

CLAN MCCORMACK

by

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**INT. MCCORMACK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

A small, sparsely decorated house. A large painting of Jesus adorns an otherwise white wall.

PAT MCCORMACK, 60, surly and grizzled, sits on a couch next to his son SEAN, 40. Pat flips through a boxing magazine.

PAT

I remember that fight you had in Detroit with Leroy Gordon. You put that bastard on his ass in the first round. You hit him so hard they had to rush him to the hospital to save his life. Phil Limmick came up to me afterwards and said, "Your boy damn near killed that guy." And I said, "That's one less nigger in the world."

Pat turns the page in the magazine.

PAT

Look at this. There's a write up about Tommy Feenan in here.

SEAN

I thought I beat that guy.

PAT

You tore his fucking face off three different times and here he is with a full page article written about him.

BRIAN, 35, clad in a sweatsuit, enters the room.

BRIAN

You guys still talking about that boxing shit? That was twenty years ago.

PAT

Yeah? Well it was more than you've ever done. You're a cop and I bet Sean here's still cracked more heads than you.

BRIAN

That's not my job.

PAT

You're telling me it's not your job to crack a few niggers' heads, keep them in line?

BRIAN

Sure, dad. You're right. I guess that is my job.

Brian heads into the kitchen.

**INT. MCCORMACK HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Brian rummages through the cabinets looking for food.

**INT. MCCORMACK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

PAT

Remember that fight with Douglas?

SEAN

The one in Las Vegas?

PAT

That's the one. You knocked him out six seconds into the first round.

Pat is lost in thought.

SEAN

Dad, are you going to be okay?

PAT

I'll feel better once your brother gets here, once I have all my boys with me. Where is Michael anyway?

**INT. MCCORMACK HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

Brian sits at the table eating cereal. COLIN, 38, dressed in wrinkled clothes, chest exposed, enters.

COLIN

How's the force, brother?

BRIAN

Hey, Colin. It's alright.

COLIN

That's not what Dad said. He says you're on probation. Made an arrest and broke three ribs.

Brian shrugs. He takes his bowl to the sink.

COLIN (CONT'D.)

That's what you get for messing around with that karate bullshit. If it were me I would've broke his nose, fucked up his face. I'd let everyone in town know what I'm capable of.

(pause)

Look. There's something I need to talk to you about.

**INT. MCCORMACK HOUSE - BEDROOM - SUNSET**

Brian and Colin stand facing each other in the bedroom. Colin holds and strokes a pistol.

COLIN

There's this guy at work, this black guy, and he brings a knife in his lunch pail. Can you fucking believe that? The nigger brings a knife, I'm gonna bring a gun.

BRIAN

You think that's a good idea?

COLIN

You know how those people are. Why should I take a risk? And I ain't no Golden Gloves champion. No, a gun is what I need. Something like this. Think you can get me one of these?

BRIAN

I'm a cop, not a gun dealer. Do you want to get me fired?

COLIN

Who's gonna arrest a cop? Come on, I'm your big brother.

BRIAN

Alright. I'll see what I can do.

**INT. MCCORMACK HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

MICHAEL, 28, enters. He wears a green shirt and has a black eye.

PAT (O.S.)

Michael! Where's the food?

Michael fills a glass of water, swishes it in his mouth, and spits bloody water and saliva into the cup. He leans against the counter.

PAT (O.S.)  
I said where's the food?

Sean peeks into the kitchen from the living room.

SEAN  
Were you in a fight?

MICHAEL  
I wasn't in a fight.

Sean approaches his brother. He examines his black eye.

SEAN  
You have to roll with the punch,  
then fire right back with one of  
your own. It's like I've always  
told you.

Sean demonstrates.

MICHAEL  
Thanks for the boxing lesson.

PAT  
You were in a fight, Michael?

Colin and Brian enter.

COLIN  
Who kicked your ass?

MICHAEL  
No one kicked my ass.  
(pause)  
The Sullivan brothers.

BRIAN  
Do you want me talk to those guys?

Michael shakes his head and tries to break away from his family, but he's surrounded.

PAT  
What'd you do?

MICHAEL  
I didn't do anything. These things  
happen.

PAT

No. You must've done something.

MICHAEL

I was on a date with a girl.

COLIN

What do you expect when you go out with girls as ugly as that Reardon slut?

MICHAEL

I'm not seeing her anymore.

(pause)

I was with a black girl.

The brothers freeze. Pat approaches Michael.

COLIN

A black girl?

Colin lunges at Michael. Brian holds him back.

PAT

Your mother's in the ground two weeks and you're already dating a nigger? What the fuck is the matter with you?

Sean moves close to his father.

SEAN

I thought you had more class than that, Mike.

BRIAN

C'mon, Sean. When you were boxing you were friends with Bill Turner. He was black.

SEAN

That's different. He didn't act black.

BRIAN

Maybe he's just upset about mom. He's not thinking straight.

COLIN

I can't imagine my own brother's so desperate he's banging a nigger.

BRIAN

I'm not just banging her. She's more than that.

SEAN

I've heard they're good lays.

PAT

As long as you're not seen in public with them.

MICHAEL

I don't need to hear this shit.

Michael starts to walk away. Pat grabs his shoulder.

PAT

In my house you'll hear whatever I tell you.

MICHAEL

Get your fucking hands off me!

SEAN

Don't talk to Dad like that.

Michael pushes Pat off of him. Sean puts up his fists. Brian holds Sean back.

BRIAN

He's a grown man, like it or not. He can do what he wants.

PAT

Not under my roof.

Brian distances Michael from Pat and Sean. Colin helps Pat into a chair.

BRIAN

We've got to let Michael do what he wants.

COLIN

Bullshit. He's our little brother.

BRIAN

He's almost thirty.

MICHAEL

I don't need you guys to baby me.

PAT

When you were younger I would have busted your ass for something like this.

MICHAEL

There's not much you wouldn't have busted our asses for back then.

SEAN

I don't care how old you are, Michael. You need to listen to Dad.

MICHAEL

Why don't you mind your own business? Go read a fucking boxing magazine or something you punch-drunk Irish prick.

PAT

I can't have this. My own kid.

COLIN

All these years we look out for you and you go out and fuck black. What goes through your head when you stick your dick in a nigger?

MICHAEL

Fuck you! I'm not going to take this shit. Come on, Brian. Let's get out of here.

Michael opens the door. Brian hesitates. He turns away from Michael. Michael exits, SLAMMING THE DOOR behind him.

COLIN

What kind of parent raises a fuckup like that?

Colin LAUGHS. He pours himself a glass of whiskey.

Sean leads Pat into the living room.

**INT. MCCORMACK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

They sit down.

PAT

You know, Sean, if you'd gone off to Chicago with Spencer like I told you to you'd have been huge. You could have gone for the title.

SEAN

I know, dad. But I didn't want to  
leave you.

Pat clasps Sean's hand. They smile at each other.

Brian sits down on the recliner.

BRIAN

Dad, tell us about the time Sean  
fought in Phoenix.

Pat begins TELLING HIS STORY. Brian stares at the wall.