

NINE WAYS TO KILL BARRY

Written by

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A black screen.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hello, my name is Ba-

A single gun shot.

BANG.

A heavy THUD.

TITLE OVER: NINE WAYS TO KILL BARRY

TITLE OVER: ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Stylish, open-planned apartment. Very nice rug. One wall is covered with digital photo frames, the images repeat like gifs.

In the photos are LUCY (31, red hair, little bit of make up), Harriet (her identical twin sister, bottle blonde), Lucy's BFF SUZY (30, tats and attitude), and Lucy's now ex-boyfriend BARRY (34, dude bro). Barry has his arm around Lucy in every photo.

White knuckles clinging to a gun. Lucy, in a grey shift dress, standing over Barry's lifeless body.

Barry has a bullet hole in his head but does not bleed.

A refrigerator-sized cardboard box lies empty on the floor. It's label reads "WOOLWORTHS THE FRESH PEOPLE PEOPLE. PEOPLE MADE FRESH DAILY! PLEASE CONSIDER RECYCLING THIS BOX."

DELIVERY GUY (O.C.)
Lucy? Um, Hello?
(beat)
Lucy!

Lucy snaps to and sees the uniformed DELIVERY GUY (early 20s, beach bro, a stoner's smile) at her front door. She looks less 'I just killed someone' guilty and more 'I stole the cookie from the cookie jar' guilty.

LUCY
Sorry! Couldn't help myself.

DELIVERY GUY

Dude, it happens all the time. But you'd better sign this before you do that to any of the others.

Not fussed, the Delivery Guy hands Lucy a computer tablet with a consignment note for her to sign.

LUCY

Ah, oops!

She takes the tablet and peers outside the door and sees eight identical boxes. He manoeuvres his upright trolley under one of the boxes and wheels it inside.

LUCY (cont'd)

Anywhere is fine, thanks.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Lucy sits at the kitchen table while the other boxes are wheeled in to the lounge room. She skims over the terms and conditions then presses her thumb on a glowing red square. A green tick appears.

IN THE LOUNGE - A LITTLE LATER:

All the boxes are in her lounge. Lucy hands the Delivery Guy his tablet.

LUCY

Thank you.

DELIVERY GUY

No wucks, dude. Have a great day.

The door SWOOSHES shut like the ones on *Star Trek*. The clear glass frosts over. She does a little dance.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Lucy makes a video call on an iPad-esque device. Suzy's face appears on the screen.

LUCY

They're here. See you soon.

A wicked grin on Suzy's face. The call ends.

IN THE LOUNGE:

Lucy on her couch. She looks at her phone, fidgets with her hands, looks at the boxes.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Lucy at the kitchen table. She looks at her phone, fidgets with her hands, looks at the boxes.

IN THE LOUNGE:

Lucy on the couch. She looks at her phone, fidgets with her hands. She gets up and tap tap taps one of the boxes.

IN THE LOUNGE - LATER

Another empty box on the floor.

BARRY 2 stands inert facing Lucy with his eyes closed. She circles him like prey. She taps her thumb on her thigh in a nervous beat. Her BREATHING gets louder. With her two fingers, Lucy squeezes Barry 2's ear lobe.

His eyes open. His expression is vacant.

She makes fist with her right hand.

BARRY 2
Hello, my name is Barry.

LUCY
You fucker.

Lucy punches Barry 2 square in the face.

SMACK.

He falls on the floor.

THUD.

She cradles her reddening hand.

LUCY (cont'd)
Ow! Fuckler!

Barry 2's body JOLTS. He literally has a screw loose.

BARRY 2
Hello, my Barry is hello.

As if possessed by the Lord of Darkness Himself, Lucy JUMPS on Barry 2's body, straddling him and putting her two hands around his neck, SQUEEZING harder and harder.

LUCY
You fucking, fucking, fucker!

Barry 2 makes BUZZING sounds until the fake life is slowly squashed out of his fake throat. With a final--

BARRY 2
Barry-uuugnnnggghhh. Hello?

TITLE OVER: TWO.

Lucy sits on his limp body for a moment of reflection. Her hand hurts. Calmly, she stands up, straightens her dress, and fixes her tousled hair.

DING DING goes the door bell.

Lucy presses a button next to the door and the glass clears.

It's Suzy (black frock, socks, and Docs) with a canister labelled LIQUID NITROGEN, two baseball bats, a heavy bag, and a massive grin. Lucy quickly opens the door.

LUCY
Suzy! Hey lady!

SUZY
Are you ready to rock?!

Suzy walks inside and dumps her gear on the floor. She sees the two dead Barrys.

SUZY (cont'd)
You couldn't wait?

Lucy shrugs and gives Suzy a long hug.

LUCY
Eh.

SUZY
Good for you.

A RING, RING of the phone. A static image of Harriet appears on the screen. Lucy takes a breath, EXHALES heavily, doesn't answer the call. Suzy looks uneasy for a moment then quickly changes her expression when Lucy looks at her.

LUCY
I wonder what she has to say today?
(mockingly)
Please forgive me. Blah, blah,
blah. Teary sob.

The answering machine BEEPS.

HARRIET (V.O)

(filtered, teary)

This is the forty-third day that you haven't spoken to me. I mean, I'm your frikken sister. I don't know how many times I have to say I'm sorry, but I'm sorry... Look, just call--

Lucy hits the red button on the screen ending the call with her sore hand. She WINCES at the pain.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Lucy gets a tea towel and some ice from the freezer then wraps it around her hand.

IN THE LOUNGE:

Suzy closely studies the two Barrys on the floor, prodding and poking their 'flesh.'

SUZY

So life-like. No blood?

LUCY

Cost extra. And there's no way I'm ruining this rug for that twat.

SUZY

Ah. Smarts.
(beat)
Why nine?

LUCY

Buy eight get one free.

SUZY

Ah. Smarts.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - A LITTLE LATER

Three empty boxes on the floor.

BARRY 3 sits on a chair in the centre of the room. A sheet of plastic on the floor underneath him. Lucy holds a baseball bat.

Suzy pulls out a pair of safety goggles and industrial-type gloves from her bag. She gestures to Lucy to do the same, she does. Suzy picks up the canister of liquid nitrogen and preps it for use.

LUCY
You've done this before?

SUZY
Maybe?

Lucy squeezes Barry 3's ear. Suzy points the nozzle and SPRAYS him until he starts turning blue. He opens his eyes. Now frozen, his teeth CHATTER.

BARRY 3
H-h-hello, m-m-m-y n-n-name is B-b-
bar-r-r-r-y.

Lucy and Suzy, goggled and gloved. They both pose like professional ball players.

SUZY
Hello, Barry.

They both take a swing.

WHACK.

WHACK.

Shards of Barry 3 splinter and fly across the room.

TITLE OVER: THREE.

LUCY
Darn, should have put down more
plastic.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

A bathtub filled with water. In the bath is BARRY 4.

Lucy plugs in a hair-dryer, straightening tongs, electric toothbrush into a power-pack on the basin bench.

Suzy skips in carrying a shiny, chrome toaster.

LUCY
Uh, that's mine.

Lucy stops plugging things in and reaches for the toaster.

SUZY
Uh, I found it in the kitchen.

Suzy pulls it away.

LUCY
Uh, because it's my kitchen.

An innocent smile on Suzy's face.

LUCY (cont'd)
Fine. But you owe me a new toaster.

Suzy plugs in the toaster and puts it down with the other appliances. They both put on a pair of rubber boots.

SUZY
This is so cool.

LUCY
Isn't it?

PLOPS as Lucy drops all the appliances into the water.

Suzy presses Barry 4's ear. His eyes open.

Lucy flips the power switch.

A FLASH of light from the power point.

BARRY 4
Hello, my-zzzzzzz.

His body convulses. A puff of smoke from each ear.

TITLE OVER: FOUR.

Lucy and Suzy high five.

SUZY
Does he say anything else?

LUCY
Haven't gotten that far yet.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy closes the boot of her silver smart car. Suzy sits in the passenger seat while BARRY 5, 6, and 7 sit in the back.

Lucy opens the back doors and puts seat belts on the Barrys.

Suzy raises an eyebrow.

LUCY
They're expensive.

INT. CAR - DAY

Lucy gets in the driver's seat and starts the car.

SUZY

We can use the transit lane.

She motions her head towards the back.

LUCY

Ah, smarts.

They drive off.

INT. AXE-THROWING PLACE - DAY

Barry 5 is pinned to a Wheel of Death like a starfish at one end of a heavily fenced lane.

Suzy grabs the wheel, spins it like she's on The Price is Right, desperate for that Top Dollar!

She joins Lucy at the other end. Lucy has a small axe and a furrowed brow. Suzy grabs an axe. They look at each other and nod in sync - one... two...three.

Lucy throws an axe and misses. She pouts. There's no response from Barry.

Suzy throws an axe that cuts into Barry 5's leg. She does a happy dance.

The spinning wheel slows down. Suzy runs to it, spins it again, runs back to Lucy.

Lucy throws again. An arm is severed and drops on the floor.

Suzy throws again. Right in the head.

TITLE OVER: FIVE.

SUZY

Bingo.

LUCY

Nice one.

SUZY

Oh no, we didn't turn him on.

LUCY

He didn't turn me on either sometimes.

SUZY
 (cringe)
 Oh, TMI, Luce. TMI.

EXT. TOP FLOOR OF A PARKING LOT - DAY

Barry 6 sits on the ledge of a six storey parking lot. Lucy, wearing a lab coat, holds him still.

Suzy, also wearing a lab coat, holds a black bowling ball and a white feather.

SUZY
 They'll only land at the same time
 if it's done in a vacuum.

LUCY
 Do you see a vacuum?

SUZY
 Only the one between your ears.

Suzy chuckles. Lucy snorts. Suzy snorts at Lucy's snort. Lucy composes herself.

LUCY
 Settle, petal. Let's science.

They nod in unison

One...

Lucy squeezes Barry 6's ear.

Two...

BARRY 6
 Hello my--

Three...

Lucy pushes Barry 6. Suzy drops the bowling ball and the feather.

BARRY 6 (cont'd)
 --naaaaaaaaaame

Barry 6's voice trails off as he falls.

The feather is swept up by a breeze. Lucy is momentarily disappointed.

THUD.

Barry hits the ground; limbs bent unnaturally.

And...

SMASH.

The bowling ball smashes to pieces on concrete.

TITLE OVER: SIX.

EXT. BACKYARD OF SOMEONE'S HOUSE - DAY

A LOUD CRUNCHING.

A heavily wooded back yard. Along the side of a large red shed are piles of chopped firewood next to a wood chipper.

Lucy and Suzy both wear safety goggles and maniacal grins.

Gleeful, Lucy pushes something into the chipper while bits of flesh-coloured chunks fly out the other end.

We see it's Barry 7's leg going in knee first with a socked-foot sticking up á la *Fargo*.

TITLE OVER: SEVEN.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT

Suzy is packing up her stuff. Lucy stacks the empty boxes.

Suzy is about to say something, but hesitates. Then

SUZY

Luce?

LUCY

Suze?

SUZY

I have to tell you something.

LUCY

Uh-huh?

SUZY

It's about Harriet.

LUCY

Uh-huh.

Lucy stops stacking boxes.

SUZY

Harry calls me every other day. She's miserable. She misses you. She's sorry. I don't know how long you're going to take before you call her back. I'll support you what ever you do. If you want to order more Barrys for totally therapeutic purposes, I'll totally order another can of nitrogen.

Lucy lets out a small CHUCKLE.

SUZY (cont'd)

You need to talk to her.

Lucy's eyes well up.

LUCY

I know. I... I just can't right now. Not after she--

Suzy hands her a tissue from her bra. Lucy wipes her tears.

LUCY (cont'd)

Not yet.

(fans her eyes)

Anyway, you wanna stay for dinner?

SUZY

Nah. I think you need to finish this by yourself.

Lucy nods. They hug.

SUZY (cont'd)

It has been a super fun day though.

LUCY

(smiling)

It has. And thank you. For everything.

Another hug. Suzy grabs her stuff and leaves.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DINING ROOM

The dining room table has one place set for dinner: candle, cutlery, bottle of red wine, empty glass.

On the other side of the table sits BARRY 8.

Lucy presses his ear, places her dinner on the table, and sits down. She pours herself a glass of wine.

BARRY 8

Hello, my name is Barry. What can I do for you?

Lucy takes a swig of wine.

LUCY

You can say sorry for one.

A neutral expression on his face.

BARRY 8

Sorry for one.

LUCY

Say you're sorry.

BARRY 8

You're sorry.

LUCY

Fucking hell. I want you to say that you are sorry for sleeping with my sister!

BARRY 8

I am sorry for sleeping with your sister.

Aggravated, Lucy takes another swig of wine.

LUCY

I want you to mean it!

BARRY 8

I do not understand your question.

Lucy stands up, white-knuckled fists on the table.

LUCY

Forty-three days ago, you, the real you, slept with my sister. My twin fucking sister. You have no idea how angry you have made me. I wanted to fucking kill you. But my therapist suggested that I get a bunch of clones and take my anger out on them instead of committing an actual homicide.

Still nothing from Barry 8.

Lucy SLAMS her fist. The cutlery CLINKS on the table.

LUCY (cont'd)
 Damn it! I want you to say you're
 sorry, that you're really, truly
 sorry. Mean it!

BARRY 8
 I do not und--

Lucy reaches down and picks up a loaded crossbow from under the table, aims at him, and shoots.

THWACK the arrow pierces Barry's throat.

LUCY
 It's like talking to a brick wall.
 (beat)
 You really are like Barry.

Lucy wipes away her tears, finishes her glass of wine and starts to eat her dinner.

TITLE OVER: EIGHT.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY.

Lucy, in a flowy dress, sits at the kitchen table with her iPad. On the screen are the same digital photos that adorn Lucy's lounge room wall.

Each photo is highlighted.

She presses 'DELETE,' the photo frames go blank.

She smiles.

IN THE LOUNGE:

Eight empty boxes flattened and stacked neatly on the floor. One box remains upright.

Lucy places items in a small box marked 'BURN BARRY BURN' a cap, t-shirts, pressed flowers, Valentine's Day cards.

IN THE LOUNGE - A LITTLE LATER:

We see the back of Lucy as she walks out the front door of her apartment.

All the boxes in the lounge are now empty.

EXT. EMPTY BEACH - EVENING

A dormant funeral pyre on the beach. BARRY 9 lies atop a pile of logs wet with petrol.

A soft breeze plays with Lucy's dress. Beside her is the 'BURN BARRY BURN' box. In her hand, a lit, flickering candle.

LUCY

I'm still mad at you, Barry. So very mad. But I can't keep being mad. It's exhausting. You're just not worth the effort anymore.

Lucy presses Barry 9's ear. He opens his eyes.

BARRY 9

Hello, my--

Lucy throws the candle onto the pyre.

A ROARING WHOOSH as the fire grows, CRACKLING and POPPING.

Barry 9's body melts like wax.

One by one, Lucy throws an item from the box into the fire.

LUCY

Bye, Barry.

From behind, her silhouette glows.

TITLE OVER: NINE.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucy stares at the blank screen of her telephone. She fidgets with her hands and nearly presses the call button.

She hesitates.

Lucy stands up and paces back and forth. She shakes her hands as if they were wet. She slows down her breathing and mouths counting from one to ten.

Closed eyes. A DEEP BREATH.

Lucy sits down in front of the phone and dials a number.

Harriet's face appears on the screen, surprised.

HARRIET
(surprised, filtered)
Lucy?

LUCY
Hi.

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - STUDY

The only light in the room is the glow from a computer.

From behind, we see the silhouette of the real Barry sitting at his desk in one of those fancy ergonomic chairs.

Barry TAP, TAP, TAPS on the keyboard.

Over Barry's shoulder we see what is on the screen.

Barry is uploading images of Lucy to a web site.

The web site title reads:

'WOOLWORTHS THE FRESH PEOPLE PEOPLE. PEOPLE MADE FRESH DAILY.'

A black screen.

TITLE OVER: 5-7 BUSINESS DAYS LATER

LUCY (O.C.)
Hello, my--

THWACK

THUD

TITLE OVER: ONE.

FADE OUT.