

RAY DONOVAN

By

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[Ray Donovan: The Movie \[4K UHD\]>>](#)

Pilot Episode
"The Bag or the Bat"
05/26/11

INT. WALPOLE PRISON MASS. - DAY

A man, MICKEY DONOVAN, hard, mid- 70's, is being released. As he is being processed out by a WARDEN and a SOCIAL WORKER.

WARDEN

Different world out there, Mickey.
Stay out of trouble.

Mickey signs the final paperwork, is presented with some clothes from the 80's.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is that, a leisure
suit?

They all get a laugh out of them. Mickey pushes them back, you keep them. An emotional moment. None of them knows what to do or say. Mickey swallows hard and exits.

EXT. WALPOLE PRISON - DAY

As Mickey looks up at the blue, blue sky. Freedom. It's been a long time coming. No one is there to meet him. It is winter, there is snow banked along the streets.

EXT. HOUSE - DORCHESTER

An old wooden house. Mickey pays off a sketchy looking guy in his 50's, who steps aside as he opens up the door.

INT. HOUSE - DORCHESTER

Mickey takes it in. He is flooded with memories. No time for this now. He peeks through the window to make sure the caretaker is waiting by his car at the curb. Then Mickey counts the wooden steps up to the second floor. He stops at 10. Leans down and unpries a floorboard on the stairs. Reaches inside and gets a small steel box. Opens it up. Inside is a gun.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT APT. - NIGHT

An elderly man is getting ready for bed. Listening to liturgical music. Loud. He is startled suddenly by movement in the doorway. He looks up to see Mickey, who closes the door and approaches him quickly. Before the Man can shout or try to escape, Mickey wrestles him down to the bed, forcing the gun into his mouth. It is a terrible thing to watch.

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MICKEY

How does it feel you cocksucker?
You like it?

After a moment or two of this, Mickey removes the gun. Aims it at the man, who is now resigned to his fate. Something in his posture and eyes tells us he has been waiting for this moment a long, long time. Mickey backs up a few steps and fires. The sound is swallowed by the music. Mickey turns and leaves the room, taking the gun with him.

CREDITS ROLL and we cross fade the MUSIC with --

Doris Day singing "Hooray for Hollywood", in her cheerful sunny voice.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. LOS ANGELES -MORNING

As we cruise along the Sunset Strip. Ghostly quiet this early. We pass many iconic sights, until we see the boxy, modern Mondrian up ahead. We stop, and then move up across the facade of the building. Past the awning of the Penthouse and through the balcony into the dark rooms beyond, where the sunlight is just penetrating.

INT. MONDRIAN PENTHOUSE - MORNING

A young black basketball star, DEONTE FRASIER, is just coming to. The room is dark. Lots of bottles, evidence of a party. He yawns, sits up. Next to him, in bed, a naked young woman with a bad nosebleed and fake tits. Her eyes are open. It takes DEONTE a moment to realize she is dead. As he freaks --

We move back out of the room, faster now, along Sunset, the huge iconic mansions -- zipping through Beverly Hills, everything verdant and lush, the jacaranda blooming like mad. And we begin to HEAR THE SOUNDS OF RAP MUSIC, over the other music now --

The camera swoops over bluffs now, down to the aqua Pacific, along the Coast, past beautiful palaces perched on the edge of the sparkling water, and finally lands in a neighborhood with a mix of huge houses, all in wildly disparate architectural styles --

CALABASAS

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE -MORNING

RAY DONOVAN, 45, is in bed, sleeping, next to his wife ABBY. The dulcet sounds of Doris Day have been totally replaced by the heavy thumping.

Rap music coming from somewhere in this upscale neighborhood.

ABBY
Goddammit.

Ray throws an arm across her.

RAY
Go back to sleep.

She sits up on an elbow, stares at him. He is a handsome man. Abby is in her early forties, has more of a Boston accent than Ray, who has mostly gotten rid of his.

ABBY
You think they'd put up with this
shit in Beverly Hills?
(beat)
We're freaking moving, Ray.

Ray's cell phone rings. He looks at it. It says DEONTE. He has to take it.

We INTERCUT between Ray and DEONTE at The Mondrian --

RAY
Yeah, Deonte --what's up?

DEONTE
(whispers)
I'm at The Mondrian.
(beat)
I got a strange female in the bed
with me.

RAY
Alright, what's the problem? She
want money?

DEONTE
I think she's dead.

RAY
Did you kill her?

Ray looks at Abby, she knows to get up and leave, she is used to this.

DEONTE
No, dog, I didn't even fuck her! She
was doing blow all night! I think
she overdosed! Oh my god!

RAY

Take your hand and put it under her nose.

DEONTE

I can't! I think there's blood there. She had a nosebleed. My dick is covered in blood! This is so extreme!!

RAY

Do it now, Deonte.

DEONTE

(starts to cry)

I can't!!! Oh my god, what if she passed?

RAY

You think you're the first person I've dealt with woke up in bed with a dead body? Take your fingers and feel for a breath. If she's alive we need to save her life.

Deonte does.

DEONTE

She's dead, dog.

(beat)

I don't even know her! I met her last night in the Sky Bar! I don't even do drugs --I'm an athlete!

RAY

Alright, listen to me. Don't touch anything, don't call anyone. I'm sending someone.

DEONTE

I just signed an 80 million dollar contract, cuz!! TMZ was following me last night!

RAY

Calm down. I'm on it. Just sit tight.

Ray hangs up. Makes a call. Connects with someone on the other end. This is AVI THE JEW, his #1. Avi is enormous -- just huge. Solid muscle with a thick overlay of fat. Maybe Mossad once?

He is sitting alone at Nate and Al's, in front of a staggering amount of food.

RAY (CONT'D)

Av? We have a situation at The Mondrian. Deonte Frasier's got a dead girl in his bed. I think she overdosed. Get over there and hold his hand, see what's what.

AVI THE JEW (V.O.)

I'm on it, Raymond.

RAY hangs up, goes into action, dials another number. This is his #2, LENA, 28. She is dark, intense. We Intercut --

LENA (V.O.)

Yo, boss.

RAY

Lena, honey. Get to the office now. I'll call you back in 10 minutes when I'm on the road. Deonte Frasier's in bed at the Mondrian with a dead girl, maybe a hooker.

LENA (V.O.)

I hate when that happens.

She hangs up, turns to the young woman next to her in bed.

LENA (CONT'D)

I have to leave. Get dressed.

Back to Ray, who is madly hurrying now, grabbing clothes and slamming into the shower.

INT. KITCHEN - CALABASAS - MORNING

Ray is dressed, a button up cashmere polo, nice jeans, loafers. He carries a garment bag, lays it down across a chair. Abby is sitting having a cup of coffee. Ray pours a cup, downs it fast. The thumping of rap music continues.

Their kid, BRIDGET, 14, already dressed for school in some tarty outfit, has a huge poster board she is finishing gluing a piece onto. It is a family tree for a school project.

RAY

You're not going to school in that.

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ABBY

This is how they dress in Calabasas.
You want her to dress different, she
needs to go to Buckley or
Harvard/Westlake.

BRIDGET

I'm not wearing a uniform.

Ray grabs his keys, then stops, can't help himself -studies the family tree for a moment. On Abby's side, lots and lots of siblings with kids. On his side, his brothers TERRY and BUNCHY, with no children underneath. And a sister, BRIDGET, with the word "deceased" under it. Also, his father and mother, both with "deceased" under their names.

RAY

That's nice, honey.

ABBY

She needs to talk to Bunchy and Terry.
She has to interview everyone.

Ray nods okay, but he doesn't seem thrilled by the idea.

BRIDGET

How come they didn't have any kids?

ABBY

Terry's got Parkinson's, honey.

Their son, CONOR, 12, comes in. He's a tough little fucker, has a bruise under his eye. Ray is about to walk out, immediately notices it.

RAY

What's that?

ABBY

Your son's getting in fights.

CONOR

Bullshit. I fell at soccer.
(he's heard the
Parkinson's comment)
Does that mean we're gonna get it?

RAY

No, Terry got it from boxing. He
got hit in the head too much.

He is at the door when --

CONOR

So why didn't Bunchy have kids?

A beat. Ray doesn't like talking about them. At all.

ABBY

He has issues.

BRIDGET

He got molested by a priest when they were little.

Ray shoots Abby a dirty look, can't believe she shared this with Bridget --

CONOR

(he's never heard
this)

Really?

BRIDGET

Yeah, that's why Dad was always so obsessed about no one touching our privates. And it's why we don't go to church.

Abby, furious at the continued thumping, gets up and starts to do her version of a hip-hop dance, exaggerated and obscene. Conor laughs, Bridget is disgusted. Ray watches her, they still dig each other. He grabs his garment bag --

RAY

I gotta go, where's my i-Pad?

Abby has it, has been reading his Calendar. He grabs it from her, pissed off.

ABBY

You didn't tell me you're doing something for Stu Feldman --

Ray won't discuss his clients --

ABBY (CONT'D)

He's on the board at Marlborough.

Ray still doesn't say anything. Finally --

RAY

I'll try.

ABBY
Not good enough, Ray. Promise me.

Conor looks at Ray nervously. Ray nods, moves to the door--

ABBY (CONT'D)
Say it.

RAY
I promise.

Ray goes to Conor.

RAY (CONT'D)
You're fighting, I want to know.

Conor ignores him.

RAY (CONT'D)
You hear me? Con?

CONOR
Yes.

Ray cups his face with his hand, examines the bruise, then kisses the top of his head and leaves the room.

INT. RAY'S CAR- MOVING -DAY

He's driving fast through Calabasas. Passes a huge vulgar mansion where the LOUD RAP MUSIC is coming from. Ray pulls over, sits studying the house for a second. He's on the speaker phone with Avi. Intercut between Ray and Avi, now inside the Mondrian Penthouse with --

Deonte, who is sitting in a chair, his head in his hands.

Avi is busy spraying the room to find fingerprints. As they appear, he wipes them down. A large black case is on the bed, with his tools.

RAY
You got it under control?

AVI THE JEW
So far, so good.

Ray gets beeped. It is Lena.

THE SCREEN SPLITS INTO THREE PARTS NOW, WE SEE EACH OF THEM IN CLOSE UP AS RAY JUGGLES CALLS.

LENA

I called our plant at TMZ, nothing about anything with Deonte or The Mondrian --

RAY

Good. Get me Lee Drexler --

Ray has already pulled away from the rap house, zips onto the freeway.

As Lena connects him with this call -- THE SCREEN NOW SPLITS INTO FOUR PARTS, TO INCLUDE LEE DREXLER, 50, with a short silver buzz cut. He is a power broker, one of the handful of lawyers who control the town.

RAY (CONT'D)

(to Lena)

Hold on, doll --

(talks to LEE)

Lee, where are we with the Tommy Jenkins thing?

LEE DREXLER is apoplectic.

LEE DREXLER

Where are we? His career is finished, that's where we are.

(beat)

Guy has a 200 million dollar **heterosexual** movie coming out in a month?!!! Picks up a trannie on Sunset Blvd?

We HOLD ON A CLOSE UP OF RAY. The wheels are spinning --

RAY

Can you get him in to your office now? Ten minutes or so?

LEE

Yeah, I'll teleport him.

RAY

Get him there as soon as you can, I got an idea -- we can kill two birds with one stone.

Lee hangs up to do it, and Ray suddenly pulls off the freeway, horns beeping, as he whips his car onto an off ramp.

As he reconnects with Lena --

RAY (CONT'D)

Call Avi back, tell him to finish cleaning the room. I'll be there in thirty minutes.

He is almost zen calm now, because he knows exactly how he is going to handle things.

EXT. GOODMAN/DREXLER LAW FIRM

The enormous building on Wilshire which houses the law firm that is Ray's biggest client. As Ray zooms into the underground parking.

INT. GOODMAN/DREXLER

Ray enters LEE DREXLER'S OFFICE. Lee, 50, is screaming at --

A young actor, blonde, built, TOMMY JENKINS, 20's, who nods at Ray as Ray comes in --

LEE

(to Ray)

You know what this asshole just told me? He was raised to help a woman! A woman?!

(to Tommy)

Women don't have cocks, you moron!

TOMMY

It was the middle of the night --she ran out of gas!

LEE

Shut the fuck up!

TOMMY

(to Ray)

I didn't know it was a guy! On my life.

LEE

Yeah, what about the one who called Marty Gross at Stalkerazzi saying you picked him up a month before that?

TOMMY

You know how many guys look like me? People are asking for the Tommy Jenkins body at my gym!

LEE
 You fucking cocksucking liar!! You
 know what's gonna happen to you?
 You're gonna be taking it up the ass
 in 3-D! For the rest of your life!!

Ray turns to Lee --

RAY
 Lee, lemme handle this.

TOMMY
 I didn't know it was a guy! I swear!!

LEE
 (shouting)
 Guy had an adam's apple the size of
 my fist!!
 (beat)
 I'm not your lawyer anymore! Your
 career is over!

Ray is waiting. Tommy starts to cry.

RAY
 Tommy, look at me.

Tommy does.

TOMMY
 I'm so sorry! I'm so embarrassed!
 It's like I'm addicted or something.

RAY
 Tommy, listen to me. I have a way
 to get you out of this.

TOMMY
How? What?

RAY
 You're gonna go away for six weeks.

TOMMY
 Away? Away where?

RAY
 Rehab. If you do what I tell you,
 you'll get your career back. You
 wanna do that?

Tommy nods tentatively.

RAY (CONT'D)

But once we put this in motion,
there's no turning back. You're not
gonna like the medicine. But it'll
save your career. You want your
career back?

A long beat. Tommy nods yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - MORNING

He and Tommy are racing to The Mondrian. Ray's back on the phone with Lena.

RAY

Call TMZ and leak the news that Tommy
Jenkins is at The Mondrian with a
dead girl. Then get over there and
represent him. You're his press
agent, or you work for the studio.
You try to control the story.

LENA

Got it, boss.

Tommy Jenkins looks panicked as the seriousness of this starts to hit him.

TOMMY

Did I kill her?

RAY

No. She overdosed.

TOMMY

I'm gonna throw up.

INT. PENTHOUSE - THE MONDRIAN

Ray and Tommy are both there. So is Deonte.

DEONTE

Thanks for doing this, man. I'll
get you front row seats to all my
games, dog.

Tommy is too freaked out to talk. He keeps staring at the dead girl, her fake tits.

Avi finishes vacuuming pubic hairs off the bed with a hand-held dust buster.

RAY
(to Deonte)
What'd you tell your wife?

DEONTE
That I got back from Vegas early, I missed her. Gonna take her to The Ivy.

RAY
No, have breakfast here, that way if someone sees you here, you're with your wife, nobody connects you with the dead girl.

Avi takes out a syringe and draws fresh blood from inside the dead hooker's nose. Injects it into a little plastic cup, then hands the cup to Tommy.

AVI THE JEW
Go smear this on your dick. She had a nosebleed and bled on your dick. Bring the cup back to me.

Tommy looks like he's going to faint.

EXT. THE MONDRIAN - MORNING

Out in front. TMZ, who has offices down the street, have taken minutes to get there. Other Papparrazi have gathered. Lena is there, she and the manager are keeping everyone behind a roped off area.

TMZ GUY
Is he in there?

LENA
Yes, I can confirm that Tommy Jenkins is in the hotel. That's all I can tell you at this point.

She's good.

INT. THE MONDRIAN - MORNING

Avi is checking the hallway. He nods once to Deonte, who waits just inside the room. Deonte strolls out of the room, down the hallway, Avi just in front of him, on the lookout for anyone who might fuck this up.

EXT. THE MONDRIAN - MORNING

The crowd is really getting huge now. This is a big, big story. Lena watches as a cop car pulls up. A uniform cop gets out, with another cop. Lena reads his nametag --

LENA

Officer Davis, my client is inside.
I believe he's in some trouble.
Could I come in with you?

OFFICER DAVIS

Yeah, come on.

EXT. THE MONDRIAN TERRACE - MORNING

Deonte is holding the hand of his gorgeous blinged out, bi-racial wife. They are having breakfast in the outdoor living room.

RAY -- walks past them, on his way out. He and Deonte nod to each other.

EXT. THE MONDRIAN - MORNING

Ray has parked on the street by the side of the hotel. He gets into his car and takes off. Immediately calls Lee. We intercut --

LEE

This gonna fly?

RAY

Yeah, worked out fine. They'll let him go in a few hours, we put him straight into Promises.

LEE

Suck one cock, you're a cocksucker for life. Get caught with a dead girl, admit to a drug problem and go to rehab --no problem. Crazy town, right? I'll deal with the studio.

(beat)

Stu Feldman just called, you're late. You gotta get over to Paramount.

RAY

I was gonna go see Ezra.

LEE

Ezra's fine. He's grieving. You'll see him tomorrow at the service. Get over to Paramount.

RAY

Lee? Do me a favor. Don't tell me what to do.

Ray hangs up on him.

Lee simultaneously picks up a call from Marty Gross at Stalkerazzi.

LEE

Marty, my friend! I told you he's not a fag!! You see that trannie? I would have fucked that trannie! You drop the fag stuff, I'll get you the first interview with him from rehab.

Ray has turned around in the hills, pulls in front of The Mondrian to get back onto Sunset just as Tommy Jenkins is brought out by Officer Davis. Lena is with him. The Papparazzi go nuts.

As Ray drives past them, we pan up to reveal a huge billboard of Tommy, cradling an Uzi. It reads "Bo Bronson Back to Save the World" with the single word "May" underneath.

EXT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS -MORNING

Ray drives through the gates to valet parking.

INT. STU FELDMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Anorexic, late 30's, with a kind of intense unearned intimacy. He has a red string tied around one of his wrists. He touches it incessantly. Ray sits across from him.

STU FELDMAN

I been seeing this chick, I want you to follow her, see if she's fucking around on me.

Ray nods. His phone is vibrating. He looks at it. It says "Terry."

STU FELDMAN (CONT'D)

I'm married. Lee told you that, right?

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