

JUNE, 1990

HOFFA

a screenplay by

David Mamet

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FADE IN
INT BACK SEAT OF AN AUTOMOBILE, DAY.
TWO MEN IN THEIR FIFTIES, BOBBY CIARO, AND JIMMY HOFFA SITTING
SIDE BY SIDE.

HOLD.

CIARO
You wan me to go call him up?

HOFFA SHAKES HIS HEAD. HOLD.

You wan a cup of coffee...?

HOFFA SHAKES HIS HEAD.
BEAT.

You okay?

HOFFA NODS.

ANGLE C.U.
CIARO LOOKING AT HOFFA. HE LOOKS AWAY, OUT OF THE WINDOW OF THE
CAR.

ANGLE POV
A TRUCKSTOP, 1975. VARIOUS TRUCKS AROUND A DINER.

ANGLE
CIARO LOOKING. HE LOOKS TO THE SIDE.

ANGLE POV
THE SUPERHIGHWAY, A SEMI ROARING BY.

ANGLE C.U.
CIARO.

EXT TWO LANE BLACKTOP HIGHWAY, NIGHT. HOFFA, AGED 25, STEPS INTO
THE SHOT, MOVES ACROSS THE FRAME. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM TO REVEAL
1930'S TRAILER RIG PULLED OVER ON THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY.

ANGLE
HOFFA, WALKING AWAY FROM HIS OLD ROADSTER, PARKED ON THE
SHOULDER, ACROSS THE HIGHWAY, AND UP TO THE CAB OF THE TRUCK.

ANGLE INT
IN THE DRIVER'S SIDE REARVIEW MIRROR, HOFFA, WALKING UP ON THE
CAB.

ANGLE
HIS FOOT, HITS A SMALL PATCH OF GRAVEL, AND WE HEAR HIS FOOTSTEP.

ANGLE C.U.
THE DRIVER, HIS HEAD DOWN ON THE DASHBOARD, OPENS HIS EYES SLIGHTLY.

ANGLE INSERT
HIS HAND, REACHING DOWN TO CLUTCH A TIRE IRON ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAB.

ANGLE
HOFFA, WALKING UP ON THE CAB. STOPS ABOUT FIVE FEET AWAY FROM THE DOOR. BEAT.

HOFFA
I'm gonna bet that you're awake in there.

BEAT.

Are ya?

ANGLE
FROM THE EXTERIOR, THE DRIVER (CIARO, AGED 25) RAISES HIS HEAD.

CIARO
Whaddaya want?

ANGLE
HOFFA, AND CIARO.

HOFFA
Figured I'd like to talk to you.

CIARO
'Bout what?

ANGLE
HOFFA LOOKS AT HIS FINGERS FOR SCORCH MARKS. HE USED CIG FOR ALARM CLOCK.

HOFFA
Fuck do you care, Man? Y'ain't making money, sitting there, the side of the road. Git up, start drivin, put me in the cab, I'll keep you up.

CIARO
You're with the Teamsters.

HOFFA
You're fucking A I am.

CIARO
I can't take you, Fella, they find out, you rode my Cab, I'm out a Job.

ANGLE

INT THE CAB. CIARO STARTS TO PUT THE TRUCK IN GEAR.

ANGLE

HOFFA, STARTS AROUND THE FRONT OF THE TRUCK, SHOUTING AT THE DRIVER.

HOFFA

Well, I'm coming with you, so you best get used to it...

CIARO (YELLING FROM THE CAB)

The fuck you are...

HOFFA (YELLING AT HIM)

The fuck I'm not...

ANGLE

INT NEW 1930'S POSH ROADSTER. DAPPER MAN DRIVING, SOIGNE WOMAN SITTING NEXT TO HIM. LOOKS TO HER RIGHT, OUT OF THE WINDOW.

ANGLE HER POV

THE TRUCK, STARTING TO PULL INTO THE HIGHWAY, GOING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. HOFFA TAKES OFF HIS COAT, THROWS IT IN THROUGH THE WINDOW.

ANGLE

THE TRUCK PULLING, HUGE, INTO THE FRAME, FROM THE LEVEL OF THE TIRES, HOFFA STEPPING ONTO THE GAS TANK, THE POSH ROADSTER SPEEDING INTO THE BACKGROUND.

ANGLE

INT THE CAB, AS HOFFA ENTERS THE ACCELERATING TRUCK.

CIARO

I said get the fuck off of my cab.

HE THROWS A FULL PACK OF CAMELS ON THE DASH.

HOFFA

Have a cigarette.

CIARO

I said get the fuck out of this cab, they find you in here, it's my job.

HOFFA

You want to live your life that way? What kind of fucken pussy are you, some guy in Duluth gone tell you who goes in the cab. Who's driving this truck? WHO'S DRIVING THIS MOTHERFUCKING TRUCK...hey, hey, hey, look

slanty at me all you want to, Dago, you wan pull the rig over, an fight it out, fine, we'll do that, you ain't gone to do that, you drive, listen to me. Ye-ah yeah yeah yeah yeah, listen to what I'm fucken telling you. Listen to me:

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO, LOOKS AT HOFFA, LOOKS TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

ANGLE INSERT

HIS HANDS WRENCH THE STEERING WHEEL TO THE LEFT.

ANGLE

THE TRUCK, FROM THE FRONT, PULLING OFF ONTO THE SHOULDER.

ANGLE

INT THE CAB. THE TRUCK STOPPED.

HOFFA

Listen to me...

HE GRABS CIARO'S LEFT HAND.

ANGLE INSERT

THE HAND, THE KNUCKLES SCARRED WITH BURNS.

HOFFA (VO)

I know what that is, Baby. I know, you driving, the cig's burnt down, keep you up, you don't fall asleep driving, I got 'em too; I know what it is to be out there. That's why I want you to listen to me.

CIARO

I just did, now, get the fuck off my cab.

HOFFA

Alright. Or what?

CIARO

Or I'm gone beat the fuck outta you.

HOFFA

NODS.

No, you aren't, and I'm gonna tell you why: Cause if you were going to, you would've. Y'see? And that's the thing about a fucken negotiation. You got a point, I got a point. You want to kill me, BUT WE'RE BOTH SITTIN HERE TALKING. WE'RE BOTH SITTIN HERE TALKIN. JUST LIKE THE KROGER COMPANY IS GONE TO SIT AND TALK TO YOU. Just like the management is gone to talk to you, you walk in there. There gonna bitch, and call out the cops, and blow all sorts of fucken hot and cold, and

threaten you with every fucken thing in the world, and IF YOU SIT there, y'see? Like, juss like I'm sittin here, talking to you, eventually you're gonna strike a bargain.

BEAT.

CIARO

Get outta my cab.

HOFFA

Baby, y'got the balls, and you get lucky, you can kill me. Barring that, however, you're gonna hear my speech about the Teamsters. S'why'nt you jest drive the truck.

INT TRUCK CAB, NIGHT.

ANGLE INSERT

THE CRUMBLD PACK OF CAMELS ON THE DASHBOARD.

ANGLE

HOFFA'S HAND TAKES THE LAST CIGARETTE OUT OF THE PACK.

HOFFA (VO)

Lookit, here's the thing of it: is...

ANGLE

THE TWO IN THE CAB. HOFFA TAKES THE CIGARETTE, BREAKS IT IN TWO, LIGHTS BOTH HALVES WITH THE STUB OF A CIGARETTE HE TAKES OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

HOFFA

The thing of it is: what is too much? They had their way, what would it be? You'd be working slave labor, be driving the roads for nothing. Loading, unloading the trucks. Just like you are. You had your way, they'd be driving the trucks, you'd be sitting up, their office, fucken their cute secretary. What does everyone want? ALL THERE IS. All that I'm saying, our side...our side, there's a lot more there for us. That's right, that's just that's due us, and that's possible. The downtime pay, pay for deadheading, medical, all the things I've been saying. It's all, Bobby, not only is it possible, it's right there. Bobby. When they have to negotiate... y'see, they say to you "ride with the Teamsters and you lose your job..."

CIARO

...they treat us like dirt.

HOFFA

I know that.

CIARO

They got us drivin', pay the rent, every couple of weeks, some sonofabitch, fall asleep...

HOFFA

...I know that...

CIARO

...we're stuck, ten, twelve hours, a rig, broke down, no pay...

HOFFA

...I know that...We're trine to strike the company, you see...

CIARO

I can't go out on strike.

HOFFA

You can't afford not to go...

CIARO SEES SOMETHING AHEAD.

ANGLE POV
A TRUCKSTOP.

ANGLE
INT THE CAB.

CIARO

...how you gonna get back to your cab?

HOFFA

Another driver, just like you, Baby. Now: Listen to me...

HE TAKES A BUSINESS CARD FROM HIS WALLET. TAKES A PEN, SCRIBBLES ON IT, HANDS IT TO CIARO.

I want you to stop by...

CIARO

...I can't sign up with you...

HOFFA

You will sign up, but I didn't say Sign Up, I said "stop by..." I want you to Stop By, and...

HOFFA SEES SOMETHING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

ANGLE POV
FOUR MEN IN SUITS, STANDING BY A LATE MODEL SEDAN.

ANGLE
IN THE CAB.

HOFFA
Drop me here, you don't want to be seen with me...

ANGLE
EXT THE TRUCK, HOFFA SWINGING DOWN, FROM THE SLOWING TRUCK.

ANGLE
THE TRUCK MOVING ACROSS THE PAVEMENT OF THE TRUCKSTOP, HOFFA IN THE BACKGROUND.

ANGLE C.U.
CIARO, LOOKING AT HIM. LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

ANGLE HIS POV
HOFFA, WALKING ACROSS THE PAVEMENT. THE SCENE IS WIPED OUT BY THE TRUCK PASSING BEHIND A BUILDING.

ANGLE
HOFFA. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE TRUCK, PASSING BEHIND A WAREHOUSE BUILDING.

INT LOADING DOCK, DAY.
A BRICK WALL. A TEAMSTER'S POSTER, HALF TORN OFF THE WALL. A MAN CARRYING A CRATE OF FRUIT PASSES IN FRONT OF THE FRAME. HE IS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER.

ANGLE C.U.
LOADING FOREMAN. LARGE-FACED MAN SHOUTING IN XCU:

LOADING FOREMAN
Back it up, back it up. Drive it...back it up, are you looking at me...?

ANGLE
A TRACTOR-TRAILER BEING BACKED ONTO THE DOCK. THE FOREMAN IN THE BACKGROUND SHOUTING.

ANGLE INTO SHIPPING OFFICE, DAY.
GLASS WALLED OFFICE, THE TRUCKS AND THE DOCK IN THE BACKGROUND. CIARO ENTERING. PICKS UP A TIMECARD, PUNCHES IN.

ANGLE
EXT THE LOADING DOCK. LOADING FOREMAN YELLS AT HIM.

LOADING FOREMAN

CiARO. CIARO! Get on Number 10, it's clean, you take it out...

CIARO NODS, STRIPS OFF HIS COAT. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM INTO THE TRAILER, WHERE A LINE OF MEN IS UNLOADING CRATES OF FRUIT. HE PICKS UP A CRATE AND JOINS THE LINE.

ANGLE

CIARO CARRYING THE CRATE DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS, AS PART OF THE LINE.

ANGLE POV

DOWN IN THE LOADING AREA. HOFFA, BACKED BY THREE MEN, IS HARANGUING THE WORKERS, WHO ARE CARRYING THE CRATES ACROSS THE YARD.

ANGLE

CIARO TALKS TO A MAN RETURNING IN THE LINE FROM ACROSS THE YARD.

CIARO

...going on...?

WORKER

Fellow the Teamsters.

CIARO

S'he want...?

WORKER

...a strike...

ANGLE

CIARO'S POV, SEVERAL COMPANY OFFICIALS, ADVANCING ON HOFFA AND THE TEAMSTERS.

LOADING DOCK FOREMAN (VO)

Keep it moving, keep the line moving.

ANGLE

CIARO, AND THE FOREMAN.

FOREMAN

Get it in the warehouse, we're gone have these bums out here a minute, keep it moving, you want to keep working, keep it moving.

CIARO LOOKS OVER AT HOFFA.

HOFFA

...what can they take away from you? Put it down...put it down...

HE EXHORTS THE LINE OF MEN CARRYING THE CRATES.

F'you put it down, then they can't move it. Put it down, Pal...put it down...You're saying "I know, but I need my job..." I'm saying Guarantee your job... Guarantee your Wage. The Brotherhood of Teamsters, wants you to Join Up, wants you to come out on strike, wants you to organize to stop the unfair exploitation.

A COMPANY MAN LUNGES AT HOFFA, WHO PUNCHES HIM SEVERAL TIMES AND KNOCKS HIM TO THE GROUND.

I ain't afraid of these cocksuckers, I ain't afraid of nothing...what are you afraid of...?

HOFFA TALKS WHILE WALKING BACKWARDS, TO KEEP PACE WITH THE MEN CARRYING THE CRATES.

You're afraid you'll Lose you Jobs. You're working for peanuts, and they can stop it anytime. PUT THE CRATE DOWN. Let it spoil. Let it Spoil In The Sun til they negotiate...Put it down...PUT IT DOWN...Y'ever pray you could be strong enough, make something of yourself? TODAY IS THAT DAY WHEN YOUR PRAYERS COME TRUE. PUT THE CRATE DOWN. Won't anybody Put The Crate Down...?

HE LOOKS AT CIARO.

YOU, you sonofabitch...

ANGLE

CIARO, LOOKING AT HIM.

YOU! You smoked my cigarettes, you listened to my jokes, 85 miles...That's what I did for you...whaddaya gonna do for...

ANGLE

CIARO, PUTTING DOWN THE CRATE, ADVANCES ON HOFFA.

CIARO

You cost me my job...

ANGLE

CIARO AND HOFFA. CIARO, COMING UP TO HOFFA, IS RESTRAINED BY THE OTHER MEN.

CIARO

You just cost me my job...

HOFFA KEEPS HARANGUING THE OTHER TEAMSTERS.

HOFFA

Good. HE put the crate down, you men. PUT IT DOWN... LET IT SPOIL...LET THEM MOVE THE FUCKING THINGS THEMSELVES. And then see how long they'll "never negotiate..." PUT THE FUCKIN CRATES DOWN. CROSS THE LINE AND JOIN THE TEAMSTERS!!!

ANGLE

SEVERAL OF THE WORKERS ARE PUTTING DOWN THEIR CRATES.

YES! YES! PUT IT DOWN AND DON'T PICK IT UP UNTIL THE TERMS ARE RIGHT. You got a right to negotiate, you got a right to...

ANGLE

CIARO, BEING PULLED AWAY BY THE OTHER TEAMSTERS, SCREAMING AT HOFFA.

CIARO

You cost me my motherfucking job!!!

EXT DETROIT. SMALL COMMERCIAL STREET, NIGHT.
A SMALL LAUNDRY - DRYCLEANERS. HOFFA, SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW, ARGUING WITH THE MAN BEHIND THE COUNTER. HOFFA THROWS UP HIS ARMS, AS IF TO SAY "I'M FINISHED WITH YOU." LEAVES THE LAUNDRY.

ANGLE

HOFFA, ON THE SIDEWALK, TAKES OUT A NOTEBOOK FROM HIS POCKET, MAKES A NOTATION. STARTS DOWN THE STREET, LOOKING DOWN, WRITING IN HIS BOOK, SHAKING HIS HEAD. CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM AT WAIST LEVEL, AS HE WRITES IN HIS BOOK. THE BODY OF A MAN COMES UP, STICKS A KNIFE IN HIS SIDE.

ANGLE C.U.

HOFFA. LOOKING UP.

ANGLE

HIS POV. BOBBY CIARO.

CIARO

...walk a little bit here.

ANGLE

CIARO AND HOFFA, AS THEY START TO WALK.

HOFFA

Waddaya want?

CIARO

You cost me my job.

HOFFA

And what?

CIARO

I'm gonna cut your throat.

HOFFA

You're obviously a man with a profound Sense of Justice.

A MAN APPROACHES THEM FROM THE ONCOMING DIRECTION. BILLY FLYNN, HEAVYSET IRISHMAN IN HIS FIFTIES, ROUGHLY DRESSED.

FLYNN

S'a problem?

CIARO BACKS OFF A BIT.

CIARO

I got no quarrel with you.

FLYNN

Well, yes you do, Lad, you got a beef with my Partner, you got a beef with me.

FLYNN STARTS TOWARD CIARO, WHO BRANDISHES THE KNIFE.

FLYNN

You'd pull a knife on a guy was unprotected...?

CIARO

...get fucken back...

FLYNN

...no, I cunn't have that on my conscience...

FLYNN DRAWS A REVOLVER FROM UNDER HIS COAT. CIARO LOWERS HIS KNIFE.

HOFFA

You see? Life is a negotiation...

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO.

HOFFA (VO)

It's all Give and Take...

INT ALL NIGHT DINER.

HOFFA. SITTING IN THE BOOTH, SIPPING COFFEE, CONTINUING HIS ADDRESS TO CIARO.

HOFFA

and negotiation don't mean "what can I do, I win, you lose..." it means what is the middle ground in which we both, since we got to live together, Can Be Content.

BEAT.

I'm sorry I cost you your job.

ANGLE

THE OPPOSITE BENCH. CIARO, SITTING NEXT TO BILLY FLYNN, BOTH DRINKING COFFEE.

HOFFA

I am so sorry. And, yes, yes, and "everything I did." Why?

FLYNN

To Help the Workingman.

HOFFA

Yer fucken A.

FLYNN

An I'm a workingman, too.

HOFFA

That's absolutely right.

FLYNN

And so is Jimmy...

HOFFA (TO CIARO)

...just the same as you...I gotta eat, and you gotta eat...but I got no desire, what I do, is gonna hurt you...You gotta beef with me, how can I help you?

FLYNN

...cause, everybody's gotta right to eat.

HOFFA

...that's right.

FLYNN

...you take these cocksuckers...

HE GESTURES AT HIS NOTEBOOK.

Honest laundrymen, sign with the Teamsters, some cocksucker...

HOFFA
...you see that guy...?

FLYNN
GESTURES TOWARD THE NOTEBOOK.

...I'm gone see him tonight.

(TO CIARO)

Some guy, eh? be it you, the Trucks; some guy a laundry...we are out there, Jimmy's out there, organizing...so the strength of...

HOFFA
...that's right...

FLYNN
Collective bargaining, 'tects the Workingman. Some Cocksucker, won't organize, won't join, Won't Go Along...let's his brother Pay the Price, but won't he...

HOFFA
...that's right.

FLYNN
...take the benefits his brothers have accrued. You fucken know he will.

BEAT.

HOFFA
Nobody wannit to hurt you.

BEAT.

CIARO
What am I gonna do for money...?

BEAT.

FLYNN (TO HOFFA)
...he drive a truck?

HOFFA
...well, that's where we met, innit...?

(TO CIARO)

You wan, a bit of work...one night?

CIARO NODS. FLYNN SHRUGS. THEY GET UP FROM THE TABLE, FLYNN THROWS SOME MONEY DOWN ON THE TABLE, TAKES A NOTEBOOK OUT OF HIS POCKET. GLANCES AT IT. TO CIARO:

FLYNN

Gimme the fucken knife...you wanna go around...? Buy a gun, go like a White Man...

HE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND, ABSENTLY, FOR THE KNIFE. CIARO TAKES OUT THE KNIFE, HANDS IT TO HIM.

EXT CITY COMMERCIAL STREET, NIGHT.

CIARO IN A TRUCK, DRIVING. HOFFA AND FLYNN NEXT TO HIM. FLYNN READING IN HIS NOTEBOOK. FLYNN GESTURES AT HIS NOTEBOOK.

FLYNN

...this cocksucker. Every laundry in my District, Drivers signed, is he signed? He is not signed, and he's Cut His Prices, and he's Cut His Wages, to attract business from Honest Men, 'volved in a profession. The Idle Hour Laundry...

FLYNN GESTURES UP AHEAD. CIARO TURNS.

ANGLE HIS POV

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN. ACROSS AN INTERSECTION, THE SMALL SIGN OF THE "IDLE HOUR LAUNDRY."

ANGLE

THE THREE IN THE CAR.

FLYNN

Pull over.

THE CAR MOVES TO THE SIDE OF THE STREET. STOPS.

Turn it off.

FLYNN CHECKS HIS WATCH.

Cop goes by, two minutes. We'll let him pass.

FLYNN TAKES A SMALL WHISKEY FLASK OUT OF HIS POCKET, UNSCREWS THE TOP OF THE FLASK, POURS THE WHISKEY INTO IT, DRINKS.

FLYNN (TO HOFFA)

...you do on the West Side...?

HOFFA

...I'm getting to 'em. Got the guys, the Mallory Plant, I'm talking to 'em tomorrow...

FLYNN NODS.
EXT, LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW.

ANGLE, HIS POV
A COP ON THE BEAT, RATTLING DOORKNOBS, CHECKS THE IDOL HOUR
LAUNDRY. WALKS ON.

ANGLE
THE THREE MEN IN THE TRUCK.

FLYNN (TO HIMSELF)
...yes, indeed...

TO CIARO:

...right into the thick of things.

ANGLE
EXT THE TRUCK, FLYNN AND HOFFA GETTING OUT. THEY GO AROUND TO THE
BACK. EACH TAKES A GASOLINE CONTAINER. THEY LUG THEM OVER TO
THE DRIVER'S SIDE. BEAT. FLYNN TAKES ANOTHER SHOT.

HOFFA (TO CIARO)
You stay here. Turn the motor on. Keep it in gear.

HOFFA STARTS ACROSS THE STREET.

CIARO (TO FLYNN)
Whatcha gonna do...?

FLYNN
You see this cup...?

ANGLE INSERT
HE POURS WHISKEY INTO THE CUP.

ANGLE
HE HOLDS UP THE CUP.

FLYNN
Whiskey can come out, cause its whiskey that went in...

ANGLE INSERT
HE TURNS THE CUP UPSIDE DOWN.

ANGLE
FLYNN, PRETENDING TO POUR INTO THE OVERTURNED CUP.

Ain't no whiskey went in, so nothin's comin out...

BEAT.

Don't put nothing in... (HE POINTS TO CIARO'S EAR) You don't want to come out... (HE POINTS TO CIARO'S MOUTH) Back this truck up.

HE STARTS ACROSS THE STREET, AFTER HOFFA.

ANGLE
CIARO SITTING ALONE IN THE TRUCK. TURNS THE MOTOR ON. BACKS THE TRUCK UP.

ANGLE HIS POV
HOFFA IN THE BACKGROUND, JUST DISAPPEARING AROUND THE CORNER, FLYNN FOLLOWING HIM. WE CAN NO LONGER SEE THE LAUNDRY.

ANGLE
CIARO, SITTING IN THE TRUCK. HE STARTS TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE. BEAT. THERE IS A SOUND OF A HUGE EXPLOSION. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE POV
HOFFA, HIS CLOTHING SCORCHED, RUNNING ACROSS THE STREET, THE LAUNDRY CONSUMED IN FLAMES.

ANGLE
CIARO IN THE TRUCK, HESITATES, GETS OUT OF THE TRUCK. STARTS TO MOVE TOWARD THE CORNER, HESITATES, RUNS TOWARD THE LAUNDRY.

ANGLE
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. HOFFA DRAGGING THE BODY OF BILLY FLYNN, LEAVES HIM ON THE CURBS, STARTS RUNNING TOWARD CIARO.

ANGLE
THE TWO OF THEM, RUNNING TO THE TRUCK. FLYNN, IN THE FOREGROUND. A PASSERBY COMING UP TO HIM.

INT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, NIGHT.
HOFFA AND CIARO, A UNIFORMED COP NEXT TO THEM, A POLICE CAPTAIN NEXT TO THEM. HOFFA ADDRESSES THE CAPTAIN.

HOFFA (TELLING HIS STORY FOR THE FIFTH TIME)
...got out the cab...he's runnin' to see what the thing is, that he though He Heard Screaming, in the joint, he goes in...

SHAKES HIS HEAD, AS IF TO SAY "YOU KNOW THE REST." THE CAPTAIN TURNS TO CIARO.

CAPTAIN
...and who is this...? Z'at the way it happened...?

CIARO
Well, yeah.

CAPTAIN
...what?

CIARO
...that is.

BEAT. THE CAPTAIN NODS TO THE PATROL COP.

CAPTAIN
How's the Other Fella...?

COP
Well, he's dying in there.

ANGLE
THE HOSPITAL ROOM. THE CORRIDOR BEYOND. HOFFA MOVES TO THE DOOR, CIARO BEHIND HIM.

ANGLE
INT THE ROOM. A PRIEST BY THE BEDSIDE OF FLYNN. SPEAKING VERY SOFTLY, WEARING VESTMENTS FOR ADMINISTERING EXTREME UNCTION. HOFFA, AND THEN CIARO BEYOND.

PRIEST
...to rid your soul of whatever sin there may be. And if you did this thing...simply to confess. And lay it before God.

FLYNN MAKES A NOISE.

PRIEST (LEANING CLOSER)
...what...

ANGLE
A BIT OF HOFFA'S FACE, CIARO BEYOND HIM, LEANING IN TO HEAR WHAT IT IS THAT FLYNN HAS TO SAY.

INT HOFFA'S CAR, DAY, 1975.
HOFFA AND CIARO.

CIARO (ABSENTLY)
...Billy Flynn.

HOFFA (ABSENTLY)
...wunney...? Yeah. The fucken Old Days.

BEAT.

CIARO (ABSENTLY)
...you cost me my job...

BEAT.

...you cost me my job, Jim.

HOFFA

Fuck you. Don't ever let a stranger in your cab.

CIARO

...uh huh...

HOFFA (ABSENTLY)

"Don't ever let anybody in your cab, in your house, in your heart, unless he's a friend to Labor..."

CIARO

...ain't that the truth...

HOFFA

"...but if he is that Friend to Labor..."

BEAT.

CIARO

...you wanna cup of coffee...?

HOFFA SHAKES HIS HEAD. LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

HOFFA (SOFTLY)

...but if he is that friend to Labor...

EXT KROGER PLANT, NIGHT, 1931.

STRIKERS WALKING THE PICKET LINE BY TORCHLIGHT OUTSIDE THE GATES OF THE KROGER PLANT. A SPEAKER, ON TOP OF A TRUCK, HARANGUING THE PICKETERS.

SPEAKER (THROUGH A MEGAPHONE)

...but if he is a Friend to Labor, HE IS THE ONLY FRIEND YOU GOT...and you best listen to that man. If he's got the scars on his knuckles, if he's got the muscles in his arms, if he's been out on the road like you and me...

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO, WALKING A LINE OF TRUCKS, QUEUED UP TO ENTER THE KROGER PLANT.

HOFFA (UNDER HIS BREATH)

...yeah, he knows the Words, but he Don't Know the Music...

HE STEPS UP ONTO THE RUNNINGBOARD.

ANGLE

HOFFA, TALKING TO THE DRIVER IN THE CAB.

HOFFA

Why'nt cha pull it over, Pally. Why'ntcha team up with some people gonna stand with you. Cause, to these Kroger people, you're a Part on the Truck...

CIARO

You're just Part of the Truck, Pal. You're the Nut behind the Wheel...

HOFFA

...they find some way to replace you cheaper, and you...

ANGLE

THE DRIVER PICKS UP A PISTOL FROM THE SEAT BEHIND HIM, POINTS IT AT HOFFA.

DRIVER

Get the fuck down off my cab...

ANGLE

HOFFA GETS DOWN OFF THE CAB, CONTINUES WALKING WITH THE OTHER ORGANIZER, TURNS BACK TO LISTEN TO THE SPEAKER.

ANGLE POV

THE SPEAKER, ON TOP OF THE TRUCK

...That The Race of Labor, as the Race of Israel of Old is Saddened, and our Women Mourn...we...

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO, JOINED BY HIS FELLOW ORGANIZER, FITZSIMMONS.

HOFFA

They oughta shoot that motherfucker, let him organize the dead...

HE TURNS HIS ATTENTION BACK TO THE LINE OF TRUCKS, WHICH IS NOW MOVING, THROUGH THE GATES OF THE KROGER FACTORY.

ANGLE POV

LINES OF ARMED MEN, ESCORTING THE TRUCKS THROUGH THE PICKET LINE.

HOFFA (SHOUTING)

GET DOWN OFF THE TRUCK, YOU FUCKIN STOOGES, YOU SCABS...What is Lower than a scab...WHERE IS YOUR SELF RESPECT...

HE WALKS IN FRONT OF A TRUCK, WHICH IS JUST SHIFTING INTO GEAR.

ANGLE
HOFFA, STANDING IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK.

HOFFA
They're gonna screw you, Pal. You think they're gonna be loyal to you, crossing the line? Know what you are to them? Same as you are to us, a Scab, and a traitor...

SOUND OF THE TRUCK GNASHING GEARS, THE DRIVER FLASHES HIS LIGHTS AT HOFFA. HIS FRIEND TAKES HIM OUT OF THE PATH OF THE TRUCK.

ANGLE
HOFFA AND THE OTHER ORGANIZER, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE TRUCKS, THEIR FEET SEEN THROUGH THE WHEELS.

ANGLE
TWO MEN, IN SHADOWS, WATCHING HOFFA.

ANGLE
HOFFA AND HIS FRIEND WALKING.

HOFFA
...and we're blowing the fucken strike, and I got to make some Converts, or my family don't eat this week. Where's the just...

HE LOOKS TO THE SIDE.

ANGLE POV
ONE STREET DOWN, A LINE OF POLICE CARS. DOWN THE STREET, A FEW TRUCKS, LETTING MEN OFF OF THE TAILGATES, THE MEN CARRYING CLUBS.

ANGLE
HOFFA, AND CIARO.

HOFFA
Oh, hell, n'we're gonna get into a punch-up again... f'we could keep you sonofabitchin fucken dagos off our back...

HE GESTURES BACK TOWARD THE MAIN GATE.

That sonofabitch is runnin this strike dead wrong...

FITZSIMMONS (MOVING OFF)
Keep your head down...

CIARO CONTINUES DOWN THE LINE OF TRUCKS, HARANGUING THEM. HOFFA TURNS TO LOOK BACK AT THE ORGANIZER.

ANGLE POV

ORGANIZER IN THE BACKGROUND, ON TOP OF A TRUCK, AS THE LINE OF SCAB TRUCKS DRIVE SLOWLY PAST.

ORGANIZER

...but in our sadness, there is one thing: there is a seed, and it is the seed of unity...

ANGLE

HOFFA, SHAKES HIS HEAD, STARTS DOWN THE LINE OF TRUCKS. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE TWO MEN DART BETWEEN THE TRUCKS, AND START TO FOLLOW HOFFA.

ANGLE C.U.

HOFFA. AS HE REALIZES HE IS BEING FOLLOWED.

ANGLE

HOFFA, AS HE MOUNTS THE RUNNINGBOARD OF A TRUCK.

HOFFA

We're with the Teamsters, Friend, we're with you...

THE TRUCK JERKS FORWARD.

ANGLE INSERT

HOFFA, REACHES DOWN INTO A TOOL COMPARTMENT ON THE SIDE OF THE CAB, TAKES OUT A LONG PRYBAR.

ANGLE

HOFFA, STEPPING BACK ON THE PAVEMENT. HOLDING THE PRYBAR CLOSE TO HIS BODY. HE LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE POV

THE TWO MEN, APPROACHING HOFFA.

ANGLE

HOFFA, TURNS TO MEET THEM.

ANGLE

THE THREE. AT THE ENTRANCE TO AN ALLEY, RUNNING PERPENDICULAR TO THE STREET WITH THE TRUCKS. THE TWO MEN BACK HOFFA SLIGHTLY INTO THE ALLEY.

ANGLE

IN THE ALLEY, THEY APPROACH HIM, AND DRAW REVOLVERS. ONE OF THEM COMES FORWARD. HOFFA TAKES THE PRYBAR AND HOLDS IT AT READY.

CIARO (VO)

Jimmy...Jimmy!

HOFFA TURNS.

ANGLE

AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE ALLEY, CIARO ENTERS, HE APPRISES THE SITUATION. HOLD.

ASSAILANT (IN ITALIAN)

Your presence is requested.

BEAT.

CIARO (TRANSLATING)

Some people wanna see you.

ANGLE

HOFFA, LOOKING AT CIARO, IN THE BACKGROUND A CAR PULLS INTO THE ALLEY. OPENS ITS DOOR. HOFFA TURNS BACK TO LOOK AT THE CAR, TURNS BACK TO LOOK AT CIARO. SHRUGS. PUTS DOWN HIS PRYBAR.

ANGLE

THE SCENE IN THE ALLEY, THE THREE MEN WALKING TOWARD THE CAR. THE SCENE IS OBSCURED BY ANOTHER TRUCK MOVING DOWN THE STREET.

INT ITALIAN SOCIAL CLUB, NIGHT.

THREE OLD ITALIAN, MUSTACHIOED MEN, SITTING DRINKING ESPRESSO, LOOKING INTENTLY ACROSS THE TABLE.

ANGLE

THEIR POV. HOFFA, SEATED AT THE TABLE, CIARO AND TWO BODYGUARDS, BEHIND HIM.

OLD ITALIAN MAN (IN ITALIAN)

What is he afraid of?

CIARO (TRANSLATING) (IN ENGLISH)

He wants to know what you are afraid of?

HOFFA

Tell him it's none of his fucking business.

BEAT.

Tell him what I said to tell 'em.

CIARO (IN ITALIAN)

He says to say...that it's none of your fucken busi...

ANGLE

THE OLD MAN AND HOFFA, THE OLD MAN WAVES TO CIARO TO STOP, THAT HE UNDERSTANDS.

OLD MAN (IN ITALIAN)

I want you to tell him the following thing: that he is costing my friends money, that he is costing them jobs.

that he cost you your job, that he is pissing on my fucking operation.

CIARO TRANSLATES. AS HE DOES SO, HOFFA NODS. CIARO TRANSLATES. HOFFA STARTS TO SPEAK. THE OLD MAN SPEAKS. CIARO TRANSLATES, "SHUT UP".

CIARO (TRANSLATING)

Why we should not take you out in the alley, and beat you til you beg for death...? That is the question, when you fuck with the livelihood of himself, and of the people under his protection. And why should he not take you out and kill you.

BEAT.

He said "aren't you afraid?"

HOFFA

Tell him if I am, it's none of his fucken business...

CIARO TRANSLATES. BEAT. THE OLD MAN NODS. SPEAKS. CIARO TRANSLATES.

CIARO

He wants to know...he wants to know, if you were in his place, what you would do.

HOFFA NODS.

HOFFA

Tell him, he gives me a cup of coffee, I'll answer his question.

BEAT.

CIARO TRANSLATES IN THE BACKGROUND.

ANGLE C.U.

THE OLD MAN, AS HE THINKS. BEAT. HE MOTIONS TO AN UNDERLING, TO GET THE COFFEE.

ANGLE

HOFFA, STARTS TO TAKE OFF HIS COAT, MOTIONS TO THE OLD MAN, "IS IT OKAY TO TAKE MY COAT OFF?"

ANGLE

THE OLD MAN, HOFFA ACROSS FROM HIM, THE OLD MAN MOTIONS, ALRIGHT, GO AHEAD. HOFFA LOOKS BACK, TO CIARO.

HOFFA

Get up here, I'm gonna need you.

HE TURNS HIS BACK TO THE OLD MAN.

Alright here is the situation that we got:

ANGLE

YOUNG MAN IN WAITER'S APRON, BRINGING IN A CUP OF ESPRESSO ON A PLATTER.

ANGLE

HIS POV. THE TABLE, HOFFA PULLED UP TO THE TABLE, NEGOTIATING, CIARO TRANSLATING. HOFFA STARTS TAKING OFF HIS COAT, DRAPES IT ON THE BACK OF THE CHAIR. THE YOUNG MAN WALKS INTO THE POV, PUTS DOWN THE ESPRESSO, THE OTHERS KEEP TALKING.

INT TEAMSTERS HALL, NIGHT.

A SMALL ROOM, TEAMSTERS LOCAL 299, BLAZONED PROMINENTLY ON THE WALL. THE ORGANIZER ON THE SMALL RAISED PLATFORM, TWO HUNDRED MEN JAMMED INTO THE ROOM, CELEBRATING, DRINKING. THE PRESIDENT OF 299 IS SPEAKING.

PRESIDENT

...and the end of the strike...The End of the strike, can I have your attention for a minute...is due to One Thing, and One Thing alone: The efforts of One Man. Who went out there, who went out there in the Cold, who was out there Day and Night; speaking the word, spreading the word, and the word was TEAMSTERS and the word was UNITY, and it overcame the scabs, it overcame the Company, it WON THE DAY and it WON US OUR CONTRACT...

ANGLE

HOFFA, FITZSIMMONS, CIARO BEHIND THEM, AGAINST A WALL, LISTENING TO THE SPEECH.

PRESIDENT

And here is the Man who Led us Through the fight: The man who Beat Kroger, who BROKE THEM DOWN AND WHO TOOK US IN: Our New Business Manager, RED BENNETT!

THE CROWD CHEERS. HOFFA LOOKS TO THE SIDE.

ANGLE POV

RED BENNETT, THE ORGANIZER WHO WE SAW PREVIOUSLY, ON TOP OF THE TRUCK, MOUNTS THE PODIUM.

RED BENNETT

...my friends...

ANGLE

HOFFA AND THE OTHER TWO. HOFFA SHRUGS. STARTS PUTTING ON HIS COAT, LEAVING THE HALL. FITZSIMMONS AND CIARO COME ALONG.

ANGLE

THE THREE OF THEM, COMING OUT OF THE TEAMSTERS HALL, THEY START DOWN THE STEPS. FITZSIMMONS A BIT DRUNK, WITH A YOUNG MAN (CONNELLY).

FITZSIMMONS

Y'don't get the Wops to back off, we don't win the strike.

HOFFA

That's right.

FITZSIMMONS

...thist my Nephew...Petey Connelly.

HOFFA

...sa'meetcha...

FITZSIMMONS

Petey...Petey...gonna catch yu later...

CONNELLEY SHAKES HANDS WITH HOFFA, MOVES OFF. BEAT. FITZSIMMONS CLAPS HIM ON THE BACK

...Jimmy...

HOFFA

Yeah. I'm terriffic.

FITZSIMMONS

I got a lot to learn from you.

HOFFA

That's true.

FITZSIMMONS

How did you do it?

HOFFA

You don wanna know.

FITZSIMMONS

Yes. I do. That's why I ast.

HOFFA

Oh. I see.

FITZSIMMONS

I wanna know.

HOFFA

Na, you're drunk...I tell you, you, go show off, tell your "nephew", next morning...

FITZSIMMONS

Jim. Jim...I'm Born and Bred...Jim...

HOFFA

...uh huh...

FITZSIMMONS (DRUNKENLY)

I wantt know...I wanna put it together...I wanna be the guy who...

HOFFA

I'm, sure that you do, Fitz, so I'm gone give you a piece of advice: don't ast for somethin' that it's gonna be a burden if you get it. Eh? Like information, something...eh? Like "what a guy did..." You wanta know what I did? I went to the Wops, I told them "Don't drive Kroger Trucks, Scab Labor, help the Teamsters." And they said "why should I?" And I said, "the teamsters drive the Kroger Trucks. Half of the trucks we drive, we take 'em to a warehouse of your choosing, and you steal the contents." Whatda think about that, Fitz?...Does that shock or delight you...?

FITZSIMMONS (CLAPPING HIM ON THE BACK)

...Jimmy...

HOFFA

Yeah. "There's a negotiating tactic you can use, next time you get jammed up!"

FITZSIMMONS (TO HIMSELF)

What. A Fucken. Guy.

TO HOFFA:

I'm gone to go out, get drunk, and get laid...

HOFFA

I don't blame you. For it's a famous Victory.

FITZSIMMONS

...come with me, Jim...?

HOFFA

Yeah. I'm busy. You go get laid...

FITZSIMMONS SHAKES HIS HEAD IN ADMIRATION.

FITZSIMMONS (TO HIMSELF)

...fucken guy...

HOFFA AND CIARO MOVE OFF. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM DOWN THE STREET.

CIARO

Why'd you tell 'em?

HOFFA

NODS. RECOGNIZES THE VALIDITY OF THE QUESTION.

Here's the thing: a guy's close to you...you can't slight him...you can't slight that guy...a real grievance...can be resolved...differences can be resolved. But an imaginary hurt? A slight. That motherfucker...gone to hate you til the day he dies. Should I a told him...? Six to five and pick em...

HOFFA SHRUGS. LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

...and so we move on...

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM DOWN THE STREET. HOFFA STOPS BEFORE A NEWSSTAND. LOOKS AT THE PAPERS.

ANGLE POV

THE PAPER. THE DETROIT _____ "KROGER CAPITULATES TO DEMANDS OF THE TEAMSTERS." "BITTER STRIKE ENDS IN UNION VICTORY."

ANGLE

HOFFA, LOOKING AT THE PAPER. CIARO NEXT TO HIM.

HOFFA

Ain't that something...?

CIARO

Yeah. You did good.

THEY WALK ON.

ANGLE

ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, A VAN PULLED OVER, A DRIVER CHANGING A TIRE. HOFFA AND CIARO WALK INTO THE FRAME, HOFFA KEEPS LOOKING BACK AT THE VAN.

CIARO

What kind of money you make organizing?

HOFFA

What?

CIARO

What kind of...?

HOFFA HAS TURNED AWAY, CIARO DOES A TAKE, FOLLOWS.

ANGLE

HOFFA WALKING BACK TO THE MAN CHANGING THE TIRE. WE SEE HIM IN THE BACKGROUND TALKING WITH THE MAN.

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO, WALKING TOWARD HIM, LOOKING ON.

ANGLE POV

AS THE CAMERA GETS CLOSER, WE SEE HOFFA, HAVING TAKEN OFF HIS COAT, IS HELPING WITH THE TIRE.

DRIVER

...a man, ain't afraid to get his hands dirty.

HOFFA

...I ain't afraid to get my hands dirty, I ain't afraid to getten bloody, baby, I ain't afraid of any mother-fucking thing, and you know why? Cause I'm part of a brotherhood, run around, get me a big stone, something, chock this wheel up...

THE DRIVER MOVES OFF AROUND THE BACK OF THE VAN.

ANGLE

CIARO, AND HOFFA, WHO IS CHANGING THE TIRE.

CIARO

...you want some help?

HOFFA

Ten bucks, each new member, ten percent, the first years dues.

CIARO

That's what you make?

HOFFA

What I make's none your fucken business, that's what I'm gonna pay you, you come in, work for me...

THE DRIVER HAS COME BACK. CHOCKS UP THE WHEEL.

HOFFA

...thanks...now I want you to listen to something:

DRIVER

I'll listen to any man, ain't afraid to get his hands dirty...

TO CIARO

Firs man I ever seen, take off a suit jacket, help a trucker change a tire.

CIARO

Someday, this man's gonna be the President of the United States.

HOFFA

Fuck that. Someday, I'm gonna be the President, the Fucken Teamsters...

ANGLE CIARO, LOOKING ON.

HOFFA (VO)

Because I wanna tell you something:

IN ROADSIDE CAFE 1930's, NIGHT.

HOFFA, HOLDING FORTH IN A BOOTH OFF CAMERA, EIGHT TRUCKERS, A WAITRESS OR TWO, A COOK, ALL LISTENING TO HIM. A RAGING SNOWSTORM OUTSIDE.

HOFFA (VO)

GO WITH YOUR OWN. GO WITH YOU OWN. GO WITH YOUR OWN. Don't count on anybody's "Charity", don't count on their "best efforts", get out there and negotiate FROM A POSITION OF STRENGTH. STAND UP For yourself...THE OWNERS AIN'T GONNA STAND UP FOR YOU, THEY BEEN FEEDING YOU DOGSSHIT, TELLING YOU ITS CREAM OF WHEAT.

ANGLE

CIARO, WRAPPED IN VOLUMINOUS WINTER CLOTHES, NEAR THE DOOR, LOOKS OUT OF THE DOOR.

ANGLE POV

THE BITTER SNOWSTORM, A TRUCK, JUST COME TO A HALT, SHUTTING OFF ITS LIGHTS, THE TRUCKER JUMPING DOWN, HURRIES THROUGH THE COLD.

ANGLE

EXT THE DINER. OVER THE SHOULDER OF THE TRUCKER, AS HE HURRIES INTO THE WARM DINER.

ANGLE

INT THE DINER. AS HE OPENS THE DOOR. LOOKS AROUND.

ANGLE HIS POV

HOFFA, SPEAKING TO THE TRUCKERS, TURNS TO THE NEWCOMER.

HOFFA

Come in. Gettem a fucken cuppa coffee...Jimmy Hoffa, Local 299, International Brotherhood of Teamsters. ...gettem a fucken cuppa coffee...Because nobody's out there tonight. The Companies ain't out there, their stooges, checking you, the cops ain't out there... You're out there, I'm out there. I'm out there with you, Babe. WHAT DOES THE MOTHERFUCKER BLEED FOR, WHAT DOES HE PAY FOR, WHAT DOES HE WORRY ABOUT? THAT'S WHAT HE IS...the rest is talk. What are we talking about? I SEE A DAY...I SEE A DAY, when the Combined Power...

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO, LISTENING.

HOFFA (VO)

The combined Power of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, a Union of Working men, listen to me, if each of you put in, One Dollar A Week. One Dollar a week, and if...

ANGLE

EXT THE DINER, VERY SMALL AND LONELY IN THE DARK SNOWSTORM.

HOFFA (VO)

You armed?

ANGLE, INT HOFFA'S CAR, 1975, DAY.

CIARO, WHO HAS BEEN LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW, LOOKS BACK, QUESTIONINGLY.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO.

HOFFA

...you packin'?

CIARO

Always, Jimmy. Always.

HOFFA

Don't lighten up on me, now.

CIARO

Oh no...

HOFFA

I'm serious, Bobby...

CIARO

...did I get to be this old...?

HOFFA

You got the piece stashed in the Diner?

CIARO NODS.

Can you get to it?

CIARO NODS.

You wan go check it?

CIARO

I'll check it, you need that, but it's there.

HOFFA

Go check it, Here's what...Where the fuck's D'Alberto?

CIARO

I don't know.

HOFFA .

I want you, call him up.

CIARO

He ain't gonna be in.

HOFFA

Call him up, where is he? What the fuck, I'm si'in here, a fucken shotgun, for a simple meeting, you see, fucken guy.

CIARO

I'm sorry he ain't here.

HOFFA

You fucken wops. You people. You cocksucker, why'd you want to be born into a race like that?

CIARO

Bad judgment.

HOFFA

You're fucken a well-told. You go sit lookout, the Diner, huh? The Booth, the meeting's sposed to be. Call the motherfucker, tell me, the thing is, I'm not si'in here all day.

CIARO

I'll call him.

HOFFA NODS. CIARO STARTS OUT OF THE CAR.

HOFFA
Leave me the piece.

CIARO
I'm gonna go naked?

HOFFA
You go the lupara, the diner. The fuck you so jumpy about? Get the fuck out of here. Do something for a living.

CIARO LEAVES THE CAR.

ANGLE C.U.
HOFFA, LOOKING AT HIM.

ANGLE POV
CIARO WALKING ACROSS THE PARKING LOT, INTO THE DINER.

ANGLE
HOFFA INSIDE THE CAR. HE OPENS THE REVOLVER, CHECKS IT, CLOSES THE CYLINDER.

ANGLE INSERT
HIS FEET, HIS HAND COMES INTO THE FRAME, LOWERS THE REVOLVER TO THE FLOOR OF THE CAR. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM AS HE STRAIGHTENS UP, SITS BACK IN THE SEAT. SIGHS.

INT DINER, DAY.
SEVERAL TRUCKERS AT THE COUNTER. CIARO ENTERS, CAMERA PANS HIM AROUND TO THE NOOK OF THE COUNTER, HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH. LOOKS UP.

ANGLE POV
THE PHONE BOOTH, A YOUNG KID, DRESSED AS A TRUCK DRIVER, ON THE PHONE.

ANGLE
CIARO MOVES UP, WAITS OUTSIDE OF THE PHONE BOOTH, GLANCES AT HIS WATCH AGAIN.

YOUNG KID (ON THE PHONE, FAINTLY)
Threw a fucken, busted through the fucken fanbelt, I'm sitting here, I'm sposed to be in Cleveland 4 p.m.
NS...I know that, all I'm saying...I know that...

CIARO TAPS ON THE GLASS OF THE PHONE BOOTH. THE KID LOOKS AT HIM, GESTURES "IT'S GONNA BE A MINUTE..." GOES BACK TO THE PHONE. CIARO MOVES TO THE STOOL. SITS.

COUNTERMAN
S'yours...?

CIARO GESTURES TOWARD THE BOOTH IN THE WINDOW, THE COUNTERMAN LOOKS.

ANGLE POV

A TRUCKER, SITTING AT THE BOOTH, TALKING ACROSS THE BACK OF THE BOOTH. TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE NEXT BOOTH.

ANGLE

THE COUNTERMAN AND THE TRUCKER.

COUNTERMAN

Scuse me...sorry, Pal. Read the sign...? Booth's reserved.

THE TRUCKER LOOKS AROUND, PICKS UP A "RESERVED" SIGN OFF THE TABLE, STARTS TO GESTURE "BUT THERE'S NOBODY HERE..." THE COUNTERMAN CUTS HIM OFF.

Way it is...Sorry pal.

THE TRUCKER MOVES OFF.

ANGLE

THE COUNTERMAN AND CIARO.

COUNTERMAN

Sorry.

CIARO

Gimme cuppa coffee, here, two to go.

THE COUNTERMAN NODS, MOVES OFF. CIARO GLANCES AT THE KID ON THE PHONE.

ANGLE POV

YOUNG KID (ON THE PHONE)

Well, who can you get to get it to me...? BECAUSE I CAN'T MOVE MY FUCKING RIG WITHOUT THE...

ANGLE

CIARO SIGHS. GLANCES AT HIS WATCH. PUTS HIS HANDS BENEATH THE COUNTER.

ANGLE INSERT

SEEN FROM THE BACK OF THE COUNTER, HIS HANDS FEELING ON A LEDGE, TAKE OUT A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN.

ANGLE INSERT

SEEN FROM THE FRONT, AS IF CIARO LOOKING DOWN, HE BREAKS THE ACTION OF THE SHOTGUN.

CIARO (VO)

I don't like it.

HOFFA (VO)

You don't like it, you can fucken stay home.

INT HOFFA'S BASEMENT, DAY.

CIARO AT A WORKTABLE (1947) HOFFA ADDRESSING A GROUP OF ORGANIZERS, SEATED AT A PICNIC TABLE IN THE BASEMENT, SHELVES, CANNED GOODS, OLD SPORTING EQUIPMENT, ET CETERA, ON THE WALLS. JO HOFFA POURING COFFEE.

CIARO

I din say I wanna stay home, I said, what I said, "I don't like it."

IKE TANNEN (ORGANIZER) (BANDAGED AND BLOODY HEAD)
...the fucken guy...

HOFFA

Watch your language around my wife.

IKE TANNEN

I'm sorry, Jimmy.

HOFFA

You wanna swear, swear around your own fucken wife.

IKE TANNEN

I don't got a wife.

HOFFA

Then swear around your niece. I don't give a shit...How's your head...? Jo. Getten a Cold Compress.

JO HOFFA NODS, GOES UPSTAIRS.

CIARO

I don't like it.

HOFFA

What is it that you don't like?

CIARO

I don like you going out there. Butzka, that sonabitch is cranky, you don't know how he's is going to jump. You stay here...

HOFFA

Well, if they wanna throw the picket line, my basement, I'll stay here, otherwise...

IKE TANNEN

The fucken guy...

HOFFA

What?

ANGLE

CIARO, AT THE WORKTABLE, TAKES A TRAY FULL OF LIGHT BULBS, AS WE LISTEN TO THE CONVERSATION FROM THE ADJOINING TABLE, CIARO CUTS THE END OF EACH LIGHT BULB, FILLS IT WITH PAINT, AND SEALS IT WITH A CORK, AND THEN REPLACES IT IN THE RACK.

IKE TANNEN (VO)

They got, they put out, the guys, that they're follwn me, Monday, they beat me up, Tuesday, I duck out, down the Motel, I'm down there, finally,

ANGLE

HOFFA AND THE ORGANIZERS, HOFFA FIGURING ON A PIECE OF PAPER.

HOFFA

What? Why ain't this guy inna hospital?

IKE TANNEN

I'm alright...I'm tell'n you, the back, the place, they CORDEX me...

HOFFA (GENERALLY)

The guys put out a contract on Ikey?

ORGANIZER

Butzka, the Dealership...

HOFFA

...puts out a contract on my boy...?

ORGANIZER

This'z one hard nut, James...

JO HOFFA, JIMMY'S WIFE, COMES DOWN THE STAIRS WITH THE COMPRESS. SHE PUTS IT ON TANNEN, PICKS UP THE COFFEE POT AND STARTS UP THE STAIRS.

HOFFA

Stay here Jo. Siddown, and participate, the Fount of Wisdom, which is Labor.

JO COMES DOWN, PUTS DOWN THE TRAY WITH COFFEE.

JO

TO IKE:

Alright. What happened to you, Ike...?

IKE

I'm saying'...these guys, that were following me,

JO

...is this the Ford thing...?

HOFFA GETS UP, GOES OVER TO CIARO, CAMERA FOLLOWS, FRAMING THEM IN THE SMALL ALCOVE WHERE THE WORKBENCH IS. WE HEAR IKE ET CETERA, IN THE BACKGROUND.

HOFFA

Pack the stuff up, we're going down the docks.

CIARO

I don't like it.

HOFFA

Yes. You tol me that.

WALKING AWAY.

But let's do some fuckin business, and earn the pay, the job we're paid to do.

CAMERA PANS HIM BACK TO THE TABLE.

IKE

The guys, they got me, four guys in the alley.

HOFFA

Why ain't this guy in a hospital.

IKE

I'm alright...

HOFFA

You're alright, long as you don't bleed on my floor...

IKE (TO JO)

So they get me...

JO

...and they wanted to kill you...?

ORGANIZER

...they put a contract out on him.

IKE
I look at them. "Guys..." "Guys..." I say.

(PAUSE)

Guys. Yes. Kill me. You've been, two weeks you been dogging me. You been on my Ass, on my Butt, excuse me, Jo...

ANGLE

HOFFA, GETTING ON HIS COAT, AS HE IS SEEN TO DO SO, THE OTHERS DO SIMILARLY.

IKE (IN THE BACKGROUND)
...but if you look at the rational, the situation...
You kill me..eh? You kill me...

ANGLE

HOFFA, WALKS BACK TO THE GROUP, ONE OF THE ORGANIZERS THROWS IKE HIS COAT.

HOFFA
"You kill me, your job's done. You're out of a job. Every week that you follow me, your family's gonna eat."

THE GROUP STARTS OUT OF THE BASEMENT, FOLLOWED BY HOFFA.

Z'at right, Ikey...?

IKE
That's, that's right, Jim.

HOFFA
Very good thinking, but those guys shnn't of beat you up.

HE GIVES HIS WIFE A KISS.

I'll see you when I see you, Jo.

JO
You take care, James.

HOFFA
Uh huh.

THEY START UP THE STAIRS OUT OF THE BASEMENT.

EXT DOCKS, DAY.

A LARGE LAKEBOAT TIED UP AT THE RIVER DOCKS, SEEN FROM ABOVE.
FIFTY NEW CARS LASHED DOWN ON ITS DECK.

ANGLE

A LARGE PLACARD READING "BUTZKA FORD UNFAIR TO MEMBERS OF LOCAL 299, INT'L BROTHERHOOD OF TEAMSTERS."

ANGLE

ORGANIZER, ON THE DOCKS, BEHIND A ROW OF PICKETERS, FACING OUT, AWAY FROM THE CAMERA. BEHIND THE ORGANIZER ARE SEVERAL HUNDRED NEW CARS, ARRAYED DOWN THE DOCK. THE ORGANIZER IS WALKING IN BACK OF THE PICKET LINE, EXHORTING THE MEN TO "KEEP IT CLOSE, KEEP YOUR TEMPER." A CAR HORN IS HEARD. THREE LONG, THREE SHORT.

PICKET ORGANIZER

Open it up, open it up...

ANGLE

HIGH SHOT OF THE DOCKS, THE CARS SITTING IDLE ON THE DOCKS, THE SHIP BEHIND THEM, WITH SEVERAL CARS PARKED ON ITS GANGWAY, POINTING DOWN TO THE DOCK. BLACK CADILLAC (1947) IS STOPPED AT THE PICKET LINE. HONKS THREE LONG, THREE SHORT.

ANGLE

THE OPENING IN THE PICKET LINE. GROUND LEVEL, THE MEN FALL BACK, THE CADILLAC ENTERS.

ANGLE

THE CAR PARKS, HOFFA, CIARO AND ANOTHER ORGANIZER, GET OUT OF THE CAR. THE PICKET ORGANIZER COMES UP TO HOFFA.

HOFFA

Z'it going?

PICKET ORGANIZER

They brought in a couple guys, they tried to bust a couple heads...

HOFFA

You keep the fucken cars on the ship?

PICKET OFFICER (THINKS)

Yeah.

HOFFA

Then we're gonna win the strike.

HOFFA TURNS TO THE MEN ON THE PICKET LINE, STARTS WALKING THE LINE WITH THE ORGANIZER, AND WITH CIARO.

HOFFA (TO THE PICKETERS)

You guys stay out here on the picket line, because here's where the battle is fought. Here's where it's won. I wanna tell you something...

HE PULLS CIARO ASIDE.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO.

HOFFA (SOTTO)

Can you find out, your guys, the sonofabitch beat up Ike Tannen...?

CIARO (SOTTO)

Yeah.

HOFFA

Get me the name. Now go and ruin every one, those fucken cars.

CIARO NODS.

ANGLE

HOFFA MOVES OUT IN FRONT OF THE PICKET LINE, BETWEEN THE STRIKING TEAMSTERS, AND THEIR OPPONENTS, WHO STAND FACING THEM, THEIR LINE INTERLARDERED WITH POLICE. HOFFA WALKS INTO A CLOSEUP, STOPS.

ANGLE POV

A LARGE MECHANIC, IN OVERALLS, "BUTZKA FORD" BLAZONED ON THE COVERALLS.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND THE MECHANIC.

HOFFA

Hiya. My name's James Hoffa. I'm the business agent, 200, you gimme room..."

MECHANIC

Why should I fucken give you anything?

HOFFA

Because these cars ain't' movin, til we settle this, the strike...

MECHANIC

You're takin bread out of my family's mouths...

HOFFA

And you're takin bread out of mine...

BUTZKA, A HEAVYSET MAN IN A BIG OVERCOAT, COMES FROM BEHIND THE MECHANIC.

BUTZKA

...that's the man...that's the man...

HOFFA

...what man is that...? (TO HIS MEN) Is this the owner...

BUTZKA

I WORKED TWENTY YEARS TO BUILD THAT AGENCY...

HOFFA

Well, good for ya, Pal. That don't mean you don't have to negotiate...look...

HOFFA STARTS TO WALK TOWARD BUTZKA. THE MECHANIC PUSHES HIM.

MECHANIC

Get back your own side of the line.

HOFFA

Never push a man, never start a fight, Pally, lest you're prepared to end it...and you hit a man first, don't make it an invitation, make it a lesson.

HE WALKS DOWN THE LINE, TWO HEFTY STRIKERS COME UP AND FLANK HIM. AS HE WALKS, CAMERA PANS, AND HE ADDRESSES BOTH SIDES.

You see, the man pushed me, and what can I do but Push Back...? That's not how you settle something. Now...My Name is James R. Hoffa, I am Business Manager, of Local 299, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. What we have here is what is called "a Heated Dispute..." One of my men, in the performance of his duty, was brutally beaten...why? WHY? GENTLEMEN. I went to your Mr. Butzka and suggested that the Men Who Drive His Cars be Teamsters. What does this mean? To earn One Dollar Fifty Cents an Hour and twelve cents a mile, one thing...to have adequate Medical care...to receive those benefits...

ANGLE

BACK AT THE CADILLAC, CIARO IS TAKING THE TRAY WITH THE PAINT-FILLED LIGHT BULBS OUT OF THE BACK OF THE TRUNK. HE CLOSES THE TRUNK. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM BACK DOWN THE DOCK. WE HEAR HOFFA IN THE BACKGROUND.

HOFFA (VO)

...that he treat the men who work for him as well as he would want to be treated himself. And what did he do?

He had one of my organizers assaulted. I'm a peaceable man...let's settle this thing with peace.

CAMERA FOLLOWS CIARO, OUT OF EARSHOT OF HOFFA'S SPEECH. CIARO TAKES A PAINT-FILLED LIGHT BULB AND SMASHES IT ON ONE OF THE NEW CARS. HE PROCEEDS DOWN THE ROW AND SMASHES EVERY LIGHT BULB IN HIS RACK ON THE CARS.

ANGLE

THE PICKET LINE, SEEN FROM THE FRONT. HOFFA, DONE TALKING, IS WALKING THE LINE. THE PICKET ORGANIZER IS PASSING OUT LEAFLETS TO THE NON-UNION MEN ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE PICKET LINE.

PICKET ORGANIZER

Take a leaflet. Can't fire you for wanting information. Federal Government says that...

ANGLE

BACK AT THE CADILLAC. CIARO OPENS THE TRUNK. TAKES OUT ANOTHER RACK OF LIGHT BULBS FILLED WITH PAINT, CLOSES THE TRUNK, STARTS BACK TOWARD THE CARS.

INT TEAMSTERS OFFICE VESTIBULE, NIGHT.

HOFFA, SURROUNDED BY FITZSIMMONS, CIARO, AND SEVERAL OTHERS, IS PUTTING ON HIS COAT. ALL ARE GETTING READY TO LEAVE THE OFFICE.

ORGANIZER

...with a buyout stipulation.

HOFFA

...of how much...?

ORGANIZER

...flat fee of 28 percent of the Basic...

HOFFA

...bullshit...

ORGANIZER

...over the period of...

HOFFA

...bullshit...

A SECRETARY COMES OUT WITH SOME FORMS ON A CLIPBOARD, HOFFA SIGNS THEM AS THE GROUP SPEAKS.

ORGANIZER

No, no, Jimmy. It seems to me that...

HOFFA

What, you're gonna side with the other motherfucker...?

ORGANIZER

No, but...

HOFFA

Fitz.

FITZSIMMONS

Yo.

HOFFA

Straighten this guy out. Take him out, get him educated. Have we heard from the Ford Dealership.

SECRETARY (WALKING OFF)

No.

HOFFA .

"NO"...Waddya mean...?

FITZSIMMONS AND THE ORGANIZER RETIRE. HOFFA CALLS AFTER THE SECRETARY.

Call Jo, tell her we're onnaway...How's Ike Tanner doing...?

SECRETARY (WALKING AWAY)

St. Mary's Room 294, doing good.

HOFFA (CALLING TO HER)

Sendin something...

HOFFA IS ABOUT TO START OUT, WHEN THE ORGANIZER WE HAVE SEEN BEFORE (GEORGE PASKO) COMES BACK INTO THE VESTIBULE.

PASKO

The uh...

PASKO LOOKS, AS IF TO SAY, "I'D TALK, BUT THERE IS SOMEONE ELSE HERE", INDICATING CIARO.

HOFFA (DEPRECATING HIS CONCERN)

Eh, common...

HE GESTURES TO PASKO TO TALK. PASKO LEADS HIM FARTHER INTO THE VESTIBULE.

CAMERA STAYS ON CIARO, WHO HIKES UP HIS COAT. OPENS THE DOOR.

ANGLE EXT

THE OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING, A COUPLE OF UNION GUYS LOUNGING OUTSIDE, CIARO YELLS OUT TO THEM.

CIARO

Gettiz car....!

ONE OF THE UNION GUYS STARTS OFF, JOGGING, FOLLOWED BY THE OTHER.

ANGLE

INT THE VESTIBULE. CIARO, LEARNING BACK INSIDE, BEHIND HIM PASKO AND HOFFA, CONFABING VERY QUIETLY.

PASKO

...would have to go with the Test Fleet contract.

HOFFA

...and he said he'd go for it.

PASKO

As it was laid down, with what we said we would do, what he said he would do, that he'd do it.

HOFFA

Sign 'em with TEST FLEET, givven my thanks, sendem a bottle of...(GENERALLY) What the fuck does the Little Mick Drink...?

CIARO

Crown Royal...

HOFFA (STARTING OUT)

Sendit to'em, sendit to'em, with a little card. "A good Business deal benefits all..."

BEAT. LAUGHING.

Naa, fuckit, jus say "thanks..."

HE AND CIARO START OUT THE DOOR. THE SECRETARY HURRIES AFTER HIM. HANDS HIM A MANILLA FOLDER.

SECRETARY

...Jimmy...

HOFFA (EXITING)

Tomorrow....I wanna get back to my kid...

ANGLE

THE TEAMSTERS BUILDING, JIMMY AND CIARO EXITING. THE BIG BLACK CADILLAC IS DRIVEN UP BY THE TWO UNION GUYS. THEY OPEN THE DOORS.

ANGLE EXT

DRIVER'S SIDE, CIARO COMES AROUND, IS ABOUT TO GET INTO THE DOOR, LOOKS OVER, HOFFA'S DOOR IS BEING HELD BY ONE OF THE TEAMSTERS, WHO HAS BUTTONHOLED HOFFA.

TEAMSTER

...of one dollar, thirty-three an hour...

HOFFA

...and who's gettin it, everybody...?

TEAMSTER

Jim, no s'what I'm saying...

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO, LOOKING ON. TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE.

ANGLE

HE TAKES OFF HIS COAT, THROWS IT IN THE CAR, GETS INTO THE CAR, LIGHTS HIS CIGARETTE, TURNS TO LOOK AT HOFFA.

ANGLE POV

HOFFA AND THE YOUNG TEAMSTER, FRAMED IN THE DOOR, TALKING.

TEAMSTER

...I hate to come to you with such a small problem...

HOFFA

...is it a small problem to you...?

TEAMSTER

No.

HOFFA

...then what the fuck are you talking about...

(HE GESTURES THE YOUNG MAN TO CONTINUE)

ANGLE

CIARO, LEANING BACK IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, TURNS ON THE CAR RADIO SOFTLY.

INT HOFFA'S CAR, NIGHT.

CIARO DRIVING, HOFFA READING THE FOLDER.

HOFFA (WHILE READING)

Two percenta your dues, you got a million members, average it out, you know what you got? You know what you got. We c'd buy a fucken town, Pal. We could buy a fucken town and call it Home...

CIARO

"Who holds the money?"

HOFFA

Exactly.

(PAUSE) HE CONTINUES SPEAKING WHILE READING THE FILE.

You may remember a Trucking company which we spoke of.

CIARO

A trucking company.

HOFFA .

Our "trucking" company...which I was going to start.

CIARO

...yes...

HOFFA

...you will remember that I asked you to sign up to be an officer of this potential "trucking" company.

CIARO

...I do remember that.

HOFFA

This company has become, now, somewhat more real. As has, I believe your participation in it. "Test Fleet..." (HE RUBS HIS EYES) ...ah, fuck me, I'm going blind.

HE LEANS FORWARD. PUTS THE FILE FOLDER DOWN ON THE DASHBOARD. SOUND OF A GUNSHOT, THE WINDOW AT HOFFA'S HEAD SHATTERS IN A STAR.

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO SHOCKED.

ANGLE

FROM THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, HOFFA'S CAR PULLS OVER, ANOTHER CAR SPEEDING AWAY, ON THE SHOULDER, DOWN THE ROAD.

ANGLE

INT HOFFA'S CAR. CIARO BRAKING, LEANS OVER TO HOFFA, WHO RAISES HIS HEAD.

HOFFA
 "I'm okay...I'm okay..."

ANGLE

EXT HOFFA'S CAR. CIARO STEPPING OUT OF THE CAR, REACHES BEHIND THE DRIVER'S SEAT, TAKES OUT HIS SAWED OFF SHOTGUN.

ANGLE

OVER HIS SHOULDER, THE OTHER CAR, TEARING AWAY DOWN THE HIGHWAY.

ANGLE

PASSENGER'S SIDE OF THE CAR, HOFFA GETS OUT, COMES OVER AND LOOKS AT THE STARRED HOLE IN THE WINDOW. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD

HOFFA
 I'm fightin on four fronts. I'm fightin on four fronts, Bobby...

CIARO (SOFTLY)
 ...I know you are, Jim.

HOFFA
 ...I got nobody at my back but you.

CIARO
 ...you don't need nobody but me.

INT ITALIAN SOCIAL CLUB, NIGHT.

HOFFA AT A TABLE IN THE DESERTED CLUB, WITH SEVERAL CONTEMPORARIES IN SUITS. HE ADDRESSES SAL D'ALLESANDRO, WHOM WE SAW IN THE EARLIER SCENE IN THIS CLUB, SITTING ACROSS FROM HIM.

D'ALLESANDRO
 ...and how is the man in the Hospital.

HOFFA (OVER HIS SHOULDER)
 ...Bobby...?

CIARO
 He's going to be fine.

D'ALLESANDRO
 It's the same people? Took a shot at you?

HOFFA
 It wasn't, am I here...?

D'ALLESANDRO NODS. SUMMONS TWO OF HIS HENCHMEN. HOLDS A BRIEF WHISPERED CONFERENCE. THEY DEPART. BEAT.

D'ALLESANDRO
How's your wife?

HOFFA
She's good.

D'ALLESANDRO
How's your boy?

HOFFA
He's good.

D'ALLESANDRO
How's your New Kitchen...?

HOFFA
It's costin an arm and a leg.

D'ALLESANDRO
You should do it yourself.

HOFFA
I am doin it myself, that's how come it's so fuckin expensive...

D'ALLESANDRO
I saw, I saw a Shotgun, Kaldors, the other day...L.C. Smith...

HOFFA
...what gauge...?

D'ALLESANDRO
...ten gauge...

HOFFA SHRUGS, AS IF TO SAY, THEN WHAT ARE YOU TROUBLING ME ABOUT.

D'ALLESANDRO
No, no, but listen to me...listen to me...

ON THE CONVERSATION ABOUT THE SHOTGUN. DISSOLVE. DISSOLVE INTO THE FORD DEALERSHIP, ONLY THE CHARRED FORD SIGN LEFT INTACT. THE RUINS STILL SMOKING. BUTZKA, THE OWNER, STANDS BY THE SIDE OF A CAR, CIARO STANDS NEXT TO HIM. CIARO PULLS HIMSELF UP A BIT, BUTZKA FOLLOWS SUIT, LOOKS IN THE DIRECTION IN WHICH CIARO IS LOOKING.

ANGLE POV
HOFFA'S BLACK CADILLAC. PULLS INTO THE LOT, AMIDST THE SMOKING RUIN.

ANGLE

BUTZKA LED BY CIARO, START ACROSS THE LOT, CAMERA PANS THEM TO THE REAR DOOR OF THE CADILLAC. OPENS THE DOOR. BEAT. BUTZKA ADDRESSES THE BACK SEAT.

ANGLE

FROM HOFFA'S POINT OF VIEW, INSIDE THE CAR. WE SEE BUTZKA.

HOFFA

I'm a family man, and someone tried to kill me.
(PAUSE) Somebody shot a hole in my car window.

BUTZKA

I, um. I can replace the window. BEAT. I, I can replace the car.

HOFFA

Well, I know you can do that, but you can't take back the aggravation that it caused, can you? (PAUSE) Or my man that you sent to the Hospital. (PAUSE) Do you know what I'm talking about....?

BEAT. BUTZKA TAKES OFF HIS HAT, HOLDS IT IN HIS HANDS.

Do you know what I'm talking about?

BUTZKA

Yes.

ANGLE

HOFFA, SITTING IN THE BACK SEAT.

HOFFA

We had a very simple labor dispute, and you chose to escalate it, into something, something...quite different from that.

BUTZKA (VO)

I'm sorry.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND BUTZKA.

HOFFA

I'm sure that you are.

BUTZKA

I could...I could...any car, any "cars" you want...for yourself, or...

HOFFA

I don't want a "car"...a "car" is a means of conveyance...

BUTZKA

...yes...

HOFFA

I don't need a fucken "car"...

BUTZKA

...what do you want...?

HOFFA

I want what I wanted at the outset...

ANGLE

EXT THE CAR. HOFFA GETS OUT, BUTZKA BACKS UP A BIT.

HOFFA

I want your Drivers to be Teamsters, I want your shop to be a Teamsters shop; I want fair and equitable working conditions for the men who you employ...

BUTZKA (NODDING)

Yes. Yes.

HOFFA HOLDS OUT HIS HAND, CIARO WALKS OVER AND PUTS A PISTOL IN IT.

HOFFA

And I want you to get down on your knees and beg for your life, or I'm gonna blow your fucken brains out...And don't you Ever...EVER throw down on a man, lest you intend to kill him. I told you that before...AND DON'T YOU EVER FUCK WITH A "FAMILY MAN"...

BEAT. BUTZKA STARTS GETTING DOWN ON HIS KNEES.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO, HE TAKES CIARO ASIDE, HANDS HIM BACK THE GUN. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

HOFFA

Jesus wept I got so much work to do...

HE GETS BACK IN HIS CAR.

ANGLE

CIARO LOOKING DOWN.

ANGLE
BUTZKA, INDECISIVE, DOWN ON HIS KNEES.

ANGLE
CIARO LOOKING ON.

YOUNG KID (VO)
...would I call unless I need it? I need...would,
would you tell him I'll get back to him in...when? Ten
minutes. Thank you.

ANGLE
THE KID ON THE PHONE IN THE DINER, 1975.

ANGLE
CIARO (1975) LOOKING AT HIM, CAMERA PANS BACK TO INCLUDE THE TWO
AS CIARO STARTS FOR THE PHONE. DIALS. THE YOUNG KID STANDS NEAR
THE PHONE.

YOUNG KID
I need the phone back in five minutes.

CIARO (CLOSING THE GLASS DOORS OF THE PHONE BOOTH)
Fuckoff outta here. I'm busy.

HE CONTINUES DIALING.

ANGLE
INT THE PHONE BOOTH.

CIARO (SOFTLY) INTO THE PHONE.
Yeah. Thiz Bobby Ciaro. Sal. Where is he? Because
I'm asking. Because I'm sinn out here the meet with a
fellow. (PAUSE) When was that? Well, then where is
he? IF HE CALLS givven this number 273-4985, and we're
waiting for him, but we aren't going to wait all day...

ANGLE
EXT THE PHONE BOOTH, AS CIARO GETS OUT, HANGING UP THE PHONE.
THE KID STARTS INTO THE BOOTH. CIARO STOPS HIM.

CIARO
Y'can't use it Son. I'm sorry.

YOUNG KID
Who the fuck are you?

CIARO SITS AT THE COUNTER. HE GENTLY MOVES THE KID TO ONE SIDE.

CIARO
S'cuse me, will you, you're blocking the view.

ANGLE POV

THROUGH THE WINDOW, THE BLACK CADILLAC IN THE PARKING LOT. YOUNG KID STEPS INTO THE SHOT.

YOUNG KID

And who are you?

CIARO

You a Union Driver...?

YOUNG KID

Yes. I am...

ANGLE THE YOUNG KID, AND CIARO. CIARO GOES INTO HIS POCKET, FLIPS OPEN AN IDENTIFICATION WALLET.

CIARO

That's who I am...

ANGLE

THE YOUNG KID, LOOKS DOWN AT THE WALLET. LOOKS UP AT CIARO. HANDS THE WALLET BACK.

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO, ABSENTLY, TO HIMSELF.

CIARO

...that' who the fuck I am.

INT CONFERENCE ROOM. RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY, DAY.
A TALL UNIFORMED POLICEMAN AT THE DOOR. HOFFA, AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE, FLANKED BY SEVERAL OF HIS ASSOCIATES. VARIOUS NEGOTIATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES SITTING ACROSS FROM HIM.

HOFFA

...I am a man with a legitimate grievance and a legitimate position. I am here in the legitimate interests of my fellow teamsters, and my fellow Drivers, who, under the law, have the right to elect to...

R.E.A. REPRESENTATIVE

you say 'legitimate'...You people have, for the last six weeks, tied up the country, tied up the...

HOFFA

My people...? My people, what about your people. THE OVER THE ROAD DRIVERS are entitled to a decent wage, they are entitled to Representation and...

R.E.A. REP

President Roosevelt...

HOFFA

Hey, Hey, I'm a democrat, but President Roosevelt don't make the laws. And neither do the Newspapers, and when President Roosevelt, and when the Newspapers have been hired by the Teamsters to replace me, you see, then I will abide by their opinion...

HE GETS UP, STARTS AWAY FROM THE TABLE. FOLLOWED BY HIS ASSOCIATES, CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM TO THE DOOR.

R.E.A. REP (VO)

Wait a moment, Wait one moment...

ANGLE

HOFFA, BEING STOPPED BY THE TALL POLICEMAN.

HOFFA

Get the fuck out of my way...

BEAT. THE POLICEMAN MOVES ASIDE.

ANGLE

THE HALLWAY, OUTSIDE THE NEGOTIATION ROOM. MANY REPORTERS, WHO BEGIN TAKING PICTURES AND ASKING QUESTIONS AS SOON AS HOFFA EXITS.

REPORTER

Jimmy: Jimmy: The President going to Send in Troops...?

HOFFA

Hey, do I know...?

SECOND REPORTER

The Teamsters Going to Back Down...?

HOFFA

The Teamsters...

R.E.A. REPRESENTATIVE (INTERVENING)

I believe the correct place to negotiate this is in the confines...

HOFFA

...I don't give a shit what you believe. The Teamsters are not going to Back Down. We have been out Six Weeks. We will stay out Six Hundred, and we will prevail in the organization of the Railway Express Company, and in the improvement...am I going to fast for you...? Of living conditions for their workmen. Any questions...?

BUSINESS NEGOTIATOR

My question is Who Does This Man Think He is, to...

HOFFA (TURNS ON HIM)

Who do I think I am? I'm a workingman, Mister, and the Law of the Land says I have the right to COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. Who the hell is Roosevelt...who is the Paper, to say that I don't...? YOU KNOW AND I KNOW, that the Railway Express Company has, in its employ, call them "goons", call them "strikebreakers",

THE BUSINESS NEGOTIATOR TRIES TO SHOO AWAY THE REPORTERS.
HOFFA STOPS HIM.

HOFFA

Wait a moment, Wait a moment...

BUSINESSMAN

...if you Libel the Railw...

HOFFA

...save your threats. (TO THE NEWSMEN) I have men I am responsible to, they have sent me here to negotiate. I sit in a room and am told "take it or leave it" for the last three months. I say I Leave It. I cannot accept an offer I am not empowered to accept, and you throw The President in my face. I wanna tell you something...

INT TEAMSTERS OFFICE, NIGHT.

INT HOFFA'S PRESIDENT OF 299 OFFICE.

ANGLE INSERT: PLACARD.

"TEAMSTERS MARCH ON R.E.A. HEADQUARTERS - MARCH FOR SOLIDARITY."

ANGLE INSERT

A TYPEWRITER. MAN'S HANDS TYPING.

HOFFA (VO)

...where the Secret Service? They are the Pinkertons of Old, they are.

ANGLE, HOFFA DICTATING, A WORKINGMAN TYPING. .OTHER SHIRTSLEEVED UNION OFFICIALS LOOKING ON.

UNION OFFICIAL

...a lot of the guys don't know who the pinkertons...

PETHEY CONNELLY BRINGS HIM A CUP OF COFFEE. BACKS OFF AS HOFFA EXPLODES.

HOFFA
ARE YOU FUCKEN WRITING THIS...? DO YOU WANT TO WRITE
THIS...

UNION OFFICIAL
...Jimmy...

HOFFA
Get outta here. Getten outta here...GET HIM OUT OF
HERE.

SECRETARY COMES IN FROM THE OTHER ROOM.

SECRETARY
Telephone call...

HOFFA
I doan wanna talk to anybody.

SECRETARY
It's Dan Tobin.

HOFFA
DID I SAY I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO ANYBODY...DID I SAY
WHO I DID WANT TO FUCKEN TALK TO...?

SECRETARY
He says he needs...

HOFFA
GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

SECRETARY
He says he needs to ttt...

HOFFA
GIMME THAT FUCKEN PHONE. (HE TAKES THE PHONE) Hello.
Dan. Nooo, well, what the fuck am I going to do? I
got to hold out. Dan, Dan Dan, they're giv'n me nothing
I can...The Membershhh...Listen, Listen, Listen, THEY
ARE GOING TO C...they're going to cave...gimme another
week, and I... YOU WANNA RUN THIS LOCAL? YOU WANNA
COME DOWN HERE AND RUN THIS LOCAL? YOU COME DOWN HERE.
YOU WAN UNSEAT ME, YOU TELL ME, BARRING THAT, BARRING
THAT...

HE HANGS HIS HEAD FOR A MOMENT, RIPS THE PHONE OUT OF THE WALL.

Take the fucken fff...

HE THROWS IT THROUGH A WINDOW. BEAT. HE STRIDES OUT OF THE
OFFICE.

I gotta meeting...

INT BLACK CADILLAC, NIGHT.

HOFFA AND TWO OFFICIALS, SITTING IN THE BACK OF THE CADILLAC.

ANGLE

THE FRONT SEAT. A DRIVER, AND CIARO, RIDING SHOTGUN, LOOKING BACK AT HOFFA.

ANGLE

THE MEN IN THE BACK SEAT.

BEAT.

FITZSIMMONS

Jimmy...

BEAT.

What's Tobin want?

HOFFA

He wants me to call of the march tonight. He wants me to settle, R.E.A.

BEAT.

FITZSIMMONS

Then don't you got to?

HOFFA

He wants to run this Local, he can come down here. He wants to Replace me, let him do that.

FITZSIMMONS

...if Tobin...

HOFFA

Yeah yeah.

HE LEANS FROWARD. TO THE DRIVER:

Get me there...

ANGLE

FROM THE FRONT OF THE CAR. THE DRIVER, CIARO.

HOFFA (VO)

Dan Tobin wants to tell me something I don't know, come down, I'll listen to him...

FITZSIMMONS

...that's right, Jimmy.

HOFFA

The fucken Local is The Ship Upon the Sea...

FITZSIMMONS

...that's right, Jimmy.

HOFFA

...a man on the board the ship...CAN YOU GET ME THERE...?

CIARO (TO THE DRIVER, SOFTLY)

...pick it up...

THE DRIVER NODS.

FITZSIMMONS

You're right, Jimmy. N'When the President of the United States comes out against the workingman...

CIARO LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDSHIELD.

CIARO

...look out...

ANGLE, CIARO'S POV

A BIG BLACK CAR, SWERVING IN FROM THE LEFT, CUTTING OFF HOFFA'S CAR.

ANGLE C.U.

HOFFA, IN THE BACK SEAT, HIS HEAD STRUCK AGAINST THE DOOR FRAME, HE PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS HEAD. HE TAKES IT AWAY, IT IS BLOODY.

CIARO (VO)

Get down onna floor, get down onna floor...

SOUND OF THE DOOR OPENING.

ANGLE

FROM EXT OF THE CAR, CIARO GETTING OUT.

ANGLE, HIS POV

THE DOOR OF THE OTHER BLACK CAR OPENING, PASSENGER SIDE. A TALL MAN IN A POLICE UNIFORM GETTING OUT.

ANGLE INSERT

CIARO, PULLING A REVOLVER OUT OF HIS COAT POCKET.

ANGLE

CIARO'S FACE, HOFFA IN THE BACKGROUND GETTING OUT OF THE FAR SIDE OF HIS CAR, HOLDING HIS HAND TO HIS BLOODY HEAD.

CIARO (TO HOFFA)

...stay back.

ANGLE

CIARO'S POV

THE TALL POLICEMAN - IT IS BLADESDALE - THE OFFICER WE SAW AT THE R.E.A. MEETING.

ANGLE

THE THREE MEN, HOFFA ADVANCING TOWARD THE POLICEMAN, WAVES BACK TO CIARO "WAIT". CAMERA HOLDS ON CIARO AS HOFFA WALKS OUT OF THE FRAME.

ANGLE

CIARO'S POV. HOFFA WALKING UP TO THE POLICEMAN, THEY TALK, THE POLICEMAN TAKES A HANDKERCHIEF OUT OF HIS POCKET, GIVES IT TO HOFFA, WHO PUTS IT TO HIS HEAD.

ANGLE

HOFFA SHRUGS, AT SOMETHING WHICH THE MAN IS SAYING, WALKS AWAY, CIARO BACK TOWARD THE CAR, CIARO STARTS BACK TOWARDS THE CAR.

ANGLE

CIARO LOOKS AT HOFFA INQUIRINGLY.

ANGLE

HOFFA, WALKING BACK TO THE CAR, AS HE PASSES CIARO.

HOFFA

...he says The Other Side's planning an ambush...

HOFFA GETS INTO THE CAR, WIPING HIS FOREHEAD WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Of course they're planning a fucken ambush...

HE SLAMS THE DOOR.

ANGLE

THE POLICEMAN'S CAR PULLING AWAY, CIARO GETTING BACK INTO THE HOFFA CAR.

EXT CITY INDUSTRIAL ROOFTOP, NIGHT.

SEVERAL MEN IN COATS HURRYING OVER THE ROOF, CAMERA CRANES AND TRACKS WITH THEM, AND REVEALS, AS THEY WALK CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE BUILDING, A SPRAWLING RAILROAD YARD DOWN BELOW.

ANGLE

THE MEN, AS THEY SWING OVER THE SIDE OF THE ROOF, ONTO A FIRE ESCAPE, HOFFA STOPS FOR A MOMENT, LOOKS DOWN, PATS AT HIS FOREHEAD WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF, CHECKS IT FOR BLOOD.

EXT RAILWAY EXPRESS BUILDING, NIGHT.

A HUGE LOADING DOCK. ON THE EDGE OF THE FREIGHT YARDS. MANY PEOPLE WITH PLACARDS, "INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF TEAMSTERS, ON STRIKE AGAINST THE RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY."

ANGLE

HOFFA, AND HIS MEN, WALKING ALONG THE LOADING DOCK.

FITZSIMMONS

Cha' gonna do, Jim?

THEY WALK.

Cha think ya better call it off...?

BEAT.

Tobin said call it off.

A WORKINGMAN, RECOGNIZING HOFFA, COMES UP TO HIM, WALKS WITH THEM FOR A WHILE, CAMERA PANS WITH THEM.

WORKINGMAN

Yo, Jimmy...

HOFFA

Yo, Pal.

WORKINGMAN

We marching on them tonight...?

HOFFA

We're working on it.

WORKINGMAN

How you doing?

OF HIS HEAD.

They beatin on you...?

HOFFA

Na, I'm fine...

AN ORGANIZER HURRIES UP TO HOFFA, OUT OF BREATH.

ORGANIZER

Jim: Jim: Message, Call Dan Tobin, New York, Right
 Away... (HANDS HIM A SLIP OF PAPER) This number...if...he
 says...HOLD OFF the March..." The Mood of..."

HOFFA

NODS.

Thank you.

ORGANIZER (RECITING)

"The mood of the Newspapers..."

HOFFA

Hey, Am I Fucken DEAF? I heard you. Get back on the
 line...

THE ORGANIZER STARTS OFF.

ANGLE

A YOUNG WOMAN, HUDDLED IN A MAN'S COAT, BY A COLLECTION BUCKET,
 HOLDS A PLACARD MARKED "STRIKE RELIEF FUND". HOFFA, FOLLOWED BY
 HIS MEN, STOPS AT THE BUCKET, DIGS INTO HIS POCKET, PUTS MONEY
 IN.

HOFFA

Z'it going?

YOUNG WOMAN

Been better.

HOFFA

Y'holdin out?

SHE SHRUGS.

Your family eatin...?

YOUNG WOMAN

Eatin something.

HOFFA

Uh huh.

YOUNG WOMAN

Been better fed.

HOFFA

Z people out here, they wanna hold out, they wanna go
 back in...?

HE GIVES HER A CIGARETTE, TAKES ONE, LIGHTS BOTH.

A lotta people. In the Union even, they say take the offer, go back in.

SHE NODS. A LITTLE KID COMES UP AND SHE CUDDLES THE KID TO HER.

HOFFA

I'm Jimmy Hoffa.

YOUNG WOMAN

I know who you are.

HOFFA

International, wants me to call the Strike off.

YOUNG WOMAN

Mm hmm.

BEAT.

HOFFA

Cops say, gone be violence...

BEAT.

You think I should do...?

YOUNG WOMAN

D'n make a bit of difference what I say, yer gonna do what you figgered out to do. Aren'tcha...?

BEAT.

HOFFA

Yes. That's right.

YOUNG WOMAN

Int that what we pay you for...?

HOFFA NODS. FLIPS HIS CIGARETTE AWAY.

HOFFA

Whatcher kid's name...?

YOUNG WOMAN

Z'at make a difference...?

HOFFA

No, it don't.

YOUNG WOMAN

They're all called somethin, aren't they...?

HOFFA

SMILES.

...indeed they are...

HE WALKS OFF, FOLLOWED BY HIS MEN.

ANGLE

MAIN GATES, RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY BUILDING. A KNOT OF TEAMSTERS BEARING PLACARDS. THEY TURN THEIR FACES AS ONE POINTS.

ANGLE THEIR POV

HOFFA, AND HIS MEN, WALKING ACROSS AN OPEN SPACE.

ANGLE

THE KNOT OF PEOPLE WITH THE BANNER, THEY RAISE THE BANNERS.

ANGLE THE BANNER. "MARCH FOR SUPPORT. RECOGNIZE THE TEAMSTERS. SUPPORT THE STRIKE, OF R.E.A."

ANGLE

HOFFA, COMES UP TO THE HEAD OF THE GROUP OF PEOPLE, A YOUNG DRIVER. THEY SHAKE HANDS. THE YOUNG DRIVER CHECKS HIS WATCH. THEN LOOKS OVER TO THE SIDE, AS DOES JIMMY.

ANGLE THEIR POV

ACROSS THE RAILROAD SWITCHING YARD, ANOTHER GROUP OF TWENTY MEN ARRAYED, FIVE BLUE POLICE UNIFORMS IN THE FOREFRONT.

ANGLE

JIMMY AND THE YOUNG DRIVER.

YOUNG DRIVER

We ready...?

HOFFA

Hm?

YOUNG DRIVER

Ready to March...?

BEAT.

Points across the yard. I don't think they're gonna do a goddam thing.

BEAT.

Do you...?

BEAT.

What would they gain by violence...?

HOFFA

Yeah. That's a good one, alright...

HE SLAPS THE KID ON THE SHOULDER. SEVERAL MEN IN THE KNOT OF PLACARD BEARERS LOOK AT THEIR WATCHES. THE YOUNG DRIVER, SEEING THEM, LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

YOUNG DRIVER

...time...time to start...Eh...?

HOFFA SIGHS. RUNS HIS HANDS THROUGH HIS HAIR. TURNS AROUND. LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE, HIS POV

TWO HUNDRED SUPPORTERS, IN BACK OF HIM, AND ON THE LOADING DOCK, MANY BEARING SIGNS, LOOKING FORWARD.

ANGLE C.U.

HOFFA LOOKING AT THEM. HOLD. HE TURNS AWAY.

ANGLE

HOFFA, CIARO, BEHIND HIM, AND THE KNOT OF MEN. HOFFA LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. THERE IS THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT, MOST OF THE MEN IN THE KNOT DROP TO THE GROUND, OR LOOK FOR COVER.

ANGLE

CIARO, PULLS HOFFA DOWN. HOFFA LOOKS ACROSS THE YARD.

ANGLE HIS POV

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE YARD, A COUPLE OF POLICEMEN SCUFFLING WITH, AND SUBDUING A MAN WITH A GUN. THE MAN IS HURRIED OFF.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO RISING FROM THE GROUND.

ANGLE

THE TEAMSTERS AND SUPPORTERS GETTING UP FROM THE GROUND, TENTATIVELY.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO. FITZSIMMONS BEHIND HIM.

HOFFA

BEAT.

Well, fuck me y'know, if Tobin and The Newspapers and the President, and every fucking other body in the world is against me, I must be right.

HE TURNS AROUND, GETS UP ON THE BUMPER OF A TRUCK.

ANGLE

TIGHT ON. HOFFA, HE TURNS AND ADDRESSES THE TEAMSTERS.

HOFFA

We are gonna march on R.E.A. Headquarters...we are gonna demand they recognize the Teamsters, we are gonna hold together in good order, and we are gonna get what we bloody well came for...

ANGLE

HE GETS DOWN FROM THE BUMPER. TO THE YOUNG DRIVER:

HOFFA

Lead us the fuck out of here...

ANGLE

HOFFA WALKING FORWARD OUT ONTO THE TRACKS. THE STRIKERS IN BACK OF HIM, HE HESITATES, TURNS BACK.

ANGLE POV

THE STRIKERS, HANGING BACK.

ANGLE

HOFFA. BEAT. HE LOOKS AT THEM INTERROGATIVELY, AS IF TO SAY "WELL...I THOUGHT WE WERE MARCHING..."

ANGLE POV

THEY START, SLOWLY TO MOVE FORWARD.

ANGLE

HOFFA, TURNS BACK AWAY FROM THEM, HITCHES UP HIS COAT. CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM AND CIARO, AND THE ENTOURAGE AS THEY PICK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE RAILWAY YARD.

ANGLE

A YOUNG REPORTER HURRIES UP TO HOFFA, A NOTEBOOK IN HIS HAND.

YOUNG REPORTER

Mr. Hoffa...Mr. Hoffa...are we going to win this strike?

HOFFA

Mister, we have won this strike. We won it when we started to cross this railroad yard.

HOLD ON THE YOUNG REPORTER, AS HE STOPS TO WRITE, THE CROWD OF STRIKERS FILES PAST HIM AND THE CAMERA. HOLD ON HIM AS HE WRITES. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE POV

HOFFA AND THE GROUP, WALKING UP AHEAD, BEHIND THEM, TENTATIVELY, THE STRIKERS.

ANGLE

HOFFA. TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE. LIGHTS IT, LOOKS ACROSS THE YARDS.

ANGLE POV

THE STRIKEBREAKERS, BEHIND THEM THE MASSIVE SIGN OF THE "RAILWAY EXPRESS COMPANY."

ANGLE

A STRIKEBREAKER, LIFTS UP AN AX HANDLE, HEFTS IT.

ANGLE

HOFFA, CIARO, AND THE YOUNG DRIVER.

YOUNG DRIVER

"The Right to Organize"... Eh, Mr. Hoffa...?

HOFFA

Fuck the right to Organize. Those cocksuckers shot at me.

HE FUMBLES AROUND HIS MIDDLE.

ANGLE INSERT

HE IS TAKING OFF HIS BELT, WHICH HAS A HEAVY METAL BUCKLE.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND HIS MEN, HE WRAPS THE BELT AROUND HIS HAND, BUCKLE END FREE.

ANGLE

HOFFA STRIDING OUT IN FRONT OF THE GROUP, HOLD ON CIARO, AS HE TURNS BACK TO ADDRESS THE STRIKERS.

CIARO (YELLING, AS HE POINTS TO HOFFA)

The Little Guy's out there... LETS GET OUT THERE WITH
'em!!!

ANGLE

THE WHOLE FRONT OF THE STRIKERS, AS THEY SURGE FORWARD BEHIND HOFFA.

ANGLE

THE AXHANDLE MAN STARTS FORWARD, JOINED BY SEVERAL OTHERS, SOME HOLDING LONG HANDLED SHOVELS IN FRONT OF THEM.

ANGLE

THE PLACARD "RAILWAY EXPRESS COMPANY UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR". PLACARD MOVING FORWARD JERKILY.

ANGLE

THE YOUNG REPORTER'S HANDS WRITING FURIOUSLY IN HIS NOTEBOOK. SOUND OF A HUGE CHEER/BATTLE CRY/SCREAM. CAMERA TILTS UP TO HIS FACE, HE LOOKS OVER TO THE SOUND.

ANGLE

A MAN WITH A LONG HANDLE SHOVEL, HIS FACE CONTORTED, RAISES THE SHOVEL OVER HIS HEAD.

ANGLE C.U.

HOFFA, HE BEGINS SCREAMING OBSCENITIES, PULLS BACK TO SHOW HE WHIPS THE BELT AROUND HIS HEAD, AND BRINGS IT DOWN.

ANGLE

A MAN PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS FACE. IT COMES AWAY BLOODY, HE CRIES OUT AND FALLS OUT OF THE FRAME.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND HIS GROUP, ADVANCING THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE STRIKEBREAKERS.

HOFFA

Yes...That's it!!!

ANGLE

HOFFA'S POV. THE OFFICES OF R.E.A. VERY NEARBY, ONLY SEVERAL MEN BETWEEN THEM AND THE CAMERA.

ANGLE

HOFFA, TURNS BACK TO ADDRESS THE STRIKERS.

HOFFA

That's right: Let's get the Placards up...

HE CALLS CIARO OVER TO HIM. CIARO COMES OVER, THEY TURN BACK TOWARD THE R.E.A. BUILDING. HOFFA MOVES TOWARD THE BUILDING, CIARO, ET AL FOLLOW. HOFFA NODS TOWARD SOME SHACKS OVER TO THE SIDE.

HOFFA (TO CIARO) (ASIDE)

...there's your fucken ambush...

ANGLE THEIR POV
THE SHACKS.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO.

HOFFA

Take a few the boys, there's gon be twen, thirty guys, behind there...

CIARO

I'm gone.

HOFFA (TO HIMSELF)

Ther's gonna be an ambush...

CIARO STARTS OFF. HE TURNS AROUND AND CALLS:

HOFFA

FITZSIMMONS!!!

TO THE STRIKERS:

Keep walking...keep walking...Keep it up...

ANGLE

CIARO EXHORTING HIS MEN.

CIARO

Mix it up...Get onnem...Get onnem!!!

HE ADVANCES INTO THE FRAY.

ANGLE

HOFFA, AT THE HEAD OF THE STRIKERS, FITZSIMMONS HURRYING UP TO HIM.

HOFFA (TO FITZSIMMONS)

We sit down, you're gone hear a lot, Dan Tobin, comin' in, sending in, how he thinks the meeting should go...

FITZSIMMONS

No, you should run the meeting, Jimmy!!!

HOFFA LOOKS AT HIM, AS IF TO SAY, "OH. SO LOYAL. AND SO DUMB..."

HOFFA

Yes. Listen to me. Frankie...CLOSE THAT LINE UP...

THE YOUNG REPORTER HURRIES UP TO HOFFA, BEAMING AT THEIR IMPENDING VICTORY.

HOFFA (TO THE REPORTER)

"There are casualties sustained in any conflict. The question is: what was the cost, what is the Gain..."

YOUNG REPORTER

...did you...

HOFFA

...make the rest of it up...Frankie...

CAMERA PULLS BACK AS HOFFA ET CETERA, ADVANCE ON THE R.E.A. BUILDING. (ON THE CAMERA. PULLING BACK IT REVEALS A LINE OF TRUCKS, THEIR BACKS TOWARD THE CAMERA.) THE BACKS OF THE TRUCKS COVERED WITH CANVAS. WE HEAR AN OVERPOWERINGLY LOUD SHRILL FACTORY WHISTLE. AND WE SEE THE BACK FLAPS OF THE TRUCKS PULLED ASIDE.

ANGLE C.U.
HOFFA, PUZZLED, TURNING AROUND.

ANGLE, HIS POV
THE BACKS OF THE TRUCKS, EACH DISGORGING FIFTY ARMED MEN.

ANGLE
HOFFA, LOOKING ON.

ANGLE
IN A LONG SHOT, THE ARMED STRIKEBREAKERS THRASHING THEIR WAY INTO THE LINE OF THE STRIKERS.

ANGLE
A YOUNG WOMAN SCREAMING.

ANGLE
INT THE R.E.A. BUILDING. THE BUSINESSMEN WE SAW IN THE PREVIOUS SEQUENCE, PRESSED FORWARD IN THE WINDOW OF A PANELED BOARD ROOM, LOOKING DOWN.

ANGLE
THEIR POV, THE SLAUGHTER IN THE FREIGHTYARD BELOW.

ANGLE
IN THE FREIGHTYARD. CIARO, CLUBBING A MAN TO THE GROUND. LOOKS AROUND.

ANGLE HIS POV
HOFFA, BEING SET UPON BY TWO STRIKEBREAKERS.

ANGLE
THE POLICEMAN, STANDING BY SEVERAL OF HIS MEN, SIGHS AND TURNS HIS HEAD AWAY SLIGHTLY.

ANGLE
INT THE BOARD ROOM. A MAN'S HAND CLOSES THE CURTAINS ON THE FIGHT BELOW.

INT UNION HALL, NIGHT.
A LINE OF LONG DRAWN FACES, MEN AND WOMEN DRESSED IN THEIR "BEST", NODDING AT THE CAMERA, MOVING ON. THERE IS A BREAK IN THE LINE, TO REVEAL, BEHIND THEM, A HUGE FLORAL WREATH, WHICH READS: DANIEL J. TOBIN, AND THE INTERNATIONAL EXPRESS THEIR DEEPEST

SYMPATHY TO THE FAMILIES AND FRIENDS OF THEIR BROTHER TEAMSTERS, FALLEN IN..." THE WREATH IS OBSCURED, AS MORE MOURNERS MOVE IN FRONT OF IT.

ANGLE

THE REVERSE OF THE ABOVE. THE LINE OF THOSE PAYING RESPECTS TO THE FAMILIES, SEATED, OF THE KILLED. BEHIND THEM THE SMALL UNION HALL, ELEVEN CASKETS DISPLAYED ON THE FLOOR.

ANGLE

IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM, FOLDING CHAIRS, HOFFA, HIS WIFE, JO, AND HIS YOUNG SON, SITTING, MOTIONLESS, ON THE CHAIRS. BEAT. HOFFA GETS UP. TURNS TO JO.

HOFFA

You wann anything?

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD. HE NODS. WALKS OFF. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HIM ACROSS THE ROOM, THROUGH THE COFFINS, OVER TO THE REFRESHMENT TABLE. FITZSIMMONS, AND SEVERAL OTHERS, ARE EATING, AND TALKING QUIETLY. THEY TURN TO HOFFA, AND STOP TALKING.

ANGLE C.U.

HOFFA LOOKING AT THEM.

ANGLE

THE GROUP. A LONG HEAVY SILENCE. FITZSIMMONS POINTS TO CONNELLY, WHO IS AT HIS SIDE.

FITZSIMMONS

Petey and I...

HOFFA NODS.

HOFFA

...thank you, Fitz. Pete...

FITZSIMMONS

...we're so...

HOFFA

...I appreciate it...

CONNELLY

I'm real sorry, James.

HOFFA

Thank you.

A SILENCE. BEAT.

FITZSIMMONS

Uh...

BEAT.

OF SANDWICH:

This meat is very good.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND THE GROUP.

HOFFA

Thank you, Frankie.

CONNELLEY

James R...Is there anything that I can do...?

HOFFA

Get my wife a sandwich.

CIARO COMES INTO THE FRAME, WHISPERS TO HOFFA. HE AND HOFFA LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT, START TO STROLL AIMLESSLY OFF TOGETHER.

MAN'S VOICE

"and the women of Labor Weep. The Women of Labor Weep for the Fallen..."

HOFFA AND CIARO TURN TO THE SOUND.

ANGLE POV

AT THE END OF THE HALL, A MAN IN A SUIT, ON THE RAISED PLATFORM AT THE END OF THE HALL, READING, DECLAIMING RESPECTFULLY.

MAN ON PODIUM

"...for their men who fell, and for their children who must..."

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO.

HOFFA

...some fucken Mick on a Podium...

CIARO NODS HIS AGREEMENT.

CIARO

...innit...?

THEY CONTINUE TO STROLL.

ANGLE EXT THE HALL, NIGHT.

AN OPEN DOUBLE DOOR IN THE BACK OF THE HALL, SEVERAL SMALL GROUPS OF MEN, TALKING QUIETLY, SMOKING, IN THE NIGHT. MANY CARS IN THE PARKING LOT. HOFFA AND CIARO STROLL OUT INTO THE NIGHT. CIARO TIPS HIS HEAD, INDICATING SOMETHING OFF TO THE SIDE. HOFFA LOOKS. STARTS WALKING SLOWLY, CAMERA PANS THEM TO D'ALLESANDRO, FLANKED BY TWO OF HIS MEN, STANDING BY A LARGE PACKARD.

D'ALLESANDRO

We sent flowers.

HOFFA (NODS)

I saw them.

BEAT.

D'ALLESANDRO

Nothing's ever settled by Violence.

HOFFA NODS. BEAT.

HOFFA

...I've heard that...

D'ALLESANDRO NODS HIS QUIET AGREEMENT. TAKES HOFFA ASIDE. THEY WALK A BIT, QUIETLY. CAMERA FOLLOWS. D'ALLESANDRO NOTICES HOFFA LOOKING AT SOMETHING, TURNS HIS HEAD TO LOOK IN THE SAME DIRECTION.

ANGLE

THEIR POV. TRAVELLING POV. THE TEAMSTERS AND THEIR WIVES, LOOKING AT HOFFA AND D'ALLESANDRO.

ANGLE

THE TWO MEN.

D'ALLESANDRO

Always looking to you. Aren't they?

BEAT.

"What do we do?" "What do we do now?" "What do we do next...?"

BEAT.

Of course they're looking to you.

BEAT.

Who wouldn't want to have a leader...?

BEAT.

And when they've failed. They say "I'm sorry, Boss..." And if they're punished. Or forgiven. It's the same thing.

BEAT.

Isn't it?

BEAT.

Either way they are pardoned.

BEAT.

But no one pardons us. And if they could, we wouldn't let them...

D'ALLESANDRO TURNS TO HOFFA.

XCU, ON THE TWO.

And they would rather that some people die. THROUGH YOUR MISTAKE...than that they lived, but that they lacked a leader.

ANGLE

LOOSER ON THE TWO MEN. THEY START TO STROLL AGAIN. D'ALLESANDRO EXTENDS HIS HAND. THEY SHAKE HANDS. THEY HAVE ARRIVED BACK AT THE CAR.

ANGLE

D'ALLESANDRO, AND THE CAR. ONE OF HIS MEN OPENS A DOOR OF THE CAR. ANOTHER COMES OVER AND ADDRESSES CIARO.

D'ALLESANDRO'S MAN (NODDING TOWARD HOFFA)

How's he doing?

CIARO SHRUGS, "HOW WOULD YOU EXPECT?" D'ALLESANDRO'S MAN INDICATES HOFFA.

He still wanna keep the meeting next week...?

CIARO (SHRUGS)

Life goes on.

THE MAN NODS, STARTS BACK TO THE CAR.

ANGLE

CIARO, LOOKING ON, LOOKS TO HOFFA.

ANGLE POV

HOFFA HANGS HIS HEAD, STARTS BACK TOWARD THE DOORWAY TO THE UNION HALL. SEVERAL BLACK SUITED TEAMSTERS, WITH AN OLDER WOMAN, DRESSED IN MOURNING, COME UP TO HOFFA, INTRODUCE THE OLDER WOMAN TO HIM. THEY TALK FOR A MOMENT, IN THE BACKGROUND.

ANGLE

CIARO LOOKING ON.

ANGLE

HOFFA, THE OLD WOMAN, AS ABOVE, A LARGER SIZE, HOFFA IS TALKING QUIETLY TO HER. SUDDENLY, HE STARTS TO CRY, AND SHAKES HIS HEAD, AS IF TO SHAKE OFF THE WEEPING FIT. BEAT. THE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK EMBRACES HIM AND HOLDS HIM WITH HIS HEAD ON HER BREAST.

ANGLE

CIARO LOOKING ON.

SFX. PHONE RINGING. CIARO TURNS HIS HEAD.

ANGLE INT DINER, 1975, DAY.

THE PHONE BOOTH. CIARO (1975) MOVES INTO THE PHONE BOOTH, TAKES THE PHONE.

CIARO (INTO PHONE)

Yeah. Bobby...where the fff...well, where is he?
Well, why don'tcha know. BECAUSE I'm waiting here, the
Little Guy, we're here...

ANGLE

THE YOUNG DRIVER. LOOKING ON.

CIARO (VO)

And where is D'Al...? No, Hey, Baby, we Got a "meet",
and Where is he, findem.

THE YOUNG DRIVER SIGHS. GETS UP FROM THE COUNTER. LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

ANGLE

CIARO, HANGING UP THE PHONE. COMES OVER TO THE COUNTER.

CIARO (TO COUNTERMAN)

Black, two, givventome.

CIARO CHECKS HIS WATCH.

YOUNG DRIVER

...waitin...

CIARO (TURNING)

...what? Yeah. That's right.

YOUNG DRIVER

...threw a fuckin torquered, I'm sinn out here, eatin it, they said they're genn it to me four hours I'm waiting here.

CIARO

...that's rough. Listen: I wanyou, do me a favor, the phone rings, whoever it is, you say: "He's gone be right back." I'm just run out to t'car.

THE COUNTERMAN PUTS UP THE COFFEE.

COUNTERMAN

Black, two.

CIARO PICKS UP THE CONTAINER.

YOUNG DRIVER

This Union Business...?

CIARO

That's what it is.

STARTS UP WITH THE COFFEE.

I'm gone out the car, I'll be right back.

YOUNG DRIVER

What's Out The Car...?

CIARO

What's Out The Car is My Guy, an what's here is you watchin' the phone. You help me out, I'll make a phone call, get somebody shoot you out that Rod.

YOUNG DRIVER

CALLING AFTER HIM, AS HE STARTS OUT TO THE CAR:

Who is Your Guy...?

BIMBO (VO)

Who is you guy...?

ANGLE

EXT THE DINER. C.U. CIARO. STARTING OUT OF THE DOOR.

Who is your guy that you're all-the-time, you got to run to him...?

CIARO SMILES.

INT ROADSIDE MOTEL 1950'S.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN SITTING ON THE MOTEL BED IN SLACKS AND A BRASSIERE.

BIMBO

...when what's wrong with Just Staying Here...?

BEAT.

I like you so much.

CIARO COMES INTO THE FRAME, DRESSING HIMSELF, CHECKS HIS WATCH, ATTACHES IT, PULLS ON HIS SHIRT.

CIARO

I like you, too. You're fine.

BIMBO

I...

CIARO

What I am, I'm fucken late. There's a time to Shirk, there's a time to Work...

HE STARTS HURRYING OUT OF THE MOTEL ROOM, HALF DRESSED.

ANGLE

EXT THE HOTEL ROOM. RURAL TWO LANE HIGHWAY, DILAPIDATED CABINS, CIARO COMING OUT OF THE DOOR, FOLLOWED BY THE BIMBO.

BIMBO

...why don't we just...

CIARO DIGS IN HIS POCKET, PUTS SOME BILLS IN HER HAND.

CIARO

...here.

BIMBO

No, I don't want your money...I didn't go with you because the money, I...

CIARO CHECKS HIS WATCH.

CIARO

Oh, Fuck...hold, hold, hold, don't forget what you're saying...I just have to...

CAMERA PANS HIM AROUND HIS CAR, AND INTO THE CAR. (STATION WAGON) HE STARTS IT, PUTS IT IN GEAR, AND BURNS RUBBER, TEARING AWAY. HOLD ON THE YOUNG HALF DRESSED WOMAN, STANDING IN THE DOOR TO THE TOURIST CABIN.

EXT DESERTED GAS STRIP AIRFIELD, DAY.
THE STATION WAGON SCREECHING DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD, PULLS TO THE
END OF THE GRASS STRIP. STOPS BY A SPLIT RAIL FENCE.

ANGLE

CIARO GETTING OUT OF THE CAR. SCANS SKIES. CHECKS WATCH,
REACHES INTO THE FRONT SEAT. TAKES OUT A CAN OF BEER. TAKES AN
OPENER FROM HIS POCKET. OPENS THE CAN, DRINKS FROM IT. RELAXES
FOR A SECOND. DRINKS. BEAT. WE HEAR THE DRONE OF A PLANE.
CIARO TAKES ONE LAST DRINK. SETS THE CAN ON ONE OF THE FENCE
POSTS. GETS BACK INTO THE CAR.

ANGLE

HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD. AS THE CAR STARTS TO MOVE. A
SMALL PRIVATE PLANE ON FINAL APPROACH.

ANGLE

THE STATION WAGON, STOPPING IN FRONT OF A SMALL ABANDONED SHACK,
ON WHICH A WORN SIGN READS "DOWD AVIATION. EVERYTHING FOR THE
FLIER." CIARO GETS OUT OF THE STATION WAGON. ADJUSTS HIS TIE, AND
GENERALLY PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER. IN THE BACKGROUND THE PLANE
TOUCHES DOWN.

ANGLE

PANNING WITH THE PLANE, BACK TO THE STATION WAGON, AND CIARO IN
THE BACKGROUND.

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO. AS WE HEAR THE ENGINES STOP. AND CIARO STARTS FORWARD,
OUT OF THE FRAME.

ANGLE

THE DOOR TO THE PLANE OPENS, FITZSIMMONS, D'ALLESANDRO, AND PETER
CONNELLEY, A MAN ABOUT THIRTY, GET DOWN FROM THE PLANE. CIARO
WALKS INTO THE FRAME. NODS TO THE MEN, WAITS. HOFFA GETS OFF OF
THE PLANE. AND STARTS TOWARD THE STATION WAGON, THE OTHERS
FOLLOW.

ANGLE

CIARO STARTS AHEAD TOWARD THE STATION WAGON, OPENS THE BACK.

ANGLE

INSIDE THE BACK, A WOODEN CASE. CIARO HAULS IT TO HIM, OPENS IT
UP, IT CONTAINS A RIFLE.

ANGLE

THE FIVE MEN, NOW AROUND THE BACK OF THE STATION WAGON. CIARO
STRAIGHTENS UP, HOLDING THE RIFLE. BEAT. HOFFA SLIGHTLY
INCLINES HIS HEAD TOWARD D'ALLESANDRO. CIARO HESITATES A
FRACTION OF A SECOND, AND PASSES THE RIFLE TO D'ALLESANDRO.
D'ALLESANDRO TAKES IT, OPENS THE ACTION, TURNS TO CIARO, WHO

HANDS HIM A CLIP. D'ALLESANDRO TAKES THE CLIP, PUTS IT IN THE RIFLE, TURNS. ALL THE OTHERS TURN IN THE DIRECTION D'ALLESANDRO TURNS. D'ALLESANDRO CHAMBERS A ROUND. AIMS. BEAT. HE SHOOTS. BEAT.

HOFFA

You piece of shit.

BEAT. D'ALLESANDRO AIMS AND SHOOTS AGAIN. BEAT.

HOFFA

Gimme that fucking thing.

ANGLE

FROM THE FRONT, HOFFA TAKING THE GUN, THE OTHERS BEHIND HIM. AS HE SHOULDERS IT, AIMS.

ANGLE

HOFFA, AIMING. CONCENTRATING.

ANGLE HIS POV

ONE HUNDRED YARDS DOWN THE FIELD, THE BEER CAN ON THE FENCEPOST. BEAT. SOUND OF THE RIFLE SHOT. THE BEER CAN DOES NOT MOVE.

ANGLE

HOFFA, CONCENTRATING, COCKS THE BOLT AGAIN. SHOOTS.

ANGLE

THE BEER CAN FLYING OFF OF THE FENCE POST.

ANGLE

THE GROUP, HOFFA THROWS THE RIFLE TO CIARO. ALL START GETTING INTO THE STATION WAGON. THE PILOT IS JUST COMING UP, CARRYING RIFLE CASES, AND LUGGAGE, WHICH CIARO DIRECTS HIM TO LOAD IN THE BACK OF THE STATION WAGON.

INT THE STATION WAGON. CIARO DRIVING. HOFFA NEXT TO HIM.

HOFFA

And nobody say fuckin anything, has ANY FUCKEN THING to do with business.

EXT DEEP WOODS, DAY.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANNING THROUGH DEEP PINE WOODS. BEAT. WE HEAR SLIGHT MURMUR OF MALE VOICES TALKING SOFTLY.

D'ALLESANDRO

...two one half points. Of which, rake off the breakage of a half a point, plow it back, skim it, givvet to the dog...

HOFFA

...two and a half of...?

ANGLE

THE MEN FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE, ALL DRESSED NOW IN RED PLAID HUNTING CLOTHES, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF CIARO. ALL EXCEPT CIARO CARRY HUNTING RIFLES, AND WALK SLOWLY AND QUIETLY BEHIND HOFFA AND D'ALLESANDRO.

D'ALLESANDRO

...you take your...Pension Fund...Whaddaya Gonna whack your guys?

HOFFA

Whaddam I gonna whack 'em? I dunno. My idea, the pension fund, each guy, even a hundred buck a year.

D'ALLESANDRO

Now, bear with me. Whatever, you are now the Bank...Eh?

HOFFA

...I'm wit'ya...

D'ALLESANDRO

...you got your notes out...

HOFFA GESTURES BACK.

HOFFA

Fitz. Gimmea pencil...

FITZSIMMONS DIGS AROUND IN HIS COAT, COMES UP WITH A PENCIL AND HANDS IT TO HOFFA.

D'ALLESANDRO

You give us, control, straight up, say...start off, twenty million, loan it out.

HOFFA

Gimmea piece of paper...

FITZSIMMONS LOOKS AROUND, LOOKS TO CONNELLEY, WHO TAKES OFF HIS HUNTING LICENSE, HANDS IT TO FITZ, WHO HANDS IT TO HOFFA. HOFFA HANDS IT TO D'ALLESANDRO, WHO STARTS FIGURING.

D'ALLESANDRO

You take your Twenty Mil...

ANGLE INSERT

D'ALLESANDRO, FIGURING ON THE BACK OF THE HUNTING LICENSE.

We're gonna put it out...we're paying you, five points, one mil a year...

ANGLE

THE GROUP. THEY SLOWLY COME TO A POSITION OF REST, STOP WALKING, GRADUALLY LOWER THEIR RIFLES, REST THEM AGAINST TREES, WAITING ON THE ACTIONS OF THEIR LEADERS.

HOFFA

One mil.

D'ALLESANDRO

Two, a half points, twenty-five grand...

HOFFA

...on top the million...?

D'ALLESANDRO

Perfectly legit, call it a Service Charge...

HOFFA

Now, now, now...the rate goes up, the loan goes up...?

D'ALLESANDRO

The rate goes up, the loans goes up, the vig goes up...

HOFFA

The same two a half...

D'ALLESANDRO

Look here... we're goin to Nevada...

HOFFA (NODDING)

Goin, Nevada...

D'ALLESANDRO

The down, twenty mil. Okay: the Teamsters gettin', your money, the straight loan, we're payin' you the...

ANGLE

THE OTHERS, HOFFA AND D'ALLESANDRO, TALKING SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND. ALL WAITING QUIETLY. CIARO A BIT BORED. LOOKS AROUND. BEAT.

ANGLE POV

IN THE DEEP WOODS, A BUCK STANDING QUIETLY.

ANGLE

CIARO LOOKING AT THE BUCK. LOOKS BACK AT HOFFA AND D'ALLESANDRO.

ANGLE

THE GROUP, HOFFA AND D'ALLESANDRO IN THE B.G. BEAT.

ANGLE

CIARO LOOKING AT THEM, LOOKS BACK TO THE BUCK.

ANGLE

THE BUCK, MOVES A BIT, STOPS.

ANGLE

CIARO, IN THE GROUP. BEAT. HE GIVES A MINUTE ITALIAN SHRUG, REACHES UNDER HIS SUITCOAT, COMES OUT WITH A .45 AUTOMATIC, FIRES SEVERAL TIMES AT THE DEER.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND D'ALLESANDRO, AS THEY TURN TO THE SOUND.

ANGLE

CIARO, AND THE GROUP BEHIND HIM. CIARO STARTS WALKING TOWARD THE CAMERA, THE OTHERS FOLLOW. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY TO REVEAL DEAD BUCK ON THE GROUND. THE MEN WALK UP TO AND RING THE ANIMAL. HOFFA AND D'ALLESANDRO LOOK DOWN AT THE DEAD ANIMAL. BEAT. HOFFA CLAPS CIARO ON THE BACK, GIVING HIM AN "ATTABOY", AND HE AND D'ALLESANDRO TURN AWAY AND CONTINUE TALKING.

D'ALLESANDRO

...at four percent...listen what I'm telling you: you keep the two a half, hold on...keep it, now: the difference, two a half and four...on, on say, forty million dollars...

HOFFA (WRITING)

I got to pay Clement, the State Commission...

D'ALLESANDRO

After, I'm sain, after that... the net, one and a half, forty million...

INT SENATE COMMITTEEROOM. DAY

ANGLE

POLICEMAN CU.

HOFFA (VO)

...and this cocksucker... and this cocksucker, goes unneath his coat, out widda piece, kaboom, there goes the fucken deer...

THE POLICEMAN STARTS LAUGHING.

ANGLE

HOFFA, CIARO NEXT TO HIM, SEVERAL ATTORNEY TYPES, THEY ARE STANDING IN THE DOORWAY TO THE COMMITTEE ROOM.

HOFFA

Yaboom, yaboom, yaboom...(HE MAKES SHOOTING GESTURES)
The Lure of the Outdoors...

LAWYER

...I have to go over some of your Testimony with you.

HOFFA

Hey, I'm gonna Tell The Truth.

POLICEMAN (STILL LAUGHING)

You shot a Deer, Cold Blood...?

CIARO

He pulled a knife on me...

GENERAL LAUGHTER.

HOFFA

Now: this Guinea Cocksucker... wait wait...wait...

This goombah, hunts around in his pockets, no one's got a knife, he comes out with a nailfile

ANGLE. IN THE CORRIDOR. A PRESS OF REPORTERS. PETEY CONNELLEY, HOLDING A BRIEFCASE, PUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE THROG.

CONNELLEY

Let me through. Internatl Brotherhood of Teamsters...

Let me through....

HE IS STOPPED BY A LARGE BURLEY MAN.

BEAT. CONNELLEY SHOWS AN I.D. CARD.

CONNELLEY

I have a Message for James R. Hoffa.

CONNELLEY IS ADMITTED INTO THE ROOM.

ANGLE INT. THE ROOM. HOFFA TELLING HIS STORY, AS BEFORE

HOFFA

Skinning the fucken deer, wit' a nailfile...

This is his first time hunting...Eh?

CONNELLEY (COMING UP TO HIM)

....James R...James R.

HOFFA

...one moment....hardly it occurs to me, heart-in-my-mouth, to ask him. Bobby, where did you learn to skin...

CONNELLEY

James...James R. I have a very important mess...

HOFFA

I'M Tellin a story...I'm tellin a story....you got a Very Important Message to YOU. Do you understand? To YOU. I told you, it wasn't as important to me, at this moment... One second, eh Petey...?

BEAT. CONNELLEY RETIRES. HOFFA TURNS BACK TO HIS AUDIENCE.

HOFFA

Where. Did you Learn. To Remove the Skin. From a Deer. ...I lost my train of thought...

SOUND OF A GAVEL AND A MALE VOICE OVER THE P.A. "COME TO ORDER... COME TO ORDER, PLEASE..." CIARO STUBS OUT HIS CIGARETTE. THE POLICEMAN COMPOSES HIMSELF.. THE LAWYERS, ET CETERA, START FILING BACK INTO THE HALL. CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL THE PACKED COMMITTEE ROOM. TELEVISION CAMERAS, ET CETERA.

ANGLE

THE POLICEMAN, AND HOFFA, WHO IS HANGING BACK FOR A MOMENT.

POLICEMAN

Hozit gonna go, Jimmy?

HOFFA

Zit gonna go? I'm gonna win, Right will Prevail.
Lookit this little Fag, he coont get Laid in a Whorehouse,
trinea Makea name himself, Fuck him, lettem go get a
job, he wantza reputation, lettem rob a Bank...

MALE VOICE ON THE P.A. "MR. HOFFA...MR. HOFFA...?"

POLICEMAN

Someday you gonna organize the Cops?

HOFFA

That's fucken easy. Someday we're gone, organize the
Crooks... we all sit down together...

MALE VOICE

Mr. Hoffa...?

ANGLE

HOFFA, AS HE WALKS TO HIS SEAT.

HOFFA

I beg the Committee's Pardon for Delay of These
Proceedings. I was en...

ROBERT KENNEDY (ON THE DIAS)

On the night of...

HOFFA

...I'm sorry. Was I interrupting you?

ROBERT KENNEDY (BEAT)

I thought you had finished.

HOFFA

No. I was in the middle of a thought. But it was of no consequence. You go on with what you were going to say.

ROBERT KENNEDY

The, thank you, I will. We Refer Now to the Pension fund, to your stewardship, we could say, to your "creation" of same...In Amassing these funds, This "war chest", this "unholy war chest..."

HOFFA'S ATTORNEY STANDS.

ATTORNEY

Mr. Kennedy. You have used, if I may say, have hammered us with the term "a war chest", to which you now added "Unholy". And have given us to understand that that is your opinion, but what facts you or this Senate Committee have that "feeling" upon have yet to be presented.

KENNEDY

...we...

ATTORNEY

...If I may finish.

KENNEDY

You may finish in a moment, sir. In a moment, sir. When I am done, then you may finish. The Movement of Organized Crime into the ranks of Labor, the corruption of...

ANGLE

TELEVISION CAMERAMAN PANNING HIS CAMERA.

ANGLE

HIS VIEWER, PANS ONTO KENNEDY.

INT 1956 LIVING ROOM, DAY.

BLARE OF A TELEVISION IN THE BACKGROUND. SOUND OF SOME INANE EXTENDED COMMERCIAL FOR A FOOD DICER.

ANGLE

A WOMAN'S HANDS, PREPARING LUNCH AT A COUNTER, SHE PICKS UP A T.V. GUIDE.

ANGLE INSERT

THE T.V. GUIDE. LISTINGS FOR 12:00, NEWS, ET CETERA, 12:15. THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON IMPROPER ACTIVITIES IN THE LABOR AND MANAGEMENT FIELD. THE HEARINGS CONTINUE WITH THE INTERROGATION OF JAMES R. HOFFA, PRESIDENT OF TEAMSTERS LOCAL 299.

ANGLE

THE LEGS OF THE HOUSEWIFE, COMING INTO THE LIVING ROOM, TO THE T.V., SHE SWITCHES THE CHANNEL, AND WALKS AWAY. WE SEE ROBERT KENNEDY, CONTINUING HIS HARANGUE ON THE TELEVISION.

KENNEDY (ON THE T.V.)

...the vicious co-optation of the field of Labor, and you sit there, sir. Smiling. At what, I question, who have...

THE T.V. SCREEN SWITCHES TO A PICTURE OF HOFFA.

KENNEDY (VO)

Singlehandedly, we have created this monster, who have forged this bond, with Improper, with Criminal...

ATTORNEY (VO)

If it please the committee...my client has been convicted of nothing, this tone, of during...

ANGLE

KENNEDY.

KENNEDY

He hasn't been convicted, but He will--If James R. Hoffa is acquitted, I will jump from that Capital dome...

EXT FEDERAL BUILDING, DAY.

HOFFA, ET. AL. STARTING DOWN THE STAIRS. IN THEIR COATS, CAMERA TRAVELS WITH THEM.

HOFFA

I'll fucken, I'll answer their questions...where, where does that piece of shit...Fucken a Right I created the Pension Fund. For the benefit of Who? HE COULDN'T FIND A WORKING MAN, YOU GIVVEM A DIAGRAM. Who...that little fuck, was born with a dick in his mouth...AND TELLS ME:

THE ATTORNEY TRIES TO INTERVENE.

ATTORNEY

My client is going to be acq...

HOFFA

Mr. Kennedy has an exaggerated notion of his Entertainment Value.

THIRD REPORTER

Kennedy asserts that your only motive in inaugurating the Teamster's Central States Pension Fund was the accumulation of personal power, and...

HOFFA

Mr. Kennedy's assertions lack only the merit of being true. As Fiction they are High Drama, designed and intended to Bring Him to the Public Eye. To BRING Him To The Public Eye. What has this man done? What has he DONE, with his little Vendetta. What has he done, other'n picking on the Working Man. It's Union Busting, That's what it is, and it is no more elegant than that. I will be acquitted; because I am innocent the vicious charges brought against me, n'then he can jump off the Capitol Dome, or whatever else he things, AT THAT TIME, will bring him to the Public Eye...

HOFFA NODS. THE GROUP CONTINUES DOWN THE STAIRS. A CAR PULLS UP. CIARO HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN, THE ATTORNEY ENTERS, HOFFA IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE CAR. HE IS STOPPED BY A REPORTER, ED HARMON.

HARMON

...Jimmy?

HE TURNS BACK.

HOFFA

...yeah.

HARMON

Ed Harmon Detroit News...

HOFFA

I know who you are.

HARMON

...these allegations going to affect your run, for the Presidency The Teamsters.

HOFFA

"How are these allegations going to affect my bid to Become the President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters." (PAUSE) Is that your question? Y'know. The Detroit News. A hometown paper. You Would Think,

a city built on the Automotive Industry. I would get a fairer shake, the hands of the Press. You guys been printing quite a lot of detrimental stuff, about me.

HARMON

...can I tell you, Jimmy? We print it because it's true.

HOFFA

GETTING INTO THE CAR.

Z'at the thing...well, you go on printing it.

ANGLE

HARMON LEANS IN, TIGHT ON HARMON, WHO TALKS SOFTLY, AND HOFFA.

HARMON

Wanted to ask you about "Test Fleet".

HOFFA TURNS BACK ON HIM.

HOFFA

What is 'that?

HARMON

About your "Test Fleet" company.

HOFFA

Uh huh.

HARMON

About your using Teamster muscle to compel these certain companies to lease trucks from you.

HOFFA

Nothing could be further from the truth.

HARMON

We have in our possession facts and figures which establish that it is true.

HOFFA

Uh huh. Well, if you have those "facts and figures", why h'an't you run them?

HARMON

We plan to, next week.

HOFFA

Uh huh. I would be careful about that, I were you. Y'see, as I said. This is something of a volatile time, this time here, the hearings, the election coming

up. I was gone print something, I would be oh-so-sure that it was true.

HARMON

It is true, and we're going to run it, I thank you for your reaction.

ANGLE

INT THE CAR. HARMON LEANS OUT, VANISHES, HOFFA GETS INTO THE CAR. LEANS BACK. CIARO PULLS THE DOOR, TELLS THE DRIVER TO DRIVE ON. BEAT.

HOFFA

Ants-at-a-picnic.

SIGHS. A SHOE BOX IS HANDED BACK FROM THE FRONT SEAT. HOFFA OPENS IT.

ANGLE INSERT

IT IS FULL OF BUTTONS, WITH HOFFA'S PICTURE, AND BLAZONED JAMES R. HOFFA, FOR PRESIDENT, INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF TEAMSTERS. 1957, MIAMI, FLORIDA.

ANGLE

HOFFA, IN THE BACK SEAT. LOOKING AT THE BUTTONS.

HOFFA

I'm like Hitler, I'm fightin' Russia, and I'm fightin' France... (TO CIARO) Take care of that cocksucker.

EXT POOR URBAN SHOPPING STREET, NIGHT.
CIARO AND CONNELLEY LOUNGING AGAINST THEIR CAR. SMOKING CIGARETTES.

CIARO

The idea being: if it's got wheels, it's in Teamster Jurisdiction.

CONNELLEY

Uh huh.

CIARO

Well, if you want to Organize. You got to Be A Fucken Man. You don't go out there to Rub Pussies. You don't go out there to Bring back an Excuse. You want to organize? The Little Guy says, TAKE NAMES. Do not take "no" for an answer...

HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

CIARO

Because if you will not take "no" for an answer, eventually, the answer comes back "yes".

CIARO TURNS HIS HEAD. RACK FOCUS TO A DOOR OPENING UNDER A SIGN WHICH READS "JOHNSONS FUNERAL PARLOR". THE FUNERAL PARLOR SIGN IN THE ALLEY IN BACK OF THE PARLOR. A SEEDY MAN HURRIES TOWARD THEM.

ANGLE

CIARO STARTS INTO THE ALLEY, FOLLOWED BY CONNELLEY. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS.

CIARO (OVER HIS SHOULDER, TO CONNELLEY)
Get the shit.

CONNELLEY, TURNS BACK, OUT OF THE ALLEY.

CIARO (TO THE SEEDY MAN)
You got it?

THE MAN NODS, BRINGS FORWARD A CARDBOARD BOX. PUTS IT ON TOP OF A GARBAGE CAN.

CIARO
Lessee it.

THE MAN TAKES A STOPPERED GLASS BEAKER OUT OF THE BOX, SHOWS IT TO CIARO, WHO NODS, TURNS AS CONNELLEY COMES BACK INTO THE ALLEY. CIARO DIGS IN HIS POCKET, HANDS THE SEEDY MAN SOME BILLS, THE MAN NODS, AND STARTS BACK, FURTIVELY, INTO THE MORTUARY. CIARO PUTS THE BEAKER INTO THE CARDBOARD BOX.

TO CONNELLEY:

CIARO
Gimme some tape.

ANGLE INSERT

CONNELLEY PUTS A SHOPPING BAG DOWN ON ONE OF THE GARBAGE CANS, STARTS EMPTYING IT. IT CONTAINS BRIGHTLY COLORED FESTIVE WRAPPING PAPER, RIBBON, TAPE, A SCISSORS, A GREETING CARD. HIS HAND HANDS CIARO THE TAPE.

ANGLE

CIARO AND CONNELLEY. CIARO STARTS TAPING UP THE BOX.

CIARO
S'I saying...? Standest-up guy, most stand-up guy, ever met, Billy Flynn. Back, we're organizing the laundries. Billy gone, light up this laundry...

CONNELLEY
To Light it up...?

CIARO

He's gonna firebomb it, they don't want to come around.

CIARO CONTINUES WRAPPING THE PACKAGE.

CIARO

They don' wanna sign up, they never heard The Teamsters, Billy, torches the joint, too much fuel, burns up, entire body. Dying. In the Hospital. Dying. Priest comes up...gimme the ribbon...priest comes up...yeah. Putter finger there...

CIARO PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE PACKAGE.

Priest: My Son, confess, the shit that you did...confess and Meet God with a clean conscience. Looks the Priest in the eye: "Fuck You."

BEAT.

His dying words.

BEAT.

Never let down...never let up...never forget...

CIARO FINISHES THE PACKAGE.

CONNELLEY

What's in the package?

CIARO

A guy's dick and balls.

CIARO PICKS UP THE PACKAGE. STARTS BACK TO THE CAR.

INT DETROIT NEWS CITY ROOM, DAY.

CLATTER OF TYPEWRITERS, ET CETERA. A DESK. YELLOW TYPING PAPER ON IT. A NAMEPLATE, "ED HARMON". A HAND COMES INTO THE FRAME, PICKS UP A PENCIL.

ANGLE

HARMON, PICKING UP THE PENCIL, CARRIES IT OVER TO ANOTHER DESK, WHERE A YOUNG REPORTER IS WORKING. READING FROM A STORY IN THE TYPEWRITER.

YOUNG REPORTER

"...verifying, on three occasions, the charges of bribery against James R. Hoffa. In the light of which, the attitude of the Senate Committee..."

SECRETARY (VO)

Ed...?

HARMON TURNS.

ANGLE POV

A YOUNG FEMALE SECRETARY, PUTTING THE WRAPPED PACKAGE ON HIS DESK. HARMON WALKS OVER TO HER.

HARMON

What is it?

SECRETARY (SHRUGS, WALKING AWAY)

Came for you...

HARMON SHRUGS, STARTS OPENING THE PACKAGE. WAVES THE YOUNG REPORTER TO CONTINUE.

YOUNG REPORTER

The attitude of the Senate Committee, although combative, is both, it would seem, justified and necessary. The Power to Organize does not and must not include the Power to Coerce, either in...

ANGLE

TIGHT ON HARMON AS HE LIFTS THE JAR OUT OF THE BOX.

ANGLE C.U.

AS HE LOOKS AT IT, AND REALIZES WHAT IT IS.

ANGLE

HARMON REPLACING THE JAR IN THE BOX, THE YOUNG REPORTER IN THE BACKGROUND, DRONING ON.

YOUNG REPORTER

The collective actions of its members, or in the individual actions of...

HARMON

Kill the story.

BEAT.

YOUNG REPORTER

What?

HARMON

Kill the story.

BEAT.

Kill the Hoffa Story.

YOUNG REPORTER

...I...

HARMON

KILL THE FUCKING STORY!!!!

INT HOFFA'S HOUSE DINING ROOM, NIGHT.
JO HOFFA, LAUGHING RAUCOUSLY.

ANGLE

TEN PEOPLE AROUND THE DINING ROOM TABLE, LAUGHING. A BLACK MAID BRINGS IN A TRAY OF SANDWICHES, AND PUTS THEM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE. PAN WITH HER, ON HER WAY BACK INTO THE KITCHEN, PAST PETER CONNELLEY, WHO IS TACKLING NEWSPAPERS UP ONTO THE WALL. THE HEADLINES READ: HOFFA DISMISSED BY SENATE COMMITTEE -- HOFFA INNOCENT OF FEDERAL CHARGES -- HOFFA PREPARES FOR TEAMSTER ELECTION, ETC. SOUND OF A DOORBELL RINGING, CIARO GOES TO THE DOOR, CAMERA FOLLOWS. HE UNBUTTONS HIS COAT, LOOKS THROUGH THE SIDELIGHT, OPENS THE DOOR, SEVERAL YOUNG MEN IN LEATHER JACKETS ENTER, WITH CASES OF BEER.

CIARO

...inna kitchen...

HE IS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE DOOR WHEN HE SEES SOMETHING OUTSIDE, HE STEPS OUTSIDE.

ANGLE

OUTSIDE, CIARO STANDING IN THE DOORWAY, PUTS HIS HAND UNDER HIS COAT.

ANGLE POV

A MAN STEPPING OUT OF THE SHADOWS, COMES CLOSER.

ANGLE

CIARO RELAXES, ONE OF D'ALLESANDRO'S BODYGUARDS STEPS INTO THE FRAME, WITH A PACKAGE, HANDS IT TO CIARO.

BODYGUARD

For the Little Guy.

CIARO NODS.

From His Friend.

CIARO

Wheresya car...?

BODYGUARD

They gotta buncha Feds, peerin out there, cameras, takin pictures, the license plates. I'm gone be seein ya.

CIARO TAPS HIM ON THE CHEEK, SMILES, GIVES HIM A SALUTE. THE BODYGUARD TURNS BACK TOWARD THE STREET, CIARO TURNS BACK TOWARD THE HOUSE.

ANGLE

INT THE DINING ROOM. THE CASES OF BEER BEING OPENED, AND PASSED AROUND. JO HOFFA MAKING A TOAST:

JO

...who've stuck by Our Jimmy.

APPROBATION FROM THE THRONG.

...and stuck by the Union.

FITZSIMMONS (INTERJECTING)

...and weathered the Storm...

JO

Weathered the storm, yes. And Been Part of the Family.

FITZSIMMONS

...part of the Family, Jo.

JO

Thank you, Frank. And I want to say. As Jimmy says: who was there...who helped...Never forget it. And I want to say "thank you."

GENERAL APPLAUSE.

...and On To Miami!

HOFFA

TAKES THE FLOOR.

Guys, Jo...that's right...fella told me. Long long time ago: Fella told me: Guys raises you.. YOU RAISE HIM BACK!!!

MUCH CHEERING.

You raise the sonofagun back! CAUSE HIS BLOOD IS RED, TOO!!!

CHEERING. CONNELLEY TAKES A BOTTLE OF BEER, RAISES IT.

CONNELLEY

Lazegennelmen: the nex prezdent: The Innational
Brohood, the Ttt...

CIARO COMES IN, WHISPERS TO HOFFA, PUTS THE PACKAGE DOWN IN FRONT
OF HIM. STEPS BACK.

HOFFA

...uh. This is From Ed Harmon.

GENERAL LAUGHTER AT THE TABLE AT HOFFA'S JOKE.

OLD TEAMSTER

If it is, the Ladies better leave the room...

MUCH MORE LAUGHTER. HOFFA LETS THEM LAUGH FOR A MOMENT, THEN
QUIETS THEM.

HOFFA

No, this is "from a friend..."

HOFFA TAKES A NOTE FROM THE PACKAGE. READS IT.

HOFFA

"From a Friend. Kennedy Said that if he Lost the Case
he would jump from the Capital Dome. You might want to
Pass This Along..."

HOFFA OPENS THE PACKAGE, IT CONTAINS A PARACHUTE. HE DISPLAYS IT
TO THE TABLE.

FITZSIMMONS

...send it to 'em...send it to 'em...

HOFFA (LAUGHING)

You think I ain't...?

CONNELLEY

THE NEXT PREZDENT, THE INTERNATIONAL BROHOOD...

ANGLE C.U.

HOFFA SMILING, AS CONNELLEY GOES ON. HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE INSERT

THE BOX THE PARACHUTE CAME IN. A YELLOW INDEX CARD AT THE
BOTTOM, A TYPEWRITTEN MESSAGE ON IT. HOFFA TAKES THE CARD AND
HOLDS IT TO THE CAMERA. IT READS:

WE WISH YOU GOOD LUCK AT THE CONVENTION. BUT YOU WON'T
NEED LUCK. IT'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF.

ANGLE

THE TABLE. CONNELLEY GOING ON. FITZSIMMONS PASSING A BOX OF CIGARS, HOFFA TAKES ONE. LIGHTS THE INDEX CARD AT A CANDLE, USES IT TO LIGHT HIS CIGAR.

INT CONVENTION HALL, MIAMI, DAY.

CAMERA PANNING OVER ROW OF MALE FACES, SEATED IN THE AUDITORIUM.

SPEAKER'S VOICE (VO)

...Vice President, in Charge of Finance...Curt Dempsey...

THE MEN IN THE AUDIENCE START APPLAUDING.

...vice president for Planning, Gerry Laughlin...

THE MEN APPLAUD AGAIN.

...OUR negotiating team: Vice Presidents Dave Miller and John Bream...

THE MEN APPLAUD.

ANGLE

THE DIAS. MILLER AND BREAM JUST SITTING DOWN, AN OLDER MAN SPEAKING AT THE MICROPHONE.

SPEAKER

Head of the Benevolent Association, John Patrick Deeney.

DEENEY STANDS TO APPLAUSE.

ANGLE

AT THE END OF THE DIAS, JIMMY HOFFA, SEATED NEXT TO FITZSIMMONS AND PETER CONNELLEY. HOFFA IS WRITING ON A PAD.

ANGLE

INSERT THE PAD. THE ABOVE NAMES, FOLLOWED BY FLAHERETY, BURNS AND HENDERA.

SPEAKER'S (VO)

...head of the Finance Committee...Billy Flaherety...

APPLAUSE. SPEAKER CONTINUES TALKING, READING THE NAMES HOFFA WROTE.

ANGLE

HOFFA, FITZSIMMONS AND CONNELLEY...

SPEAKER (VO)

...finally; two men, without whom the Steering Committee of the International would not be where it is today, Michael Burns, and Rudy Hendera...would you stand, please...

APPLAUSE.

ANGLE

THE SPEAKER ON THE DIAS

...the strength, the depth, which makes, which made and which will make the International run...these men and others, up in Washington, the continuity, the strength, the Tradition of the Teamsters. Who, along with me, now...

ANGLE

HOFFA, WRITING ON HIS PAD.

SPEAKER (VO)

Join with me in welcoming to you, in using FOR THE FIRST TIME, that title, THE PRESIDENT...

CHEERING STARTS AND BUILDS.

...the PRESIDENT of the INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF TEAMSTERS...JAMES...R...HOFFA!!!

ANGLE

THE AUDITORIUM, RISING TO ITS FEET, WILD CHEERING.

ANGLE

THE SPEAKER, AND THE MEN ON THE DIAS, TURNING TOWARDS HOFFA.

ANGLE

AT THE END OF THE DIAS. HOFFA, FINISHES WRITING, STARTS TO STAND. HANDS THE LIST TO FITZSIMMONS.

ANGLE INSERT

THE LIST, WITH THE NAMES ON IT.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND FITZSIMMONS, HOFFA LEANS IN CLOSE.

HOFFA

Tomorrow morning. Go in and fire. Every one of these cocksuckers.

FITZSIMMONS GLANCES AT THE LIST, IS TAKEN SOMEWHAT ABACK. HOFFA EXPLAINS TO HIM.

You're gonna whack a buncha people out, do em all the first day, the ones who're left don't feel insecure.

ALL AROUND HOFFA EVERYONE IS STANDING AND TURNING TO HIM, CHEERING HIM. HE HANGS BACK, CONNELLEY LEANS IN, AS HE, HOFFA, CONTINUES THE LESSON.

You see, what they'll feel is grateful..n'you do it piecemeal, they're gonna turn against you...

HOFFA NODS, AS IF TO SAY, NOW YOU REMEMBER THIS. FITZSIMMONS TURNS TO CONNELLEY.

FITZSIMMONS

...you listen to this, Petey...

CONNELLEY NODS.

ANGLE

HOFFA SHAKING HANDS, MOVING ALONG THE DIAS, STOPS TO EMBRACE A COUPLE OF THE MEN ON THE DIAS. COMES TO THE MICROPHONE AND MAKES A VICTORY GESTURE, WHICH IS GREETED WITH VAST CHEERING. HE WAITS A MOMENT, AND HANGS HIS HEAD IN HUMILITY.

ANGLE C.U.

HOFFA. A SMALL SMILE, CURLING THE CORNERS OF HIS MOUTH, AS THE CHEER SWELLS. THIS SOUND IS WASHED OUT BY A TRUCK ROARING PAST.

EXT TRUCKSTOP, DAY (1975).

A HUGE RIG ROARING PAST. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE IN THE BACK SEAT OF THE CADILLAC, HOFFA SITTING THERE. CIARO GETTING INTO THE CAR, SLAMS THE CAR DOOR BEHIND HIM, HANDS HOFFA THE COFFEE.

HOFFA

Isszzy?

CIARO

Called him the club, the office, everybody.

HOFFA

The fuck isszzy...?

BEAT.

The fucken cocksucker...the money I made, him, the guys...

CIARO

...I know, J.R.

HOFFA

...the fucken money that I made that man...callem the golf club.

CIARO

I called the club, they...

HOFFA

Callem that number, the back, the 'quiptment shed, the cardgame...

CIARO GOES IN HIS POCKET, TAKES OUT A WALLET, STARTS HUNTING THROUGH IT.

HOFFA

Callem, he's coming, then, n'not, I don't want to be sitting here, the sun goes down.

CIARO

I understand.

HOFFA

I don't wanna, Bobby.

SIGHS. LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE POV

THE REVOLVER IN HIS HAND. HE PUTS IT ON THE SEAT NEXT TO HIM.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO.

HOFFA

I'm gettin old.

CIARO

Everybody. Gets old--til they die.

CIARO, IS STILL HUNTING THROUGH THE CARDS IN HIS WALLET. HE DISCOVERS SOMETHING.

CIARO

Ah!

HE SMILES. HANDS THE CARD TO HOFFA.

That look familiar?

ANGLE INSERT

THE CARD IN HOFFA'S HAND. IT IS THE BUSINESS CARD HOFFA GAVE CIARO AT THE TOP OF THE MOVIE. JAMES R. HOFFA. ORGANIZER, LOCAL 299 INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF TEAMSTERS. HE TURNS IT OVER.

ON THE BACK IS WRITTEN: "GIVE THIS MAN ANYTHING HE WANTS." THE CARD IS TORN IN HALF AND SCOTCH TAPED TOGETHER.

ANGLE
HOFFA HOLDING THE CARD.

HOFFA
Longtime.

BEAT.

You been with me a long time, Bobby...

CIARO STARTS GETTING OUT OF THE CAR.

CIARO
...the fuck else was I gonna do...?

VOICE OF STATE TROOPER (VO)
STAY IN THE CAR...!!!

ANGLE
EXT CITY HIGHWAY, 1960's, DAY.

STATE TROOPER
I Said Stay In The Godd...

ANGLE
CIARO, 1960, JUST GETTING OUT OF A CURRENT IMPALA.

STATE TROOPER (VO)
damn car...HANDS ON THE WHEEL, EYES STRAIGHT AH..

CIARO
...if you'll

STATE TROOPER
...are you listening to me....?

CIARO COMPLIES.

You're doing 90, a sixty five mile zone.

BEAT.

CIARO
I'm in a hurry.

STATE TROOPER
That's a hell of a hurry, pal. You got something peculiar, making yo go that fast.

CIARO

I do.

STATE TROOPER

...lemme see your registration, license, slowly...okay
...slowly...you wanna tell me what it is...?

ANGLE

CIARO

...I work for James R. Hoffa.

STATE TROOPER

...the hell you say...

CIARO EXTRACTS WALLET, AND HANDS I.D. TO THE TROOPER.

ANGLE

THE STATE TROOPER, LOOKING AT THE I.D.

ANGLE

FROM ACROSS THE ROAD, THE TROOPER, COURTEOUSLY, HANDING BACK THE I.D. AND SALUTING SLIGHTLY, AS CIARO PULLS BACK INTO TRAFFIC.

ANGLE

THE CAR, GOING ACROSS THE TRIBORO BRIDGE, SEEN FROM THE AIR.

BODYGUARD (VO)

Nobody in.

CIARO (VO)

Lemme see your guy.

BODYGUARD

My guy said nobody in.

INT COPACABANA NIGHTCLUB, DAY.

THE VESTIBULE. A BODYGUARD, BARRING CIARO'S ENTRANCE.

CIARO

Well, I'm going in, Buddy, cause I got a message from my Boss, James R. Hoffa, and I'm going in, and you ain't going to stop me...

THE BODYGUARD MAKES A MOVE UNDER HIS COAT.

You're gonna go under your coat, you go under your coat, you want step aside, you do that, but I'm going in...

BODYGUARD (HESITATES)

Lemme talk to my guy.

THE BODYGUARD DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR. BEAT. WE HEAR THE CONVERSATION FROM BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR.

SOLLY STEIN

...WHO?

BODYGUARD (VO)

...works for Jimmy Hoffa.

SOLLY STEIN (VO)

...I tol you, nobody gets in, the fuck are you, somebody waves a name in your face...

THE DOOR OPENS, SOLLY STEIN, A GUY IN HIS LATE FIFTIES, A CIGAR IN HIS MOUTH, OPENS THE DOOR. TO CIARO:

Who the fuck...?

CIARO

...the fuck I am in Not Important. I am here with a message, somebody who is in there, a message from James R. Hoffa, I've been given personally to gg...

SOLLY

Paaal, I said "nobody IN." ...Nobody IN...

CIARO TAKES OUT HIS WALLET, TAKES OUT A CARD.

ANGLE INSERT

THE BUSINESS CARD WHICH HOFFA GAVE HIM IN THEIR FIRST ENCOUNTER. CIARO TURNS IT OVER TO REVEAL THE INSCRIPTION "GIVE THIS MAN ANYTHING HE WANTS..." ETC.

ANGLE

CIARO HANDING THE CARD TO STEIN. STEIN TAKES THE CARD AND GLANCES AT IT.

STEIN

I said I don't care I don't care who you work for...

CIARO (POINTING TO THE CARD)

I...

STEIN

Yeah. I heard you...

HE STARTS TO TEAR UP THE CARD.

ANGLE INSERT

THE CARD BEING TORN IN HALF.

ANGLE
STEIN, THE BODYGUARD, CIARO.

STEIN
I heard you, hey, fuck this nonsense.

TO BODYGUARD:

Throw this fucken dago out...

CIARO STOOPS DOWN, CAMERA PANS WITH HIM, AS HE PICKS UP THE
PIECES OF THE CARD.

STEIN (VO)
This is my fucken club here. I told you "nobody in",

ANGLE
AS CIARO RISES, AND AS STEIN STARTS TO RETREAT BEHIND THE CLOSING
DOOR.

STEIN
...I don't fucken care who the guy works for, I told
you...

CIARO BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR AFTER HIM.

ANGLE
INT THE COPA NIGHTCLUB. A BUNCH OF GIRLS REHEARSING ON STAGE
BEING PUT THROUGH A DANCE BY A CHOREOGRAPHER AND A REHEARSAL
PIANIST. CIARO, COMING THROUGH THE DOOR, LIFTS STEIN OFF THE
FLOOR AND PULLS OUT A PISTOL AND PUTS IT TO STEIN'S HEAD.

CIARO
You're gonna fucken care...

STEIN
ARE YOU INSANE??? ARE YOU INSSS. SOMEBODY GET THIS GUY
OFF...DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM...???

CIARO
TO THE BODY GUARD:
...we're goin back, we're looking for a fellow, I was
told he was here, six feet, black hair, fellow from
Detroit, All I've got is a message for him...Now.. you
take us there...

BEAT. THE BODYGUARD NODS.

CIARO
I would get goin' I was you...

BEAT. THE BODYGUARD STARTS LEADING THEM, CIARO FOLLOWS, HOLDING HIS GUN TO STEIN'S HEAD. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH THEM, THE GIRLS IN THE BACKGROUND, THE CHOREOGRAPHER, AND THE PIANIST, LOOKING ON.

ANGLE

A DOOR IN THE BACKSTAGE AREA. THE BODYGUARD STOPS AT THE DOOR. CIARO AND STEIN COME INTO THE FRAME.

STEIN

I'm gonna have you killed. Tonight, you're gone be out in Sheepshead Bay...you fucken Guinea...Do you know who my friends are...? You're dead...you're fucken ddd...

CIARO (TO THE BODYGUARD)

Open it.

THE BODYGUARD OPENS THE DOOR. CIARO GOES THROUGH, HOLDING ON TO STEIN.

ANGLE

INT THE BACKSTAGE ROOM. A RUN DOWN "GREEN ROOM", SOFA, SEVERAL CHAIRS, EIGHT MEN IN THEIR FIFTIES TALKING, DRINKING COFFEE, ONE OF THEM IS D'ALLESANDRO.

ANGLE

D'ALLESANDRO, AS HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE BODYGUARD, CIARO, STEIN, CIARO LETS GO OF STEIN.

STEIN

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS COCKSUCKER DID...? THIS FUCKEN GOOMBAH, comes in here...Somebody give me a piece...Cut him Down. Cut him Down...

CIARO (TO D'ALLESANDRO)

I'm sorry to intrude. I came here, someone sent me, I din't like to mention any names, but I'se instructed, give a note to you, an' these guys, didn't want...

ANGLE

D'ALLESANDRO, STEIN AND CIARO. D'ALLESANDRO GESTURES "YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING FURTHER..."

D'ALLESANDRO

I am very very sorry that you were put through this.

STEIN

Well. Sorry isn't, thank you, but Sorry ain't enough, This is my Club. You see? And this ggg...

D'ALLESANDRO

I'm not talking to you.

BEAT. D'ALLESANDRO ADDRESSES CIARO.

This man is like a brother to me. This man. Should be treated with the respect with which you would treat me...

BEAT.

Can i say that plainer?

BEAT.

STEIN

Dally, I...

D'ALLESANDRO

Did he say he was here from Our Friend in Detroit?

BEAT.

And, having said that, you told him to, what, to "get out...that this is you club..."?

STEIN

I, I, I.. Dally, I...

D'ALLESANDRO (TO CIARO)

Thank you for making the trip.

CIARO NODS. REACHES IN HIS POCKET. HANDS AN ENVELOPE TO D'ALLESANDRO, WHO TAKES IT. NODS.

I'm sure that, if you need anything in New York, Mr. Stein would be most happy to...

TO A HENCHMAN, D'ALLESANDRO NODS, THE HENCHMAN BRINGS OUT A LARGE, HEAVY SUITCASE, PASSES IT TO CIARO.

CIARO

Thank you.

STEIN

Dally, on my knees, I knew this man was a Friend of yyy...

D'ALLESANDRO

And I'm sure that, if you need anything in New York, Mr. Stein would be most happy to ob...

STEIN

Happy, I would be honored to...

EXT NEW YORK PENTHOUSE TERRACE, NIGHT.
NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK SEEN FROM C.P.S.

CIARO (VO)

James R. ...nothing to it. The Note is Delivered, the note is understood, the message is Thank You, and I am in receipt of a package for you.

BEAT.

Tomorrow, tomorrow night. You wanna...?

BEAT.

You c'n spare me that long...?

BEAT.

ANGLE

CIARO IN SHIRT SLEEVES, TALKING ON THE PHONE, SITTING OUT ON THE TERRACE. HE WALKS INSIDE, THE PHONE IN HIS HANDS, TO A COUCH ON WHICH IS THE SUITCASE WE SAW EARLIER, HE PUTS HIS HANDS ON IT.

Nothing separates me from it, you know that, Boss.
Thank you, Boss.

TALKING ON THE PHONE.

CIARO

I'm gone see you Wednesday, then. Thank you, Boss.

HE HANGS UP THE PHONE. TURNS BACK TOWARD THE PENTHOUSE.

ANGLE

A SUMPTUOUS SUITE BEHIND HIM, HE WALKS BACK THROUGH THE FRENCH DOORS. CAMERA FOLLOWS, HE PICKS UP A DRINK FROM A TABLE, TURNS TO HIS LEFT. CAMERA PANS, BEYOND HIM. A SUMPTUOUS, NAKED YOUNG GIRL, SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE BED, RISES AS CIARO WALKS TOWARD THE BEDROOM.

ANGLE INT THE BEDROOM LATER.
A DISHEVELLED BED.

CIARO (DRUNKENLY)

The Top of the World. Because when all things come to you. (PAUSE) When they come to you...(PAUSE) when you have kisen, through your...through...through your connections...do you see...Fuckit.

THE YOUNG GIRL FROM THE PREVIOUS SEQUENCE COMES INTO THE FRAME, IN A BATHROBE, AND SITS IN A CHAIR BY THE BEDSIDE VANITY TABLE.

ANGLE

CIARO, DRUNK, IN HIS UNDERWEAR, SITTING UP AGAINST THE HEADBOARD.

CIARO

Fuckit. One man wanted one thing, one man...wanted something else...YOU WORK IT OUT. What the fuck is that, but Negotiation...everybody gets something...an You Get What You Want...you wanna know who I am. That is who I am. The Innational Brohood, The Teamsters. An you got to do, whatever the fuck that I tell you to...(HE STARTS TO REACH TOWARD HER)...commere...

HE GESTURES DOWN AT THE SUITCASE, BY HIS FEET, AT THE FOOT OF THE BED.

You know what the fuck is in here...?

INT HOFFA'S OFFICE, DAY.

HOFFA (VO)

You know what the fuck is in here...?

HOFFA WALKS INTO THE SHOT, CAMERA PANS HIM OVER TO CIARO, WHO STANDS THERE, IN A SUIT, HOLDING THE SUITCASE.

ANGLE

CONNELLEY, FITZSIMMONS, AN ARCHITECT, IN THE ROOM, WITH HOFFA AND CIARO, THEY ARE AROUND AN ARCHITECT'S TABLE MODEL. HOFFA RAPS CIARO ON THE CHEST.

HOFFA

A heart of fucken Gold. I don't care. Gimmea Wop any day. You talk about honor...you talk about loyalty...gimme this Dago...(HOFFA CUFFS HIM ON THE EAR.)
(BEAT)

HOFFA (TO THE ARCHITECT)

Go on with it.

IN THE BACKGROUND, THE ARCHITECT, CONNELLEY, AND FITZ.

TO CONNELLEY

Petey. Gimme a cuppa coffee, will ya?

CONNELLEY POURS THE COFFEE.

THE ARCHITECT
POINTING TO HIS MODEL OF A TEAMSTER VILLAGE ON THE TABLE.

...facilities for the expansion of housing,
recreational facilities, parking, transport, and the
shopping area.

ANGLE
HOFFA AND CIARO TALKING, AS THE SPIEL GOES ON IN THE BACKGROUND,
HOFFA HOISTS THE SUITCASE ONTO HIS DESK. OPENS IT TO CAMERA, SO
THAT IT IS NOT SEEN BY THOSE IN THE BACKGROUND. IT IS FULL OF
MONEY.

HOFFA (TO CIARO)
Go ahead.

CIARO
I don't need nothing, Boss.

HOFFA
Did I say fucken "go ahead"?

CIARO
I don't need nothing.

HOFFA TAKES CIARO'S HANDS AND PUTS THEM INTO THE SUITCASE, CIARO
COMES AWAY WITH HANDFULS OF CASH, WHICH HE STUFFS IN TO HIS
POCKETS. HE WALKS CIARO OVER TO THE MODEL OF THE RETIREMENT
VILLAGE.

CIARO
We goin to Vegas on Sadday?

HOFFA
Yes. We are.

CONNELLEY (POINTING TO THE MODEL, OF THE ARCHITECT)
James R. You want the guy to continue?

HOFFA (TO CIARO)
Bobby: This is my dream.

ANGLE POV
THE SIGN: TEAMSTER RETIREMENT VILLAGE, THE SCALE MODEL.

ANGLE
HOFFA AND CIARO.

HOFFA
You know what that dream is...?

(TO FITZ)
Fitz...?

FITZ

It is a dream of a community, where workingmen...

CIARO

...it's a dream, broken-up truckers drink beer, fart, and lie about the waitresses they fucked.

HOFFA STARTS OUT OF THE ROOM, CIARO CLOSES AND PICKS UP AND CARRIES SUITCASE. HOFFA WALKING OUT OF THE ROOM WITH HIM.

HOFFA

...that's right.

CIARO

It's a fucken truckstop with a patio.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM INTO THE ANTEROOM. HOFFA'S SECRETARY RISES, HANDS HIM A SHEAF OF PAPERS, AS HE COMES OUT.

CIARO

...you wan' make the Retired Truckers feel at home, put a Condom Machine, the wall, their living room...

HOFFA

...if that's the way you think it should be, you talk to the Architect.

CIARO

...you think I won't...?

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THE TEAMSTERS BUILDING. PEOPLE STANDING TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE PASSAGE OF HOFFA, A GROUP OF THREE MEN WAITING FOR HIM. ONE PUTS AN OVERCOAT OVER HIS SHOULDERS, ONE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND FOR THE SUITCASE. HOFFA NODS TO CIARO THAT IT IS OKAY TO GIVE IT TO HIM. CIARO DOES SO. ONE OF THE MEN, AN ATTORNEY, TALKS TO HOFFA.

ATTORNEY

...subpoenas from the McClellan Committee.

HOFFA

On...?

ATTORNEY

...the Loan Policy of...

HOFFA (SHRUGGING IT OFF)

...the loans are legit.

ATTORNEY (GESTURING, NONETHELESS)

...all of the Las Vegas Loans...

THE GROUP CONTINUES THROUGH THE CORRIDORS.

ANGLE

EXT THE TEAMSTER BUILDING, PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D.C.
THE GROUP COMES OUT THROUGH THE DOORS.

ATTORNEY

...the records Test Fleet...

HOFFA

...Test Fleet is Legit...

ATTORNEY (SHRUGGING)

Kennedy and the Committee are...

HOFFA

ITS A FUCKING VENDETTA. IT IS A VENDETTA AND THAT LITTLE
FAG IS RIDING INTO OFFICE ON...

ATTORNEY

...we have a subpoena...

HOFFA

...forget the subpoena...

ATTORNEY

Jimmy, Jimmy, the One Thing you Cannot Do is to square
off with the White House, they...?

HOFFA

SQUARE OFF WITH THE WHITE HOUSE? Then they don't
Square Off with Me!!! Y'follow me? Don't tell me who
I can't "square off" with...don't "use words", with
me...any man, any man...he fucks with me, I...

ATTORNEY

...they have a subpoena...

INT KENNEDY'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

HOFFA

...and I say fuck the subpoena, and fuck YOU, TOO.

ANGLE

ROBERT KENNEDY, SITTING ACROSS FROM HOFFA, BACKED BY SEVERAL
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT LAWYERS, THE FLAG OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IN
BACK OF HIM.

...guy needit his fucken brother, get elected President
of the United States, get him a job...you're a joke,

you wouldn't've been a bondssalesman, somewhere, you're the brother-in-law they make jokes about...

KENNEDY

I don't know what you're trying to prove, but, you're proving it...You're proving it, Hoffa...

HOFFA

I'm Proving WHAT. You have nothing on me.. you have a T.V. SHOW.

KENNEDY

The Justice Department...

ANGLE

KENNEDY, IRATE, GETS TO HIS FEET, HE IS FLANKED BY VARIOUS SECRET SERVICE TYPES.

HOFFA

You don't impress me, and your office don't impress me, and your family don't impress me, bunch of rumrunners, n'I DON'T NEED three hundred Million Dollars, and my brother, President to WHOP YOUR FUCKEN ASS, you faq.

HOFFA'S ATTORNEY STARTS TO RESTRAIN HIM. HOFFA BRUSHES HIM OFF.

...I beat your ass, that trumped-up charge, I'll beat your ass again (HE BRUSHES THE ATTORNEY OFF AGAIN) There is no "organized crime"...the Teamsters, and you...

KENNEDY

I AM GOING T SEE YOU IN JAIL...

HOFFA

FOR WHAT? WHAT DID I FUCKING DO...?

ATTORNEY

Mr. Hoffa...

GOVERNMENT ATTORNEY

...your loans...

ATTORNEY

The Pension Fund has the best record in the country on loans...

HOFFA

THE BEST RECORD IN THE COUNTRY. FOR THE WORKINGMAN. YOU KNOW WHAT "WORK" IS...?

KENNEDY TURNS TO HIS HENCHMEN.

KENNEDY

I want this man in jail, and I am not going to stop until...

HOFFA RISES.

HOFFA

FUCK YOU AND FUCK YOUR THREATS AND FUCK YOUR FAMILY AND
FUCK YOUR WIFE...

KENNEDY COMES TO HIS FEET AND STARTS SCREAMING AT HIM.

KENNEDY

WHAT DID YOU SAY??? WHAT DID YOU FUCKING SAY...???

HOFFA STORMS OUT OF THE ROOM.

ANGLE

THE ANTE ROOM, CIARO COMES TO HIS FEET AS HOFFA COMES OUT.
KENNEDY IS HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND, SCREAMING.

KENNEDY (VO)

I don't succumb to pressure, and I don't succumb to
threats...

ANT TEAMSTER HEADQUARTERS LOCAL 299, DETROIT, DAY.

ANGLE

KENNEDY, ON THE TELEVISION.

KENNEDY

...and I have received both, and vilification, and
threats in the form of innuendo from the personnel of
the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Nothing
will stop me. Or this office from the continuance of
our duties. I swear to you that I will not stop until
those corrupted individuals have been...

CAMERA PANS TO A PEBBLEGLASS DOOR, WITH JAMES R. HOFFA, PRESIDENT
LOCAL 299, WRITTEN ON IT. SHADOWS OF MEN MOVING BEHIND THE DOOR,
IN THE OFFICE.

ANGLE

INT THE OFFICE. CIARO, HOLDING FORTH TO TEN TEAMSTERS, CONNELLEY
AT HIS ELBOW.

CIARO

...to circle the wagons. It goes without saying that
the Little Guy believes in your ry'y'wound't be where
you are. N' he knows if you din't believe in him he
woun't be where he is. Now is a time to Not Trust
Anybody. You din't go to high school with the guy,

don't make no difference what kind badge he's got,
stuck his lapel, YOU DO NOT KNOW HIM. Any questions,
come to Petey Connelley or me.

A SECRETARY COMES INTO THE ROOM. CIARO TURNS TO LOOK AT HER.

CIARO

What?

SECRETARY

There's a Man from the Attorney General's office...

SHE GESTURES OUTSIDE. CIARO STARTS OUT OF HOFFA'S OFFICE.

ANGLE

A ROOM FULL OF FILING CABINETS, A CLEAN CUT FELLOW IN A SUIT
EMPTYING FILES INTO A CARDBOARD BOX.

ANGLE

CIARO, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY. HE MOVES INTO THE ROOM, STANDS
NEXT TO THE MAN.

CIARO

What are you doing...?

ELIOT COOKSON

...my name is Eliot Cookson, I ~~am~~ an attorney for the
Attorney General, I have a subpoena for...

CIARO

Get the fuck out of...

HE PUSHES HIM OUT OF THE ROOM.

ANGLE

A SECRETARIAL POOL ROOM, COOKSON BEING PUSHED OUT OF THE FILE
ROOM BY CIARO.

COOKSON

I have a (HE FUMBLES IN HIS POCKET) Legitimate...

CIARO

...you have a legitimate right to get the fuck out of
here before I break you...

COOKSON (GESTURING TO THE STAFF)

...these people are witnesses that...

CIARO

You're living on Mars. Pal. These people din't see a
fucken thing, now Get Gone.

COOKSON

You Don't Understand me. I have a...

HE FLOURISHES HIS SUBPOENA, AND STARTS BACK TOWARD THE FILING ROOM.

...Robert Kennedy.

CIARO

Fuck Robert Kennedy and Fuck you, Too...What do I have to do? Throw you out a Window...Are you DEAF...?

HE HITS COOKSON, WHO DOUBLES OVER, HE HITS HIM SEVERAL MORE TIMES.

INT GREEN ROOM, LAS VEGAS, NIGHT.

HOFFA'S ATTORNEY, WHO IS ON THE PHONE, CONNELLEY, AND FITZSIMMONS AND CIARO. FITZSIMMONS PUTTING ON AN OFFICE PUTTING GREEN. SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING. FITZSIMMONS LOOKS UP, ABASHEDLY, APOLOGETICALLY.

ANGLE POV

HOFFA COMING IN FROM THE ROOM NEXT DOOR, A MAKE-UP ROOM, BRIGHT LIGHTS AND A MAKE-UP TABLE, WITH AN ENTERTAINER, WHO HAS ON A MAKE UP SMOCK, AND A TOWEL AROUND HIS NECK. THE MAKE-UP MAN TAKES OFF THE SMOCK.

ENTERTAINER (TO FITZSIMMONS)

It's okay...

ANGLE

THE MEN IN THE ROOM, FITZSIMMONS SHEEPISHLY STARTS TO PUT THE PUTTER AWAY IN THE CORNER, IN A GOLF BAG.

ENTERTAINER

It's okay, Fitz...

A DRESSER HELPS THE ENTERTAINER INTO HIS TUXEDO. HE STARTS OUT THE DOOR TO THE GREEN ROOM.

ENTERTAINER

I wanna thank you for your help.

HOFFA SHRUGS.

Thank you, James.

HOFFA

Good of you to come in.

ENTERTAINER

Anything, any time, you know that.

THEY CLAP EACH OTHER ON THE SHOULDERS. THE DRESSER GESTURES AT HIS WATCH.

ENTERTAINER

Okay...okay...

HE WINKS, GOES OUT OF THE GREEN ROOM, SOUND OF AN OVERTURE BEING PLAYED OUTSIDE. THE ATTORNEY HANGS UP THE PHONE, TURNS TO HOFFA.

HOFFA

What? What the fuck is it?

ATTORNEY

They've indicted Bobby and Peter, too.

BEAT.

HOFFA

They've indicted Bobby and Pete...

BEAT.

HOFFA

I'm a busy fucken man, whaddathey want from me?

ATTORNEY

...they want to try you for bribery, and misapplication of funds.

HOFFA

It's the same old...

ATTORNEY

...they're just trying to provoke a confr...

HOFFA

Well, they're fucking succeeding, what they're doing...I GOT THINGS TO DO...I GOT A UNION TO RUN, I GOT...

ANGLE

CIARO, SLIPS OUT OF THE ROOM.

ANGLE

BACKSTAGE, CIARO WALKING OVER TO LOOK AT THE ENTERTAINER.

ANGLE POV

SEEN FROM THE WINGS, THE ENTERTAINER ON STAGE, WITH A PORTABLE MIKE.

ENTERTAINER

...Guy drives up, a big Black Cadillac - Teamster medallion on the side...

SOUND OF CHEERING FROM THE AUDIENCE.

...Teamster medallion on the side, little feller gets out...guy turns to Saint Peter, says, "I thought you told me Jimmy Hoffa Wasn't Up Here." Saint Peter says... "That's God--He just thinks he's Jimmy Hoffa..."

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO, LOOKING ON. SOUND OF LAUGHTER FROM THE AUDITORIUM.

CONNELLEY (VO)

Whaddawe gonna do?

ANGLE

CIARO TURNS, ANGLE ON CIARO AND CONNELLEY, WHO IS STANDING BEHIND HIM.

CIARO

Whaddaya mean?

CONNELLEY

Whaddawe goin to...

CIARO

The guys'll come down, tell us what we got to say.

BEAT.

The. Lawyers. Will. Come. Down. To...Buck up, Petay. Pete.

CONNELLEY LOOKS UP. CIARO, EXPLAINING, AS IF TO A CHILD.

We're the Teamsters...

INT CONVENTION HALL, LAS VEGAS, NIGHT.
HOFFA ON THE PODIUM, SPEAKING IN A MICROPHONE.

HOFFA

Any man...any man. The Kings of Old. Assembled retainers, and derive power from the Power of those around him. I will not be swayed. The International Brotherhood of Teamsters (PAUSE) Will not be swayed. Our policy of unity...Will Not Be Swayed. And any man. Can have an accusation. Thrown at him. Am I immune? Are You. And if we chose to operate in that way, EVEN THOSE IN GOVERNMENT, are not immune to vicious,

fantastical slander, and it is OUR VERY PROMINENCE ITSELF that draws this. That draws these attacks. We must be ever watchful. We have led the Teamsters, and the Teamsters have led the American Working Man INTO THE MIDDLE CLASS...

CHEERING.

ANGLE

MEN IN THE AUDIENCE. THE BACK OF A PACKED HALL.

ANGLE

AN USHER, BEHIND HIM, CIARO, WATCHING FROM THE LOBBY. A MAN PUSHING A CART FULL OF EMPTY BEER KEGS, THROUGH THE LOBBY. THE USHERS STOPS A MAN WHO IS COMING IN LATE. LOOKS TO CIARO.

ANGLE

CIARO LOOKS AT THE MAN, NODS "LET HIM IN."

ANGLE

HOFFA.

HOFFA

And, Buddy. WE INTEND TO STAY HERE!!! Management don't scare me, Kennedy don't scare me...you know what scares me...?

ANGLE

A MAN IN THE CROWD, COMES TO HIS FEET...

MAN IN CROWD

Nothing, Jimmy!!!

ANGLE C.U.

LISTENING, AS APPLAUSE AND CHEERING BUILDS.

HOFFA

AS THE APPLAUSE SUBSIDES.

It's all give and take. You know that? It's a boxing match. You Got To Get In there, an mix it up, you wanna dish it out, you got to get in, close enough, you too have got the possibility of getting hurt. That's life, my friends. It's Give and Take, and Mix it Up, and that's what I am not afraid of. And that is what made The Teamsters what we are.

CHEERING BUILDS AGAIN.

ANGLE

CIARO, LOOKING THROUGH THE DOOR, INTO THE AUDITORIUM. SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION.

ANGLE C.U.
CIARO WHIPS AROUND.

ANGLE
IN THE HALL, CIARO, HIS GUN OUT, BEYOND HIM THE CART WITH THE BEER KEGS, ONE OF THE KEGS HAS FALLEN OFF.

INT TRUCKSTOP 1975

ANGLE C.U.
CIARO, 1975. HIS FACE HAVING COME ALERT.

ANGLE INSERT
CIARO'S HAND, UNDER THE COUNTER, ON THE SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN. SOUND OF ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

ANGLE C.U.
CIARO LOOKING AROUND.

INT COURTROOM, DAY.
SOUND OF ANOTHER EXPLOSION, INSERT JUDGE'S HAND, HOLDING A GAVEL, COMING DOWN, SOUND OF THE GAVEL COMING DOWN.

ANGLE
A BAILIFF, READING FROM THE INDICTMENT.

BAILIFF
James R. Hoffa, Robert Ciaro, Peter Connelley, et al.,
for Bribery, Fraud, conspiracy to commit same....

ANGLE
THE DEFENSE TABLE, THE ABOVE-NAMED, A LAWYER, SCRIBBLING ON A LEGAL PAD. LAWYER LOOKS UP, AT CIARO, PATS HIM REASSURINGLY ON THE ARM.

INT DARK BARROOM, NIGHT.
CIARO DRINKING AT THE BAR. SEVERAL OTHER MEN LISTENING TO HIM.

CIARO
...Billy Flynn, third-degree burns, nine percent, all
ov-his body...He's, the motherfucker can't stop
smoking, his cigarette, the fumes some fucken thing
vaboom...

BEAT.

There he goes.

BARTENDER
Nother one, Bobby...?

CIARO NODS.

CIARO

He's in the, yes. Wait a Minute...I'm come to the point of it...Priest, who was Father Doyle, Down to Saint Margarets, which you wouldn't know, asks him to Confess, I am coming to the end of it, as he is dying, Bilflynn looks him in the eye: Fuck You. To respond. They have nothing...Jimmy, Evbody, going to walk. To respond, your request. Now pour it.

THE BARTENDER POURS.

...fucken man...built a union, out a pair of balls and a billyclub. Two Hundred Million Dolz a year in dues... some bullshit Paggin Washten..

CIARO DRINKS HIS DRINK.

Fuckit, I said it. Theyain' got nothing. Nothn but talk...

HE STARTS UP FROM THE BAR. ANOTHER MAN GETS UP BEHIND HIM.

Gon' my Way...? Whaddathay come up, with, this trial...?

MAN

Nothing.

CIARO

Not a thing. Nothing...

CAMERA DOLLIES WITH THEM, BACK THROUGH THE DESERTED BARROOM.

You watchin' the television?

MAN

Yeah. I seen it.

CIARO

Did You See It? "Where are you on this date...? Hey: SOMEWHERE, maan..." "What are you doin...?" "None Your Fucken Business...?"

CAMERA TAKES THEM BACK TO THE URINALS.. THEY EACH START TO PEE.

"None Of Your Mother Fucken..."

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST.

MAN

What if they had something...?

CIARO (SHAKES HIS HEAD)

They ain't' got nothing. What is there to have...?
Nothing...

MAN

I heard the Gov'ment got to one the guys...

CIARO

Where would you hear that?

MAN

I heard. One of the guys, high up, was going, give Hoffa up.

BEAT.

CIARO

Who are you...?

MAN

I heard, the government had him...

CIARO

...had Jimmy...?

MAN

And they were going to, other defendants, could corroborate their case, they'd let them walk.

BEAT.

That's what I heard.

ANGLE C.U.

ON THE MAN.

You, for example, you'd Cross Over...And testify. For the Government...they'd grant you immunity, and let you walk.

BEAT.

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO.

CIARO

You ain't got nothing.

ANGLE

CIARO AND THE MAN.

You ain't got nothing or you woon't be here...

MAN

We got him, and he's going away.

CIARO (STARTS TO LAUGH)

Well, if he's goin' away, I'm goin' with him..

HE LAUGHS LOUDER.

You want me to Give Up Jimmy Hoffa...?

BEAT.

You ain't got nothing...you little...get outta here..

ANGLE

CIARO, LAUGHING, NEXT TO THE URINAL.

INT COURTROOM, DAY.

ANGLE

THE JUDGE.

THE JUDGE

...witnesses for the Prosecution...?

ANGLE

THE COURTROOM. THE PROSECUTOR STANDING. HOFFA ET AL, CRISPLY DRESSED, FRESH.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, the Prosecution would like to call just one more witness...

HE LOOKS THROUGH HIS PAPERS.

ANGLE

THE COURTROOM, THE DEFENSE BENCH. LATER. THE ATTORNEY, HOFFA AND CIARO, DISHEVELLED, ANGRY, STARING.

ANGLE

THEIR POV. THE PROSECUTOR.

PROSECUTOR

...and at this meeting, I am referring to the meeting of December Sixth, you saw what...?

CAMERA PANS WITH THE PROSECUTOR, AS HE STROLLS ACROSS THE COURTROOM TO REVEAL, HE IS ADDRESSING HIS QUESTIONS TO PETER CONNELLEY, WHO IS ON THE WITNESS STAND.

CONNELLEY

...they discussed...

PROSECUTOR

..."They" being...?

CONNELLEY

Mr. Hoffa and Mr. D'Allesandro...

PROSECUTOR

...Mr. Hoffa and Mr. D'Allesandro, thank you...They discussed...?

CONNELLEY

The formation of the Pension Fund, and...and...

PROSECUTOR

...and its use by Organized Crime...

ANGLE

HOFFA'S ATTORNEY COMES TO HIS FEET.

ATTORNEY

Objection...And in fact, your honor, I object to his entire line of questioning. This witness, obviously co-opted by the government, has been testifying for hours, and we have heard nothing but hearsay, nothing to link my clients with Mr. D'Allesandro, nothing but...

ANGLE

THE JUDGE, CONNELLEY, THE PROSECUTOR.

JUDGE

...thank you. (TO PROSECUTOR) You may continue.

PROSECUTOR

...Thank you, your honor. And so, on this "Hunting Trip..."...

ANGLE

THE ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE, HOFFA.

HOFFA (WHISPERING)

...what harm is he doing us...?

ATTORNEY GESTURES, AS IF TO SAY, "WAIT A MOMENT, THIS NEEDS MY COMPLETE ATTENTION..."

PROSECUTOR (VO)

...on which...?

ANGLE

CONNELLEY AND THE PROSECUTOR.

CONNELLEY

On which they, they, laid out, the scheme of...of "kickbacks", for the loans the pension fund would give.

PROSECUTOR (WALKING AWAY)

Thank you. That is all.

THE ATTORNEY WALKS UP TO HIM.

ATTORNEY

Mr. Connelley. Did anyone except you hear the alleged conversation between the defendants and Mr. D'Allesandro...?

CONNELLEY

No, sir.

ATTORNEY

Then what, what, other than your "testimony", what evidence is there that such a discussion, such a fantastical discussion as you describe, took place...?

CONNELLEY

There...there's the hunting license...

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO AT THE TABLE.

ANGLE INT COURTROOM LATER

A HUGE BLOWUP, MOUNTED ON AN EASEL, OF THE RED HUNTING LICENSE. WITH ARROWS, AND DIAGRAMS NEXT TO IT. THE PROSECUTOR WITH HIS POINTER, POINTING TO IT.

PROSECUTOR

...a license, issued to Peter Connelley. Scribbled on it, the rough outlines of a plan to bleed the Pension Fund, through diversion of monies...these notations in the hands of, and bearing the fingerprints of, James R. Hoffa, and Carol D'Allesandro...

ANGLE

HOFFA, SITTING AT THE DEFENSE TABLE, LOOKS OVER AT HIS ATTORNEY, WHO CANNOT MEET HIS GAZE. HOFFA NODS, AS IF HIS QUESTION HAS BEEN ANSWERED.

INT HOFFA'S HOUSE, DAY.

SEVERAL TEAMSTER OFFICIALS, IN SUITS, SITTING IN THE LIVING ROOM, DRINKING COFFEE.

ANGLE

THE KITCHEN. JO HOFFA STANDING AT THE KITCHEN COUNTER. AN OVERNIGHT BAG IN FRONT OF HER.

ANGLE INSERT

THE BAG. PAJAMAS FOLDED IN THE BAG. JO'S HANDS, PUTTING IN A BOOK, A PAD AND PENCIL, A CARTON OF CIGARETTES.

ANGLE

JO HOFFA, STANDING AT THE COUNTER, VARIOUS ARTICLES IN FRONT OF HER ON THE COUNTER. CIARO SITTING ON A STOOL NEXT TO HER. SHE LOOKS OVER AT CIARO. HE LOOKS AT HER. NODS.

CIARO

You gone be okay?

JO

F'I'm not, no one's gonna know but me...

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS. THEY BOTH TURN TO THE SOUND.

ANGLE

THEIR POV. HOFFA, COMING DOWN THE STAIRCASE. HE COMES OVER TO JO. SHE HANDS HIM THE OVERNIGHT BAG. BEAT. HE STEPS INTO THE LIVING ROOM, FOLLOWED BY CIARO.

ANGLE

THE LIVING ROOM. ALL STAND AS HOFFA ENTERS.

HOFFA

BEAT.

Fitz is going to be President until I return.

ANGLE

FITZSIMMONS.

HOFFA (VO)

I don't think there is anything more to be said on that...?

ANGLE

HOFFA, SPEAKING TO THE GROUP.

HOFFA

No. Fine. Otherwise...

BEAT.

I'm gonna tell you: You didn't know what to do, what good it do, I told you...

HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. COMES OVER TO FITZSIMMONS. SHAKES HANDS.

FITZ

Jimmy...

HOFFA

You're gonna do fine.

HE STARTS SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MEN. A MAN AT THE DOOR COMES OVER TO CIARO. WHISPERS, INCLINES HIS HEAD TOWARD THE DOOR, BOOTH LOOK AT THE DOOR.

ANGLE POV

SEEN THROUGH THE SIDELIGHT OF THE DOOR, A YOUNG WOMAN, LOOKING AT THEM.

ANGLE

CIARO AND THE MAN AT THE DOOR.

CIARO

Fuck her...tell 'er I'm working...

HOFFA SHAKES THE LAST HAND, MOVES TO PICK UP HIS OVERNIGHT CASE.

ANGLE

CIARO, A CASE IN HIS HAND, TAKES THE CASE AWAY FROM HOFFA.

ANGLE

EXT HOFFA'S HOUSE. RINGED BY NEWSMEN. HOFFA AND CIARO COME OUT, CARRYING THEIR OVERNIGHT CASES.

EXT COURTHOUSE STEPS, DAY.

ANGLE

A NEWSMAN, TALKING INTO THE CAMERA.

NEWSMAN

The surrender of James R. Hoffa, President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, to begin serving his _____ year term, in the Federal Penitentiary at... wait a moment..

HE LOOKS OFF.

ANGLE POV

HOFFA'S CAR PULLING UP. STOPS AT THE COURTHOUSE STEPS.

ANGLE INT THE CAR

HOFFA, CIARO, AND JO IN THE BACK SEAT. HOFFA (TO JO):

HOFFA

Stay in the car.

JO

You gonna be okay?

HOFFA

When am I not okay?

TO CIARO:

Let's do this thing...

HOFFA KISSES JO.

BEAT.

ANGLE

EXT THE CAR. HOFFA AND CIARO GETTING OUT. THE MOB OF REPORTERS SWOOPS DOWN ON THEM.

ANGLE

HOFFA. MOVING THEM AWAY.

HOFFA

Wait a second...wait a second...can't we do this...WAIT a second...can't we do this thing with order...? Let's do it with a little...that's right...that's right. Here's what I want: here's what I want. Television, I want the T.V. reporters here. On my left...move up the steps, that's alright. There's plenty of room. Print, you print guys, on my right...Photo...Okay: come in now, and then back off, I'll tell you, you can come in again...

ANGLE

CIARO, LOOKING ON WITH PRIDE.

HOFFA (VO)

What am I forgetting? One By One. Let's do this with a little bit of order...

THE NEWSMAN SHOUTING QUESTIONS.

ANGLE

HOFFA ON THE STEPS.

HOFFA

Alright; alright; whatcher question...? Make it quick...

HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH.

I got a pressing engagement, a few minutes...

THE NEWSMEN LAUGH.

Okay: what is it...?

EXT THE COURTHOUSE, NIGHT.

ANGLE

JOSEPHINE IN THE CAR. LOOKING OUT.

ANGLE

THE ALLEY ON THE SIDE OF THE COURTHOUSE, CORDONED OFF.

ANGLE

NEWSMEN, BEHIND THE CORDON, TALKING SOFTLY, SMOKING.

ANGLE

A DOOR IN THE BACK OF THE ALLEY, A POLICEMAN IN FRONT OF IT, A POLICE VAN NEXT TO IT. THE POLICEMAN COMES TO ATTENTION AS THE DOOR STARTS TO OPEN. HE MOVES TO THE BACK OF THE VAN, ON WHICH IS LETTERED "FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS". HE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE VAN.

ANGLE

THE DOOR IN THE COURTHOUSE ALLEY OPENS, SEVERAL HEAVILY ARMED FEDERAL MARSHALLS COME OUT, FOLLOWED BY CIARO, IN GREY PRISON OVERALLS AND HANDCUFFS. CAMERA MOVES WITH CIARO TO THE TRUCK, HE IS HELPED INTO IT, HE LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE POV

HOFFA, IN THE OVERALLS, BUT IN BARE FEET, AND HEAVILY MANACLED, IS BEING LED OUT OF THE JAIL, HE SHUFFLES, AND CAN HARDLY MOVE.

ANGLE

THE NEWSMEN. SILENT, WATCHING, BEHIND THE CORDON.

ANGLE

THEIR POV. DOWN THE ALLEY, HOFFA, HOBBLING, BAREFOOT, TO THE VAN.

ANGLE

THE NEWSMEN, FLASHBULBS START TO POP.

ANGLE

INT THE VAN. CIARO, SITTING THERE CHAINED TO THE VAN, HOFFA, BEING TAKEN INTO THE VAN BY MARSHALLS. HE IS CHAINED INTO THE VAN. THE MARSHALLS EXIT THE VAN. THE DOOR SLAMS. BEAT. THE VAN STARTS MOVING.

ANGLE C.U.

HOFFA. HE TURNS HIS HEAD.

ANGLE POV

THROUGH THE BARS, THE NEWSMEN, FLASHBULBS, HIS OWN CADILLAC. JO, STANDING OUTSIDE.

ANGLE

HOFFA, HE TURNS BACK. SIGHS.

ANGLE

HOFFA AND CIARO.

CIARO

TRIES TO LIFT HIS HANDS, THEY ARE CHAINED.
I can't even scratch my nose.

HOFFA

Does it itch?

CIARO

BEAT.

No.

HOFFA

Then what the fuck are you complaining about...?

CIARO SHRUGS, AS IF TO SAY, YES, YOU HAVE A POINT. THEY BOTH LEAN BACK ON THE BENCHES IN THE VAN.

EXT INTERSTATE HIGHWAY, COUNTRY, DESERTED.

ANGLE

THE PRISON VAN, SPEEDING DOWN THE HIGHWAY.

ANGLE

INT THE PRISON VAN. CIARO, ASLEEP, COLD, SHIVERING A BIT, WAKING UP. HE WAKES UP, BLINKS, TRIES TO REMEMBER WHERE HE IS.

ANGLE HIS POV

HOFFA, SEATED ACROSS FROM HIM, LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

INT VAN, FRONT SEAT.

THE DRIVER, A MARSHALL, LOOKING AHEAD.

EXT HIGHWAY, DAY.

INSERT

A SHOULDER PATCH, OF THE TEAMSTERS.

ANGLE

INT THE VAN. THE DRIVER, LOOKING MORE INTENTLY.

ANGLE

A MAN ON TOP OF HIS TRUCK, STOMPING HIS FEET A BIT TO KEEP WARM. THE SHOULDER PATCH IS ON HIS JACKET.

ANGLE

THE PRISON VAN, PULLING OVER ON AN EXIT. BEYOND IT, HUNDREDS OF SEMI-TRUCKS, PARKED ON THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, WITH THEIR DRIVERS AND OTHERS FESTOONED ON THE RUNNING BOARDS, ON THE CABS, ON THE TRAILERS.

ANGLE

THE VAN ENTERS THE GAUNTLET OF TRUCKS, THE DRIVERS START CHEERING.

ANGLE

INSIDE THE VAN, HOFFA, LOOKING, STRAIGHTENS UP A BIT.

ANGLE

THE VAN, PROCEEDING THROUGH THE CORDON ON THE EXIT RAMP.

ANGLE

THE DRIVER, AS THE CAR COMES ONTO THE SIDE ROAD, LOOKS AHEAD IN SURPRISE.

ANGLE, HIS POV

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, THOUSANDS OF TRUCKS, LINED UP ALONG THE ROAD, WITH PEOPLE ON THEM.

ANGLE

INSIDE THE VAN, HOFFA, LOOKING ON, NODS A BIT, AS IF TO SAY, "YES, THAT IS WHAT'S RIGHT."

INT TRUCKSTOP DAY, 1975.

ANGLE

CIARO, STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW. HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH. GLANCES OUT THE WINDOW, DUSK IS FALLING. SOUND OF A CELL DOOR CLANGING.

INT PRISON CELLBLOCK, LATE 1960'S

CIARO, STANDING AT THE DOOR TO HIS CELL, A GUARD BEHIND HIM. HE ENTERS THE CELL.

ANGLE

INT THE CELL. A MINUSCULE BARE ROOM, A ROLLED UP MATTRESS ON THE COT, ONE THIN BLANKET. CIARO ENTERS, THE CELL DOOR CLANGS SHUT BEHIND HIM. HE SITS ON THE COT, WITHOUT UNROLLING THE MATTRESS. HE FEELS IN HIS SHIRT POCKET FOR A CIGARETTE. HE HAS NONE, HE LEANS BACK. SIGHS. SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS. HE TURNS HIS HEAD.

ANGLE POV

A NEW GUARD, IS STANDING OUTSIDE HIS CELL DOOR, HOLDING A CARDBOARD BOX. THE GUARD OPENS THE DOOR.

ANGLE

CIARO WALKS UP, TAKES THE BOX.

GUARD

They forgot to give you the extra blanket.

CIARO NODS, TAKES THE BOX BACK TO HIS COT. SITS. OPENS THE BOX. AS THE DOOR CLANGS SHUT. HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE INSERT

THE BOX. AS HE OPENS IT. A BLANKET, FOLDED IN THE BLANKET A NOTE. HE HOLDS IT UP, IT READS: "FROM A FRIEND OF THE LITTLE GUY. MORE WHEN YOU NEED IT." HE PUTS DOWN THE NOTE, TAKES OUT THE BLANKET. BENEATH IT ARE SEVERAL CARTONS OF CIGARETTES, TOILETRIES.

ANGLE

CIARO, UNLOADING THE BOX. HE TAKES OUT A COUPLE OF COPIES OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINE, A PINT BOTTLE OF BOURBON. HE SMILES SLIGHTLY.

EXT PRISON YARD, DAY.

THICK SNOW FALLING. BEAT. INTO THE FRAME, HOFFA AND CIARO WALKING, VERY SLOWLY. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH THEM. AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE BEHIND THEM, TWO CONVICT BODYGUARDS.

ANGLE

A COUPLE OF CONVICTS HAVING A CONVERSATION, SEATED ON A SET OF BLEACHERS. ONE INCLINES HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY, BOTH TURN, AND ACKNOWLEDGE HOFFA. "HIYA, JIMMY...HI, JIMMY!"

ANGLE

HOFFA NODS SLIGHTLY TO THEM, HE AND CIARO STROLLING IN THE SNOW.

ANGLE

LONG SHOT OF THE TWO, STROLLING IN THE YARD, IN THE SNOW. HOLD.

EXT GOLF COURSE, DAY.

INSERT

A GOLF BALL BEING HIT OFF THE TEE.

ANGLE

SUMMER DAY, SEVERAL MEN STROLLING DOWN THE FAIRWAY, THEIR CADDIES HAULING THEIR BAGS. ALL SEEN FROM THE BACK.

ANGLE C.U.

CIARO. HIS FACE HAGGARD, OLDER, WEARING A MOUSTACHE.

HIS POV

THE PARTY OF MEN, FITZSIMMONS AT THE HEAD, WALKING DOWN THE FAIRWAY.

ANGLE

CIARO, ON A BRIDGE, OVER A WATER TRAP, MOVES ONTO THE FAIRWAY, AND COMES UP TO FITZSIMMONS.

BEAT.

FITZ

Bobby!

HE SHAKES CIARO'S HAND.

I thought...(TO HIS MEN) Weren't we going to go out and meet him...?

CIARO

Yeah. There's no point in that now, I'm out.

FITZ

...we were going to go out and meet you. How are you...?

CIARO

I lookt for you, over to the office...they tol' me you were here.

BEAT.

FITZ

How's Jimmy...?

CIARO

Well, Fitz, you'd know, if you went to see him.

FITZ

How is he...?

BEAT. CIARO TAKES FITZ ASIDE, ONTO THE BRIDGE.

CIARO

You got to get him out.

BEAT.

He's not well, an' he's not doin' well, and you got to get him out of there.

FITZ

We're working on it.

CIARO

How serious is that, because I'm not kidding you.

FITZ (NODDING)

We're working on it. I have a "plan".. and, I'm sorry, I can't "share" it with you, but...

CIARO

You got to get him out.

FITZ

We're going to get him out.

CIARO

He can't do the five more years...I'm tellin you...

FITZ

...you're going to have to trust me...we are...

CIARO

TAKES HIM BY THE ARM.

You. Got. To. Get. Him. Out.

INT AIRPORT, NIGHT.

D'ALLESANDRO, DRESSED IN AN IMPRESARIO COAT, TALKING IN A WHISPER.

D'ALLESANDRO

...the idea is this, the Teamsters, endorse Nixon, and kick in.

SFX. ANNOUNCEMENT OF AN AIRLINE FLIGHT DROWNS THE CONVERSATION.

ANGLE

D'ALLESANDRO, CIARO TALKING TO HIM, STANDING IN AN ALCOVE IN THE AIRPORT. D'ALLESANDRO'S RETAINERS STANDING BACK A BIT, ALL CARRYING LUGGAGE. D'ALLESANDRO CONTINUES THE EXPLANATION. ONE OF HIS MEN TOUCHES HIM ON THE ARM AND GESTURES THAT IT'S TIME TO LEAVE.

ANGLE

TIGHT ON D'ALLESANDRO AND CIARO.

D'ALLESANDRO
...and they go to the president...

D'ALLESANDRO SHRUGS TO SAY "I HAVE TO GO". HE EXITS THE FRAME.
CIARO TURNS INTO THE CAMERA TO LOOK AFTER D'ALLESANDRO.

HOFFA (VO)
And they what..?

INT PRISON VISITING ROOM, DAY.

HOFFA
They what...?

ANGLE C.U.

JO HOFFA, WHISPERING TO HOFFA, THROUGH THE MESH IN THE VISITING ROOM.

JO
...they give you a pardon.

HOFFA (VO)
They give me a pardon.

ANGLE
HOFFA.

JO (VO)
Yes.

HOFFA
We give them the Endorsement, we give them the money,
they give me a pardon.

JO (VO)
Yes.

HOFFA
When...?

A SOUND OF APPLAUSE, BUILDING.

ANGLE
A "FUNCTION ROOM". MANY MEN RISING TO THEIR FEET. CLAPPING.

ANGLE
FITZSIMMONS, STANDING BY AN OPEN DOOR, CLAPPING, LOOKING INTO THE DOOR.

ANGLE

A WAITER, COMING IN FROM THE KITCHEN, BEARING A HUGE PLATTER. IS STOPPED BY THE PEOPLE STANDING. STOPS AND WAITS, UNDER A HUGE BANNER WHICH READS: "WELCOME HOME, JIMMY..."

ANGLE

FITZ, LOOKING IN AT THE DOOR.

ANGLE, HIS POV

IN THE SMALL ROOM, HOFFA, HAGGARD, FLANKED BY CIARO AND JO.

HOFFA (TIRED)

...in a minute...

BEAT.

...in a minute...(GESTURES AT THE STAGE) Vamp with it...

ANGLE

FITZ WHISPERS TO AN UNDERLING, WHO GOES OFF. SOUND OF THE ANNOUNCER ON STAGE.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

"Lazegen...Lazegenlmen...? Jimmy...May I have your attention, please, Jimmy will be out here in a minute...in a minute...in the meantime..."

CIARO GOES AND SHUTS THE DOOR, SHUTTING OUT THE SOUND. BEAT.

HOFFA

Jesus Christ, I'm tired.

FITZ

Well, you Rest up, now, Jim.

HOFFA

I wanna thank you, Fitz. You did a good job.

FITZ SHRUGS, SELF-DEPRECATINGLY.

You did a good job, you kept it together, you did what you were sposed to do.

HOFFA

TAKING A SHEET OF PAPER FROM HIS JACKET POCKET

What happened we rode it out, here we are..

FITZ GESTURES AT THE STAGE.

...in a minute...

HE READS FROM THE PAPER.

...tomorrow...tomorrow when we go in, first thing, end of the week, we announce, I wanna make a Speech, as "back in Office", get the T.V. you can...Bobby: givem my list...

CIARO HANDS HIM A SHEET OF PAPER.

These guys are out. I din' like the way they were behaving, I was in...I got no complaints, you, but they're gone...

FITZ

...Jimmy...

HOFFA

...I gotta get back in the swing, indulge me. Tomorrow...

FITZ

Jimmy...?

HOFFA

"Jimmy", what...?

BEAT.

Hey, you know what they used to say: Tell me now, cause I'm gone find out anyway...Jo, get out there, tell 'em I'm coming...

CIARO HOLDS THE DOOR FOR JO, WHO EXITS.

ANGLE

AS SHE SMILES AT HIM. HOLD ON CIARO.

HOFFA (VO)

YOU WHAT...?

CIARO TURNS TO THE NOISE.

ANGLE POV

IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM, HOFFA AND FITZ. HOFFA IS HOLDING HIM BY THE COLLAR.

HOFFA

You what? YOU FUCKING WHAT? YOU HALF-DICK piece of shit...YOU WHAT.. YOU FUCKING WHAT???

INT D'ALLESANDRO SOCIAL CLUB, DAY.

ANGLE

DALLY. LISTENING.

HOFFA (VO)

What do I want you to do? I want you to kill the cocksucker. I want you to kill him.

ANGLE

HOFFA, SEATED ACROSS FROM DALLY, IN THE CLUB, DESERTED EXCEPT FOR CIARO, AT THE DOOR.

HOFFA

He made a deal, I, get me out of prison, he made the deal I have to resign from the Teamsters. I have to Resign from the...I'm out, is the deal. Six more months, I would been eligible parole, I woon't of done that, I knew what this was? I never agreed, Fitz, Fitzsimmons all the time, he's scheming, get me out. What am I sposed, I want him dead, s'I want. That's what I fucken want. You going to do it for me...?

ANGLE

HOFFA AND D'ALLESANDRO.

DALLY

What do the lawyers say?

HOFFA

Fuck the Lawyers. I don't want Law, I want justice -- I pulled that prick off a loading dock, n' he's betrayed me, out of the...are you telling me that you don't understand this...?

DALLY

I understand it, but I can't get close to it.

HOFFA

You can't get close to it.

BEAT.

What does that mean?

BEAT.

Does that mean "no".

BEAT.

Zat what that means, Dally...? Cause, you think I'm gonna fucken stand for this your out-your-mind...Cause if he don't reverse it, and if you don't reverse it...I'm gone open up..

DALLY

What does that mean...?

HOFFA

That means, I'm gone do what it is that I have to do, to get the Union back.

DALLY

What does that mean, Jim...?

HOFFA

...what does that mean...?

INT TEAMSTERS HEADQUARTERS, DAY.

INSERT

A NEWSPAPER, BANNER HEADLINE: HOFFA FORCED TO RESIGN AS PART OF PRESIDENTIAL PARDON. BARRED FROM ALL UNION ACTIVITIES.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

...Concluding for today, we thank you.

ANGLE

A PRESS CONFERENCE, BREAKING UP, PEOPLE HEADING FOR THE DOOR. THE PODIUM IS ADORNED WITH THE TEAMSTER LOG.

ANGLE

FITZ, WALKING AWAY FROM THE PODIUM.

ANGLE

THE ALLEYWAY, OUTSIDE THE BUILDING. LARGE BLACK CADILLAC, DRIVER HOLDING OPEN THE DOOR.

ANGLE

INSIDE THE DOORWAY, FITZ, CHATTING WITH SEVERAL OF THE NEWSMEN. A MEMBER OF THE STAFF, MOVING PAST THEM, CARRYING FITZ'S GOLF CLUBS. CAMERA TRAVELS WITH THE MAN, WHO MOVES TO THE BACK OF THE CADDY, THE DRIVER OPENS THE TRUNK, THE YOUNG MAN PUTS THE CLUBS IN THE TRUNK, SLAMS THE LID, THE CAR EXPLODES.

EXT BRIDGE, NIGHT.

CIARO WALKING TO THE END OF THE BRIDGE. A CAR PULLS UP. CIARO LEANS IN.

ANGLE

D'ALLESANDRO, IN THE BACK OF THE CAR. CIARO TALKING TO HIM.

DALLY

...what is it that Jimmy wants...?

CIARO

...he wants to talk with you.

DALLY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

DALLY

...he's too hot. The whole thing's too hot. Tell him, the shit he's doing...you, Bobby...you got to stop it. Cool down, it dies down, we'll talk.

CIARO

He needs to talk with you.

DALLY

Or what? Is there an "or what" with it...?

CIARO

Or he says, you'n him can't get together to reverse this thing, he's going to Go To The Press.

DALLY

Tell him that that's not necessary. Tell him I know he doesn't mean it, tell him I'll meet him...Where...?

CIARO

The Truckstop. Two tomorrow.

DALLY

NODS.

Tell 'em it's gonna be alright.

THE CAR DOOR CLOSES. THE CAR STARTS OFF.

INT TRUCKSTOP, NIGHT.

CIARO (ON THE PHONE)

You tell 'em, ten more minutes, then we're gone...we're Gone. You tell him, we've waited three hours, we're gone. He'll know what that means.

CIARO HANGS UP THE PHONE. MOVES TO HIS SEAT AT THE COUNTER. LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW.

ANGLE POV

OUT THE WINDOW. THE BLACK CADILLAC. IN THE NIGHT, UNDER A STREET LAMP IN THE TRUCKSTOP PARKING LOT. THE YOUNG DRIVER MOVES THROUGH THE FRAME.

ANGLE

CIARO AND THE YOUNG DRIVER.

CIARO

The fuck are you still doing here...?

YOUNG DRIVER

I'm...I'm waiting for a part...

CIARO GOES IN HIS WALLET.

CIARO

Hey, you a Teamster...? Get the fuck out of here...
let's see, we can't roust some fucken Brotherhood out
of the thing...

HE HANDS THE KID A CARD.

Call this number. Just call the fucken number, tell
'em Bobby said...(THE YOUNG DRIVER STARTS FOR THE
PHONE) No, keep this phone open, you tell 'em Bobby
said...

THE YOUNG DRIVER STARTS FOR THE PHONE.

To get out here with what you need. Right Now.

THE YOUNG DRIVER IS ALREADY DIALING THE PHONE. CIARO SPEAKS TO
THE COUNTERMAN.

CIARO

Gimme two more coffees, to go. Gimmea pack of smokes.

ANGLE

CIARO, SITTING IN HIS SEAT. LOOKS AT THE TELEPHONE.

ANGLE

POV. THE PHONE BOOTH.

ANGLE

CIARO, LOOKS OUT AT THE CADILLAC.

YOUNG DRIVER (VO)

He said he's coming right out.

ANGLE

CIARO AND THE YOUNG DRIVER. CIARO SMILES.

CIARO

You're fucken A, he is. You remember that.

YOUNG DRIVER

How can I thank you?

CIARO

You don't got to thank me...

YOUNG DRIVER

You've...you've got a lot of "pull", uh...

CIARO

CHUCKLES IRONICALLY.

"A lot of pull:...yeah. I got a lot of Pull. I'm the Last Fucken Mohigan."

YOUNG DRIVER

Hey...

CIARO

NODS.

That's the way it should be. Are we All In It?

YOUNG DRIVER

Yeah. Thank you.

HE STARTS TO HAND BACK THE CARD, AS CIARO SHRUGS OFF HIS THANKS.

Thiss's stuck to it.

ANGLE INSERT

THE YOUNG DRIVER, IN ADDITION TO THE CARD WITH THE INFORMATION CIARO GAVE HIM, HAS THE OLD TORN BUSINESS CARD, ON WHICH WE SEE HOFFA'S WRITING, "GIVE THIS MAN ANYTHING HE WANTS."

ANGLE

CIARO AND THE YOUNG DRIVER.

YOUNG DRIVER

...is that really from Jimmy Hoffa...?

BEAT.

Is that really from Jimmy Hoffa...?

CIARO LEANS FORWARD TO HIM.

CIARO

You're fucken A it is, Son.

YOUNG DRIVER (WIDE EYED)

You know Jimmy Hoffa...?

THE COUNTERMAN COMES FORWARD WITH THE TRAY, WITH THE COFFEES ON IT. BEAT. CIARO TAKES UP THE TRAY.

CIARO

I'm gonna show you something, kid...

HE GESTURES FOR THE KID TO GO WITH HIM.

You wanna thank somebody...? You wanna thank somebody...? Thank somebody deserves your thanks...

ANGLE

EXT THE TRUCKSTOP DINER, NIGHT. CIARO AND THE KID, WALKING WITH THE COFFEE TRAY. TOWARD THE BLACK CADILLAC.

CIARO

AS HE STOPS. GESTURES TO THE CAR.

I want you to...take these, go over there, and thank that man.

BEAT. THE KID HESITATES.

Just do it...You wan' thank someone...? You go thank him...

CIARO GESTURES AT THE BLACK CADILLAC, SHOWING HOFFA THE KID, AND GESTURING 'IT'S ALRIGHT...' BEAT. THE KID HESITATES, CIARO PUSHES HIM TOWARD THE CAR.

ANGLE

THE KID, HOLDING THE TRAY, MOVING HESITANTLY, TOWARD THE CAR.

ANGLE

INT THE CAR. HOFFA, SEEN IN SILHOUETTE, BEYOND HIM. THE KID WALKING FORWARD WITH THE COFFEE, BEYOND HIM CIARO. HOFFA ROLLS DOWN THE WINDOW. THE KIDS COMES UP TO IT.

ANGLE

HOFFA, LOOKING AT THE KID.

ANGLE

EXT THE CAR. THE KID, SETTING DOWN THE COFFEE ON THE TOP OF THE CADDY.

ANGLE

CIARO, LOOKING ON, THE HAPPY RINGMASTER OF THE EVENT.

ANGLE

INT THE CAR, HOFFA.

ANGLE

THE KID, LEANING INTO THE CAR.

YOUNG DRIVER

Mr. Hoffa...?

ANGLE

XCU, CIARO. HIS FACE DROPS.

ANGLE

THE YOUNG DRIVER AND HOFFA. THE YOUNG DRIVER STARTS TO REACH INSIDE HIS SHIRT.

ANGLE

CIARO, AS HE TURNS, STARTS TO RACE BACK TOWARD THE CADILLAC.

ANGLE

HOFFA, AS HIS EYES GO WIDE.

ANGLE

THE YOUNG DRIVER, TAKING OUT A SILENCED AUTOMATIC, SHOOTS HOFFA SEVERAL TIMES.

ANGLE

CIARO, THE FRAME IS WIPED OUT BY A SEMI-TRUCK.

ANGLE

CIARO, STARTING AROUND THE TRUCK, TO GET TO THE CADILLAC. THE MAN IN THE SHOTGUN SEAT COMES OUT OF THE CAB, AROUND BEHIND HIM. AND SHOOTS HIM SEVERAL TIMES. CIARO HOISTED INTO THE BACK OF THE TRAILER.

ANGLE

HIGH SHOT. THE YOUNG DRIVER WALKING AWAY FROM THE CADILLAC, AS ANOTHER CAR PULLS UP, A MAN GETS OUT OF THE NEW CAR, AND MOVES TO THE CADILLAC, AND GETS INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT, THE YOUNG DRIVER GETS INTO THE NEW CAR. THE NEW CAR DRIVES AWAY. OUT OF THE TRUCKSTOP, THE TRUCK DRIVES AWAY, OUT OF THE TRUCKSTOP.

ANGLE

THE CADILLAC, SEEN FROM NEARBY, FROM BEHIND. THE CARDBOARD TRAY OF COFFEE STEAMING ON THE ROOF. IT STARTS UP, AND THE COFFEE TRAY FLIES OFF THE ROOF. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH THE ACCELERATING CADILLAC. AS IT SPEEDS OUT OF THE TRUCKSTOP. FRAME IS WIPED BY A SEMI-TRUCK PASSING IT.

END

HOFFA