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jacket and pants by dsquared2;
turtleneck by h&m. previous page:
jacket by topman, turtleneck by h&m.
samberg's own glasses and ring.

"Do you think it's, like, a little starter moodie?" Andy Samberg asks me, examining the trussed-up piece of tuna on his plate. We've just sat down to dinner at the trendy Hollywood restaurant Lucques, where the chef has prepared a special tasting menu just for Samberg, a frequent customer and self-professed foodie. Still, this initial bit of tuna is a surprise addition to the scallops, braised short ribs, and campari-and-grapefruit coupe to come—and therefore warrants a name of Samberg's own devising. "That's the official French term," he protests with mock import, before digging in. "Starter moodie."

He has a way of making the phrase sound both daffy and authoritative all at once, a talent that serves Samberg well on the acclaimed Fox cop comedy *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, where, as Detective Jake Peralta, he convincingly delivers a bunch of hard-boiled police lingo without dropping a single silly punch line. When I meet up with him on this late February night, he's nearly finished shooting *Brooklyn's* second season and has come straight from the set, which might explain why he's shown up at fancy Lucques wearing a gray hoodie, the sole casual diner in a sea of sport coats. "I think I'm a little bit underdressed," Samberg says finally, about a half-hour into our meal. "It's a pretty nice restaurant! I forgot this was the order of things."

You can forgive Samberg for going full-Zuckerberg this one time, since lately, he's been stuffed into a tuxedo more often than not. A few days before our meal, he was at the Oscars performing "Everything Is Awesome," the infectious giddy anthem from *The Lego Movie* (in which he shares rapping duties with his crew from The Lonely Island, Jorma Taccone and Akiva Schaffer); the week before that, Samberg was back in New York, celebrating the momentous 40th anniversary of *Saturday Night Live*. With his trademark boyish enthusiasm, Samberg recalls meeting his idol Eddie Murphy that night—"He shook my hand and gave me a nod, which meant the world to me"—and staying out super late at the star-packed after-party, an indulgence that the 36-year-old Samberg rarely affords himself now that he's got a sitcom and a gluten-eschewing diet to attend to.

The *SNL* anniversary also gave the actor an opportunity for some full-circle introspection. When he was cast on the show in 2005, Samberg and his Lonely Island buddies quickly came to fame for digital shorts like "Lazy Sunday" and "Dick in a Box," which established the tousled-haired twentysomething as one of comedy's premier goofballs, able to leaven even his hardest faux-rap with a good-natured sunniness that felt inherent to his appeal. All of that viral-video output—as well as a brand-new short Samberg made with Adam Sandler, "That's When You Break," a paean to *SNL* cast members cracking up during sketches—was well-represented in the anniversary broadcast. "They put our stuff in a lot of the clip packages, and it was really flattering," says Samberg. "There are people I consider to be legendary *SNL*ers who didn't have as much."

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suit by marc jacobs,
turtleneck by topman,
sunglasses by ray-ban,
watch by casio.

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jacket and jeans
by levi's, shirt
by denim & supply
ralph lauren.
grooming: kim
verbeck at the
wall group.
prop stylist:
dave frey. photo
assistants:
curtis buchanan
and alex jaras.
digital tech:
clay rasmussen.

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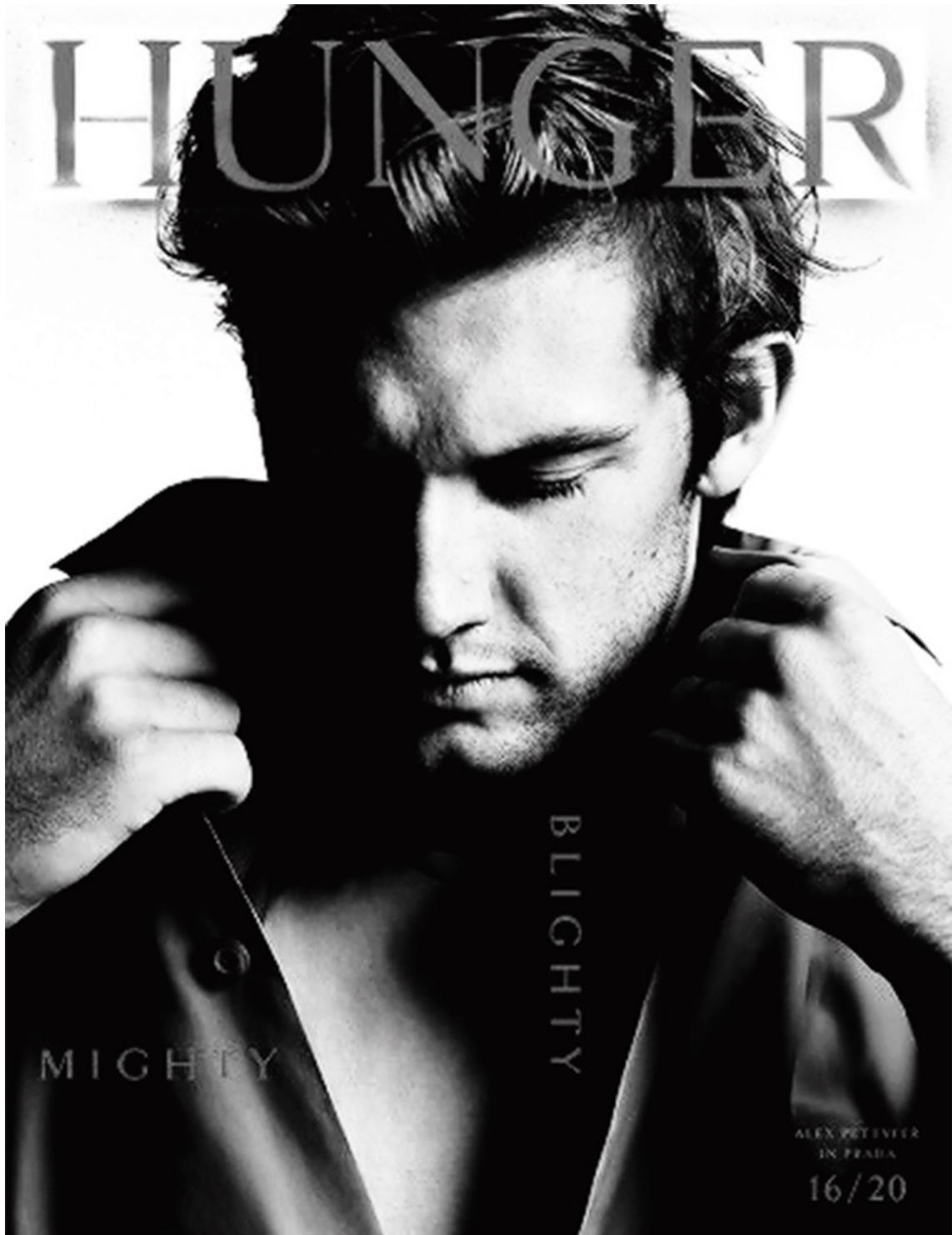
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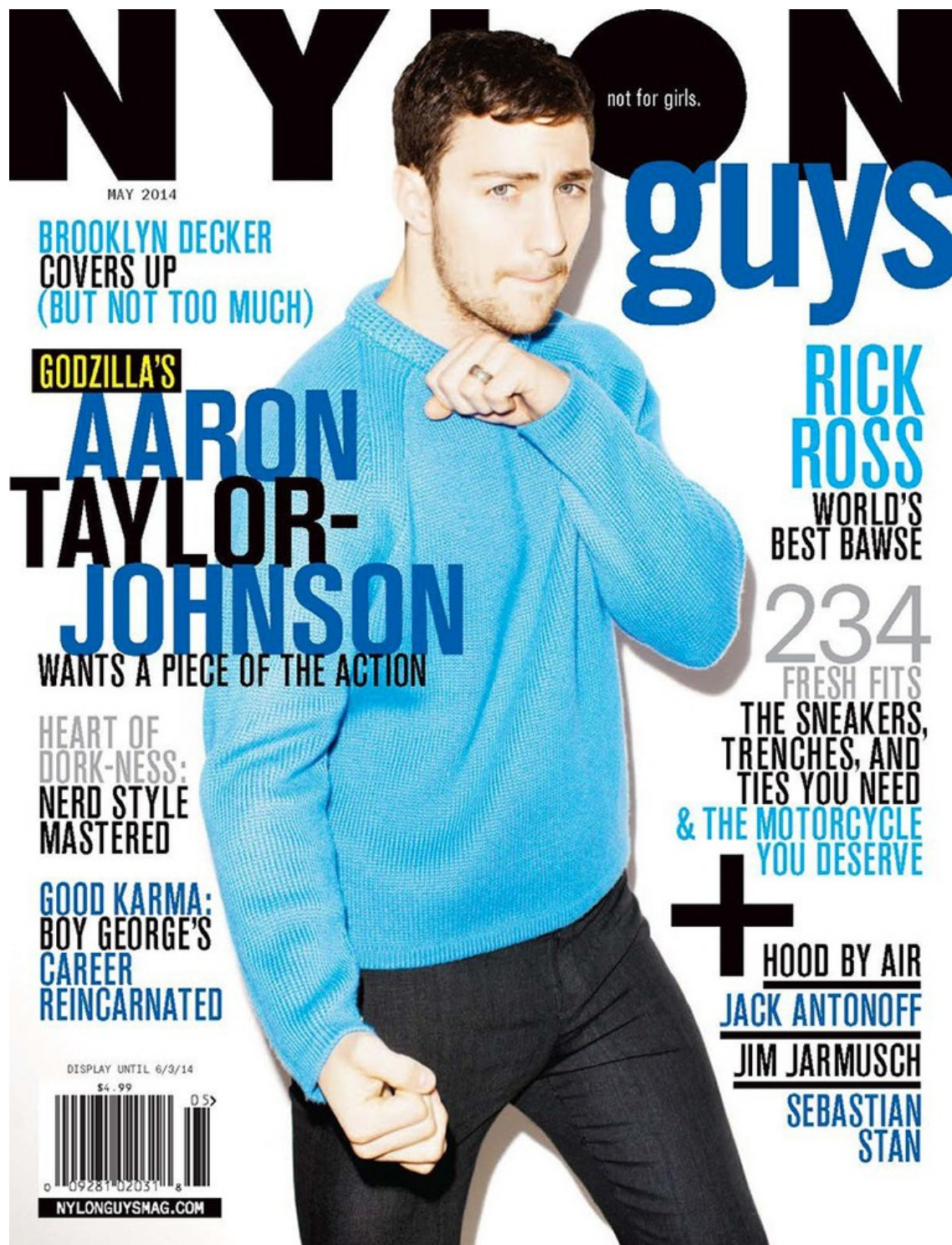
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GOOD KARMA:
BOY GEORGE'S
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shirt by jordi, pants
and shoes by kosmo,
sunglasses by jamba

THE BAR where Caleb Landry Jones wants to meet is not flattered by daylight, therefore none is allowed. At 5 p.m. on a sunny afternoon, the small, dark Frolic Room on Hollywood Boulevard is crowded with day drunks, and more than one man will walk in limping before Jones arrives, his skateboard slung over his shoulder and a pack of Marlboro Reds in his hand. Since a tape recorder would capture nothing but the rockabilly blasting from the jukebox, we take an impromptu walking tour of Jones's neighborhood, and are turned away from several locations for being early birds, until we end up directly across the street, on the rooftop of the decidedly more sterile W Hotel. "Do I fit in too well with the Europeans, in my white T-shirt and fitted jeans?" Jones jokes, his Southern drawl faint but brimming with the intensity of someone who might at any moment want to ruminate.

Though this is not his usual haunt, the 23-year-old actor has a history with the place. It's the site of his first premiere party, for 2010's terrifying found-footage film *The Last Exorcism*, which paid for the move from his native Richardson, Texas, to Los Angeles three years ago. Jones stopped in New Mexico along the way to film *Breaking Bad* (he plays the friend of meth kingpin Walter White's son) before crashing with a pal of his cousin: Mark Foster of Foster the People, pre-"Pumped Up Kicks" fame.

Over a Jameson neat and a beer, Jones gets to talking about the most remarkable aspect of his career thus far: his unblemished résumé. An up-and-comer of his age should've had a one-off stint on the new *90210* by now, or at least a deep-vault cereal commercial, but Jones's projects, regardless of his billing—Banahée in *X-Men: First Class*, Fraternity Guy in *The Social Network*—have been consistently respectable, beginning with his first-ever role: Boy on a Bike in 2008's *No Country for Old Men*. (He rolls up with another kid in the last 10 minutes of the film and,

"if Beyoncé was married to me—I couldn't have that, knowing

that this many guys were masturbating over my woman!"

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mesmerized by Javier Bardem's character's grotesque injury, mutters, "Look at that fuckin' bone.")

"I didn't say the F-word in the audition, because it was against my morals, but they cast me anyways," Jones says now, extinguishing a cigarette that he will later put in his pocket rather than toss on the patio. He was raised in a strict Christian household that forbade most of the Coen brothers' oeuvre. Originally, Jones wanted to be a drummer, but, cowed by the talent of his grandfather, who played professionally with jazz and gospel bands, he switched to acting and took roles in small high-school productions often written and directed by his teachers. "It gave me the opportunity to express myself like I'd never been allowed to before," he says. "I was getting a reaction from people who might not look at me twice otherwise." He was plucked for the part in *No Country* by an agent's assistant, and that was followed by a small role on the beloved *Friday Night Lights* as the drummer for Crucifictionus, the Christian rock band fronted by Jesse Plemons's Landry.

No one is more surprised by Jones's fast ascent than the actor himself. "I'm not the first candidate for roles—I think it has to do with freckles, red hair, and pale skin," he says, smiling. The directors of this

year's *Amélie* and *Byzantium* obviously disagree. The former is the oddly disturbing debut of Brandon Cronenberg (son of David) in which Jones for the first time stars, playing the ill employee of a clinic that harvests diseases from celebrities to infect paying clients. "It was cool because we lost our cherry together," he says of working with the first-time director. Jones is similarly consumptive in this month's *Byzantium*, a gothic drama about a mother-daughter vampire duo struggling to survive in a British seaside town, directed by *Interview With the Vampire's* Neil Jordan. This time, he suffers from leukemia, and is flirting with the immortality afforded by his blood-sucking love interest, Eleanor (Saoirse Ronan).

"I made myself fall in love with Eleanor," Jones says. "I don't know if I put too much of myself into that role." He's smoking a joint now, and it's clear that fervency comes easily to him. He punches his knees for emphasis when talking about things that excite him, from his favorite character in *East of Eden* (the manipulative Cathy) to the early films of Michael Haneke, and in between talk of that and the existence of

God, the actor drops hints that his feelings for his *Byzantium* co-star might not have been confined to the screen.

Regardless, he is single at the moment—and marveling at the tight, all-black ensembles of the passing waitresses. "How do you feel going to work every day in that outfit?" he wonders. "Knowing everybody's looking at this curve, that curve. If Beyoncé was married to me—I couldn't have that, knowing that this many guys were masturbating over my woman!" Jones is prone to a certain asceticism: He says he didn't drink or have sex for months in 2010 when he was between work, a streak that ended with *X-Men*. Now he is again looking for his next opportunity—his red hair is still long from his last two films, and currently pulled in a knot—and this has meant being home in his small apartment for more time than he'd like. "I don't have a fridge," he says. "I like making things worse sometimes. Having to go, 'Fuck, I'm hungry at 2 a.m., I wish I had some cereal, but I don't.'"

Since Steven Spielberg dashed his teenage dream of tackling Stanley Kubrick's never-made *Napoleon* masterpiece—Jones is half-joking about this—he's looking for other work, and earlier in the week he had an audition. "It's nothing that's going to help humanity," Jones says. "But I want to express something to humans."



130

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shirt and necktie
by GUCCI, pants by
VIVIENNE WESTWOOD MAN,
osleb's own belt.
OPPOSITE: sweater
by ISOPHAN, pants by
MARC JACOBS, shirt
(underneath) by
LEE'S jeans, shoes by
VIVIENNE WESTWOOD MAN,
stylist's own hat.

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stylist:
christine baker.
groomer: sonia
lee at exclusive
artists using
la mer. fashion
assistant:
virginia ibarra.
shot at pier 59
studios west.
santa monica.

cardigan by marc jacobs.
shirt by tommy. pants
by h&m. bolo tie by
tom hines. necklace
by christine modeshaug.

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sweater and shoes
by prada. pants by
vivienne westwood man.

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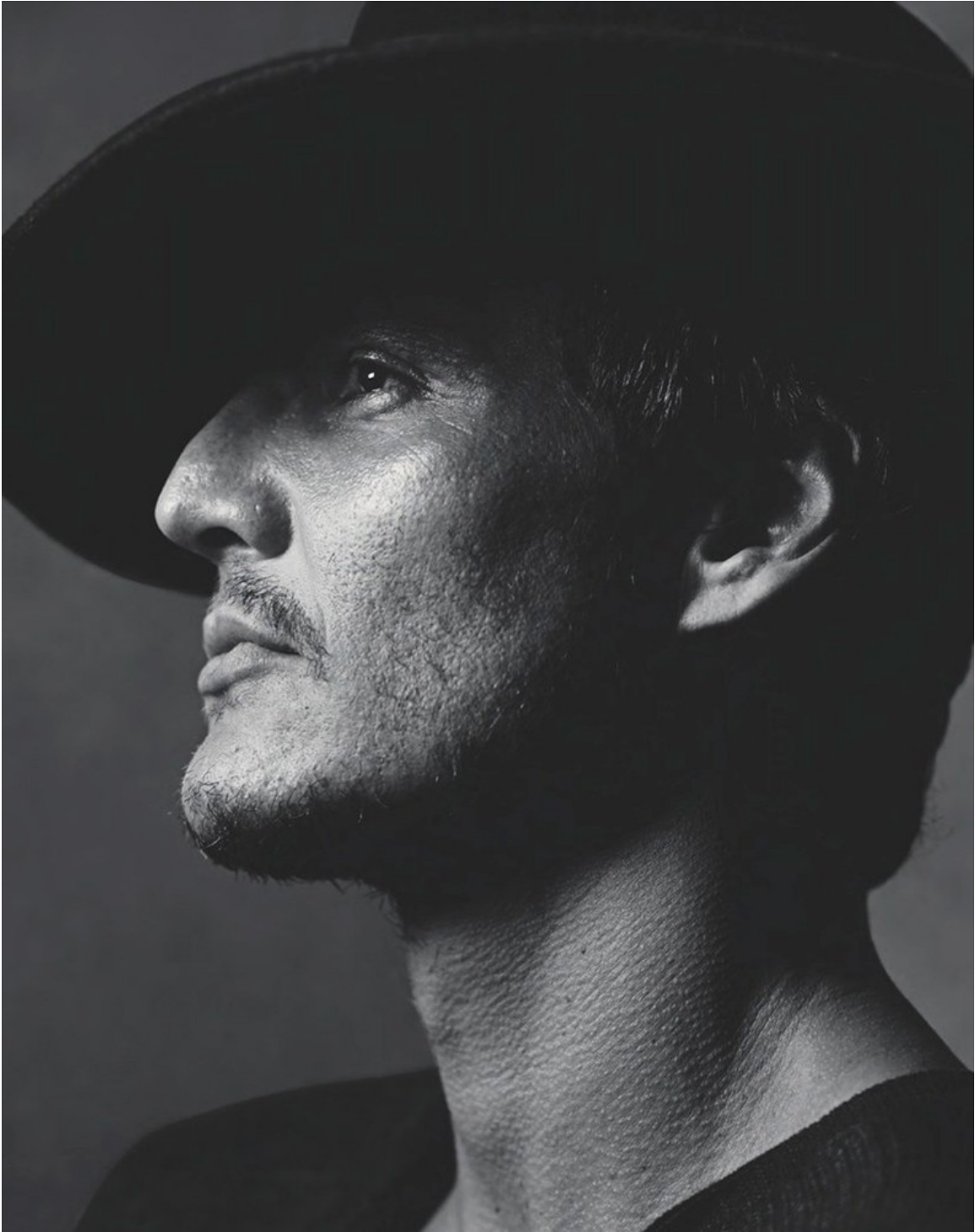
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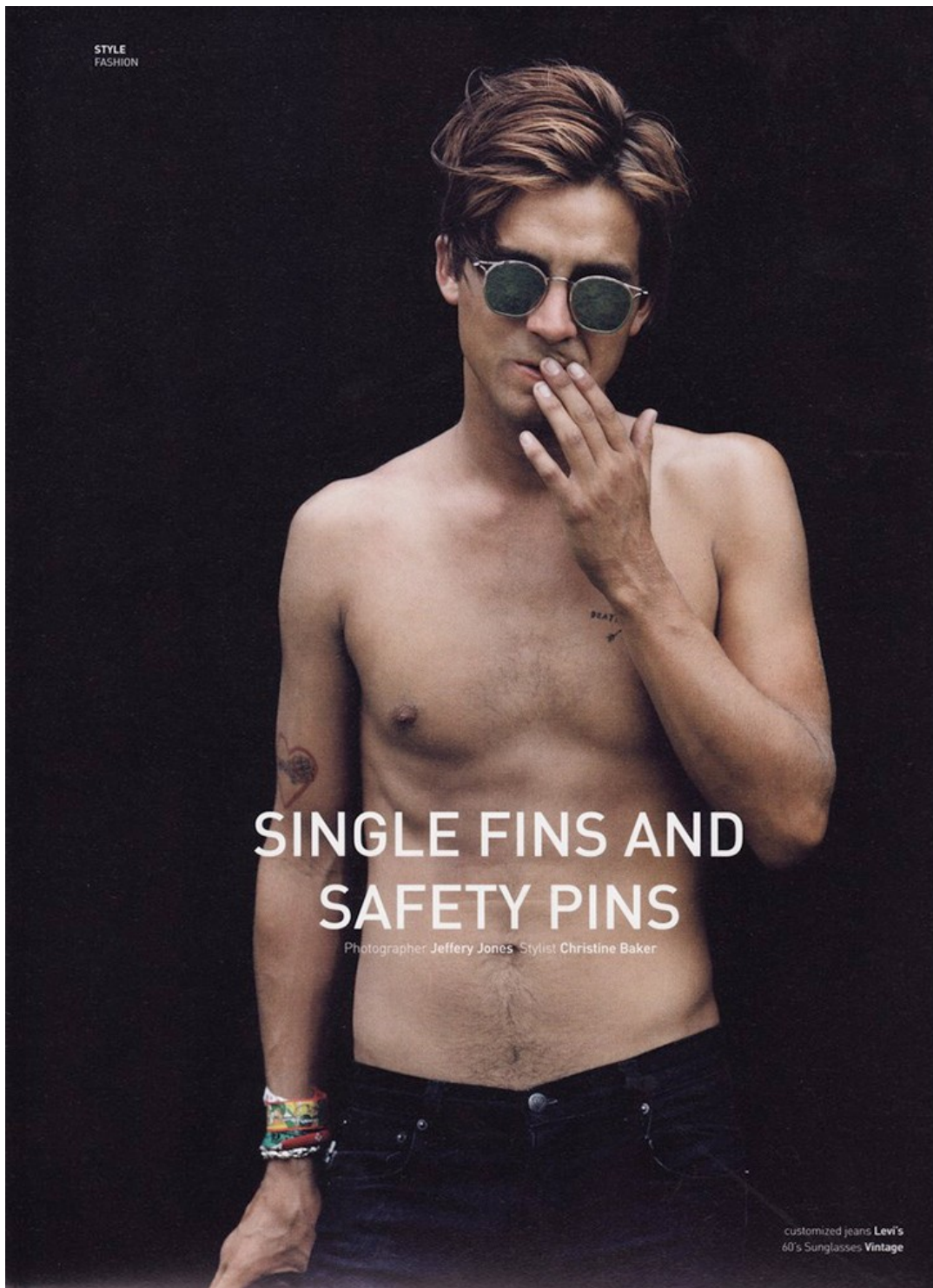
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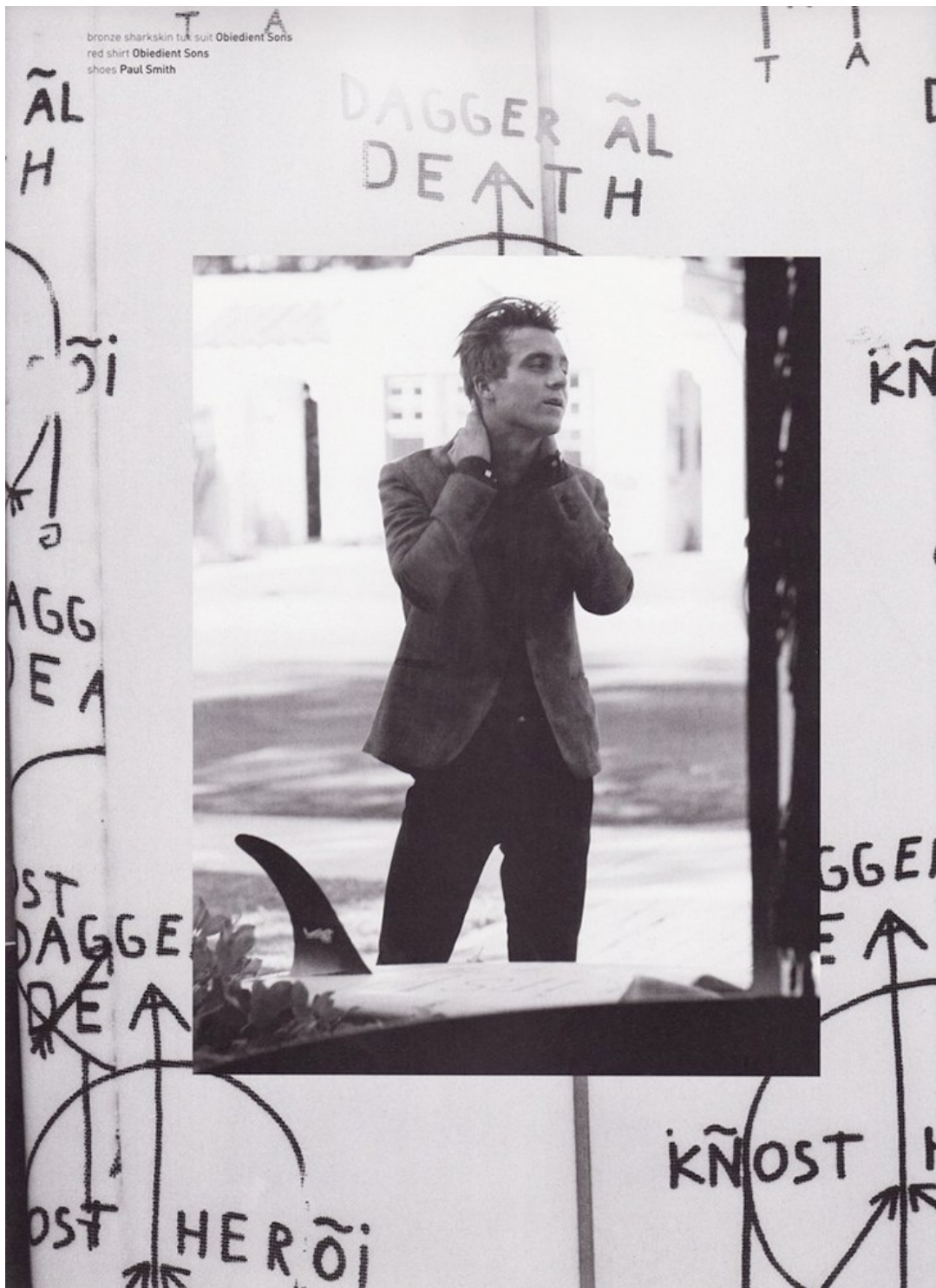
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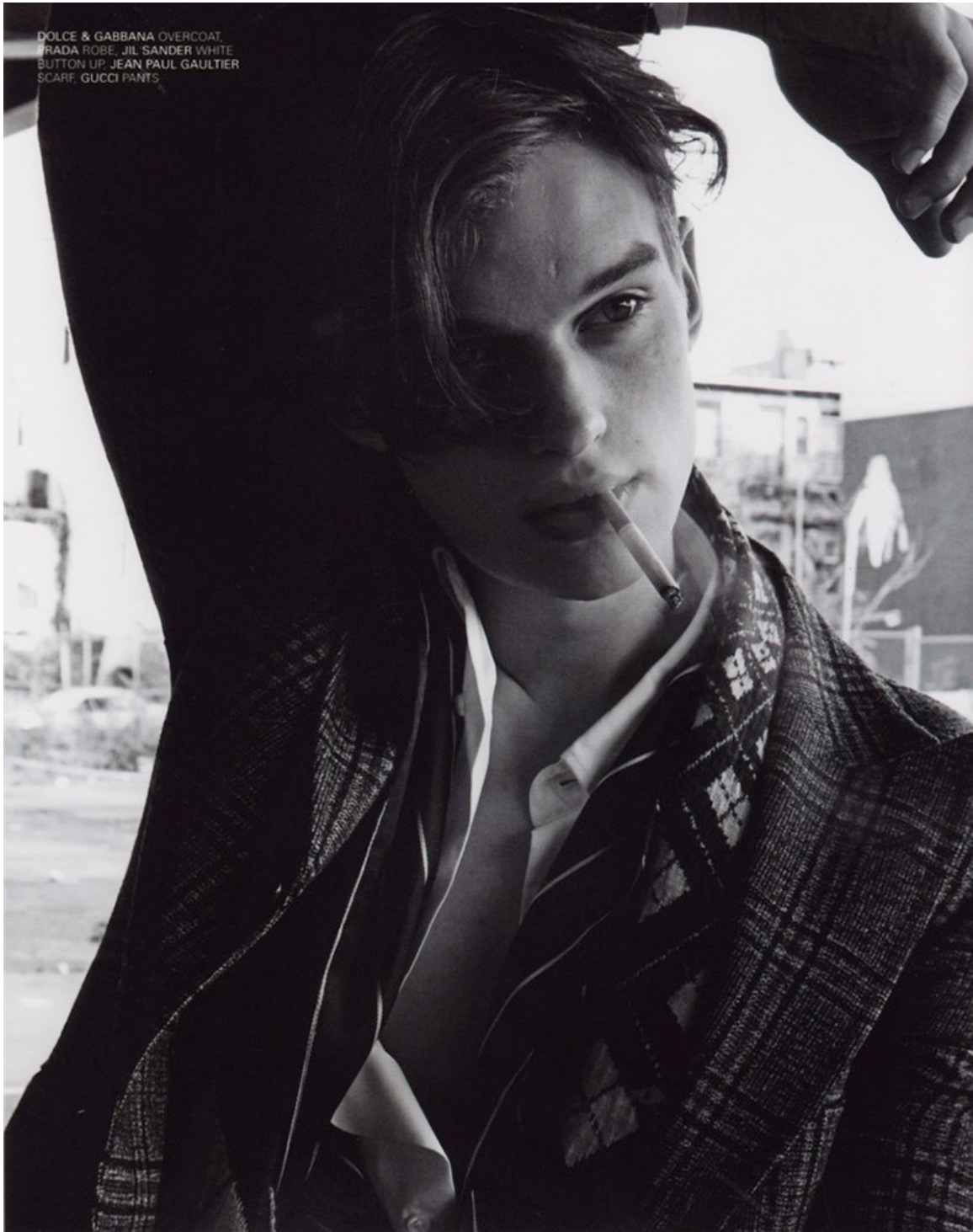
This page, top photo: from left: Rudy wears shirt Original Penguin jacket Owen Stab Blair wears jacket I.C.R. vs Deth Killers of Bushwick scarf Cloak
Max wears shirt Hurley This page, bottom: Nikolay wears shirt GUESS? sweatshirt SEVEN2 jacket stylist's own surfboard OP Opposite page: Olga wears swimsuit
Mara Hoffman shirt Di-Nang thermal shirt I.C.R. vs Deth Killers of Bushwick coat stylist's own boots Dr. Martens bracelet Mended Veil

128

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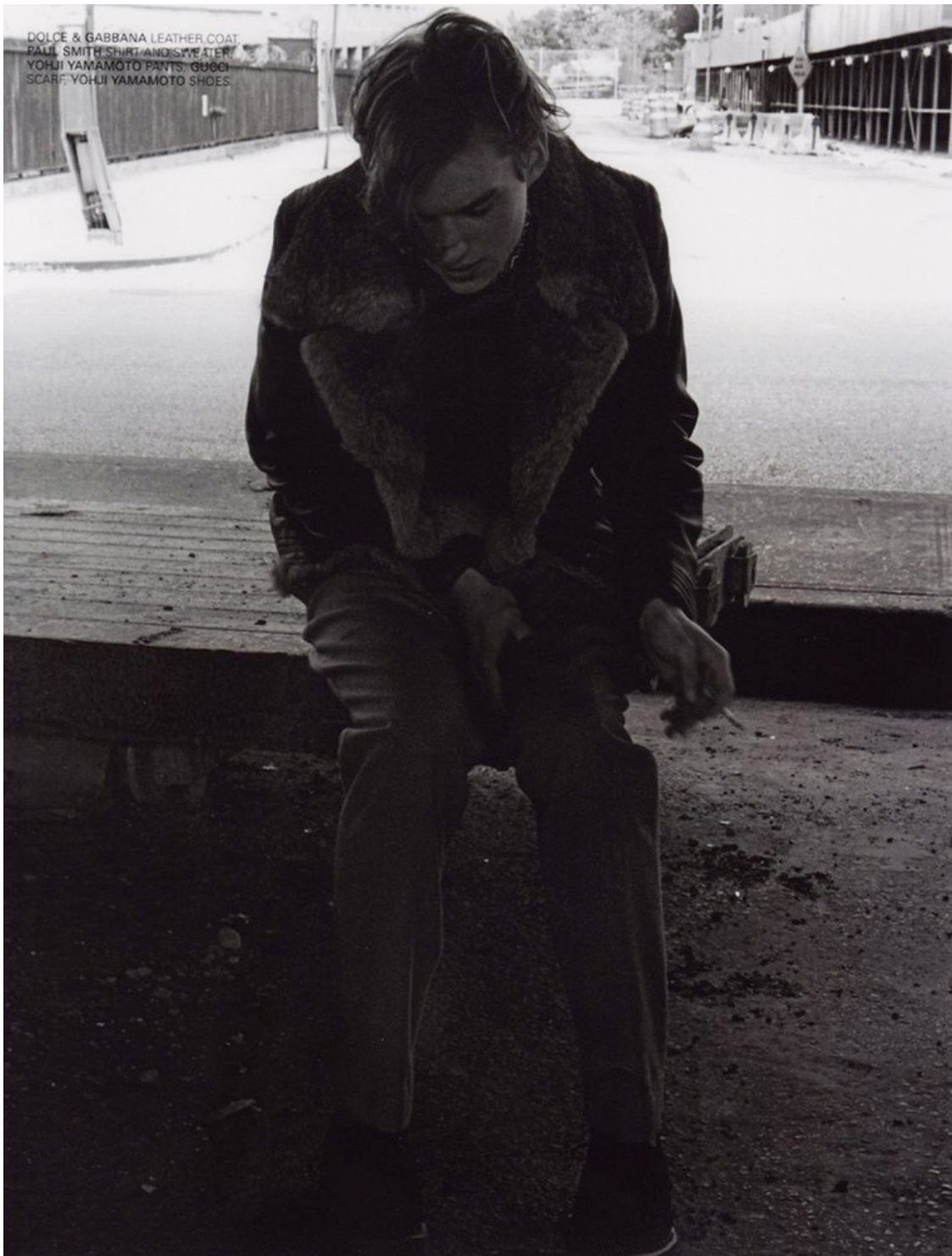
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