

RAGING BULL (Jake, Joey, Vicky JANIRO FIGHT)

JAKE

(Jake enters kitchen in wife beater. Joey is at table, Vicky is at stove)

Hey! Don't ever do that Janiro bullshit again. No more deals like that. You hear what I'm saying?

JOEY

What are you talking about?

JAKE

What am I talking about? Look at that. *(Pinches his own stomach)* 168 lbs.

JOEY

Stop eating.

JAKE

What's this with the smart-ass answers? I told you I didn't want to do it in the first place. Didn't I tell you that?

JOEY

No, you didn't say that. You're the one who told me you could get down to 155 pounds. Where'd I get it? What, did I pull out of the fucking air?

JAKE

I don't know if I'm gonna make it down to 155, I'm lucky I make it to 160. And on top of that you sign me for a fight at 155, and if I don't make the 155, I lose \$15,000?

JOEY

That's right.

JAKE

Ohhhhhh.... You're supposed to be a manager. You're supposed to know what you're doing.

JOEY

I did just what I wanted to do.

JAKE

That's what I'm worried about.

JOEY

You want a title shot?

JAKE

What are you talking about?

JOEY

You want a title shot?

JAKE

What am I in a circus over here? I ask him (*indicates the dog on the floor*) he's got more sense about this this. What are you doing?

JOEY

You've been killing yourself for three years now, right?

JAKE

Yeah.

JOEY

There's nobody left for you to fight. Everybody's afraid to fight you. Okay. Along comes this kid Janiro, he don't know any better. He's a young kid, up and coming. He'll fight anybody. Good. You fight him. Bust his hole. Tear him apart. Right? What are you worried about? What's the biggest thing you got to worry about?

JAKE

The weight.

JOEY

You worried about the weight?

JAKE

What are we arguing about? I just said the weight!

JOEY

Okay, let's say you lose because of your weight, are they gonna think you're not as tough as you were? You're not the same fighter? Good. They'll match you with all those guys they were afraid to match you with before. What happens? You'll kill them, and they gotta give you a title shot.

JAKE

(To Vicky) Bring me coffee, please.

JOEY

Why? There's nobody else. Nobody's left. Who they gonna give it to?

JAKE

(to Vicky) Coffee.

VICKY

In a minute.

JOEY

You listening to me?

JAKE

Please, honey, bring me the coffee.

VICKY

All right.

JAKE

(YELLS) HOW LONG I GOTTA WAIT?!!!

VICKY

Till it cooks!

JOEY

Are you listening? Now let's say you win, you beat Janiro, which you definitely should beat him.

JAKE

Yeah.

JOEY

Right? Right?

JAKE

Yeah.

JOEY

They still gotta give you a shot at the title. You know why?

JAKE

Why?

JOEY

Cause the same thing as before. There's nobody left. There ain't nobody around. They gotta give you the title shot. You understand? If you win, you win. If you lose, you still win. There's no way you can lose, and you do it on your own, just they way you wanted to do it, with no help from anybody. You understand? Just get down to 155 pounds you fat bastard. You stop eating. What's the problem? Stop eating, that's all. You can do it. You don't understand anything. You understand that?

JAKE

Okay.

VICKY

(Brings coffee as she talks) You know Joey's right. This Janiro's an up and coming fighter. He's good looking, he's popular, you beat him now and...

JAKE

EXCUSE ME, excuse me? What do you mean good looking?

VICKY

I'm not saying good looking, I'm saying popular. If you win...

JAKE

Who are you to say good looking and popular?

VICKY

I'm not saying anything. I'm just telling you Joey's right.

JAKE

What are you? An authority or what?

VICKY

No.

JAKE

Get out of here. Get out here, go inside.

VICKY

(leaves, goes into other room)

JAKE

Everybody all of sudden is an authority on this. Where did she find out he's good looking, first of all?

JOEY

So, you make him ugly.

-END

