

The Donahues Episode 8

By : NEONETWORK

Ryan meets Michael Bingaman at driver's education and falls in love, Ethan, Tim and Mayor Sarandon go to their honeymoon dogleg on the Cayman Islands and Kimberly does a favor for Ellen to keep her quiet about her embezzling HOA funds

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The Donahues Season 2 Episode 1

THE DONAHUES

â DRIVEâ

TV-MA DL

â Weary miles, lessened on legs by cruise control.â

- Dennis Lange

(We start with Ryan, who is wearing a black â Broken Reflectionâ t-shirt and dark super skinny jeans and sitting down waiting for his name to be called at a driving academy. He is texting on his phone. Close up on his phone, the following exchange takes place via text)

RYAN: hey what ru up 2?

MICHELLE: im making an omelette

RYAN: lol who does that?

MICHELLE: lol I do, I love omelettes

RYAN: I prefer bagel bites

MICHELLE: lol thatâ s healthy

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RYAN: YEAH

MICHELLE: so let me ask u something

RYAN: what?

MICHELLE: ya got me?

RYAN: I got ya

MICHELLE: do ya got me?

RYAN: I got ya.

MICHELLE: lol I hate that guy

RYAN: yeah me too.

(Cut to the instructor, who is an overweight man with a beard, polo and cackies, who comes out of the back room)

INSTRUCTOR: Ryan Donahue?

(Cut back to texting)

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RYAN: I g2g

(Ryan rises and walks up to the instructor)

RYAN: Thatâ s me, sir.

INSTRUCTOR: Well Iâ m Mark, you donâ t see me making a big deal about it.

RYAN: You asked me if my name was Ryan Donahue, so I answered you.

MARK: Can I see your permit?

RYAN: Yeah.

(Ryan takes out his wallet and hands his permit to Mark. A close-up of the permit shows the following)

VERMONT LEARNER DRIVER LICENSE, USA VT

UNDER 21 UNTIL 6/6/2016

CLASS: C

4d DL 92749174

3 DOB 6/6/1995

Ryan Donahue

4a lss 8/10/2010 4b Exp 6/6/2013

DONAHUE

RYAN ANTHONY

8 1190 MILK RIVER DRIVE

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HANSBAY VT 05407

12 RESTRICTIONS BF, 9a End NONE

16 Hgt 5-09 15 Sex M 18 Eyes BLU

5 DD 80734087230847386723678370839893

(Cut back to the two of them)

MARK: All seems to be in order here. Although, your picture is terrible.

RYAN: Yeah, that was 2010, before I started straightening my hair.

MARK: Thatâs not why itâs bad; itâs bad because you have a black eye.

RYAN: Yeah, a few days before that, somebody beat the shit out of me for vandalizing their bike.

MARK: Jesus.

RYAN: Yeah, she was strong.

MARK: It was a girl?

RYAN: Yeah, she was like, ten.

MARK: You were beaten up by a ten-year old girl?

RYAN: It was a group of ten year olds girls, okay? Plus, I was like fifteen then.

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MARK: They were still half a decade younger than you! God, anyway, Michael Bingaman?

(A handsome young kid with straightened longer black hair, a striped jacket, a Dark Veil Grooms t-shirt and looser dark blue jeans walks up and makes Ryan smile and starry-eyed)

MICHAEL: Hello.

RYAN: Hi.

MARK: Michael, you will be observing in the back seat while Ryan drives, and then after his hour of driving is up, you will drive for an hour. Sound fair?

MICHAEL: Yeah.

RYAN: Sounds great.

MARK: Here are the keys. (Gives him the keys) Don't stick them anywhere. I'll be right back, then we'll leave.

(Mark walks away)

MICHAEL: What did he mean by 'don't stick them anywhere'?

RYAN: I don't know, so anyway, have I seen you somewhere before?

MICHAEL: Yeah, we go to the same school.

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RYAN: Right, right. Why don't you hang out with our group more?

MICHAEL: Well, I'm kind of new to the whole thing.

RYAN: (Chuckles) Yeah, clearly, considering I cannot see the outline of your knee cap right now.

MICHAEL: Yeah.

RYAN: Well, in the mornings, come hang out with Brennan, Sarah and I, we'd welcome you with open arms.

(Mark re-enters)

MARK: Let me see that key. (Ryan hands it to him and he smells it) Okay, we're good. (He hands the key back to Ryan, who is astonished, along with Michael) Let's go, faggots.

(Cut to Ethan packing a suit case in his living room. He is wearing a navy blue suit and a white shirt with a yellow tie. He is sitting on the couch with the suit case on the table. Kimberly is sitting next to him)

KIMBERLY: So what exactly is the purpose of this boon doggle to the Cayman Islands?

ETHAN: It's for company morose.

KIMBERLY: You've got to learn that word, man; it's morale for Christ's sakes!

ETHAN: Sorry! It doesn't exactly roll off the tongue!

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KIMBERLY: How?

ETHAN: Listen, Iâ€™m going to be on my best behavior. Itâ€™s not even that much of a boon doggle anyway, I mean, Mayor Sarandon and Iâ€™s money lives there.

KIMBERLY: Are you going to make a transaction or something?

ETHAN: No, Iâ€™m just going to spend time with it, teach it to play catch or ride a bike.

KIMBERLY: You didnâ€™t even do that with Ryan!

ETHAN: Whatever, I just have to pack, my flightâ€™s in two hours.

(Ethan continues packing various clothes and toiletries during the following exchange)

KIMBERLY: Well, at least youâ€™re not going to Columbia.

ETHAN: Yeah. The Secret Service? More like the secret pervice!

KIMBERLY: Wow.

ETHAN: I guess the secret service was getting a little secret service of their own.

KIMBERLY: How long have you been thinking of these?

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ETHAN: Her Majestyâs Secret Service? More like her Vagestyâs secret service!

KIMBERLY: You stole that from The Daily Show.

ETHAN: I guess secret agents really do get Pussy Galore!

KIMBERLY: Stop!

ETHAN: Whatever, Iâm just excited for this trip.

KIMBERLY: Are you just going on this trip because youâre depressed Romney has the nomination locked up?

ETHAN: Gingrich couldâve pulled it out!

KIMBERLY: Trust me; heâs done that on far too many occasions.

ETHAN: But whatever, I guess I have to support Romney now.

KIMBERLY: Youâve met Governor Romney, you were enthusiastic for him and heâs your bossâ friend!

ETHAN: Yeah, but I was forcing it. Itâs just that President Obama and Governor Romney are too similar. They both signed socialized medicine, they both went to Harvard, they both eat or torture dogs, they both are from liberal states, both of their fathers werenât born in this country and they both leave the taste of shit in my mouth.

KIMBERLY: Wow, I never realized how much they have in common before this. Well, look on the bright side, Obama had Osama Bin Laden killed; Romney said it wasnât worth spending billions of dollars to kill

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him.

ETHAN: That doesn't help!

KIMBERLY: Well, Romney doesn't inspire anyone and Obama does!

ETHAN: Also unhelpful!

(Cut to Ryan in the front seat of the car with Mark in the front and Michael in the back)

MARK: Okay, Ryan, first, you need to start the car.

RYAN: I know.

(Ryan puts the key in the ignition and starts the car)

MARK: Go ahead and start it up.

RYAN: I just did.

MARK: Yeah but I didn't make it folksy enough. Anyway, back up, please.

(Ryan looks back, turns the wheel hand over hand and backs up successfully)

MARK: Okay, now go forward, move ahead, try to protect it, it's not too late.

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RYAN: Why are you quoting Devo?

MARK: I don't know, just go forward out of the parking lot and turn to the right. (Ryan drives forward, stops at the curb, but a little too far out into the road) No, Ryan, you're a little too far out on the road, back up.

RYAN: What do you know, man?

MARK: I'm a driving instructor?

RYAN: You don't know jack! And I meant to do that, to make a point.

(Ryan backs up slightly)

MARK: What point were you trying to make exactly?

RYAN: Exactly.

MARK: What?

RYAN: Yes.

MARK: Turn on your signal.

(Ryan turns on his signal and turns when it's safe. They go down the road)

MARK: Now, let me tell you something, Riley.

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RYAN: Ryan.

MARK: I was born in 1958 in Dallas, Texas, and I used to drive all the time during the Depression.

RYAN: What?

MARK: We would pay bottle caps for blowjobs and those were the hard times.

RYAN: Wow.

MARK: Yeah, so sometimes I drove down the road with my dad and he would let me sit on his lap and take the wheel.

RYAN: Are you one of those instructors who think they have a personalized technique for teaching new drivers?

MARK: So I would be driving down the road, waving at the greasers I saw along the way, when suddenly, my dad threw me to the side and stopped the car, because there was a communist in the middle of the road protesting the black list.

RYAN: They abolished the black list in 1959; I sincerely doubt you were driving when you were one.

MARK: Listen Reynold, I know what I saw.

RYAN: You called me Ryan just a few minutes ago, this canât be unintentional!

MARK: By the way, are you sure your hair isnât blocking your eyes?

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RYAN: No, itâs fine, I can see well.

MARK: Good.

RYAN: Itâs a nice night out, isnât it?

MARK: Itâs the daytime.

RYAN: Fuck, really?

(Cut to Kimberly making a speech to the HOA)

KIMBERLY: The route weâre pursuing is a disaster. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that members of my staff be granted floor privileges for the remainder of the 12th HOA council.

EVAN: Without objection.

(Members of her staff of Elementary school kids come up with posters and place them upon a pedestal. The first poster is a crayon pie chart that shows where HOA funds are going primarily)

KIMBERLY: Thank you, Mr. President and I thank Jeff, Richard and Roy for being great little helpers.

ROY: I LIKE DINOSAURS!

KIMBERLY: âYeah. Anyway, this chart shows where HOA funds are going, Mr. President. Topiaries make up a 23% of HOA expenditures. Enforcements of HOA charter makes up 37% of expenditures. Something called âduck-blastingâ makes up seven percent of HOA expenditures.

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LYDIA: Will the right honorable member yield?

KIMBERLY: I will yield.

(Lydia rises)

LYDIA: Duck-blasting refers to the practice of controlling the duck population by spraying them with deadly chemicals through spray guns, okay? Ducks are a nuisance, and the guns aren't that expensive.

KIMBERLY: Reclaiming my time, that's fucked.

(Ellen rises)

ELLEN: Let me tell you where HOA fund are REALLY going.

KIMBERLY: I don't yield for that purpose.

EVAN: Order, please.

ELLEN: Mr. President?

EVAN: Mrs. Donahue controls the time, Mrs. Alexander.

ELLEN: Will the member yield?

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KIMBERLY: No.

ELLEN: What is the member hiding?

KIMBERLY: Mr. President, can we have order?

EVAN: Order, please. (Slams gavel) Order, please. (Slams gavel) Ellen, you can talk after the recess, but for now, Mrs. Donahue is recognized.

KIMBERLY: Thank you, Mr. President. In conclusion, we need to prioritize our spending. I yield the floor.

EVAN: Pursuant to HOA Charter Section 56-AB12, paragraph 67, clause 89-BAC15OLS, the HOA council stands adjourned until 2PM.

(Evan slams the gavel and leaves the chair. Cut to Kimberly and Ellen talking in the corner of the room)

KIMBERLY: So, what is it? Whatâs your big secret?

ELLEN: I know youâve been embezzling HOA funds towards yourself! I found the documents to prove it during the tornado lockdown! So I figured I would reveal this to everybody the next time the HOA convened. And here we are.

KIMBERLY: Listenâ Iâm not proud of what I did, but I could go to jail for doing this. I will return all the money to the HOA from my own saving and chalk it up as a donation; nobody has to know what took place.

ELLEN: Everybody in your coalition except one stole money!

KIMBERLY: Fine, Iâll donate a lump sum.

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ELLEN: Youâre missing the point. This will destroy you.

KIMBERLY: Is there anything I can do to keep you quiet? Iâll pay you five-hundred dollars in cash!

ELLEN: No, it has to be something big to keep me quiet.

KIMBERLY: Anything you have in mind, I will do.

ELLEN: *Anything?*

KIMBERLY: Well, murder is pretty much off the table.

ELLEN: Okay, that eliminates my first four options-

KIMBERLY: What?

ELLEN: But I do have two more. Number one, your coalition votes to reinstate the anti-homeless policies.

KIMBERLY: Ughâfine.

ELLEN: Number two, you must spy on my son Scott when heâs out with his girlfriend Barbara.

KIMBERLY: Are you serious?

ELLEN: Yes. I donât trust that dive-head dump sparkle.

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KIMBERLY: Were those even real insults?

ELLEN: Will you do it?

KIMBERLY: âfine. Shake?

(The two of them shake hands and continue shaking)

ELLEN: Youâre a bitch.

KIMBERLY: Youâre a bitch.

(They walk away. Cut to Ethan meeting Mayor Sarandon and Tim at the airport terminal)

ETHAN: Hello, gentleman. Let the poon doggle begin!

TIM: Hell yeah, Iâm going to get my dick so wet, that FEMA will take five days to respond to it.

(The three of them laugh)

MAYOR SARANDON: I would not want to be the mayor of your dick.

TIM: Yeah. Ethan, arenât you a Christian conservative? Why are you going on the poon doggle?

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ETHAN: I already told you guys, Iâm not going to have sex, Iâm going to watch you guys have sex while masturbating and crying in shame, clinging to my bible like Iâm a real American that President Obama despises.

MAYOR SARANDON: Seems like you kind of expect to fall to temptation.

ETHAN: Well, shit happens. Letâs go!

(Cut to Ryan driving the car with the instructor in the front and Michael in the back)

MARK: Speed up.

RYAN: I know.

MARK: Stop saying that, if you knew I wouldnât have to tell you.

RYAN: Whatever.

MARK: You know Ryan, when I served in Vietnam-

RYAN: Impossible.

MARK: We had to have much more discipline than kids do today.

RYAN: Well, if Vietcong ambush this car, Iâm ll try to have some more discipline.

MARK: Youâre about to crash into a nail salon, so we might ambush them.

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RYAN: Shit.

(Ryan swerves to avoid the nail salon)

MARK: Focus, man!

RYAN: Sorry. My hair really is becoming a problem.

MARK: No kidding.

RYAN: Honestly, I have not used my eyes to their full potential in nearly two years.

MARK: Jesus.

RYAN: Anyway, Iâm going to listen to some music if you donât mind.

MARK: I do mind.

(Ryan connects his iPod and starts playing âMothershipâ by Enter Shikari and he head bangs during the appropriate times while the instructor grabs onto the wheel and shakes his head in disapproval. Cut to Ryan and Michael speaking afterwards in the driving academy waiting room)

RYAN: Wow, that was stressful.

MICHAEL: What did he write on your paper?

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RYAN: Umâ (Takes out paper, looks at it) he just wrote â noâ in big letters.

MICHAEL: Well, he said I was skilled and agile.

RYAN: (Chuckle) Well isnâ t that great for you.

MICHAEL: (Chuckles) Yeah, I could beat you driving any day.

RYAN: But could you beat me at head banging?

MICHAEL: Actually, yeah.

RYAN: Iâ d love to see this.

MICHAEL: Trust me, if there was a Nobel Prize for head banging, I would be a laureate.

RYAN: (Chuckles) Maybe we should listen to music sometime, or hang out or something. Test this out.

MICHAEL: Sure. Whatâ s your Twitter handle? Iâ ll â atâ you.

RYAN: Iâ m not on Twitter; Iâ m on Facebook, MySpace, Friendster, Google Plus, Tumblr, StumbleUpon, Instagram, LinkedIn, Yelp and MyYearbook.

MICHAEL: Youâ re not on Twitter but youâ re on Yelp? Also, how can you â be onâ Instagram?

RYAN: I have a black and white picture of me and itâ s pretty awesome. If they had a Nobel Prize for having a black and white picture of me, then Iâ d be a Laura.

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MICHAEL: A laureate.

RYAN: Right.

MICHAEL: Well, whether Iâ€™m better at head banging or you are, we can all agree your better at almost killing a bunch of Vietnamese women.

RYAN: (Laughs) Yeah. That was close. Alright dude, it was nice meeting you.

MICHAEL: Yeah, same. Iâ€™ll see you around. Ryan Donahue, right?

RYAN: Yes. Michael Bingaman, correct?

MICHAEL: Yeah. Well, my momâ€™s here. Bye.

RYAN: Bye.

(Michael exits stage right. Cut to Ryan lying on his bed, starry-eyed. Jacob enters the room)

JACOB: Hey, do we have any oh shit you just met someone didnâ€™t you?

RYAN: Yeah.

JACOB: Goddamnit. Who?

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RYAN: Michael Bingaman.

JACOB: Okay, now I really don't want to be involved.

(Ryan gets up and walks over to Jacob)

RYAN: You have to understand man, this guy is pure gold! He has long hair and a great smile and pure eyes and perfectly tan skin.

JACOB: Stop, dude, you know this makes me uncomfortable. We've been over this before. Remember when Michelle rejected you? Yeah, you were in your room for five days in the dark, doing God knows what, and now you're setting yourself up for rejection again. What were you doing in there by the way?

(Cut to Ryan in his dark room with pictures of Michelle with knives through them everywhere and tons of bloody tissues and pornography laying around, with really loud emo music playing as Ryan uses a child's chalkboard on a pedestal to draw a picture of him and Michelle together with his own blood from his wrist. He is wearing ripped skinny jeans and his hair is unkempt)

RYAN: I'm gonna—I'm gonna get this shit in the Smithsonian museum for selfish BITCHES.

(Cut back to Ryan and Jacob talking)

JACOB: I can tell it was really fucked up from the look on your face.

RYAN: Here's a tip. When cutting, go down the road (Indicates his finger down his wrist) not across the street. (Indicates his finger across his wrist)

JACOB: I'm never going to need that advice.

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RYAN: I should set up an account on Twitter, maybe have a series of tweets called #RyansProTips or something, I think that would be really-

JACOB: Ryan.

RYAN: I could get followers, have a nice following, give out some simple tips on life,

JACOB: Ryan.

RYAN: I could impress Michelle or Michael and it would be terrific and-

JACOB: RYAN!

RYAN: WHAT?

JACOB: You need to calm down. First of all, are you not over Michelle yet?

RYAN: Weâre still friends and stuff; itâs just that I think, eventually, sheâll come around.

JACOB: What about Michael?

RYAN: Who?

JACOB: Michael, the kid you just said was âpure goldâ.

RYAN: Oh yeah, I like him too. Maybe he can be my rebound.

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JACOB: Rebound from what? You and Michelle never dated.

RYAN: Michelle and *I* never dated.

JACOB: â€¦Yeah.

RYAN: Whatever, man, Iâ€™ll just befriend Michael for now and see where it goes. As for Michelle, I would say sheâ€™s worth fighting for, and I have the battle scars to prove it.

JACOB: Is that from a poem you wrote or something?

RYAN: No, I actually slit my leg with a knife to prove my love for her.

(Ryan forces his pant leg up to reveal the scar)

JACOB: Ugh. Thatâ€™s painful to bear witness to.

RYAN: Yeah, it turns out it worked better in the Tragedy of Julius Caesar than in real life.

JACOB: I would say thatâ€™s usually the case.

RYAN: Anyway, I have to go meet Michael at the park.

JACOB: Okay then. (Ryan walks out of his room, he stands there for a few seconds) Oh shit, REMEMBER RYAN, A MORMON CHURCH GROUP MEETS AT THAT PARK EVERY MONDAY! (Pause) Damn it, he didnâ€™t hear me. Well, at least theyâ€™ll baptize his grave when they kill him.

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(Cut to Ethan, Tim and Mayor Sarandon dressed in casual beach apparel, sitting in a huge deluxe suite in the Cayman Islands. Ethan is sitting on a couch made of tiger skin, Tim is standing near a bear statue and Mayor Sarandon is sitting on a couch made of some squishy pink material)

MAYOR SARANDON: You know, they say this couch is made of celebrity vagina skin.

ETHAN: Thatâs really weird. How would they get that skin anyway?

TIM: How do you get any skin? Ohh!

(Tim and Mayor Sarandon high-five)

ETHAN: Seriously though, thatâs fucked. If what youâre saying is true, they had to get the skin some way, and I donât want to even think about how.

TIM: Of course you wouldnât know how to get pussy skin! OHH!

(Tim and Sarandon high-five once again)

ETHAN: That was very similar to the other joke.

TIM: The cooch skin wouldnât want you either! OHH!

(They high-five a third time)

ETHAN: Stop!

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TIM: Sorry.

ETHAN: Let's go see where our money lives, gentlemen.

TIM: I actually don't have a Cayman Islands tax shelter.

ETHAN: What?

MAYOR SARANDON: Are you serious?

TIM: Mine's in the Virgin Islands!

(They all laugh hysterically. Cut to Ethan, Tim and Mayor Sarandon at the bank. A brown man in a suit is the teller)

ETHAN: Hello, I'd like to see my money for visitation.

TELLER: (British accent) What is your name, sir?

ETHAN: Ethan Donahue, but this is a tax shelter, so the account is only accessible via a number. Brian, do you have the number ready?

MAYOR SARANDON: What?

ETHAN: Do you have the number?

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MAYOR SARANDON: No! You didnâ t give me the number!

(Ethan turns around)

ETHAN: Yes I did, I left it on an envelope on your desk!

MAYOR SARANDON: I didnâ t notice it, why wouldnâ t you take it with you?

ETHAN: Because I didnâ t have enough room in my luggage!

MAYOR SARANDON: You didnâ t have enough room for an ENVELOPE?

ETHAN: It was packed man, a fucking atom couldnâ t fit in there! Goddamnit, we donâ t have my number. (Ethan turns around) LET ME SEE MY MONEY, SIR!

TELLER: Sorry, sir. You need the number to access the cash.

ETHAN: THAT IS MY MONEY! I RAISED IT AS MY OWN AND I SEND IT OFF TO AN OFFSHORE TAX SHELTER TO REDUCE THE AMOUNT OWED IN CAPITAL GAINS AND INCOME TAXES, AND YOU WONâ T EVEN LET MY MONEY SEE THEIR FATHER? THEY MUST FEEL SO ALONE IN THAT SAFE, JUST COLLECTING DUST! THEY HAVE NO FATHER TO NURTURE THEM! NONE!

TELLER: SECURITY!

(Security escorts Ethan out)

ETHAN: MA BOYSâ LL FIND THEY HOMES, YA HEAR?

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TIM: Why did he gain a southern accent?

(Cut to Kimberly in a parked car at night with binoculars outside Ellen's house)

KIMBERLY: I can't believe I'm doing this.

(Scott and Barbara exit the house, Scott is wearing hipster glasses and a plaid shirt with tan jeans and Toms shoes while Barbara is wearing skinny blue jeans, VANS shoes and a white TYLER'S shirt)

KIMBERLY: Wow, Hipster at 10 o'clock. Where are they going?

(They enter their car, back out and drive off. Kimberly also starts her car and begins to follow them. Cut to Ryan sitting on a park bench by a big tree with a playground in the background. After a few seconds, Michael shows up)

MICHAEL: Hey.

(Ryan gets up and walks over to him)

RYAN: What's up, man?

MICHAEL: Nothing, I just really wanted to meet you again. Something about you, you just fill my heart with despair every time I see you.

RYAN: Thank you.

(Cut to a man in a Crocodile hunter type outfit with the words EMO HUNTER stitched on, he is several feet away from Michael and Ryan looking into the camera)

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EMO HUNTER: (Australian accent) Hello there, mates! Iâ€™m Sam Irwin, the emo hunter! As you can see, emos complement each other in ways that would seem like insults to normal people! Itâ€™s an entire sub culture based off of depression and darkness, after all! Letâ€™s watch.

(Cut back to Ryan and Michael)

RYAN: You just, darken every room you walk into.

MICHAEL: Thatâ€™s very kind of you.

RYAN: Iâ€™m serious!

MICHAEL: Youâ€™re too kind!

RYAN: Itâ€™s true, though.

(They pause for a second, then they walk closer to each other and begin to make out. After fifteen seconds of that, the following happens)

UNKNOWN VOICE: HEY!

(They stop and turn around to see five adults with black ties and short sleeves, dress pants and dress shoes, holding Books of Mormon with little Mormon school children surrounding them)

MORMON 1: Well, what in the heck is this?

RYAN: Uh, who are you people?

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MORMON 1: I am Sherrod Burr; this is Richard Cantwell, Ben Carper, Tom Coats and Daniel Cochran. We are all from the Jesus Christ Church of Latter-day Saints of Hansbay, Vermont, and we demand to know what in the heck youâre doing.

MICHAEL: Why is it any of your business?

SHERROD: Because this park belongs to the Jesus Christ Church of Latter-day Saints, and we will not have sin corrode it!

RYAN: You own this park?

RICHARD: Yes. We donate a lot of money to the city so they can build property, and our only condition is that we own it.

BEN: Therefore, we have sole discretion to remove any persons engaging in lascivious behavior we donât agree with, and you are those persons. Touching lips between men of the same sex is an abomination onto the Lord Joseph Smi-I mean, Jesus Christ. That saliva your exchanging might as well be the Devilâs blood.

MICHAEL: But itâs not, itâs saliva.

TOM: Funny guy here, huh?

MICHAEL: Not reallyâ ;

SHERROD: Listen, we have a church activity for kids/Romney 2012 fundraiser scheduled right now, so you two need to ske-daddle, or our bouncers will kick your butts out of here.

RYAN: Mormon bouncers?

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SHERROD: Yeah, Mormon bouncers.

RYAN: What are they gonna do? Choke me with thermal underwear?

MICHAEL: Maybe heâll break a beer bottle-oh wait.

(They both laugh and high five)

SHERROD: Heâs broken water bottles open before. You donât want to fudge with him.

RYAN: First of all, water bottles are not made of glass, secondly, if you canât curse, donât use euphemisms either, itâs dumb!

RICHARD: Thatâs it, SECURITY!

(Two incredibly strong Mormon bouncers walk over wearing dress shoes, dress pants, short-sleeve dress shirts and black ties. They grab the two and lift them up by their shirts)

MORMON BOUNCER 1: YOU TWO HOMOS WILL NEVER COME HERE AGAIN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!

RYAN: YES, SIR!

MORMON BOUNCER 2: WHAT ABOUT YOU?!

MICHAEL: COULD YOU REPEAT IT?

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(Ryan kicks Michael)

MICHAEL: I MEAN YES, SIR!

(The two bouncers throw Ryan and Michael to the field outside the playground and park area. They get up and dust themselves off)

RYAN: WHATEVER, MAN! WE'RE GOING TO HOLD AN OBAMA FUNDRAISER/GAY FUCK FEST RIGHT OVER HERE WHERE YOU DON'T OWN SHIT!

MICHAEL: Let's not.

RYAN: Yeah, I'm tired. Want to go get snow cones?

MICHAEL: Absolutely.

(They turn around and walk off into the distance. Cut to a snow cone stand with tables and umbrellas surrounding it. It is nightfall and Ryan and Michael are ordering from Josh)

RYAN: Yes, I'd like a Tiger's Blood, extra Tiger, and Michael?

MICHAEL: Cherry lime.

RYAN: Cherry lime.

JOSH: That'd be four dollars.

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RYAN: Okay.

(He reaches into his pocket and pulls out four one dollar bills and hands them to Josh. Meanwhile, Michelle walks up behind him and puts her hands over his eyes)

RYAN: Michael, I already know youâre there-

MICHELLE: Guess who?

RYAN: Madeline?

MICHELLE; Noâ!

RYAN: Mom?

MICHELLE: Not quiteâ!

RYAN: (Scared) Logan?

MICHELLE: You mean the insane kid who was shot in the leg two weeks ago?

RYAN: Yeah, him.

MICHELLE: No, itâs Michelle.

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RYAN: Ohhh.

(Ryan turns around to hug her and then they end the embrace)

MICHELLE: What are you up to?

RYAN: Just ordering snow cones, you know. Not a big deal.

MICHELLE: How are your parents?

RYAN: Theyâre fine I guess, my dadâs in the Cayman Islands for a boon doggle, and I donât know what my momâs doing.

(Scott and Barbara walk up to the stand and face Josh)

MICHELLE: That sounds fun, who is this here?

MICHAEL: Hi, Iâm Michael.

MICHELLE: Yeah, Iâve seen you around before, didnât you used to wear American Eagle or-

MICHAEL: NO.

RYAN: Wow, defensive much?

SCOTT: I would like to order a tall Jersey City snow cone, please.

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JOSH: Extra meat?

SCOTT: Yes.

BARBARA: I would like a Chocolate Delite snow cone, please.

JOSH: Coming right up!

(Scott and Barbara go sit down)

MICHELLE: So what have you guys been doing?

MICHAEL: Well, itâs a funny story; Mormons kicked us out a park for making-

RYAN: A cake.

MICHELLE: What?

RYAN: Yeah, we were making a cake in the park.

MICHELLE: Why?

RYAN: Butter, milk, yeast, all that stuff.

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MICHELLE: I didn't ask you anything that would warrant that answer. (Michelle's text tone goes off and she picks it up) Oh! I've got to go. See you at work tomorrow. Nice to meet you Michael and bye Ryan!

MICHAEL: Bye!

RYAN: Bye!

(Michelle leaves)

MICHAEL: What's wrong with you, are you not out yet?

RYAN: No, I am, it's just not to Michelle. I like her.

MICHAEL: Ohhhhh, so you're bi, which once again proves my theory! say it with me.

RYAN AND MICHAEL: There are no gay emo kids!

RYAN: Right. (Pause) Wait, is that my mom in that car with the binoculars? MOM! IS THAT YOU?

(Cut to Kimberly in her parked car with her binoculars. She rolls down the window)

KIMBERLY: ELLEN'S KID IS FUCKIN' BORING!

END

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