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# Black Irish

By Brad Gann

[Boy]  
It's been a classic pitchers'  
duel with Cole McKay,  
the team's closer,  
digging himself  
out of a hole.  
Working the edges  
of the plate.  
It's the bottom of the ninth,  
two out,  
the winning run  
threatening on third.  
And the pitch.  
Swing and a miss.  
The count now 3-2.  
Grady pounds his bat  
on the plate in frustration.  
[horn honks]  
[bell tolling]  
Let's have a look.  
All right.  
You look fine.  
[door opens]  
[bell tolling]  
[chattering]  
Get rid of the gum.  
Swallow it.  
[swallows hard]  
Don't get  
your mother upset.  
[sniffling]  
What's with Kathleen?  
We barely even knew her.  
There's absolutely  
nothing wrong with her.  
She loved to sing.  
Go keep an eye  
on your brother.  
I'm sorry for your loss.  
Me and Anthony  
are going to a party  
later on.  
You wanna come?  
Save it, Terry. Not now.

Yeah, whatever.  
Like she's gonna hear us.  
She looks really good,  
considering--  
This old bat looks better now  
than when she was alive.  
[scoffs]  
How much would you pay me  
if I give her a kiss?  
T-Terry, not now.  
She's got a piece of snot  
hanging out of her  
right nostril.  
You think that's real,  
or you think they  
stuck that in there?  
Cut it out.  
This is Dad's sister.  
So what? She never  
said two words to me  
or to the old man.  
All right.  
Well, forget that now.  
She's dead,  
so just say a prayer  
or something.  
I don't know any.  
Eight years of Catholic school,  
and you don't know one prayer?  
Bless us, our Father,  
for these, thy gifts  
we are about to receive--  
Not that. I'll do it.  
I'll do it.  
I'll be out  
in the car.  
[Cole] Thy kingdom come,  
thy will be done--  
[door opens]  
on earth--  
[muttering]  
[door closes]  
Lead us not  
into temptation--

Lead us snot  
into temptation.  
Thank you.  
[chuckling]  
What are you doing, bro?  
What's it look like?  
Coming with us  
or what?  
Where to?  
I already told you.  
To a party, remember?  
Someone invited  
the two of you to a party?  
[chuckling]  
[scoffs]  
Forget about it.  
We don't need  
no pure alter boy  
hanging with us.  
Pure as your mother.  
Have you even seen  
a girl yet, huh?  
Look, forget it.  
I just thought  
since you never get out--  
He coming or what?  
We got him.  
[rabbit cage opens]  
Guys, wait up.  
It's the O'Leary family.  
They went to the Cape.  
Big deal, right?  
[chuckling]  
I thought we were  
going to a party.  
[whispering]  
Shut up!  
What are you guys doing?  
[dog barking]  
I'll hold your coat.  
You're out of your minds.  
Don't puss out on us.  
You're the only one  
who can squeeze through.

No, forget it.  
I'm not doing this.  
Quit dicking around  
and do as I say.  
Get off of me!  
Trying to say something, huh?  
I can't hear you.  
The only thing I hear is,  
"Okay, Terry, I'll do it."  
You're both assholes.  
We lower you in,  
you go upstairs  
and you open the door,  
okay?  
Okay?  
Bingo!  
[clock chiming]  
Come on.  
Come on!  
Come on, buttercup.  
Wake up.  
[clock chiming]  
[Boy]  
What you got, man?  
Anything good?  
[Terry]  
Watches.  
[Boy mutters, chuckles]  
Oh, Terry!  
Come here.  
Check this out.  
Nice.  
I'm keeping this, all right?  
Yeah.  
[car approaches]  
[Terry]  
Shit!  
Let's go.  
[Boy]  
Pop.  
Where's my brother?  
Forget about him.  
O'Leary's in  
the driveway, man!

Cole! Cole!

Get up!

Come on, get up!

Cole, pick your feet up!

Come on.

Get up!

[door unlocking]

[Man]

Hey! Who the hell is that?

Open the goddamn door!

Come on!

Come on, get up!

Open the door!

[knocking]

Kathleen,

I've brought you something.

Can I come in?

Yeah.

Should call this

"morning, afternoon  
and evening" sickness.

I know you can't eat it now,  
but I made you a sandwich.

It's important you eat.

Oh, God, Ma, get it out.

Peanut butter.

I can smell it.

You need the protein.

I need to feel normal again.

I know. I know.

Does this mean

you're not mad at me?

Don't get

the wrong idea, Katie.

I'm still mad at you  
and that boyfriend of yours,  
but we'll get everything  
taken care of.

You know what

we discussed, Ma?

It's not such

a terrible thing.

No child of mine

is having an abortion.

Oh, no.  
[dog whines]  
[Dad]  
No running  
in the house!  
Kid listens good.  
What's with you?  
My rabbit.  
I forgot to give her  
her medicine.  
Didn't make it, huh?  
Looks like it's gonna be  
rabbit fricassee tonight.  
[chuckles]  
Why don't you fellas  
go on ahead?  
I'll meet you later.  
If I'm late, I want  
a 20 on Early Warning.  
You got that?  
No problemo, Des.  
Yeah, I'd hustle if I was you.  
There's some good picks  
out there today.  
Oh, I know it.  
You think you can get one  
past your old man, huh?  
[door opens]  
What do you mean?  
[door closes]  
When you were crying  
like a girl, I smelled  
booze on your breath.  
You can't have it  
both ways.  
Either you cry like a girl  
or you drink like a man.  
What's it gonna be?  
You think you can drink  
like a man at your age,  
then follow through  
and do it.  
As my father used to say,  
"Save the tears

for the cemetery  
'cause they're wasted  
on me."  
Go ahead.  
Maybe you  
shouldn't drink, either.  
What did you say?  
Nothing.  
You know, maybe when I ask you  
what I should or shouldn't do,  
you'll know you're  
old enough to tell me.  
Drink.  
[spits]  
[retching]  
Clean up the mess.  
Any of your friends  
want a drink,  
you know where to send 'em.  
[growling]  
Not again.  
That's my goddamn shoe.  
[growling continues]  
Fine.  
Didn't fit right, anyway,  
you woolly-headed  
son of a bitch.  
[Priest]  
In the name of the Father,  
the Son and the Holy Spirit.  
[Cole]  
Bless me, Father,  
for I have sinned.  
How long has it been  
since your last confession?  
My last confession  
was about a week a--  
a m-month ago.  
Go on, young man.  
I've had impure thoughts.  
I, uh, lied to my mother  
a while back,  
and my father.  
I swore during



the Red Sox game when  
Varitek booted the bunt  
and they lost.

I got drunk  
and robbed a house.  
Could you repeat that?

I--  
I've had impure thoughts.

No.  
The last part.  
You mean getting drunk  
and robbing-- robbing a house.  
This is very disturbing, Cole.

You know--  
All those Sundays  
with you beside me,  
I should hope  
I recognize your voice.  
Father, I feel terrible.

My brother  
suckered me in.  
Terry is not the issue here.

You've gotta be  
stronger than that.  
There's a lot of bad  
in the world,  
and it's easy to gravitate  
toward the bad.

Be left by the wayside.  
Do you understand?

Yes, Father.

[sighs]

I want you  
to think about  
the clearest, purest thing  
that God has given you.

Do you have any idea  
what that could be?

Keep you focused.

It's baseball.

Baseball?

[sighs]

What about your plans  
to go into the priesthood?

Father, you asked a question.  
That's what came out.  
All you got  
is that one pitch.  
Sooner or later,  
I'm gonna catch up to it.  
Come on.  
Let me see it.  
Let me see it.  
[clatter, cat yowls]  
That was our only ball.  
[Woman] Hey!  
What are you looking at?  
You old hagged-up bitch!  
Watch your mouth!  
[window closes]  
I guess the game's over, then.  
Cole, don't think you're  
anything special, okay?  
When it's a money pitch,  
I can throw like that, too.  
All right, Terry.  
Don't be late tonight.  
It's Kathleen's  
going-away dinner.  
Good hitting.  
Yeah, you, too.  
Mmm. Smells good.  
Fancy dishes.  
It's the good china.  
From your mother, remember?  
[chuckles]  
Haven't seen these  
in a lifetime.  
You kids were in diapers  
when I saw these last.  
You kids were all  
beautiful children.  
Weren't they?  
[Father chuckles]  
They were.  
Even Terry.  
[laughs]  
Terry? No way.

Yeah.

Where is he?

I think I saw him outside  
with Anthony.

Ah, the brain trust.

Go get him, will ya?

It's your sister's  
going-away dinner.

It's okay.

I'll go get him.

[clears throat]

It ain't fair.

The whole ball of wax  
ain't fair.

There's going to be  
another adjustment as well.

Concerns you.

Adjustment?

In order to pay  
for your sister,  
we're taking you  
out of St. Mark's,  
putting you in public.

[Cole sighs]

That's Terry's school.

I don't want an argument  
out of you.

I'll make do.

Raiders are the best team  
in the city.

I won't even  
make that lineup.

And Father Magruder said  
I have a good shot at being  
on the varsity starting  
rotation this year.

Why you worry about  
something as trivial  
as baseball

when you know your future  
lies in the priesthood.

There you are, Terry.

Perhaps you can show  
your brother around

when he gets to your school.  
Gets to my school?  
Yes, Terry.  
You and your brother  
are going to be attending  
the same institution.  
You want me to give him a tour?  
That's a beauty.  
I-I don't know if that's  
such a good idea, Margaret.  
He's two years behind me.  
What am I gonna show him?  
Oh, I'm catching up, though.  
Have a seat, please,  
so your sister can say grace.  
I'm not hungry.  
Yes, you are. It's your  
sister's goddamn dinner.  
You want me to eat  
all my vegetables?  
That's enough!  
Ah, this is just great.  
The Brady Bunch  
got nothing on us.  
What a sham all this is.  
Is anyone here  
really happy?  
Terry, calm down now, mmm?  
You all think I'm dumb.  
I'm not dumb. I'm smart.  
Smart enough to know  
that if I study,  
I get a "C,"  
if not, I get a "C" minus,  
so why bother, huh, Ma?  
You and I both know  
you could do much better  
than a "C"  
if you just applied yourself.  
It's easier bein' a loser.  
Nobody expects anything  
out of Terry McKay.  
Nobody here gives  
a good goddamn about me

or what I want,  
and none of you care.  
Terry, that's not true.  
Oh, it's not?  
Then what's  
my favorite color?  
What's my favorite  
baseball team?  
Hey, Dad,  
how come I didn't wanna  
go to camp when I was eight?  
Terry, I don't wanna hear it!  
It's not about you tonight.  
The money pitch.  
Come here!  
Think you're smart?  
That's enough.  
Stop it!  
[blows landing]  
[dog barking]  
[Dad]  
Damn it!  
[engine starts]  
[door closes]  
[footsteps approaching]  
Add one more  
to the collection.  
You'll have to take on  
this wonderful chore  
while I'm gone.  
I'm so sorry they had  
to pull you out of St. Mark's.  
It's all right.  
I'm actually--  
I'm kind of  
looking forward to it.  
Change is good, right?  
Yeah, and you'll do fine.  
You'll be so far ahead  
you won't have to do  
any homework for two years.  
There'll be girls.  
I heard rumors they exist.  
[sighs]

Yeah.

By tomorrow this should be dry.

Then you hang the hook.

Three inches above the hole?

Mm-hmm.

Are you gonna be okay?

Yeah.

Yeah, I'm gonna be fine.

You should go to bed.

Pulling you out

is probably

a temporary thing.

I'll land another job.

I got part-time work

lined up already.

As soon as your sister's

taken care of,

I get back on my feet,

you're back on track

for the seminary.

It is what you want,

isn't it?

I'm not exactly sure

I'm cut out for it.

Since when?

You know, since--

since I've been

doing some thinking

on some of the vows.

Vows? Which ones?

Well, chastity,

for one.

You know, I'm not

exactly comfortable

with the idea

of being...chaste.

That's a doozy.

Are you getting laid?

Are ya?

Stop. No.

But besides playing ball,

it's all I can think about.

Perfectly natural.

Listen, from age 13

through my late 20s,  
all I could think about  
was pus--  
w-was sex.  
Really?  
Really.  
Then I met your mother.  
Wait a minute.  
You know about the birds  
and the bees, right?  
You know how the whole  
thing works, don't you?  
Yeah, Dad, I know.  
Yeah, well, I know you know.  
Attending that institution  
doesn't exactly expose you  
to the world.  
Yeah, well,  
I got it figured out.  
Well, you know, it's not  
like you see in Playboy.  
You know,  
it gets all wet--  
I--  
You know, this--  
That's okay, you know?  
But not too much.  
And, uh,  
[clears throat]  
always, always gift wrap  
your package.  
You know, protection.  
We're gonna--  
We're gonna be late.  
Uh--  
[clears throat]  
Yeah.  
[car approaching,  
radio blaring]  
# Everything that we  
believed in, it all  
turned out to be a lie #  
[car, radio off]  
[car door opens, closes]

Taking matters  
into your own hands?  
Is your boyfriend David  
gonna drive the bus?  
The faggot.  
Go away, Terry.  
I don't wanna deal with you  
right now.  
Come on. Get in.  
I'll drive you...  
wherever you wanna go.  
You know you have a fine,  
young ballplayer here.  
Why, next season I'd wager  
he'll make it into  
the starting rotation.  
There isn't gonna be  
a next season, Father.  
We're taking our son  
out of St. Mark's.  
Out?  
I've always thought  
that Cole was here  
because his faith  
was central to him.  
Have you found something  
more important in your life?  
No. No, Father.  
Not-- Not at all.  
It's, um--  
It's the most important work  
a man can do.  
It's just--  
It's-- It's just that--  
Yeah.  
Right now--  
No one becomes  
a priest nowadays.  
I don't want my son  
to become some sort of freak.  
He's going  
in a different direction.  
Isn't that right?  
Mr. McKay, I'd hardly



label our calling freakish.  
Well, you might wanna consider  
getting the Church  
a good publicist then,  
because, uh, you know,  
your calling's been taking  
a serious hit lately.  
Here's the bottom line:  
The kid's hormones  
have finally kicked in.  
He's no longer  
interested.  
Isn't that right?  
Not exactly.  
Have you made any short  
or long-term plans?  
I'm gonna  
go to public school,  
and, uh, I thought  
I'd work as a waiter.  
For now.  
[sighs]  
You've been such  
a promising student.  
Exemplary in all ways.  
And now you'd prefer to serve  
hamburgers instead of God?  
It's a lot more practical.  
McDonald's has served a few  
more than Catholicism has.  
How many billions  
they up to now?  
[chuckling]  
This is not to be  
made light of, Mr. McKay.  
By choosing this path,  
your son may very well  
be stepping into the abyss.  
Here he has a home and--  
and a future.  
Out there--  
Every man has these urges  
that you're feeling.  
By denying them,

we make ourselves stronger,  
holier.  
Am I not right, Cole?  
Yes, Father.  
Yeah, that's a crock  
if ever I heard it.  
No wonder you guys  
are so out of touch.  
What you feel right here--  
that tingle in your nuts--  
is the most natural thing  
in the universe.  
It says you're alive,  
and no amount of praying  
is gonna make it go away.  
It's what makes  
the world go around.  
You deny that,  
you deny who you are.  
I had no idea  
that such a fine young man  
could come from someone  
who has such disdain  
for God and his deeds.  
Come on, Cole.  
It's time to go.  
Cole, come on!  
We told him!  
Huh? What's the matter?  
You're a free man.  
What do you say  
we go celebrate,  
get ourselves  
a couple of beers  
at O'Reilly's?  
What the hell.  
You're almost old enough.  
No hard stuff, I promise.  
Dad, I was thinking,  
now that I'm at public,  
maybe I could get a job,  
bring in some money.  
How about-- How about  
dropping me at Marcellino's?

You're aiming high.  
Want me to come in?  
No, it's all right.  
I'll come and tell you  
when to pick me up.  
Can you  
spare some change?  
Fuck off.  
God bless.  
[footsteps approaching]  
Damn her.  
Who?  
Mom.  
I can't do it.  
[chattering]  
[Man]  
Is that coffee done?  
Can I help you  
with something?  
Yeah, I'm looking  
for the owner.  
You're looking at him.  
Start yakking.  
Oh, well, um,  
I'm from the neighborhood,  
and I was just hoping that  
you could use me.  
For what?  
Restaurant work.  
Yeah? You ever  
waited tables?  
Uh, no.  
Bussed?  
No, sir.  
Washed dishes?  
Actually, yeah,  
all the time.  
Whereabouts?  
Don't tell me.  
At home.  
Yeah.  
Tell me this is  
a recent career decision.  
Well, I just decided

the other night,  
but I really  
wanna work here.  
Yeah? I got a bunch  
of Dominicans in the kitchen.  
You know why?  
No.  
'Cause illegals work  
cheap and hard  
and they don't know  
enough English  
to give you any lip.  
It's tough  
to compete with that.  
Okay, well, I could--  
You could pay me as much  
as you pay them. Less, even.  
I'll work even harder,  
and as many hours as you want.  
Come on. Let's go.  
Come on. Let's go.  
Listen, I need  
to help out my family.  
Chip in.  
What's your name, kid?  
Cole.  
I'm Cole McKay.  
Nice to meet you.  
Joey Colasanto.  
All right.  
Here's what we do, Cole McKay.  
You're gonna be  
my utility man.  
That means you do  
whatever I need.  
It could be washing dishes,  
delivering meals,  
parking cars, whatever.  
You old enough to drive?  
Yeah.  
I could ask you your birthday,  
or I could trust you.  
Feel blessed  
I hate math.

There's a delivery van  
out back.  
Make sure your feet  
hit the pedals,  
adjust the mirrors,  
drive around a bit.  
Then you start tonight.  
You bang it up,  
you not only get canned,  
you wind up paying me back  
for the rest of your life.  
Got it?  
Yeah, I got it.  
Thank you so much. You--  
You're not gonna be sorry.  
You better hope not.  
[Woman]  
Kathleen McKay, right?  
Yes, that's right.  
I'm Sister Mary Elise,  
your intake counselor.  
Do you prefer  
Kathleen or Katie?  
I call her Katie.  
Kathleen.  
Let her help you.  
I'll see you inside.  
Do you have  
everything you need?  
Absolutely everything  
a girl could want.  
This is  
the best thing, Katie.  
You'll understand  
someday and--  
Thank you for it?  
Yes, that's right.  
It's just hard for you  
to see that now.  
I'll call you later.  
Good-bye, Ma.  
Well, look who decided  
to join us to pursue  
an education, huh?

All bright and shiny  
for his first day.  
You bring  
your multivitamins?  
Where were you  
last night, Terry?  
Don't sweat it.  
I was around.  
[sighs]  
Those my pants?  
Yeah. So?  
So they're my pants.  
Did you steal 'em?  
No, I didn't steal them.  
They were in the dryer.  
I ran out of mine.  
I didn't say  
you could borrow those.  
Hey, it's not a big deal.  
Take off my pants.  
I'll get 'em back to you.  
[stammering]  
No way.  
Take off my pants now.  
Terry, I'm not taking  
off the pants.  
Just forget it.  
That's a smart move,  
alter boy.  
Nobody touches  
my brother but me!  
You got that? Nobody!  
One last chance.  
Okay! Geez! Okay!  
You sure?  
Maybe you should  
keep 'em on you.  
They look good on you.  
Forget it. Okay.  
Take 'em off?  
Okay.  
Oh!  
[quiet snickering]  
[Girl]

Nice legs.

[dog growling playfully]

Why is it only

my shoes, huh?

I've had it with you,

you Kraut bastard.

[whistling]

[door opens]

[Teacher]

This is going to be true

of each and every

right triangle we encounter

where "C" is the hypotenuse,

or the long side,

and "A" and "B" form--

Mr. McKay, correct?

Yes, sir. Cole McKay.

Any relation

to Terry McKay?

Yeah, he's my brother.

Ohhh!

Take a seat.

Thank you.

Now, where was I before I was  
so rudely interrupted?

Ah, yes.

The Pythagorean theorem.

As this example shows--

I saw what happened

at the bus stop.

Oh, yeah?

Not exactly my day.

[chuckles]

Your brother's out of control.

Nah. Nah, he's not--

he's not so bad.

Not so bad?

Look, I was a new kid

once, too.

I'm Donna.

[Teacher]

Congratulations, Mr. McKay.

You just earned yourself  
a detention.

Come on, boy. Come on.  
Out of the car.  
[barks]  
Attaboy.  
Come on.  
Come on, King.  
Get out of the goddamn car!  
[whines]  
You gonna  
resist this, huh?  
Are you gonna  
resist that, huh?  
You mongrel.  
Here, King.  
Here, King.  
[whistles]  
[growling]  
You're pretty goddamn smart,  
aren't ya?  
I know you know  
what I'm talking about.  
Holding out for  
the good stuff.  
Thinking I won't make  
the sacrifice.  
[growling]  
Huh?  
[yells]  
[barks]  
Who's the king now?  
[King barking]  
Who's the king now?  
Red Sox have had a couple  
of fine defensive plays  
already in this game.  
The play on one,  
and the play by Jos Cruz Jr.  
[door closes]  
[Spanish on TV]  
[whistles]  
[clicks tongue]  
Dad, have you seen King?  
He must've got out.  
Come to think of it,



I haven't seen him all day.  
I'm gonna go take  
a look for him.  
He'll show up.  
You know, I know you  
watch baseball on here.  
[baseball game on TV]  
You do, huh?  
What are you, Mata Hari?  
[chuckles]  
Looks like a good game.  
[TV, indistinct]  
There's a beautiful motion.  
The pitch,  
it's high and inside.  
There's a lousy pitch.  
Uh-huh.  
What he just did,  
that there's control.  
High and inside,  
pushed him right back.  
You throw a few low and away,  
they crowd the plate,  
adjust to you, and then  
you fire one at the head.  
Keeps 'em honest.  
You gotta keep 'em honest.  
[TV continues, indistinct]  
I'm working on my splitter  
right now.  
It's still light out.  
How about me and you  
go have a ca--  
This one's dead.  
Grab me a cold one,  
will ya, kid?  
How was school today?  
Not so hot.  
I got a call  
from your teacher.  
What happened?  
Missed the bus.  
You've never been late  
in your entire life.

And here on the first day  
at a new school?  
I'm sorry, Ma.  
I won't permit you  
to become like Terry.  
Your father might,  
but I won't.  
Two peas in a pod.  
There's no room  
for a third.  
I'm not like Terry.  
Words are words.  
Actions define who you are.  
Wish me luck.  
[Girl] Are you sure  
you wanna do this?  
Ain't no cakewalk  
raising a kid alone.  
Don't listen to her.  
You got serious balls.  
I'll see ya.  
You were having a hard time  
with that last week.  
Is that getting better now?  
[ringing]  
A little bit.  
Excuse me.  
Social Services.  
Margaret McKay speaking.  
Yes. What?  
What do you mean, "missing"?  
Sandy,  
something's come up.  
We'll have to reschedule.  
Okay.  
I'm sorry.  
I catch anyone stealing  
any more goddamn shrimp,  
and I'll rip your arms off!  
Everyone hear me?  
No more shrimp!  
I feed you, I pay you,  
and you do this?  
Learn some respect!

I'm sorry.  
Joey-- Joey, I can--  
I can bus tables.  
I don't even-- You need  
another guy out there.  
I don't even like shrimp.  
You wanna bus tables?  
Uniform's in  
the back room.  
Don't go near the bar.  
Want no Micks  
near the liquor.  
And work on growing  
a mustache or something.  
Look older,  
would ya?  
All right, kids,  
you ready?  
Call me, okay?  
[dishes clatter]  
What's your name,  
son?  
Cole. Cole McKay.  
Graves!  
Step down.  
Come on, McKay.  
Maguire! Step in,  
hit against McKay.  
[grunts]  
This'll be fun.  
Not bad.  
Maguire, where you goin'?  
Get back in there.  
You're not done  
gettin' humiliated.  
Show me  
the breaking stuff.  
All right, yeah.  
[Boy]  
Come on, knock it  
out of the park!  
Well, that just  
hung there.  
Work on it.

[doorbell rings]

Hi.

Hi.

You really  
look beautiful.

Oh. I'm not  
ready just yet.

Yeah, no, I'm probably  
a little early anyway.

These are for you.

They're beautiful.

Come on in, please.

So, you can wait  
in the living room  
while I just finish  
getting ready?

Yeah.

Okay.

[clock chimes]

Did you always  
have this bird?

What do you mean?

Uh...did you  
just buy it?

Sonny? No, I've  
had him since

I was a little kid.

Isn't it  
beautiful?

Yeah.

I take him with me  
wherever I go.

Can I pet him?

No, just wait  
till I help you.

[thud]

Oh!

Oh.

I've really been  
looking forward to this.

I-I'm sorry.

[Father]

That was quick.

Shoulda learned to

chew your food slower.  
Didn't go too well.  
Didn't get any, huh?  
No.  
I killed her bird.  
That's a new  
expression on me.  
Not exactly  
a good thing, is it?  
No, Dad, I-I literally  
killed her bird.  
Got out of the cage.  
Y-you killed...  
Sorry.  
Look, don't worry,  
You're just  
getting started.  
C'mon, you're young.  
You can still  
tolerate 'em.  
Y-you're not a  
bad-looking kid.  
Look, all you  
gotta do  
is figure out what  
they wanna hear.  
You're in  
like Flynn.  
[sighs]  
I guarantee you  
one thing, though:  
each and every one of them  
has some new and nutty  
perspective on the world.  
Gee, thanks, Dad.  
Don't mention it.  
[dog barking]  
[door opening]  
King! King, come on boy!  
Yeah, baby, come here!  
King! Come on baby,  
come on.  
Come on, King, oh what's  
up, buddy? Ohhhh....

King, I missed you!  
You're all dirty.  
[dog whining]  
Where'd you go?  
Where'd ya go, King?  
I missed you so  
much. Come here.  
Come on.  
[Joey]  
Where's my  
utility man?  
Cole? Where the  
hell are you?  
Right here, Joey.  
I want you to  
drop everything  
and deliver this.  
It's going to Tommy Orsini,  
he's at Skip's.  
He's a very important man to  
this restaurant and to my  
family, you understand?  
Yeah, I  
got ya.  
All right.  
Hey, there's my chow.  
All right, bring it over  
here, kid, come on.  
All right,  
shine's over. Here.  
Come on, kid,  
bring it over.  
You got me waiting here  
a half hour, come on.  
Here, come here.  
Here, you keep  
the change, all right?  
Give my best to Joey.  
What the hell is  
going in here?  
[sobbing]  
[sniffles]  
Did Orsini mess with you?  
Did he?

Well, what then?  
Orsini just threw money  
at him like he was some  
\$200 a week stiff.  
Threw money  
at who?  
My father, and he  
just stood there.  
What was your old  
man doing at the  
barber shop?  
He was  
sh-shining shoes.  
You didn't know  
he worked there?  
What a loser.  
Hey. He's trying to  
put food on the table,  
no shame in that.  
Then how come he couldn't  
look me in the eye?  
Just 'cause he don't  
like it don't mean  
it's not honorable.  
[panting]  
Go home.  
He's family.  
His luck will turn.  
Things always  
get better.  
Come on.  
Sorry about the mess.  
Don't worry about it.  
What's the matter, doc?  
Seen a ghost?  
I'm afraid the  
news isn't good,  
Mr. McKay.  
The latest MRI  
shows it's spreading.  
How long we talking?  
Well, it's hard  
to say.  
Have you put your

affairs in order?

My affairs?

Oh sure, doc, sure.

Taxes are all paid up,  
college funds set up  
for all the kids,  
Margaret, she's the  
beneficiary in a huge  
insurance policy I've  
been contributing to  
since day one.

Everything's  
squared away.

You given any  
consideration to  
quitting drinking?

Why? So when I'm putting my  
affairs in order I can see  
how fucked up they are?

Look, I'm sorry, you're  
just doing your job.

I kinda knew what  
the news was gonna be.

Half my family is underground  
by the time they're 40.

I'm trying to think  
what I should do.

As a last hurrah. There's a  
lot of stuff I haven't done.

Never caught a foul  
ball at Fenway.

Never swam in the ocean,  
y'know. It's right there,  
for Christ's sake.

I can't figure out what  
to do. How the hell do  
you wrap things up?

You haven't told anyone?

You need to share  
this with your family.

Right.

Same stuff as  
last time.

Gimme a call.



Here.

[sports chatter]

[sports chatter]

Safe!

[Umpire]

Time out! Time out!

[groaning]

Okay, okay.

Come on. Can you  
get up?

Smitty!

That was  
intentional, blue!

[sports chatter]

[Umpire]

All right, batter up!

Hold up!

Play ball!

Ball.

[Man]

Hey! Watch your  
pitcher over there!

[crowd noise]

Told ya I'd get in  
the game one day!

[chatter]

[dishes clatter]

You look great, Katie.

Really, you do.

Do you have any idea  
how long I've been  
looking for you?

For about as long  
as I've been hiding.

Can we talk?

Manny, I  
need a break.

Take five.

Have you and David  
gotten married?

This? No.

He would never stand  
up to his parents  
in a million years.

This is so respectable  
people such as yourself  
don't get the idea that  
an unmarried pregnant girl  
is serving their eggs.  
Slinging eggs and  
ham is not the answer.  
It just doesn't  
make any sense.  
Did it make sense to  
marry dad when you were  
pregnant with Terry?  
Thank you, but I'd  
rather go it alone  
and take my chances.  
You think that's why  
your father and I  
got married?  
Don't sit there and tell me  
that's not the reason, Ma.  
I know that's the reason.  
Let me tell  
you a story.  
I was 22 when  
I came to Boston.  
I was a beautiful young  
woman then and I don't  
mind saying so.  
One night, I met  
the most handsome man.  
Wonderful dancer, beautiful  
singing voice, kind.  
He was like no one I'd  
ever known before.  
On our first date, we went  
to this little Mom n' Pop  
Italian place in the North End.  
Wherever we went,  
someone knew him and  
was glad to see him.  
He was everything I  
was I was looking for.  
I gotta get  
back inside.

I'm not finished.  
Somewhere along  
the way your father  
stopped being my....  
...he just  
stopped being.  
So I took a job  
and raised the family.  
Yes, I failed in parts.  
But make no mistake,  
I gave you  
a good start.  
Well-spoken and  
courteous, you know  
how to present yourself  
and you didn't get  
that from your father.  
Everything your father  
had to give your  
brother Terry took.  
He'll pay a price for  
it someday, but...  
before you decide  
on raising this child,  
be damned sure you've  
got the nerve, not just  
the love to raise it,  
to go the distance  
with that child,  
even when nothing else  
in your life works.  
It takes more than  
you know, Kathleen,  
and more than  
you've got.  
What about you?  
You stayed in a dead  
marriage for years,  
and for what, Ma?  
So people would think we  
were a normal family?  
We're not.  
Terry was right.  
Terry was not right.

I'll raise this child  
to be proud, not ashamed.  
He won't be thrown into  
some Catholic school  
or some seminary  
to wipe away the guilt  
of his mother.  
I won't give up on this baby  
like you gave up on Terry.  
You take that back!  
Does this mean you  
won't be coming over  
for Christmas or Easter?  
McKay!  
Coach?  
How's the arm feel?  
Like it's been  
run over.  
Graves separated  
his shoulder.  
That means if we make it  
past the semis I'm gonna  
need you for the finals, too.  
Can you be ready?  
I'm ready now.  
You sure?  
Why wouldn't I be?  
Genealogy...you know  
what that is?  
Yeah.  
It's about your  
family tree.  
Good or bad, you come from  
the family you come from.  
I knew your father,  
growing up.  
Hell, back then anybody  
who knew anything about  
baseball heard of him.  
He had a gift,  
and he just  
threw it away.  
So let's just say I'm  
keeping my eye on you.

Hey.  
How did you do today?  
You should've been there.  
I pitched a good game.  
So we win or what?  
Yeah, we won.  
Good for you.  
Maybe if you showed up to  
a game once in a while and  
actually took an interest  
you wouldn't have to ask.  
Hey, just because  
I wasn't there doesn't  
mean I don't care.  
I got tied up today,  
that's all. How's  
the elbow?  
That's good.  
Keep it iced.  
If you're going to pitch  
soon, lay off the breaking  
stuff in practice.  
Put some ointment on it.  
Look dad, honestly,  
can we just stop this?  
There's no point.  
I'm trying to tell  
you something--  
something important here.  
What makes you  
advice so good, huh?  
Look how far  
it got you.  
[train whistle blows]  
[door slams]  
That's right.  
Reach out and grab  
for your own demise.  
Trust me, one more  
beer is not going to  
make a bit of difference.  
Looks like you'll be  
joining me, eh, Maggie?  
Desmond, we haven't done

anything jointly in years,  
this is no time to start.  
Yeah, for good reason.  
Always gotta keep  
knocking me  
down, Maggie.  
Hold me in contempt  
every step of the way.  
How did you become the  
Queen of Pessimism?  
I married the king.  
Now we've got a dynasty.  
A whole lineage we've passed  
on these champion traits to.  
Don't start with me,  
please. Not tonight.  
Big man Desmond McKay.  
Big Vietman war hero.  
You fight all your battles  
in your head.  
Leave nothing left  
for anyone else.  
What do you bring to  
this house? Name one thing.  
You're stewed,  
Maggie.  
I deserve to  
be stewed.  
I'm the only one  
who tries to keep  
this family together.  
Shut up! Shut your trap!  
Stop it.  
Scram, kid, it's between  
your mother and me.  
We had all the  
promise in the world.  
For Chrissake.  
That's enough.  
Both of you.  
This doesn't concern you!  
And now look at you.  
How in the world could  
I have been so wrong?

Not in front of the boy,  
Maggie. I'm warning you.  
Or else what? As if  
anything you've ever  
done has ever mattered.  
[dog barking]  
Look what you made me do!  
That's enough!  
[dog barking]  
Get out.  
[Terry]  
I heard Mr. Baseball got his  
team in the state finals!  
That curve ball is moving  
pretty good on you.  
Where did you get  
the new wheels?  
I earned 'em.  
Come on.  
Would you  
lighten up?  
Have some of this.  
Did you hear about  
good old Desmond?  
Do I have to?  
You're gonna want  
to hear this.  
He's a dead man.  
He's got the big C.  
That's bullshit.  
He told you?  
Everything I needed to know  
was in his coat pocket.  
He had a pocket  
full of these.  
I asked Anthony's  
uncle, the pharmacist,  
what they were.  
They give 'em to cancer  
patients in the late  
stages for the pain.  
What's your problem, Terry?  
Don't you feel anything?  
Yeah.

Relief.

Relief.

Where you going?

I'm through being  
out here with you.

Then let's go.

Take the new car  
out for a spin.

You don't want me  
driving that.

You pitched a good  
game today.

You deserve to drive  
a real car.

Not like them old fart cars  
you park at Marcellino's.

Oh, I get it. You're  
scared to get in  
the car with me.

Can you believe I  
spent \$400 on this?

\$400 on a Goddamned  
rocket ship.

The guy I bought it from,  
he cracked it up about  
a month ago,

the frame was all bent,  
so I took it to this guy  
I know, big meathead.

We did this barter deal.

He fixed it right up.

Runs pretty good, don't it?

It's got a 350 V-8  
engine under the hood.

Said he did some shit to  
the engine and the exhaust.

That gearhead shit  
goes in one ear and  
right out the other.

# [hard rock, on radio]

What's the matter  
with you, bro?

I'm talking to you.

Hey, what's wrong



with you?  
[engine revs]  
[Terry]  
Slow down a little,  
I just got this!  
[Terry]  
Hey! Jesus, what  
are you doing?  
Hey! Wake up!  
[crashing]  
[horn blaring]  
[dogs barking]  
[horn continues blaring]  
[horn stops]  
Terry!  
[Terry gasps]  
Get out and push.  
You totaled my car.  
I'll make it up to you.  
Terry, you still bleeding?  
You're still bleeding.  
Get off!  
[police siren wails]  
Where do you boys think  
you're going?  
Probably to jail.  
[phone rings]  
[baseball game on TV]  
[phone rings]  
[Desmond]  
Hello?  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
You're where?  
Let 'em think  
it over for the night.  
[sighs]  
So, how much  
trouble is he in?  
Basically none.  
You got  
a good kid here.  
Good pitcher, too.  
My kid's on the same team.

I'd like to see them go  
all the way this year.  
Where's your brother?  
He was released on his  
own recognizance  
because he's old enough.  
We couldn't let this  
one leave on his own.  
So isn't there something  
you can charge him with?  
Excuse me?  
Nothing too serious.  
I come down all this way,  
it shouldn't be for nothing.  
Consider this your kid's  
lucky day, Mr. McKay.  
I mean,  
no one got hurt.  
We're gonna cut  
him a little slack.  
Yeah, well, somebody  
gotta teach him a lesson.  
So is it going to be you guys  
who should be doing their jobs  
instead of feeding my kid  
doughnuts, or me?  
Dad, they said we can go.  
I heard what he said.  
Move!  
Mr. McKay?  
[Officer]  
Take it easy on him.  
You don't want to wind up  
with two Terrys on your hands.  
Yeah, sure.  
Thanks for the  
profound insight.  
Put your seatbelt on.  
Don't you ever, ever  
humiliate me like that again!  
You understand me?  
I'm sorry.  
You should know better than  
to get in a car with Terry.

What's the matter with you?

Terry wasn't driving,

Dad, I was.

Don't pull

that crap on me.

Forget about Terry.

Terry is beyond--

You I can

do something about.

You and me, we're

gonna go back home

and catch

the doubleheader.

[keys jingling]

[Man]

Right. Hey, listen,

let me call you back.

Someone just came in.

Can I help you?

Yes, sir.

I've thought about this.

I want to sign up.

Serve my country.

Please, have a seat.

I know you.

You're a local kid, right?

McKay?

Terry McKay.

Son, do you know

the Marine Corps motto?

Yes, sir.

Semper fi.

Yes, there's that.

There's also the few,

the proud, the Marines.

Right.

With an emphasis

on the few,

which means we're

very selective.

You're not even out

of high school yet

and you've already

got a criminal record.

Son, I don't think you're  
Marine Corps material.  
It's got to be the Marines.  
I'm sorry, son.  
I can't help you.  
You guys are  
a bunch of pussies.  
[crowd cheering]  
[Announcer]  
Right field.  
Hit deep.  
Nixon on the run.  
[beer can opening]  
Right down the middle.  
[Announcer]  
It's gone.  
Should have never pulled  
Wakefield, you stupid bastards.  
You want me  
to turn it off?  
Don't you dare.  
Let's see how that  
son of a bitch does.  
You know what I like  
about this game?  
Baseball is exactly  
like life.  
The majority of the time,  
absolutely nothing happens.  
Then certain moments  
and certain days,  
you get all the  
glory in the world,  
or all the shit.  
You caught a break today,  
you know that, don't you?  
Yeah.  
You don't get too many.  
You should come out  
and see me pitch, Dad.  
I'm doing really good.  
We made it to state final.  
You don't want me to start  
turning up now, kid.

You got a streak going,  
you go with it.

Don't change a thing.

Did you ever catch one?

A break?

Eh, a few

here and there.

Some people, life

just happens to them.

Don't put yourself

in the position where

you have no choice.

Only choice I ever made

was marrying your mother.

You see how that

turned out.

Nah.

I loved your mother.

Sorry I'm late, Joey.

Had to take care

of something at home.

Start in the dining room,

then I'm going to need

help with the cars.

Don't forget, you're closing

up with me tonight.

Right, yeah.

One more thing.

Congratulations.

I heard you made

it into the finals.

Yeah, thanks.

Maybe when you make

it into the majors,

you can wear

a Marcellino's patch

on your sleeve or something.

Hup!

What do we got?

Here we go.

[Announcer]

This part of the organization

welcomes these guys back.

Right down the right

field line, that's trouble!  
Sheffield in the corner.  
A fair ball and a home run!  
Home run,  
Manny Ramirez!  
Still running hard.  
Three to nothing,  
Boston, in the first.  
I think they have  
arsenal right here.  
Posada is saying--  
Yeah!

[Announcer]

Posada running down  
the right field line.  
Derek Jeter, team captain,  
verging towards--

[table crashing]

Fuck!

[Announcer]

You can see it again  
on the replay.  
It appeared from here  
that although the ball  
was hooking, it was just  
inside the foul pole.

Hey, Cole?

How about giving me  
a hand with these, huh?  
I gotta hit the stock room.  
No problem, Joey.

[Announcer on TV]

It comes with all this,  
no-risk money-back guarentee.  
Desmond?

[Announcer on TV]

...cigarette smoke,  
animal dander and--

[door opening]

[door closing]

We're closed.

No shit.

You owe me.

Terry,

get out of here.  
This isn't my money.  
You know who owns this place.  
Are you crazy?  
Makes no difference  
to me who owns it.  
It should.  
I said I'll make  
it up to you.  
All you gotta do is shut  
up and open the register.  
Just get out of here.  
[cocking gun]  
Open it.  
Anthony, don't point  
that thing at my brother,  
you hear me?  
Shut up!  
Drop the gun.  
[Joey groaning]  
Is this your place,  
you bastard?  
Both of yous are dead,  
you hear?  
Yeah, well, what if  
I kill you first, huh?  
Then, how are you  
gonna pay us back?  
Hey, genius.  
What do you think, I'm some  
lone fucking wolf here?  
I got plenty of friends that'd  
enjoy looking for yous,  
especially if I were dead.  
Well, then I guess  
I got no choice, huh?  
Anthony, don't!  
Jesus Christ!  
Hey, Cole,  
this one's your  
brother, right?  
Obviously he didn't get  
the brains in the family.  
At least I know

how to find you.  
Shut up!  
I still got the gun!  
Open the goddamn drawer!  
You open it yourself,  
I'm not going to help  
you dig your own grave.  
It's for Dad, Cole.  
The money's for Dad,  
all right?  
No amount of money is going  
to make Dad better, Terry.  
Hey, Cole.  
You better call me an  
ambulance, I'm bleeding  
like a son of a bitch.  
No one's using the phone!  
Make sure he gets  
taken care of.  
Hey, Cole,  
one more thing.  
Only this guy robbed us.  
Your idiot brother had nothing  
to do with it, understand?  
No, Joey, no way, I'll say  
he was here if I have to.  
You little narc!  
Hey, asshole?  
This little narc's trying  
to keep you breathing.  
You know why I don't  
want you here, tough guy?  
I'll tell you why.  
So when they find you dead,  
the cops won't make  
a connection  
between you and me,  
you junkie piece of shit.  
Shut up!  
Fuck you!  
Don't you tell me  
to shut up!  
[cocking gun]  
Terry!



Don't.  
You can't shoot me.  
We're family.  
You and me.  
Black Irish.  
You're more like  
black licorice.  
You're soft and sweet.  
You're hollow  
on the inside.  
We may be brothers,  
but I'm nothing like you.  
You got that right.  
[gun cocking]  
[gun fires]  
[police radio chatter]  
Come on, son.  
[hanging up phone]  
Can I go now, please?  
I'll take you over  
to the hospital.  
[EKG beeping]  
I'm sorry.  
Aw.  
I had no choice.  
Of course  
you didn't.  
I'm glad you're here.  
You go see your father.  
[EKG beeping]  
McKay.  
Go ahead.  
[chair dragging]  
[whispers]  
Our Father,  
who art in heaven,  
hallow--  
Hallowed be thy--  
Hallowed be--  
[sniffing]  
[sniffing]  
Jesus, Terry,  
why'd you make me do it?  
[rain pelting window]

What are you looking at?  
Doesn't look too  
bad up there.  
Hell no,  
it looks peaceful.  
Nice and quiet.  
No disappointed wife.  
No kids driving  
you up the wall.  
People admire you.  
How about we switch, huh?  
I'll go up there  
on the cross,  
you come down here  
and live in South Boston.  
Ahem.  
How long you been here?  
Since last night.  
Grab those clothes  
there, would you?  
[clearing his throat]  
[coughing]  
Nah, that's not such  
a good idea, Dad.  
Don't shovel dirt on me yet.  
Are you calling  
the shots now?  
You think you're a big  
man all of a sudden?  
Huh?  
Yeah. Maybe I am.  
Someone's got to be.  
You're not walking out of here  
until we talk to a doctor now--  
Keep your hands off me.  
Get back in bed.  
Keep your hands off me.  
I'm not talking  
to any quack doctor  
and I'm not talking to you.  
[coughing]  
I'm tired of all this!  
You understand me?  
I am tired.

You understand?  
Yeah, I got you.  
Loud and clear.  
Your favorite color  
was burgundy.  
Your favorite team was  
the Cincinnati Reds.  
You didn't go to camp  
when you were eight  
because you thought the kids  
would make fun of your ears.  
I know you, Terry,  
and I love you.  
It's just--  
It's just been  
so very hard...  
to like you.  
Forgive me.  
[sobbing]  
How are they?  
Terry's going to make it.  
He'll face charges,  
but he'll make it.  
Your father--  
How have you been?  
Fine.  
Look, uh--  
here's my number.  
You ever want me to come  
by and help out in any way.  
Wait.  
I know you can  
do it yourself,  
but it's not just  
about you, Katie.  
I've heard all  
this before, Ma,  
I didn't come  
here for this, okay?  
I'm asking you  
to come home.  
I can help take  
care of the baby  
while you get on your feet.

I don't want to lose another.

I don't care how  
it looks anymore.

I'll think  
about it, okay?

I do miss my kid brother.

# ["Star Spangled Banner"  
playing on P.A.]

[anthem ends]

[crowd clapping,  
cheering]

[Man]

All right, boys.

[Man]

All right, boys,  
come on!

Sorry.

You see that guy  
over there?

Where?

Him?

No, don't point.

A major league scout.

He was asking about you.

[coughing]

Hey,  
where are you going?

Dad.

Are you all right, Dad?

You want me  
to take you home?

No.

I'll take you home.

No.

I want to see you pitch.

All right.

I'll be here to check  
up on you though.

Anyone crowds the plate,  
throw it right

at their friggin' head.

Keep 'em honest.

[Coach]

McKay, let's go.

Got a game to play.

[coughing]

Cole!

Hope I don't mess  
with your streak.

[Umpire]

Play ball!

[crowd cheers]

[Man]

He's yours, McKay!

[ball hitting mitt]

[Umpire]

Strike!

# [soft rock]

# Sweet apple blossom #

# Cherry wine #

# Ride off in the sunset #

# Stay behind #

# You can hear

the horses stirring #

# You're growing

like a willow tree #

# Leaves are fallin'

all around me #

# It's a long journey

occurring #

# Tell me everything

you're dreamin' of #

# Let me tell you

about the speed of love #

# Spread your wings

my little morning dove #

# Someone's gonna say #

# Someone's gonna

say goodbye #

# O play the violin for

the general's son #

# A prince's wonder's

just begun #

# You can hear the trumpet

on the castle wall #

# Blowing #

# You can hear

the footprints #

# In the sand #  
# Before we ever learned #  
# How to stand #  
# That's what they say #  
# About going #  
# Tell me everything  
you're dreaming of #  
# Let me tell you about  
the speed of love #  
# Spread your wings  
my little morning dove #  
# Someone's gonna say #  
# Someone's gonna  
say goodbye #  
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