

T H E I R I S H M A N

Screenplay  
by  
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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

SOMEONE'S POV - MAYBE OURS

Moving along a hallway of an ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY, past doors - some open, some closed - as if looking for somebody - and maybe not for benign reasons.

FRANK V/O

When I was young, I thought house painters painted houses.

We glimpse some of the elderly men and women in the rooms, but like everyone else in their lives, disregard them and keep looking for someone else.

FRANK V/O

What did I know?

We turn a corner into another hallway, keep looking -

FRANK V/O

I was a working guy.

We drift into a rec room where more elderly men and women watch TV, play cards, stare off at nothing -

FRANK V/O

A business agent for Teamster Local One-O-Seven out of South Philadelphia...

We approach a particular man sitting apart from the others in a wheelchair. He's about 80, better dressed than everyone else here, white dress shirt, cuffs monogrammed FJS, dark slacks, aviator sunglasses.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*One of a thousand working stiffs...*

This is who we've been looking for - Frank Sheeran - perhaps to kill him. But he pays no attention to us, even as we come in close enough to see his gold watch encircled with diamonds, and the distinctive ring made from a gold coin on a finger.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - A BLANK WALL - DAY

We see a young man's hand with the same gold and diamond encrusted watch and diamond pinky ring raise a gun at an unseen target.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*... until I wasn't anymore...*

TWO QUICK GUNSHOTS to the back of an UNKNOWN MAN'S head.

The blank wall explodes in red, as though a bucket of blood had been thrown against it. The blood begins to slowly ooze down the wall covering it with red streaks.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*... And started painting houses  
 myself.*

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY - 2000

BACK in the ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY, Frank gives us a moment to grasp what he's said. Then:

FRANK  
 In this particular matter, the  
 whole thing was built around the  
 wedding.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MORNING - 1975

A wedding invitation sits on a bureau next to Frank's gold watch.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*Bill Bufalino's daughter was  
 getting married in Detroit.*

Frank puts the watch on his wrist. The gold ring is on his finger next to his wedding band. He's quite a bit younger than when we saw him at the assisted living facility. About 55.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*Bill was a Teamster lawyer, but  
 more important, he was Russell  
 Bufalino's cousin.*

He zips a suit and shirt into a garment bag like a body in a body bag.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MORNING - 1975

Frank arranges luggage in the trunk of his black Lincoln Continental, leaving a space for more.

FRANK V/O  
 Russell didn't want to fly. He  
 wanted to take care of some  
 business along the way.  
 (MORE)

FRANK V/O (CONT'D)

Business in Russell's case means one thing: collecting money. So we'd drive. Him and his wife Carrie and me and Irene.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MORNING - 1975

While his wife Irene talks on the kitchen phone to Russell's wife Carrie about what to wear, Frank marks towns on a AAA map of the eastern states that he knows Russell will want to stop.

FRANK V/O

We'd take 476 out of Philly up to Pittston - then I-80 West through the rest of Pennsylvania - across Ohio to Toledo - then 75 North to Detroit.

EXT. BUFALINO'S HOUSE - PITTSTON, PA - DAY - 1975

Irene and Carrie smoke cigarettes on the sidewalk outside a modest suburban house while Frank and Russell Bufalino add his and his wife's luggage to the trunk. Russell's about 15 years older than Frank.

FRANK V/O

It was gonna take three days with all the business breaks and cigarette stops since Russell didn't allow smoking in the car. He says Jimmy Blue Eyes and Meyer Lansky convinced him to stop when they were getting kicked out of their casinos in Cuba and getting shot at by Castro. I don't know. It might have been one of those: "Please-God-if-I-ever-get-out-of-this-alive-I'll-never-smoke-again-things", but I do know that from Castro on Russ wouldn't let anybody smoke in the car, even Carrie.

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN - WILKES-BARRE - DAY - 1975

Frank drives along a city street with Russell in front, the women in back, Carrie putting on some lipstick.

CARRIE

Can we stop soon?

BUFALINO

We're not even to the highway.

CARRIE

You won't stop on the highway.

BUFALINO

It's not safe to stop on the highway.

CARRIE

Then we'll smoke in the car.

BUFALINO

The smoke's bad for my cataracts.

CARRIE

I'll crack the window.

BUFALINO

Carrie - I made a vow.

CARRIE

And I can't smoke in the car?

BUFALINO

Or on the highway.

Carrie isn't having it; snaps open her little gold lamé cigarette clutch. She cracks the window. Russell glances over at Frank through his thick glasses and sighs.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-80 - DAY - 1975

While Irene and Carrie sit on a guard rail smoking, Russell leans on the hood looking off at cars and trucks driving past. Frank comes over.

FRANK

You see where we are?

BUFALINO

What are the odds?

They regard the unremarkable surroundings like they weren't so unremarkable, including a Stuckey's/Texaco gas station up the road. A tractor-trailer roars past and -

INT/EXT. HIGHWAY I-80 - DAY - 1956

Frank, in his 30s, behind the wheel of a refrigerated truck.

He's driving on the same highway he'll drive to Detroit on twenty-some years later with Russell and their wives, when the engine starts making noises it shouldn't. Up ahead through the windshield is the same Stuckey's-Texaco station -

EXT. STUCKEY'S/TEXACO GAS STATION - I-80 - DAY - 1956

Frank has the truck's hood open and is listening to the misfiring engine. He has a cloth tool kit, with various sized wrenches, open on the truck's fender. Russell - who he doesn't know yet - appears out of nowhere wearing no glasses.

BUFALINO

What's the matter, kid?

FRANK

I don't know. Sounds funny.

Frank runs the engine manually from under the hood as Russell listens.

BUFALINO

(finally)

It's your timing chain.

He selects a wrench from Frank's tools and makes an adjustment.

In a few moments the engine is sounding normal again.

BUFALINO

This fix won't last forever.

Russell wipes his hands on a rag and heads off.

FRANK

Jeezus! Thanks. What do I owe you?

Russell waves back, 'nothing,' and Frank watches him walk into the gas station.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*I thought maybe he owned the gas station. He owned something, you could tell.*

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY - 2000

Frank where we left him, in the wheelchair in the rec room with his aviator glasses.

FRANK

It turns out he owned the whole road.

INT. MOTHER OF SORROWS CHURCH - DAY - 1950

A priest performs a baptism. Frank and his first wife Mary's second daughter, Peggy.

There are so few people in attendance, it seems like a private ceremony. But it's just they don't have a lot of friends or relatives.

INT. LIVE CHICKEN MARKET - DAY - FLASHBACK - 1946

"SKINNY RAZOR" swiftly runs his razor across a squawking chicken's neck that gushes blood. Skinny then dumps the fluttering chicken head-first into a metal funnel to let it bleed out while grabbing his next victim.

FRANK V/O

Skinny Razor got the name because he started out as a kid killing live chickens at his father's butcher shop.

EXT. SOUTH PHILLY - NIGHT - 1956

A place called The Friendly Lounge according to its sign which has "STEAKS AND CHOPS" in neon.

INT. THE FRIENDLY LOUNGE - NIGHT - 1956

Frank hangs out with some other truck drivers, all Italians except him. Across the room at another table sits a group of mid-level mob guys, eating dinner. Indicating one of them -

JOHNNY

That's Skinny Razor. He owns the place. He shylocks and runs a little book out of the joint. You should meet him.

FRANK

Did you say razor?

JOHNNY

He used to work at a butcher shop.

INT. THE FRIENDLY LOUNGE - LATER - 1956

Frank's POV of Johnny talking to Skinny and gesturing for Frank to come over.

INT. THE FRIENDLY LOUNGE - CONTINUED - 1956

Frank and Johnny standing at Skinny's table.

JOHNNY  
Skinny, this is Frank.

SKINNY  
You got something for me?

FRANK  
You like steak?

SKINNY  
I own the joint don't I?

FRANK  
I deliver steak.

SKINNY  
That's what I hear.

FRANK  
I could deliver you steak.

Johnny gives Skinny a nod that says "yes".

SKINNY  
Have a drink.

As the bartender serves drinks, Skinny toasts the group.

EXT. MEAT COMPANY - DAY - 1956

It's summer. As loading dock workers in short sleeves carry hindquarters and hang them in Frank's refrigerated truck, he signs for the load - 25 beef carcasses.

FRANK V/O  
It's harder to steal in the  
summer when the weather's nice.

He shuts the truck's rear doors. The yard manager slaps an aluminum seal on the lock.



EXT. FOOD FAIR MARKET - DAY - 1956

Frank backs up to the store's loading dock and climbs out as the store's manager approaches with a clipboard and breaks the aluminum seal. Workers begin unloading the hindquarters, the store manager noting the number.

FRANK V/O  
Winter's a different story.

EXT. MEAT COMPANY - DAY - DEC. 1956

The same loading dock as before, but now it's winter. Snow on the ground.

INT. MEAT COMPANY - DAY - DEC. 1956

A heater glows in the yard manager's dock office. Frank signs for 25 hindquarters.

YARD MANAGER  
It's freezing out there.

FRANK  
I don't mind it.

YARD MANAGER  
Not me. I hate it. Will you do me a favor and put on the seal?

FRANK  
Sure. I've gotta be out there anyway.

The Yard Manager hands Frank the aluminum seal, and turns away to warm his hands over a small floor heater.

YARD MANAGER  
I owe you one.

EXT. MEAT COMPANY - CONTINUOUS - DEC. 1956

Frank emerges from the office, crosses the freezing cold dock, shuts the doors of the loaded truck but pockets the seal instead of putting it on the lock.

EXT. THE FRIENDLY LOUNGE - LATER - DAY - DEC. 1956

Skinny watches guys carry five hindquarters into the back of the Friendly Lounge as he pays Frank cash.

After the delivery is done and Skinny goes inside, Frank puts the seal on the truck door's lock.

EXT. FOOD FAIR MARKET - LATER - DAY - DEC. 1956

The store MANAGER rubs his gloves together to restore some circulation and breaks the seal on the lock.

FRANK  
 (to some dock guys)  
 I'll give you a hand.

INT. FOOD FAIR MARKET - DAY - DEC. 1956

Frank helps the dock workers carry the 20 (not 25) hindquarters to the store's walk-in refrigerator. They hang them on one side and leave, but Frank stays behind and re-hangs five hindquarters that were already there on the other side to those he just delivered.

EXT. FOOD FAIR MARKET - DAY - DEC. 1956

Back on the dock, the store manager signs for the shipment - 25 side of beef - and Frank hops back into his truck.

INT. THE FRIENDLY LOUNGE - NIGHT - DEC. 1956

Frank and Johnny and drivers at the bar with Christmas decorations. Skinny and mob friends eating Frank's stolen steak. Skinny waves Frank over to the table.

SKINNY  
 Delicious.

FRANK  
 It's all Prime meat. I don't go near "Choice".

SKINNY  
 Then keep'em coming, Frank.

EXT. FOOD FAIR MARKET - DAY - FEB. 1957

Another winter's day. The store manager comes out to Frank's truck and breaks the seal on the doors.

FRANK V/O

First I was stealing five hindquarters at a time. Then ten. Twelve. Things were missing everywhere I went. I was doing real good, but then -

The doors open revealing no hindquarters inside. Frank looks mystified.

FRANK

What the fuck?

STORE MANAGER

What the fuck is this?

FRANK

I don't know, it's not my job to load. Maybe the loaders didn't do their job.

Everyone on the dock looks at Frank.

STORE MANAGER

You didn't notice you were driving a light horse?

FRANK

No, I thought I had a good horse.

EXT. LOCAL 107 - PHILADELPHIA - DAY - 1957

The familiar two-horses-and-a-wheel International Brotherhood of Teamsters logo on the door of the Local.

BILL (PRE-LAP)

Under the contract, thanks to Jimmy Hoffa, management can only fire a driver on specific charges.

INT. LOCAL 107 - DAY - 1957

Frank sits with Teamster lawyer Bill Bufalino, whose daughter's wedding Frank and Russell will drive across three states to attend 25 years later.

BILL

Ever show up late?

FRANK

No.

BILL  
Any moving violations?

FRANK  
No.

BILL  
You drink on the job?

FRANK  
No.

BILL  
Ever hit anybody?

FRANK  
On the job?

BILL  
Yeah.

FRANK  
No.

The lawyer nods to himself - all this seems to be satisfactory to him - and he seems to have exhausted the list of fireable offenses.

FRANK  
Stealing isn't grounds?

BILL  
Can they prove it?

FRANK  
I don't think so.

BILL  
Then no.

They regard each other.

BILL  
If they could prove it, all they're going to want from you is names. Accomplices. You could keep your job and walk away. Would you give them names to keep your job?

FRANK  
No.

Bill nods. That's the right answer. Then -

BILL

You know I don't care if you did it or not.

FRANK

Yeah.

BILL

It makes no difference to me. I'm here to defend you. Right?

FRANK

Yeah.

BILL

(whispers)

But did you?

Frank isn't sure if he's supposed to admit it or not to his lawyer. Eventually -

FRANK

I work hard for that company when I'm not stealing from them.

Bill smiles. He likes Frank. He won't be the last to appreciate his honest dishonesty.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - 1957

At the plaintiff's table - the Food Fair lawyers. At the defense table - Frank and his lawyer, Bill Bufalino, who addresses the judge -

BILL

Your Honor, if this were about right and wrong, the company would have sought Mr. Sheeran's dismissal. They didn't. They only brought charges against Mr. Sheeran because the company hoped that he would name the conspirators he couldn't give them because they don't exist. They don't exist because he never stole anything. He never stole anything because he's an exemplary employee who in eight years has never taken a day of sick leave.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

The only rule he ever broke was his own union's, by helping others carry sides of beef from his truck to their refrigerators in the dead of winter.

With that and all else he's heard, the judge renders judgement -

JUDGE

I'm dismissing this case with a warning -

FRANK

Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE

Not you, Mr. Sheeran. The plaintiff. You bring another workingman before this court with threats instead of evidence, believe me, you'll be sorry.

(shakes his head)

If I owned stock in this company, I'd sell it.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT - 1957

ANGELO BRUNO, humble-looking and simply dressed is seated at a table with Skinny Razor when Frank and Bill Bufalino walk in. Skinny whispers something to Bruno.

FRANK V/O

I don't know how he did it, and I'm not gonna ask.

Angelo Bruno watches Frank walk from the entrance to the hat checking area with Bill Bufalino.

FRANK V/O

All I know is that Bill Bufalino got me out of a case where I should'a gone down for the count.

Angelo Bruno continues to watch as a WAITRESS helps Frank and Bill with their coats.

FRANK V/O

Instead, we went out celebrating and I met what was gonna turn out to be the rest of my life.

Bill Bufalino is surprised to see his cousin, RUSSELL BUFALINO, at the restaurant and headed for a table. Bill Bufalino acknowledges his cousin with a kiss.

BILL

Frank, this is my cousin, Russell Bufalino.

Frank recognizes Russell Bufalino as the man who helped him with his truck.

FRANK

(to Russell)

Hey, didn't you help me out with my truck a couple of months ago?

BUFALINO

Yeah. It was nothing. It was that timing chain. They're tricky. Did you get it fixed?

FRANK

Yeah. The next day. Thanks again.

BUFALINO

(teasing)

Watch yourself with these tough guys around here. Alright, maybe I see you around. (You did the right thing.)

A smiling Russell shakes hands with Frank and walks alone toward his own table as Bill and Frank are led to theirs.

FRANK

(to Bill)

Your cousin saved my ass. I could have lost the whole load.

BILL

Yeah. He knows everything about trucks. He worked for Canada Dry.

Frank looks over to where Russell is being seated.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - ANGELO BRUNO TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Frank sees Russell Bufalino being seated at Angelo Bruno's table. Skinny Razor is gone. Bruno rises as Russell kisses Bruno's cheek. Frank sees there are empty tables on either side of the Bruno table despite the restaurant being full with diners waiting.

FRANK V/O

I might not have known who Russell Bufalino was back then, but I had seen enough pictures and stories in the newspapers to know he was eating with Angelo Bruno, the new boss of Philadelphia, who ran everything from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. That was all I had to know that Russell Bufalino was no truck mechanic from Canada Dry.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT

Dinner's over. Russell has joined Bill, Frank and Skinny Razor for coffee and anisette at Bill Bufalino's table. Bill and Skinny Razor are talking about Skinny ducking a subpoena.

FRANK

(Italian, subtitled)

It's very good bread. Thank you.

BUFALINO

(Italian, subtitled)

Where'd a Paddy learn to speak Italian?

FRANK

(Italian, subtitled)

In Sicily. The war.

Russell is pleased and impressed with Frank's Italian, but even more so that he was in the war. They continue in Italian (wherever *italicized*)-

BUFALINO

*Where?*

FRANK

*Catania.*

BUFALINO

*I'm from Catania. How long?*

FRANK

Four years. 411 combat days.

(in Italian)

*122 at Anzio.*

(back to English)

45th Infantry.



BUFALINO

*It was bad there.*

Frank nods, but doesn't elaborate.

BUFALINO

*Did you think you'd die?*

FRANK

You think about it... you're scared... but once the action starts, the fear goes away because you're too busy fighting... I made it through the war so now, I look around... I think... what happens, happens.

BUFALINO

*Fuck it.*

Russell nods, leaves it at that.

FRANK

You got orders, you'd follow them. They tell you take some prisoners out to the woods - they don't say "what to do" - they'd just say... like... "Hurry back".

BUFALINO

*That's war.*

EXT. ITALIAN FOREST - DAY - FLASHBACK

Frank holds a rifle on GERMAN SOLDIER #1 and #2 as they dig holes in the forest floor.

FRANK V/O

You know it's crazy but I never understood how they would just keep digging. Their own graves, y'know? Maybe they thought if they did a good job... the guy with the gun...

German Soldiers #1 and #2 have finished digging and look up plaintively at Frank for mercy.

FRANK V/O

... would change his mind.

Frank shoots the Germans. They fall into the hole.

BACK TO THE VILLA DI ROMA

To Frank and Russell -

BUFALINO

People cling to hope.

FRANK V/O

Russell took a shine to me. It wasn't long before he had me doing little things for him and Angelo Bruno, himself.

EXT. RURAL PENNSYLVANIA - DAY - 1975

The road ahead as the Lincoln drives a rural stretch of I-80 West.

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN - MOVING - DAY - 1975

Russell naps in the passenger seat while Frank drives, their wives in back.

FRANK V/O

Carrie's family went back to the same town in Sicily as the Bufalinos. They talked about it all the time. She came from the Sciandras. To them it was like they came over on the Italian Mayflower.

INT. BUFALINO'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1958 - FLASHBACK

Russell comes in late at night through the back door into the darkened house. He's surprised by Carrie who is still up. He's got blood splattered on his shirt and face, which does not alarm her as it might most wives.

CARRIE

What happened?

Russell gives her a look.

CARRIE

Go get washed and give me the shirt, I'll put it in the wash.

He takes off the bloody shirt and hands it to her.

CARRIE

Don't forget your shoes.

As Carrie goes off to wash his shirt, Russell bends down to remove his bloodied shoes. He sets a gun down.

INT. FRANK'S LINCOLN - MOVING - DAY - 1975

Endless, boring trees, whiz by.

CARRIE

Can we stop, Frank?

EXT. RURAL PENNSYLVANIA - DAY - 1975

Frank pulls the car to the side of the highway. The women get out to smoke. The car doors shutting wakes Russell.

BUFALINO

Where are we?

FRANK

Outside Lewisburg.

BUFALINO

I got some things to do in Lewisburg. Wake me up when we get there.

Russell closes his eyes to nap.

INT. PENN DRAPE & CURTAINS, PITTSTON, PA - DAY - 1957

A succession of guys in suits and ties sit in chairs in the rear of Russell's fabric shop quietly waiting their turn. They do not speak or acknowledge each other as two female clerks hustle around checking bolts of fabric for curtains and drapes.

FRANK V/O

He had a piece of everything, but mostly he ran his business out of Penn Drape and Curtains. Who knew what it all was? I'm sure the man had partners. They always have partners. Nobody keeps all the money, but everybody listened to Russ. And when you did something for Russ, you did it yourself. Like he said -

BUFALINO

I don't need two roads coming back  
to me.

INT. PARK SHERATON HOTEL - DAY - OCT. 25, 1957

Arthur Grasso's barber shop. Four barbers, two  
bootblacks, a manicurist, and three customers, one of  
them with his head back, eyes closed, getting a shave.  
The man's bodyguard leafs through a magazine as he waits,  
then sets it down, gets up, and -

We follow him out to the adjacent lobby of the hotel  
where he walks past shops, presumably to buy something at  
the kiosk up ahead, passing two other men coming the  
other way without acknowledging them -

And we go back with these two as they walk past the same  
shops to the barber shop. They go in, but we keep going  
to the florist next door, settling on flower arrangements  
as ten shots ring out in the barber shop -

FRANK V/O

When Anastasia got killed in the  
barber shop, it was Russell who  
calmed things down so they weren't  
killing each other before it could  
all get straightened out.

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - DAY - OCT. 25, 1957

Fingers raise the volume on the car radio.

EXT. PENN DRAPE & CURTAINS - DAY - OCTOBER 25, 1957

Russell, in shirtsleeves, calmly talking to the men  
inside the car. We hear nothing over the loud car radio  
music.

FRANK V/O

Still, you'd never know it by  
looking at him. But all the roads  
led back to Russ.

EXT. BUFALINO'S HOUSE - PITTSTON - DAY - 1957

The same modest house the Bufalinos will still be in  
twenty years from now.

EXT. SKINNY RAZOR'S HOUSE - PHILLY - DAY - 1957

Frank sits in an idling car, the tailpipe breathing steam into the chilly air.

FRANK V/O

I was helping out Skinny and his friends with collections.

Skinny comes down the steps of his house in a robe and slippers.

FRANK V/O

That's all Skinny did. Grill steaks and collect money.

Skinny pokes his head in the passenger window. Doesn't see what he expects to see.

SKINNY

Where's the money?

FRANK

He didn't have it. He (said) -

SKINNY

Don't tell me, let me guess. His mother died and the funeral set him back.

FRANK

Yeah.

SKINNY

His fuckin mother's been dying over and over for ten years. Don't leave.

Skinny scampers back into the house and reemerges a moment later with a paper bag in his hand.

SKINNY

Don't use it. Just show it to him.

Skinny sets the bag on the passenger seat and trots back to his house. Frank sees a gun in the bag and drives off.

INT/EXT. FRANK'S CAR - PHILLY STREET - DAY - 1957

Frank in his parked car, watching a street corner. Sees DEADBEAT #1 come around it.

We stay in the car to watch Frank approach the guy on the sidewalk, showing that he is holding a gun in the paper bag.

FRANK V/O

In those days, you took along a gun just to show a guy. Today, they shoot you with it.

The guy is terrified by the mere sight of the gun in the open bag. They both get into the car.

FRANK V/O

In those days, you wanted your money tomorrow. These days, they want it yesterday.

INT. THE FRIENDLY LOUNGE - LATER - DAY - 1957

Skinny regards the guy standing before him.

SKINNY

Tomorrow.

DEADBEAT

Tomorrow. I swear.

SKINNY

Here.

DEADBEAT

Here. Tomorrow.

Skinny nods, Okay, go. But the guy doesn't go.

SKINNY

What.

DEADBEAT

How am I going to get home?

SKINNY

Take a fuckin bus, get out of here.

The deadbeat leaves.

INT. FRANK & MARY'S HOUSE - EVENING - 1958

Frank comes in to find Mary cooking and his daughter Peggy sulking.

FRANK

What's the matter with her?

MARY

Nothing. She knocked over something in the grocery store and made a mess. The grocer yelled at her and shoved her out.

FRANK

He pushed her?

Frank turns to Peggy.

FRANK

He pushed you?

Peggy nods.

FRANK

The grocery on the corner?

Peggy nods.

FRANK

(to Peggy, sweetly)  
Come with me sweetheart. Show me.

MARY

Frank, it was an accident.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING - 1958

Frank leads Peggy to the corner store where the burly GROCER is alone.

FRANK

That him?

Peggy nods.

FRANK

You go home, sweetheart. Tell your mother I'll be right there. Okay? Okay?

He kisses her on the top of her head and sends her home. He then turns toward the grocery store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING - 1958

The GROCER is alone whacking away at a leg of lamb with a meat cleaver as Frank enters.

GROCER

Frank, I'm sorry, but your kid was out of line. I only did what you and your wife should have done at home.

Frank pulls the Grocer clear over the counter and slams him on the floor. Frank then takes aim for a second and stomps on the guy's hand with all his weight.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Peggy has not gone home and is peeking into the store where she sees her father stomping up and down on the screaming Grocer's hand.

Terrified, Peggy turns and runs home as her father stomps on the Grocer writhing on the ground.

INT. FRANK & MARY'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT - 1958

The family eats in silence. Peggy steals glances at her father, afraid of him now.

INT. MOTHER OF SORROWS CHURCH - DAY

Frank and Mary's daughter, DOLORES, is being baptized. Unlike the last time, there are a lot of attendees - mobsters from Downtown including Russell, Carrie, Bill Bufalino, his wife, Johnny the trucker, Skinny Razor and other assorted blue collar truckers and part time hoods.

Peggy watches her father, all she sees is the image of her father's heel crushing a hand.

FRANK V/O

It was a beautiful occasion.  
Everybody showed up.(more to come)

INT. MELROSE DINER - PHILLY - DAY - LATE FALL 1958

Frank sits at a table with a cup of coffee when Whispers DiTullio sits down. Frank nods.



WHISPERS

You wanna pick up a quick ten grand?

Whispers is true to his name speaking so softly Frank has to lean over to hear.

FRANK V/O

This is not the Whispers they blew up in that car around the same time...

FLASHCUT to a car blowing up. Then back to the diner - Whispers continuing to fill Frank in on the job.

FRANK V/O

This is the other Whispers. The good one who knew how to make money.

WHISPERS

It's a great business.

INT. DAISY LINEN SUPPLY - DAY - 1958

A big industrial laundry service, but with a lot of idle machines.

WHISPERS (OVERLAP)

We supply all the bed sheets, towels, and linen to most of the Atlantic City casinos and hotels. We pick it up, wash it, iron it, and deliver it. Until recently, it's been a license to print money.

INT. CADILLAC LINEN SERVICE - DAY - 1958

This place looks a lot like the other place, only busy.

WHISPERS (OVERLAP)

Except there's this fuckin' laundry down in Delaware that's knocking us dead. They're cutting the price. They're scaring our drivers. They're sucking up more and more of our business. I'm a little concerned.

INT. MELROSE DINER - CONTINUED - 1958

Frank leans in closer as Whisper talks.

FRANK V/O

Whenever anybody says they're a little concerned, they are very concerned. When they say they're more than a little concerned, they're desperate.

WHISPERS

I'm more than a little concerned.

EXT. CADILLAC LINEN SERVICE - DAY - 1958

As workers haul laundry out to trucks with the name Cadillac Linen Service painted on them -

INT. MELROSE DINER - CONTINUED - 1958

Whispers passes an envelope across the table.

WHISPERS

We've gotta put these fuckin guys out of business somehow.

FRANK

Yeah.

Frank takes a quick look inside the envelope.

FRANK

This isn't ten grand.

WHISPERS

I know. Don't worry. You know I'm good for it. I didn't wanna go on the street asking for that kind of money and have anybody asking questions.

Frank looks at him, not sure he can trust him to pay up.

WHISPERS

What's the matter, Frank? Take it. What am I gonna do stiff you for the money. You think I'm nuts? I'm looking to put these Delaware bastards out of business and we'll all be good.

Frank finally puts the envelope in his pocket.

WHISPERS

And remember, please! This is between us. Don't mention nothing to nobody, even Skinny. That's why I didn't wanna borrow the ten grand off the street.

INT. FRANK & MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1958

Frank takes five hundred from the \$2000 stack of bills in the envelope and gives the rest to Mary, at the kitchen table with their three girls.

FRANK

I hit on a ten-dollar daily double.

She knows it isn't true, but doesn't care. Peggy knows it isn't true and does care.

EXT. CADILLAC LINEN SERVICE - DELAWARE - DAY - 1958

Frank drives slowly past the front of the Cadillac Linen Service building. Then around the side. Then around the back. He notes a burglar alarm box.

EXT. CADILLAC LINEN SERVICE - DELAWARE - NIGHT

He sits in his parked car, having a look at the building at night. He gets out and crosses past the trucks, peers in one of the industrial windows at the washing and pressing machines inside.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT - 1958

At his car, Frank takes out a red 5-gallon gasoline tank. He unscrews his car's gas cap and shoves a two foot length of rubber hose into the tank. He sucks on the hose for a few seconds and quickly spits out the taste of gasoline before he shoves the hose into the red gasoline tank. He puts the red tank in the trunk of his car where there are two more red tanks and a box of dynamite.

INT. FRANK & MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He puts on a dark jacket over his dark clothes and heads for the door.

EXT. FRANK & MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1958

As he comes out and walks toward his car, he sees Skinny standing next to his own, and stops.

SKINNY

Angelo wants to see you.

Frank jumps in Skinny's car.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - LATER - NIGHT - 1958

Skinny leads Frank into the restaurant. Empty except for Angelo, Russell and Phil the bartender.

Phil closes the door as they walk in. The door snaps as he locks it. He puts the closed sign up.

BRUNO

Sit down, Frank.

Frank sits. Listens to a silence before -

BRUNO (CONT'D)

What're you doing in Delaware?

Frank glances from Angelo Bruno - who's studying him - to Russell Bufalino - who isn't - and wisely decides to tell the truth.

FRANK

Bombing out a laundry service.

BRUNO

For who?

(nothing from Frank)

This is not one of those times to not say.

FRANK

For Whispers. The other Whispers.

BRUNO

You know who owns the Cadillac Linen Service?

FRANK

Some Jews in the laundry business.

BRUNO

They own part of it. Somebody else has an interest in that. You know who?

FRANK  
No.

BRUNO  
I do.

FRANK  
Who.

BRUNO  
No. I do. I own the other part.  
Not I know who owns the other  
part.

FRANK  
I didn't know that.

BRUNO  
Whispers didn't tell you it was  
the Jew mob?

FRANK  
He said Jew washerwomen.

BRUNO  
Jew washerwomen. What else he  
say? I'll bet he said keep it to  
yourself. Don't say nothin' to  
nobody Downtown.

Frank nods. Listens to the amplified sounds. Then -

FRANK  
I didn't check. I'm sorry, I  
should've checked. You want me to  
give him his money back?

BRUNO  
He won't need it. You can keep  
it.

FRANK  
You sure?

BRUNO  
He won't need it.

FRANK  
Thank you.

BRUNO  
Thank Russell. I wouldn't have  
wasted my time. I'd have let the  
Jews have you.

FRANK  
(to Russell)  
Thank you.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - 1958

Whispers waits on the street.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*It's best to use something brand  
new. Right out of the box.  
Otherwise, you don't know where  
it's been. What somebody did with  
it you don't even know about.*

Whispers sees Frank come around the corner and walk toward him - a friend walking toward a friend - as if to give him a tip on a race or football game.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*So I recommend something new right  
out of the box.*

Frank shoots him with a .32 and keeps walking.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY - 2000

Frank is seated at a small table before a soundless television set.

FRANK  
Naturally, the next thing you want  
to do is throw it away.  
(ALT: ...get rid of it.)

EXT. SCHUYLKILL RIVER - NIGHT - 1958

Frank drives slowly across the empty bridge, slows down and scales the gun into the river as effortlessly as a frisbee.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*There's a spot in the Schuylkill  
River everybody uses. They ever  
send divers down there, they'd be  
able to arm a small country.*

INT. FRANK & MARY'S HOUSE - MORNING - 1958

Frank sits at the kitchen table reading a newspaper. Glances up at his daughter Peggy, then back down at the paper with a WeeGee-like photo of a body on the sidewalk surrounded by cops and passersby. Next to it is a full face mugshot of Whispers.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*With Whispers, it broke the ice.*

EXT. SCHUYLKILL RIVER - ANOTHER NIGHT - 1958

Frank pulls up, gets out, throws a gun in the river.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*It was like the army.*

EXT. SCHUYLKILL RIVER - ANOTHER NIGHT - 1958

Frank throws another gun in the river.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*You followed orders.*

EXT. SCHUYLKILL RIVER - ANOTHER NIGHT - 1958

Another gun hits the water, and this time we go underwater with it as it sinks to the bottom, where there's an arsenal of discarded guns.

FRANK V/O  
And when I handled things for  
Russell it was never for money,  
but as a show of respect. You ran  
a little errand, you did a favor,  
you got a little favor back if you  
ever needed it.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT - 1958

As Frank approaches Russell's table, the two sitting with Russell leap to their feet, nod at Frank and move away.

FRANK V/O  
And you always hurried back.

IRENE, the waitress, smiles and affectionately touches Frank's shoulder as she clears the dishes.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT - 1958

Frank walks down a rain-slicked Downtown street with the Villa di Roma waitress - Irene - stepping on reflections of lights and neon signs on the wet pavement.

FRANK V/O

No time is a good time to leave  
your wife, but that's when I left  
mine.

They disappear into a cheap hotel.

EXT. MOTEL - LEWISBURG, PA. - DAY - JULY 28, 1975

Frank pulls the Lincoln into the lot of a roadside motel set down next to the highway.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - LEWISBURG, PA. - DAY - 1975

While their wives smoke outside, Frank and Russell check in. Only instead of taking money from either of them, the manager gives Russell an envelope of cash.

INT/EXT. LINCOLN - LEWISBURG, PA. - DAY - 1975

Russell and Frank drive along a street in Lewisburg.

BUFALINO

Here it is.

Frank pulls to the curb in front of a fur shop. Gets out, leaving the motor running, goes inside. Comes back out a moment later with an envelope of cash which he gives to Russell who puts it in the glove compartment, shuts it.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - LEWISBURG - DAY - 1975

Russell waits in the Lincoln, Frank comes out of the jewelry store with another envelope. Russell adds it to the others in the glove compartment and turns to give his wife and Irene two small gold brooches.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY - 1959

Russell and his wife Carrie, along with Frank and his second wife, Irene, and his two older daughters, Peggy and Maryanne - bowl.



Peggy - about 10 now - and even more uncomfortable with him - keeps her distance.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER - DAY - 1959

Frank and Russell drink beers and watch the women and children bowl.

BUFALINO

I think that kid's a-scared of me.

FRANK

She's a-scared of me, too. She's one of those sensitive kids. You know.

BUFALINO

That's not good, Frank. She shouldn't be a-scared of you. You gotta be close with your daughters, you know. You gotta be close with your family. You're blessed to have them. I told you Carrie and I, you know, we can't have kids, you know. So you're blessed.

Bufalino motions Peggy to join him and her father.

BUFALINO

Sweetheart, do you know why God made the sky so high?

PEGGY

No.

BUFALINO

Because he didn't want the birds to bang their heads.

Peggy is expressionless.

BUFALINO

(still trying)

You want candy or something to eat?

PEGGY

No.

Peggy goes back to bowling and starts laughing with Maryanne.

BUFALINO

Maybe it's okay that she's a-scared of me, but she shouldn't be a-scared of you. You're her father. You've got to keep an eye on that.

FRANK

You're right.

BUFALINO

It happens sometimes in a divorce. The kids get nervous. They start resenting you.

FRANK

I'm lucky the way Mary and Renie get along. The kids move back and forth with no problems.

BUFALINO

It can make all the difference, when the parents ain't at war.

Russell looks over and smiles and waves to Peggy, but she looks away.

BUFALINO

You good with the union?

FRANK

You kidding? Best union in the world.

BUFALINO

Well, a good friend of ours is gonna need some help.

FRANK

Yeah? Who?

BUFALINO

I mean the top guy. He's gonna need some help.

FRANK

You mean Hoffa?

BUFALINO

He's got people who are looking to make trouble. Some bastards tried to pipe him over a workman's comp case.

FRANK

I heard he beat the shit out of them.

BUFALINO

Yeah, but he's still gonna need somebody he can trust.

EXT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT - 1959

A thunderstorm throws rain down on Frank he hurries from his car to the Villa di Roma.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT

Russell and Skinny Razor are lingering at one end of the bar. Frank is sitting on his own at a table having a glass of wine. Russell is checking his watch. The bar phone rings.

BUFALINO

Right on time.

Skinny answers the phone.

SKINNY

(into the phone)

Skinny. (listening) How you doing? Good. And the family? Yeah, we're all good. Knock wood. Oh yeah, Angelo's fine. He got a good physical with the doctor last week. He's in the pink. Knock wood again. Let me give McGee the phone. You take care of yourself, you hear.

Skinny hands the phone to Russell. But Russell doesn't talk into it he walks the phone over to Frank's table and sits down. He puts an envelope on the table.

BUFALINO

(into the phone)

I got that friend I told you about. He's sitting here with me. He's a good union man. I want him to meet his president. See what you think of him.

Russell hands Frank the phone.

BUFALINO

Say hello.

FRANK

(into the phone)

Hello?

HOFFA

Hi Frank. It's Jimmy Hoffa.

The image of Frank and Russell at the table slows down.

FRANK V/O

Nowadays, young people don't know who Jimmy Hoffa was. Maybe they know he disappeared, that's about it. But back then, there wasn't an American alive who didn't know who he was.

INT. TEAMSTER'S WXDC HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hoffa is behind a large desk wearing a low-cost black suit with a white shirt and black tie.

HOFFA

Hiya, Frank. This is Jimmy Hoffa. Glad to meet you, even over the phone.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY - 1957 - FLASHBACK

Jimmy comes through a large crowd of workers eager to shake his hand.

FRANK V/O

In the 50's, he was as famous as Elvis. In the 60's, he was as famous as the Beatles. Next to the President he was the most powerful man in the country.

INT. TEAMSTER RALLY - DETROIT - DAY - 1957 - FLASHBACK

Jimmy orating before the crowd of workers - televised.

HOFFA

If you got it, a truck brought it to you. Food, clothing, medicine, fuel for homes and industry. The day our trucks stop America stops.

BACK TO THE VILLA DI ROMA

as the slow-motion image of Frank on the phone and Russell at the table returns to normal -

HOFFA

I heard you paint houses.

FRANK

I do my own carpentry too.

HOFFA

That's what I wanted to hear. I understand you're a brother of mine.

FRANK

Local 107. Since 1947.

HOFFA

Our friend speaks very highly of you.

FRANK

Thank you.

HOFFA

He's not an easy man to please.

FRANK

I do my best.

BACK TO THE TEAMSTER RALLY

Hoffa speaking to the workers -

HOFFA

We are facing a struggle as never before. The most important thing the labor movement cannot do without is solidarity. Big business has been on the attack -

BACK TO THE VILLA DI ROMA

Frank still on the phone with Hoffa -

HOFFA

- they want to tear the union apart.

(MORE)

HOFFA (CONT'D)

Big business is working with the government to sow the seeds of dissent at a time when we need unity. We need solidarity more than ever in our history. Not just our history but the history of the working man in America.

FRANK

Yes.

HOFFA

You want to be a part of this fight?

FRANK

Yes I do.

HOFFA

You want to be a part of this history?

FRANK

Yes I do.

HOFFA

Can you be in Chicago tomorrow?

Russell pushes the envelope on the table toward Frank.

FRANK V/O

For a minute there, I thought it was Patton.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY - 1959

Cars pull into a parking lot behind a building.

HOFFA V/O

Go to Chicago. Speak to Joey Glimco at Local 777. You'll be working in Public Relations.

Frank and Joey Glimco climb out of one of the cars. They, and several other men enter the back door of the building -

INT. CHICAGO BATHHOUSE - 1959

Frank is seated with JOEY GLIMCO, head of the Chicago taxicab drivers union.

They are seated on a white tile counter draped in towels. Glimco is smoking a fat cigar in the steam-filled room.

JOEY

You're only here because Jimmy's getting screwed. It's the Seafarers Union trying to sign up the same non-union cab drivers we are. Lesbians, a lot of them, for some reason.

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT - 1959

A woman cab driver walks into a diner.

JOEY (OVERLAP)

This is what we have to deal with, how to get these drivers to join us rather than Paul Hall's union. He's bullshitting people that he can get a better contract than Jimmy.

Frank walks over to the woman's cab, opens the door and hot-wires it.

JOEY (OVERLAP)

You understand, you're here because nobody knows you or what the fuck you're doing.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - NIGHT - 1959

Frank and the other Local 777 guys push stolen non-union cabs into Lake Michigan while cops stand around watching.

JOEY (OVERLAP)

Jimmy has Daley's cops' okay on this. They won't help us push but they'll make sure nobody stops us.

JOEY

This is a lot of work.

FRANK

Have you thought about using candy?

Joey just looks at him, not sure what he's saying.

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT - 1959

The trunk of a car opens revealing boxes of dynamite. Joey and Frank carry the boxes to a back door of a cab garage, held open by another man.

EXT. CAB GARAGE - NIGHT - 1959

The place is silent. Full of taxi cabs.

Suddenly they start exploding -

EXT. GROCERY STORE - CHICAGO - NIGHT - 1959

Frank and Joey Glimco approach a fruit stand.

JOEY

One thing about Jimmy, never make him wait. You have a meeting with him, get there on time. Get there early. I can't stress this enough. He goes by time.

Joey taps at some watermelons.

FRANK

We should get going then.

JOEY

The other thing about him is he doesn't drink. Imagine that? He's the head of all the truck drivers in the world and don't drink. He won't even let you drink around him. He calls it idiot juice.

INT. EDGEWATER HOTEL SUITE - CHICAGO - LATER - NIGHT

As Joey carefully cuts a hole in a watermelon, Frank checks his watch.

JOEY

The *other* thing about him - he doesn't like watermelon.

Joey pours a fifth of rum into the hole in the watermelon.



INT. EDGEWATER HOTEL SUITE - LATER - NIGHT

They sip from bottles of ginger ale - Joey, Frank and Jimmy Hoffa - but only two of them are eating the sliced-up spiked watermelon.

JOEY

(excited)

You shoulda seen them sink right in the water. One after the other. I'll bet this morning, when they went looking for their cabs, they didn't know what hit them.

HOFFA

Sinking the cabs. Great idea Joey.

JOEY

It wasn't my idea. It was Frank.

Hoffa looks at Frank, impressed.

FRANK

It's not complicated. You just push.

JOEY

He just took over the pier. They did exactly what he said.

(gobbles up watermelon slice)

I never seen a guy walk through a crowd like he does and he doesn't touch a single person! I'm not kidding. I swear. Guys who didn't even know him, never saw him before in their lives, still got out of his way. I'm telling you it was like "the parting of the waves" - like Moses!

Hoffa looks over at a clearly mortified Frank listening to Glimco's excessive praise.

HOFFA

(to Joey)

You need him to stay another couple of days?

JOEY

Yeah. We still got some dribs and drabs.

Glimco hands Frank a slice of rum-laced watermelon.

HOFFA  
 (curious)  
 You two sure like watermelon.

INT. EDGEWATER HOTEL LIVING ROOM SUITE - LATER - NIGHT

Joey has left. It's just Jimmy and Frank now. Jimmy in pajamas and slippers. (Frank, still fully clothed, stands near a utility rolling cot.)

HOFFA  
 Everybody has to be united in the same direction, or there's not progress for the worker, Frank. You saw it firsthand. To me those guys ain't union. They're like Nazi collaborators. Operating behind our lines. You were in the war. You know what I mean.

FRANK  
 I do.

HOFFA  
 Good!

Jimmy gets up in his pajamas and goes into his bedroom leaving the door open. Frank arranges the pillows on the cot. He looks into the bedroom and sees that Hoffa is already sound asleep. Frank stretches out on the cot but he's fully awake.

FRANK V/O  
 Back in the 1950's, Jimmy was already the president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. The most powerful union man in the country. Still, he didn't make me stay in his suite in Chicago because he liked me. He made me stay with him because he didn't want me registering in my name at the hotel. By staying with him in the big suite, there was no proof I was even in Chicago. It's all about secrets. Just like Whispers, except for Whispers it didn't turn out so good.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY - 1959

Jimmy and his wife Josephine, and Frank and Irene and his still-growing family including infant Connie in a stroller - play miniature golf. Jimmy dotes on Peggy, helps her with the club.

FRANK V/O

After Chicago, Jimmy and I got close. Our wives hit it off and with Jimmy and Josephine's kids mostly grown up, they got a kick out of our kids, especially Peggy. She and Jimmy fell for each other right away.

Jo wants a snapshot of Jimmy and Peggy together. As they pose for the picture -

HOFFA

Can you keep a secret?

PEGGY

Sure.

HOFFA

You know what I like even better than getting my picture took?

PEGGY

What?

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - NIGHT - 1959

Jimmy sets a tray of ice cream sundaes on the table, placing the first one in front of Peggy.

FRANK V/O

To Peg, Jimmy wasn't like Russ, or Skinny or even me. For one thing, Jimmy didn't have a nickname like the "Razor" or "The Hunchback". Also, to her, he was helping people make more money, live better lives. He wasn't stomping on somebody's hand.

Jimmy really does love ice cream, dipping his spoon into his sundae and savoring its taste like fine wine.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY - 1960

Peggy stands in front of a blackboard reading an essay from a piece of paper. A banner above the blackboard reads: "CAREER DAY".

PEGGY

"If you have it, a truck brought it to you." This is what Mr. Hoffa says, and it's true. He's the president of the Teamsters Union with over a million members. They all support him because they now have steady jobs, great pay and a pension for when they retire.

Frank sits in a chair off to the side at the head of the class. It's his turn at career day. Peggy and Frank are both wearing gold and blue enamel "A Friend of Jimmy Hoffa" buttons written across a miniature trailer truck.

FRANK V/O

The Teamster Pension Fund had eight billion dollars in it and Jimmy had complete authority over every bit of it.

INT. HOFFA'S OFFICE - TEAMSTERS' WXDC HQ - DAY - 1959

Hoffa behind a large desk in a huge office with drapes and a window view of the White House.

JAKE GOTTLIEB, a builder, is showing Hoffa a two-foot high architect's model of "The Dunes", the Las Vegas casino he is proposing expanding.

JAKE GOTTLIEB

A bridge loan is all I'm asking.

CUT TO:

Bill Bufalino standing behind Gottlieb. Frank is standing behind Bill.

HOFFA

I'm not pissing away my members' pension dough on bullshit.

JAKE GOTTLIEB

You won't. You can't. I've got Minsky's follies. I've got the first topless act on the Strip.

(MORE)

JAKE GOTTLIEB (CONT'D)

I'm just asking for a golf course.  
Jimmy you know you've never lost a  
dime with me.

BILL

We would appreciate anything you  
can do to help Jake along on this.

JAKE GOTTLIEB

One five is all I need for the  
completion bond.

BILL

Whatever you can do Jimmy.

Hoffa waves at Bill.

HOFFA

(to Bill)

Okay. Okay. Go to the bank.

Gottlieb remains seated beaming as Bill and Frank leave  
the office.

INT. HOFFA'S OFFICE - ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Bill open a large ebony credenza with an  
elaborate Chinese design. Bill opens the credenza to  
reveal stacks of cash in neat bank banded units reading:  
\$10,000, \$50,000, etc.

Bill rummages around the stacks until he piles twelve  
stacks marked \$100,000 into Frank's arms.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUED - 1960

With Peggy still up at the front of the class -

PEGGY

And, because of Mr. Hoffa, workers  
have medical insurance for when  
they get sick and know that when  
they retire they're not going to  
go hungry.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - 1958

Sign reads: "ALLEN DORFMAN INSURANCE."

Allen Dorfman is seated wearing a "Friend of Hoffa" pin  
in his lapel.

FRANK V/O

There was so much paperwork back then that Jimmy had to use an insurance company, run by his friend, "Red" Dorfman's son, Allen, to process the loans.

A title appears:

**Allen Dorfman, shot eight times in the head in a Chicago parking lot, 1979.**

INT. PENN DRAPE & CURTAINS - PITTSTON, PA - DAY - 1958

Russell in the curtain shop checking bolts of cloth talking with his cousin, Bill.

FRANK V/O

Russ and his friends used to get guys like Gottlieb million-dollar loans and then tack on a ten-percent finder's fee.

BUFALINO

I appreciate what he did. He's okay. You make sure you thank Marteduzzo from me.

BILL

He'd be glad to hear that.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - DAY - 1956-1960

Cranes building the casinos such as the Stardust, the Dunes, the Sands etc. in BG.

FRANK V/O

Back then, because the money was for gambling, a lot of snooty banks wouldn't lend casinos money for construction. I'm serious. But without the regular banks, it was the Teamsters' billion-dollar pension fund that stepped in and lent the money that built Las Vegas.

INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DETROIT - DAY - 1959

Several women sitting under hair dryers. One of the women is Jimmy's wife, Josephine.

FRANK V/O

There was more business than anybody could handle.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH DEVELOPMENT - DAY

- \* POSTCARD: photo of a large real estate display with a golf course.
- \* POSTCARD: photo of a fleet of charter fishing boats.
- \* POSTCARD: photo of Aspen Lodge and ski slopes.

FRANK V/O

Jimmy had to shove some of the deals off on to Josephine who had no idea she had twenty-two percent of a Florida land deal called "Sun Valley", some charter fishing boats, and a ski lodge with its own mountain.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - CHICAGO - DAY - 1960

Some parked cars. In the backseat of one sits a man wearing sunglasses and a fedora - SAM "MOMO" GIANCANA.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*One of Jimmy's clients was Sam "Momo" Giancana, who was friends with the Kennedys from back when Jack's father made his fortune (alongside the Italians) as a bootlegger during Prohibition. The old timers worked with him. Momo - Sinatra - they all partied with the Kennedys. Momo and Kennedy even had the same girlfriend. Together. At the same time.*

EXT. GRAVEYARD - CHICAGO - DAY

Some mob guys walk across the lawns of a graveyard, jotting down the names on the tombstones.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*So it was easy for the Mob to help Joe Kennedy get his son elected president by making sure he won in Illinois.*

INT. POLLING PLACE - CHICAGO - DAY - 1960

The men from the graveyard sign the names from the tombstones on voting registers, then get back in line to do it again.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*In exchange, the new president was going to get Castro out of Cuba so our guys could get their casinos and race tracks and shrimp boats in Havana back.*

TV NEWS IMAGES - ELECTION NIGHT & RESULTS

Kennedy vs Nixon. Election night shows tight race. The next day, Nixon's press secretary reads the concession letter to Kennedy.

INT. ARMORY LOUNGE - DAY

Chicago boss, SAM "MOMO" GIANCANA, and New Jersey boss, TONY "TONY PRO" PROVENZANO, are watching the Kennedy election victory on television. Momo, Tony Pro, and the roomful of hoods cheer and toast each other with the Kennedy victory.

FRANK V/O

The Italians wanted Kennedy the Irishman as President... and they got him.

On TV, Jack Kennedy goes up to stage to make his victory speech.

INT. HOFFA'S LAKE ORION HOUSE - DETROIT - DAY - 1960

Jimmy, Jo, and their kids James P., Barbara and adopted son Chuckie - all in their late teens - watching Kennedy and his family on TV - Jackie, Joe, Bobby, Ted - milling around a stage in Hyannis Port for his victory speech.

HOFFA

Jeezuschrist! God damn Kennedys.

JO

Jimmy, please, the kids.

HOFFA

Why? They're gonna have to learn. We're going to war.

(MORE)



HOFFA (CONT'D)

I told you, you can't trust a  
millionaire's kids.

As Jack makes his speech, a camera finds Robert Kennedy.

HOFFA

Especially that miserable little  
sonofabitch. ... and all the  
bullshit problems he's already put  
me through.

INT. SENATE CHAMBERS - 1957 - FLASHBACK

Bobby Kennedy regards Hoffa like he's an insect. It's  
ten minutes into the hearing now -

BOBBY

Are you saying you don't remember  
doing any favors for Johnny Dio or  
you don't remember the  
conversation?

HOFFA

I'm saying, to the best of my  
recollection, I must recall on my  
memory, I cannot remember.

BOBBY

Where did this twenty thousand  
dollars come from?

HOFFA

From individuals.

BOBBY

Which individuals?

HOFFA

Offhand, that particular amount  
of money I borrowed I don't know  
at this particular moment, but the  
record of my loans, which I  
requested, I have, and out of all  
the moneys I loaned over this  
period of time I went into these  
ventures.

Everyone looks at each other to see if that made any  
sense to them.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - DAY - 1960

Russell enters and distributes JFK election materials to some regulars. A "Kennedy For President" poster hangs on the restaurant's mirror.

FRANK V/O

Even Russ did his part getting Kennedy elected, too.

INT. BUFALINO'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1960

Christmas Eve. Lights glow on a tree. Music on the hifi. The Bufalinos, and Frank and Irene and the girls sit around the Christmas tree, opening the gifts Russell has given them - jewelry for Irene, clothes and toys for the girls.

FRANK V/O

For guys like Russ, it couldn't have been better.

PEGGY

(hating to have to say it)

Thank you.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*So what's the first thing Jack Kennedy does to repay Chicago for all their help?*

TV IMAGE - 1961

Of John F. Kennedy being sworn in at his inauguration.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*He puts his crazy brother in charge of the Justice Department. And what's the first thing Bobby does? He goes after not just Jimmy - which in a way you could understand - Jimmy hated the Kennedys so much he gave Nixon a half a million in Teamster cash. They were the only union to back Nixon - but Bobby also goes after Giancana and all the other guys who put his brother in the White House.*

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MORNING - MARCH 1961

Frank stands on the front lawn in his robe and slippers, watching a repairman on a telephone pole down the street working on the lines, phone company van parked below.

FRANK V/O

Everybody was sure everybody's phone was bugged. I mean you couldn't say any names on the phone. Everybody was "your friend" or "our friend," whether they were your friend or not. Even when you talked about Bobby Kennedy. He was "our friend".

EXT./INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY - 1961

CAMERA looks down from above as upon a chessboard where Hoffa, Bill Bufalino and Frank inch their way across the courthouse's polished marble floor surrounded by a small army of reporters, cameramen, and TV anchors waving microphones. The press keep shouting questions at Hoffa and his trio until they are finally rescued by burly Court Officers who shove the press aside and drag Hoffa, Frank and Bill through a courtroom door.

FRANK V/O

It really got much worse when Bobby became Attorney General. When he ran the McClellan Committee he held lots of bullshit hearings, but he couldn't put anybody in jail. Now, he was the Attorney General and he could send anybody to jail, and, no question Jimmy was at the top of Bobby's hit list. He even set up a special "Get Hoffa Squad" where he had his own guys from the FBI and IRS working around the clock. Their only job was trying to put Jimmy Hoffa in jail. I'm serious. That's all they did.

INT. HOFFA'S OFFICE - TEAMSTERS' WXDC HQ - DAY - 1961

An agitated Jimmy listening on a phone behind his desk stares angrily at six large, tough, teamster officials, including Frank.

HOFFA

(slams phone)

I'm working with a room full of fuckin' idiots. You pricks! You motherfuckers put Johnny O'Rourke's kid on as a "general organizer" for thirty-six grand at the same time you let him sell insurance to his father's locals. Don't you know I'm under the gun? I've got that Kennedy cocksucker sticking his nose up my ass and you let this shit happen in public. You dumb motherfuckers trying to put me away?

Frank turns and leaves the office.

HOFFA

Tell me now so I can kill you worthless fucks right here.

FRANK V/O

I could see it was getting to him. He was acting crazy. He was not the same Jimmy. He was vicious. It was really hard just being around him.

Hoffa sees Frank leave. Stops.

INT. HOFFA'S OFFICE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy catches up with Frank.

HOFFA

Where you going?

FRANK

I quit. You ain't calling me a motherfucker!

HOFFA

What's the matter with you! That don't apply to you.

FRANK

Then let me know that. They wanna take what you're saying-- they can take it. Not me.

HOFFA

But I said it don't apply to you.

FRANK

You got a problem pull me aside.  
Don't insult me and then say it  
don't apply to me.

HOFFA

(walks Frank back toward  
office)

Okay. Okay. Come on. You know me  
better that.

FRANK V/O

In the end, I had to stick by him.  
I knew the bullshit he was going  
through.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT - MARCH 1961

Frank and Russell alone at a table, floating three coffee  
beans in their after-dinner Sambuca shots.

FRANK

Russ, I don't know how Jimmy's  
running the union with Bobby and  
the FBI up his ass all the time.  
He's going crazy.

BUFALINO

Tell Jimmy I'm sorry for his  
troubles, but if worse comes to  
worst, the old timers know the  
father. They talk... and they  
could straighten things out.

FRANK

But he can't understand why you  
guys helped the Kennedy pricks get  
elected in the first place. It  
don't make sense to him.

BUFALINO

Jimmy don't have to know  
everything. You understand?  
Sometimes it's better.

FRANK

Yeah.

BUFALINO

He's too emotional. He gets caught  
up in bullshit like some guy being  
late. Who gives a shit? He misses  
the big picture.

(MORE)

BUFALINO (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Like Cuba. Like getting us back in Havana. Like getting us back the casinos. Like getting rid of that Castro sonofabitch.

FRANK

Jeezus!

BUFALINO

They had a word with the old man. And he had a word with his son, and he let Jack know, you know, who he fuckin owes.

EXT. PHILLY - DAY - 1961

Frank pulls into a South Philly trucking company lot, climbs out of his car and speaks to a guy.

BUFALINO (OVERLAP)

So, I want you to go see Phil at Milestone Hauling. He's gonna have a rig for you.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - 1961

Frank behind the wheel of a Milestone semi.

BUFALINO (OVERLAP)

You take it, and you drive it down to Baltimore to this concrete plant on Eastern Avenue. You can't miss it, it's the only one there.

EXT. CONCRETE PLANT - BALTIMORE - DAY - 1961

Frank pulls the rig onto the grounds of the plant. There's a little landing strip next to it.

BUFALINO (OVERLAP)

A guy will meet you there. A fairy named Ferrie.

Dave Ferrie, whose alopecia has him wearing a homemade reddish wig, drawn eyebrows and makeup, directs Frank to back his rig up to where some army trucks are parked.

BUFALINO (OVERLAP)

You'll pick up some things and  
he'll give you some paperwork for  
the load in case you get stopped.

Frank watches some Maryland National Guardsmen transfer  
weapons, ammo, and uniforms from their trucks to his.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - 1961

Frank drives the rig down Route 13.

BUFALINO (OVERLAP)

Drive the truck down to Florida.  
That's where you'll leave it. A  
dog track outside Jacksonville.

EXT. JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA - DAWN - 1961

A deserted greyhound race track. Stuffed rabbit on a  
rail pole. Frank pulls the truck into the parking lot.

BUFALINO (OVERLAP)

A guy with big ears named Hunt  
will meet you there and give you a  
car to get you back to Philly.

As the guy gives Frank the keys to a car, Frank regards  
his ears. They don't look so big.

BIG EARS

What are you looking at? You  
looking at my ears?

FRANK

I ain't looking at your ears.

BIG EARS

I had an operation, so there's no  
need for anyone looking at my ears  
anymore.

FRANK

I ain't looking at your ears.

Big Ears walks away. Frank climbs into the car and  
watches as a bunch of Cubans begin unloading the weapons  
and ammo from the truck he just drove down.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - APRIL 1961

A glum Frank and Russell sitting at the bar watching TV showing news footage of the Bay of Pigs disaster.

TV ANCHOR

A counter-revolutionary coup led by Cuban exiles and backed by the Central Intelligence Agency, failed to unseat the island's Communist dictator, Fidel Castro...

FRANK V/O

It was a disaster. Kennedy was supposed to send in planes for cover but he pulled back and a lot of Cuban guys got killed on the beach.

Castro fulminates making an anti-American speech on TV.

INT. HOFFA'S OFFICE - TEAMSTERS' WXDC HQ - DAY APRIL 1961

A furious Hoffa in his office with Bill Bufalino. Hoffa is going through a stack of subpoenas.

HOFFA

Just like I predicted. Right after they fuck up Cuba, Boobie starts coming after me and the union. He's looking for some cheap publicity. That's what he's doing.

BILL

It'll blow over, Jimmy.

HOFFA

(annoyed)

What's the matter with you? It'll never blow over. You think they're ever gonna forget the money I gave Nixon? Never!

Hoffa sweeps the subpoenas off his desk.

BILL

Jimmy, please, calm down. Some of the old timers are trying to reach the old man Kennedy now. He's supposed to be sick, but...



HOFFA

(interrupts)

Are you nuts? The old man ain't "sick". He just had a stroke. He's useless. He turned into an eggplant.

BILL

Oh shit! You can't blame anybody for that.

HOFFA

I can! I blame his kids. The two of them. They did it.

EXT. PALM BEACH ESTATE - TERRACE - DAY

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, 80, in pajamas and wrapped in a robe, is seated in a wheelchair with a male NURSE watching a variety show.

HOFFA (OVERLAP)

- They gave their own father the stroke. I know it.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - APRIL, 1961

Frank slips a .38 in the back of his waistband as Peggy watches unnoticed. He puts on a car coat. A TV plays a news report on Castro.

FRANK V/O

Everybody started thinking the same thing: Maybe Jimmy was right about the Kennedys in the first place.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - APRIL, 1961

It's late. The house is dark. As he's leaving with his suitcase -

PEGGY

Where are you going?

FRANK

To work. Go to bed.

INT/EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - APRIL, 1961

Frank closes the trunk, gets in his car, sets the .38 on the passenger seat. Peggy watches from a window.

EXT. MIAMI - DAY - 1961

The sun-bleached coastline of Miami Beach. Everyone in short-sleeves and sunglasses.

EXT. DEAUVILLE HOTEL - MIAMI - DAY - 1961

Frank climbs out of his car. A bellman helps him with his luggage. Everyone else arriving for the annual Teamsters Convention looks just as much like a gangster as he does.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DEAUVILLE HOTEL - DAY - 1961

Jimmy and Frank share the suite. Jimmy knots a tie. Frank sticks a pistol in his back waistband and slips a sports jacket on.

INT. DEAUVILLE HOTEL - MIAMI - DAY - 1961

Frank stands next to check-in tables outside a ballroom, scrutinizing the faces of those showing their union cards to clerks for admittance.

INT. DEAUVILLE HOTEL BALLROOM - MIAMI - DAY - 1961

While Jimmy addresses the convention delegates, Frank surveys them, looking at their hands for cameras or guns.

HOFFA

We're gonna get through all this legal bullshit garbage. Little "Boobie" Kennedy can't do a thing to us because we're the biggest, best and most honest union in the country.

Crowd cheers.

HOFFA

Plus we have the strongest and most loyal members...

Audience cheers.

HOFFA

... the greatest shop stewards and  
headbreakers -- ah, I mean  
Education Committee...

Audience laughs.

HOFFA

... and with Frank Fitzsimmons, my  
Executive Vice President, having  
my back...

(points to Fitz on dais)

Right Fitz?

FRANK FITZSIMMONS, 53, a bloated man raises his large  
scotch on the rocks to the cheering crowd.

INT. DEAUVILLE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT - 1961

Jimmy and Frank in pajamas, getting ready to turn in.

FRANK

You gave Fitz a nice "hello"  
tonight. I hope he deserves it.

HOFFA

Why? Wadda ya mean? What's wrong  
with Fitz?

FRANK

Nothing, Jimmy. I don't mean it as  
a knock on the guy.

HOFFA

Yeah? Tell me.

FRANK

Sure, the guy's loyal. He's even a  
nice guy, but he's not too sharp.  
You know, he plays a lot of golf.

HOFFA

But that's who you want for a  
number two. A nice guy. Not dumb,  
but somebody you can have walking  
behind you without getting knifed.

FRANK

Maybe you're right, Jimmy. That  
makes sense.

HOFFA

I may have faults, but being wrong isn't one of them. I can sleep like a babe with Fitz. It's the Little Guy I have to worry about.

A song with the lyrics "You're my boy, Tony Pro, We're all yours" begins as -

EXT. VILLA ROMANO - HOBOKEN - DAY - FLASHBACK - 1958

A car pulls up to a one-story box of a building that looks like an abandoned bar. A short man in a black suit gets out with a couple of other men -

FRANK V/O

The Little Guy was Tony Provenzano. A capo in a big New Jersey crew and the president of Local 560 in Union City, New Jersey.

The song continues over -

INT. VILLA ROMANO BAR - DAY - 1958

As Pro walks into the crowded place, his Teamster workmen supporters cheer him, wave "Vote TONY 'PRO' and Slate" signs, bang on drink trays.

INT. VILLA ROMANO BAR - LATER - DAY - 1958

Pro, seated at a microphone, wearing glasses now, haltingly reads his prepared remarks to the men -

PRO

You turl - you work - while the corporation kings - and princes of industry - with their vast - expense accounts - and salary - and lugerous yachts - make vast donations - to politicians - yes - who have dedicated themselves - to our - destruction.

TEAMSTERS

Down with them! Down with them!

FRANK V/O

Pro and Jimmy came up together and  
were close -

BACK TO THE DEAUVILLE HOTEL SUITE - 1961

HOFFA

He's out of control. He's got a  
hand in everybody's pocket. He's  
shaking down the trucking  
companies right and left. He's  
threatening people. I mean, once  
in awhile, okay, but all the time?  
It's drawing attention.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - DAY - 1961

A car drives down a highway past farms.

FRANK V/O

I didn't need Jimmy to warn me  
about Tony Pro.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY - 1961

ANTHONY CASTELLITO fiddles with the radio in the front  
passenger seat, searching for a station in the static.

FRANK V/O

What did I need to know?

As Castellito settles on a station and sits back, SALLY  
BUGS, in the back seat, loops a nylon rope around  
Castellito's neck and strangles him -

FRANK V/O

The man had Sally Bugs strangle  
Tony Castellito just because  
Castellito was coming up big in  
the union. Pro was so worried  
about the guy that after he had  
Sally Bugs strangle the guy, he  
had Sally stick him in a tree  
shredder.

EXT. FARM - NEW JERSEY - DAY - 1961

Sally and the driver smoke outside the car as a tree  
shredder chews up something.

FRANK V/O

That way there'd be no  
competition, not even from the  
grave.

BACK TO THE DEAUVILLE HOTEL SUITE - 1961

HOFFA

Guys like that give unions a bad  
name. Something's got to be done.

FRANK

Him being him, that could be  
tough.

HOFFA

No. No. I don't want that. I mean  
getting working guys who know the  
union, card-carrying teamsters  
like you and me, to start running  
to take over some of the locals.

FRANK

He's not going to like that.

HOFFA

So what? I'm the president. I run  
the union. All I need is some guys  
who know their way around and know  
how to handle themselves. That's  
all.

(Hoffa claps Frank's  
shoulder)

That's why I want you to run for  
president of Local 326.

Frank is stunned by Jimmy's belief in him.

HOFFA

You're like family to me, Frank.  
You, Irene, the girls. Lovely  
Peggy. But that's not why I'm  
doing this. I'm not giving you  
anything you didn't earn.

FRANK

I don't know what to say.

HOFFA

Say you'll do it. That's all  
you've got to say.

(whispered joke)

(MORE)

HOFFA (CONT'D)

Plus, I can guarantee you're gonna win.

FRANK

I'll do it.

HOFFA

Good.

Frank watches as Jimmy's head hits the pillow and within seconds is asleep.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - 1975

Frank's Lincoln parked at the side of I-80 West, all the luggage out of the trunk. As Frank and Russell change a flat tire, the wives seize the opportunity for a cigarette on the guard rail.

EXT. TRUCKING COMPANY - DELAWARE - DAY - 1962

A Teamster pin on a lapel. It's on Frank's lapel as he parks a 1962 Lincoln by the loading docks of a trucking company and climbs out, wearing a suit like Jimmy's.

INT. TRUCKING COMPANY OFFICE - DAY - 1962

As Frank enters the trucking company OWNER takes one look at Frank's suit and union pin and pulls an envelope from his desk to give him. Frank shakes his head no.

FRANK

That's okay, I don't need that. I just came over to introduce myself. Frank Sheeran. The new President of 326.

The owner, surprised, puts the envelope back in the desk and tentatively shakes Frank's hand.

FRANK V/O

What can I say - Hoffa took me out of a meat truck and put me in the union. He gave me my start, gave me my first charter, gave me my first union.

INT. LOCAL 326 OFFICE - DAY - 1962

Frank in his own office now, behind a desk, talking with a truck driver dressed like he used to dress -

FRANK

If they can prove you stole from them what they're going to want is names. Would you give them names to keep from going to jail?

TRUCK DRIVER

No.

FRANK

Good. The lawyers will take care of this. You got nothing to worry about.

The truck driver gets up to shake Frank's hand.

INT. COURTROOM - NASHVILLE - DAY - 1962

With the jury out of the room, attorney Bill Bufalino - the same Teamster attorney who represented Frank in his trucking theft case - appeals to Judge William Miller to have a case thrown out - this one against Hoffa.

BILL

Your Honor, Mr. Hoffa was advised by counsel that it was perfectly legal for his wife to be part owner of a trucking business. Still, when the McClellan Committee challenged its legality, she immediately withdrew from the company.

Among the spectators, and there aren't that many beyond some print journalists, is a young man in a raincoat.

BILL

This should have been the end of the matter. There has been no indictment secured against my client in thirteen grand juries.

The nut in the raincoat walks down the aisle toward the defense and prosecution tables -



BILL

Your Honor, this is an example of a personal vendetta against my client and his family by a frustrated Justice Department and Attorney General, Robert Kennedy -

The nut pushes open the gate, pulls out a gun, points it at Jimmy, who rushes him, grabs him. The gun - a pellet gun - goes off and everyone scrambles for cover as Jimmy wrestles the guy to the floor.

Jimmy's adopted son/bodyguard, Chuckie O'Brien - who looks Italian because he is - jumps over the railing and beats the guy in the head until the marshals get there and take over. Jimmy is thrilled with Chuckie -

HOFFA

(raises Chuckie's arm)

This is my boy. I raised this kid.

(calmly to crowd)

Remember. Always charge a guy with a gun and run away from a guy with a knife.

INT. POLICE STATION - NASHVILLE - DAY - 1962

The young would-be assassin, face bloody, stands for his mug shot, holding a booking placard that identifies him as Warren Swanson.

SWANSON

I know it sounds crazy, but I got a message from a higher power telling me to shoot Jimmy Hoffa.

The camera flashes.

INT. LOCAL 326 - DAY - 1962

Frank, in his office, on the phone to Jimmy -

HOFFA

I was wondering if you and Ed Partin might be able to come down here. There's a lot of nuts in Nashville.

INT. COURTHOUSE - NASHVILLE - DAY - 1962

Frank and another tough Teamster - Louisianan Ed Partin - Jimmy's bodyguards now - tower over the diminutive labor leader, walking alongside him to the courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM - NASHVILLE - DAY - 1962

As prosecutor Jim Neal questions a witness in his Tennessee drawl Frank and Partin survey the room for possible nuts. Hoffa meanwhile surveys the faces of the jury -

INT. ANDREW JACKSON HOTEL - NASHVILLE - DAY - 1962

The legal team's investigator lays out surveillance photographs of the same people - marked JUROR 1, 2, 3, etc. - like a game of solitaire.

On the sofa Ed Partin and Frank watch the unfolding events of the Cuban Missile Crisis on the TV while Jimmy, in his pajamas, makes scrambled eggs for them and Chuckie and the legal team.

INVESTIGATOR

This one's married to a state trooper.

Jimmy takes a look at the surveillance photo of a woman juror on the table.

HOFFA

Oh, that's good.

(pause)

We know anybody?

INT. A BATHROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY - 1962

A shirtless Ed Partin removes a microphone and tape recorder strapped under his arm and hands it to Jim Neal, the prosecutor we saw in court.

EXT. HIGHWAY - TENNESSEE - DAY - 1962

Deserted stretch of highway. A lone Cadillac parked on the shoulder. A Tennessee State Highway Patrol car pulls over.

But rather than what normally happens, a man climbs out of the Cadillac, walks over to the police car, and talks with the trooper. As he hands him an envelope -

A long lens camera captures the bribe, the man walking back to the Cadillac, the car driving off.

INT. ANDREW JACKSON HOTEL SUITE - DAY - 1962

As Jimmy cooks breakfast for everyone again, we regard the surveillance photographs of the jurors on the table. To one on which someone has already written *Patrolman's Wife*, someone adds a check-mark flourish.

INT. COURTROOM - NASHVILLE - DAY - 1962

The Caddie driver who rendezvoused with the trooper out on the highway, EWING KING, is called to the stand. As he raises his right hand and is sworn in, Jimmy, at the defense table, subtly lifts his own hand and spreads his fingers. The man nods almost imperceptibly as he sits in the box.

JIM NEAL

Mr. King, you're a member of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, is that correct?

EWING KING

I respectfully decline to answer that under the protection afforded me by the Fifth Amendment.

JIM NEAL

All I asked you is are you a Teamster.

EWING KING

I respectfully decline to answer under the (protection) -

JIM NEAL

Fine. Let me show you a photograph.

Neal picks up an Exhibit photo of King at the patrol car.

EWING KING

I respectfully decline (to) -

JIM NEAL

I haven't even shown you yet.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP, NASHVILLE - DAY - NOV. 22, 1963

Frank keeps an eye on everyone in the shop as Jimmy spoons at an ice cream sundae. He's with his attorneys and Chuckie, but is the only one eating.

SOMEONE

Oh, my God.

They look up to the ice cream parlor staff gathering around a small TV behind the counter. Jimmy cranes his neck but can't see what's on it.

HOFFA

What is it?

He gets up to see what's going on. The attorneys and Chuckie and Frank follow him to the counter and see on the TV that John Kennedy has been shot in Dallas. Frank is stunned. The ice cream parlor workers and patrons start crying. Jimmy and his attorneys don't.

EXT. TEAMSTERS' WXDC HEADQUARTERS - DAY - 1963

A solemn day. The city's flags are at half-staff including the Capitol dome. As Jimmy, Frank and Bill emerge from the Teamsters' headquarters building, Jimmy's trial put on hold by the assassination, a news crew intercepts him.

REPORTER

Mr. Hoffa, will you be attending the president's funeral?

HOFFA

I wasn't invited.

REPORTER

You don't have to be invited. A million Americans will be there.

HOFFA

In that case, I need to check my schedule.

Jimmy continues toward his waiting car, trailed by the news crew.

REPORTER

If you were to go, and were asked to speak, what would you say?

HOFFA

I'd say Bobby Kennedy is just another lawyer now.

Jimmy looks up and sees that like all the other flags in the nation, the flag above Teamsters' Headquarters is at half-staff.

HOFFA

(into the building)  
Sonofabitch.

EXT. TEAMSTERS' WXDC HEADQUARTERS - ROOF - DAY

Hoffa supervises guards and building workmen as they busily haul the fluttering stars and stripes back to the top of the flag pole.

Frank and Bill Bufalino just watch.

TV IMAGES - NOV. 25, 1963

The slain president's solemn funeral procession that Jimmy isn't part of.

FRANK V/O

Jimmy was right. Almost. After the assassination, Bobby's own vendetta against everybody stopped.

INT. COURTROOM - NASHVILLE - DAY - 1964

Jimmy stands before the judge and jury. Frank watches from his usual spot behind Jimmy in the gallery.

FRANK V/O

But the prosecutors just kept coming. A year after Dallas, while Bobby was running for the New York Senate, the government still brought a jury tampering and fraud case against him.

JUDGE

Mr. Hoffa, most defendants who stand before this court for sentencing have either violated the property rights or personal rights of other individuals.

(MORE)

## JUDGE (CONT'D)

You stand here convicted of having tampered with the very soul of this nation.

INT. PROSECUTOR NEAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Hoffa's prosecutor Jim Neal, reporters, the Judge, FBI agents, and Ed Partin, the teamster who wore the wire against Hoffa, are all celebrating their victory at Hoffa's conviction in Neal's tiny office.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA - DAY - 1967

A prison bus roars past on Highway 15.

EXT. LEWISBURG FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY - 1967

The black bus pulls past the gates of the penitentiary.

INT. LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY - DAY - 1967

Jimmy Hoffa - Inmate No. 33298-NE - is fingerprinted and photographed and given a blue denim prison uniform.

INT. SILVER SHOP - PITTSBURGH, PA - DAY - 1975

As a shopgirl wraps the sterling silver gifts Irene and Carrie have chosen in silver wedding paper, Russell talks with the store owner with Frank at his side -

## BUFALINO

You know, everybody likes to shop in your store but your son is "s'feigatta." He's acting wild. You can't control him, you know, there's nobody's going to want to come into your shop anymore. And that's not good for you and it's not good for me, it's not good for anybody. You gotta, you gotta, take control of this kid.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - LEWISBURG - DAY - 1967

A glass partition separates Jimmy from his lawyer Bill Bufalino and his pension fund lawyer, ALLEN DORFMAN. They're on the visitor phones.

FRANK V/O

Jimmy set it all up. Fitz was running things alright, but that was for show. Fitz got his orders from Jimmy through Bill and Allen Dorfman who ran Jimmy's loans.

HOFFA

Where is he? He's late.

Bill and Dorfman look at the ceiling. Finally Frank "Fitz" Fitzsimmons comes in and sits down next to Bill and Dorfman, taking a phone.

FITZ

Sorry I'm late. We've got a lot going on.

FRANK V/O

Fitz's main qualification was he was weak. Jimmy could control him. He liked to drink and play golf and that was about it.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY - 1966

Fitzsimmons whacks a golf ball off a tee. The other golfers in his group are mobsters, including Tony Pro.

FRANK V/O

As much as Jimmy was getting pissed at Fitz, everybody else liked him, cause they got things out of Fitz they could never get out of Jimmy. It's what happens when you go away.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT - 1967

Russell at dinner with Frank.

BUFALINO

We like Fitz, but Jimmy's got that ball busting Dorfman holding up loans that Fitzie already okayed. And that Dorfman's one tough Jew.

Which Frank takes as his order to get rid of Dorfman. He nods, he'll take care of it.

FRANK

So... uh...

BUFALINO

No. No. Just put a firecracker up Dorfman's ass. That's all. Fitz will get the message. If you did it to Fitz, that lush would run to the Feds and screw everything up.

EXT. ALLEN DORFMAN'S HOUSE - CHICAGO - DAY - 1967

A garage door opens automatically. Allen Dorfman's Cadillac backs out.

The windows of the Caddie suddenly explode from shotgun blasts. Holes erupt in the body of the car.

Dorfman yanks the glove compartment open to get to his gun as the shotgun blasts keep pocking the car.

Tires screech and then it's silent. Dorfman pokes his head up to see a Lincoln driving off, not quite believing he's not dead.

EXT. WRECKING YARD - DAY - 1967

The Cadillac is destroyed. Dorfman is fine and doesn't even look that concerned anymore, though Fitz does as he nervously regards the shot-up car.

FRANK V/O

Fitz got the message. He was terrified. After that, anybody who wanted anything from the Pension Fund got it.

INT. LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY - DAY - 1967

Jimmy sitting at a table by himself. A kitchen inmate makes a special ice cream sundae. Jimmy turns to look around.

FRANK V/O

But in Lewisburg, Jimmy had the other thing to be concerned about: The Little Guy.



EXT. PRO'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY - 1966

As Tony Pro relaxes by the pool of his Miami house in shorts and unbuttoned linen shirt, a drink and a cigar, playing Greek rummy with some guys amidst statuary of wild animals and cherubs and nudes, some FBI agents approach with their badges out.

FRANK V/O

They got Pro for extortion and gave him seven years. And by now things had got tense between him and Jimmy.

INT. LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY - DAY - 1967

The kitchen inmate delivers the ice cream sundae to Jimmy at his table.

HOFFA

This is a work of art, Pete.  
Thank you.

The kitchen inmate leaves to let him enjoy it. Jimmy takes a bite, savoring the ice cream. But then, spoiling the moment, Pro sits at the table with his tray of food, in a prison uniform now instead of pool attire.

PRO

I got to talk to you about a problem I got with my pension.

HOFFA

I know.

PRO

You know? What do you know?

HOFFA

I know it's a million-two and there's a problem with it.

PRO

So you'll look into it for me.

HOFFA

There's nothing to look into.  
It's what it is.

PRO

What is it?

HOFFA

You lost it. You forfeited it  
when you came here.

PRO

Yours is forfeited, too?

HOFFA

No.

Pro can't imagine why his pension is gone and Jimmy's isn't, but Jimmy doesn't elaborate, just eats his ice cream. Eventually -

PRO

Yours is still there. Your  
million-five or whatever it is.

HOFFA

Uh-huh.

PRO

We're both sitting here.

HOFFA

We're both sitting here for  
different things. You're sitting  
here for extortion. I'm sitting  
here for fraud.

PRO

So?

HOFFA

So that's the difference.

PRO

What's the difference.

HOFFA

I didn't threaten anybody, you  
did.

PRO

So what? That makes no sense.

HOFFA

It does if you think about it.

PRO

It doesn't, but I don't want to  
debate. Just do something about  
it.

HOFFA  
There's nothing I can do.

PRO  
There's always something you can do.

HOFFA  
It's Federal law.

PRO  
I don't care. You can still do something about it.

HOFFA  
I can't. What can I do.

PRO  
You can get me my fuckin money.

HOFFA  
How?

PRO  
Some other way.

HOFFA  
What way.

PRO  
The same way you got your money.

HOFFA  
I earned my money.

PRO  
You're here for fraud. You stole money. I stole money. Okay, in a different way. Fine. Still. I want what I'm owed.

HOFFA  
You people.

PRO  
What?

HOFFA  
What?

PRO  
What did you say?

HOFFA

I can't help you.

PRO

You people, you said. What does that mean, you people.

HOFFA

I'm done talking about this.

PRO

You people?

Jimmy ignores him. Eats his ice cream like Pro's not there. Suddenly Pro lunges across the table, and grabs him. They tumble to the floor and fight until the guards get there to break it up.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - 1967

As LBJ looks on, Ramsey Clark raises his right hand to be sworn in as Attorney General.

FRANK V/O

With Bobby gone, Ramsey Clark got upped to Attorney General.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT - 1967

Frank, Skinny, Russell and the rest of the regulars are watching Ramsey Clark questioned by a Senator on the bar TV.

RAMSEY CLARK

Public safety will not be found in wiretapping. Security is to be found in excellence in law enforcement, in courts and in corrections - not wiretapping. Nothing so mocks privacy as the wiretap and electronic surveillance. They are incompatible with a free society.

SENATOR

So in your judgment, the enactment of this bill will in no way affect your department's war on organized crime?

RAMSEY CLARK

That's correct.

Cheers erupt, glasses are lifted, the mobsters shouting 'To Pamsey,' and, 'We love you, Pamsey.'

BUFALINO

You know what this means. We can speak English on the phone again.

EXT. RURAL OHIO - DAY - 1975

The Lincoln flies past a highway sign: Columbus 64, Dayton 86, Detroit 272.

EXT. GAS STATION - RURAL OHIO - DAY - 1975

Russell in a phone booth talking to someone. Frank paying an attendant for gas and getting a receipt, glancing over there. The wives off smoking by the highway of this gas station with nothing else around it.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT - 1972

Frank and Russell at Russell's usual table.

BUFALINO

That crazy bastard thinks he can do that right there in Columbus Circle in front of 5,000 people and get away with it? That's not right. You hear me Frankie?

FRANK V/O

He was right. Who else runs around with show business people like he's Errol Flynn, getting his picture in the papers, drawing attention to everybody.

INT. SENATE CHAMBERS - DAY - 1958 FLASHBACK

Unlike every other organized crime figure the McClellan Committee has dragged in, Joe Gallo has gone out of his way to look the part - black shirt, slicked-back hair, dark glasses, pinky ring, smoking a cigarette - playing to the news cameras during his testimony.

FRANK V/O

He was known downtown as "Joey the Blonde", but everybody, especially the newspapers, called him "Crazy Joe".

SENATOR

Mr. Gallo, do you have an opening statement?

GALLO

(looking down at the carpeting)

Yeah. This rug would be great for a crap game.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY - 2000

Frank sitting where we left him.

FRANK

Right then, you knew it was all gonna fall apart.

EXT. THE COPA - NIGHT - 1972

Crazy Joe gets out of a car with his new young wife, actor friends, and bodyguard Pete the Greek. Flashbulbs pop. He signs a couple of autographs. He jokes with those on line as he and his entourage enter swept in by Copa doormen.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*He went against everything and he didn't give a damn. Growing up, he kidnapped his own bosses. I don't even know how he lived after that. When he went away he recruited black guys instead of his own kind, and when he got out, nobody knew what he was doing or who he was doing it with.*

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY - FLASHBACK - 1971

An Italian-American Unity Day rally. 5,000 people. Italian flags, American flags. Italian-American Civil Rights League signs and buttons.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*You don't like what he's doing? Say something...*

As Joe Colombo gets up to speak at the podium, a black man walks up and shoots him in front of his family, and is in turn shot by Colombo's men.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*... and see what happens.*

INT. THE COPA - NIGHT - 1972

An Italian-American Civil Rights League pin with a diamond in it, worn by Russell, who's with Frank at a table. DON RICKLES is in the middle of a set.

BUFALINO  
 Who does that? I tell you who does that. Nobody. Like him and Oswald, that's it. And even in Dallas it was just Jackie there, not the kids.

DON RICKLES  
 ...That's how I get hired. I work everybody. I work Jews. I work Blacks. I work Gypsies. I work Italians.  
 (seeing Gallo)  
 Uh oh!  
 (points)  
 Not those Italians.  
 (waves)  
 Hiya! Joey! Hiya! Cent'anni!  
 L'Chaim! Au Salud!  
 (aside to crowd)  
 I was told to be very careful of what I said.

Gallo feigns anger and grabs a champagne bottle from a bucket and pretends to throw it.

DON RICKLES  
 (hands in prayer)  
 No! Please. It's okay, Joey, I got the money. Don't shoot me. Madonna Mia. Maaa! Maaaaa!

Gallo laughs and puts the bottle back.

DON RICKLES  
 (waves shyly)  
 Happy birthday, Joey.

INT. THE COPA - LATER - NIGHT - 1972

The show's over. Gallo walks past Russell's table. Frank is standing by Russell. Gallo nods respectfully. Russell raises a glass.

GALLO

Hey Russ,  
 (taps Russell's pin)  
 What're you doing with that? You  
 really believe in that bullshit  
 league?

FRANK

Joey, that's nothing to talk about  
 here.

GALLO

What?

FRANK

He's a boss.

GALLO

(laughs)  
 So he's a boss. So am I a boss.  
 We're all supposed to be brothers.

FRANK

Joey, let's not have a beef.

Gallo walks off. Russell looks at Frank looking at Joey.

INT. A ROOM - SOMEWHERE - NIGHT - 1972

Various calibers of pistols laid out on a bed.

FRANK V/O

For something like this you want  
 two guns: The one you intend to  
 use, and a backup.

Frank regards the guns while the man who gathered them -  
 red-haired John Francis - waits.

FRANK V/O

You want something with more  
 stopping power than a .22.  
 (moves the .22s aside)  
 You certainly don't want a  
 silencer. You want noise to send  
 the witnesses running so they're  
 not looking at you.

(moves the silencers  
 aside)

But not the noise a .45 makes  
 that you could hear in a patrol  
 car blocks away.

(moves the .45s aside)

(MORE)



FRANK V/O (CONT'D)

The cops call a .32 a woman's gun because it's easier to handle and doesn't do the damage a .38 does, but it does enough.

He picks up a .32 and a .38.

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT - APRIL 7, 1972

Little Italy on a mid-evening Spring night.

FRANK V/O

It would be late so the tourists from Idaho would be in bed. And being in Little Italy would relax him.

We - our POV - find and enter Umberto's Clam House -

INT. UMBERTO'S CLAM HOUSE - NIGHT - 1972

The POV regards the interior - the two entrances on Mulberry and Hester - the arrangement of tables - like making a mental diagram of the place.

FRANK V/O

It was his birthday, so he'd be there with his wife and kid, which in this case, is the point. They should have to see what it's like.

A waiter comes past with plates of spaghetti with clam sauce.

FRANK V/O

He'd have some champagne in him, which would slow him down a little.

The POV finds the only empty table, a reserved card on it.

FRANK V/O

His bodyguard would be with him, and he himself might be carrying too, but it'd probably be in the wife's purse.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - 1972

John Francis's car, heading into Manhattan.

FRANK V/O

You never got a lot of advance notice. And all you knew was your part of it, since three people can keep a secret only if two of them are dead.

INT. JOHN FRANCIS'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - 1972

Frank and John Francis, not talking as John drives.

FRANK V/O

John the Redhead only knew he was going to drop me off, circle the block, and pick me up.

EXT. LITTLE ITALY - NIGHT - 1972

It's 4:00 am. Umberto's Clam House is the only place open this late. Crazy Joey's Lincoln pulls up in front. He climbs out with his wife Sina, her 12-year-old daughter Lisa, his sister, and his bodyguard.

FRANK V/O

You want to take out the bodyguard first. Not kill him, just disable him. You got no argument with him, so not in the face or chest.

The Gallos and the bodyguard disappear into Umberto's.

FRANK V/O

Sometimes with something like this you want to go to the bathroom first.

John Francis pulls the car to the curb a block away. Frank gets out and the car pulls away.

FRANK V/O

It gives you a chance to make sure nobody followed you in. It also gives you a chance to make sure nobody's in the bathroom you have to worry about.

Frank walks toward Umberto's Clam House.

FRANK V/O

It also gives you a chance to go  
to the bathroom. You don't want  
to be uncomfortable.

Frank opens the Mulberry Street door of Umberto's -

FRANK V/O

But I went before and in a place  
this small, this late, you may as  
well just get to work.

INT/EXT. UMBERTO'S CLAM HOUSE - NIGHT - 1972

Frank steps inside. Notes the bodyguard at one table,  
and Gallo, his wife and sister and the little girl at  
another.

Frank walks toward the tables and shoots Pete the Greek  
in the thigh with the .38. Gallo's wife and sister dive  
for cover, pulling the girl down with them.

Gallo pushes away from the table. Frank fires, hitting  
him in the elbow. As he runs for the door, Frank shoots  
him in the back. He collapses on the sidewalk and Frank  
puts two more in him, then walks up the block just as  
John Francis pulls around it. He gets in the car.

EXT. YONKERS - LATER - DAWN - 1972

Frank throws the .38 into the Hudson while John Francis  
waits in the car.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MORNING - 1972

A TV report on the hit at Umberto's. Frank's not  
watching it, he's making cornflakes.

DOLORES O/S

Peggy, let's go.

Frank turns and sees Peggy, now about 22, behind him.  
Neither says anything about the news report or anything  
else. She just leaves.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - OHIO - DAY - 1975

Frank washes his hands in the men's room. Comes out and  
past Russell on a pay phone.

He can't be sure but it seems Russell maybe stops talking to whoever he's talking to until Frank is out of earshot. He joins Irene and Carrie at a table.

INT. LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY - DAY - 1972

Jimmy is escorted down the cell block by guards.

FRANK V/O

What can I say. The guy organized a prison. Give him six more months in there and he would have got them a pension plan.

EXT. LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY - DAY - 1972

Jimmy's lawyer, Bill Bufalino, stands with his client before reporters and photographers as he's released from prison.

HOFFA

The first thing I'm going to do is register with the Federal Probation Office, as I'm required to do. Then I'm going down to Florida with my wife to get some sun.

REPORTER

Any plans after that?

HOFFA

Yeah. Take back control of my union.

EXT. LUMS - MIAMI - DAY - 1972

Frank waits at the pick-up counter of a hotdog place. A TV by the grill - like every TV in America - reports on the arrest of burglars at the Watergate.

FRANK V/O

And the first thing I did was pick us up some chili dogs from Lums, which Jimmy loved almost as much as ice cream.

Frank watches as his order is being cooked.

FRANK V/O

The secret is they steam them in beer. There's not a better hotdog in America.

INT. JIMMY'S CONDO - MIAMI - DAY - 1972

The Watergate break-in report on the TV here, too, as Frank and Jimmy eat their chili dogs. But Jimmy's less interested in that than the current Teamsters newsletter he's reading. Jo, just in from the pool, is making herself some lunch.

HOFFA

What am I going to do with Fitz.

He tosses the newsletter to Frank. A cover photo shows Fitzsimmons accepting some award.

HOFFA (CONT'D)

He actually thinks he runs things? I appointed him! He didn't win any election! Now he thinks he's somebody? Accepting fuckin awards?

Jo comes over with her lunch to join them.

FRANK

He's very popular with certain people.

HOFFA

Of course he is! He loans money to every goombah who asks. If the banks did that - can you imagine? - we'd have a financial crisis.

FRANK

It don't matter. You run against Fitz and you win hands down.

JO

You've got the Southwest and Central locals locked up. All you need is enough votes in the Northeast and you can win it all.

FRANK

(to Jo, offering her a chili dog as Hoffa continues to talk)  
Sure you don't want one?

JO

No. No thanks.

HOFFA

Yeah, I just can't believe I've got to go to that prick Tony Pro to get them.

Frank nods, but his silence says something.

HOFFA

What.

FRANK

Like I said, Fitz is popular.

HOFFA

Wiseguys don't run this union!

FRANK

With Fitz, they do.

JO

But once you're back as President you can fire anybody, right? You can even fire Tony Pro.

HOFFA

That's right.

JO

You can even watch him clean out his desk so he doesn't steal the pencils.

HOFFA

(to Frank)

See that. Everybody thinks she's the nice one and that I'm the bad guy.

(kisses her cheek)

It's just the opposite. I'm the nice guy and she's the killer. I hate I gotta deal with that cocksucker - he's fucked everything up.

FLASHCUT TO

Tony Pro attacking Jimmy over the ice cream in the prison cafeteria -

And right back here, to the CONDO -

HOFFA

I know that cocksucker is campaigning for Fitz on the sly.

FRANK

It's because of his pension.

HOFFA

Because of the pension he doesn't deserve.

FRANK

He still got a lot of votes over there.

HOFFA

Because of me! I gave him that power! Now I got to make peace with the cocksucker? I gotta ask him to endorse me? I hate the idea of that.

FRANK

Without Pro's locals, Fitz loses.

JO

There's no doubt about that.

Jimmy tries to picture sitting down with Pro, and it's enough to ruin his otherwise nice Lum's lunch.

HOFFA

If I sat down with him, would you come along?

FRANK

Of course.

INT. PRIVATE CLUB - MIAMI - DAY - 1972

Frank and Jimmy wait at a table for Tony Pro to show up. Jimmy checks his watch. Looks at Frank.

HOFFA

Fuck it. Let's go.

FRANK

Let's give him a few more minutes.

HOFFA

This isn't right. You don't do this. You don't make a man wait.

FRANK

I know.

HOFFA

The only time you do is when?  
When you want to say something.  
When you want to say, Fuck you.  
That's the only time.

Frank nods. They wait, Jimmy getting madder by the second.

Finally, a white Cadillac pulls up out front and Pro, wearing shorts and a short-sleeve shirt, comes in with his cousin-in-law 'Tony Jack' Giacalone, who, unlike Pro, is wearing enough clothes to conceal a piece, and join Jimmy and Frank at the table.

PRO

Can you believe this weather?  
People are freezing to death in  
New York and look at us. It's 80  
outside. It's perfect. Why we  
don't live here year-round is what  
I want to know.

HOFFA

It's summer.

PRO

What?

HOFFA

It's summer. People aren't  
freezing to death in New York.

PRO

In my mind it's always 8 degrees  
in New York. I'm making a point.

Jimmy regards Pro's casual attire and his tan.

HOFFA

This is how you dress for a  
meeting?

PRO

(re: Hoffa's clothes)  
This is how you dress in Florida?  
In a suit?

HOFFA

For a meeting, if it's Florida or  
Timbuktu. And you're late.



PRO  
What?

HOFFA  
You're late.

PRO  
There was traffic.

HOFFA  
I've never been late for a meeting  
in my life.

PRO  
(to his cousin-in-law)  
Wasn't there traffic?

TONY JACK  
There was.

HOFFA  
I've never waited for anybody  
who's late more than ten minutes.

PRO  
I'd say fifteen. Fifteen is  
right.

HOFFA  
No. Ten.

PRO  
I don't think so. Ten is not  
enough. You have to take traffic  
into account.

HOFFA  
That is taking traffic into  
account. That's why it's ten.

PRO  
I still say fifteen.

HOFFA  
Ten.

PRO  
Fine. We disagree on that.

HOFFA  
More than ten is saying something.  
Are you saying something to me.

PRO

I'm here. That says what it says.  
What can I do for you?

Jimmy can barely think straight as mad as he is about Pro being late, but eventually collects himself.

HOFFA

I want to ask you for your  
endorsement (for) -

PRO

Wait, before you tell me, let's  
get the other thing straightened  
out.

HOFFA

I can't do anything about your  
pension. Not with Fitz in there.  
With Fitz there, you should talk  
to Fitz about it.

PRO

I did. He says he'll take care of  
it. No questions asked. You  
wouldn't do that, but he will. I  
meant the other thing.

HOFFA

The other thing.

PRO

You know.

HOFFA

I don't know.

PRO

Your apology.

HOFFA

My apology. For what.

PRO

For what you said when you were  
sitting there eating your fucking  
ice cream like some fucking king.  
That was an ethnic slur - "you  
people."

Jimmy just looks at him. Then -

HOFFA

I'll apologize for that - after  
you apologize for being late - you  
mother fucking wop cocksucker.

Now Pro just looks at Jimmy while Frank shakes his head  
wearily. Eventually -

PRO

I'll apologize for being late -  
after I kidnap your granddaughter,  
rip her guts out and send them to  
you in a fuckin envelope.

Jimmy goes for him. Frank and Tony Jack try to pull them  
apart - like the guards did in the prison cafeteria -  
but, just like then, it isn't easy.

INT. CAR - MOVING - MIAMI - DAY

Frank drives Jimmy back to his condo after the disaster  
with Pro. They drive in silence. Then -

HOFFA

You think Russell would do  
something about the Little Guy?

FRANK

That would be complicated.

HOFFA

I know, but maybe you could talk  
to him. Have a conversation. See  
what he says.

EXT. HARLEM - NIGHT - 1972

Frank and Russell climb out of Frank's car and head for  
a storefront on 115th Street - the Palma Boys Social Club  
- outside which some Genovese guys hang out.

INT. PALMA BOYS SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT - 1972

Frank and Russell share a table with Anthony Fat Tony  
Salerno.

SALERNO

I don't approve of what Pro  
said to Jimmy. Who talks like  
that about a man's grandchildren?  
That's not right.

(MORE)

SALERNO (CONT'D)

But Pro isn't nobody, Jimmy knows that. I'm not going to tell him what he can and can't say.

BUFALINO

He's very upset, I understand.

SALERNO

I'm sure he is. But Jimmy says things too he shouldn't sometimes. Somebody should calm him down.

Frank looks to Russell.

FRANK

I don't know what to tell him to calm him down.

SALERNO

I don't know if it will calm him down but you can tell him I always liked him and won't stand in his way trying to get his job back.

INT. HOFFA'S DC HOTEL ROOM - DAY - 1972

The TV is on, but Jimmy and Frank aren't watching it.

HOFFA

That doesn't calm me down. Not standing in my way is not the same as doing something about a fucking out of control lunatic.

FRANK

He's not nobody, The Little Guy.

HOFFA

He's a cocksucker. Fitz is a cocksucker. I'll deal with both these cocksuckers myself.

EXT. TEAMSTERS' WXDC HEADQUARTERS - DAY - 1973

Jimmy, always a magnet for reporters, stands outside what used to be his office building, giving a televised interview.

HOFFA

This used to be my office. Frank Fitzsimmons travels around the country to every goddamn golf course there is. Who is he to run around with Nixon and the Attorney General?

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY - 1973

Fitz plays golf with Richard Nixon, John Mitchell and Tony Pro.

HOFFA (OVERLAP)

He does this and collects a full-time salary. How do you do that? There's not enough hours in a day. I went to prison for fraud; this is fraud what he's doing.

EXT. DETROIT RIVER MARINA - DAY - 1973

A man and his wife walk along a dock carrying fishing tackle and a cooler.

FRANK V/O

Fitz responded to Jimmy by sending a message to Jimmy's old friend, Dave Johnson.

As they near their 45-foot cabin cruiser, it suddenly blows up -

INT. HOFFA'S DC HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - 1973

A report on the TV shows the aftermath of the Dave Johnson boat bombing. To Frank -

HOFFA

This is how Fitz says he wants Dave to step down so his son can run Local 299? By blowing up Dave's boat? This is how I say no to Little Fitz.

EXT. NEMO'S BAR - DETROIT - EVENING - 1973

Fitz and his adult son Richard comes out of Nemo's Bar. As they walk toward Little Fitz's white Lincoln, it blows up, knocking them both off their feet.

INT. LOCAL 299 - DETROIT - DAY - 1973

Josephine Hoffa puts personal items from her desk into a file box.

HOFFA (OVERLAP)  
This is how Big Fitz says he  
doesn't like who I say runs the  
299?

EXT. LOCAL 299, DETROIT - DAY - 1973

She puts the file box in the trunk of her car and climbs in behind the wheel.

HOFFA (OVERLAP)  
Firing my wife from her forty-  
eight-fucking-thousand-dollar-a  
year union job?

Her hand shakes as she turns the key in the ignition, but the car doesn't blow up.

INT. HOFFA'S DC HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - 1973

Jimmy paces back and forth, a ginger ale in his hand, paying no attention to the Watergate hearings on the TV.

HOFFA  
Fine. Fuck them all.

Frank is a little distracted by the Watergate witness. E. Howard Hunt according to the TV chyron.

HOFFA  
What're you looking at.

FRANK  
It's Big Ears.

HOFFA  
What? Who? His ears don't look  
so big.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY - 1973

Jimmy is the guest on a news program.

HOFFA  
Frank Fitzsimmons has sold this  
union out to his underworld pals.  
(MORE)

## HOFFA (CONT'D)

The mob controls him, which means it controls our Pension Fund. I'm talking about a billion dollars in low and no-interest loans this man has given to known racketeers for their illegal enterprises. Not anymore. It's time the rats abandoned ship.

INT. PALMA BOYS SOCIAL CLUB - DAY - 1973

Salerno, Russell and Frank at Salerno's table again.

SALERNO

Is he serious?

BUFALINO

He doesn't mean any of this.

SALERNO

Maybe he got religion in prison.

BUFALINO

He didn't.

SALERNO

People do. Remember Whispers. The other Whispers.

BUFALINO

Not Jimmy. It's all for the publicity. He's running for office. He's putting on a show.

SALERNO

I don't know. When I hear a thundering stampede I think of getting run over by hoofs. Maybe he means what he says.

BUFALINO

He's campaigning. He'll say anything.

SALERNO

I don't care. I don't like it. It's no good. Talking like that. Maybe he should cash in that pension and spend more time with his grandchildren.

Like the last time, Salerno looks to Frank.

SALERNO

Word should get back to him.

INT. HOFFA'S DC HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - 1973

HOFFA

Who said that?

FRANK

It doesn't matter. It was said.

HOFFA

Was it Russell?

FRANK

No.

HOFFA

Was it the Little Cocksucker from the Miami Fiasco?

FRANK

No.

HOFFA

Then who.

FRANK

The other Tony.

HOFFA

Which other Tony? They're all named Tony. What's the matter with Italians - they can only think of one name.

FRANK

Salerno.

That Tony means something to Jimmy. It gives him pause. But not enough to convince him to change what he's doing.

HOFFA

I don't care who said it, they're not going to shut me up. Somebody can tell him that.

INT. PALMA BOYS SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT - 1973

Back at the same table with Salerno and Russell. Fat Tony looks at Frank -



SALERNO

He said that?

(Frank nods)

Before he says things like that,  
he should remember: Crazy Joe  
liked to make a lot of noise too.  
Somebody should tell him that.

INT. HOFFA'S DC HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - 1973

Jimmy eating some room service ice cream. Watergate  
hearings on the TV.

HOFFA

He said that? This fuckin  
guinea said that? That does it.  
I'm never retiring. Somebody can  
tell him that.

FRANK

I have, Jimmy. Over and over.

HOFFA

Then there's nothing more to talk  
about. Let me enjoy my ice cream.

Jimmy spoons at his ice cream. Frank glances at the TV,  
though not really to watch it. Eventually -

HOFFA

What.

FRANK

What?

HOFFA

You're thinking something. What  
is it?

FRANK

It's not the right time.

HOFFA

What isn't.

FRANK

(pause)

The Local's putting together a  
testimonial dinner for me. I was  
thinking of asking if you might  
present the award.

HOFFA  
Who's going to be there?

FRANK  
Everybody.

HOFFA  
Tony, Tony, Tony and Tony.

FRANK  
(nods)  
Everybody from Downtown.

Jimmy knows he won't exactly be safe at a place with "everybody" there.

FRANK  
It's not a good idea right now.  
I understand.

HOFFA  
No, I don't give a fuck who's there. They're not going to keep me away from your big night. These cocksuckers. You deserve this. I'd be honored. I'll be there.

Jimmy thinks about it a moment longer, then glances to the TV. John Dean testifying, his wife sitting stoically behind him.

HOFFA  
Good looking broad, that Mo Dean.

EXT. THE LATIN CASINO - NEW JERSEY - NIGHT - 1973

The Vegas-style supper club looks like it was plucked off Fremont Street and dropped here, but in fact was just moved five miles from Philly across the Delaware River.

Usually it's someone like Al Martino or Dean Martin or Liberace on the marquee, but tonight it reads: 'Frank Sheeran Appreciation Night.'

INT. THE LATIN CASINO - NIGHT - 1973

We come past a poster on an easel with Frank's picture on it and make our way into a banquet room, past an open bar, follow waiters serving dinner to 1,500 people. At the microphone -

MCCULLOUGH

We've got a great turnout for Frank tonight, because Frank's a man with a lot of friends. From his army buddies who fought with him in Italy under General George Patton, to the drivers, national organizers, business agents, local presidents, joint council chairmen and regional trustees. Tonight, we're all "Friends of Frank's", like NAACP president, Cecil Moore; District Attorney, Emmett Fitzpatrick; Philadelphia Mayor, Frank Rizzo...

As he continues introducing the dignitaries on the dais with Frank, a title comes up on screen -

**Roofers Union President John McCullough, shot six times in the head in his kitchen, 1980.**

MCCULLOUGH

And of course, our featured speaker, James Riddle Hoffa. Meanwhile, outside, in the trees, we've got the FBI.

INT. THE LATIN CASINO - CONTINUED - 1973

Waiters sets down plates of prime rib in front of -

Russell, Angelo Bruno, Tony Salerno and Tony Pro and their wives at one table.

Skinny and other mid-level Philly guys and their wives at another.

Frank's wife Irene and his four grown daughters at another table with Jimmy's wife Jo and theirs, Barbara and James P. Hoffa, and foster son Chuckie - Irene and Jo marveling at how big each others' kids have gotten.

Russell and Salerno regard Jimmy cutting into his prime rib on the dais next to Frank.

SALERNO

He's not even the goddamn president and he's holding up people's loans.

BUFALINO

We sure? How?

SALERNO

He's using his pension fund trustees - his guys to hold back loans for a new hotel in New Orleans for Carlos and loans to build up Caesar's on the Strip.

BUFALINO

What about Fitz? He's gotta be able to help.

SALERNO

The money comes through the trustees. They gotta sign off. They're supposed to rubber stamp whatever Fitz says, except Jimmy's got a couple of them to stop rubber stamping.

BUFALINO

Son of a bitch.

SALERNO

He said to somebody, once Fitz is out and he's in, he's going to call in old loans. Real estate, casinos, whatever it is, you don't pay him the full thing and interest in two seconds, he's taking them over.

BUFALINO

He said that?

SALERNO

Who does he think he is, Castro?

Hoffa can't hear what they're saying down there, but doesn't shy from looking them in the eye when they look up at him.

INT. THE LATIN CASINO - LATER - NIGHT - 1973

As dessert is served, a line of fishnet-stockinged dancers high-kick on stage.

Peggy, at the Sheeran family table, glances from the dancers to a corner of the room Russell has found where he can speak to Jimmy in confidence.

BUFALINO

I don't understand why you're doing this. You don't need the money.

HOFFA

It's not about money.

BUFALINO

Then I don't understand what all this talk is about.

HOFFA

It's my union.

BUFALINO

I don't know. It seems maybe it's about something else.

Nothing from Jimmy.

BUFALINO

Some people - not me - are a little concerned. Some people - not me - feel you - might be -

HOFFA

Might be -

BUFALINO

Demonstrating a failure to show appreciation.

HOFFA

I'm not showing appreciation?

BUFALINO

Some people - not me - might think so.

HOFFA

I went to school for five fuckin years. I didn't name one fuckin name.

BUFALINO

I know.

Jimmy glances over to where Tony Pro is talking to Salerno at his table.

HOFFA

I had to sit there listening to that whining cocksucker from New Jersey when all I wanted was to eat my ice cream in peace.

BUFALINO

I know.

HOFFA

This cocksucker shows up to a meeting fifteen minutes late in fucking shorts. Who wears shorts to a meeting?

BUFALINO

I know.

HOFFA

I'm not showing appreciation?

BUFALINO

According to some people - not me.

HOFFA

Fuck them. Nobody threatens Hoffa.

As Jimmy walks away, everything in room slows down. From the dais, Frank watches, more than a little concerned.

FRANK V/O

Jimmy shouldn't have walked away first. He should have let Russell walk away.

Russell just stands there, looking after Jimmy, no doubt thinking the same thing.

INT. THE LATIN CASINO - LATER - NIGHT - 1973

Russell, Salerno and Pro watch Jimmy up at the podium, finishing his presentation to Frank -

HOFFA

Frank has devoted his life to this union. As a driver, as an organizer, as a mediator - he's been tireless in his service to the working men and women of this country.

(MORE)

## HOFFA (CONT'D)

He also holds a record you may not know, which I don't think anybody will ever beat: Most arrests on a picket line - 26 times in 24 hours - beating my record!

The guests applaud and laugh.

## HOFFA

I've known Frank a long time. I respect him. I rely on him. He is a union man to his bones, and he's my friend. I'm honored to present this award - and this beautiful watch - to Frank Sheeran.

Frank joins him at the podium as everyone applauds. Jimmy straps a gold diamond-encrusted watch on his wrist, pats him on the back, turns the microphone over to him.

## FRANK

Thank you, Jimmy. Thank you all. Thank you to my wife Irene and my lovely daughters, Maryanne, Dolores, Connie - Peggy - for putting up with me all these years.

Three of his daughters are smiling. Peggy isn't.

## FRANK

And to Jimmy. I can't tell you what this means to me to get this honor from you. Jimmy's the only guy to get the job done and I promise all my support and help to you, Jimmy.

(mild applause)

Russ bet me I was going to mess up my speech... so all I can say is, thank you all from the bottom of my heart. I know I don't deserve all this tonight. But I have bursitis and I don't deserve that either.

(laughs)

See Russ, I didn't mess up my speech.

Everyone laughs.

INT. THE LATIN CASINO - LATER - NIGHT - 1973

A photographer motions Frank and Jimmy to stand together for a picture -

HOFFA

Look at all these people who came out for you. Even the mayor. I truly had no idea you were this strong.

FRANK

It's a free steak and an open bar.

HOFFA

No, they're here for you, my friend.

The camera flashes.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Couple more, please.

FRANK

I'm sorry Pro's here.

HOFFA

You have no control over that.

The camera flashes.

HOFFA

I really do appreciate all the support you've given me, Frank. I mean it. It's not just words. I'm glad you're on my side.

Frank forces a smile for the photographer as the camera flashes again taking a photo of Frank with Jimmy, another with Cecil Moore, another with Mayor Rizzo, another with Jimmy's kids.

INT. THE LATIN CASINO - LATER - NIGHT - 1973

Jerry Vale's singing 'Spanish Eyes' as couples dance.

Jimmy's dancing with Frank's daughter Peggy, and each time they turn, she looks over at -

Russell and Salerno looking right at her - or rather at Jimmy - as they quietly converse at their table. Salerno doesn't look happy, gets up and leaves, followed by Pro.



INT. THE LATIN CASINO - LATER - NIGHT - 1973

Back at the Sheeran family table, Peggy's watching her father with Russell who have found a semi-private spot to talk across the room.

BUFALINO

I didn't want to do this in front  
of everybody.

He hands Frank a small jewelry box. Inside it, Frank finds a gold ring with a gold coin on top.

BUFALINO

Only three people in the world  
have one of these, and only one  
of them is Irish. I have one.  
Angelo. And now you.

(pause)

You know what this means.

Frank does. It's as close to a made-man any non-Italian will ever get.

FRANK

I don't know what to say.

BUFALINO

Put it on. Let's see if it fits.

Frank slips the ring on. It fits. Jerry Vale starts another song.

BUFALINO

There's something else. It just  
got out of hand with your friend.  
Some people have a serious problem  
with him. Talk to your friend.  
Tell him, it's what it is.

Frank isn't sure he heard right.

FRANK

It's what it is?

BUFALINO

Yeah. Talk to him.

FRANK

I'll do my best. You know  
yourself, Russ; he's tough to talk  
to.

BUFALINO

He's got no choice. It comes from high up.

FRANK

Jimmy's pretty high up himself.

BUFALINO

You're dreaming, my friend. If they can take out the President they can take out the president of a union.

And, as it's supposed to work, Russell walks away first.

INT. THE LATIN CASINO - LATER - NIGHT - 1973

As the dancing continues, Frank and Jimmy, off by themselves, talk.

FRANK

I just spoke to Russell. He just spoke to Tony. He means what he's saying.

HOFFA

Who? Russell?

FRANK

Tony.

HOFFA

Well, I mean what I say. He can't seem to get that through his fat fuckin Sicilian head.

Jimmy notices how ashen-faced Frank looks.

HOFFA

Don't look so concerned.

FRANK

I'm a little concerned.

HOFFA

They should be concerned, not you.

FRANK

They are. They're more than a little concerned. There's widespread concern.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tony told Russell to tell me to tell you what it is.

Jimmy looks at Frank a bit stunned finally.

HOFFA

They wouldn't dare.

FRANK

Don't say that, Jimmy.

HOFFA

Something funny happens to me, I got stuff ready to go. To the press. To the right people. They do something to me, something is gonna be done to them, and those guinea motherfuckers know that. They know I know things that I know. They know I know things they think I don't know.

FRANK

Jimmy, what am I supposed to do. I got to go back and tell the old man - what. That you're still not listening to him? He ain't used to people not listening to him.

HOFFA

Neither am I.

Frank has run out of ways to make him see.

FRANK

Then I don't know, you should maybe keep some bodies around for protection.

HOFFA

I'm not going that route, they could go after my family. You should keep some bodies around, they could go after you since you're with me.

Frank isn't sure who he's with anymore, so caught in the middle.

HOFFA

Tell Russ I got nothing but respect for him. I would never hurt him. But this is my union.

Jimmy leaves him to go to the Sheeran family table.

HOFFA

You know what I love, Peggy?

PEGGY

Ice cream.

HOFFA

More than ice cream. You. Let's dance.

INT. THE LATIN CASINO - LATER - 1973

Jimmy dancing with Peggy. Frank, at his family's table now, watches them, a more-than-a-little-concerned look on his face, though Peggy, noticing it, can't imagine why.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY - 2000

The same concerned look on Frank's face here. Then -

FRANK

The wedding was all well and good, but the real point of our trip to Detroit was a peace mission.

EXT. GAS STATION - OHIO - DAY - 1975

An attendant checks the oil. The women are buying cigarettes from a machine while Russell buys some candy from another. Frank's making a call in a phone booth.

INTERCUT with Jimmy at his Lake Orion house outside Detroit.

FRANK

I'm with the old man. We're driving up. He hopes this thing can be worked out.

HOFFA

What'd he say?

FRANK

He said let's work this thing out. Sit down after the wedding and work it out.

HOFFA

I'm not going to the wedding.  
Too many people I don't like are  
going to be there.

FRANK

We could do it at your place if  
you want.

HOFFA

At the lake, huh.

FRANK

Or anywhere.

HOFFA

From day one I wanted to work  
this out.

FRANK

I know.

HOFFA

From day fucking one.

FRANK

I know.

HOFFA

Just you two, right? Not the  
Little Guy.

FRANK

Of course the Little Guy.

HOFFA

No. Just the three of us.

FRANK

There's no point just the three of  
us.

HOFFA

I'm not sitting down with that  
cocksucker.

FRANK

It's time to sit down, Jimmy.  
Everybody says so.

HOFFA

Not with him.

FRANK  
You're making me work hard.

HOFFA  
Just us.

Jimmy hangs up. Frank lets himself out of the booth. Russell comes over unwrapping a candy bar.

BUFALINO  
What'd he say?

FRANK  
He's thinking about it.

BUFALINO  
That's good. That's progress.  
You want half of this Milky Way?

EXT/INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - OHIO - DAY - 1975

The Sheerans and Bufalinos checking into a Howard Johnson's motel.

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - OHIO - LATER - DAY - 1975

Russell hangs up a pay phone and crosses a patio past Irene and Carrie wading in the pool with swimming caps on to where Frank's at a patio table with a Tab, sits.

BUFALINO  
You should give Jimmy another call, don't you think? See if he's thought about it.

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - OHIO - LATER - DAY - 1975

Frank on the same pay phone near the pool Russell was on, again INTERCUT with Jimmy at his Lake Orion house -

HOFFA  
When you getting in?

FRANK  
Tomorrow morning.

HOFFA  
Good. I changed my mind about the other thing.

FRANK

You did?

HOFFA

I'm meeting with the Little Guy tomorrow afternoon.

FRANK

With the Little Guy.

HOFFA

Tony Jack set it up.

FRANK

With the Little Guy. Where?

HOFFA

In public, where do you think. The Red Fox. On Telegraph. You know it?

FRANK

Tony Jack is Pro's cousin.

HOFFA

They're all fucking cousins, what are you going to do. But Jack's okay. I talked with him several times after the Fiasco-In-Miami.

FRANK

I'd feel better if I was there.

HOFFA

So would I, that's why I asked when you're getting in.

FRANK

What time's the meeting?

HOFFA

2:30, and he better not be late. Or wearing fuckin shorts.

FRANK

The Red Fox.

HOFFA

On Telegraph. I'll be there at 2. So you should be there at 2.

FRANK

I'll be there at 2.

HOFFA

Good.

Jimmy hangs up. Frank hangs up, a little puzzled about Jimmy's change of heart. Walks back to the patio table.

BUFALINO

What'd he say?

FRANK

He's going to meet with Pro.

BUFALINO

That's good.

FRANK

Tony Jack arranged it.

BUFALINO

That's good.

And that's it. No other comment. Which Frank finds a little odd after all that's gone on with this.

FRANK V/O

Maybe Jimmy was counting on Pro to act like Pro so Tony Jack could see Jimmy being reasonable and Pro being unreasonable like in Miami, and tell Salerno.

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTEL ROOM - EVENING - 1975

Frank and Irene change into something nice for dinner, like people used to do.

FRANK V/O

Or maybe this wedding really was bringing everybody together.

There's a knock on the door. Russell and Carrie - dressed nicely, too - Russell holding the bag with a loaf of prosciutto bread in it. As they all leave -

FRANK V/O

Whatever it was, you'd think Russell would've asked when the meeting was, where it was, whether he was supposed to come or not. Something.

The door closes. We remain in the empty motel room.



FRANK V/O  
But he didn't ask anything.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - OHIO - NIGHT - 1975

Carrie and Irene sit alone at the best table in the restaurant, sipping cocktails and smoking like you used to be able to do.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - SAME TIME - 1975

Russell, who owns the place, or part of it, prepares his special salad dressing in the restaurant's kitchen, mixing olive oil, balsamic and ginger root, the loaf of prosciutto bread next to it.

BUFALINO  
By the way, we got a little change in plans. We're going to hang around here tomorrow morning and drive up in the afternoon.

FRANK  
I told Jimmy we'd be there in the morning.

BUFALINO  
I know.

FRANK  
That I'd be at the meeting with him and Pro.

BUFALINO  
I know.

Frank does okay not showing it, but is reeling from Russell telling him he's not going to let him be with Jimmy at the meeting.

BUFALINO  
We did all we could for the man, Cheech.

Russell looks to Frank for a nod that he understands, but Frank doesn't nod. Russell swirls the salad dressing in the jar around and dips a finger in to taste it.

BUFALINO  
Don't call him.

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - 1975

Frank lies awake in bed next to his sleeping wife, staring at the phone on the night stand next to him.

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S LOBBY - EARLY MORNING - 1975

Frank comes down to the breakfast room. Russell is the only other guest there this early, filling a plastic bowl from an individual-serving box of cornflakes.

                                  BUFALINO  
Morning.

                                  FRANK  
Good morning.

                                  BUFALINO  
How'd you sleep?

                                  FRANK  
Fine.

                                  BUFALINO  
Want some Total?

                                  FRANK  
Okay.

Russell prepares him a bowlful.

                                  BUFALINO  
We're going up to Port Clinton today.

                                  FRANK  
I thought we were staying here.

                                  BUFALINO  
The women are staying here. We won't be gone long. Three hours tops.

They sit with their cornflakes. Russell eats his. Frank lets his get soggy.

                                  FRANK  
What's in Port Clinton?

                                  BUFALINO  
A plane.

FRANK

A plane.  
(Russell nods)  
To where?

BUFALINO

Detroit.

This isn't making any sense to Frank.

FRANK

We're going to Detroit now?

BUFALINO

You're going to Detroit now.  
Then you're coming back. Then  
we'll take our time driving up  
there. Nice leisurely drive.  
And fuckin cigarette breaks.

Frank has no idea what he's talking about, but doesn't like it, whatever it is.

BUFALINO

I got to put you into the thing,  
Frank. Otherwise you'd never let  
it happen. And it's gonna happen.

Russell looks at Frank like a father to a son.

BUFALINO

Either way, Jimmy will be gone,  
but this way, and it's only out of  
respect for me they agreed to it  
by the way, everything will be  
okay for you and Irene, because  
you're with me.

He eats his cornflakes.

INT. LINCOLN - MOVING - HIGHWAY 80, OHIO - DAY - 1975

As Frank drives, Russell sits in the passenger seat looking placidly out at the scenery through his thick glasses.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - PORT CLINTON - OHIO - DAY - 1975

They drive onto a grass airstrip on the edge of Lake Erie where a small plane waits. Frank parks, shuts it off, leaves the keys in the ignition, gets out. Russell stays in the car.

Frank climbs the steps of the plane and sits in one of its six seats. The pilot closes the door without looking at him and returns to the cockpit. As the plane begins to taxi, Frank looks out the window at the Lincoln.

EXT. MICHIGAN - DAY - 1975

The plane descends over the north shore of Lake Erie. Lands on the Pontiac Airfield.

The pilot lowers the steps and Frank climbs out and walks to a parked Ford that's empty. He gets in, finds its keys under the mat, starts it up.

INT/EXT. FORD - MICHIGAN - MOVING - DAY - 1975

Frank drives along Telegraph Road. Opens the glove compartment, notes the little .22 in it, closes it, sees Machus Red Fox restaurant up ahead, checks the gold watch Jimmy presented him with at the Latin Club: 2:05.

As he passes the Red Fox, he can see Jimmy sitting in his green Pontiac in the lot.

INT. HOFFA'S CAR - PARKED - SAME TIME - 1975

Jimmy doesn't notice the Ford pass by. He's looking at his own watch, and beginning to get annoyed Frank is five minutes late.

EXT. PONTIAC, MICHIGAN - DAY - 1975

Frank makes a left onto Seven Mile Road. Drives across a railroad bridge. Then down a residential street with old modest houses on half acre lots.

He checks an address scribbled on a Howard Johnson's napkin. Pulls over and regards a brick-and-shingled house.

He notes a Buick parked at the end of a single-lane driveway running alongside the house. Opens the glove box and takes out the .22.

He gets out of the car, shoves the pistol in his back waist-band under his jacket, climbs the steps of the house and opens the unlocked front door -

INT. HOUSE - PONTIAC - CONTINUOUS - 1975

A man on his hands and knees looks up at Frank through Coke-bottle glasses.

SALLY BUGS

Hi, Frank.

Sally has a matte-knife in his hand and uses it to cut some linoleum he's laying out on top of the wood floor of the entry.

FRANK

Sally.

Frank surveys the entry. Then walks into the adjacent living room, glimpsing as he goes two young Italian guys in the kitchen down the hall, playing cards. Sally Bugs comes over, parts the living room blinds and looks out.

SALLY BUGS

Chuckie's late.

FRANK V/O

Jimmy's son Chuckie, his foster son, he was in the thing, too, but didn't know it.

Sally Bugs sees a car pulling to the curb.

SALLY BUGS

Is that him?

It's a maroon Mercury Marquis with just the driver in it. Frank nods.

FRANK V/O

All Chuckie knew, he was picking up one of Pro's guys and me and we were all picking up his dad at the Red Fox for a meeting.

Chuckie gets out of the car. Leans against the car, waiting, wearing a wide-collared paisley shirt and gold chains.

FRANK V/O

He was in it, as you say, stupidly.

EXT. HOUSE - PONTIAC - MOMENTS LATER - 1975

Frank and Sally Bugs come out of the house and approach the Mercury.

SALLY BUGS

I'm Sally.

CHUCKIE

Hi. Hi, Frank.

FRANK

Chuckie.

SALLY BUGS

Let's go. I don't want your father yelling at me for being late. You can sit in front, Frank.

Frank doesn't want to sit in front. Sally Bugs, we may recall, strangled that poor Teamster Treasurer in a front seat. But Sally already has the car's back door open and is sliding in.

SALLY BUGS

The fuck is this?

CHUCKIE

What.

SALLY BUGS

It's wet back here.

CHUCKIE

I had a frozen fish I had to drop off to someone.

SALLY BUGS

A fish? The seat is wet from a fish?

CHUCKIE

Sorry.

FRANK

I'll sit back there.

SALLY BUGS

No, no, no, it's all right, you take the front.

As Frank reluctantly climbs into the front passenger seat, Sally Bugs lays his handkerchief on the back seat and sits on it.

INT. MERCURY - MOVING - DAY - 1975

Chuckie makes a right off Seven Mile Road onto Telegraph. Frank is still uneasy, concerned Sally might strangle him from behind.

SALLY BUGS  
What kind of fish.

CHUCKIE  
What?

SALLY BUGS  
What kind of fish.

CHUCKIE  
I don't know. A fish. To eat.

SALLY BUGS  
You don't know what kind?

CHUCKIE  
No.

SALLY BUGS  
Where'd you get it?

CHUCKIE  
At a fish place.

Frank checks his watch. It's 2:40.

EXT. MACHUS RED FOX RESTAURANT - DAY - 1975

Jimmy hangs up a pay phone behind the restaurant and heads for his Pontiac. Wearing a polo shirt and slacks there's no way he's carrying a piece. The Mercury honks. Jimmy stares at it a moment, then comes over.

CHUCKIE  
Sorry I'm late.

HOFFA  
Late? What the fuck you even doing here? Who invited you?

SALLY BUGS  
Hi, Jimmy.

HOFFA

Who the fuck are you?

SALLY BUGS

I'm with Pro.

HOFFA

You're with Pro. You're with this cocksucker who's late again? I'm not waiting for this cocksucker again. He was supposed to be here at 2:30. It's 2:40. I don't wait for anybody more than ten minutes. Mother fucking cocksucker.

SALLY BUGS

He's at the house.

HOFFA

What house?

SALLY BUGS

He's with Russ.

HOFFA

He's with Russ ... What the fuck is going on here?

SALLY BUGS

Look who's here.

Jimmy leans down to see who's in the passenger seat.

FRANK

Hi, Jimmy.

HOFFA

Frank. What the fuck's going on here? Where were you? You were supposed to be here at two. What is this?

FRANK

Russell decided to come. But not here. He doesn't know the place. It's not comfortable for him.

HOFFA

McGee is here? In Detroit?

FRANK

To help straighten all this out.

That changes things. Jimmy relaxes a little.



SALLY BUGS

We'll bring you back after to get  
your car.

Sally Bugs pushes open the back door for Jimmy to get in  
and the motion slows down -

FRANK V/O

No way in a million years Jimmy  
would ever get in a car with one  
of Pro's guys in it ... unless I  
was in it, too. Which is why I  
was in it. I made it safe.

The motion returns to normal as Sally Bugs taps the seat  
next to him.

SALLY BUGS

There was a fish in here, but I  
cleaned it up.

HOFFA

What?

SALLY BUGS

Chuckie had a fuckin fish in  
here, he doesn't even know what  
kind, but it's okay now, I wiped  
it up.

HOFFA

You put a fish in here? In your  
car?

CHUCKIE

For Bobby Holmes. Bobby likes  
fish.

SALLY BUGS

I cleaned it up, Jimmy. It's all  
right.

HOFFA

You cleaned it up, the fuck you  
know about fish? You ever caught  
a fucking fish in your life?

SALLY BUGS

No.

HOFFA

Then you don't know.

Jimmy glances off to his own car, then back to Frank again as if to say, *Promise me this is okay.* Frank nods.

FRANK

It's all right.

Jimmy finally gets into the back seat next to Sally.

HOFFA

Chuckie, never put a fish in your car, you'll never get the smell out. Unless it's wrapped up good.

CHUCKIE

I know.

The Mercury pulls out of the lot.

INT. CHUCKIE'S MERCURY - MOVING - DAY - 1975

The Mercury drives the same route Frank took earlier.

HOFFA

Frank. You couldn't come by at 2:00 and tell me this? I had to wait there forty minutes like a fuckin moron?

FRANK

I came as soon as I got in.

HOFFA

You got in this morning.

FRANK

No. Russell had some business in Port Clinton this morning.

HOFFA

This morning. Okay. But it's this afternoon. All due respect to Russ but nobody could come over at 2:00 and tell me it was 2:30? 2:40? At the very least?  
(like Sally's not there)  
And who the fuck is Pro sending a fucking errand boy.

FRANK

Sally's not staying.

HOFFA

That's right he's not staying.  
But Pro sent him is the point I'm  
making, when he should've come  
picked me up himself.

(to Sally)

Can you even see out those  
glasses?

SALLY BUGS

I can see, Jimmy.

EXT. HOUSE - PONTIAC - CONTINUOUS - 1975

The Mercury pulls into the driveway behind the Buick and the Ford and idles. Jimmy and Frank get out. Sally Bugs comes around and gets into the passenger seat.

As Chuckie backs the car out, Jimmy and Frank head for the house. Jimmy - as he always does with whoever he's with - walks ahead.

HOFFA

You got your friend with you?

Glancing back, he sees Frank touch the small of his back.

HOFFA

Good. You never know with this  
cocksucker, with or without Russ  
there.

He opens the front door and -

INT. HOUSE - PONTIAC - CONTINUOUS - 1975

As soon as he's inside, Jimmy knows there's a problem. He should hear voices - but it's quiet. And there's no one in the living room, which he can see from here in the entry. And there's this badly-cut piece of linoleum under his feet.

The motion slows to a stop.

FRANK V/O

He knew right away what it was.

FIVE QUICK VIGNETTES (1975):

A flurry of feathers: Tony Pro with his racing pigeons on the roof of Union Hall in New Jersey -

A Yankees game on a TV: Tony Salerno watching it in the Palma Boys Social Club in East Harlem -

A golf ball chipped out of a sand trap: Fitz and Nixon on a golf course in San Clemente -

Frank's Lincoln: Russell napping in the parked car on the Port Clinton airstrip -

Reflections in the Howard Johnson's pool. Irene and Carrie next to it on chaise lounges, smoking cigarettes - maybe putting suntan lotion on each other.

FRANK V/O

Just not my part of it.

BACK TO THE HOUSE - THE IMAGE UNFREEZING - 1975

HOFFA

Let's get out of here, Frank.

As Jimmy bumps past Frank to leave, grasping the knob of the door Frank just closed, Frank shoots him twice behind his right ear.

He slumps to the floor. Blood runs onto the temporary linoleum. Frank glances down the hall to see if someone is going to come kill him now - which wouldn't surprise him - but no one appears.

Frank tries to open the front door but Jimmy's body is against it. He gently tugs Jimmy away from it, gets it open, wipes the .22 with a handkerchief and sets it on Jimmy, wipes the door knob, and leaves.

EXT. PORT CLINTON AIRSTRIP - LATER - DAY - 1975

The plane lands, taxis to a stop. The pilot, again careful not to look at Frank, lowers the steps. Frank comes down them and crosses to the Lincoln, where Russell is napping.

Frank climbs in, shuts the door. Russell wakes at the sound of it. Just by looking at Frank, he can tell the little errand in Detroit has been taken care of.

Frank starts the car and they drive off to pick up their wives at the Howard Johnson's.

INT. CHURCH - DETROIT - NEXT DAY - 1975

Teamster lawyer Bill Bufalino - who represented Frank against the meat packing company long ago - and Hoffa in Nashville - escorts his daughter down the aisle.

The church is packed with friends and relatives of the bride and groom, union and mob guys, Russell and Carrie with Frank and Irene. Frank just stares straight ahead.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - PHILADELPHIA - DAY - 1975

A TV broadcasts a news report on Hoffa's disappearance. He's been missing a couple days now. Frank comes in from outside, takes his coat off, regards the TV and his wife and daughters who are watching it.

FRANK

Still no word?

Irene shakes her head no. Frank pours himself a drink.

FRANK

I should call Jo.

IRENE

You haven't called her yet?

Frank shakes his head no. Irene turns back to the TV report. Peggy doesn't. She studies her father.

PEGGY

Why.

FRANK

Why what.

PEGGY

Why haven't you called her.

The image of the family slows ...

FRANK V/O

Maybe it was I looked hard instead of worried. Or that I should have been rushing out to hurt somebody, and wasn't. Whatever it was, she knew.

The image returns to normal.

FRANK

I'll call her now.

Peggy watches her father turn and head upstairs.

FRANK (IN SYNC)  
*She stopped talking to me that  
 day. August 3rd, 1975.*

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY - 2000

Frank looks as thoughtful and concerned as he ever has.

FRANK  
 She's got a good job and lives  
 outside Philly now but my daughter  
 Peggy disappeared from my life  
 that day.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY - 1975

Alone in his bedroom, Frank sits on the edge of his bed dialing a phone. He can hear the report from downstairs faintly up here as people who know nothing theorize about the disappearance. The call connects.

FRANK  
 Jo? It's Frank.  
 (listens, nods)  
 Whatever you need, anything I can  
 do, I'm here.

She's crying now. He puts the receiver to his head like it's a gun ... then back to his ear.

FRANK  
 It's gonna be all right. I'm  
 sure he's all right.

EXT. HOUSE - PONTIAC, MICHIGAN - FOUR NIGHTS BEFORE

The two Italians who were playing cards in the kitchen carry the body, in a body bag, out the back door and dump it in the trunk of the Buick. They toss in the bloody linoleum and .22 pistol.

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - PONTIAC - FOUR NIGHTS BEFORE

They lift the body from the trunk and carry it to the back door of a funeral parlor.

FRANK V/O

Anybody that says Jimmy was shipped in a 55-gallon drum to a dump in New Jersey or to the end zone in Giants Stadium never had a body on their hands.

INT. CREMATORY - PONTIAC - FOUR NIGHTS BEFORE

They put Jimmy's body in a cardboard coffin into a cremation oven. Toss in the linoleum and the empty .22.

The gas jets burn so hot they turn everything to ash - bones, teeth - even melting the pistol and Jimmy's watch and wedding ring - and the spent bullets in his head.

The furnace finishes. The cinders of the coffin have fallen away to reveal the form of an ashy body, like at Pompeii.

The two Italians poke at it with rubber-gloved hands, reducing it to gritty sand-like ashes.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY - 2000

FRANK

It was no more complicated than that.

INT. GRAND JURY COURTROOM - DAY - 1976

Frank is being questioned by an Assistant U.S. Attorney.

FRANK V/O

Everybody who ever had anything to do with Jimmy was hauled in and questioned. And everybody took the Fifth, which is what you do.

FRANK

On the advice of counsel, I respectfully decline to answer that question under the protection afforded me by the Constitution, on the grounds that my answer might tend to incriminate me.

ASST. U.S. ATTORNEY

Let me ask you this: What color is my pen?

FRANK

On the advice of counsel, I  
respectfully decline to -

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY - 1976

Frank and his lawyer head for the back exit.

FRANK V/O

Still, everybody got indicted  
and convicted of one thing or  
another, just not for that.  
Nobody, as you know, even went to  
jail for that. And nobody talked.  
Which is unusual since usually  
three people can keep a secret  
only when two are dead.

INT. THE HOUSE IN PONTIAC - DAY - FLASHBACK - 1975

The two Italians playing cards in the kitchen -

FRANK V/O

Bruno Denzetta and Marco Rossi got  
twenty years for squeezing cash  
out of a trucking company in  
exchange for labor peace.

INT. ATTICA PRISON - DAY - 1979

Tony Pro walks down a cell block with other inmates -

FRANK V/O

Pro was convicted with them, but  
he was already back in school for  
that other matter I mentioned  
before -

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY - FLASHBACK - 1961

The man in the passenger seat finds the radio station he  
wants and sits back.

FRANK V/O

That poor union Treasurer Tony  
Three Fingers who got more votes  
than Pro, which they finally got  
Pro on.



As the nylon rope loops around the guy's neck to strangle him, Coke bottle glasses on a face come into frame.

FRANK V/O

Sally Bugs, you recall, did that one.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY - 1978

From far away, someone watches Sally Bugs walk from his car to the building.

FRANK V/O

One day he was seen walking into the Federal building.

INT. VILLA DI ROMA - NIGHT - 1978

Russell and Frank sitting together at the usual table.

BUFALINO

That by itself isn't a crime. Everybody gets called in there sometime. But Sally - who knows better - didn't tell nobody about it. Not a word to anybody. And then, you know, between one thing and another, it meant one thing: He wasn't going in there for lunch.

Frank nods. He knows he's just been told what to do by not being told not to do it.

EXT. LITTLE ITALY - NEW YORK - NIGHT - 1978

Sally comes out of the Andrea Doria Social Club on Mulberry Street. Frank and John Francis walk up to him.

FRANK

Hi, Sal.

SALLY BUGS

Hi, Frank.

Sally looks at John Francis, who he doesn't know. As he waits for an introduction, Frank shoots him twice in the head - one of the bullets shattering a lens of his thick glasses. He hits the ground and John Francis fires three shots into Sally's belly. As they walk away -

FRANK V/O

It turns out Sally did tell somebody he had to go in there. They just forgot to tell somebody else. So it was a bad hit.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY - 1978

Tony Salerno on a surgical table getting a colonoscopy.

FRANK V/O

Fat Tony Salerno they got on an income tax thing. A little while after he was diagnosed with prostate cancer.

INT. VESUVIO - DAY - 1976

Russell having what seems to be a normal conversation with another man at a table, Jimmy The Weasel Fratianno.

BUFALINO

You know there's a pork store in Walnut Creek, California, Jimmy. It's right near where you live. You ever go there?

FRANK V/O

Russell got hooked for telling Jimmy "The Weasel" to strangle Jack Napoli over 25 grand of jewelry Jack took on credit and never paid for.

EXT. PENN DRAPE & CURTAINS - DAY - 1976

Russell is escorted out in cuffs by federal agents.

FRANK V/O

Only The Weasel flipped. They called it Conspiracy to Kill a Witness, though it was Napoli who was clearly in the wrong.

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY - 1978

The conveyor draws a 1978 black Lincoln Continental into the car wash tunnel. Overhead nozzles turn on and spray the car with water.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - 1980

Frank, hand raised, being sworn in.

FRANK V/O

They brought me up on bribery  
and labor racketeering charges and  
some other things -

A title appears: **Murder, Attempted Murder, Intimidation,  
Embezzlement, Arson**

Frank in the witness box where he's been for awhile.

FRANK

I'm going to say to you one time,  
I've listened to you, now you  
listen to me. I've worked for 44  
years, and I never took one dime  
illegal off Boffa or nobody else.  
What you think don't interest me.  
All I know is I paid him. What he  
does with the money is his  
business.

EXT. CRANE COMPANY - MARYLAND - NIGHT - 1977

Silhouettes of some building cranes and other heavy  
equipment against the night sky outside Baltimore.

FRANK V/O

But all they got me for was  
blowing up the office of a crane  
company that fired two of my shop  
stewards for no good reason -

The place blows up.

FRANK V/O

And for my Lincoln.

INT. CAR WASH - DAY - CONTINUED - 1978

Frank's car inches through the car wash covered in suds.

FRANK V/O

I bought it from Eugene Boffa,  
who leased truck drivers to  
freight companies and paid them  
substandard wages, skimming the  
difference.

Frank peers through soapy windows of the car wash at his Lincoln as leather tongues shimmy and sway and push the suds around.

FRANK V/O

They said I paid under-market value for the car, and I had no receipts to prove otherwise. They said the car was a bribe to let Boffa continue to pay his non-union wages.

Frank watches the Lincoln as spray-hoses rinse it and the dryer blowers switch on.

FRANK V/O

I loved that car, but it wasn't worth the eighteen years they gave me for it.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PRISON - DAY - 1991

A prison set down amidst bare trees in Missouri.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PRISON - DAY - 1991

Bundled up against the cold, Russell, Salerno and some other old inmates in wheelchairs roll bocce balls on a snow-patched fenced-in rooftop exercise yard.

FRANK V/O

Russell had a stroke. Fat Tony Salerno couldn't control his urine anymore. My arthritis that started in the foxholes of Anzio was eating at my lower back now, and I couldn't feel much in my feet neither. I needed a cane, but they won't give you a cane in prison since you could use it as a weapon. Neurontin helped a little but it also makes you loopy.

Frank, who's getting no younger himself, watches from the sidelines.

FRANK V/O

We were all falling apart in the freezing fucking cold.

INT. SPRINGFIELD PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY - 1991

Frank comes in with a paper bag, limps across the cafeteria, sits with Russell. Seeing the bag -

BUFALINO

You got it.

Frank nods. Takes grape juice and prosciutto bread from the bag and begins breaking it into pieces. Eventually -

BUFALINO

Jimmy was a nice man. Nice family. I didn't want it to go that far.

FRANK

I know.

Frank pours two glasses of grape juice. Russell's hand tremors a bit as he dips a piece of bread in the juice.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PRISON - DAY - 1991

Frank comes out to the exercise yard as Russell in his wheelchair is being pushed by another inmate the other way.

FRANK

Where you going?

BUFALINO

To church.

FRANK

To what?

BUFALINO

Don't laugh, my friend, you'll go too, the time comes.

Frank watches Russell as his wheelchair rolls along the frozen ground.

FRANK V/O

Russell went to church. Then he went to the prison hospital. Then he went to the graveyard.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - YEADON, PA - DAY - 1995

The number of people in attendance seems too small for someone of Russell's stature, which makes sense since it isn't his funeral.

FRANK V/O

I got out that October. Irene died in December. December 23rd. Lung cancer. No surprise.

Frank stands at his wife's grave with three of his grown daughters, supporting himself on two aluminum canes like a polio victim.

Peggy's there, too, but stands apart from her sisters and father. He looks at her, but she won't look at him.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT - 1995

Frank moves around the house on his canes, emptying ashtrays of butts with his wife's lipstick marks on the filters.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY - 1996

He sits in a chair in front of a TV he's not watching, drinking wine alone.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY - 1996

He fills a plastic container marked with the days of the week with dozens of pills, gets confused and starts over.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1998

He comes past in his pajamas to go to the bathroom, negotiating a dark hallway on his canes. Trips and falls and can't get up.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - LOUNGE ROOM - DAY - 1998

The elderly men and women, dotting the rec room like checkers on an abandoned board, playing cards and dominoes and Candyland.

Frank sits apart from them in a wheelchair, the white shirt, the gold watch, the gold ring, his eyes hidden behind the aviator sunglasses.

He's been here for months. And no one but him is watching the TV with the sound down low: Images of the war in Kosovo. Bombs. Carnage. Death.

EXT. BANK - OUTSIDE PHILLY - DAY - 2000

An orderly assists Frank as he struggles out of a car with his aluminum canes.

FRANK

I got it. I'm fine. You stay here.

INT. BANK - DAY - 2000

He comes in on his canes. Stands in a short line. Looks around like he's casing the place. Makes it to the front, but lets someone go ahead of him so he can wait for a particular window.

The customer there leaves and he starts toward it. The teller, his daughter Peggy, sees him coming and puts her "closed" sign up before he gets there.

FRANK

Peggy, don't. I just want to talk to you.

She walks away from the counter toward the back. Goes through a door and closes it. The other customers look at Frank.

EXT. DOLORES'S HOUSE - PHILLY - DAY - 2000

The orderly's car, parked outside a small house. He leans against it, smoking a cigarette.

INT. DOLORES'S HOUSE - PHILLY - DAY - 2000

Frank sits with one of his other daughters - Dolores - now in her 40s.

DOLORES

What do you want me to do about it?

FRANK

Call her. Tell her I want to talk to her.

DOLORES

Talk to her and tell her what?

FRANK

I want to tell her I'm sorry.

DOLORES

For?

FRANK

I know I wasn't such a good father. I tried to be. I tried to protect her. All of you.

DOLORES

From what?

Now that he thinks about it, he's not sure what.

DOLORES

You have no idea what it was like for us. We couldn't come to you with a problem because of what you'd do. We couldn't go to you for protection because of the terrible things you'd do.

FRANK

But I was just trying to keep you from getting hurt.

Dolores regards him a moment. He looks helpless. Hapless. Hopeless. Eventually -

DOLORES

No. No. You weren't a bad father.

That's what he wants to hear, but by itself, it seems qualified, which it is.

DOLORES

We were just afraid of you.

INT. CASKET STORE - ANOTHER DAY - 2000

They build them and sell them here. It's more like a workshop inside a warehouse. The salesman used to be a rock and roll promoter, but now he does this, wearing a porkpie hat.



SALESMAN

I could sell you something for a lot of money but I'll be honest with you: It makes no sense going with anything more expensive than particle board for cremation. Will it be cremation?

FRANK

Burial.

SALESMAN

Okay, that's going to be more.

FRANK

That's okay.

Frank surveys the rows of caskets from his wheelchair, the orderly by his side.

SALESMAN

Is it for a man or a woman?

FRANK

It's for me.

His eyes settle on a metal one, green as the green on the Irish flag.

FRANK

That one.

EXT. HOLY CROSS CEMETERY - DAY - 2000

The orderly again waits for Frank outside, smoking another cigarette, idly looking off at a backhoe digging a grave. He notices a parked black car. Two men in it. Just sitting.

INT. HOLY CROSS CEMETERY - DAY - 2000

A marble wall of mausoleum crypts. Most - the good ones at eye-level or thereabouts - have names on them. A few - the undesirably-placed available ones - are bare.

FRANK (IN SYNC)

*We're all terminal. And sooner or later. Everybody put here has a date when he's gonna go. And I think... it could be... there's gotta be something somewhere.*

(MORE)

FRANK (IN SYNC) (CONT'D)

*There's gotta be something when you go cause how the hell did this whole thing start? What they taught you as a kid? People smarter than me can't figure it out. But there's gotta be something to it. So if there's something good... if it is... I want a shot at it. That's why I would never go for cremation. It's so final. That's the hardest part of anybody when they bury is when they go into the ground. Because it's so final. You know what I mean? If you go into a building. The building's there. Your crypt is there. It has to be a metal casket and they have you in the room. And all that there. It's just not as final - you're dead - but it's not as final.*

Frank stands before them, considering them. There's no good choice - or bad choice for that matter. A girl from the office with a diagram on a clipboard waits for him to decide. Doesn't rush him. Finally, he points.

FRANK

That one, I guess.

EXT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY - 2000

The same black car from the cemetery parked here now. The two men who were in it - young FBI agents - sit with Frank on the porch of the building. He actually seems fine having them here. At least they're visitors.

FRANK

I'm sorry but I have to direct you to my attorney Mr. Ragano if you want to talk about Mr. Hoffa - or any other matter for that matter. I got nothing new to say.

FBI AGENT

He's dead.

FRANK

Who's dead?

FBI AGENT

Your attorney, Mr. Ragano.

FRANK  
He's dead? Who did it?

FBI AGENT  
Cancer.

Frank didn't know.

FBI AGENT  
Everybody's dead, Mr. Sheeran.  
Russell, Angelo, Salerno, Pro,  
Dorfman, Sal Briguglio. But Mr.  
Hoffa's children aren't dead.  
They live with not knowing, and  
that's hard to do. You have  
children. You know. It's time to  
say what happened.

Frank actually seems like he might be thinking about  
telling them. But then -

FRANK  
You seem like nice fellas. And  
I appreciate you coming to see me.  
But I can't help you.

INT. CHAPEL - ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY - 2000

Frank sits in his wheelchair in the chapel of the  
assisted living facility, a few faded snapshots in his  
lap.

He slowly runs a hand through his hair as he looks at a  
snapshot of himself with Russell. Eventually - we see  
that there's a young priest with him.

PRIEST  
Do you still remember the Hail  
Mary and Our Father?

FRANK  
Say it. See if I do.

PRIEST  
Try it.  
(Frank hesitates)  
Should I say it?

FRANK  
You say it then (I'll follow) -

PRIEST

Well if you say it, I'll know  
whether you remember.

FRANK

I go so far - "Hail Mary full of  
grace, Our Lord is with thee -

PRIEST

(prompting)  
Blessed art thou -

FRANK

- amongst women -- That's about as  
far as I go.

PRIEST

You want me to say it?

FRANK

Yeah, why don't you.

PRIEST

Hail Mary, full of grace. / The  
Lord is with thee / Blessed art  
thou among women / And blessed is  
the fruit of thy womb, Jesus -

Frank joins in the prayer, saying it along with the  
Priest.

FRANK AND PRIEST

- Holy Mary, Mother of God / Pray  
for us sinners / Now and at the  
hour of our death. Amen.

FRANK

Well, I say what I know - forgive  
me for not knowing the other half.  
The intention is there.

Silence.

PRIEST

You feel nothing for what you did -  
(the killings)? [Contrition talk]

FRANK

No.

PRIEST

You don't feel anything?

FRANK

I know you're supposed to feel something. But I guess the fact that I'm here talking to you - that's something... I guess. It's a different world where I'm from. There are things you have to do. That's the life you're in. You give your word. You do the wrong thing you gotta pay - You don't know...

PRIEST

So you don't feel anything?

FRANK

No, they deserved it.

PRIEST

You feel no remorse.

FRANK

Water under the dam.

PRIEST

Nothing for their families.

FRANK

I didn't know their families. Except one...

Silence as Frank regards the photo that's now on top in his hands: One of Jimmy and Frank taken at Frank Sheeran Appreciation Night.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Did I have any choice?

PRIEST

If you had a choice, would you have done the same thing?

FRANK

Let's put it this way, if I didn't do it, nothing was gonna change. They would've done it anyway. And then done it to me, too... What kind of man makes a phone call like that?

PRIEST

What do you mean?

FRANK

That's all I can tell ya.

It kills Frank to keep looking at the photograph of Jimmy, but he forces himself to for several more moments. Nothing can dull the guilt he feels for what he did to Jimmy, and as the priest studies him, he thinks he sees something in Frank that was hidden before. Not just remorse, but some faint remnant of humanity.

PRIEST

Would you like to pray now?

FRANK

Yes.

PRIEST

God we come before you sinful and sorrowful, aware of what we have done and what we have failed to do. We ask you to help us see ourselves for who we are, just as you do, and we ask your forgiveness for anything that we might have done wrong, because we know that you are all good and all loving, and love us even when we fail.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - ANOTHER DAY - 2000

Frank sits in his wheelchair in his room, hooked up to a trolley IV, a few faded snapshots in his lap. A young nurse opens the door and comes in to check the IV and take his vitals. As she does it -

FRANK

This is my daughter Peggy.

It's the snapshot of Peggy and Jimmy at the miniature golf course. The nurse gives it a perfunctory glance.

NURSE

Is it.

Frank nods to himself.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I don't think I've met her yet.

FRANK

She hasn't been around much.

The nurse cuffs his arm to check his blood pressure. And, just making conversation, like she does with all patients -

NURSE  
She's your only child?

FRANK  
I have four daughters.

NURSE  
Really.

Frank nods. None of them have been around much. She glances down at the photo again.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Who's that with her?

FRANK  
Who's that? You really don't know?

She takes a closer look at the picture.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
That's Jimmy Hoffa.

NURSE  
Oh...

She clearly doesn't know who that is. Frank doesn't bother telling her. She puts her fingers to his wrist to check his pulse rate. He looks at the next snapshot: Jimmy and himself at Appreciation Night.

FRANK  
You only know how fast time goes when you get there.

She's used to old people saying things that make no sense, and says as much -

NURSE  
Uh-huh.

He looks at her two fingers touching his wrist like a hand of benediction.

FRANK  
Did I have any choice?

She gives him the kind of 'shhh' you give your kid to comfort their crying. But it's not that.

NURSE

I'm trying to take your pulse,  
Mr. Sheeran, please don't talk.

Silence as she counts his heartbeats... then takes her hand away and writes it down.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Okay. You're free.

He looks at her.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Until later today (when I put you through all this again).

FRANK

I'm here.

The nurse smiles and we follow her as she heads out into the corridor.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING CORRIDOR / ROOM - DAY TO NIGHT

We follow action in the corridor as we begin to hear the priest giving absolution.

Day changes to night.

From out in the corridor we're only allowed a partial view into Frank's room, and even that is intermittently obscured by nurses in white coming past.

It's as if what's going on in there is too sacred to intrude on, the priest's hands extending over Frank's head, giving him absolution, the words only sometimes audible over the routine hospital sounds.

PRIEST

...through the ministry of the Church may God give you pardon and peace, I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

FRANK

Amen.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

We find our way back into Frank's room.



PRIEST

Give thanks to the Lord, for He is  
good....

Frank doesn't remember the prayer. The priest prompts  
him.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

His mercy -

FRANK

His mercy endures forever.

PRIEST

May He bring you safely to His  
kingdom in Heaven. Amen.

FRANK

Amen.

The priest readies to leave.

PRIEST

I can come see you again if you  
want, after the Christmas  
holidays.

FRANK

It's Christmas?

PRIEST

Almost.

FRANK

Okay. I ain't going nowhere.

The priest heads out.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Father, could you do me a favor?  
Don't close the door all the way.  
I don't like that. Leave it open a  
little.

PRIEST

Sure.

From outside the room, the door starts to close, but then  
stops just short of covering up our view of Frank in the  
room.

As the priest's footsteps echo in the hospital corridor, we can just make Frank out in the sliver of light between the edge of the door and frame - alone in his wheelchair with the little stack of photographs in his lap, slowly leaving through them.