

BARRY

Chapter 8.5: Go To Your Good Place

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PREVIOUSLY ON BARRY

This script is intended to come a couple days after Barry episode 8 (season 1 finale) but before episode 9 (season 2 premiere).

Barry has just sworn off killing (again), after shooting Detective Janice Moss in order to protect his secret and the new happiness he's found with Sally and Gene. Gersh has expressed interest in representing Sally, but she is not yet repped. Gene went to sleep next to Janice one night, and the next she and her car were gone... the police have not yet investigated. Detective Loach still pines for his estranged wife. Fuches was left at the Burbank airport by Barry, who seemingly ended their relationship entirely. NoHo Hank has brokered a tentative peace with Cristobal.

PREVIOUSLY ON THE GOOD PLACE

This episode would be in early season two, between episodes 28 and 29. Michael and Janet have just escaped from Judge Gen, through the doorway to Earth, to try and help Eleanor, Chidi, Tahani, and Jason become better people.

INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - DAY

BARRY and SALLY working set dec, prepping the stage to look like a little slice of old-timey newsroom.

SALLY
I guess I just don't see the point.

BARRY
Come on, it's gonna be great.

SALLY
I mean what are we even doing here,
Barry?

BARRY
Setting the stage?

NATALIE saunters over, drops a 70s style rotary phone on the table.

SALLY
Without Gene?

BARRY
I know he's going through a lot, with
Janice missing, but he's gotta come
back, right?

Barry eyeing that phone.

BARRY (cont'd)
Hey, Natalie, this isn't the right
phone.

NATALIE
You said an "old phone". This is an
old phone.

BARRY
Yeah, but like, older than this. "The
Front Page" is set in the 20s. We
need the kind that stands upright,
with a metal hook on the side that
you hang the little receiver on?

Natalie stares at him, then picks up the phone and exits,
passing SASHA, who's lugging an old typewriter.

SASHA
See, this is what happens when Gene's
not here. We get everything wrong.

BARRY
That's not true, everything's fine.
Everything's going to be fine.

Back on stage, Sally giving Barry that quizzical look.

BARRY (cont'd)
What?

SALLY
I've never seen you so... confident?

BARRY
I don't know, I mean...I think I
really found my "thing". This is
going to be great, I just want us all
to be ready when Gene comes back.

SALLY
You think he'll be okay?

Sasha drops the heavy typewriter onto the desk on stage. It
resonates with a BANG.

EXT. GENE'S CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Barry, in his coat, holding a gun that's just fired, face a
mix of anguish and relief all at once.

INT. THEATER, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Guilt on Barry's face. Just for a second. He shakes it off.

BARRY
Yeah, totally, he'll be fine. He just
needs some time.

SALLY
I feel a little bad, going on without
him.

SASHA
It's JUST set decoration. Besides, we
don't have anything to feel bad for.

Barry's letting himself feel a bit hopeful.

BARRY
No?

SASHA

Nah. It sucks, but it's not our fault.

NATALIE

Yeah, right? I mean, Gene's understandably hurting, but who here's at fault for that?

SMASH CUT to BARRY OPENING TITLE CARD/THEME.

SALLY

Hey Barry? I've got an audition in a bit. I was just going to Uber, but... do you think you could drive me?

BARRY

You sure? The last time I took you to an audition, it felt like I was bad luck.

SALLY

What, that? No. You're too sweet to be bad luck. Unless you're busy-

BARRY

No, I'd be happy to.

Sally turns, heads backstage to dig through a box of props. She pulls out the correct old-timey phone, holds it up so Barry can see. He smiles.

Natalie gestures at the phone, trying to horn in on the credit for it. Sally gives her all the side-eye.

Back on Barry, watching. Uneasy on the inside.

INT. STASH HOUSE - DAY

NOHO HANK and CRISTOBAL sit in lawn chairs, watching a replay of the ROSE PARADE from Hank's DVR.

CRISTOBAL

Why flowers though?

NOHO HANK

Because it's the Rose Parade.

CRISTOBAL

Yeah, I get it. But they're not all roses.

NOHO HANK

No.

CRISTOBAL

Why is it even about roses in the first place?

NOHO HANK

I don't know, man, I never thought about it. I just wanted you to have authentic California Los Angeles experience now that we are new best buds.

CRISTOBAL

I've been to L.A. before. This is my stash house.

NOHO HANK

Yeah, I know, you've been to L.A. But have you been to L.A., Cristobal? You need the real Angeleno experience!

CRISTOBAL

And part of that is this Rose Parade?

NOHO HANK

Not really no, nobody here watches it. Though the night before people like to gather on the parade route and throw tortillas at each other. Which is a weird thing to be crazy for, right? It's not the new Lebron Space Jam.

Hank waits for Cristobal's enthusiastic agreement, which never arrives. Cristobal just looks confused.

NOHO HANK (cont'd)

Okay, so how about I take you out on the town, show you all of what Los Angeles has to offer, huh?

Hank smiles and nods.

Cristobal shrugs.

Hank's still nodding.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Hank and Cristobal in the sand, eating fish tacos, watching the ocean waves.

BEACHGOERS in the background lounge under umbrellas, play volleyball... do... other things people at beaches do. Play frisbee maybe? Hunt for seashells? Sure.

Hank in a hat with a big brim, nose white with zinc oxide.

NOHO HANK

Soooo, what do you think?

CRISTOBAL

It's nice.

NOHO HANK

Isn't it big majestic? It's so important, you know, to remind ourselves of our place in the universe and how small we really are.

CRISTOBAL

Is that a Bolivian joke?

Hank is horrified.

NOHO HANK

What? No, no, no it's not. This is the Baywatch beach!

CRISTOBAL

Ooh, that one with The Rock?

NOHO HANK

Nooo, original recipe. Did you not watch the Baywatch? David hairy Hasslehoff and Pamela Anderson?

CRISTOBAL

Oh yeah, they shot that here, huh?

NOHO HANK

It shot on like four different beaches, and this isn't one of them. But it's pretty close to one of them, and really if you've seen one beach in L.A. you've seen them all.

EXT. WARNER BROS. BACKLOT - LATER

Hank, still in his hat and sunblock, sits next to Cristobal on the TOUR TRAM, rolling in through Gate 5.

TOUR GUIDE

And on your right you'll see the alley where they shot the upside-down kiss in the original Spider-Man. Due to the kiss being filmed in the rain, Tobey Maguire's nose kept filling with water and he almost drowned. True story!

Cristobal is moderately impressed, takes a few photos with his phone.

Hank smiles. Yes. The beginnings of a best-friendship.

EXT. EGYPTIAN THEATER - LATER

Hank showing off the Egyptian-style adornments like he's a game show host.

NOHO HANK

The Egyptian, right? So historic. Let's see what's playing, they are always showing best classic films.

They take a few steps toward the theater, stop dead when they see the NOW PLAYING POSTER FOR *HOME ALONE*.

CRISTOBAL

"Classic films?"

NOHO HANK

Whaaaat what what. Home Alone is a true piece of art. Macaulay Culkin is a genius who grew up to have quite the strong Twitter game.

CRISTOBAL

But Home Alone, eh, it's a Christmas movie.

NOHO HANK

Okay, yes, but it is no less classic spectacular film the rest of the year. I know it's not winter but-

Hank looks to the sky for answers. Finds none.

NOHO HANK (cont'd)

Wait, is it winter?

CRISTOBAL

No.

NOHO HANK

Los Angeles, you can never be too sure. See? This is authentic L.A. experience.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - LATER

Hank saunters down the sidewalk with Cristobal, pointing out stars he recognizes on the Walk of Fame.

NOHO HANK

Look at all these names. So famous, am I right?

CRISTOBAL

I guess.

Hank scowls, determined. Stops in front of a CVS.

NOHO HANK

Look here, star for national American treasure Ted Danson!

Cristobal's so tired of all this.

CRISTOBAL

I... hate Ted Danson.

NOHO HANK

You... what?

CRISTOBAL

Did you know I wanted to be an actor? I was up for this part, and the role went to Ted Danson instead.

NOHO HANK

What part? Sam Malone Cheers? You are not old enough to-

Cristobal's quick on his feet.

CRISTOBAL

Becker. It was to play the doctor named Becker on the show Becker. They wanted someone taller. Yeah so I didn't get the role. And now I move black market electronics, drugs, and guns for a living. That could have been my star all these people are walking over to get to CVS. I hate Ted Danson.

Cristobal walks off, leaving Hank stupefied.

NOHO HANK

Cristobal? Cristobal! You're a star to me.

INT. GRIMY WAREHOUSE - LATER

A spacious room in a run-down warehouse, the kind where shootouts and murders happen. You know the ones.

Large windows near the roof illuminate the cavernous room, casting deep shadows into dark corners.

FUCHES sits in a folding chair behind a beat up old table. A lone gun lies atop it.

Standing in front of the table, staring Fuches down: JOHN. 30s. Movie star good looks. Strong chin. Fingers twitch at his side. Eyes narrow.

He dives for the gun, but Fuches has it first. On his feet now, gun trained on John, who puts his hands up.

FUCHES

See? That's how it's done.

John nods sagely, mentally taking notes.

JOHN

Can we reset?

Fuches considers for a moment, then sits down and puts the gun back on the table.

JOHN (cont'd)

Thanks, I appreciate it.

Fuches waits. John's lost in thought.

FUCHES
You okay there, buddy?

JOHN
It's just... what's my motivation?

FUCHES
To kill me.

JOHN
But why?

FUCHES
It's your job.

JOHN
But why?

FUCHES
Because you're an assassin.

JOHN
What made me become one, though?

FUCHES
How the fuck should I know? Maybe you didn't have a lot of options. Maybe you didn't have a lot of marketable skills. Maybe taking lives was the only thing that made you feel alive.

John nods, pretending he understands. Yes. Very sage.

JOHN
I'm just... can I take five? I feel like I really need to think this through.

INT. GRIMY WAREHOUSE - LATER

Fuches in the chair again. Gun on the table. An awkward woman in glasses, with long flowing hair, MEG, 30s, stands where John used to be.

MEG
So, okaaay, I dive for the gun. Then what?

FUCHES
Eliminate your target.

MEG

But if I had planned this out right, I shouldn't be diving for the gun at all. I should have been ready with my own gun.

FUCHES

You're smart, Meg. I like you. Of course you're right. But things don't always go like you planned. Sometimes people just up and walk out of your life for god knows what reasons.

MEG

Usually people say something, I mean, before they do something like that.

FUCHES

All right, maybe he did, but it was a complicated situation where no one was at fault, except it was all his fault, but you really don't want to get me started. Are you gonna dive for the gun or what?

MEG

Okaaaay, you know what, this is too weird. I'm out.

INT. GRIMY WAREHOUSE - LATER

Fuches in the chair again, gun on the table.

Across from him is BRYAN. 40. Totally swole. Biceps bigger than your head, shirt a size too tight. Mirrored shades.

Fuches eyes him, nodding to himself. He waits. Waits.

Waits.

FUCHES

You, uh- what's your name again?

Bryan steps up, drops a glossy 8x10 headshot on the table.

Fuches eyeing it like -- what in the actual fuck?

FUCHES (cont'd)

...what in the actual fuck?

BRYAN

's my headshot.

FUCHES
Yeah, yeah, it sure is-

Reads the name off the photo.

FUCHES (cont'd)
Bryan. What I want to know is why I'm
holding it?

BRYAN
's this like a trick question?

Fuches stares.

BRYAN (cont'd)
'cause... I just... gave it to you?

FUCHES
What, uh... what do you think this
job is?

Bryan's prepared! Holds up a Craigs List printout of an ad:

*SEEKING SELF-MOTIVATOR FOR ROLE IN ESTABLISHED PROJECT
Contact Fuches at 818-555-1653 to schedule audition*

Followed by watermarked clip art of a waving cartoon man
that looks suspiciously like Fuches.

Fuches glances at the printout, eyes go wide. On the paper:

role audition

Closer.

Role Audition

Closer.

ROLE AUDITION

Fuches realizes what he's done. Sighs. Drops his head into
his hands.

FUCHES (cont'd)
You're an actor.

BRYAN
's what it says on my headshot.

FUCHES
You've all been actors.

Bryan looks around, but there's no one else there.

He's so confused. Oh Bryan. You're not very bright are you?

FUCHES (cont'd)

I was not left bloody and toothless holding a bag of cash in Burbank just to be stuck in this warehouse with a bunch of actors!

Fuches slams his hand on the table. Bryan jumps.

FUCHES (cont'd)

Fuck it. Long as you're here, might as well see what you've got. You want to, uh, pick up the gun and act like you're gonna kill me?

BRYAN

Totally, yeah. Only is it, like, okay if I use the guns I brought with me instead?

He flexes, kisses his biceps.

Fuches moans the moan of a thousand casting directors.

I/E BARRY'S CAR - DAY

Barry in the driver's seat, Sally riding shotgun, cruising as best one can cruise through L.A. traffic.

An awkward silence in the car. Then --

SALLY

I'm really worried about Gene.

BARRY

I'm sure he'll pull through. Time heals all, uh... wounds, right? Most of them, I mean. Maybe not all.

SALLY

It just seems so unlike Janice. I'm worried about her too.

BARRY

Maybe the stress of police life just... got to her.

SALLY

Or maybe someone got to her.

Barry is, uh... uncomfortable, to say the least.

BARRY

That's not-

SALLY

No think about it, she's a detective. How many people do you think she put away over the years? I bet she got the drop on some asshole and paid the price for it.

Barry is, uh... more uncomfortable.

BARRY

At Gene's cabin? It just seems unlikely.

Sally can't really argue with that.

SALLY

Yeah, I guess.

The car pulls up in front of a nondescript, run-down building and stops. Barry looks up at it.

BARRY

You sure this is the right place?

Sally looks out, reads the address.

SALLY

Yep.

BARRY

Weird place for auditions.

SALLY

Hey, it's not some guy's basement in Sun Valley, so it's already not the worst I've been to.

Barry frowns. Had no idea an actor's life was so hard.

His phone buzzes. A text from Noho Hank:

*Hey Bar. Can you drop by stash house? V important.
Good job opportunity.
Will be super great!*

Followed by an animated gif of a dog with a towel in its collar, running in circles as the towel flaps like a cape.

Barry frowns again. What the hell?

SALLY (cont'd)
Who's that?

BARRY
Huh? Oh, nothing. Well, something. A
job. Maybe.

She's so excited for him.

SALLY
Acting?

BARRY
No no, just, uh-

Worries she's embarrassed him.

SALLY
No no, oh, no, it's fine! Still gotta
pay the bills, right? Don't worry,
you'll be going on auditions in no
time, I'm sure.

BARRY
You really think so?

She kisses him.

SALLY
I gotta go. Don't want to be late.

BARRY
Yeah, of course. I was gonna wait,
but now there's this thing-

SALLY
Totally fine. I'll Uber home. Meet
you back at my place tonight?

BARRY
Absolutely.

She kisses him again, as she ducks out of the car.

BARRY (cont'd)
Break a leg!

She's knocking on the door to the building now, smiling back
at him with a wave.

Barry pulls away, just as the door to the building opens to reveal:

FUCHES.

EXT. GENE'S CABIN - DAY

LOACH, in a rumpled windbreaker, stands next to his car. He turns, looking at the surrounding woods, stumped.

A buzz from his pocket causes him to withdraw his phone. He scowls, swipes a few times. Scowls some more. Shuts it off in anger, drops it back into his pocket.

Hands on hips, he turns again, surveying. Comes up empty.

INT. GENE'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Loach enters, finds GENE sitting in a chair, head in his hands. Gene looks up, hopeful.

GENE

Well?

LOACH

I'm not sure what to tell you, Mr. Cousineau.

GENE

You're not sure? What's not to be sure about? Janice was here, now she's gone!

LOACH

Sometimes people just leave.

GENE

Not without reason.

LOACH

My wife did.

Gene sizes him up.

GENE

Just because you don't know the reason doesn't mean one didn't exist.

LOACH

I'm just kidding myself anyway. I know why she left.

Gene rolls his eyes. Not interested.

GENE

Are we here to talk about your marital problems, or are we here to find Detective Moss?

LOACH

She's an adult, she can come and go as she pleases.

GENE

Mhm. And has she been in to work?

LOACH

...no.

GENE

Did she call in sick, or ask to take a few personal days?

LOACH

...no.

GENE

And is that in any way typical of the Janice Moss that you and I both know?

LOACH

...no.

GENE

So who's the detective here, you or me? She's out there somewhere and something might have happened to her.

LOACH

I guess it's possible.

GENE

You guess. What kind of detective are you?

LOACH

A-

GENE

-shitty one?

LOACH

Look Mr. Cousineau... Gene. You're hurting. I get that.

GENE

You get that? Do you have any idea what it's like to meet someone that sets your soul aflame, brings fire to your veins, and makes your loins burn with pure desire?

Loach a little taken aback at the graphic theatrics.

LOACH

I mean... kinda. Diana and I never had quite that level of, uh, passion. We were more the sit around and watch reruns of Press Your Luck types.

GENE

You mean you were.

That stings, but it's not wrong.

Loach pulls out his phone, swipes through photos of his wife DIANA next to her boyfriend, the ridiculo-handsome RONNY.

LOACH

Look at this! This is Ronny, her new boyfriend. What self-respecting man calls himself "Ronny"? He's into taekwondo, she says! And so's his daughter.

He affects a higher, stereotypically-feminine voice.

LOACH (cont'd)

"Lily's so great at taekwondo, you should see her, she's such a little animal."

Swipes back to pics of Ronny posing with his trophies.

GENE

Jesus, he looks like he could kick your head off.

LOACH

Why would she send me these!?

Gene softens a little.

GENE

I don't know. I make a career of studying people, learning why they do the things they do, trying to become them. And sometimes I still don't know.

He stands, puts comforting hands on Loach's shoulders.

GENE (cont'd)

But you can't just give up. There's other fish in the sea, right? I'm sure there's a new Mrs. Loach out there just waiting to be found. You know, it was my good friend George Clooney... great guy by the way, so generous in his scenes, only has half the ego he could easily get away with. But it was George Clooney who once said, "The only failure is not to try."

Loach sniffles a little.

LOACH

Wasn't that Yoda?

GENE

I'm pretty sure it was Clooney. He told me when we talked over drinks. Well, over stalls. We were at the Oscars, in the bathroom. I was a seat filler. Just a great guy.

Loach sniffles a little more.

LOACH

Maybe there's a new Mrs. Cousineau out there somewhere too.

GENE

No. For me there's only Janice. And I know she didn't leave me for a kickboxing hunk like Diana left you.

LOACH

How?

Gene gestures to his soft, grandfatherly body.

GENE

I mean come on.

EXT. STASH HOUSE - DAY

Barry parks his car, walks toward the door.

Before he gets there, Hank slips out, trying to be extra quiet. Closes the door behind him oh so gently.

BARRY

Hank. What the hell's go-

Finger to his lips as he runs over to Barry.

NOHO HANK

Shhhh.

He nods quickly to the side, and Barry follows.

EXT. 50 YARDS FROM STASH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Hank stops them, once he's sure they're out of earshot. The Stash House rises up in the background, as majestic as a small warehouse full of stolen goods can be in the LA sun.

BARRY

What the hell's going on?

NOHO HANK

So everything's fine, it's just, I have a favor to ask, and I kiiiind of don't want Cristobal to know about it.

BARRY

I don't-

Can't bring himself to say it out loud.

BARRY (cont'd)

I don't do that anymore. I'm not getting rid of Cristobal for you.

NOHO HANK

What?

Hank looks around all nervous.

NOHO HANK (cont'd)

Don't say things like that, you are going to get your good friend Hank shot in head and then who would send you animated gifs of dank memes?

BARRY

Dank... what? Why the hell are we talking all the way out here?

Hanks looks around to be sure no one's listening.

There's not another soul for miles.

NOHO HANK

Because it's a surprise. Like, life at stash house as been... pretty okay! Chechen and Bolivian are mostly getting along, there have only been two stab fights and Frank died but it's totally fine, nobody liked him anyway. Kind of a negative Franky, you know the type.

Barry stares.

NOHO HANK (cont'd)

But I really want Cristobal to be new best friend, you know? Cristobal and Hank, like this!

Hank entwines his fingers together.

NOHO HANK (cont'd)

So I thought of a little stash-housewarming gift that could get me in super great with Cristobal.

BARRY

But it's not killing him.

NOHO HANK

No, of course not.

BARRY

Okay good.

NOHO HANK

It's killing Ted Danson.

BARRY

WHAT.

NOHO HANK

It's a whole thing, and it's Cristobal's story, so not really my place to say, but if you could do this, it would just be so helpful. Would really show him Noho Hank is best bud he can trust.

BARRY

How the fuck would I even get close to Ted Danson?!

NOHO HANK

Just... go on his show, and maybe do a little shooting of his body between scenes?

BARRY

What show?

NOHO HANK

Oh my god, Barry, don't you watch the television?

BARRY

Not really. I've been working on this pl-

Hank pulls up an episode of THE GOOD PLACE on his phone.

NOHO HANK

Okay so this is The Good Place! All these people are dead, except Ted Danson. He's a demon, but he's not evil. Now he's trying to help them all be better people, it's really very uplifting.

Barry shakes his head.

BARRY

I can't just get myself a job on a TV show because you want me to kill Ted Danson. That's not how acting works.

NOHO HANK

No, of course not. You get your friend to get you a job there. Small walk-on role, maybe. I bet you'd be a great confused newly-dead man.

Barry's not sure if that was a compliment or not.

BARRY

What friend?

Hank skips ahead in the video. Pauses it.

There, frozen on the screen, NATALIE. As D'ARCY CARDEN.
Playing JANET on The Good Place.

Barry's eyes are bulging.

NOHO HANK

Isn't that your acting friend lady?

BARRY

How did she-

No. Not the point.

BARRY (cont'd)

I'm not killing Ted Danson.

NOHO HANK

Look, just... get close to him and see what you think, okay? He's very famous and probably insufferable, and so maybe you will just want to shoot him anyway. And then Cristobal and I will be BFFs and I will totally owe you one, okay? Thanks, Bar.

Hank sneaks himself back toward the stash house, like he's trying to infiltrate the base of a deadly enemy.

Barry stands alone, just so, so confused.

EXT. THEATER - DAY

Natalie exits the theater, walks up to Barry, already standing in the parking lot.

NATALIE

You wanted to talk to me?

BARRY

Yeah, Natalie. Or should I say
D'Arcy.

Natalie's eyes go wide.

NATALIE

How did you find out?

BARRY

...you're on television. On a network sitcom.

NATALIE

But nobody in class watches, Gene says we shouldn't watch television while class is in session, we need to be above that.

BARRY

But you don't need this class, why are you even in it?

NATALIE

I just... it's good to stay connected with the little people, you know? Remember the fight and the struggle, what it was like before becoming a big star in the national spotlight. Keeps me grounded.

BARRY

So what do I call you?

NATALIE

(covering)

Natalie is fine. D'Arcy's my... stage name. That's why it's so...unusual.

She pauses. It seems like he's buying it.

NATALIE (cont'd)

You can't tell anyone, okay? The group would treat me different. And I don't want any special treatment.

BARRY

I won't, but... I need a favor.

She knows what's coming. She's heard it before.

BARRY (cont'd)

I need you to put in a good word for me, help me get a walk-on role on The Good Place.

NATALIE

No way. I can't. I already helped Sasha get a recurring role on the show, and now she's doing some weird Australian accent and-

Her eyes meet his gaze of steel. Fuck! He won't be deterred.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Ugggh, fine. My next call time's
tonight at 7. Come with me and I'll
see what I can do.

She turns, walks off.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Schur is gonna kill me.

BARRY
Thanks Natalie! Sorry, uh, sorry
about the blackmail. I'm not usually
like this. Not really.

She opens the theater door.

BARRY (cont'd)
Hey, what's Ted Danson like?

She shoots him a disbelieving stare.

BARRY (cont'd)
Is he nice?

Into the theater she goes, slamming the door behind her.

INT. GRIMY WAREHOUSE - LATER

Fuches back in his chair, Sally stands about twenty feet
away, gun in hand.

FUCHES
You know how to use that?

SALLY
Yeah. I mean, I think. I had this
role on a pilot called Cop Hospital-

FUCHES
What is that, a hospital for cops?

SALLY
Hospital full of cops, actually. They
all had medical degrees and, when you
think about it, that's really weird.
Probably why it didn't get picked up.
Anyway, I was "nurse at shooting
range" so they gave us firearms
training.

Fuches is not impressed.

SALLY (cont'd)
So, I'm sorry, but I didn't get the sides. Do you have the lines or-

FUCHES
No lines.

SALLY
Ohhh, no dialogue. I like it. Very avant garde. So what do I-

FUCHES
Eliminate the targets.

With a loud BUZZ, wooden cutouts spring out from behind columns and stacks of boxes.

Muggers, soldiers, a chef with a knife, a woman in a shirt that says "I like steaks well-done", and one that looks suspiciously like an evil Barry with a goatee.

Surprising even herself, Sally sets her legs and spins, firing repeatedly, taking heads off of targets and putting one right into evil Barry's heart.

She stops, suddenly noticing the resemblance.

SALLY
Sorry, that one, it just looks like my boyfriend. Well I'm not sure if he's my boyfriend but-

FUCHES
Quit yapping and finish the fucking audition!

She runs forward, slides over the table, wraps an arm around his throat faster than he can react. Gun pressed against his temple, she seethes.

Fuches is stunned, eyes popping. Gently reaches up to take the gun, places it back on the table. Sally lets him go.

SALLY
Sorry. I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. It's just, I think... the last guy that talked to me like that was-

She's not going to finish that sentence. Fuches smiles.

FUCHES
I think you've got something, kid.

Sally looking at the destroyed targets now.

SALLY
How'd you rig those to break when I shot them?

FUCHES
What?

SALLY
No, I mean, it was really cool, you just usually don't see something so elaborate for an audition.

FUCHES
They broke because you shot them.

She looks at the gun. Opens her mouth, closes it again.

SALLY
You know, I've got another audition, so I should run. But thanks, really, thanks so much.

Grabs her purse and bolts for the door.

Fuches looks over her headshot, flips it over to read her contact info.

FUCHES
Yeah, great. Good luck. I've got your number so I'll let you know!

The door slams behind her. Opens a second later, and a tall, thin NEW GUY walks in.

NEW GUY
This the auditions?

Fuches waves him over to the table. New Guy picks up the gun, turns it so he's looking straight into the barrel.

NEW GUY (cont'd)
Sweet.

It's all Fuches can do not to throttle him.

INT. GENE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Gene and Loach sitting across the table from each other, half empty mugs of coffee in front of them.

Sitting in silence. Until Loach finally breaks it.

LOACH

I feel kinda like my guts dropped out.

GENE

I feel like my stomach fell through the bottom of my shoes, and then some asshole who's still driving a Hummer despite our rapidly-worsening climate crisis repeatedly drove over it, back and forth, back and forth, until it was nothing but a protein paste.

LOACH

My heart's broken, Gene.

GENE

Mine too. For both of us. For loves lost, both physical and metaphorical.

LOACH

Sometimes I don't know how I can go on without her.

GENE

Me either. That's why I want you to help me figure out what happened. Janice was your friend, too.

Loach's eyes all teary.

LOACH

We're a real pair, huh?

GENE

Bring it in, big fella.

They hug.

GENE (cont'd)

Will you help me find Janice?

Loach nods.

LOACH

Will you help me win Diana back?

GENE

No, that ship has sailed. Let's concentrate on what we can do, okay?

Loach nods again, sniffles.

LOACH

I'll go back to the station and open an official investigation.

Gene pats him on the back.

GENE

Attaboy.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT

Barry, dressed in an old-timey bellhop costume, paces with a script in hand, reading it over and over again.

Natalie, as D'Arcy-as-Janet, in full Janet floral dress costume, quietly walks up. Whispers.

NATALIE

Just be nothing like you normally are, okay? That's all I ask.

BARRY

Uh, sure. And hey, Natalie, thanks for this. Really.

MIKE SCHUR, creator of The Good Place, walks by, dressed exactly like Mike Schur would be. Waves to Natalie.

MIKE SCHUR

Hey D'Arcy. Make sure the new guy knows the no hot fruit policy.

Waves again as he disappears into the set. Barry looks at D'Arcy in confusion. She gives him a thumbs up.

Barry looks down at his script:

THE GOOD PLACE

Chapter 28.5

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INT. INTERDIMENSIONAL COAT CHECK - LATER

Barry/COAT CHECK GUY stands behind the counter at a coat check station, in what looks to be the glossy, immaculate lobby of a five star hotel.

Behind him are racks of coats and hats, neatly hung.

TED DANSON/MICHAEL and NATALIE/D'ARCY CARDEN/JANET stand across the counter, staring at him.

TED DANSON/MICHAEL
I don't understand. We're supposed to be on earth.

Barry's struggling a little.

BARRY/COAT CHECK GUY
Right, but because of Judge Gen's proximity to the door to earth when you left, it accidentally opened a portal to the interdimensional coat check where lost souls are stuck for all eternity.

TED DANSON/MICHAEL
Both of us?

NATALIE/D'ARCY/JANET
We Janet's have no souls, so no, just you. The good news is you can leave as long as you have a Janet to travel with, and a coat and hat.

TED DANSON/MICHAEL
...why do I need a coat and hat?

BARRY/COAT CHECK GUY
The portals out of here are rainy and cold and- I'm sorry, I just... I don't understand.

A pause. Everyone looks at him, worried.

BARRY
So I'm this weird interdimensional coat check guy, right? And I'm talking to this angel-demon guy and his robot-

NATALIE
Not a robot.

BARRY

-but I'm actually not a guy at all,
but the anthropomorphization of lost
souls?

TED DANSON

Yes and no. That's what you want us
to think, but in reality you're a
demon working for Shawn and are
trying to waylay us, so our plan to
help humans change for the better
fails.

From the dark behind the cameras, Mike Schur emerges.

MIKE SCHUR

Cut. Let's take a tight five. D'Arcy,
will you get the new guy under
control please?

NATALIE

You're directing!

MIKE SCHUR

And now I'm delegating!

Under her breath:

NATALIE

Negative two hundred points, Mike.

Then, to Barry:

NATALIE (cont'd)

Just get through this, okay? It's
only a couple lines.

BARRY

But why is Michael here?

TED DANSON

So you can give me a fedora and a
trench coat, so that I can leave the
interdimensional coat check, and then
it's clear where they came from when
Michael shows up wearing them in the
next episode.

BARRY

Right, I get that, I guess. But I
read the script, and this coat check
guy's like... a bad dude.

NATALIE

What part of he's a demon isn't clear?

Ted Danson with a comforting hand on Barry's shoulder.

TED DANSON

The whole concept of the show is that he, and all the characters, can try to be better people.

BARRY

Do you think that's true?

TED DANSON

It's fiction, son.

BARRY

No, but like, in real life?

Ted considers.

TED DANSON

I have to believe it is... that we can all be better than we are. If we choose to be, and try to be.

Barry's comforted by this.

TED DANSON (cont'd)

I mean, if not, the entire premise of this show is malarkey and I can't handle being on a show with a faulty premise. But yes, even outside the show, I think so.

BARRY

How do we do that?

TED DANSON

Just... go to your- what's your name?

BARRY

Barry.

TED DANSON

Go to your good place, Barry. Inside. It'll steer you right. Now, if you'll excuse me, papa needs pizza.

Ted claps him on the back, heads for crafty.

Barry heads backstage, but calls after Ted.

BARRY
 Thanks Ted Danson!
 (to himself)
 He really is a national American
 treasure.

Ted waves at him as he grabs chopped pineapple from a fruit bowl and drops it on a slice of pepperoni pizza.

Schur, walking by, slaps it out of his hands without a word.

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Hank and Cristobal lean against the roof wall, looking out at the ridiculously beautiful lights of Los Angeles. A quiet night, almost no one else is there.

CRISTOBAL
 Okay this is pretty great.

Hank's phone rings. A glance at the screen confirms the call is from Barry. He can hardly contain his excitement. He answers the call.

NOHO HANK
 Go for Noho Hank.

BARRY (ON PHONE)
 I met Ted. He's great. I'm not
 killing him.

The call ends. Hank's crushed. Cristobal raises an eyebrow.

CRISTOBAL
 Everything all right?

NOHO HANK
 Okay, confession time. Tour of L.A.
 wasn't going so great, so I tried to
 plan surprise stash-housewarming gift
 for you.

Cristobal is touched.

CRISTOBAL
 Really?

NOHO HANK
 Yeah I asked this assassin guy I know
 if he would kill Ted Danson, but then
 he met Ted Danson and he's apparently
great so that's not happening.

CRISTOBAL

Oh man, I'm touched.

NOHO HANK

You are?

CRISTOBAL

Yeah, totally. And it's good he didn't go through with it, I actually love Ted Danson. Who doesn't?

Hank's at a loss for words.

CRISTOBAL (cont'd)

I wasn't really up for Becker. I wanted to be, you know? But I could never even get an audition. It was totally wrong of me to lie about that, that's my bad. All this touristy shit just isn't my thing, but I really appreciate all the effort.

Hank's at a loss for words again, in a good way.

CRISTOBAL (cont'd)

I see a good friendship in our future.

NOHO HANK

This is greatest day of my life! And you know, a lot of people still act here in Los Angeles like hobby, Shakespeare in park, tiny community theater, things like that.

CRISTOBAL

Nah, that's not me anymore. I mean, the thought of me being as good as Ted Danson is patently absurd.

A MAN walking by overheard that last bit, looks Cristobal up and down, has to offer his two cents.

MAN

You're no Ted Danson.

Cristobal grabs the guy's shirt and tosses him over the edge of the wall. We hear him CRASHING and SMASHING down the mountainside, through trees and brush.

Cristobal and Hank lean over, trying to see him, but it's too dark. The sounds of his CRASHING and SMASHING continue.

Finally they stop, followed by the ROAR OF A MOUNTAIN LION and a solitary YELP from the man out in the darkness.

A pause.

Hank turns to Cristobal.

NOHO HANK

So Jonas Brothers are playing
Hollywood Bowl tonight, you want to
go?

Cristobal shrugs.

CRISTOBAL

Yeah okay. I dig their tight
harmonies.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sally and Barry on the couch, sitting sideways to face each other, beers in hand.

BARRY

How was the audition?

SALLY

Jesus, a train wreck.

BARRY

Oh yeah? So meeting a guy in a run
down warehouse didn't turn out to be
the role of a lifetime? Weird.

She smiles, but it's a little defensive.

SALLY

You never know in this town, though,
that's the thing. You want it so bad,
sometimes the desperation can take
hold and make you do things you
shouldn't.

Barry considers, nods.

SALLY (cont'd)

What about that text you got. Did you
get the job?

BARRY

Oh. Yeah, it was a thing a friend of mine wanted to hire me for. I checked it out but it felt wrong.

She tilts her head a little.

SALLY

Is your friend okay with that?

BARRY

I don't know. I don't care, really. The whole thing was just... something I think I wasn't comfortable doing, you know?

SALLY

Then you made the right choice. You have to do what you feel is right, I mean that's how we move forward and make better choices and be better people. You have to surround yourself with people who make you want to be better.

BARRY

That's exactly it. I mean, this feels right, this makes me want to be better. With you, I mean. Me and you.

His awkwardness charms her, as it tends to do. They kiss.

Annnnd now it's full on making out. Clothes are coming off.

Her phone rings. Screen shows: *UNKNOWN CALLER*.

BARRY (cont'd)

Don't you want to get that?

SALLY

No.

BARRY

What if it's a callback for your audition?

SALLY

Fuck that guy, he was a total skeeze.

INT. GRIMY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Fuches, on the phone, looking at NEW GUY, who's trying to piece the wooden cutout targets back together, but doesn't seem to know the correct way human heads attach.

No answer on the call, Fuches ends it in frustration.

NEW GUY
The lady not there?

FUCHES
No, seems not.

NEW GUY
That mean I get the part?

FUCHES
For lack of better options, it, uh...
seems you're my new guy. So! Pack
your bags, we're leaving tonight.

New guy is very excited.

NEW GUY
Oh man, this is for a location shoot?

FUCHES
You could call it that.

NEW GUY
Where at?

FUCHES
Cleveland.

New Guy's visibly crestfallen. Fuches comforts him.

FUCHES (cont'd)
I know, bud. I know.