

CLEAN BARRY

Written by

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EXT. LIVERPOOL STREET - DAY

We move between busy traffic to find a man in a long trench coat and a mask walking in a peculiar fashion. This is BARRY. He dodges the cracks in the pavement, sometimes hopping to avoid stepping on them. He eventually arrives at a bus stop. Someone else at the stop coughs; we can see the pain on Barry's face. He squirms to find his facial and hand sanitiser, taking a small step away from the person. THE COUGHER notices this and coughs a little harder to piss Barry off. The two lock eyes and stare off before Barry decides to walk away.

We continue to follow Barry as he saunters through the streets of Liverpool. He spots two people in front of him drop a crisp packet and a fag packet respectively. Barry puts on a rubber glove and puts the rubbish in the bin, giving a stern look to the two offenders, neither of whom notice Barry's existence. We see a YOUTH smoking and loitering beneath two signs, one which says "No Smoking" and the other which says "No Loitering". We see Barry pull out a small squirt bottle, aim at the cigarette, and extinguish it. The YOUTH turns to Barry with a look of incredulity, and spits at Barry. Barry pulls out his police badge causing the youth to, well, shit himself. Barry serves up some rough justice.

We hear the following as all this plays out.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(V.O.)

This is Barry. He's a detective. I say "detective" like that because... well he's a pencil pusher, primarily. Barry tends to not get much love from the boys down at the station. This is down to the fact that he heads internal investigations into police misdemeanours. I don't know how he puts up with it - the lads' abuse I mean. They do give him a hard time especially on account of his... erm... strict requirement for order. Like, let's get this clear: he's the kind of fella who MUST ensure there's equal balance in his milk and tea ratio. A man for whom a non-aligned workstation is an existential crisis.

(MORE)

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

For instance, in the canteen the other day Cheryl, our Cheryl, PC Cheryl, said the pattern on young Barry's shirt clashed with that on his tie, so he goes and throws a full on paddy, right in the middle of lunch, calling her a "punk" and everything. (PAUSE) Anywho, look, excuse me for saying this, but seeing as this is off the record, simply put he can be a bit of a prick. There was that instance with... whatsisface... oh yes, Harry! He was a champ Harry. Made 52 arrests in a week once, some of them single-handedly. Remember that story of him busting through the door, shooting two terrorists that were hanging a baby out of a third story window, then making it back to the ground floor to catch the little bugger before it splattered like a water ballon? The stuff of miracles, that. Honestly Harry was great craic. That is, until Barry found an explicit video on Harry's phone of him getting a blowie off some local "lady of the night" in the evidence room. That was the end of our Harry. I have to say the whole incident took a bit of a toll on the lads, started feeling as though their every move was being watched... which of course it was.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

The chief inspector slaps Barry's file down on his desk

CHIEF DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT

So what are you saying then? Is he right for the job?

CHIEF INSPECTOR

He's perfect.

CHIEF DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT

Sound. Another cuppa, chief inspector?

CHIEF INSPECTOR
I should think so, sir.

The inspector's tea-soaked biscuit falls into his cup.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Another round please, Mary!

Through the slightly ajar office door, we see Barry walk past, dragging along the youth from earlier.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Oi Barry! You're on!

CUT TO:

INT. EDGAR WRIGHT TRANSITION/MONTAGE

Barry breaks up people in the park, forces masks onto people, disinfects various surfaces, washes and sanitises his hands, gives out fines, fills up his santiser gun.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVERPOOL STREET - DAY

Barry walks along a residential road. He stops as sees flashing lights and hears loud dance music coming out of the basement of a student house. He adjusts his mask, struts up to the front door and knocks with authority. A panicked commotion can be heard from inside, the music and lights abruptly shut off and the door opens. MONTY appears in the door frame. He wears cowboy boots, joggers pants and a huge overshirt, smeared make-up and glitter cover his face. He's also holding a spliff. He's the epitome of a posh twat on an all-nighter.

MONTY
Yah?

BARRY
Good morning.

MONTY
Is it?

Barry goes to walk into the house, but Monty blocks the door frame with his arm.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Mate, wouldn't be worth you coming
in now, it's all over, get me?

BARRY
What's over?

MONTY
The... y'know...

Monty lights his spliff and takes a drag.

BARRY
I think I do know.

Monty eyes Barry with suspicion.

MONTY
Who or what are you exactly?

BARRY
Are you really going smoke a jazzy
in front of me, punk

MONTY
It's just CBD, mate. Have you never
heard if it? You should give it a
try. Might chill your whole vibe.
Honestly I am major laxo right now.

Monty offers the joint to Barry, who visibly recoils from the
idea of smoking somebody's saliva soaked joint.

BARRY
No, the only herbs I partake in are
rosemary and thyme... and maybe
some oregano. Say, I fancy a cuppa.
Why don't we go inside and have a
little talk?

MONTY
Not a chance, mate. You need a
warrant for that.

Barry grabs Monty by the scruff of his collar and lifts him
up.

BARRY
Warrants are for police officers.
I'm an agent of humanity.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Barry pushes Monty into the house and up against the wall of the hall.

BARRY

Now, which way to the kitchen?

Monty, speechless, motions in the right direction. Barry releases him, and strolls into the kitchen. After regaining his composure, Monty heads towards the kitchen. As he walks in the room, Monty's mouth falls open and eyes widen in shock and confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTY'S KITCHEN

His kitchen - once filled with stacks of filthy dishes, pizza boxes, and empty wine bottles - has somehow become a dark, dingy interrogation room. A single light illuminates a table, with a chair on one side, and Barry, glowering on the other.

Monty cautiously walks over and sits in the sole chair, staring at his spliff and wonder what the hell might be in it. He notices Barry has a unlit cigarette in his mouth. Only he's still wearing his mask.

MONTY

Um, do you need a light?

BARRY

Oh, no, smoking is a filthy habit.

Barry takes the cigarette out of his mouth, lays it on the table, and starts to circle around his prey, continuously adjusting his rubber gloves.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What did you make of our Prime Minister's speech last night?

Monty drags on his spliff, bolsters himself and stubs the spliff out.

MONTY

I don't know mate, didn't catch it tee-bee-haitch... he's a fucking bloke though, you know? I know one of his sons and, well, he says that his Pa is just a total rogue.

(MORE)

MONTY (CONT'D)

Honestly, he goes to these mad Russian parties and shit all the time. Shag-a-holic, mate, honestly. If that's my prime minister, well, I don't need to watch any "announcement" as I know he's got my back. It's like unspoken, you know, like a psychological...

BARRY

(Cutting him off)

Personally I thought it lacked bite. No real repercussions for those that break the rules and endanger the lives of others. Where is the protection for the weak and elderly? Those who have to go to work? Those that can't? What happens to the nightlife, the arts, and the culture, the very lifeblood of this city you've chosen in which to reside?

Barry retrieves his pen and paper pad from the inside of his coat.

BARRY (CONT'D)

It's been quite a week for me honestly. Monty, is it? Or do you prefer Mo?

MONTY

Wait, how did you...?!

Barry shakes his head. A slight chuckle to himself.

BARRY

You brewstered little punks are all the same.

MONTY

Listen, mate, are you here for the rent or something or are you?

There's a pause as Barry no-sells this question and continues to write in his notepad.

MONTY (CONT'D)

'Cause I'm really busy, with, urm, with uni and stuff, and Pa assured me he'd take care this sort of thing... and honestly? This Covid chat is all rather boring.

A look of realisation spreads across Monty's face.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Oh fuck, you're him, aren't you?!
You're Cle...

Clean Barry, the urban legend himself.

BARRY

An agent of humanity, yes. See, the message trickled down through the bureaucratic machine at the start of this blessed day to tell me that I was to head a very special department of the Merseyside Police. Now I...

MONTY

(frightened, starting to babble)

Look mate, I don't know why you're here! Like, Rodders has just come back from Croatia and he doesn't have to isolate, Tranners has come back from Porto, and we bloody haven't seen the bloody fella, he's been quiet as a mouse. Honestly, we even feed him occasionally. Get his shopping and shit like that, and as for me, well it was just bloody Sardinia, which is Covid-o free-o! So yah...

Barry scribbles in his notepad.

BARRY

I see.

Barry takes out his personal sip cup and has a long sip. Never breaking eye contact with Monty.

BARRY (CONT'D)

And I suppose you were only having a little socially-distanced tea party last night, eh?

MONTY

Okay, I can't deny we may have indulged in a few libations, but where's the crime in that?

BARRY

None at all, lad. None at all. We are after all a nation of drinkers... (PAUSE) and drug addicts, and vagrants and dirty, filthy liars. Now, young Montgomery, understand my line of reasoning that if you were lying to me just now, there could have been criminal acts taking place in this very house last night, right?

MONTY

Well yes I think we can agree, that if I *were* lying then the possibility of criminal acts taking place is a possibility.

BARRY

Have you ever been to Italy, Mr Monty?

MONTY

I just told you, mate, Sardinia.

(Almost as an aside)

And pa has a small mansion in the outskirts of Viareggio.

BARRY

Lucky pa! And lucky you! You know how Italy responded to this situation, this plague?

MONTY

Same as us but like, less well, yah?

BARRY

Currently anyone not wearing a mask in public is fined one thousand euros. On. The. Spot. Some people call that draconian, but no, no, to me that is very clever indeed.

MONTY

Well, a grand isn't that much, really... can't be very effective.

BARRY

Are you asking me whether the law is effective, or whether it is effective to break the law?

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I mention this as I wondered what you think the maximum fine for hosting a party in this country is?

MONTY

Like 10k, right?

BARRY

Ten thousand pounds, correctamundo! Good answers. Wanna know what your prize is?

MONTY

Not really...

BARRY

I'll tell you anyway after you answer my next question: how many people did you have under your roof last night?

Monty begins to fidget in his chair.

MONTY

Um... I-I-I don't know...

BARRY

You don't know? Well, let's find out shall we?

Barry kicks Monty's chair over and stands on his chest. We see Barry ever has hygenic rubber covers on his shoes now.

MONTY

Now look mate, please, we can chat about this! Pa has some friends in pretty high places and...

BARRY

Look here, posh boy. I don't give the slightest pigs-fuck who your precious papa knows, nor the extent of his influence, because his snotty little pre-Raphaelite son has just cashed in ten grand to the bank of the Merseyside Police. Those are the facts of the matter. And now...

Barry draws his sanitiser pistol from its holster. Monty sees this and bursts out laughing.

MONTY

Christ, did they play a practical joke down at the station or something?

BARRY

What?

MONTY

What in the actual eff is that, mate? The only slugs you could shoot with that are aquatic...

BARRY

Hang on...

Monty continues to laugh.

MONTY

(in mock terror)

Ah don't shoot me! I just ironed this shirt! Noooo!

Barry is taken aback, his bogeyman armor has been slightly dented. He lifts his boot from Monty's chest.

BARRY

Look...

MONTY

Are you **sure** you're a policeman? Not a really shit fireman or something?

Monty picks up his spliff and puts it back in his mouth. Barry loses it and kicks Monty in the face. The spliff goes flying.

BARRY

Think this is funny, punk? Think I'm having a laugh? Listen, I might have a pure 70% alcohol sanitiser inside this. I might also have some very strong hydrochloric acid, an equally effective sanitiser, even if it does sting just a little. Currently this is aimed at your delicate little prep school hands, I'm guessing you don't want to lose function of those, especially your left one.

Monty looks down at his left hand.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, you looked like a lefty. So, you wanna take a chance or are you gonna tell me where your little tea party took place?

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MONTY'S HOUSE - DAY

The door to the basement is kicked open just as we hear the screams of Monty and the faint sizzling of acid-burned flesh in the background. As Barry descends the stairs, there is whispering and clamouring. Finally the room is revealed to be packed with people, far exceeding the six person limit. Barry slowly counts those in the room on his fingers. When he gets to six, he looks up and shakes his head before whipping out his fine gun and sets about spraying the room with paper fines. The students scream and flail as if being shot by a machine gun.

Then stillness, the gun smoulders and smokes. Barry stands amongst the carnage he has created. The students lie beneath him clutching their wounds and soothing their bruised pride.

Just then, a door slams above.

BARRY

Oh no you don't.

Barry runs up the stairs and out of the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Barry sees an escaped partygoer, fleeing down the road. Barry raises his sanitiser gun, aiming at the escapee. He continues to aim, looking down the child-size sights of the gun, until the figure is out of range (they were always out of range, but Barry liked to think they weren't), and allows his tensed arm to fall back to his side in defeat.

Barry's phone starts to ring. It's the chief.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Barry? We're getting reports of screams and banging from your area, is everything going alright?

BARRY

How do Chief? Kensington is clean.
Aye, not even noon and I've just
busted all my fluids on a Rule Of 6
breakage down on Butler Crescent.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Please never say "busted my fluids"
to me ever again. How many were
there?

BARRY

I lost count, but definitely more
than six this time. One did get
away though.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

I'm sure we'll pick him up sooner
rather than later.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HIDEOUT

We see a darkened room, unkempt in its layout and content. Tables strewn with papers, people in hoodies and caps type away at laptops and keyboard, flyers, bags, phones, books. Graphs adorn the walls, tracking infection rates, hospital admissions, etc. A pin-board sits shrine-like in the centre of the back wall. On it is a map of Britain, multiple pins stuck in and around each major city. A SHADOWY FIGURE considers the map.

Someone bursts into the room, breathless. We realise it is the fugitive from Monty's party. The laptop users all look up. The shadowy figure doesn't move or acknowledge their presence.

FUGITIVE

(breathing heavily)

Boss... Boss, we were hit.

The figure still doesn't move. The fugitive approaches.

FUGITIVE (CONT'D)

We thought we were safe. We *were*
safe but... They've got a new
department.

The figure lifts his head.

FUGITIVE (CONT'D)

It's him, boss. It's Clean Barry!

The figure finally turns to his underling, and smiles.