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00Sex 2: Eye of the Hurricane

By Unknown

And just a reminder, |ladies and gentlemen...
this fine young fighter |will be right here in Pittsburgh...
on the boxing card |this Monday night.
Time now for the main event |of the evening!
In this corner, |from Paterson, New Jersey...
wearing the white trunks |with the black stripe...
the winner of 18 |of his last 21 fights...
Rubin "Hurricane" Carter!
And in the left corner...
in the dark trunks |with the white stripe...
from St Thomas, Virgin Islands...
the welterweight champion |of the world, Emile Griffith!
Fighters, let's go.
All right.
All right. Keep your punches up. |It's gonna be a good, clean fight...
all right?
All right. Let's touch gloves. |Good luck. Okay, go to your corners.
Hurricane, blow yourself |outta here!
Go get 'im, Rubin.
Let's get 'im.
Come on and get me! |I'm in here!
I'll tell you what. First one |through that door is gonna die!
And the second one, and the third one |after that! So come on!
Room in here for everybody.
Collins! Becker! |Klein on the platform!
- Kelly, lock everything down! | - Go!
It's Carter, tier one!
Got room in here for everybody! |So come on!
Three times life! |That's what I got! Three times life!
And for what? |For murders I didn't even commit?
I ain't got nothin' but time, |so come on! I'm ready for ya!
Come on in and get me!
Y'all wanna know who's talking? |Hurricane is talking!
You wanna see The Hurricane? |Come on up in here and see him!
Come on up in here and see him!
Did you see that punch?
Oh, no!
Lucky punch!
You got him, Rubin boy!
Three, four...
five, six--
- You all right? | - Yeah, I'm all right.
All right. Let's go.
Knock him out! Come on!

He"s in your corner!|Get out ofthe corner!
Another left to the body.|Another right to the head.
- A vicious combination!|- Yeah! Yeah!|- Yeah! Yeah!
And he looks like he"s going down!|He hits the canvas.
Four, five--
It doesn"t look like|he"s gonna get up.
- Five--|- He"s up!
- You all right?|- The referee is checking him.
And that"s it!|It"s over!
At two minutes and 13 seconds|ofthe fi rst round...
Rubin "Hurricane" Carter|has defeated...
the welterweight champion|ofthe world.
Come on, come on, come on!|Come on!
- Come on! Who wants some?|- Where"s the key?
- Who"s fi rst?|- Shut up!
- Relax there, Carter!|- What the hell"s goin" on?
- I"m goin" in there.|- Are you nuts?|You wanna get yourself killed?
Everybody stand down!|Stand down!
- Come on in here.|- Back off!
- Talk to "em,Jimmy.|- Rubin--|- Talk to them!
- Talk to them!|- Rubin.
- Tell me what"s goin" on.|- I ain"t takin" no shit!
- Rubin, calm down! It"s me,Jimmy. |Come here and talk to me.|- You can talk
to "em!|I ain"t no animal!
- I ain"t takin" no shit in here!|- Rubin, calm down! Calm down!
Take it easy, champ.|Now, tell me what"s goin" on.
Tell me what"s happenin".|Come on!
- Hurricane done killed "em!|- Clear-- Clear the-- Clear the tier!
Get outta here! Everybody!
They wanna toss my cell,Jimmy. |They"re gonna fi nd my manuscript.
That book is the only thing|I got left in here.
You understand me? That"s the only|chance I got to get out of here.
I lose that, they gonna lose too.
Rubin, who do you think the fi rst man|through this door has gotta be now?
It"s me.
-Listen--|-All right. Tell "em to come on in here.
- And line "em up.|- What if--|- Line "em up,Jimmy.
Rubin, listen to me now. |What ifthat manuscript...
wasn"t in this cell|when we tossed it?
What if it was stuffed|down your pants or something...
stuffed in your crotch,|and we couldn"t see it?
I can make sure|you weren"t strip-searched, okay?
Don"t bullshit me.
No bullshit. |You have my word.

Ain't nobody putting|their hands on me,Jimmy.
Ain't nobody gonna touch me.
All right.
Nobody touches you.
You think I killed them people?
I don't know, Rubin.
I don't know.
Shit. Motherfuckers.
-John, you been drinkin"?|- No. No.
All right. All right.|Just relax. Let me handle this.
Okay.
- Licence and registration.|- It"s on the steering post.
What"s goin" on?
Aw, shit, Hurricane.|Didn't realize it was you.
Yeah, it"s me.|What"s goin" on, Theo?
We"re lookin" for two negroes|in a white car.
- Any two will do?|- No--
Oh, sh--
Okay, get out.
All right. Let"s go.
Come on.
- Check his vitals.|- It"s clear.
- Air passage.|- Heart rate has changed.
Keep the chin up.|Keep the passage open.
Can he talk, Doc?
-Just for a moment.|- Would you raise his head?
Can you make out these two men?|Are these the two men who shot you?
Look carefully, sir.|Are these the two men who did it?
- He said no.|- Move closer.
- He said no.|- Move closer!
Take another look, sir.
Son ofa bitch.
Sir, look closer.
You sure these aren"t the men?
- Dirty son ofa bitch.|- Watch your mouth!
- Same old shit, huh, Della Pesca?|- Shut up!
Ask him again.
You been after me|my whole life, Della Pesca.
Now you"re trying to pin|a murderjacket on me, huh?
Well, I got news foryou.|It don"t fit.
I"m gonna take your black ass down...
Mr Fuckin" Champion ofthe World.
I got your black fuckin" champion|right between my legs...
you short punk bitch.

You try me.

That's just what I'm gonna do.

Pistolshots ring out|in the barroom night

EnterPatty Valentine|from the upperhall

Shesees the bartender|in a pool of blood

Cries out, Mygod|they've killed them all

Here comes the story|of The Hurricane

The man the authorities|came to blame

For something that he never done

Put in a prison cell|but one time

He could've been|the champion of the world

Now all the criminals|in their coats and their ties

Are free to drink martinis|and watch the sun rise

While Rubin sits like Buddha|in a ten-foot cell

An innocent man in a living hell

Yes, that's the story|of The Hurricane

But it won't be over|till they clear his name

And give him back|the time he's done

Put in a prison cell|but one time

He could've been|the champion of the world

Hey, man, it's cold out here.

What are you talkin' about?|It's like summer for us.

Yeah, well, I like the summers|in Brooklyn better.

Is all these people out here|freezing their butts off to buy books?

- That's right.|- Lined up like this...

not for a movie|or a ball game or somethin'?

- Ain't it great?|- No, "isn't it." "Isn't it great?"

Very good.|I stand corrected, Les.

Used books,|books nobody wants any more.

Aw, that's the great thing|about books, you know.

Once you use 'em, you can pass 'em|along to somebody else like a torch...

or a football,|you know, something you pass.

Okay, bring it on in.

Put it down.|Good, good. Down.

Okay, young man,|that'll be 25 cents.

- Jesus.|- Twenty-five cent?

Mustn't be much of a book.

- Ah, listen, everybody|- Everybody

Especially you, girl

So, Lesra, what'd you get?

Uh, this.

- What is it?|- I don't know. It's about a boxer.

It's got like 337 pages,|though, you know.

Well, it probably takes a lot of words|to tell someone's life story, eh?

- Don't you think?|- Yeah, well, this guy must be...
like 1 50 years old, you know,|if he gon" use all these words.
You know what, Les? Sometimes|we don't pick the books we read.
- They pick us.|- Somebody, somewhere
- ltellyou, it"s unfair|- Can lgetsome whisky
Can lgetsome whisky|Yeah
Mr Broden, we"ve been home schooling|this young man for eight months.
That"s how it applies to us.
No, I"m not married.|Mr Swinton, who you spoke with...
is one ofthe two men I live with.
No, Sam Chaiton is|the other man I live with.
No, I don"t thinkyou do see,|Mr Broden.
They are my business partners|and my roommates.
And you"re the Department|of Education...
and you"re telling me you"re prepared|to stop this young man"s education...
because you can"t fi nd|some goddam high school records?
Yep, that"s exactly|what I"m doing, Mr Broden.
No, no, I"m not asking you|to make an exception.
I"m asking you to do yourjob,|which is qualitatively different...
but I thankyou for it anyway.
- Shit.|- Political Science 1 01 ,|the art of gentle persuasion.
Never mind 1 01 .|I need a smoke.
- So how was the book sale?|- Great.
- There.|- Did you get The OtherAmerica?
Uh, I couldn"t fi nd The OtherAmerica,|but I got you, uh--
Sam Robertson Davies, R.D. Laing.
- You don"t want to piss me off today.|- It"s a book sale, Lisa, not a
library.
- Whatever.|- Hey, look, Lisa.
Got this one right here for 25 cent.|TheSixteenth Round.
- Oh, your fi rst book, huh?|- Yeah.
""Rubin "Hurricane" Carter.""
Hurricane is the professional name|that I acquired later on in life.
Carter is the slave name|that was given to my forefathers...
who worked in the cotton fields|ofAlabama and, and Georgia...
and was passed on to me.
The kindest thing I can say|about my childhood...
is that I survived it.
Paterson was a run-down town,|a poor and violent place.
The only way to survive|was to know how to handle yourself...
and I learned fast.
Come on! Hurry up!
- Let"s get out of here!|- Come on! Let"s go! Hurry up!|Let"s get out of
here!

Take this out.
Hey, Donnique, go for a swim!
Hello, boys.
Wanna see something?
Huh? Isn't that pretty?
You like that?
- What's your name?|- Donnique.
Dannique?
That's a pretty name, Donnique.
You wanna be good to me, sugar?
H-H-Hey, mister!|Leave him alone!
I wouldn't hurt your friend.|Would I?
You don't need|to be afraid, Donnique.
You're pretty.|How old are you?
- Ten.|- Ten?
I said, leave him alone!
Run! Run! Come on!
- Get outta here!|- Run!
You little bastard.
Let's get outta here!
You black bastard, you!|Goddam it!
Please, mister! Put me down!
- Shut up, you son ofa bitch!|- Put me down!
Hey!
- I didn't-- didn't do nothin"!|- Come on! Let's go!
- I didn't-- I didn't--|- Shut up.
I didn't do nothin".
- Come on, you--|- No!
- Get in there.|- I-It wasn't me.
I-- I-- didn't do nothin"!
Sit down, kid.
What have we got here?
It's a juvenile case.
He's a kid, Sarge.|He's only 1 1 years old.
It's a nigger with a knife.
I don't care how old he is.
Take care of him.
We know you were at the falls last week,|and we know what happened.
So you're gonna talk,|you little son ofa bitch.
You'll be makin" speeches|when I get through with your black ass.
Ralph. Ralph.
I'm Sergeant Detective Della Pesca.
You wanna tell me what happened?
What is it, you were trying to rob|this man's gold watch...

and he fought back, |and so you stabbed him?
Is that pretty much it?
I-I-- didn't do nothin".
Let me tell you something, sunshine.
The man you stabbed...
is a very important member |of this community...
and you are goin' down.
Do you see? |And I am going to see to it personally.
As for you, Rubin Carter, |you're a menace to society.
If something isn't done |about you soon...
you'll become a dangerous man |in later life.
I only wish you were old enough |I could send you to state prison.
I therefore sentence you...
to the state home for boys |in Jamesburg...
from this day till you're |21 years of age.
- So be it. | - It's okay, son.
Jamesburg was a place of horror |that I would be forever sorry...
to have known existed.
It was there that I spent the next |eight years learning how to maim...
butcher and fight for my survival.
I don't get what's goin' on here. |I'm the boy's father.
I take care of him. |I don't know what you people--
I mean, what's it to you?
M-Mr Martin, we've gotten to know |Lesra over the past few weeks.
And I gotta tell you, he's got |more natural ability and enthusiasm...
than just about any kid |I've ever worked with.
So, when he told us |he wanted to go to college...
we just figured |that's the way it was gonna be.
Well, I know he's smart.
There's no doubt about that, |but, uh...
he can't read, Mrs Martin.
But we think that we could teach him. |I mean, within...
probably two years, with a lot of work, |we could get him ready for college.
- Yeah, well, that school |sure not doin' it. | - Now wait just a second.
- I am that boy's father-- | - But if they can give him more--
They're talkin' to me, Alma!
Uh, Mr Martin, you know, |we got plenty of room.
And if Lesra wants to learn, |then we can teach him.
If you don't want that, that's fine. |That's up to you.
But no one here is trying |to replace you, sir.
- This what you want, boy? | - I wanna go to college.
And if that's what it's gonna take, |then, yeah.
It don't seem right.
Why you gotta go, Lesra?

- Don't you want me to go, El?|- You should be here backin" me up.
Leave the boy, Elston.|Lesra goin" to Toronto now.
Got a job to do.|Wants to go to college.
After eight years at Jamesburg,|I escaped.
I was angry,|embittered with life.
I ran as if on a cloud...
unaware of how high I was stepping|or of anything else around me.
There was room in my head|for only one word...

one thought:

freedom.

I ran straight into the U.S. Army|and a pair of paratrooper wings...
and my whole life changed.

I learned that|knowledge of self and kind...

is the only true means|to the liberation of the black man.

I could do anything.|I overcame my stutter.

I became a prizefighter.|I came back to Paterson...

the all-Army European|welterweight champ.

Let me have a soda, please.

Judy, who's that fine soldier|standing over there at the bar?

Oh, he's a local boy.|Rubin Carter, I think.

Make it two.

- He's comin" over here.|- Uh-oh. Stay cool.

I'm back. I'm back.

- Mmm, so you missed me, did you?|- So tell me--

- Well, what do you want to know?|- You're in my seat.

Uh, you know, I'm from Georgia.

And I was thinkin"|that afterwards you and me--

You're in my seat, country.

I don't see your name anywhere.

That's 'cause you're blinded by|the ass-kickin" I'm about to put on you.

Now get up out of my seat.

- Hey, come on now. Take it easy.|- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

- Calm down. Calm down.|- Let that motherfucker go.|-Just stop it. Listen.

- Not here.|- You know what? I wanna dance. You|wanna come over here and
dance with me?

- Not here.|- Hey, I'm talkin" to you.|- Hmm?

Oh, you wanna fight,|or you wanna dance?

- He ain't worth it.|- Yeah, you wanna dance. Come on.

- Brother got a lot|of hostility up in him.|- Should I let myself go
in his direction

- Come on, sweet thing. Let's dance.|- Is his love strong enough
for my heart's protection

- I don't know|- I don't know, I don't know

- ldon"t know|- ldon"t know, ldon"t know
- You dance nice.|- But he loves mesogood
- Tillllthinklshould|- Thankyou.
lflgave him my heart
- These hands were meant|for more than just fi ghting.|- Wouldhe refuse it
Wouldhe tearit apart
- Ortenderly use it|- Her name was Mae Thelma.
- ldon"t know|- And she was the prettiest woman|I had ever seen.
- ldon"t know|- ldon"t know, ldon"t know
But he hugs meso tight
Tillllthinklmight
You got a girl around?
No. I ain"t got no girl.
No?
Well, I had a good time|with you tonight.
- Mae Thelma, is that you?|- Yeah. Mama, I"ll be right up.
- You gon" call me tomorrow?|- I"m gon" call you tonight.
- No, you can"t call me tonight now.|- I"ll call you tomorrow then.
You"ll call me tomorr--
- Is that your father?|- No. My father"s asleep.
- Your name Rubin Carter?|- Yeah.
- You"re comin" with us.|- For what?
You heard the man.
What"d you think,|we weren"t gonna fi nd you?
You still owe me time.
All right. Get out.
- This way now.|- Okay.
From that moment on...
I decided to take control|of my life.
I made up my mind|to turn my body into a weapon.
I would be a warrior-scholar.
I boxed. I went to school.
I began reading|W.E.B DuBois, Richard Wright.
Move, tier one! Move it!
So I gave up|all the worthless luxuries...
that most inmates crave--
the girlie books, fags,|cigarettes, the movies.
I hated them.
In fact, I hated everyone.|I didn"t even speak English.
I spoke hate,|and its verbs were fists.
I made up my mind|to turn my body...
into a weapon that would|eventually set me free...
or kill anyone who sought|to keep me in prison.
On September 2 1 , 1 961 ...

I was released,|and I vowed upon everything holy...
never to come back to prison again.
I had spent almost half my time|on this Earth...
in jail.
Hey, come on, Lesra.|Time to get up. Breakfast, buddy.
Yeah. Yeah, all right.|Yeah, I'm up. I'm up.
Did you get any sleep?|Your light"s been on all night.
I just can"t stop reading, man.|This book"s about my life.
Jeez, Lisa, you gotta smoke|for breakfast?
- Do you know when we met in Brooklyn?|- Yeah.
Why"d you take me home?
Well, you know, you--|you met my folks, man...
and you brought me up here,|you did all this stuff for me.
Yeah.
No, I mean, why?
Why"d you do all that?
"Cause you were smart and funny.
And short. You know, we fi gured|it"d be good foryou to...
spend a little time|with some tall white people.
- Yeah, absolutely.|- Yeah.|- What, did you do it "cause I"m black?
And you thought|I couldn"t do it myself?
"Cause Rubin-- Rubin did it|all himself, you know.
Hey, Les, we didn"t feel|sorry foryou.
We met you and got to know you|and realized you could accomplish|some
things...
and, like a lot of us,|you could use some help.
I"m sure that Hurricane Carter|had some help along the way.
- None of us does it alone.|- Hey.
As far as doin" it foryourself goes,|nobody can learn anything foryou.
Trust me. Everything you"re doing now,|you"re doing foryourself.
I"ll get it.
- You know, I been thinkin".|- Yeah?
- How"re you doing?|- About what?
No, no, no, he"s here. Hejust--
Think I wanna put up a heavy bag.|You know, like a big punching bag.
Uh, those renovations?|Probably the end ofthe month.
- Oh, any special reason?|- No. No, man.
I just feel like punchin" |something, you know?
That"s it. It"s set.
- A little low. A little low.|- Keep your hand up. Keep the left down.
Straight out of prison,|I was a fi ghting machine.
One thing I could do,|and the only thing, was box.
I had tasted my own blood...
and I loved it.

This is your ringside commentator.
Tonight's fight brings together...
Rubin "Hurricane" Carter|from Paterson, New Jersey...
and Joey Cooper,|who is currently undefeated.
Yeah! Way to go, Hurricane!
Hit him!
And the champion, Joey Cooper,|seems to be helpless...
against Rubin Carter,|the challenger.
Yeah!
And I'll tell ya, folks,|things are taking a surprising turn...
in this middleweight fight tonight.
Joey Cooper in big trouble.|Rubin Carter pourin" it on.
Left hook, right hook, uppercut-- Oh!
He's down.|Oh, look at this.
What a disaster for Cooper.
Carter is punishing him.|He's gonna-- Oh, he is down, folks.
He is down for the count,|and he is not getting up.
- Four, five, six...|- I'll tell you that right now.
- Get up!|- seven...|- Get up now!
Right now!
You're out!
Unbelievable! Rubin Carter|comes on like a hurricane...
and defeats|the undefeated Joey Cooper...
in round one of|this middleweight fight.
- I don't believe it! Oh!|- Unbelievable upset tonight.
Have you ever seen anything like it?
- And the crowd is goin" wild here|in Reading, Pennsylvania.|- You all
right, Cooper?
- And Rubin Carter took this fight|right away from him here this
evening.|- I'm okay.
Mrs Carter, what do you think|it's gonna be like being married|to such a
ferocious fighter?
- Well, uh--|- Well, it's gonna be a little scary,|but I'll try my best.
All right.
Can you believe|that black son of a bitch?
He thinks he's champion of the world.|Fighter of the year, my ass.
A low-life criminal.
My mother told me
"Fore she passed away
Said, son, when I'm gone
Don't forget to pray|"cause there'll be hard times
- What the hell do they expect?|Of course a riot broke out.|- Hard times
Every time we try to stand up|and defend our own neighbourhoods...
they send the cops in|to bust us in our heads.

If you feel so strongly about all this, | Hurricane, why aren't you out there...
instead of sittin' in here drinkin'?
I'm drinkin' club soda, | first of all, and I'm in here | because you asked me to be here.
But you're right. | Maybe I should go down there.
Yeah, maybe I should go grab my gun, | shoot me a halfa dozen...
of them nigger-hatin' cops, huh?
What you think, Bucky? I know I can get | me about five of 'em before they get me.
Ed? Huh?
How about you? | You wanna come?
Shit. That's off the record, | by the way.
Oh, he knows that. | Don't you?
Sure, champ. Sure.
You betcha.
- Take that, champ! | - Get down.
- Right here. | - Rubin, what is this?
- Get down, get down! Stay down! | - Oh, Lord, what is-- | - Let's get outta here!
- You all right, T.? | - Shh, it's okay.
It's okay. It's okay.
Shh. It's okay.
All right, all right, | all right, all right, all right.
- You all right? | - You know why they did this.
Shh. All right. Come on, | come on, come on, come on.
- I told you it was off the record. | - Nothin' with you is off the record!
- Look, I don't want | to go into it right now. | - You ain't had no business | talkin' to them people.
- You know everything that you say... | - All right, all right, | all right, all right.
- they gon' make up something different. | - Mae, what you want me to do, huh?
- What you want me to do? | - Why do you say these things?
- I know what they doin'. | I know exactly what they doin'. | - Are you trying to get us killed?
So what you want me to do, huh?
You want me to roll over | and just lay dead?
- Pride. It ain't nothin' but pride! | - You're damn right it's pride.
- I'm guilty. | - Give me my baby.
Shit.
You will not be able | to stay home, brother
You will not be able to | plug in | turn on and drop out
You will not be able | to lose yourself on skag and skip out | for beer during

commercials

Because the revolution|willnot be televised

The revolution willnot be televised

The revolution willnot be brought|toyou byXerox andballparks

Without commercialinterruptions

The revolution willnot be right back|aftera message about a white
tornado|white lightning or whitepeople

You willnot have to worry about a dove|inyourbedroom, the
tigerinyourtank|orthegiant inyourtoilet bowl

The revolution|willnotgo better with Coke

The revolution willnot fightgerms|that may cause badbreath

- The revolution willputyou|in the driver"s seat|- Break it up! Break it
up!

The revolution willnot be televised|Willnot be televised

Willnot be televised|Willnot be televised

The revolution|won"t be no rerun, brothers|The revolution willbe live
Champion ofthe world!|Champion ofthe world!

Yeah, they"re still out.

I"ve seen a lot ofthings in my time,|but it"s taken 35 minutes...
for thesejudges to tell us|what this home town crowd already knows.
Joey Giardello|is about to the lose the crown...

to Rubin ""Hurricane"" Carter.

Ladies and gentlemen...

it"s a unanimous decision.

The winner|and still champion ofthe world...

Joey Giardello!

Giardello!

No. No, no. No. No.

Hey. What?

- You"ve stolen it!|- Aw, shit!

- This is bullshit!|- What"s goin" on here?

- Yes, yes!|- Boo!

Well, all I can say|is these Phillyjudges...

must have been watching|a different fi ght...

because in the one wejust saw,|Hurricane Carter took the title.

Oh, nowtellme|where canyouparty, child

-Allnight long|- ln the basement

Down in the basement, yeah

Oh, where canyougo|whenyourmoneygets low

ln the basement|Whoa, down in the basement

Andifa storm is takin "place|you canjam andstillbesafe

- ln the basement, down in the basement|- I got somethin" special foryou.

- Hey, Hurricane, how you doin"?|- Hey, champ.

ln the basement|Down in the basement

- Oh, you got the comforts of home|- Anybody call a cab?
- A nightclub too|- In the basement
- Oh, down in the basement|- Anybody call a cab?
I did, unless Rubin's taking me home.
Yeah, if I take you, it ain't gonna be home.
Mr Carter. M-Mr Carter.
- Headed "cross town, Mr Carter?|- Yeah. Why? You need a ride?
- Wo-- Would you mind?|- No, I wouldn't mind.
- All right! Okay.|- Come on.
- You drive.|- Drive your car?
- Come on.|- Oh, shit!
My friends are never gonna believe I was cruising with The Hurricane.
- You know, what we wanna know is, can we get his autograph?|- No. No, no.
Oh, shit.
Motherfuckers.
- John, you been drinkin"?|- No.|- All right.
All right, just relax.|- Let me handle this.
All right.
Licence and registration.
It's okay. I got it.|- You guys come with me.
B-E-L-L-O. Bello.
Bradley. B-R-A-D-L-E-Y.
Okay.
Are those the guys?
No?
Okay, let's go.
So what are you doing around here at that hour?
Well, we was just out, you know, takin' a walk, right?
- Yeah. Just gettin' a pack of cigarettes. That's it.|- Yeah.
Both of you are in big trouble.
You're in violation of your parole.
But I don't wanna talk about the burglary.
We'll talk about your parole problem later, Bello.
As far as I'm concerned...
no proof a burglary really took place.
See what I mean?
Yeah, I see what you mean.
I'm only interested in the facts in this case...
and you and Bradley here are the only two people that can really help me
out.
Do you follow?
- Yeah, I follow.|- Good.
Now, is there any scenario that you can imagine...
in which you could be sure...

really, positively sure...

that the man you saw that night...

was Rubin Carter?

Yeah, Rubin Carter. Yeah.

Wanna tell me again what happened?|You were there having a drink?|What was that?

No, no, it was, uh--

- I was goin" out|for a pack ofcigarettes.|- Yeah.

I heard a couple ofshots,|then I saw these two coloured guys,|they come out ofthe bar.

And one ofthem was?

- One ofthem was Rubin Carter.|- Rubin Carter?

- Right, Rubin Carter, the fi ghter.|- Yeah, sure.

All rise.

The court will come to order.|The HonourableJudge Lerner presiding.

Be seated.

The defendants will rise.

Rubin Carter...

although you still contend|you are not guilty ofthe crimes|charged against you...

you were afforded a full and fair trial|by a jury ofyour peers.

Have you reached a verdict?

Yes, we have, Your Honour.

We, thejury, fi nd the defendants,|Rubin Carter...

and John Artis,|guilty on all counts.

Oh, no!

- No!|- That ain"t right! He"s innocent!

- Order.|- No!

- Order in the court.|- No!

- Order! Bailiff will see to it|that order prevails.|- No! No!

This ain"t right. Railroaded!

- No.|- Rubin Carter...

John Artis...

for the murder ofJames Oliver,|it is the court"s sentence...

that you be imprisoned|for the remainder ofyour natural life.

No!

On the second count,|the murder of Fred Nauyaks...

you are sentenced to be imprisoned|for the remainder ofyour natural life.

No, God, no!

As to the third count involving|the murder of Hazel Tanis...

it is the sentence ofthis court|that you be imprisoned...

for the remainder|ofyour natural life.

Okay, Carter, let"s go.

Take it easy.

You're a tough guy.
He thinks he's gonna stay in a room,|and that's it.
Put your clothes, your shoes,|your ring, your watch and whatever|else
you've got in that bag.
You are being issued a standard inmate|uniform with your number sewn on
it...
so that we can identify you|immediately.
And you'll go to have your facial hair|shaved. You know the rules.
No, I can't do it, Warden.
I beg your pardon?
I cannot do it.
Look, you have legal custody|over my body...
but I'm innocent.
I've committed no crime.|The crime's been committed against me.
And I will not wear the clothes|of a guilty man.
Now, I'll go anywhere you want me to go|in this penitentiary, Warden...
but you let it be known|in no uncertain terms...
that any man who tries|to put his hands on me--
This place is where we|tell you the rules.
You hear that?
Do you understand me?
Do you?
Because if you do,|you had better strip right now...
and put on that fucking uniform.
I can't do that.
Put this man in the hole.
Give him sufficient time|to reflect...
on how he intends to behave|in this institution.
Ninety days.
Hey, Bobby,|we've got another one for ya.
I like your suit.
Three, two...
one.
Lights-out.
You see?
""Though I walk through the valley of the|shadow of death, I will fear no
evil.""
There's doubt.
The shadow is doubt.|The shadow is doubt.
But you're not gonna get me.|You're not gonna get me.
Lights-out.
What the fuck|are you talkin' about?
You can't break me|"cause you didn't make me.
You understand? Huh?

You fucked everything up for everybody,|Rubin. It"s all fucked-up.
Who"s that?
Y"all ain"t got no speakers in here.|Who is that?
I put us into this situation|any goddam way...
motherfucker.
I done fucked everything up|for everybody. You know, that shit|that"s all
fucked up.
What the fuck they expect us|to do now, huh? Motherfucker.
I"m s-- I"m s-- I"m scared.
Just shut up. Shut the fuck up,|you little skinny motherfucker.
You think your father used to beat|your little stuttering ass?
Don"t make me|jump over there on ya.
No, you shut up.|Just shut the fuck up, talkin" to me.
Fuck you talkin" to? You ain"t--|You ain"t telling me what to say.
I"m running shit around here.|Fuck is wrong?
Ain"t nobody runnin" shit.|I"m runnin" shit.
Shut the fuck up!
What you say?
No. No.
What are we gonna do now?
Huh?
I don"t know what.
Shit, ain"t nobody touchin" me.|No goddam soul touchin" me.
Put your hands on me not twice. You|better not put your fuckin" hands on
me.
- I got--|- Shut up!
Oh, yeah. There"s our man.|I can feel the hate. Can you feel it?
You can feel the hate, Rubin.|Don"t you wanna just hurt somebody?
I feel like|I wanna kill somebody...
"cept there ain"t nobody|in here to kill.
"Cept you, boy.
How "bout it, Rube?
Get away from me!
All right, Carter. Time"s up.
Jesus Christ.
You could really use a shower.
You smell awful, Mr Carter.|Why don"t you take a shower?
Get you a decent cell|with a bed and some food.
- You"ll feel a lot better.|- At what price do I, uh...
take this shower?
- What do you mean?|- I mean, what do I put on...
after I take this shower|that"s gonna make me feel so good?
What everyone else puts on.|That"s the rules.
Yeah, well, you can just take me|on back down to the hole.

You could die down there.

I could die up here too.

Look, what if I got you a pair of pyjamas from the prison hospital?

As far as I'm concerned, you'd be wearing prison-issued clothing.

They got stripes?

- No stripes.|- What 'bout numbers?

- No numbers.|- What colour are they?

They're white.

Okay, I can live with those.

- Thankyou, Mr Carter.|- You're welcome, Mr Williams.

Shower's all yours.

Thankyou.

It came to me as kind of a revelation that my own freedom...

lay in not wanting or needing anything of which they could deprive me.

If punishment consisted of being locked in your cell...

then by simply choosing to never leave my cell...

I deprived them of that weapon.

I would not work in their shops. I would not eat their food.

I began to study. I dissected my entire case piece by piece...

beginning with my initial arrest through the trial itself...

and finally to the awful verdict.

I didn't get a trial free from constitutional error and racial prejudice.

He knows that. You know it.

That's not helpin' me in here, Myron.

Look. Look, I'm innocent, that's why.

Seven years! You're goddam right it's seven years!

Just get me outta here. I want a new trial. Okay?

The people united will never be defeated.

The people united will never be defeated.

The people united will never be defeated.

The people united--

It shows that there's still hope.

There is hope for change in America.

I believe in law and order, and I believe that everybody...

has a right to, uh, get another trial.

Here comes the story of The Hurricane

The man the authorities came to blame

- For something that he never done - Give a hand for Miss Ellen Burstyn.

Put in a prison cell but one time

He could have been the champion of the world

They ain't givin' up. They said they're gonna demonstrate again.

Muhammad Ali and-- and Ellen Burstyn. Bob Dylan.

- Everybody.|- That's good, Mae.

Everybody.

Look, Mae, uh...

we've already lost two trials, and now they've turned down my request for an appeal.

I'm sorry. It, uh-- It's over.

It's finished.

I'm gonna die in here, Mae, so--

- Baby, listen, there is still a chance. - Listen to me now.

- Now, all we have to do is hang on. - There's nothin' to hang on to.

I want you to divorce me, understand?

And I don't want you to come back down here.

- No. No, now you listen to me. - Mae, don't make-- don't make this--

There-- There are still things that we can do.

- We just gotta get you out of here. - I am not gonna be a weight hanging around your neck.

- You are no weight around my neck! - Well, then you're a weight around mine.

Now, I can't do all the years I gotta do in here...

knowin' that they can take your beautiful face away from me anytime they want to.

- You understand? - Rubin.

I ain't walkin' away from you.

I'm dead.

- Rubin. - Just bury me, please.

Rubin?

Rubin.

Rubin, we're-- we're in this together now. We just gotta hang on.

Guard.

Rubin.

Rubin?

We just gotta hang on.

We just gotta hang on.

I will bend time to my own clock.

When the prisoners awake, I will sleep.

When they sleep, I will wake.

I will live neither in their cell...

nor in my own heart...

only in my mind...

and my spirit.

"Once I reached my hand out for help.

It came down and then withered...

as dry grass blown away into dust leaving nothin'.

Now I wait for nothin'. I need nothin'.

Not tomorrow, not freedom, not justice.

In the end, the prison will vanish...

and there'll be no more Rubin...

no more Carter...

only The Hurricane.

And after him...

there is no more." "

Man, what are we gonna do?

- About what?|- About The Hurricane, that"s what.

Well, there"s not much|we can do, Lesra.

B-But the man"s innocent, yet he"s been|in jail 1 5, 1 6 years. That"s not right.

- I know that"s what his book says.|- Uh, twojuries found him guilty, Les.

- Yeah, two whitejuries.|- Hey, hey, not all white people|are racists.

Not all black people are murderers.

Look, I just-- I just want|to write him a letter...

and tell him how much his book|meant to me, that"s all.

lknowyou toldme

- Such a long time ago|- Dear...

- Mr Hurricane.|- Thatyou want me

- You don"t love me no more|- No, that"s really stupid.

- l wanna know|- What"s that?

- It"s ten dollars, U.S.|- Oh, whatyou mean to me

- I thought he might need|some money for stamps...|- Believe me, darlin " ifyou want him|to write you back.

Oh-oh, no

Yeah. Yeah, write me back.

- That"s cool. Thanks, Lisa.|- lknowyou toldme

No problem.

- Dear Mr Rubin Carter.|-Andlknow

I read your book...

and I really felt sad|about what happened to you.

I want you to know|how much your book meant to me.

Little baby, child|moveyou

Whoa-whoa-whoa

Please

It"s here! Hey, he wrote us back!|It"s here!

It"s here! He wrote us back!|Home ofthe brave!

Land ofthe free!|He wrote us back!

- Can you stand it?|- Well, open it already.

I don"t know.|You think I should?

" "Dear Lesra...

please forgive|the seemingly tardy reply...

but he who bemoans|the lack ofopportunity...

forgets that small doors|many times open up into large rooms.

It was not only thoughtful,|but insightful on your part.

Stamps, paper and envelopes...

were exactly what was needed|to complete this transmission.
Your letter, feelings,|concerns, desires and warmth...
literally|jumped off the page at me...
when reading|your heartfelt message.
It is as if you heard|my thoughts...
and reached out|to share yours with me...
at a moment when I can hear you.
So thank you once again.
Forever...
your friend and brother...
Rubin "Hurricane" Carter." "
Wow.
You got your answer.
Yeah.
Dear Rubin...
I've been thinking about my life|compared to yours.
I come from Bushwick in Brooklyn.
My parents are alcoholics|and my brother's in prison.
I was third in my class,|and I couldn't even read.
I couldn't write you this letter|just a year ago...
but then I met these friends from Canada|when I had a summer job at the EPA.
They offered to educate me|and they got me out.
Sometimes I feel guilty about my family|"cause I left 'em behind.
Now that I know you,|I know it isn't right.
I shouldn't cry|about my own feelings...
not if you can do what you've done.
I've been thinkin' though.
I would like to come and visit you,|if that will be all right.
Palm down, right hand.|Keep the line moving.
- Put your right hand out, please.|Palm down.|- Keep the line moving.
- Keep the line moving, please.|- Come on. Come on.
Okay, now.
Y'all listen up now. Visits for Jones,|Taylor, Harris, Ramos...
Sykes, Carter, Tucei,|line up right here.
Uh, you didn't call my boy's name.
Hemmings. Eric Hemmings, 65660.
- Hemmings?|- Yeah.
Uh-uh, no visit for Hemmings today.|He's in lockup.
- Okay, Mac, open it up.|- Keep out of the way.
Extend your arms. Palms.|Turn around.
Show me your feet.|Okay, spread 'em.
Next.
Open your mouth.|Roll your tongue.
Extend your arms.

Show me your palms. | Turn around.

Show me your feet.

Spread "em.

Ready on the outside!

Okay, come on. | Single file, y'all.

Let's go. Single file.

Hey, sweetheart!

Single file.

Let's go. Single file.

You look nice.

Mr Carter?

- Rubin "Hurricane" Carter. Is that you? | - Mm-hmm.

- I'm sorry, you don't look like your | pictures. I thought you'd be bigger. | - Hey, I'm bigger than you.

- But don't tell anybody, okay? | - All-- All right.

Okay. Sit down.

- Hey, this is some place, man. | - No.

No, it's not. This is no place, | not for a human being.

Don't ever get used to | a place like this, Lesra.

You got a lot of guts, kid.

Takes a lot of courage to come | all the way down here by yourself.

I'm impressed.

- I was scared you | weren't gonna let me come. | - Me too.

But you're Rubin "Hurricane" Carter. | What would you be scared of?

Well, doors opening, | of the light outside...

of you.

- Me? | - Mm-hmm.

- Mr Carter, I don't understand. | - Oh, no, no, no, | don't call me Mr Carter.

- Call me Rube. | - Rube?

Yeah. Rube.

All right. Rube.

So, tell me about these folks | you're livin' with.

- Oh, the Canadians. | - Yes. | - Yeah, I got pictures of "em.

Here.

This is Sam, this is Terry, | and this is Lisa.

- They're the greatest, man. | - Huh.

Yeah, I met "em at an EPA in Brooklyn, | and, you know, they was doin' business.

They brought me home and stuff, | and the rest is what happened, man.

Yeah, that's when | my life changed, Rube.

Just yanked a brother up and took him | up to Canada, just like that?

No, no, they asked my folks.

I see. So what do they do? | Are they a religious group...

or, uh, hippies or a commune or--

No, they fix up houses and sell 'em. | You know?
- They're just people. | - Just people.
Just workin', eatin', | livin' together?
I don't know. This is what they do, man. | That's their thing.
- What'd your folks say? | - Oh, well, my dad, you know, he's happy.
- He's glad for me. | - Oh, good.
You see 'em much, | your people, your folks?
Yeah, but sometimes | it's hard though.
Yeah, well--
Yeah, it's hard.
You give them hope.
- Yeah, I guess. | - You do. You give 'em hope.
Because you have transcended, Lesra.
It is very important to transcend | the places that hold us.
You know that? You've learned to read. | You've learned to write.
Writing is-- it's magic.
You feel that sometimes?
- Yeah, I guess I do. | - Mm-hmm.
When I started writing...
I discovered that I was doing more | than just telling a story.
See, writing is a weapon...
and it's more powerful | than a fist can ever be.
Every time I sat down to write, I could | rise above the walls of this prison.
I could look out over the walls | all across the state of New Jersey.
And I could see Nelson Mandela | in his cell writing his book.
I could see Huey. | I could see Dostoyevsky.
I could see Victor Hugo, Emile Zola, | and-- and they would say to me...
"Rubin, what you doin' in there?"
And I say, | "Hey, I know all you guys."
It's magic, Lesra.
Mmm, they sure don't teach it | that way up in Canada.
- Maybe you could tell me | some books to read. | - I can do that.
But these people in Canada or anywhere | else, they can only teach you so
much.
It's up to you. It's your search. You | gotta find out what's true for you...
what is true for Lesra Martin.
I never met nobody like you before.
You think I killed | those people, son?
- No, I know you didn't. | - How you know?
I just know.
I'm so glad I met you, Lesra.
Me too.
Visit's up.
Everybody out.

Come on, folks. Let's go.

You like a quick picture|ofyou and your son, Mr Carter?

- Come on, folks. Let's go.|- It's up to my son.

Yeah, all right. All right.

That's enough pictures. |Come on. Let's go.

Dear Lesra...

whoever is responsible foryour present|condition obviously cares a great deal.

For me, it was a miracle to see|such light in a human being again.

When you came, it was like the day|had started off without the sun.

It's dim and it's cool.

Then suddenly,|and without any warning...

the sunshine breaks through the dimness|and lights up everything.

Whatya gonna do|Doyou wannaget down

Whatya gonna do|Doyou wannaget down

You been all around the world,|huh, Mobutu?

- Been everywhere.|- Shut your motherfuckin" mouth up!

Get down on it|Get down on it

- Come on andget down on it|- Where your people from, Africa?

Born in the Congo. Mm-hmm.

In the blackness of black.

My mother was a Pygmy. |She stood four foot, one inch.

- Hmm.|- My father was a big Watusi.

He was seven foot, ten.

He'd have to pick her up|like a little child to kiss her.

- Hmm, cute.|- Get down on it

Come on now|Get down on it

lfyou really want it|get down on it

What do you think ofwhite folks?

They"rejust a little bit too much|ofthis stuff, you know?

But, uh, then again...

I once rode the rails|with a hobo by the name of, um...

Alabama.

Now, he was white folks...

and he was a good man.

Mm-hmm. He saved my life|three times.

- Three times?|- Mm-hmm. Three times.

Three times life, huh?

Everything I lost...

that really matters|I lost at the hand ofwhite folks.

I know what you mean...

but they ain"t all bad.

Whatya wanna do|Doyou wannaget down

- Whatya gonna do|- But they sure can"t dance.

Oh, shit.

Mm-hmm.

Hey, y'all, |th-this is where we go in.

Come on.

Come on!

- Don't look now, |but we're being watched.|- Stop it.

Somehow I don't think |you can smoke in there.

Right over there.

Hey, Rube, man, we made it. |How you doin", man?

All right.

- Sam.|- Hey, Rubin. Good to meet you.

Yeah. Good, good, good.

- Professor.|- Yeah.

- This is Terry.|- Terry.

- Nice to meet you.|- It's my pleasure, Terry. |Heard a lot about you.

- Lisa.|- Lisa.

So, you don't look like |I thought you would look.

Lesra said you were so tough.

- Is that good?|- Don't know. Don't know.

Don't know. Come on.

Sit down.

Everybody together! |I can't stand it.

So, uh, Rubin, |how's the appeal goin"?

Uh, we hear it's with the New Jersey |Supreme Court. Have they set a date?

Why don't we talk about Lesra?

I'm sure that Lesra wants to know |what's happening with your case too.

My case is doing what it's doing.

I have to focus on the fact |that I have to do the time.

Well, how do you do that?

How do I do that? I do that by not |allowing myself to want or to need...
anything.

I'm free in here because |there's nothing I want out here.

Not free to want? |Not free to risk human contact?

This place doesn't allow you |to be human.

The only contact you get in here |is gettin" stabbed in the back |or
gang-raped in the shower.

That's what they've reduced you to. |I mean, you've obviously elevated it |to
something else with Lesra.

Yeah, because of you, Rube, |I wanna be a lawyer when I grow up...
and prove you innocent.

Except we don't have to wait |till I'm a lawyer, Rube, because |these guys
want to help, man.

- We all believe in your innocence.|- I've been innocent for 16 years.
That's how long I've been in here. |Innocence is a highly |overrated

commodity.

None of us can judge what you've been|through, but you might wanna consider--

You're damn right none ofyou can judge|what I've been through... because none ofyou|have been through it.

What do you know about doing time?|Tell me about it.

What do you know about what it is|to be me? What do you-- What do you|know about being in this place?

- Hey, this is too much, you guys.|- Yeah, you're right. This is too much. Um, y'all, look,|let'sjust go, all right?

- Rubin. Rubin. Rubin.|- Right there.

Hey, listen, we left a package|foryou in the mail room.

Yes.

Visitors left this foryou|in the mail room.

We had to open it|"cause ofsecurity.

Nice to have friends.

"Special gift for The Hurricane."

Don't trust "em, Rubin.

Don't trust "em.

You trust a bunch of little white-ass|do-gooders more than you trust me... more than you trust us.

Yeah. No more hate.

Try that on, huh?

Don't trust "em, Rubin.|They'll turn on ya. Don't trust "em, no.

- Think me and you. Me and you.|- See how that fits.

- It's time.|- For what?

It's time foryou to go.

Don't you turn your back on me,|nigger.

Rubin!

Rubin!

Ladies and gentlemen...

in this corner--

In this corner,|from Paterson, NewJersey...

wearing the white trunks|with blackstripes...

Rubin "Hurricane" Carter!

- Okay, Sam. Are you joining us?|- Yeah, yeah, yeah.

- Lesra, get up back.|- Dear Rubin...

- I can't believe the warmth|and beauty ofyour letter.|- Ready?

We get a rich, deep feeling|ofexperiencing your presence.

You've-- You've made what we've|been saying the truth--

that you can't keep people back|who refuse to be kept back.

Here we go. Here we go.

We work out ofour home, so we're|always here ifyou'd like to call.

We'd really like|to hearyour voice.

You are very persuasive...
and I thank you|for all the things you send me...
but you people|are a bad influence on me.
I'm startin" to like all this stuff|a little too much.
You're lettin" me get loose.
Hello?
Yeah, I'll accept the charges.|Hey, Rube, what's happening, man?
Lesra, boy, you, uh-- Well,|you sound more like a man every day.
Get outta here.
- Where is everybody?|- Oh, you know Canadians, man.
They're not happy unless they're|outside, you know, rakin" leaves|or
tappin" a tree for maple syrup.
I don't know how they do it, man.|It's cold out there too.
Hey, what's up, Rube?|Something happen?
Yeah, I, um...
heard from the courts, Lesra.
Been denied. I lost the appeal.
Oh, no, man. Well-Well,|look, look, look, hold on, Rube.
- Let me tell everyone, okay?|- I gotta go, little brother.
No, well, wait, Rube!|W-Wait! Wait. Wait. But, Rube!
Rubin!
What's going on?
Lost the appeal.
Oh, no.
Dear Lesra, Terry, Sam...
Lisa...
this is, in many ways, the saddest|letter I've ever had to write.
I appreciate your many efforts|and kindnesses...
but I am a prisoner.
My number is 45472, and my job,|the key to my survival--
""My number is 45472, and my job,|the key to my survival...
lies in my ability to do the time.
This place is not one in which humanity|can survive. Only steel can.
This will be my last letter to you.
Please do not write.|Please do not visit.
Please find it in your hearts|to not weaken me with your love.
Rubin "Hurricane" Carter.""
Open up, Ken.
Okay.
Thanks.
Rubin.
I got a letter here|for you from Canada.
I'm just gonna slide it|in here for you.
You do what you want with it.

"Dear Rube...
I know you asked us not to write...
so I'm not writing...
just sending you two things.
One's a picture of me|and my new girlfriend, Pauline.
The other...
is something that|rightfully belongs to you--
my high school diploma.
Your friend and brother forever,|Lesra Martin.""
Don't count thestars
Oryou mightstumble
Hello.
Yes, I accept--|I-- I accept the charges.
Rubin? Hey.
R-Rubin, I-I-I can't hearyou.
Rube--
Hello?
He said he can't do the time.
Uh, collect call to anyone...
from Mr Rubin Carter.
- Get it. Get it.|- Take one.
- Yes.|- Rubin?
- Lesra?|- No, it's Terry. I'm here|with Lisa andSam, andLesra "s here.
Hey. How y'all doin"?
Look out the window.
What?
Yousee that light?|The one that's blinking?
Yousee it?
Yeah.
Canyousee Lesra?
Yeah, I see you.|What are y'all doin" here?
- Can he see us?|- Yeah, he can see you.
- Rube!|- We're here.
We've moved down here.
- For what?|- We're in this thing full-time|untilyou walk out ofthere.
Hold on.|Lisa wants to saysomething.
Hurricane!
Hey, Rube.
Looks likeyougot|some footsoldiers now, huh?
We're all in this together,|and we're not leaving till we all leave.
You're beautiful.
We're gonna take you home.
Okay.
Okay.

Rubin has, uh, asked us to give you|copies of everything that we have...
and to answer any questions.
And since we've represented him|for over ten years...
there's an awful lot of material.
I mean, we have rooms|full of files.
Absolutely.|And, uh, please understand...
that we are not here|to second-guess you or--
You know, we-- we've come down here|to help in any way we can.
Anything, you know.|Anything at all.
Well, that's very kind of you.
And I congratulate you|on your dedication to Rubin's case.
Uh, maybe I should add|that in those ten years...
we've been working on this,|we've donated our services.
We've never asked for a dime.|We never expect one. Do we?
- No.|- I wanted to be sure.
And also in that time, uh,|there have been a lot of people...
great people...
all well-intentioned.
- Famous.|- Infamous.
Or not. Boxers, singers,|writers, actors...
journalists, et cetera.
A lot of brave people|who gave their time...
and, to some degree,|risked their reputations.
People like you.
And, uh...
people come and go,|and, frankly, nobody lasts.
Nobody stays the course.
Nobody goes the distance,|because it's too tough.
It's too slow...
and it's heartbreaking.
- It's too heartbreaking.|- Well, with all due respect,|Mr Friedman...
what you have to understand|is that we're here.
We've moved here, and we have|every intention of staying here|until Rubin is
free.
Right on.
So we finally got in|to see your lawyers, Beldock|and Friedman, the other
day.
- How'd they take it?|- Oh, I'd say we handled|ourselves pretty well.
Yeah, well, we hauled about what, ten|tons of documents, into the apartment.
- In broad daylight?|- Yeah.|- Oh, yeah.|- Wait a minute. Listen to me.
This is not Canada.
Now, I can protect you in here...
but there's not much|I can do for you on the outside.
The only way I'm ever leaving|this place is if...

a lot of very important people are exposed.

They're not gonna just let that happen.

- You understand? - We'll be careful.

Okay. Well, why don't you walk us through what happened that night?

Now, three cops have testified the shooting occurred at 2:45.

- So, uh, what time did you leave the Nite Spot? - 2:30.

Oh, now tell me where can you party child, all night long

- In the basement - Anybody call a cab?

- Oh, where did you go - Time for me to get outta here.

- How much do I owe you, Big Ed? - Your money's no good here, champ.

- Anybody call a cab? - I did, unless Rubin's taking me home.

If I take you, it's gonna be more than home.

Get on outta here, girl.

Shit.

What were you doin' out so late on a Thursday night?

- What does it matter what night it was? - Wasn't Thursday night ladies' night?

Didn't it matter to your wife?

I'm in the penitentiary for murder, not attempted adultery.

So there was a cab there. He must have seen you leave, right?

No. No, he left before I did.

- Hey. - Poor daddy goin' home.

- Bye, Rubin. - Take it easy.

- Hey, champ. - Huh? Hey!

Whoa! He's gone!

I wish to God John Artis had met a girl that night.

I wish that, uh, he hadn't been there at all.

He didn't deserve this. He didn't deserve any of it.

Artis, let's go. You're done.

He got the same sentence I got, and all he had to do...

was lie and say I killed those people and...

they would have let him out and his nightmare would have been over.

Most men couldn't have stood up to that kind of torture...

but John Artis did.

The man is my hero.

So the police said it was 2:45 or a little after...

when all hell broke loose at the Lafayette bar.

That's what they said.

Apparently, the two gunmen entered the bar and immediately started shooting.

According to William Marins, two guys barged in and just opened fire.

Oliver goes down first.

Nauyaks.

Then Marins was the only one who got a look at 'em.

Then they shoot Hazel Tanis|and leave.

- What's Bello doing?|- Bello was a lookout|for a burglary up the street.

- And who else saw anything?|- Patty Valentine.

She said she saw the getaway car.

And there was a man who lived across the|street by the name of Avery Cockersham.

Cockersham? That name|was in the police report.

- That's right.|- So how come he didn't testify?

The judge threw|the police report out.

Cockersham left town. |Nobody could find him.

It was two coloured guys. They just|walked in, they started shootin".

Call the cops.

Now, according to the police, |the murders were racially motivated.

See, the bar didn't serve blacks, |so naturally this crazy nigger, |Rubin Carter...

had to take out his vengeance|on the entire white race.

Uh, this is, uh, Exhibit 1 1 -F.

- This is 1 966.|- Wait a minute. What are you talking|about? Where are--
Where are you?

- Trial transcripts, 1 966.|- Oh. Stick to the blue cards.

- Valentine-- Valentine first said...|- I know the blue cards.

the car's taillights|were similar to the getaway car.

- "Similar."|- Right. Then in '76, Exhibit 89-C, |she says, quote...

"The Carter car was unquestionably|the same car. There was no doubt."

- Closed quote.|- Exactly.

Kinda makes you wonder, doesn't it?

Second trial, ten years later, |suddenly she changes her story.

She drew a picture, |like a bow tie.

Yeah. Yeah, I've got it here.

"Taillights lit up|all across the back like a butterfly, |as the killer's
car drove away."

"Like a butterfly."

So the first thing we|have to do is find out exactly|what Rubin's car
looked like.

- We need to find a '66 Dodge Polara.|- Mm-hmm.

There's the bow-tie lights, |like Patty Valentine described.

- I'm not so sure about that.|- You ready?|- Yeah!

Yeah.

See that?|They don't light up all the way.

Oh, no, that's a Dodge Monaco. |You don't want one of those.

They don't have the power. Look, |I'll make you a good deal on this one.

- Shit.|- Monaco?

- Mr Carter?|- Yeah.

I was told to get you.

Get me? By whom?

The warden wants to see you.

- For what?|- I don't know.

Open up, Al.

Mr Carter.

I have a difficult job|running this place...

but I do it.

I do it really well.

You called me down here|at 3:00 in the morning to tell me that?

I hear things.|I hear everything.

What have you heard, Warden?

I hear something"s goin" down.

I don't want a mess,|something that I can't clean up.

This doesn't have anything|to do with my case, does it?

Shit happens every day...

and I wanna warn you, that"s all.

Somebody tries to take you down,|something gets started...

I can't stop it.

- You understand me?|- What do you suggest I do?

Stay alive.

And that goes for your friends too.

Guard.

- Who is it?|- We're looking for an Avery Cockersham.

Do the Cockershams live here?

I'm Mrs Cockersham.|What do you want?

You're black.

You're white.

Baked fresh this morning.|Now, you take the white one.

Yeah, there were plenty coloured folks|in the neighbourhood...

and in the bar too.

- Avery and me were regulars.|- They served blacks in the bar?

We had a running tab.

So much for the racial motive, eh?

My Avery got a good look|at those men...

and it wasn't Rubin Carter.

He told the police.|He told "em and he told "em.

He even signed a statement|for that detective.

You know the one. Heavy set.

He looked like|a bulldog with glasses.

- Della Pesca.|- That"s the one.

Could we, uh,|talk with your husband?

Avery"s dead.

He died just before the trial.

I'm sorry.

Here's stuff I wanna check out.

What is this?

Who the fuck you think you are?

- Does this look like Toronto to you?|- Excuse me?

You know, you people, you got some nerve comin' down here...

poke in your nose where it don't belong.

Let me ask you something, Mr Canada.

What the fuck do you know about this place, huh? Huh?

You know anything? You don't know shit.

Let me enlighten you...

because you don't know what you're doin'.

You are making enemies that you don't know exist.

- Huh?|- We know about you.

You don't know shit about me. You understand?

You don't know shit about this place, and let me tell ya something else.

You're not welcome here, okay?

You're not fuckin' welcome here.

You got that? Go back to where you belong.

Lesra's gonna have to get on with school, so...

we might want to send him back for a while.

- I understand. It's probably the best.|- Yeah.

- Yeah.|- What about you?

Oh, it's-- it's gonna take a little longer than we thought.

Y'all all right?

Yeah.

I have asked myself, Lisa...

if I could do for anyone...

what you and Sam and Terry and Lesra have done for me, and the answer is no.

- So if you feel like you need to go home...|- Shh. We're not--

for any reason, I'll understand. You--

No, you gotta understand. We're not--

We're not leaving without you.

All right?

And we're gonna find something.

Um, well, I found something--

a fellow by the name of Barbieri.

He's a private investigator. Prosecution hired him in the second trial.

- Didn't he resign from the case or something?|- He quit...

and he turned in his murder book and crime-scene photos...

list of evidence, but no notes.

- Anyone talk to him?|- Myron tracked him down.

- What'd he say?|- Nothin'. He was scared.

- Of whom?|- Of the people he was workin' with.

- Mrs Barbieri?|- Miss.
- Hello. Uh, is Mr Barbieri in?|- There isn't any mister.
Uh, Dominick, Dominick Barbieri?
That was my father.|He passed away years ago.
Wow. Maybe you oughta have|a yard sale.
That case always bothered|my father.
He never talked about it. He said|he had to live in this town, you know?
Yeah. Do you have any idea|where his notes might be?
Well, if he kept them at all,|they'd be in one of those boxes.
Guy was a pack rat. He must have saved|every case he ever worked on.
- Wait, wait, wait, wait.|- What?
- I found it. Look at this. Look.|- What?
- He kept a damn diary.|- Oh, look.
Who would have thought he'd put it|in a diary? But he did. Look at this.
There.
A call was placed to|an emergency operator named Jean Wahl...

at 2:

- At 2:

She then calls the cops|to tell them.
They say they already know about it.|In fact...
they've got a cruiser on its way|over to the Lafayette at that moment.
- Oh, my God.|- Yes.
According to Barbieri....
"time on the record|of customer contact was changed...

from 2:

- Yes.|- Son of a bitch.
Which, if true,|puts John Artis and myself...
at the Nite Spot|at the time of the killings.
Well, if we can prove|she got the call at 2:28.
We'll prove it.
We can prove it.
Mrs Wahl?
Hi. My name is Sam Chaiton.|We spoke on the phone|about the Rubin Carter case.
- I told you,|I don't want to talk to you.|- Mrs Wahl, please.
Um, you told an investigator|named Barbieri...
that an emergency call you took|the night of the Lafayette bar|murders was at 2:28.
I don't know what I told him.|It was a long time ago.
Uh, but there's a card|that says 2:45 on it...
and, uh, you didn't sign the card.

According to Barbieri, it was signed|by a Miss Lenore Harkinson.
- She was my supervisor.|- Why would your supervisor|sign the card?
And wouldn't you normally|do that yourself?
Look, ifthere"s a card and that"s|what it says, then that"s what it says.
I don"t remember anything else. |And ifsomeone tries to make me
testify, |that"sjust what I"ll say.
Uh, look, Mrs Wahl--
Thankyou.
So this is a copy ofthe phone|company"s record ofcustomer contact.
It"s all there, |just like Barbieri said.
Look at the signature on the card.
It"s signed by Lenora Harkinson, |Jean Wahl"s supervisor.
Does that mean anything to you?
It means she didn"t have|to write up a phoney ticket.
What?
He signed it himself.
Who?
His handwriting is|on every report that...
put me in prison|since I was 1 1 years old.
It"s Della Pesca.
It"s his handwriting.
- Oh, shit! What"s happening?|- What the hell is that?
- Don"t know.|- What is that?
- Oh, shit!|- Hold on!
- You all right?|- Yeah.
- Les, you okay?|- I"m all right.|- Are ya?
- Are you all right? Yeah?|- I think so. Damn.
- Yeah?|- Shit.|- Hey, you okay?
- What the fuck was that?|- Need help?
We"re okay. Thanks.
- Are they all right?|- Goddam.
The carjust went right over|the centre divider--
Rubin, the law states we have|to take our new evidence back|to the original
trial judge...
- and then if he turns us down, |we go to the state appeals court--|- No.
No, no, no, no!
Listen to me. These people|aren"t gonna just let that happen.
They"ve made their careers|on my case.
- What are you talking about, Rubin?|- I"m talking about
lawyers, |prosecutors, judges...
who have moved up the ladder|on my black back.
We don"t even know what enemies|we have out there in this state.
We gotta take it out of NewJersey, and|we gotta take it to the federal
court.

Rubin, if you go into federal court...
with new evidence that hasn't been heard in the state court...
the judge is gonna throw it out, okay?
- That is the law.|- Then we transcend the law.
We, we, we get back to humanity.
You said it yourself. | You said if we take the new evidence...
before the federal judge, | he's gotta look at it | before he throws it out,
right?
- Right. | - I believe that once he looks at it, | he will have seen the truth.
Having seen the truth, | he can't turn his back on me.
And what if you're wrong | and he does turn away? Then what?
Then you throw out all this evidence | that everyone's fought so hard to get.
And you know what, Rubin? | You will never be able to mention it | in a court
of law again.
It is finished. It's erased. | It's as if it never happened.
This evidence is the key | to getting you out of here, | and you'll be throwing
it away, Rubin...
- when in a few more years-- | - I don't have a few more years, Myron!
- Leon, help me out. | - I can't.
I agree with Rubin. | It's time to move on.
- Move on? What do you mean, | move on? Move on where? | - The state's biased,
Myron.
We're never gonna get anything there. | We have to go federal.
- We can't take the risk | of going federal with this. | - Listen to me. Listen
to me!
I'm 50 years old.
I've been locked up | here for 30 years.
I've put a lot of | good people's lives at risk.
Now, either I get outta here--
Get me outta here.
Ready?
Good luck, Rubin.
This is for you. | You stay strong.
- Good luck. | - My man. Peace, baby. Be cool now.
Good luck, Mr Carter.
- Rubin. | - Rubin Carter, prisoner 45472.
- See you around. | - Okay, Jimmy.
Your Honour, we appear before you...
in our 19th year before the courts.
Rubin Carter has never enjoyed | a full, fair...
and unforced disclosure | of the facts...
to which he is | constitutionally entitled.
For 19 years, | the truth has been hidden...
not only from Rubin Carter's eyes...

- but from the eyes of justice itself and -- Uh, Your Honour.
The prosecution objects forcefully here.
Counsel is attempting to present new evidence...
and circumvent the State Court of New Jersey.
Your Honour must, according to the law...
drop this entire petition where it belongs -- into the garbage.
Your Honour, we implore you to at least hear us...
before making your ruling.
Mr Beldock, I hope you understand...
the implications of your action.
That is a very slippery slope...
you're trying to climb.
- We do, Your Honour. - Proceed.
In 1976, the State of New Jersey's...
chief investigator of this case, Dominick Barbieri...
resigned because he discovered the truth.
He discovered that this case was built...
on a foundation of forgeries and lies.
Those lies show the guilt not of Rubin Carter...
but of a corrupt police force and the prosecutor's office.
And now this wall of lies has been destroyed...
so that this court may finally see the truth...
and, pray God, not turn its eyes away.
This court is not unmoved by your...
eloquence and passion...
but the prosecution is correct.
This petition contains new evidence...
that has not been presented before the State Court of New Jersey...
and there is no legal argument that you could make...
which would allow me to consider it.
Therefore, you have two choices before you:
I can send this case back to the state court...
and you can present the evidence...
or, if you insist...
on, uh, proceeding...
this evidence will be lost to you forever.
You understand the choice before you, Mr Beldock?
Your Honour, may I request a moment to confer with my client?
That's the smartest thing you've said all morning, Counsellor.
Rubin, listen to me. This judge is telling us as clearly as he possibly
can...
that he's going to rule against you.
- This is our last stand, Myron. - Rubin, I am begging you --
Let's proceed.

Your Honour, my client wishes to continue with this proceeding.
Uh, do you do so formally...
and, uh, are you aware of the, uh...
significance of such an action?
We do so formally.
- Proceed. | - But, Your Honour--
- Yes? | - Uh, the state is not prepared...
to proceed to argue the merits of this case.
Why not?
Well, we, we assumed...
that the court would not hear this petition based on new evidence.
You assumed wrong.
Proceed.
So, Your Honour, this case was poisoned from the start.
No evidence.
No witnesses, except admitted liars.
Only a racially charged atmosphere...
which was fanned by the police and the prosecutors...
who knew the truth and distorted it...
and subverted it and destroyed it...
to convict an innocent man.
What more can the State of New Jersey do, Your Honour...
than give a man not one...
but two jury trials?
And nothing has changed since then.
Mr Carter is, and always has been, a menace to society.
He's been in and out of jail his whole life.
A criminal. He's a violent man.
His whole life has been violence.
And it is our duty, Your Honour, to continue to protect...
the general public from such a man.
Thankyou.
I've heard your statements. Uh, I'll take them under consideration.
Now, is there anything else that counsel wishes to add...
before I make my final ruling?
- What are you doing? | - I want to say something. | - What are you gonna say?
I want to-- | I need to say something.
Uh, Your Honour, m-my-- | my client, Mr Carter...
wishes to address the court.
Request granted.
Thankyou, Your Honour.
I was a, um...
prizefighter.
My job was to...

take all the hatred...
and skill that I could muster...
and send a man to his destruction, |and I did that.
But Rubin "Hurricane" Carter |is no murderer.
Twenty years I've spent |locked up in a cage...
considered a danger to society.
Not treated like a human being.
Not treated like a person.
Counted 1 5 times a day.
I serve my time |in a house of justice...
and yet, there's |no justice for me.
So, I ask you |to consider the evidence.
Don't turn away from the truth. |Don't turn away from your conscience.
Please, don't ignore the law. |No, embrace that...
higher principle for which |the law was meant to serve.
Justice. That's all |I ask for, Your Honour.
Justice.
This court is in recess.
Oh, thank you.
It's good.
Come a long way, |huh, little brother?
Yeah.
Look, Rubin, I just want you to know |if this doesn't work...
I'm bustin' you outta here.
- You are? | - Yeah. That's right.
I'm bustin' you outta here.
What was the first book |you ever bought?
Yours.
You think that was an accident?
- No. | - No, me neither.
Lesra, short for Lazarus.
"He who has risen from the dead."
Rubin.
Genesis, chapter 29, verse 32.
"Behold a son."
You put those two together, Lesra, |and you have...
"Behold a son who is risen...
from the dead."
That's no accident.
Hate put me in prison.
Love's gonna bust me out.
Just in case love doesn't, |I'm gonna bust you outta here.
Yeah.
You already have, Lesra.

All rise.

This Federal District Court|of NewJersey is now in session.

Judge Sarokin presiding.

Be seated.

This court does not arrive|at its conclusion lightly.

On one hand, Rubin Carter|has submitted a document...

alleging racial prejudice...

coercion of testimony|and withholding of evidence.

On the other hand...

Mr Carter was tried twice...

by two different juries...

and those convictions|were subsequently upheld...

by the NewJersey|State Supreme Court.

He"s gonna rule against us.|Rubin"s gonna lose.

However, the extensive record...

clearly demonstrates|to this court...

that Rubin Carter"s conviction...

was predicated upon an appeal...

to racism...

rather than reason...

and concealment...

rather than disclosure.

To permit convictions to stand...

which have|as their sole foundation...

appeals to racial prejudice...

is to commit...

a violation...

of the Constitution...

as heinous as the crimes|for which the defendants...

were tried...

and convicted.

I hereby order Rubin Carter...

- released from prison...|- Yes!

henceforth, from this day forward.

Yes! Yes.

This court is adjourned.

Hey, Rube, you made-- you made it, man!|You"re free! Can you stand it?

You did it, Rube.|You did it, man.

- Yeah, huh?|- Yeah!

Rubin Carter has just been freed.

All right!|You"re free, Rubin!