

RAGING BULL

draft by
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Chartoff-Winkler
United Artists

A BOXER:

"one that engages in the sport
of boxing" -- Webster's definition

"a man who gets paid to beat
people up" -- my definition

1 INT. "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - BACKSTAGE (1956) - NIGHT

JAKE LAMOTTA, wearing a tux, is shadow-boxing.

We are unsure where he is -- he moves in and out of the shadows. At 45, he's overweight and out of shape, but the balls of his feet still pop up and down like they were on canvas and his tiny fists still jerk forward with short bursts of light.

Jake is anxious. Nervous. Hot.

He begins to talk. He is rehearsing a nightclub monologue.

JAKE

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
It's a trill to be standing here
talking to you wonderful people.
In fact, it's a trill to be
standing! I haven't seen so many
people since my last fight at
Madison Square Garden. After
that fight, a reporter asked me,
'Jake, where do you go from here?'
I said, 'To a hospital.' I fought
one hundred and seven professional
bouts and still none of them bums
figured out how to fight me --
they kept hitting me in the head!
And that's why I here tonight...

(starts to sing)

'When the fighter's not engaged in his
employment, his employment,
Although he was Champ and quite
the rage,
He must go somewhere else to seek
employment, seek employment.
But a fighter's life is not a
bowl of cherries,
Still I'd rather have an egg
than a fist upon my face...
That's Entertainment!'

CUT TO:

2 INT. CLEVELAND ARMORY (1941) - NIGHT

Bam! Jimmy Reeves, a fast, black middleweight, jabs
LaMotta, 20 years old, in the face. Jake staggers
forward.

30

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

No matter how hard LaMotta is hit, no matter how often, he always staggers forward -- like a bull. The BELL SOUNDS.

Battered, Jake slumps on the stool in his corner.

Advertisement banners hang from the peeling walls; smoke fills the auditorium. The Cleveland Armory is just like a thousand other fight sweatboxes in a thousand other cities. There ain't much glamour here tonight, certainly no prizes. Just a chance to step into the ring for a half hour, get beat up, maybe win and at most collect a couple hundred bucks.

It's September, 1941. Europe and Asia are already at war, and things ain't none too peaceful in Cleveland. Big Mick cops, billy clubs in hand, separate the black and white sections. Young soldiers, freshly recruited, dot the hostile audience -- each screaming for a chance to step in the ring: "I'll kill that shine," "Let a man fight."

Everybody gets something out of a fight at this level; they're here to participate, not to watch. The crowd seems constantly on the move: yelling, drinking, arguing, gambling.

Freelance bookies stand in the crowd, their muscled fists wadded with dollar bills. They're already making their collections on Reeves. "That'll show you to bet on a white boy," one bookie says as the bettor asks for the odds on the next card.

Elsewhere, words are exchanged, a girl screams, and a soldier and a civilian stand and start swinging.

And in the ring: Jake LaMotta takes a swig of water and spits blood into the bucket his younger brother, JOEY, holds for him. AL SILVANI, his trainer, works the cuts.

AL

You didn't have to come to Cleveland to get beat by a mulingia, Jake!

JOEY

He's got you, Jake! Your outpointed! It's the tenth. You gotta knock him out!

The BELL SOUNDS for the tenth. Jake pulls himself up and charges at Reeves.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

Reeves slides away, jabbing, punching, piling up points.

In the second row, PETE PETRELLA, stands and yells at Jake --

PETE

A grand apiece! We got a grand
apiece on this, Jake!

Jake suddenly corners Reeves and unleashes a desperate, wild alley-fighting attack. One ferocious cut after another.

The spectators go wild -- everyone's up for the kill.

Reeves staggers, falls to the canvas.

The referee counts, "One, two, three, four." At the count of five, the BELL SOUNDS, ending the match.

Boos and cheers. The bettor scrambles back to the bookie to get his money.

Jake dances around the ring, kissing his gloves and thrusting them toward the crowd. Joey rushes out and hugs him.

The ANNOUNCER steps into the ring with the mike --

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner,
under the rules of the Boxing
Commission of the State of Ohio,
after ten rounds, by unanimous
decision -- Jimmy Reeves.

The Announcer holds up Reeves' arm as his corner tries to lift him off the canvas -- still out cold. Two attendants bring in a stretcher.

Jake is stunned. He still prances around -- now trying to figure out what happened.

Jake raises his arms in victory, and the fans go crazy, cheering, ripping chairs out, fighting with the cops, throwing bottles and junk into the ring.

A ringside official signals the organist and she starts to play "Star Spangled Banner." The rowdy soldiers, which had a moment before been screaming and swinging, now lead the crowd in singing the National Anthem. The audience settles down.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

Joey and Al (singing -- everyone was a patriot then) escort Jake out of the ring.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. JAKE & IDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake and Ida live in a sixth-floor walk-up at Webster Avenue and 169th in the Bronx. It's a rough neighborhood, inhabited primarily by welfare cases and street kids, and Jake and Ida's building is -- by the most generous description -- a tenement.

CUT TO:

4. INT. JAKE & IDA'S - DAY

Pete and Joey lean out the open living-room window of Jake's "railroad flat." Pete wears a brown pullover and black suit coat; Joey, the dandy of the family, sports a forties-style shirt-jac. They watch the street as they speak. Outside, a group of street Romeos mock fight their way down the street.

Pete throws his hands up --

PETE

Joey, I'm goin' nuts. Sweatin' my balls off for weeks in that lousy stinking gym and now my fight's been postponed because this jackass came down with the clap or somethin' and the doc says he can't fight for ten days.

Joey just shrugs.

PETE

This is for the fuckin' birds. The fightin' thing is a nice for the broads, but I ain't gettin' jack-shit for moola. Let's give it up. Who needs it? There's a semi-trailer full of cigarettes sitting in a warehouse on 190th Street right now. Between three and four this morning there ain't gonna be nobody watching it. All we gotta do is drive it from one place to another.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

JOEY
Who told you this?

PETE
Nicky Ziv.

JOEY
Fuck him. The cops are onto me 'n
Jake for a couple of old jobs as
it is -- and I ain't goin' back
inside.

PETE
You think negative. What else you
gonna do? Be a punching bag all
your life?

JOEY
I got some good fights comin' up...

PETE
(interrupting)
Yeah, for \$75 and busfare.

JOEY
... and Jake wants me to manage
him fulltime. He's starting to get
some attention now.

IDA, Jake's wife, 19, steps between them and taps Joey
on the shoulder --

IDA
There's something wrong with Jake.

Joey turns and looks at Ida -- there's no love lost
between them. In Joey's eyes, she's just a pushy Jewish
cunt who's come between him and his brother.

JOEY
What's wrong?

IDA
I don't know. He had a drink, and
now he's just sitting in the kitchen
crying.

Jake and Pete walk through the homey living room (flag
over the mantle, second-hand furniture) into the kitchen.

Jake sits at the kitchen table, drink in hand and tears
on his face.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

Joey takes the glass out of Jake's hand and puts it on the counter. Pete sits beside him.

JOEY
What's wrong, Jake?

IDA
He's just a big baby.

JOEY
(to Ida)
You shut up.

PETE
Jake?

JAKE
Awh, leave me alone.

JOEY
Com'on, Jake, what's wrong?

JAKE
(looking down)
I ain't ever gonna fight Joe Louis.

PETE
What you talking about? He's a
heavyweight.

Jake holds out his hands --

JAKE
Look at these hands. A fuckin'
girl's hands. I was born with a
girl's hands.

Jake puts his right hand on the table top and pounds it with his left fist.

JAKE
(continuing)
Goddamn pussy hands. And my arms
are too short. My legs are too
small. Even if I put on enough
weight to be a heavyweight, I'd be
too slow to fight. No matter how
big I get I'll never be big enough
to fight Louis.

(looks up at Joey)
Tell me, how in the hell am I gonna
fight Joe Louis with a fuckin'
girl's hands?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

Pete taps Jake on the shoulder and stands. He turns to Joey and says --

PETE

Maybe you're right, Joey. You should manage Jake. Somebody's gonna have to take care of him.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. GLEASON'S GYM - DAY

Gleason's, a small gym and fight club, stands on 149th and 3rd above a small sandwich shop.

Each day Bobby Gleason posts a sign alongside the door listing the fighters who will be working out. Jake's name is posted near the bottom; the other names are unmemorable.

CUT TO:

6 INT. GLEASON'S - DAY

Gleason's has a single sparring ring and ten training bags. About a dozen managers train their fighters out of Gleason's.

The hours from twelve to two are reserved for professionals and full-time fighters. For 50 cents, spectators can sit in the gallery and watch the workouts.

Jake has been sparring with a huge black man. Sweating, they both step out of the ring and pull off their head gear. There is a smattering of cheers among the remarks from the gallery.

The black man removes his special waist protector (worn because of Jake's ferocious body punching) and gives it to Joey. Joey gives him \$5 and thanks him.

Jake shadow boxes his way to the water fountain.

Nearby, SAVY, a mob trainee about 19, stands with FRANKIE, an even younger mean-streeter. They exchange small talk with trainers and fighters, then step over to Jake.

SAVY

Hey, gallow.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

Jake stares at him a second, then bounces a few short punches off the wall above the water fountain.

SAVY

(continuing; to Frankie)
This is Jake LaMotta. I wanted you to meet him. He's an important guy. He's so important he doesn't need anybody.

Frankie nods.

SAVY

(continuing)
Thinks he's gonna be middleweight champ. All by himself. Know who told me that? Pete Petrella.

FRANKIE

You mean the guy that's out on bail?

SAVY

Yeah. He took some bad advice.

Jake finally turns to face Savy --

JAKE

Get the fuck outta my face.

Joey steps over and takes Jake's arm.

JAKE

(continuing)
Slug that guy for me, Joey.

JOEY

Com'on, Jake, let's work out.
(leads him away)
He's just a wise guy. You hit him, he gets to be a big man in the mob. Go on, jump some rope.

Jake turns his anger to Joey --

JAKE

Why? Is there a rope-jumpin' contest they're givin'?

JOEY

No...

JAKE

They havin' a race?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

JOEY

No...

JAKE

Then what's with all this runnin'
and rope-skippin' shit? You wanna
be a fighter, you gotta fight.
Everybody, anywhere.

(taps him)

You ready to spar?

Joey looks around.

JOEY

I'm sure there's...

JAKE

I checked. There ain't nobody
left to spar. Let's go.

JOEY

I gotta six-rounder in two days.
I'm already in shape.

JAKE

Com'on, chicken-shit, get in the
ring. You a fighter or a talker?
Me -- I'm a fighter.

JOEY

(pissed off)

Okay, strunz, get in the ring.

Joey heads toward the locker room as Jake starts to
shadow box.

7 INT. GLEASON'S FAVORING LOCKER ROOM (LATER)

Joey emerges wearing his head gear and waist protector.
Jake is already in the ring.

Joey concentrates on his footwork, tossing a few jabs
every now and then; but Jake goes after him in his
characteristic manner -- "charge out of the corner,
punch, punch, punch, never give up, take all the punish-
ment the other guy could hand out but stay in there,
slug and slug and slug."

Joey grabs his brother in a clinch --

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

JOEY

What the fuck you doin', Jake?

JAKE

What the fuck you think?

Jake steps back and points to his glistening stomach --

JAKE

(continuing)

See this, Joey?

JOEY

See what?

JAKE

(points)

That's come. I went in the john,
came and rubbed it on my stomach.

JOEY

Huh?

JAKE

So hit it you little chicken-shit
bastard!

(starts to punch)

What I got? A baby brother without
any guts? Some finocchio?

Joey starts to swing furiously --

JOEY

You cocksucker...

JAKE

(counter punching)

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Savy and Frankie watch the LaMotta brothers slug it out.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY

The Shorehaven Pool, spick-and-span in the summer sun,
is the closest thing to a country club in the Bronx.
For a membership fee, families could get a locker and
a place to sunbathe and swim. It is always active, but
not overcrowded like the public beaches.

A few blocks away, the Jerome Avenue Elevated rattles
toward Manhattan.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

An eight-foot fence stands between the pool and the El; it keeps out the trespassers, but it doesn't keep out the noise.

Jake, wearing black trunks and bandaged hands, hangs out with the "boys" near the deep end. He's the center of attention. A father points him out to his son. A young fan calls, "Hey, Jake."

Nearby, two young punks, 13 or 14, exchange words, square off and pull tight black leather gloves (with the fingers cut off) from their trunks and start to fight. They glance at Jake for his approval. Jake and his companions watch with amusement until the pool cop hauls them away.

At the opposite end of the pool, where the girls gossip and sunbathe, Joey swaps small talk with VICKIE, a schoolgirl about 15.

Vickie is a knockout. True, her breasts aren't fully formed and she still has some baby fat on her thighs -- but, all things considered, one-to-three at Riker's seems a small price to pay for her pleasures.

Jake watches his brother with cool sibling jealousy; Joey has a way with the girls.

Joey points Jake out to Vickie and she giggles. Joey stands, grimacing as he holds his bruised side, and walks over to Jake.

JOEY

Ain't that some twist? Her name is Vickie. She says she wants to meet you.

JAKE

Me? Com'on, Joey.

JOEY

No, no. Her old man's a fight fan. He follows you. She knows all about you.

JAKE

Oh, yeah?

JOEY

Com'on, Jake, she's a nice girl.

Jake, bashful, holds his brother's arm.

JAKE

Nah. Not now.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

Jake gestures at his hands and bruised face, indicating he doesn't look proper enough to meet a girl.

JOEY

You should talk. Look at me.
(holds his side)

I got my whole fuckin' gut pushed in.

JAKE

Yeah, I wanted to 'pologize.

JOEY

For what?

JAKE

For what I said. I really didn't put no come on my stomach.

JOEY

Jesus, I knew that. Now, you gonna meet the twist or not?

JAKE

(tempted)

Nah.

CUT TO:

9 INT. INDUCTION CENTER - DAY

Vintage posters line the walls of the induction center on Whitehall Street. "I Want You." "Man the Guns." "It's a Fight to the Finish."

Jake, like the other inductees, is stripped to his shorts and socks. He is at the head of a line waiting behind a canvas curtain. All the recruits carry manila files.

O.S. a doctor calls out numbers; recruits repeat them. "Twenty" -- "Twenty," "Six" -- "Six," etc. This continues throughout the scene.

A fellow BRONX RECRUIT taps Jake on the shoulder --

BRONX RECRUIT

Hey, Jake. Jake LaMotta.

JAKE

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

BRONX RECRUIT

I saw you knock out Jimmy Edgar,
man, that was some fight. You were
holdin' the bum up.

Jake nods.

BRONX RECRUIT

(continuing)

Uncle Sam gotcha, huh? This must
be Rocky Graziano's lucky day.

Jake's face turns mean and hard at the mention of Graziano.
After a beat, Jake fights back his bitterness long enough
to say --

JAKE

I gotta do what's right for my
country.

BRONX RECRUIT

Yeah. Kick Tojo's ass back to
Tokyo.

JAKE

(joking)

You wanna be Tojo? Let's spar.
I'll give that fuckin' nip what
he deserves.

Play punches.

BRONX RECRUIT

(throws arms up --

imitates Jap)

You lin. I no fight.

Jake laughs as the DOCTOR calls out his name.

The latest recruit (having shouted his repeat number)
steps from behind the curtain and Jake steps in.

CUT TO:

10 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The Doctor takes Jake's file and walks across the room.

DOCTOR

I'm going to call out a series of
numbers, varying the sound of my
voice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I want you to repeat each number
you hear.

(turns his back)

Thirteen.

Jake does not respond.

DOCTOR

(continuing)

Nine!

Still no response from Jake. The Doctor turns and faces
him.

DOCTOR

(continuing)

Do you understand the instructions,
LaMotta?

JAKE

I don't hear too good. I got a
letter from my doctor.

He produces letter.

DOCTOR

You didn't hear the last number?

JAKE

Sine I was eight I don' hear so good.
My old man used to would pick me up
by the ears.

The Doctor looks into Jake's ear.

DOCTOR

You telling me you can't hear well
enough to fight for your country, Mr.
LaMotta?

JAKE

Huh?

CUT TO:

11 EXT. NEAL AVE. DUPLEX - DAY

Jake and Ida have moved to a brick duplex in a nicer
section of the Bronx. There's a vacant lot on either
side of the house and a Packard convertible parked
out front.

CUT TO:

12 INT. NEAL AVE. DUPLEX - DAY

Pete and Joey are playing Liar's Poker in the living room. Joey holds a dollar bill and calls out the letters --

JOEY

L -- G.

PETE

G -- A.

JOEY

You go.

PETE

Two treys.

O.S., in the kitchen, Jake and Ida are arguing --

IDA (O.S.)

All you care about are your friends! You won't even come to my sister's house. Instead, you like to hang around with criminals.

JAKE (O.S.)

They care about me!

IDA (O.S.)

Like leeches they care about you.

Pete lifts his eyes to heaven.

JOEY

(sotto voce)

That goddamn cunt.

(to Pete)

Two aces.

JAKE (O.S.)

At least I know where they are.

IDA (O.S.)

If you were more of a man you'd know where to find me -- in bed. At least I hope you keep your hand happy.

There is a loud offscreen SMACK and YELP. Pete and Joey look up as they hear Ida's body CRASH across the kitchen.

PETE

Three treys, two aces.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

JOEY

Four aces.

JAKE (O.S.)

Ida? Ida?

PETE

(to Joey)

I think you caught me.

Jake, pale, walks into the living room.

JAKE

Joey, you better come in here.

Pete and Joey tuck their bills away and step into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

13 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ida, her face bloodied, lies on the floor.

JAKE

What's wrong with her?

PETE

She looks dead.

Joey picks up a chair.

JOEY

Let me finish her off. Nobody talks to my brother that way.

PETE

(stops him)

Fuck. This is the last thing you need.

JOEY

You kill your wife and there ain't a promoter in the world who'd book you now. You can go back to peddlin' fish like the old man.

PETE

I gotta start serving my stretch next week.

JAKE

What'll I do?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

JOEY

We could roll her up in a rug and
toss her in the river. People'd
think we was just carryin' a rug.

PETE

(exasperated)

Where am I? The nut house? When
did they let you loonies out?
Whatcha gonna do when her parents
come askin? Throw them in the
river too?

JAKE

Okay, wise guy, what am I supposed
to do. Call the cops and tell 'em
I'm sorry.

JOEY

You know a doctor, Pete? Maybe we
could get some kind of death
certificate 'cause she was drinkin'?

JAKE

I wasn't drinking that much.

JOEY

No -- 'cause she was drinking.

PETE

Did you take her pulse?

Joey bends down and takes Ida's pulse.

JAKE

We could say she fell down the
stairs.

JOEY

Jake...

JAKE

Pour some more booze down her.

JOEY

She ain't dead.

PETE

Thank God.

JOEY

Must be some sort of concussion.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

PETE

Let's take her to a hospital.

They bend down to pick Ida up.

JAKE

What am I gonna say to her when she comes to?

PETE

Pisaina, that's your problem.

JOEY

Hit her again.

JAKE

Some friends you are.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY

Joey sits near the shallow end, sweet-talking Vickie.

Jake, dressed in a black double-breasted suit, white shirt and tie, waits behind the fence.

JOEY

(to Vickie)

Don't be afraid. Just say hello.

Joey leads Vickie over to Jake.

JOEY

(continuing)

Vickie, I want you to meet my brother, Jake. He's gonna be the next champ.

Jake puts his fingers through the fence.

JAKE

Joey said you wanted to meet me. Is that right? You wanted to meet me?

VICKIE

(to Joey)

I can't believe it. It's really Jake LaMotta.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

JAKE

You can't believe it? I can't believe it. When did you fall outta heaven? I ain't seen anybody as beautiful as you in my whole life. Whatcha wanna meet me for?

VICKIE

I don't know. 'Cause you're cute.

JAKE

(to Joey)

Can you believe that, Joey? She thinks this face is cute? Maybe you wanna come and watch me train sometime?

VICKIE

Yeah.

JAKE

Let's go mess around. Get dressed. I got a car.

VICKIE

Well, I guess so.
(smiles)

Sure.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SHORE ROAD - DAY

Jake drives his Packard convertible down Shore Road. Vickie sits in the passenger seat, her blonde hair blowing in the wind.

Jake watches Vickie as she licks a strawberry ice cream cone. Ice cream spatters against her face. Vickie feels Jake's eyes all over her, and loves it.

On the RADIO, The Mills Brothers sing: "You're nobody until somebody loves you."

CUT TO:

16 EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jake parks across the street from the new miniature golf course on Shore Road. These courses are becoming quite the fad, each new one trying to outdo its competition in imagination and gaudiness.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

The Shore Road Course is one of the best. The first green features a pink windmill. There's a laughing clown on the fifth, a raging volcano on the ninth, and a long green open-mouthed Chinese dragon on the eighteenth.

Jake and Vickie get out to cross the street.

VICKIE

You don't talk to me very much, Mr. LaMotta.

JAKE

I ain't ever talked to a movie star before.

VICKIE

(giggles)

I ain't no movie star. I'm just in high school.

JAKE

Oh, no? I thought you was a movie star.

A municipal bus heads toward them.

VICKIE

Jake! The bus!

Jake makes a fist.

JAKE

Hey, you don't have to worry no more about no buses. Any bus gives you trouble, I'll knock it out for ya.

The bus stops for them as they cross the street.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. FIRST GREEN - DAY

The other miniature golfers, like Jake and Vickie, are dressed in suits and dresses.

Jake sets Vickie's ball on the tee facing the windmill.

VICKIE

You go first. Let me watch how to do this.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

JAKE
 You don't get nothin' done by
 watchin'. You just gotta do it.
 Here, I'll help you.

Jake hands Vickie the putter, then moves behind her and
 puts her hand on the club.

JAKE
 (continuing)
 That's it. Just grip up a little
 tighter.

Jake's erection is growing in his pants. He shifts
 from foot to foot as her ass rubs against his crotch.

JAKE
 (continuing)
 That's it. You're gonna be real
 good at this. How does that feel?

VICKIE
 It feels real good.

JAKE
 Just keep your eye on the ball.

VICKIE
 Should I hit it?

JACK
 Just give it a nice little tap.

Vickie swings and the ball rolls into the center of
 the windmill. Vickie breaks loose and follows her ball.

Jake follows, rubbing his crotch.

VICKIE
 I can't find my ball.

JAKE
 Can you see it?

Vickie bends over and looks under the windmill.

VICKIE
 No.

Jake bends (somewhat uncomfortably) and looks.

VICKIE
 (continuing)
 Can you see it?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

No.

Vickie looks again; so does Jake -- at Vickie.

VICKIE

What does that mean?

Jake takes Vickie by the arm.

JAKE

It means the game is over.
 (throws his putter
 on the next green)
 Let's get outta here.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. WEBSTER AVE. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jake and Vickie pull up to the tenement at Webster and 169th where he and Ida used to live.

Jake dashes around the car to open the door for Vickie and they enter.

CUT TO:

19 INT. WEBSTER AVE. APARTMENT - DAY

JOSEPH LAMOTTA, SR. is finishing his Sunday with a glass of port as Jake and Vickie enter.

When LaMotta, Sr. came to America, he did all the things an enterprising immigrant is supposed to do; he worked from dawn to late at night, pushed vegetable carts through slums, lived in tenements. But the American Way never quite worked for him. In his late fifties, he sits like a monument to the dark side of capitalism; broken in body and bitter in spirit.

JAKE

Hi, Pop.

JOSEPH LAMOTTA

Mi Figumeer.

Joseph looks Vickie up and down suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

JOSEPH LAMOTTA

(continuing; in Sicilian)

Who is this woman? She looks like
a stranger to me.

JAKE

(in Sicilian)

She is no stranger. She's my
new girlfriend.

(in English)

This is Vickie, Pop. V for Victory,
how do you like that?

VICKIE

It's my pleasure to meet you, Mr.
LaMotta.

Joseph nods. Expressionless.

Jake looks over the table where his father has finished his solitary meal. The wine glass is still in Joseph's hand. Jake helps his father finish the last gulp then takes the glass away from him.

JAKE

Finish your wine, Pop. You know my
father, when he finishes his dinner,
he always likes to take a little walk.
Right, Pop?

Joseph nods. Jake holds the door open for him. The look in Jake's eyes tells the old man it's time to leave.

Joseph obliges. Jake closes the door behind him.

JAKE

(continuing)

I own this building. Used to live here.
Now I own it. Let me show you around.

Jake grasps Vickie's arm firmly and leads her toward the bedroom.

CUT TO:

20 INT. WEBSTER AVE. BEDROOM - DAY

The room is sparsely furnished. On the bureau, there is a large framed photo of the boxing brothers: Jake and Joey LaMotta.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

Jake puts Vickie on the bed and removes his tie and jacket.

VICKIE

Jake!

JAKE

It's okay. I love you. I wouldn't have to do this if I didn't love you so much.

He pushes her against the bed and starts to undo her dress.

VICKIE

But my breasts are so small...

Vickie is confused, both physically and psychologically. She's looked forward to the day when she would become a "woman," but hadn't imagined this way. But it doesn't make much difference, because what Jake's up to, by strict legal definition, is rape. Whatever it's called, Vickie wants it.

JAKE

I never seen a girl so beautiful. You're the best thing that has ever happened to me.

Vickie lays back and lets him do the work. Jake makes love like he's in the ring.

VICKIE

But there'll be blood...

JAKE

I love you so, Vickie. I love you so.

VICKIE

Oh, Jake. Oh. Ohh.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ROBINSON'S TRAINING CAMP - DAY

SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, 23, does an amazing exhibition of rope-skipping for a mob of reporters and newsreel cameramen.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

Sugar Ray is the darling of the media. Handsome, well-mannered, flamboyant, he makes good copy everytime he speaks.

Robinson's entourage waits in the b.g. -- his wife, relations, chauffeur, doctor, handlers, and dwarf jester -- all wearing white "Sugar" jackets.

Robinson tosses the rope aside, touches up his pompadour and walks toward the reporters. They all call out, "Sugar, Sugar, Sugar." He steps up to the microphone.

ROBINSON

I'm gonna give all you guys a chance, but first I want to say that I got a telegram from my good friend, Walter Winchell, who says he wishes he could be here instead of stuck in the sun in Miami.

The reporters laugh.

REPORTER #1

Aren't you worried about the LaMotta fight?

ROBINSON

As you know, this is my last fight before joining Mr. Roosevelt's forces to help fight the Nazis. You might not know that I'm giving half my purse to the new Damon Runyon Cancer Research Foundation. With the other half, I'm buying War Bonds, the best insurance for my family and my country.

REPORTER #2

But LaMotta's the only man who ever beat you. Aren't you scared of him?

ROBINSON

I wanted this quick return match so I could enter the armed forces with a clean record, and I'm confident I will.

CUT TO:

22 INT. GLEASON'S - DAY

Jake's press conference is the opposite of Sugar Ray's.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

Five reporters meander about the gym waiting for Jake to finish sparring. They are not thrilled with their assignment; Jake is not thrilled with having them there.

The gallery is spotted with the usual Bronx types. The lone exception is Vickie, dressed very well, very sensual, and quite content to watch Jake make his sparring partners' lives miserable despite their head and belly protectors.

Joey is off in a corner arguing with ONE of the REPORTERS --

JOEY

The fuckin' papers are full of Robinson and nothing on Jake -- and Jake knocked him clean outta ring in Detroit. I though we had an arrangement.

REPORTER

We do, Joey. You know we do.

JOEY

You holding me up for more loot or what?

The BELL SOUNDS ending the sparring round.

REPORTER

I can't print nothing if Jake won't give me anything.

(a beat)

Okay, I'll keep trying.

The Reporter walks over to the ring. Jake is bopping around on his feet, preparing for his next opponent.

REPORTER

(continuing)

Hey, Jake! I got some questions.

JAKE

Step into the ring, asshole.

The Reporter shrugs in Joey's direction.

JOEY

Com'on, Jake, these boys got jobs too. Just answer a few questions.

Jake steps out of the ring.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

All right, whatcha wanna know?

REPORTER

You're being talked about as the top middleweight contender. Do you think another victory over Sugar Ray will get you a shot?

JAKE

It should. But the other guys are afraid to fight me.

REPORTER

Afraid? Some people say you can't get a title fight 'cause you won't play ball with the boys who run boxing.

JAKE

You guys know more about that than me. I just fight.

REPORTER

Aren't you afraid of Sugar?

Jake points out his right cheek --

JAKE

You hit me here.

(points to left cheek)

Sugar Ray hits me here. I can't tell the difference. I just fight.

Jake turns to Vickie, smiles and prepares for his next sparring partner.

CUT TO:

23 INT. WEBSTER AVE. BEDROOM - DAY

Jake, wearing pleated dress slacks, sits on the edge of the bed examining his muscle tone.

He studies his small fists. Squeezes each knuckle. Twists his wrists. Clenches. Unclenches.

Vickie steps out of the bathroom wearing a nightie and panties.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

VICKIE

Are you sure we should be doing this?

JAKE

Come over here.

VICKIE

You said never to touch you before
a fight.

JAKE

Come here.

VICKIE

You've been good for two weeks...

JAKE

Come here.

Jake stands as Vickie steps over to him. He approaches her as he would a shrine and slowly removes her sheer nightie.

His rough hands caress her smooth skin. He glides his bruised knuckles across her shoulders.

JAKE

Take off my pants.

VICKIE

Jake...

JAKE

Do what I say.

He touches her breasts as she removes his trousers.

JAKE

Now, take off my under drawers.

VICKIE

Jake, you made me promise not to
get you excited.

JAKE

Do it, goddamn it!

She pulls off his shorts. Jake stands back.

JAKE

Now, take off your panties.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

She does.

JAKE

Now, touch me...
 (points to crotch)
 ... here.

Vickie is now getting excited.

VICKIE

Oh, Jake.

She steps up to him, caresses his broad shoulders and runs her hand along his erection.

Jake's lips are trembling. He looks like he's going to come on the spot.

He quickly turns his back on Vickie, walks into the bathroom, and, after a moment, returns with a full glass of cold water.

Looking Vickie straight in the eye, he pours the cold water over his genitals.

Vickie watches in shock and surprise. Jake quickly reaches for his clothes and starts to dress.

Vickie starts to cry --

VICKIE

Jake! Jake, what are you doing?

JAKE

I'm going home to Ida.

VICKIE

But she hates you. I love you.
 Don't leave me now!

Jake, shoes in hand, doesn't even turn to look at her as he leaves.

CUT TO:

24 INT. WEBSTER AVE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake throws his shoes to the floor and furiously slams the wall. Bam. Bam. Bam.

CUT TO:

25 INT. JAKE AND IDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake lies flat on his back, awake, staring at the ceiling. Ida lies at his side, her back turned to him.

The SOUND of JAKE'S FISTS continue over his tense face --
BAM, BAM, BAM.

CUT TO:

26 INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - DETROIT - NIGHT

Jake and Sugar Ray are going at it.

Jake continually charges forward in his bullish style, head down, arms outstretched, swinging windmill-style body crosses. Sugar cautiously circles, backpedals, jabs and counter-punches.

Between exchanges, Jake berates Sugar Ray through his mouthpiece --

JAKE

Slow down, you pussy. Get off the bicycle, you candy-ass cunt. You ain't no fighter. Just some blooch whore. How many times you fuck last night?

Jake roundhouses a powerful left hook, but Robinson ducks, escaping untouched. The BELL SOUNDS.

27. ANGLE - JAKE'S CORNER

Jake sits in his corner. Silvani gives him a swig of water.

JOEY

He's goin' in the army tomorrow!
Ain't nobody gonna give you a decision.
You gotta knock him out!

JAKE

I can't catch him.

28 ANGLE - SUGAR'S CORNER

His trainer smooths out Robinson's pompadour and wipes the grease on a towel.

29 IN THE RING

Jake is up at the BELL, charging toward Robinson.

JAKE
(to Robinson)
Too much clownin'. Too much
fuckin' around. You're gonna
pay for it. You always gotta pay
for it.

Jake connects with a hard left and, bam, Sugar Ray is down.

But, just as quickly, Sugar's back on his feet again, smiling at Jake.

Jake corners Robinson and is working on the brown man's belly when the BELL RINGS. Jake raises his fists and throws kisses to the crowd. There are still two rounds left.

CUT TO:

30 OLYMPIC DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake is dejected. His leopard skin robe is draped over his shoulders, his head hangs down. He is surrounded by Joey, Al and other hangers-on. Jake's face is bloody and bruised.

JOEY
They robbed you, Jake. Decision
Robinson, my dick! I can't believe
it.

JAKE
Whadda I gotta do, Joey? I hurt
him. I knock him down. I couldn't
even feel him touch me.

Joey puts his arm around him.

JAKE
(continuing)
I don't know. Maybe I don't
deserve it. I've done a lot of
things wrong. Maybe they know
about it.

JOEY
Fuck that. You won and was robbed.

Al goes to the door and comes back.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

AL
Ida is here, Jake. She wants
to see you.

JAKE
Not now. Get me a sparring partner.

AL
What?

JAKE
(yelling)
You heard me!

Jake goes over to the training bag and starts to pound it. Blood from his cuts splatters on the bag.

JAKE
(continuing)
And get me the biggest mother
you can find. Pay him whatever he
wants.
(screaming)
Now!

Al shrugs and exits. Jake goes back to fighting the bag. He's still in the ring and will stay there for at least three more rounds.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - DAY

1947

Pete Petrella parks his new 1947 white Oldsmobile in front of Jake's affluent split-level house.

Pete swings open the white picket gate and surveys the idyllic scene: stone terrace, freshly-cut lawn, children's toys scattered here and there.

There's a fresh feeling in the air. The war's over, the boys are home and Pete's outta jail.

Pete steps out of the double door and greets his old friend --

JAKE
Petey! What took you so long to
find me?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

PETE

Ah, Jake, I didn't want to see you until I'd gotten a few things straightened out. You know, three years in jail can put you on queer street.

Jake and Pete stand on the stone walkway.

JAKE

You're looking good.

PETE

How about you? These are some digs.

JAKE

Come on inside.

CUT TO:

32 INT. PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - DAY

Jake's living room is a nouveau riche dream: gaudy furniture, pink easy chairs and an early model TV.

JAKE

(boasting)

How do you like it?

PETE

This is fantastic, Jake.

JAKE

Now, let me really show you something. Come here.

He motions for Pete to follow.

CUT TO:

33 INT. PELHAM BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is a plush blur of red, velvet and lace. Vickie, wearing leotards, is curled up, asleep, on the four-poster bed.

JAKE

(whispering)

Don't worry. She's just taking a nap.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

PETE
What's her name?

JAKE
Vickie. You ever see anything so
beautiful in your whole life?

They look at her.

CUT TO:

34 INT. PELHAM CELLAR - DAY

Jake, continuing the tour, takes Pete down to the basement. They pass an exercise gym with a silver sign post reading, "Mr. Jake LaMotta."

Beyond that there is an enclosed storeroom, as fully stocked as a grocery store. Shelf after shelf of canned vegetables, toilet paper, salami hanging from the ceiling, etc.

JAKE
We don't go out much. I don't
even want Vickie to go shopping.
Anything she wants, she's got right
here. Pete, come here.

Jake pulls Pete over to the panelled wall, looks behind his shoulder (even though nobody could possibly be spying on them), then slides a board across the wall. A hole appears.

JAKE
(continuing)
Escape hatch. Goes around to the
garage.

PETE
Jake, what do you need that for?
(shakes head)
Who's after you?

JAKE
You never know.

PETE
There's something I've been
meaning to ask.

JAKE
Shoot.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

PETE

If you're so big, how come you haven't got a shot at the title?

(Jake's face sours)

I mean, when I'm in the slammer all I read is Jake LaMotta number one contender, Jake LaMotta tops, yet you're still fightin' out of town.

JAKE

(angry)

You know how it is.

PETE

I met some guys when I was doing time, you know?

JAKE

Yeah. I'm sure you met some real classy types.

PETE

Well, these guys say Jake LaMotta is pretty dumb. If he wants a shot, he can have it. All he has to do is share a little bit.

JAKE

Why in the fuck should I give the mob 50%. They never did shit for me.

PETE

Jakey, that's the way things are. They've always been that way, they always will be.

JAKE

Fuck 'em.

PETE

Look at me. I'm goin' legit. Started my own dress factory. What do I know about dresses? Shit. But I got some friends. Understand? In order to have friends, you have to be friendly.

JAKE

Petey, I fight 'em all. I fight these goddamn colored kids that nobody'll touch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' MauMaus. Kids who got nothin' to lose. Kids you gotta send to the hospital before they'll fall down.

PETE

So what?

JAKE

If I keep winning, they gotta give me my shot.

(Pete just looks away)

I got a plan. There's this hot new welterweight, Tony Janiro. Tough kid. Killer. I've agreed to go down to 155 pounds to fight him or forfeit fifteen grand.

PETE

155? You're fucking crazy.

JAKE

Listen. I lose thirty pounds. I make the weight. I'm so weak I can hardly fight. If I lose, Graziano will think I've lost it and he'll fight me. If I win, the press will demand that I get a title shot.

PETE

Don't be stupid, Jake. Rocky don't have no say. The boys won't let you fight him.

Vickie, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes, walks into the cellar. It's clear she isn't sixteen anymore; she's a full-fledged "sweater girl."

JAKE

Hi, honey, come over here.

Jake grabs her and gives her a kiss.

JAKE

(continuing; to
Pete)

Imagine a face like that kissing a face like this? -- Honey, this is Pete.

VICKIE

Pete?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

Yeah. How many Petes do I talk about?

VICKIE

Oh, yes, I'm sorry. Nice to meet you.

Vickie reaches out to shake hands, but Pete gives her a polite peck on the cheek. Jake's eyes flash with jealousy.

JAKE

Some knockers, huh?

VICKIE

(blushing)

Jake likes to embarrass me.

JAKE

Honey, why don't you fix some dinner for Petey? Then we'll go out and celebrate.

Jake takes Vickie aside as they walk upstairs.

JAKE

(continuing)

What did you do that for?

VICKIE

Do what?

JAKE

I saw you. I don't want nobody's lips on you but mine.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CHESTER PALACE - NIGHT

Jake, Vickie and Pete, dressed in their finest, sit at a table near the dance floor. Pete is with SANDY, a girl about twenty.

The Chester Palace is a postwar club in the Bronx for the wise guys who never went overseas. A six piece band plays the current hits.

Savy, Frankie and PATSY, another "wise guy," sit at a nearby table. Savy and Frankie have each moved a notch up the mob ladder.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Vickie and Sandy excuse themselves to go to the powder room. Jake expansively orders another round of drinks.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CHESTER PALACE POWDER ROOM - NIGHT

Vickie and Sandy "freshen up."

VICKIE

Thank God Pete came over. I haven't been out of the house in two weeks.

SANDY

You can't mean that.

VICKIE

Jake's idea of a good time is to go to Gleason's and watch him train.

SANDY

At least you've got a real man around all the time.

VICKIE

(ironic)

Yeah.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CHESTER PALACE - NIGHT

The waitress brings a round of drinks. Jake leans over to Pete --

JAKE

Where are the girls?

Jake seems anxious as the BANDLEADER steps up to the mike --

BANDLEADER

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to stop the show for just a second to point out a special guest we have with us tonight, the number one contender for the middleweight crown, the Battling Bull, the Bronx Bull, Mr. Jake LaMotta.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

There is a round of applause as the spotlight swings to Jake. He gives a big wave and the BAND STARTS UP again.

JAKE

Goddamn prick couldn't wait until the girls got back. What's he got -- something against me?

PETE

Fuckin' flute player.

JAKE

Let's get outta here. I don't like this place so much anymore. Too many Valentinos.

Savy, Frankie and Patsy call over.

SAVY

Hey, Pete. I heard youse out. I also heard you was on your way to becoming a made guy.

JAKE

While you guys are still freeholers.

FRANKIE

You ain't making no points with the company you're keeping.

SAVY

Excluding Miss V for Victory. Lots of class there.

JAKE

What did you guys do, take your gangster pills again?

FRANKIE

You oughta see Petey's girl, Sandy. The Dancer. She's all worn out.

PATSY

From dancin'?

FRANKIE

Yeah. Like an alley cat.

Pete gets up to swing at Frankie --

PETE

I eat your blood, asshole.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

Frankie reaches inside his jacket. Jake stands.

JAKE
You reach for that thing and
I'll break every bone in your
freehole body.

The MANAGER, a burly sort at about 225 pounds, steps
in and pushes Frankie back.

MANAGER
I told you assholes not to cause
any trouble here. Now get out and
don't come back until you get it
straightened with Nickie Ziv.

Savy starts to protest.

MANAGER
(continuing)
Or shall I call him myself?

Frankie, subdued, throws some bills on the table
and starts to exit. As they go, Savy turns to Jake
and says --

SAVY
I'll give you a tip, Jake.
There's a great fight comin' up.
A new kid named Tony Janiro. A
real comer. A sure winner. Put
a bet down on him.

JAKE
You want me to bet on a guy
I'm fightin'?

SAVY
(serious)
Any amount you want.

JAKE
Get the fuck out.

SAVY
(laughs)
Just kiddin'.

Savy, Frankie and Patsy exit.

Vickie and Sandy, who have been waiting for the
altercation to end, walk over.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

VICKIE
What was that all about?

JAKE
Com'on, Vickie, let's dance.

VICKIE
Jake, you don't dance.

JAKE
Let's go.

Jake leads Vickie toward the exit.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. CHESTER PALACE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jake sits in the front seat of Pete's Oldsmobile with Vickie. Jake runs his rough hands across Vickie's face like a lovesick teenager.

JAKE
I just wanted to get outta there.
Too many wise guys.

VICKIE
You didn't have to go.

JAKE
I know. I want to go someplace,
but when I get there I get screwed
up. I start to get confused.
(kisses her)
I just wanted to be with you.

VICKIE
You sound like you're the one
who just got out of prison.

JAKE
I feel like I am.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CHESTER PALACE - NIGHT

Pete and Sandy look up from their table. Jake walks in alone.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

Jake sits down and motions Pete close to him. Sandy, taking the hint, busies herself with some rum concoction.

JAKE
You're my best buddy. You gotta try somethin' for me.

PETE
Sure. What?

JAKE
I need you to throw a bang at Vickie. See if you can chop her.

PETE
What are you -- fuckin' nuts? You've been taking too many hard shots to the head.

JAKE
I mean it. I love that girl, but I gotta check her out.

PETE
Forget it.
(thinks)
Where is she, anyway?

JAKE
Out in the parking lot. In the car.

PETE
With all those jerks hanging around? Jesus-fucking-Christ. You are nuts. Hey, listen, I'll go out there and talk to her, but that's it.

Pete gets up and hurries toward the exit.

Jake waits a second, then follows. Jake stands at the plate glass window and looks out at the parking lot.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. PARKING LOT - JAKE'S POV - NIGHT

Pete walks over to his white Oldsmobile and knocks on the window.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

Vickie rolls down the window and Pete says something to her. He touches her shoulder.

Suddenly, the three wise guys appear. Frankie's gun is drawn.

Jake is quickly out the door.

JAKE

Don't point no gun at my wife.

FRANKIE

Stay outta this, LaMotta.

JAKE

You gotta gun, point it here, freehole. I drink you blood!

FRANKIE

I piss on your grave!

JAKE

I tear your eyes out! I fuck your mother!

PETE

(scared)

These guys ain't kiddin', Jake.

JAKE

I ain't either.

Jake advances on Frankie and throws a punch. Frankie flies backward, his pistol CLANGING in the ground.

Vickie screams.

Patsy picks Frankie's gun off the ground and FIRES wildly.

Pete clutches his arm and falls to the ground. Savy, Frankie and Patsy scatter.

Jake comes to Pete's aid.

JAKE

Pete.

PETE

I'm all right. Damn. It's just my goddamn arm. It feels kinda funny. So heavy.

SIRENS are HEARD in the background.

CUT TO:

41 INT. EMERGENCY WARD - NIGHT

TWO DETECTIVES lead Jake and Pete into a special room. Pete's arm is in a sling.

1ST DETECTIVE

So, who hit you?

PETE

Who knows?

1ST DETECTIVE

Cut the shit, Petrella. I know, you know, so just give us some corroboration and we've got an attempted murder.

PETE

I couldn't see him. It was dark.

1ST DETECTIVE

It wasn't a "him." It was them -- and there was so much light in that parking lot you coulda counted their teeth.

2ND DETECTIVE

What about you, LaMotta?

JAKE

I didn't see nuthin'. I was lookin' the other way.

1ST DETECTIVE

Jake, you know, I heard that you'd become a straight guy. Made a name for yourself. Kids look up to you. And all I see in front of me is the same Bronx bum who got his first piece of ass in reform school.

Jake's eyes flash.

1ST DETECTIVE

(continuing)

You ain't got to hang around with rats like this one anymore.

PETE

Who you callin' a rat? I did my time. I'm rehabilitated.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

1ST DETECTIVE
The hell with them. Nothin'
changes. They're still the same
punks they always was. Let's get
outta here.

Pete waits for the cops to exit.

PETE
You did good, Jake. Smart.

JAKE
Fuck. No cop ever did shit for me.

PETE
Real good. People gonna find out
about this.

CUT TO:

42 INT. GLEASON'S GYM - DAY

Jake, showered and dressed, walks out of the locker
room. Joey is waiting for him.

JOEY
Jakey, Tommy Como is having some of
the guys over to his place and
was wondering if we wanted to come
over.

JAKE
Why does he need to see me? I'm
clean with the books.

JOEY
This is social. It's sorta
important if you know what I mean.
We gotta make contact.

JAKE
Ah, I don't know...

JOEY
There's gonna be a lot of pussy.

JAKE
That's what I mean. I can't fool
around with that. I'll lose
my strength.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

JOEY

Aw, balls! I read this column where Gene Tunney, he's telling about Harry Greb. How he was at this hotel that had girl elevator operators and he has her take him all the way to the top, shuts off the elevator and knocks off a quick piece right there. The night before a fight.

JAKE

The story ain't true -- is it?

JOEY

Would Gene Tunney lie?

CUT TO:

43 TOMMY COMO'S - NIGHT

Como's house is a rambling 26-room mansion in Yonkers, just north of the Bronx in Westchester County. Huge elm and maple trees obscure the entrance.

Cadillacs and Lincolns wait in the long driveway. Although the guests are well-dressed, they cannot escape the aroma of the boxing world: they are all fighters, managers, club owners, promoters, sports reporters, gamblers.

CUT TO:

44 INT. TOMMY COMO'S (PARTY ROOM) - NIGHT

Como is the Gatsby of the fight game. He is a professional gambler, matchmaker and host, in that order. Yet he never lets his duties as the biggest bookie on the East Coast interfere with his graciousness as a host. Como's is strictly a place for fight people to socialize, wheel-and-deal as they please, observe and be observed.

Jake and Joey, dressed in suits and ties, step into a large room alive with activity. A small band plays in the far corner. Waiters circulate with trays of hors d'oeuvres -- party girls just circulate. And everywhere, everybody is hustling.

Jake is a big hero here. The high rollers toast him; others want to shake his hand. Joey does the glad-handing, Jake offers an occasional half-smile. They head for the bar where a PROMOTER and MANAGER are talking.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

PROMOTER

Your boy don't mean anything in Chicago.

MANAGER

He's won three ten rounders in Cleveland and now he fights top card in Boston.

PROMOTER

So keep him in Boston awhile.

The Promoter recognizes Jake.

PROMOTER

Hey, LaMotta, let me shake your hand. I'm Willie Slam. I book outta Chicago. You really gonna get down to 144 for Janiro?

JAKE

That's what my contract says.

Jake turns his back on the man as Joey gets his drink from the bartender.

JOEY

What's the matter, Jake? We're here to have a good time. Look at all this pussy -- and they're all lookin' at you.

JAKE

I got nothin' to talk to them about.

JOEY

Who said you gotta talk? Do it my way. Just go up and say, 'You wanna get laid?' So you get turned down nine out of ten times, but by number ten you're on easy street.

Joey spots a fight game pal and walks over.

JOEY

Hey, Pisano.

Joey and the DETROIT PROMOTER embrace as Jake heads for a girl he's seen across the room.

DETROIT PROMOTER

When we gonna get Jake back in Detroit?

JOEY

We're workin' on it. Workin' on it.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

The Detroit Promoter introduces Joey to JACKIE CURTI.

DETROIT PROMOTER

Joey, this is Jackie Curti. He handles a lot of business in South Ohio.

JACKIE CURTI

I like your brother. Made a lot of money on him.

JOEY

Probably more than he has.

JACKIE CURTI

Hell, yes. Made a killing on the Timmy Edgar fight. What ever happened to him?

JOEY

Ain't he dead?

DETROIT PROMOTER

Nah. He's got a job downtown. Runs an elevator in some big building.

JOEY

Yeah?

DETROIT PROMOTER

Went down to see him the other day. I says, 'Timmy, take me up to the fifth floor.' And, you know, he took me right up there.

JACKIE CURTI

(laughs)

Yeah. Timmy always was a stand-up guy.

45 ACROSS THE ROOM

as Jake approaches the girl.

JAKE

Hey. Didn't I fuck you once?

The girl, shocked, walks off. Joey rejoins Jake.

JAKE

Where's Tommy?

JOEY

He's in the other room. Let's go.

They walk off.

CUT TO:

46 INT. TOMMY COMO'S GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Jake eyes a couple of girls as they enter.

Across the room, Tommy Como, impeccably dressed in a tuxedo, stands in a crowd.

Two young kids about seventeen, a black and a Puerto Rican, are taking off their jackets and putting on training gloves.

Joey and Jake walk over to NICKY ZIV, a high level Bronx mobster.

JOEY

What's goin on?

NICKY

A couple of street kids. A free punch. You want in?

JOEY

What's the dope?

NICKY

(shrugs)

I hear the blooch has a good punch.

JOEY

I don't like his looks. I'll take a yard on the spic.

NICKY

You're on.

Como holds up the teenagers' gloves then steps away.

There's a burst of CHEERING as the first boy, the black takes his first shot. The Puerto Rican rocks, then stands upright, hardly fazed. He takes his shot; the black is almost knocked out, but maintains his balance.

Another exchange of punches: the Puerto shrugs off another blow, then floors the black. The contest is over.

The CROWD CHEERS, jokes and exchanges money. "You got a great club fighter there, Freddie."

Joey heads toward Nicky as Tommy pulls Jake aside:

COMO

How do you feel, Jake?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

JAKE

I'm feeling fine, Tommy. Great shape.

COMO

I heard you were having trouble making the weight for Janiro.

JAKE

I've always had trouble making weight. You know that, Tommy.

COMO

But you never had to make 155 before. I think maybe you made a mistake.

JAKE

Maybe I did, but I'll do anything to get a shot. I'm sick of being a policeman, Tommy. Bob Saterfield was a goddamn murderer. Graziano was scared shitless, so he says, 'Fight LaMotta -- if you beat him, you can have a shot.' So I pounded Saterfield into the fucking ground, but did I get a shot -- no way. If I beat Janiro at 155...

COMO

You sure you're gonna make the weight?

JAKE

I gotta.

Tommy subtly puts the pressure on:

COMO

But if you make it, you gonna be weak, Jake. Do you think you can take Janiro if you're weak?

JAKE

If I catch him early. I don't know, Tommy.

COMO

Your word is good enough for me, Jake. You know I always liked you. Now let's go rescue that brother of yours.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

COMO (CONT'D)

He's probably up to his eyebrows
in muff right now.

They walk off.

CUT TO:

47 INT. WORTH STREET BASEMENT - DAY

The basement of the New York Boxing Commission on Worth Street is a sparse room, crowded with reporters, trainers and managers.

TONY JANIRO, wearing boxing trunks, steps off the scale. Commissioner COL. EDDIE EGAN, a white-haired, heavy-set man in his mid-forties, calls out the weight:

EGAN

Tony Janiro, 151 lbs. and $\frac{1}{2}$.

Jake steps on the scale. He looks weak and woosy. After the customary adjustments, Egan calls out:

EGAN

Jake LaMotta, 155 lbs. and $\frac{3}{4}$.

There's a commotion in Jake's camp. Janiro smiles.

JAKE

Just a minute. Joey, come here.

Jake takes off his watch and hands it to his brother. Then pulls off his trunks and jock strap. He steps back on the scale.

EGAN

Okay. This is official. LaMotta
155 lbs. on the nose.

Jake and Joey embrace.

JOEY

How ya feelin, Jack?

JAKE

I'll murder the kid. I just gotta
get some food in me.

JOEY

You want I should get a bet down?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

JAKE

(thinks)

Fuck yes. I'll show them fuckers
who say I'm weak.

JOEY

I'll have to go to Jersey. Tommy
Chino's got all the local action
tied up.

JAKE

So go. I don't need you to eat.

Joey waves and starts to leave.

JAKE

Hey, Joey!

JOEY

Hey, Jack.

JAKE

Thanks.

CUT TO:

48 INT. PELHAM PARKWAY - KITCHEN - DAY

Jake is devouring a large plate of pasta, hot clams
and meat balls.

Pete walks in with ROCKY GRAZIANO.

JAKE

Hey, Graziano, join me.

ROCKY

Holy shit, what are you trying to
do?

JAKE

Get my strength back.

ROCKY

Yeah, with ten pounds of heartburn.
You're fuckin' crazy.

JAKE

That why you're scared to fight
me?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

ROCKY

Does your doctor know what you're doing?

JAKE

I only listen to what my body tells me.

ROCKY

Hey, Jake. On the up and up. There's a lot of talk goin' around that maybe you ain't takin' this fight so serious. That kid Janiro's a tough little brawler.

JAKE

What's it to you?

ROCKY

I still got time to get a bet in.

JAKE

Make up your mind for yourself. Hey, Vickie, hurry in here. My plate's getting empty.

Rocky watches Jake scoop in another forkful of pasta. Joey walks in, takes one look at Rocky.

ROCKY

I think I just made it up.

Joey, out of breath:

JOEY

Jake, come here, I gotta talk to you.

Jake steps into the corner with Joey. They whisper:

JAKE

Did you get down?

JOEY

Yeah, but the odds were jumpin' around all day. Everybody thought something was up. I had to put 44 down to get 16.

JAKE

You put 44 grand on me?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

JAKE

Joey, help me.

Joey and Al grab Jake and hold him up. Vickie kisses him.

JAKE

(continuing; to
Vickie)

This is my night! Listen to them!
I'm gonna be champ!
(kisses her)
I'm making everything up to you.
Gonna be champ.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. DEBONAIR SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

The Debonair Social Club is located mid-block on a Bronx cross street. Aggressively inconspicuous.

CUT TO:

51 INT. DEBONAIR SOCIAL CLUB - ZIV'S OFFICE - DAY

Nicky Ziv sits behind a beat-up mahogany desk. Framed photos of fights and politicians hang on the aging wall behind him. Joey sits in a chair before him.

JOEY

I'm coming to you on my knees.
Jake's got too much pride. He's miserable. He just sits around the house. He doesn't keep in shape. He's going to pieces cause he can't get a decent match. I finally had to come to you.

NICKY

How long has it been since Jake had a respectable bout?

JOEY

Almost six months. Since Janiro...

NICKY

That's right. He could have been rich -- but he wanted to show everybody what a big man he was.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

JOEY

Jake doesn't understand. He thinks the press and public will demand...

NICKY

The public don't book fights. The press don't book fights. Norris don't book fights, Egan don't book fights and I'll be straight with you, Joey. There'll always be a spot for Jake in this business. He can get out of town fights, prelim bouts, non-title bouts; he can be a policeman, a club fighter -- but he'll never get a title fight.

JOEY

I know that. But I can't get it through to that pig-headed bastard.

NICKY

He's an embarrassment to you, Joey.

JOEY

I know that.

NICKY

He's an embarrassment to me. I can deliver any fighter on the East Coast. The only guy I can't deliver is a guy from the neighborhood. It's a fuckin' embarrassment.

JOEY

What can we do?

NICKY

You know this colored kid, Billy Fox? A real comer. Fifteen straight knock-outs.

JOEY

(disdain)

Yeah. But it's a made record.

NICKY

Damn right it is. Throws a great punch, can't take shit. We're looking now to set up a fight for Billy. If I can get Jake LaMotta on top the card, we'll fill the Garden.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

NICKY (CONT'D)

It'll be a big, big fight, Joey.
A big money fight.

JOEY

Jake'll kill him.

NICKY

(ignores Joey's
comment)

It'll be Jake's chance to prove
himself. He's got to show he's
dependable after that Janiro thing.
The payout will be one hundred
grand.

JOEY

Jake will never go in the tank.

NICKY

Jake don't need to know. Let it
go the distance. The judges will
take care of it. Better yet, put
a sleeper in the sponge. He'll
never know.

JOEY

No. I'd have to tell him.

NICKY

(shrugs)
Okay. What's a brother for?

Joey gets up and exits.

CUT TO:

52 INT. DEBONAIR SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

As Joey walks through the gaudily furnished club (replete with card and billiard tables), he runs into Savy.

SAVY

Hey guallow. You gotta do me a
favor.

JOEY

Well, you know, Savy, I'm kinda
busy.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

SAVY

Listen to me, Joey. I got a double date lined up with two of the sharpest babes in the world. We were gonna hit the town tonight, but now the other guy can't make it.

JOEY

Why me?

SAVY

To tell the truth, I always been kinda jealous about the way you handle the broads. One of these babes is really fine. I mean outta this world. And I don't think you could chop her.

JOEY

(intrigued)

Could you chop her?

SAVY

I think so.

JOEY

If you can score, I can score.

SAVY

I say no this time. I say she's an ice-box to you.

JOEY

How much?

SAVY

A double fin.

JOEY

(smiles)

You're on.

SAVY

Pick you up on the corner at seven.

Joey agrees.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. DEBONAIR SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Joey, dressed to kill, waits on the corner.

Savy pulls up in a dark blue Olds. There's a girl in the front seat, another in back.

Joey opens the back door and slides inside.

SAVY

Where to, kids?

Joey freezes when he sees his "date": it's Vickie.

Vickie puts his face in her hands. Savy laughs.

VICKIE

How could you, Savy? How could you do this to me?

SAVY

(chuckles)

I just wanted to show little brother here what an asshole his brother was.

In a fury, Joey bounds out the door, runs around the car and hauls Savy out the front door.

Joey stands Savy against the side of the car and delivers a series of brutal body blows. Savy's date screams.

As Savy starts to sink, Joey rabbit punches him to the ground. He yells at Savy's date:

JOEY

Get the fuck out! Now!

She does and Joey gets and screeches the car away from the curb, leaving Savy bent over on the street and his date standing on the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

54 INT. JOEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Joey stops the car on a dark street and turns back toward Vickie. She's still crying.

VICKIE

Say something already. I know what you're thinking.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Go ahead, tell Jake. I expect him to kill me sooner or later anyway.

JOEY

That's your business. You tell him. The way that big sap feels about you, he wouldn't believe me anyway.

VICKIE

Okay. So I don't get killed for a little while longer.

JOEY

Just answer me one question, Vickie. Why? Why the fuck why?

VICKIE

Do you think an expensive house and clothes are all a girl needs? Do you really know your brother? Really?

JOEY

I think so.

VICKIE

Like hell. I don't get to breathe without telling him. He keeps me and the kids in a cage. If he should think I'm having a wrong thought about somebody, I get used as a punching bag. He trusts nobody.

(a beat)

Look at me, Joey. I'm attractive. I'm nineteen-years-old. I wanna learn about life. I love Jake but he's punching the love outta me. I'm scared.

JOEY

Jake's under a lot of tension. He's been top contender too long.

VICKIE

He'll never be champ. Too many people are against him. I hear things.

JOEY

Those ain't the kinds of friends you should be makin'.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

VICKIE

Who else then? They're the only ones that ain't scared to death of him. I gotta talk to somebody. Could I talk to you, Joey? If things get out of hand, could I talk to you?

Joey turns away from her.

JOEY

Keep me out of it, Vickie.

VICKIE

Pete said I could come to him. Just to talk I mean.

JOEY

So talk to Pete. I'm gonna drop you home. If I hear any stories about you, Vickie, you don't need to worry about Jake. I'll kill you.

Joey drives off.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. GLEASON'S - DAY

Jake walks out of Gleason's (wearing a suit, as always) stops to buy a beer and heads down the street.

Down the street a couple of neighborhood kids (ages 10-12) are going at it. Out come the familiar black gloves -- fingers cut off -- and blows are exchanged.

A crowd gathers. Jake stops to watch.

As Jake takes a swig, Savy steps beside him.

SAVY

Hey, gallow.

JAKE

Hey, piss-head.

SAVY

I'll take the short one.

JAKE

He's leavin' himself open.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

Just as Jake says that, the larger of the two kids flattens the shorter.

JAKE
(continuing)
Too late now.

Jake turns and walks away. Savy walks beside him. Savy notices Jake's beer; Jake notices Savy's limp.

SAVY
I see you're keepin' in shape.

JAKE
What happened to you?

SAVY
Ran into a truck.

JAKE
About time.

SAVY
You shoulda seen the truck.

JAKE
Whatcha doin' walkin' with me? I got some respect in the neighborhood, you know?

SAVY
I was lookin' for Petey? You seen him?

JAKE
Nah.

SAVY
I seen him earlier ridin' with Vickie...
(Jake's ears perk)
But I called the factory and the Debonair, and I can't find him. You seen him?

JAKE
I said I ain't seen him. What I gotta do? Write you a book?

SAVY
You? You couldn't write a bum check.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
(absent-minded)
Fuck off.

Savy splits but Jake keeps walking. Savy's work is done: Jake's brain is already swimming with visions of Vickie's infidelity.

CUT TO:

56 INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jake is struggling with his early model ten-inch RCA TV. He fiddles with the dials, then slaps the side. The bluish video image comes and goes.

Vickie enters, surprised to find Jake home:

VICKIE
Jake! You're home.

She goes over to kiss him, but he backs away.

VICKIE
(continuing)
What's wrong?

JAKE
Tryin' to get this fuckin' TV to work. Paid all this dough for it and still can't get a station ten miles away. Where you been all day?

VICKIE
I took the kids to my sister's.

JAKE
I called. You weren't there.

Jake turns to face her.

VICKIE
I got bored so I went to the pictures.

JAKE
What'd you see?

VICKIE
(smiles)
What you wanna know for?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

JAKE

I wanna know.

He grabs her. She wiggles free. Vickie and Jake enjoy this schoolyard horseplay -- it's one of the few things (besides boxing) that gets him aroused.

VICKIE

I ain't telling.

JAKE

Tell me before I slap your fuckin' ass in.

She darts around the room, tipping over furniture, taunting him to catch her.

VICKIE

Chip, chip, chip. Here Jakey, here Jakey, Jakey. Over here.

He chases around the fallen furniture.

JAKE

Punch you in the nose. Make you tell me where you been.

VICKIE

Can't catch me.

Jake lunges across a chair, grabs her arm and slaps her face. She jerks backward. Jake is excited in the way he understands best: both aroused and angry.

JAKE

(taunting)
Did I hit you hard?

VICKIE

(challenging)
Hell no.

Jake tackles her; they crash to the floor together. They struggle until she kisses him passionately.

Suddenly Jake pulls away and slaps her across the face:

JAKE

You're a bitch!

VICKIE

What you say that for?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

Jake presses his fist between her breasts, holding her to the floor. His stare terrifies her. She crawls away from him.

VICKIE

Why are you lookin' at me like that? What's wrong?

JAKE

Who? Goddamn it! Who the fuck you been seeing?

VICKIE

Nobody, Jake. I'm not like that. I don't see nobody.

JAKE

You lying cunt! Who you been seeing? Tell me or I'll kill you.

Jake grabs for her, scratching her face. Blood appears on her cheek.

She dashes for the bedroom, closes the door and locks it. Jake pounds on the door.

JAKE

(continuing)

Open this fuckin' door! You slut!

Setting his feet, Jake unleashes a series of body blows to the door. The wood splinters. It breaks open.

Jake, his hands bloody, breaks in. The room is empty.

The window is open. Jake hears a car DOOR SLAM. The car starts up and takes off. He races out of the room.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - DAY

Vickie is in her white Cadillac, pulling out into the street. Jake dashes out of the house and grabs onto the rear fender as the car pulls away.

Vickie accelerates -- Jake bounces against the asphalt.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

But he doesn't stay down for the count. Jake's soon up again, running for his red Caddy.

He takes off after her.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. BRONX STREETS - DAY

Jake spots Vickie's car ahead, but is caught in traffic. He honks the horn, leans out the window and screams her name.

Vickie, terrified, cuts in and out of traffic. Jake rages after her.

Vickie pulls into an alley near a dress factory. Jake realizes where she's going. He gets out of his car in the middle of traffic and chases her on foot.

Jake sends a garment worker and his dress rack skidding as he bursts into Pete's factory.

CUT TO:

59 INT. PETE'S DRESS FACTORY - DAY

Machines, ironing tables, sewing machines stand in a line. Italian immigrants grind away at their jobs. At the end of the long room an office is enclosed in milky stained glass.

Vickie, frantic, asks something of one of the workers as she runs toward Pete's office. She dashes inside.

Jake sees Vickie and Pete's silhouettes behind the glass.

60 INSIDE PETE'S OFFICE

Vickie pleads:

VICKIE
Pete, help me! I've never seen
him like this before. Please! Try
to calm him down.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

PETE
 (consoling her)
 Okay, kid, take it easy. It's just
 Jake. I'll take care of him.

Jake crashes his way straight through the middle of the factory, knocking employees, tables and mannequins every which way.

Jake opens the door to Pete's office. Now there are three figures behind the milky stained glass.

Vickie screams:

VICKIE
 Nothing happened!

Jake charges for Pete, punching, hitting, slamming -- again and again.

Vickie tries to pull Jake off Pete. She slaps, scratches, screams:

VICKIE
 (continuing)
 Jake, he's your friend! He
 wants to help you! Leave him alone!

Pete tries to fight back, but his punches have no effect.

Pete pulls himself up as Jake lands a haymaker which sends both of them crashing through the glass.

The employees hide behind their tables.

As Jake slowly rises, pieces of glass fall off his clothes. Vickie, crying, stands in the b.g.

Pete is beaten, bloodied, but conscious. He looks up at Jake and says weakly:

PETE
 You asshole. You just lost one of
 your only friends.

JAKE
 Some friend.

Jake says as he spits on him.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY

Joey, fully clothed, opens the gate and looks around.

Jake is sitting alone near the deep end. Joey walks over to him.

JOEY
Whatcha doin'?

JAKE
(morose)
What does it look like? I'm makin'
sure none of the kids drown.

JOEY
I just ran into Nicky. He wants to
talk to you.

JAKE
Remember when I met Vickie?

JOEY
She still loves you, Jake. She
ain't ever cheated on you.

JAKE
What did Nicky want?

JOEY
He says he's waiting for an answer.

JAKE
Tell him to put Sugar Ray's cock in
his ear. He ain't done shit for me.

JOEY
He's offering a lot. All you got to
do is something first.

JAKE
Yeah. Fall down in front of no-
punch Billy Fox. I've never been
down. I don't even know how to fall
down.

JOEY
It's a lot of money, Jake. A hundred
grand.

JAKE
I don't need no money.

JOEY
And a title shot.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

JAKE
Who says?

JOEY
Nicky.

JAKE
I don't believe him. I wouldn't
believe him if he said the sun was
comin' up tomorrow.

JOEY
Who do you believe?

JAKE
(thinks)
Tommy Como.

JOEY
What if Como says you get a title
shot?

JAKE
(thinks again)
Fuck it. Forget it. Ain't no way
I'm gonna fall down in fron' of
some no-hit coon.

JOEY
The money's down, Jack.

JAKE
I said forget it.

JOEY
Okay, okay, there's no way to
change you.

JAKE
Damn right.

JOEY
I'm your brother, Jakey. I ain't
against you.

Jake doesn't answer. Joey shrugs and walks off.

CUT TO:

62 INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake sits on the couch in his shorts and undershirt.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

Vickie is beside him in a nightgown.

They are watching a 1947 variety show. Sugar Ray Robinson, decked out in top hat, tails and cane, does a tap dance with six beautiful white dancers. The audience loves it.

Jake's face burns. Anger, confusion -- who should he hit? Vickie is blissfully ignorant of Jake's dilemma.

The time has come for Jake to make a decision.

CUT TO:

63 INT. WORTH STREET BASEMENT - DAY

As BILLY FOX steps off the scales, Eddie Eagan calls out:

EAGAN
Billy Fox, 158 pounds.

Joey removes Jake's leopard-skin robe as he steps on the scale. The reporters crowd around.

EAGAN
(continuing)
Jake LaMotta, 165 pounds.

Jake's handlers urge him with words of encouragement as they walk toward his dressing room.

64. IN JAKE'S DRESSING ROOM

Eagan walks over.

JOEY
What's up, Colonel?

EAGAN
I'd like to talk to Jake a minute.

JOEY
Sure.

Eagan and Jake stand by a urinal.

EAGAN
I suppose you heard what everybody's been saying, Jake.

JAKE
What who's been sayin'?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

EAGAN

You were a big favorite in this fight, Jake. You know, the policeman's going to clean up on this hot new shine. Then two days ago the odds start jumping all over the place until you're a 12-5 underdog.

JAKE

I don't follow no gamblin', Commissioner. I'm just a fighter.

EAGAN

Now the fight's off the books altogether. Meyer Lansky couldn't get a bet down on this fight. Some people say you're going to take a jump in the tank.

JAKE

Believe what you want, Eagan.

EAGAN

I want to believe you, LaMotta.

JAKE

I'm gonna murder that fuckin' hamster. That little fuckin' jig's gonna wish he never came outta jungle. You got any money?

EAGAN

What?

JAKE

You got any money you want to bet on Billy Fox, you can put it right here...

(extends hand)

... 'cause Jake LaMotta don't go down for nobody.

Eagan taps Jake on the shoulder.

EAGAN

That's all I wanted to hear.

Jake glares at Eagan as the Commissioner walks away.

CUT TO:

65 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

The old Garden is packed. The ex-champs, the press, the officials, the mob guys, the fans -- they're all here.

Billy Fox and Jake touch gloves and return to their corners. Fox, although lighter, is taller and has a longer reach.

The BELL SOUNDS and the fighters come out. Fox goes to the head; Jake goes to the body.

Fox lands a solid blow to Jake's jaw -- but LaMotta is unfazed. Fox is surprised. In the past his opponents have gone down when he connected.

In the audience, Como, Nicky, Savy and some other boys watch with interest.

Jake moves in with a rapid series of trademark body blows.

All of a sudden, Fox is wobbly. Jake goes for the head, then cuts his punch short. Fox is about to go down.

Jake throws his arms around Fox to make sure he doesn't fall.

JAKE

(to Fox)

Stand up, you chicken-shit! You goddamn blooch! I thought you were supposed to be a hitter.

The referee breaks them apart and Fox remounts his attack. Jake bicycles into a corner and lets Fox work him over.

Fox connects: once, twice, three times. Jake barely defends himself, but he doesn't go down either.

The crowd starts to smell a fix. There are calls from the audience: "Got your swimming trunks on, Jake?" "I hope they're paying you enough" and "Raging Bullshit!"

66 TIME CUT

The sign reads "Round Four." Jake is in the center of the ring taking a relentless pasting from Fox. Jake's arms hang at waist level. Fox lands one blow after another.

The stink of a fix permeates the arena.

Jake is furious Fox can't deck him. He curses through his mouthpiece (as he absorbs blow after blow):

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

JAKE

Hit me! Hit me, you goddamn nigger cunt!

(almost pleading)

C'mon, you dumb goddamn blooch. You can't hit shit! Fuck you, you goddamn pussy! You pussy! Hit me!

BOOS and CATCALLS ECHO through the Garden. This is not even a fight. The referee, realizing this, steps in between Fox and LaMotta, waves his arms and signals that Fox is the winner by a technical knockout.

As he does, Jake spits his mouthpiece in disgust at Fox and struts back to his corner.

Jake, Joey and Silvani are already on their way out of the arena as the referee declares Fox the winner.

Ziv, Como and the others, satisfied, get up to leave.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. IDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ida, Jake's first wife, is standing on the porch of her low-rent duplex in the same section of the Bronx where she used to live with Jake. She wears a demure brown hobble skirt and Buster Brown collar.

Ida is still an attractive redhead (she is, after all, now 24 years old -- Jake liked 'em young). Her attorney, PAUL MELTZER, is at her side. A cluster of REPORTERS gathers around them.

1ST REPORTER

Mrs. LaMotta, there's going to be an investigation of Jake's fight with Billy Fox. All the columnists are saying he took a dive. Do you have any comment?

IDA

My husband would never take a dive. His only goal in life is to be middleweight champion. If you know anything about boxing, I'm sure you know you can't become a champion by losing fights.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

2ND REPORTER

About the claim you filed yesterday
in Bronx District Court...

IDA

I'm the only real Mrs. LaMotta.

MELTZER

Mr. LaMotta's Mexican divorce will
have no weight in court.

IDA

The only way Jake coulda legally
separated from me if was he killed
me -- and don't think he didn't try.
If he'd paid me as much as his
sparring partners I wouldn't be
suing him now. I get \$400 a month
for myself and our two kids. And
it would have been three kids if
Jake hadn't kicked me when I was
pregnant.

1ST REPORTER

I was at Madison Square Garden.
He certainly didn't look like a
fighter there.

IDA

Yeah? You shoulda seen him in the
bedroom.

Meltzer steps in to calm his client down.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. WEBSTER AVENUE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake and Joey speak to a man in the doorway of Joseph
LaMotta's tenement building. He shrugs and closes the
door.

They turn and walk down the steps.

JOEY

Some fucking deal. You give the
old man the building for his old
age and what the fuck does he do?
Sells it so he can go off to Sicily
and live like some fucking Borgia.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

JOEY (CONT'D)

(crosses himself)

Mother forgive me, but we should go to Italy right now and pound the money out of that lowlife son of a bitch.

JAKE

He ain't so bad. He made me a lot of money.

JOEY

What do you mean?

JAKE

'Cause every time I stepped into the ring I saw that bastard's face.

Throws a punch.

JOEY

Like you did with Blackjack Billy Fox.

They stand in the small front yard.

JAKE

Don't talk to me about no Billy Fox.

JOEY

Some heritage I got. A father who swindles his own sons and a brother who ain't even smart enough to fall down.

JAKE

I ain't ever been down in my life and I certainly wasn't going to let that dumb mulingia do it.

JOEY

(ironic)

Yeah, big fucking deal. What did it get you? You didn't even collect the 100 G's.

Jake shrugs.

JOEY

(continuing)

It woulda been so easy, Jack.

Joey goes into a boxing stance.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

JOEY
(continuing)
Stick out your hands, Jake.

JAKE
C'mon, Joey.

JOEY
G'wan, do it.
(jabs at him)
Protect yourself, rummy.

Jake, out of reflex, sticks out his hands. As he does, Joey feigns a hit and falls onto the grass -- "out cold." Jake looks down at him.

Joey pops to his feet.

JOEY
(continuing)
See? That's all there was to it.
If you had done that we wouldn't
have the D.A. sniffing up our
assholes, Eagan wouldn't be holding
the purse and you wouldn't be facing
a suspension.

JAKE
What the fuck they want? I took
the goddamn dive. They want me to
fall to the canvas?
(pathetic)
I never fell to the canvas in my life,
Joey. Please, please, Joey, what do
I gotta do? I'll crawl across the
fuckin' street. I got no pride left.
I made an asshole of myself in the
fucking Garden! All the newspaper
writers make fun of me -- I'm the
bum of the year. All I want is a
chance to be a champion. Just a
fucking chance. I'd do anything.

JOEY
Except fall down like any normal
human.

JAKE
Yeah. Except that.

They start to walk.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (3)

JOEY

It ain't so bad. I talked to Tommy Como.

JAKE

Yeah?

JOEY

You gotta take a rest now. Let the Commissioner and the D.A. jerk you around. Eat some shit. But the boys remember a favor -- Tommy don't forget. Sooner or later, if Tommy don't die, you'll get a shot.

JAKE

How long, Joey? How long?

JOEY

It may be a couple of years.

JAKE

Jesus Christ! How do I keep my strength? By that time I'll be too weak to win the championship. You know I got these goddamn weak legs and hands.

JOEY

Zale and that frog Cerdan are swapping bouts. Maybe after they finish...

JAKE

Zale's shit.

JOEY

But Cerdan's tough. As tough as I've ever seen.

JAKE

Don't ever leave me, Joey. Promise me that. Two fucking years. I don't know if I can make it.

JOEY

Don't worry, Jack. You're all I got now.

Joey wanders off by himself.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (4)

JAKE

(to himself)

Two years. After I beat Cerdan
I'll never have to owe anybody
anything again.

Jake shadow-boxes his way into the night.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. BRIGGS STADIUM - NIGHT (1949)

Briggs Stadium (now Tiger Stadium), built in 1938, is a grand old ballpark befitting the national pastime. Detroit is a good baseball town, but it's an even better fight town. Briggs Stadium, which can seat 50,000 persons, has been converted into a boxing arena for the Cerdan-LaMotta middleweight championship.

But tonight it's raining. Groundskeepers fold up the chairs at ringside and pull the tarp across the grass.

Jake, fully dressed, is bouncing around the ring. Al Silvani, Joey and Vickie wait for him at ringside.

Jake is getting soaked.

JAKE

Fucking rain, Joey! Why couldn't
you get this bout scheduled in the
Garden?

JOEY

'Cause you're suspended in New York.
Now get your ass inside.

AL SILVANI

It's supposed to clear up tomorrow.
You waited too long to catch cold,
Jakey.

JAKE

Don't worry. If I had to pay the
bum 20 grand of my own money, I'll
be there.

Jake joins the others and says to Joey as they walk off:

JAKE

(continuing)

Joey, I'm losing the edge.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

JOEY

Huh?

JAKE

It's this rain. And losing the weight. I'm spooked. It's taking my strength.

JOEY

Don't talk like that. You're in the best shape you've ever been in.

JAKE

No, the rain's taking my strength. What's the name of that gash you used to chop here?

JOEY

Beats me.

JAKE

Sheila something. You got her from Sugar Ray. Get her for me tonight.

Joey, shocked, gestures toward Vickie.

JAKE

(continuing)

Find her.

Jake stops Joey. Silvani tactfully leads Vickie out, but she knows damn well what's going on.

JOEY

Were you saying that just for Vickie to hear?

JAKE

I want her and I want her in your hotel room tonight.

JOEY

Detroit's a big town.

JAKE

Since when couldn't you find a broad? Find her tonight.

Jake turns and looks around the large stadium. He seems to be holding his strength in the way another person would hold his breath.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 EXT. BRIGGS STADIUM - NIGHT

Bright floodlights illuminate the green arena. The weather's clear and the stadium is filled with cheering fight fans.

JOHNNY ADDI steps into the center of the ring and begins to introduce the many celebrities that have gathered for the fight.

JOHNNY ADDI

And here is the young man who has inherited Marcel Cerdan's European Championship, Laurent Dauthille.

DAUTHILLE jumps into the ring.

While we HEAR Addi introduce the boxers and celebrities, we WATCH A RAPID MONTAGE: Jake preparing for the title bout:

CUT TO:

71 PRE-FIGHT MONTAGE

- A) Joey massages Jake's neck, loosening him up.
- B) Al Silvani pulls Jake's satin shorts over his groin protector cup.
- C) Joey introduces Jake to a young lady -- the previously mentioned SHEILA -- in Joey's hotel room.

JOHNNY ADDI (V.O.)

Now I'd like to ask America's most decorated war hero to stand up and take a bow from the audience. It's a real privilege to have him here tonight. He'll soon be starring in his next motion picture, 'Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven' -- Captain Audie Murphy!

- D) Silvani laces up Jake's shoes.
- E) JAKE'S DOCTOR injects a hypodermic filled with morphine into each of Jake's fists.
- F) Jake and Sheila are alone in Joey's darkened room. Jake wears only his trousers. He slowly removes the last of Sheila's clothes.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

JOHNNY ADDI (V.O.)

And our very special guest tonight needs no introduction. The only man to defend the heavyweight crown a remarkable 25 times, the king of all heavyweights, the Brown Bomber, Joe Louis! Come into the ring, Joe.

JOE LOUIS (V.O.)

Thank you, Johnny. Let's bring the middleweight crown back to old U.S. where it belongs!

Many CHEERS.

- G) Silvani tapes Jake's hands. The tape binds his knuckles and wrists.
- H) Joey hands Jake a glass of bull's blood and Jake drinks a long, slow swallow.
- I) Jake watches Sheila lying naked on Joey's bed. He grimaces as he painfully squeezes his erection; then when that doesn't work, slaps his crotch. Sheila is puzzled. Jake, his face hard, turns and walks out of his room.

JOHNNY ADDI (V.O.)

And in this corner, the middleweight champion of the world, from Sidi Bel-Addes, Algeria, the Casablanca Clouter, Marcel Cerdan!

- J) Silvani laces up Jake's gloves.
- K) Jake, ready to fight, bounces on the balls of his feet.
- L) Jake, wearing his trousers again, walks alone down the corridor of the hotel. He starts to shadow-box.

CUT TO:

72 INT. BRIGGS STADIUM - NIGHT

Jake, wearing his leopard-skin robe, is pushed through the crowd by Joey, Silvani and his handlers. He's still shadow-boxing.

Jake steps into the ring to both CHEERS and BOOS (many still remember the Fox fight). Jake raises his gloves.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

JOHNNY ADDI

And in the opposite corner, from
New York, New York, the challenger,
the Bronx Bull, Jake LaMotta!

Jake shakes the hands of the assembled celebrities and
ex-champions.

JAKE

I only wish it was you, Joe.

JOE LOUIS

Win the belt back for us, Jake.
Good luck.

Jake waves to Vickie who is sitting in the third row.

73 TIME CUT

The OPENING BELL SOUNDS. Cerdan and LaMotta touch gloves
and begin the fight.

Jake is hot: there's no stopping him tonight. He fights
like a man possessed.

Cerdan clinches Jake to avoid his brutal body blows. Jake
throws him to the mat in disgust.

There are no more boos. Jake has won over the crowd.

74 TIME CUT

End of Round Nine. Jake is working over a bloody Cerdan.
Punches to the body, then to the head, then back to the
body. The BELL SOUNDS.

Jake walks back to his corner and sits down. Joey is
ecstatic:

JOEY

Look at him, Jakey! You got it!
The fucking championship! He's
yours! Finish him off.

Jake doesn't have the chance. The ref, standing in
Cerdan's corner, waves his hands signaling the end of the
fight.

The fight is over. The ref holds up Jake's hands as Addi
takes the mike:

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

JOHNNY ADDI

The new middleweight champion of the world by a knockout after nine rounds, the Bronx Bull, Jake LaMotta!

Joey is all over him. Silvani helps Vickie through the mob.

The officials clear a circle as they bring over the jewel-studded championship belt. Joe Louis fastens the belt around Jake's waist.

Jake touches the oversized belt with his bloody gloves. Tears fall across Jake's huge grin as he holds his hands high in the air.

He wants to spar, he wants to dance, he wants to fuck. It is the most glorious moment in his life.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT (1956)

The name "Jake LaMotta's Celebrity Lounge" is emblazoned in neon across a lounge/liquor store on Collins Avenue, Miami's main drag. Jake's bar is across from The Rooney Plaza, one of Miami's more prestigious hotels.

Fifties cars are parked outside the club.

CUT TO:

76 INT. "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT

Jake LaMotta, 45 years old, wearing a tux, steps in front of a large painted wall mural of the Cerdan fight as he enters his club.

The lounge is dominated by a large circular bar. Featured entertainers perform on a raised platform in the center of the bar.

The club is half filled with sports, entertainment and mob types -- the same crowd that used to hang out at places like the Debonair Social Club.

The small band plays a routine fanfare as Jake steps onto the entertainer's platform. He takes the mike with one hand and silences the band with the other. The applause dies out as he speaks:

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

JAKE

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's a trill to be standing here talking to you wonderful people. In fact, it's a trill to be standing at all! I haven't seen so many people since my last fight at Madison Square Garden. After that fight a reporter asked me, 'Jake, where do you go from here?' I said, 'To a hospital.'

About half the patrons are listening; of them, half are laughing -- some a little too loud.

JAKE

(continuing)

I fought one hundred and seven professional fights and none of them bums figured out how to fight me -- they kept hitting me in bed. I mean in the head! Oops, I'm getting a little confused here, maybe I better sit down.

(calls to the bar)

Will somebody at the bar -- Linda? -- get me a stool and a drink and we'll be all right. It's not easy having your own joint, especially if you're too cheap to hire class entertainment.

Linda hands him a tall drink.

JAKE

(continuing)

Thanks, honey. Fine little girl there. When I was a kid in the Bronx, if somebody paid their rent two months in a row, the FBI investigated them!

Jake takes a long sip from his glass of Scotch.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. BRONX GOLF COURSE - DAY (1949)

Jake, Vickie, Joey and Sandy (who was once Pete's date at the Chester Palace), all dressed in the latest golf attire, stand on the third tee.

Sandy, the fourth of the foursome, tees off. Her ball dribbles down the fairway.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

SANDY

We're slowing you guys down. Why don't you go on ahead? We'll catch up.

JOEY

(shrugs)

Okay.

VICKIE

Yeah. You'll have more fun that way.

Sandy kisses Joey sensuously as they part. Joey, out of politeness, pecks Vickie on the mouth.

Jake and Joey head down the fairway.

JAKE

What's this kissing-on-the-mouth shit?

JOEY

(joking)

Awh, Jakey, screw off.

JAKE

What's the matter -- ain't a cheek good enough for you? I never even kissed Mama on the mouth.

Jake reaches his ball, pulls out a 3-iron and prepares to swing.

JOEY

Watch out, Jake. Don't let your gut get in the way.

Jake leans against his club.

JAKE

What kind of crap is that?

JOEY

Don't look at me, Jack. I'm just your manager. Ever since you got to be champ you've started ballooning up.

JAKE

So what am I supposed to be? St. Francis of a Sissy?

JOEY

Don't pay no attention to me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

JOEY (CONT'D)

I don't know nothing. All I know is that I don't have to step in the ring next month.

JAKE

Don't worry about me. You won't believe how strong I'm gettin'. Doc Bredoni's gonna take care of that. He's givin' me testosterone.

JOEY

What the hell is that?

JAKE

It's a hormosone, asshole. It comes from the testicles of a bull.

JOEY

That's great, Jake. But we're fighting in Cleveland, not Mexico.

Jake, ignoring him, prepares to hit his ball.

78 FURTHER BACK

Vickie and Sandy walk toward Sandy's ball:

SANDY

You gotta watch out for Joey, hon. He's trying to come between you and Jake.

VICKIE

You mean like you're coming between Joey and his wife?

SANDY

That's different. I love Joey. I could be good for him. Your situation ain't the same. Joey's jealous of Jake and he puts a lot of dirty things in his ears.

VICKIE

But he's Jake's brother.

SANDY

It's true just the same.

VICKIE

What am I supposed to do?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Jake won't even go off to training camp so he can keep an eye on me.

Sandy hits her ball with a driver.

SANDY

Maybe we can work something out when we go to Cleveland. We'll be at the same hotel.

VICKIE

Anything would help. Jake's been driving me crazy since he got the championship.

SANDY

That ain't a drive, hun. That's a short put.

Both girls laugh.

CUT TO:

79 INT. CLEVELAND ARMORY - NIGHT

We're back at the Cleveland Armory. But now -- eight years after we first saw Jake here -- the patrons are wearing suits instead of uniforms.

They're watching the champ.

The referee holds up Jake's hand. In another part of the ring, handlers are helping CHUCK HUNTER -- Jake's opponent -- to his feet.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. CLEVELAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Jake, Joey, Vickie and Sandy pile out of a Checker and enter a ritzy hotel.

The doorman congratulates Jake as he holds the door.

Jake is with Joey, Vickie with Sandy. Sandy whispers conspiratorially to Vickie as they enter. Vickie nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

81 INT. JAKE'S CLEVELAND HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Vickie, alone, opens the vent and listens. Joey and Sandy's VOICES come from the adjoining room.

Jake, carrying a bottle of champagne, swaggers out of the john.

JAKE

Here, catch, babe.

Jake throws her the champagne, but she fumbles the bottle. The champagne tumbles to the floor, spilling over the carpet.

Jake laughs as Vickie tries to clean up.

JAKE

(continuing)

Fuck it, honey.

VICKIE

No. Come over here and help me.

Jake grabs a towel, walks over and starts to wipe up the champagne. He hears Joey and Sandy arguing:

JAKE

What's that?

VICKIE

It sounds like Joey and Sandy.

JAKE

Yeah. They're in the next room.

VICKIE

(closing the vent)

We shouldn't listen.

JAKE

(reopening it)

Why not?

Vickie unconvincingly attempts to pull Jake away from the vent.

VICKIE

'Cause they're fighting.

JAKE

No, no. I wanna hear.

Joey and Sandy's VOICES come through the vent. They are yelling -- Sandy more than Joey:

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

SANDY (O.S.)

You're being unfair to Vickie.
Can't you see the way she loves him?

JOEY (O.S.)

I see what I see. I got eyes in my
head. I know what the fuck goes on
when Jake's away.

Vickie cautiously glances at Jake: he's listening.

CUT TO:

82 INT. JOEY'S CLEVELAND HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SANDY

At least Jake knows how to love a
woman.

JOEY

(disgust)
Yeah, sure.

SANDY

You just spread gossip.

JOEY

What you don't know about Jake could
fill a book. What you don't know
period could fill a fucking library.
I got first hand information. I
bleed for the guy every time I see
this shit. He's so nuts over that
broad he don't listen to people who
really care about him.

SANDY

Like you?

JOEY

Yeah, like me. That fucking dumb
asshole wouldn't know how to pee if
I didn't hold his prick.

SANDY

Maybe he's got his reasons.

JOEY

He's got his reasons, all right.
He's been hit too many fucking times
in the head.

CUT TO:

83 INT. CLEVELAND HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jake, listening to Joey, lifts up his foot and smashes his shoe through the door beside the lock. The WOOD SPLINTERS.

Jake smashes his way through the remainder of the door.

CUT TO:

84 INT. JOEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Joey and Sandy stand back, shocked.

JOEY

What's going on, Jakey? You drunk?

Jake's frame fills the doorway. He gives Joey the coldest of stares.

JAKE

You got the train tickets back to New York, Joey?

JOEY

Yeah, sure.

JAKE

Give 'em to me. Now!

Joey walks over to the closet and pulls the train tickets out of his suit coat.

JAKE

(continuing)

All four.

Joey hands the tickets to his brother.

JOEY

Okay, okay. Here they are.

Jake puts two of the tickets in his pocket. He tears the other two into small pieces in front of Joey and throws them to the carpet.

JAKE

Find another way home.

JOEY

But, Jack...

Jake prepares to leave.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

JAKE

And when you get there, don't look
me up. I ain't got no brother no
more.

Jake turns his back on Joey and walks out.

CUT TO:

85 INT. STEAM BATH - DAY

The steam is oppressively thick. It must be 140 degrees.

Jake, nude, does push-ups on the floor. His body is
bathed in sweat.

He pushes himself up, then collapses. His eyes are glazed
over from lack of strength.

He crawls to the door and pounds on it.

Al Silvani opens the door and gets on his knees beside
Jake.

AL SILVANI

It ain't worth it, Jake. Get out.

JAKE

(barely coherent)
What time is it?

AL SILVANI

Nine o'clock.

JAKE

At night?

AL SILVANI

Yeah. At night.

JAKE

How many pounds I gotta lose?

AL SILVANI

Four more, I figure.

JAKE

Just give me a chip of ice to put
in mouth. Just a fucking chip of
ice.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

AL SILVANI

I'll give you anything you want, Jake.
I think you should come out.

Silvani bends his ear to Jake's mouth:

JAKE

(barely audible)

But then I'll give up the crown.

AL SILVANI

Give it up. You're too weak to win
anyway.

JAKE

What does Joey say?

AL SILVANI

Joey?

JAKE

Joey. My goddamn brother!

AL SILVANI

You said I ain't to talk to him.

JAKE

I know what Joey says. Joey says
I can't make the weight. He's out
eating some pussy and he says I can't
make the weight.

AL SILVANI

Jake, please, come out.

Jake feebly motions for Silvani to come even closer. Al
presses his ear to Jake's mouth.

JAKE

Tell Joey to eat the fucking chip
of ice.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - DETROIT - NIGHT

The LaMotta-Dauthille middleweight championship is told
through the eyes and words of the RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER.

Joey, wearing a suit, sits behind the Announcer. Joey
cheers Jake on every second of the way -- but it's evident
that Jake needs more than cheers.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER

... Ladies and gentlemen, I've sat in front of these microphones for over twenty years but this is the strangest championship bout I've ever seen. With two minutes to go in the final round, the champion, the mighty Bull from the Bronx, is just simply taking punch after punch from the challenger. Dauthille scores a combination, then backpedals. LaMotta pursues him. One minute to go. Laurent Dauthille, who has already beat LaMotta in a non-title bout, is about to fulfill a dream -- to bring the middleweight crown back to France.

In the ring, Jake looks like he's on queer street. Bouncing off the ropes, opening his jaw to Dauthille. Dauthille's punches lack strength. We realize Jake is playing possum.

ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

Thirty seconds to go. The Bull starts to swing. LaMotta comes in for a brutal body combination: one, two, three, four punches. LaMotta has landed a solid left hook to the Frenchman's jaw! Dauthille seems confused. LaMotta is swinging wildly now: right, left, right, left! Dauthille is backing off! Everyone is on their feet! I can hardly see, ladies and gentlemen. Dauthille is on the ropes. LaMotta hits a right -- Dauthille is down! Dauthille is down! Referee Lou Handler is counting him out -- three, four, five -- if Dauthille can stand he'll win the decision -- eight, nine -- Dauthille is on one knee -- ten! It's all over! With thirteen seconds left on the clock Jake LaMotta has retained his middleweight championship in one of the most remarkable comebacks in boxing! Dauthille is standing now, confused. But the fight is over.

The Referee holds up Jake's victorious hand. He seems as surprised as everyone else.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

Silvani throws Jake's robe around his shoulders as Lou Handler calls out:

REFEREE

The middleweight champion, and still champion by a knockout in thirteen rounds, the Bronx Bull, Jake LaMotta!

Joey pushes his way into the ring. He embraces Silvani, then puts his arm around Jake's back.

When Jake recognizes Joey, he pushes him away.

JOEY

Jack, I came all the way to Detroit!

JAKE

Leave me the fuck alone!

CUT TO:

87 INT. "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT (1956)

Jake gulps down the last of his Scotch.

JAKE

(continuing his monologue)

... I fought Sugar Ray Robinson so many times it's a wonder I don't have diabetes. Linda! Get me another drink. One nice thing about Linda is that you can see her both coming and going. She's the kinda girl I like. You oughta see the kind I get. The record book says I fought Sugar Ray six times and he beat me five...

Linda brings another Scotch.

JAKE

(continuing)

... Thanks, babe. I'll pay you later. But I say I beat him three times -- and I got the movies to prove it. But there wasn't any question about the match on February 14, 1951...

(sips his drink)

... Valentine's Day. The anniversary of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Robinson didn't use a machine gun
but it was still a massacre...

Jake takes another drink.

CUT TO:

88 INT. JOEY'S BRONX LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (1951)

Joey and Pete watch the 6th Robinson-LaMotta fight on
Joey's new television console. LENORE, Joey's wife, sits
with them.

The 6th Robinson-LaMotta bout was seen live by more per-
sons than any fight to that date, nearly six million
spectators. It was also beamed by radio to Australia,
New Zealand, Europe and American Armed Forces around the
world.

Joey and Pete watch the flickering black-and-white image
with great intensity, cheering Jake on every blow of the
way.

Lenore, not a fight fan, is more detached. She can't
understand why they still care about Jake after he has
turned his back on them.

PETE

Look at that, Jakey's jabbing. He's
outboxing Robinson. I can't believe
he's getting that jab in.

JOEY

(shakes head)

Yeah, but it's got no strength.
C'mon, Jake! Finish him! Finish him!

Pete stands and swings in Jake's style. The BELL SOUNDS
and a Pabst commercial comes on:

PABST COMMERCIAL

'Friends, the quality that has
carried Pabst Blue Ribbon around
the world is yours for the asking.
Next time that friendly bartender
says, "What'll you have?" give him
the answer the whole world gives,
Pabst Blue Ribbon!

CUT TO:

89 INT. CHICAGO STADIUM - NIGHT

Silvani wipes Jake off in his corner.

JAKE

(gasping)

I couldn't. I shot my fucking load.
I couldn't get him down.

AL SILVANI

Don't talk. Keep at it. Jab, jab,
jab. You're ahead on points.

In the other corner, SUGAR RAY'S TRAINER pats down Robinson's pompadour as he says:

S.R.'S TRAINER

He's going, Sugar. Just an old
whitey. He ain't Jake LaMotta no
more. Make your move, Sugar. Kill
him!

Robinson nods.

The BELL SOUNDS and the fighters step onto the canvas. They look at each other before the boxing starts -- they both know what the future holds. Robinson smiles.

CUT TO:

90 INT. JOEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Robinson makes his move. His arms are a blur, swinging rapidly but accurately.

Joey and Pete are suddenly silent.

TV ANNOUNCER

LaMotta's on queer street, but he's
still standing. Robinson throws a
right, a left, a right, a right and
a right again! How can LaMotta stay
on his feet?

On TV, Robinson has Jake up against the ropes. He's giving Jake a pier six beating. It's the Fox fight for real.

Jake's face is so soaked in blood it's impossible to pinpoint the cuts.

Lenore gasps and runs from the room. Pete looks at the floor.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

TV ANNOUNCER

No man can take this kind of punishment. LaMotta is just a rag doll now. God knows what's holding him up. This is a historic beating. Sugar Ray staggers LaMotta with a left, and comes across with a blackjack punch to the champion's head. The referee is stepping in, Robinson has LaMotta on the ropes, that's it! Sugar Ray Robinson, former welterweight champion, has taken the middleweight crown from Jake LaMotta.

As the Ref stops the fight, Joey says:

JOEY

Thank God.

CUT TO:

91 INT. CHICAGO STADIUM - NIGHT

LaMotta, a bloody and beaten fighter, walks over to the victorious Robinson and puts his arm on his shoulder.

JAKE

You never knocked me down. You could never knock me down.

Sugar Ray, receiving congratulations from every direction, takes time to turn to Jake and say:

ROBINSON

So what?

CUT TO:

92 EXT. JAKE'S MIAMI HOME - DAY (1954)

Jake, Vickie and their three children are sitting around the beautifully landscaped swimming pool.

Vickie, made up and wearing a dress, looks her best. Jake wears baggy swimming trunks that can't hide his paunch.

A still photographer clicks pictures of Jake and Vickie as two other REPORTERS talk with him.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

JAKE

I'm pulling out of next Wednesday's TV bout 'cause I can't make the weight. I'm fighting at light heavyweight and I still can't make the weight.

REPORTER

Does that mean...

JAKE

It means I'm through with boxing. I'm tired with tryin' to make the weight anymore. I'm sick of thinkin' about weight, weight, weight.

REPORTER

You sound bitter.

JAKE

Why should I be bitter? Boxing's been good to me. I got a nice house, three great kids, a beautiful wife -- take a picture of her. Vickie.

Vickie poses dutifully.

JAKE

(continuing)

Ain't she beautiful? Coulda been Miss America if I didn't pull her out of the contest. Didn't want her wearing a swimsuit for anybody but me.

REPORTER

What do you think of Jake's retirement, Mrs. LaMotta?

Jake cuts in: Vickie's getting too much attention.

JAKE

I also bought a club on Collins Avenue, and I'm gonna open it real soon. Know that I'm gonna call it? 'Jake LaMotta's.'

CUT TO:

93 INT. "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT

Jake, an empty glass in his hand, stands on the bar platform and sings. His tuxedo shirt is stained.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

His voice is off-key, his speech slightly slurred.

Jake's onstage version of "That's Entertainment" differs from the backstage version. It's not just that he's a little drunk -- no, his voice is defiant, sadly defiant. He is singing at the patrons rather than to them.

JAKE

'When the fighter's not engaged in
his employment, his employment,
Although he was Champ and quite the
rage,
He must go somewhere else to seek
employment, seek employment.
So what does he do? He goes upon
the stage and meets his true
adversaries,
All you members of the human race.
But a fighter's life is not a bowl
of cherries,
Still I'd rather have an egg than a
fist upon my face...
That's Entertainment!"

Jake brings the band to a crescendo with a wave of his hand, then silences it. The spotlight goes out and there is a hearty round of applause.

Jake ducks under the circular bar.

He receives the kisses, glad handshakes and congratulations of the patrons as he works his way around the club.

Jake's new friends love him. Party girls, sports figures, columnists, mobsters, B actors and other "celebrities."

He poses for a still with his arms around two buxom young lovelies. One girl giggles as he fondles her. After the flash goes off, the girls admire his "big" hands.

Jake steps over to a table and greets J.J., a newspaper columnist, and his companions.

JAKE

J.J.! Glad you could make it.

J.J.

You were great, Jake. Just like old times. Good thing Sugar Ray wasn't here tonight.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

J.J.'S FRIEND

I saw you fight Bob Saterfield in '46, Jake. In Chicago. You were great.

JAKE

Yeah, I really cleaned up on him.

J.J.

Where's your wife, Jake?

JAKE

Do you think I'd let her in a place like this?

Jake feigns a few jabs and they all laugh. He walks off.

As Jake leaves, J.J. whispers to his friend:

J.J.

You ought to see his wife.

Jake steps over to a table where some of the "boys" are sitting. RICKY is the Miami 1956 version of Savy.

JAKE

Hey, Ricky, glad you came.

RICKY

Wouldn't miss it, Jake.

Jake calls a WAITRESS over.

JAKE

Hey, honey, buy these fellas a round on me. I can tell they're gonna be regular customers.

The Waitress says to a clearly underaged girl:

WAITRESS

I'll have to ask for your I.D.

Jake leans over and gives the young girl a long kiss on the lips. She enthusiastically reciprocates.

JAKE

Whew! Any girl that can kiss like that can drink in my club anytime!

They all laugh as Jake moves on. The life of the party.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - DAY

Jake, hungover, his tux wrinkled, walks from the parking lot toward the front entrance.

Vickie is sitting in her yellow Cadillac outside the club. The curbside window is halfway up. She calls to him:

VICKIE

Jake.

Jake, chagrined, steps over to the car.

JAKE

I'm sorry. I had to work late last night. Slept at the club.

VICKIE

I'm leaving you, Jake.

JAKE

Sure. What else is new?

VICKIE

No. This time it's true. I didn't bother to tell you until I had everything worked out.

Jake tries to open the door. It's locked.

JAKE

Open the door, Vickie.

VICKIE

No. I won't talk to you where you can use your hands on me. When you got your hands you're like an animal. Without 'em, you're even worse.

JAKE

Awh, com'on, don't give me this shit.

VICKIE

I got a lawyer, Jake. We're getting a divorce. I've got custody of the kids.

JAKE

Bullshit!

VICKIE

There were too many girls.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Don't even try to deny it. You still treat women like you did when you were a fighter.

Jake tries to reach in the window, but Vickie hits the power switch, closing it. She now has to yell to him:

VICKIE

(continuing)

You got three days to get your stuff out of the house. After that, the cops will be there. I have the kids with me.

Jake tries to smash the window, but only hurts his fist.

VICKIE

(continuing)

I never want to see you again.

The second time Jake's fist cracks but doesn't shatter the window. Vickie turns her face and drives away.

Jake grabs at the Cadillac, but it is bigger and stronger than him.

He yells as she pulls away:

JAKE

Vickie! You cunt! You... whore!
(chases car, kicking it)

I knew all about you and Pete!
And Savy! And Frankie! And
Joey! And... ah...

Jake can't think of any more names. Besides, Vickie's car is already a block away.

CUT TO:

95 INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake has an office above the lounge. Ever since Vickie left, it's also been his apartment.

The place is a mess. Jake sends his laundry out when he runs out of clean clothes. Dirty socks, shorts and shirts are scattered randomly.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

Empty whiskey bottles on the desk, empty beer cans in the wastebasket.

1ST DEPUTY
Let's go, Jake, wake up!

JAKE
Huh? Whaddya mean, get up?

1ST DEPUTY
(showing badge)
We're from...

JAKE
I know where the fuck you're from.
Cops look and sound the same
everyplace.

1ST DEPUTY
They want you downtown.

JAKE
What for?

1ST DEPUTY
I don't run the joint. They just
told me to bring in LaMotta.

JAKE
Shit. Let me get dressed.

Jake appeals to the SECOND DEPUTY as he hunts for his clothes.

JAKE
(continuing)
Hey, I'm a big taxpayer down here.
Don't that entitle me to some
information what this is all about?

The Second Deputy shows Jake a photo.

2ND DEPUTY
You recognize this girl? She been
in the club?

JAKE
I donno.

1ST DEPUTY
She's been telling quite a story
about you, Jake.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

1ST DEPUTY (CONT'D)

It smells like a compulsory
prostitution charge to me.

JAKE

Huh?

2ND DEPUTY

She says you introduced her to
men. Under the law, that's
called pimping, LaMotta. You
know that word, 'pimping?'

JAKE

It smells like shit to me.

2ND DEPUTY

LaMotta! This girl is only
fourteen.

JAKE

Fuck. You're the guys supposed
to make sure the kids stay in
school.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY

Jake, wearing a suit, walks up to the door and pushes
the bell.

Vickie opens the door and looks at him over the chain.

JAKE

Vickie. Open up. I need to come
in.

VICKIE

Are you sober?

JAKE

Yeah. Open the door.

VICKIE

Leave me alone.

Jake tries to touch her face through the doorway crack,
but she steps back.

JAKE

Please, Vickie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

I won't bother you. I just have to pick one thing up. You can send the kids next door. Start counting and by the time you get to fifty, I'll be gone.

Vickie thinks a moment, then goes back inside.

A second later, Vickie returns with a bathroom towel wrapped around her head and neck. She opens the door and lets Jake in.

CUT TO:

97 INT. JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY

Jake walks directly past her into the living room. Vickie watches from a safe distance.

VICKIE

(counting)

One, two, three, four, five...

He removes his jewel-studded championship belt from the glass bookcase and carries it into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, Jake takes a hammer and screwdriver out of a drawer, places the belt on the counter top, and starts digging the jewels out of it.

Vickie appears in the doorway:

VICKIE

(continuing)

... nine, ten, twelve. Jake, what are you doing?

JAKE

I need ten thousand dollars. My lawyer says if we can spread ten thousand bucks around, we can get the case dropped.

VICKIE

But they don't have a case against you.

JAKE

(digging at belt)

Who are you kiddin'?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Did you ever see a 14 year old testify in court? Don't you read the papers? 'LaMotta on Vice Rap.' Everybody likes a shot at the Champ.

VICKIE

Be careful! You're ruining the belt.

JAKE

What the hell difference does it make anymore?

(looks at Vickie)

And you can take that towel off your head, too. I ain't gonna hit you.

VICKIE

Can't you get the money from your friends?

JAKE

What friends?

VICKIE

Your old friends.

JAKE

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, they'd love that. Come down to Miami and help little Jake out of his pimping rap. I never took charity before and I ain't gonna start now.

Jake, frustrated by his task, turns the belt over and hammers at it. The jewels scatter across the counter top and floor. Jake collects the jewels and puts them in his pockets.

JAKE

(continuing)

You got some steak in the frig? Why don't you cook me one?

VICKIE

No, Jake. I don't want to.

Vickie instinctively covers her face with her hands, as if Jake were about to hit her.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

But he doesn't. He just sticks the last of the jewels in his pocket and walks past her.

CUT TO:

98 INT. JEWELRY SHOP - DAY

Jake stands at the counter of a small jewelry store. The JEWELER, a young man about 25, examines the stones.

JEWELER

Didn't you also wish to sell the Championship Belt, Mr. LaMotta?

JAKE

That's it. Those are the jewels that were taken from the belt.

JEWELER

But where is the belt?

JAKE

You want the jewels or the belt?

JEWELER

Both. These stones are worth about fifteen hundred dollars, but the belt of a champion is a very rare item. The belt with the stones untouched would have been worth near five thousand dollars.

Jake seems to despair of the whole thing: the belt, the attempt to raise 10Gs, the vice case, his life.

JAKE

Fuck it. What difference does it make anyway?

JEWELER

At least three thousand.

JAKE

Huh?

JEWELER

The difference would be at least three thousand dollars.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jake places a call from a pay phone outside the jewelry store.

JAKE

(on phone)

I can't raise the ten thousand.
Let 'em put me on trial. The
way I'm livin' now, I'd be better
off in jail.

CUT TO:

100 INT. DADE COUNTY STOCKADE - DAY

The CAMERA TRACKS down the lonely corridors of the Dade County Prison. Empty faces stare out from behind the bars.

We HEAR Jake's voice at the beginning of what will become a soliloquy:

JAKE (V.O.)

I always knew what it would look
like. I'd been here before. No.
I'd just been in too many other
rooms. Just before they put me
in here, I saw exactly what it
looked like.

Jake is lead down a long corridor by TWO GUARDS. His hands and legs are manacled and chained.

The Guards, redneck screws both, take special pleasure in working over Jake.

They take Jake to the "hole" -- solitary confinement.

1ST GUARD

Hate to see you go, LaMotta.
Ain't often we get some bigshot
tough guy. You're real tough
ain't you, LaMotta?

The other Guard unmanacles him.

2ND GUARD

Too bad we ain't got any little
girls in here, LaMotta. But we
got some young boys. If you're
good, you can have a shot at 'em
when you get outta solitary.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

They push Jake into the cell.

JAKE

I ain't no queer.

1ST GUARD

All the boys are queer here. The ones that end up on the bottom are faggots.

The 1st Guard closes the door on Jake.

CUT TO:

101 INT. THE HOLE - DAY OR NIGHT

A thin slit provides the only light in Jake's cell.

The rough cement walls are covered with obscure graffiti. The 8x8x8 room features only a cot and toilet.

The room is mostly darkness. SOUNDS are more tangible here than sights.

We SEE Jake's body as it passes through the slit of light.

JAKE (V.O.)

It ain't so bad here. Eight by eight by eight. A fourth the size of a ring. A corner fight. I've either been here a long time or a short time. I think it's a short time. They don't think LaMotta is tough enough. They don't know about my friends. Yeah, Jack and Nick and Bob. The roaches...

(holds out hand)

... Yeah, good boys. When did I jerk off? This morning. No. I didn't have enough strength.

Jake crouches into the corner away from the light and pulls his pants off.

JAKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

Good thing my cock is dumb. It don't know the difference between a warm hand and a warm pussy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ida wasn't much -- but I wasn't choosy. She was nice at first.

As Jake speaks, we SEE, in SENSUOUS PANS, the iconography of adolescent masturbation:

- 1940's black-and-white pornography: partially clothed men and women engaged in explicit sex acts.
- boxing magazines, fighters' beaten and bloody faces. A body building ad. Charles Atlas raises his muscled biceps.
- Li'l Abner comics. Daisy Mae's tits seem about to fall free.
- an "Older Girl" (in B&W) sashays into the candy store. 8mm FOOTAGE of other Bronx preteen girls walking, smiling.

Jake is an adolescent again. These are the images that evoked his sexuality thirty years ago. These are the images he is trying to jerk off to now.

JAKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

The first time I ever heard about jacking off was from a kid named Eddie at Coxsackie Reformatory. He told me how to hold my cock, how to stroke it, how to get it to come just right. He said he would show me sometime. I asked him what it was like. He said his brother said it felt good.

As Jake continues to masturbate, other images appear:

- Pubescent young girls giggle and chatter around the shallow end of Shorehaven pool. Jake, fully clothed, watches from behind the wire fence.
- A naked girl stands in the doorway of a bedroom.
- Jake likes in bed with Ida, staring at the ceiling.
- Vickie, pretty young face, DOUBLE EXPOSES with Sugar Ray Robinson's.
- The doctor injects morphine into Jake's fists.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

-- Jake's fist hits Vickie's face.

-- Vickie playfully bends Jake's hand back, pretending to break it.

-- Jake hits Vickie again. She cries.

JAKE (V.O.)
(continuing)
Goddamn! Goddamn!

Jake stands and paces around the cell.

JAKE (V.O.)
(continuing)
No, no, don't lose your cool.
Just take it easy. Keep your
head clear.

Jake squats and starts to stimulate himself again.

JAKE (V.O.)
(continuing)
Who was that that used to come
to the club? Beautiful tits.
Tight pussy but a loose mouth.
Oh, wonderful little fucking
mouth. Mouth.

The new image is working for Jake. His voice gains intensity.

JAKE (V.O.)
(continuing)
Yeah, yeah, baby. Keep that up.
More.

Other images come into Jake's mind:

-- Jake stands fully clothed in the same hotel room door we saw previously.

-- On the bed, a girl is going down on Joey. The girl turns and looks up at Jake. It's Linda, the waitress from his club.

-- Jake brutally slaps a girl to the sidewalk outside of Gleason's. Joey watches -- then turns in disgust and walks away.

The images have failed. Jake can't hold an erotic image in his mind long enough to come.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

Screw 'em. Fuck 'em all. I can do it by myself. Come on cock. You a man? Are you a man? You can do it. You don't have to get hard. Just come for Jakey. Please, if only a dribble, please come. You can come. I know you can, kid. You're almost there. I can't fucking stand it. You're almost there, finish him off, kid. Just please, just, just... fuck!

Jake jumps to his feet and pounds the concrete walls.

JAKE

(continuing)

It's these fucking hands. These fucking pussy hands!

(looks at bloody fists)

Can't do the job. Ain't a man.
Can't do the job. Never could.

Jake is now smashing the wall with all his strength. Vicious body punches. Jake grimaces -- the knuckles on his right hand crack after a wild punch.

JAKE

(continuing)

Why me? I was on top. I drink their blood.

(screaming in pain)

Goddamn you hands! What do you want from me? I'm not an animal. I'm not.

Jake collapses to the concrete floor. His hands -- now broken, bloody stumps -- ~~hang limply from his arms.~~

JAKE

(continuing)

Oh, my fucking hands.

A final image reappears: morphine is injected into his clenched fists.

JAKE

(continuing)

God, just, just, give me a chance.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. METROPOLE BAR - NIGHT (1959)

The famous Metropole on 7th Avenue off Times Square.

CUT TO:

103 INT. METROPOLE - NIGHT (1959)

Jake LaMotta, 48 years old, wearing a hip Fifties suit, calls out from the garishly lit stage:

JAKE

And here she is, Miss Emma
Forty-Eights!

Jake steps off the stage and takes his position on a stool near the door.

He checks a couple ID's and takes a drink.

GEORGE MACKLE, a young bearded reporter, walks up to him:

MACKLE

Mr. LaMotta? I'm George Mackle
from Sports Monthly.

They shake hands.

JAKE

I got your message. Wanna beer?

MACKLE

Please.

JAKE

(to bartender)

One Schlitz.

(to Mackle)

What's the scoop worth to you these days?

MACKLE

\$2,500. If it's your side of the
Billy Fox incident.

JAKE

Any fighter ever talk about
throwing a bout in Madison
Square Garden?

MACKLE

No. Not on the record.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

JAKE

Let's put it on the record. You want to take some notes?

MACKLE

Hold on a second, Mr. LaMotta. You're going to have to put your name on paper to this. I ain't gonna fool you. It may cause you some trouble.

JAKE

I know all about trouble, kid. But the last years has changed my thinking a lot. When I started out my brain was crooked, but all them fights straightened it out.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. U.S. SENATE BUILDING - DAY (1960)

Tourists, politicians and period cars.

CUT TO:

105 INT. CORRIDOR - U.S. SENATE - DAY

Jake, nervous, waits with a lawyer in the corridor. Newsmen and politicians pass.

He turns and sees a familiar face down the corridor.

Joey.

He looks again. Joey's gone. He walks after him.

Jake turns a corner. Joey, sipping from a paper coffee cup, waits for him. Jake's face breaks into a broad smile:

JAKE

Hey, gauallow. Joey.

Joey coldly stares at him.

JOEY

It's been a while, Jake.

JAKE

Yeah, I know.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

JOEY

(cold)
I'm here to testify, Jake.

JAKE

Yeah, so am I.

Joey looks at him sadly:

JOEY

Why did you shut me out, Jack?

Jake, pained, shrugs.

JAKE

I didn't know no better, Joey.
I was ignorant.

Joey just stares at him..

JAKE

(continuing)

Whaddya wanna do? Hit me?

Joey thinks a moment, then throws down his coffee cup and says:

JOEY

Yeah.

Joey sends a brutal body combination into Jake's mid-section. Jake buckles. Joey, unlike his brother, has kept in shape.

Jake makes no attempt to protect himself.

JAKE

Go on. Hit me again. Go on.

Joey does, smashing a haymaker to Jake's face. Then another. Jake falls against the wall, then sinks to the floor.

His bloody face looks up:

JAKE

(continuing)

I'm down, Joey.

Joey smiles sadly.

JOEY

You poor dumb son-of-a-bitch.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

You wanna hit me again?

JOEY

No.

Joey reaches down and helps his brother up. They embrace.

JOEY

(continuing)

You know why I'm here, don't you, Jack?

JAKE

To testify.

JOEY

Besides that. I ain't got nothing to do with them anymore, but some of the boys came to me and said to give you a message. They said if you talked before Keefauver you were gonna be a dead man.

JAKE

I ain't scared. I'm gonna tell the truth.

JOEY

Do whatever you want, Jake. I mean it. I said I would give a message and I gave it.

JAKE

(embraces Joey again)

Thanks.

Jake turns and walks off. Joey heads the other direction.

Joey runs into Savy, who has been waiting for him.

SAVY

What did he say?

JOEY

I gave him the message. He's unpredictable.

SAVY

I just got off the phone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

SAVY (CONT'D)

I'm responsible. I gotta see that Jake's in line. What's he gonna do?

JOEY

I told you. He's unpredictable.

CUT TO:

106 INT. KEEFAUVER COMMITTEE - DAY

Jake sits IN CLOSEUP at the witness table. He looks like the vulnerable, sad, sweet, near fifty year old man he now is.

MR. BONOMI, the Senate lawyer, is HEARD O.S.

BONOMI (O.S.)

You have admitted that you purposely lost or 'dumped' the Fox fight?

JAKE

Yes.

BONOMI (O.S.)

And you were aware that prior to the Fox fight a bribe offer was made?

JAKE

Yes.

BONOMI (O.S.)

Who made the bribe offer?

JAKE

I don't know. The only information I got was through my brother, Joseph LaMotta.

BONOMI (O.S.)

Who did he say was offering the bribe?

JAKE

I wasn't interested in names. I was only interested in one thing. The Championship.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

BONOMI (O.S.)

Your brother wasn't offering the \$100,000 bribe, was he?

JAKE

He was not.

BONOMI (O.S.)

He was offering it through somebody else.

JAKE

Evidently.

SENATOR PHILIP HART (O.S.)

Mr. Bonomi, will you yield the floor so that I may address a question to Mr. LaMotta?

BONOMI (O.S.)

Of course, Senator Hart.

SENATOR PHILIP HART (O.S.)

Mr. LaMotta, the information you have offered today will upset the very people we are investigating here. Do you fear any retribution?

JAKE

Shit, no! I ain't never been scared of them rats.

There are SOUNDS of the reporters SCURRYING out of the room. They have their headline. Jake takes a drink of water.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. SENATE STEPS - DAY

The reporters struggle to get at Jake. Jake's lawyer and a Federal Marshal vainly fend them off.

Joey and Savy watch from the sidewalk.

SAVY

He's still a strunz, your brother. I can't believe it. For an hour he was beautiful in there. Then he has to make a dumb grandstand play.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

SAVY (CONT'D)

'I ain't afraid of none of them rats.'

JOEY

Who the fuck did he hurt? Tell me that, Savy.

SAVY

It's a question of attitude. He don't show no respect.

As Jake and the crowd pass, Savy, unable to restrain himself, calls out:

SAVY

(continuing)

You ain't out of trouble yet, LaMotta!

Jake notices Savy out of the corner of his eye and calls to Joey:

JAKE

Hey, Joey, slug that guy for me.

Joey delivers a swift left to Savy's gut, then decks him with a right to the jaw.

The reporters scurry around, trying to figure out what happened. Jake, smiling, waves to Joey as he is led to his car.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. BARBIZON PLAZA THEATER - NIGHT

This may not be Broadway, but it's a long way from the Metropole. The entrance to the Barbizon looks out at the corner of 6th Avenue and Central Park South.

A stand-up billboard in front of the theater advertises "Nine Scenes with Jake LaMotta." The billboard also lists the authors whose works will be performed: Chayevsky, Rod Serling, Shakespeare, Bud Schulberg, Tennessee Williams.

CUT TO:

109 INT. BARBIZON THEATER - NIGHT

The theater is filled to capacity -- 200 plus. The audience is properly dressed for opening night.

Jake, dressed as Stanley Kowalski, peeks out the curtain at the capacity crowd. He turns back to Joey.

JAKE

I'm worried, Joey. I memorized ten thousand words. Ten thousand words! You know how much that is? I never learnt anything like that before. I'm gonna forget. This is worse than any fight I was ever in. I know I'm gonna forget, Joey.

JOEY

Take it easy, Jack. Pretend you're alone. Pretend they're betting against you. Close your eyes.

He does, concentrating.

110 ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME CUT)

Jake is on stage dressed as Richard II. The stage is dark, the audience silent.

He plays the King's final soliloquy from RICHARD II. Jake is in no way an accomplished actor -- his rough accent chops through Shakespeare's iambic verse -- but his emotions are real and intensely felt.

And, at this moment, that seems most important:

JAKE

(as Richard II)

'I have been studying how I may
compare
This prison where I live unto the
world.
And for because the world is
populous,
And here is not a creature but
myself,
I cannot do it, yet I'll hammer
it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to
my soul,
My soul the father, and these two
beget...'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

'... A generation of still breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world.'

111 ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME CUT)

Pete, excited, grabs Joey backstage.

PETE

I couldn't fucking believe it.
Where is he? I just wanted to tell him how fantastic it was.

JOEY

He wants to see you, too, Pete.
He was asking about you.

PETE

Where is he?

JOEY

Just give him a second. He's backstage. Working it off.

CUT TO:

112 INT. BARBIZON - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Jake, half-dressed as Richard II, shadow-boxes in his darkened dressing room.

His breath comes in quick gasps. His feet pop up and down like they were on canvas. His tiny fists jerk forward with short bursts of light.

Still alive. Still a contender. A 48 year old man fighting for his shot.

THE END