



BROCK MCCRAY

Written by

Your Mom

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Language Alert

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON - LOWER CONCOURSE - DAY

Dozens of inmates sit at metal tables playing dominoes, cards and watching TV as guards oversee.

INT. PRISON - UPPER LEVEL - BROCK'S CELL - SAME

BROCK MCCRAY (40s, white) peaks through cell-door bars. He is bald with numerous tattoos along his built arms.

NARRATOR (V.O)

This is Brock McCray. He's in this California prison for murdering a family of three. He will spend the remainder of his life behind these bars.

Brock's head leans against the bars..

BROCK

(sighs)

Here we go...

He slides open the cell door and takes a step out. Head down, hands in his pockets, he

WALKWAY

walks, trying his best to avoid eye contact with inmates who walk by, until he reaches the end of the walkway near the stairs and approaches a large guard, SHAWSHANK (30s, Latino).

BROCK

Shawshank, how's it going?

Brock sticks out his fist for a bump. No return bump.

Brock returns his hands to his pockets and continues down the steps and into

LOWER CONCOURSE - SAME TIME

Brock sits at a table by himself, pretending to watch the local news on one of the TV's.

Behind him two inmates, PORK (30s, black) and CHOP (30s, black), play cards.

PORK

(noticing Brock)

Racist fuck.

Brock's head drops.

CHOP
(turns toward Brock)
Brock, yo man, isn't you supposed
to be wearing a white hood man?

Brock whips around,

BROCK
I'm not racist!

His words echo throughout the now quiet concourse.

PORK
Damn, calm down CLAN.

Inmates start throwing stuff at Brock. He covers his head as he runs away up the stairs and back to his cell.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The family he murdered was black,
so local press began reporting that
Brock McCray was racist.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Brock sits alone drinking from a milk carton as he focuses on Pork and Chop, noticing Chop is really devouring his lunch. Brock approaches chop with his tray of food.

BROCK
Hey, Chop?

CHOP
What you want, CLAN?

Brock offers Chop his tray

BROCK
Want this?

Chop looks at the tray.

CHOP
(indignant)
What the fuck?

Chop looks around at everybody, then back up to Brock.

CHOP
You racist motherfucker - You
really offering a black man a piece
of fried chicken?

THE TRAY: Greasy, crunchy, and delicious fried chicken.

BROCK

What? No! I know you love - shit. I don't know!

CHOP

What else you got Brock? You gonna offer me Watermelon next?

BROCK

(turns to leave)
Never mind!

Chop snatches the-

CHOP

Gimme that fuckin' chicken!

-and starts munchin' away.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY

A group of inmates play basketball on a small court. Brock sits behind Pork and Chop along with other inmates.

One of the black players on the court scores break-away layup with great speed.

BROCK

That Digger sure is fast!

Pork and Chop turn and glare at Brock.

PORK

(indignant)
What the fuck?

BROCK

What? No!
(points to the court)
Digger! That's his last name, right?

PORK

His first name is Nate, but you couldn't resist yelling out Digger, could you!

INT. BROCKS CELL - DAY

Brock sits in a folding chair, looking into the camera.

"KKK" written on his forehead in black magic marker.

He has a wet tissue in his hand, that he uses to wipe off the KKK - without any luck. The racist fuck.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
What's it like having people accuse you of being racist?

BROCK
It's been tough, I ain't gonna lie. Fellas round here won't look me in the eye anymore. No high fives, no bro-hugs.
(tears up)
Had a birthday, no cake, no nothing. It's hard when people start lying about you.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
You murdered that family and they were black, right?

BROCK
I killed them but not because they were black - That would be wrong. Just wish there were a way I could prove it.

Brock freezes - staring into the camera.

BROCK
You're white.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
What tipped you off?

A sinister grin grows on Brock's face.

NARRATOR (O.S.)
What is it?

Brock flies at the camera with a loud crash

NARRATOR (O.S.)
Hey!

The camera slams to the ground facing the wall.

There's a struggle, bones snap followed by silence...

INT. PRISON - LOWER CONCOURSE - DAY

Dozens of inmates play cards, dominoes and watch TV as the prison guards oversee.

OUTSIDE BROCK'S CELL

A "Happy Birthday Brock" banner is above Brock's open cell.

REPLACEMENT NARRATOR (V.O.)

I will be taking over as narrator after Brock's attack and murder of the original Narrator. A lot has happened since we last saw Brock. He's now on death-row.

INSIDE BROCK'S CELL

Brock, wearing a happy birthday party hat, stands with NITRO (50s, white, tatted up) as the two eat cake from a paper plate.

BROCK

Nitro, thanks for organizing all of this. Thought everyone forgot.

NITRO

You know man I really hated you when I thought you was racist but now? We cool man!

Bro-hug.

REPLACEMENT NARRATOR (V.O.)

Inmates no longer think he's racist.

HALLWAY

Brock struts down the hallway, eventually running into Shawshank who stops Brock and gets face to face.

BROCK

Shawshank?

SHAWSHANK

(serious and intense)
You're telling me you murdered a white guy just to prove to everybody you're not racist?

After a pause.

BROCK

Yeah.

Shawshank's serious stare continues...

SHAWSHANK

We cool man!

Bro-hug.

REPLACEMENT NARRATOR (V.O)

Even the prison guards forgave Brock.

INT. PRISON CONCOURSE - DAY

Brock is welcomed like a rock-star. Multiple inmates approach offering him high fives and **bro-hugs**.

Brock nears the same table as before where Pork and Chop play cards.

PORK

Yo, Brock, you racist fuck!

Brock tenses up.

PORK

I'm just fuckin wit you! We cool man!

Bro-hugs.

CHOP

(to Brock)

Join us.

Brock starts playing cards. The TV above them playing the local news blares out -

TV NEWS ANNOUNCER

Tonight, we're learning more gruesome details involving racist inmate Brock McCray who already killed a black family, and well, it appears the racist degenerate has struck again - this time murdering a Jewish documentary filmmaker during a sit-down interview.

CHOP

(indignant)

Brock, you anti-Semitic fuck!

BROCK

Awww, damn!

A cascade of objects rains down on Brock as he runs up the steps back to his cell.

BROCK'S CELL - NIGHT

It's quiet and dimly lit. Brock sits at his bunk with a black magic marker Swastika drawn on the side of his face. He dabs at it with a wet tissue - not having any luck.

REPLACEMENT NARRATOR (V.O.)

I declined to do a sit-down interview with Brock - for obvious reasons.

He's anti-Semitic.

FADE OUT.