

The Irishman
Jimmy & Tony Prison Scene

[Jimmy Hoffa is in prison for Jury Tampering. He's sitting down when the kitchen inmate delivers an ice cream sundae to Jimmy at his table.]

Hoffa: Oh, look at that. A work of art. Thank you Pete.

[Tony Pro enters and sits at the table.]

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

Hoffa: I know.

Tony: Oh you know? What do you know?

Hoffa: I know you got a million-two and, uh, there's a problem with it.

Tony: So you'll look into it for me.

Hoffa: How am I gonna look into it. What am I going to look into? It is what it is.

Tony: Well what is it?

Hoffa: You lost it. You forfeited it when you came in here. That's it, you know.

Tony: So yours is forfeited, too?

Hoffa: No.

Tony: Wait so let me get this straight. Yours is still there. Your million-five or whatever it is. But mine's gone.

Hoffa: Yeah, mine's still there.

Tony: But we're both sitting here.

Hoffa: We're both sitting here. That right. Only we're sitting here for different things. You're sitting here for extortion. I'm sitting here for fraud.

Tony: So?

Hoffa: So there's a difference.

Tony: What's the difference.

Hoffa: I didn't threaten anybody, you did.

Tony: So what? That makes no sense.

Hoffa: Well I mean it does.

Tony: No it doesn't, but I don't want to debate.

Hoffa: Think about it.

Tony: I'm thinking about it, Jimmy. Don't fuck with me Jimmy. Just do something about it.

Hoffa: What do you mean, "Do something about it"? What am I gonna do?

Tony: Come on, there's always something you can do.

Hoffa: No. It's Federal law.

Tony: I don't care.

Hoffa: You don't care

Tony: No, you can still do something about it.

Hoffa: There's nothing I can do. What can I do?

Tony: You can get me my fuckin money.

Hoffa: How?

Tony: Some other way.

Hoffa: What way!?

Tony: The same way you got your money. SShh. Lower your fuckin' voice.

Hoffa: You tellin' me to lower my voice?

Tony: I'm tellin' you to lower your fuckin' voice.

Hoffa: Cocksucker

Tony: Don't call me a cocksucker.

Hoffa: Fuck you.

Tony: Don't you fuckin' dare. Look, you're here for **fraud**. You stole money.

Hoffa: I stole money?

Tony: I stole money. Yeah okay, fine, in a different way. But still. I want what I'm fuckin' owed.

Hoffa: You people.

Tony: What'd you say?

Hoffa: Oh my God!

Tony: What did you say?

Hoffa: Oh, come on "what I said". What the fuck did I say?

Tony: "You people", you said "You people". What does that... what does that fuckin' mean, "you people"?

Hoffa: I'm done talking about this.

Tony: "You people?"

Hoffa: I'm done.

Pro: [*STANDS UP*] I'll rip your fucking head off.

END