



Scripts.com

Tyson

By James Toback

TYSON:

I first got to see Muhammad Ali.
I saw the way
people looked up to him...
... saw their smiling faces...
... and I said to myself,
"That's what I wanna be.
I wanna be champ of the world. "

HAIRLIP:

Wait up, Mikey.
[SIREN WAILING IN THE DISTANCE]
- Just give it...
- Shh!
Freeze.
- Don't shit in your drawers.

HAIRLIP:

Damn, man.
What took you so long?
Hey.
There they are.
Go in there and do it.

TITO:

Do it, man.
Fuck them up, Mikey.
Showtime.

BO Y 1:

One on one.
Now, clear it out.
Clear it out, clear it out.
Clear it out.
I'm taking it to the hole.

BO Y 2:

BO Y 1:

All right.

BO Y 2:

Move right around.

BO Y 3:

You got it.

- Yeah.

BO Y 2:

BO Y 1:

BO Y 3:

BO Y 2:

Go! Go!

- Let's split!

BO Y 3:

Shit. Shit!

Hurry up, Tito! Come on!

[BO YS SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY]

WOMAN:

Somebody call the police!

[MAN AND WOMAN SPEAKING

INDISTINCTLY ON TV]

TYSON:

Rodney, is Mom home?

MAN [ON TV]:

And my grey slacks.

WOMAN:

MAN:

WOMAN:

of these chores...

... just as I have been for

the past 20 years?

MAN:

WOMAN:

You two are going to be late.

MAN:

We're hurrying, we're hurrying. Goodbye.

WOMAN:

Goodbye, dear.

- Bye, Mom.

- Bye, sweetie.

Oh! Come home early.

I'm planning a surprise for tonight.

TYSON:

- Does it look like it?

JUDGE 1:

been found guilty of aggravated assault.

JUDGE 2:

Public intoxication, vagrancy.

JUDGE 3:

Guilty. Assault and battery.

JUDGE 4:

a deadly weapon. Grand theft.

JUDGE 2:

JUDGE 3:

JUDGE 4:

JUDGE 1:

JUDGE 2:

JUDGE 4:

...of strong-armed robbery.

JUDGE 3:

JUDGE 1:

Assault with a deadly weapon.

JUDGE 3:

the Tryon School for Boys...
... in Johnstown, upstate New York.
[GAVEL POUNDS]

ROONEY:

What's this kid's name?

ATLAS:

ROONEY:

ATLAS:

He said he had a kid we should look at.

CUS:

Not Bobby Stewart.

ATLAS:

detention facility.

CUS:

another juvenile delinquent.

ROONEY:

What did this kid do?
What didn't he do? Arrested something
like 40 times before he turned 12.
Forty times? Jeez!
Even Al Capone
wasn't arrested no 40 times.
- Uh-oh. Sounds like a baddie.

ATLAS:

- Don't he got a mother?
- Of course he's got a mother.
There comes a point even
a mother's gotta toss in the towel.
Bobby don't expect me to take this kid
into my home, does he?
Look, Bobby don't expect nothing.
All he said was take a look at him.
You all right, Cus?
Yeah, fine. Go ahead, go ahead.

I'll catch up with you.

ATLAS:

Come on, Kevin.

[BOXERS GRUNTING]

- That him?

BARANSKI:

That's him.

[BOTH GRUNTING]

CUS:

Strong.

ROONEY:

some scrawny little punk.

Jesus, what have you been feeding them kids, Bobby?

The usual,

steroids and Cocoa Puffs.

[CHUCKLES]

Not much for style, but Jesus, he can hit.

Fucking A he can hit. A goddamn kid hitting like Joe Frazier.

He's faster than shit.

CUS:

Take it easy a second.

- What's your name, son?

TYSON:

Mike what?

TYSON:

Mike Tyson.

Mike Tyson.

Well, go ahead.

Do what you're doing.

- So, what do you think?

- What do I think?

I think he hits with bad intentions, that's what I think.

[BOTH GRUNTING]

TYSON:

Come on, come on.

[HORN HONKING]

[TYRES SCREECH]

MAN:

Jerk!

There you go.

This is our side over here.

Now, back to what I was saying.

Oh, yeah. Don't worry about
being scared and going into a fight.

It's when you ain't scared,
that's the time to worry.

Fear is the friend of every good
and reasonable athlete. Slow up.

Yeah, you see that house over there?

That's your new home, Mike.

MAN:

CUS:

Careful. Now, here we are.

Come on in.

Make yourself at home. Camille!

I want you to meet this woman.

Come here.

Say hello to Mike. Mike's a fighter.

Come on.

Mike, this is Camille Ewald.

- Say, "Pleased to meet you."

- Pleased to meet you, ma'am.

CAMILLE:

Hmph.

It's all right.

Now, don't get sore.

I know it's another mouth to feed...

...but we could use that extra

Come on, I'll show you to your room.

TYSON:

- Not exactly. It's her house.

I don't think she wants me here.

CUS:

Aw, she's just a little shy, that's all.

Will you look at this? I tell you,
if I catch the bum who did this...

...he's gonna be a couple teeth
short of a smile, believe me.

See, I got a half a dozen fighters
staying here.

It's important that
everybody be neat.

Now, this will be your room here.

We gotta get you an alarm clock.

Who ate my ice cream?

Don't you ever let me catch you
eating my ice cream! Not never!

What's the difference
between a hero and a coward?

There ain't no difference.

Inside, they're both exactly alike.

Both scared of dying or getting hurt.

But it's what the hero does
that makes him a hero.

It's what the other guy doesn't do
that makes him a coward.

[DOOR CLOSES]

[ALARM CLOCK RINGING]

Shit.

CUS:

one and only one deserves to win.

When you step in the ring,
you gotta know you deserve to win.

You gotta know destiny
owes you victory...

... because you trained harder
than your opponent.

You sparred harder. You ran farther.

You see, you got up earlier.

I know you ain't sleeping.

I know you can hear me.

Always keep your chin
tucked down into your chest.

I don't care if you're running roadwork,
or walking around school...
...or watching TV,
keep that chin tucked down...
...and your eyes looking up and out.

CUS:

Rocky Marciano:

Only 187 pounds,
but to this day...
...he remains the only
undefeated heavyweight champion.
How?
Because he wouldn't imagine
that he could lose.
He would never even allow the concept
of defeat to enter his mind.
Don't watch gloves.
Watch the chest.
You wait for a glove to move,
you're dead.
When the chest flexes, you bob.

CUS:

quiet on the outside...
...but on the inside,
he was pure rage.
He was a Negro in a white
man's world, and he hated it.
Up and down the street,

CUS:

Staying in constant motion.
Your head ain't never again
where he last seen it.
You give him a target, and by
the time he swings, it ain't there.
And when you move, counter.
Ha! Five to the ribs, huh? Ha! Ha!
- Four-one upstairs. Got it?
- Okay.
All right, here we go.
If you don't get hit, you don't lose.

It's as simple as that.
Once you learn to stay low
and tuck behind your gloves...
...in constant motion, no one's
gonna be able to land nothing.
Lies and deceit. Subterfuge,
that's what we deal in.
Don't ever let anyone
know your real intentions.

CUS:

Champion fighters are champion liars.
Best in the world.

ALI [ON FILM]:

because I'm kind of fast.
[GRUNTING]
Back off of him, just keep boxing.
Who ate my ice cream?
Who ate my ice cream?
Who ate my ice cream, damn it?
[TYSON CRYING]

ATLAS:

Mike.

ROONEY:

What's up?
- Mike's mom passed away.
- Oh, jeez.

CUS:

Drive him into town.

ROONEY:

Sure.
What you gonna do, Mike?
You gonna move back home here?
No, man, I got a home.
[SIREN WAILING IN THE DISTANCE]
[HAMMERING]
Hi, Mike.
- Hey, Jamie.
- What are you doing?

Building a pigeon coop.
I heard about your mom.

ATLAS:

Hey, Mike.
Glad to have you back home.
Jamie.
Okay, Uncle Teddy. I gotta go.
Pigeons, huh?
My old man used to call them
flying rats.
So how was the funeral?
Yeah.
Mike...

Do you know what a professional is?
- Somebody who gets paid to...
- It's got nothing to do with money.
A professional is a guy who performs
no matter what he's feeling inside.
You understand me?
No matter what.
Here.

TYSON:

- It's yours.
Muhammad Ali gave it to me,
and I'm giving it to you.
Take it with you
to the Junior Olympics.
[BELL DINGS]
ANNOUNCER [OVER PA]:
In the heavyweight position, we have...

ATLAS:

Come on, Mike, relax. Take it easy.
- Teddy, I'm so scared.
- What are you scared of?
- Letting Cus down.
- You ain't gonna let no one down.
You fought tougher guys than this.
Look at your opponent there.
Look at him.
You don't think he ain't scared?
Of course he is.

Come on, what does Cus say?
You remember what he said
about your fear? What did he say?

- To... To use it.
- Use it how?
- To turn my fear into fire.
- That's right.

So, what are you gonna do
when you get in that ring?
I'm gonna open up with some sevens.
Seven.

There you go. Chin down, eyes up.
Then what you gonna do?
Two. Send a two.

- And what's the next punch?
- Five.

Seven, two, five.

Seven, two, five.

Keep moving inside.

And what are you gonna do inside?

I'm gonna open up
like a son of a bitch.

ATLAS:

All right. Let's go win a fight.
[BELL DINGS]

REFEREE:

Go!
[BOXER GRUNTING]

REFEREE:

Get in the corner!
Four! Five!
Six! Seven! Eight! Nine!
- Ten!

TYSON:

ATLAS:

You did it, champ.

DOCTOR:

Just stay still. Don't... Don't move.

TRAINER:

DOCTOR:

Eight? What do you mean eight?
They only do three rounds in the juniors.

ATLAS:

- Eight seconds!
What... What did he do,
shoot the guy?
Might as well have.
They say it's a new record.
It's all anyone's talking about.
Well, where is he now?
He's still in the ring.
They just announced it.

CUS:

- Sure, the ring's full of people.
Teddy, I want him back here
right now.
Back here on the next plane.

ATLAS:

- Don't argue with me, Teddy, just do it!
Goddamn sharks.

CAMILLE:

Cus?
Well, uh...
- Well, Mike, you know, he...
- What about Mike?
Well, now that his mother's gone
and all that, I, uh...
I thought maybe...
- About adopting him?
- Yeah.
Sounds crazy, I know, but, uh...
What do you think?

ATLAS:

TYSON:

Hey, Cus. I did it. Just like you said.
Yeah, but eight seconds.
What took you so long?
I'm proud of you, Mike.
Really proud.

ATLAS:

Let's get this crap inside.

CUS:

while you were away. Uh...
Well, me and Camille both, actually.

TYSON:

About what?
What would you say if, uh,
we were to become your guardians?
- Wha...? You mean like adopt me?
- Yeah, something like that.
Well, yeah. Sure.
That's fine, son.
Michael, congratulations.

TYSON:

I did it.

ATLAS:

If you blinked, you'd have missed it.
- Camille, was Cus serious about...?
- Cus is always serious.
Well, then, was he serious about
you wanting it too?
Uh-huh.
Well, then, like, um...
Then, li... Well, then, could I
call you "Mom"?
I would like that very much.

JACOBS:

So, what do you want from me?

CUS:

JACOBS:

CUS:

I mean real sparring partners.
He's beaten the hell
out of all my guys.

JACOBS:

Taking a new fighter today isn't cheap.

CUS:

To me, everything's a risk.
We're talking about the next
heavyweight champion of the world.

JACOBS:

CUS:

When the history of boxing
is written...
...Mike Tyson's name will be mentioned
with Dempsey, Marciano and Joe Louis.

CAYTON:

That's a pretty prestigious club, Cus.

JACOBS:

So when do we get to meet this kid?

CAMILLE:

Michael, what are you doing here?

CUS:

Mike?
Eh, come here for a minute, will you?
See this guy here?
This is the fairest guy I know
in this whole crooked business.
Jimmy Jacobs. Mike Tyson,
my son for, uh... What is it? Two weeks?
Ha-ha-ha. Mike Tyson, Jimmy Jacobs.
- Hi, Mike.
- Pleased to meet you, Mr. Jacobs.
Please, Jimmy. Always Jimmy.
Here's my partner, Bill Cayton.

Mike, I watched
your Junior Olympic fight.
Oh, that was great work.
- Thank you, Mr. Cayton.
- My pleasure, Mike.
Bill and Jimmy manage fighters, Mike.
They wouldn't be here
unless I trusted them.

JACOBS:

Yeah.
These are the friends
you wanna be surrounded by.
The kind that can keep you
out of trouble.

JACOBS:

And if you want to be champion...
...you gotta show a lot of discipline.
[FUNK MUSIC PLAYING
ON CAR STEREO]
Next great heavyweight
champion. Ha-ha!
Who the fuck
you been talking to, man?
Is that what that white man
been telling you?
You know he blowing smoke
up your ass, right?
You know that, don't you?
Man, there's probably 10,000 of
you little ghetto niglettes out there...
...dreaming the same
fucked-up dream.
And every one of you probably got
some drooly cracker motherfucker...
...riding his ass thinking
he's Anglo fucking Dundee.
- It's Angelo Dundee.
- Angelo, Anglo, whatever.
Breaks my heart.
Let's go home.
This shit's depressing.
Yo, man, stop the car.

- Why?
- Yo, girlies, what's up?
- Come on, stop the car. They're down.
- Shit.

TYSON:

Yo, fly girls, where you going?

Yo, what's up?

Yo, baby, hold up.

Come on, man. Come on.

Yo, baby, can I come?

RORY:

- Come on, Rory.

How many times you gotta strike out
before you call it a night?

Yo, wait up.

GIRL:

TYSON:

RORY:

TYSON:

RORY:

- I like the one on the right, man.

- Damn, you probably scaring them.

- It's fine. Yo!

GIRL:

TYSON:

Come on, now.

TYSON:

They must have went in here.

- They here.

RORY:

TYSON:

PROPRIETESS:

RORY:

PROPRIETESS:

RORY:

PROPRIETESS:

TYSON:

- Out. You go!

TYSON:

Where y'all at?

PROPRIETESS:

- Hey, what are you doing back here?
- Get out.
- Yo, this shit ain't cool, man. Come on.
- Hey, get out.

TYSON:

PROPRIETOR:

Call police. Call police.

- Get out of here.

RORY:

PROPRIETESS:

RORY:

PROPRIETOR:

PROPRIETESS:

Fuck you, bitch.

Call the fucking police.

RORY:

Come on, Mike. Let's go.

- You get the hell out of here!
- Fuck you, bitch.

One day I'll own this motherfucker.

What you wanna do, huh?

[PROPRIETESS WHIMPERING]

- Police? Two black boys attacked us.

- Come on.

- Fuck you, motherfucker.

RORY:

What the fuck

is wrong with you, man?

Shit.

Come on. Let's go.

[SIREN APPROACHING]

He ain't nowhere.

ATLAS:

if this was the first time...

...but it's like a regular pattern now.

Screws up, disappears.

Screws up, disappears.

How long's he been gone this time?

Three, four days now?

- Do we even know where he is?

- Molehills, Teddy.

Molehills, huh? Last week

he threatened a teacher at school.

Last month, he's boning

some underage classmate.

We'll just have to take him

out of school.

- Take him out of school?

- Obviously, it's a bad influence on him.

He's in the tenth grade.

He needs to go to school.

What he needs is an environment

conducive to his becoming a champion.

And what if fighting don't work out?

What if he actually has to

find a job someday?

- Are we done with this conversation?

- He needs discipline, Cus.

I think we ought to suspend

his gym privileges.

I only trained two world champions.

You gonna tell me what to do?
Any other fighter, you'd have
thrown him out so long ago...
I am not gonna suspend
my best fighter! That's stupid!
- Teddy, you got visitors.
- I'm busy.
No, I'll tell you what's stupid.
Letting this punk run wild...
...because you're too scared
he'll walk if you don't.
Don't tell me how to run my gym.
Our gym. Remember, Cus?
Six years now. Our gym.

BARANSKI:

- What?
Your sister is here.

ATLAS:

- Yeah.
[SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]
Mike Tyson's been fucking...
Goddamn it!
Son of a bitch! I'm gonna kill
that motherfucker!
I am gonna k... That's it.
I'm gonna take care of this my way.
Let's go. Come on. Let's get out of here.
You allow yourself to be distracted...
...you allow yourself to fail.
Everybody get back to your work.
- What the fuck?
- Motherfucker, you went too far.
You know what this is about.
You know what this is about.
- What? What, Jamie?
- That's right, Jamie.
- Man, I didn't do a fucking thing...
- Fuck you. I know exactly what you did.
- No, man, she came after me, anyway.
- Came after you?
She's a fucking kid.
Motherfucker, if you ever disrespect

anyone in my family again...
...I will kill you. Understand this.
I swear to fucking God, I will kill you.
You know, if you want me
to be scared...
...you know, I'll do my damndest.
Do you doubt me?
Just say it.
Do you doubt me?

MAN:

Yeah, right outside.

CUS:

to do, Jimmy? He had a gun.
Yeah, he shot it.
Well, no, not at him.
I think he was just
trying to scare him.
Still, it's a hell of a way
to make a point, isn't it?
He claims Mike was trying to get fresh
with his kid sister-in-law.
Yeah.
I guess I'll just have to find
a new trainer, huh?
Let it go. Five, five, six.
Knock that...
No boxer get into the ring
totally fearless...
...but fear's a good friend of
every good, reasonable athlete.
How does it feel to be fighting
for a professional purse?
It feels great.
[BELL DINGS]
[INAUDIBLE DIALOGUE]
[CROWD CHEERING]
[BELL DINGS]
[BOXER GRUNTS]
Yeah! All right!
[CROWD CHEERING]
[BOXER GRUNTS]
[CROWD CHEERING]

ROONEY:

Count him out. Count him out.
You okay? You sure?
[CROWD CHEERING]
Nice. Nice.

REFEREE:

Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

TYSON:

Cus!
Visiting hours are over. You can't go in.
Visiting hours are over.
- I gotta see him.
- You can't... No.
Leave him alone. Let him rest.
Visiting hours are over.
Come back tomorrow.
Shh. Come on.
He has been waiting for you.
Cus, man.
Come on, man. Please don't die.
Please don't die, Cus.
How am I supposed to die
when you won't even let me sleep?
Come on, man. Come on,
you gotta get better.
You gotta get better. L...
I'll mess it up without you, man.
I can't go on without you
always getting on me.
You gotta go on, Mike.
If you don't...
...if you screw it up...
...I'm gonna come back
from the dead...
...and whip your ass.
[TYSON WHOOPING]
Seven-seven-two. Look how good
he still looks, will you?
You know, he's 174 pounds.
Louis outweighed him
by 25 and three-quarter pounds.

Look at the way he's fighting
on the inside.
Just like Frazier with Ali.
Yeah, but he won't keep it up.
He's gonna lose his speed.
Are you listening to me?
I miss him, Jimmy.
I really fucking miss him.
Hey.
Shit.
It's guys who can't cry
that I worry about.
I'm so weak.
- Jimmy, man, I feel so weak.
- Weak?
You're Iron Mike. You're Big Mike.
Man, I don't feel like it.
Not with Cus gone.
I could never figure out
what he saw in me.
He loved you.
Why?
Courage.
Heart.
And you got fists like bowling balls.
- Like wrecking balls.
- Like wrecking balls.
[JACOBS CHUCKLES]
You got me, Mike.
I'm not going anywhere.
[CROWD CHEERING]

ANNOUNCER:

the championship already at stake...
... early in Tyson 's career, the spark so
faithfully nurtured by Cus D 'Amato...
... becomes a roaring blaze.
[TYSON GRUNTING]
Tyson baring in with those murderous
left hooks.
[BERBICK GRUNTS]
Down goes Berbick.
Berbick's struggling to get up.
He's gonna make an attempt.

And back onto the canvas.

This may be the end already.

At age 20...

... Mike Tyson is about to become the youngest heavyweight champion ever.

LANE:

Sorry, that's it. It's all over. It's all over.

ANNOUNCER:

And that will do it.

[CROWD CHEERING]

So a new era in boxing begins.

At 20 years old, Mike Tyson

has fulfilled his destiny.

HULL:

Ladies and gentlemen...

...the time:

of the second round...

...referee Mills Lane stopped the bout.

The winner by a TKO, and new WBC heavyweight champion of the world...

...Iron Mike Tyson.

[CROWD CHEERS]

I would like to dedicate my fight to my guardian, Cus D 'Amato.

He's up there looking and talking to the fighters...

... saying his boy did it.

REPORTER:

important lesson Cus taught you?

TYSON [ON TV]:

depended everything on character and...

Yo, Mike. Yo, is that shit good, man?

Ha-ha-ha!

TYSON:

- Yo, Mike, is that shit good?

REPORTER:

Who are you gonna fight next?

TYSON:

I'll fight any man alive.

Anybody in the world.

I'll take on all comers.

ANNOUNCER [ON TV]:

The marvel with the good fighters...

... is how quick their hands are.

ROONEY:

Left hook to the ribs, right?

Check it out, bam, bam, bam,

look at that shit!

Right bombs to the head

every fucking time.

What the fuck, Mike? Turn it back.

Hey. Turn it back.

Jesus. Okay, now. See that?

See that?

Each time he jabs,

he drops his right hand back.

Leaves you what?

What the fuck?

Mike, will you turn it back?

Mike, you know,

you're gonna be fighting this guy.

Where's my dinner?

- You just had lunch.

TYSON:

Give me that fucking thing.

ANNOUNCER:

stay away from the big left.

Mike, cut it out, man.

What th... Give me...

Give the fucking r...

ANNOUNCER:

He bores in a little bit, then backs out.

More up around the facial area.

That'll be wiped up...

Fucking dickhead. What the fuck's

gotten into you lately?

ANNOUNCER:

WOMAN [ON TV]:

BARANSKI:

A little spaghetti? Steak?

I want some hominy grits.

I want some black-eyed peas. Bring me
some chitlins out this motherfucker.

BARANSKI:

- Thank you, Yvonne.

BARANSKI:

how to cook that.

MAN [ON TV]:

the empress has no dress on.

BARANSKI:

MAN:

JACOBS:

BARANSKI:

- Hey.

BARANSKI:

JACOBS:

- All right, Bill.

- Kevin.

BARANSKI:

- What's with Kevin?

- I'm pushing a fucking rock...

...up a fucking mountain.

That's what's with fucking Kevin.

Hey, Mike.

Oh, Jimmy, man.

Hey, it's good to see you.

- Hey, how are you doing, huh?
- All right, man.
- Oh, man, don't hurt me, man.
- Hurt you, huh?
- You been good?

TYSON:

JACOBS:

You staying out of trouble?

- So you got the clap, huh?
- Aw, it's no big thing.

Which? The disease

or what you caught it with?

Yeah, right.

Seriously, Mike.

I mean, there's a whole bunch of stuff
going on out there that could kill you...

...and you're taking
way too many chances.

Man, that was just a phase, Jimmy.

I'm over that shit.

Course you are.

- Orgies, smorgies, right?

- No, man, I'm serious.

I mean, I just wanna fall in love,
you know what I mean?

You know, and have a relationship
like you got with Lorraine, some kids.

Kids?

[PIGEONS COOING]

- What do you mean, kids?

- Yeah, sure, man.

Get out.

Oh, yo, Jimmy, man,

I saw the most beautiful girl today.

I mean, she was smart, elegant.

Been thinking about her, man.

She got my heart.

Think her name was Robin.

- She from around here?
- No, man, I saw her on television.
- Television? Jesus, come on.
- What, man?

MAN:

I'll call you later.

Hello, is, uh, Robin Givens there?

Good evening. May I speak to Robin?

ROBIN [ON PHONE]:

Hello?

Damn.

Hello, Robin. This is Mike. Mike Tyson.

ROBIN:

- Say what?

Hello? As in, to whom am I speaking?

Um, is this Robin?

That's my name. Don 't wear it out.

To whom am I speaking?

Uh, Mike Tyson.

ROBIN:

Mike Tyson? The fighter guy?

TYSON:

Yeah, that's right.

Well, this is a surprise.

A good one, I hope.

ROBIN:

So far, so good.

To what do I owe the pleasure
of this call, Mr. Mike Tyson?

Well, you know, I was kind of admiring
your work for a long time now...

...and you know, I was kind of thinking
that, maybe, you know...

...sometime we can get together,
you know, and, uh...

ROBIN:

you're hoping we could meet?

Yeah, yeah, you know, whatever.

I was thinking maybe I could come
out west and visit you.

[ROBIN CHUCKLES]

That's if it's okay with you.

MAN 1:

Go, Mike. Let's win, let's win.

DORIS:

Ringside seats for Mike's new fling?

Mike said this one's serious.

- Really?

- He's deeply in love.

DORIS:

Hmm.

[BELL DINGS]

[CROWD CHEERING]

MAN 2:

Get him, get him.

Oh, no. Come on.

[BOTH GRUNTING]

LANE:

MAN 3:

He's not doing it.

He's not getting the job done.

All right, come on. One step back.

There we go. Come on.

- Come on, Mike.

MAN 3:

Go with the four, with the four.

[BELL DINGS]

MAN 4:

ROONEY:

All right, come on, come on.

Step out of it. Come on.

MAN 5:

MAN 6:

Sticking your chin out
like a piata.

Don't go for the one shot.
Work the body, then the head.

MAN 7:

MAN 8:

Hey, you know what's gonna happen
if you lose out there tonight? Do you?
That girlfriend is gonna go home
with Fuckhead.

She's gonna do all kinds of nasty
things to him all night long.

And do you know why?

- Because she's here...

- Fuck you.

Because she's here for the champ.

She ain't here for Iron Mikey.

She's here for the champ.

She don't care what the fuck his name is
so long as people call him "champ."

[BELL DINGS]

[CROWD CHEERING]

Michael.

[BOTH GRUNTING]

That's it, yeah, the combinations.

Yes, yes, yes.

[BELL DINGS]

- All right, yeah!

LANE:

[BELL DINGS]

MAN 9:

- With the four, with the four.

That's it. That's what

I'm talking about. Get him.

Go, go. Yes. Get him, Mike.

LANE:

Come on, come on, come on.

[CROWD CHEERING]

All right, all right, yeah.

- Keep it coming.

- Come on, Mike.

That's what...

That's what I'm talking about.

Woohoo!

[BELL DINGS]

Down, down, down.

ANNOUNCER [OVER SPEAKERS]:

The new, undisputed...

... heavyweight champion

of the world...

... Iron Mike Tyson.

REPORTER [ON TV]: Don King, tell us
the significance of Mike Tyson...

...unifying the championship tonight.

- Oh, come on, please. It looks good.

- Put it on.

KING:

I know where it would look good.

Where?

KING:

- Tournament of heavyweight boxing.

A culmination wherein

one Michael Gerald Tyson...

... out of Brooklyn, New York,

has emerged resplendent...

... in a crown fitting of a king...

... and become the newest

heavyweight champion of the world.

TYSON:

- Queen for a day?

TYSON:

For always.

KING:

of Muhammad Ali.

And this unification series spanning

... because I am

the "Only-in-America" man.

This is nothing less than

the World Series of boxing...

... created in order to bring together

the otherwise-experienced entities...
... into the ring...

REPORTER:

is in better shape today...
... than it has been for a long time.
[BOTH MOANING]
[THUNDER CRASHING]

REPORTER 1:

- Oh, man.
I gotta get away from these guys.
I'll see you inside.

REPORTER 2:

Mike, when's your next fight?
Robin?
- Yes, I'm excited.

REPORTER 1:

ROBIN:

We're very excited.
Oh, look, they caught her.
She's gotta learn to slide past them.
You kidding me? She lives for this shit.
Oh, I gotta call Camille.
[PHONE DIALLING]
- Come on, come on, come on.

CAMILLE:

- Hello?
- Michael, where have you been?
What do you mean where I've been?
I've been getting married.
Married?
Oh, Michael.
Yeah, you know,
we had to keep it a secret.
You know, we had to do it fast.
See, Robin's pregnant, Ma...
...and she says she's about
three months already.

CAMILLE:

Michael...

Come on, Ma.

You're supposed to be happy for me.

I am, Michael. I really am, it...

It's just that...

TYSON:

It's just that what?

Mike? Mike, it's Bill.

- L...

- Hey, Bill, guess what?

Yeah, I overheard.

Congratulations, it's great.

Uh, listen, I got some bad news.

Jimmy passed away. His leukaemia finally caught up with him.

I'm sorry, Mike.

What? What's the matter?

Jimmy passed away.

Aw, Jesus.

CAYTON:

Listen, the funeral's in California...

... and, uh, we'll be flying out Friday.

CAYTON:

and shouts, "I'm Mrs. Mike Tyson...

... and I am taking over my husband's affairs. "

Not, "Gee, Bill,

I'm sorry that your friend and partner...

...of 20 years has passed away."

No, instead she storms in and screams,

"I demand to see Mike's contract."

Fuck.

CAYTON:

that Jimmy died, the very day.

ROONEY:

About fucking time. Bill, it's here.

Is this Mike Tyson's limo?

Sorry, folks.

Are you with Mr. King's party?

ROONEY:

What, are the sharks circling already?

Beautiful. Only in America.

See the look on Cayton's face?

Tastefully framed,

I can hang that over my mantle.

Aw, Jesus, who invited him?

Mike. Mike, my deepest sympathies.

- Bill.

- Don.

Oh, Lorraine.

Though Jim and I

were rarely on the same side...

...of the bargaining table,

I respected him.

I always treasured his friendship.

I'm going to miss him very much.

MAN 1:

LORRAINE:

MAN 2:

DRIVER:

KING:

They should've had limos waiting.

I mean, these people

don't know how to handle a champion.

Well, when I managed Ali, he never

had to wait at an airport. Never.

Hey, brother.

Now, we got lots of room.

Why don't you come ride with us?

- Come on.

WOMAN:

Come on.

You don't suppose Big Don arranged

to have our limo delayed, do you?

The sharks are definitely circling.

KING:

fortunate to have Jimmy for a manager.
He was just the kind of father figure
you needed.

You know, just starting out and all.

- Yeah, he was a good man.

- Oh, damn good.

- Now, that's a nice suit, brother.

- Yeah, that's really nice, Mike.

[KING CHUCKLES]

Tell me something, Mike.

Do you trust Satan?

- Satan?

KING:

Oh, did I say "Satan"?

Ha-ha-ha! I meant Cayton.

But the question still stands.

Do you trust him?

Well, yeah, I guess.

What's his cut?

If you don't me asking, that is.

Thirty percent.

- Thirteen. Well, that's fair.

- No, not 13, 30.

KING:

Thirty, I see. Hmm.

And Cayton is setting up this Spinks
fight for you next, right?

Hm.

What would you say, Mike...

...if I was to offer you, say, five fights...

Five easy fights.

- For 5 million dollars each...

...if you were to come fight for me
instead of Satan?

I mean Cayton.

Well, I'll tell you what.

I'll think about it.

You do that, Mike.

Take all the time you need.

[RABBI SPEAKING IN HEBREW]

So, what did King want?
What does he always want?
He offered me five matches
at 5 million each...
...if I didn't go through
with the Spinks fight.
- What did you tell him?
- "Why should I fight five matches...
...when I can make just as much
with one easy match?"
- Did that shut him up?
- Shit. Don King?
[RABBI SPEAKING IN HEBREW]
You okay, Mike?
You know who's buried down there
in that grave?
Jimmy, Cus, my mother.
Everybody I could ever trust
is down there in that hole.
I mean, things were so different
before the money.
Now I can't trust nobody.
You don't trust Bill?
I don't know. I hear things.
Robin?
See, I love Robin
with all my heart, man...
...but love and trust
is different things.
You know what I mean?

ANNOUNCER:

of television sitcoms...
... to a lifestyle of undreamed fantasy,
Robin Givens became the new queen...
... of heavyweight boxing champion
Mike Tyson.
Here we see the young royal couple
in their new 4. 6 million-dollar palace...
... purchased by Mike
here in Bernardsville, New Jersey.
I was told that Bill Cayton...
...offered a friend of ours \$50,000
to sabotage our marriage.

People in the fight business are bigger
crooks than the hoods I grew up with.
King is feeding Robin lies
and unfortunately she's believing them.
Now, I support Ruth Roper when
she says her daughter fears for her life...
...because she asked the unpardonable
question, "Where is the money?"
If there's 50 million in Mike's account
and there's supposed to be 70...
...there's a problem.
- Just as I also support Robin Givens...
...who is clearly the best thing
that has ever happened to Mike Tyson.
Goddamn star-fucking piece of shit.

CAYTON:

left on Mike's contract.
If they try to break it,
I'll take it to the Supreme Court.
Bill Cayton is an egotistical maniac
who thinks he controls the universe.
No one can gain control of Tyson,
because I'm the boss.
Bill Cayton's my manager, Don King's
my promoter. That's as far as it goes.

TYSON:

the champ gets to be too much...
...I can end it all just like that.
All I gotta do is just get knocked out
and it'll all end.

KING:

is a slave contract.
Outright ownership.
They're willing a nigger slave right here
in 1988 just like they done in 1849.
I'm not anti-white, I'm just pro-black.

CAYTON:

theory that blacks should stick together.
Black manager, black trainer,
black promoter. Black, black, black.

I'm the best fighter in the world.
Nobody can beat me.

KING:

in shining armour.
Each blow he strikes,
he strikes it for all those...
...who are discriminated against,
the downtrodden, the underprivileged...
...the denied, the segregated.
People wanna be my friend
so they can steal my money.
Everybody get their hand out.

REPORTER:

who went to Sarah Lawrence...
...and reportedly to
Harvard Medical School...
...wind up falling in love with a guy
from the school of hard knocks?
God, I wanna know too.
There's something...
We have a lot in common.
Tradition. Traditional families.
And we just sort of love each other.
Traditional families?
Honesty? Love? What is this shit?

CARL:

You sound sceptical, Don.

KING:

up the receptacle.
I know for a fact she never went
to medical school, Harvard or any other.
Just as I also know for a fact...
...she was never one
of the Ford Agency's top models...
...as she so often likes to claim.

CARL:

and a half months pregnant.
- Five and a half months pregnant?

CARL:

...she was three months pregnant
when Ruth made them get married.

KING:

with larceny in her heart.

[KING CHUCKLES]

Why, this is absurd. It's atrocious.

It's a flagrant effrontery

to any vestiges of respect...

...left in our besmirched profession.

What I'm hearing here

is Michael Spinks vs. Mike Tyson...

...a promotion reasonably expected

to gross over 70 million dollars...

...and you are offering me, the promoter,
a mere 3 million?

No, no. Sorry.

Not only is this pittance you call
your final offer entirely unacceptable...

...it's outright immoral!

It is also my final offer, Don.

Take it or leave it.

Bill, everybody in this room knows
that it is customary for the promoter...

...to get 30 percent.

Not this three-point-something
bullshit that...

Who is the promoter?

The cable and foreign rights

have already been set up...

...the purses negotiated

and the site fees paid.

The promoter as we know it

is obsolete.

The truth is we don't even need you.

The truth is

you're a smart businessman.

And smart businessmen don't go around

throwing away 3 million dollars...

...without good reason.

Maybe I feel sorry for you.

And maybe you're afraid

your champ will see the light...

...and come work for me.
Three million. Take it or leave it.

TYSON:

Robin!

ROBIN:

Michael? Michael, up here.
Oh, Michael.
Michael, thank God you're here.
[TYSON AND ROBIN CRYING]

RUTH:

Be strong.

WRITER 1:

Tyson vs. Spinks.
The biggest purse in
the history of boxing, two weeks away.
The other night I saw Don King
shaking hands with Donald Trump.
I mean, can you imagine
King and Trump shaking on a deal?
It's gonna take a dozen accountants...
...to figure out who's the screw
and who's the screwie.

WRITER 2:

Yeah, that's Jackie Gayle.
Hey, Kevin. Ain't it kind of unusual...
...for a champ
to blow off training camp?
No, not at all. Happens all the time.

WRITER 2:

tell Spinks. He's training his ass off.
[WRITERS LAUGHING]
- Any queens?

McCALL:

I know you got one,
you lying son of a...

McCALL:

Fish.

ROONEY:

God's gonna punish you for this.

HUNTER:

Okay, you got any twos?

EPPS:

MCCALL:

WRITER 1:

about Spinks' comment yesterday?

WRITER 2:

wanna let Spinks have it, do you, Mike?

Well, well, well. Look what the cat
puked up. I hope you're here to work.

Because if you ain't,
don't be wasting our fucking time.

Come on, man. Come on.

Come on.

Come on, Mike. Throw some punches.

Punch him out. Take him to school.

TYSON:

That's enough.

Get back in there. That ain't enough.

It's enough when I say it's enough.

Epps, get back in there. Come on.

Look, we'll make it up tomorrow.

You ain't stepping out of that ring...

...till you knock those pounds
of Cheetos off your ass.

Come on, let's go.

Mike, come on. What the fuck?

RORY:

- Go on.

I don't think now's a good time
to be riding Mike like this.

Yeah? And why is that, counsellor?

Look, this ain't got shit

to do with me and you, all right?

[WHISPERS]

Robin had a miscarriage.

- A miscarriage? Ah.

- Yeah.

RORY:

better than anybody else.

He's a sensitive cat,

and I think it'd behove all concerned...

...if you take it easy on him

for a while.

I see. Gosh, thank you, Rory.

- That's my boy.

- Yeah.

- Mike, get the fuck back in the ring.

- What the fuck is wrong with you?

- Why don't you take a hike, you leech?

- Kiss my ass. Mike is up there tripping.

You of all people should be sensitive.

ROONEY:

sensitivity, Mr. 250-Thou-a-Year friend?

RORY:

Motherfucker, I earn my money.

And I am his friend

and I do feel sorry for him.

- And your little punk ass should too.

- I feel sorry, all right.

Sorry to be the only one

with the balls enough...

...to tell him that Robin

was about as pregnant as I am.

RORY:

- Yeah, fuck me.

Fuck me for telling him

what everybody already knows.

That he's getting fucked by his claptrap

and Mommy fucking dearest.

Towel.

TYSON:

No, you won't be needing that, man.

You heard whitey.

When whitey say "Jump,"

nigga say, "How high?"

When whitey say "Fight,"

nigga say, "How long?"

When whitey say

"To the death, nigga"...

...nigga say, "Oh, yes, sir, master."

[BELL DINGS]

Come on, motherfucker. Come on.

Do your job, man. Hit me.

Oh, I'm touched. Come on,

motherfucker. You can't hit.

BARANSKI:

TYSON:

Hit me like you got some balls,

motherfucker. Come on, hit me.

Ooh. You almost knocked me out.

You got one more chance,

motherfucker. One more.

Oh, come on, Mike. This is fucked up.

Rooney, what the fuck's happening?

[TYSON GRUNTING]

WRITER 1:

WRITER 2:

[BELL DINGING]

[EPPS GROANS]

BARANSKI:

Can you hear me? Are you all right?

You.

Come on! Get in here, motherfucker.

Bitch-ass motherfucker, come on.

You've got 10 seconds

to knock me the fuck out.

Come on.

One, two...

Three, four...

Five, six...

Seven. Come on, motherfucker. Eight.
You better kill me, motherfucker...
...because I have every intention
on killing you.

Nine.

Ten.

[HUNTER GRUNTING AND GROANING]

RORY:

You out of your fucking mind?

Yo, Mike.

What the fuck are you doing, man?

WRITER 1:

Jesus.

WRITER 2:

- Come on in here, pussy.

Thanks but no, thanks, homeboy.

Look at that.

Fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-week pussy.

MCCALL:

Yeah, keep the change, Mr. Tyson.

[CROWD CHEERING]

PHOTOGRAPHER:

You look wonderful.

Ladies. Ravishing as ever.

Mr. Winston has the papers.

Ladies.

- Mr. Winston, go get it on, now.

- Of course.

[KING CHUCKLES]

WINSTON:

This is for you.

Thank you.

I've been fired.

[SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]

REPORTER 1:

the last man other than himself...

... with any viable claim

to heavyweight pre-eminence:
Michael Spinks.

REPORTER 2:

such a fascinating showdown, Jim...
... is that Michael Spinks is a winner.
He's always found a way to win.
Fight fans know and respect that
and many of them are wondering...
... whether he can frustrate and beat
a much younger, stronger champion.

REPORTER 1:

Keyword perhaps being "frustrate"...
... because for every one you find...
... who believes that Tyson
will simply overpower Spinks...
... you might find another person
who believes Spinks...
... will be too much the technician
for Tyson.
Listen, Mike, I, uh...
[CROWD CHEERING ON TV]

REPORTER 1:

dollars guaranteed to Spinks...
- Hurry up.
...who won an Olympic gold medal...
... and has never lost
a professional prize fight.
Tyson, for his part,
will earn even more money tonight...
... if he too is unbeaten
as a professional.

MAN:

There he is!
[CROWD APPLAUDING
AND CHEERING]

HULL:

Ladies and gentlemen...
...this is the main event
of the evening.

Featuring twelve rounds of boxing...
...for the undisputed heavyweight
championship of the world.
Introducing in the blue corner...
...fighting out of Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania...
...weighing in at 212
and one-quarter pounds...
...with a professional record of 31 wins,
no defeats, 21 KOs.
He was an Olympic gold medallist
and is regarded by many boxing fans...
...as well as Ring Magazine...
...as the heavyweight
champion of the world.
Ladies and gentlemen,
here is Michael Spinks.
[CROWD CHEERS]

HULL:

of the late, great Cus D'Amato.
He fights out of Catskill, New York.
He weighed in at 218
and one-quarter pounds.
His professional record:
He is the undefeated, undisputed
heavyweight champion of the world...
...Iron Mike Tyson.
[CROWD CHEERING]

Okay, gentlemen. You received
your instructions in the dress room.
Any questions? Touch gloves.
Good luck to both of you.
This one's for Cus and Jimmy.
Do you hear me? Now, take it.
- All right, come on. All right?
- Yes, baby.

[BELL DINGS]

Okay, break in there.
Okay, Mike, watch that elbow.
[BOTH GRUNTING]
Give it to him. Take it to him.
Okay, break it up.
Break it up, come on.

Yeah! Breathe, breathe.

[SPINKS YELLS]

[CROWD CHEERS]

REFEREE:

Okay, Mike, get over in that corner.

Four, five...

...six, seven, eight...

You okay, Michael? Then let's go.

- Oh, fuck!

REFEREE:

Three, four, five, six, seven...

...eight, nine, ten. You're out!

Yeah, baby! That's it, Michael,

That's it! That's the way to go!

[ALL SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]

- I've been fired.

- What?

We've been fired.

Don King's his manager now.

RUTH:

in charge of his business...

...more than ever before.

And they're still robbing him blind.

Why, do you realise Mike's paying

all of Camille's bills still?

Food, utilities, everything.

Hey, hey. Lay a tarp down

before you drag that across my carpet.

- Sorry.

- Shh. We're taping.

TYSON:

I liked her when it started.

WALTERS:

ROBIN:

TYSON:

you know, she says:

"I didn't like him because he's a fighter,"

but I believe she liked me more.

WALTERS:

What did you want from Robin?

- When it first started, l...

- Don't say it on television.

Fair enough.

What's it been like since?

This roller-coaster life?

It's been torture, Barbara.

It's been pure hell.

ROBIN [ON TV]:

anything I could possibly imagine.

Every day, it's some kind of battle,

some kind of fight.

WALTERS:

With whom?

With managers,

with family members, with...

Just always trying to hold up
your dignity.

It's something I never thought
I'd have to endure.

Michael is a manic-depressive.

I mean, that's just a fact.

- And living with him...

KING:

... has been worse than
anything I could possibly imagine.

Now, they drugged that nigga.

Man, look at him.

I mean, I think for the first time

I understand abused women.

What you think?

You think they slipped Mikey a Mickey?

WALTERS:

Why do you love him?

Because there's a side of Michael

most people don 't know.

A side even I wasn 't aware of initially,

an incredible gentle side.
Also because Michael loves me
more than anything in the world...
... and I feel like he needs me,
which, maybe, I need.

WALTERS:

Do you want him to continue boxing?
I want to live with Mike Tyson
for the rest of my life...
... and have little Tysons.
That's what I want...
... but that can 't happen
if Michael doesn 't get help.

WALTERS:

And if he doesn 't, will you stay?
No.

RORY:

Bingo.
Damn, brother been set up
like a bowling pin.
Brothers, the Lord works
in mysterious ways...
...his wonders to perform.

POLICEMAN 1:

about them the other night?

POLICEMAN 2:

Missed it.

POLICEMAN 1:

this call don't surprise me one bit.
[TYSON AND ROBIN
SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY]
[GLASS SHATTERING]

ROBIN:

I'm fucking Donald Trump.
I have not been fucking Donald Trump!
- Fuck you!
- Uh, ma'am, there was a call?

You finally get here! Where the hell have you been? We could've been killed!

TYSON:

Something you forgot to steal, bitch!

POLICEMAN 1:

Sir?

TYSON:

Fucking gold-digging slut!
What the fuck do you all want? Huh?

POLICEMAN 1:

There was a call about a dispute.
Ain't no dispute!
Everybody knows they're bitches.
Fuck you!
It looks like you got a little carried away.
Bitch, my motherfucking house.
I can do what the fuck I want.

ROBIN:

What the fuck are... What is he doing?

RUTH:

He's sick!
- Get the fuck away from here.
- You can't threaten your wife.
- I didn't put a hand on her! Fucking liar!

ROBIN:

- Get the fuck out.

RUTH:

Shit, nobody broke
no motherfucking laws.
Get the fuck off my property.
- Mr. Tyson, we can't leave while this...
- Fuck you all.
You're not gonna get anything.
Just arrest him and take him off to jail.
- Just relax.

- Okay, okay.

POLICEMAN 1:

RUTH:

- Stay back, don't you...

POLICEMAN 1:

TYSON:

Fuck off.

Freeze, Mike, freeze.

ROBIN:

- Get the fuck out of my way.

ROBIN:

TYSON:

All y'all make me sick!

- You're just gonna let him go?

- Especially you, fucking cunt.

KING:

called her the C-word...

...because the C-word's the only thing
known to man...

...to make a woman that mad.

Robin hereby seeks a divorce.

You know why she's filing in California,
don't you? Uh-huh.

When you're around him,
you live in constant fear.

He's a time bomb.

We have a man who threatens
to kill his wife.

Not even an ordinary man...

... one who is arguably the most
vicious man on the planet.

Oh, hell, yes, man.

The Japs will love Mike Tyson.

When?

Uh, February, Mike? How's February?

Yeah, February's fine.

Who? Now, what the hell difference
does it make who?
Tell them he's gonna fight Hulk Hogan.
Ha-ha!
Those Japs, they'll buy tickets
to anything.
One time, Michael had hit me
in the head...
... with a closed fist.
He knows how to hit and where to hit
without causing any real damage.
Buster Douglas? Yeah, I know
what I said about Buster Douglas.
I just don't think people
gonna pay good money...
...to see Mike slaughter
Buster Douglas.
What's old Buster doing
these days, anyway?
Mike, Buster is a carpet-delivery boy.
[LAUGHING]
What Kevin Rooney? Oh, man.
Kevin Rooney is gone.
Why?
Two million dollars a fight is why.
At the peak of his manic state...
... Michael went down to the bar
and started drinking vodka...
... glass by glass, like it was water.
He then returned to our room...
... took a handful of lithium...
... and locked himself in the bathroom,
saying he was going to kill himself.
Mike, for future reference...
...never, under any circumstances,
call a coloured woman the C-word.

ROBIN:

- And I'm supposed to be abusing him.
[DANCE MUSIC PLAYING]
- Look.

WOMAN 1:

Oh, man. That's Mike Tyson.

[WOMEN SHOUTING]

Hey, Mike. What are you
doing up here in Harlem?

I came down here to see how the black
people live, know what I'm saying?

Well, I'm black myself.

A lot of people don't know that.

- Mike, baby, can I get your autograph?

- Yeah, baby.

- Dark and lovely.

WOMAN 2:

Ooh! Mmm-mmm. Look at you.

- Damn, baby. Your man let you out?

- What can I tell you?

Damn. You coming with me tonight?

MAN 1:

There's that lispy motherfucker.

MAN 2:

MAN 3:

Oh, what's this? "Bitch" Green.

Look at this motherfucker.

You ain't getting tired
of being pussy-whipped, motherfucker?

Your old lady?

Your old lady's old lady?

- Double pussy-whipped.

- There you go.

You're also a pitiful, poor-ass
motherfucker.

What, you want me

to whup that ass again?

Fuck that!

You didn't beat me, motherfucker.

Anybody seen the TV knows that.

They know I knocked the Jheri-curl juice
out your head, motherfucker.

[CROWD LAUGHS]

I'll give you that, motherfucker.

Tell me where Robin's at.

I'll tell you where she's at. She's at

my house, butt naked, making grits.
How you like it? Bent over backwards.
- Come on.

MAN 4:

MAN 5:

WOMAN 3:

So who's the biggest pussy, Mike?
You or Robin?
What's up, motherfucker?
[GREEN GRUNTS]
[CROWD SHOUTS]
You ain't nothing, motherfucker.

WOMAN 3:

WOMAN 4:

- Mike?

WOMAN 5:

WOMAN 1:

Mike! Take me with you. Please?

MAN 4:

WOMAN 1:

I would like...
... maybe date Mike Tyson.
[REPORTER ON TV SPEAKING
IN JAPANESE]
[SPEAKING IN JAPANESE]
Forty-two to one.
Is there anything that you know
that the odds makers don 't?
Yeah, well...
... they can 't measure desire,
you know?
Mike's a great fighter.
I just hope to hold my own.
[CROWD CHEERING]

REPORTER 1:

- So far, over seemingly invincible...
...heavyweight champion Mike Tyson...

- ROONEY:

The one-punch bobs.
It ain't gonna work, Mike.
Come on, fuck him up, Mike!

REFEREE:

Come on, punch your way out.
Break.

REPORTER 2:

more punches in this fight alone...
... than I think I've seen
in all of his other fights combined.

REPORTER 1:

It's been all Douglas up to this point.
And who would have thought that...
[BOTH GRUNTING]

REFEREE:

Fighters, punch your way out!
[SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]
[BOTH PANTING]
Break clean. Break!
Yes! Yes!
[CROWD CHEERING]

REFEREE:

Three!
Four!
Five!
Six, seven!
Eight! Nine!
No! The fight is over! It's finished!
What the hell do you call that?
That was the longest count...
...I ever heard in my life.
The fight is history.
That guy was down over 15 seconds.
[MAN SPEAKS IN JAPANESE]

[BELL DINGS]

Where the hell did you get this ref?

The man's gonna get my man beat.

BRIGHT:

He was down way more than 10.

Ten? Shit, it was more like 20.

Get me the enswell.

- Yo, you got any other stuff in there?

- I don't know.

RORY:

BRIGHT:

- Give me an ice pack.

RORY:

BRIGHT:

Just a second.

[CROWD CHEERING]

REFEREE:

Fight!

[BOTH GRUNTING]

MAN:

That's it!

That's it!

RORY:

Hit him, man.

[BOTH PANTING]

REFEREE:

Punch your way out.

RORY:

Keep working, now.

Come on, get out of there, Mike!

RORY:

Keep your eyes open!

REPORTER 1:

Tyson unable to capture...

RORY:

Stick and move!
Keep moving, Mikey!
Keep moving! Shit!
[DINGS]

REFEREE:

Go to your corners.
[CROWD CHEERING]

RORY:

Get in the chair, Mike.

TYSON:

RORY:

Give me the damn stool!
[CROWD CHEERING]
- Ice.
- Get some fucking ice.
- We don't have none.
- Well, find some.
His fucking eye's closing up.
Rory, put some Vaseline
right on this eye.
- Aboline.
- Aboline? What's that?
- I'm allergic to Vaseline.
- Oh, shit.
We got any of that in there?
Shit. Aw, shit.
Fuck.

CORNER MAN:

Listen to me, James. Listen!
He ain't got nothing left.
Keep working harder, all right?
Let's go to work. Come on!

REFEREE:

Ready?

RORY:

Let's go. Come on!

[BELL DINGS]

REFEREE:

Fight!

SNOWELL:

Keep working!

- Keep working, Mike!

- Stick and move, baby! Yes! Yes!

REPORTER 1:

Tyson 's eye now completely shut.

He can 't see

Douglas 's punches coming...

... and Buster is landing a lot of them
in succession.

REPORTER 2:

only man who could beat Mike Tyson...

... was Mike Tyson himself...

... but he's getting a lot of help
from a challenger...

- Keep moving, baby!

- Mike, you gotta keep moving.

[TYSON GRUNTS]

- Come on, Mike!

- Come on, champ!

Three!

REPORTER 1:

get up, this will be the biggest upset...

... in the history of

heavyweight championship...

RORY:

Mike, you gotta get up!

REFEREE:

Five!

Six!

RORY:

SNOWELL:

Seven!

Eight!

Nine!

It's over! You're out!

[CROWD CHEERING]

REPORTER 2:

Live fast, die young.

Will Mike Tyson ever get up
from this knockout?

[INAUDIBLE DIALOGUE]

[CROWD CHEERING]

KING:

for 16 seconds. He was out!

No, you listen to me. I got the tape...

...and I'm taking it to the WBA,
the WBC and the IBF.

All of them!

And they're gonna see that there was
a knockout in the eighth round.

No, no. Mike Tyson's
not losing his belt...

...because some referee
forgot how to count.

That's not right.

You know it's not right.

Don't you even know how to cut tape?

Get that shit off of him.

I'm gonna take care of this
for you, Mike.

And you know I always do what I say.

I know you do, man.

You're gonna get it all back.

Either they reverse their decision, or...

- I didn't have it out there tonight.

- Fuck that! You won the fight, Mike.

- On my back?

- The fight was over!

I lost.

Goddamn you, Mike.

I don't wanna hear that kind of talk,
that goddamned defeatist attitude.
You did not lose.
I'm gonna prove it...
...and you are not gonna fuck me up.
You understand me?
Okay, Don. I see your point.
I did not lose.
[REPORTERS CLAMOURING]

REPORTER 1:

Hey, Don. What have you got to say?
I gotta go feed the seals.

REPORTER 2:

That kid took a beating there.

KING:

Hey, fellas.
All you're getting tonight is the truth.
He was down in the eighth round.

RORY:

You want anything else?
I wanna go home.
[TYSON CHUCKLES]

CAMILLE:

What is so funny?
"Who ate my ice cream?
Don't you never eat my ice cream."
[BOTH LAUGHING]

REPORTER 1:

Hey, Mike, how about a rematch?

MAN:

... beginning with your arrival
on July 17th, 1991...
... in order to participate
in the Miss Black America pageant.

REPORTER 2:

How does it feel not to be champ?

You tell me, we both know.

REPORTER 2:

that you and Robin are seeing each other?
Kiss my what?

REPORTER 2:

No, the rumours that you and...

MAN:

at the Omni Hotel, what did you do?

- Hey, man. Good to see you.

- Charlie Neal.

Hey, Mike,

Charlie Neal and Johnny Gill.

- Hey, man, I like your music, man.

- Good to meet you.

Yo, man. So when are we
gonna see these, uh, beauties?

Well, right after you do
that promo for me, Mike.

I don't know, man.

I think it's gonna be the other way.

[DANCE MUSIC PLAYING

OVER SPEAKERS]

COORDINATOR:

five, six, seven and be there. Got it?

Let's go, girls.

We don't have much time.

- Darnelle, remember your place.

- I'm in trouble now, man.

MAN:

describe the contestants ' reaction...

... when Mike came into the room.

DESIREE:

We were all very excited.

MAN:

Am I to understand that at some point...

... Mr. Tyson was asked to participate
in the rehearsal?

DESIREE:

Yes.

MAN:

at some point during the rehearsal...
... he hugged you and asked you if
you would like to go out that evening?

DESIREE:

Yes.

MAN:

And you had never met him before.

DESIREE:

No.

[RINGING]

DESIREE:

to go to sleep when the phone rang.
- Hello?

TYSON:

- Yes, she is. May I ask who's calling?

- Tell her it's Mike.

Hold on. Some guy named Mike.

- Hello?

- Hey. It's me, Mike.

Mike Tyson?

- Yeah. We met at the rehearsal.

- Mike Tyson? He's on the phone.

[GIRLS SHOUTING]

- Hi.

TYSON:

Okay.

Listen, why don 't you come down?

Wait, hold on. Shh!

- Anything wrong up there?

- No, I'm fine. What's up?

TYSON:

come down and go with me to a party.

DESIREE:

Isn 't it kind of late for a party?

TYSON:

a lot of celebrities there.

DESIREE:

I don 't know.

What about tomorrow?

Can we go out then?

TYSON:

but I gotta leave tomorrow.

Why don 't you come on down?

It'll be fun.

DRIVER:

Good evening.

TYSON:

DESIREE:

MAN:

got in the car, what did you do?

TYSON:

I kissed her.

MAN:

TYSON:

TYSON:

DESIREE:

TYSON:

and pick up my bodyguard.

DESIREE:

Oh. Mike Tyson needs a bodyguard?

TYSON:

DESIREE:

- Where you from again?
- I'm from Rhode Island.

DESIREE:

to pick up his bodyguard...
... before going out on the town to all
these after-parties with other celebrities.

MAN:

where did you and Mike go?

DESIREE:

We walked the hall to his room.

DESIREE:

Do you have any pets?

- I got pigeons.
- Yeah?

How many do you have?

- I don't know. Something like 200.
- Two hundred? Really?

That's really neat. I've got a puppy.

Uh-huh.

We'll just be here a second.

Come on in.

CUS:

between the hero and the coward?

There ain 't no difference.

They both feel exactly the same
on the inside.

They both fear dying and getting hurt.

TYSON:

that makes him a hero...

... and what the other doesn 't do
that makes him a coward.