

"RAGING BULL"

by

Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin

MUSIC IN: "Stone Cold Dead in the Market" by Louis Jordon

THE TITLES appear on black. They are intercut with CLOSE-UPS of a fighter's body.

EXAMPLES:

Feet move.

Credit over black.

Body lunges.

Credit over black.

Fists swing and punch at the air.

Credit over black.

WE CATCH A GLIMPSE of young JAKE LAMOTTA.

THEN CUT TO:

INT. BARBIZON PLAZA THEATRE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (1964)

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

We are unsure of where he is – he moves in and out of the shadows. At 42, he's overweight and out of shape, but the balls of his feet still pop up and down like they were on canvas and his tiny fists still jerk forward with short bursts of light. He is rehearsing a nightclub monologue.

JAKE

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
It's a thrill to be standing here
talking to you wonderful people. In
fact, it's a thrill to be standing!

I haven't seen so many people since
my last fight at Madison Square
Garden. After that fight, a reporter
asked me, 'Jake, where do you go
from here?' I said, 'To a hospital!'
I fought one hundred and six
professional fights and still none
of them bums figured out how to fight
me – they kept hitting me in the
head! And that's why I'm here
tonight...

(starts to sing)

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

INT. CLEVELAND ARENA - NIGHT (1941)

Bam! JIMMY REEVES, a fast, black middleweight, jabs LAMOTTA,
19 years old, in the face. JAKE staggers forward. No matter
how hard LAMOTTA is hit, no matter how often, he always
staggers forward – like a bull. The bell sounds.

Battered, JAKE slumps on the stool in his corner.

It's September, 1941. Europe and Asia are already at war.
Young SOLDIERS, freshly recruited, dot the hostile audience –
each screaming at the FIGHTERS in the ring.

Suddenly, words are exchanged, a GIRL screams, and a SOLDIER
and a CIVILIAN stand and start swinging.

AND IN THE RING: JAKE LAMOTTA takes a swig of water and spits
blood into the bucket his younger brother, JOEY, holds for
him. TONY, his trainer, works the cuts.

JOEY

You didn't have to come to Cleveland
to get beat by a "moulan yan," Jake!

TONY

He's got you, Jake! You're outpointed!
You're coming up for the tenth. You
gotta knock him out!

The bell sounds for the tenth. JAKE pulls himself up and charges at REEVES.

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

In JAKE's corner, JOEY stands and yells at JAKE:

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

JAKE suddenly corners REEVES and unleashes a desperate, wild alley-fighting attack. One ferocious punch after another.

The SPECTATORS go wild; everyone's up for the kill.

REEVES staggers, then falls to the canvas.

THE REFEREE COUNTS:

REFEREE
One, two, three, four...

The GAMBLERS call out new odds; ten to one for REEVES, the underdog. JOEY, excited, sees that time is running out and steps in front of the bell. He swings his arms, pretending not to realize he literally holds back the TIMER's arm for a few seconds. This gives JAKE more time for a knockout – but not enough. JOEY is pushed back and the bell rings at the count of nine, ending the match.

Boos and cheers. The BETTORS scramble back to the BOOKIE to get their money.

JAKE dances around the ring, kissing his gloves and thrusting them toward the CROWD. JOEY rushes out and hugs him.

The ANNOUNCER steps into the ring with the mike:

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner,
under the rules of the Cleveland
Boxing Commission, after ten rounds,

by a decision – Jimmy Reeves.

The ANNOUNCER holds up REEVES' arm as his corner tries to lift him off the canvas – still out cold. TWO ATTENDANTS bring in a stretcher.

JAKE is stunned. He still prances around, now trying to figure out what happened. He raises his arms in victory, and the FANS go crazy, cheering, ripping chairs out, fighting with the COPS, throwing bottles and junk into the ring. PEOPLE go into the ring.

JOEY
(to Jake)
Don't get out of the ring. You won
the fight – let him go out first.

CUT TO:

REEVES being placed on the stretcher.

A ringside OFFICIAL signals the ORGANIST and she starts to play the "Star Spangled Banner." REEVES is carried out.

Only then do JOEY and TONY escort JAKE out of the ring.

EXT. WEBSTER AVENUE AND 169TH ST., THE BRONX - NEXT DAY

It's a rough neighborhood, inhabited primarily by welfare cases and street kids.

In the street, two young PUNKS, 13 or 14 years old, exchange words and start to fight. Their FRIENDS cheer them on. SALVY and JOEY turn the corner.

JOEY
Salvy, would I steer you wrong? Let's
say that's the truck; it's full of
cigarettes, right? Now, two o'clock
this morning we move the truck from
here to there,
(he points; the CAMERA
PANS)
take the cigarettes out, sell 'em,
make some cash.

SALVY

Hey but Joey, you're thinking nickels
and dimes. The money's with your
brother.

JOEY

What do you want from my life, Salvy?
He's my brother.

SALVY

He ain't doin' the right thing. He's
makin' beans compared to what he
should be makin'. Can't you make him
understand that?

A COP goes over and starts to break up the fight.

JOEY

(to cop)

Hey, leave the kids alone.

SALVY

Get lost.

(joking, he knows the
Cop)

Hey kids, "A cop is a rat." Remember
that, "A rat."

The KIDS yell.

JOEY

(to Cop)

Hey Jimmy, here's a dollar for your
trouble. There's some bums around
the corner – they need your help.

COP

Keep the dollar, Joey. Get yourself
a new suit.

JOEY

(laughs)

Here's my new suit.
(grabs his crotch)
Right here.

COP

Hey, don't get wise!

JOEY
Just kidding, take it easy.
(to himself)
No fuckin' sense of humor.

SALVY and JOEY continue to walk a little faster, giggling.

INT. JAKE AND IRMA'S KITCHEN - DAY

JAKE, bandaged from the REEVES fight the night before, sits at the kitchen table (he's had a few glasses of wine) while his wife, IRMA, 19, cooks at the stove.

JAKE gets up and pokes at the frying steak with a fork.

JAKE
This looks done.

IRMA
It's not done.

JAKE
It looks done. I'll take it the way it is.

IRMA
Here's your steak. You can't wait for it to be done. Here.

She slams the steak onto his plate, and reaches back to the stove.

IRMA
Here's your carrots. You're in such a hurry. You can't wait.

JAKE
No, I can't wait. You know when I wait? When it's important to wait. It's not important to wait for no steak. It's important to wait for Reeves to leave the ring. It ain't important to wait for no steak! I won that fight. So, I stayed in the ring, and that way I made sure everybody knew it. I shoulda knocked

him out earlier, sonofabitch.

He starts to eat the steak. He takes a drink of wine.

JAKE

Wait! I'll wait. But let me tell
you, if this steak was the
middleweight championship, I'd show
you how I'd wait. I'd eat it raw.
I'd drink the blood. I'd eat it before
it came out of the cow – that's how
I'd wait.

EXT. JAKE AND IRMA'S APARTMENT BUILDING/TENEMENT - DAY

SALVY and JOEY approach the building.

JOEY

I can't convince him. He's got such
a thick head, I'd like to crack it
open myself. Believe me, my own
brother. It's very hard. You don't
have to convince me – I know we
should be with Tommy. You talk to
him. He don't listen to nobody.

SALVY

Look, I'm just tellin' you how Tommy
feels. Jake is makin' it hard on
himself. Tommy wants him with us.
It's as simple as that.

They stop at the doorway.

SALVY

Talk some sense into him, will ya?
You're still his brother. If he ain't
gonna listen to you, he ain't gonna
listen to nobody!

JOEY

All right, I'll try. See you later.

SALVY

Tomorrow, at the gym. Don't forget.

JOEY

Right, the gym.

SALVY leaves. JOEY goes into the building.

INT. JAKE AND IRMA'S KITCHEN - DAY

JOEY is knocking at the door. IRMA opens it.

JOEY
(noticing Jake)
What's the matter?

IRMA
He's doing it again.

JOEY
(goes to Jake)
What's the matter? You're drinking.
You're eating like an animal.

JOEY sits next to JAKE at the kitchen table. JAKE has a drink in his hand, and tears on his face.

JOEY
What's wrong?

JAKE
(gets up)
Nothing...

JAKE goes into the living room. IRMA looks at JOEY. JOEY follows JAKE.

INT. LIVING ROOM

JOEY walks up to JAKE.

JOEY
Hey, c'mon, what's the matter?

JAKE
(privately, to Joey)
I ain't ever gonna fight Joe Louis,
that's what's the matter.

JOEY
What're you talking about? He's a

heavyweight. You're a middleweight.

JAKE holds out his scarred hands.

JAKE

Look at these hands. These fuckin' hands. I was born with a girl's hands. And even if I put on enough weight to be a heavyweight, I'd be too slow to fight. No matter how big I get, I'll never be big enough to fight Louis.

JAKE pauses. IRMA watches from the doorway.

JOEY

That's what I'm sayin'. You shouldn't even think like that. It's crazy.

JAKE

I tell you one thing. Ok, I'll never be big enough to fight Louis, but I know Joey, I know...

JOEY

You know?

JAKE

Yeah. Do me a favor.

JOEY

Sure. What is it?

JAKE

Hit me in the face.

JOEY

(after a pause)

You want me to do what?

JAKE

You heard me, I said hit me.

JOEY

C'mon, Jack. You had a few drinks.

JAKE

Go ahead. I ain't drunk. Take your best shot. On the jaw.

JOEY

Jack, I got no gloves.

JAKE

(grabs a nearby towel)

Here's your glove.

JOEY wraps it around his fist. IRMA watches. JOEY hits JAKE with his right. JAKE holds fast.

JAKE

Go ahead. Hit me. C'mon, don't worry about it. I want you to hit me with everything you got.

JOEY hauls off and lands him a real belt. JAKE rolls with it and stands firm.

JAKE

Again. Harder.

JOEY hits him again.

JAKE

Harder. Go 'head.

JOEY hits him again.

JAKE

Harder.

(grabs the towel)

Take the towel off.

JOEY

Jack! Enough!

JAKE

Go ahead.

JOEY hits him again. JAKE holds fast. JAKE starts to walk away.

JOEY

What was that for? I know you can

take punches. I can hit you from now to doomsday. What the fuck does that prove?

JAKE

See that, I don't feel it. I can take it. I know I can take anybody.

EXT. GLEASON'S GYM - NEXT DAY

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

Each day BOBBY GLEASON posts a small sign alongside the door listing the fighters who will be working out. JAKE's name is posted at the top; the other names are unmemorable.

INT. GLEASON'S - DAY

Gleason's has a single sparring ring and ten training bags.

About a dozen managers train their fighters out at Gleason's.

For 50 cents, spectators sit in the gallery and watch the workouts.

JAKE is sparring with JOEY in the ring. They've been working out for a while now. The bell rings ending the third round.

JAKE prances about the ring waiting for the bell to sound again.

At that moment, SALVY, along with two other young "BUTTON" MEN (actually, they are very young – about JOEY's age) enter the gym. They are well-dressed (over-coat, ties, suits, flashy rings, etc.). They say hello to some PEOPLE by the door. JAKE looks over and notices them. SALVY looks over to the ring.

SALVY

(waves)

Hey Joey –

JOEY waves back.

SALVY

(waves again)

Jake, how you doin'?

JAKE nods to SALVY very cold. SALVY notices and can feel that he's not exactly wanted there by JAKE. JOEY notices the same and becomes a bit nervous.

SALVY sits down near the ring but not as close as he'd like to. His two friends, FRANKIE and GUIDO, sit nearby also.

JAKE goes to JOEY's corner.

JAKE

Did you know they were coming up here?

JOEY doesn't answer.

JAKE

Answer me when I talk to you.

JOEY

Yeah, yeah. They just wanted to talk to you. So I...

JAKE

(interrupting)

Don't ever bring those kids up here again! I'm working out, I'm killin' myself in here, and they walk around like they fuckin' own the neighborhood.

SALVY and the OTHERS see JOEY being chewed out by JAKE. They begin to feel unwelcome at the gym.

The bell sounds. JAKE is more aggressive now as he corners JOEY. JAKE swings away with body punches. JOEY can't block them. SALVY and the OTHERS watch.

The bell sounds again. With that, SALVY and the OTHERS start to leave.

SALVY

(to Joey)

Hey Joey, we better go. See you later.

JOEY, dazed, turns to wave.

JAKE

Go 'head. Wave goodbye. They're your friends.

JAKE watches them leave.

JAKE

And that hard-on, Salvy. Who's he think he is? I'm gonna let that fuckin' hard-on come up here and act like a big shot.

JOEY

What are you getting so hot about – Tommy Como told him to come down here...

JAKE

(interrupting)

Hey, I don't care about Tommy Como. I don't care about Jesus Christ on the fuckin' cross. I gotta give them a percentage of what I make! I'm in here breaking my ass, not them. Don't ever bring them up here again.

JOEY

I didn't tell them to come. Tommy Como...

The bell sounds again. JAKE hits JOEY a few more solid body punches. JOEY gets angry and fights back with a flurry of punches which have no effect on JAKE. JAKE laughs.

JAKE

That's right, fight back. I got laid three times before I came up here this morning and I can still break your ass.

JOEY fights back, but it's no use.

JOEY

You cocksucker.

JAKE laughs. The two continue to swing it out, as SALVY

watches unseen from the doorway.

EXT. SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY (1942-43)

The Shorehaven Pool, spic-and-span in the summer sun is the closest thing to a country club in the Bronx. An eight foot fence stands between the pool and the street.

JAKE, wearing slacks and a sportshirt, hangs out with the "BOYS" near the bar area. Older, "MADE" MEN play cards. A young FAN walks by and says:

FAN
Hey, Jake.

At the opposite end of the pool where the GIRLS gossip, and sunbathe, JOEY swaps small talk with VICKIE, a school girl, about 15. VICKIE is a knockout.

SALVY, FRANKIE and JUNIOR are with VICKIE and her FRIENDS.

They joke with JOEY.

JAKE watches SALVY and VICKIE.

JAKE'S P.O.V.: JOEY is talking (PAN) to VICKIE. VICKIE giggles. JOEY stands and walks over to JAKE.

JAKE
(referring to Vickie)
Who's that?

JOEY
Whadda you care?

JAKE
Whadda ya mean, whadda I care? Who is she? What's a matter? You afraid I'm gonna take her on you?

JOEY
No, I'm not afraid. Why? You wanna meet her?

JAKE
Yeah –

JOEY

Cause I'll go right over there and
bring her here.

JAKE

Go 'head.

JOEY

You sure you wanna meet her? Don't
make me go over there, you change
your mind and you make me look bad,
cause she's really a knockout. She's
15, this kid – a great piece of
ass.

JAKE

How do you know? You know her that
good?

JOEY

No, I see her around the pool. I
know her. I know her like that –
not like that.

JAKE

(gesturing to his
bandage)

Nah, not now... I wanna wait. I don't
feel right...

JAKE watches VICKIE.

INT. JAKE AND IRMA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

JOEY

(to Jake)

I'm tellin' you, she'll be there, I
know she'll be there.

JAKE

'Cause I wanna catch her alone.

JOEY

How you gonna catch anybody alone at
a dance?... I don't know if she'll
be there alone... She'll probably be
there with her girlfriends or

something.

JAKE

She ever go with them? Like Salvy?

JOEY

Nah, she don't go with nobody. She's only 15 years old.

JAKE

What does that have to do with it?
She don't look 15 to me. I heard somethin' with Salvy. She was with him once or somethin', I think. It was like some blonde. That's the one...

JOEY

Probably. You know she talks to everybody, and not just him.

JAKE

Yeah, she's nice.

JOEY

Ah, some piece of ass, I'm tellin' you.

JAKE

You wasn't with her, were you?

JOEY

Huh?

JAKE

You wasn't with her?

JOEY

With her? How?

JAKE

You know, like bang her or anything?

JOEY

Ah, no, no. I didn't bang her. I know her from around here, that's all. You want to meet her or what?

JAKE

Nah, not now – all those hard-ons
around. I'll wait. Not now.

The scene ends on VICKIE as JAKE watches her.

INT. JAKE AND IRMA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

JOEY

(to Jake)

I'm tellin' you, she'll be there, I
know she'll be there. Dressed up and
everything.

JAKE

I don't like all those other clowns
around. That's all I know.

JOEY

C'mon, hurry up. We're never gonna
get outa here tonight.

JOEY sips a drink as JAKE knots his tie. IRMA enters from
the bedroom.

IRMA

Where you going at this hour?

JAKE

What're you, a cop? I'm goin' out –
business.

IRMA

You fuckin' worm, if you're going
out, I'm going out.

JAKE

And where you goin'?

IRMA

None of your fuckin' business.

JOEY lifts his eyes up.

JAKE

Eh, go out. Do what you're gonna do.

What do I care?

JOEY opens the door to leave. JAKE follows.

IRMA

That's right – run out. I ain't
gonna be here when you get back.

INT. JAKE AND IRMA'S APT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

JAKE and JOEY hurry down the stairs. IRMA shouts after them.

IRMA

Bunch of guys. You all hang out
together. Yeah, you're all going out
on business. You're all gonna suck
each other off.

INT. JAKE AND IRMA'S BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

JOEY

What a mouth on her – you shoulda
hit her – no good fuckin' Jewish
cunt – breakin' our balls. You
shoulda hit her with a chair.

JAKE

Hey, watch your mouth. Don't talk
like that. She's still my wife.

JOEY

No, but Jake... how much abuse can
you take.

JAKE

(interrupting)

How many times do I have to hit her?
I hit her enough.

They exit to street.

EXT. JAKE AND IRMA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - LATE NIGHT

JOEY and JAKE come out of the building and start walking
down the street.

IRMA opens the window on the second floor right above them, and shouts out to them:

IRMA

Go ahead – that's all you're good for – to go out and leave me here like a dog. You and your brother! You don't even look like brothers. You look like faggots! That's what you look like – faggots!

JAKE and JOEY walk faster down the block, pretending that IRMA must be shouting at someone else.

She throws a bottle at them. It smashes in the street.

EXT. WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT (AN HOUR LATER)

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

INT. WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT

A neighborhood dance is in progress. A small BAND is playing while mainly OLDER COUPLES dance. There are TWO PRIESTS present. The younger people are divided into two groups – the BOYS, who are dressed in suits and ties, and spend most of their time at the bar area – and the GIRLS, who are in evening dresses, and spend most of their time dancing together.

Some of the more popular GIRLS are surrounded by "WISE-GUYS." There are tables near the dance floor with "set ups" (bottles of Scotch, rye, and a bucket of ice) on them. These tables are the "bases of operation" for different neighborhood groups, as if they were street corners.

JAKE and JOEY are walking toward a table. VERA, a young neighborhood girl, blocks their way as she bends over to talk to some GUYS at a table. VERA's well-built, and knows it.

JOEY tries to move one way; VERA again blocks his way. This little game goes on for a few seconds, then:

JOEY

Look, could you move a little. Would you mind, darling?

VERA
Mind what, Mr. Big Shot?

JAKE
(annoyed)
Eh, girlie, take a walk.

JAKE starts to move forward; JOEY stops him.

JOEY
(to Vera)
All right, darling, I'll just stand
here and wait.

JOEY cups his hands and grabs VERA's breasts. VERA squeals, covers her breasts, and moves back. JOEY and JAKE walk past her. JOEY smiles.

JOEY and JAKE sit down at an empty table.

JAKE
Do you see her yet?

JOEY
Give me a chance. Let me look.

MOVING SHOTS

JAKE tries to find her – Camera pans until we find her. JOEY points out a distant table. He spots VICKIE with a couple of other GIRLS. VICKIE looks beautiful and is obviously having a good time.

JOEY
There she is over there on the other
side. What did I tell you? Oh, ain't
she nice? Ain't she a fuckin' doll?

As they watch, WE SEE, from JAKE's POV:

SALVY, FRANKIE, and JUNIOR show up at VICKIE's table. They are in overcoats and hats and don't sit down. They are obviously on their way to bigger things than a neighborhood dance – and VICKIE and her GIRLFRIENDS are glad to go with them. They get up to leave.

JAKE
Be right back.

SALVY, FRANKIE, JUNIOR, VICKIE and the other TWO GIRLS leave the dance hall. JAKE, unseen, follows them to the entrance way, as they go out onto the sidewalk.

EXT. WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT

JAKE watches as SALVY ushers everyone into his Cadillac, and then drives off.

JAKE stares after the car for a moment, then goes back inside.

EXT. SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY (1942-43)

JAKE and JOEY get out of their Packard convertible and walk over to the fence surrounding the pool. VICKIE is by the pool.

JOEY
(calling out to Vickie)
Hey, Vickie, c'mere. Don't be afraid.
C'mere. Just say hello. This is my
brother.

VICKIE comes over to the fence.

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

JAKE puts his fingers through the fence.

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

VICKIE
(to Joey)
I just wanted to say hello.

JAKE
You wanted to say hello, eh? I can't
believe it. When did you fall outa
heaven? Anyone ever tell you you're
the most beautiful one here, princess

of the pool. You got a baby face.
Look at mine. Whatcha wanna meet me
for?

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

JAKE
(to Joey)
Ya hear, Joey? She thinks this face
is cute? Hey, whatcha doin' now? You
wanna go for a ride?

PAN to car.

VICKIE
Sure. Gimme a few minutes.

She starts to go.

JAKE
Hey...

She turns. JAKE kisses his hand and holds it up to the fence
by her lips.

EXT. SHORE ROAD - DAY

JAKE drives his Packard convertible down Shore Road. VICKIE
sits in the passenger seat, her blonde hair blowing in the
wind. VICKIE feels JAKE's eyes all over her, and loves it.

On the radio, Bing Crosby sings "Just One More Chance."

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

JAKE parks across the street from the new miniature golf
course on Shore Road. The Shore Road course is one of the
best. The first green features a pink windmill.

JAKE and VICKIE get out to cross the street.

VICKIE
You don't talk very much.

JAKE
I ain't ever talked to a movie star

before.

VICKIE

(giggles)

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

JAKE

Oh no? I thought you was a movie
star.

A bus heads toward them.

VICKIE

Jake! The bus!

JAKE holds up his hand.

JAKE

Any bus gives you trouble, I knock
it out for ya.

The bus stops for them as they cross the street.

EXT. THE FIRST GREEN - DAY

JAKE sets VICKIE's ball on the tee facing the windmill.

VICKIE

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

JAKE

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

JAKE hands VICKIE the putter, then moves behind her and puts
her hand on the club.

JAKE

That's it. Just grip up a little
tighter. That's it. You're gonna be
real good at this. How does that
feel?

VICKIE

It feels real good.

JAKE

Just keep your eye on the ball.

VICKIE

Should I hit it?

JAKE

Just give it a nice little tap.

VICKIE swings and the ball rolls into the center of the windmill. VICKIE breaks free and follows her ball. JAKE follows.

VICKIE

I can't find my ball.

JAKE

Can you see it?

VICKIE bends and looks under the windmill.

VICKIE

No.

JAKE bends and looks.

VICKIE

Can you see it?

JAKE

No.

VICKIE

What does that mean?

JAKE takes VICKIE by the arm.

JAKE

It means the game is over.

JAKE throws his putter on the next green.

JAKE

Let's get outa here.

EXT. ARTHUR AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING - BRONX - DAY

JAKE and VICKIE pull up to a tenement.

JAKE dashes around the car to open the door for VICKIE.

They enter the building.

INT. ARTHUR AVENUE APARTMENT - DAY

JOSEPH LAMOTTA, SR. is finishing his Sunday dinner with a glass of wine as JAKE and VICKIE enter.

JAKE

Hi Pop. This is my new girlfriend,
Vickie. V for victory. How do you
like that Pop?

JOE LAMOTTA

V for victory.

VICKIE

(nervous)

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

JOE LAMOTTA

(in Italian)

Sit down. Eat something.

JAKE is anxious. VICKIE is scared.

JAKE

C'mon, Pop. You've been in America
so many years. Speak English.

JOE LAMOTTA

(joking)

You want me to speak English – Fuck
you. That's English.

JAKE

Pop, don't curse. There's a girl
here. I'm gonna show her around the
house. Why don't you just finish
your wine?

JOE stares at him. JAKE grasps VICKIE's arm firmly.

INT. ARTHUR AVENUE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is a few rooms away from the kitchen. JAKE closes the door. (There is a warm light in the bedroom.)

VICKIE

Jake, this is your father's bedroom.

JAKE

That's all right. He don't mind.

The room is sparsely furnished. On the bureau, there is a large framed photo of the boxing brothers: JAKE and JOEY LAMOTTA. (JOEY wears a suit in the picture.)

JAKE puts VICKIE on the bed and removes his jacket and tie.

VICKIE

Jake...

JAKE

It's OK.

He pushes her against the bed and gently undresses her. They make love.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - DETROIT (FEB. 5, 1943)

JAKE is fighting SUGAR RAY ROBINSON. (It's their 2nd match.)

WE SEE highlights of the fight: JAKE is fighting ferociously, but SUGAR RAY is a formidable opponent. AN ANNOUNCER'S VOICE gives a blow by blow description. JAKE takes a lot of punishment from SUGAR RAY – until the 8th round. Then, JAKE nails SUGAR RAY with a savage left. JAKE chases SUGAR RAY and pounds him with a left and a right. SUGAR RAY gets in a right cross. They stand toe to toe, fighting. Then, JAKE lands a left to SUGAR RAY's stomach, and knocks him through the ropes. JAKE goes after SUGAR RAY, but the REFEREE stops him.

SUGAR RAY gets back into the ring and sinks to one knee, while the REFEREE counts to 9. The bell sounds.

TIME CUT: THE ANNOUNCER calls out that JAKE is the winner.

JAKE throws kisses. The CROWD goes wild.

INT. GLEASON'S - DAY (1943)

JAKE's press conference.

FIVE REPORTERS meander around the gym, waiting for JAKE to finish sparring. They are not thrilled with their assignment.

JAKE is not thrilled with having them there.

The gallery is spotted with the usual BRONX TYPES. The lone exception is VICKIE, dressed very well, very sensual, and quite content to watch JAKE make his SPARRING PARTNERS' lives miserable, despite their head and belly protectors.

JOEY is off in one of the corners arguing with ONE of the reporters:

JOEY

The fuckin' papers are full of
Robinson and nothing on Jake – and
Jake knocked him clear outa the ring
in Detroit. He's the only guy ever
to beat Robinson. Whatsa matter with
you? I thought we had an arrangement.

REPORTER

We do Joey. You know we do.

JOEY

You holding me up for more cash or
what?

The bell sounds, ending the sparring round.

REPORTER

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

JOEY walks over to the ring. The REPORTER follows not far behind.

JOEY

C'mon, Jake. You're makin' us look
stupid. I brought these guys up here,

now you don't wanna talk to them?
What are ya doin'? Open your mouth,
for Christsake.

JAKE nods his head, steps out of the ring, and goes directly over to the REPORTER, who is about to say: "Hi, Jake."

JAKE
(interrupting)
I'm tellin' you now, when I read
this, it better not make me look
bad.

REPORTER
Jake, did I ever make you look bad
before?

JAKE
Maybe it wasn't you, but you know
what I'm talkin' about.

JOEY
(interrupting)
Don't worry. Don't worry. It's gonna
be all right.
(to reporter)
Ask him your questions.

REPORTER
All right, Jake, you're being talked
about as the top middleweight
contender. Do you think another
victory over Sugar Ray will get you
a shot at the title?

JAKE
Why not? There's nobody else around
who wants to fight me; they're all
afraid. I don't see why I shouldn't
have a shot at the title right now.

REPORTER
Well, the word is to get a title
shot you have to cooperate with the
people who control boxing, in New
York. And they're saying that you
don't cooperate.

JAKE

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

JOEY

(interrupting)

He fights the toughest guys around that everybody else is afraid to fight...

JAKE

(interrupting)

I'm the only guy ever to beat Sugar Ray, and I still don't have a shot at the title.

REPORTER

You just fought Sugar Ray two weeks ago and you're training like this right now... Are you afraid Sugar Ray might beat you this time?

JAKE

I tell you what. You hit me here.

(points to his right cheek)

Sugar Ray hits me here.

(points to his left cheek)

I can't tell the difference. I just fight.

JAKE turns to VICKIE, smiles, and prepares for his next SPARRING PARTNER.

INT. ARTHUR AVENUE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (FEB. 1943)

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

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

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

VICKIE

Are you sure we should be doing this?

JAKE

Come over here.

VICKIE

You said never to touch you before a
fight.

JAKE

(lovingly)

If you let me do it, I'll murder
you. Come here.

VICKIE

You said I couldn't. You've been
good for two weeks...

JAKE

Come here.

JAKE watches VICKIE approach him. He respects her as he would
a shrine; he slowly removes her sheer nightie.

His round hands caress her smooth skin. He glides his bruised
knuckles across her shoulders, pride on his face.

She kisses his bruised knuckles sensuously, then his bruised
face.

JAKE

Take off my pants.

VICKIE

Jake...

JAKE

Do what I say.

He touches her breasts as she removes his trousers.

JAKE

Now take the rest off.

VICKIE

Jake, you made me promise not to get

you excited.

JAKE
Go 'head. Do it.

She pulls off his shorts. VICKIE is now getting excited. She kisses his chest and licks it.

VICKIE
I like the gym smell.

JAKE
Now take your panties off.

She does.

JAKE
Now, touch me...
(takes her hand)
...here.

VICKIE
Oh, Jake.

She caresses his broad shoulders and runs her hand along his erection.

JAKE's lips are trembling. He quickly turns his back on VICKIE, goes into the bathroom, and gets a full glass of cold water.

VICKIE watches as he puts his erection in the glass of cold water. She is shocked and surprised.

JAKE
I can't do it. I can't fool around.
This Robinson, I gotta beat him again.
I can't fool around. Don't come near
me.

JAKE grabs her again and kisses her. Then, gently but firmly, he turns her around and pushes her out. (It's starting again, and he must stop it.) He goes back the bathroom and closes the door.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DETROIT (FEB. 26, 1943)

This is JAKE's rematch with SUGAR RAY (their 3rd fight). AN ANNOUNCER's VOICE gives a blow by blow description.

THE FOURTH ROUND: JAKE is in serious trouble. SUGAR RAY knocks him with a hard right, then a series of rights and lefts. JAKE is punched all the way across the ring, but stays in there.

THE SEVENTH ROUND: JAKE, coming on strong, forces SUGAR RAY into his own corner, then lands a left hook to his chin.

SUGAR RAY drops, and takes a nine count. This time, however, the blow does not have a crippling effect on SUGAR RAY; instead, he comes back and outboxes JAKE.

TIME CUT: THE ANNOUNCER calls out the decision: SUGAR RAY is the winner. JAKE is stunned. The CROWD boos so loud and for so long that THE ANNOUNCER is unable to introduce the fighters in the next bout.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

JOEY and TONY are in the dressing room. JAKE sits on the table, dejected. His hand is being examined by a DOCTOR. TWO HANGERS-ON are also present.

JOEY

(angry)

They robbed us! Those fuckin' judges –
What the fuck fight were they
watching? If I see them on the street,
I'll break their heads. Decision
Robinson, my fuckin' ass! Those judges
give him the decision 'cause he's
goin in the army next week! How else
could this have happened?... What do
you think they gave him the decision
for, that's why.

JAKE

(almost to himself)

Whadda I gotta do, Joey? I knocked
him down. What did I do wrong? I
don't understand.

JOEY

You won and was robbed! You didn't

do nothin' wrong.

JAKE

I dunno. Maybe I don't deserve to
win. I've done a lot of bad things.
I dunno...

TONY goes to the door.

JOEY

Fuck that. This was the fight. This
coulda done it. This was our shot.
They out and out robbed us.

MARIO comes back from the door.

MARIO

Vickie is here, Jake.

JAKE

I don't wanna see nobody.

JOEY

You want us to wait for you?

JAKE

No, take her home. I wanna be alone
for a while. Everybody go.

They exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM NEAR THE DRESSING ROOM

JAKE, now alone, goes into the bathroom. He looks in the bathroom mirror. After a pause, he touches his newly acquired bruises and bandages. He combs his hair.

We hear the beginning of an early Frank Sinatra song. This song carries over onto the following MONTAGE.

MONTAGE

This MONTAGE covers the period between 1943 and early 1947. It shows JAKE hard at work fighting all the tough guys he can. Each of the fights will be introduced by the

corresponding title card from the "Big Fights" film showing a boxing glove with the fighters' names and the places of the fights superimposed on it. The actual fight images will be black and white newspaper photos JUMP CUT together to simulate real action. For example: In still #1 JAKE is about to land a punch on an OPPONENT.

CUT TO:

Still #2, and the punch lands, distorting the OPPONENT's face, sweat spraying out everywhere. Live sound effects accompany these stills.

The fight stills are INTERCUT with 16mm black and white home movies of JAKE, VICKIE, JOEY, etc. (to be shot in 16mm black and white).

It'll go something like this:

- A) JAKE VS. FRITZIE ZIVIC at the Detroit Olympia (January 14, 1944)
- B) JAKE, VICKIE, and JOEY, wearing sunglasses, pose in front of a Cadillac. (1944)
- C) JAKE VS. SUGAR RAY ROBINSON at Madison Square Garden (February 23, 1945)
- D) JAKE and VICKIE getting married. (This will be a black and white still photo, posed especially for the occasion.) (1945, New Jersey courthouse)
- E) JAKE VS. SUGAR RAY ROBINSON at Comiskey Park, Chicago (September 26, 1945)
- F) JAKE and VICKIE on vacation – very loving. They are dancing, and he allows her to knock him into the pool. Then, JAKE gives VICKIE a present by the poolside. She opens the box and takes out a white garment and turban. She kisses JAKE.

CUT TO:

VICKIE dressed in the outfit. She looks very much like Lana Turner in "The Postman Always Rings Twice." She kisses JAKE. (1946)

G) JAKE VS. JIMMY EDGAR at Detroit (The University of Detroit Stadium) (June 12, 1946)

H) JOEY's marriage. JAKE and VICKIE are there as witnesses. (Could also be a still photo as D was.) (1946)

I) JAKE VS. BOB SATTERFIELD at Wrigley Field, Chicago (September 12, 1946)

J) JAKE and VICKIE in front of their new Pelham Parkway house. It is an affluent, split-level house, an idyllic scene – stone terrace, freshly cut lawn, etc. JAKE carries VICKIE inside.

CUT TO:

JAKE and VICKIE with their two boys JACK, age 2, and JOEY, age 1 in the backyard of the Pelham Parkway house; they are having a cookout. JOEY and his WIFE and their two children (a BOY and a GIRL about the same ages as JAKE's) are there also. (1947)

K) JAKE VS. TOMMY BELL at Madison Square Garden (March 14, 1947)

INT. PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE (1947)

WE SEE an early model, round screen television. Nearby an old radio. On it, Sinatra is finishing the song we heard in the preceding montage.

JAKE enters, and turns down the volume on the radio. WE SEE JAKE's living room; it is late forties modern.

JOEY and VICKIE are seated around the coffee table, which is near the television. There are some remnants of a snack on the table. JAKE's TWO BOYS are playing nearby.

JAKE

(to Joey as he turns
down the radio)

I just weighed myself – I'm 161. No more deals like this Janiro bullshit.
I didn't tell you to do it in the first place.

JOEY

Jake, you're the one who said you could get down to 155! What did I do, pull it out of the fuckin' hat?

JAKE

(angry)

Well, sometimes you shouldn't listen to me! Now I don't know if I can make it down to 155. I'm having trouble making 160, and without telling me, you sign me for a fight at 155 pounds, and if I don't make 155, I forfeit \$15,000! You're supposed to know what you're doin'. You're supposed to be a manager!

JOEY

You want the title shot?

JAKE

Say what you're gonna say.

JOEY

You want the title shot or not?

JAKE

Say what you gotta say. Don't be a smart ass.

JOEY

(yelling)

This Janiro's an up-and-coming fighter, this kid you gotta knock out. Knockout this fuckin' kid! I'm telling you, this is your step towards getting a shot at the title. Listen to me: I'm telling you. You been killin' yourself for three years. There's nobody left – they're afraid to fight you. This Janiro's up-and-coming. He don't know. Fuckin' tear him apart, wipe him out! What are you worried about? Your weight? Look, even if you lose they're gonna think you're weak; they're gonna think you're not the fighter you used to be. They'll match you with guys they

were afraid to match you with before,
and then you'll kill them and you'll
get your title shot. And if you beat
this kid Janiro, they gotta give you
a shot at the title because there's
nobody else. Either way you win and
you do it on your own – just like
you want it. All right?

VICKIE

Joey's right. Janiro's up-and coming,
he's good looking...

JAKE

(interrupting)

What do you mean, "good looking?"

VICKIE

Well, he's popular. A lotta people
like Janiro. You beat him and it
only figures they'll wanna see you
get a title shot. But, what do I
know? I should keep my mouth shut, I
should...

JAKE

(interrupting)

Who asked you?

VICKIE

But, Jake, I was just...

JAKE

(interrupting)

Who asked you?

VICKIE

I was just...

JAKE

(interrupting)

Who asked you?

VICKIE, amazed, gets up to leave.

JAKE glares at her.

VICKIE rounds up the kids and takes them into the kitchen.
(MOVING SHOT).

WE SEE VICKIE in the kitchen angrily throwing things around.

We clearly see the tension as she cleans up, muttering to herself.

JAKE

(turns to Joey)

All right, manager. Everybody had their say around here. Now this is what I'm gonna say. I'm gonna get down to 155, and I'm gonna destroy this kid – get my title shot. And don't ever bet 15 thousand without my say so again.

JAKE comes into the kitchen. He tries to make up with VICKIE.

She plays hard-to-get. They begin to tease each other.

INT. COPACABANA LOUNGE - NIGHT (1947)

A COMEDIAN is in the middle of his act. JAKE, VICKIE, JOEY, and JANET sit at a nearby table. JANET, an attractive blonde, is one of JOEY's girlfriends; the moment you set eyes on her, you know this is not his wife.

The lounge is very crowded. The COMEDIAN interrupts his routine to point out that JAKE LAMOTTA is in the audience, and even tries a little harmless joking at JAKE's expense.

COMEDIAN

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to point out a special guest we have with us tonight – The Raging Bull, The Bronx Bull, Mr. Jake LaMotta.

There is applause. JAKE smiles, and gives a hesitant wave.

COMEDIAN

Stand up, Jake, c'mon. Oh, you are standing. Sorry.

(laughs)

Just kiddin', Jake.

JAKE waves a fist at the COMEDIAN, good-naturedly playing along with the joke – even though he hates it.

JAKE
(to Joey)
Look at this abuse I gotta take.

JOEY, VICKIE, and JANET are amused.

JAKE
(joking)
What's so funny?
(lifting his glass)
Cheers! Post-time. Joey, Vickie,
and...
(to Janet)
What's your name again, darling?

JANET
Janet.

JAKE Smiles. They all drink.

SALVY, a little older, but still young-looking, and dressed even better than when we last saw him (flashy rings, etc.), comes over to their table. He walks around like he owns the fucking place. JAKE hates it.

SALVY
Hi, Joey. Jake, how you doin'?
Vickie...

They respond. JAKE is cold towards SALVY.

SALVY goes on his way to COMO's table.

As SALVY walks away, JAKE turns to VICKIE.

JAKE
What're you lookin' at? You lookin'
at him?

VICKIE
No, I'm not. I'm looking at you.

JAKE
Don't tell me "No." I saw you lookin'

at him. Why, you like him?

VICKIE

I'm not interested in him.

JAKE

You're not interested in him?

VICKIE

No, I'm not.

JAKE

In other words, you're not interested
in him but you'd be interested in
somebody else, right?

VICKIE

Jake, c'mon now. Don't start.

JAKE

(turns to Joey,
referring to Salvy)

Look at this, all of a sudden
everybody's a fuckin' Romeo around
here. Did you see the way she was
lookin' at him?

JOEY

Nah, she would never...

JAKE

(interrupting)

Didn't you just see her lookin' at
him? She told me no, but I don't
believe her.

JOEY

(uncomfortable)

C'mon, Jake. You know she's crazy
about you.

JAKE gives him a suspicious look. JOEY feels uneasy.

JAKE

I'd just love to catch her. Ooooooh,
I'd just love to catch her once.

Drinks arrive at their table.

WAITER

These are from Tommy Como.

JAKE looks up but can't see where COMO is. JOEY gets up.

JOEY

(to Jake)

Excuse me for a minute. Be right back.

JAKE

(sarcastic)

Don't be long. I'm afraid with all these tough guys here.

JOEY goes to COMO's table in the rear of the lounge. JAKE slides over and watches. JOEY shakes hands with COMO. SALVY is there at COMO's table. JOEY comes right back.

JOEY

Jake, come over for a few minutes.

Tommy wants to say hello to you.

C'mon, just come and say hello.

JAKE doesn't like the idea, but goes along with it anyway.

ANOTHER ANGLE: COMO's table. JAKE comes over.

JAKE

Hi, Tommy. How are you?

TOMMY

Jake, sit down for a minute.

JAKE sits. SALVY smiles and nods to JAKE. JAKE barely nods back.

TOMMY

(his arm around Jake)

Fuckin' kid! You're the best fuckin' fighter around. Loved what you did to Satterfield. Them "moulan yans" – forget about it. They're all afraid to fight you.

JAKE
(a little embarrassed)
C'mon, Tommy –

TOMMY
How you feelin'? Ok? You feelin'
good?

JAKE
Never felt better.

TOMMY
Tony Janiro's gotta watch out, eh?

JAKE
He should.

TOMMY
(to Salvy)
This Janiro's a good fighter, pretty
good-lookin' kid.

SALVY
Bet on him three times. Always come
through for me.

JAKE just stares, holding his anger in.

There is a pause.

TOMMY
How's the weight? Ok?

JAKE
Yeah, the weight's Ok.

Another pause. TOMMY smiles and moves closer to JAKE.

TOMMY
All right, lemme ask you something.
Let's say I was a good friend of
yours. And I was telling you I was
gonna bet a lot of money on you in
this Janiro fight. What would you
tell me?

JAKE

I'd tell you to bet a bundle.

TOMMY sips his drink.

INT. PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

VICKIE is in bed trying to sleep. JAKE comes out of the bathroom half-dressed, and sits on the edge of the bed (preoccupied). Silence.

JAKE

Vickie?... Vickie, you asleep?

VICKIE

What?

JAKE

You asleep?

VICKIE

Yeah.

JAKE

Huh?

VICKIE

Yeah, what?

JAKE

Tell me, you think of anybody else
when I'm making love to you?

VICKIE

Nobody. I love you, remember?

JAKE

Then why'd you say that thing about
Tony Janiro?

VICKIE

What did I say?

JAKE

That he's got a pretty face.

VICKIE

I never noticed his face.

JAKE

You sure you're not thinking of him
right now?

VICKIE

Positive.

JAKE

You're the one who said he was good looking. You think he's good looking 'cause I know you think he's good-looking. I'll smash his face inside out. I'll make him into dog meat. Nobody's gonna think he's good-looking when I get through with him. So you just go ahead and think about who you want.

VICKIE freezes.

INT. WORTH STREET BASEMENT - DAY

TONY JANIRO, wearing boxer trunks, steps off the scale.

Commissioner COL. EDDIE EAGAN, a white-haired, heavyset man in his mid-forties, calls out the weight.

The basement of the New York Boxing Commission on Worth Street is a sparse room, crowded with REPORTERS, TRAINERS and MANAGERS.

EAGAN

Tony Janiro, 151 lbs. and one half.

JAKE steps on the scale. He looks weak and woozy. After the customary adjustments, EAGAN calls out:

EAGAN

Jake LaMotta, 155 lbs. and one fourth.

There's a commotion in JAKE's camp. JANIRO smiles.

JAKE

Just a minute.

JAKE, JOEY, and TONY confer.

JAKE gets off the scale and enters the men's room. An OFFICIAL follows him.

INT. THE MEN'S ROOM

JAKE forces himself to urinate.

INT. WORTH STREET BASEMENT

JAKE comes out of the bathroom, and gets back on the scale.

EAGAN

Ok. This is official.

LAMOTTA stares at JANIRO.

EAGAN

LaMotta, 155 lbs. on the nose.

JAKE throws JANIRO a kiss.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

It's the last round and JAKE is pouring it on a beaten and virtually helpless JANIRO.

The Crowd chants:

CROWD

LaMotta.

HALF THE AUDIENCE is already on its feet. The kill is imminent – and they love it.

JAKE lands one blow after another. He is relentless.

Several rows back, TOMMY COMO, SALVY and SEVERAL OTHER "MADE" GUYS sit with sober looks on their faces.

JAKE moves in fast, and with a powerful barrage, smashes JANIRO's nose – plastering it against his left cheek.

The final bell rings. JANIRO, his legs all rubber, staggers back to his corner.

JAKE prances about, kissing his fists and throwing them to

the CROWD. JOEY rushes out, throws JAKE's leopard skin robe over him and embraces him. TONY follows. JAKE looks right at COMO and SALVY.

AN ANNOUNCER steps into the center of the ring:

ANNOUNCER
The winner, by unanimous decision,
in ten rounds, Jake LaMotta!

JOEY
I love you.

JAKE, weak from losing the weight and winning the fight, still manages to prance around the ring victoriously.

VICKIE, now near the ring, throws kisses to JAKE.

JAKE
(shouts to Vickie)
This is my night! Listen to them!
I'm gonna be champ!

He bends down and gives her a kiss through the ropes.

JAKE
I'm making everything up to you.

INT. COPACABANA - NIGHT (1947)

JOEY is at the bar with a DETROIT PROMOTER and JACKIE CURTIE.

DETROIT PROMOTER
When we gonna get Jake back in Detroit? Jesus, he really did a job on Janiro. Who you after next, Joey?

JOEY
(evasive)
I dunno. We're working on it. He's training at the camp now.

JACKIE CURTIE
After what I seen, they gotta give him a shot at the title.

JOEY

We're gonna get our shot.

The DETROIT PROMOTER introduces JOEY to JACKIE CURTIE.

DETROIT PROMOTER

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

JACKIE CURTIE

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

JOEY

Betcha more than he has.

JACKIE CURTIE

Made a little cabbage on the Tommy Bell fight too. Whatever happened to him?

JOEY

Ain't he dead?

DETROIT PROMOTER

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

JOEY

Yeah?

DETROIT PROMOTER

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

JACKIE CURTIE

Yeah, Tommy always was a stand-up guy.

SALVY and PATSY arrive with VERA, SANDY (two neighborhood girls), and VICKIE. They go to a nearby table.

The bar area: JOEY sees this.

DETROIT PROMOTER

Joey, let me get you another drink.

JOEY
(distracted)
Just a minute. Excuse me. I'll be
right back.

The table area: JOEY arrives at SALVY's table. VICKIE is nervous. There is a cold exchange of "hellos."

JOEY
(to Vickie)
C'mere, let me talk to you for a
minute.

There is an awkward silence as he grabs VICKIE by the arm and takes her over to the hat-check area.

JOEY
What're you doin' with Salvy? You
shouldn't be here with him. Jake's
away killin' himself. Suppose he
found out.

VICKIE
What the hell am I doing wrong?
Just because Jake is training, I
can't go out? What am I, a goddamn
prisoner?

JOEY
No, you're his wife.

VICKIE
I'm not doing anything wrong. I'm
just trying to have a good time. Do
I have to be cooped up in the house
all the time?

JOEY
It don't look right.

VICKIE
Well, go ahead, tell Jake. He's gonna
kill me anyway. It's a matter of
time.

JOEY

I'm not gonna tell him nothing; but if he finds out, he will kill you.
What's the matter with you? Aren't you happy? You got everything you want.

VICKIE

You don't sleep with him. I do. I don't get to breathe without tellin' him. He keeps me in a cage. If he thinks I'm lookin' at somebody the wrong way, I get used as a punching bag. He don't trust nobody. If he saw the two of us talking together right now, you'd be in trouble too – believe me. Look at me, Joey. I'm 19 years old. I wanna enjoy my life. I love Jake, but you don't know. He gets crazy sometimes. I'm scared.

JOEY

Try to understand, Vickie. Jake's got a lotta aggravation. He's been a top contender too long.

VICKIE

That's right, take his part. You're his brother. He's never gonna be champ. Too many people are against him.

JOEY

And you're drinking with them right now.

VICKIE

And I'm gonna finish my drink. And, I'm gonna have a good time, because I ain't doing nothing wrong.

She starts to go back to the table.

JOEY

(grabbing her)

You're wrong to be here. Let's go.

VICKIE pulls away from JOEY, and goes back to the table.

The table area: JOEY arrives at the table. He grabs VICKIE.

JOEY
I said, let's go.

SALVY
Joey, relax. You're taking this the wrong way. Why don't you sit down and have a drink?

JOEY
Excuse me, I'm talking to my sister in-law.

SALVY
Excuse me for living.

JOEY
What do you think, I'm blind? My brother's breaking his ass in a ring, and you're here with his wife.

SALVY
Hey Joey, I'm here with Patsy and Vera and Sandy. And Vickie just happened to come along. We're just trying to have a good time. What do you want from me? So, why don't you just take it easy before this gets out of hand.

As the conversation gets louder, PEOPLE begin to notice.

PAUL, the owner (a tough-looking, well-dressed guy), and some BOUNCERS also become aware of the argument.

JOEY
Get the fuck outa here. What did you do, take your gangster pills today? I'll tear your fuckin' head off your shoulders!

JOEY goes for SALVY. PEOPLE react.

The GIRLS begin to scream. VICKIE exits. JOEY notices her

leave, and calls after her.

JOEY

Hey, wait –

PAUL comes over and stops the fight.

PAUL

Ain't you forgettin' something?
Ain't there never supposed to be no
trouble in this joint?

SALVY and JOEY give each other looks. JOEY goes out after VICKIE.

EXT. COPACABANA - NIGHT

JOEY looks up the street for VICKIE. She is gone.

SALVY and PATSY come out of the entrance.

SALVY

Hey Joey, whadda ya lookin' to die
young?

JOEY

(as he turns and lashes
into Salvy and Patsy)

I'll suck your eyes out! I'll fuckin'
take the two of you.

After a few moments, PAUL and the BOUNCERS from the Copa come out. The BOUNCERS pull PATSY away. They try to separate SALVY and JOEY, but can't.

JOEY savagely beats SALVY on the Copa steps and in the street against the parked cars.

JOEY

Fuckin' low-life, cocksucker, etc....

SALVY tries to fight back, but JOEY is too tough for him.

SALVY hits the pavement. JOEY kicks him.

PAUL, PATSY, and the BOUNCERS finally pull JOEY away. PATSY tries to go after JOEY again, but PAUL stops him.

PATSY

(to Paul)

Don't fuckin' put your hands on me!
You're gonna near about this, Paul.

PAUL

(to Patsy)

Get the fuck outa here. Don't come
in my place and start fuckin' trouble –
I don't care who you are!

(to Joey)

Get outa here. Go on.

JOEY looks back at him, and then walks away.

INT. THE BACK ROOM OF THE DEBONAIR SOCIAL CLUB

The room is furnished with a few round tables and some chairs;
it is somewhat reminiscent of an old-fashioned candy store.

TOMMY COMO, SALVY, PATSY and JOEY are present. SALVY's face
is bruised from the beating JOEY gave him.

COMO

All right. I don't have to hear any
more. I think I understand what
happened. I understand it was your
brother's wife and there was probably
a misunderstanding. I'm not sayin'
Salvy shouldn't have acted the way
he did. But, Joey, you don't raise
your hands. You don't do that kind
of thing. This time we forget about
it but no more after this. You
understand?

JOEY

Yeah, I understand, Tommy.

COMO

All right, you guys, shake hands.

SALVY, JOEY, and PATSY shake hands.

COMO

Go 'head. Be friends. That's it.

(to Salvy and Patsy)
All right, lemme be alone with him
for a minute.

SALVY and PATSY exit.

There is a pause.

COMO
Aside from everything else, your
family all right?

JOEY
Yeah, they're good. They're good,
Tommy.

COMO
What is it with you? Can't you talk?
You got like a funny attitude. I
can't figure you out, Joey. What's
with you and the quick answers? You
wanna get outa here fast?

JOEY
Aw, Tommy, c'mon, it ain't that.

COMO
Look Joey, I wanna tell you something.
Your brother ain't gonna get nowhere
without us – nowhere. And I'm tellin'
you between the two of us, it's
gettin' to the point where it's
gettin' to be a real embarrassment
to me, a real embarrassment.

JOEY
How can he embarrass you?

COMO
He's an embarrassment because Frankie
and the other guys are expectin' me
to do something about it, and I'm
lookin' very bad. I can't deliver a
kid from my own neighborhood. Why's
he make it so hard on himself? He
comes to me, I can make it easier
for him.

JOEY

Tommy, Jake respects you. He won't even say hello to anybody else – you know that. But you know when Jake gets set on somethin', Jesus Christ Almighty could get off the fuckin' cross and he ain't gonna talk him out of it. I'm his kid brother. I got no say with Jake on this. He thinks he can buck everybody and make it on his own.

COMO

Make it on his own? Does he know the kind of money involved? I mean the real money. He thinks he's gonna become champ on his own? We're gonna sit by and see some nut come in there and hold one of the most important titles in the world? A nut who don't listen to nobody or respect nobody? Is he really crazy? Listen, Joey, you understand, you tell him. I don't care how great he is or how colorful. He could beat all the Sugar Ray Robinsons and all the Janiros he wants to. He ain't gonna get a shot at the title without us. I'm not askin' you to do another thing except get that message into that thick head!

EXT. SHORERAVEN POOL - DAY

Another day. JOEY, fully clothed, opens the gate and looks around.

JAKE is sitting alone near the deep end. JOEY walks over to him.

JOEY

Whatcha doin'?

JAKE

I remember the first time I met Vickie... I know there's somethin'

up. I know she's doin' somethin',
but I can't catch her...

JOEY

Maybe she's afraid you're gonna hit
her so she can't talk to you the way
she wants to.

JAKE

What do you mean?

JOEY

Try talkin' to her. She's your wife –
ask her what's the matter.

JAKE

When I'm away, did you ever notice
anythin' funny with her? Tell me the
truth.

JOEY

Jack, if there was anything funny, I
would tell you.

JAKE

I want you to keep an eye on her
when I'm not here. Understand?

JOEY

Sure, I'll keep an eye on her.

JAKE

What did Tommy say?

JOEY

I got good news, and I got bad news.
The good news is you got your shot
at the title. The bad news is...

JAKE

(interrupting, resigned)

Yeah, I know.

INT. WORTH STREET BASEMENT - DAY

As BILLY FOX steps off the scales, EDDIE EAGAN calls out:

EAGAN
Billy Fox, 173 3/4 pounds.

JOEY removes JAKE's leopard-skin robe as he steps on the scale. The REPORTERS crowd around.

EAGAN
Jake LaMotta, 167 pounds.

JAKE'S HANDLERS urge him with words of encouragement as they walk toward his dressing room.

INT. JAKE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

EAGAN walks over.

JAKE
What's up, Colonel?

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

JOEY
Sure.

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

JAKE
What who's been sayin'?

EAGAN
You were a big favorite in this fight.
Then two days ago the odds start jumping all over the place until you're a 12-5 underdog.

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

EAGAN
Now the fight's off the books altogether. Meyer Lansky couldn't get a bet down on this fight. Some people are saying you're going into

the tank.

JAKE

Believe what you want.

EAGAN

I want to believe you, LaMotta.

JAKE

I'm gonna kill him. That fuckin'
jig's gonna wish he never came outa
the jungle. You got any money?

EAGAN

What?

JAKE

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

(extends his hand)

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

EAGAN taps JAKE on the shoulder.

EAGAN

That's all I wanted to hear.

JAKE glares at EAGAN as the COMMISSIONER walks away.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT (NOV. 14, 1947)

The old Garden is packed. The EX-CHAMPS, the PRESS, the OFFICIALS, the MOB GUYS, the FANS – they're all here.

The FIGHTERS are announced. BILLY FOX and JAKE touch gloves and return to their corners.

FOX is taller and has a longer reach than JAKE.

The bell sounds and the FIGHTERS come out. FOX goes to the head; JAKE goes to the body.

FOX lands a solid blow to JAKE's jaw, but LAMOTTA is unfazed. FOX is surprised. In the past, his opponents have gone down when he connected.

In the audience, COMO, SALVY, and some other BOYS watch with interest.

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

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

JAKE throws his arms around FOX to make sure he doesn't fall.

JAKE
(to Fox)
Stand up! What the fuck are you doin'?

The REFEREE breaks them apart and FOX remounts his attack.

JAKE bicycles into a corner and lets FOX work him over.

FOX connects: once, twice, three times. JAKE barely defends himself – but he doesn't go down either.

The CROWD starts to smell a fix. There are calls from the AUDIENCE.

CROWD
Got your swimming trunks on, Jake? I
hope they're paying you enough.
Fake, fake.

TIME CUT:

JAKE's corner. JAKE is acting stunned. TONY, not aware of what's going on, is slapping JAKE.

TONY
What's the matter with you? What's
the matter with you?

TIME CUT:

The sign reads "Round Four." JAKE is in the center of the ring taking a relentless pasting from FOX. JAKE's arms hang at waist level... FOX lands one blow after another. The stink of a fix permeates the arena.

JAKE is furious that FOX can't deck him. He curses through

his mouthpiece (as he absorbs blow after blow):

JAKE

Hit me! Hit me! What's the matter
with you, you motherfucker? Hit me!

Boos and catcalls echo through the Garden. This is not even a fight. The REFEREE, realizing this, steps in between FOX and LAMOTTA, waves his arms and signals that FOX is the winner by a technical knockout.

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

JAKE, JOEY, and TONY are already on their way out of the arena as the REFEREE declares FOX the winner.

COMO and the OTHERS, satisfied, get up to leave.

INT. JAKE'S DRESSING ROOM - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

As a REPORTER and a PHOTOGRAPHER come through the door, WE SEE and hear a commotion in the hall behind them. They rush in, look, and stop by the door. There is silence – except for JAKE'S uncontrollable sobbing. The atmosphere is like that of funeral.

JAKE is seated behind the rubbing table. He is still in his leopard-skin robe. His head hangs low as he sobs.

The PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture. The HANDLER motions to him to stop, and then goes and sits near the door. The REPORTER still stands near the doorway, seeming quite stunned by the scene he is witnessing, but nevertheless continuing to scribble away on his pad.

JOEY, standing near JAKE, has his back to everyone; his shoulders are shaking, his lips are tightly drawn. He cries soundlessly. TONY is pacing nearby.

TONY

Don't fight anymore!

(pause)

It's a free country, don't fight
anymore!

JAKE

(between sobs)
Why did they have to stop it? Why
did they have to stop it?

The REPORTER leans over to the HANDLER and whispers.

REPORTER
What happened?

HANDLER
(quietly)
He must've been really hurt in the
2nd. He didn't answer me when I tried
to tell him something in the corner.

JAKE, still buried in his robe, becomes aware of the hum of voices and shouts out:

JAKE
Get everyone out of here!

The REPORTER and the PHOTOGRAPHER leave. JAKE continues to sob.

INT. PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

INSERT: CLOSE UP of a Daily News Headline from November 22, 1947: "Board Suspends LaMotta."

JAKE, dejected, sits on the couch. In front of him, on the coffee table are scattered several newspapers – including the one with the headline we have just seen.

JOEY paces in front of JAKE.

JOEY
(yelling)
It woulda been so easy, Jack. So
easy...

JOEY goes into a boxing stance.

JOEY
Stick out your hands, Jake.

JAKE
C'mon, Joey.

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

JAKE, out of reflex, sticks out his hands. As he does, JOEY feigns a hit and falls onto the floor – "out cold." JAKE looks down at him.

JOEY pops to his feet.

JOEY
See? That's all there was to it.

JAKE
What the fuck they want? I took the dive. They want me to fall down too? I don't fall down for nobody. I never went down in my life. Joey, what do I gotta do? Crawl on my hands and knees? I made an asshole of myself in the fuckin' Garden! All the newspaper writers make fun of me. I'm the bum of the year. All I want is a shot. Just a fuckin' shot. What do I gotta do? I'll do anything.

JOEY
Except fall down like a normal person.

JAKE
Yeah, except fall down. That's right.

JOEY
All right, you don't wanna fall down, so now you gotta take a rest. So, you enjoy the suspension. 'Cause there's nothin' you can do about it. Let the Commissioner and the D.A. jerk you around. So you wait.

JAKE
Jesus Christ! Seven months! What am I gonna do for seven months? I'm gonna go crazy. How do I keep my strength? By that time I'll be too

weak to win the title. And my weight?
Forget about it – I'm gonna blow up
like a balloon. I ain't never gonna
hold my weight down. Seven months! I
don't know...

JOEY

We did what we had to do. Tommy don't
forget. Sooner or later you'll get
your shot – if Tommy don't die.

EXT. BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL, DETROIT - DAY (1949)

It's raining outside the stately Book-Cadillac.

A banner above the door proclaims. The Book-Cadillac Welcomes
Marcel Cerdan Middleweight Champion of the World and the
Challenger Jake LaMotta

INT. BOOK-CADILLAC LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is chaotic: FIGHT PEOPLE and SPORTSWRITERS mill
anxiously about. Something's in the air.

The BELL CAPTAIN pages:

BELL CAPTAIN
Mr. Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS, THE DETROIT PROMOTER last seen in the Copacabana
Lounge, answers the page.

WILLIAMS listens on the phone a moment, then hands it back
to the BELL CAPTAIN and announces:

DETROIT PROMOTER
It's official. The fight's been
postponed twenty-four hours.

A groan goes up from the lobby.

INT. LAMOTTA'S SUITE - DAY

JAKE's suite is modestly decorated and consists of a living
room and two bedrooms.

DR. PINTO is there sewing up a pork chop.

JAKE, shadow-boxing in sportswear, paces back and forth.

TONY watches him. VICKIE sits quietly on the sofa, sipping some wine.

JOEY is on the phone.

JOEY

That's right. "No comment."

(listens)

You like that? Good, 'cause I got a lot more "No comments" where that one came from.

JOEY cuts the line off, then leaves the receiver off the hook.

JOEY

I'm gonna order up some stuff. Have a steak.

JAKE

I can't eat a steak. If I eat a steak, I'm gonna have trouble making the weigh-in.

JOEY

So eat just a little. You gotta eat something.

JAKE

What am I gonna do for 24 hours? I can't even eat!

JAKE goes into the bedroom.

JOEY goes over to the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

(shows him the pork chop)

How's that?

JOEY

How long did it take you?

DOCTOR
45 seconds.

JOEY

No good. Try to get it down. It's gotta be no more than 30 seconds to be on the safe side if we gotta stitch him up.

INT. THE BEDROOM

JAKE is alone. There is a knock at the door. JOEY opens it and pokes his head in.

JOEY

Jake, somebody wants to say hello to you.

JOEY opens the door wider. TOMMY COMO is at the door with JOEY. JAKE goes over to the door.

COMO

Hey champ!

JAKE

Tommy, thanks for coming over.

COMO

You just take it easy, now. You'll do all right. Feelin' Ok?

JAKE

I'm Ok.

COMO

Just come by to wish you luck.

(shakes his hand)

Need anything?

JAKE

No, we're all right. Thanks anyway, Tommy.

COMO

Ok, champ.

COMO turns to go. He says goodbye to everyone in the living

room. He goes over and kisses VICKIE. JAKE watches this from the bedroom doorway.

COMO
(as he kisses Vickie)
Look at her. As beautiful as always.
Take care of that guy, will ya?

VICKIE
(going to the door
with him)
I'll take care of him. Thanks, Tommy.
Bye.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
C'mere.

She goes to the bedroom doorway. JAKE grabs her arm, pulls her in, and slams the door.

JAKE
(pushing her toward
the bed area)
Hey, you don't say goodbye to him
like that.

VICKIE
What did I do?

JAKE
(pushing her)
You don't kiss like that. Hello and
goodbye, that's all you do.

VICKIE
All I did...

JAKE
(interrupting)
You know what I'm talking about.
Don't ever make me look bad on the
night of my big fight.

VICKIE
You're hurting my arm.

JAKE has her by the night table now. They are edging their way to the wall.

JAKE

Shut up. You just say hello and
goodbye to him. You don't kiss him
the way you did. That's out of line.

JAKE pushes her against the wall. The lamp falls. There is a loud crash. She tries to move away. He grabs her by the throat and pins her against the wall. She's gagging.

VICKIE

But Jake... I didn't say anything...

JAKE

Don't ever do that again. You don't
(he pushes her against
the wall)
do it!

VICKIE

(gagging)

Jake...

JOEY looks in and then starts to come over.

JAKE

You hear what I said? You don't do
it.

He pushes her again. VICKIE tries to get away, but can't move.

JAKE

(pushing her again)

You don't do it.

JOEY has his hand on JAKE's arm, trying to pry it away from VICKIE's throat.

JOEY

Jake, Jake...

TONY and the DOCTOR watch from the doorway.

VICKIE's eyes close. JAKE releases his grip. JOEY helps

VICKIE. JAKE watches this.

JAKE
(to himself)
She ain't gonna ruin this fight for
me.

EXT. BRIGGS STADIUM - NIGHT (JUNE 16, 1949)

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

An ANNOUNCER steps into the center of the ring and begins to introduce the many CELEBRITIES that have gathered for the fight.

ANNOUNCER
And here is the young man who has
inherited Marcel Cerdan's European
championship – Laurent Dauthuille.

DAUTHUILLE jumps into the ring.

While WE HEAR him introduce the boxers and celebrities, WE SEE a rapid MONTAGE: JAKE preparing for the title bout:

PRE-FIGHT MONTAGE

- A) JAKE and GROUP arrive in the dressing room.
- B) In his bathrobe, JAKE puts on his boxing shoes.
- C) We see a pan with raw steak in it. JOEY drains the blood (juice) into a glass and JAKE takes a long, slow swallow.
- D) REPRISE of IMAGES from PREVIOUS SCENE (SLOW MOTION) -
NEW
ANGLE.

TOMMY COMO shakes JAKE's hand in the bathroom doorway. VICKIE kisses COMO. Jake watches.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And our very special guest tonight
needs no introduction. The only man
to defend the heavyweight crown a
remarkable twenty-five times, the

king of all heavyweights, the Brown Bomber, Joe Louis. Come into the ring, Joe.

JOE LOUIS (V.O.)

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

Many cheers.

E) DR. PINTO injects a hypodermic needle filled with novocaine into each of JAKE's fists.

F) JOEY massages JAKE's neck.

G) JAKE's hands are bandaged

H) REPRISE of IMAGES from PREVIOUS SCENE (SLOW MOTION -
NEW

ANGLE) JAKE strangles VICKIE in the bedroom, then releases her.

JOEY looks after her, but the IMAGE makes them look as if they're making love. Jake watches.

ANNOUNCER

And in this corner, the middleweight champion of the world, from Casablanca, Morocco, the Casablanca Clouter, Marcel Cerdan!

I) JAKE puts on his cup and trunks.

J) MARIO laces up JAKE's gloves.

K) JAKE, ready to fight, a towel draped around his head, bounces on the balls of his feet. He starts walking down the corridor from his dressing room, surrounded by MARIO, JOEY, DR. PINTO and his HANDLERS. He enters the stadium.

INT. BRIGGS STADIUM - NIGHT

JAKE, wearing his leopard-skin robe, is pushed through the CROWD by JOEY, MARIO and his HANDLERS. He's still shadow boxing.

JAKE steps into the ring to both cheers and boos (many still remember the Fox fight). JAKE raises his gloves.

ANNOUNCER

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

JAKE shakes hands with the assembled CELEBRITIES and EX CHAMPIONS.

JAKE

I only wish it was you, Joe.

JOE LOUIS

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

JAKE glances at VICKIE who is sitting in the third row. She is nervous.

TIME CUT:

The opening bell sounds. CERDAN and LAMOTTA touch gloves and begin to fight.

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

CERDAN clinches JAKE to avoid his brutal body blows. JAKE pushes him out of the clinch in disgust.

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

TIME CUT:

END OF ROUND NINE. JAKE is working over a bloody CERDAN. Punches to the body, then to the head, then back to the body.

The bell sounds.

JAKE walks back to his corner and sits down. JOEY is ecstatic:

JOEY

Look at him, Jackie! You got at!
The fuckin' championship! He's yours!
Finish him off.

JAKE doesn't have the chance. The REFEREE, standing in CERDAN's corner, waves his hands signaling the end of the fight.

The REFEREE holds up JAKE's hands as THE ANNOUNCER takes the mike:

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

JOEY is all over him. TONY helps VICKIE through the MOB.

In his corner, CERDAN holds his head in his hands and says, "My title, my title!"

The OFFICIALS clear a circle as they bring over the jewel studded championship belt. JOE LOUIS fastens the belt around JAKE's waist.

JAKE touches the oversized belt with his bloody gloves. Tears fall across JAKE's huge grin as he holds his hands high in the air. It is the most glorious night in his life.

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

The name "Jake LaMotta's Lounge" is emblazoned in neon across a lounge/liquor store on Collins Avenue, Miami's main drag.

JAKE's bar is across from The Rooney Plaza, one of Miami's more prestigious hotels.

Fifties cars are parked outside the club.

INT. "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT

JAKE LAMOTTA, 34 years old, wearing a tux, steps in front of a large painted wall mural of the Cerdan fight as he enters his club.

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

The club is half filled with SPORTS, ENTERTAINMENT and MOB

TYPES.

The small BAND plays a routine fanfare as JAKE steps onto the platform. He takes the mike with one hand and silences the BAND with the other. The applause dies out as he speaks:

JAKE

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

About HALF THE PATRONS are listening; of them, HALF are laughing, SOME a little too loud.

JAKE

I fought one hundred and six
professional fights and none of them
bums figured out how to fight me –
they kept hitting me in the head!

(calls to the bar)

Will somebody at the bar – Linda? –
get me a drink. I figure if I'm gonna
work to drunks I might as well be
one of 'em! I like this place. It's
a family type club... every night I
see a lot of fathers sitting out
there with their young daughters!
That's nice.

LINDA hands him a drink.

JAKE

Thanks, honey. – She's terrific.
The kinda girl you wanna take home
to meet your father. Especially if
your old man's a degenerate! – Here's
a toast! "To your health! You only
live once. But if you play it right,
once is enough." I shouldn't be
drinkin' like this 'cause I'm tryin'
to lose weight. I'm on this terrific

diet – I'm allowed to eat anything I want. As long as I don't swallow it! Well, I never had much luck with my weight. In fact, – I never had much luck with anything – until about a few years ago, when this happened –

He indicates the blow-up behind him and waits for applause, of which there is some.

JAKE

...thanks, I'm glad to see you remember. For those of you that don't... that's me takin' the title from Cerdan. You know, the tough thing about winnin' the title... the next thing you gotta do is have a rematch... just to show it wasn't no fluke. So what happens? Marcel Cerdan, a really great champ, after I beat him... he gets himself killed in that airplane crash... a pretty rotten break for him. That's why I don't like to fly. People say to me, "Look, Jake, when your time is up, your time is up." And I say, "Yeah, but suppose I'm on the plane and the pilot's time is up?" As good as Cerdan was, I could've taken him again. But I never got the chance to prove it wasn't no fluke. He got killed but he got to be what they call a legend. I don't know what's worse – bein' a fluke or bein' a legend. – That's the kinda luck I got. That's why I quit the ring and moved down here from New York. My wife said, "You gotta get outta this town, Jake." Come to think of it... the boxing commission said the same thing! But I don't miss New York. Give me Miami any day.

The AUDIENCE applauds.

JAKE

Miami's a great place. I get along with everybody in this town... even the police force... They got the best cops here money can buy! – Only kiddin'. By the way... me and my wife Vickie's gettin' ready to celibrate our eleventh wedding anniversary.

More applause.

JAKE

We get along real great. We fight a little but I never really belted her on purpose. Once in a while I'm standin' there doin' little shadow-boxin' and she happens to walk right into the shadow... I can't help that. She says, "Whataya hittin' me for?" I says, "It's nothin'. It's only a love tap." She says, "It's a good thing you're not crazy about me!" – I am crazy about her. I heard her talkin' to a friend on the phone and she was sayin', "After eleven years, I'm still in love with the same guy." – If I ever find out who the bum is, I'll kill him! Women. You can't live with 'em, you can't live without 'em.

Then, suddenly, falling into character... he quotes Iago's speech in Othello.

JAKE

"Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy.
It is the green-eyed monster, which
doth mock the meat it feeds on.
That cuckold lives in bliss who,
certain of his fate, loves not his
woronger; But O, what damned minutes
tells he o'er who dotes, yet doubts –
suspects, yet fondly loves!" – That's
from somethin' called "Othello" –

Or, alternate speech:

JAKE

Is whispering nothing? Is leaning
cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping
the career of laughter with a sign? –
A note infallible of breaking honesty –
horsing foot on foot? Skulking in
corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? Noon, midnight? and
all eyes blind with the pin and web
but theirs, theirs only, that would
unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's
in't is nothing; The covering sky is
nothing; Bohemia nothing; My wife is
nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings, if this be nothing." –
That's from something called "The
Winter's Tale" – Shakespeare! You
all remember Shakespeare. He wrote
all them famous plays one after the
other, then he went into a big slump
and he ain't done anything good in
years. That speech is about jealousy –
jealousy's a bad thing. Jealousy
bothers a lot of guys... take me...
I almost killed my brother... I love
him... he's my family... I mean,
there's nothin' he wouldn't do for
me. And that's the way we been goin'
thru life – doin' nothin' for each
other! Anytime he got in trouble
when we was kids, I got him out of
it. You know, he used to steal little
things when we was growin' up. But
he was particular... only stole things
that begin with an 'a' – a watch, a
car, a suit, a ring... But I was
wrong... I shoulda never hit my
brother. Afterwards, I was sorry.
Now every time I need somethin' I
gotta go shoppin' for it! A
psychiatrist once told me, "When you
hit your brother you're really hittin'
your mother, but you can't admit it
to yourself." He's really crazy. I
woulda never hit my mother. I mean,

only in self-defense!

INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (1950)

JAKE is struggling with his later model ten-inch RCA TV. He fools with the dials, then slaps the side. The bluish video image comes and goes. JOEY watches JAKE fix the TV.

JAKE has a half-eaten sandwich in his hand.

VICKIE enters the house, surprised to find JAKE home.

VICKIE
Jake, you're home.

JAKE looks up at her. (She goes over to him and kisses him.)

MOVING SHOT.

JOEY gives VICKIE a polite peck on the mouth. MOVING SHOT.

JOEY
Hi, Vickie.

JAKE watches JOEY kiss VICKIE. VICKIE notices JAKE'S reaction.

VICKIE
What's the matter with you?

JAKE
Tryin' to get this fuckin' TV to work. Paid all this money for it and still can't get a station a mile away. And Mr. Wizard here ain't no help.

JOEY
Screw you, Jack.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
Where you been?

VICKIE goes into the bedroom to take off her coat. On the stairs, MOVING SHOT:

VICKIE

I went out.

JAKE

(to Joey)

What's that kissing on the mouth
shit?

JOEY

What? I just said hello. Since when
I can't kiss my sister-in-law?

JAKE

Ain't a cheek ever good enough for
you? I never even kissed Mama on the
mouth.

JOEY

Well, you're not supposed to kiss
your mother on the mouth.

JAKE

Well, that's what I mean.

JAKE leans over the TV.

JAKE

How's that?

JOEY

I can't tell. You're stomach's in
the way.

JAKE stares at JOEY.

JOEY

Don't give me those looks. I'm just
your manager. The minute you start
to be champ, you start eating like
there's no tomorrow. And you giving
me looks. All I know is that I don't
have to defend my title next month.

JAKE looks up at JOEY.

JAKE

Answer me somethin'. What happened
at the Copa with Salvy when I was

out of town?

JOEY

When?

JAKE

You know, when you gave him a beatin'.

JOEY

(being as vague as
possible)

Nothin'. Salvy was out of line. He
was drunk or somethin', I dunno.
Anyway, the windup was I gave him a
beatin'. Tommy called me down, and
we straightened it out. It's all
forgotten about.

JAKE

Why didn't you tell me about it?

JOEY

It didn't have nothin' to do with
you.

JAKE

Didn't it have nothin' to do with
me?

JOEY

No, I just told you what happened.

JAKE

(he obviously knows)

Who did it have anything to do with...
Vickie?

JOEY

Jack, no. I just explained the whole
thing to you. It was just between me
and Salvy, if it had anything to do
with you and Vickie, I woulda told
you about it.

JAKE

Well, I heard some things.

MOVING in on JOEY, JAKE'S P.O.V.

JOEY

"You heard some things." Will you stop worryin' about that shit? Forget about it. You know you got a title fight comin' up.

Pause.

JOEY

(referring to the TV)

Whatever you touched, that's good now.

JAKE

Did Salvy fuck Vickie?

JOEY

What?

JAKE

You're supposed to keep an eye on her for me. I'm askin'...

JOEY

(interrupting)

I did keep an eye...

JAKE

Then why did you give him a beatin' if he didn't do anything? You and him been friends a long time.

JOEY

Some things changed between us. Now, he thinks who the fuck he is. He's been passing certain remarks that I don't like.

JAKE

(interrupting)

Don't bullshit me, Joey. You ain't tellin' me the truth.

JOEY

What bullshit? Hey, I'm your brother.

You wanna believe me – you trust
me?

JAKE

When it comes to her, I don't trust
nobody. I'm askin' you somethin'.

JOEY

Well, you're wrong Jack. I'm tellin"
you what happened. He got outta line,
we had a fight, and it's straightened
out now.

There is a pause. (Move in on JOEY, JAKE'S P.O.V.)

JAKE

(suspicious)

You givin' me that look. I gotta
accept your word, but if I find out
anythin', I'm gonna kill somebody...

JOEY

(yelling)

So, go ahead. Kill everybody. Kill
Salvy, kill Vickie, kill Tommy Como,
kill me while you're at it. What do
I care? You're killing yourself the
way you're eating, the way you worry
about things you don't have to worry
about.

JAKE

(interrupting)

What do you mean, "you"?

JOEY

What?

JAKE

(interrupting, catching
Joey)

What do you mean, "you"?

JOEY

(caught)

I meant, kill everybody. You or me
or anybody. You're a big shot. Kill,

kill... g'head.

JAKE

But you said "you."

JOEY

So what?

JAKE

Eh, Joey, even you don't know what
you meant. You mentioned Salvy, Tommy
Como, you – that means somethin'.
Why'd you say them? You coulda said
anybody.

JOEY

You're worried about this girl, you're
gonna let this girl ruin you're life
for you... You wanna worry, worry
about your fuckin' stomach that you
can't bend over – that you gotta
step in the ring in a month.

JAKE

Did you ever fuck my wife?

JOEY

What?

JAKE

I don't mean now. I mean before –
before we met.

JOEY

Whadda ya mean?

JAKE

Did you ever fuck my wife?

JOEY

Whatsa matter with you?

JAKE

You're very smart, Joey, very smart.
Nobody gives me a straight answer
around here. You're givin' me these
answers, but you still didn't answer

my question. Did you fuck Vickie?

JOEY

(fed up, he starts to
leave)

I gotta go. I gotta get outta here.
I can't take this shit. Lenore is
waitin' for me. I gotta go. You're a
definite wacko. You're fuckin' crazy,
you know that, crazy.

JAKE'S P.O.V., MOVING SHOT as JOEY leaves. JAKE goes into
the bedroom.

INT. THE BEDROOM

JAKE walks over to VICKIE. (MOVE in on VICKIE - JAKE'S P.O.V.
BECOMES HER SHOT.)

JAKE

Where you been all day?

VICKIE

I took the kids to my sister's.

JAKE

I called. You weren't there.

VICKIE

I got bored so I went to the movies.

JAKE

What'd you see?

VICKIE

I went to the movies.

JAKE

What'd you see?

VICKIE

"Father of the Bride."

JAKE

What was it about?

VICKIE

Oh, c'mon. For Christsake, do I have
to tell you everything?

JAKE

Did you ever go to the Copa when I
was away?

VICKIE

What're you talking about?

JAKE

Answer me when I talk to you. What
happened that night?

VICKIE

(interrupting, yelling)

I am answering...

JAKE

(hits her)

What do I have to do to get a straight
answer around here.

JAKE holds onto her, but she gets away.

VICKIE

Jake, no –

JAKE

(as he chases her
around the room)

Do I have to kill you, eh?

(hits her)

Do I have to kill somebody to get an
answer?

(hits her)

I know about you at the Copa. I know
all about it.

JAKE catches her.

VICKIE

I didn't do anything wrong. I swear.

I just had a few drinks.

JAKE

(pins her down, hits

her)
With Salvy, eh?

VICKIE

I went with Sandy and Vera. Salvy
was there.

(gets hit)

Stop it. I just had a drink, that's
all. I didn't do anything wrong.

(gets hit)

VICKIE escapes and locks herself in the bathroom.

JAKE

(by bathroom door)

Come out of there! Did you fuck Salvy?

(punches door)

Answer me. Open this fuckin' door,
you fuckin' cunt!

(punches door)

Who've you been fuckin'?

VICKIE

(from inside bathroom)

Nobody, I tell you. Jake stop it.

JAKE

You're a fuckin' liar.

He breaks down the door.

JAKE

Who've you been fuckin'? Salvy?

(hits her)

Tommy Como?

(hits her)

I can't trust nobody.

(hits her)

Did you fuck Joey?

(hits her)

Who you been fuckin'?

She finally manages to push him away.

VICKIE

All right, I fucked everybody! Go
ahead, kill me, kill me.

VICKIE takes JAKE's hand and hits herself. JAKE is stunned.

VICKIE

I'll say anything you want me to
say. I fuckled Salvy. I fucked Tommy.
I fucked your brother. I fucked
everybody! What do you want to hear?
I sucked your brother's fuckin' cock!

JAKE

You did?

VICKIE

Yeah, I sucked his cock.

JAKE starts to walk away. VICKIE goes after him.

JAKE is gone.

INT. JOEY'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - DAY

JOEY is at the kitchen table eating lunch with his family.

His wife, LENORE, her hair done up in pin curls, sits next to him. JOEY's TWO KIDS sit across the table from them, bickering.

JOEY

(to kids)

Don't hit your brother! Be nice.

Suddenly, JAKE comes through the front door, goes directly to the table, grabs JOEY, lifts him into the air, and starts hitting him.

JOEY

Jake, stop it.

JAKE keeps hitting JOEY. The KIDS start to cry. LENORE wants to stop the fight, but is afraid to get too close.

JAKE

Was Vickie part of the deal with
Tommy? Was my wife part of the deal?
Tell me, was that it?

JOEY
Stop it. What're you, crazy?

JAKE drags JOEY into the living room, and pushes him onto the floor.

JAKE
(kneeling over Joey
and hitting him)
You didn't tell me. You didn't tell
me. You let me marry her. You let me
marry her.

VICKIE rushes into the house, past LENORE and the TWO KIDS who are screaming even louder now.

VICKIE
(hitting Jake on his
back as he hits Joey)
You're killing him. You're killing
him for nothing. Stop it.

JAKE
(hits her)
Get the fuck outa here. Whadda you
mean nothing'? You stupid bitch!

VICKIE
(still hitting Jake)
Nothing is what I said! Go on, kill
me.
(hits him)
Kill me.
(hits him)
I'm not afraid of you anymore. I
don't care if you kill me like you're
killing him. You're a sick animal.

JOEY is knocked out. LENORE goes over to him and holds him.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
You're the fuckin' animal! You ran
around with every guy I knew while I
was breakin' my ass for you.

VICKIE

(as she pushes and
hits Jake to the
front door)

You're not only an animal, you're a
stupid animal.

(pushes and hits him
out the front door)

You're rotten.

(hits him)

Rotten.

(hits him)

Rotten.

(hits him)

You're a sick maniac. A maniac! You
belong in a mental hospital.

EXT. JOEY'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - DAY

VICKIE gives JAKE a final push out the door and then slams it in his face.

JAKE is left alone on the front steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAKE'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

JAKE sits alone in the darkness.

VICKIE lets herself in. She comes and stands behind him.

VICKIE

Well, he ain't dead in case you're
interested.

(pause)

I'm leaving you. And I don't care if
you do try to kill me. Go ahead. I'm
not afraid of you anymore. There's
worse things than being dead and one
of them's living with you –

(pause)

I'm leaving tonight. I must have
been crazier than you are for stayin'
with you this long. You're hopeless.
You're not gonna let anybody love
you. I kept thinking that you'd change

when you got to be the champ... But
I just can't take it anymore. I'm
taking the kids and I'm leavin'.

There is a pause.

JAKE

Aw, Vickie, aw Vickie, please no.
Vickie, no... don't leave me. Christ,
I'm pleading... I know, I know all
the bad things, but I need you. I'm
a bum without you and the kids. I'll
change. Aw, Vickie, maybe I don't do
it the right way, but I love you. I
love you.

There is a pause.

VICKIE

You know, if there's one thing – I
just don't understand you, not one
single little bit. You love me?

JAKE

Yeah –

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEAM BATH - NIGHT

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

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

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

He makes his way to the door and pounds on it.

TONY opens the door and gets on his knees beside JAKE.

TONY

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

JAKE

(barely coherent)

What time is it?

TONY
Nine o'clock.

JAKE
At night?

TONY
Yeah. At night.

JAKE
How many pounds I gotta lose?

TONY
Three more, I figure.

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

TONY
I'll give you anything you want,
Jake. I think you should come out
for a few minutes – give yourself a
break.

JAKE
(barely audible)
Are you outa your mind? If I come
out, I'll lose the title.

INT. JAKE'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

VICKIE is seated on the sofa, reading newspapers. JAKE is
pacing.

VICKIE
Jake, why don't you just try lying
down and get some rest.

JAKE
I don't know what it is. I dunno,
it's the kind of thing that – the
words won't come out.

VICKIE

Jake –

JAKE

What?

VICKIE

I want to say something to you without
you blowing your stack.

JAKE

OK. Talk.

VICKIE

(pause)

Why don't you just call him up?

JAKE

What do I say to him? Call him up on
the phone and say, "Joey, I'm sorry
about that little trouble we had.

How about havin' dinner?" Is that
what I say?

VICKIE

No, not that.

JAKE

Then what?

VICKIE

(pause)

I don't know.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM, DETROIT - NIGHT (SEPT. 13, 1950)

The LAMOTTA-DAUTHUILLE middleweight championship is told
through the eyes and words of the RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER. JAKE
is not doing well.

RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER

...Ladies and gentlemen, I've sat in
front of these microphones for over
twenty years but this is the strangest
championship bout I've ever seen.
With two minutes to go in the final
round, the champion, the mighty Bull
from the Bronx, is just simply taking

punch after punch from the challenger. Dauthuille scores a combination, then backpedals. LaMotta pursues him. One minute to go. Laurent Dauthuille, who has already beat Lamotta in a non-title bout, is about to fulfill a dream – to bring the middleweight crown back to France.

In the ring, JAKE looks like he's on queer street. Bouncing off the ropes, opening his jaw to DAUTHUILLE. But DAUTHUILLE's punches lack strength. JAKE is playing possum.

RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER

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

AN ANNOUNCER holds up JAKE's victorious hand. He seems as surprised as everyone else.

TONY throws JAKE'S robe around his shoulders as THE ANNOUNCER calls out:

ANNOUNCER
The middleweight champion, and still

champion by a knockout in fifteen rounds, the Bronx Bull, the Raging Bull, Jake LaMotta!

The CROWD cheers. JAKE raises his arms in victory.

INT. JAKE'S DRESSING ROOM - OLYMPIA STADIUM - NIGHT

It is after the fight. TONY, VICKIE, and OTHERS are in the room. Some PEOPLE are leaving. Congratulations are heard.

TONY puts away JAKE's fight gear.

JAKE, half-dressed, looks troubled.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
I miss Joey. I wish Joey was here.

VICKIE
Why don't you just call him?

JAKE
I dunno.

VICKIE
Tell him how you feel – you miss him. Tell him you're sorry.

JAKE
(pauze)
Ok, all right. Telephone's in the hall. Dial his number.

VICKIE goes to the pay phone in the hall, and dials long distance.

JAKE is nervous, but follows VICKIE.

THE HALLWAY

As the number starts to ring, VICKIE hands the phone to JAKE.

JOEY (O.S.)
Hello... hello...

JAKE can't answer.

JOEY
What's this, a joke? Hello... Hey!

JAKE can't answer.

JOEY
Well, if there's somebody listenin',
their mother's a fuckin' whore who
takes it in the ass.

There is a click as JOEY hangs up.

JAKE stands there, and finally hangs up the phone.

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

JAKE gulps down the last of his Scotch.

JAKE
(continuing his
monologue)
I shoulda never hit my brother.
Afterwards I was sorry. Now every
time I need somethin' I gotta go
shoppin' for it! A psychiatrist once
told me, "When you hit your brother
you're really hittin' your mother
but you can't admit it to yourself."
He's really crazy. I woulda never
hit my mother. I mean, only in self-
defense! A lot of people wanna know
who was the best guy I ever fought.
Let's see... there was that one I
fought twice... the other Frenchman...
you know who I mean...
(having trouble
pronouncing the name)
...Dauthuille! He was tough, but I
beat him... I had to! I mean, how
would it sound losin' to a guy whose
name you can't even pronounce? But...
Robinson. I can say that alright. I
fought Sugar Ray so many times it's
a wonder I don't have diabetes!
Linda... get me another drink! Linda's
the most popular waitress here...

you can tell by her tips! She's the kinda girl I go for. You oughta see the ones I get.

LINDA brings him another Scotch.

JAKE

...Thanks, babe. She's a nice kid. She'll only do it with a guy if she really likes him. She's got a lot in common with Will Rogers – never met a man she didn't like!... I was talkin' about Sugar Ray. Some of you think I was better than him... but you know, it's a toss up. Except the last fight... February 14, 1951.

JAKE sips his drink.

JAKE(CONT'D)

Valentine's Day. The anniversary of the St. Valentine's Massacre. Robinson didn't use a machine gun but it was still a massacre...

JAKE takes another drink.

JAKE

Actually, I was doin' okay at first. In fact, by the end of the fifth round I really had him worried – he thought he killed me.

INT. JOEY'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -
NIGHT (FEB.
14, 1951)

LENORE, JOEY's wife, watches the 6th Robinson-LaMotta fight on JOEY's new television console.

JOEY walks by on his way to another room, but stops to watch.

LENORE is not a fight fan, but is caught up in the fight, anyway.

LENORE

Look at that. The sonofabitch is

outboxing Robinson.

JOEY

I can't believe he's getting that
jab in.

The bell sounds, and a Pabst commercial comes on:

PABST COMMERCIAL

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

INT. CHICAGO STADIUM - NIGHT

TONY is wiping JAKE off in his corner.

JAKE

He ain't hurting me, but I can't get
him down.

TONY

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

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

S.R.'S TRAINER

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

ROBINSON nods.

The bell sounds and the FIGHTERS step onto the canvas. They look at each other before the boxing starts – they both know the inevitable outcome. ROBINSON smiles.

INT. JOEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

JOEY and LENORE are suddenly silent.

TV ANNOUNCER

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

On the TV, WE SEE that ROBINSON has JAKE up against the ropes. He's giving JAKE a pier six beating. It's the Fox fight for real.

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

TV ANNOUNCER

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

As the REFEREE stops the fight, JOEY sighs with relief.

INT. CHICAGO STADIUM - NIGHT

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

JAKE

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

ROBINSON, receiving congratulations from every direction, takes time to turn to JAKE and say:

ROBINSON

So what?

EXT. JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY (JUNE 2, 1954)

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The house is quite large, and has beautiful landscaping and a swimming pool.

INT. JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JAKE, wearing sportclothes that can't hide his paunch, and VICKIE, wearing a dress and looking her best, sit in the living room with their THREE CHILDREN (the TWO BOYS, and also a GIRL, about two years old).

A still PHOTOGRAPHER clicks pictures of JAKE and VICKIE as TWO REPORTERS talk with JAKE.

JAKE

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

REPORTER

Does that mean...

JAKE

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

REPORTER

You sound bitter.

JAKE

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

VICKIE poses dutifully.

JAKE

Ain't she beautiful? Coulda been
Mrs. America if I didn't pull her
outa the contest. Didn't want her
wearing a swimsuit for nobody but

me.

REPORTER

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

Jake cuts in:

JAKE

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

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

JAKE, an empty glass in his hand, stands on the bar platform.

He's wearing a white tuxedo jacket with a red rose in the
lapel. His tuxedo shirt is stained. He continues his
monologue.

JAKE

Valentine's Day. The anniversary of
the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.
Robinson didn't use a machine gun
but it was still a massacre...

(takes another drink)

Actually, I was doin' okay at first.
In fact, by the end of the fifth
round I really had him worried —
he thought he killed me. You know, I
could keep tellin' you this brilliant
material all night — but you'd only
laugh. Now I'm gonna sing. — Any
requests? I mean, besides "don't"!

(then to piano player)

— In the key of H.

(then to audience)

You're laughin'. Give me the right
key and I'll play in anybody's flat!
I sing for a reason. When I finish,
you'll be so sobered up, we'll sell
a lot of booze.

JAKE's onstage version of "That's Entertainment" differs
from the backstage version. It's not just that he's a little

drunk – no, his voice is defiant, sadly defiant. He is singing at the PATRONS rather than to them.

JAKE

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

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

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

JAKE's new friends love him. They are PARTY GIRLS, SPORTS FIGURES, COLUMNISTS, MOBSTERS, B ACTORS, and OTHER "CELEBRITIES."

JAKE poses for a still with TWO BUXOM YOUNG LOVELIES. ONE GIRL giggles as he fondles her. After the flash goes off, the GIRLS admire his "small, delicate" hands.

JAKE steps over to a table and greets J.R., a newspaper columnist, and his COMPANIONS.

JAKE

J.R., glad you could make it.

J.R.

You were great, Jake. Just like old times. Good thing Sugar Ray wasn't here tonight. Oh Jake, this is State's Attorney Bronson and his wife.

JAKE shakes his hand, then holds it up – showing an empty palm.

JAKE

(joking)

Sorry, empty! Heh, heh! Oh, I didn't mean that. If I don't give your husband no money, he won't have enough to buy you a drink. To show you I'm a nice guy, this one's on me. The last one was your payment for this month.

BRONSON is embarrassed. He doesn't think the joke is funny, but he manages a smile. His WIFE gives a nervous laugh. JAKE leans over and kisses her.

JAKE

You're a good sport, lady.

J.R.

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

JAKE

Yeah, I really cleaned up on him.

J.R.

Where's your wife, Jake?

JAKE

Do you think I'd let her in a place like this with guys like you hangin' around?

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

As JAKE leaves, J.R. whispers to his FRIEND:

J.R.

You ought to see his wife.

JAKE steps over to a table where some of the "BOYS" are sitting. RICKY is the Miami 1956 version of Salvy.

JAKE

Hey, Ricky, glad you came.

RICKY

Wouldn't miss it, Jake.

JAKE calls a WAITRESS over.

JAKE

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

The WAITRESS says to a clearly underaged GIRL:

WAITRESS

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

JAKE leans over and gives the young GIRL a long kiss on the lips. She enthusiastically reciprocates.

JAKE

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

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

EXT. "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - DAY

JAKE, hungover, his tux wrinkled, walks out of the club to the adjacent parking lot.

VICKIE is sitting in her yellow Cadillac outside the Club.

The curbside window is halfway up. She calls to him:

VICKIE

Jake.

JAKE, chagrined, steps over to the car.

JAKE

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

VICKIE

I'm leaving you Jake.

JAKE

Sure, what else is new?

VICKIE

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

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

JAKE
Open the door, Vickie.

VICKIE
No. I won't talk to you where you can use your hands on me.

JAKE
Aw, c'mon. Don't say that.

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

JAKE
Aw, c'mon, Vick –

VICKIE
I'm sick of it. I can't watch you this way. You're too drunk all the time. There's too many girls. I can't... I don't wanna talk about it. I made up my mind.

JAKE tries to reach in the window, but VICKIE hits the power switch, closing it and catching his hand. She now has to yell to him:

VICKIE
You got three days to get your stuff out of the house. After that, the cops will be there. I have the kids with me. I never want to see you again.

VICKIE turns her face and drives away.

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

JAKE is left alone in the parking lot. The car is gone.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY (JAN. 9, 1957)

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

The place is a mess. JAKE sends his laundry out when he runs out of clean clothes. Dirty socks, shorts and shirts are scattered randomly. Empty whiskey bottles on the desk, empty beer cans in the wastebasket.

1ST DEPUTY

Let's go, Jake, wake up!

JAKE

Huh? Whadda ya mean, get up?

1ST DEPUTY

(showing badge)

We're from...

JAKE

(interrupting)

I know where you're from. You guys look the same every place.

1ST DEPUTY

They wanna talk to you.

JAKE

About what?

1ST DEPUTY

I don't run the joint. They just told me to bring you in.

JAKE

For what?

2ND DEPUTY

C'mon, get dressed.

JAKE hunts for his clothes.

JAKE

Hey, I'm a big tax payer down here.

Don't that entitle me to some
information what this is all about?

The SECOND DEPUTY shows JAKE a photo.

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

JAKE
I dunno.

2ND DEPUTY
She says you introduced her to men.

JAKE
I introduced a lot of people to men.
So what? What does that mean?

2ND DEPUTY
She's fourteen.

CLOSE UP of picture.

EXT. JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY

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

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

JAKE
Vickie, open up. I need to come in.

VICKIE
Are you drunk?

JAKE
No. Open the door.

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

JAKE
Please, Vick. I won't bother you.
I'm out on bail. You can send the
kids next door. I just gotta pick

one thing up, then I'll get outa here.

VICKIE thinks a moment, then opens the door and lets JAKE in.

VICKIE
The kids are sleeping.

JAKE
I promise I just gotta pick up one thing.

VICKIE
All right, just don't make any noise.

INT. JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY

JAKE walks directly past VICKIE into the living room. VICKIE watches from a safe distance.

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

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

VICKIE appears in the doorway.

VICKIE
What are you doing?

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

VICKIE
But they don't have a case against you.

JAKE
(digging at the belt)
Are you kiddin'? Did you ever see a 14-year-old testify in court? Did

you see the papers? "LaMotta on Vice Rap." Everybody likes a shot at the Champ.

VICKIE

Jake, be careful! What're you doing to the belt?!

JAKE

Don't make no difference no more.

VICKIE

Can't you get the money from your friends?

JAKE

What friends?

JAKE, frustrated by his task, turns the belt over and hammers at it. The jewels scatter across the counter top and floor.

JAKE collects the jewels and puts them in his pockets.

INT. JEWELRY SHOP - DAY

JAKE stands at the counter of a small jewelry store. The JEWELER examines the stones.

JEWELER

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

JAKE

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

JEWELER

But where's the belt?

JAKE

You want the jewels or the belt?

JEWELER

Both. These stones are worth about fifteen hundred dollars, but the belt of a champion is a very rare item. The belt with the stones

untouched would have been worth near five thousand dollars.

JAKE seems to despair of the whole thing: the belt, the attempt to raise 10 g's, the vice case, his life.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

JAKE places a call from a booth outside the jewelry store.

JAKE
(on phone)
I can't raise the ten thousand.
Fuck 'em. Let 'em put me on trial.

INT. BARBIZON DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Same as Scene 1.

JAKE, 42 years old, continues to rehearse. He is seated across from a mirror.

JAKE
So there I am in the can... and not the one that says "gentlemen" on the door. I'm talkin' about jail! Down south! I mean, jail up north is gotta be like summer camp compared to jail down in cracker country. And if you're a guy like me, you ain't got a chance in a place like that. Especially if you're Italian... you come from the Bronx... and you're an ex-champ. As soon as they saw me... soon as they heard me... I know I'm in trouble. To me, they got an accent, and to them, I got an accent! You gotta get the picture – I'm big, I got small hands, I walk like I'm still in the ring... the balls of my feet pop up and down, you know... and whenever I get the chance, I read a lot. So naturally, takin' all this into consideration, they figure it adds up to one thing – I'm queer! Now I didn't mind too much when they called me "Queer" or "Mr. Tough Guy" or

"Yankee Punk"... But one day these screws got to me... I was workin' on the work gang, pickin' up some trees that were knocked down by a storm or somethin' and puttin' 'em on this truck. All of a sudden... one of the trees slipped and fell on me and pinned me to the ground. I'm lyin' there with a tree across my chest! This screw walks over, takin' his time, he looks down at me and says, "Well, Champ Pimp... you lyin' down on the job again?"! They got a great sense of humor when they're standin' there with a gun in their arms and you got a tree on your chest! So I look up at him and say, "Oh, this tree... it fell on me." And he says, "Oh, I'm sorry... If I'd have known, I would've yelled 'timber'" I said, "Hey, look... it hurts. I think maybe I broke somethin'!" He says, "Well, whaddaya know... Champ Pimp's got himself a boo-boo." Then I got as stupid as him. I said, "If I'm Champ Pimp... how 'bout givin' me the money you made last night?"! Then another screw comes over and says, "This Yankee creep givin' you trouble?" – What kind of trouble? What am I gonna do – hit 'em with the tree? Now anybody else in their right mind would've said, "No sir, I wouldn't think of giving any of you gentlemen trouble... I just want to serve my time and get the hell out of here as soon as I can." That's anybody else. When I said it... it was a little different. "You stupid cracker... take your hands off me or I'll get up and kick your brains out – but first you gotta bend over so I can find 'em!" Next thing I know I'm in the hole. Solitary confinement.

Pause.

JAKE

All my life I had guys in my corner
yellin' "Go get 'em, Jake... kill
'em! You're the greatest." Now there's
nobody rootin' for me. But it wasn't
so bad. I learned things there. I
learned how to scratch a calendar on
the wall. I never knew how to do
that before. Now I know. Monday is
one scratch. Tuesday is two scratches.
Wednesday is three scratches. And so
on. Except for Sundays. Sundays is
no scratches. Sundays rested.

INT. DADE COUNTY STOCKADE - DAY

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

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

The GUARDS, redneck screws both, take special pleasure in working JAKE over.

They take JAKE to the "Hole" – solitary confinement.

ONE of the GUARDS unmanacles JAKE.

Both GUARDS push JAKE into the cell and slam the door.

INT. THE HOLE - DAY OR NIGHT

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

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

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

WE SEE JAKE's body as it passes through the slit of light.

JAKE crouches into the corner away from the light. As WE SEE JAKE's face, the following MONTAGE images appear.

(There will be contrasting sound effects accompanying the

images: for example, the image of JAKE hitting VICKIE might be accompanied by the sounds from a love scene between them.)

A) 1940s black and white pornography: partially clothed men and women engaged in explicit sex acts.

B) Boxing magazines: fighters' beaten and bloody faces. A body building ad: Charles Atlas raises his muscled biceps.

C) Li'l Abner comics; Daisy Mae's tits seem about to fall free.

D) Reprise from earlier scene: Back in JAKE and IRMA's old apartment, JOEY, using a towel as a glove, punches JAKE in the face.

E) A 1934 "OLDER GIRL" sashays into the candy store in flickering 8mm black and white footage. WE SEE other Bronx PRETEEN GIRLS walking, smiling.

F) At Shorehaven pool, JAKE and JOEY, in bathing suits, are sleeping in the sun next to each other. OTHER BATHERS are around, also taking in the sun.

G) Reprise from earlier scene: As in D, JOEY hits JAKE in the face again.

WE SEE again the image of JAKE's face as he sits in his cell.

THE MONTAGE CONTINUES:

H) JANIRO's face at the weigh-in.

I) JAKE throws JANIRO a kiss at the weigh-in.

J) JAKE punches in JANIRO's face.

K) A naked GIRL stands in the doorway of a bedroom.

L) JAKE lies in bed with IRMA staring at the ceiling.

M) VICKIE's pretty young face DOUBLE EXPOSES with SUGAR RAY ROBINSON's.

N) DR. PINTO injects novacaine into JAKE's fists.

O) Sitting in his corner of the ring, JAKE spits blood into

a pail...

P) Still in JAKE's corner: JOEY wipes off his brother's bloody face.

Q) Still in JAKE's corner: There is an open cut over JAKE's eye. JOEY, rushing against time, sucks the blood from the wound as DR. PINTO begins to examine it.

R) Still in JAKE's corner: JOEY puts the mouthpiece in JAKE's mouth. (SLOW MOTION)

S) JAKE wins over CERDAN. JOEY, overenthusiastic, hits JAKE on the back of the head a little too hard. JAKE gives JOEY a quick look, but JOEY just embraces him.

T) On a bed, a GIRL is going down on JOEY. The GIRL turns and looks up at JAKE. It's LINDA, the waitress from his club.

JAKE stares.

U) JAKE's fist hits LINDA's face.

V) VICKIE playfully bends JAKE's hand back, pretending to break it.

W) JAKE hits LINDA again. She cries.

X) Repeat image N: DR. PINTO injects novocaine into JAKE's fists.

WE SEE again the image of JAKE's face as he sits in his cell.

THE MONTAGE CONTINUES:

Y) VICKIE is in her underwear in a bedroom. A pair of black arms come in and embrace her body.

Z) CLOSE UP of JAKE; he reacts to this. He's in the ring with SUGAR RAY. He knocks SUGAR RAY out of the ring.

AA) VICKIE again. JAKE approaches her from behind, pulls her head back by her hair, and slaps her.

BB) THE ANNOUNCER points to SUGAR RAY as the winner.

(Different fight.) CAMERA PANS to RAY, victorious, his arms

up.

CC) A bloodied JAKE comes over to SUGAR RAY and embraces him.

WE ARE BACK WITH JAKE in the cell. He slowly starts to bang his head against the wall.

JAKE
(murmuring)
Why, why, why?
(with each bang of
his head)
I'm a man, I'm a man. I'm no faggot.
I'm not a faggot. Ma, why? What do
they want? My cock's not enough.
What do they want from me? Why? Ma?
Why?

JAKE is now smashing the wall with all his strength – vicious body punches.

JAKE
Why, why, why me? You took it away
from me. They took everything away.
What do they want from me? What the
fuck do they want from me? I ain't
bad. I ain't bad. I'm not that guy.
I'm not that guy. I'm not a monster.
I'm not an animal.

JAKE breaks his knuckles; the pain and blood are unbearable.

JAKE collapses to the concrete floor. His hands are smashed.

He cries, then sobs.

JAKE
I'm not like that. Please. I'm not
like that. Please. Please. Please.

Then silence.

We begin to hear: JAKE doing a monologue.

JAKE
And so, as Shakespeare said, I've

been down so low there's nowhere else to go.

INT. METROPOLE - NIGHT (1958)

The Metropole is a club on 7th Avenue off Times Square.

JAKE LAMOTTA, 36 years old and wearing a hip Fifties suit, continues his monologue.

JAKE

Except here, gentlemen, with you bums. I call you "gentlemen"... but you know what you really are! You know, this place used to be pretty exclusive... now they got bouncers outside to throw the drunks in! My first night here I said to the boss, "Where's the toilet?" – He said, "You're in it!" By the way, this engagement is just a stepping stone for me. If I do good here, I'm ready to get out of the business!

The CROWD starts to shout: "Get the fuck off the stage!"

JAKE

OK, OK, I know what you're waitin' for – and from the looks of you, you been waitin' for it for a long time. I had my own joint in Miami Beach once... it was too high-class for you guys... we had a 50-cent minimum charge just to keep out the riff-raff!

The CROWD continues to shout, as before, also shouting: "Bring out the girls!"

JAKE

Hey, sorry. Here's your girls.
(grabs his crotch)
Yeah, she's here... just like it's advertised out front. She's come back. A girl who's seen the Lower Depths... who's been as far as I have in that direction. She's on her

way back up now... give you an idea
how low she was! Let's give her a
warm welcome... make her glad she's
back, boys. – Miss Emma 48's!

JAKE gets off the stage as MISS EMMA 48's goes into her dance.
He goes over to the bar and gets a drink. SEVERAL OLDER MEN
in T-shirts – a disreputable looking lot – are at the bar.

EXT. METROPOLE - NIGHT

The Club is closing. JAKE and EMMA, the stripper, come out
and walk by a delicatessen on their way to a parking lot.

JAKE sees his brother JOEY enter the delicatessen.

JAKE

Look, sweetie, be a good girl. Here's
some money. Take a cab. Go home by
yourself. Just wanna walk around a
little, sort of unwind. OK?

EMMA

Will I see you later?

JAKE

Yeah. I dunno... I'll call you.

JAKE goes to the parking lot entrance as EMMA gets into a
cab.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's about twenty minutes later.

DOLLY INTO A MEDIUM SHOT of JAKE waiting by the parking lot.
He looks at the delicatessen.

JOEY finally comes out carrying a paper bag. Not noticing
JAKE, he walks right past him to his car which is parked
near the rear of the outdoor lot.

JAKE

Hey, Joey –

JAKE walks towards JOEY with his hand outstretched.

JOEY looks at JAKE. Silence. JOEY turns his back and starts to get into his car.

JAKE runs over to JOEY and grabs his shoulder.

JAKE

No, Joey, no. Look, wait a minute,
please –

JOEY looks at JAKE like he's shit, throws JAKE's hand off his shoulder, and starts to get into his car again.

JAKE

Aw, Joey –

JAKE stops JOEY from getting into his car. He puts his hand on JOEY's shoulder again.

JAKE

You're right. You're perfectly right.
You got every right in the world to
hate my guts.

JOEY pulls away from JAKE's hand, and tries to put the paper bag into the front seat of the car.

JAKE

No, please. I know I was a cocksucker.
You're right. I shoulda never raised
my hands to you.

JOEY half pushes JAKE away, and begins to get into his car again.

JAKE pulls JOEY by the arm.

JAKE

No, Joey, listen to me –

JAKE pulls too hard, causing JOEY to drop the paper bag to his feet. The containers of coffee and tea in the bag break open and splatter JOEY's pants legs.

JOEY stares down at his pants, then up at JAKE. Suddenly, he belts JAKE with a left and a right to the jaw. JAKE is taken

by surprise, and backs off to get his own hands up.

JOEY keeps pouring it on. JAKE drops his hands and takes it.

JAKE

Go ahead.

(gets punched)

Hit me again.

(gets punched)

I deserve it...

(gets punched)

Pay me back...

(gets punched)

More...

(gets punched)

JOEY stops in mid-punch and stares at JAKE. He can't figure it out.

JAKE nods and tries to smile, but starts to cry instead.

JAKE

More. Go ahead, Joey. I deserve it.

JOEY pauses, then finally throws a very weak punch to JAKE's shoulder.

He leaves his hand there – then, uncurls his fist – and finally puts his hand around JAKE's neck as tears start to fill his eyes.

JOEY hugs JAKE close to him, crying.

They hug each other, both crying. They don't say anything.

EXT. BARBIZON PLAZA THEATER - NIGHT (1964)

The theater lights are flashing.

This may not be Broadway, but it's a long way from the Metropole. The entrance to the Barbizon looks out on the corner of 6th Avenue and Central Park South.

A stand-up billboard in front of the theater advertises "An Evening with Jake LaMotta." The billboard also lists the authors whose works will be performed: Paddy Chayevsky, Rod Serling, Shakespeare, Bud Schulberg, Tennessee Williams.

INT. BARBIZON DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Same as Scenes One and Eighty-One.

JAKE is alone preparing to go onstage. He rehearses.

JAKE

You know, I'm not a philosopher or anything like that but I been around a little and the way I look at it is – We're, all of us, lookin' for the same thing: a shot at the title. No matter what you wanna be... you wanna shot at bein' the best. Well, I had mine and it'll always be in the record books... it don't make no difference what happens to me from here on in – I got my shot and that's a fact.
Some guys weren't that lucky... like the one Marlon Brando played in "On the Waterfront" – an up and comer who's now a down and outer. You remember... there was this scene in the back of the car with his brother Charlie, a small-time racket guy, and it went somethin' like this – "It wasn't him, Charlie. It was you.
You 'member that night in the Garden you came down my dressing room and said. 'Kid, this ain't your night.
We're going for the price on Wilson.'
You 'member that? 'This ain't your night!' My night – I coulda taken Wilson apart! So what happens? He gets the title shot outdoors on the ballpark, and what do I get? A one-way ticket to Palookaville. I never was no good after that night. It was like a peak you reach. Then it went downhill. It was you, Charlie. You was my brother, Charlie. You shoulda looked out for me a little bit. You shoulda taken care of me just a little bit so I wouldn't have to take them dives for the short end money... You don't understand! I coulda had class.

I coulda been a contender. I coulda
been somebody – instead of a bum,
which is what I am. Let's face it.
It was you, Charlie."

A shadow goes by the frame; it's a STAGEHAND.

STAGEHAND (O.S.)
Hey Jake, how you doing?

The shadow exits.

JAKE
How long do I have?

The shadow pops in again.

STAGEHAND (O.S.)
About five minutes.

The shadow exits.

JAKE
OK.

JAKE pauses, then starts to shadow-box in his dressing room.

His breath comes in quick gasps. His feet pop up and down like they were on canvas. His tiny fists jerk forward with short bursts of light.

Still alive. Still a contender. A 42-year-old man fighting for his shot.

The CAMERA DOLLIES into a FULL SHOT of his fists as they hit the empty air – in and out of the frame.

THIS QUOTE APPEARS: (MUSIC IN)

"Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, He can not enter into the kingdom of heaven..."

– John 3-3

The CAMERA goes into DARKNESS.

The END CREDITS roll up.

THE END