyebrows!

Oh no. Barry sees where this is going.

GENE (CONT'D)  
You ever heard of Riverdale, Larry?

Hank gets all excited.

HANK  
(regular accent)  
Big fan of the Riverdales!  
Cristobal and I watch every-

Barry nudges him.

HANK (CONT'D)  
(to Barry, whispering)  
Sorry. Excitement.  
(southern accent)  
I mean: In tarnation, Bughead for life, I reckon!

Hank looks at Barry, shrugs.

GENE  
Well, you've certainly got the 'erratic' down. How would you like the opportunity to be on it?

HANK  
I reckon that would be swell! A dream for this cowboy!

GENE  
Have you ever acted before?

	BARRY		HANK	
No.		Yes.		*

BARRY (CONT'D)  
What?

GENE  
Professionally?

	BARRY		HANK	
No.		Yes.		*

BARRY (CONT'D)  
What?!

INT. CHECHNYA KITCHEN - DAY

Low-budget advertisement.

A CHECHEN WOMAN limps in with a PAPER BAG full of GROCERIES.  
She MISSES the counter and DROPS them all over the floor. She  
COLLAPSES, clutching at her FEET.

CHECHNYA WOMAN  
(with English subtitles)  
Aaaaah!

Narration in Chechen.

CHECHNYA NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(with English subtitles)  
Have an injury of the foot?

BARRY (V.O.)  
Is that you?

HANK (V.O.)  
Shh! Shh. No, wait.

A tiny TUBE OF FOOT CREAM is lowered on a string into frame.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(with English subtitles)  
Here iz cream of the foot!

HANK (V.O.)  
I know subtitles not great.

The woman rubs foot cream on her toes.

CLOSE-UP on her foot - kind of. Hank plays a sore TOE surrounded by a PAPER-MACHE FOOT.

HANK (V.O.)  
Barry! Look! That is me!

BARRY (V.O.)  
I can tell, buddy.

WHITE CREAM is dumped onto him.

TOE HANK  
(with subtitles)  
Yes! Nourishment!

HANDS, from out of frame, rub the cream on Hank.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(with English subtitles)  
Chechnya Foot Cream makes bad toe  
feel... not-so bad.

Hank GRINS.

SUPERIMPOSED: Foot cream logo in Chechen.

INT. BARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Playing the COMMERCIAL, Hank holds up his PHONE to Barry.  
They're parked.

BARRY  
That was... quite a performance,  
Hank.

HANK  
I don't like tell too many people.  
Like "oh, here comes big shot movie-  
film Hank!"  
(laughs)  
Like don't worry, man. I'm still  
same guy.

BARRY  
Your secret's safe with me, buddy.  
I don't think I ever want to talk  
about that again.

HANK  
I understand. Some cinema too real.  
Like Requiem for Dream.

BARRY  
You sell heroin.

HANK  
That's why movie hard to watch.  
Make me feel bad, y'know?

Barry turns off the video.

BARRY  
Anyway, we have to stay focused.

HANK  
Yes, Riverdale audition big  
opportunity!

BARRY  
Yeah- wait, what? No!

HANK  
No?

BARRY  
No, Hank, you're not auditioning.

HANK  
This is true, but Larry-

BARRY  
No, not Larry, either-

HANK  
But, Riverdale-

BARRY  
I said no, Hank. I don't have time  
to argue, there's an unkillable  
Russian after me and I have to  
clean this car. Get out.

HANK  
I took bus to get here, I was  
hoping-

BARRY  
Out!

HANK  
Jeez. Okay. Pee-in-Cheerios guy  
over here.

EXT. BARRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hank gets out. Barry drives off. Hank lingers sadly, before walking off.

From the bushes, CHEKHOV appears, ripped clothes soaked in blood.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Chekhov walks in, investigating the premises.

A CUSTODIAN, CHEERY and listening to music on EARPHONES, dances in, pushing a MOP and BUCKET.

CUSTODIAN  
(singing to self)  
*Psycho killer, qu'est-ce que c'est!*

They notice Chekhov. Lower earphones.

CUSTODIAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, hi there! You must be here for  
the acting class.

Chekhov grunts.

CUSTODIAN (CONT'D)  
I think you missed it for tonight,  
unfortunately! But that's okay!  
They meet every week, just come  
back next week!

Chekhov grunts affirmatively. He limps out. The custodian watches, smiling.

CUSTODIAN (CONT'D)  
Method actor, probably!

They put earphones back in.

CUSTODIAN (CONT'D)  
*Run run run run, run run run*  
*awaaay...*

INT. LULULEMON - DAY

Barry, on the clock, folds clothes. Sasha walks up.

SASHA  
Hey Baz! Have you decided what  
you're going to do tomorrow?



Barry turns, alerted.

BARRY

What do you mean?! Nothing's gonna happen tomorrow! Has a mysterious Russian man approached you and told you something was going to happen tomorrow??

SASHA

What, a Russian - no, you need to relax. You've been so on edge all week.

Barry looks around.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I get it, this audition is making me really nervous, too.

BARRY

What audition- oh, yeah, right. I'm nervous about that.

SASHA

You'll do great, Baz.

A customer - SHAGGY, not stoned, but clearly a little faded - waits by the register.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Looks like you got a customer.

BARRY

Oh, I thought you were on reg.

SASHA

See, I was, but I need to practice my monologue and folding is better for that. I'm doing Helena Bonham-Carter in-

BARRY

Okay, sure, yeah, I got it.

Barry goes to register.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Hi there, sir, everything alright for you today?

Shaggy holds up a GIFT CARD.

SHAGGY  
I'm gonna use this gift card.

BARRY  
Oookay.

He scans a single T-SHIRT.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
And your total today will be twenty  
dollars and fifty-one cents. And  
how will you be paying today?

Shaggy STARES emotionless at him, holding out the gift card.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Oh, right.

He scans the card.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
It says here you have fifty-two  
cents on this.

SHAGGY  
Okay, thanks.

Pause.

BARRY  
No, like, you only have fifty-two  
cents. This shirt costs twenty-  
fifty-one.

SHAGGY  
Word, word.

Pause.

BARRY  
So do you have enough money or..?

SHAGGY  
Oh... yeah! I'll do cash instead.

Shaggy unveils a crisp TWENTY BILL. He hands it over.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)  
Crispy one, just for you.

BARRY  
(to Shaggy)  
Remainder is fifty-one cents.

SHAGGY  
What do you mean?

BARRY  
You gave me twenty dollars. The  
item costs twenty dollars and fifty-  
one cents. You have fifty-two cents  
in your bank account. Do you want  
to use that?

Shaggy stares emotionless again.

SHAGGY  
(pause)  
My bad, bro, did you say something?

BARRY  
(sighs)  
You're short.

SHAGGY  
I'm 5'8" man, that's really  
insensitive.

BARRY  
No, I meant you're short, like you  
still owe fifty-one

SHAGGY  
Ah. Damn, that's all I got man. And  
I really wanted that shirt. Guess  
it wasn't meant to be.

BARRY  
No, but what I'm saying is-

Shaggy goes BLANK again.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Guess not...  
(stilted)  
... bro.

SHAGGY  
Word.

The shaggy walks OFF. Barry sighs; shakes his head.

BARRY  
I'll take next-!

Hank - as Larry - walks up to register.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Aw, Hank! You're coming to my work  
now, too?

HANK  
(southern accent)  
Hoo hoo! I ain't have the slightest  
clues who Hank-guy is! Why, I'm  
Larry.

Barry sighs.

BARRY  
Okay, Larry, why are you here?

HANK  
No, Barry, it's me... Hank! I got  
you! Like real actor, eh?

BARRY  
I know it's- nevermind, what do you  
want?

HANK  
Jeez, such hostility, man. I came  
here to talk.

BARRY  
I hope about Chekhov.

HANK  
Yes.  
(pause)  
And about the Riverdales.

BARRY  
Hank!

HANK  
I just think I could really nail  
biker, man-

BARRY  
Hank. No.

HANK  
But with Chechen foot cream  
experience-

BARRY  
Hank...

HANK  
And we take out Chekhov, too!

BARRY  
Wait, what was that?

HANK  
Like two birdy, one stone.

BARRY  
Elaborate.

HANK  
Look, Chekhov know where acting class is. Know when you go to acting class. He will be there.

BARRY  
Thanks Hank, real reassuring, you don't think I know that?

HANK  
No, Barry, this is opportunity! I do audition with you, be back-up, we kill Chekhov together...

BARRY  
You know, that's not a bad idea.

HANK  
I nail audition, do so well as side character, I become main cast like Summer from OC-

BARRY  
No, Hank, no Summer from OC-

HANK  
Yes, Barry, yes Summer from OC. This is deal.

Barry thinks.

BARRY  
Okay. Fine.

HANK  
Yes!

Sasha walks up.

SASHA  
Hey, Baz?

BARRY  
Yeah?

SASHA  
Let's switch back, actually, I  
forgot I hate folding. Too much  
work.

BARRY  
You're at work.

Sasha nods to Hank.

SASHA  
Great eyebrows.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BARRY'S CAR pulls up as the class filters inside. Everyone is  
wearing a leather jacket.

INT. BARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Barry and Hank are both wearing leather jackets.

BARRY  
Ready?

HANK  
Not yet.

Hank pulls out a makeup bag and makes full use of the vanity  
mirror.

INT. THEATER - DAY

Chekhov walks in with the crowd. Gene notices him,  
approaches.

GENE  
Oh, I don't recognize you... You  
must be the casting director. Gene  
Cousineau, I'm sure you've heard of  
me.

Gene offers out his hand. Chekhov grunts.

GENE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.

Chekhov clears his throat loudly and spits out a loogie.  
There's a DING as it hits a frying pan, offscreen.

CHEKHOV  
Chekhov. "The Unkillable".

They shake hands.

GENE  
Tight grip you have there, Chekhov  
Theunkillable - is that accent,  
Czechoslovakian?

CHEKHOV  
No.

GENE  
Oh, well, I've been to  
Czechoslovakia, had an interesting  
mix-up there at a cock-fight.  
That's how I got chlamydia-

CHEKHOV  
Chekhov do not care.

GENE  
(hurt)  
Oh, right to the point. I respect  
that. Take a seat and I'll get  
things moving.

Chekhov sits. Gene goes up on stage.

GENE (CONT'D)  
Hello, hello. Everyone, please give  
a hearty applause to Mr.  
Theunkillable. Now, he's a busy  
man, so let's get an appetizer  
going. Any volunteers?

Natalie's hand shoots up.

GENE (CONT'D)  
Sasha, great. Early bird. Get on up  
here.

Gene sits down with Chekhov. Natalie goes up on stage. She  
has on fake eyebrows

NATALIE  
This is Helena Bonham Carter in  
Fight Club.

Natalie prepares herself.

Chekhov couldn't care less. He looks around just as Barry and Hank walk in. Eye contact. Hank and Barry look at each other. They book it. Chekhov gets up and goes after them.

Natalie looks at Gene.

GENE  
Everyone can tell fake eyebrows,  
Natalie. And Helena Bonham-Carter?  
Really, too obvious.

Damn!                      NATALIE                      Knew it.                      SALLY

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Barry and Hank wait around the corner. Chekhov walks up and Barry SWINGS a punch. Chekhov DODGES.

He PUNCHES Barry. Barry RECOILS as Hank SLAMS into Chekhov, knocking him off balance. Chekhov KARATE KICKS Hank in the face.

Barry takes advantage and gets Chekhov into a CHOKE HOLD. They struggle, ending up on the floor. Hank pulls out a SILENCED GUN and points it, shaky handed.

BARRY  
Hank, no!

He fires. Chekhov slumps.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
You could've killed me!

HANK  
I'm sorry, Barry! I'm in character.  
Biker Hank much more aggressive.

Barry checks his pulse.

BARRY  
No pulse.

Barry stands.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
So, what now?

GENE (O.S.)  
What happened?

They turn. Gene is there. Hank hides his gun.



BARRY  
Gene! How long have you been  
standing there?

GENE  
I just got here, why is Mr. Ukulele  
on the floor?

BARRY  
He slipped.

HANK  
Chekhov play ukulele?

BARRY  
You're American.

HANK  
(immediate change)  
And proud, gaddamnit!

GENE  
(to Chekhov)  
Are you okay, sir?

CHEKHOV  
Yes.

He is.

BARRY  
What?? How?

GENE  
Barry is right. That must've been  
some nasty spill!

He helps Chekhov up.

GENE (CONT'D)  
Now, I apologize for the Helena  
Bonham-Carter thing. I talked to  
the class, and we have a strict no  
Bonham-Carter rule in place now.

CHEKHOV  
Chekhov do not care.

GENE  
Wow. Your confidence is an  
inspiration. Will you come back in?

CHEKHOV  
Yes. Chekhov use bathroom first.

GENE

Yes! Okay, you go do what you have to do, sir. We'll be waiting.

Gene goes back into the theater.

GENE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(yelling to class)

The no Bonham-Carter rule worked.

Stand-off. Chekhov eyes the other two.

CHEKHOV

You do not kill Chekhov-

HANK

Yes, we are starting to realize this.

CHEKHOV

Interrupting... rude. Chekhov no like rude. Chekhov not want kill. Chekhov want talk

BARRY

I'm sorry?

CHEKHOV

Chekhov hope you sorry. Why do you keep try to kill Chekhov.

BARRY

What?

CHEKHOV

Chekhov do not know you. Chekhov do not harm you. Why do you kill Chekhov three times?

HANK

Wait, Chekhov didn't harm you, what the fuck man?

BARRY

(to Hank)

You hired me to kill him!

(to Chekhov)

And you tried to kill me! With the seatbelt!

CHEKHOV

No. Chekhov seatbelt you after you try kill Chekhov. Why you try kill Chekhov?

BARRY

I don't know, why are we trying to kill Chekhov, Hank?

HANK

I don't know! Name Chekhov the Unkillable. Asking to be killed!

CHEKHOV

That is problem. Chekhov no like nickname. Put target on Chekhov. Chekhov not killer except self-defense. Chekhov just happen to be unkillable! Chekhov no ask for this.

BARRY

Hank!

HANK

What? I didn't know. He has reputation.

CHEKHOV

Chekhov think you should not listen to rumor mill. Rumor hurt more than kill-try. Chekhov just want to take nap.

BARRY

What? Really? Chekhov don't- I mean, you don't want to kill us?

CHEKHOV

No.

BARRY

We tried to kill you like three times!

HANK

Four!

BARRY

No, three, I think.

HANK

Pretty sure it's four. You're contact killer, hard to keep track.

CHEKHOV

Lanky Man right. Lanky Man try kill Chekhov three time. That okay.

(MORE)

CHEKHOV (CONT'D)  
 Chekhov unkillable, three try not  
 so bad. Chekhov want Lanky Man not  
 try kill anymore.

BARRY  
 Lanky Man?

CHEKHOV  
 Lanky Man; you.

BARRY  
 Hank? Can we just not kill Chekhov?

Hank ponders.

HANK  
 (exasperated)  
 Finee!

CHEKHOV  
 Fine. Chekhov go. No more kill-try  
 Chekhov.

BARRY  
 No more kill-try Chekhov.

HANK  
 No more kill-try Chekhov.

\*

CHEKHOV  
 Good. Chekhov go nap.

Chekhov limps away.

HANK  
 (calling after)  
 Sweet dreams!  
 (aside, to Barry)  
 Weird guy, no?

BARRY  
 Whatever.

LESLIE (O.S.)  
 Excuse me?

They turn and see LESLIE - casting director.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
 Is this Gene Cousineau's acting  
 class? I think I'm late.

BARRY  
 Oh yeah, right through there.

Barry points.

LESLIE

Thank you.

Leslie walks towards the theater, stops, and turns.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(to Hank)

By the way, excellent eyebrows. I  
look forward to your audition.

She walks in. Hank jumps excitedly.

HANK

Can I audition, Barry? Can I  
audition, please??

Barry licks his fingers and smooths out Hank's fake eyebrows  
for him.

BARRY

Go get 'em, pal.

Hank runs in excitedly. Barry follows.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barry and Sally cuddle up, watching Riverdale.

Onscreen, the angsty teens enter a biker bar. It cuts to Hank  
momentarily. He raises his fake eyebrows in surprise. It cuts  
away.

BARRY

What, that's it?

SALLY

That's it?? That's huge, Barry! You  
should be so proud of your cousin.

BARRY

Yeah, I guess you're right.

They have a cute moment; that's ruined completely by the  
sound of popcorn munching.

HANK (O.S.)

(bad accent)

I reckon y'all are right, too,  
doggonit!

Reveal. Disguised Hank is the muncher, sitting on a chair to the side.

CUT TO BLACK.

Oh Larry!           BARRY

Oh Larry!           SALLY

\*