Million Dollar Baby

By Paul Haggis
Do it!
You got him! You got him!
I only ever met one man
I wouldn't wanna fight.
I can't stop that.
Get out of here, you useless tit.
When I met him, he was already the best
cut man in the business.
Can you stop it?
Started training and managing
in the '60s, but he never lost his gift.
No.
Let me have a look at him.
He's fine. He's fine.
He ain't if you don't stop this bleeding.
I'll give you one more round.
- Seconds out. Let's go.
- What do we do? Tell me what to do.
You let him hit you.
Sometimes there's just
nothing you can do.
Cut's too wide, too close to the bone.
Maybe you got a severed vein...
... or you just can't get the coagulant
deep enough.
- Come on!
- Break. Break.
There are all kinds of combinations
you come up against...
... down in the different layers of meat...
... and Frankie knew
how to work every one.
- That's it! Come on!
- What are you doing?
Knock him out, Willie!
People love violence.
They'll slow down at a car wreck
to check for bodies.
Same people claim to love boxing.
They got no idea what it is.
Boxing is about respect.
Getting it for yourself...
... and taking it away from the other guy.
I'll warm up the car.
Mr. Dunn?
I owe you money?
No, sir.
I know your mama?
Don't rightly know, sir.
- Then what is it you want?
- I was on the undercard.
I won my fight too. Maggie Fitzgerald.
Well, Maggie Fitzgerald, what's up?
- Did you happen to see it?
- Nope.
I did pretty good.
Thought you might be interested
in training me.
I don't train girls.
Maybe you should. People see me fight
say I'm pretty tough.
Girlie, tough ain't enough.
It's a mistake.
Car should be able to back up, Frankie.
Just push, will you?
- What did Hogan want?
- Offered us a title shot.
About time.
I turned him down flat.
Two or three more fights, you'll be ready.
Been two or three more fights
for a long time now, Frankie.
Look, Willie,
you get one shot at the title.
You lose it,
it may not come around again.
Now, two or three more fights
and we'll be ready.
Whatever you say, Frankie.
Frankie liked to say that boxing
is an unnatural act...
... that everything in boxing is backwards.
Sometimes...
... best way to deliver a punch
is step back.
Well, do your best, Lord...
...protect Katy.
Annie too.
Other than that...
...you know what I want, 
there's no use me repeating myself. 
But step back too far, 
you ain't fighting at all. 
- Bye. 
- Bye.

Father, that was a great sermon. 
Made me weep. 
What's confusing you this week? 
Oh, it's the same old 
one-God-three-God thing. 
Frankie, most people figure out 
by kindergarten it's about faith. 
Is it sort of like Snap, Crackle and Pop 
all rolled up in one big box? 
You're standing outside my church 
comparing God to Rice Krispies? 
The only reason you come to Mass 
is to wind me up. 
- It won't happen this morning. 
- I'm confused. 
- No, you aren't. 
- Yes, I am. 
Then here's your answer: 
There's one God. 
Anything else? Because I'm busy. 
- What about the Holy Ghost? 
- He's an expression of God's love. 
- And Jesus? 
- Son of God. Don't play stupid. 
What is he then? 
Does that make him a demigod? 
There are no demigods, 
you fucking pagan! 
- Did you write your daughter? 
- Absolutely. 
Now you're lying to a priest. 
You know what? Take a day off, 
don't come to Mass tomorrow. 
Some people would say the most important 
thing a fighter can have is heart. 
Frankie would say, "Show me a fighter 
who's nothing but heart...
... and I'll show you a man waiting for a beating."

Think I only ever met one fighter who was all heart.
My name's Dangerous Dillard Fighting Flippo Bam-Bam Barch...
...out of Broward County, Texas!
Danger showed up a couple of years back.
He'd come visiting L.A. With Ervel, his mama's new boyfriend.
Apparently Ervel got lost and ended up back in Texas.
Danger looked for him for about a week before he introduced himself.
Hey, you know, I gots nothing against niggers.
Well, that's nice to hear.
Yeah, lots of people where I comes from does...
...but my mama taught me not to cause hurt to no man...
...niggers or not.
You got a nice mama.
Anything else I can do for you?
Just one of those questions you ask...
... but Danger wanted to give it his best answer.
Well, sir, I'd likes to become the welterweight champion of the world.
And I challenge the Motor City Cobra...
...Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns...
...to fight me for the welterweight championship of the whole world!
Yo, Flip, shut up, man!
You ain't even ranked.
You gotta have at least one fight to be ranked.
Hey, I'll fight any man, anytime!
Hey, you a bad man, huh?
Get in the ring. Go a round with me.
- Shawrelle.
- I will.
Leave him alone.
Danger, you go on back to training.
Will do, Mr. Scrap.
Them's some nice tights, Danger.
I'll give you that ass-whupping later,
Olive Oyl.
Hey, bro, those pants look
real pretty on you.
Give his mama back her tights.
Shawrelle Berry had a left hook
that would move a tank...
... but he had a heart
the size of a split pea.
Frankie bought the Hit Pit
from Bobby Malone 17 years ago.
Bobby wanted to move to Florida,
and Frankie wanted some security.
Bobby died while he was packing.
And Frankie found out
most gyms lose money.
I thought I told you I didn't want
Danger working out here anymore.
He ain't hurting nothing, Frankie.
Well, he's hurting me.
Breaking my heart, watching him punch
the air like he thinks it's gonna punch back.
And how many times have I gotta tell you
that bleach is bleach?
Why can't you buy the cheap stuff?
You don't have to buy the expensive stuff.
It smells better, Frankie.
Bleach smells like bleach.
- Hey, Scrap.
- Hey, Mr. Willie.
Hey, nice fight last night.
Nice fight.
- Big Willie.
- Hey, Sally.
- Nice fight.
- Thanks, man.
People are talking.
What the hell kind of language is that?
What do you want?
I thought you might like to know
you got a fighter out there...
...not talking to another manager.
Not talking to another manager?
And not just any manager.
Mickey Mack.
You came in here to tell me that Big Willie
is not talking to Mickey Mack.
Not a word. Neither one of them.
I'm trying to read here.
Well, if you think that's more important.
Who's your new girl?
What?
Jesus Christ.
Better hurry up.
She keeps hitting it like that,
she gonna break her wrists.
You're wasting your time.
I told you I don't train girls.
Thought you might change your mind.
Dozens of trainers train girls.
You won't have any trouble finding one.
Don't hardly need a dozen, boss.
You'll do fine.
Don't call me boss, now. I'm not your boss,
and don't you be calling me that.
- Willie, you ready to work?
- Anytime.
If I stop calling you boss,
will you train me?
No.
Then I might as well keep calling you it.
She came from southwestern Missouri...
... the hills outside the scratch-ass
Ozark town of Theodosia...
... set in the cedars and oak trees
somewhere between nowhere and goodbye.
She grew up knowing one thing:
She was trash.
It's for my dog.
She'd come 1800 miles,
but Theodosia was still just over the hill.
Working the bag, boss.
I'm not your boss.
And that bag's working you.
Give her her money back.
You sure?
- How much did she pay?
- Six months.
- Jesus Christ.
- No, I'll give it back.
No, don't be a smartass now, will you?
Woman thinks I'll throw away
six months' worth of dues...
...just to get rid of her,
she's out of her mind.
- But just don't encourage her, understand?
- Okay.
And what's Danger doing out there?
What's he looking at?
Looks like a bottle of water.
He paid his dues?
Dues? Boy can't afford pants.
Want him to pay dues?
Get out of my office.
Fuck me.
Can't think of it as a bag.
I'm not a trainer,
but I can show you this if you'd like.
Appreciate any help I can get.
What you wanna do is,
you wanna think of it as a man, see?
And he's constantly moving.
He's moving towards you, around you,
avay from you. All right?
Don't hit him when he's coming towards you
because he's just gonna push you back...
...he's gonna smother your punches
and take your balance, right?
So you watch him real carefully.
Keep rotating.
That keeps your head moving.
And keep one shoulder back so you're
always ready to fire a power shot.
Right? Go ahead, now. Good, good.
Keep rotating, keep moving. That's it.
Good, good. Keep that chin tucked in.
Come on around.
Keep moving, keep moving.
- Good, good, good.
Like that?
Yeah. Give it a few shots.
Tuck that chin in, now.
Tuck that chin in.
Yeah, that's good. That's good.
Now, you get this down,
we'll put you on the speed bag.
You do have a speed bag.
I'll just borrow it till I can buy my own.
All right, you go on home now.
- I'll walk out with you?
- No, I am home.
- Wanna see?
- Yeah.
It's nice.
Would it bother you
if I worked a little longer?
No, just pull the door closed
when you leave.
Thank you.
If there's magic in boxing...
... it's the magic of fighting battles
beyond endurance...
... beyond cracked ribs, ruptured kidneys
and detached retinas.
It's the magic of risking everything
for a dream that nobody sees but you.
Okay, okay, fellas, watch the footwork.
Hey, that's it. That's it.
Hands up.
Jab, jab, jab.
Hey, Flip.
Hey, Flippy, come here, man.
I think I found somebody you can beat.
I don't fights women.
Why not, bro? It's perfect, bro,
because you know why?
Because she...
Like, you, you could fight to him...
...and then you could kiss to him.
Then you fight to him one more time.
That's beautiful, man. That's like poetry.
- It's like poetry.
- You been reading and shit.
- Thanks, bro.
- That's a girl, man?
Flip, I think you right. Look at her little bitty titties. They're like mosquito bites.
Man, that's barely even a mouthful.
Let me see.
Saw your last fight, Shawrelle.
Spent so much time face down,
I thought the canvas had titties.
Canvas has titties.
Hey, look at me. I'm Shawrelle.
Just humping the canvas.
Humping the floor.
Come on, bro. The floor having titties?
That's funny, bro.
Shut up, man.
What you laughing at?
Man, hold the bag, stupid.
Some titties right there, man.
Yo, when they start making those tights for men, Flippy?
Punk.
All right, that's enough.
That's enough for the day.
- I'll give you a rubdown.
- Oh, I can't, Frankie.
Middle one's got a piano lesson.
I told Grace I'd drive her.
- Something wrong with Gracie's car?
- She hates that car.
Wants the old one back,
but the dealer said he's already got a buyer.
Maybe I should talk to the dealer.
I'd appreciate that.
Okay.
- Thanks.
- See you later.
The man's a rubdown whore.
Today he doesn't want one.
You ever do any work around here?
Not my job I'd worry about, if I was you.
Little girl seems to be coming along.
Yeah. It's almost like someone's been helping her.
She might just be a natural.
Looks like she's got something.
She's got my speed bag,
that's what she's got.
I wonder how the hell she got that.
I wonder.
I'm gonna need that speed bag back.
- This bag?
- Yes, that bag. That's my bag.
And if you're hitting it,
people will think I'm training you.
Is that such a bad thing, boss?
Yes. Yes, it is.
Every time you touch it,
you're losing me business out here.
- I gotta agree, I am embarrassing myself.
- Yeah.
Well, I can't just lend it
to anybody, you know.
I understand.
Yeah.
Look, you seem like a nice girl.
- Can I give you some advice?
- I'd appreciate that.
You'll find a trainer in this gym
or somewhere else...
...that's gonna wanna train a girl.
It's the latest freak show out there.
The trouble is, they're gonna be
wasting your time...
...because you're too old.
I don't feel that old.
Well, neither do I, but you don't see me
fighting 21-year-olds, do you?
Takes about four years to train a fighter.
How old are you?
- Thirty-one until my next birthday.
- Oh, well, there you go.
Thirty-one.
You wouldn't start training to be
a ballerina at 31, would you?
Already been working it
for three years.
And you can't hit a speed bag?
What kind of training is that?
Never had any, boss.
Well, I hate to say it, but it shows.
Somebody's gotta be honest with you.
I hate to be the one to tell you the truth.
Yeah.
Well, sorry for using your bag, Mr. Dunn.
- You're not gonna cry now, are you?
- No, sir.
Yeah.
Here.
- Keep the goddamn thing.
- No, you need it.
No, take the bag.
I haven't seen it in 20 years anyway.
I've had three since then.
Just enjoy it, will you?
- I'll just borrow it till I buy my own.
- Yeah.
Just don't lose it.
Yeah, I know, Hogan...
...your guy's the champ,
so we don't split 50s...
...but if I don't see 40 percent...
Look, you call me back when it's 60-40
or don't call me back at all.
- Hey, Willie.
- Hey, Frankie.
Something wrong?
I'm sorry to come by your house like this.
I know you don't like people dropping in.
Oh, you're not people, Willie.
You're welcome anytime. Come on in.
I wanted to thank you
for getting Gracie's car back.
Oh, well, you don't have to thank me.
Paying an extra thousand dollars
for your own car ain't exactly a favor.
Gracie cried when she saw it.
Really?
I also needed to talk with you
about business.
Oh, yeah, well, I just got off the phone
with Hogan. We're all set for September.
Everything but the split.
I gotta leave you, Frankie.
What?
Willie, the title's just two fights away.
It ain't that, it's...
It's like you said, I got one shot.
If I win, I gotta make
as much as I can while I can.
I need somebody in the action
who can make things happen.
And I gotta make the change
before the fight.
Only way this guy say he'd take me
is if he took me to the title.
So I get you the title fight,
and this guy takes you there?
Only way he'd do it.
I'm sorry, Frankie. I know how long
you waiting on a title.
I wish it could've been with me.
Mickey Mack's a businessman.
He can't teach you nothing.
You already taught me
everything I need to know.
There's some things people
just don't want to hear.
And I challenge the Motor City Cobra,
Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns...
...to fight me for the welterweight
championship of the whole world.
Danger, I'm wearing
these mitts for a reason.
Just working on my footwork, Mr. Scrap.
Danger, you throw a punch
or get the hell out of this gym.
Danger, while you thinking about
that punch, I'll be right back.
I'm thinking how I'm gonna hit it hard
for you, Mr. Scrap.
No one had the heart to tell Danger
that Hearns retired years ago.
I heard about Willie.
That's cold. That's dead cold.
Of course, it wouldn't be so bad
if you weren't so damn old.
Yeah, well, at least I can see
through both eyes.
Didn't do you
a lot of good though, did it?
Well, I've got the gym.
Don't need to be training fighters
at my age.
Willie tell you why?
It was Mickey.
Mickey's got the connections.
Oh, it ain't about connections.
It's about you not believing in him.
Well, I found him,
I stuck with him for eight years.
How's that for not believing in him?
You could've got him a title fight
two years ago. Hell, he knew that.
I'm amazed he stayed around this long.
Well, getting there and taking home
the belt are two different things.
What was I supposed to do,
just put him in over his head?
Not protect him?
Oh, you were protecting him
from the championship.
- Yeah.
- Well, now it makes sense.
Well, what about you, Scrap?
What did your manager do?
You were a hell of a fighter,
better than Willie.
He get you a title fight,
or did he just bust you out...
...banging your head against other
people's fists until you lost your eye?
I had my shot.
I went out swinging,
and no man can say I didn't.
Yeah, well, I remember.
And excuse me if I didn't want my fighter
spending the second half of his life...
...cleaning up other people's spit.
- Yeah, right.
Right, you're the smart one.
You're the one learning Greek.
It's Gaelic.
Well, you just protected yourself
out of a championship fight.
How do you say that in Gaelic?
Sorry.
Thanks.
The action continues as the champ
is battling Big Willie Jones...
... and commanding him
with rights and lefts.
Up against the ropes,
he's hitting him with the left...
Boxing is an unnatural act.
Because everything in it is backwards.
You wanna move to the left...
... you don't step left,
you push on the right toe.
To move right, you use your left toe.
Instead of running from the pain,
like a sane person would do...
... you step into it.
But Big Willie comes back. Oh, my God,
he hits the champ with a right hand.
And the champ is down.
Ladies and gentleman,
the ref is in for the count.
And Big Willie Jones
is the new champion of the world.
It's unbelievable how
this has taken place tonight...
... but there you have it, folks,
a new champion.
Everything in boxing is backwards.
Want a cheeseburger?
- You bought me a cheeseburger?
- Yeah.
I never see you buy anybody
a cheeseburger.
Well, I couldn't eat it, and I ordered it.
You want it?
Well, I guess the planet
can go back to spinning.
- You watch the fight?
- Yeah, I watched it.
Willie did good.
That's what you've got to say?
Well, he won, didn't he? He did good.
I see you been working on yourself,
learning to open up. That's good work.
You watch it?
Yeah, I got HBO.
Now, how can you afford HBO?
How long have I been telling you
to save your money?
Ever since I fought
Louis "Typhoon" Johnson...
...at the Stadium Club
in Tupelo, Mississippi.
- That true?
- Yeah.
Manager ran off
and left you and me to hitch home.
Don't you remember nothing?
Well, I remember walking halfway
and thinking I was gonna be lynched.
I remember you leaving me with my dick
in my hand behind that gas station.
Yeah, well, I got a ride. The guy took off
before I hardly closed the door.
I had to walk back two miles.
Your conscience got the better of you,
that's what.
What the hell's that?
It's her birthday.
You're not breathing right.
That's why you're panting.
So it's your birthday, huh?
How old does that make you?
I'm 32, Mr. Dunn.
I'm celebrating that I spent another year
scrapping dishes and waitressing...
...which is what I been doing since 13.
And according to you, I'll be 37
before I can even throw a decent punch...
...which after working this speed bag
for a month and getting nowhere...
...I now realize may be God's simple truth.
Other truth is, my brother's in prison...
...my sister cheats on welfare by pretending
one of her kids is still alive...
...my daddy's dead,
and my mama weighs 312 pounds.
If I was thinking straight,
I'd go back home...
...find a used trailer,
buy a deep fryer and some Oreos.
The problem is, this is the only thing
I ever felt good doing.
If I'm too old for this, then I got nothing.
That enough truth to suit you?
This your speed bag?
Put yours behind the counter.
Wish I could say I wore it out.
Okay, just hold it. Hold it.
I'll show you a few things,
and then we'll get you a trainer.
No, sorry.
- You're in a position to negotiate?
- Yes, sir.
Because I know if you train me right,
I'm gonna be a champ.
I seen you looking at me.
- Yeah, out of pity.
- Don't you say that.
Don't you say that if it ain't true.
I want a trainer.
I don't want charity,
and I don't want favors.
If you're not interested,
then I got more celebrating to do.
Stop, stop, stop.
Goddamn it, stop.
What the hell are you doing?
Okay.
If I'm gonna take you on...
- You won't never regret it.
- Look, just listen to me.
- If I take you on...
- I promise I'll work so hard.
God, this is a mistake already.
I'm listening, boss.
If I take you on, you don't say anything, you don't question me.
You don't ask why, you don't say anything except maybe, "Yes, Frankie."
And I'm gonna try to forget the fact that you're a girl.
That's all I ask.
And don't come crying to me if you get hurt.
- Alrighty.
- We got a deal.
No, not quite.
I'm gonna teach you how to fight...
...then we'll get you a manager, and I'm off down the road.
- I hate to argue with you, but...
- Don't argue, that's the way we're doing it.
I teach you all you need to know, and you go off and make a million dollars.
I don't care. You get your teeth knocked out, I don't care.
I don't wanna hear about it.
That's just the way it's gonna be.
It's the only way I'll do it.
All right.
Now, one of the things I've noticed around the gym is you never move your feet.
You stand there just flat-footed.
You've gotta move your feet.
That's one of the best things I can teach you.
So here's what you do.
You get yourself...
Bend your knees a little bit.
Get in an athletic position.
Look like you're gonna hit something.
- Move them how, boss?
- Just... Go... Hit the bag.
- Stop.
- What'd I do wrong?
Okay, you did two things wrong.
One is you asked a question, and two is you asked another question.
Now, what I want you to do, it's not about hitting it hard...
...it's how good you hit it. So watch me.
You can count with me if you want.
It's just count. On a one-count,
I hit right through the bag.
- Can you show me that again?
- I just...
Just say "one," please.
- One.
- Okay.
- One. Okay.
- One.
Yeah, just say "one." That's good.
That's good.
Then I move over to my right foot. You'll see my weight is shifting to my right foot.
Then I hit it with my back of my hand, sort of like I'm chipping ice with an ice pick.
Then I come over, and I shift to my left foot, and I hit it with my right hand.
And ice pick maneuver again.
And I come over on my right foot and hit it right.
Don't watch anything but my feet.
Just do it like that. Just keep practicing.
You show them how to stand,
keep their legs under their shoulders.
To make a fighter,
you gotta strip them down to bare wood.
Rest when you're dead.
Come here.
You can't just tell them to forget everything you know...
... you gotta make them forget it in their bones.
Make them so tired they only listen to you.
Only hear your voice, only do what you say, and nothing else.
Move your feet.
Move your feet around. Let's see you go.
Show them how to keep their balance and take it away from the other guy.
Not so low. Look at me.
Right hook and just turn right.
How to generate momentum
off your right toe.
And how to flex your knees
when you fire a jab.
How to fight backing up, so that the
other guy doesn't wanna come after you.
Then you gotta show them
all over again.
Over and over and over...
... till they think they were born that way.
Shift.
Shift away.
Okay. That's enough for today.
Good work. Good girl.
You think I ready for a fight, boss?
Hey. Hey, come here.
You're not breathing.
Hate to disagree with you.
Every time you get under pressure,
you're holding your breath.
- Now, stop doing that.
- Okay.
But other than that,
I'm doing pretty good, right?
- I mean, for a girl.
- I don't train girls.
Think I might be ready
for a fight, boss?
Well, we'll get a manager,
and we'll find out, won't we?
I'd like to,
but you been keeping me too busy.
- Got any family, boss?
- What?
You been spending all this time with me,
I didn't know if you had any.
No.
Well, I've got a daughter, Katy.
That's family.
We're not exactly close.
How much she weigh?
What?
Trouble in my family
comes by the pound.
Yeah.
Not very big.
Used to be real athletic.
Don't know if she kept it up.
So, what do you think?
I ready for a fight?
Hey, Sally.
Come here for a minute, will you?
Frankie, I need to see you
in the back for a minute, okay?
- Can I see you a minute?
- Sally here's a real good manager.
Has a couple of Golden Glove boys.
Looking for a girl, Sally?
I'm looking for a good one.
Well, see, there you go.
Nice working with you, girlie.
- What'd you want?
- Nothing. It's nothing.
I ain't lying, I've been watching you work.
You got a hell of a left.
Thank you.
So you wanna give this a try?
See if it's a fit?
- Yeah, sure.
- Good.
Because I think you're ready for a fight.
Break.
What am I doing wrong, Sally?
Every time I get inside, she's on me.
You're doing great.
You're wearing her down. Keep punching.
- I ain't doing great, I'm losing.
- You're wearing her down.
You okay, honey? Can you see okay?
- Come on.
- Do it.
Come on, let's do this!
That's it!
Nice night, eh?
Jesus Christ.
That's Lonnie Washington's girl.
Hell of a fighter.
Your left. Keep your left up.
Lonnie's got a lot of good fighters.
He's got Joey Adagio,
lightweight champ?
Yeah.
Your left, damn it.
Wouldn't have been my choice for
her first fight, but Sally's a good manager.
- He must think she can take her.
- Jesus H.
Your left. Keep your left up.
You think she can hear you
from back here?
Of course, if Maggie loses,
it wouldn't mean anything to Sally.
Might even help him.
Lonnie's girl gets another win...
...Lonnie might let Sally's lightweight
fight Joey Adagio for the title.
Sally's trying to set a fight with Adagio?
Hey, what do I know?
I just come because I enjoy the fights.
Mother of God.
Okay, break.
Hey. Come here, come here.
Hey. Get over here.
You're dropping your left hand.
Quit dropping your left hand.
Hey, Frankie,
you mind if I talk to my fighter?
You're doing a hell of a job.
Is this the way you advise your lightweight?
Dunn.
- What are you doing?
- I'm talking. What are you doing?
- Is this your fighter?
- It's my fighter.
It ain't fitting real well, Sally.
Fine, you take her.
She can't fight worth a shit anyway.
- Somebody tell me what's going on.
- I was late. Sally was just subbing for me.
You telling me this is your fighter?
Yeah, this is my fighter.
Then you got 10 seconds.
I keep holding my left up,
then I throw a punch and it keeps dropping.
- Well, let it drop.
- That'd be a lot easier.
She thinks she knows you.
Every time you drop it,
she comes right over the top.
So you just wait for her, see?
That's all she's thinking about.
- When she cocks that right hand... You hear?
- I hear you, boss.
When she does, step to the side
and come with a good-night hook.
- Got one?
- Got it right here.
- Okay.
- Fight, or I'm calling it.
- Go give it to her.
- The body knows what fighters don't.
How to protect itself.
A neck can only twist so far.
Twist it just a hair more,
and the body says:
"Hey, I'll take it from here because you
obviously don't know what you're doing."
Neutral corner.
- See the way she did that?
- Yeah.
Sugar Ray would do that.
Girl's got sugar.
"Lie down, now, rest, and we'll talk
about this when you regain your senses."
It's called the knockout mechanism.
Don't get all carried away, now.
You did good.
Thanks, boss.
You... You forgot the rule.
- Now, what is the rule?
- Keep my left up?
It's to protect yourself at all times.
Now, what is the rule?
- Protect myself at all times.
Good, good.
You gave me away.
How was that protecting me?
It wasn't.
It's okay.
- I'll work on my left, boss.
- Drink your water.
Other than that, how'd I do?
Fine. You did fine.
You gonna leave me again?
Never.
That place you work, do they have homemade lemon meringue pie there?
- Sure.
- Not the kind with the canned-filling crap?
Oh, big can, yay size.
Says "homemade" on the label.
- I want you to take the weekend off.
- It's only Thursday.
- You gonna argue with me?
- Know better than to do that, boss.
Well, good.
All fighters are pigheaded some way or other.
Some part of them always thinks they know better than you about something.
Can you spare a few minutes for the Immaculate Conception?
Truth is, even if they're wrong...
... even if that one thing is gonna be the ruin of them...
... if you can beat that last bit out of them, then they ain't fighters at all.
- Thought I said I'd see you Monday.
- You sure did, boss.
That was last night.
You said not to argue with you.
Damn woman won't do a thing I tell her.
You want my advice?
What?
Where are your shoes?
I'm airing out my feet.
You got big holes in your socks.
Oh, they're not that big.
Didn't I give you money for some new ones?
These are my sleeping socks.
My feet like a little air at night.
How come you're wearing them in the daytime, then?
Because my daytime socks got too many holes in them.
Well, if I give you some more money, you buy some new socks.
Please?
Well, I'd be tempted, but I couldn't say for sure.
Might find its way to the track.
It's over. It's over.
 Didn't take Maggie long to hit her stride.
I got the breathing thing down.
No, you ain't breathing because you're knocking them out in the first round.
- Thought that was the point.
- The point is to get good.
Can't get good if you keep knocking them out first round.
How am I gonna get you fights?
Nobody wants to see their fighter embarrassed, now.
Why am I still doing four-rounders, boss?
Because you haven't got the lungs for six rounds.
I do if I keep knocking them out in the first round.
Frankie made her fight one more four-rounder...
... just to let her know who was boss.
Three, four, five...
... six, seven...
Sorry, boss.
Maggie left no doubt about it.
All right, let's do it.
Her first six-rounder didn't go quite as smooth.
Get up!
To your corner.
- Three, four, five...
- Get up.
...six, seven...
- Get up.
...eight, nine, ten. It's over.
- You can do this.
Maggie didn't knock her out
till the end of the first round.
After that, no manager wanted
to put his fighter in with Maggie.
Frankie had to go into his pocket
to get her decent fights...
... sweetening the purse
by paying managers on the side.
That only worked for so long.
Then Frankie did something
he hated doing.
He took a chance.

Box.
He moved her up in class.
That could've been a mistake.
Watch the right!
Watch it. Watch it.
Damn, damn, damn.
Give us two seconds, will you?
- Okay.
- Just two seconds.
- Your nose is broke.
- Oh, damn.
- Fix it.
- I can't, I can't.
- You can fix it.
- I can't. I've gotta call it.
I've seen what you can do. Fix it.
I can snap it back into place,
but I can't stop the bleeding.
The ring doctor's gonna call it.
Please, Frankie, if you
can stop the blood, I can beat her.
Bite down on this.
- Inhale.
- What?
- Inhale.
- What?
Breathe in.
- Okay, huh?
- Yeah, it's okay.
All right, you got 20 seconds
before this turns into a geyser...
...and it's gonna spray
all over the front row.
 Twenty seconds, that's all you've got.
Now get going.
Go to your corner.
Three, four, five...
- Come on, breathe. Breathe.
...six, seven, eight...
...nine, ten.
Mo cuishle.
- All right!
- Yeah!
Right.
What you reading?
What's she saying?
Wants to know what you're reading.
It's Yeats. Keep your head back.
Why don't you talk
a little Yeats to her.
Show her what a treat that is.
When the hell they gonna get to her?
I'm okay, Frankie.
- What'd you learn tonight?
- Always protect myself.
- What's the rule?
- Always protect myself.
- Margaret Fitzgerald?
- Here.
I'll be right here.
- How you doing?
- Me?
- Yeah, you.
- I'm not the one who's hurt.
Broken nose don't hurt that much.
Why are you telling me that?
No reason.
But some wounds are too deep
or too close to the bone.
And no matter how hard you work at it,
you just can't stop the bleeding.
- Did you write your daughter?
- Every week.
I've no idea why you come to church.
After her 12th straight knockout,
Frankie got a couple of real good offers.
The first was to fight
Billie "The Blue Bear" Osterman...
... for the WBA welterweight title.
Billie "The Blue Bear."
Billie was a former prostitute
out of East Berlin.
Had a reputation for being
the dirtiest fighter in the ranks.
Didn't seem to matter to her...
... that something like that
could kill a person.
And the crowds loved her.
He turned it down
without even telling her.
The next was to fight
the British champ...
- ... a Jamaican girl Billie just beat.
- Hello?
Not interested.
He turned that down too.
That's a lot of money, boss.
Yeah, you're making money.
What are you still working here for?
It's a title match, right?
Are you British?
It's a title you can't take away.
She's got nothing to lose,
you got nothing to win.
Might still be a good fight.
Yeah, I just... I just brought you up
to welterweight.
Too good to fight these contenders,
you'd rather fight some bullshit champ?
Didn't notice I was fighting
any contenders.
Well, you can get yourself
another manager any time you want.  
In fact, if you'd learn  
to protect your face a little better...  
...I wouldn't have  
to turn down this money.  
My face is out there so much it's a miracle  
I haven't been knocked out yet.  
No, you can't work here  
anymore tonight.  
I made us a reservation.  
You might wanna shower.  
Here you go.  
Here you go.  
What's this?  
Well, it ain't no big secret  
what you're wishing for.  
Go on and blow.  
Thank you.  
Thirty-three ain't so old.  
I was still fighting at 39.  
Fought for 23 years.  
How's it going, Scrap?  
Doing good, Mickey.  
Doing good.  
- What'll you have?  
- Coffee.  
You two not speaking?  
Don't hardly know him.  
I met Frankie right after  
my 37th birthday.  
He was picking up cut work.  
He used to patch me up  
when I thought it was impossible.  
Good man to have in your corner.  
Yes, he is.  
He stayed with me  
through my last fight in San Berdu.  
My manager was off  
getting drunk somewhere...  
...and it was just Frankie and me.  
I was taking a hellacious beating.  
Everybody's got a particular number  
of fights in him.  
Nobody tells you what that number is.
Mine was 109.  
I just didn't want to admit it.  
Fourth round, this...  
...cut opens up.  
Blood starts pouring into my eye.  
They should've stopped the fight, but,  
hell, I was a black man in San Berdu.  
Blood was what I was there for.  
Round after round, I kept getting  
Frankie to patch me up.  
He's talking about  
throwing in the towel...  
...but he ain't my manager,  
he can't throw in nothing.  
Round after round...  
...he's arguing with me.  
And I'm almost laughing because, hell,  
it's getting more to him than to me.  
I go 15 rounds...  
...I lose by decision.  
Next morning, I lose the eye.  
In 23 years, he's never said  
a thing about it.  
Doesn't have to. I can see it  
in his face every time he looks at me.  
Somehow...  
...Frankie thinks he should've  
stopped that fight...  
...should've saved my eye.  
Spends his life wishing he could  
take back that 109th fight.  
I wanted to go to 110.  
Thing is...  
...if you wanna get to the title...  
...maybe he's not the one  
to take you there.  
You tell Mr. Mack we'd be here tonight?  
You go on, eat your cupcake.  
No, I got it.  
It's the rule.  
Always protect yourself.  
People never take their own advice.  
If she was gonna leave Frankie,  
better she did it to him then.
Mr. Mickey Mack?
I'm Maggie Fitzgerald.
I hear you're a real good manager,
doing good things for Big Willie.
But I thought you should know
I ain't never leaving Mr. Dunn...
...so you don't need to make any more
excuses to bump into me.
Sorry for interrupting your dinner.
Maggie always did like
taking them out in the first round.
The letters always came back
marked the same way:
"Return to sender."
I'll make you some coffee.
What are you doing with your money?
- Saving it.
- Good girl.
You know, you save enough of it,
you ought to get yourself a little house.
Cash, no mortgage.
Gonna be a while before I can do that.
Yeah, well, it might be a stretch...
...but you gotta get yourself
a place of your own.
Go around wasting it on things
that don't matter and what do you got?
You understand?
Pretty soon, you wait long enough,
you got nothing.
Okay, soon as I get the money.
I made a lot of mistakes in my life. I'm just
trying to keep you from doing the same.
I know, boss.
- I'm not gonna live forever.
- What is it?
It's a tape on that girl in England
you're gonna fight.
If you're gonna go for the title,
we got some moves to... Hey.
Hey, get the hell down.
You know how old I am?
- Thank you, boss. Thank you so much.
- Yeah.
You're welcome, darling. Here, just...
Here, let me put this in the machine.
What machine?
Don't have a TV, huh?
No.
Yeah!
All right. Okay.
- Ten minutes, love.
- Thank you.
Man says he loves me.
He's probably not the first one to say that.
First since my daddy.
I win, you think he'll propose?
You win, I'll propose.
Look, I got you a gift here.
I think they gave you somebody else's.
No, no, this is it.
What's it mean?
I don't know.
Just something in Gaelic.
- It's beautiful.
- Yeah, I thought so.
- Yeah.
- Real silk thread.
From the United States of America, the challenger...
...Maggie Fitzgerald.
Mo cuishle.
Did you see what was on her robe?
- Mo cuishle. Mo cuishle.
- Mo cuishle.
She wasn't the main attraction.
She was on the undercard of a middleweight title fight.
But ask someone who was there...
... they couldn't tell you who else fought that night.
Box.
- Come on!
- Mo cuishle!
Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle!
Mo cuishle!
Mo cuishle!
Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle!
She's tough.
I can't get inside.
I can't get close enough to hit her.
- You know why that is?
- Why?
She's a better fighter than you are.
She's younger, she's stronger,
and she's more experienced. Now...
...what are you gonna do about it?
Get in there.
Box.
Three, four, five, six...
...seven, eight, nine, ten.
Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle!
- Mo cuishle!
- Mo cuishle!
I could ask someone, you know?
Good.
You find out, you let me know.
Whatever it meant, the name stuck.
Maggie fought in Edinburgh and Paris,
Brussels and Amsterdam.
It was always mo cuishle.
Seems there are
Irish people everywhere...
...or people who wanna be.
By the time they came back
to the States...
...Maggie was in a whole new league.
Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle!
After that they got another offer
to fight for the title.
What's the split?
- Sixty-forty.
- Good.
We'll take 60 and you take 40,
being as that Maggie's the draw.
That little girl?
You think I'm wrong, really?
You think people are saying...
...that they wanna see some scabby Kraut
beat up on little Miss What's-Her-Name?
You find someone who says that,
and we'll take the 40.
There you go.
They're at 60-40,
but they'll come up to 50-50.
How's that girl doing?
Well, she's got a concussion
and a broken eardrum.
She be all right?
- And if she isn't?
- Maybe I should send her something.
Well, you could send her your check
if you'd like. I'm sure she'd take it.
Boss?
That little house we talked about?
I bought it.
Well, smart girl.
For my mama. It's only about a mile
from where she lives now.
No mortgage, just like you said.
You're a good daughter.
She don't know about it yet.
I was hoping maybe we could
stay an extra day, drive over there?
I know she wants to meet you.
Yeah, we could do that.
Oh, my God. Mama, come on out here.
Mary M.'s here.
- This is the Johnsons' old house.
- Not anymore.
It's all yours, Mama.
For you and Mardell and the kids.
- Mary M., you bought this for me?
- Yeah, all yours, free and clear.
Darling...
There's no fridge. No stove neither.
They'll be here before you move in.
- How much money did this cost you?
- Never mind that.
- You shouldn't have done this.
- You need a decent place.
You shouldn't have done it.
You should've asked me first.
Government's gonna find out about this,
they're gonna stop my welfare.
- Mama, no, they ain't.
- They are. You're fine, you're working... ...but I can't live without my welfare.
Mama, I'll send you money.
What about my medicine?
Medicaid gonna cut me off.
- How am I supposed to get my medicine?
- I'll send you more money.
I hope you don't expect J.D.
To move in with us.
He's getting out, you know.
Why didn't you just give me the money?
Why'd you have to buy me a house?
I didn't have to, Mama, but it's yours.
You want the money, sell it.
I don't...
I know you didn't mean
nothing hurtful...
...but sometimes you just
don't think things through.
- That's true, Mama.
- I'll try and keep the house.
I'm just worried about
all those expenses.
I'll send you some more money.
That man hitting you?
It's from the fight.
I'm a fighter, Mama.
Find a man, Mary M.
Live proper.
People hear about what you're doing
and they laugh.
Hurts me to tell you,
but they laugh at you.
Hi.
You ever own a dog?
Nope.
Closest I ever came was
a middleweight from Barstow.
My daddy had a German shepherd, Axel.
Axel's hindquarters were so bad...
...he had to drag himself
room to room by his front legs.
Me and Mardell would bust up laughing...
...watching him scoot
across the kitchen floor.
Daddy, he was so sick by then,
he couldn't hardly stand himself.
But one morning he got up,
carried Axel to his rig...
...and the two of them went off
into the woods, singing and howling.
But it wasn't till he got home
that night alone that I saw...
...the shovel in the back of the truck.
Sure miss watching
the two of them together.
I got nobody but you, Frankie.
Well, you've got me.
At least, that is,
until we find you a good manager.
Hey, can we stop just up here?
Yeah.
This place has
the best lemon pie around.
None of that canned-filling crap.
Now I can die and go to heaven.
I used to come here with Daddy.
Wonder if a place like this is for sale.
I got a little bit of savings.
That's fine, fine, thanks.
Hey, what the hell's Danger looking at?
Looks like another bottle of water.
Wanna come to Vegas with us?
Watch you suffer over the nickel slots?
My heart can't take that kind of pounding.
Well, she's got a title shot.
The Blue Bear.
Million dollars,
split right down the center.
That's good, Frankie. That's real good.
Well, I could use a good second.
Can't find one,
I thought I'd ask you.
Now, why the hell
would I wanna do that?
Well, because you're a half-blind old fool
who never got there himself.
I thought you might like to feel what it's like to be in a ring on a title match. Excuse me for feeling sorry for you. No, you pick up somebody there in Vegas. Somebody with young hands. You're not gonna cry now, are you? I've already got one girl. I leave this place for one day... ...got any idea what it would look like when I come back? Kind of like it looks right now. Oh, go to hell. You tell Maggie don't come back here without a belt. Will do. Hey, Mr. Scrap. I got a question, but I feel real stupid asking it. No such thing as a stupid question there, Danger. Okay. How'd you get all the ice in here through this little tiny hole? I've been thinking on it. Can't figure it out. Why don't I show you, Danger. - You could do that? You could show me? - I think so. I think so. Also, Mr. Scrap, I was kind of thinking I might be ready for a fight. Well, I got the tickets. You ready? - We're flying? - Would you rather drive? You're asking me? Would you rather fly, or would you rather drive? So I finally get to decide something? That's what I'm saying. Fine. Fly there, drive back. That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard. How the hell we gonna do that? You said it was up to me.
Give them hell there, Danger.
Hey, old school,
the toilet's overflowing.
Hey, Flippy, come here for a minute.
Jesus.
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.
Oh, God!
Dumb-ass.
Come on, Danger. Come on, Danger.
Come on. Defense!
Could be sitting up at the Mirage...
...drinking mai tais...
...Looking at naked women.
Come on, Danger,
put up your hands and fight.
Danger, get out of there!
Fight back! Come on!
- There you go, Danger, there you go!
- Good job, man.
Jab him with the left.
Come on.
Come on.
Hey, come on now, Flip.
- What you doing? Let him go.
- All right. Okay.
I got you. Come on, come on.
It's all right.
We don't need no corner trainer.
How'd I do, Mr. Scrap?
You did good, Danger. You did real good.
You my man. You rock.
Come on, Flip, man, you ain't done.
You ain't even fight good yet.
Anybody can lose one fight.
Anybody can lose one, son.
You'll come back from this.
You'll be champion of the world.
No, I won't, Mr. Scrap.
I should have knowed.
- Come on. We don't need to be talking.
- Let me help you.
Oh, no, I can do her.
Just untie the Velcro for me.
All right.
Come on, don't take the gloves off, man.
You ain't even used them, Danger.
Mind if I borrow this, Danger?
Man, I thought your name was Danger.
Come on, now.
Oh, oh, I see. Now I get to fight
a retard and a old man.
Call ESPN, because you can't
write this shit.
Look out, Shawrelle. Easy, Shawrelle.
Keep going, man.
All right, man.
He ain't so tough.
One hundred and ten.
Get a job, punk.
Win this one, I'll tell you what it means.
I got you some pipers.
Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle!
Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle!
All right, now!
I want you to jab her right in the tits...
...until they turn blue and fall off.
Ladies and gentlemen,
this is the feature...
...presentation of the evening.
In this corner, the challenger,
Maggie Fitzgerald...
...in the red corner.
In the blue corner...
...the WBA welterweight champion
of the world...
...Billie "The Blue Bear."
Sweet Jesus.
Fitzgerald is pushing The Blue Bear
around the ring. She's coming on strong.
Challenger darts in, lands a combination
to the head and the body.
- And a right hook stuns the champ.
- All right.
Break it up!
Break it! Break it!
Do that one more time,
it'll cost you a point, do you hear me?
Go fight.
You motherfucker.
Come on. What the fuck?
All right, that's it.
I'm gonna take away a point.
One point deduction
off the blue corner.
- comes back, hits Fitzgerald...
Ref, open your eyes, you...
Ladies and gentlemen, the first round
is in the books on this championship match.
- Hold onto that.
- There you go.
- Looking good.
- You pull that crap one more time...
...you're disqualified.
It's gonna be all right.
Got no doubt, boss.
Okay, just watch yourself.
Stay away from this dame.
Go to the neutral corner.
Neutral corner.
- Four, five, six...
- Stay down, you bitch.
...seven, eight, nine.
Yeah, yeah!
Break it! Break it!
Fitzgerald continues to pummel
The Blue Bear. The East German champion...
Yes! Come on!
I got it! I got it.
Eyes are blurring, boss.
- How many eyes you need to finish this?
- One's enough.
- Good.
- Now...
...what do I do about the Bear?
Do you know that step into the outside
and hook into the liver?
- I been doing that. She's made of steel.
- I don't want you to go to the liver.
I want you to hit her right up
under her skinny ass, understand?
Right in the sciatic nerve.
Just keep digging it in there.
And just keep sticking her.
You hear that?
- What about the ref?
- Keep between the ref and the Bear...
...and everything will just be fine.
This is yours. You keep your guard up.
You keep it up.
Oh, yeah!
Break, break!
Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle! Mo cuishle!
Doctor.
Come on.
Breathe.
That's it. Breathe.
Good.
Look at me. Concentrate on me.
Breathe.
Good.
That's it.
Breathe.
How you feeling, darling?
Growing a beard, boss?
I thought it might help me
with the ladies.
Can't say it does.
Does it...? Does it hurt much?
Don't hurt at all.
Well, that's good.
Where's Frankie?
Well, he's...
He's out there talking to the doctors.
Probably telling them how to do their job.
They're telling him
I'm a C1 and C2 complete.
Means that my spinal cord's so broke
they'll never be able to fix it.
Gonna be frozen like this
the rest of my life.
I asked them to tell him.
I don't know how he's gonna take it.
Did you see the fight?
Of course I did.
You had her cold, Maggie.
I shouldn't have dropped my hands.
I shouldn't have turned.  
Always protect myself.  
How many times he tell me that?  
Yeah...  
...he does like to repeat himself.  
Will you tell him I'm real sorry?  
No.  
I won't do no such thing, Maggie.  
Damnedest thing.  
So, what's the plan?  
I know you got one,  
so you might as well tell me what it is.  
It's your fault.  
Yeah, it's your fault  
she's lying in there like that.  
You kept after me until I trained her.  
I knew I shouldn't have done it,  
her being a girl and all.  
Everything kept telling me not to.  
Everything but you.  
I'm gonna get you out of here.  
These doctors around here  
don't know squat.  
Otherwise, why would they be  
living out here in the desert?  
As soon as you're able to be moved...  
...we'll find some place where  
they've actually studied medicine.  
You just rest there, I'II...  
I'm on it.  
Frankie must have called  
every hospital in America...  
... looking for somebody  
who'd tell him they could fix her.  
He came close twice,  
till they checked her over...  
... said there was nothing to be done.  
Took two months till she was  
stable enough to move.  
They got nurses for that, you know.  
Yeah, but they're amateurs.  
She developed skin ulcers  
because she couldn't change positions.  
Thank you.
They made the six-hour trip by ambulance. Fly there, drive back. The rehab center Frankie found was a nice place. They took good care of Maggie. She wouldn't have complained if they hadn't. Took several hours every day to get her ready for the wheelchair. One, two, three, up. Since she couldn't breathe on her own... ... her respirators were always on. Oxygen was pumped into her 24 hours a day. Maggie's mama called to say they were all coming for a visit. She waited by the window every day for the next two weeks. Sure. Frankie finally tracked them down. Learned they'd checked into their hotel six days earlier. Kept leaving messages which were never returned. You don't have to hang around all day. I like it here. I don't mind. In fact, if you weren't here, I'd come here anyway to read my books. Mama will be here soon to share some of the burden. Well, it's no burden. Here. Read this. Okay, okay, that's enough. That's terrible. Anyway, I'll tell you in English what you were saying.

**It says:**
I will arise and go now And go to Innisfree And a small cabin build there Of clay and wattles made
And I shall have some peace there
For peace comes dropping slow
Dropping from the veils of the morning
To where the cricket sings.
Not bad, huh?
You gonna build a cabin, boss?
- Me?
- Yeah.
You know, when you quit all this.
You mean boxing?
No, I'll never quit.
I like the stink too much, I guess.
You think?
Because I could see you there real easy...
...with your books and lemon pie.
How about you?
Would you like to go live in a cabin?
I could learn how to bake.
Well, then, I'II...
Maybe I'll start looking then.
Yeah.
- Go ahead.
- All right. Okay, sounds good.
Hi, I'm Frankie Dunn.
I met you back out in Missouri.
Where's my little girl?
Don't you think you ought to go back
to the hotel and change?
She doesn't know you've been here
a week visiting Woody and Mickey.
We got business with my sister.
Why don't you just tell us where she is.
Oh, you must be J.D.
And you must be the business guy?
There's some rides you missed.
Why don't you go back.
I'll tell her you couldn't make it.
I drove all the way here
to take care of my child.
And you're suggesting
I'm not a good mother?
Mary M. Can't go nowhere.
If we could've taken her to Disneyland,
we would've.
Margaret Fitzgerald?
Right down here, 301.
- Come on, Mama.
- Let's go.
And I saw myself breathing.
Like, my body was going up and down.
I thought,
"Why didn't somebody tell me?"
Your hair needs washing.
It's kind of greasy.
It's just a...
It's just some kind of legal thing.
What is it?
How we all doing here?
Sorry, darling,
but we ain't got a lot of time.
Mr. Johnson's charging us a lot of money
to be here to make sure this is done proper.
Why don't you just leave that.
I'll read it to her later.
Hey, old man...
...you part of our family?
Stay the hell out of this.
Read it to me, Mama.
Well, it's just something legal
to protect your money.
Mama, you don't have to worry.
The boxing commission's
paying for all this, everything.
But what if they don't, Mary M?
Mr. Johnson says
they can take my house.
If you assign your assets to your mother,
no one can touch them.
No doctors, no funeral expenses.
- Nothing.
- Yeah, look, why don't you just leave it.
- Then I'll just read it to her later on...
- With respect, this ain't your business.
All right. I'll be out in the hall.
You been a good daughter, Mary M.
You sign that paper...
...it'll take care of your family...
...the way your daddy
would've wanted you to.
How do you make your mark?
Can you hold a pen?
She gotta do it with her teeth, Mama.
You gotta put it in her mouth.
Here you go, honey.
Did you see the fight, Mama?
Honey, you know how I feel about that.
I did pretty good.
You lost, Mary M.
Ain't your fault, the way I heard it,
but you lost.
Don't wanna lose the rest
of what you got left.
There you go.
What happened to you?
Well, what's that supposed to mean?
Mama, you take Mardell and J.D.
And get home.
Before I tell that lawyer that you were
so worried about your welfare...
...you never signed those house papers
like you were supposed to.
So any time I feel like it,
I can sell that house...
...from under your fat, lazy,
hillbilly asses.
And if you ever come back,
that's exactly what I'll do.
Well, maybe someone ought
to count to 10.
Don't smell real pretty, does it, doc?
We might have to lose it, Maggie.
They took my leg, boss.
It's gonna be all right, you hear?
I always hear your voice, boss.
You need anything?
I need to know what "mo cuishle" means.
But you didn't win.
I don't have to tell you.
You're the meanest man I ever met.
No wonder no one loves you.
You remind me of my daddy.
Well, he must have been...
...a very intelligent, handsome man.
You ain't gonna make me talk
no more Yeats, are you?
No, I was...
...Looking at this catalog
from City College.
I thought I'd get you a wheelchair...
...maybe the kind that operates
by blowing through a straw.
I thought maybe you'd like
to go back to school.
I got a favor to ask you, boss.
Sure.
Anything you want.
Remember what my daddy did for Axel?
Don't even think about that.
I can't be like this, Frankie.
Not after what I done.
I seen the world.
People chanted my name.
Well...
...not my name,
some damn name you gave me.
But they were chanting for me.
I was in magazines.
You think I ever dreamed that'd happen?
I was born at 2 pounds,
Daddy used to tell me
I fought to get into this world...
...and I'd fight my way out.
That's all I wanna do, Frankie.
I just don't wanna fight you to do it.
I got what I needed.
I got it all.
Don't let them keep
taking it away from me.
Don't let me lie here till I can't hear
those people chanting no more.
I can't.
Please.
Please, don't ask me.
I'm asking.
I can't.
Hello?
In the middle of the night...
... Maggie had found her own solution.
She had bit her tongue.
Stop. Stop.
Look at me. Look at me.
Nearly bled to death
before they stitched her up.
She came around and ripped them out
before Frankie even got there.
They stitched her up again...
... padded the tongue
so she couldn't bite.
You can't do it, you know that.
I do, Father.
But you don't know how thick she is...
...how hard it was to train her.
Other fighters would do
exactly what you'd say to them...
...and she'd ask, why this and why that,
and then do it her own way anyway.
How she fought for the title, I...
It wasn't by anything...
Well, it wasn't by listening to me.
But now she wants to die...
...and I just wanna keep her with me.
And I swear to God, Father, it's...
It's committing a sin by doing it.
By keeping her alive, I'm killing her.
Do you know what I mean?
How do I get around that?
You don't. You step aside, Frankie.
You leave her with God.
She's not asking for God's help.
She's asking for mine.
Frankie, I've seen you at Mass
almost every day for 23 years.
The only person comes
to church that much...
...is the kind who can't
forgive himself for something.
Whatever sins you're carrying...
...they're nothing compared to this.
Forget about God or heaven and hell.
If you do this thing, you'll be lost.
Somewhere so deep...
...you'll never find yourself again.
I think I did it already.
We're keeping her sedated
so she won't try that again.
I went to see Maggie this morning.
You must have been somewhere else.
Yeah.
You got a fight I don't know about?
It wasn't your fault.
I was wrong to say that.
You're damn right.
I found you a fighter...
...and you made her
the best fighter she could be.
I killed her.
Don't say that.
Maggie walked through that door
with nothing but guts.
No chance in the world of being
what she needed to be.
A year and a half later, she's fighting
for the championship of the world.
You did that.
People die every day, Frankie.
Mopping floors, washing dishes.
And you know what
their last thought is?
"I never got my shot."
Because of you, Maggie got her shot.
If she dies today, you know what
her last thought will be?
"I think I did all right."
I know I could rest with that.
Yeah.
Yeah.
Yeah.
I'm gonna get a cup of coffee.
Yeah.
All right.
I'm gonna disconnect your air machine...
...then you're gonna go to sleep.
Then I'll give you a shot, and you'll...
...stay asleep.
Mo cuishle...
...means "my darling, my blood."
He gave her a single shot.
It was enough adrenaline
to do the job a few times over.
He didn't want her
going through this again.
Then he walked out.
I don't think he had anything left.
I went back to the gym.
Waited, figuring he'd turn up
sooner or later.
And that's when a ghost
came through the door.
I got to thinking what you said,
Mr. Scrap.
What was that, Danger?
Anybody can lose one fight.
That's the truth.
Go on, put your gloves on.
You missed a lot of training.
Will do, Mr. Scrap. Sure thing.
Frankie never came back at all.
Frankie didn't leave a note,
and nobody knew where he went.
I'd hoped he'd gone to find you...
... and ask you one more time
to forgive him.
But maybe he didn't have
anything left in his heart.
I just hope he found someplace
where he could find a little peace.
A place set in the cedars and oak trees.
Somewhere between
nowhere and goodbye.
But that's probably wishful thinking.
No matter where he is...
... I thought you should know what kind
of man your father really was.