



Scripts.com

Hoffa

By David Mamet

Want me to go call him up?

No.

You want a cup of coffee?

No.

You wanna go?

You OK?

I'm betting you're awake in there.

Are you?

- What do you want?

- Figured I'd like to talk to you.

- About what?

- Fuck do you care?

You ain't making money sit here
side of the road. Get up. Start driving.

Put me in the cab. I keep you up.

- You're with the Teamsters.

- That's right.

I can't take you. They find out
you rode my cab, I'm out a job.

You best get used to it

'cause I'm coming with you.

- The fuck you are.

- Fuck I'm not!

- I said, get the fuck off my cab.

- Have a cigarette.

I said, get the fuck out.

They find you in here, it's my job.

What fucking kind of pussy are you?

Some guy in Duluth

tells you who stays in the cab?

Listen to me. Listen to me.

I know what that is, baby.

Your driving cig burns down,
keeps you from falling asleep at the wheel.

I know, I been there. I got scars of my own,
that's why I want you to listen to me...

Get the fuck out of my cab.

Baby, you got the balls,
and you might get lucky and kill me.

Barring that, you'll hear
my speech about the Teamsters,

so why don't you just
drive the fucking truck, huh?

All that I'm saying,

there's a lot more there for us.
It's right, it's just, it's due us, it's possible.
The downtime pay,
pay for deadhead and medical.
All the things I've been saying.
Bobby, not only is it possible,
it's right there.
When they have to negotiate,
they say to you,
"Ride with the Teamsters, lose your job."
- They treat us like dirt.
- I know that.
They got us driving to pay the rent.
Every couple weeks,
some son of a bitch falls asleep.
I know that.
Stuck 10, 12 hours,
rig broke down, no pay.
Yeah, I know that.
We're trying to strike the company, ya see.
- I can't go out on strike.
- You can't afford not to go.
- How you gonna get back to your cab?
- Another driver just like you, baby.
- Now, listen to me. I want you to stop by...
- I can't sign up with you.
You will sign up, but I didn't say sign up.
I said stop by.
All right, pull this thing over right here.
You don't wanna be seen with me.
Things been a little tough.
You know kids...
Don't count on their best efforts.
Negotiate for a position of strength!
What can they take away from you?
Put it down.
Put it down. If they put it down,
then they can't do nothing.
Bobby, how you doin'?
You're saying,
"I don't know, but I need my job."
I'm saying, guarantee your job!
Guarantee your wage!
You're working for peanuts...

- What's going on?
- Fella the Teamsters.
- What's he want?
- Strike.
Hey, let's get to work.
Come on, let's move a little faster, huh?
Let's get going!
Ciaro, you're on number ten.
- Fitzgrieg, you haul it out.
- Stop their exploitation!
I see a man with the power
of the international union
to eliminate all this bullshit!
Let them move the fuckin' crates!
Let's see how long they'll never negotiate.
They've been feeding you dog shit,
telling you it's Cream of Wheat!
You, too! Hey, I've had it with you!
I ain't afraid of these cocksuckers.
I ain't afraid of nobody.
What are you afraid of? Hey, you!
You, you son of a bitch! You! You! Yeah.
You rode with me 85 miles,
smoked my cigarettes,
listened to my jokes.
After what I did for you,
what are you gonna do for me, huh? Huh?
You just cost me my job!
You cost me my fucking job!
You cost me my job!
You cost me my fucking job!
Put it down! Put the crate down.
You men, put the crates down!
- Let it spoil!
- Where do you think you are, a picnic?
Put the fucking crates down.
Cross the line. Join the Teamsters.
That's right. That's right. Put it down.
Pick that crate up!
You don't need some manager.
You don't need some manager
telling you what's true.
You don't need to worry about
killing no fucking golden goose!

You guys want your jobs?

Get back to work!

Don't you got mouths to feed?

You can't fight back?

- Get outta here, will ya?
- I'm sick and tired of talking to you.
- Quit coming in here.
- You're wearing me out.
- No union!
- Crumb!

Ladies.

- Walk a little bit here.
- What the fuck you want?

You cost me my job.

- And what?
- I'm gonna cut your throat.

You're obviously a man with
a profound sense of justice.

- Is there a problem?
- I got no quarrel with you.

Yes you do, lad. You got a beef
with my partner, you got a beef with me.
Pull a knife while a guy's unprotected.

- Get fuckin' back.
- No.

I couldn't have that on my conscience.

See?

Life's a negotiation.

It's all give and take.

I'm sorry I cost you your job.

I'm oh, so sorry.

And yes, yes, and...

- Everything I did... why?
- To help the workingman.
- You're fuckin' A.
- And I'm a workingman. So's Jimmy.

Just the same as you.

You gotta eat, I gotta eat.

I got no desire what I do hurts you.

You got a beef with me,

what can I do to help?

- 'Cause everybody's got a right to eat.
- That's right.

Take these cocksuckers. Honest

laundrymen signed with the Teamsters.
- Some cocksucker.
- You see that guy?
I'm gonna see him tonight.
Some guy'll be near the trucks.
Some guy, a laundry.
We are out there.
Jimmy's out there. Organizing.
So the strength of collective bargaining
protects the workingman.
Some cocksucker won't organize,
won't join,
won't come along,
lets his brother pay the price,
but won't he take the benefits
his brothers have accrued?
You fuckin' know he will.
Nobody wanted to hurt you.
What am I gonna do for money?
- Can he drive a truck?
- That's where I met him, isn't it?
You want a bit of work? One night.
Give me the fuckin' knife.
You wanna go around, buy a gun.
Go like a white man.
This cocksucker...
"The Idle Hour Laundry."
Cop comes by two minutes.
We'll let him pass.
- How you doin' on the west side?
- Working on it.
I got the guys, Mallory Plant.
I'm gonna talk to 'em tomorrow.
Yeah. Hey. There he is.
Yes, indeed.
Right into the thick of things.
Ah.
- Here we go.
- I got it.
You stay here.
Turn the motor on, put it in gear.
Shit.
Holy shit!
Jesus Christ!

- Jimmy!
- Fuckin' blew up.
- Jimmy!
- Jesus!
Oh, shit! Oh, shit!
Get somebody!
Where's the fuckin' phone?
Get a phone!
Oh! Get a fuckin' phone!
Jesus, it just fuckin' blew up.
Once he got out the cab,
we run in to see what the thing is,
that he thought he heard
screaming in the joint.
He goes in...
And who's this?
Is that the way it happened?
- Yeah.
- Why?
It is.
- How's the other fella?
- He's dying in there.
Amen.
There may still be enough time, my son,
to rid your soul of
whatever sin there may be,
and if you did this thing,
simply to confess and lay it before God.
- I...
- What?
Yes, my son, what is it?
Billy Flynn.
Wasn't he?
Fuckin' good old days.
You cost me my job, Jim.
You cost me my fuckin' job.
Fuck you.
You're wearing me out.
Never let a stranger in your cab.
Never let a stranger in your cab,
in your house, or in your heart,
unless he is a friend of labor.
Ain't that the truth.
But if he is that friend of labor...

Want a cup of coffee?
But if he is that friend of labor...
If he is that friend of labor...
But if he is a friend to labor,
he's the only friend you've got!
And you'd best listen to that man!
If he's got the scars on his knuckles,
if he's got the muscles in his arms,
if he's been out on that road,
like you and me,
then he's the only friend you've got!
Are you listening?
The only friend you've got.
The race, the race of labor...
We're the union, boys!
We're the union!
With the race of Israel of old, it's said...
He knows the words,
but he don't know the music.
Hey, Pally!
Why don't you team up with
some people gonna stand by you?
To the Kreger Company,
you're just part of the truck.
You're just part of the truck,
you're the nut behind the wheel.
The minute they find a way to replace you...
Get the fuck down off my cab.
- Get back, Jimmy.
- All right. All right.
Fuck gonna shoot me, the fucking scab.
- Jimmy, how you doing?
- Fine, Fitz.
Somebody ought to
shoot that motherfucker.
Let him organize the dead.
They're letting them in!
It don't look good.
Hey! Get down off them trucks!
You stupid dago!
Get down off of those trucks!
You fuckin' scabs!
That's my job you're taking away from me!
You scab bastards, you!

Hey! Hey! Come here!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah! Yeah!
You think they're gonna be loyal to you,
huh? Crossing over this line?
- Get out of the way!
- You know what you are to them?
A scab, just like you are to us!
A fucking scab!
Fuck you! Get out of the way!
Hey, we're blowing this fuckin' strike, Fitz.
I better organize some people this week,
or my family ain't gonna eat.
Where's the justice in that?
Oh, hell.
We're gonna get in another punch-up.
If we can just keep these
fuckin' dagos off our backs...
- Just keep your head down.
- Yeah, yeah.
Are you listening? Are you listening?
We're with the Teamsters.
We're with you!
Pull these trucks over!
What's the matter with you?
Jimmy.
Some people wanna see you.
He said, "What are you afraid of?"
Tell him it's none of his fuckin' business.
Go on. Tell him what I said.
He said to say that
you're costing him money and that...
you're pissing on his whole operation.
I wanna...
He said to shut up.
He said, why shouldn't he
take you out in the alley
and beat you until you beg for death?
This is the question.
When you fuck with the livelihood
of the people under his protection...
why shouldn't he kill you?
He said, "If you were in his place,
what would you do?"
Tell him he gives me a cup of coffee,

I'll answer his questions.
Don't go anywhere.
I'm gonna need you here.
Now...
Here's the situation that we got here.
Bring your man D'Ally in.
He'll understand the numbers.
Kreger's got lettuce rotting
all over the south side of the city.
You run men in to break the strike.
The strike goes nowhere,
the people go nowhere.
Doesn't do anybody any good.
We'll win the strike. Thank you very much.
The thing of it is, see...
All right, all right!
The end of the strike...
Let me have your attention for a minute...
Is due to one thing and one thing only:
To the efforts of one man
who went out there,
who went out there in the cold,
who was out there day and night,
speaking the word, spreading the word...
and the word was Teamsters!
The word was unity!
And it overcame the scabs!
And it overcame the company!
It made the day,
and it made us our contract!
Here's the man who
led us through that fight,
the man who beat Kreger,
who broke them down and who took us in,
our new business manager, Red Bennett!
Thank you, thank you.
Listen to me. Listen to me!
Let him talk.
This is a very embarrassing
position for me.
Heh! You bet!
Hey, Red!
None of us who were there,
none of us,

are undeserving of recognition.

It was the group, as it always is.

The group!

Full of shit.

They don't get the wops to back off,
we don't win the strike.

- That's right.

- Hey, this is my nephew.

- Petey Connelly.

- Pleased to meet you.

Hi.

Hey, Petey, Petey,

I'll catch up with you later.

- Jimmy!

- Yeah, I'm terrific.

- I got a lot to learn from you.

- That's true.

- How did you do it?

- You don't want to know.

- Yes, I do. That's why I asked.

- Oh, I see.

- I wanna know.

- Eh, you're drunk.

I tell you, you go show off
tomorrow morning, tell your nephew.

Jim. Jim, I'm born. I'm bred.

- Yeah.

- I wanna know.

I wanna put this together.

I wanna be the guy th...

I'm sure you do, Fitz.

So I'm gonna give you a piece of advice:

Don't ask for something

that it's a burden to you if you get it.

Like information or something, huh?

Like what a guy did.

You want to know what I did?

I told the wops,

"Don't drive the Kreger trucks."

Scab labor. Help the Teamsters.

He said, "Why should I?"

I said, "Teamsters drive the Kreger trucks.

"Half the trucks we drive, we take them
to a warehouse of your choosing,

and you steal the contents. "

What do you think of that, Fitz?

Does it shock or delight you?

- Jimmy!

- Yeah.

There's a negotiating tactic you can use next time you get all jammed up.

What a fuckin' guy. Hey, look.

I'm gonna go out, get drunk, get laid.

I don't blame you for it.

It was a famous victory.

Come... come with me.

Nah, I'm busy. You go get laid.

Fucking guy.

So why'd you tell him?

The thing of it is, a guy's close to you, you can't slight him.

You can't slight that guy.

A real grievance can be resolved.

Differences can be resolved.

But an imaginary hurt...

A slight...

That motherfucker gonna hate you till the day he dies.

Should I have told him?

And so we move on.

- Ain't that something?

- Yeah. You did good.

Yeah.

Al... Pretty chilly tonight.

- Oh, yeah. I feel it in my bones.

- Bye.

So how much money you make organizing?

- What?

- How much money you make organizing?

All right?

- Give you a hand?

- Yeah.

A man who ain't afraid to get his hands dirty.

I ain't afraid to get 'em dirty or get 'em bloody. I ain't afraid of a fuckin' thing.

I'll tell you why:

'cause I'm a member of a brotherhood.
Jimmy Hoffa, Local 299,
International Brotherhood of Teamsters.
Now go around, get a big stone
or something, chock up this back wheel.
You want some help?
\$10 each new member,
That's what you make?
What I make
is none of your fuckin' business.
It's what I'll pay you, you come in with me.
I wanna tell you something...
I'll listen to any man
ain't afraid to get his hands dirty.
First man I ever seen go out of his way
to help a trucker change a tire.
Someday this man will be
President of the United States.
Fuck that. Someday I'm gonna
be president of the Teamsters.
Now I want you to listen to me. When this
tin lizzie breaks down, who pays you?

I'll tell you:

Same as who pays you when
you got the downtime and the deadhead.
When there's nothing, who's your partner?
He makes you his partner
when there's nothing.
When it's time to give
the ham-and-egggers a Christmas bonus,
does he make you his partner then? No.
I'll tell you when he makes you a partner...
- You armed? You packin'?'
- Always, Jimmy. Always.
- Don't lighten up on me now.
- Oh, no.
- I'm serious, Bobby.
- Did I get to be this old?
You got the piece
stashed the roadhouse?
Yeah.
Can you get to it?
You wanna go check it?

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

- Go check it.

- Where the fuck's D'Allesandro?

- I don't know.

- Why don't you call him up?

- He ain't gonna be in.

Call him up. Where is he?

What the fuck?

I'm sitting here fuckin' shotgun
for a simple meeting, fuckin' guy, see?

- I'm sorry he ain't here.

- You fuckin' wops.

You people.

You cocksucker, why you wanna
be born into a race like that?

- Bad judgment.

- You're fuckin' A well told.

You go sit, look out the roadhouse, huh?

The booth the meeting's supposed to be.

Call the motherfucker. Tell me.

Thing is, I'm not sitting here all day.

- I'll call him.

- Leave me the piece.

- I'm gonna go naked?

- You got the one at the roadhouse.

What are you worried about?

Get outta here.

Do something for a living.

Blew the fucking rod

and busted through the fan belt.

I'm supposed to be in Cleveland 4:00.

I know. What am I, a fucking idiot? I know!

The booth.

Excuse me.

There's a big sign: "booth reserved."

- What?

- Way it is.

- OK, come on. I was just going anyway.

- Sorry.

- One coffee here, two to go.

- You got it.

Will you give me a fucking break?

Hey, hey, look. Get it out to me, OK?

Because I can't move

my fucking rig without it!
Look, just, just get it to me.
Would you just get it to me?
Hey, I need it! I need it!
Would I call if I didn't need it? I need it!
Hey, look, just tell him
I'll get back to him, all right? When?
Five minutes. Five minutes. Thank you.
Fuck you.

- I need that back in five minutes.

- Fuck off outta here. I'm busy.

Yeah. This is Bobby Ciaro.

Sal, where is he?

Because I'm asking. Because I'm
sitting out here to meet with the fella.

When was that?

Well, then, where is he?

If he calls, you give him the 7488 number,
the booth, the roadhouse.

And we're waiting,

but we aren't gonna wait all day.

You can't use it, son. I'm sorry.

Who the fuck are you?

Excuse me, will you?

You're blocking the view.

Who are you?

- You a union driver?

- Yeah, I'm a union driver.

That's who I am.

That's who the fuck I am.

Aw, wait a minute. I am a man

with a legitimate grievance

and a legitimate position.

I'm here in the legitimate interest

of my fellow Teamsters

and my fellow drivers, who,

under the law, have a right to elect...

You say legitimate?

Your people, for the last six weeks,

have tied up this entire nation...

- My people?

- Your people.

My people? What about your people?

The over-the-road drivers

have a right to a decent wage,
to representation...

- President Roosevelt had decreed...

- Hey.

I'm an American citizen,
but President Roosevelt,
in all due respect to him,
don't make the laws.

And neither do the newspapers!

When President Roosevelt
and when the newspapers
are hired by the Teamsters to replace me,
then I will abide by your opinion.

Wait a minute.

Would you wait one minute?

Get the fuck out of my way.

- Have you extended the truce?

- Are the Teamsters gonna back down?

The Teamsters are not gonna back down.

We have been out six weeks.

We can stay out 600.

And we'll prevail because of the strength
of our almost one million members
in the organization of
the Railway Transport Agency
and in the improvement...

Am I going too fast for you?

Of the living conditions of
their workingmen.

I believe the correct place
to negotiate this...

I don't give a shit what you believe.

We are workingmen,
and the law of the land says that
we have the right to collective bargaining.

I have men that I am responsible to
that have sent me here to negotiate.

I sit in a room and I am told "Take it
or leave it" for the last three months.

I say I leave it. I cannot accept an offer
that I am not empowered to accept,
and you throw the President in my face!

I'm gonna tell you something.

I'm gonna tell it to you straight...

And who are the Secret Service?
They are the Pinkertons of old.
- Jim?
- They are...
I don't think a lot of guys know
who the Pinkertons are.
Are you fucking writing this?
You wanna write this?
- Jimmy...
- Get him outta here. Get outta here, Pete.
- Jimmy, telephone call.
- I don't wanna talk to nobody.
- It's Dan Tobin.
- Did I say I don't wanna talk to nobody?
- Did I say who I did wanna talk to?
- He says he needs to talk to you.
- Get outta here!
- He says he needs to talk to you.
All right. Give me that phone.
Hello. Dan?
No? What the fuck am I gonna do?
I gotta hold out.
Dan. Dan...
Dan, they're giving me nothing that I...
The membersh...
Listen... Listen.
Listen, they're gonna...
They're gonna cave!
Give me another week, and I...
You wanna run this local, come down here.
You wanna unseat me? You tell me!
Barring that... Barring that...
Jimmy... What does Tobin want?
What's he want?
He wants the President to like him.
Wants me to call off the march tonight.
Wants me to settle RTA.
Don't you got to?
He wants to run this local,
he can come down here.
He wants to replace me, let him do that.
- If Tobin says...
- Yeah, yeah.
Can you get me there?

Dan Tobin wants to tell me something that I don't know...

- Come down. I'll listen to him.

- Yeah, you're right, Jimmy. You're right.

When the President of the United States comes out against the workingman...

- The fucking local is a ship upon the sea.

- Right, Jim.

The man on board...

Can you get me there?

- Yes, sir.

- Pick it up, Petey.

Get down. Stay down!

Get down. Stay down!

Who the fuck is it?

Looks like the fucking safety patrol.

- I'll go talk to 'em.

- Where you going?

- Give me the umbrella.

- Where you going?

- Don't worry.

- I got him.

- Keep 'em covered.

- Stay down.

Said there's gonna be an ambush.

'Course there's gonna be an ambush!

- Well, it's good to see you out here.

- How you doing, Jimmy?

- Jimmy.

- We're getting to 'em now.

We're getting to 'em now. That's right.

- You marching on 'em tonight?

- We're working on that.

- How you doing?

- I'm fine.

- Hey, Jimmy.

- Jim, Jim, message.

Call Dan Tobin, New York, right away, this number.

- All right.

- He says hold off the march.

- Thank you.

- He says the mood of the newspapers...

Am I fuckin' deaf?

I heard you. Get back in the line.

- Go get 'em, Jim.

- I will, don't worry.

I'm gonna get 'em, all right.

Fellas, good to see you out here.

You're doing a good job.

Doing a good job.

They're gonna cave in, don't you worry.

How are you, kid?

Hey, Bob, how you doing?

I've been good. Good to see ya.

How's it going? Huh?

- I been better.

- You holding up? Family eating?

- Eating something.

- Uh-huh.

Been better fed.

People out here, they wanna hold out
or they wanna go back in?

Lot of people in the union, even,
they say take the offer, go back in.

- Uh-huh.

- I'm Jimmy Hoffa.

I know who you are.

The National wants me to call the strike off.

Cops say there's gonna be violence.

What do you think I should do?

Don't make a bit of difference what I say.

You'll do what you figured out to do.

- Won't you?

- Yeah, that's right.

Ain't that what we pay you for?

- What's the kid's name?

- Does it make a difference?

- No, it don't.

- They're all called something, aren't they?

Indeed they are.

- Attaboy, Jimmy.

- Thank you.

- Mr. Hoffa, we ready?

- Huh?

- We ready to march?

- Yeah, we're ready.

I don't think they're gonna

do a goddamn thing.

- Do you? What do they gain by violence?

- Yeah, that's a good one, all right.

We're ready.

It's time, Mr. Hoffa. It's time.

What you gonna do, Jimmy?

Do you think we better call it off?

If Tobin says call it off, don't you gotta?

Stay down. Stay down.

They're fuckin' me.

Tobin, the President, newspapers,
every fuckin' body else in the world
says I'm wrong, I gotta be right. All right...

- Brothers!

- Yeah!

- Brothers, can you hear me?

- Yeah!

Look at them up there,
sitting on their fat asses,
drinking coffee and eating doughnuts.

- Have you had enough of it?

- Yeah!

We're gonna march on
the RTA headquarters!
We're gonna demand that
they recognize the Teamsters!

Yeah!

We are gonna hold together in good order,
and we are gonna get
what we came down here for!

Let's get up at 'em!

Come on! That's right!

I'm sick to death of them. Come on!

- Mr. Hoffa, are we gonna win this strike?

- Mister, we have won this strike.

We won it the minute we
started across this railroad yard.

Move back, boys.

They have a right to organize?

Fuck their right to organize!

These cocksuckers shot at me.

- You could've anticipated this...

- In every conflict there are casualties.

The question is, what has been lost

and what has been gained?

- What about...

- Make the rest of it up yourself!

Hey! Get these guys!

Come on, boys!

- Joey!

- Mom! Mom!

- Mom!

- Joey! Joey!

- Mom!

- Joey!

- Mommy!

- Joey!

Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!

Come on, you scabs!

Come on, you fuck, come on!

- Come on, let's tip this fuckin' thing over!

- Push the fuckin' thing over!

Mommy! Mommy!

Mommy!

Let go! Get him off me!

Come on, come on!

...who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those

who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

Amen.

Lord... we're gonna pray
for people who have fallen.

For their men who fell,
for their children orphaned.

We must carry on
with the demands of their fathers
who fell in a just cause.

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee.

Blessed art thou among women
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,

pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

D'Ally's outside.

You want anything?

- Jimmy, I, uh...

- Thank you, Fitz.

- Pete.

- We're, uh...

- We're so...

- I appreciate it.

- I'm really sorry, James.

- Thank you.

We are left with this.

For unto them...

- This meat is very good.

- Thank you, Frankie.

- James R., is there anything that I can do?

- Yeah. Bring my wife a sandwich.

- Praise the Lord.

- Some fuckin' mick on a podium.

He has delivered the soul of the poor
from the hands of the evildoers.

- D'Ally.

- Jimmy.

Thanks for coming.

- Nothing's ever settled by violence.

- I heard that before.

They're always looking to you, aren't they?

Yeah. What do we do?

What do we do now?

What do we do next?

No one pardons us, Jimmy.

If they could, we wouldn't let them.

They'd rather some people die
through your mistake...

than that they lived...

but that they lacked a leader.

We got things to do.

He was such a good boy.

From the bottom of my heart, I wish

I could change places with him, Mrs. Innes.

Yeah.

Bobby.

Where the fuck...

Well, where is he?
Well, why don't you know?
Where's D'Al...
No. Hey, baby, we gotta meet,
and where is he? Find him.
Black. Two. Give them to me.
- Waiting?
- What?
- Waiting?
- Yeah, that's right.
Blew a fuckin' torque rod.
I'm sitting here eating it.
Told me he'd get it to me four hours ago.
I'm sitting here waiting.
That's rough.
I want you to do me a favor.
That phone rings,
whoever it is, say he'll be right back.
I'm running out to the car.
- Black. Two.
- Here you go.
- Union business?
- Yeah, that's what it is.
I'm going out to the car.
I'll be right back.
What's out the car?
What's out the car is my guy.
What's in here is you watching the phone.
You help me out, I'll make a phone call,
I'll get somebody to shoot you out that rod.
Who's your guy?
So who's your guy?
Who's your guy that you all the time
you gotta run to him?
What's wrong with just staying here?
- I like you so much.
- I like you, too. You're fine.
Oh, fuck. What I am is, I'm late.
There's a time to shirk and a time to work.
- Here.
- I don't want your money.
I didn't go with you because of the money.
Don't forget what you're saying.
I'll be back a few hours.

- Jim.

- Bobby.

I got news.

He said he'd have to go with test fleet.

- He'll lease 20 trucks from you.

- He said he'd go?

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

Good. Sign him up test fleet,

and send him my thanks,

and send him a bottle of...

- What's that shanty Irish prick drink?

- Crown Royal.

All right, send it to him,

and send him a little note with it, says,

"Good business deal benefits all..."

Eh, just tell him I said thanks.

- D'Ally, how are you?

- How's your wife?

- She's good.

- How's your boy?

He's good.

- How's your new kitchen coming along?

- It's costing me an arm and a leg.

- You should do it yourself.

- I am.

That's how come it's
so goddamn expensive.

Nobody says fuckin' nothing about
anything to do with fuckin' business, right?

Right, Jimmy. No business, no business.

- We're gonna have a good time.

- We're just gonna relax, take it easy.

We loan it out. 20 million.

Of which you rake off

the breakage of a half point,

plow it back, skim it, give it to the dog.

- I'd plow it back.

- You take your pension fund...

- What are you gonna whack your guys?

- What am I gonna whack 'em?

My idea of the pension fund,

even each guy 100 bucks a year.

Bear with me. Whatever. You're not a bank.

- I'm with you. You got your notes out?
- What notes? Fitz?
Give me a pencil. Hold this.
You give us control straight up,
we'll start off 20 million.
- 20 million.
- We'll loan it out.
Give me a piece of paper.
D'Ally, if you didn't notice. Write it out.
- I'll make it simple.
- All right. Go ahead.
All right. Look.
You take your 20 mil.
We're gonna put it out.
- We pay five points. That's one mil a year.
- One mil.
- Two 1/2 points, that's 25 grand.
- On top the mil?
- Perfectly legit. Call it a service charge.
- Now, the rate goes up, the loan goes up.
The rate goes up, loans go up,
everything goes up.
Same two and 1/2.
Let me go back.
- We're going to Nevada.
- Going to Nevada.
To down... 20 mil. Teamsters getting...
I'm talking basically.
Two, three streams of income,
which all are, mind you, legal.
They're all legal.
Your money, four and 1/2 percent.
- That yearly?
- Yearly?
- Yearly.
- Yearly.
- All right, you say the points...
- Just let me finish.

One:

- Basically...
- As what?
Two and 1/2 service charge
and the one and 1/2?

- As what?
- Let me finish.
All right. This is the same
two and 1/2 plus the one and 1/2...
No, no, let me, let me finish.
Fuckin' crazy.
Go ahead. Get up, Fitz.
The fighting's over.
A small percent.
Listen what I'm telling you.
Different scenario, okay? The difference...
- Two and 1/2 and four, say 40.
- That's the one and 1/2...
- No, different scenario.
- Beauty.
This goombah. This guinea.
Reaches under his coat,
takes out his piece.
Kaboom! There goes the deer.
Can't even hunt for shooting targets.
Ya-boom, ya-boom, ya-boom!
Great outdoorsman.
- Have to go over some of your testimony.
- All I'll do is tell the truth.
- Did you shot a deer in cold blood?
- He pulled a knife on me.
This goombah... Wait, wait, wait...
This goombah is reaching around
in his pockets. Can't nobody find a knife.
He takes out a nail file.
He's skinning a deer with a nail file.
International Brotherhood of Teamsters.
Please let me through.
Hold it, buddy.
I have a very important message
for James R. Hoffa.
Not much hunting he done
right up till here.
- James. James R.
- Just a minute.
So hardly it occurs to me to ask him,
heart in my throat,
"Bobby, where did you learn to skin?"
- James, I have a very important message.

- I'm telling a story. I'm telling a story.
It's a very important message to you,
you understand, not to me.
It's not that important to me at this moment.

- OK.

- OK?

- Just a second.

- All right, I'll tell you later.

Washington. So...

Come to order.

Everybody take a seat, please.

I lost my train of thought. More about
the great outdoors after the ladies' lunch.

- How's it gonna go?

- How's it gonna go?

I'm gonna win. Right will prevail.

This... mooch... Why doesn't he get a job?

Trying to make a reputation for himself.

Wants a reputation?

Why doesn't he rob a bank?

Someday you gonna organize the cops?

Hey, that's easy. Someday I'm gonna
organize the crooks, and we all sit down.

- Mr. Hoffa.

- Nice suit, Jimmy.

Well... Joe got it for me.

He didn't want me to look bad
next to the distinguished Senate committee
and their lawyers.

Mr. Hoffa. Please take your seat.

Sister M.

- Frankie eating all his spinach?

- Can you believe it?

Mr. Chairman...

Mr. Chairman, I would like to apologize
for delaying these proceedings.

- On the night of March 13th...

- Excuse me. Was I interrupting you?

- I thought you'd finished.

- No, I was just expressing a thought.

It was of no consequence.

You go on with what you had to say.

All right. All right. Well, then,
why don't we talk about Joe Holtzman?

- He was a close friend of yours?

- I knew Joe Holtzman.

- He was a close friend of yours?

- Now, just a moment, Bob.

I said I knew Joe Holtzman.

He wasn't any particular friend of mine.

Your turn, Bobby.

Mr. Hoffa...

would you allow, as a Teamster official,
a man who is a Communist?

We don't have any Communists
in our Teamsters...

- Just answer the question, please.

- Just a moment, if you will...

That I know of.

But if the membership saw fit
to elect a man who had been tagged...

Tagged, mind you, as a Communist...

And no proof was presented
under our constitution,
and you don't have to read it to me
because I helped write the article,
we would be not allowed to discharge him
from his elected position.

Is there any question in your mind
that Mr. Bridges and Goldblatt
are Communists, Mr. Hoffa?

I don't know whether they are or not.

I'm not dealing with Khrushchev.

I'm dealing with Goldblatt,

and I deal with Goldblatt

the way our secretary Herter

would deal with Khrushchev:

on the basis of what is good for
the American worker, the American citizen.

- I'm not in bed with them.

- Well, I, uh...

- I don't think that the...

- That's what you think.

...comparison quite holds.

The fact that Mr. Bridges
has ties with the Communist party...

Leaders of the world...

And that Mr. Goldblatt is identified

continuously and repeatedly
as an important member
of the Communist party.
These people are leaders of a local
with whom you made an alliance.
I don't know if Harry Bridges
is a Democrat... Excuse me...
I don't know if Bridges is a Communist
or if Goldblatt is a Communist.
This is not the issue
under the question of transportation unity,
but they have been elected
under the free democratic process
of America and the Taft-Hartley laws.
Mr. Goldblatt filed for 10 years,
according to his testimony,
non-Communist affidavits.
You think it's wrong, you investigate that.
What do you mean?
There is no question about Mr. Goldblatt,
although there can be a question
about Mr. Hoffa...
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
Just a moment.
Don't you say anything about
a question about Hoffa.
There is no question about Hoffa,
and don't you say that either.
Don't you say that I'm a Communist
or even affiliated with one.
You said that enough around this country,
and I want the American press to know
that I resent the fact that there is
any inference that I am a Communist,
that I am associated with
or controlled by Communists,
and don't you use this as a sounding board
for headlines for that purpose.
And I appeal to the chair that
that be taken out of the record,
and that nobody cast any aspersions
about my loyalty to this country.
I object to that!
I'll straighten the record out.

I was talking about
Mr. Bridges and Mr. Goldblatt.
- Don't put me in their class, then.
- Did you put him in their class?
No, I just said that although there might be
some question about Mr. Hoffa...
Instead of... What I said was
Hoffa instead of Mr. Bridges.
What I meant to say was that
although there might be
some question about Mr. Bridges,
there is no question about Mr. Goldblatt.
- Evidently, you agree with the same thing.
- Just one moment...
You agree, otherwise you wouldn't
have said "Don't put me in their class."
Don't put me in their class
that they're tagged,
in a class that they're tagged, I said.
But I want to have, if you will, sir,
the record cleared that there are
no aspersions made in any way
that I am associated with or controlled
or any part of the Communist party.
I resent it, sir!
All right. All right. We refer now...
to the pension fund...
To your stewardship, we could say,
to your creation of same.
In amassing these funds,
this war chest, this unholy war chest...
Mr. Kennedy, you have used this term,
"war chest",
to which you have now added "unholy"...
- Wait a minute...
- If I may finish.
You may finish in a moment, sir.
When I am done, then you may finish.
The movement of organized crime
into the ranks of labor,
the corruption of leading Teamster officials
with gangsters...
Mr. Chairman. Mr. Chairman,
if I might, point of order. If I might.

I think that it is unfair to allow this impression to exist publicly, as it's created by these hearings, that I am controlled by gangsters. I am not controlled by them. I would be very sympathetic if it wasn't for a fact you got people in Detroit, at least 15 who have police records. You've got Joey Glimco in Chicago. I say you're not tough enough to get rid of these people. I don't intend to be tough. I don't wanna be tough. I intend to follow the constitution of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. We're talking about the vicious co-optation of the field of labor, and you sit there, sir, who have single-handedly created this monster, who have forged this bond with improper, with criminal activity... If it please the committee, my client has been convicted of nothing. He hasn't been convicted, but he will! If James R. Hoffa is acquitted, I will, uh... jump from the Capitol dome. Aw, fuck it! Hey, I'll answer their questions. Where... Where... This little piece of shit. Yeah, I made a pension fund. For the benefit of who, Paul? For the benefit of who, huh? He couldn't find a workingman if you drew him a diagram. This little fuck born with a dick in his mouth. Mr. Hoffa, do you have a statement? Kennedy seems sure of himself. He's gonna jump from the Capitol dome. Bob Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, whatever you wanna call him, has an exaggerated sense of his own entertainment value. He asserts your only motive in inaugurating the pension fund...

...was the accumulation of personal power.
The assertions that Mr. Kennedy
propounds here
lack only the merit of being true.
This three-ring circus,
the newspapers and the TV
and the media and all the rest of it,
is designed and intended to
bring him to the public eye.
To bring him to the public eye.
And what has this law clerk done
with his little vendetta
except picking on the workingman?
In my opinion, it's union-busting.
That's what it is,
and nothing more elegant than that.
Hoffa will be acquitted,
because Hoffa is innocent
of the vicious and unsubstantuated
charges that face me here.
And then Bobby Kennedy can jump off
the Capitol dome or whatever else
he thinks will bring him to the public eye
at that time. That's all I gotta say.

- Jimmy.

- Yeah. I hear you.

- Hey, Jimmy, we're with you!

- How are you, Pete?

- Jimmy. Ted Harmon, Detroit News.

- I know who you are.

These allegations will affect your run
for presidency of the Teamsters.
How these allegations gonna affect
my bid to become president
of the International Brotherhood
of Teamsters? That your question?
My opinion, the first ballot will be the last.
You know, Ted,
the Detroit News, hometown paper.
You'd think in a city built by the automotive
industry, I'd get a fair shake from the press.
You guys been printing a lot
of detrimental stuff about me.
What can I tell you?

We print it 'cause it's true.

Is that the thing?

Well, you go on printing it, then.

- I wanted to ask you about test fleet.

- What is that?

- About your test fleet company.

- Yeah, huh?

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

Nothing could be further from the truth.

We possess facts and figures
which establish that it is true.

Well, you got those facts and figures.

Why haven't you run them, then?

- We plan to, next week.

- I'd be careful about that, I were you.

See, as I said, this is something
of a volatile time, this time here.

Hearings, elections coming up.

If I was gonna print something,
I'd be, oh, so sure it was true.

It is true. We're gonna run it.

I thank you for your reaction.

And to the picnic.

Somebody ought to give that punk
a dose of reality.

Yeah. Somebody ought to give it to him.

We're with you, Jimmy!

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

If you wanna organize,
you gotta be a fuckin' man.

You don't go out to rub pussies
or to bring back an excuse.

You wanna organize,
the guy says take names.

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

Get the shit.

This it? Let's see it.

- Here you go.

- Thanks.

Put the paper under it.

- What was I saying?

- Billy.

The most stand-up guy I ever met,
Billy Flynn,
back we're organizing the laundries.
Billy gonna light up this laundry.

- Light it up?

- He's gonna firebomb it.

They don't wanna come around or sign up.

They never heard of the Teamsters.

Billy torches the joint. Too much fuel.

Burns up entire body. Dyin'.

In the hospital, dyin'.

Priest comes up. Give me the ribbon.

Priest comes up...

Yeah, put your finger there...

Priest. "My son, confess
the shit that you did.

Confess, and meet God
with a clean conscience. "

Looks the priest in the eye.

"Fuck you."

His dyin' words.

"Never let down.

Never let up. Never forget."

What's in the package?

Guy's dick and balls.

Get this shit. Come on.

OK, read it back to me.

"Successful in verifying on three occasions
charges of bribery against James Hoffa."

- Ted.

- "In light of...

- Sure?

- Came for you.

Yeah?

"In light of which the attitude of the
Senate committee, although combative,
"is both, it would seem,
justified and necessary.

"The power to organize does not
and must not include
the power to coerce, either in... "

The boardroom,
the courtroom, or the streets.
"The J&H Sales Company,
later called National Equipment,
"own trucks which deliver automobiles
on large, open racks.
This is prosaic enough. However, if Hoffa
did not feel guilt about it..."
Kill the story.
- What?
- Kill the story. Kill the Hoffa story.
- I...
- Kill the fuckin' story!
Vice president in charge of finance...
Jerome Dempsey.
Vice president for planning...
Jerry Laughlin.
Our negotiating team...
Vice President Dave Miller
and John Breen.
Head of the Benevolent Association...
John Patrick Deedy.
Head of the finance committee...
Billy Flaherty.
The strengths, the depth, which makes,
which made and which will make
the international run.
Join with me in welcoming to you
and using for the first time that title:
the president...
president of
the International Brotherhood of Teamsters:
James R. Hoffa!
Tomorrow morning, you go in,
you fire every one of these cocksuckers.
What?
You're gonna can a lot of people,
make sure you do it the first day.
That way, the ones that are left
don't feel insecure, you see.
What they feel is grateful.
You do it all piecemeal,
they're gonna turn against you.
Right, Jimmy.

- You listen to this good.

- Yes, sir.

Jimmy!

Let's shake some hands, Jo.

Whoa! Here I go.

- Here.

- Where is he?

I called him the club, the office, everybody.

Where the fuck is he?

Fuckin' cocksucker.

- The money I made him. The guys.

- I know, J.R.

The fuckin' money I made that man.

Call him the Gold Club.

I called him the club.

They don't know where he is.

Call him that number in the back.

Equipment shed.

The card game.

Call him. He's coming or not.

I don't wanna be sittin' here

till the fuckin' sun goes down.

- I understand.

- I don't wanna, Bobby.

- Right.

- Not in the mood for no fuckin' bullshit.

Getting old.

Everybody... gets old...

till they die.

That look familiar?

Long time.

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

What the fuck else am I gonna do?

- Where you going?

- To call him equipment shed.

Stay in the car!

I said, stay in the goddamn car!

Hands on the wheel, eyes straight ahead.

- If you'll just...

- Are you listening to me?

- You're doing 90,50-mile zone.

- I'm in a hurry.

That's a hell of a hurry. You got something peculiar making you go that fast?

- I do.
- Let me see your registration and license.
Slowly. OK? Slowly.
- Wanna tell me what it is?
- I work for James R. Hoffa.
What the hell are you saying?
- OK. Go right ahead.
- Thank you.
I said nobody gets in.
Fuck's the matter with you?
Someone waves a name in your face?
- Who the fuck are you?
- Who the fuck I am is not important.
I am here with a message
for somebody who's in there.
A message from James R. Hoffa.
I was instructed to...
I said nobody in. Nobody in.
I said I don't care.
I don't care who you work for.
Screw this bullshit.
Throw this fuckin' dago out of here.
This is my fuckin' club here, OK?
- I told you, nobody gets in.
- I'm sorry.
- I don't care who the fuckin' guy works for.
- You're gonna fuckin' care!
- Down the stairs. Down the stairs.
- Are you insane? Get this guy off of me.
We're going in the back.
We're gonna look for a fella.
I was told he was here.
Six feet, black hair, fella from Detroit.
- All I got is a message for him.
- You're dead.
You're gonna be in Sheepshead Bay
tonight, you guinea bastard.
You know who my friends are?
You are fuckin' dead.
Open the door.
You know what this cocksucker did?
Fuckin' goombah comes in here,
puts a gun to my head...
Give me your piece.

Give me your piece. Cut him down.
Cut this fucker down. Cut him down.
I'm sorry to intrude.
I came here. I was sent by someone.
I didn't wanna mention names.
I was instructed to give a note to you.
- I'm very sorry you were put through this.
- Well, sorry is... Thank you.
Sorry ain't enough.
This is my club here.
- Guy comes in, puts a gun to my head...
- Hey, I'm not talking to you.
Now, this man is like a brother to me,
and this man should be treated with
the same respect with which you treat me.
D'Ally...
Did he say he was here
for my friend in Detroit?
- He said that, yeah.
- Having said that, you told him what?
- To get out? That this is your club?
- D'Ally, I have...
I didn't know why it is that you'd wanna...
Thank you for making the trip.
I'm sure if there's anything you need here
in New York, Mr. Stein will be happy to...
D'Ally, on my knees, on my knees,
I knew this man was a friend of yours...
I'm sure if there's anything you need here
in New York, Mr. Stein would be happy...
Happy? I'd be honored.
Honored? I'd be delighted.
Whatever I can do for the gentleman.
Anything.
- Champagne, Solly.
- Champagne.
James R.? Nothing to it. The note
is delivered, the note is understood,
the message is thank you,
and I am in receipt of a package for you.
Tomorrow. Tomorrow night.
You want me to...
You can spare me that long?
Uh-huh.

Nothing separates me from you,
you know that, boss.

Thank you, boss.

I'm gonna see you Wednesday, then.

Thank you, boss. Right.

- Hi, Jackie.

- Bobby.

You wanna know what's in there?

A heart of pure fuckin' gold.

I don't care. Give me wops.

You wanna talk about loyalty?

You wanna talk about honor?

Give me this dago right here, huh?

- Petey, get me a cup of coffee, will ya?

- Yeah.

- Hey, fits in there nice.

- James, R., you want the guy to continue?

- Yeah, all right. Go ahead. Bobby?

- Oh.

This is my dream. Thank you, Petey.

Wanna know what my dream is?

Huh? Fitz?

It's a dream of community for workingmen...

It's a dream of broken-down truckers

to drink beer, fart,

and lie about the waitresses they fucked.

- That's right!

- A truck stop with a patio.

You wanna make retired truckers

feel at home?

Put a condom machine

in the wall of their living room.

That's a good idea!

Hey, Jerry, get me a price on that.

Don't strain yourself, Bobby.

Thank you. Give me that briefcase.

Put this in the safe, for fun.

Subpoenas from the McClellan Committee.

Loan policy.

- The loans are legit.

- All the Las Vegas loans.

- Record test fleet.

- Test fleet is legit.

- Kennedy and the committee.

- It's a fuckin' vendetta.

These two little creeps
are riding into office...

- We have a subpoena.

- Forget about the subpoena.

The one thing you cannot do
is square off with the White House.

Square off with the White House?

Then they don't square off with me.

You follow me?

Don't tell me who I can square off with.

Don't use words with me.

Any man fucks with me...

- They have a subpoena.

- I say fuck the subpoena. Fuck you, too.

Guy needed his brother elected fuckin'

President of the United States to get a job.

You're a joke. You'd have been

a bond salesman somewheres.

You're the brother-in-law

they make jokes about.

I don't know what you're trying to prove,
but you're proving it.

I'm proving what?

You got nothing on me. You got a TV show.

The Justice Department

has plenty on you, Mr. Hoffa.

You don't impress me

and your office don't impress me,

and your family don't impress me.

Bunch of rumrunners.

And I don't need \$300 million

and my brother elected President

to whop your fuckin' ass,

you slimy little prick. I beat your ass,

that trumped-up charge down south.

I'll beat you again. There is

no organized crime in the Teamsters...

I am gonna see you in jail, Mr. Hoffa.

- For what? What'd I fuckin' do?

- Your loans...

The pension fund

has the best record in the country on loans.

Bullshit!

- Best record in the country!

- Bullshit!

For the workingman. You ever heard of work? You know what work is?

I want this man in jail, and I'm not gonna stop until I see you behind bars.

Who in the fuck are you?

Who the fuck are you?

Fuck you and fuck your threats and fuck your brother!

- What did you say?

- You heard me!

What the fuck did you say?

I don't succumb to pressure and I don't succumb to threats.

I've received both vilification and threats in the form of innuendo from personnel of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

Nothing will stop me or this office from the continuance of our duties.

I swear to you that I will not stop until those corrupted individuals have been put where they belong: behind bars.

It goes without saying, Jimmy believes in you, you wouldn't be where you are. He knows you didn't believe in him, he wouldn't be where he is.

Now's the time not to trust anybody.

You didn't go to school with the guy,

I don't care what kind of badge

he's got stuck his lapel,

you do not know him. Any questions,

come to Petey Connelly or me.

Bobby, there's a man from

the Attorney General's office.

Hey! What are you doing?

I'm Elliot Cookson. I'm an attorney for the Attorney General. I have a subpoena...

- Get the fuck out of here!

- I have a legitimate...

You have a legitimate right to

get the fuck out of here before I bust you.

- These people are witnesses...
- Are you living on Mars?
They didn't see a thing. Now, get going!
- You don't understand. Robert Kennedy...
- Fuck Robert Kennedy and fuck you, too!
What do I have to do, throw you
through a window? Are you deaf?
Last night I ate at
a Chinese-German restaurant.
An hour later, I was hungry for power.
- Hear that?
- Like those clubs? I'll send you a set.
OK, enough with the brushing, all right?
Back in your cage.
Fuckin' guy thinks I'm a native dancer.
- Jimmy, I wanna thank you for your help.
- Good of you to come in.
- Anything, anytime. You know that.
- We appreciate it.
- I'll see you out there.
- Knock 'em dead, kid.
With my act, I should be in your business.
At least I'd get mileage.
What?
- What is it?
- They've indicted Bobby and Peter, too.
Indicted Bobby and Pete...
I'm a busy man.
What do they want from me?
- They wanna try you.
- It's the same old shit.
- They're just trying...
- They're succeeding's what they're doing.
I'm a busy man.
I got a union to run. I got a job to do.
We're not a small organization
with two people up in an office.
Everytime some jerk-off...
Excuse me, Jo...
Everytime some guy in Washington
comes up with an idea,
I gotta haul ten truckloads
full of records down there.
- Take it easy...

- Will you stop telling me to take...
Tell him to take it easy.
He's the one indicted. You take it easy!
A guy drives up, big black Cadillac,
Teamster medallion on the side.

- May I?
- Help yourself.
You're too easy. You're too easy.
Teamster medallion on the side.
A little fella gets out.
Guy turns to St. Peter, he says, "I thought
you told me Jimmy Hoffa wasn't up here."
St. Peter says, "That's God.
He just thinks he's Jimmy Hoffa."
Are you laughing?
Bob, what are we gonna do?
- What do you mean?
- I mean, what are we...
The guys will come down,
tell us what to say.
It even brought my family and I
closer together.
The lawyers will come down and tell us...
Buck up, Peter. Pete, we're the Teamsters.
Yeah!
Any man...
Any man can have an accusation
thrown at him.
Am I immune? Are you?
In my opinion,
it is our very prominence itself
that draws this, that draws these attacks.
I will not be swayed.
The International Brotherhood of
Teamsters will not be swayed...
And our policy of unity will not be swayed.
That's right.
We must be ever watchful.
We have led the Teamsters,
and the Teamsters have led the American
workingman into the middle class,
and, buddy, we intend to stay here.
Hey, Bob.
It's a boxing match.

You gotta get in there and mix it up.
You wanna dish it out,
you gotta get in close enough
that you, too,
have the possibility of getting hurt.
That's life, my friends.
It's give and take and mix it up,
and that's what I am not afraid of.
And that is what made the Teamsters
what we are today, and I'm proud of it.
Proud to serve you.
James R. Hoffa, Robert Ciaro,
Peter Connelly, et al.,
for bribery, fraud,
conspiracy to commit same.
Billy Flynn. Third-degree burns,
The motherfucker can't stop smoking.
His cigarette, fumes, some fuckin' thing.
Vaboom. There he goes.
- Another one, Bobby?
- In a minute. I'm coming to the point of it.
The priest, who was Father Doyle
down at St. Margaret's,
which you wouldn't know,
asked him to confess.
I'm coming to the end of it.
As he is dying,
Bill Flynn looks the priest in the eye.
"Fuck you."
To respond, they have nothing.
Jimmy, everybody gonna walk.
To respond to your request. Now pour it.
Fuckin' man built the union
with a pair of balls and a billy club.
\$200 million a year in dues.
Some bullshit fag in Washington...
Fuck it. I said it. They got nothing.
Nothing but talk.
- Going my way?
- Yeah.
- What did they come up with in this trial?
- Nothing.
Nothing. Not a fuckin' thing.
- You watching the television?

- Yeah, I seen it.

"Where were you on this day?"

Hey, somewhere, pal.

"What were you doing?"

None of your fuckin' business.

None of your motherfuckin' business.

What if they had something?

They ain't got nothing.

There's nothing to have.

I heard the government got to
one of the guys.

Where did you hear that?

I heard a guy high up
was gonna give Hoffa up.

- Who are you?

- I heard the government had him.

Had Jimmy?

And if other defendants could
corroborate their case, they'd let them walk.

That's what I heard.

You, for example. You could cross over
and testify for the government.

They'd grant you immunity
and let you walk.

You ain't got nothing. You ain't got
nothing or you wouldn't be here.

We got him...

And he's going away.

Well, if he's going away,

I'm going with him.

You want me to give up Jimmy Hoffa?

You want me to give up Jimmy Hoffa?

You piece of shit!

Witnesses for the prosecution.

Your Honor,

the prosecution would like to call...
just one more witness.

And at this meeting... I'm referring
to the meeting of December 6th...

You saw what?

- They discussed...

- "They" being?

- Mr. Hoffa and Mr. D'Allesandro.

- Mr. Hoffa and Mr. D'Allesandro.

Thank you. They discussed?

Formation of the pension fund...

And...

And its use by organized crime.

Objection!

There have been no links established
between my clients and Mr. D'Allesandro.

- Overruled. You may continue.

- Thank you, Your Honor.

And so, on this hunting trip, on which...?

On which... they...

they laid out the scheme by which
the pension fund would give loans.

- To Mr. D'Allesandro?

- Yes, sir.

Thank you. That is all.

Mr. Connelly, did anyone except you
hear this alleged conversation
between the defendants
and Mr. D'Allesandro?

In fact, there are no witnesses, are there?

No, sir.

In other words,

there is no evidence whatsoever
to support that this fantastical conversation
that you've described ever took place.

Isn't that true?

There's a...

There's a hunting license.

A hunting license issued to Peter Connelly.

Scribbled on, the initials J.R.H.,

and the outlines of a plan for the diversion
of moneys from the pension fund.

These notations, including the initials of
James Riddle Hoffa,
are in the handwriting of
Carol D'Allesandro.

Who the fuck keeps stuff that long?

What are you doing?

You going with me?

I was just putting a few things

I thought you'd need.

You don't take anything to prison, Jo.

It's not the end of the road.

Eventually...
everything's gonna finally be all right.
- You got nothing to be ashamed of.
- I know that.
Fitz is gonna be president until I return.
I don't think there's
anything else to be said on that.
No?
Fine.
Otherwise...
Jimmy...
Fitz...
I tell you...
you don't know what to do,
what good it do I tell you?
Jimmy, uh... Petey...
You don't have to say anything, Fitz.
You'll do fine.
Wave bye to Grandpa.
Let's do this thing.
- Sir!
- Hold on!
Let him through, let him through!
All right. Don't worry about it.
I ain't in any rush.
I know you got a job to do. So do I.
I wanna say...
that this is... an unhappy day in my life.
All of my petitions that I have filed
have stated that the government
has wiretapped, room-bugged,
surveilled, and did everything
unconstitutional that they could do
to try and place me in jail, which they
have temporarily succeeded in doing so.
But I wanna say to my
members of the International
Brotherhood of Teamsters...
don't believe what people would
have you think with fancy words.
I never benefited one dollar
from the loans made by the pension fund.
Legal loans.
Loans that made profits for the union,

and what is wrong with that?

- What is wrong with that?

- Not a thing, Jimmy.

Tell that to Robert Kennedy.

Come on, Jimmy. Give us a story.

How does it feel to be going to jail, Jimmy?

Mind your own business.

Pricks.

I can't even scratch my nose.

- Does it itch?

- No.

What the fuck you complain about then?

- What time is it?

- **6:**

Check it out.

This is it!

Bob.

Jimmy's got a lot of friends.

- Hiya, Jimmy.

- Hi, Jimmy.

Hey, Cooney.

- Yeah, he's on.

- That's par.

Bobby! I thought...

- Weren't we gonna go meet him?

- There's no point in that now. I'm out.

We were gonna go out and meet you.

How are you?

I looked for you over at the office.

They told me you were here.

- How's Jimmy?

- Fitz, you'd know if you went to see him.

- How is he?

- You gotta get him out.

He's not doing well.

You gotta get him outta there.

- We're working on it.

- How serious is that? I'm not kidding you.

We're working on it. I have a plan.

I'm sorry I can't share it with you now...

You gotta get him out.

- We're gonna get him out.

- He can't do eight more years, I tell you.

- Look, you'll just have to trust me on this.

- You got to get him out.

The idea is this:

the Teamsters endorse Nixon.

- And they go to Nixon.

- They what?

They give you a pardon.

- They give me a pardon.

- Yes.

We give them the endorsement
and the money, they give me a pardon.

- Yes.

- I voted for the guy three times.

Jimmy...

You've been gone five years.

It feels like a thousand.

When?

Jimmy! Jimmy! Jimmy!

What's his name? I can't hear ya!

Jimmy! Jimmy! Jimmy!

In a minute.

In a minute. Vamp with it.

Jesus Christ!

I'm tired.

Well, now, time to just rest up, huh, Jim?

I wanna thank you, Fitz.

You done a good job.

You done a good job.

You kept it together.

You done what you were supposed to do.

What happened...

We rode it out. Here we are.

Now, tomorrow, tomorrow we go in,
first thing. End of the week,
we announce I'm gonna make a speech,
as back in office.

Get the TV if you can.

Bobby, give him the list.

These guys are out. I don't like the way
they were behaving when I was in.

I got no complaints you, Fitz.

But these guys, they're gone.

Jimmy...

I gotta get back in the swing.

Indulge me. Tomorrow...

- Jimmy... Jimmy...

- Jimmy what?

You know what they used to say

in the old days:

because I'm gonna find out
about it anyway.

Jo, go tell them I'll be right there,
would you, honey? Please?

- OK, sweetheart.

- Thank you.

- You what? You fuckin' lied!

- I did the best I could.

You big piece of shit!

You what? You fuck!

Frankie!

Frankie!

What do I want you to do?

I want you to kill the cocksucker!

I want you to stuff his arms up his ass,
that's what I fuckin' want!

He made the deal with that prick Colson
to get me out of prison.

He made a deal

I gotta resign from the Teamsters.

That's the deal:

I'm out. I'm out!

Next ten fuckin' years I'm out
the American labor movement.

Six more months I'm eligible for parole.

I never would've done this
if I knew what this is.

They weren't allowed to tell me.

I never would've agreed. Fitz. Fitzsimmons.

All the time he's telling people

he's scheming to get me out,

he done nothing! Nothing!

What am I supposed to do?

I want him fuckin' dead! That's what I want!

I want him fuckin' dead,

that's what I fuckin' want!

What do the lawyers say, Jimmy?

Fuck the lawyers! Fuck the law!
I don't want law, I want justice.
I took that prick off a loading dock
Are you telling me
you don't understand this?
Yeah, I understand it.
And I can't get close to it.
You can't get close to it?
What does that mean?
Does it mean no, D'Ally?
Is that what it means?
If you think I'll fuckin' stand still for this,
you're out of your mind,
'cause if he don't reverse it,
you don't reverse it,
I'll do what I gotta do to get the union back!
- What does that mean?
- I'm gonna do what I gotta do.
What does it mean?
What does it mean?
We talking words here, D'Ally?
We using words?
That what we're doing?
We're gonna use words?
Too fuckin' late.
Too late.
That concludes this press conference.
Thank you very much,
ladies and gentlemen.
Hey, Frank!
John.
I didn't want to bring this up
at the news conference.
We've been friends a long time,
but Jimmy's saying
you and Charles Colson conspired to keep
him out of the union for the next ten years.
Nothing could be further from the truth.
When he talks like that,
he's lying through his teeth.
By the way, I got news for Jimmy Hoffa:
I ain't that easy to get rid of.
What is it Jimmy wants?
- He wants to talk with you.

- He's too hot.
This whole thing is too hot.
You gotta tell him the shit he's doing.
You!
You gotta stop it.
Need to cool down.
When it dies down, we'll talk.
- He needs to talk with you.
- Or what?
Is there no "or what" with that?
Or, he says, you and him
can't get together, reverse this thing,
he's gonna go to the press.
All right, tell him it's not necessary.
Tell him I know he doesn't mean it.
Tell him I'll meet him. Where?
The roadhouse. 2:00 tomorrow.
Tell him it's gonna be all right.
You tell him ten more minutes,
then we're gone. We're gone.
You tell him we waited four hours.
We're gone. He'll know what that means.
- What the fuck are you doing here?
- Still waitin' on that part.
Are you a Teamster?
Get the fuck out of here.
Let's see if we can't roust
some fuckin' brotherhood thing.
Here. Call that number.
Just call that fuckin' number.
You tell 'em Bobby said...
Do it quick.
I wanna keep this phone open.
You tell them Bobby said to
get out here with what you need right now.
Give me two more coffees to go,
a pack of smokes.
Hello. Yeah, Bobby Ciaro told me
to call this number.
I'm out here at the roadhouse.
I'm having a problem with my truck.
You won't fuckin' believe it!
They said they're coming right over with it.
You're fuckin' right he is.

- You remember that.
- How can I thank you?
You don't gotta thank me.
Nice. Guess you got a lot of pull, huh?
A lot of pull, yeah. I got a lot of pull.
I'm the last fuckin' Mohican.
That's the way it should be.
- Are we all in it?
- Fuck, yeah.
- Thanks.
- It's all right.
This was stuck to the bottom of it.
That really from Jimmy Hoffa?
That's really from Jimmy Hoffa?
That's right, son.
You know him?
You know Jimmy Hoffa?
There you go.
I'm gonna show you something, kid.
Come on.
You wanna thank somebody?
You wanna thank somebody,
thank somebody deserves your thanks.
I want you to take these,
go over there, and thank that man.
Just do it. If you wanna thank someone,
you go thank him.
Go on.
- Mr. Hoffa?
- Yeah, that's right.