

**BARRY**

Episode 205

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503 EXT. PROXIN HOUSE - DAY (D12) 503

A quiet neighborhood in the valley. WE HEAR: The noise of a muscle car pulling up.

RONNY PROXIN pulls into the driveway in an AGING MUSCLE CAR. He gets out and makes his way up the walkway and lets himself into the house.

504 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, ENTRANCE - DAY (D12) 504

Ronny enters and puts his stuff down. He grabs a joint and lights it. He notices a window is open - that's weird. He closes it.

505 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, RONNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D12) 505

Ronny enters his bedroom. He opens the closet and puts his jacket away.

Then he turns...stops...and studies something OFF SCREEN.

After a beat --

BARRY (O.S.)

(voice muffled)

Don't freak out. I've been sent here by Detective John Loach to kill you. But...I'm not going to do that. Your name's Ronny Proxin, right?

RONNY PROXIN

Yes.

BARRY (O.S.)

Okay. And you're dating Diana? Loach's ex-wife?

RONNY PROXIN

Yes.

BARRY

Okay. Go Diana. Anyway... Do you have family out of state?

RONNY PROXIN

Uh huh.

BARRY (O.S.)

Okay. Do you mind if I ask where?

RONNY PROXIN

Chicago.

BARRY (O.S.)

Chicago. See that's perfect. I have a car outside. I want you to drive to Chicago and I need you to stay there for about a year.

Ronny Proxin frowns --

BARRY (O.S.) (cont'd)

I'm going to send you money. I just need to get it first.

Barry enters frame and we see for the first time he's wearing the LULULEMON HOT YOGA TRACKSUIT WITH THE HOOD UP. He has an orange stocking (seemingly from a Halloween store) pulled over his face.

Barry looks out the window.

BARRY

But see, the guy who has all my money...we're in a weird place right now. He's actually out in the car right now. And he thinks I'm in here killing you. I'm not. I'm calling an audible here. So, when we get out there he might be a little confused. And you might see us argue. Just so you know, I got it under wraps.

Beat.

BARRY (cont'd)

Okay. Sweet. Let's get you packed and on the road. Do you have a suitcase?

Ronny points.

BARRY (cont'd)

Go ahead.

Ronny crosses the bedroom to another door.

506 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D12)

506

Ronny enters and crosses to a closet. Barry follows and notices --

THE ROOM IS LINED WITH TAEKWONDO TROPHIES. FRAMED MEDALS on the walls. Picture after picture of Ronny fighting someone on a mat in front of a crowd.

BARRY

Hm. Whose trophies are these?

Ronny indicates that they're his. Barry watches as Ronny takes a SUITCASE out of the closet.

BARRY (cont'd)

Right on. Good for you, man. I'm sure they've got taekwondo in Chicago. Whoa look at that, you've got medals too. Shit.

Ronny walks back to --

507 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, RONNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D12)

507

Ronny enters, Barry close behind. Ronny starts packing his BAG. It's awkward.

BARRY

It's gonna be okay.

Ronny doesn't answer. Finishes packing.

RONNY PROXIN

Can I pack some things from the bathroom?

BARRY

Oh. Oh, my God. Of course.

Ronny moves to the bathroom. He opens a cabinet and gets a TOILETRY BAG. He starts packing the toiletries.

Ronny finishes packing the small bag. He tosses it on top of the packed clothes. With his back to Barry, he zips up the suitcase.

BARRY (cont'd)

Yeah man, the drive to Chicago from LA, that can be pretty long -

RONNY SPINS AROUND WITH A ROUND HOUSE KICK TO BARRY'S STOMACH, SENDING BARRY INTO THE WALL --

Ronny pokes at Barry to see if he's out. Barry's not moving. Ronny lights his joint again, turns away from BARRY, takes his cell phone out, dials.

RONNY PROXIN  
Yeah, hello?

BARRY SPRINGS UP AND GETS RONNY IN A CHOKE HOLD.

RONNY GETS OUT OF IT and starts kicking Barry. They fight. It's brutal. Primal. Eventually Barry punches Ronny hard in the throat. Ronny starts wheezing, struggling for air.

Ronny goes at him again. They wrestle. They're knocking stuff off the walls, the dresser.

They end up on the ground. RONNY HEADBUTTS BARRY. AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND AGAIN until they're both knocked out. Barry's bleeding into the stocking.

Ronny gets up on his feet, clutching his throat. He disappears into the trophy room. Barry gets up and follows.

508 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D12)

508

Barry enters just as Ronny turns around with a pair of NUNCHUCKS. He swings them around like a master, between his legs, around his back, etc. Barry, beaten and worn out, sinks to the ground. Ronny, too, seems wounded. He stops his nunchuck show. They both stare at each other, breathing hard.

BARRY  
Ronny, you're hurt man. Your  
windpipe's busted. Look...I get it...  
you're freaked...but I'm serious...I  
don't want to hurt you...

Ronny's breathing makes an awful WHEEZING SOUND. He's struggling, but he CHARGES AT BARRY. BARRY'S HIT WITH THE NUNCHUCKS, CRACK-CRACK. HE BALLS UP INTO A DEFENSIVE POSITION WHILE RONNY PUMMELS HIM. HE'S WHIPPING BARRY WITH THE NUNCHUCKS AND KICKING HIM.

Then: Ronny clutches his throat and moves away from Barry, like a wounded animal. He collapses -- the wheezing turns to a shrill moan.

Barry slowly uncurls from his defensive position. He watches as Ronny slowly chokes...

...and stops moving.

BARRY (cont'd)

Ronny?

Barry lifts himself up, wincing in pain. He pulls the blood-soaked stocking up, revealing his RED, SWEATY FACE.

BARRY (cont'd)

Ronny?

Nothing.

BARRY (cont'd)

Fuck.

Barry takes a moment to compose himself. He leaves the Trophy Room.

509 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS (D12)

509

Barry staggers toward the door just as LILY, Ronny's twelve-year-old daughter enters. She looks at Barry - his mask is up, face bloodied.

LILY

(upset)

Dad?

She disappears down the hall to the Trophy Room, keeps calling for her dad.

LILY (O.S.)

Dad?

Barry walks over and begins to step out of the house.

LILY (O.S.) (cont'd)

Dad? What's wrong? You okay?

Barry waits. He looks around. He closes the door. He has to do something about this.

He lowers the stocking over his face, heads slowly down the hallway, and into...

510 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D12) 510

...she isn't there. Ronny is still slumped on the floor.

BARRY  
Little girl? Little girl? I know this  
looks bad, but I'm gonna take you to  
Chicago to see your relatives.

He walks into...

511 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, RONNY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D12) 511

...to find it empty.

BARRY  
I'm not gonna hurt you. I promise.  
Little girl?

Barry searches the next room --

512 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D12) 512

Barry enters and immediately notices: AN OPEN WINDOW.

BARRY  
Shit.

He runs over to it, looks out...nothing but a normal neighborhood. Then he hears a growl coming from behind him.

-- BARRY TURNS to see Lily crouched on the ground like an animal.

BARRY (cont'd)  
I thought you were a dog -

-- LILY LEAPS ONTO BARRY AND GRABS HIS HEAD.

BARRY (cont'd)  
Hey. Get off of me.

BARRY TRIES TO UNLATCH HER FROM HIS HEAD. BARRY SPINS AND FLINGS HER INTO THE WALL --

-- JUST TO HAVE HER EFFORTLESSLY HOP OFF OF THE WALL AND BACK ONTO HIS SHOULDERS --

-- BARRY STAGGERS INTO --

513 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (D12)

513

Barry staggers around with Lily attached to him. She GRUNTS like a wild animal.

BARRY

Stop. STOP. Get the fuck off of me.

BARRY MANAGES TO HURL HER ACROSS THE KITCHEN COUNTER-TOP.

BARRY (cont'd)

Sorry. Sorry. Are you okay?

-- LILY GETS UP AND STARTS THROWING BEER BOTTLES ACROSS THE KITCHEN AT BARRY. HE SCREAMS.

-- SHE HOPS ONTO THE COUNTER, GRABS ONTO THE RACK OVERHEAD, AND SWINGS TO KICK HIM. HE'S DOWN.

-- AS HE GETS BACK UP, SHE GRABS A FRYING PAN AND HITS HIM. HE TRIES TO REASON WITH HER. SHE KEEPS THROWING THINGS. HE DUCKS.

-- BARRY SLOWLY CREEPS UP AND SEES THAT LILY IS NOW STANDING ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER, REACHING FOR A SMALL KITCHEN KNIFE.

-- LILY LEAPS ONTO HIM AND BEGINS TO STAB HIM REPEATEDLY IN THE SHOULDER.

BARRY SCREAMS IN PAIN.

514 INT. PROXIN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D12)

514

BARRY FREES HIMSELF OF LILY AND RUNS ACROSS THE ROOM.

LILY slows her breathing. She drops the knife, starts to cry, and runs out the front door.

BARRY runs to the window, where he sees Lily scurry across the neighbors backyard like a wild raccoon, grunting the whole time. She leaps over a fence, and then flips over a hedge with ease.

Barry watches her go, the color draining from his face.

515 EXT. PROXIN HOUSE - DAY (D12)

515

WE FOLLOW BARRY as he exits the house. Birds chirp. A lawn mower in the distance. A random car passes.



...Barry limps down the front steps and out onto the street...

...as he walks, he takes off his sweatsuit top revealing the BLODDY SHIRT underneath. He holds the top against his shoulder as a compress. BLOOD CONTINUES TO SEEP THROUGH HIS SHIRT FROM HIS STAB WOUND. IT GROWS AND GROWS, RUNNING DOWN HIS BACK...

...he tries to relax his stride and avert his gaze as a JOGGER PASSES...

...he approaches a CAR...

...REVEAL: Fuches is behind the wheel. He starts the car. Barry gets in.

Go. BARRY

You do it? FUCHES

Yes. BARRY

You did? FUCHES

Drive. BARRY

Is he dead? FUCHES

Drive! BARRY

Fuches takes off --

516 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - CONTINUOUS (MOVING) (D12)

516

Fuches eyes Barry; he's in bad shape.

FUCHES  
What happened in there?

BARRY  
I'm cut bad...I'm trying to not black out...

FUCHES

Is he dead?

Barry says nothing.

FUCHES (cont'd)

Barry: is Ronny dead?

Barry nods.

FUCHES (cont'd)

I know you're hurt but FUCK YEAH  
BABY. We are off the hook. I'm gonna  
call Loach and let him know --

BARRY

I need to go to a hospital.

FUCHES

Okay. But hey, we are free men. Loach  
had us over a barrel and now we are  
home fucking free. Shit I was so  
worried. Thinking how we could maybe  
just flee or --

BARRY

FUCHES I'M IN BAD SHAPE. I need to go  
to a hospital.

FUCHES

Okay! I'll take you...Actually, I  
can't take you to a hospital, they  
might ask questions. We'll go to this  
drug store.

BARRY

I need stitches.

FUCHES

I know how to do stitches.

517 EXT. RITE AID - DAY (D12)

517

Fuches pulls the car into the parking lot, which is packed.  
He searches for a spot.

518 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - CONTINUOUS (MOVING) (D12)

518

Barry's white as a sheet, covered in sweat, and about to  
explode. Fuches opens the door to leave, stops --

FUCHES

What do you need me to get?

BARRY

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

FUCHES

Okay.

BARRY

FOR FUCKING STITCHES.

FUCHES

I understand.

BARRY

BECAUSE I'M DYING.

FUCHES

I understand. Needle. Thread. I'll get one of those little hotel ones. I'm gonna get some corn nuts. You want anything?

BARRY

No.

Fuches leaves. Barry sits in the car, the only sound is the CLICKING OF THE HAZARD LIGHTS.

BARRY'S CELL BUZZES. He unzips a POCKET and pulls it out.

It's Loach.

BARRY (cont'd)

(on phone)

Hello?

INTERCUTTING --

519 INT. LAPD, HALLWAY - DAY (D12)

519

Loach is on a BURNER PHONE --

LOACH

Is it done?

BARRY

(weak)

Loach, I'm bleeding...

LOACH

(beat)  
Is it done?

Barry's had it with these assholes. He hangs up.

520 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - DAY (D12) 520

Barry lies in the seat. His PHONE BUZZES, Loach is calling again. He doesn't answer. He's having trouble keeping his eyes open. They slowly close, and the scene CUTS TO BLACK over the CLICKING OF THE HAZARDS.

521 EXT. DESERT - MORNING (DAYDREAM) 521

A VAST ARID LANDSCAPE. A LARGE GROUP OF RETURNING MARINES ENTER FRAME...

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FRAME, THEIR HAPPY FAMILIES.

Amid the emotional reunions, WE FIND a YOUNG BARRY in the crowd. He's searching for someone...

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

522 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - DAY (D12) 522

Barry wakes up. Fuches is rummaging through the RITE AID BAG.

Barry notices --

523 EXT. QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATE AFTERNOON (D12) 523

They are in new neighborhood. Kids play nearby.

524 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - CONTINUOUS (D12) 524

Fuches sitting in the driver seat, pulls ALCOHOL out of the BAG --

FUCHES

Let's take a look at what he did you  
ya.

Barry lifts his shirt -- IT'S A NASTY WOUND ON HIS SHOULDER AND UPPER BACK. LOTS OF BLOOD.

FUCHES (cont'd)

Jesus. Okay.

Fuches POURS ALCOHOL ON THE WOUND. Barry winces.

FUCHES (cont'd)

Jesus. What did he hit you with a fucking cleaver?

Barry thinks...how to explain this...

BARRY

It wasn't Ronny.

Fuches stops cleaning the wound.

FUCHES

What do you mean it wasn't Ronny?

BARRY

It was his daughter.

Fuches sits back in his seat.

BARRY (cont'd)

She's probably twelve years old. I think he trains her or something because she was like a...feral mongoose.

Fuches sighs, resigned, even moved.

FUCHES

I see why you don't wanna do this work anymore, Barry. Killing a man, I understand it because that's kinda why we're put on this earth. We're the strong, the disposable. But killing a child...

(deep breath)

Jesus Barry. I'm sorry you had to go through that. Well. If you weren't fucked up before, you are definitely...

BARRY

I didn't kill her.

FUCHES

What?

BARRY

She attacked me and ran away.

Beat.

FUCHES  
Well you gotta go kill her.

He starts the car --

BARRY  
What?

FUCHES  
You gotta go kill her right now.

BARRY  
Fuches -

FUCHES  
SHE CAN FUCKING IDENTIFY YOU!

BARRY  
She's long gone, where are we going?

FUCHES  
WE HAVE TO GO FIND HER.

525 EXT. QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS (D12) 525

Fuches GUNS THE CAR DOWN THE STREET, TIRES SQUEALING.

BARRY  
She could be anywhere...

526 EXT. PROXIN NEIGHBORHOOD, STREET - DAY 526

Peaceful. Neighborhood sounds. Fuches' car turns the corner --

527 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - CONTINUOUS (MOVING) (D12) 527

Fuches scans the neighborhood like he's looking for a lost dog. Barry is fading...

BARRY  
I'm dying, Fuches.

FUCHES  
YOU'RE FINE.

BARRY  
I'M FUCKING DYING.

528 EXT. PROXIN NEIGHBORHOOD, DIFFERENT STREET - CONTINUOUS (D12) 528

The car turns a corner and moves along super suspiciously.

It abruptly SCREECHES TO A HALT

FUCHES (V.O.)  
Is that her?

BARRY (V.O.)  
That's a trashcan, Fuches.

FUCHES (V.O.)  
Dammit!

It continues down the street --

529 EXT. PROXIN NEIGHBORHOOD, NEW STREET - CONTINUOUS (D12) 529

The car turns the corner and stops.

530 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - CONTINUOUS (D12) 530

Barry and Fuches stare at:

THEIR POV: Lily sits on the corner by herself, still in her Taekwondo uniform.

FUCHES  
Go get her, Barry.

BARRY  
I'm not killing a kid, Fuches.  
Plus... I don't think she's of this world.

FUCHES  
You don't wanna do it, fine. I'll go get her off the curb and into the car.

BARRY  
There's something deeply wrong with her. Don't go out there.

Fuches is getting out of the car.

FUCHES  
I got it.

531 EXT. PROXIN NEIGHBORHOOD, NEW STREET - CONTINUOUS (D12) 531

Fuches exits the car. He approaches Lily, who continues to sit, staring out at nothing.

As Fuches gets closer, she notices him. He hesitates.

FUCHES  
(like he's talking to  
a dog)  
Hi there girl. Hi. Good girl. I don't  
wanna sound like a creep, but wanna  
get in the car with me and my friend?  
I've got corn nuts!

Lily snarls at him, then immediately SCURRIES UP A TREE, CLIMBS ACROSS A TREE BRANCH, AND SWINGS ONTO THE ROOF OF A HOUSE. She sits on her haunches on the roof, staring down at Fuches.

Fuches nods and casually returns to the car.

532 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - CONTINUOUS (D12) 532

Fuches gets in --

FUCHES  
Okay, she's not human.

BARRY  
That's what I'm telling you.

FUCHES  
She's part something else. I don't  
know what.

BARRY  
That's what I told you.

Barry closes his eyes. He looks like a corpse.

FUCHES  
So what do we do here? I mean, in the  
ideal world we'd just burn the house  
down. But...  
(beat)  
You know anyone who works with wild  
animals, Barry? Because if we could  
get some kind of a tranquilizer  
situation...

CU on BARRY. Sweat covers his pale face. He passes out.



533 EXT. DESERT - MORNING (DAYDREAM)

533

Young Barry searches through the crowd...then he finds:

Fuches. They stop and stare at each other. Fuches motions with his head, like, "Let's get outta here." Barry smiles and follows him --

FUCHES (V.O.)

Barry...wake up.

534 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - NIGHT (N12)

534

He opens his eyes wide, in pain. It's dark out and Fuches has the dome light on --

FUCHES

I stitched you up. You're good.

BARRY

(re: the stitches)

Fucking hurts.

FUCHES

I know, I know. You should be good to go up on the roof. She's still up there.

Barry peers through the window: Lily is still perched on that roof, silhouetted in the moonlight, looking like a gargoyle. Barry's in pain.

FUCHES (cont'd)

Let's take a look, hang on.

Fuches checks the stitches -- they are hastily done. Barry sits up causing them to rip open.

BARRY

AHH. FUCK.

FUCHES

Shit. Okay. Broke the stitches. Wait, I got something here to help.

He reaches into his bag, and messily smears super glue into the shitty stitches with his bare hands. Barry screams in pain.

BARRY

WHAT IS THAT?

FUCHES

It's super glue.

BARRY

SUPER GLUE?!

Fuches finishes and pulls Barry's shirt back down. Barry leans back, swearing.

FUCHES

Now... up you go.

BARRY

FUCK YOU I'm not killing her, Fuches!

FUCHES

Well what are you proposing, then, Barry?

(then)

Wait, what if we called Hank? He could send one of those Chechens over with a scoped rifle and they could plink her right off the roof?

BARRY

They'd never hit her.

FUCHES

Sure they could. Easy.

BARRY

Not these guys. I'm training them. They're worthless.

Beat.

FUCHES

Sorry. You're what?

Barry realizes he's stepped in it.

FUCHES (cont'd)

Did you say you're training them? Are you doing contract work without me? You cut me out?

BARRY

Fucking relax man. It was a one time deal. Hank has a heroin shipment going through a monastery and he needs an army so I'm training his guys. I do that and then I'm done.

FUCHES

You're gonna walk away from an army?  
And HEROIN? I don't think so. No. I'm  
gonna call Hank, we'll set the whole  
thing up.

BOOM. Something lands on the roof of the car.

FUCHES (cont'd)

(screaming)

It's her! Hold on!

FUCHES PUTS THE CAR INTO GEAR, AND GUNS IT DOWN THE STREET,  
BOTH OF THEM SCREAMING.

HE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES...

...Nothing flies off the roof...

...Fuches and Barry are confused...

FUCHES (cont'd)

No fucking way.

AS WE PUSH IN ON THEM STARING AT THE ROOF, LILY SILENTLY  
SWINGS INTO THE BACK SEAT THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW.

Fuches senses something...he turns to the back seat --

-- AND LILY BITES HIS FACE. She doesn't let go, just holds  
his cheek in her mouth like a dog --

Fuches' hands are still on the steering wheel. He doesn't  
move.

FUCHES (cont'd)

(whisper)

Barry. Kill her.

BARRY

(whisper)

Just carefully pull her off of your  
face.

FUCHES

I can't.

BARRY

Why?

FUCHES

Because I super glued my hands to the  
steering wheel.

BARRY

Then just shake your head slowly side to side.

FUCHES

(beat)

I don't feel comfortable doing that.

Lily readjusts her bite --

FUCHES (cont'd)

(to Lily)

Whoa, easy. Easy girl.

(to Barry)

I think maybe, you shoot her off my face.

BARRY

I'm telling you, I can't do that.

FUCHES

Now is not the time to grow a fucking heart dipshit -- AHHHH!

LILY BITES A CHUNK OUT OF FUCHES' FACE. She spits it back at him, opens the car door and runs off.

Through the windshield, Lily stops in the headlights. She looks at them, vacant-eyed, blood running down her mouth and onto her Taekwondo outfit. She HISSES AT THEM.

FUCHES (cont'd)

(screaming)

WHAT ARE YOU?

535 EXT. RITE AID - NIGHT (N12)

535

The parking lot is sparsely populated. Fuches pulls the car into a spot.

536 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - CONTINUOUS (N12)

536

Fuches is now the one feeling weak. Barry puts his hood up and gets out of the car.

FUCHES

(super glued hands)

Alright, maybe nail-polish remover. Paint-thinner. We might have to try a few things.

BARRY  
I'll see what they have.

FUCHES  
FUCKING GO! I can't be stuck to this  
shit all night.

Barry exits the car --

537 INT. RITE AID - MOMENTS LATER (N12)

537

Barry enters. WE FOLLOW as he makes his way through to the first-aid aisle. He grabs stuff off the shelf...then hears something familiar...

...wheezing...

...Barry looks over at: Ronny Proxin trying on a NECK BRACE.

...Their eyes meet...

BARRY  
Ronny? Hey man. I'm the guy that was  
in your house. Listen, I think we got  
off on the wrong foot.

Ronny, like a bull, slowly approaches Barry.

Your daughter is fine. I don't know  
what kinda training you did, but...  
you did something right, because she  
beat the shit out of me --

Ronny SWINGS at Barry, but Barry DUCKS and he misses --

BARRY (cont'd)  
Whoa, c'mon, man, don't be an  
asshole. I'm not gonna fight you in  
the fucking store.

A MANAGER APPROACHES RONNY --

RITE AID MANAGER  
Sir, sir I've called the police --

Ronny HEADBUTTS HIM. The Manager goes down. Ronny staggers toward BARRY again.

BARRY  
Listen, man. You're causing a scene.  
Listen, they're calling the cops.  
(MORE)

BARRY (cont'd)  
Chill out, man. Listen, the Chicago  
deal is still on the table.

RONNY CHARGES AT BARRY but misses. He crashes into a rack of  
merchandise. People are running out of the store.

538 INT./EXT. FUCHES' CAR - CONTINUOUS (N12) 538

As Fuches checks his face in the rearview mirror, RITE AID  
CUSTOMERS RUN OUT OF THE STORE IN A PANIC.

FUCHES  
(notices)  
What the fuck is that?

He sees Ronny and Barry fighting in the RITE-AID.

FUCHES (cont'd)  
BARRY YOU FUCKING IDIOT. I gotta go!

He uses his knee to put the car in reverse --

539 EXT. RITE AID - CONTINUOUS (N12) 539

Fuches backs out of the parking spot and HITS AN INCOMING  
POLICE CAR!

540 INT. FUCHES' CAR - CONTINUOUS (N12) 540

Fuches is stunned --

FUCHES  
Fuuuuck.

541 EXT. RITE AID - CONTINUOUS (N12) 541

As the Officer in the driver's seat inspects the damage --

FUCHES KNEE-SHIFTS AGAIN AND GUNS THE CAR FORWARD, OVER THE  
CONCRETE PARKING STOP --

OFFICER  
Hey!

-- HE GUNS OUT, NARROWLY MISSING OTHER COP CARS ENTERING THE  
PARKING LOT --

542 INT. RITE AID - CONTINUOUS (N12)

542

Barry and Ronny are still fighting. It's messy, merchandise everywhere. We hear cars screech up. Ronny stands over Barry.

BARRY  
Ronny, listen.

Ronny lifts a foot to stomp on Barry --

POP. RONNY IS SHOT IN THE FACE. He goes down.

A stunned Barry turns to see...LOACH, GUN DRAWN.

BARRY (cont'd)  
Loach, let me just go out the back -

LOACH  
Sir! Drop the weapon!

BARRY  
What are you doing?

LOACH  
I SAID DROP YOUR WEAPON!

BARRY  
(realizes)  
...shit...

Barry tries to scramble away from Loach -- POP-POP-POP.  
LOACH SHOOTS AT BARRY, ITEMS ON THE SHELVES EXPLODE AROUND HIM --

LOACH  
Drop your weapon!

BARRY  
What the fuck are you doing? Loach!

Unnoticed by Loach, behind him, RONNY PROXIN struggles to his feet. Loach turns to see him and RONNY DOES A SPINNING ROADHOUSE KICK TO HIS HEAD --

LOACH FALLS FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR -- OUT.

Barry looks at Ronny. Ronny looks at Barry.

BARRY (cont'd)  
...easy, man...

Ronny starts to walk toward Barry when -- POP-POP-POP-POP-POP.

OFFICERS, ENTERING THE RITE AID, UNLOAD ON RONNY, KILLING HIM.

As Barry runs out of the back, an officer approaches Loach, checks his vitals...

MAIN OFFICER

He's dead...

543 EXT. RITE AID, LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS (N12)

543

Barry, with his hood up, walks out behind the RITE-AID. He turns one direction and cop cars pull up.

BARRY

Shit...

He turns around and heads the other way.

A CAR HONKS its HORN. Barry finds:

Fuches' car. Unnoticed by the COPS.

Barry walks toward him. He could be a guy walking home from work, except for the slight limp. He walks past the cops...

...he approaches Fuches...

...Fuches, super-glued to the steering wheel, motions for him to get in. It's the same motion from Barry's daydream.

Barry stops. All the noise cuts out.

FUCHES

C'mon. Let's go.

Barry looks at Fuches, uneasy. The noise bursts back in. Barry's back in reality.

FUCHES (cont'd)

Barry. What the fuck are you doing?  
Get in the car!

Barry stares at Fuches, unsure.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.