RAY DONOVAN

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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.

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.

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 <u>finished</u>, 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 <u>woman</u>?!
(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
<u>How</u>? <u>What</u>?

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 vacumning 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 <u>good</u>.

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?

Again Ray nods.

STU FELDMAN (CONT'D)
You think I'm a scumbag, right? Married, but I'm fucking around with this chick?

RAY
I'm not here to judge you. It's not what I do.

STU FELDMAN
You don't think I know what you do? Lee says you're the best PI in town.
(beat)
I love my wife but this chick has her claws in me. Sexually. My wife doesn't want to have sex with me anymore. I don't feel good about myself. You ever do growth hormone?

Ray shakes his head no. Stu Feldman continues to play with the red string on his wrist.

STU FELDMAN (CONT'D)
You think it's Kabbalah, right? It's not. It's to remind me it's the hand of taking. It should be the hand of giving. I want to give more.

Ray thinks about the Abby thing for a moment, the fact that he is on the board of Marlborough.

STU FELDMAN (CONT'D)
I don't want her to know I'm having her followed, she has trust issues.

RAY
No problem.

STU FELDMAN
She was one of those Disney kids, parents stole all her money. Now she's a singer. Like Britney. Maybe I'll help her cut a comeback album.

When Ray just looks at him.

STU FELDMAN (CONT'D)
Alright, good.
(MORE)

STU FELDMAN (CONT'D)
Let me know when you know something. Either way. I gotta know.

He and Ray shake hands.

RAY
I'll be in touch.

STU FELDMAN
You don't talk alot. I like that. I'm gonna start doing that. Makes you very mysterious. I think I give away my power too much.

He waits for an answer from Ray. There isn't one.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - MORNING

As Ray gets out of his car outside a small brick office building. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he sees a beautiful woman approaching, fast.

DIVORCEE
You prick.

She goes to hit him, Ray catches her hand, holds it tight.

RAY
Relax. I got you a good settlement. He would have given you nothing.

He gives her a look --"are you gonna cut it the fuck out if I let go of your hand?". He does, she moves off.

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - MORNING

An old walk-up brick building in Beverly Hills. A trellised patio. Ray has the top floor. It's elegant, well-decorated, three female assistants work at desks in separate rooms. AVI THE JEW sits waiting for someone to come back on the line. LENA appears in the doorway, holding a piece of paper, hands Ray a big heavy leather bag --which he goes through, checking equipment.

LENA
Terry's called three times.

Ray nods, processing this.

LENA (CONT'D)
Your neighbor? He's a rapper. Def-Kon 3. He moved to Calabasas two years ago from Atlanta. He's been busted four times already -- weapons stuff, DUI, marijuana bust at LAX.

As Ray digests this. To all --

RAY
I'm gonna go sit on Feldman's girl.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

Ray is driving towards Malibu. The water sparkles. He's listening to James Brown. "It's a Man's World".

Over this music we cut to--

A SHITTY ROOM IN A BY THE HOUR HOTEL -BOSTON

Mickey Donovan, the man we saw kill the priest, is sitting with a towel wrapped around his waist. He is with A BLACK HOOKER, who passes him a joint. As he takes a deep toke --

HOOKER
Easy, baby. Stuff's alot stronger now.

The MUSIC segues into "Pappa's got a brand new Bag". Mickey, stoned, gets up and does a dance that went out of fashion twenty years ago. He's feeling good. Over this --

BACK TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Ray talks to his phone set-up, instructing it to call back --

RAY
Terry --

INT. TERRY DONOVAN'S FITE CLUB - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The music carries over. A pay phone on the wall rings and rings.

TERRY DONOVAN, Ray's brother, is in the ring, training a black guy in his mid-20's, DARYLL.

Terry is in his early 40's, with thick glasses and a buzz cut. He moves beautifully, with grace and ease. Until he steps out of the ring --when the tremors from his Parkinson's kick in. He drags one foot and has a raspy voice, muscles in his neck strained despite the Botox injections that help the tremors.

TERRY
That's it! Go to the body, then upstairs! Everything behind the jab --

Percussive blasts from Daryll, which Terry absorbs easily with pads.

POTATO PIE, an elderly black man, who is Terry's cut man, all around factotum, approaches, swings up to Terry --

POTATO PIE
Your brother's on the phone. Ray.

Daryll pays close attention to this. As Terry limps out of the ring to the pay-phone, Potato Pie glares at Daryll with an intense hatred.

POTATO PIE (CONT'D)
You too old to be a fighter. And you ugly.

Daryll sighs, used to this abuse from him. He starts to jump rope, as Potato Pie takes Terri's pads with him as he exits the ring.

TERRY: answers the dangling phone. INTERCUT with Ray driving.

RAY
What's going on Terry?

TERRY
Bunchy had a slip.

A long silence. He HOLD on Ray's face. He is phobic about his brothers and this is upsetting news.

RAY
Where is he?

CUT TO:

INT. SNAP MEETING - CHURCH - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

An acronym for the **S**urvivors **N**etwork of those **A**bused by **P**riests. A 12 step meeting kind of thing.

BUNCHY DONOVAN sits wearing a wool cap, despite the heat. He's drunk. About twelve men sit in folding chairs in a small room in the basement of this church. One of them, Kevin, is talking.

KEVIN
He was a big, charismatic guy. Tells my parents I'm an athlete, he thinks I should play tennis. This was a big deal in my family, a priest paying attention to me. I was so flattered.

BUNCHY
(shouting out in sympathy)
Motherfucker!

Kevin is overcome. Someone shushes Bunchy.

KEVIN
Takes me to this health club and tells me we gotta shower first.
(beat)
That was the first time he molested me. I was shaking so hard after, I couldn't hold the racket. Drops me off and winks at me. I come in the house, my mother says "how was it, Kev, was it thrillin"?

He is quiet for a long beat.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
I'm gonna tell my mother this man raped me? This man's next to God!

Bunchy's eyes fill up listening. He can't help himself --

BUNCHY
That's God's representative on earth!

KEVIN
(encouraged by Bunchy))
Rape a child on Friday? Rape another child on Saturday, and then hold Mass on Sunday?

Bunchy's phone rings. People turn to look at him, pissed. He gets up and goes outside to take the call. It is Ray, driving in his car. Intercut --

RAY
Hey Bunch, what's up?

BUNCHY
You talk to Terry yet?

Ray is quiet for a beat. Do they know about their father getting out?

RAY
Yeah, what's going on Bunchy? Talk to me.

Dead silence. Then --

BUNCHY
My settlement just came through. 1.4 million dollars cause a priest messed around with me when I was a kid?
(beat)
I thought I'd be so happy when the money came.

RAY
You want me to send someone? Come get you?

BUNCHY
(hurt)
Send someone?
(beat)
Nah, I ain't done drinking yet.

He hangs up on Ray, who looks very concerned.

EXT. MALIBU - DAY

A private stretch of beach. Multi-million dollar homes crammed next to each other with only inches between them. But the view, the air.

Ray is down the beach, with binoculars.

POV: through binoculars, he sees a man, mid-30's, balding, who is hiding behind a pillar that supports an old wooden house. He is gazing up at the house next door. He is surreptitiously masturbating, to the sight off --

ASHLEY RUCKER: a gorgeous, fresh-faced young pop star, late 20's, who is practicing yoga on her deck.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU - DAY

Avi and Ray are standing on the street, the Pacific Coast Highway behind them, cars zipping past. They watch as the stalker drives away in a small beat up car. Avi lowers binoculars, finishes writing something on a small pad.

AVI THE JEW
I got his plates, I'll call it in to Lena for an address.
(beat)
I got a bad feeling, this is a bad guy.

Ray is quiet for a long moment, makes a decision, starts to move towards Abby's front door.

AVI THE JEW (CONT'D)
Ray, what are you doing? You can't fucking do that. You gonna give up Feldman?

Ray keeps on, ignores him.

AVI THE JEW (CONT'D)
You said you weren't gonna do this shit anymore. She's not the client! Stu Feldman's the client! Goddammit, Ray!

He's pissed. He gets in his van and leaves.

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ray has rung her bell. She comes to the door, opens it.

ASHLEY
Jesus. Ray Donovan.

RAY
You always open the door like that? Without asking who it is?

She laughs, taken aback.

ASHLEY
I do when it's you. How the hell are you, Ray?

RAY
Pretty good. You?

She shrugs.

ASHLEY
Better than the last time I saw you. What was I, 16?
(beat)
Trying to get my fucking money back from my parents. Assholes. Did I ever thank you?

RAY
You did.

ASHLEY
I'm a musician now.

RAY
I know. My kids like you.

ASHLEY
(teasing him)
Your <u>kids</u>?

He smiles, embarrased.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
(beat)
So, what are you doing here, Ray?

RAY
You have a stalker.

She starts to laugh, looks behind him for a camera crew --

ASHLEY
I'm being punked, right?

RAY
No.

There is something about his demeanor, his absolute seriousness, that shoves the laugh down her throat.

She steps aside and ushers him in.

INT. BAR HOLLYWOOD- DAY

Bunchy's drinking a beer, talking with a red faced bruiser who sits next to him. Other misfits, regulars, who sit drinking the day away. A tough crowd.

TERRY: enters the dark bar, it takes a moment for his eyes to adjust. He spots Bunchy.

TERRY
Party's over, Bunch. Let's go.

The man next to Bunchy, swivels around on his stool, takes in the sight of Terry, who is limping towards Bunchy.

MAN AT BAR
What are you, his fucking mother?
We're conversing.

TERRY
I'm not talking to you.

He imitates Terry's raspy voice, then gets off his chair, starts to imitate his walk, dragging one foot --

MAN AT BAR
I'm not talking to you --

Before he can get the sentence out, Terry jabs him with a single perfect jab, lightning fast. He goes down. One of his friends stands up. So does Bunchy, who faces this new guy. Another rough looking drunk approaches Terry. It's <u>on</u>.

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - MALIBU

She is shaken by Ray's news about her stalker. Ray is doing a security check on her doors, windows. He walks around testing everything.

ASHLEY
Should I get a gun? Should I move?
(beat)
I'm alone here. I love my freedom.
I have to look over my shoulder every
minute now?

Ray doesn't say anything.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
But how did you even know about him?

Again, Ray is quiet. She can't compute it, and then suddenly, it hits her --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Look at me.

Ray does. Her vulnerability is turning him on. It always does --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
It's Stu, isn't it? He hired you to spy on me.

RAY
Yes.

She gets up, starts to pace.

ASHLEY
That fucking asshole! He's married, did you know that? What does he <u>want</u> from me?

She pulls out of a bottle of vodka from her freezer, pours a glass, slugs it down. Gestures to Ray, does he want one? He shakes his head no.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Why are you telling me this?

RAY
I don't like women getting hurt.

ASHLEY
Oh my god! Hurt? Who is this guy?

RAY
I don't know yet.
(beat)
There are things we can do to mitigate it.

ASHLEY
"Mitigate" it?
(beat)
I don't want a dog. My last dog died of cancer, I can't handle it right now.

Ray nods sympathetically. She continues drinking.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ARMS APT. - DAY

Avi watches from his van as Ashley Rucker's stalker pulls into the underground parking structure for a shitty building in a bad neighborhood.

INT. ASHLEY'S - DAY - EVENING

She is hitting the vodka hard now. They are sitting across from each other.

ASHLEY
I won't betray you. To Stu.

RAY
I'm not worried about him.

ABBY
What about your job?

RAY
I'm not worried about that either.

She laughs.

ASHLEY
Are you for real, Raymond?

Ray smiles. She leans over and takes his hand, turns it over and studies it --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
This is your dominant hand?

RAY
Yeah.

She traces a line on it with her finger --

ASHLEY
Your heart line. You fall in love easily --

Ray turns his hand back over, pulls her to him. They kiss.

He stands her up, backs her against the wall. They continue to kiss, savagely. She starts to make strange sounds and then her eyes roll back in her head. Ray lowers her to the ground, where she continues to convulse quietly. After a few long moments the storm of seizures stops and she comes back, looks up at him with total mortification --

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Oh my god! I'm so embarrassed!

RAY
It's okay. You're gonna be okay --

She starts to sob. She sits up and leans against him.

ASHLEY
I have epilepsy and I stopped taking my meds -- and I've been trying to cure it with yoga and herbs and I'm not supposed to drink, the sugar fucks me up --

She is crying hard now. Ray holds her and she sort of rocks against him.

RAY
You're gonna be alright. Is there someone I can call?

ASHLEY
No, I'm all alone! What am I doing with my life? What the fuck am I doing? Why am I seeing Stu? He's a terrible person! I'm so fucked up --

RAY
It's okay.
(rote, a line he has used before)
You're in the solution now.

ASHLEY
(tasting the words)
You're in the solution now. I remember that. I love that.
(beat)
What does it mean?

RAY
It means you're gonna start doing what you need to do to get your life in order. Stop opening the door to strangers. You need to get a dog. Not a gun. You get a gun, they use it <u>on</u> you. Get a security system.

She digests this. He kind of wants to split, at the same time, feels a need to protect her, make sure she is okay.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Bunchy and Terry are in a holding cell. Daryll has come to get them.

DARYLL
You alright, Terry?

Terry is having very bad tremors. He steadies one hand with the other.

BUNCHY
He's got fucking Parkinson's, he needs his pills.
(beat)
Call Ray.

DARYLL
Alright. You want a soda, Terry?

BUNCHY
He's not a fucking diabetic.

DARYLL
Alright, sorry. Let me go call Ray.

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - MALIBU - NIGHT

Ray has put her to bed. He sits by the side of the bed, she reaches for his hand, holds it.

ASHLEY
Thank you. You're my knight in shining armor.
(beat)
God, I really need yoga right now.

RAY
My wife does yoga.

ASHLEY
Where?

RAY
Pt. Dume.

ASHLEY
Me too! The best. What's her name?

RAY
I think it's Shiva or something.

ASHLEY
Not the teacher, silly, your wife --

Ray is uncomfortable. Why the fuck did he mention his wife? He doesn't answer her. Pulls his hand away. What the fuck is he doing?

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Look, can I see you again? I know it's weird, but I always thought there was something major between us. I'm so attracted to you.

Ray is miserable now.

RAY
Let me make sure you're okay. Do my job. With this guy.

ASHLEY
Okay. Thank you, Ray.
(rote, but maybe not)
I love you.

RAY
Alright.

He leans in and kisses her on the cheek. Gets up to leave as his phone starts buzzing.

RAY (CONT'D)
Lock the door after me. And no yoga on the deck.

ASHLEY
Yes, Daddy.

Ray smiles, distracted.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
(beat, flirtatious)
I'm grateful you're in my life again, Ray.

Ray answers his phone as he crosses to her front door --

RAY
Yeah?

Listens for a beat.

RAY (CONT'D)
What?

His face falls.

RAY (CONT'D)
I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Ray and Terry sit in Terry's office. Outside, the gym is still busy, people jumping rope, working the bags, sparring. Bunchy stands near them, slumped with shame, pretending to be busy with some paperwork. DARYLL lingers nearby, keeps walking past the door, just outside the office.

RAY
Alright, it's not the end of the world. I got someone can get the charges dropped.
(to Bunchy)
C'mere. What are you doing? C'mere.

Bunchy walks over, his head hanging. Ray hugs him. Bunchy is a hugger, holds on.

BUNCHY
(upset)
I been sober 10 months, 3 days until this!

RAY
(nods, not convinced)
I know, Bunch. What's going on?

Bunchy shrugs, looks at Terry for Terry to tell him.

TERRY
Remember Dad's girlfriend, Claudette?

RAY
(where the fuck is this going?)
Yeah?

A long, long beat. Finally -

TERRY
They had a kid.

RAY
They what?!

BUNCHY
They had a kid, Ray.

RAY
When?

TERRY
Before he went to Walpole.

RAY
(pissed)
How long have you known?

TERRY
Awhile.

RAY
How long?

BUNCHY
(to Terry)
I told you we should have told him.

RAY
How fucking long?

TERRY
A long time. He's grown. His name is Daryll.

Suddenly, Daryll, who has been lurking in the doorway, steps in. Bunchy shakes his head no, don't do it, but Daryll does it anyway. Bunchy starts to cry. Daryll starts to cry. Daryll hugs Bunchy. They both cry. Then he turns to hug Ray.

RAY
(puts his hand up to stop him)
No.

BUNCHY
He don't like strangers touching him.

TERRY
Alright, we can work up to that.

A long beat.

TERRY (CONT'D)
We didn't think you could handle it.

Ray leaves, furious -- Terry follows him, as Bunchy remains behind in the office with Daryll.

BUNCHY
Did I say come in? I didn't say come in.

DARYLL
You said my name! I thought that meant come in!

As Terry limps across the gym to catch up to Ray, who stops at the entrance.

TERRY
He and Claudette came out here about ten years ago. She got sent away for writing bad checks, got out and wanted to start over.

RAY
Ten years you been keeping this from me?

TERRY
A little longer. Before you moved us out here and I got the gym. Dad wanted us to get to know him.

RAY
Guy who threw rocks during the busing thing, screaming "niggers go home?"
(beat)
Is this a fucking joke?

Terry starts to have a particularly bad tremor, tries to steady one hand with the other. It's bad.

RAY (CONT'D)
Alright, take it easy. I'm not mad at you.

TERRY
Ray, something else --

Ray waits --

TERRY (CONT'D)
He got out.

RAY
Who got out? What are you talking about?

TERRY
Dad made parole.

RAY
He wasn't supposed to be out for five more years!

TERRY
He's out, Ray.

Ray, more upset about this than even the news about his half-brother, Daryll, just stares at Terry, shakes his head.

RAY
Listen to me. You let him back in, everything you have'll go up in smoke. The gym. All of it.

TERRY
I'm sick, Ray. He's family.

RAY
(low, deadly)
He's not my family.

He turns and leaves.

TERRY
(calling after him)
Ray, come on. Don't leave!

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ARMS APT. NIGHT

ROBERT LEPECKA, Ashley's stalker, enters his crappy apartment, flicks on the light. Has the scare of his life when he sees --

RAY: calmly sitting in a chair, facing him. On the table in front of him, stacks of fan magazines featuring Ashley Rucker when she was a teen singer. Next to them, stacks of porn magazines. He's making a collage --cutting out Ashley's head and putting it on porn pics.

Ray has a baseball bat across his lap and is holding a brown paper bag.

RAY
The bag or the bat, Bob?

Robert knows this has something to do with Ashley. Thinks hard for a moment, deliberating.

ROBERT
The bag.

Ray stands up, picks up the bat, and still holding the bag, approaches him --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ARMS APT. EVENING

Robert Lepecka is in a hot bath --the water has been dyed a deep Kelly green. Packages of Rit Dye opened and discarded on the floor, along with the brown paper bag they came in. Lepecka has been dyed green as well, and the tears he is crying are streaking the dye on his face.

Ray sits across from him on the closed toilet seat.

RAY
Stop crying --you're streaking the dye.

Robert nods, can't.

RAY (CONT'D)
Stand up. Cup your fucking genitals -- I don't want to look at that shit.

Robert Lepecka stands up, cupping his genitals. His entire body is dyed green. He continues to cry.

RAY (CONT'D)
(beat))
It's over. No restraining orders, no seeing her in court. We're not gonna do any of that.

A long beat, then --

RAY (CONT'D)
You come near her again, I'll kill you.
(beat)
You understand me?

Robert nods, sputtering. Ray gets up and leaves, taking the bat with him.

CUT TO:

INT. CALABASAS - NIGHT

Close on Ray's green hands. Still have dye on them from the bathtub. He is opening a safe in his closet. A manila envelope. He opens it, pulls out a few black and white photos. One is of his Dad, surrounded by his boys, all of them in boxing clothes. Another with his father and a black woman, Claudette. Was she pregnant then?

Ray is startled suddenly by Abby, behind him. Ray puts the photos away and closes the safe. Goes into the bathroom. Begins to scrub the green dye off. Abby walks in, studies him for a long beat.

ABBY
Rough night?

Ray nods, guilty about the aborted kiss with Ashley. He continues to scrub and try to get the dye off.

ABBY (CONT'D)
You talk to Stu Feldman about Marlborough?

RAY
Something came up with Terry and Bunch --

ABBY
How many years you gonna look out for them? What about your own son? Your daughter? What about us?

RAY
Everyone's fine. Stop being dramatic.

ABBY
We're not fine! I hate it here! It's like the friggin Jersey Shore of L.A.!

RAY
Why'd you tell Bridget about Bunchy getting abused?

She stares at him hard for a long beat and walks out.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Ray, dressed in a sharp suit, stares at Bridget's family tree as he waits for Abby to finish getting dressed. Finally, exasperated, he walks to their bedroom and watches as she zips a dress. There is a big pile of discards on the bed.

RAY
You look fine, Abs. Can we go, please? This is the most important person in my life.

Abby looks at him, stunned, and hurt.

ABBY
Good to know.

RAY
I didn't mean it like that.
(beat, a moment of real reflection)
He made all this possible, that's all. We owe him alot.

Abby looks at him --why so philosophical suddenly?

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. TEMPLE - LATE MORNING

Ray and Abby greet Lee Drexler outside the temple. Abby is dressed beautifully but we can see now she is not a match to the women who are pouring in, all in black, covered in jewels. Photographers and papparazzi snapping pics of all the heavy hitters who are arriving --

RAY
Tommy's in rehab. Worked like a charm.

LEE DREXLER
Very smart, Raymond. Excellent.
(kisses Abby)
Hi, sweetheart. You look beautiful. How's Calabasas?
(beat, referring to Ray)
What I have to pay him? He could move you to Bel-Air.
(MORE)

LEE DREXLER (CONT'D)
(loves to bust his balls in front of Abby)
Who lives in Calabasas anyway? Sinbad? Howie Mandel? Jesus, Ray.

Abby sinks. Ray shoots him a look, he loathes Lee Drexler. He and Abby enter the temple as Lee hurries to greet someone else.

INT. WILSHIRE BLVD. TEMPLE

EZRA GOODMAN:

This is the senior partner of Goodman/Drexler. He is Lee's partner and Ray's mentor and great friend. Although Ray freelances, they are his biggest clients. Ezra is in his early seventies, handsome and vital. He is greeting all the studio folk, heavy hitters, as they arrive. Abby comes and kisses him.

ABBY
I'm so sorry, Ezra.

EZRA
Thank you darling, I love you. Ruth loved you.

He takes Ray by the arm, walks him towards a small, private alcove. Turns to him with great solemnity --

EZRA (CONT'D)
We've done bad things, Ray. I've asked you to fix things that never should have been fixed.

Ray is stunned.

RAY
You're upset, Ezra --

EZRA
(cuts him off)
Terrible things.
(beat)
I'm gonna come clean on all the things we've done. Ruth would want that.

RAY
Ezra, you're under a huge strain.

EZRA
I gotta come clean, Ray. All of it. Every fucking thing we've done. The cheating, the phone tapping --

Ray is literally speechless. Behind them, Ezra's long time mistress, DEB, skinny, chic, mid-50's, kisses Abby. Ezra sees her. He looks totally freaked, walks over to them.

EZRA (CONT'D)
(to Deb))
What are you doing here? How dare you?

DEB
You told me to come, Ezra. You <u>begged</u> me.

EZRA
A shanda! Who would do such a thing?

Deb turns away, stunned and hurt. Abby walks her out, as people try not to stare. Ray stares at Ezra, what the hell is happening to him? Ezra turns and goes inside.

Just then, a huge commotion as one of the biggest stars in Hollywood --

SEAN STEVENS, comes bounding up the steps. In his 40's. Movie stars are movie stars because they look like this. He is stunning. As the Papparazzi go nuts, he makes eye contact with Ray. Flashes his famous grin for the cameras, then sees Ray. As Ray makes his way towards him, Sean tries to read his face. Ray pulls him aside, where they won't be overheard.

RAY
Listen, I don't want you to worry about this. What I'm gonna tell you.
(a beat)
My father's getting out. He made parole.

SEAN
Are you fucking kidding me? Tell me you're fucking kidding me.

When Ray doesn't say anything --

SEAN (CONT'D)
How did this happen, Ray? How the fuck did this happen?

Ray shrugs.

RAY
He made parole.

SEAN
Tell me you're taking care of this.

RAY
I took care of it then, didn't I?

SEAN
Yeah, but now he's out.
(beat)
He better not be coming here, Ray.

Just then, a reporter rushes them with a camera crew. Ray hurries back inside, looking for Abby.

The service is just beginning now. He takes his seat next to Abby, who looks at him with concern. Ray takes her hand and holds it tight. He loves her, he fucked up. Sean takes a seat, turns to look at Ray across the aisle. Shakes his head in dismay.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - EVENING

His father, MICKEY, sits staring out at the stars for a beat, then goes back to his book "one hundred ways to disappear and live free".

A woman across the aisle from him adjusts her baby so that it can breast feed discreetly.

Mickey looks up from his book and watches her. She catches him. He winks. Disgusted, she covers herself and the baby with a blanket.

CUT TO:

INT. PT. DUME YOGA - EVENING

After class, Ashley is talking earnestly to Abby, who seems impressed that this famous young singer is chatting her up, befriending her.

CUT TO:

INT. EZRA'S HOUSE - COLONY - EVENING

Ray waits in a beautiful redwood foyer. Deb appears, looking weary from the day. She hugs Ray, then steps back, shakes her head --

DEB
He's losing his fucking mind. I've never been so humiliated in my life. Two hours after that debacle? He calls me and tells me to come over -- he's lonely.
(beat)
Something's wrong.

Ray nods, agreeing.

DEB (CONT'D)
And what's with the Yiddish?

Ray can't help it, he laughs. This makes her laugh. Which makes her cry.

She goes into the hallway, gets a big, wrapped art piece, brown paper over bubble wrap.

DEB (CONT'D)
I got this for you at auction. I haven't had a chance to hang it. It's been in my trunk for a month. As if Ruth would have noticed, right?

Ray nods, thanks. Ezra appears, looking awful. Is he going to start in again with the "bad things" they've done?

EZRA (O.S.)
(to Deb)
Make yourself at home. Just don't move any furniture around.

Deb shoots Ray a "what the fuck" look then disappears.

EZRA (CONT'D)
Fucking Lee? Said he'll come sit shiva tomorrow.
(beat)
You know what he sent out for Christmas last year? Fake grenades with a note that says "we go to war for you".

He shakes his head with disgust. Ray can't hold it in any longer --

RAY
My father's coming.

EZRA
He's coming here?

Ray nods.

EZRA (CONT'D)
Nisht gut.
(not good)
What does he want?

RAY
I don't know.

EZRA
(woe is me)
A klog iz mir!
(beat, ominous)
It's time to pay the piper.

RAY
I'll take care of it, Ezra. I can handle him.

EZRA
(talmudic)
No lie lives forever, Raymond.

Ezra shakes his head in despair. He walks Ray to the door, lost in dark thoughts.

EZRA (CONT'D)
Why don't we kill him?

Ray stares at him. What the fuck is happening to him?

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S HOUSE- CALABASAS - EVENING

He walks into his kitchen. His wife is sitting with Ashley Rucker. He can't believe what he is looking at. They are both drinking Vodka Cranberries, laughing. Abby is topping off Ashley's drink with vodka when Ray walks in.

RAY
She can't drink! She has epilepsy!

They turn to look at him. Abby is stunned.

ABBY
You know each other?

Ray doesn't say anything --

ASHLEY
This is your husband?
(to Abby)
He worked on a case for my ex, Stu Feldman.

Dead silence.

ABBY
Huh. Small world.

Bridget comes in, carrying the family tree poster.

BRIDGET
Daddy, I gotta talk to Bunchy and Terry, my paper's due on Monday.

Ashley stands up suddenly -

ASHLEY
I gotta go! I just looked at the time --

Abby stands up too.

ABBY
Let me get my keys.
(to Ray)
I gotta drive her back to yoga, she left her car --

RAY
You've been drinking, I'll do it.

Abby shrugs, whatever. She's pissed.

INT. RAY'S CAR - WINDING ROAD - MALIBU CANYON

He is driving fast, taking the turns with fury.

RAY
You're stalking me now?
(beat)
That's my wife. My family.

ASHLEY
I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!! She's so nice. I love her accent. She's so real.

Ray holds up a hand in warning, not another word. Ashley takes his hand and begins to suck on two fingers.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I want to taste you. I want your cock in my mouth.

Ray almost crashes the car. Pulls it to the side of the mountain road. She is on him, lowers her head to his lap.

EXT. MALL PT. DUME

Ashley gets out of Ray's car.

RAY
Listen to me. You crossed a line. You don't come near me or my family again.

He stares at her for a long beat. She smiles and waves as she goes to get into her car. Ray zooms off.

Abby calls him on his cell. He answers over the speaker.

ABBY
You promised me, Ray. Don't come home.

She hangs up on him.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S APT. SIERRA TOWERS - NIGHT

This is his city pad, ostensibly for use when he is working a case and can't make it home to Calabasas.

It's nice, elegant, masculine, obviously decorated by a professional. Big sexy photos of old time movie stars -- AVA GARDNER, JOHN WAYNE adorn the walls. It's on a high floor with a stupendous view of the city.

Ray has a bottle of vodka in front of him and he's drinking heavily. He has unwrapped the photo that Deb bought for him. Marilyn. The iconic Bert Stern of her holding up a scarf over her breasts, with an X across the image. She holds Ray in her gaze.

He picks up the phone and connects with Avi.

RAY
That girl at the morgue? The one from the Chateau?
(beat)
Make sure someone claimed the body. I don't want her sitting there alone.

A long beat.

AVI THE JEW
You okay, boss?

Ray is not okay. He hangs up, takes another huge slug of vodka.

INT. ASHLEY RUCKER'S HOUSE - MALIBU

She is out on her porch, staring at the stars, the sound of the surf loud. She's been calling and calling Ray. A guitar rests near her, she picks it up, begins to play the old Hall and Oates song "Private Eyes". Tries Ray again.

INT. SIERRA TOWERS APT.

Intercut with him, really drunk now. He's sitting looking at family photos. Still trying to find clues about his father, Claudette, and his new half-brother, Daryll. Annoyed by his constantly buzzing phone, he picks up.

ASHLEY
Listen --

She plays some of it for him.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
(singing)
Private eyes. They're watching you, watching you, watching you.

No reply from Ray.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I can't stop thinking about you.

A beat.

RAY
Try.

Ray hangs up on her. Goes back to looking at the pictures. The young Terry, after winning a fight, Ray and Bunchy holding up his hands. Bunchy goofy and sweet, holding a spotted dog. His mother and father, holding up Bridget, wearing lace, in a basket. Bridget at her communion. His father training Terry.

He looks over at the Marilyn portrait. As Ray stares at it her lips begin to move and she implores him --

MARILYN MONROE
Fuck me, Ray.

He blinks, drunk. She says nothing more. He watches her. After a beat, she does it again --

MARILYN MONROE (CONT'D)
Save me, Ray.

Ray flops onto his bed, buries his head in his pillow.

A SHORT SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT. DONOVAN HOME - BOSTON - 1975

A Catholic Priest is giving communion to Ray's mother, who is dying of cancer. Terry, Bunchy and Ray run around outside the room, teasing their sister BRIDGET, who is 11. The film has an old fashioned grainy feel like a home movie from the 70's on super-8 film.

PRIEST
The body of Christ, the bread of heaven.

As he helps her lift her head to sip the wine --

PRIEST (CONT'D)
The blood of Christ, the cup of salvation.

INT. A MOVING CAR - BOSTON -1975

One of the Donovan boys, we don't see him from the front, only the back, sits across from the same Priest, who is driving. The boy is eating an ice-cream. The Priest takes it, throws it out the window, and then encourages the boy to put his head in his lap.

EXT. ROOFTOP - BOSTON - 1984

A young woman, BRIDGET, 17 now, with a blonde shag and too much eye-makeup, wavers on the edge of a roof. She is high, crying, deliberating on whether or not to jump. Just as she jumps --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SIERRA TOWERS - MORNING

As Ray shouts himself awake. He's got a splitting headache. The phone is ringing off the hook. He grabs it to answer and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. BEL AIR GATE -MORNING

Ray drives past the guardhouse, starts taking the green verdant streets up past huge estates, the Bel-air hotel.

EXT. SEAN STEVENS HOUSE - BEL AIR

The huge gates open up and Ray drives up into a courtyard, filled with cars.

INT. SEAN STEVENS HOUSE - BEL AIR - MORNING

Ray waits in a beautiful living room. He drinks a glass of fresh orange juice. A book rests next to him on the table. It is called "The Tao of Danger". Ray picks it up and looks at it.

SEAN STEVENS, who we saw earlier at the service for Ezra's wife, enters the room.

SEAN
You sweep the room?

RAY
You want me to sweep the room?
(beat)
Avi swept the house a week ago.

SEAN
I'm paranoid, Ray. I gotta say, I'm feeling very paranoid.

A beat.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You know why I'm paranoid, Ray?

Ray waits.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Your father called me. He called my office. He wants to <u>see</u> me. Get together and talk about old times. What is that Ray? Why would he do that?

He starts to pace.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Fuck!!

RAY
I told you. I can handle him.
(beat)
Whatever it takes.

SEAN
You know what I think, Ray? I think it's a shakedown.

He presses a button on an elaborate intercom system.

RAY
I won't let that happen.

SEAN
No, Ray, you won't. You can't. You know why?

Ray is quiet, waits a beat. Just at that moment, a nanny appears holding a baby, maybe a year old. Fast asleep. Sean takes the baby from the Nanny, who disappears.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Look at her, Ray. She's so innocent. So pure. An angel.
(beat)
Don't let anyone hurt my family, Ray.

RAY
I won't.

SEAN
She needs me, Ray.
(beat)
Do you know how much money I gave after Katrina? Darfur?

Ray is quiet.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm a good person, Ray.
(beat)
I struggle. I hurt. I make mistakes. But in the end I do the right thing. I make the world a better place. Help me do that, Ray.

Another beat.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I love you, man.

He comes and hugs Ray, still holding the baby.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Smell her hair.

Ray does. Sean beams. As Ray gets to the door --

SEAN (CONT'D)
Make this go away, Ray.

Ray nods he will. Sean stands in the doorway with the baby, as Ray gets into his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - CALABASAS

He comes into the kitchen. Abby is there by herself.

ABBY
Did you fuck her?

RAY
No.

He comes over to her.

RAY (CONT'D)
Abs. I didn't sleep with her.

She shakes her head, leaves. Ray opens a beer, takes a long pull on it. He walks down the hallway, stops at Bridget's room. She's working on the family tree board.

BRIDGET
I really need to talk to them.

RAY
Not right now, honey.

BRIDGET
Why not? When?

RAY
Bunchy's a mess right now.

A beat. He debates how much to tell her --

RAY (CONT'D)
Remember I told you my father's dead?

Bridget looks at him.

RAY (CONT'D)
He's not dead. He was incarcerated.

She looks at him, uncomprehending --

RAY (CONT'D)
(beat)
He's coming here.

BRIDGET
(excited)
Oh my god, I'm so excited! Now I can talk to him too!

RAY
No.

BRIDGET
Why not?! He's my grandfather and I've never even met him!

RAY
Yeah, well there's a reason. You have to trust me.

BRIDGET
Why do you hate him so much?

RAY
He let the wolf in the gate.

BRIDGET
What's that mean?

Ray sits down across from her, really wants her to understand.

RAY
With Bunchy.
(beat))
My father was off with his girlfriend when our Mom was sick. She had cancer. She was very religious. This priest would come to give her communion and he started molesting Bunchy.
(beat)
It ruined his life.

BRIDGET
Yeah, but it's not like he knew the priest was gonna molest him.

RAY
This is a bad guy, okay? He's a bad guy.

BRIDGET
He's my grandfather! Please!??

RAY
(intransigent)
No.

BRIDGET
I hate this family!!

Ray turns and walks out. Stops at Conor's door. Knocks and goes in. Conor is on his computer. He is on his Facebook page. Ray comes over and stands behind him. Cups his chin in his hand. Conor quickly closes the computer, swivels around to face him.

RAY
You okay?

CONOR
Yeah, I'm good.

Ray kisses him, leaves the room. Heads down the hallway to his own room. Abby is on the bed, reading a magazine. Ray comes up on the bed, tries to take her hand. She won't let him.

ABBY
Lee called. He's having some people over.
(beat, an offering)
Stu Feldman is gonna be there. You can talk to him about Marlborough.

RAY
Alright.

She turns to see if he means it. He does. He takes her hand. Needs to come clean.

RAY (CONT'D)
My father's coming. He made parole.

ABBY
Jesus, Ray.
(beat)
Is that why you're acting like such an asshole?

Ray doesn't say anything. Abby puts down the magazine and turns to face him.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(re Ashley)
Is she hung up on you? Did she try to make friends with me because of that?

This breaks his heart, her insecurity --

RAY
No, sweetheart. Of course not.

Abby nods, wants so very much to believe this. A beat, then--

RAY (CONT'D)
I have a black half brother.

ABBY
You joking me?

RAY
No.

ABBY
Oh my god. That's crazy.

RAY
I know.

She comes close to him, he puts her arm around her as she leans her head on his shoulder. And we --

CUT TO:

EXT. PCH - DAY

Ray and Abby and the kids drive along the Pacific Coast Highway with the top down. It's a spectacular day. The azure sea dotted with sailboats, surfers. Bridget is still pissed at him.

INT. LEE'S BEACH HOUSE - MALIBU COLONY -DAY

The house is packed, the party mostly outside on the deck, spilling down the stairs to the beach. Bridget and Conor are in the hot tub with a group of other teenage guests. Bridget sports a tiny bikini. Lee finds Ray and Abby.

LEE
Guys, you want a Bellini?

Abby is trying too hard with the other guests, smiling a little too broadly, her caftan a little too bright, her heels a little too high for the beach --

ABBY
Bellini. That's fresh peach puree, right? Invented at Harry's Bar in Venice. I love Venice.

Lee steers Ray over to a bar set up on one side of the patio.

LEE
(furious)
You tell Stu Feldman's girl he's spying on her!! Are you out of your fucking mind?

RAY
She had a stalker. I had a moral responsibility to tell her.

LEE
You have a moral responsibilty to do your fucking job!!

Just then, Ezra appears, stumbling up the beach in a suit, his pants and shoes getting wet in the surf.

Lee goes out to bring him up to the house.

Ray looks at him, stunned. Then he sees past him --

Bridget and some other kids get out of the hot tub, leaving Conor alone with Tommy Jenkins, the actor Ray put into rehab a day ago. What the fuck?

RAY
I'll be right back.

As he crosses the patio, he can see Abby has gone inside, has stopped in front of Stu Feldman.

Ray stops in his tracks, watches them, keeps an eye on Conor, who is laughing, clearly star struck.

ABBY
Hi, I'm Abby Donovan.

STU FELDMAN
Hi, Abby Donovan.

RAY: watches as Tommy Jenkins puts his hand on Conor's knee. He moves towards them.

ABBY
Lee told me I could talk to you about Marlborough.

STU FELDMAN
No problem.

RAY: has reached the hot tub.

RAY
What are you doing here, Tommy?

TOMMY
I got a day pass.

RAY
(to Conor)
Get out.

CONOR
Dad, why?

RAY
Don't argue with me.

Conor gets out, pissed. Ray hands him a towel. Turns to see --

ABBY: gestures at Bridget, sitting up on the patio wall with some kids.

ABBY
My daughter, Bridget. She's a great kid. Smart as a whip.

STU FELDMAN
Beautiful girl. What a shame.

ABBY
Excuse me?

STU FELDMAN
I'm gonna make sure she's banned from Marlborough. Harvard-Westlake. Buckley. All of them.

Abby is so stricken she is speechless.

RAY: watches her face, begins to move towards her --

STU FELDMAN (CONT'D)
You know why? I'll tell you why, Abby Donovan.
(beat)
Cause your husband fucked my girlfriend. That's why.

RAY: is almost on them.

ABBY: mortified that this is transpiring in public. About to cry, slink off. Then, mustering all her Boston toughness, she steps close to him, needing to protect her family --

ABBY
Fuck you!

She turns and walks off, Ray almost there. Ray tries to grab her, she fights him off.

STU FELDMAN: sees the fury on Ray's face and begins to move through the crowd to the bathroom, Ray coming after him.

STU FELDMAN: reaches the bathroom, almost has the door shut when Ray pushes through, closes it.

STU FELDMAN
Not the face!

Ray grabs the hand of taking and breaks it. Stu Feldman screams.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - CALABASAS - NIGHT

Ray is with Bridget in her room. He's sitting on her bed as she works on her family tree.

BRIDGET
You never told me how Bridget died.

RAY
She was high on drugs. She jumped off a roof.

BRIDGET
That's really sad. I'm sorry, Daddy.

RAY
It's okay, honey.

CUT TO:

CONOR: in his room, is on line. He gets a message from Tommy Jenkins --

MESSAGE
Lil' Dude, you're awesome!

Conor begins to type back.

BACK TO:

RAY and BRIDGET:

BRIDGET
Do you miss her? Bridget?

RAY
Yeah. She had a great sense of humor. She could make Bunchy piss his pants.

BRIDGET
She sounds funny.

A long beat. Bridget starts to cry.

RAY
It's gonna be okay, honey.

BRIDGET
It's sad!

RAY
I know.
(then, a litany, a prayer)
We're good. We're really really good. I'll always protect you.

CUT TO:

ABBY: is sitting in front of a vanity, wrapped in a towel. Her face looks swollen from crying. She stands up, leaves the room. Walks down the hall. Enters the room where he is holding Bridget, who has calmed down a bit.

ABBY
I'm hiring a realtor.

She turns on her heel and exits. Ray follows her into their room.

RAY
Abs?

Abby looks at him, waits.

RAY (CONT'D)
I've been dishonest with you. About the girl. I knew her years ago. She's always had a thing for me.
(beat)
These women -- I protect them, they get confused by it.

Long beat.

RAY (CONT'D)
She's not important. What I'm gonna tell you now is the important thing. You gotta listen to me and you gotta trust me.

Close on Abby. Trust him?

RAY (CONT'D)
My father coming here?
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)
You let him near this family, everything we worked for, everything we built? It'll be over. Whatever you think it was, it was ten times worse.
(beat, an instinct)
Did he reach out to you?

Abby is quiet for a beat.

RAY (CONT'D)
Did he reach out to you? I gotta know, Abs.

A beat. Then --

ABBY
You're sick, Ray. You have a hole in your heart.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY DONOVANS FITE CLUB - NIGHT

Ray, and Bunchy are in Terry's office. Bunchy is manically drinking coffee, trying to appear sober. He's holding a paperback book. Ray is nervous, pacing --

RAY
How ya doin', Bunch?

BUNCHY
It's a battle royal every fucking day.

Ray notices the book.

RAY
"If the man you love was abused?"
(beat)
You haven't been on a date in ten years.

BUNCHY
(shrugs)
There's some good shit in here.

A beat.

BUNCHY (CONT'D)
There's a name for it.

RAY
(distracted)
What?

BUNCHY
I'm a sexual anorexic.

RAY
You're kidding me?

BUNCHY
I swear, bro. How do you like them apples?

Ray and Bunchy smile. Ray starts to pace again.

BUNCHY (CONT'D)
Ray, be nice to him. He wants to make amends.

Ray nods, but he knows better.

BUNCHY (CONT'D)
He feels bad about everything.

Just then, Terry, their dad Mickey, and Daryll come into the gym. Terry and Mickey come into the office, Daryll can't handle it, moves towards the other side of the gym, intimidated by Ray.

RAY: sees his father for the first time in twenty five years. His enemy, his blood.

MICKEY: stands frozen. Moves towards his son and embraces him.

MICKEY
You hear about this new law? Egan's law?
(beat)
They gotta notify you the Catholic Church moves into the neighborhood.

Bunchy laughs at this joke. Ray doesn't even crack a smile.

BUNCHY
(to Ray, nervous)
C'mon, Ray, it's funny.

MICKEY
If we can't laugh, what are we gonna do, cry all the time?

He opens his jacket to show them his T-shirt. It says "Where's Whitey?" With a picture of Whitey Bulger on it. The famous Boston criminal on the most wanted list for years.

RAY
What are you doing here?

MICKEY
What am I doing here?
(beat)
Last time I saw you, I was the one going to Hollywood. What the fuck happened?

RAY
You went to prison for twenty years.

MICKEY
Cause you set me up, you motherfucker.
(beat, relective)
Twenty fucking years for something I didn't do?

Ray smiles at him. Mickey tries to stare him down, a hard prison stare. Ray continues smiling.

Bunchy and Terry look very nervous. Terry's tremors start.

Mickey breaks the stare-down, goes lighter --

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Now look at you, such a big shot.
(beat)
This is great! All my boys together, everyone's great.

RAY
(barely contained fury)
Everyone's great? Bridget's dead, Terry's shaking like a fucking leaf and Bunchy can't stay sober more than a month. That's your legacy, Mick?

BUNCHY
C'mon, Ray. Take it easy.

RAY
(to Bunchy)
You finally get your settlement from the church and he shows up? You think that's a coincidence?

MICKEY
I wouldn't touch that fucking money. Blood money. So many lawsuits my parish closed. Where am I gonna go?

Ray turns to leave, he can't handle it --

RAY
(to Bunchy)
Don't give him one fucking dime.

MICKEY
You wanna fight? Let's fight. Take your best shot.

Ray goes to move towards him. Terry puts an arm up, stopping him.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Hey, Hollywood big shot? I wanna date Chita Rivera, Rita Moreno, or Diahnne Carrol. Claudette don't take me back. Can you hook me up?

RAY
(ignores Mickey,to Bunchy)
Not one fucking dime.

He moves to the door.

MICKEY
That priest? I took care of him.

Ray stops, frozen.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Some very powerful people gonna come after me now. Very powerful. Da Vinci Code type shit.

Ray laughs --

RAY
You deluded old fuck.
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)
Only guys gonna come after you are the guys you ripped off.
(referring to his t-shirt)
I don't know where Whitey is, Mick. But the others? They been waitin' for this day. All they need is the address I'm gonna give 'em.

As Ray turns to leave -

MICKEY
How're those grandkids of mine?

Ray is on him, grabs him by the throat, slams him against the wall, choking him ---

RAY
You go near my family, I'll kill you!

Terry moves fast, prying Ray's hands off Mickey's neck. He stands between them, won't let Ray close again.

MICKEY
Terry and Bunchy --they're weak. Always have been. You and me, we're the same. Same exactly.
(a beat, then)
We do what has to be done.

He and Ray stare at each other for a moment, then Mickey laughs, goes back to the others.

Ray pushes off the wall, pulls himself together and walks out.

INT. TERRY DONOVAN'S FITE CLUB - NIGHT

Terry is in bed in his upstairs apartment, connected to the gym. He's sitting on the side of his bed, taking a big handful of different pills for his Parkinson's. He finishes, takes his heavy glasses off, slides his feet out of his slippers, gets into his bed, looking up at the ceiling.

DOWNSTAIRS: we move through the dark gym, to the office, where Bunchy and Mickey lean over lines of coke and snort them up. Bunchy goes first, then Mickey.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S HOUSE- CALABASAS

Abby and Bridget are making dinner. Conor is in a great mood, sits at the kitchen table, keeping them company. They share a laugh over something, Abby does the hip-hop dance to amuse them.

EXT/INT. RAY - MOVING - CAR

As he drives home to his family, lost in thought.

INT. ASHLEY RUCKERS HOUSE - MALIBU

She is doing yoga. Inside. She moves from downward dog to warrior one. Fluid. Graceful. After a few moments, something catches her eye.

A GREEN MAN: standing on her balcony, looking in at her. He is wearing a cap to cover his balding head, but his face is deep kelly green. Her stalker, Robert Lepecka.

ASHLEY RUCKER: screams at the top of her lungs.

CLOSE ON: ROBERT LEPECKA

As he leaps from the porch onto the sand and sprints off down the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE -CALABASAS - NIGHT

A limo pulls up, Daryll driving and Mickey next to him in the front seat.

Mickey exits, walks to the front door.

Abby opens it, waits. Mickey walks towards her, opens his arms to her and she falls into them. He begins to talk to her in a low, soothing tone. Like a cobra hypnotizing a mongoose.

MICKEY
Pictures don't do you justice, Abby. You're beautiful. When I wrote to you? All those letters? From the bottom of my heart, Abby. I'm an old man. I need to make it right. He hates me, Abby. Why, I don't know.

She opens the door to let him in. Bridget is waiting behind her. She runs to her grandfather and he kneels down to embrace her. The wolf is in the gate.

As Daryll watches from the car, we --

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD ARMS - NIGHT

As Ray beats Robert Lepecka with the bat. All the fury he's been holding in is now released. He is now wearing the red string that he took off Stu Feldman. We see a spray of blood fly across porn collage on the table and we hear Ray's voice, his Boston accent back --

RAY
I warned you. You deluded fuck -- didn't I warn you?

THE END