Resurrecting The Champ

By Michael Bortman
He lost to Harold Johnson
and to Nino Valdez.
That win to Valdez catapulted him into
the national statistics spotlight also.
Charles, 32 years old, Satterfield, 30.
Here's round two.

189 for Charles, 180 for Satterfield.
Charles is in the white trunks.
A writer, like a boxer, must stand alone.
Satterfield has
surprised all tonight with his right.
Having your words published,
like entering a ring...
puts your talent on display.
And there's nowhere to hide.
The truth is revealed.
And sometimes,
the results can be disastrous.

And Satterfield is down!
Three, four, five, six, seven-
He's not gonna get up. Eight, nine-
And it's all over. Wow!

Ezzard Charles-
Oh!
One, two, three-
- You all right?
- Yeah, I'm okay.
Box!
One, two, three, four...
- five, six-
- Over!
- Whoo!
- Seven, eight, nine, 10.
It's over!

Yo, Erik,
was that a left or a right there?
Erik?
There he is, just like I told you.
Come on, guys. Give it a rest.
- Come on. We're just messin' around.
- Leave the poor guy alone.
Hey, Champ!

What's up? How you doin' Champ?
Oh, you know, about 60%.
Tryin' to get a bite.
I told my friends you were the Champ.
- Yeah, that's right.
- I told 'em I kicked the shit out of you.
Kicked the shit right out of me.
Sure did.
- He ain't no champ, Kenny.
- Yeah, I am!
Battlin' Bob Satterfield.
Number three in the world.
- Show 'em your moves.
- Oh, no, I'm shoppin'.
You can shop later.
Come on, Champ!
- Come on.
- Hey, let's go, Champ!
Come on. Show us your punch.
Let's have some fun!
- Wanna see some moves, huh?
- Yeah, show us what you got.
Show us your punch.
- Wanna see my punch?
- Yeah.
Aah!
What is your problem, old man? Shut up.
Dude, is that how you broke
that guy's nose?
Yeah, yeah. Boom!
Made the Rock bleed. Yeah, that's right.
Come on, get up, Champ.
- Come on, Champ!
- I don't want to fight anymore, okay?
- Get up, Champ!
- No. I'm done fightin'.
Come on, Champ. One more round.
Oh!
Come on. Get up, Champ.
- Put your hands up.
- No.
- Put 'em up!
- Fight back, Champ!
Do it, man!
Kenny, the old man's beatin'you!
- Grab him!
- No, no, wait! No, no!
I'm sorry!
L- I didn't mean it, okay?
Right to the midsection!
Are you asleep?
I'm sorry.
I, um-What time is it?
All right. I'll see you tomorrow.
Go back to sleep. All right, sweetie. Bye.
Hey.
Hey, what's goin' on?
Just some assholes having fun.
Do it again!
Hey!
- Yeah! New champ now.
- Hey! What the hell?
I just beat the champion of the world!
And he's down for the count!
- You guys are such assholes.
- Get in the back! Come on!
Yeah! Hell, yeah!
Hey. Hey-
Old man, are you-Are you okay?
Boys just havin' fun.
You know, it's fun to beat the Champ.
Well, you sh-
Yeah, you should, uh-
You should get home.
No, I am home.
You-You say you're the Champ?
What are you talking about?
Yeah, yeah.
Battlin'Bob Satterfield.
Number three in the world.
Hey.
How 'bout, uh-
Can I give you this?
Oh, yeah. Thanks.
You done helped the Champ
when he was down and halfway out.
I won't forget this.
- You sure you're okay?
- Yeah, man.
I'm about 30% right now,
but I'll be okay.
Okay, well, you take care
of yourself, all right?
Yeah. You too.
- John, how are you doing?
- Erik.
Denver Times.
All right, well, there's some weirdness
with the smoking ordinance at the casinos.
Um, just some of the employees there—
I'm sorry. That may be a good
opportunity for an editorial.
The Indian gaming laws
and the responsibilities and so on.
And while we're on the subject, Ralph,
you know, if you don't mind...
I was thinking that maybe we could,
um, assign one of my guys maybe...
to do something about the NFL draft,
the politics involved and—
No, that's good. I like that.
Then, um—
And then my sports guys can do
an editorial on global warming.
- Oh, come on. This is serious.
- No, I mean it.
Guys, guys. You're up, Jo.
Well, the mayor's coming out in favor
of the, um, convention coming here.
So, um—So there's gonna be
a press conference later.
Well, that's that.
Lunch is on me at Duffy's.
- Anyone that can bring me a completed crossword.
- Awesome! Love Duffy's.
Are we sending anybody down
to training camp?
I have a budget for a stringer, I guess.
- Well, I think it might be nice to
do a draft follow-up. - Yeah, sure.
Good.
Hey, boss.
We got a little buried today, huh?
- What are you talking about?
The Jermaine fight I covered.
It was a good fight.
Oh, yeah. I buried it, right.
Why?
Something's got to get buried.
Well, that's what high school wrestling is for, right?
I mean, it's a solid story.
Not a fact missing.
You had copy 40 minutes after the fight.
Yeah, you're like a machine.
All the style of one too.
Wait a minute, Ralph.
Do you mind sitting?
Now, listen. I appreciate what you're doing, filling my pages.
And I don't want you to stop.
Hey, Ralph? Sorry for interrupting.
Do you want me to e-mail you those quotes?
Yeah, yeah, right.
But your copy, it's unimpressive.
A lot of typing, not much writing.
Well, Sam Kirby liked—
He doesn't work here anymore.
The truth is... I forget your pieces while I'm reading them.
Now, if this is the best you can do, I'm not gonna complain.
But I know you can do a lot better.
Why is that, Ralph?
Because of your name.
Thanks for the talk.
Oh, look, come on.
Look. Don't get like a chick on me, all right? Be a man.
Recognize your weaknesses and fix 'em.
Slow down a bit, you know?
Think quality.
I got it. Got an appointment.
We write it like this.
What the lawsuit is calling for is an order to force the E.P. A...
to reassign its approval over the water standards...
for the rivers
affected by the development.
Mm-hmm. Wyoming and Montana
are going to join as interveners.
Okay.
- Hey, was that you calling last night?
- Yeah, yeah, it was.
Sorry about that.
Hey, did you read the article-
Jermaine fight?
Yeah. It was good.
- It was, wasn't it?
- Very solid.
Yeah, solid. Exactly.
Metz hated it. Of course.
What didn't he like?
What does Metz-
What does Metz ever like?
I don't know. He wasn't specific.
You know,
he's never going to let me write...
on the Broncos or the Nuggets.
Well, maybe Metz will come around.
It doesn't really matter because,
um, I'm having lunch with Whitley.
Today.
I might have a shot at the magazine.
- That's great.
- Yeah, it is.
- That is great.
- Nothing certain yet, but it seems pretty positive.
- That's fantastic.
- Yep.
Does Metz know?
Are you serious?
What are you on?
No, Metz doesn't know.
Hey, I was wondering if I could shoot
some hoops with Teddy this afternoon.
You know,
Teddy's only gonna get used to this...
if we stick on the schedule
that we agreed on.
We're separated, okay?
It's easy for you to say. You haven't had your son cleaved from you.
All right, all right.
A little overdramatic. Sorry.
Sorry, I'm just-
Ball's in the play box in the garage.
Thank you. Thank you.
- Talk to Metz.
- Sure.
So, um, listen, I was, uh- I was sorry to hear about your old man.
Mmm. Thank you.
It was cancer, right?
Yeah. Uh, here.
Hmm. Of all places.
- Ironic, right?
- Yeah. We got the iced teas coming?
- Mm-hmm, sure.
- Thank you.
Look, we've read your stuff,
Fred Roselle and I.
And I'm sorry to say,
it's just not there.
Not yet anyway.
The consensus was that it lacked personality.
Exactly.
I mean, Bing, last year, under Kirby,
I had 192 bylines.
That's the most of any reporter in the history of the newspaper.
You say my stuff is thin?
Of course it is.
A lot of typing, no writing.
I don't have time.
And this year, I have a new editor.
So I keep an open mind.
And guess what? He's working me even harder than Kirby was.
I mean, he thinks I'm a machine.
Anytime I bring in a story with just an ounce of heart, Metz spikes it.
I mean, this is stuff that I think that the magazine should have - magazine deserves.
Okay, give me an example.
Well-
Is that the mango?
Yeah.
It's not the peach?
No, it's the mango.
Sorry. I'm sorry.
Give me an example.
I mean, there's- I have so many.
But sometimes I feel blocked.
I'm not very good at this.
No, no, no. Just anything. Just give me an example.
Um, crossroads. Uh, Elway.
You know, what does he do now
at this point in his life?
Maybe he runs for governor.
I get that one proposed and rejected twice a week.
People don't want to hear
about their heroes aging.
Okay, okay.
Well, then what about Coors Field?
The worst place to pitch-
The worst place to pitch in America.
Uh, strikin' out.
Um-
Well, there's this boxer.
An ex-heavyweight contender.
He's, uh, living on the streets of Denver.
He's living in the trash.
Yeah?
Yeah. And, you know, he kind of patrols the neighborhood. He calls himself the Champ.
He's a- He's a lovely guy.
And the story, it's beautiful.
It's touching.
But I tell Metz about it,
and he says, "Forget about it.
It's a dry hole.
Go cover the Jermaine fight."
What's his name, the, uh- the boxer?
Satterfield.
Bob Satterfield?
Yeah. Bob.
Wow.
Are you sure? My dad used to idolize that guy. I thought he was dead.
- He- No, he's dead.
- That's what everybody thinks.
And that's why I think that this story is such a great story.
I want to call it "Resurrecting the Champ."
- And he's here in Denver?
- Yeah.
- Bob Satterfield?
- I saw him yesterday.
What are your plans for this?
Well, I thought maybe I'd take my time.
You know, really work well on it, work hard. Think quality.
And see if I can get Metz to come around.
Well, if, uh-
If you can't bring him around, I'd be glad to take a look at it.
Well, that'd be great. That'd be terrific.
When he won in California, it was already too late.
Mondale had already had enough delegates.
Um, no, I think so.
Uh, November 30
- I don't have an exact date. I can find one.
- Hey.
- One second. Okay.
No, I'll get it for you and I'll-
Okay. Bye.
- Hey.
- Hey. How's it goin'?
- Great.
- Can you keep a secret, Molly?
- Can you?
- Sure.
- Can you?
- Sure.
My name's not Molly.
Yes, that's true.
'Cause it's Millie, right?
- Polly.
- Polly.
Close. Yeah.
What can I do for you?
Uh, well, I'm doing
a story on a heavyweight fighter...
from the 1950s named Bob Satterfield.
But, um, nobody can know about it.
You're moonlighting.
It's none of Metz's business.
- You got it.
- Yeah.
What do you need?
Well, um, there wasn't much on him
on the Internet.
So I guess you're gonna have to
go old school on this one.
I kind of need everything
you can find on him.
From our library, New York Times,
L.A. Times, Ring magazine, of course.
If you can find out if there's
a Boxing Hall of Fame, that'd be great.
Anybody he may have fought.
Uh, trainers, anything.
Shouldn't you write this down
or something?
Plausible deniability.
I've got to take that.
- I will get the information and bring it to your cubicle.
- Okay.
Let's go. Drive it in.
Take it into the hoop.
I'm a big ol' slow guy. You can't take it
inside on me. You can't do it!
- Foul!
- Foul?
Okay. Take some free throws then.
Aim for my hand, all right?
Front of the rim, my hand.
Get it up there.
You gotta roll it off
the ends of your fingers, okay?
- I suck.
- You don't suck.
You think Shaq was hittin' baskets when he was your age?
- Yeah.
- Well, he wasn't.
He told me so himself.
He said that he was a big ol' spaz when he was your age.
- Really?
- Yeah, really.
But he told me that in confidence, buddy.
So you can't tell anybody, okay?
- Dad?
- Yes?
Have you called up John Elway yet and asked if he's playing next year?
You know, we keep missing each other, buddy.
I hope he comes back.
The Broncos need him.
You know, I told him that you said that.
And he said he'd consider it.
- Really?
- Really.
So if he comes back, you're partially responsible.
Are you gonna stay for dinner tonight?
Mom's making spaghetti and meatballs.
Would you like me to?
Hi, sweetie. Hey, Erik.
So, Teddy was just inviting me to stay for spaghetti and meatballs.
What do you think?
- How'd it go with Whitley today?
- We'll talk about it later.
Are you gonna make more money at the magazine?
Mmm, no. But that's not really the point, buddy.
It's about the prestige.
And I'd probably have to write maybe 15 articles a year. Maybe.
That's a lot of stories.
Actually, it's not.
It's only about one
every three and a half weeks.
That means I can really
concentrate on them, make them good.
Then maybe I can become
as respected as your mom.
It could be like a ticket
to the big time kind of thing.
Like the story on the boxer
that you pitched to Whitley?
Exactly.
In fact, I better get back to the alley,
see if he's still sleeping there.
There's a man sleeping in the alley?
Yeah, buddy. Some people do that.
They don't have a home.
Or friends or family.
They gotta sleep in the alley.
This sounds like
it's gonna be a very sad story.
No, buddy. It's gonna be a hopeful story.
Don't worry.
Who's coming to Career Day, you or Mom?
Well, I'm sure your friends
would rather hear about...
your dad's work as a sportswriter...
than my conversations...
with Herb... Milton.
He's the city mass transit accountant.
That was awesome.
I'm gonna go find Satterfield.
Your mom and I will talk about who's
coming to Career Day. Okay, buddy?
I love you. See you, buddy.
- Bye, Daddy.
- Bye.
- Good evening,
all you boys and some girls.
This is Erik "The Wow Man" Kernan.
And, wow, was there a fight tonight!
In the hot, stale air of Las Vegas,
it was a three-round affair...
that carried the weight of war and sin
on its head and shoulders.
There was a winner. That's for sure.
Jesus Christ!
You're Champ, right?
Your last name is Satterfield?
Yeah. Battlin' Bob Satterfield,
number three in the world.
Right. Okay.
- You told me that last night.
- Last night.
Yeah, you- Those, um, kids
came in here, and they were-
Oh, yeah, yeah! Yeah.
You done helped Champ
when he was down and halfway out.
Yeah. I'm Erik Kernan
of The Denver Times.
I was wondering
if I could buy you a cup of coffee.
I don't drink coffee.
I used to. But not no more.
Uh, how about a cold beer?
Yeah, I indulge in a beer
every now and then.
I think people would love your story.
I mean, you were-
You were almost champion of the world.
Ah, that was a long time ago.
You fought LaMotta.
You fought Patterson.
You heard a whole stadium of people
stand up and call out your name.
- You remember that?
- Sure. Sure, I remember.
People would know you.
You could walk down the street,
everybody would know your name.
So, what you gonna write about?
I'm gonna write
what you tell me, your story.
Nah. Everybody already
know my name. I'm Champ.
Well, just in case.
Kernan. Kernan, like that guy who used to
be on the radio a long time ago.
- Yeah, he was my father.
- You don't say.
I do, yeah.
Your father
ruined Christmas for me one year.
He was on the radio talkin'all about
how I was a disappointment.
Christmas Eve, 1953.
I went from up and coming
to a has-been.
Nothin' in between.
Pissed me off, your daddy did.
Well, let me make it up to you.
I'll come back around,
next day or two.
Maybe we can have another beer.
Yeah. Yeah, yeah. All right. Yeah.
Hey! You know,
I ain't gonna forget this.
You done helped the Champ
when he was down and damn near out.
I'm trying to find something
we can all listen to.
Well, I can put together a list, I guess.
There are a couple bands that are new,
that are good. But they're not too loud.
- Yeah. Not all that acid stuff.
- No, I wouldn't do that to you, I promise.
- Yeah, what?
- Boss. Hey. Miller's out with the flu.
Yeah, I know, it's going around.
You oughta get a flu shot.
- I did.
- They're giving 'em out on the second floor.
Yeah, I did. I just was wondering
if I could cover for him.
Trailblazers are in town,
and he was supposed to cover the game.
- I'll just put together a list.
- I need those quotes. I need more quotes on the golf story.
- Hey, Erik.
Uh, I was wondering if I could cover for him.

No, no.

Duncan's got the Trailblazers game.
I thought Duncan was covering
the bantamweight fight.
You're gonna take the fight, and he's got
the Trailblazers. I promised him. I'm sorry.
Okay. Yeah. It's just that my kid...
I was gonna take him
because he idolizes the Trailblazers.
They're his heroes.
I'm sorry. The Trailblazers,
they're his- they're his heroes?
- Yeah.
- Now I know you're full of shit.
- See you, Ralph.
- You give it away like that. No, really. I know now.
Boom! That's just the way
it happened too.
- I broke not the big bone in his nose, but the small one.
- Damn.
You kicked some ass back in the day.
- That's right. Bob Satterfield,
number three in the world.
Yo, man, I gotta go though.
All right, youngblood.
Take it easy, baby. All right.
- Hey, Champ.
- Hey, hey!
You-You scared him off.
He thought you was the police.
- Well, I'm definitely not. You remember who I am?
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
You're the guy helped the Champ when he
was down and halfway out. You that reporter.
- I'm honored. How you feelin'?
- Oh, you know, about 60%.
Have you thought at all
about talkin' with me?
No, I ain't been thinkin' about nothin'.
I'm savin' that till later.
What are you doin' now?
Are you busy?
Corners.
So I'm sorry
I brought you to a dog, Champ.
No, no, no. The white kid?
He's gonna knock
the Spanish kid on his ass.
- Don't you mean the other way around?
- Mm-mmm.
Kernan, who's your buddy?
- How ya doin', Bob?
Oh, about 90% tonight.
Um, you got any more of those beers?
White boy's gonna knock
the spicky kid out.
No way.
Gomez is way too strong, man.
One, two, three, four...
five, six, seven, eight...
nine, 10!
This is over!
How did you see that coming, Champ?
The knockout, I mean.
Oh, oh, well, I, um-
I see the white boy, uh-uh-
- Durant.
- Yeah. I see Durant, he was...
he was, like, takin' that ass-whoopin'.
- But-But then I seen his eyes.
- What about his eyes?
Well, he, um- He figured out
that the Spanish fella, he had a tell.
See? A tell. When he switched over
from lefty back to righty.
See, I saw his eyes figure out
that the spicky boy...
he cocked his head to the left
before he made the switch.
He had that figured-out look
in his eye.
- You saw that?
- Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.
I done seen it in my opponents' eyes
way too many times.
Ah, don't nobody want to read
about an old man like me.
Sure, they do. Most fight fans
think you're dead, Champ.
I mean, wait till they hear
what you've been through.
And that you're still around to tell
about it? They'll shit themselves.
You'll be a celebrity again.
Champ, I gotta tell ya.
I'm in real trouble where I work.
I'm just about down and out myself.
I'm havin'a real dry spell at the paper.
They're talkin' about firin' me.
Newspapers are being forced to cut bulk
because of the Internet and all that.
Champ...
this article is my title shot.
All right, son. All right.
You ask the questions. I answer.
Thanks.
See, Rocky Marciano...
he's gettin'ready
for that Jersey Joe Walcott fight.
And Rocky, well, he hired
all the good sparring partners around.
And they paid us at that time,
oh, what was it?
Oh, yeah, $50 apiece, I think.
- Come on, Rock!
- It was on a Sunday.
We put on an exhibition
at Grossinger's in New York.
Keep your arms up! Keep your arms up!
You're gonna take Jersey Joe down
in the first round!
Oh, he was strong,
I'm gonna tell ya.
Hit me on the glove,
still knock me down.
But not out. See? I got up.
Started fightin' harder.
And I kept hittin' him on the nose
and hittin' him on the nose...
till his nose started bleeding.
And every time he come to hit
with that overhand right...
I'd get back
and shoot a short right up to him.
- And-And then his nose wouldn't stop.
- You all right?
Everybody was all concerned and stuff,
but, you know, Rocky was tough as hell.
He came back!
But I had him.
He's goin'down, Rock. He's goin'down.
Whoo!
That's just the way it happened too.
Now, now, I broke not the big bone in
his nose, but the little bone. Busted it.
Now, I-I-I'm not one
to give my opinion, all right?
But every time Rocky fought after that,
his nose bled.
Defended the title six times,
but always had trouble with that nose.
I'm thinkin' that's why he quit.
What about your father?
He must have been proud.
No, no. He used to whoop me.
- Seriously?
- Yeah, yeah.
Look-Look here, see?
- When did he do that?
- Oh, I think I was... nine years old.
What? Your daddy never whoop you?
- No.
- Mmm. Well, you're a lucky man.
Merry Christmas
to all you boys and some girls.
This is Erik "The Wow Man"Kernan
speaking of pugilism...
where tonight, wow...
the art of the sport was reduced
to something less than that...
when one Thomas Kincaid entered the ring
with one Bernard Summerville.
As I sat watching the battle from my humble
perch beneath them, one thing became clear.
Mr. Kincaid is no longer worthy
to carry the title of heir apparent...
in a world once inhabited
by the greats, by the giants...
by the Dempseys,
by the Walcotts, by the Lewises.
This is Erik "The Wow Man" Kernan.
And we'll be right back
after these words.

Nice article.
- Yep. Thanks.
- You're welcome.
Erik Kernan, Denver Times.

Hey, Ken, what's up?
Uh, I gotta call you back, all right?
Just a second. See ya.
- Hey, Ralph.
- Morning. Nice piece.
Yeah? Thanks.
Normally, I'd cut the whole
reading of the eyes bit.
But I don't know.
It smelled authentic.
I'm glad you liked it.
- Aren't you glad you didn't go to that bullshit basketball game?
- Yeah.
- Champ.
- Hey!
- Weren't we supposed to meet?
- Is that right?
Last night. We said we were gonna meet
at the park about an hour ago?
W- Well, here we are.
That's our piece. Page one.
How about that?
There's spicky boy on his ass.
How 'bout that?
Hey, uh-uh-uh-
How 'bout I buy you lunch?
Yeah.
- Always this many people here, Champ?
- Mm-hmm.
- Food always this good?
- Oh, yeah, most times. They do make a fish soup some days, but you don't want to touch that. Aren't you afraid someone's gonna steal your cart? No. We got this kind of homeless code of honor, you know? It's all right. Nobody's gonna bother it. You know what would be good for the story? If I could look at some of the stuff in your cart, see what you lug around every day. I think it'd be really interesting for the article. All right, we can do that... as soon as you take me to your house and let me go through all your personal stuff. Oh, you know, I listened to my father's tape. Christmas, 1953.

- Mmm.
- And he didn't mention you. He didn't talk about you till about a week later. Well, maybe I got Christmas and New Year's confused. Is your daddy still alive? No, he-Throat cancer. Throat cancer. Wow. That's, um-That's, uh-Ironic. Irony is when something seems like it's going a certain way, and then-Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah, I know-I know what irony is, kid. You know, I-I've had a lot of experience with irony. Sorry.

So, you have much formal education? No, no. Didn't have much schooling. I was always boxing. I never dreamed, though, I'd be heavyweight champ. But I always thought that if I got
that shot, I would like to think that-if I got that shot, that I would win it. Get that respect. But you didn't get the chance. No. No, no. Never did.

I had this fight with Ezzard Charles. He was makin' a comeback. If-I beat him, then I could go from number three to number one. Then I could get that title. Get a shot at that belt. But he caught me and somehow knocked me flat on my back. Out cold. That was a- How you say? It was a-

That was a big humiliation for me. I had a couple more fights after that. But I was only about 30%. Wasn't no need in me carryin' on. I moved to Sioux City, see? Up and left my family. On account of the humiliation? Yeah, yeah, exactly right. I worked in the horse stables, uh-

One of the owners, he-he-he found out who I was, and he had this idea, see? I told you before. You can't be standing still. You can't fight his fight! You have to fight your own fight! He boxed me in the West and the-and-and-and the Midwest... where nobody knew nothin' about boxing. Wasn't no real competition. These were, how you say, uh-uh-uh, non-sanctioned. But, hell, I could be a winner. So, I fought and fought. Must've been, like, every other week. Knocked all of'em out. And in this corner,
weighing a lean, mean 185 pounds...
from Chicago, Illinois,
Battlin' Bob Satterfield!
But maybe I-I-I- How-How you say-
Boxed-Boxed too much.
One day I was just plain exhausted
and beat to shit.
Some huge boy
knocked me down hard.
Knocked me in the eye.
And messed up my vision real bad.
Then I-I-I-I-I just- I just couldn't
fight no more after that.
And that-That son of a bitch owner,
he kept all the money.
He said, uh, I had messed up
the merchandise.
So, then I hitched my way down here.
I remember fighting out here once.
Air was clean.
Been out here
for, ooh, 40-somethin' years.
Jesus Christ.
This is all I could find on your guy.
I'll keep looking,
but there's not a lot out there.
- Thank you.
- Sorry.
Did you find the contact information
on Satterfield Jr?
There are no listings in Ohio,
where he's from.
But I'll try New York, and then
Pennsylvania. And we'll go from there.
- Thanks.
- I did also find this.
What's that?
Did you get that press release
from the mayor's office?
I'll call you back. Come right on in.
What's this?
That... is Battlin' Bob Satterfield.
Fightin'Joe Blow.
Joe Blow.
You don't know who he's fighting?
- I'm questioning those investigative skills there.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
We got this off a collector.
It's the only one we could find.
Beautiful.
To be a reporter back then.
Can you imagine?
You really are only as good
as the athletes you cover.
Which one's Satterfield?
He's, uh, this one here.
- See the scar on his back?
- Mm-hmm.
His dad gave him that when he was
nine years old. Can you believe that?
Perfect. Perfect.
Champ, how's it goin', man?
Champ. What's up?
Jesus Christ, man,
what happened to your eye?
Those kids do that?
- You probably need a drink, huh?
- I need a drink bad.
These guys are gonna give you a drink
if you sweep up?
Yeah. But they said the wind
done already done it.
But sometime they change their mind.
Champ, I'm gonna get you a drink.
But then I gotta show you something, okay?
It's gonna blow your mind.
Hey.
I really appreciate it.
- So it's just two minutes long?
- Yeah, yeah. If that.
Hey, Champ. Champ.
Who's that you're fightin' there,
Champ?
Satterfield versus Kincaid.
Tommy Kincaid.
Never had it in him to hurt a man.
That was his problem.
He had skills though.
He had a hammer!
Where'd you get this?
Well, Champ, I'm a world-class investigative journalist.
This is what I do.
Is that the same guy?
- Who? The guy on the tape?
- Yeah.
- I can't tell.
- How y'all doin'?
Hey, can I get that back?
Could I- Quickly, actually.
Hey, Champ. Champ!
Hey, you all right?
I thought- I'm sorry.
I thought you'd like that.
You got kids?
Yeah, I got a six-year-old.
Boy. His name's Teddy.
Well, I hope that one day, God willing...
your son does for you
what you just done for me in there.
Hey, wait, where you goin'?
I thought that'd be a good line
to exit on.
L- I still need more for my story.
There's the-That-There.
That house right there.
- Don't stop. Keep goin'.
- Why?
Betty in there.
She come out here, she whoop us both.
- Who's Betty?
- Betty used to be my wife.
Well, she probably still is.
I thought lona was your wife.
Iona was my first wife.
You got a wife?
Yeah, I got a great wife. Joyce.
We went to Columbia together.
She works at the paper too.
She was a grad student,
I was a sophomore and-
She got pregnant.
We're separated now though.
- Oh, she done kicked your ass out, huh?
- Yeah.
What for?
Champ, when I figure that out,
maybe I can fix it.
Mmm. I'll tell ya, you know, w-w-women
ain't gonna never tell you what's wrong.
And if you don't know,
that's just too bad.
Yeah. That sounds about right.
- You love your son?
Yeah, you gots to love 'em, don't ya?
Gotta love 'em more than anything
in this whole world!
You gotta love 'em, like-
How they say, um, mucho grande.
- That's right. Mucho grande.
- Mucho grande.
My son, BobJr., with my first wife, lona
- He tells everybody I'm dead.
Why's that?
Is he ashamed of you
because you live on the street, or-
Oh, it's, uh, probably
'cause I left him and his mama.
- Really? How old was he?
- Six.
So, that was what, like,
I mean, come on, Junior, get over it.
Move on with your life.
Mm-hmm.
Yeah, I like to come back here
to-to-to Five Points...
and-and just look at the house
and, uh, imagine Betty inside.
And-and just look at the house
and, uh, imagine Betty inside.
But-But-But I can't go in.
My feet say go, but my head say no.
Look. You have to promise me, you
ain't gonna mess with Betty, all right?
'Cause if you do that, th-then you
be gettin' in my personal business.
Okay. Okay.
Promise.
- Dad?
- Yeah, buddy?
- What kind of dog is Snoopy?
- Uh, he's a beagle.
- He doesn't look like a beagle.
- Well, that's what he is.
Keith's got a beagle,
and she doesn't look like Snoopy at all.
Oh, really? Thank you very much.
- Is that true?
- Can we get a beagle?
I don't think that's really my call.
Especially when I'm not in the house.
- Here's your favorite table, sir.
- All right.
Come on.
Let's get out of here.
Dad, look. John Elway.
Can I meet him, Dad?
Can I talk to him? Please, Dad?
Um, you know what?
It's really not that cool
to go up to celebrities in public.
But he's not a celebrity.
He's your friend.
Even still. Okay?
Why can't you just talk to your friend?
It's a grown-up thing, buddy.
Let's go see your mom. Grab your jacket.
Come on. Let's go.
Hey, hey, hey. Teddy.
- Hi, Mr. Elway. I just came to say-
- Hey there, son.
- Hey, John, how ya doin'? Sorry.
- Oh, no worries.
- What's your name?
- Teddy.
- Do you play football?
- Yeah.
Except my hand's not big enough
to hold a real football.
Let me see. Other hand. 
I give you three years. Your hand's 
a lot bigger than mine was at your age. 
Well, we gotta go. 
I'll-I'll say hi to Joyce, okay? 
- O-Okay. 
- Bye, Mr. Elway. 
I hope you go back 
to the Broncos next year! 
He's a really nice guy. 
We could have stayed there longer. 
You know what, buddy? 
That's just the way it is, okay? 
Come on. Get up there. 
You have all these cool friends... 
and I never get to meet any of them. 
You know what? You're right. 
Let's fix that. 
Good ol' Rocky comes with another right, 
and I go, boom, up like this! 
Yeah. That's just the way it happened too. 
Remember, Marciano was the only 
heavyweight champ to retire undefeated. 
- Wow. 
- Yeah. He died in a plane crash. 
Say, man, 'bout how old are you, huh? 
What? Like, 15? 
- I'm six. 
- Oh! You look 15. 
You wanna know how you grow up 
to be big and strong like Champ? 
Every morning when you get up... 
gotta roll your sleeve up like this 
and... 
blow. 
Yep. 
And-And-And-And see, it ain't so much 
about how old you are, all right? 
It's-It's all about your conditioning. 
You got to build up your legs 'cause you 
gonna need them for a long, long time. 
And-And you got to live right. 
You have to live clean. 
And-And-And don't run-
Don't run around with the wrong crowd. 'Cause, because you can't do that.
Mmm-mmm-mmm.
Hey, Champ?
- Champ?
- Hmm?
- You okay?
- Yeah! Yeah, yeah.
- You okay?
- Oh, yeah.
Uh-uh-And-And, see, your dad-
Dad, he ain't perfect.
But he's doin' the best he can.
Yeah.
He been down and almost out.
But-But he loves you. Yes, he do.
And one day, he's gonna get his shot.
So, if any of your friends don't believe that you met him, you can...
just tell them they can read my article when it comes out in the Times.
- Okay.
- Okay.
Hey, what's the matter?
You didn't like meeting Champ?
- No, I did.
- Then what's the matter?
I just don't like that Champ lives on the street.
Yeah, buddy,
I don't like that either.
Maybe he could move in with us.
Yeah, maybe you should ask your mom about that one.
Local network was right behind us!
Hey, Erik. Got something for ya.
Heard of this guy?
Um, uh, yeah. I've heard-
I've heard of this guy.
Good. He's the only one Satterfield fought that I could find.
Most of them are dead. I took the liberty of setting up an interview time with him.
- When?
Today at 4:

An interview with the Raging Bull.
And... Satterfield Jr. Of Chicago.
Only living relative.
- I could kiss you right now.
- I could sue you.
Awesome.
- Hello?
- Mr. Satterfield?
- Yes?
- Hi, this is Erik Kernan of The Denver Times. How ya doin'?
- Erik Kernan?
- Yes.
I wanted to ask you a couple questions about your father. Is that all right?
- My father?
- Yeah.
Fuck you.
Erik Kernan.
- Erik, hi, Bing Whitley.
- Hi, Bing, how are you?
Good. Listen, I've got our beloved publisher, Fred Roselle, here with me.
- Can I put you on speaker?
- Yeah, uh, sure.
- Erik? Fred Roselle.
- Uh, hi, sir.
Now, Bing tells me about your Satterfield story.
Honest to God, it floored me.
I thought he died 20 years ago.
- No, I see him every day.
- There you go.
You see, I read 10 stories a week about fighters in their glory years.
But they never tell you about the price they paid...
taking all those shots to the head.
Well, he definitely paid a price, sir.
Yeah, well,
that's a story I'll go along with.
Hell, I'll even get you on the cover of the magazine.
And Metz doesn't want any part of this piece, is that right?
No, he, uh- he called it a dry hole.
That's just amazing.
So, uh, any idea how soon we could see it?
- Well, I don't want to rush it.
- Of course not.
Uh, so I guess-
I was thinking maybe two weeks?
I have some interviews
I'd like to take care of and-
We just dropped a retro piece on Gary Hart. How about Monday?
Yeah, sure.
Monday. I could manage that.
Okay, beautiful.
Hey. There he is.
Just give me a second, okay?
Hey, Champ!
Hey! Hey, kid! How ya doin'?
- Just about 100%, Champ.
- A hundred percent?
Whoo, I ain't been a hundred percent in years.
So, where's the photographer?
He's just across the street.
But I just wanted to, um-
I wanted to, uh- I got a friend of yours who wants to talk to you.
- I ain't know I had no friends.
- Sure, you do.
Outside of you, that is.
Well, let me prove you wrong.
Hold on a sec.
- Yeah?
- Mr. LaMotta?
Who's this?
This is Erik Kernan of The Denver Times.
We spoke earlier.
Yeah. You said you wanted to talk about Bob Satterfield.
Jake-Jake,
I'm-I'm-I'm standing right here.
Goddamn, Bob,
I thought you were dead!
Well, some days I feel like it, yeah.
- Hey, kid?
- Yeah?
Besides Bob Satterfield, the only ones who ever hurt me were my ex-wives.
Is that right?
Yeah. Well, you know, it's really good to- How you say, uh-
Um, uh-uh, talk to you.
How you doin'?
I'm good. Real good.
Had some trouble, but I'm okay now.
I know. I know. I-I-I seen your movie.
- You like it?
- Well, y-yeah.
Except for the part where you knock me out.
Bob, you sure you're okay?
The kid tells me you're out on the street.
You're a bum or something?
No. No, no. I ain't no bum, Jake.
I'm, I-I'm just homeless.
L- L-Look, I, uh-
I have to go, all right?
Okay. Bye, Bob.
- Thanks, Mr. LaMotta.
- Is he really okay?
Yeah. I think so.
I thought he was dead.
Boy, oh, boy.
There but for the grace of God go I.
Well, thanks a lot for speaking with me.
- Okay.
- Bye.
Champ!
He just said there was a time...
where you could have been the best boxer in the world.
That's-That's really somethin' comin' from the Raging Bull, huh?
Hey, Chris! We're ready!
Denver is now just one of three cities left in the running...
to host the 2008 Democratic National Convention. New Orleans has dropped out. So, that leaves Denver, New York... and Minneapolis still in the race. Hey, Bruce! Bruce! Can I take one of these? - Yeah, sure. - Thanks a lot, man. - Mom, it's here! - Bring it in! It should in the middle by the coupons. Ah, there. You got it. You got it. Cool! The Champ! That's the guy I was talking to you about, remember? I know! What does that say? - Resurrec- - What does that say? - By Erik Kernan. Cool. - Yeah. Cool. - Erik, great job on the article. - Hey, thanks, Rob. Hey, Ralph. - Nice piece on this guy. - Thanks. Word is you're moving upstairs. Yeah. Maybe it's a better fit. Maybe. Answer your phone, Erik. Kernan. Hey, Boy Wonder, this is Andrea Flak. How you doing? This was one holy-moly story you wrote. My team was on it lickety-split. You are on your way to a Pulitzer, Erik. And we want you here. How you feeling? Fan-damn-tastic? I'm good. I'm all right. Yeah. Uh-Who are you with? What? Oh. I'm with Showtime, yeah. Oh, God. I loved this article. Made me cry. - Mm-hmm. - And trust me, that
is a considerable compliment...
to your literary skills, 'cause I
didn't cry when my golden retriever died.
- Be proud.
- Thank you. Thanks a lot.
So I'm sure everyone wants a piece of you.
You must be swamped with calls.
- Actually, you're my first.
- That's a surprise.
Uh, looks like
I have some messages though.
Erik, we want to give you a tryout
at Showtime Boxing-
get you on the air, in Vegas, interview Kid
McCracken after the fight Saturday night.
- Sound good to you?
- Yeah, yeah.
That sounds, uh- sounds great.
Beautiful. Get your tux dry-cleaned.
We'll talk.
You know, the syndication on this story
is pretty much through the roof.
You made me look good, Erik.
You did. Thank you.
- Really. Thank you.
- Thank you, Bing. Thank you.
See, Erik, this is the kind of piece that
can get you places. You're gonna have offers.
- You think so?
- Oh, yeah. You're gonna have offers.
Now, all I ask is
for another year from you.
I mean, uh, uh-
- Hey.
- Hey. This is Polly. Polly, this is Bing.
- Hi, Polly.
- Mr. Whitley, nice to meet you.
- She works at the newspaper as well.
- Did I ever hit on you?
- Uh, no.
- What was I thinking?
- She's actually- I couldn't have
done this story without her. - Really?
- She's the rising star of the newspaper.
- Really?
  Um, so, look.
Well, can the rising star get a dance?
- Yeah, sure. Yeah. Okay-
- Okay.
- Go ahead. Have fun.
- All right. I'll see you in a second.
- Bye.
- Nice meeting you.
Okay.
- It's a great piece, Erik.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
- Yeah.
Metz, um- Metz got pretty pissed...
when I told him I helped you with it.
Why'd you tell him?
Because it made me proud,
being involved in the piece.
So, you gonna be
on Showtime now, or what?
Well, they've been calling,
which is-
- Not surprising.
- Amazing. Pretty amazing.
Pretty amazing.
What a night, right?
What a night.
What a night.
Hey-Just give me-
Give me a minute, okay? I'll be-
- I'll be back, all right?
- Yeah.
Okay.
Hey. Joyce, it's me.
Hey, why don't you come out
and help me celebrate?
Come on. It's early.
So, um, let me ask you a question.
So, um, let me ask you a question.
Yep.
Why didn't they use
the picture of me flexing?
I don't know.
Photo editor makes those calls. L-
I tell you what.
I would've picked that one. Yeah.
- Yeah, that's the one I would've used too.
- Really?
So, we done good, huh?
Yeah, we did great, Champ.
Yeah? Hello?
Is this Erik Kernan?
Yeah. Who's this?
My name's Ike Epstein.
You write that article about Satterfield?
- Yeah.
- Nice story.
Mm-Thank you.
But Satterfield's dead. Twenty years.
Bob Satterfield died in, uh...
'82, '83.
I just saw him last night.
Not Satterfield.
Yeah, Satterfield. L-I-
I spoke with his son... on the phone.
His son told you he was alive?
- No, but they don't get along-
- Let's get to the bottom of this.
Okay.
Did you talk to, uh...
Satterfield's trainers?
His ringmen? Anybody like that?
Most of them-
I couldn't dig 'em up.
Ernie...
Ike Epstein.
I'm good. Ernie,
you remember Bob Satterfield...
Chicago boy?
Mm-hmm.
Well, you think he's dead
or you know he's dead?
Ah, that's-that's what I think.
Okay.
Thanks. Take care of yourself.
He thinks he's dead.
It's impossible.
Never use that word anymore.
Freddy? Like.
Listen.
You remember Bob Satterfield?
Yeah.
But do you know that for sure?
Okay. Thanks.
No, they're good.
Thank you. Thank you.
He thinks he's dead,
but he's not sure.
- Who was that?
- Freddy Bingham.
Impossible.
Freddy Bingham is dead.
I just talked to him on the telephone.
It was Freddy Benjamin you talked to.
Freddy Benjamin is dead.
- Two years ago.
- I saw Freddy Benjamin last Christmas.
Freddy Benjamin is a putz.
Plus, he's dead.
Like Satterfield.
- Hey, Champ.
- Hey, amigo. Want something to eat?
Uh, nah. How you doin'?
Oh, about 80%. Oh, maybe 90% today.
Yeah. Movin' up in the world, huh?
Fella stopped by, gave me a hundred dollars. Read the article in the paper.
Champ, I got a question for you.
It's important. Um-
Do you have a... I. D?
Anything with your-
Driver's license, maybe?
What do you need that for?
So that I can prove that you are
who you say you are.
I mean, this guy- this ex-boxing guy-
he-he thinks that you died, and-
Some mornings I wake
up, I think I'm dead too.
Yeah.
No, seriously though.
I just- I need something, uh...
that I can prove
that you're Bob Satterfield with.
What did you say your name is again?
Erik Kernan.
- Can you prove that?
- Well, I have a driver's license with my picture on it.
- Well, who took that picture?
- The D.M.V.
And how did they know
you was who you said you was?
Well, from my last driver's license
with my last picture on it.
Oh! And who took that picture?
You see where I'm going with this?
No, Champ.
I don't- I just-
I need- How about a passport?
Do you have a passport?
Um, any-
I don't know.
Anything with your picture...
And your name on it.
Denver Times! "Resurrection
of the Champ," by Erik Kernan.
- That's what I got.
- Yeah.
Except for
that-that-that video you got.
Where'd you get this?
I have a great research assistant.
SatterfieldKincaid. I was there.
No shit? You were there?
- Really?
- South Bend.
I went to all the Satterfield fights.
That boy could punch.
I knew-
I mean, he showed me his scar.
His father did it to him when he
was nine years old. It's the same guy-
That's the man you interviewed?
- Yeah.
- The one with the scar? You're sure about that?
Yeah. Battlin' Bob Satterfield.
That's Kincaid.
- No-
- Satterfield's the other one.
You've been had, son.
Who would it hurt?
You, for one.
It wouldn't hurt me
if nobody knew about it.
Oh, is that an option,
that nobody will know about it?
Joyce, let me ask you a question, okay?
How many newspapers print articles with
errors of fact in them every day in the U. S?
It's already done, Joyce.
It's printed. It's out there.
Then print a retraction.
I can't just do that.
People have sent in money to Champ.
- Then give it back.
- I can't.
I don't know
where half of it comes from.
It's not just the money.
The Showtime job?
Joyce, the point of the article
is still true.
Okay, Erik. It's a lie.
I mean, if you profit by a lie,
then you're the same as a liar.
If you write a great story
but it's a lie...
then you're just a liar
who writes great stories...
which is worse than an ordinary liar...
because people who can write
ought to be better than your average liar.
So, you're a liar, and you let me down,
and you let everyone else...
who works on this paper down
because you ought to be better than that.
Is that simple enough?
- No, Joyce, that's not simple enough.
- Then let me put it another way.
You need to behave
as if Teddy was watching.
And the winner, by a technical knockout...
one minute, six seconds
into the second round, Leo McCracken!
Hey, Leo! Leo!
Hey. So-
Leo McCracken-
Hey, Leo- Leo McCracken,
the new heavyweight champ-
- Oh, look, look, look, look, look! Who's that? Who's that?
- That's Daddy.
- It's your Daddy?
- He lived up to his nickname tonight.
Say something to your fans.
First- First I want to say
"Thank you, Jesus."
I want to say thank you
to my trainer, Tommy McCracken...
and my brother and father 'cause they used
to beat the living crap right out of me.
And, Erik- Man, you always
believed in me, didn't you?
- Hard not to believe in 22-0.
- Yeah, you did! Yeah! Whoo!
- I get my mike back.
- Take that.
- Thank you.
- Number one.
- Looks like about all we're gonna get out of him tonight.
- Number one!
It's gonna be a long night for Leo McCracken
- one of the best nights of his life.
I love you, Teddy.
"I love you, Teddy."
Hey. Hey.
Boy Wonder.
You were terrific.
Sit.
Thanks, Miss Flak. I, uh-
That was fun.
That was a lot of fun.
- Do you mind?
- No, not at all.
What a city. The only place
where you can do harm to yourself...
and others
and smile all the way.
- Fun is what it's all about. I'm glad you
had a good time. - I did. I did. I'm not-
- You want a drink?
- Sure, yeah.
- I'll take a scotch on the rocks, please. Thank you.
- Yes, sir.
They're all watered down.
But they keep 'em coming, God bless.
- Mmm. So-
- Yes?
Do you think we can turn this one-night
stand of ours into a torrid love affair?
I'd like that.
Very much, very much.
Where's the smile, Erik?
Well, I guess it's just that, uh...
I'm not sure what I... actually did.
You were great. Photogenic.
Well, thank you.
That's the beauty of television.
You don't have to do anything. Just be.
So they tell me your old man was
some sort of boxing hotshot, a real poet.
Yeah, yeah. He was, um-
- One scotch.
- Thank you.
So, if we're gonna do this,
if we're gonna make a deal...
um-
Of course I need to continue
with my journalism.
Um- So I can only work part-time
at the most.
Well, this is a full-time gig, Erik,
with full-time pay.
Take a good look at me.
Are you looking?
Yeah.
Does it look like I know
the first thing about boxing?
Does it look like I know the difference
between a hook and an uppercut...
or what a standing eight count is
or what a holding penalty is?
See, I don't have to know
what any of that is...
because Showtime
has a parade of boxing experts.
We spend a fortune being the best
in the world at this.
But I am the head of casting, Erik...
and I am here to help Showtime
do what it does best...
and that is entertain the shit
out of its audience.
Because in the end, absolutely everything
is about entertaining the audience.
There is no journalism anymore.
There's no news.
The people who cling to the hopes
that they can inform the world...
are only slightly less naive
than the people who think...
they can pray their way
out of a tsunami.
And do you know
the one thing people don't want?
Is the truth.
This guy who won—
McCracken.
Do you think anybody really wants to know
how badly his brains got mangled tonight?
How badly his manager
is gonna rip him off...
or how bad his life's
gonna be in a few years?
Maybe end up on the street
like your bum?
The answer is "no."
It's "no."
Men want to see triumph,
and women, well—
Here you are,
with just enough credibility...
to make their husbands not resent you.
Oh. That's-
That doesn't sound
like much of a job at all.
Well, it never does
until it actually is a job.
Who's Teddy, by the way?
- He's my son. He's six.
- Mm.
- I bet he's a cutie-pie.
- He is.
And proud as hell of you tonight.
So...
would you like to come
have a drink in my suite?
No. You know what?
I'm gonna catch the last flight out,
but thank you.
Mm.
Monday we'll talk.
Hey.
Hey.
I took the last flight out.
Wanted to see if I could catch Teddy.
All the lights were off.
Well, not unusual at 1:00
in the morning.
- Did you let him watch it?
- Are you kidding?
Night of his life,
seeing his dad on Showtime.
What'd you think? How'd I do?
You did exactly
as I thought you would.
Joyce, I can't get it off my brain.
That's because you're decent.
I'm gonna speak to Whitley tomorrow.
I'm gonna drop the bomb on him.
Good.
I'm so fired.
It's cold.
I can make up the guest room.
You know,
it seems like everybody I know...
everybody I meet knows
"The Wow Man" except me.
The only image I have of him...
is a bus poster and some audiotapes.
I don't want that to happen
to me and Teddy.
I want to move back home, Joyce.
I'll do whatever you want me to do.
I'll... just do-
I just want Teddy to know me.
And you think because you're here,
he'll know who you are?
You don't know whether to run away
from your dad or to chase after him...
and the minute that you figure that out,
you're gonna stop running in circles.
Seeing Whitley...
it's the right thing.
Erik, you kicked ass on Showtime.
Congratulations.
- Thanks.
- Don't forget the little people.
Erik.
- Mr. Whitley, I wanted to-
- Come on in, would you?
...talk about my family.
I want everybody to know...
- that everything I've ever
done with my life-- Hello, Erik.
- I just want you to let me do the talking. All right?
- Erik Kernan, Riley Washburn.
It's a pleasure to meet you.
I was a great fan of your dad's.
I'd like you to meet my client,
Robert Satterfield. Erik Kernan.
I traveled all this way, Mr. Kernan...
to look into the eyes of the man
who dared to suggest in print...
that I was ashamed of my father.
The man you've been interviewing-
Tommy Kincaid-
has been impersonating
Bob Satterfield for years...
fraudulently fought under his name for years. There was even an injunction brought against him way back when. We've come to sue your ass right off its hinges, Mr. Kernan— you and this newspaper. The author of the piece in The Denver Times is Erik Kernan Jr... the son of the legendary radio sports reporter of the same name. Kernan, who recently began a broadcasting career, has not returned calls to ESPN News. Reporters must be held to a higher degree of accountability. Apologies don't— Apologies can't fix some things. - You can't go around saying things you did not follow up on. - Great. Great. - Nursing your wounds with a little whiskey. - There's a clich for you. - Well, what would you expect from a writer like me? - Right, Ralph? - Yeah, perfect. A little humility. And it's precisely too late— - Hey, you know what? Could we change this channel? - Yeah, no problem. Just change it to, like, Golf Channel or something. So, Showtime, huh? I saw you. You were good. You're a natural. You know what bothers me the most? What's that, Ralph? I only found out about this piece when it came out. You deceived me. You set out to deceive me. That hurts my feelings. Ah, come on, Ralph. Don't get like a chick on me. The magazine is gonna
have to print a retraction.
How big, I don't know.
And Satterfield Jr.
Is going to want money.
- Could I get another one? Thanks.
- Yeah, just a sec.
- And S-Are you listening to me?
- Yep.
- I'm over here. Look at me.
- Yes, sir.
There's gonna be a settlement meeting...

at 3:
You're expected to be there.
Okay.
You know,
Whitley's gonna be out on his ass...
on account of this-
his watch and all that.
And there's gonna be an internal review.
We're gonna wanna talk to your wife.
What are you talking about?
We want to make sure Joyce didn't
have something to do with this.
You know Joyce didn't have anything
to do with this. I didn't know about this.
Joyce is a brilliant journalist.
It'd be a damn shame if you somehow
sucked her down to your level.
Tell me.
Was it just sloppy journalism,
or did-did you know it was a lie?
- What?
- Yeah. Whatever it took to be worthy of your last name, right?
Here's- Here. Look.
That's Satterfield's obituary.
The Chicago Defender.
A black paper.
Misfiled, but it was there.
You ought to resign.
Save the paper the hassle of firing you.
That's for the bum.
People have been
sending him dough for days.
Ralph, he's not a bum.
He's homeless.
Nah, he's a bum.
- Champ.
- Hey, kid, how ya doin'?
- This is for you.
- What's that?
Open it.
- People who read your article
sent it in. It's for you.
It's for poor Bob Satterfield.
Well, people can be nice.
You're not Bob Satterfield.
Who says?
His son, for one.
Yeah, well, he always
telling people I'm dead.
The Chicago Defender.
Ike Epstein. You know him?
- Sure, I know Ike! How he doin'?
- He saw the tape, Champ.
You're Tommy Kincaid.
Bob Satterfield knocked you out
in the second round!
You made a fool out of me.
I didn't make no fool out of you.
Maybe you made a fool out yourself.
Why, because I believed you?
You put my reputation on the line!
I didn't know you had one.
I ain't never heard of you.
Yeah, well,
I never heard of you either.
- I'm Battlin' Bob Satterfield.
- Bullshit! Bullshit!
I've been Satterfield longer than
you been whoever you say you is.
Now just go on.
Ain't nothin' else here for you.
I can't believe I let
another loser break my heart.
I ain't no loser.
I fought Ezzard Charles.
I- I-I fought Harold Johnson
at the Polo Grounds.
Went the distance with Floyd Patterson.
I-I broke Marciano's nose!
- You're nothing. You're nobody.
- What you doin', kid? It's over.
- Just go home, okay?
- You're just another stumblebum!
Um, um, hi.
400 block of Curtis-
Yeah. Yeah, there's
- He got knocked out, and the guy's down. He's down on the ground.
It's a homeless guy.
Tell them-
Uh, yeah, this guy with a cart-
Because I work
for The Denver Times, and he's just-
He was a homeless man,
and he was an ex-boxer...
and, I don't know,
I thought it was a good story.
- Oh, yeah, you're that, uh- that
writer guy. - Yeah. I'm that writer guy.
- And I want to press charges, okay,
because the man is- - Officer, um, excuse me.
- I'm sorry. My husband is heavily medicated.
- I want him locked up.
He can't be expected to make
critical judgments at this time.
- We'll let you know when he starts making sense.
- Okay.
Okay. Uh, top one's from Showtime.
What?
Nothing.
Joyce, I don't need this right now, okay?
I don't need a lecture. All right?
I know I screwed up.
It's all on me, okay?
I'll take care of it myself.
Oh, well, you certainly demonstrated
that you can handle yourself just fine.
I mean, I get drunk and pick fights...
with professional boxers when I'm upset too.
Yeah.
What do you want? What?
I mean- Okay.
I'm a monumental screw-up.
There. Alert the media.
Oh, that's long done.
It's all over the wires.
Kernan, the great name
in journalism, sullied.
The Rocky Mountain News
and the Post have essays...
on your quote-unquote "colossal blunder"
on the front page tomorrow.
Great.
I went to see him.
At the jailhouse.
He wouldn't talk to me.
He wouldn't talk to the other reporters
camped out at the jail either.
See, he's protecting your byline.
He still thinks he's helping his friend.
He humiliated me.
He lied to you. That's his fault.
You're a journalist.
You believed him. That's your fault.
Not to mention the fact that you're a boxing
beat reporter on a major American daily...
and until a few weeks ago,
you didn't know who Bob Satterfield was.
Look, Erik. You have a chance
to forgive this old man.
Take it.
Okay, I'll take it.
You owe me. Remember that.
I'll remember.
Nice suit.
Yeah, the Salvation Army gives them
to the police department.
But I think they're knockoffs,
'cause this say "Omani."
Armani starts with a "A," right?
You have anywhere in particular
you want to go?
This, uh-This don't belong to me.
It belongs to Bob Satterfield. 
Satterfield's dead. 
Well, do what you want to with it. 
Might as well keep it. 
- I ain't Satterfield now. 
- I know. 
All right. As long as you know. 
That fella in, uh, Sioux City—
He come to me 
and say I look like him. 
- Hey, Tommy. 
- And if I fought as him I could make some money. 
The boys tell me you used to box 
before you came here. 
- 'Cause he had a name. 
- From Chicago, Illinois... 
Battling Bob Satterfield! 
So I did it. 
Don't nobody know no better. 
And—And I was a winner 
for the first time in my life. 
I wasn't me no more. 
I was— I was Satterfield, see? 
I was somebody better. 
Better than my own self. 
Whoo! 
I became Champ. 
When I got done fighting, 
I moved down here and, uh... 
met Betty, had a son by her. 
But you never see where 
that next punch is comin' from. 
What do you mean? 
Well, my son, he found out. 
Found an old Ring magazine. 
"You ain't Satterfield!" 
That's what he said. 
He didn't want nothin' 
to do with me after that. 
Joined a gang, got hiself killed. 
I couldn't go back to Betty behind that. 
Well, Tommy, I wish you would've 
told all this to me before. 
Yeah.
I give you the man you wanted.
You—You said you wanted your shot.
That's what you said to me,
remember?
My father left me when I was a little kid.
Did I ever tell you that?
— Not that I recall, no.
— Yeah, well, he did.
He left me and my mom.
They were never really right
for each other.
He was a lot older than she was,
and—
He left.
The only thing I really remember is...
it made my mom cry.
He never called. He never wrote.
And I hate him for it.
And I didn't run wild like your boy.
I just...
thought I would try and be
a better father to my son.
Try and be a hero to him.
'Cause every kid wants to think
his father's the best, right?
Yeah, that's right.
So, what you gonna do now?
Uh—
In about an hour I gotta go over
to my kid's school and—
Career Day.
Career Day? What's that?
Well, I'm gonna tell a bunch of six-year-olds
what it means to be a journalist.
— Oh, irony!
— Yeah. Exactly.
You, uh, think
she'll take me back, let me in?
I don't know, Champ,
but I think you gotta try.
I gotta think on what to say.
I don't think you have to
say anything. Just go in.
Just for the record,
that thing about Marciano—
That's the truth.
I was his sparring partner.
Busted his nose.
- Not the big bone, but the little one.
- Yeah.
My dad's name is Erik Kernan Jr.
He writes for newspapers.
And he's also on Showtime.
My dad's been up for the Pu-
the "Publitzer."
- Pulitzer.
- The Pulitzer.
Meaning that he's one
of the best writers in America.
My dad writes about boxing
'cause he can't write about football...
'cause he's, like,
best friends with John Elway...
and, uh, Coach Shanahan.
He even plays golf with Muhammad Ali.
And he turned down, like,
being a guy on Monday Night Football.
- And also— Teddy, why don't 
we ask your dad to come up?
Okay. Dad?
- Hi, kids.
- Hi.
Um, I g-
I suppose we should just, uh...
ask you if you have any questions.
- Okay. Yeah?
- Who's better at golf, you or Muhammad Ali?
Um—
Uh, well, why don't we, uh—
Maybe we'd be better served
if we just talked about...
what it means to be a journalist.
How about that?
Go ahead. Yeah.
- Are you gonna change your last name?
- Change my name?
My dad said you should change your
last name because you don't deserve it.
He says your dad was really great and stuff, and you're a faker.
On the TV, they said you made up a story about a boxer.
Uh, kids...
maybe Mr. Kernan can explain to us...
how fast he has to turn in a story after the sporting event has ended.
That's a very good question.
Usually I'll turn in a story about two hours after I see the event, because, um-
I wish I were dead.
He's six. He'll bounce back.
Look, this boy, he loves you.
He knows that you're not a liar.
He- He believes in you.
He'll be home in an hour.
Why don't you come by and talk to him?
I can't.
I gotta go to that settlement conference.
Round out a perfect day.
But I'll be fine.
I'll be fantastic.
They really broke the mold with me, huh?
Bob Satterfield was not simply a great boxer.
He was an icon-
truly an American icon.
And to have his name brought into disrepute-
Okay, but that's not the issue.
I mean, you can't libel the dead.
Riley, we're embarrassed by what happened.
We'll print a retraction.
Nobody reads retractions.
You know that.
They read the lie, the lie sticks.
Look. Mr. Kernan is here to offer his profound apologies...
to you and your family,
Mr. Satterfield.
Erik.
I'm responsible, Mr. Satterfield.
I was careless.
And worse than that...
after the story ran,
I had reason to believe...
that it was wrong,
and I didn't speak up.
I know that I can't undo the damage...
but I'd like to try.
Try in what way?
The only way that I know how.
I'd write about it.
And say what?
I'd say that I made a mistake.
I'd say why.
That-
I'd talk about your father.
I'd talk about who he really was.
Let's talk about damages,
Miss Perlmutter.
Bob Satterfield was a great figure
in American sports.
Nah, he wasn't none of that.
He a pretty good boxer
with a glass jaw.
But he was a very good man.
And a good father, and I'd-
I'd like for people to know that.
Would you put that in your story?
I would. I would.
When you called me, I hung up on you.
You said you was Erik Kernan.
You didn't say that you was a "Junior."
Your old man hit my dad
with some pretty big shots in his time.
I'd like to read your story.
I think it'd go a long way
in making me satisfied.
Jesus Christ, I get it already!
Hey. I've been trying to reach you.
I know. I, uh-
Did you hear about the deal?
I'm gonna write this-
Yeah, I-I heard.
Is Teddy awake?
He says he's not feeling well...
and, uh, he doesn't want
to go to school tomorrow.
Can I speak with him? Could I come in?
I really need to talk to him.
Yeah.
Hey, buddy. Hey, man.
Daddy?
Hey.
Are the kids in your class
giving you a hard time?
Yeah.
Everybody says
you made it up about Champ.
I made some mistakes, Teddy.
I made a lot of mistakes.
But did you make it up?
The truth is...
I wrote what Champ told me.
I believed him.
But I shouldn't have. L-
I was more interested in writing
what I wanted the story to be...
than what it actually was.
You know? The truth.
I burned you, buddy. I'm sorry.
It's okay.
Not about all this...
but, in general...
are you pretty proud of me?
Real proud.
And would you be proud of me...
even if I didn't have, like,
a lot of celebrity friends and stuff?
Like, if I wasn't a big shot?
Well, not as much, but pretty close.
Teddy, I told you a lot of things
that weren't true.
Like being friends
with John Elway and stuff?
Yeah.
What about playing golf
with Muhammad Ali?
I covered a celebrity golf tournament,
and he was playing in it.  
But, Dad, I told everybody  
you were friends with John Elway.  
Does that mean I'm a liar too?  
No, it doesn't.  
It means that you trusted me...  
and you told everybody  
what I told you.  
And you should be able  
to trust your dad.  
So I'm sorry.  
I think I should go to sleep now.  
Hey.  
Come here. Give me a hug.  
You're such a good kid.  
Hey, Champ, that you?  
Mr. Marciano?  
It's Rocky to you, Champ.  
Holy smoke!  
What the hell you doin' here?  
I'm lookin' for you.  
- Lookin' for me?  
- Yeah.  
- What for?  
- I heard you're still workin' out.  
- You're still strong.  
- Oh, no, no. I'm old now.  
Ah! Champ, you don't look old.  
I'm makin' a comeback.  
Rocky Marciano, back in the ring.  
I'm lookin' for somebody to spar with.  
Be an honor for me  
to spar with you, Rock.  
Good. Let's get started then.  
- Let's see if you got some of the old moves.  
- Mm.  
- Come on, Champ.  
- I still got some.  
I still got a few.  
Well, let's see 'em then.  
All right. Let's see.  
Oh, lookin' good, Champ.  
Come on, Champ.  
I don't need my friends now.
I'm not Bob Satterfield.
- Let's see what you got, Champ!
- I don't want to fight! I ain't Satterfield no more!
Okay. All right, all right.
You the champ.
You the champ. You the champ-
Get up, Champ!
It's just you and me now!
All right.
All right.
I'm gonna kick your ass!
Tommy Kincaid...
California Golden Gloves Champion!
Oh- Oh, God! Oh, God!
Oh, God!
Oh, God!
A writer, like a boxer...
must stand alone.
Having your words published,
like entering a ring...
puts your talent on display.
And there's nowhere to hide.
I never intended to write a story
about myself... or my son. Or about love.
- Or the lies that can sometimes
come from love. - We live in thy fear-
I will tell you this
about the man I called Champ...
whom everybody called Champ.
He was, against all reason, my friend.
And he was also a liar.
But was that because
he was trying to make himself...
better than who he was?
Or was it because
the one force more powerful...
than a son wanting
the admiration of his father...
is the father wanting
the admiration of his son?
Sometimes we need the help
of our imagination to achieve that status.
For it is no easy task
being the strongest, wisest...
- most beloved man in all the land.
- And wow!
- Tonight, the Raging Bull-
- And what is sadder...
then that moment
when our children discover...
that we are not the illusory
supermen we've created...
but rather, as Herman Melville
once wrote, "men drained of valor"?
...is there more news of Tommy Kincaid.
Erik.
The lies
that come from love can devastate...
as much as those
that come from malice.
- What do you think about guys like-
- Champ's legacy, I suppose...
is the inspiration for truth.
And the beauty that can emerge from it.
I'll tell you how to make
real strong muscles.
You get your thumb,
you roll up your sleeves...
and you blow.
A beauty that lets
our children admire us unconditionally.
- In fact, he may have-
- Love us unconditionally...
as I love my son-
- mucho grande.
- But...
he had a pure heart.
This wonderful ability to-