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Portrait of the Fighter as a Young Man

By Constantin Popescu

- You bringing Micky in?
- Yeah, he's gonna come.
He should be here as well.
You think he'll answer questions?
They said it was
gonna be both of us here.
- Am I looking right in the camera here?
- Just look at me, right here.
All right. You don't want me to look
in the camera with the...
- Right over here.
...interviews?
I started boxing
when I was 12 years old,
and I'd lie and say I was 18,
or whatever it was.
You know, I had a different
name and everything.
I mean, I don't know how many fights...
I'd done a hundred, more than that,
before I turned professional.
- Go ahead and sit right there.
- Why we doing this?
- I don't wanna do this.
- You want to start again?
This is my younger brother.
I taught him everything he knows.
I'm still his trainer.
You know, we got different styles.
I'm fuckin' squirrely as fuck.
I'm like... I'm not even there.
You know, that's what Sugar Ray said.
I was the most tricky fighter
he'd ever come across.
In '78, I fought Sugar Ray Leonard.
I went toe-to-toe with him.
He couldn't get to me.
He couldn't get to me.
They called me the pride...
the pride of Lowell.
Everybody still talks about it,
especially my brother.
His whole life he wanted
to do what I did, you know?

But we're very different fighters.
Micky's, you know,
he's a heavy hitter.
He's got... a thunderous,
I'm telling you,
thunderous left punch.
Micky, he gets you
and he takes a punishment,
I don't know why he does it,
till you're right fuckin' in there.
He likes getting on the inside,
I stay on the outside.
Come on.
Dicky.
Would you come on?
Will you stop?
You gotta help me finish this.
Come on!
- And predictable as ever.
- All right.
- You don't need to be Columbo
- Here you go.
To see where this fight is headed.
Bam! Over right hand
puts Micky Ward down!
HBO's making a movie
on me and my comeback!
And my brother is gonna beat
Saoul Mamby in Atlantic City next week!
The pride of Lowell is back!
Quacka!
Who wants some?!
Who wants some?!
Hey! I want a cut.
Are you good?
You guys having a good day?
How are ya?
Come on! What you got?
What you got going on?
Lou! Hey, Lou!
- How are you guys?
- Dicky.
Making my comeback.
Hey, naughty, naughty.

What's going on here?
Hey, Dicky, Micky!
Take my picture.
- Take a picture?
- Yeah.
- Hey!
- Hey, Louie!
HBO's making a movie on me!
What's going on? Hey, beautiful.
Did you tap that?
I can't remember. I got CRS:
I Can't Remember Shit!
Hey, Jerry Garcia!
Are you nuts?
How'd you get here?
You drive around?
Hey, Ray. Ray. I love you, Ray.
You're doing well.
You're walking. Get on it.
- We make a mistake?
- Nah, I mean, he'll be here.
You know, like I said,
sometimes he goes on his own schedule
but when he gets here, we work hard.
You know, nobody pushes me harder.
He's supposed to be
training you right now, right?
Why don't you just go talk to them,
my sisters? They'll talk your ear off.
You gotta pay them to shut up.
He can tell you
how Dicky was helping him.
Yeah, come on, Micky.
- O'Keefe!
- Hey, we don't know where Dicky is.
You know where he is.
What's that Keystone Kop
doing in there? Where's Dicky? Girls?
- I don't know.
- Did you see him, your brother?
- Not this morning?
- Look at Ma!
All dressed up for the movie, huh?
- Wow!

- Get outta the ring, O'Keefe.
My Dicky should be doing that, huh?
Your Dicky ain't here, Alice.
Micky's got an important fight
coming up and he's not training.
Don't. Just forget about him.
He's number two man.
He's not part of this, all right?
- He's not being handled right.
- You get me coming in all right?
You want me to do that again?
Get out of the ring, O'Keefe.
Dicky's the trainer.
- I'm doing a favor, Alice.
- I will show you over here
these scrapbooks
I've been collecting for years.
Micky used to follow
his big brother everywhere.
Taught ya everything, didn't he, honey?
In '78, we got the offer
to fight Sugar Ray Leonard.
Oh, my God, it was...
Have you seen that video?
Oh, you're from HBO.
You gotta see it again. Come on.
Art, Art, where's the video at?
Tonight, my son is gonna surprise
everybody and beat Sugar Ray Leonard.
Believe me, I know it.
Sugar Ray might have
some trouble tonight.
That's a good possibility.
He comes in here against a good boxer,
a young man who can punch,
and I would like to say at this time
that physically
they're just about equal.
Leonard is down.
Let's see if that's a knockdown.
This is unbelievable.
Eklund just walked over him!
Nobody seems
to know what's happening!

Dicky did it.

Yeah. Tricky Dicky did it.

- Dicky did it.

- Weren't you supposed to be training Micky right now?

- No, it ain't till 9:00.

- Dicky, it's fucking 11:45!

- **It's 11:**

- What?!

Where'd you fuckin'

park the car, Boo Boo?!

I didn't park it. You did.

- I didn't park it.

- Check your pockets for the keys.

- You got the keys, yeah?

- I didn't park it, man.

- Down there? I don't know.

- Check your pockets, all right?

- You're fuckin' mental.

- Fuck it!

I'll run. I need the fuckin' roadwork.

- Roadwork? Are you crazy?

- He's a great runner.

Hey.

Hey!

Quacka!

- Hey, Dicky.

- Better late than never.

Oh, look! Detective's on the scene.

Gonna get to the bottom of this.

- Figure this one out, huh?

- Dick, you're an asshole.

Hold it, hold it.

Let me get this straight.

You guys are working in the same corner as Micky, together, right?

Yeah. Yeah, they're both in my corner, and this is what goes on.

OK.

Don't you have

a job to go to or something?

Really, O'Keefe has a job

that he should be at.

Yeah, Sergeant
O'Keefe's working overtime here.
So we got Saoul Mamby,
Jewish, black, former world champ.
I think we got all the bases covered.
And my kid brother,
he's lost three fights in a row.
You know, he can't get used
to losing. It's a mental thing.
But we're gonna break
that with Mamby, right?
Yeah, I hope, if we can train...
We can train, right. Enough of you
wasting time, Mick. You know?
- Wasting time?
- Half the fuckin' day's gone!
- We got work to do.
- Yeah, half the day's gone,
- and I been waiting here for you.
- You wanna win?
Jab, two, three, four.
Left, right, punch right. Jab...
And again! One, two, three, four...
One, two, three, four, five...
Jab, jab...
There you go! There you go!
Come on, move!
Might as well drop the weight,
we're gonna out-box Mamby.
- Take it out on the mitts.
- Head, body, head.
That's your fuckin' combo.
Head, body, head.
Head, body, head, body.
My Dicky taught him that.
You know,
Sugar Ray's gonna be there,
calling the fight for ESPN.
I ain't seen him
since I knocked him down.
Like 14 years ago or somethin'. Right?
Hook!
Let's get
a real sparring going on here.

Don't wanna embarrass yourself.

Don't wanna embarrass yourself

in front of Sugar Ray, do you, Mick?

- You got him...

- Come on. Head, body, head!

Fuck.

- Fuckin' yeah. That's your punch, Mick.

- Oh, my God.

That's your punch.

That's your liver punch.

It shuts the whole fuckin' body down.

George's fingers are so fuckin' fat,

he can't even dial the phone!

Hey, right there, Tar!

That's not helping, George!

- Hold on. Wait a minute. I'm confused.

- What?

- Yeah, I'm confused, too.

- We're confused.

- George is whose father?

- You're confused?

- Dick Eklund Sr. Is Dicky's...

- Donna's, Gail's and Phyllis's father.

- Is Dick Eklund.

- Yeah.

And even though Alice is an Eklund,

so is Cindy and Cathy,

- George is really their...

- And Micky...

- No. Micky and I are...

- Sherri Ward.

- We're Wards.

- The Wards.

It's not the way it sounds. Dick Eklund

and I were separated, right?

And then there was George,

just George. George is my man.

- Georgie's our poppa.

- After Dick, it was just George.

Charlene! Charlene!

Hey, Charlene!

- We're doing shots with Charlene!

- Yeah, you get over here.

- Come on! Come over here.

- Come on, drink yours.
On the count of three... Three!
Good job, fellas.
Oh, hey, one more time.
Why don't you just go talk to her?
She's a nice girl.
I told her all about you.
I don't wanna ask her
if she's gonna say no.
Can't beat that ass, can ya?
Get out of the booth.
Come on. Come on.
Are you just gonna stand there
and stare at my ass?
Your father stares at my ass,
but he talks to me.
Thinks you're the greatest.
- He didn't tell me you were mute.
- Keep the change, doll.
He told me you're
Kenny Fleming's sister.
- This is a tip?
- Yeah, that's my tip.
You know what the bell
says about this tip?
Cheap bastard. Cheap fucker.
Comes in here every day,
gives me shitty tips.
- Fuck that.
- Yeah, fuck you, too.
- Forget it, boys...
- You pave streets, right?
- Yeah, I do. And I'm a fighter.
- Oh, yeah,
I heard you were a stepping-stone.
- No, I'm no stepping-stone.
- You're the guy they use,
against the other fighters
to move the other fighters up.
I've had a few tough fights,
but that's not who I am.
The next fight's gonna show who I am.
Yeah, and he's
gonna lose that one, too.

Scotch and soda, Charlene.
And one for yourself.
So move that sugar ass
and get my...
You be nice. OK?
Be respectful.
Don't disrespect her.
Hey, don't hurt your hands.
We got a fight next week.
Besides, you wipe
your ass with that one.
Don't lean up, or I'm gonna hit you
in the cocksucker.
- He's gonna beat Saoul Mamby, say it!
- Yeah, he's gonna beat him!
Right? Right? Hey!
- Right.
- That's right!
I'm gonna take your drink, as well.
I'm taking his drink.
Hey, this guy's gonna be champion.
He's a great guy.
He's a great fighter. You can't
go wrong. Thanks for the drink.
Those cameras are makin'
a movie about him.
He knocked down
Sugar Ray Leonard on HBO,
that's why they're following him
around with the camera.
And now they're making
a movie about his comeback.
Yeah, everybody's talking about it.
But who are you fightin'?
- Saoul Mamby.
- Saoul Mamby?
- What kind of name is that?
- Black and Jewish.
Where did they find a guy like that?
He's no joke. Former world champ.
- Former champ?
- Yeah.
- I match up good with him though.
- Yeah?

- Yeah.

- What does that mean?

Well, I got lighter, you know?

I have a reputation for brawlin',
but I'm not gonna brawl with him.

I'm gonna try and out-box him.

- And there's a difference?

- Yeah, you know.

Brawlin', you slug it out.

I hit you, you hit me.

Boxing's a chess game, you know?

I pick my punches to take him down.

And go head, body, head, body.

- What is "head, body, head, body"?

- Well, I hit him in the head,
and then his hand's gonna go up
to protect himself,
so it opens up his body,
and then when I hit him in the body,
the hand goes back down,
I go back up to the head,
hand goes back up, hit him in the body.
People who don't know fighting
think you can do a lot of damage
hitting somebody in the head,
but you do more hitting 'em in the body.

So what do you think?

Can I take you out?

Are you married?

No. Would I ask you out

if I was married?

- What kind of guy do you think I am?

- Happens all the time. Trust me.

I'm not like that.

I'm not married. I got a daughter.

I see her every other weekend.

Her name's Kasie. But that's it.

Come on. Let me take you out.

When?

Saturday night.

I get back from Atlantic City.

- Is this the real number?

- You have to call it and see.

I will. Saturday. Dinner and a movie.

- Hey. Jimmy.
- Micky, hey. How's it going?
I don't think Laurie's
expecting you right now.
What's he doin' here?
This isn't your visitation day, Micky.
Look, I just want to say hi to Kasie.
It's not your day. Good-bye.
Yeah, but I'm not
around next weekend.
- You ditchin' the days you do have?
- No, I have a fight. I told you that.
- Jimmy...
- I can't get in the middle.
I can't talk to her, OK?
So I'm asking you, Jimmy.
I want to talk to my daughter. Now.
- Talk to your father.
- Goddamn it, Jimmy.
Daddy's gonna fight Saoul Mamby.
That's right. I want
to tell you that after I win,
I'm gonna start making good money,
and I'll move into a bigger apartment
like we talked about
so you can live with me more days, OK?
- Yeah, bigger apartment!
- Wish me luck, all right?
Don't hold your breath, Kasie.
It's cruel to mislead your child, Micky.
Good luck, Daddy.
Thanks, Kasie.
I love you, honey. Bye, baby.
Where is he?
Jesus Christ.
Un-fucking-believable.
- Quit worrying, for crying out loud.
- Blow that shit in my face.
You know, it's none of my business.
I go to a lot of meetings,
and they have a saying,
"Let Go and Let God."
- You gotta let him go, Mick.
- He's taught me everything I know.

He's been in my corner.

I can't do it without him.

You're already doing it without him.

- No, I'm not.

- Yes, you are.

Look, you know where he is.

Why don't you just go get him?

- Can you get him?

- I'm not fuckin' going to get him.

Are we all gonna go over there in
the limo with Alice? We can't do that.

Dicky.

- Your mother's outside.

- What?

Dicky, your mother's outside!

She's down there!

I'm not here.

- Oh, no.

- What?

- I gotta go check...

- Dicky, no!

Don't, Dicky! Dicky!

- He's goin'...

- Dicky...

...better get out of here.

- Dicky, no!

Quacka, what the fuck are you doing?

You know we gotta go to the airport
now. We got a flight to catch.

You know how important
this fight is to me.

Hey, don't tell Ma I'm here,
all right?

- She knows!

- No, no, no.

- Pick me up back at the house.

- Are you fucking...

- I'll go through the yards.

- She's in the driveway right now.

All right, but hurry up.

She's in the fuckin' driveway.

- We got a flight to catch.

- You son of a bitch.

You do this on the day your

brother's traveling?!

What are you doing?

- Why'd you make me do that?

- What the fuck you hit him for?

Why'd you make me do that to you?

- Jesus!

- Oh, my God, Dicky.

I was on my way! Ma...

- What are you doing in this place?

- There you go. There you go.

Why can't we just go to the fuckin' airport for once, please?

- We got a plane to catch.

- Hey, Alice, what about your husband?

He's laying on the fuckin' ground.

You wanna help your husband?

What are you doing running in here like a silverback fuckin' gorilla?

- We had to get him, for Chrissakes.

- Yeah, you got him all right.

You got him, pal.

You see Mamby?

You see how Mamby's arm comes up?

Leaves his side open, you just light him up like a pinball machine.

He's gonna be pissin' blood.

No way you lose, Mick. No way.

- Hey, Lou.

- Dicky boy.

Hey, listen, what? ESPN can't get us better rooms than this?

I wouldn't worry about the rooms right now, Dicky.

- We got bigger headaches.

- Like what?

- Doctor won't let Mamby fight.

- Why not?

- He's got the flu.

- Mamby got the flu?

Yeah.

Micky, we can still have a fight.

- With who?

- Mike Mungin.

Mike who, Mungin?

Who's that?
Guy from Philly?
Isn't he in prison?
He's been out a few months. I've
called everybody, checked everywhere.
He's the only guy I could find.
My last few fights were rough, Lou.
This one's supposed to be easier.
I mean, we've been fuckin'
preparing for Mamby.
Yeah, but this guy
just came off the couch.
He's been sittin' on his ass.
Could be an easy win for Mick.
Joey Ferrell, remember him?
He knocked his ass out.
Micky knocked out Joey Ferrell.
Exactly.
And Mungin just got off the couch.
Can't make weight.
Might be a bit over, though.
- How over?
- Maybe 162, 165.
One-sixty-five?
Micky dropped weight. He's 146.
Lou, we prepared for Mamby. All right?
We prepared for Mamby.
This guy just got off the couch.
Micky's in shape.
Roadwork, everything else.
This other guy, he hasn't done dick.
Don't forget, you don't fight,
nobody gets paid.
OK.
So, Lou... Come on, please.
Mick...
Joey Ferrell knocked him out.
Gonna be a hell of a fight, huh?
- I'm not doing this. 165 is big.
- You knocked out Joey Ferrell.
- So what? He's a middleweight.
- He just got off the couch.
He's got 20 pounds on me, Dicky.
Joey Ferrell knocked him out,

you knocked out Joey Ferrell.
- You just said that.
- Yeah, right. You can't be scared.
- Scared?
- Yeah.
- Why don't you go fuckin' fight him?
- I'll go fuckin' fight him. He's fat.
Good. Snap out the teeth.
This is your big comeback, right?
- That's what Alice wants.
- You knocked out Joey Ferrell.
All right. I knocked out Joey Ferrell,
OK? But the guy is a middleweight.
I'm a welterweight. They didn't have
a fuckin' heavyweight to throw in there?
Tell him, Dicky. He can do it, right?
He can do anything.
Oh, yeah, Alice. No problem.
You watch from the outside, pal.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Mike "Machine Gun" Mungin!
Holy shit.
Hey, hey, look.
That's Sugar Ray Leonard.
Hey, Ray. Ray, Ray, Ray.
- Hey, Ray! Sugar Ray! Over here!
- Dicky.
Come on, look at the size of that guy.
- Holy shit.
- Yeah, holy shit.
That guy's no welterweight.
All right, Mick. We'll have to run
the first few rounds, tire him out.
He did not just get off
the fuckin' couch.
If he did,
I'm gonna buy a couch like that.
I don't care who that guy is...
Look at me.
You're Micky Ward.
You're Micky Ward.
Micky Ward, fighting a last-minute
replacement from Philadelphia.
Ward, thrown around

by a much bigger man!

- Punches, smashing Ward back!

- Jab!

Now it's big Mike...

Ward goes down! Ward goes down!

- Come on! Come on!

...four, five...

...six...

Micky Ward's a fuckin' bum!

Get rid of this dude!

- Shut up!

- Motherfucker!

Mungin didn't even

know he'd be fighting today.

Hey, you, back off!

Come on! No, no, no, Mick!

Ward, a respected fighter.

You hope this mismatch

doesn't hurt his confidence.

- You're a loser!

- You're a loser!

Ladies and gentlemen,

before we get started,

a lot of people have been asking

about the big night

of boxing on November 4.

Three world championship bouts...

Ray! Hey, Ray! Ray!

- Hey!

- Dicky. How you doin', man?

- How are ya?

- All right, man.

He's 165 pounds.

ESPN screwed us. You know?

- The guy was huge.

- Hey. You know, I...

I knocked Ray down.

I look like shit,

but I knocked Ray down.

Hey, let me buy

you guys a drink. All right?

- Want a cold one?

- No, no, no.

I got to leave. I got a plane to catch.

Next time, right?
Hey, Ray, wait, wait. HBO's makin'
a movie on me. You know?
Can I call ya?
I'm gonna get a fight, and I just like
ya to be there for old time's sakes.
- You commentate or something.
- What's the movie about?
My comeback. Right?
- Call me. Love you, brother.
- I'll call ya.
You don't be a stranger!
He's funny,
"What's the movie about?"
What's that?
You can do better. You're too
good a boxer, I've watched you.
- Are you going to the hospital?
- What is that?
- They said I need to get stitches.
- Mick, nobody's got heart like you.
You're a very talented fighter,
but you're not getting the right fights.
- It's killing your chances.
- What's he talking to Mike Toma for?
- I don't know, Dick.
- I want to give you a real shot.
I want you to come with me.
I want to pay you to train with my guys.
- Where?
- Las Vegas.
Do it right and make one last run
at this thing before it's too late.
What about my brother?
With all due respect,
he's too much trouble.
You owe it to yourself
to come to Vegas.
Come on, Mick,
what has Dicky done for you?
He got you into fights, he lets
you get beat, like you did tonight.
You shouldn't have been in that fight.
Eighteen pounds, think of it that way.

You should've given it up.
Sit down in the car there.
Come on, you.
- Sit the hell down.
- A little more Scotch for Mama.
There you go. Nice and easy.
Don't hurt yourself coming back.
- Will ya, ya old broad ya?
- Oh, my God.
Oh, my God, that Sugar Ray,
he's a beautiful man, isn't he?
He didn't recognize me
straight away.
You seen the way
he was looking at me?
He's a good guy.
I like him, I like him.
I seen him on ringside, he was
so happy seeing me and Mick together.
He's all about family, that guy.
Loves to see a family stick together.
Mick, what'd Mike Toma
want with you last night?
- He wants to train me in Vegas.
- What?
You can't trust that guy, Micky.
He ain't family, you know?
You don't know him. He say anything
about me? Did he say I could come?
He didn't mention you.
What are you gonna do in Vegas
without your brother?
That guy just wants to use you
like a piece of toilet paper.
What are you gonna do in Vegas
without Dicky? Without your family?
- I know, that's what I told him.
- You told him that, right?
Yeah, I told him. I said that I needed
to be with my family in Lowell.
That's right.
Nothing wrong with that.
Sugar Ray said call him.
We're gonna call him, baby.

That's right.
You guys can spar a little, right?
Where are they?
- There's my champ!
- Daddy's home!
- Daddy's home! Daddy's home!
- Give him a big hug.
I love you!
Thank you.
Your face hurting you, sweetheart?
No? 'Cause it's killing me.
Come on.
Did Uncle Micky win the fight?
No, Micky didn't win this time.
Not this time.
Hey, Mick, you take care.
I'll call you tomorrow.
Cheer up. We'll get you another fight.
I don't know, Ma. I don't
think I wanna do this no more.
What don't you wanna do no more?
Just, I don't wanna do it anymore.
- What are you?
- Hey, Mick, ESPN screwed us.
All right? They owe us. We'll get
another fight. You'll heal up.
- It's gonna be OK.
- Yeah, listen to your brother.
They owe us big-time, sweetheart.
Maybe they'll even
do Dicky's comeback fight.
What do you think?
Oh, come on, cheer up. You take
a little soak when you get home,
have a day or two to think about it.
I'll find you a better fight.
A much better fight.
I'm gonna talk to them.
- For Chrissakes, Alice.
- What?
He's been through the ringer.
Leave him alone, will ya?
What are you talking about?
Let him get some time to himself.

He just got finished.

- What's your fuckin' problem?

- Come on.

Where's Micky?

Is Micky not gonna come in?

No, he's not coming in.

He needs to get back and get some rest.

Come on, let's go inside.

No. He's gonna go rest.

He's all grumpy.

He's beat up,

he's a little embarrassed, I think.

Look at him.

Have you even seen him?

Who is it?

I saw the shade move.

Micky, the shade is still moving.

I saw you come to the window,

I know you're in there.

Least you can do is open up

this door and tell me to my face

why you didn't call me yesterday.

Why'd you stand me up last night?

I started to call. I was gonna call,

but... I just couldn't.

'Cause you lost the fight?

Maybe, yeah.

'Cause I lost the fight.

How'd you know my house, anyway?

I asked my brother.

Your thing's coming off.

I mean your other thing.

You got any tape?

Did the black Jewish guy

do this to you?

I didn't get to fight

the black Jewish guy.

You didn't get to go

head, body, head?

Saoul Mamby got the flu. Guy who

took his place had 20 pounds on me.

I never should've fought him.

- Why did you?

- Nobody would've got paid.

Everybody said I could've beat him.

Who's everybody?

My mother, my brother.

So are you gonna take me
to dinner and a movie, or what?

- Hey.

- Hey.

- You look great.

- Thank you.

Got a nice house, too.

It's an apartment building.

There's five of 'em in there.

One of my old roommates lives in one.

Roommate?

What, were you in the Army?

- College.

- College. Wow.

Yeah, a lot of good it did me.

I work in a bar.

Well, you seem to enjoy it.

You're very popular down there.

Yeah, popular.

I gotta get out of there.

If I don't drink while I'm working,

I'll fuckin' kill myself.

- What college?

- URI. Full boat.

Full boat's a scholarship, right?

- Yeah.

- For what?

- I was a high jumper.

- High jumper? You gotta be kidding me.

Fuck you. I was good. I was

New England champ. I cleared 5' 8".

- Wow.

- Never graduated. I partied too hard.

You?

What are we doing

in Richie Rich Lexington?

You come to this theater a lot?

Yeah, it's a good theater.

They got good movies here.

- Yeah, like what?

- Belli Epi-que.

I think it's Belle Epic.
It's "epic." Belle Epic.
Belle Epoque.
The New York Times loved it.
Well, I never heard of it.
Where'd you hear about it?
The New York Times?
No, a guy from work.
And the cinematography
is supposed to be gorgeous.
Oh, cool.
Thank you.
That's the movie you wanted to see?
There wasn't even any good sex in it.
Had to read the whole fuckin' movie.
Fuckin' subtitled.
And some guy from a road crew
recommended it to you?
A fuckin' subtitled movie?
What's going on?
What's going on? You got a girlfriend
or something? You hiding me from her?
I don't have a girlfriend, all right?
I... I like you.
I came here 'cause I don't
wanna show my face in Lowell.
I told everybody I was gonna win
that fight and get back on track.
I told my daughter I was gonna get
a bigger apartment so she can move in.
You don't think I wanted to call you?
I was embarrassed. I mean... I'm sick
of being a fuckin' disappointment. I...
You really think
your family's looking out for you?
Don't say that about my family.
What else can I say
after what you told me?
I mean, look at your face.
Look at you.
Bullshit, Lou. I'm not gonna
stop callin' till you make this right
and give us a fight that's fair.
My boy could've got killed last time.

Yeah, like what?
Just don't tell me he just
got off the fuckin' couch.
He's coming off a loss?
Sounds very interesting.
I'll get back to you.
We got a great opportunity here.
We gotta go find Micky.
Nobody's seen him
for like three weeks.
Jesus.
Used to be Dicky we couldn't find,
now it's both of them?
Ma, I think he's
with that girl from the bar.
- What girl?
- It's that fuckin' girl, Charlene.
That's who he's with.
That girl from the bar.
George was all fuckin' eager
for them to get together.
I heard she's into three-ways.
- Yeah, with other girls.
- Yeah, like one of those MTV girls.
MTV...
What are you talking about?
Wild.
She acts all fuckin' superior
'cause she went to college.
You girls just go
find your brother, Micky.
Tell him we've got important
business to discuss.
I've gotta go find Dicky.
Dicky!
Hey, Ma, there's nothing
in there. I just...
It was just some friends I was seeing,
you know?
Don't worry about it, Ma.
I was just helping 'em out, you know?
Hey, Alice...
Alice...
I started a joke

Which started the whole world cryin'
Oh, if only I'd seen
That the joke was on me
I started to cry
Which started
the whole world laughin'
Oh, if only I'd seen
That the joke was on me
I looked at the skies
Runnin' my hands over my eyes
And I fell out of bed
Hurting my head...
So you're Beaver
and you're Red Bear.
- Red Beard.
- She's Red Dog, and that's Beaver.
You're Red Dog. You're Beaver.
- Yeah, don't use those names.
- It's just for family.
Be nice.
Don't use the nicknames.
I don't think
I'll fuckin' call 'em anything.
Speaking of family...
Hello.
- Alice, this is Charlene.
- Hi.
I've heard a lot about you.
Really? I've heard
a lot about you, too.
- What's that supposed to mean?
- Same thing you meant.
Can we just sit down
and talk about business?
I got you another fight, Mick.
Just like I said I would.
Lou Gold and ESPN made it right.
Just like I told you. Joe Belinc.
Six weeks. The Foxwoods.
Kid's like, you know,
ten and eight, he's nothin'.
You know? And they're
gonna pay us 20 grand.
- Seventeen-five, Dick.

- Seventeen-five.

Which is still... good money, Mick.

Yeah.

Yeah, that's good, Dick. I'm just, you know, trying to figure out what's best for me.

Like what?

What's best for you, sweetheart?

Come on, Mick, I thought you'd be more excited.

Why ain't you more excited?

It's a good fight, good money.

I got tough with Lou Gold.

Told him he owes us.

Yeah, I know, Ma. I don't want things going the way they've been going.

Mick, that last fight, it was unfair. That was unfair.

- And we ain't gonna repeat that. Right?

- No, not on your life.

No, but...

It's just you in the ring.

Yeah, I know it's me in the ring.

But I don't like the way things have been going here.

- Where?

- Here. This. Us. Lowell.

The whole routine.

- George, stay out of it.

- You're doing all the talking.

Let him talk. Listen.

- I'm askin' him.

- You're tellin' him.

- Listen.

- Stay out of it.

Don't tell me to stay out of it.

Mick, what's the problem?

- The problems.

- What problems?

- Problems...

- Like what?

Like, maybe you not showing up on time to train.

Like maybe him having to come

find you in a crack house
when you're supposed
to be at the airport.
I'm sorry. I don't know who
you are, or why you're talking.
I'm Charlene. We just met.
We're together. Do we need
to do this again? Hi, I'm Charlene.
Hi, I'm Charlene.
Hi, I'm Charlene.
Hey, we're together!
What are you gonna do, Mick? Listen
to some MTV girl who works in a bar?
What's she know about boxing?
I know that going to Vegas
and gettin' paid to train year-round
sounds a hell of a lot better
than what you got him doing here.
You gonna let her talk
like that to your mother?
Come on, Micky.
I told you, we're together.
This is my girlfriend. I want her here.
I have done everything...
everything I could for you, Micky.
- This MTV girl comes along...
- Stop calling me an MTV girl,
whatever the fuck that means.
- Skank.
- It's wild.
I've been doing this over 15 years.
She comes in, disrespects me.
She don't mean no disrespect, OK?
I had a chance to get paid to train
year-round, year-round, OK?
That's all she's talking about.
I would hope that you guys
could appreciate that.
I know what you're talking about.
All right? I could've had that.
You know? I had... I had opportunities,
like maybe you're gonna have.
Now... You want money
so you can train year-round? Yeah?

I'll get you money
so you can train year-round.
- You? How?
- Yeah, I'll do it. Trust me.
Hey, trust me. All right? Done.
All right? Charlene? Yeah? Everyone?
So, you put in \$200, right?
Then you get ten other people
to put in 200...
...and you got your 2,000.
- Everybody give you \$200?
- No, not everybody, just ten of you.
Ten lucky ones.
You rip us off.
No, no, I'm giving you an opportunity.
You give me \$200.
No, you get that from ten other people
who you offer the opportunity to.
Right? You understand? No?
He thinks you think
Cambodian people are stupid.
I love Cambodian people.
I mean, look at Karen.
She's my girlfriend.
She's beautiful. I love her.
You know, and Brian.
We work on a road crew together.
- Well, not so much lately.
- We work on a road crew together.
You haven't been showing up,
that's all I'm saying.
This ain't an anti-Cambodian thing.
White people do this
to other white people.
- It's what makes the world go round.
- Boo Boo, I don't think that's helping.
I mean, this is...
a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.
I mean, they didn't understand.
You know, I mean,
they're practically my gang.
Usually, they listen to what I say,
but they just didn't understand
the opportunity, you know,

I was offering them.
- What were we talking about?
- Before you fought Sugar Ray.
Right, right, right. I mean,
Sugar Ray was too much too soon.
You know, I needed to build up slow.
You know, right?
What's this movie about, again?
I told you,
it's about crack addiction.
Showing what it really is
so kids can see it for real.
Fuck.
We gotta get Mick's money.
Yes! That was awesome!
Go. Right now.
Go, go, go...
- Get out of the car!
- Oh, shit!
Get out of the car, now!
Move!
Put your hands on the roof!
Put your hands on the roof!
- That's it! Empty your pockets!
- Are you a cop?
Go to the fuckin' sidewalk. Move!
Fuckin' move! Don't turn around!
Don't turn around!
Gonna have to take your vehicle.
- How am I gonna get home?
- That's your problem!
Get us some rocks.
How much we got here? Count it.
What the fuck?!
That's the guy! He did it to me
and he's doing it again!
- Dicky, get on the ground, right now!
- Get that fucking!
Ta-da! What do you think?
Open the door!
Trying to get off the fuckin' street!
What the fuck! I'm trying
to get off the fuckin' street!
Get your fuckin' hands off me!

Did you hear me?!

You gotta see this!

They're fuckin' up Dicky Eklund!

It's Dicky! It's Dicky Eklund.

The cops are all over him.

They're fuckin' punching him,
they're beatin' him. He needs help!

Stay here! Don't get up. Stay here!

- Listen to him. You stay right here.

- I gotta go.

You better get back here.

Are you fuckin' kidding me?

Hey, what the fuck? Come on,
just put him in the car!

You don't need to do that!

Just put him in the car!

- Come on, just let him go!

- You wanna get involved?

Now you're involved!

You're fuckin' up my brother!

I'll kill you!

He's a fighter! Break his fuckin' hands!

- Don't!

- I didn't do nothing!

- I didn't do nothing!

- Shut the fuck up.

Move 'em out!

Micky, your hand. Your hand.

Don't tell me to come on.

Back up yourself, for Chrissake.

Hey, separate cars, separate cells.

I don't want them making up
some bullshit defense story.

Come on, folks,
time to go home. Let's go.

- No blankets.

- Dicky!

What the fuck, man!

- Micky!

- Jesus Christ.

Don't get involved.

You shouldn't get involved, sir.

Look at his hands.

Shit.

Go home, folks. Good night!
Welcome back, Dicky.
That's 27 arrests.
Ward, one count
of disturbing the peace,
released on your own recognizance.
Eklund, three counts of assault
and battery on a police officer,
two counts of resisting arrest,
two counts of larceny from a person,
two counts of impersonating
a police officer.
Bail set at \$25,000.
Case continued, two weeks from today.
- Come on.
- Judy, can I the file three-57?
I need a copy
of the discovery reports as well.
Mick, you're gonna say it
was self-defense, right?
- You did it to yourself, Dicky.
- What?
You're gonna say it was
self-defense, right?
You came outside, you seen them
beatin' on me, I didn't do nothin'.
Right? I was just waitin' outside like
anybody? Mick, I was doing it for you!
You did it for me? What, this?
Do me a favor, don't do fuckin'
nothing for me no more, OK?
I'm fuckin' done lyin' for you.
What are you
gonna do without me?
This isn't how it was meant to go down!
They should've just put me in the car!
Oh, Mick, come on! Mick!
Dicky!
Hey, what's up, Dicky?!
Hey, Eklund!
Dicky!
Hey, you knocked out Sugar Ray!
Dicky, Dicky, Dicky...
Who is it?

I don't want to see you, Micky.

- Charlene...

- I can't take it.

I'm not gonna let you
or your family drag me down.

I'm quitting, Charlene, OK?

I'm done fightin'.

I don't need it anymore.

- That's fuckin' stupid.

- What? Why?

Because it's sad that you
let them take it away from you
with their stupid bullshit.

What else can I do, Charlene?

There's a lot you can do, Micky.

There's this guy that
your dad wants you to meet.

You just don't think you
can do it without Dicky.

Charlene...

Don't call.

Come on.

Don't call me, OK?

Hey, Dicky, you hurtin', man?

Poor fucker!

Hang in there, man!

Go, Dicky!

Hey, Dicky!

Hey, keep it quiet!

Hey, Micky!

Bring another bucket, huh?

Good.

And this Friday,
an HBO original documentary.

Right here in Lowell, Mass,
the story of Dick Eklund,

a once-promising boxer
who turned criminal...

Oh, look who it is.

That's him.

That's Dicky's brother.

- Hey, Micky.

- Regular.

Hey.

- Hey, what's up, Mick?

- Look who's here.

- Good to see you, bro.

- How you doing?

How you feeling? How's the hand?

- It's gettin' there.

- Looks better.

Why don't you come down to the gym?

And work out. If you want.

- Hey, you fat fuck, you're getting big.

- Yeah, I know. I just...

Been rooфин' with my father,
spending time with Kasie.

Now I gotta worry about
this movie on HBO tonight.

What are you looking at?

Movie's not about him.

It's about his crazy brother.

I gotta go.

- Come back to the gym, Mick.

- Bye, Mick!

Don't go watch

that crazy shit on TV, don't!

Hollywood!

Get a look! Get a look, all right!

Going to Hollywood!

Going to Hollywood, yeah!

All right!

All right, get this started!

Lowell was the birthplace of
the Industrial Revolution in America.

Industrial Revolution... Lowell.

I used to live over there.

This town got good memories, right?

- Check it out.

- Fuck, yeah.

- This house here, this white house?

- Oh, yeah.

White, big fat guy.

First time I got my crack, over here.

Did you ever know that?

They smoke crack at the White House?

White, black, Puerto Rican, everything.

The first time I did crack, or whatever,

I was about 23
and a friend of mine gave me
a gram, or whatever.
Fuck, I wish that'd never happened.
Before that, I'd been doing
the Silver Mittens and stuff.
I was the only kid.
I'd be 12... I was shit... faced.
I'll tell ya how crack works.
When it enters your lungs...
When it enters your lungs...
- I wanna watch, Daddy.
- Oh, my God. No, sweetie.
- You go back upstairs.
- But I wanna watch Daddy on TV.
I know, baby. You can't watch
Daddy right now, all right?
You go back upstairs
and go to bed, OK?
OK, yeah, there's my boys
right there. Check 'em out.
- What kind of snake's that? Python?
- Yeah, check it out, man.
- It's not gonna bite me or something?
- He's cool.
It's been a while.
I'll take anything right now.
I never thought
I'd kiss a fuckin' snake.
I always dreamed about it...
Do a lot of shit
when you're high, right?
Dicky... put Lowell on the map.
He knocked Sugar Ray Leonard down.
Yeah, he knocked him down,
but I don't think it was a knockdown.
- I think he slipped.
- He knocked him down.
- He didn't slip.
- He slipped.
- Oh... and you're from Lowell.
- Yeah, come on.
- That's a fuckin' lie!
- They said he's in trouble with drugs.

What is this? Are you talking
shit about the family?

- Oh, no, no, no...

- I heard you say "Dicky, Micky..."

We're not like that.

This is not what Lowell is all about.

I thought he could make a comeback

- and make us proud, but he didn't.

- I don't know what Dicky was thinking.

Very disappointing,

very disgusting.

You brought the city of

Lowell back 30 years. We're not happy.

- Hello?

- Jimmy?

Hey, will you do me a favor?

Make sure Kasie's not watching HBO?

Actually, we're watching it right now,

Mick, but don't worry about it.

I got it...

I want her to see it.

Let her see who her uncle is.

- What?

- Who you are.

Who I am?

What are you talking about?

- Kids need to know the truth, Mick.

- Laurie, turn it off, please.

She does not need to see this.

She doesn't need to see it.

She's a kid.

When you smoke crack, you know...

...you feel so much lighter.

You know, you feel young, like when

everything was in front of you,

everything was just...

...everything was... just...

...it was in front of you, you know?

And then...

...it fades and you

gotta get high again.

Your part in the movie

is gonna end with you going to jail.

What about little Dicky?

Who's gonna take care of him, huh?
You guys can't talk to 'em?
Oh, man...
Turn this shit off.
Turn this off, all right?
Turn it off. Will you turn this off?
If you don't...
I'm turning it fuckin' off.
Hey, hey, that is my life.
- My movie night!
- That's my fuckin' life out there.
- I wanna watch this. I don't care.
- I will fuck you up!
You fuckin' want some?
Don't fuckin' try me.
I still fuckin' got it, OK?
You fuckin' want some?!
That's my son there,
and you're laughin' at him?!
That's my son. He's crying. He needs me.
And I'm fuckin' stuck in here?
But you know what?
Dicky was a street kid.
Micky, you watching this?
What are they doing to us?
Ma, I don't know what to tell you.
You're pretending like you
don't know what's going on.
He's been doing this for years.
Yeah, I know it's horrible, Ma, but...
- What do you think?
- You think they set him up?
What do you think he was doing?
You know, gave him money,
gave him drugs for the movie. Right?
Micky... Micky?
Shit. Micky...
- You got a new bag, huh?
- Yup.
- New bracket, too?
- Yup.
- What happened to the peanut?
- I don't know.
It's like a beach ball.

- Mick. Sal Lonano.

- Hey, Mick, how you doing?

You own a cab company,
you're a good businessman, right?

- Yeah, he's very organized.

- How's the hand?

It's good. You know,
it's getting better. Stronger.

Yeah, you know, I made a few calls
already. I talked to Buddy Tags.
Said he can set up something local,
something to start back with.

- Get your confidence back.

- That's it.

You gotta get your confidence back.
That's all.

Your dad wants Sal to manage ya,
and he wants me to train ya.

But I'll only do it on one condition.

- No crazy-time nonsense.

- It's how it's gotta be.

- No Dicky. No Alice.

- No Dicky. No Alice.

I get it, I get it.

I'm good, I understand.

- Look, I appreciate the opportunity.

- I can't take the bullshit, Mick.

- No offense, Georgie.

- None taken.

I'm gonna be the one who gets
his balls cut off, anyway.

- Yeah. You laugh.

- You...

...fuckin' traitor!

- What are you doing?

What the hell's the matter with you?!

Come on! The pans hurt!

Do they hurt?! I hope it hurts!

- Sal Lonano is a good man!

- A good man?!

He's a legitimate businessman,
for Chrissakes!

- Legitimate businessman?

- Yes. What?

Oh, my God,
you know what that sounds like?
- He's a crook, George!
- He owns a taxi cab company!
- He's organized!
- Oh, my God. He's a cab driver.
He knows everything
about boxing, right?
I don't think so! He's gonna steal
your son's money and rob him blind!
Why would you think that?
Why would you even think that?
- Why can't you trust anybody with?
- I know people.
I know, George, you think I don't
know anything, but I know people.
- I know you know people.
- And that Sal Lonano
banana fucking thing,
we don't need that in our lives!
We haven't made one dollar
with these kids!
- You betrayed me!
- Oh, bullshit, I betrayed you.
- You always react the same way.
- He's a fuckin' crook!
What's Micky supposed to do?
Dicky's in jail!
We're not talking about his trainer,
sweetheart!
We're talking about his manager,
that's me!
But, Mom, maybe Micky
should try something different!
What are you doing opening
your mouth in my kitchen?
- You owe me \$200.
- I said I was gonna pay you next week.
I don't want
another word outta you.
That was last month
you told me two weeks.
You take sides against me in
my own house, you owe me money?

And Ma's been great
to Micky, Sherri.
Really, I mean, who's gonna look out
for Micky better than his own mother?
It's that fuckin' girl, Charlene.
We gotta get rid of her.
Ma, we gotta get rid of her.
It's that girl, Charlene. She gotta go.
You're gonna get Charlene involved?
- Is that what you're telling me?
- I know where she lives.
What are you pickin' on her for?
She lives in that
yellow house on Stevens Street.
I'm gonna go talk to Micky,
sort this out for myself.
Yeah, sure. You go handle it
with your vigilantes. All of yours now.
This is wrong, Alice!
I got it!
Get outta my way! Get in the car!
Come on, come on, come on, come on!
Get in the car.
- Yeah, they're in there!
- Up there on the second floor.
Micky!
Where the hell are you?
You up there? Come on down!
Where are you?
Holy shit, Micky, your mother
and your sisters are here.
No, don't.
Do not go out there. Please.
No, I'm not hiding from
your crazy fuckin' family.
Hi.
Well, well, well.
Look at this.
Look at what?
- Why you hiding from us, Micky?
- He's not hiding.
Wasn't talking to you.
I was talking to my son.
What are you doing, Mickster?

I'm right here.
I ain't hiding from nobody, Alice.
You're not helping yourself with
your father's scumbag friend Lonano.
What are you gonna do,
turn your back on Dicky next?
All we ever wanted for you
was to be world champion.
Micky's a grown man.
He can think for himself.
- Shut your mouth.
- Skank.
Don't call me skank. I'll rip that nasty
hair right out of your fuckin' head.
I'm his mother. And his manager.
You're not my manager anymore.
And I'm not waiting for Dicky, OK?
I'm not gettin' any younger.
Who's gonna look after you, sweetheart?
I mean, come on. I know you don't
understand it, but I had nine kids
- and I love every one of you the same.
- You got a funny way of showing it,
letting him get beat up,
letting him get his hand broken.
- You're crazy.
- You fuckin' bar skank!
- What did I just say to you?
- Don't put your hands on her...
- Get off of me!
- Stop it!
Let her go!
Let her go!
- Fuck you, Charlene!
- Fuck you!
- Get the fuck outta here! Now!
- Fuck you, Charlene!
- Skank!
- Micky...
- Fuckin' bitch!
- Oh, my God! Gail!
What'd she do to your nose?
What is happenin'?
What is happenin' to everybody?

I don't understand, sweetheart.
Why... Why do you think
I spell my name with an E?
'Cause I don't.
- No-E Micky Ward.
- Hey, somebody push the button.
- Where we going? What's with the ring?
- Ring's across the street.
- The ring's across the street?
- Yeah.
Yeah, smaller venue.
They got no dressin' rooms over there.
- Yeah, but...
- Micky, It's just a start. Don't worry.
Hey. Good luck.
That's it!
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
Visit for Dick Eklund.
Dicky!
Eklund, you got a visitor!
Heard you won a bunch of fights, Mick.
That's good.
I know you know what I been doing.
I'm sure Alice
and everybody else told you.
I just wanted to tell you
to your face myself.
I got new management.
Mickey O'Keefe's my trainer now.
It's all good.
Yeah. They got you fightin'
Alfonso Sanchez.
- On HBO.
- And you're proud of that?
- Fuckin' right.
- HBO is invested in the Mexican.
I didn't think they were gonna be
invested in me?
- I got a shot. I'm gonna take it.
- Wake up.
They don't care if he kills you.
Mike Toma did it. He's using you,
like a stepping-stone for Sanchez.
- Why don't you see?

- Oh, I see.
How could I stand a chance without the
great Dick Eklund in my corner, right?
You didn't give a fuck
if I got killed by Mungin.
Now all of a sudden you're worried
Sanchez is gonna hurt me? Why?
'Cause you're stuck in here and can't
be the center of attention no more?
- You need it that bad?
- I've seen this Mexican fight.
He fights, hits,
like a fuckin' mule, all right?
Fifteen knockouts, undefeated.
You crazy?
And that taxi cab idiot,
Lonano, he went right for it.
He's a paper gangster,
he's using you to steal money.
Why can't you just shut up
and be happy for me?
I spent the last ten years of my life
in bad fights set up by you and Alice.
I finally got a good thing going for me
and you can't be fuckin'
happy for me? Why?
What's your plan?
How you gonna fight Sanchez?
- I ain't here to talk about that.
- What's your plan?
- I am not here to talk about that.
- What's your plan?
Yes, you are.
You watch the fight
and you'll see the plan.
I can't watch it. They don't let us.
It's too fuckin' violent. I mean...
Two minutes, Dicky.
They'll let us watch a stupid
documentary about crack,
but I can't watch my own
brother fighting, you know?
Hey... Mick, what is it?
You scared? You embarrassed

because you don't even have a plan?
I'm your brother. Just tell me.
Are you gonna shit on it
no matter what I say?
I'm not gonna shit on it. Just tell me.
Go toe-to-toe.
Overhand right in the middle rounds.
He's weak against the overhand right.
Who came up with that?
Fatty fuck O'Keefe?
Fuck you, Dicky.
You gotta run against this guy.
Let him punch himself out.
Take him to the body, right? Get inside.
Switch stances like you're gonna
work his right, hit him on the left.
You ain't me. All right?
You can't be me.
- Careful. Switch outside...
- You had a hard enough time
being you when you had
your fuckin' chance,
and that's why you're in here.
I'll fight Sanchez the way I fight.
I'm talking about the way
you fight, you moron!
Yeah, you know I'm right!
He knows I'm right. All right.
He knows I'm right.

Ward's record:

seven losses so far, 20 KOs.
He's been a little better since
he refocused himself on the sport,
as JB pointed out.
Now, here's Ward's opponent,
Alfonso Sanchez, out of Tijuana, Mexico.
You see the record: 16 wins,
There's Mike Toma,
the promoter of the fight,
who has a lot invested in Sanchez.
And he says that Sanchez is
one of the most talented young
prospects in the sport of boxing.

This is really one of
the saddest kinds of fights in boxing.
- Get out of the corner!
- Micky Ward is 31 years old,
he's here because he needs the money,
he's taking a beating...
And my point is
that he doesn't really have to sit here
and take this beating.
He can do something about it.
Which is what?
Have his corner throw in the towel?
- Or fight back.
- Get back.
You can see his power.
Every time he hits Ward,
he backs him up.
How about taking points away from him?
Larry, unless
the referee does, you can't.
The referee should just go
ahead and stop this fight.
He knows that Micky doesn't want
to be here. I wouldn't even make...
He's fightin' scared, Dick.
Runnin' away, not hittin' back.
Oh, Jesus. He's gonna get hurt.
Doing that same old shit.
They never seen such
an embarrassing performance.
He's doing what I told him, Ma.
He's doing what I told him.
Don't worry about it.
He's doing what I told him.
Micky Ward, showing nothing
but respect.
What are you runnin' around for?
Stop running around!
Shut the fuck up, Sal!
Shut the fuck up!
I don't know what you're doing, Micky.
Want to fuckin' tell me?
'Cause I don't know what you're doing.
We have lost all five rounds,

is that what you want?
Dreadful.
This is dreadful, dreadful stuff.
You gotta show me something soon,
Mick, or I'm gonna stop the fight.
Now they're gonna stop the fight, Micky.
He's gotta go inside, Ma.
He's gotta take it to the body.
He's gotta.
Come on, get your punches up...
- Don't stop the fight.
- They're gonna stop this fight.
Then you gotta do something, baby.
That's not what we talked about, Micky.
We had a plan and you're
not doing it. Now, let's go.
All right, Micky.
You've lost the first five rounds.
What's the next strategy gonna be?
Double right hand by Sanchez,
then a triple left hook.
A couple of the left hooks landed
flush on the cheek of Micky Ward.
Ward tying Sanchez up.
Very curious performance
by Micky Ward.
Come on, Micky, come on!
Ward seems...
trying to land one big shot
to change Sanchez's mind...
And he's beginning to open up.
Taking advantage of more and more
opportunities to get close to Ward
and throw against a fighter...
Time!
...who's not defending himself
by punching.
Sanchez is gonna try
to end this fight.
- What are you doing? Come on!
- That's it.
Good boy!
He's down on an uppercut!
- Nicely thrown left uppercut inside.

...three, four, five...
And right after Ward threw
a pretty good right hand.
Mick, you all right?
Come to me. Come to me.
This is a fight
that should be stopped.
Come on, head, body, head.
This is not professional.
That's exactly what I'm saying.
- Punch him! You gotta punch!
- Someone should pay me to watch this.
Come on, man! Head, body, head!
That was a good body shot by Ward.
That was good.
Maybe it'll turn him around.
Maybe. I'm talking about if I...
Sanchez drops
like he's shot! Oh, my God!
The most unlikely
knockout you have ever seen.
That was a kidney shot,
the kind of kidney shot...
...nine, ten!
I still don't believe
what I just saw.
Oh, Micky won!
Now, did Micky Ward
just make idiots of us all
with a spectacular piece of strategy?
Take another look. Amazing.
A brilliant win in the career
of Micky Ward out of Lowell, Mass.
Unbelievable defeat
at the hands of Micky Ward,
who had all but given away the first
half-dozen rounds of the battle.
I think what Micky did was he recognized
that he'd hurt the guy
with the body shot.
Micky's a better fighter than that to
not be runnin' from that guy like that.
Theater of the unexpected.
Hey, you never know

what can happen, right?
Never give up in this game, right?
Never give up.
You can't make it up, folks.
You hear what he said?
He said, "You can't give up
in this game."
Well, maybe Micky Ward
heard me say you should stop this fight
and he went out and stopped it.
- Right there. Right there.
- Yeah! I can't believe it.
I'm lookin' over, and I'm thinkin'
to myself like they were thinkin':
This thing is over.
But I tell you what, if you
looked at the commentators,
they started to take their headsets off
before he was even counted out.
They just wanted to get out of there.
Mick, Mick.
I just spoke to Mike Toma.
- He told me something very interesting.
- Holy shit, what?
He just told me,
had Sanchez won tonight,
he would've gotten the title shot.
- Holy Christ, that's beautiful.
- Why? Why is that beautiful?
- A title shot. Mick gets the shot.
- Micky gets the shot!
- Are you kidding me?
- Are you sure about that?
I just spoke to the guy. Mike!
Come here, Mike. Look, tell these guys.
- Hey, Mike Toma. Thank you.
- Congratulations.
You're not a stepping stone anymore.
I always knew you had the talent.
That was a hell of a strategy, wearing
him down and taking it to the body.
Thirty years in the business,
I'd never seen a knockout like that.
Larry Merchant was writing

your obituary,
and Sanchez drops
like he's shot with a gun.
Where'd you get that?
That's the first thing
my brother taught me.
Tap 'em to the head,
ding 'em to the body.
- That's a hell of a body shot.
- Thank you.
- You ready for a title shot?
- I ain't gettin' no younger.
Thanks, Mr. Toma. Thank you.
He's ready. You're ready, aren't ya?
Shea Neary in London
for the title.
Are you kidding,
we got some celebrating to do.
- Yeah, I think so.
- Thank you so much.
- Gonna have a great champ in my boy.
- Thank you, Mr. Toma.
It's what your brother
would've always wanted.
He's not even gonna be there.
- Hey!
- Daddy!
- Come here, buddy.
- Daddy, Daddy!
Good to see you!
That's a good hug!
That's a good hug! Yeah!
- Sweetheart.
- Hey, Ma.
Oh, you look so good. Oh, my God.
- You have clean teeth.
- I do! Look at my teeth!
I got new teeth. Everything.
How you think I look?
- Good.
- Yeah?
Cake and more cake.
- Ice cream?
- Ice cream and cake.

Ice cream and cake and cake. Right?

Ice cream, cake and cake.

Ice cream, cake and cake...

Quacka!

Ma.

- They gave you some new teeth, huh?

- Yeah.

Hey, Georgie. What, they let
you outta the house now?

- Yeah.

- Lettin' him outta the house, Ma?

Hey, look, I want you
to meet Sal Lonano.

How you doing, Dicky?

Let's spar.

Hey, Charlene.

Welcome back!

It's supposed to be a surprise.

You're late.

- Hey.

- Hey.

Mick, I can't even tell you, being in
this smelly-ass locker room. You know?

Being back with you,
this is what got me through.

- You look good. Your eyes are clear.

- Yeah. You know...

...Alice says prison might've
been the best thing for me.

Got me clean. Got me clear. Up here.

It's a beautiful thing, Dick.

- I gotta talk to you about something.

- Yeah.

Look at this locker.

The old locker.

I love it. Fuckin' love it.

I made a promise to them

I wouldn't work with you again.

I had to. After everything
that happened, I'm sorry.

You stickin' to that?

I'm glad you're back. You look good.

I don't know what else to say.

- Mick, you fuckin' kidding me?

- No, I'm not.
- Oh, hey, Mick.
- Come on, come on!
You gotta... Ma. You gotta
do this at home. Please?
What are you talkin' about?
What's the matter?
Mom, please?
All right, girls. Let's pack it up.
I know. We'll see him at home.
- What the hell?
- Would you please pack it up?
- Why?
- Let's get it put away.
If that's what Micky wants,
we're gonna put it away.
- There's your brother.
- Dicky...
- How ya doing?
- Micky?
That's nice. That's nice.
We've been working on it
for two weeks.
Sherri, come on, stop it.
All right, girls,
come on, let's go home.
It's not the time to do this,
obviously. Come on.
You stay here.
What the hell's going on?
- What's going on?
- We ain't gonna work together.
He don't want me to work with him.
What're you talking about?
That's not right.
Micky never would've won
Sanchez without Dicky.
That's fuckin' bullshit! Take it back!
Hey, hey, hey, hey. Don't you fuckin'
talk to my mother that way.
- Fuck you!
- Fuck you!
Take 'em home.
Why don't you ask Micky?

If we're gonna train, they gotta go.
They gotta go, Mick, come on.
Ask him, George. Ask him if he would've
won Sanchez without his brother?
Hey, take him outside, all right?
No, I wouldn't have won Sanchez
if it wasn't for Dicky.
How can you say that to O'Keefe?
Because it's true.
I went with that game plan,
it wasn't working.
So I went back to what
I learned with Dicky.
And I wouldn't have won without you,
either, O'Keefe, OK?
I mean, you know that.
We worked hard. You got me ready.
You got your confidence
and your focus from O'Keefe,
and from Sal and
your father and from me.
- Dicky's a junk bag.
- Hey.
He's a junk bag!
- Fuck you, Charlene.
- Fuck you.
- I'm eight months sober.
- Oh, yeah,
and I'm sure you're gonna need
something now that you're out.
"Oh, my back. Oh, my back."
- Fuck you always picking on me for?
- No, fuck you!
And what about O'Keefe?
We're in the same boat.
One day at a fucking time, right,
O'Keefe? You know what I mean?
What, it's all right
for him to be here?
Why am I the fuckin' problem?
I'm his blood, I'm his family!
- You are the problem!
- I'm the one fighting, OK?
Not you, not you, and not you.

- I know what I need.
- And you need Dicky?
I want Dicky back.
And I want you, Charlene.
And I want O'Keefe.
I want my family.
What's wrong with that?
It's not the deal we made, baby.
She's right, Micky.
That's not the deal.
It wasn't the deal.
Come on, you can't do this to us.
- You sound like them now.
- I sound like them now?
- Yeah, you sound like them.
- You sound like them.
How could I do this to you?
"You can't do that to us.
He can't do that to us."
You sound like them.
You should fuckin' listen to yourself.
You sound like them and maybe
this is where you belong.
That's the way you love him?
- Charlene!
- Come on!
- You wanted your brother? Good luck.
- O'Keefe, come on.
- Mickey.
- Mickey.
Come on, everything
happens for a reason.
You know? Maybe it's for the best.
God has a plan.
Wanna spar with your brother?
Dick Eklund, pride of Lowell!
Watching that for years, huh?
Micky, Micky!
Whoa, hey!
What the hell are you doing?
Micky!
- Daddy! Daddy, Daddy!
- For crying out loud!
Take that baby out of here.

I told you take him away
ten minutes ago!
Sweetheart, you all right?
You OK? Your back?
What are you doing?
What's the matter with you?
Can this be my fight, Alice?
Just once?
Maybe just this one time
not for Dicky?
I know you think he's coming back.
He's 40 years old and doesn't
have a tooth in his head
- that's his fuckin' own.
- I'll go fuckin' ten rounds.
Let your brother talk
for a minute here, all right?
- What are you sayin', sweetheart?
- I'm Shea Neary...
Shut up before I bust your
fuckin' head open, Dicky.
- Hey, hey...
- What're you gonna do? I'm Shea Neary.
You want me to bust
your fuckin' head open?
Come on, come on! George, please!
- Dicky!
- Please! What are you saying?
- Tell me what you're saying.
- This is supposed to be my fight.
This is my shot at a title.
I won't get another one after this.
- Am I being selfish?
- No.
Am I saying, "Micky, Micky, Micky?"
You know what? If I am, I'm sorry.
I thought I was fightin'
for the championship.
And I thought you
were my mother, too.
I am your mother.
Yeah, Ma.
Mick, I'm sorry. I had no idea
you felt like that, all right?

If I made mistakes,
I'm gonna be better.
I don't wanna hurt you.
I am so sorry. I'm sorry.
Dicky!
Stay with him.
Dicky... Dicky!
- Dicky!
- Gotta do something.
Dicky, wait, come on!
- Micky wants you! I want you!
- I gotta do something.
I know what that means.
Don't do this!
Hey, Chan.
- What's going on?
- Hey, Dicky.
Hey, Dicky's back!
Hey!
Look at you!
What's up, my boy?
How you doing? Good to see you, man.
- You look good. Welcome back.
- Yeah, you're looking good.
- Great.
- Good to see ya.
- Welcome home.
- Hi, honey.
What's up, man?
You're looking good.
- Wanna head upstairs?
- Dicky's back.
- Hi, Dicky. We're gonna party.
- Go upstairs, man?
- Go upstairs, take a while?
- We missed you!
- Let's go, buddy.
- Come on, Dicky.
- Make for a little party for you...
- Hey, come back.
- What the fuck's that all about?
- What the hell was that?
Charlene? It's Dicky.
Get off my porch,

you piece of shit.
How fuckin' dare you...
...cocksucker...
...fuckin'...
You're a fuckin' asshole, Dicky.
I want you off my fuckin' porch!
Why don't you just fuckin'
come down here and talk to me?
Such an asshole, coming to my
fucking house. You piece of shit!
- Standing on my porch...
- Charlene...
It's not fuckin' lady-like to be
shoutin' in the street like this.
You're such a fuckin' cocksucker
coming over here.
- Please?
- Oh, yeah, you think I fuckin' care?
- Come on, just fuckin'...
- Get off my fuckin' porch, Dicky!
Would you just fuckin'
come down here... and talk to me?
What kind of dog is that?
Is that a Cocker Spaniel?
All right, I know you
can't fuckin' stand me.
Really, what makes you say that?
I ain't got no use for you, either.
All right? But my brother loves ya.
And you can't just
run away because of me.
He don't deserve that. All right?
So I will quit if you want me to quit.
- You're full of shit.
- I swear to God.
I will quit if it means
you'll come back, all right?
But I want you to think about something.
Micky has a chance to do
something that I never did.
That in my time, I never had.
"Oh, yeah, my big chance
was with Sugar Ray Leonard.
I'm so great.

I'm the pride of fuckin' Lowell.
Oh, yeah, I fought Sugar Ray Leonard."
I've heard it.
I came here to make things right.
- OK, let's make things right.
- Yeah.

Number one:

Sugar Ray Leonard. He tripped.
I was in the ring. Don't you think
I know what really happened that day?
All right? What have you
ever done with your life?
- I like my life.
- Yeah, what you ever done with it?
- I like my life now, Dicky.
- What have you done with your life?
You're a college dropout, Charlene.
You're just a little bar girl.
Your life sucks.
All right. I drank too much.
I worked in a lot of bars.
And I ruined a lot of opportunities, but
I'm trying to do something better here.
- And so is Micky.
- And so am I.
And he needs me. You heard him.
And I know he needs you.
What is that blue shit on your arm?
It's icing.
OK. I'll see ya in Micky's corner.
Otherwise, go fuck yourself.
- It's a deal.
- All right? It's a deal.
We worked it out for you. Ask her.
Good. Go get O'Keefe back, too.
I will.
Hey, Mick...
You think I knocked down
Sugar Ray Leonard?
Went ten rounds. One of the best
ever and he couldn't hurt you.
You were my hero.
I was.

I was.
I'm sorry.
You are?
There's a press conference downstairs.
Come on, let's go.
Spot of tea, mate!

Neary:

Ward:

Hey, Micky, Micky Ward!
We have a question over here.
- How you been training?
- I train, I train hard.
Shea's 22 and 0.
He's never been knocked down.
- That's gonna change tomorrow.
- In fact, we expected
a much better fighter.
I'm just grateful to be here
and have the opportunity.
Thank you guys for the shot.
Shea, who do you respect as a fighter?
And who would you like to fight next?
I plan on moving right
through Micky Ward tomorrow.
Moving on to other great fighters,
like Gatti.
Yeah, I believe Gatti and I
would make a great match.
Are you scared, Mr. Ward?
And now, ladies and
gentlemen, 12 rounds of boxing
for the WBU Welterweight
Championship of the World!
I can't see!
Here I go again on my own
Goin' down the only road
I've ever known
Like a drifter
I was born to walk alone
- Hey, fellas, let's go.
- I made up my mind
I ain't wasting no more time

Here I go again on my own
Going down the only road
I've ever known
Like a drifter I was born
to walk alone
Don't listen to 'em, Mick.
I made up my mind
I ain't wasting no more time...
And there is Micky Ward
of Lowell, Massachusetts,
entering the ring. It's his
first fight outside the United States.

Micky Ward:

He's gotten better recently, 20 KOs.
And now Ward awaits his
opponent, Shea Neary.
Neary regards himself
as the European Arturo Gatti.
Meaning that he is a head-on,
high-contact fighter
who throws 70 punches per round.
Neary's from Liverpool
and should have
a huge following here tonight.
Accompanied
by Paint the Town Red by The Mahones.
Neary is the current
Welterweight Champion of the World.
He is a very tough young man.
Beyond dedicated.
Lives a Spartan existence.
And according to his promoters,
does nothing but eat,
drink, think, fantasize...
...dream of fighting.
Shea Neary has had 22
professional fights and won them all.
Seventeen KOs.
Come out when you hear the bell.
Don't piss about. Shake hands.
Both of ya... shake hands!
As close as we just saw
them in the middle of the ring,

- forehead to forehead,
- Did you see that?
That's how close we expect them to be
for as long as this fight goes on.
Ward is a long ways from home.
Don't coast in a foreign country.
Well, the big challenge for Ward
is to get off to a faster start
than is customary for him.
Micky Ward, a notoriously
slow starter in big fights,
Shea Neary, an ultra-fast starter.
And that's the question
that hovers over round one.
Will Ward be ready for the fight?
Already, Shea Neary starts
taking it to him on the ropes!
And Neary going to the body,
which is Ward's specialty.
Neary bangs Ward to the body.
And a big uppercut by Neary.
Neary leads off with a good left jab.
- Come on, Micky!
- Keeps Ward off balance,
jabbing here and there.
There's a good left hook
by Neary as he stepped in on Ward.
Ward not able to deal with him very well
when Neary stands at range like this.
- Come on!
- That's it! Get him!
And a left hook
lands up top from Micky Ward.
Neary digging his
own right hand to the body.
They trade shots at close range.
Ward, he's trying
to match Neary blow for blow
and now Neary starts to come on and
take the last 30 seconds of the round...
How about that?
Break!
Tremendous barrage in
the first minute. Just look at this.

- Unbelievable.
- What a great round one!
Ward is gonna have
to pick up the tempo
and beat him with volumes of punching.
No doubt, Neary is a better boxer.
Four hard right hands...
Neary has belted in the last minute.
Quicker than Ward,
more assertive than Ward,
surer of what he wants to do.
They're standing and trading shots
at the center of the ring.
Ward's gonna have
to step it up a little bit more
than he is right now.
Micky Ward's corner
taking a real deep look
at what's going on now.
And his family at ringside well aware
he's stepping up in class.
Ward has fallen to the pedal.
He's gotta be more aggressive.
He can't just try to wait
until everything is perfect.
His dominance over Micky Ward
is increasing as the fight goes on
because his technical plan
was the right one and he's executing it.
Punches like these make it seem...
...that it's now Neary's fight.
Ward hasn't been in this kind of war
with this strong of fighter as Neary.
They are trying
to hurt each other with every punch.
They've tested each other's will,
now they're testing each other's skill.
And Ward wobbled there
by a right cross from Neary!
Ward hurting now. His legs are gone.
Neary goes to the body
as he tries to finish Micky.
Vicious body shots from Neary.
And Ward still doesn't

even try to move off the ropes!
I don't know if he can, Jim.
He's waiting for Neary
to punch himself out.
Down goes Micky Ward! He may be out.
That ain't fuckin' it!
- One... two...
- Come on! That's it!
- That's my boy!
- Forward! Forward! Come on!
Ward is out on his feet.
Loser! Go back to America!
- This could be it for Micky Ward.
- Dicky, give him the fuckin' stool.
Charlene, will you get
the fuck outta here.
He needs to fuckin' sit down!
His brother's got
Ward jumping to wake up his legs.
I think this could be Ward's last chance
to turn this fight around.
It's Micky Ward
against the aggressiveness
and clean punching of Shea Neary.
If you don't have your defense up,
you can really get hurt.
He's making it very
difficult for Micky Ward.
I don't think he's gonna
get into it at this rate.
This is a survival mode...
Are you like me? Was just
good enough to fight Sugar Ray?
Never had to win, did I?
You gotta do more in there.
You gotta win a title.
For you, for me, for Lowell.
This is your time, all right?
You take it.
I had my time and I blew it.
You don't have to.
All right?
You fuckin' get out there,
and use all the shit

that you've been through,
all the shit we've gone through
over the fuckin' years
and you put it in that ring right now.
This is yours. This is fuckin' yours.
OK. Fuckin' head, body, head, body.
Say it back to me.
Fuckin' say it back to me.
- Head, body, head, body.
- Head, body, head, body.
Get in your mind this is
fucking yours. Fuckin' do it.
Stay off the fuckin' ropes.
If I'm in Micky Ward's corner tonight,
I thinking if he doesn't pick things up
this round and get going,
he'll just get totally wiped out.
Off the ropes!
Get off the ropes, Mick!
Once again, Ward against
the ropes as Neary is free to attack.
What are you doing? Come on, Mick!
Sometimes if you wanna win,
you gotta be something that you're not.
Come on!
Off the fuckin' ropes, Mick,
that ain't it!
Neary continues to pound away.
Don't take no abuse!
This is your time Micky! It's up to you!
- Two big misses by Neary!
- That's it! That's it!
Ward seemingly getting his legs back.
He backs Neary off.
- Ward trades his way back.
- That's it!
Ward nods as if to say,
"Come on!"
"Come on, let's fight!"
Just imagine if you bought a ticket.
Closer and closer to Neary's ribcage.
This is becoming Micky Ward's fight.
And a left hook to the body
and an uppercut lands

- and now he backs Neary off.
- Head, body, head fuckin' body!
Ward hurt Neary with a body shot.
Ward hurts him again
with that left to the body.
Oh, and that one plants
Neary on his butt.
First time in 23 professional fights
- that Shea Neary has been down.
- This is it! This is it!
This is it, Micky!
Keep going! Don't look at me for it!
Take it to him!
- Come on, Micky, get in there!
- Ward lands a huge left hook!
As Micky Ward pounds away!
Goes to the body with the left hook!
Lands the uppercut again!
Neary down for the second time.
Mickey Vann's gonna stop it there.
"Irish" Micky Ward
with a big eight-round TKO!
He's done it again.
He's done it again.
The grinding, gutty Micky Ward
pulls out another big victory!
You're the champion of the world, Mick!
You're the fuckin' champ of the world!
You fuckin' did it!
Oh, you're the best!
- Oh, I love you!
- My boy's the champion of the world!
I love you!
This town always said,
you're a fuckin' boxer, right?
He thought he was a piece of shit. He
put Lowell back on the map, you know?
- We.
- I tell ya...
- We.
- No, but hold on.
Who used to be the pride of Lowell?
Right here.
Who's the pride of Lowell now?

Right there.
That's how it's meant to be, you know?
Handin' it down to him.
Nothin' better than that.
Nothin' better than that.
He did it. I gotta go.
I gotta go.
Oh, look at cabbage head. Boo Boo!
Quacka!
- What's up buddy?
- Boo, where's your teeth?
Oh, I'm under arrest!
Let's go, move it out!
It's been real, ain't it?
It's been real, it's been unreal.
It's been a great experience.
Just glad it's done, finally,
and thanks to everyone so much,
from the bottom of my heart.
Thanks so much,
all you Hollywood people.
Now you know what I mean
when I say I can't get a word in.
I'm telling ya.
He'll never get a word in.
- All right, thank you.
- Thank you.
Thanks, everybody.