

TIFFANY

RAY DONOVAN

EP. 201

WRITER'S 1ST DRAFT

1-8-14

20.

1/4

DARYLL

Relax? I'm fighting in a couple of hours. What the fuck you offering me a drink for?

Mickey shrugs. Daryll looks worried.

19 INT./EXT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

19

Ray's speeding. The contestant, TIFFANY, is sitting next to him, with a towel pressed against the gunshot, and a tourniquet Ray has fashioned. There's blood everywhere. She's moaning and crying.

RAY

Keep pressure on that.

TIFFANY

Oh my God, I'm dying. I was supposed to perform tonight! Now, I'm gonna die at number three.

Ray calmly reaches into her purse, grabs her wallet, pulls it out.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

My insurance card is in the outer pocket.

Ray rolls down his window and throws her wallet out the window.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Are you crazy?!

← CUT

Ray's phone rings. Ray holds up a finger to the girl --quiet. The call comes in over his bluetooth.

PRINCIPAL AMATO

Mr. Donovan, it's Principal Amato. There's been an incident at school involving your son, Conor. Your wife is on her way.

RAY

Is he alright?

PRINCIPAL AMATO

He's fine. But he's in serious trouble. You need to come in right away.

Ray makes a turn, knocking the girl against the door. She screams in pain. Ray puts his hand over her mouth. She goes to bite him.

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~~RAY~~
I'll be there as soon as I can.

Ray hangs up. He takes the girl's purse now and throws that out the window.

TIFFANY
Are you fucking nuts? What the fuck are you doing?

← CONT.

20 INT. RAY'S CAR / EXT. PARK - DAY

20

Ray pulls up at a park in Beverly Hills. A Nanny or two over by some swings. No one else there. Ray reaches for a gun in his glove compartment.

RAY
Get out.

TIFFANY
No! You're gonna kill me!

She starts to sob hysterically --

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(explaining)
He came onto me. He was a judge.
What was I supposed to do?

RAY
You wanna be onstage tonight and have a chance to win? Or do you want to be the girl that got fucked by Deonte Brown? And shot by his wife?
(beat)
Get out of the car and go stand by that tree.

TIFFANY
No! I want to go to Cedars right now!

RAY
Do what I tell you to do and you'll be there in a few minutes.

She walks over to the tree.

Ray shoots once at the tree, once in the air. She screams, her nerves shot. Ray approaches her.

RAY (CONT'D)
Shhh. Listen to me.
(MORE)

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RAY (CONT'D)

You were mugged by a man, and you didn't see his face.

Ray takes the towel from her hands and turns to leave--

TIFFANY

(screams)

No, don't leave me!

RAY

You're gonna be fine. I promise.

Just then, LENA appears from behind a stand of trees. She makes eye contact with Ray and walks to Tiffany. Ray gets in his car and drives off. Lena has her phone out, and is about to dial 911--

LENA

Hey, how you doing?

TIFFANY

(hysterical)

How do you think I'm doing?! I'm dying!

LENA

You need to calm down, okay? Take a deep breath.

Tiffany can't. Lena snaps her fingers in her face.

LENA (CONT'D)

Hey! Focus.

911 picks up--

LENA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

There's been a mugging! This girl just got shot. She's bleeding. Please hurry --

She gives the address and hangs up.

LENA (CONT'D)

You're a really good singer. I saw you perform.

TIFFANY

You watch the show?

LENA

You've got a real shot here.

(MORE)

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LENA (CONT'D)

But if you don't follow the story
I'm gonna tell you, we're gonna shoot
you again.

← END

21 INT. SNAP MEETING - DAY

21

Survivors Network of Those Abused by Priests. Bunchy, still looking cleaned up, is sharing with the group. The usual assortment of abused men. No women.

BUNCHY

I made my Dad leave my apartment.
I'm living on my own again. Like a
grown up. It ain't all roses and
rainbows.

This is very hard for him, but he is determined to be better,
to share, to open up.

BUNCHY (CONT'D)

Sometimes I'm lonely.

Bunchy stops for a moment, looks up. Takes a breath.

BUNCHY (CONT'D)

The good part is I'm not around his
porn no more. No more booze, no more
coke, no more hookers.

A few men nod in solidarity with what he is going through.

BUNCHY (CONT'D)

(beat)

And I got a job interview at a bike
shop today.

SNAP MEMBER

You'd be good at that, Bunchy.

ANOTHER SNAP MEMBER

You look good, Bunch. I like your
tie.

They all clap. Bunchy smiles, very fortified by the support.

22 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS SHOP / INT. RAY'S CAR - DAY

22

Ray, his white shirt covered with Tiffany's blood, pulls up
in front of a hi-end men's store. He picks up his phone,
dials.