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The Champ

By Frances Marion

-How's the hip? | -Oh, it's fine.
-I'll teach you how to ride, Shirley. | -I started when I was 8.
No, I'm talking horses here, Shirley.
Don't worry, I'll make a couple of trips.
Hey, Ramn. Take him in. He'll win.
Oh, boy.
Now, where's my girlfriend?
Where's my girlfriend? | Here's my girlfriend.
How are you doing, beautiful lady?. | Beautiful Lady, I love you.
Now let me see those legs, now. | You've got great legs, honey.
Yeah, great legs. You're in great shape.
Settle down, big boy. What are you doing?
Easy, nicee and easy.
-Good morning, Billy. How's it going? | -Good morning, Carmine.
Hey, Josie, my posy, listen. | Could you help me out?
Coverfor me this afternoon, | I have some business to do.
Sure. You're going to see Goodman?
I don't know. Maybe, | but keep it under your hat, will you?
Bless you.
You're going to do it, Champ? | You're going to really do it?
We're gonna have to keep on it.
We'll go down and listen to this guy, | and if he makes any sense....
We'll listen to him. | If he makes any sense we'll consider.
-Right, T.J.? | -Right, Champ.
The Champ's going to do it!
What's the excitement, T.J.?
Charlie Goodman. He wants the Champ. | The Champ w'I fight again.
-Charlie Goodman? | -Charlie Goodman.
There's nothing. | You're listening to my kid?
-Do you want to fight again? | -I didn't say nothing.
What are you getting me in trouble for?.
-Good luck, Billy. | -Good luck nothing. I didn't say nothing.
Why did you say that to him?
Billy, slow down.
If you feel like going in the ring again, | maybe you shoud, but be
caareful.
You're 37. | Last time you fought you were 30.
Jersey Joe Walcott fought | the Heavyweight World Championship...
-...when he was 37 years old. | -I know.
Archie Moore was 50. | Nobody knows how old he was.
I know that, too.
But neither of those guys | Laid off for seven years.
Good morning.
-Hey, Jimmy. | -Hey.

\$1,200 I made off you | in that Johnny Ward fight.
Doubled up on the hooks, | caught him in the eighth.
You were Beautiful, Billy. I remember | watching your fights and saying to myself:
"My God, this kid has got such talent."
I figure you hold the title | for five more years...
..but you have one bad fight, | Lose it and you walk away.
I got to go, Mr. Riley.
Good luck, Bily.
Come on, let's go! | What's the holdup here?
Let's go, let's go! | Come on, come on, keep coming.
-Where have you been? | -I forgot to get something for you.
-What have you got in the box? | -I'll show you later.
Do you like it?
Yeah, I like it.
I like it very much.
-It's for your comeback. | -Comeback?
-Comeback's for has-beens, right?. | -Right, Champ.
All right, | Let's get this show on the road here.
-Yeah, baby, no kidding? | -No.
Wait, hold on.
Hi, Bily.
That's Billy Flynn.
Billy Flynn. Yeah. | I've seen him. That's him.
Come on, you got him! Up! Up!
Pick it up, Donny! | Pick it up, for Christ's sakes!
What have I got here, | a fighter or a piece of meat?.
I said jump, move! I mean it! | You're not showing me nothing!
Watch your hands. | You look like a bum out there.
Goddamn it! Get the hell out of here! | Get out of there! You're no fighter!
What's the matter, fatso? | What do you expect?
Get out there and punch. Get out there.
Move. Get him.
Get your hands up, Ernie. | Get your hands up!
Move! Hit him! He's wide open! | What are you doing?
Move in on him! Hit him.
Bily.
Georgie.
-It's good to see you. | -It's so nice to see you, Georgie.
I got something to show you. | I saved this for you for seven years.
Your gloves. The gloves of a champion.
Your locker, Billy.
I saved all your stuff, Billy.

I still got the trunks, the cup, the headgear. | t's all here.
I said, "Someday, Billy w'll walk in | and he's going to ask for them."
-Has Goodman showed up yet? | -No, but he'll be here.
You think this is right, Georgie?
That I should show him what I got?.
That I should step in that ring | and show him what I got?
I made a lot of money for that man.
Champion of the world. It ain't right.
I'm taking a walk.
-What are we going to tell him? | -You tell him exactly what I said!
And if he wants to wait for me, that's fine! | He can wait for me!
I'I be back in half an hour.
Hi, Jimmy.
Come on, walk straight.
Here, I got you. Come on, Champ.
Billy, is everything okay?
I had four beers.
You need some help?
-No, it's okay. I can handle him. | -He can handle everything.
-I really can. | -He can handle everything.
-Yeah. | -I'll walk. I can walk. Look.
-Come on, Champ. Watch out forthe step. | -See that, I'm walking!
It was Charlie Goodman's idea: | "Billy, just a couple of beers."
And you know, | everybody started to buy him drinks.
He didn't want to hurt | everybody's feelings.
Right. Thanks a lot, Josie.
See you.
Oh, boy!
Oh, boy, it's hot in here.
Thanks, T.J., you're a good boy.
You're a good boy. You know why | ost the title? Why I lost my title,
T.J.?
Why, Champ?
Because I didn't care.
I just said, "To hell with it." | You know, I didn't care anymore.
Did you hear that, T.J.? I didn't care.
Let's get undressed, Champ. | Let me take off your pants.
No, let me do it.
The day a man cn't take off his own pants | then he ain'ta man.
-Why don't you go brush your teeth now? | -Sure, Champ.
-Can you help me with this? | -I'll help you.
Yeah. Look. Easy as pie, see that?
Come on. Come on, let's go.
Listen to me.

I am not going to drink no more.
I'm not going to gamble no more. | You understand that?
You understand that, kid? | I am not going to gamble no more.
Sure, Champ.
Yeah, you think 'm telling the truth?
-Of course I do. | -Ofcourse you do. You're a good boy, T.J.
People think they know everything. | They don't know nothing.
They don't know nothing. | They weren't in there taking the punches.
What do they know?.
I just didn't give a damn, | I didn't caare anymore.
I didn't caare.
Good night, T.J.
Good night, Champ.
TV rights or the Champ doesn't fight.
The Champ's going to sign for \$50,000, | not a nickel less.
-Where is Billy now? | -He's around here somewhere.
All I was....
Good morning, Freddie.
There's the Champ now. There he is.
-Anybody miss me? | -Yeah, Riley missed you.
Champ, where've you been? | I've been waiting for you.
I know, T.J. I had a bad night.
But 've been going crazy.
Ofcoourse you're going crazy. | You know why you're going crazy?.
Because it's hereditary. It's in your blood. | You got a crazy father.
I'll tell you. | You know where was last night?
-Where? | -Oh, boy. Oh, boy.
I coouldn't sleep last night. You know why?.
Why?
Because I let my son down yesterday. | Spent all my money on Liquor.
-What else is new?. | -I don't know.
And on top of everything else, | worst of all...
..I stole \$20 from my own son.
-Come on. | -It's okay, Champ.
My money's your money.
No, it's not okay. | What a terrible thing to do.
You know what I did with the money?
-What do you think? | -Go gambling.
That's right. I went gambling. | You know yourfathertoo well.
So, I go back to the crap table, of course.
And I lay the money down | on the crap table...
..and your old man is shooting the craps. | What do you think happens
there?
I make seven straight passess, | Letting it ride every time.

Seven straight passes. | Your old man was winning last night.
-Now, how much do you think he won? | -\$100?
-More than that. How much? | -\$200?
In this pocket, | how much do you think I won?
-\$400? | -\$6,400!
Yeah!
-\$6,400! | -\$6,400?
The Champ always comes through | in the end.
That's right! | You know what I did with the money?
-Hell, you blew it. | -No, I didn't blow it.
I got some presents for my friends. | I'm not kidding you.
Everybody, come over to the car. | I got presents for you all.
Come on, let's go! Come on. All right.
Watch this, T.J. | Let me see what we got here.
Hey, Billy, how about....
Who wants that? There you go. | Who wants this?
All right, wait a minute. What's going on? | Now, we got some candy.
Some more. Come on.
Everybody gets presents. | These are all for the people here.
-Ask me what I got for T.J. | -Hey, Billy, what did you get for T.J.?
What did I get for T.J.?
You forgot?.
How could I've forgotten my own son?
-No. | -Poor T.J.
Now, wait a minute.
Maybe there was a little something. | got to think now.
Let me see if I can find it. | Mr. Riley?. Mr. Riley?.
Would you bring that little thing I got | for T.J.? Bring it right over
here, please.
Oh, yes. She's Beautiful.
What's the matter?. Don't you like it? | I could take it back.
-She's mine? | -Yeah.
-All mine? | -Yeah, she's all yours.
-Really, all mine? | -Yeah.
She's a beautiful horse, this horsse.
She's a Lady. | That's the name of the horse. Yeah.
What do you think of that?
Ain't she Beautiful?
The world'ss youngest horse owner. | That's what we got here.
It's great! It's a nice horse.
She's a Lady, T.J. | That's the name of the horsse.
Ladies and gentlemen, | your attention, please.
There are changes for the third race.
Bobby Castle will be up on No. 5, | Sunday's Child.

And Perdition, No. 7 horse, | will carry 120 pounds.
It is a tradition on this day of racing | to wear something pink...
..in honor of our beautiful flamingos | who reside here at Hialeah.
And prior to the last race of the day, | lovely gifts will be presented...
..to the lady and gentleman | in the best pink attire.
All right. It's a beautiful day | here at Hialeah, plenty of sunshine.
Dolly Kenyon, owner of the brilliant | 3-year-old champion, Justasec.
Don't forget this race. | I got a horse in this race, too.
-Of course, Dolly's Chance. | -That little bay over there.
She didn't cost much, | but she's a good animal.
Anybody can do what my husband does.
He pays hundreds of thousands of dollars | for Justasec.
I paid \$5,000 for Dolly's Chance. | She's going to win this race.
Bullshit.
-Who said that?. | -Who said what?
"Bullshit." Somebody said "bullshit."
-Mrs. Kenyon, what about Justasec? | -Just a horse, just a horse.
Thank you very much. Good luck.
-Did you say that, little boy? | -You weren't supposed to hear.
Well, I heard.
-Sassy boy, what are you doing here? | -What do you mean, what am I doing
here?
I'm a horse owner, like you. | And mine's going to win.
-What's your name? And speak up! | -T.J.
I said your name, not your initials.
I got to talk to my rider. | I can't waste my time with you.
Jeffie.
Where have you been? I got to talk to you.
Little smart aleck.
-Come on, Dolly. | -Thank you very much.
-Jeffie? | -Yeah?
-Don't rate her. Don't rate her. | -Yeah.
You told me already.
-Don't let her get boxed in. | -Yeah.
Go to the front and improve your position.
Sure. Relax, T.J., | I'll ride the horse, you watch.
Everything's cool, okay?.
That's some horse.
Is she really yours?
Yeah. Mine and my dad's.
Well, she's got | an extremely attractive head.
Good confirmation.
-What's her name? | -She's a Lady.
Whoever named her | knew what he was talking about.

She has good composure.

Are you with that "sassy boy" lady?.

She's a personal friend of mine.

Personal friend or not, | don't bet on that horse.

Bet on mine. You'll make a million! | Believe me.

-Well, I need a million. | -You got it. It's in the bag.

Okay.

I'll bet her.

But if she doesn't pay off, | I'll come looking for you.

Okay.

The name is T.J.

And if she does pay off, | I'll come looking for you.

The name's Annie.

Good luck, Annie.

..truly named Home of the Champions.

For instance....

That's my horse! That's my horse!

She's going to win.

First horse to win over \$1 million.

This was called Seattle Slew's | winter playground.

And other great champions | who raced here; Affirmed, Aldegar....

-Was that a kid or a jockey?. | -He owns the horse.

What?

-Did you see what he did to Dolly?. | -I think Dolly was flinching with him.

-How about you? | -I guess I was--

-Hello, Mrs. Philips. | -Hello.

I promised to bet his horse.

Could you do me a favor | and put \$10 on her? It's No. 1.

She's a Lady. Okay.

-But don't say anything to Dolly. | -No.

Ladies and gentlemen, | ten minutes to post time.

Post time in ten minutes.

-We got any horse owners in this line? | -I'm a horse owner.

You're a horse owner? | You're in the wrong line.

I asked about this line. | I was just kidding you.

-I know a horse owner who's 8 years old. | -You can't be a horse owner at that age.

No, I'm telling you the truth. | My son owns a horse. He's 8 years old.

I got some money together. | I got him a nice horse.

Horses are nice for kids to be around.

I get him the horse. | He's going to sleep that night.

He's actually falling asleep, | and he says to me, "Champ."

He calls me Champ | because I used to be a boxer.

He says, "You would do this for me?"

He said, "I can't believe it. | You are a good father."
He just fel asleep.
Yeah, \$10.... | I don't want the odds to go down.
\$10 on No. 1 to win.
She's a Lady!
It's been nice talking to you, folks.
Ladies and gentlemen...
..the horses are cooming onto the track | forthe great....
Please, ladies, | there's a little boy right here.
There.
Sit up! Watch out! | He's an owner! He's a genuine owner.
The youngest owner | in the history of Hialeah.
Move back! Move back!
I'm going to move back | as soon as the race starts.
I'm going to go right backthere. | Excuse me.
..and is the oldest in continuous use.
While the horses are parading | to the post in front of you...
..may I remind you | of the superb post-Flamingo Day dinner...
..to be held tonight.
Details may be obtained | at the information center at the....
There. Isn't that beautiful?
Marvelous. Marvelous.
-There he is. That's him. All right. | -Come on, Jeffie.
He looks nice and calm. | That's a great sign.
What a beautiful sight this is each year.
Ladies and gentlemen, we'll run down | the horses once again for you.
No. 1, She's a Lady. | No. 2 is Dolly's Chance.
T. T. 's Baby is No. 3.
Small Virtue is No. 4, | with Sunday's Child No. 5.
No. 6 horse is Man Stopper.
No. 7, Perditiion, | and Billy Bee is the No. 8 horse.
She's a Lady, the No. 1 horse | being led into the gate.
And now, here comes Dolly's Chance.
-He's in the starting gate. | -See the way he's got him? Perfect.
-He's in the starting gate. | -He's reaxed.
-He's in good shape, see? | -Yeah.
The flag is up!
Let's be ready.
-All right, Jeffie, hold him right there! | -Yeah.
..in front of Perditiion.
Around the turn, Dolly's Chance | head and head with Sunday's Child.
She's a Lady, She's a Lady, coome on!
Sunday's Child and She's a Lady.
Man Stopper is the sixth horse | and T. T. 's Baby, Small Virtue.

Come on. Hold him right there, Jeffie. | Just don't let him make his move yet.

But She's a Lady is burning up that track! | She's a Lady is flying! She's a Lady....

She's a Lady, come on!

Stop that, Annie! | Who are you rooting for, anyway?.

But, Dolly, look at her!

Man Stopper making a run now, | and She's a Lady!

Man Stopper's trying | to get up there, but....

She's a Lady and Man Stopper.

She's a Lady. | And now, turning for home....

She's in secoond.

Sunday's Child trying to hold on for third.

She's a Lady's down!

She's died!

It's the boy's horse.

Man Stopper got up for show....

There's a photo performed, | ladies and gentlemen. Hold all tickets.

What a frightening finish | at the Flamingo Stakes today!

Dolly's Chance is the winner.

Sunday's Child was second | and Perdition was third.

It's Billy!

That's Billy down there with that boy.

Well, Dolly's Chance | is coming back up the traack...

..heading for the winner's circle | for the traditional photographic session...

..and they're racing up | to the steward's enclosure.

However, they must wait | forthe official findings.

The next post is in 30 minutes.

Is T.J. him?

Man, the horse was going to win that race. | "She's the winner," I said.

I'll keep her, no matter what, | even if she can't run no more.

I'll brush her and I'll feed her every day.

What are you doing here?

How's the horse? s it all right?.

The horse isjust fine. | In five minutes, they'll probably shoot her.

Stop it! Stop it!

It doesn't work anymore, Billy.

-What do you mean? | -It doesn't work....

Just like old times, honey.

What are you doing here now?

No smoking in the barn area. | What do you want?.

T.J.'s Timmy, isn't he?

Yeah, T.J. is Timmy.

So you figured it out, so what? | Even a dumb horse knows her own foal.
One of us should be with him right now. | If he's out--
One of us should....
One of us is, but one of us wasn't. | For seven years, I was with him.
Billy!
You dropped your purse.
Billy, will you stop it, please!
After seven years you want to come back. | You want to hold his hand?
Do you know what I told him?
I told him that you died, | that you were killed in a car wreck.
That you were a tramp | and we're better off without you.
You're dead! Do you understand that?
You're dead! The kid's got no mother!
-I am his mother. | -You're dead! He's got no mother!
I'm here. I am his mother.
You gave me custody, didn't you? | And you got what you wanted.
-Get the hell out of here! | -Billy, please!
I'd like to see him. | I'd like to know what he's like.
You want to know?. Look!
He's a one-in-a-million kid | you dream about.
But you are never going to see him. | Come on, get out of here.
-Get out of here! | -Billy! Stop it!
Do you want me to get a lawyer?.
-Do you want to do that?. | -No!
No, I don't want to do that!
You know as well as I do that no court | would deny me the right to see
him.
Superficial wound, nothing more.
Is she going to be all right?
Champ!
Champ! Where's the Champ?
Champ, where are you?
-She's okay! She's okay! | -That's wonderful!
The doctor said it's a superficial wound.
-Great! | -Got that? A superficial wound.
-Let's go. | -She's going to be okay.
T.J., I'm glad. I saw her from the stands. | I was worried.
Come on.
T.J.!
We have this other matter to discuss.
I bet on her.
You owe me a flat \$10.
The name's Annie.
You know, it's nice to meet you, Annie.

Maybe I'll take you up | on that invitation sometime.
-Aren't you happy, Champ? | -Yeah, 'm happy. I'm happy.
Why do we have to go?
Because it's fun.
You know, people....
People inviting other people over.
Why do we have to be dressed up?
Because these people are rich people. | You want to look nice, don't you?
You look nicee. You look real nicee.
What if she asks me about the \$10?
Hey, what is this, question day?.
I told you about that. | She didn't mean nothing by that.
It's just her little sense of humor.
Some sense of humor.
Okay, come on, let's go.
I forgot! I got to make a phone caall.
Hey, look. | Here, I want you to go up there, see.
Let's see if your hair is nice.
Good. Okay, that's it. Go ahead.
-Go ahead. I'll see you in 20 minutes. | -See you in 20 minutes.
Hey, hold it. Wait. Just a second.
That'd be beautiful walking in | with \$37.50 on your sleeve.
Al right. Go ahead.
Go ahead. Come on.
Have a good time.
Be back!
Yeah, I'll be back in 20 minutes.
Mrs. Philips is waiting for you down there.
-Thank you. | -You're welcoome.
-Hi, T.J. | -Hi, Annie.
Where's your father going?
He had to make a telephone call. | He'll be right back in 20 minutes.
Okay.
-How's the filly?|. | -She's okay.
She's getting better every day.
-Is she really?|. | -Yep.
When do you think | you'll be able to start working her out?.
We'll be working her out | in a couple of weeks.
In two weeks?
That's amazing, T.J. It's wonderful.
We'll staet entering a couple of races.
Then we're going to start | collecting the dough.
Mrs. Phillips, you have a phone cal.
Will you take a message? | I'll call them back.

He said it was an emergency.

All right, Bob.

Do you know what an emergency is, T.J.? | It's anything that they caan't handle.

Mike, T.J., | I'd like you to meet my husband.

This is Mike. Mike, this is T.J.

-Hello, T.J. | -Hi.

Would you two keep each other company | for a few minutes?

-There's a phone call. | -Okay.

Sit down.

-So, yourfilly's going to be all right?. | -She's going to be fine.

-The vet said she didn't even swell up. | -Good.

Excuse me.

Can I taak to you honest?

Sure.

Annie don't understand.

When you lose a bet, you lose a bet!

You mean, she wants the money back?

Exactly.

You want me to talk to her?.

Don't you think you should talk to her?.

I guess so.

Who's he?

His name was Thomas Parr, | and he was an English farmer.

He was very famous | because he lived to be 153.

The oldest man who ever lived.

No kidding!

And he might've lived | who knows how long...

..only they took him to London | to show him to the king.

What happened in London?

He ate and drank himself to death.

-How can you live to be 153? | -That's what I try to figure out.

Why people get old.

Why some people like Thomas Parr | live so long and other peope don't.

Are you a doctor?.

Soet of.

A gerontologist.

How are you two getting along?

We've neen having a great time.

What are you talking about?

Old man Parr.

T.J., that was your father on the phone.

His friend is in some kind of trouble | and he won't be able to be back until 6:30.

Well, it's not that bad here, you know.
Do you want to see around the boat?
Come on, I'll show you around. All right?
-Did he say which friend was in trouble? | -He didn't.
He said it wasn't important. | He'd be back in a few hours.
Don't worry about it.
-Do you like boats? | -Yeah!
T.J., look at that one!
-That's pretty! | -Isn't it?.
Look how many people there are!
Look at that one! That's pretty, too.
tell you!
I wish the Champ could see that one. | He'd love it!
Hey, you're pretty damn good.
You a hustler?
No, 'm just lucky.
Well, try it again then.
No!
-What do I get?. | -Anything you say.
Anything I say?. Al right, anything I say.
Right here. How about this one? | Right here.
There you are.
Are you sure | you don't want to try that again?
Once more?
Yeah, I'm sure.
I tried.
You're a sweetheart, too.
I tagged you!
All right, it's my turn to tag you.
I've got you.
I'm going to tag you!
-Keep that blanket nice and clean. | -I will.
-You'll promise me? | -I will.
-Remember where the saddle is from? | -It's from England.
-Don't lose the halter, it's expensive. | -Dolly!
Don't worry, I won't.
-You take care of your filly, you promise? | -I promise.
-Who's your vet? | -Doc.
Doc?
What the hell kind of name | is Doc for a vet?
If something goes wrong, you call me. | You understand?
I got the best vet in the world.
Sure. And don't worry, Dolly, will.
-'Bye, love. | -'Bye.

- 'Bye, T.J. | - 'Bye.
Thanks for going swimming with me.
The Champ won't let me go alone.
And when you go away | I'll always remember this day.
'Bye, T.J. Here.
- 'Bye, Annie. | - 'Bye.
Anytime you want, | come to the backstretch.
Then I'll show you around. | You could see my horse.
'Bye. The Champ must be waiting for me.
'Bye. 'Bye, Annie!
Champ!
T.J., I must've coonked out.
-Did you get a lot of presents? | -Yeah, look at this saddle!
-Look at it! It must've cost-- | -Saddle?
It must've cost \$200.
-Look at that! Feel it. It's real leather. | -I'm looking.
Yeah, they spoiled you silly in there. | I can see that.
They were real nice people. | Not like most turf clubbers.
-They didn't have their nose in the air. | -I'm glad of that.
-Look at this halter. | -A halter?.
Look at this! It even says, "She's a Lady."
Look at that!
Yeah, I'd rather have a rope halter. | You don't have to clean it so much.
Yeah, it's nice. It's nice.
Annie was very nice.
-Guess what her husband is? | -What's that?
A gerry-tologist.
Gerry what?
A doctor.
The old lady was rich, but nice.
Close the door, will you?
They have a beautiful boat. | And then I went swimming with Annie...
..we had such fun. | I wish you could've been there with us.
What happened, Champ? Where were you?
Come on, Billy! One more time now.
Come on, baby.
What do you need | when you walk down Broadway?
-What? | -Forty-four.
Forty-four, right.
-Forty-four! | -Forty-four!
All right!
And now, I'm going to take a break.
Bobby's going to roll for me. | Watch my chips, will you?
Roy, your friend's in there cleaning up.

-Who's that, Billy? | -Me.
Can I ask for another beer?
Give me a beer, Phil? That beer's good.
Okay, Billy.
-Right. | -Okay?.
Billy Flynn?
-Yeah? Who wants to know?. You a coop? | -No. I'm Mike Phillips.
You look like a cop, you know that, Mike?
-I'd like to talk to you. | -Not now, Mikey, I'm a winner.
I'm Annie's husband.
Just a minute?
Yeah, all right.
Let's find someplace.
-We've got a little problem. | -No, we don't have a problem.
I got rid of that problem several years ago. | You got the problem.
I really wanted to talk about the boy.
What did she do, cry a little bit | to get you to come down here?
You could be in a lot of trouble | messing in other people's business.
I'm married to the mother of your son.
-You don't like that, but that's how it is. | -I'll tell you how it is:
T.J.'s a healthy, happy kid, | and he's going to stay that way.
The track is the greatest place | for a kid to grow up.
I agree with you.
You agree with me?
Beautiful place for a kid to grow up. | It's kind of a paradise.
When I saw T.J. I thought, | "My God, what a wonderful child! "
My hat's off to you, Billy. | You've been a greatfather.
Anyway, he knows his manners.
-I got to go. I'm on a hot streak. | -Wait, wait a minute.
There's more to it, isn't there? I mean...
..he does have a mother.
He's got no mother.
You can't decide for him!
It's up to him to make up his own mind.
I got to go.
Let me just ask you this:
T.J. won't always be 8 years old. | He's a very bright little boy.
What happens when he finds out | that he has a mother?
And that she loves him?
That she wanted to be with him, | only you wouldn't let that happen?
How are you going to handle it?
Some mother. She does nothing for him, | and now after seven years it's:
"Oh, my, I love him so much. | I just never knew it."
Never did she change his pants...

..or wipe his nose...
..teach him his prayers, | tel him right from wrong, give him a bath.
But what differencee does that make?
Some goddamn mother!
-Good night, gents. | -Good night.
-Good night. | -Good night.
A horse?
What am I going to do | with a goddamn horse?
That horse cost me \$6,000.
I don't caare what it cost.
Tell you what.
You bring me \$2,000...
..within 48 hours...
..or I'll take the goddamn horse.
All right?
I bought that horse for my kid. | It's going to break his heart.
Billy, I don't want to break a kid's heart. | I got a kid of my own.
-Okay, I'll get you the money. | -Right.
-I'll get you the money somehow. | -Right.
Hello, Harold. Billy. Billy Flynn.
Yeah, listen, about the \$1,000.
About the \$1,000 you owe me.
Harold, don't talk to me like that. | Come on.
Couldn't you work out something?
I mean, there must be something | you could work out.
Harold, who do you think you're talking to?
I see you at the track, | you're no stranger around here.
I see you with the ladies | and you spend a lot of money, and...
..you're flush, you got a lot of weight | in your pockets, kid.
Look, I wouldn't cll you | if this wasn't important.
All right then, look, you little weasel, | I carried you and....
The designers of the '30s rediscovered | the beauty of the shape of a
woman.
They returned to languor, to sensuality. | They gave women a sense of their
bodies.
And draped them in satin...
..silk, fur and filigree...
..clinging velvet...
..quantities of coostume jewelry, | sequins, veils...
..and feathersss.
Vionnet.
Vionnet was the first designer...
..to completely master | the art of the bias-cut dress.
She created clothes | that clung to the body...

..and yet moved freely.
There's one designer | in the history of fashion who stands alone.
Whose instinctt forthe needs | of the contemporary woman...
..pulled fashion irrevocably...
..into the 20th century | and showed the world that comfortable...
..cooud be glamorous.
The Chanel revolution...
..gave women a total look | for day and evening.
And always with her perfect sense | of balance and proportion...
..which we see in his classic dinner suit.
Vizcaya, Vionnet, Lanvin, Chanel. | They were the dressmakers of Paris.
They were also aetists.
Historians, photographers and museums | are teaching us...
..that fashion, like painting | and sculpture, is an art.
Fashion.
What people choose to wear | has and always wil reflect...
..a time, and express a way of living.
Bravo!
Bravo!
Bravo! Bravo!
Carla, how are you? Hello. I'll be back.
Billy! Billy, wait!
It was stupid my cooming here. | don't know why I did it.
It was crazy.
Timmy's all right, isn't he?
T.J.'s fine.
I need a favor. You know all those guys.
Remember when I was on top? | I was a certain kind of guy.
Now people forget.
-You don't want to hear about this. | -Billy! Billy!
Why don't you tell me and let me decide?
\$2,000. I need \$2,000.
Okay.
It's no big deal. | want you to undersstand that.
It don't make no difference to me | if you give me the money or not.
I still feel the same way | about whatyou did.
I don't know when I can pay you back.
It doesn't matter.
I'm glad you're doing this.
-What are you talking about?. | -The money, for T.J.
You know about that?
Yeah, I lost T.J.'s horse gambling.
Some things never change.
I got to go.

Hey, do you know what?

You looked pretty good up there.

I couldn't figure out | what the hell you were talking about, but...

..you got it across pretty good.

-Billy. | -You're a big shot, now.

Bily, do you know what?

There aren't any big shots.

You know, you always did have | a head on your shoulders.

That's one of the things I liked about you. | That you had a head on your shoulders.

Until I wanted to use it.

Well, times change. People change. | Did you never hearthat?

In those days, I wanted a woman...

..to be around when I needed her.

In a house waiting for me | when I come home.

Today, well, today, | I feel absolutely the same way.

You're something. | You're really something.

Yeah, well, I was only kidding.

But not much.

No, not much.

-Hey, excuse me. Barn 11? | -Yes, sir, it is.

-Is Billy around? | -You mean the Champ?

-Yeah. | -He's overthere working.

Billy!

How are you doing?

What's wrong? Don't you trust me?

I told you | I'll bring the money this afternoon.

What's this for?.

-What's this for? | -Yeah, what's thatfor?.

For caarrying a horse, that's what that's for.

What, do you think I drag around | a horsse trailer forthe hell of it?

That's very funny.

-What horse? | -Come on, Billy, you know what horse.

You were happy last night | when I told you had the money.

changed my mind.

I sort of like the idea | of owning a race horse.

Billy, come on now, | we had a deal, didn't we?

Forty-eight hours. The deadline was up | ten hours ago, right?

t's only a horse, bubby.

Get away from me!

Stop him!

I've talked to mosst of the witnesses, | gotten affidavits from several of them.

They all seem to tell the same story, | so there's...

..not much question about what happened.
Thejudge, | who is going to be handling this hearing...
..is a friend of mine.
So the only real problem we have...
..is the broken jaw | suffered by one of the security guards.
Poor guy.
He was just trying to do his job | and I brain him like a goddamn...
..animal.
Outside of the immediate task | of gettting you out ofjail...
..Mrs. Phillips is very worried | about her son.
She asked me to tell you...
..that she'd like to take care of him | until this is settled.
Champ!
I know how hard this must ne for you.
You don't know nothing.
How you doing, Champ?
Sit down.
I thought you might be hungry. | I brought you something to eat.
I brought you some ribs.
ain't hungry.
Okay, Champ.
I don't want you to call me Champ | no more.
Why?
A Champ don't use his fists | nowhere but in the ring.
But he was trying | to take our horse, Champ!
I know, | but it doesn't make no difference, T.J.
had no right, see?
-I'm a bum! | -No, you're not.
Did they say when you could get out? | Did they say when you could come
home?
They don't know yet, T.J.
It could be a month.
Could be six months.
There's something we got to tak about.
Do you know that lady, | the one at the boat?
The one you go on about, | how nice she is all the time?
Annie?
Yeah, that's the one, Annie.
Wel, I want you to do me a favor.
I want you to live with her.
Why can't I stay in the backstretch | with Josie?
Because I said so, that's why. | I'm your father, and that's the end of
that.
-Why do you want me to do that? | -Because you're a pain in the ass.

Because I can't do nothing...

..without you nagging at me all the time. | "The Champ this, the Champ that."

I go to have a drink, you say, "No, don't."

I go to play crds, you say, "No." | You tug at my belt!

I'm sick of you tugging at me! | I'm sick of feeding you!

I'm sick of taking care of you! | I'm sick of you hanging around!

You're a pain in the ass!

Please, Champ, 'll do whatever you say.

I won't eat that much.

I won't....

I'll let you play crds | as much as you want, I promise.

No, no, you're going, that's it!

Please, Champ, I'll.... | All I want is to be with you!

Please, Champ! | I'll be somebody when I grow up!

-Somebody like you! | -Don't talk like that.

You're going! want you to go!

I'll do whatever you say | as long as 'm with you.

I don't want to talk no more. | I want you to go on the boat!

You don't! You don't want me to go!

-You understand now, I want you to go! | -You don't want me to go! You're a liar!

Okay, Champ.

Okay, go ahead.

Take him to that boat.

-Can I get you something? | -No, 'm fine, don't bother.

I just ordered one.

-Dolly, cn I borrow you for a moment? | -There you are, baby, there you are!

Dolly, I have to talk to you. | Timmy, he's here.

-He's here? | -Yes, he's here.

-A lot sooner than I expected him to be. | -Well, good. Go to him!

-But, the party, Doll, l-- | -That doesn't matter.

Will you stop it? The kid must be starved. | Give him something to eat.

-I'll try to get there later. | -Okay.

I brought you some food. | You must be hungry.

No, I'm not. Honest.

-Have you eaten today? | -No.

Well, let me make you a sandwich.

T.J., have you ever been to New York?

No.

It's a really big city.

We could fly there tomorrow | just for a week.

And before you know it...

..Billy will be out | and you'll be back here with him.
Thank you, Annie.
Here, maybe you'll eat it later.
-How about a glass of milk? | -Okay.
You know, you must be tired.
It's time you went to bed.
Come on, I'll help you undress.
No, it's okay.
The day a man cn't take off | his own pants...
..he ain't a man.
Who told you that?
The Champ?
Well, before you take your pants off...
..you have to take your shoes off.
Come, sit here.
Here, let me--
I can do it.
I don't know why these shoes | keep on getting knots in them.
Let your mother do....
The Champ didn't tell you?
Tell me what?
I'm your mother.
-No, my mother's dead. | -No, she's not.
-She's a beautiful angel. | -No, she's not!
I'm here and I love you! | I love you very much!
You don't live with us. | You're not married to Champ.
No, listen to me. Listen to me, T.J.
You don't have to live with someone | to love them. I love you!
Do you love the Champ?
Do you? Do you love him?
No, you're not my mother.
-No! | -You're not my mother.
No, please, listen to me. | It's not that simple. Listen to me!
Go away! Please, don't touch me! | I don't want you!
-I don't want you! Go away! | -Timmy!
I told you. Go away! Go away! | I want Champ!
I don't want you. I want the Champ!
I want Champ! I want Champ!
I don't want you! I want to go back | to the Champ! Get out of here!
-Do you know what you are? | -A pain in the ass.
A pain in the ass, yeah, that's right.
I know one thing: | I ain't never going to leave you again!
I love you so much.
-Yeah? | -I didn't wake you, did I, Billy?.

I have a lady downstairs | that wants to see you.
Thanks, Willie.
Didn't Josie tel you?
He's here. He's okay.
She told me.
You're so lucky, Billy.
God, how he oves you.
Yeah.
So?
I wanted to talk to you.
Well?
Here I am.
T.J. found out last night | that he has a mother.
He's going to need an....
An explanation.
I'll take care of that.
Will you tel him how it was?
And how it is?
How is it?
I'm not an angel in heaven.
Who says?
I'm not.
I'm real, I'm here.
I'm a woman who suffers.
Who wants her child to acceopt her | as a mother...
..who made a mistake.
You made a hell of a mistake.
All right.
But he has to understand why.
He has to understand | that two people couldn't live together.
Hold your horses. Two people? | One person couldn't. I could.
There are a million broken marriages. | It's never because of one person.
The reason why you have | a broken marriage is...
..because one person doesn't care.
-Don't tell me I didn't cre! | -Then why did you leave?
Come on, tell me! Come on!
-Let's not talk about what happened. | -What did happen? I want to know.
You went to Paris and made dresses | for French girls? What do I tell him?
That you wanted a career and that's why | you left your son and your
husband?
Is that what you want me to say?.
Come on, talk to me! I'm right here.
I'll say anything you want. | Come on, talk to me!
Look, can't wejust sit down quietly | and discuss our son? Now?.

Just forget about him! | He's strong! He can take care of himself!.
We can't forget about him. | He's 8 years old!
Eight years of my life!
What's happening to him? | What's going on in him?
What's he thinking? | What's happening in his heart, his mind?
What about my heart?. | What about my mind?
What about me?
What about me? Billy Flynn! | What about me? I'm real, too!
What's the matter, Billy?
What is it?
You could always come back.
We'll take you back. You....
We'll give you a second chance.
I can't.
I have a husband, Billy.
You know, there are....
There are different ways | of loving someone.
Can't we find our way?
For T.J.
For our son.
Come on. Come on!
Don't do that.
I know what I got to do.
I know what to do. Don't worry about it. | I know what to do.
Nothing stands in my way.
Who have we got? | All the way to the champion.
-Andy Pittman! | -Andy Pittman! Jew boxer!
Okay, come on, Andy. | Come on, think fast. Come on, now.
Come on, move! Watch the right!
Okay, over!
Andy's down!
-What do we do next?. Who have we got? | -Roland Bowers!
Come on, Bowers. Big right hand. | Stay away from the right hand.
We'll give him a littlejab, | then come across the top.
And inside, inside! Bang, bang!
-Roland is down! | -Bye-bye, Roland.
"Bye-bye, Roland," is right!
Now we're on our way! | World championship in six months!
The championship of the world | in just six months!
I'm going to buy a house!
A house with a swimming pool | right in the middle of it.
Then we'll go traveling, me and my kid.
-Where are we going to go? | -Brazil!
What are we going to see in Brazil? | I know what we're going to see.

A lot of seoritas dancing the cha-cha-cha.
Come on, | let's see what you're made of, kid.
Let's see what you're made of, kid.
He hit me hard. | Don't let them do that to you.
You think I'm hurt, but I'm not. | I'm coming back, see.
Watch it! They're throwing you out. | You know the rules are against you.
Watch out, come on. Come on!
Let's see. Good shot!
Get back on your horse, | we got a lot of work...
..to get your old man in shape, | he's got 37-year-old eggs.
Come on. Come on!
Let's go! Get in shape!
It's a lot of breathing!
All right! Come on!
Sure I'm hurt, | but what the hell does that matter?
You're going to fight again | and you don't call me?
I was going to call you, | but I didn't want to waste yourtime.
-The fight ain't set yet. | -Bullshit!
Jackie!
You don't cll me | because you know 'll give you a problem.
What are you talking about?
Look, Billy, this is Jackie sitting here!
What, do you think I don't know?
You took too many punches | in the last fight.
-Punches don't bother me. | -Yeah, well, they bother me.
What about the headaches? | Do you still get them?
Headaches?
Everybody gets headaches, Jackie.
You get headaches, don't you? | Take a few aspirins, that's it.
Billy, look, I'm not talking about a split lip | or a busted nose.
I'm talking about something | that could be serious.
Let's let the medical examiner decide.
I'm taking this fight, Jackie, | for me and my boy.
Nothing's going to stop me. | With or without you, I made up my mind.
Look, I got to do something for my noy.
A home.
A good school.
You know, I cn't make that kind of money | walking horses.
I need you, Jackie.
I need you with me.
Okay.
I love you, Jackie.
-Hey, T.J.? | -Yeah, Champ.
You got anything you want to tell me?

No, Champ.

Why do you keep secrets from me, T.J.?

I haven't been keeping secrets from you.

Yeah? What about Annie's letters? | What about that?

I'm sorry, Champ. Are you mad?

No, I ain't mad.

I just like to know what's under my bed, | that's all. I ain't mad.

She cn write you if she wants to. | Come on, let's go!

T.J., come here!

Come here, come here.

Look at that, will you? | They gotthe right idea.

Come on, let's go for a swim.

Come on. Come on. | Last one in is a rotten egg.

Did you write her back?

Not yet.

Well...

..there's nothing wrong with that, either. | Writing to your mother.

-I'll write her tonight. | -Good.

Last one in is a rotten.... | Get your pants on!

We're going to be arrested | for nude bathing.

The hell with you, I'm going.

-Champ? | -Yeah.

Did you love her?.

-Who? | -Annie.

Of course I loved her. | Why do you thinkwe had you?

That cab driver took a wrong turn, | and like a foo I gave him a dollar tip...

..and he acted as if I'd stiffed him.

Are you with me or what?

Yes, I'm with you.

I received my first letterfrom my son. | From T.J.

Great!

Do you know how he signed it?

"Your friend forever, | Timothy Joseph Flynn."

-How is he? | -T.J.'s fine.

He seems fine.

-It's Billy. | -What about him?

Billy's making a comeback.

Every fighter dreams of a comeback.

Yes, but take me out of the picture | and what have you got?

Walking horses?

Now, I don't think | that Billy would go back into the ring...

..if I hadn't come nack into their lives.

You're sure you're not overreacting | just a bit?.

Maybe.

Mike, I'm worried. I'm worried about Billy.

At any rate, I'm going to the fight.

-When is it? | -This Thursday in Miami.

Mike, you do understand, don't you?

Well, to be totally honest, | I'm not sure I do.

I mean, I'm delighted | that T.J. is back in your life...

..but the rest, all this, | I'm not sure I like it at all.

Maybe I caan explain it to you.

T.J. didn't exactly say so in the letter, | but I think....

I think he'd like me to be there.

And....

Mike, what's more important | is that I think I should be there.

Would you prefer I lie to you?

Will you call me if you decide | to stay and walk horses?

How's it feel, Billy?.

Feels good.

How's that?

Okay, you guys, a few more rounds. | Let's get ready.

Hesh, close the door.

Come on, Champ, come on.

Come on.

You're looking good. Beautiful!

Let him chase you around.

Keep your left hand right | in his kisser al the time.

Beautiful! Beautiful! You just got in there.

Ataboy, Bily!

Stick at him, stick at him.

-You could do a lot more. Don't do it. | -I tod you that.

Champ, she's here.

-Who? | -Annie's here, Champ.

-What are you talking about? Where? | -Overthere.

Good match.

Come on, Billy, this ain't broad time, | for Christ's sakes!

What the hell are you doing? Come on.

Doesn't she look beautiful?

You run out of gas, you hit him | with a good left hook right to the body.

-He's supposed to be an old man. | -Forget it, you got 13 years on this kid.

Everything's fine tonight, Jackie! | I caan't do nothing wrong.

He's going to get him in this round.

You got him, Joey.

Stay down!

You're an old man.

I keep telling you all the time. | You take a lot of punches for nothing.
This kid's leggs are starting to go. | All I want you to do is stick and
move.
-I knocked him down, did you see that? | -I saw it.
I knocked him down and he got up. | He's very strong.
Are you istening to what I'm saying?
I know. He's a good banger, | but he's got no legs left.
Just keep moving, moving.
-Stay away from him. | -I feel great.
-He's still strong. | -Stay away from him.
Stay off the ropes.
If you plan on fighting, you got it. | You're winning, I'm telling you.
Break! Get back!
Okay. Box.
Knock him out!
Come on!
Move back. Stick him.
No! Come over here.
Will you listen to me?
Stay away from him. I know he's strong. | Don't try to muscle him.
That's a tough old man.
He's a strong guy, Jackie. | He's a strong boy.
Another round, you'll knock the guy out. | Just keep on moving.
-Keep afterthat eye, you understand? | -Yeah.
-Okay, Jack. | -It's okay, Billy.
Champ!
Five, six, seven....
Here, Champ.
Don't, don't, T.J.
Just let me look at it, for Christ's sakes!
Champ!
Champ!
Come on, Billy!
That's it.
..four...
..five, six, seven, eight, nine....
Stop it!
Stop it! Stop it!
I'm all right, Jackie. I'm all right.
Doc, look at him.
Yeah, it looks bad.
-I'm going to have to stop it, Jackie. | -Look, don't do it, Doc.
Please, Champ, stop!
What day is it, Billy?.

It's Thursday.

Thursday, May 23.

-And where are we, Billy?. | -Miami, in the forum.

Well, okay.

I'll give him another round, | but if that cut gets any worse...

..I'm going to have to stop it. | Understand?

-Billy. | -Just keep moving fast.

Bily, please, listen to me, let me stop it.

They're going to kill the poor son of a....

I got him, Jackie, I got him now.

Great fight, great fight, I love it!

You got him all busted up.

-You know that? | -Yeah.

-I'm talking to you, understand? | -Yeah.

got him.

I'm not going to let him butcher you, Billy. | I'm not going to let him butcher you.

What are you al waiting for?.

No! No, stop!

Ladies and gentlemen.

The winner, 43 seconds into Round 6...

..scoring and winning by a knockout...

..the former champion of the world, | Billy Flynn.

Billy, you're a winner! Beautiful!

He's a champ!

-Goddamn it, Billy! | -We were with you all the way!

Fantastic!

Yeah, we did it.

Billy, are you all right?

Get a doctor. Hey, get a goddamn doctor!

Hesh, take that mouthpiece out, | for Christ's sakes!

-I'm sorry, I couldn't get it out! | -Come on.

-Get a doctor! | -I gotto collect some bets, Jackie!

-I got to collectt some bets. | -It's all right.

-Don't worry. You'll be all right. | -I'm not worried.

Set him over here.

Clearthis out, will you? | Come on, get out of here!

Jack.

-Get the doctor. Don't stand there. | -Jackie! I got to collectthe bets.

Wheel it back there.

-I got to collectt the bets. | -Don't worry about it, kid.

In my pocket, I got a list of all the people | I made bets with.

I'll take care of it. | Don't worry about it now!

-I'll take care of it, I promise. | -Okay, okay.

Okay, Jackie.

-Where's my boy? | -Here he is.

Where's my boy, Jackie?

He'll be all right.

-Where's my boy? | -He's right here, Billy.

Here he is.

T.J., where are you?

Here I am.

Annie was here tonight, T.J.

Wasn't that a nice thing?

Yeah.

You invited her, didn't you?

I wrote to her.

You said to.

Yeah. It was nice of her to come.

You know, T.J., you know, you're....

Annie and me.

We did some silly things.

Who knows why people do what they do?

Nobody knows that, but she was....

She's a good person.

You know that.

You happy, kid?

I won the fight.

You happy?.

Yeah.

-The Champ... | -Yeah.

..always comes through.

That's right.

That's right.

Right.

What about Billy?. What's happening?

I'm sorry.

No!

Champ!

No!

What's the matter, Champ?

Champ, wake up!

Wake up!

Wake up!

Champ, wake up, Champ!

Hey, don't sleep now! We got to go home.

Got to go home, Champ.

Georgie.

Don't cry.

Georgie.

Mister, help me. Wake him up! Wake him!

-We're all real sorry! | -Please, wake him up!

Let's go outside.

No! I don't want to!

I don't want to!

Jackie! Wake him up! Wake him!

-T.J., please. | -I want Champ!

-T.J. | -I want Champ!

Please, T.J., listen to me.

He's gone. He's gone, son.

He's gone.

No!

No! He's not gone! He's not!

-He's not! | -Not now!

-Please. | -He is not dead! He is not dead!

-Please, listen to me, son. | -I want Champ!

-T.J., please, listen to me! | -I want Champ!

He is not gone!

Come on, son. Come on.

I want Champ!