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Southpaw

By Kurt Sutter

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There you go.

He's a fuckin' monster.

- That shit is called...

- It's like... It's like...

Well, why you tryin'

to be Puerto Rican, though?

He smells like the shelter!

Shut the fuck up.

You go back to the fuckin' shelter.

You smell like the fuckin'

third floor of the shelter.

Yeah, we back. We back

in the dressing room now, yeah.

The Commission in here, they... wrap...

watching 'em wrap Billy hands.

Yeah, it's all right.

Yeah, but once he gets

in the inside, it's over.

I make that step, it's over.

Yeah. I'll text you

as soon as he's done, okay?

Yeah. I love you, too.

Hi, J.

Okay. Yeah, do your homework.

Hey, y'all give him a minute.

- Hey, guys.

- Hey, Mo. What's up?

- What's up?

- It's all good.

Yeah, let's get out.

Hey...

- Mmm-hmm.

- Mmm-hmm.

You're ready.

Don't get hit too much.

Hard shots from Darius Jones

to the body and the head,

as he continues putting distance

between himself and Billy Hope

on the scorecards.

This kid Jones is super fast,

and he's killing Billy

with just his left hand.

Jones, a longer, quicker fighter,
has appeared to win most of the rounds
to this point in the fight.
Keep them hands up! Protect that eye!
Let's go, chief! Come on, move!
There you go!
And the crowd comes alive
as Hope lands a right and a left.
Okay, here we go, here we go.
Good body shots by Hope.
- Dance with me, bitch.
- Let him go.
There he goes again
with that attitude, Jim. He never stops.
It's another frustrating round for Hope.
He all right. He ain't hurt him.
It's give and take,
ebb and flow, here in this fight...
Come on, Billy, take the shit back!
...as Jones drives him back
with another uppercut.
Whoa, good uppercut.
And now Jones again going to the body.
Come on, baby, get off those ropes!
Trying to set up the finish
as he drives Hope
back into the ropes again.
I got you, man. I got you.
That's all you got?
That's all you got, huh?
Watching, close to Hope's corner,
his beautiful wife, Maureen,
herself a product
of a Hell's Kitchen orphanage.
How's the eye?
Take many more, it's gonna flow.
Yeah, just fix the fuckin' eye.
State Commission doctor
taking a good look
at Hope's left eye in the corner.
But, the fight will continue.
We've seen Billy Hope
win fights in the past
looking even more the worse

for wear than is the case here.
Nothing has changed tonight.
Seated at ringside,
light heavyweight contender
Miguel "Magic" Escobar,
who would love to fight the winner.
Okay, keep him on the end of your stick.
And don't stand in front of him.
Get yours, relocate.
It's like the bull and the matador.
This is your fuckin' ring.
You're the fuckin' champ, right?
Go back in and do
what we do, you gotta end this.
Hey, Billy. Billy.
All right, do me a favor
and keep those hands up.
Billy, stay focused.
End it. You don't have time
for this bullshit.
Put an end to this
so we can go the fuck home.
What? What do you think
I'm trying to do, Eli?
What do you think I'm trying to do?
Get this shit off my eye!
Let's go! Come on!
Round ten about to begin.
Watch that jab!
Billy Hope still
with that bleeding left eye.
Those who love him would say,
"Defense? What is that?"
- And a hard right cross!
- Yeah, Hope hurt him!
That's it, baby, that's it.
Good body shot by Darius Jones.
Giving Hope a little of his medicine,
he comes back to the body a second time.
He hurt Hope with that body shot.
Hard right by Hope drives
Jones back into the ropes.
Let him go.
That's one of the best clean shots

Hope has landed
since the middle of the fight.
And down goes Jones on a left hook.
Three, four, five...
Tremendous turnaround
in favor of Hope, here in round ten.
- Come to me, come to me.
- Wow, what a shot!
You stay on him, Billy.
- Are you good? All right.
- I'm good.
Tony Weeks is gonna let him
keep fighting. But not for long!
And another right hand
may have ended the fight.
...six, seven,
eight, nine...
- That's it.
- This is over!
A comeback-knockout win for Billy Hope.
I told you, Jim,
as long as there's a Billy,
there is Hope. He always has a chance.
So light heavyweight champ Billy Hope
has a fourth consecutive title defense
in Madison Square Garden.
Let's go to David Diamante
for the official particulars on the KO.
Ladies and gentlemen, from
the world's most famous arena,
Madison Square Garden,
the official time of the stoppage,
one minute and 18 seconds
of round number ten.
Your winner by knockout,
still undefeated and still
the undisputed WBC, WBA, WBO,
and IBF Light Heavyweight
Champion of the World...
Billy "The Great" Hope!
He reminds us of the great,
late Matthew Saad Muhammad.
Just when you think
there's no hope left,

here comes Billy.
From an orphanage in Hell's Kitchen
to a professional career
fighting in Madison Square Garden
is a distance of only a few blocks...
and a million miles.
But it's a journey Billy Hope
has made in his life.
Billy! Billy! Billy!
Hey, Jon Jon,
take the belts out
for the press conference, yeah?
The new one?
With the other ones
in the back of the car.
- All right, you got it.
- Yo, I'll bring that, Mikey.
- Come on, Big Mike, let's go.
- All right, champ.
- We got a press conference.
- All right, we'll see you there.
Thanks, Eli.
- No.
- I don't know what that is...
- Come here.
- I'm bleeding out of my mouth, baby.
- I don't know where it's coming from.
- What's that, baby?
- What'd you say?
- It's fine, babe.
You want some water?
Yeah, I'm just gonna
take a shower first.
Can you get your socks off?
Yourself?
Yeah. I'll just fuckin' shower in 'em.
Billy!
Okay, Mike, go ahead.
Billy, most of us here
had you winning this early.
Were you expecting
such a difficult fight?
Yeah, I don't know, "expect"?
I don't know. You can't expect anything.

Um, I was really looking forward
to just showing up,
walk in the ring, and then
having him fall on the ground.

- Billy.

- No, man, I mean...

I expected a hard fight. You know?

I put my family through a lot.

By the way, Leila,

if you're watching, go to sleep, baby.

Hey, Billy. You're 43 and 0, undefeated.

- Are you running out of legitimate...

- Sorry, can you say that again?

It's impressive.

But who are you gonna fight?

- That's really Jordan and me...

- I think I know one!

Me!

All the fans around the world,
they want to see it.

Y'all tell me, who else is there?

Your crew knows it.

All these beautiful people
in here know it. I know it.

I just want to know

why you won't give me my shot.

All I want is my shot.

I just want my shot.

I'm sorry, who are you?

You know exactly who I am, baby.

He's just trying to make a fight.

And you're that contender, Miguel?

You ain't never been hit

by a real man. All right?

Who's got that...

It's pretty clear that he hasn't
really been hit at all yet, huh?

What are you drinking in that cup, man?

You know what? You ain't no champ.

You're all show, and you know that.

Why you so scared to fight me, Billy?

We all came and gave a good show

tonight, didn't we, Jordan? Yeah?

That's right.

And I'm pretty sure
we did business, didn't we?
Yeah, all right.
Y'all have a good night, okay?
Sign the contract, baby!
Gonna be a fight, Billy?
Just sign the contract, baby!
Is there going to be a fight?
I want you to line it up!
Line it up?
Miguel's just showboating, Billy.
I'm gonna shut him the fuck up.
Line it up.
Turay just makes sense.
If it makes money, it makes sense.
Two for the bills, one for the belt.
The Turay fight makes better sense.
No, no, no, no.
You think Miguel's a better fighter?
No, I didn't say that.
I didn't say that.
What do I got to do, say it again?
- You want me to say it again?
- You want to fight me?
Do you want to say it again?
What do you want me to do?
Why do you do this in front
of all these people?
What happened?
- What's the problem, Billy?
- Hey, yo, yo, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry about that.
- I'll just...
- Don't worry about it. Go on.
- Just, come on, man.
- Don't worry about this.
I want to get you out of this dress.
Yeah, me, too. You have no idea.
Hey, Lee, put those in the office.
Come on. Come with me.
Come with me. Where you going?
- Come on.
- What?
Come with me.

Let me put my stuff down.
I got to get you some ice...
- Leila?
- ...and some food...
Leila?
Hey, hey. Shh. She might be sleeping.
- Leila...
- Hey.
- How's it going, Gloria?
- Congratulations, Mr. Billy.
Is she up? Is she up?
Yeah, she's probably
still waiting up for you.
Tell me she didn't watch that fight.
Oh, I saw you.
I saw you.
Don't try and fool me.
I'm coming for my hug.
Hey, wake up. Aw! You... Yeah... Oh.
Hi, baby.
Oh, I missed you so much.
I missed you, Daddy.
- Can I count?
- Mmm-hmm.
- That's a big one.
- Yeah.
- Eight.
- Mmm.
- You got hit a lot, Dad.
- Yeah, you should see the other guy.
No, she should not.
- Aw.
- She needs to go to bed.
And so do you. Come on.
Party's over. Come on.
- Why can't I go see the fights?
- Why can't she go to your fights?
Your mom thinks they're too
violent, baby, come on.
- Don't... what are you doing?
- But I see stuff like that
on TV all the time.
- I know you do.
- What do you mean?

I watch The Walking Dead with Gloria.
All right, that's gonna stop.
You, up. Come on, this is your hint.
Okay, all right.
Come on, time for bed. Please... no...
You have a phone?
She's had a phone for two months.
Why are you looking at me
like I'm crazy?
'Cause you asked me
to get her the phone.
- Give a 10-year-old a phone?
- Out!
Do you have the pass code on it?
Dad would say yes.
Well, sometimes I think
your daddy confuses you
with the other children who
hang around him night and day.
You're talking
about Mikey and Jon Jon, right?
That's right, baby.
- I love you so much.
- I'm serious.
Okay. Come on. Bedtime.
Hey, get away from my daughter.
You, get out.
- Get out.
- Go away, Dad.
Good night.
What would you like?
I want... I want to take a break.
I was just thinking we could
maybe blow off the Turay match,
rethink things, pick a fight
- for later next year, you know.
- Wait a minute.
Why?
I didn't like what I saw tonight.
What did you see tonight?
You saw me win tonight.
Baby, look at your face.
What are you talking about?
Look at your face.

Baby, what are you saying?
Hey, baby, can I ask you something?
- What?
- What if I said this...
"Look at your face, Look at your face,"
and then I started crying? Okay?
I'm sorry.
Nah, it's-it's all good.
- I'm sorry, but...
- It's good.
...you fucking scared me.
You can't fight like that anymore.
Baby, we... we won tonight.
Yeah, but it's the way you're fighting.
- What are you talking about?
- Oh...
The way I fight bought us this house
and bought you
that fucking beautiful dress.
Yes, I know. I know.
And it gave Leila
that fucking private school.
I know, baby. I know.
All the shit in this house.
Our fucking life,
that's what my fighting bought.
But I want to enjoy it.
- Where is this coming from?
- With you.
This is the talk you have
when you lose, not when you win.
The more you get hit,
the harder you fight. I get it.
I don't want to hear this right now.
Only now you're taking way too many hits
- before you get off.
- Hey. Listen to me.
This was a good night...
I love you. You are all I care about.
The three of us, that's it.
That's all that matters.
So I'm going to tell you the truth.
You're going to be punch-drunk
in two years, if you keep this up.

Think about her.
When she graduates,
what do you want to look like?
Fuck me. Fuck.
Why do you got to lay
the fucking truth right now?
Fuck.
You say it, I'll do it, all right?
You say it, I'll do it.
Come here, baby.
They're all gonna keep you in that
"Billy the Great" bubble, you know?
And they'll take their pound of flesh,
but, baby, when that bubble pops,
they're all just gonna
scatter like roaches.
And me and Leila are gonna
be here to pick up the pieces.
There are no pieces.
I know.
Hey, you know what?
- What?
- I wanna know...
- you know how I only went ten rounds?
- What's that?
I only went ten rounds tonight,
so do you know what that means?
What does that mean?
That means that I still have...
...two rounds left in me.
Oh, you want to go two rounds
with me, champ?
- Mmm-hmm.
- Yeah?
- Mmm-hmm.
- That's very impressive.
Very brave.
- Good.
- Good.
Wow!
Oh, fuck. Baby.
Uncle J, watch!
I smell a gold medal
in your future, missy.

- Flip a little higher.
- No, no, no!
No. No, no, no... no flips.
Not too high, baby.
Yeah, she's a cutie.
Oh, I got... I got, uh...
got a few things for you.
I put that together
for the people over at HBO.
- It's a two-year, three-fight deal.
- Mmm-hmm.
Hey, whoever wins...
whoever wins...
- ...gets one of these.
- Again with the gifts?
How much you spend on this shit?
Oh, shit, you all just won.
Oh, yo, I owe some shit
to the government.
Let me hock this shit.
Nah, just playing.
Yo, is this the shit
with the bezel right here?
Yeah, Gabe, it got the bezel
just like the last deal.
Oh, this shit got the bezel on it...
You don't got these shits
in big-boy sizes?
- I win, you win. All right?
- That's too much.
It's not gonna happen.
Maureen, Billy's been
my fighter for ten years.
I know what's best for him.
And I've been his wife
for, like, a hundred.
I know what's better for him.
Come on, he needs time off.
To do what? Sit on a beach
and watch the sun go down?
- Yeah.
- How long he gonna do that, Mo?
One week? Two weeks?
Then he's gonna start looking around.

He'll fuck around and bite his hand off
if you don't give him something else
to do with them.

- Are you hustling me?

- Oh, no, I'm not hustlin'.

- We've been friends a long time.

- Look at this.

He ain't got to pay me a dime for this.

You know, all of the fighters is
coming to me and coming to me

because of my relationship with Billy.

- 'Cause we family, Mo.

- I know.

- Daddy!

- Oh!

Oh, man, we was talking about you
like a dog, champ.

You should've heard the things

Maureen was saying about you.

I said, "The champ? Never!"

- Daddy, come jump with me!

- Okay.

- You okay?

- Yeah. How you doing?

- Took me too long to get here.

- You okay?

- Don't look at me like that.

- You been icing? You been icing?

- Look, Billy, I told Maureen...

- Yeah?

I got HBO to commit to \$30 million.

Ten million per fight.

I just told you, we're passing on Turay.

- Yeah, man.

- Daddy, come on!

Make sure she doesn't break her neck.

- He's laughing.

- Oh, boy.

- Come on.

- I'm coming.

"I just want to thank everybody
from the Children's Club

"'cause this place saved my life.

"I grew up in the system.

"My mother had me
when she was incar... incarcerated."
That... How do you spell "incarcerated"?
- You should say "in jail."
- I-N-C-A-R-C-E-R...
It doesn't matter.
It doesn't matter, babe.
Doesn't matter. "I got...
I got dumped into foster care the..."
I don't want to do this.
I can't do this.
- Hey. Come on.
- I don't want to do this.
- I don't want to talk about this.
- What do you mean?
I don't need to stand up there
in front of a whole
group of people and tell them
my fucking life story.
Stop. You're acting crazy. It's okay.
No, they're gonna look
at me like I'm an idiot.
No, they love you. Those kids love you.
And it's for them. It's a charity, baby.
Don't be nervous. You're fine. Okay?
Okay?
Put your pants on.
Let's go, so we can get home, okay?
- Mmm-hmm.
- Mmm-hmm.
Hey, Leila.
I'm gonna tell you something.
And it is very important.
Okay? I want you to listen.
- I love you.
- I love you.
- So predictable.
- Man.
The Children's Club
of New York would like to welcome
the Light Heavyweight
Champion of the World...
Billy Hope.
Um...

I'd rather...
I'd rather take a couple punches
than be up, be up here, but, um...
Well, I wouldn't be up here tonight,
uh, if it wasn't for the...
for... for the Children's Club.
They gave me a bed.
They gave me my first pair of gloves.
Some gloves...
you know, smelly, ratty and...
all tattered.
They were mine.
You know?
You got your soul in those gloves.
Hey, hey, hey,
- They gave me a home.
- Hector, chill out.
I met my boys.
That whole table, I would stay
away from 'em, if I were you.
Billy!
Behave yourself... there are
a lot of rich people here.
Um...
When I was...
When I was... When I was 12 years old,
there was this little girl.
She was skinny.
She had ratty hair.
She had been through it.
She stuck with me
when I was, uh, um...
was incarcerated...
a couple times.
And I knew she was there.
I wouldn't be here
without my wife Maureen.
Now, you, with your fancy cars
and... or your fancy dresses
and your fancy suits
and your beautiful hair,
take some of that money and...
and give it, give it...
give us that shit.

All right.

Swagger? No, I got pizzazz.

That's a level above swagger.

That's that new shit.

Come on, everybody tired of
that old shit, man.

Miguel, Miguel.

Bitch boy. Here he comes.

Speaking of old shit.

Watch this.

Hey, Billy, why you leaving so soon?

- Come on, baby, let's go.

- What?

Hey, man, I hope you're not
taking everything personal.

Man, I'm just trying to sell a fight.

Let's go. Don't give him any press.

What, I got to fuck your
bitch to talk to you?

Billy, let that go. Come on,
keep walking. Come on, let's go.

How about this? I'll take your bitch,
then I'll take your belt.

Come on, let it go.

- Baby...

- How about I take your belt,

- Let's go home.

- then I take your bitch?

- Let it go. Baby.

- There he is. There he is.

Let's go home. Walk away.

Stop it. Stop. Billy.

- Billy...

- I'll take your belt, bitch.

Billy!

- Stop it! Stop!

- Get out of the way, Mo!

Billy! Billy!

Bitch-ass nigger!

Billy, stop! Stop it!

Fuckin' little bitch!

Get the fuck off me!

- I'm good. I'm good. I'm good.

- Bitch-ass motherfucker!

It wasn't me, man! He shot my...

Huh? Huh?

Billy?

- Hey, hey. Hey, what's up?

- Billy?

What's up, baby? What's wrong?

- What's wrong? What's wrong?

- I don't know...

- What?

- I don't know.

- What happened?

- Something happened.

Hey, I don't know what to do.

- Am I okay?

- Yeah, yeah, you're okay.

- Am I okay?

- You're okay. You're okay.

Fuck. Fuck, baby. Okay. Okay.

What do I do? I don't know,

do I lie her down?

Do I lie her down?

I don't know what to do.

- Go get some help!

- Okay.

Hey, call 911, man! Come on!

Okay, baby, it's okay, it's okay.

Hey, no, no, no, no. Hey, Jon Jon!

No, baby, I don't want to lay down.

- No, no, no, stay up...

- I don't want to lay down.

Hector did that shit!

It wasn't me! Get off me!

Hector, what the fuck are you doing?

What are you fucking thinking, man?

Get a doctor here!

- Get a fucking ambulance!

- Get a fucking ambulance!

Yeah, yeah? What's up? What's up, baby?

Baby, I want to, I want to go...

- I want to go home.

- We're gonna go home.

Baby, I want to go home.

I want to go home.

Okay, okay, okay. Just stay with me.

Hey, look at me, look at me,
look at me, look at me.
Hey, look at me in the fucking eyes!
Look at me in the eyes, baby!
Baby, look at me in the eye!
Look me in the eye!
Look me in the eye,
there we go, yeah, yeah.
It's not that bad.
It's not that bad, baby.
No, no, no, it's okay.
It's okay. It's okay.
No, no, no...
- Just... that's a little blood.
- I saw the blood.
I know, like, we're... you and me,
we seen blood. It's a lot of blood.
Oh, baby, baby, baby, baby.
- No. No, no, no, no.
- It's okay. It's okay.
It's okay, baby. I love you.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no!
No, no, no!
Hey, hey! Oh, shit.
No, no, baby, it's just
a little blood, baby.
- It's just a little blood.
- Leila. Leila.
- Let's go home.
- Hey, we'll do it.
- I can go home.
- I know, baby.
- We can go home.
- Okay, okay, okay.
We're gonna go home.
You want to go home?
- Yeah. Yeah.
- Okay, okay.
There you go, baby, there you go.
There you go. Cradled in your arms.
Wait, wait, wait.
Hey. Hey.
No, baby, baby, baby, wait, wait.
Wait, no. Look me in the eye.

Look me in the eye, baby!

- Look... It's okay.

- Fuck!

Baby, baby, stay, stay, stay.

Baby. Baby, stay, stay, stay.

Baby, no. No, no, no...

Wait, baby, wait.

Shit...

Is there a doctor here?

Doctor?

We need a doctor! We need a doctor!

We're sorry to hear about your loss.

We're gonna try to make this
as, uh, simple and easy as possible.

We need an eyewitness
to identify the shooter.

No one's talking,
or they don't want to be involved.

Do you remember anything?

What... what time is it?

It's 6:

We know it's been a long night for you,
but we got to ask these questions.

The housekeeper's there with my,
with my daughter, so I... Can I just...
uh, I can't find my phone.

We just need another moment
of your time.

Uh, one of your crew, uh,
had a weapon on him.

He said he was your security detail.

Unfortunately, he didn't
have a permit to carry.

My daughter wakes up at 6:00.

Okay.

I tell you what, Mr. Hope.

Uh, if, uh, you can remember
anything, anything at all,
like we said, sir,
don't hesitate to give us a call.

- Thank you.

- Thank you, Mr. Hope.

Hey, baby.

You hungry or...
I could go down to the kitchen
- and get you something to eat.
- No.
All right.
Okay.
Mommy leaves it on.
Okay. Sorry, baby.
Daddy...
Yeah, baby?
Never mind.
Okay. Sleep tight.
Lei.
Come on, honey.
It's gonna be all right.
It's gonna be all right. Here.
What the fuck are you doing here, man?
Where you been, Billy?
We been trying to get in touch with you.
Please, please, can you just
talk to me for a second?
Please, let me, let me,
let me go with you.
No.
Just please talk to me
for two seconds, man, please.
What do you wanna talk about?
Just whatever's going on
in your head, you know.
I just hope you're not
trying to do anything stupid
like going after Miguel or Hector.
What do you wanna talk about?
You wanna fucking talk now?
Do you wanna fucking
talk to me now, huh?
- Talk to me, you fucking pussy.
- Geez, I'm sorry...
Talk to me, you fucking pussy.
- You were the one who's supposed
- I'm sorry.
to fucking look after her.
You were the one... that was
supposed to look after her, huh?

I'm sorry for Mo. I'm sorry...
and for your little girl.
Kid, no, no, no.
Get the fuck out of my house.
Get the fuck out of my house!
Get the fuck out! Get the fuck out!
Ain't fuckin' nothing
needin' nothing, man.
No good fucking piece of shit.
Hector!
Hector ain't here. Who is it?
Open the door.
Who is it?
I'm looking for Hector.
I got some money for him.
I said, "Move"!
You can give it to me.
No, I need to g...
I need to give it to him.
Uh, hold... hold on.
- Hector ain't here.
- Where is he?
- Is he out with Miguel?
- I don't know.
You think he tells me shit?
Yo, you gonna give me money or not?
- You got a hit?
- You his wife?
I don't have to be.
Not today.
That ain't money.
Yo, you got a hit?
Where the fuck is he?
- Hmm?
- Man...
I got kids, man. Come on, baby. Come on.
What are you doing?
Are you fucking crazy?
Mommy's got you. I got kids.
Shit.
Hey, I need a hit, though.
Yo, you got a hit?
Hey. Hey!
I'm fucking talking to you!

Where the fuck you going?

Fuck...

They're all gonna keep you
in that "Billy the Great"
bubble, you know?

Billy! Billy! Billy!

Billy "The Great"... Hope!

Fuck!

Hey, listen, Billy...

you've got a lot of money going out.

You know, with the mortgage
and your friend Gabe's legal fees
and all your taxes are due,
including your property taxes.

It's starting to add up.

Um, a lot of these are overdue.

Months, in fact.

- So... pay them.

- With what?

With my fucking money, Simon.

That's why I'm here, Billy.

The money, it's drying up.

Look, you gotta see

what's happening here.

- Um, you need to cut back.

- What's up?

I mean, they've already taken
two of the cars.

What's it about, man?

It... it's real simple.

What's it about, you taking my money?

What?

- You stealing from me, Simon?

- No.

I'm just here to help out.

I can take care of this
if you want me to.

Please.

This is fine.

- You can give me that and...

- Okay.

You can leave this with me.

I'll take care of it.

Okay.

Billy, I just want to say
I'm really sorry.
About everything.
Hey, look, Billy. You need this.
This solves all your problems.
What is that?
It's the contract. To fight Turay.
Look, I'm not gonna pretend
I... I know the pain you're going through.
But I do know for you to get through it,
you have to get back in that ring.
No, Mo doesn't want me to sign that.
Mo didn't want you to sign it then.
Now she would want you
to sign the contract.
Why you say that?
Billy, every time I seen you fight,
you climb in there alone.
Every time you bled,
you bled your blood.
When you sat down on that stool
and it felt like death
and you thought you couldn't get up,
but you got up? You did that.
You need to get back to that.
You want Leila to grow up
the way you grew up?
You want her in the streets?
It's a three-fight deal, Billy.
Got to get back to doing
what we do, man.
When you're in the ring, you're gonna
feel different. I'm telling you.
It's not about contracts, right?
It's about family.
I don't know what I'd do
without you, man.
You ain't gotta worry about that, man.
Nobody would've expected Kalil Turay
to have his way throughout
the fight against Billy Hope.
Billy, put them goddamn hands up now!
Hope fighting in the wake
- of his wife's unexpected death.

- Get off that rope!
No aggression...
simply a will to continue
taking punishment...
Get off them goddamn ropes!
...and to allow Turay
to pound him with both fists
to the body and the head.
Ending it, now!
But it's been a bloodletting
from the first bell onward.
Yes!
Hope finally gets in a right hand.
Those have been few and far between.
- By and large...
- Control your fighter!
...it was a beat-down
by Kalil Turay,
who appears to have scored
- Return to your corner!
- ...an upset victory over Billy Hope
and perhaps, has put
the finishing touches
- on Hope's great career.
- Listen, you've got to breathe
and you've gotta focus. You hear me?
Billy, listen to me, man.
I'm not gonna watch this
happen to you, man.
I'm won't watch this happen to us.
If you don't show me
something here, I'm gonna call it.
You hear me? We're done. Wake up, champ.
Don't call it, man.
- Come on.
- No, don't call it.
What the fuck are we doing here?
I gotta end this shit, Billy.
You hear me?
I'm not gonna watch this shit
happen to you, man, all right?
Remember when we were done,
when we were done, you used to fight?
Like, get up, get up. Let's go.

Come on, champ. Let's go.
He keep looking
out the ring for Maureen.
He's losing his fucking mind, bro.
Seconds out.
This guy is done.
- He's not the champ anymore. Finish him.
- Hands up. Fight back.
- Focus. Focus.
- Get out there.
- Come on, come on.
- Corner ready?
Get the damn hands up, Billy! Now!
Oh, man!
Billy Hope has refused
to compete here tonight.
Get off him. Get off him... fuck you!
Another giant shot from Turay...
...and the referee is gonna stop it.
It's gonna be the end of that.
It's over.
No, don't call it. No, don't call it.
- That's it, it's over.
- No...
And Hope head-butts the referee!
A horrible moment as a final postscript
to what has been a horrible
night for Billy Hope,
and a career which produced
so many thrills...
I'm sorry! I'm sorry!
...and so much joyous glory,
appears to have ended
ignominiously here tonight.
Eli?
Eli?
Is Jordan here?
Is anybody still here?
You head-butt a referee, man.
What the fuck kind of shit was that,
man? Broke his nose, man.
Shattered his motherfucking cheekbone.
What got into you, man?
We did the biggest deal

that we ever did, Billy,
and you fucked it off, man.
It'll be a year before your
suspension is up for review,
which means zero income.
The fine for the assault on a referee
will be in the six figures.
He's suing you for lost wages
and emotional trauma.
They're freezing all your
bank accounts immediately,
and to top that off the networks are
suing us for breach of contract, man.
Listen...
you're gonna have to sell the house
to cover the debt.
No, I don't wanna sell the house, man.
No. I'm not selling
the house. That's Leila's home.
You don't have a choice, Billy.
If you don't, it's gonna
get repossessed anyway.
Look, this is some serious shit, man.
No I'm just gonna train
with Eli and then-and then...
we'll get ready for the next fight.
I'm not even sure trainers
will take you on right now.
I don't need another trainer. I can...
- Eli's working with another fighter.
- Who? Who is he?
Miguel Escobar.
- Are you working with him, too?
- Yeah.
Billy, you know if
it makes money, it makes sense.
- Oh, you...
- It's just business, Billy.
I know you miss Maureen.
I miss Maureen, too, man.
Shit, if she was here,
she'd be disgusted with you, man.
You... We need you to
pull yourself together.

- You need help, Billy.
- Don't talk about my wife that way.
I fucking quit. Fuck you.
Can't do this anymore, Billy.
Fuck outta my way.
Scatter like roaches.
Y'all follow him, make sure he don't
break no shit on the way out.
Just a bunch of roaches.
Now I fuckin' wrote you off.
Baby, let's go home. Let's go home.
Let it go.
Baby, baby, stop it... stop...
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
Dad?
Dad?
Dad! Daddy!
Daddy, what happened?
Daddy! Daddy! Somebody help me!
Somebody!
Mr. Hope, what did you take, sir?
What did you take, Mr. Hope?
What'd you take?
What kind of medicine, Mr. Hope?
What did you take?
Mr. Hope? What did you take, sir?
- Leila... Where's my baby?
- Your daughter's fine, Mr. Hope.
She's the one who called 911.
You were in an accident.
- There's people looking after her.
- Leila?
No, no, no. No, no. She needs me.
We found you with
a loaded weapon, Mr. Hope,
under the influence,
with a minor present.
Where's my baby? Leila?
Where's Leila? I gotta get outta here.
Your daughter's with Child Services.
They're looking after her right now.
- No, no, no, no...
- Everything's okay.

- They're looking after her.
- We just lost the IV.
- Get him down. Get his legs.
- No, no, no, no!
- No!
- You got him?
Lay back for me, Mr. Hope.
You're gonna be just fine.
- No!
- Come on, just breathe.
- Lay back. Everything's all right.
- Breathe.
Just... just chill out for a second.
You're gonna be okay, Mr. Hope.
Just take a deep breath for me.
Gonna be fine, all right?
Gonna be fine.
You're gonna be fine, Mr. Hope.
Just relax.
Maureen... no...
no... I was...
Maureen...
Okay, he wants his copies.
I'll provide that.
I promise. By day's end.
- If it's okay with you.
- All right.
What about the, uh... this evidence?
Daddy.
- Baby!
- Sit down, Mr. Hope.
Hey, hey, hey...
- I just want to hug my dad.
- It's okay, you're okay.
Mr. Korman, get your client, please.
Sit down. Sit down, Billy.
Thank you. We're ready to begin.
The matter this morning
is provisional custody
- of Leila Rae Hope, a minor...
- When can I...
- When can I get her out?
- Don't interrupt, Mr. Hope.
The child has no other family,

is that right?

Uh, no, Your Honor.

Uh, both my client and his wife
came up through the system.

I see. So that's why these circumstances
are a little bit more painful for you.

I want my daughter back.

I'm her father.

Unfortunately, that's not enough.

This court is aware of the tragedy
your family has suffered, Mr. Hope.

Nonetheless, you have chosen

to demonstrate alarming

and dangerous behaviors,

while having custody of your daughter.

Loaded weapons, alcohol, violence...

Mr. Hope will follow a case plan

that the court has designed.

Said plan will include

individual counseling,

as well as sobriety

and anger management classes,

and I order said child remanded

into the care of the Family Services,

until which time

the father can demonstrate

the abilities to perform duties

of a responsible parent.

- What?

- Parties back in 30 days...

- 30 days?

- ...for a progress hearing.

What the fuck does that mean, 30 days?

Billy, 30 days is something.

- Watch your language.

- 30 days is bullshit, man.

I will find you in contempt.

We'll get 30 days to put this together.

- I'm sorry, Your Honor.

- My last warning.

I don't want to. Please, Daddy!

Billy! Come on! Yeah, Billy!

- Take the child out, please.

- Please, I want to stay with you!

Let me just give my daughter a hug!

- Daddy!

- No, no, no...

Daddy! Please!

- He wants to see his daughter!

- Please, Dad...

- Daddy!

- That's not necessary.

No! I want to live with you! Please!

Get down there, son.

- Daddy! Daddy!

- That's not necessary!

- JUDGE Mr. Hope, that's enough.

- Baby, baby...

I will hold you in contempt.

Everything goes to auction.

Hey, Evan, help me out

with this, will you?

That'll go inside

the truck, uh, towards the back.

- Auction's tomorrow.

- No, it's all going to auction.

Sorry, champ.

Yeah, it's just a house, yeah?

Hey, yo, thanks for, uh...

thanks for taking me.

No, Billy.

You know, I can't

really pay you right now.

Well, fuck you.

No, I don't want to get paid.

No, I was never here

for money, you know that.

Never.

- Hey, yo.

- Hmm?

- I'm sorry, Billy.

- Hey, hey, hey.

- This the place?

- Yeah.

You, uh, you want me to come with you?

No, man, no, no.

I got to do this alone.

It's yours.

No, man, I don't want to tak...
- I'm re-gifting it.
- I'm not taking that shit.
I don't want it. So, you stay safe.
- All right?
- Yeah, you, too.
- Call me if you need anything.
- Yeah, all right, I will.
- I'll be around!
- Hey, yo, Jon Jon,
go say hi to Mikey and Gabe, all right?
- You got it.
- Hey.
- That's Billy Hope.
- For real?
That ain't no Billy Hope...
Boo! That's it. Good work.
Hey, Hoppy, I want you on the ropes.
I already did that shit.
What'd you say?
Give me 50.
- Hey, T?
- Yes?
You work with him on one of those mitts?
Yo, T. That's Billy Hope over there.
Ramone, let's go!
You Tick Wills?
So, what brings Billy Hope...
into my gym?
I'm looking for a...
you know, a place to train.
And, you know, I don't know,
maybe a... trainer?
I don't train pro fighters anymore.
Well, currently, I am not a pro fighter.
Do you think I don't know that?
Does it say in there that
they took my kid away from me?
- Yeah, it does.
- It's been... it's been kinda
like a whole mess.
I remember that Night Train fight,
you know what I mean, and...
I remember that,

that was one hell of a fight, you know?
You're one hell of a coach, you know...
man, he won that fight.
Excuse me, but if I remember
correctly... and I do remember.
You won the fight.
You got the decision.
Don't you remember?
I won that fight.
I think Jordan Mains paid it off.
- Anyway, yo...
- Jordan Mains paid them off?
Yeah, look, I don't know, man.
It's the fight game, you know?
How can you come in here
and say something like that?
I'm just saying that's why I'm here.
Night Train was the only
fighter that beat me.
I know you were his trainer, and...
I don't know how you...
how you train, but...
- So that's why I'm here.
- See, the thing is,
you couldn't handle the rules here, man.
I can handle the rules, man,
I'll handle the rules.
I grew up in the system.
I can handle the rules.
You saw that little kid had to do
50 push-ups for swearing?
- Yeah.
- That's one of the rules here.
No drinking, no drugs,
no playing around,
no being late, none of that.
No problems, you know what I'm saying?
I don't need that here.
It's my job to protect these kids.
I'm here to train them
so they can grow to be men.
You ready to work?
- Yeah, yeah. I'm ready to work.
- 'Cause the thing is...

you're not throwing a punch,
anywhere until I tell you to.

- All right. Yeah, fuck it, I'm in.

- No swearing. Didn't I tell you?
Did I tell you no swearing?
No, no, no, I... yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, no swearing.
Boxing is not about this,
boxing's about this.
Boxing is like a chess game.
Yeah, all right, fuck, let's... uh, yes.
Uh, not, uh... not fuck. Yes.
Whoa. Are you on drugs?
Are you intoxicated?
I'm good, man. I'm straight.
Did you see this?
All right.
All right.
I also need a job.
Yeah, I need to...
I need to prove to the court
that I can hold a job.
I got a... a night man
who just had a stroke,
and he was cleaning this whole place up.
You could do that,
you can get your fees,
and you can
make yourself a little check.
What, you want me to clean
your fuckin' toilets?
Just to clean the place.
I'm supposed to clean up
after these punks here?
Is that what you think of me?

- But you need a job.

- Yo, come on, man,
I'm not gonna clean
your fuckin' toilets. Come on.
Do you need a job or not?
Nah, fuck this. Nah.
And rent... first day of the month.
Where's the light?

- First day, one of the month.

- Okay.

Okay, you pay rent? Huh?

- Yeah.

- Down this way.

Three keys... this work, the other...

I never thought I'd see

one of these places again, Billy.

All right, man.

Hey, tell Leila hi for me.

Can I help you?

My name is, uh, Billy Hope.

Leila... I'm here to,

I'm here to see my daughter.

All right, so the court is requiring
drug screening twice a week?

And hair samples once a month, right?

If you fail or miss one,
then I have to report it.

When can I see Leila?

Once we go through this form.

What is your current address?

I'm staying at the Tassler right now.

I'm staying there till I can find,
you know, a better...

better place to stay.

You know, find a place of my own.

Mm-hmm.

And have you secured employment yet?

- Yeah.

- Where?

At the gym.

The gym?

Wills Gym on 156th Street.

And who gave you that employment?

I got it myself.

But who gave you the job?

- The owner of the gym.

- And his name is?

Tick Wills.

Does Tick Wills

have a number I could call?

I don't know. I don't have a phone.

- I don't know.

- How much you get paid?

We haven't discussed that just yet.

So you haven't started the job yet?

Hmm?

You haven't started the job yet?

No, you just... you just asked

- if I secured... it...

- Yeah.

and I tol... I secured it.

Have you taken drugs

or any form of alcohol today?

No. I haven't slept

very well, though. No.

- You on any form of medication?

- I took some Advil.

You're gonna write that down?

"He took some Advil.

"He can't see his kid."

These are the questions on the form.

That's just the protocol

that we have to go through.

- Go after the test.

- But I'm asking you,

because we're about to see Leila,

so I want to know

what kind of shape you're in.

I'm a fuckin' mess.

When can I see my daughter?

And you think I should let you see

your daughter when you're a fuckin' mess?

If I see my daughter,

I'll feel a lot better, all right?

Will she feel a lot better?

Yes.

Do you feel in a fit state

to see your daughter today?

You want to help me?

Is that what you want to do?

- You want to help me?

- I want to help Leila.

That's my first priority.

Hey.

Hey, baby.

Hey...

You okay?

Can you give us a second?

Leila, would you be comfortable with that?

- If I stand right over there?

- Sure.

Okay.

All right.

I'm just over here.

What's wrong, baby?

Did somebody touch you? Hurt you?

No...

- They put a hand on you?

- No.

They put a hand on you, baby?

You can tell me.

- Mmm-mmm.

- Leila...

You talk to me?

There's nothing to say.

You fucked up.

Don't use that language with me.

Or what? You gonna punish me or something?

Look, I know you're mad at me right now...

You don't know anything!

- Hey, hey. Hey, wait, wait...

- Can I go outside now?

Yes, you can.

- Yes, you can.

- Leila... Leila,

- just talk to me.

- Come on, Talia, let's go.

Come on, we got a couple minutes, baby.

Is that your dad?

I don't know anymore.

Leila, will you come...

Leila, will you come back?

What you doing here?

Could I buy you a beer?

I don't drink.

I'll take that job.

Step forward... Step forward...

Step back. Step back.

Relax, relax, relax, relax.
One, two.
To the right.
To the left.
Don't cross your hands.
Step forward...
Step back.
- Step back.
- Can I get that for you, champ?
What's your name?
- Hoppy.
- What's that from?
My mom liked bunnies, so...
...she named me Hoppy.
Man, to think that...
Billy "The Great" would walk in here.
Just trying to get
some work here, you know?
Oh, yeah, sure thing.
- No more.
- Can I get a picture with you later?
Yeah, if you finish
tying my... tying my shit...
Oh. I can't say "shit."
Step forward.
You're being too hard on yourself, son.
You can't learn everything in one day.
- Hear me?
- Yes, sir.
All right?
All right?
Mr. Hope?
Can I speak to you for a moment, please?
What's up?
Yo, is Leila all right?
Where's Leila?
Uh, she doesn't want to see you today.
What do you mean?
She doesn't want to see you today.
I'm sorry.
But I think we have
to give her some space
and respect her wishes.
She said... she said that?

Yes, she did.

...last night's fight,
Magic Escobar defeated Kalil Turay
by knockout in the fourth round.
An incredible knockout,
and Turay did not recover.
Miguel is now the new WBC
Light Heavyweight Champion
of the World, a title once held by...

Come on, marry me?

Okay, how about...

let me check my schedule.

I'll get back to you.

Hold my hand?

- I'll be waiting for you.

- Uh-huh.

What's up, man?

Thought you said you didn't drink.

What, you think a man
can't pick up a new habit?

What are you doing here, man?

Seriously, this is my spot.

Can I get a wa... a water?

- Sure.

- Get some water?

Drinking's a solitary sport.

It's a solitary one.

Help me. I'm just trying to...

I'm just trying to connect here, man.

- I just...

- I just didn't want to go home.

300 square feet of...

nothing, you know?

You got plans?

I don't know what you mean...

All this training that you
think you so desperately need?

Wh... What you gonna do with it?

I'm gonna fight, and then

I'm gonna get my kid back.

Then you're gonna end up

right back here?

- What are you saying?

- What do you think got you here?

Um, fuck... some scumbag killed my wife.
What do you think you did...
to be sitting here?
- Why... did your wife get killed?
- Look, man,
all due respect, you know,
I haven't really gotten much sleep, man.
- What are you try to ask me...
- What happened?
I don't fucking... I just told you...
What did you do?
Why you keep asking me that question?
- What happened?
- I just told you what happened.
- Why?
- I can't tell you why.
What do you mean, why?
Never mind.
You can't even hear the question.
Why are you laughing?
What, is this funny to you?
- You can't even, like, even, like...
- That's fucking funny to you?
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
Piece of shit. Fuck you.
You see that? That's what this...
that's wh... that's why you here.
That's why you here.
- It's all good, Tick?
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yo, I'm sorry,
Hey, man, don't bring that shit
back in here.
- That's, um, hope we're okay.
- That's okay. We don't need...
Nobody wants your money.
What do you want, man?
I never really had any plans, all right?
My wife always made the plans for me.
- And my daughter...
- Right.
...doesn't even
want to see me right now.
And I feel like I broke her heart.

She's a kid, man,
she's not a little girl.
She's trying to take care of herself.
She lost her mother, too.
Even if she hates you,
you got to let her hate you,
so she can feel better about it,
she can get better.
This ain't about how you feel.
I mean...
you got to let her go through her thing
and not think that thing is your thing.
Then you can deal
with life, like that stuff.
Life...
Boxing, whatever you want.
Hey, come on. Come here, Hoppy.
Let's go.
Ready? Jab.
Jab.
Slow it down. Jab.
Yeah, make it accurate.
No pows, pop it, pop it...
no power, no power yet.
What, what, what, what?
What, what, what, what, what? Jab.
There you go. That's... Bam!
Hey.
Um, she...
Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know. Um...
She used to sleep with this.
Would you give that to her?
- Make sure she gets that?
- Yeah.
I will.
Tell her I love her.
We start tomorrow.
What, like training?
No, baking cookies.
I'm going to the bar.
I do not want to see you there.
Yeah, all right.
A'ight.
Shining so bright.

The way you fight...
anger's your biggest tool.
Fighting angry, that drains you
twice as fast.
The other guy...
in the ring is your enemy,
but if all you trying to do is kill him,
then you expose yourself.
You leave yourself vulnerable.
Got to protect yourself.
Make his mistakes...
be his destruction.
Right now, you got two weapons,
a shotgun and a grenade.
All power, no precision.
I want you to use your other arsenal.
There you go, tap.
Tap, tap, tap, tap.
There you go.
One, two.
Yeah... one, two, yeah.
Pow, pow, yeah. Pow, pow, yeah.
Yeah.
This is what we're gonna do.
This is the wall, right here.
My back's against the wall.
It's part of the wall. Blocking my chin.
Huh? Shielding yourself.
A block, anything that comes that way.
You're right here,
step and slide forward,
roll...
just step and slide.
Rope, rope.
This is the angle, this is the angle.
All right?
Let's do it real slow.
Take your time. Let's do it.
My-my wife would've liked you.
I appreciate that.
Let's do this, all right? I'm serious.
Good, looking good. Good, good.
- Good. Slide it.
- Yeah, I hear it now.

Slide it.
Oh, yeah, I hear it now.
Step... step...
Who that is?
See who that is... there you go!
That's it. Jab.
Who that is? Who that is? Who that is?
Drop your hands.
Don't even worry
about punching right now.
Just back against the wall.
Okay? You're doing good. All right?
Back. See my back? Okay.
Yeah, keep the back
against the wall. You feel that?
Remember to slide.
Keep making him miss...
Keep making him miss.
I'm gonna introduce you to something
that you never knew before,
called defense.
- Hey, Ramone?
- Yes, Coach?
- Come over here.
- I have defense.
Stoppin' punches with your face,
that's not defense.
- I want you to spar with him.
- All right.
- T! Glove him up.
- Got it.
- Spar with him?
- Don't worry.
He's not gonna be hitting you.
He's not gonna be hitting, or I'm not?
You're not gonna hit nothing.
You work on your defense.
Like, don't hit him?
- Like, with my glove?
- Like, don't touch him with your gloves.
Just block.
Hey, champ.
Move your feet, move your feet.
Come on, champ.

You got to turn your
body when you block.
You're just covering up.
Pivot out, pivot out.
Step out, step out.
Get some distance so
you can move your head.
Don't just stand in front of him.
Use your feet, use your feet.
Come on, champ. Let's see you move.
It's like fighting a fucking gnat!
Taking you out
like a boss, motherfucker.
- Champion, man!
- I heard that.
And that's 50 for swearing.
How you doing?
- Hey, Leila.
- Hey, Talia.
I need help.
Lei, what happened
to your glasses, baby?
They're not cool.
Quiz me.
I may need the definitions, too.
- Dismantle.
- Dismantle.
D-I-S-M-A-N-T-L-E.
You're so smart.
- Hopelessness.
- Hopelessness.
H-O-P-E-L-E-S-S-N-E-S-S.
- Gra... gra...
- That's all.
Although I see there has been progress,
unfortunately, Mr. Hope,
legal custody of the child shall remain
with Family Services
until further evaluation.
Court mandates that
your anger management program
continue for another 30 days,
and visitation will still be supervised.
- 30? Another 30, another 30 days?

- Yes, Mr. Hope.
You're free to go.
It's too early for this.
Just a sip.
What were you doing there
in the courtroom today?
Taking care of some parking tickets.
You don't have a car.
Jaywalking.
You all right? How's your eye?
Yeah.
How's your eye?
Now you're being smart.
No, seriously, what's up
with your eye? What is that?
Evil blue-eyed devil
just took it from me.
You know, the thing with you
is that, like,
sometimes one eye is,
like, cloudy, right?
And the other one is, like, sunny.
Like, cloudy, sunny, cloudy, sunny.
Close one eye, it's cloudy.
Close the other eye, it's sunny.
I was fighting Buster Quigley.
Buster Quigley was a nothing fighter.
We were in the middle of a match,
and I was crushing him,
knocking him to the ground.
Out of nowhere, he hit me.
Bam. With a right hand.
I went down, my eye went dark.
Doc told me I could never fight again.
That's too bad.
It was tough today in court.
With your kid. Sorry about that.
She doesn't want
to see me, anyway, so...
Don't give up on your kid.
Hey... that story
even true or is that...
- It's a fake eye.
- Yeah?

HMO screwed up, sent me the wrong color.
It's too much of a hassle
to get them to...
give it back.
I like that blue-eyed
devil story better.
Yeah, me, too.
Hope!
What's up?
- Give me that.
- Yeah.
Yo, thanks, Hop.
Be right back, Hop.
What's up?
Lou, uh, is working
with Keith "The Buzz Saw" Brady.
Light heavyweight kid,
won the Golden Gloves.
Yeah, yeah, I know him, yeah.
They're working at Freddy's gym,
and they're doing this, uh, charity event
for wounded veterans.
And they want to know
if you want to go eight rounds,
with Brady, for the cause.
We think that you'd bring
in a lot of people, big crowd.
Raise a lot of money.
It's your opportunity
if you want it, Billy.
You don't need a license
to fight for a charity, so...
- Good seeing you, Tick. Let me know.
- Yeah.
- Nice meeting you, Billy.
- All right.
What do you think?
I got one condition.
You gotta do what we practiced here.
That's all I ask.
It is kind of nice to be wanted, yeah?
Hey, you know what? Um...
Yo, I'm worried about Hoppy.
What you mean?

He's been wearing the same set of clothes for the past two days. He said something about his mom and dad getting in a fight last night, and then his dad went out after his mom left.

- His mom left?

- Yeah.

His mom having some struggles.

You should find out

if he ain't got a place to stay.

If he's out on the street,

then we can figure out

where we can put him,

what we need to do, all right?

"Kodug"? Is that a word?

I feel like I've heard

someone say, like, kodug.

Or Kodug's like a country

or something like that.

Can we just get out of here?

Baby, the...

the judge...

said it's gonna be another month.

I'm gonna fight again.

What?

I mean, it's a charity thing,

you know what I mean?

It's not like a real,

like a professional fight.

You know, it's an exhibition.

Um, but, um...

- I'm gonna fight again.

- Can I go?

Now, you know Mommy

didn't like you watching the fights.

Well, somebody has to be there.

Yeah, baby, I'll, I'll, I'll be okay.

But I want to go.

I don't think I can work that out.

Then-then you can't do it.

Dad, you have to tell them

you can't do it.

Leila, I got, I got to do it.

No, you can't. I have to be there, Dad.

Baby, I am trying

to get you out, just...

- When?

- Leila...

- When?

- Leila, I'm trying.

When?

You...

I hate you.

I hate you!

Why can't you just get me
out of this place?

- Leila...

- Why are you not...

I can't. I can't right now.

- You're not...

- Baby, please.

- I don't trust you!

- Just trust me.

- Come on, baby!

- You keep making promises,

- and you don't mean them!

- That's not true.

You should've been the one
that was killed.

- You, not Mom!

- It's okay, it's okay.

- You!

- Come with me.

- Let's calm down.

- You! You!

I hate you!

Ooh, that defense looking good, Billy!

Nice! That's the way to block!

Way to block!

Keep that distance, keep that distance.

Jab, jab, jab, jab...

Good!

Keep moving.

- He could last another round.

- You could be right.

Time! Time.

To your corners. Corners.

Give me the towel, give me the towel.
His jabs aren't quitting.
Keep your hands up, 'cause
you're dropping your hands.
- I know.
- Just keep jabbing. Keep jabbing.
This round, I need you, I need you
to be a little more aggressive, okay?
Just for points, not for blood.
Keep your calm. Tap, tap, tap.
Seconds out.
Let's go, let's go.
Go the distance.
Box!
Keep your head moving.
Move the body! Way to move the body!
There you go, there you go.
That's it!
- Keep jabbing!
- Go!
There you go! That's it!
Jab, jab, jab, jab!
Keep moving!
Just jab, just jab!
That's it!
- Way to go! Way to go!
- Damn!
Three! Four!
Five! Six!
Seven!
- Eight! Nine!
- Way to go, baby!
Ten!
That's it!
Yeah, Billy!
All right, will you just
tell her that I called and that...
tell Leila I'm okay, and Daddy won.
Yeah, oh, thanks, yeah.
Yeah, thank you.
Beautiful.
Beautiful fight, man.
Beautiful fight, man.
You looked great,

like a whole nother fighter.

Yeah, thanks.

Can I talk to you?

What do you want to talk about?

I came to see you, man.

Well, you should be looking at Brady.

You know me, I like to stick
with the sure thing.

Congratulations on that title fight.

I heard Miguel didn't have
a hard time with Turay.

How'd you like to fight for that title?

Yeah, cut the bullshit, all right?

Look, you needed some time off.

Now it's time to get you back on top.

What are you saying?

I got some friends down at the FAC.

They owe me some favors.

I think I can get you a early review,
get your license back.

The changes you've made
in the past couple of months,
I think the changes
speak for themselves.

What's the plan?

Vegas, six weeks.

It's a big one.

Hey, Tick.

Jordan.

You did a great job with your fighter.

He works hard.

Coach, I'm gonna
put this stuff in the van.

- Yeah, thanks, Jon.

- Yeah.

It's a great opportunity, Billy.

I'll be in touch.

What's that about?

Title shot, Vegas, six weeks.

Really?

Six weeks?

You know what that's about, right?

- Yeah.

- He's gonna sell it

like it's a-a revenge match
around the murder of your wife.
Yeah, it'll all be about Mo.
- You're not considering it?
- Yeah.
I got to make some money, man.
I can't lose my girl.
This man right here...
you fell down to the ground,
he just stepped right over you.
He fixes fights.
He's a liar.
Yeah, look, I'm not talking about him.
I'm talking about you.
I can't do this without you.
I can't do this with you.
Why?
I don't train pro fighters.
What, you're saying to me
that someone came in
and offered the boys a pro shot,
you would've give it to them?
All I need is the six weeks.
I need six weeks.
I'll give you my everything.
You get my everything.
This is about my family.
I can't lose my daughter.
Tick?
I got nothing to say to you, man.
Tick.
Who's winning?
You know Hoppy died?
What?
He tried to protect his mom,
and his dad shot him.
He's dead.
I should've known.
When you told me that his mom left,
I should've known right then.
I'm supposed to be able
to protect them, you know?
These kids coming up in here,
I'm telling them a bunch

of stuff that's bullshit.
It's bullshit.
"It's gonna be all right."
"You can control your destiny."
"You could control this,
you could control that."
You can't control shit.
What the fuck, man?
The fuck?
What is this?
What kind of, what kind of shit is this?
God must have some kind of plan
to teach me
some kind of lesson.
I just can't figure out what it is.
You know what Hoppy told me?
- Hmm?
- "You're a dream crusher."
Uh...
it's like, it's like, when...
one of them, one of them-them
games they play.
I'm the Dream Crusher.
That's like, you know,
crazy stuff, right?
So maybe I'm supposed to learn
how not to be a dream crusher.
You know what I'm saying?
Why stop now?
You think that you can, uh...
- beat Magic?
- No.
I can't beat him.
Not without you.
- Promise me something.
- Mmm-hmm.
Whatever happens,
you'll still keep taking care of yourself,
and you'll take care of your daughter.
Mr. Hope,
after careful review of your file,
including the assessment
from your case worker,
I'm gonna remove

the visitation restrictions,
and the reunification
can begin next week.

Your attorney will receive
notification in the mail.

Good job, Mr. Hope.

Thank you.

You have new shoes?

No, I've had these.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah.

Baby, I don't remember
those shoes. Remember...

I don't have that much food here,
baby, but I can make you an egg.

You want an egg?

No, why aren't you eating?

What's wrong, baby?

Why didn't you eat anything?

- You think I'm a baby.

- I don't think you're a baby.

Then how come you won't let me come?

Look, 'cause I told you,

I told you it wasn't up to me.

Well, it's up to you now.

Look, when Mom, when Mom was... you...

...around, you know,

she was the one who always made
all the decisions, you know?

For you, for me, and...

me, I can't make them, you know?

Not so much.

I know.

What do you know?

Mom always said

we had to take care of you.

No, baby, that's not how
it's supposed to work.

All right? I'm supposed
to take care of you.

But the truth is,

I'm hanging on by a thread here.

You sure you don't want

to eat something? Just, just...

No, Dad.
Can we go see her?
I miss you a lot, Mom.
More... more than ever.
Hey.
The guy that I'm fighting,
he's the guy from the hotel
when-when Mommy was killed.
Okay?
They're gonna say a lot of crazy things.
All right?
I have to be there.
It's gonna scare you.
Did Mommy get scared?
All the time.
Okay.
I'll wait in the dressing room.
But I have to be there.
Okay, you got a deal, baby.
You can do this.
You're stronger than that.
They say Billy Hope can't make it.
They say Billy Hope is over.
You!
You define yourself.
I want you to switch and go southpaw.
Have the foot move through with you.
Same time... it's like
it's connected by a string.
Same time that leg's
moving with that hand.
See how it's coming at the same time?
You switch, then the right foot
has to land with a hook.
Do what you gotta do,
to do what you want to do.
That's Magic.
Time, time.
I need to see the shuttle.
- Shuttle? All right.
- I need to see the pivot.
Time!
Come on!
Hello again, I'm Jim Lampley,

along with the pound-for-pound
king of the '90s, Roy Jones,
here in Las Vegas at Caesar's Palace...
as we welcome you live to our coverage
of the Light Heavyweight Title showdown
between existing
titlist Miguel Escobar...
and former champion Billy Hope.
Roy, throughout the boxing world,
there's hope...
you can't avoid saying it...
that this evening could produce
a great story
of redemption for Billy Hope,
who's been through so much,
but realistically,
what chance is there that Hope
could come back and win
against such a skilled and effective
young champion as Escobar?
The cards are stacked against Hope.
Um, his age, um,
the fact that he's been off,
and this guy is probably
the best fighter
that will ever be put in front of Hope.
Billy Hope, entering first,
with no entry music,
flanked by his new trainer, Tick Wills.
The ultimate revenge motive
for Hope tonight,
is that in his heart, he believes
he's avenging the death of his
wife in a bizarre incident
in which Escobar was involved,
an incident for which no perpetrator
has ever paid the price.
What about the choice
of walking with no music, Roy?
Anytime you've got
a crowd of this magnitude
and so much energy in one building,
really, you don't need music.
Billy Hope, in the six-week

build-up to this fight,
has kept saying,
"All business, all business."
"This isn't about all that other stuff."
"It's just about we're going to fight."
...the king of kings!
And here comes Miguel Escobar.
Escobar is a product of Colombia.
In the past, Roy Jones,
when we spoke about fighters
from Colombia,
almost always, they were big punchers.
This is a different story.
Yeah, this is a whole different story.
Not often do we talk
about Colombian fighters
and talk about the full package.
Most of them come with an astronomical
amount of punching power,
but not skills to match that.
Tonight we have a guy
who is just as good
offensively, skill-wise,
as he is powerful.
I said, more recently, Sergio Martinez,
but Carlos Melzon was a beast,
but this kid is a boxer-puncher
with great speed, great power...
something to see, Jim.
He's no champ!
And Escobar now promoted
by Jordan Mains,
the man who architected
Billy Hope's career.
You have a good fight.
I only gave him six weeks to train.
- Jon Jon?
- Yeah?
Slip it off.
You don't have to watch it
if you don't want to. You okay?
And if the defection
of Jordan Mains weren't enough,
Hope's longtime trainer,

Eli Frost, trains Escobar
against him tonight.
Okay, gentlemen, you both received
your instructions in the dressing room.
Okay, I want a good, clean fight.
Obey my commands at all times.
Above all,
protect yourself at all times.
Let's go.
Tony Weeks says
he wants a good, clean fight.
Quite a number of ring observers
expect that's the last thing we
have any chance of seeing here,
given the rising tide of emotions...
...in both corners as round one begins.
Go, Billy.
Logic tells you
that in the casting of this fight,
Escobar is the superior boxer,
Billy Hope the more physical brawler.
You have to make him miss!
Make him miss!
Come on, son!
And early on, Escobar getting
off, but Hope comes back.
There you go!
Go to body shots! Go to
the body! Go to the body!
Come on! Apply that pressure!
Put it on him now!
Escobar with the showboat. Look at him.
Trying to take Billy's confidence.
Come on, Billy, now, come on.
Escobar energetic, bouncing on his feet.
Escobar seems to be able to get
anything that he wants... he can hit him
with a straight right, he can
hit him with a left hook...
Nice slip! Nice slip!
Billy Hope already with
a mark above the left eye.
He's holding, ref! He's holding!
Let him go. I got you. Let him go.

Escobar is hitting him,
and Tony Weeks steps in, in the corner.
You didn't see that?
You didn't see that?
Let me see, let me see.
It appears that Escobar has drawn blood
right here in round one.
Well, Hope did his best
to make Escobar pay in round one.
What he wasn't able to do
was make him miss.
He's a fast motherfucker.
That's all right, that's all right.
You faster.
Don't worry about that.
Just do what we worked on.
You make him miss,
make him pay. All right?
By now, fans well aware of the
difficult passage
Hope has been through...
the loss of everything, really,
that was valuable to him,
including the loss,
for a period of time,
of his hunger to fight.
Come on, Billy!
Round two begins, and it's Hope
who's the aggressor at the beginning.
Now Escobar counters back.
- Your defense! Come on!
- And Billy's doing
just the opposite of what
a boxer is supposed to do.
You're supposed to hit and not get hit.
Billy is not hitting, and getting
the hell knocked out of him.
Come on, Billy, move
your head, move your head!
Early on, it looks like Escobar's jab
is too quick for Billy Hope.
Escobar working downstairs and up,
following the body shots
with hard punches upstairs.

Good exchange right there
before Tony separated them.
Come on, baby, you got this.
Watch that right. Just keep the pace.
Use your speed. Work your way inside.
Let's go, Billy! Don't give up, boy!
First couple rounds seem
to have gone Escobar's way.
Let's see if Hope can raise his
energy level and make it more of a fight.
Move your head! Move your head!
Keep, keep him up!
High time for Hope
to begin working to the body
and try to turn things around.
Three left hooks to the ribcage.
Escobar catches him with a right.
Down goes Hope.
First knockdown of the fight.
...three, four,
- Get up, baby!
- five... six...
Get up! Get up!
That left eye is bleeding freely.
You all right? You okay?
All right, sit down.
No, no, no. His eye.
He's hurt!
And it looks already as though
things may be slipping away
from Billy Hope.
You got to keep the pressure on, baby.
Don't worry about the eye,
I got the eye.
That's a gruesome-looking left eye...
If there was a problem,
they would stop the fight.
There's not a problem, okay?
- How's it look, Doc?
- I can see.
He's all right. He's all right.
Yeah, he's good to go. Good to go.
Well, Hope's fans would say
it wouldn't be Billy

if he weren't bleeding.
Show him. It's time to show him, baby.
Time to show him this time.
Back in the center of the ring.
Hope unloading right-hand leads.
- Come on, Billy, show up!
- Hope trying to tuck
that injured left eye
behind his front shoulder.
And Tick must be like
his Freddie Roach to Miguel Cotto,
because Tick has done
a great job with his defense.
Almost as though, Roy,
Billy Hope didn't show up again
till the blood started to flow
from that left eye.
Now Billy's showing up, Jim.
I have never seen Billy Hope
block a punch.
This is unbelievable. Look at him.
Nice!
What a good three-punch combination
out of the shoulder roll right there,
from Billy Hope.
Come on, Billy!
This is Hope's best round so far.
That's it! That's it!
And they're talking to each other
in the center of the ring.
Good. Stay in the shell.
Protect yourself.
He's switching his style up on us.
- He's rolling his shoulder.
- I can't hit that motherfucker, bro.
How's it looking, Doc?
- We got it, we got this.
- I'm good, Doc.
Okay, yeah, you're good to go.
Get the fuck...
You know who you are? You're a champion.
You can do it! This is yours, all right?
- Okay? You're a champion.
- Let's go!

Halfway through
the 12-round fight in Las Vegas,
now they're even, Hope bleeding
from above the left eye.
Escobar bleeding from above the right.
Hope mounting more and more offense now.
And now he fires back
with a big right hand.
- We got this. We got this.
- And they're working hard
to keep that right eye together
for Escobar, in his corner.
They're working just as hard
to keep Billy Hope's
left eye in the fight.
Hard right hand!
Get off the rope! Get off the rope!
Hope trapped in the corner.
Some of those shots were blocked,
but it was another big rally
for Miguel Escobar.
Both men have been hurt in this round.
Early rounds seemed to belong
to Miguel Escobar.
Middle rounds definitely
belonged to Billy Hope.
And now, as we come
to the 11th and 12th,
it's a close fight on the table
for whichever fighter wants it most.
- Shake it off, Billy!
- I'm fuckin' tired, man.
He's more tired than you are.
Two more, Billy... you just keep
doing what you're doing.
That fucker hits hard as a motherfucker.
I need you to counter,
I need you to pivot.
I need you to stay in
the shell, you hear me?
You got to stay focused,
stay in this fight.
- Punch and move.
- You were his fuckin' trainer!

Why don't you tell me how to
fuckin' beat the guy, man?
You're ready for this. You ain't tired.
You strong, you strong.
This is your time.
This is your moment. You hear me?
Billy Hope! Billy Hope!
Now with two rounds to go,
let's see which man can impose his will
in the championship rounds.
Come on, move, go!
Both men bleeding badly from one eye.
Don't stay still! Let's go!
It has elevated to a state of war.
That's right, Jim.
There are cuts everywhere,
there's blood everywhere.
Nothing to hold back now.
Underneath it all, a subtext of hatred,
anger, revenge...
which may or may not be relieved
by the violent combat
in which they now immerse themselves.
That's it! That's what
I'm talking about! That's it!
At this point,
it's a war of attrition...
a fight to the finish.
Listen, now, your wife
can't save you now, bitch!
Yeah, she can't save you now.
What you doing? Stick to the plan!
Billy, what are you trying to do?
Stick to the plan!
is caught between two monsters,
- as they fire away...
- What is he doing?
- What's going on?
- What is he doing?
What did he do to my dad?
- What happened to him?
- It's okay, sweetie.
What's wrong with him?
Keep throwing them bars.

Just keep throwing them bars.
Come on, keep it playing with his head.
Keep it playing... come on, Coach.
All right, you're about to blow this.
You got to be calm, you got to be calm.
Everybody else is walking slow.
This world is yours,
this world is yours.
Your soul is here... give me a towel.
God is watching you.
Your wife is watching you.
I'm watching you.
Your daughter's watching you.
Don't let this man control you.
Don't let him control you.
This is exceptional to me.
And part of a resurgent career,
as Hope is trying to come back
from life-damaging circumstances,
including, of course,
the unexpected death
of his wife Maureen.
Don't let him get into your head.
Don't let him take this from you.
You got one shot. Go southpaw.
Go southpaw on his ass.
You go in there and you kick his ass!
You hear me? You show up,
you show him...
I want to see Billy the Great!
You hear me?
I want to see Billy the Great!
Now you go out there
and you... beat his ass!
Clap now.
Already tonight,
a lot of expectations have been upended
by the style of the fight,
by the competitiveness
of the fight, and now
by the unexpected circumstance
of us entering the 12th round of a fight
that no ringside expert ever dreamed
could possibly go the distance.

- Come on, Billy!
- I'm not sure who's
- winning this fight right now.
- Escobar tasted both
of those big punches,
and now he's not throwing,
as Hope lines him up
and tries to tee off.
Escobar is in trouble,
he's in bad trouble.
Now Escobar comes back
with his own combination!
Protect yourself!
They take turns
trading combinations and covering up...
...as the momentum shifts back and forth
from one fighter to the other.
Tremendous uppercut by Hope!
And down goes Billy!
Ref, come on! Come on!
Tony Weeks is gonna call it a low blow.
He's hurting him. He's hurting him.
- It's okay, sweetie, it's okay.
- He's hurting him.
Come on, Billy... Come on!
One point, low blow. Hear that?
- One point, low blow...
- There's no count,
and Escobar is losing a point
for the low blow.
- Let me know when you're ready.
- I'm good.
You ready? Okay, here we go. Time in.
This could be critical
for what should be
very close scores at this moment.
We're about a minute away
from putting this
in the hands
of three judges at ringside.
Let's go!
Hope needs one last big shot.
Both men all-out.
Escobar comes back

with a hard right hand.
Come on, man.
Now we near the last minute
of what has become
a spectacular seesaw fight.
Switch up! Switch up!
Now's the time, Billy! Now's the time!
Now Hope switches feet
for a southpaw uppercut,
and down goes Escobar!
Yeah, Billy! Yeah! Yeah!
- Yeah!
- Southpaw! Yes!
Tremendous left-hand shot by Billy Hope.
What an unbelievable
left uppercut from the southpaw position.
...five, six...
Wow! Who would've ever seen this coming?
- You good?
- I'm good.
You good? Okay, fight's over. It's over!
- Escobar is saved by the bell,
- Fight's over!
just as he was getting up.
And Billy Hope finishes
the fight with a flourish.
We'll see what that does
to the scorecards
in what could have been
a very close fight.
That may have been the two-point round
that get him over the hump.
Whether he won the fight or not,
he'll have tremendous satisfaction
from having knocked Miguel Escobar down.
Now let's go to ring announcer
Jimmy Lennon Jr.
to find out who's the winner.
Ladies and gentlemen,
after 12 rounds of action,
we have a split decision.
Judge at ringside, Casey Borne,
scores the bout 115 to 113
for Miguel Escobar.

- No.
- Judge Raoul Fromes sees it...
...115 to 114
for Billy Hope.
And Judge Ricky Quiles scores the bout
116 to 112...
in favor of the winner...
and the new...
WBC Light Heavyweight Champion
- of the World, Billy...
- He did it!
He did it! He did it! He did it!
Hope!
Hope is back! Hope is on top again!
Billy Hope has regained
the Light Heavyweight
Championship of the World.
Yes, Jim, we still have Hope.
- Yes!
- Yes, Dad!
What a spectacular story
here in Vegas tonight.
We did it, baby.
What an amazing moment
of redemption for Billy Hope.
Hey, baby...
I'm ready. Yeah, I'm ready.
I'm ready.
I'm ready. I'm ready.
- Hey, T. Come here.
- What?
- It's your belt.
- It's for you, man.
No, no, no. That's-that's yours.
Hey, hey, it's too heavy, man!
No, no. No, no... no, no.
Everybody, great work.
Very nice. Thank you.
You got to hang that up
on the wall in the gym.
Up there for the kids.
- Yeah!
- Daddy!
- Lei Lei!

- Daddy! Daddy!

Baby...

Hey. Hey. Are you okay?

Huh? Hmm?

Yeah.

- Hmm?

- I was scared for you.

- Aw.

- It was so scary.

Aw, baby, you're so brave.

You guys take care of each other.

I love you, Daddy.

Yeah, baby.

Your mother would be so proud of you.

Let's just go home, okay?

Just go home, okay?

Let's go home.

Let's go home.

I was so worried for you.

Come here.

Back up. Back up.

Give the man some room.

Back up.