

# Hands of Stone

by

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Based on the life of Roberto "Manos de Piedra" Duran

FADE IN:

We hear the SOUND of a Stadium crowd. Thousands of people cheering, laughing...

A SLOW Fade in lets us see some flashes... and we start guessing the faces in the crowd, while we hear the voice of a 70 year old Jewish man from Harlem:

RAY ARCEL (V.O.)  
There's a moment in every man's  
journey... when all previous  
actions are put aside... and the  
meaning of a life rests on a  
single decision.

The Stadium is filled to capacity. The crowd is mostly black. And they are all laughing hysterically.

ON SCREEN: **November 25, 1980, Superdome, New Orleans**

Dancing around the ring, a handsome and charismatic African American, SUGAR RAY LEONARD, tees off on the flailing body of his opponent with a startlingly fast five-punch combination. And repeats the same machine-gun flurry seconds later.

The stadium cheers in complete euphoria.

Leonard's opponent, looking largely untouched, more angry than hurt, with a beard and a mane, shorter but stronger than Leonard, is ROBERTO "HANDS OF STONE" DURAN.

DURAN  
Come and fight and quit the  
bullshit!

Leonard suddenly sticks his face out, baiting Duran with an "Ali shuffle", shrugs his shoulders like a body-popper and makes Duran miss twelve punches in a row!

The stadium laughs madly. It's a display of public mockery both embarrassing and wondrous to watch.

In the corner, RAY ARCEL, grey hair, intense eyes, is indignant with the spectacle.

RAY ARCEL  
That's not boxing.

Duran looks around, the crowd is laughing at him.

CARLOS ELETA, a Panamenian Oligarch, 40s, shakes his head, truly worried with the show, sitting ringside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Legendary journalist HOWARD COSELL is also not pleased:

HOWARD COSELL  
Leonard is showing his confidence  
but he's doing it the wrong way.

Leonard playfully winds up his right hand. Duran goes for him with a jab, but Leonard beats him to the punch with a snapping left.

RAY ARCEL  
You are falling for his game,  
Cholo!

Duran misses a right. Then misses a combination.

ON RAY, as he looks at Duran as only a father can look at his son's suffering.

RAY ARCEL (V.O.)  
They called it the biggest enigma  
in the history of boxing.

BACK ON DURAN IN THE RING, as he suddenly... puts up his right fist to signal enough.

Leonard sees Duran's guard down and hits him with a two punch combination to the body that doesn't seem to affect him. He then gives him a bodacious uppercut to the body and Duran doesn't even blink.

Referee OCTAVIO MEYRAN steps between the fighters.

OCTAVIO MEYRAN  
(to Duran)  
Box! Box!

Duran walks away and raises his glove again. He then looks back towards Leonard, who has moved away to the other side of the ring, and gestures towards him as if simulating masturbation.

DURAN  
You are a faggot clown and I don't  
fight clowns!

Leonard comes back with his fists up, ready to continue. Mayran urges the fighters to resume. Instead he receives another shake of the right fist from Duran.

DURAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not fighting this clown.

Carlos Eleta runs towards Duran.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLOS ELETA  
You have to fight!

DURAN  
I'm not boxing a ballerina.

RAY ARCEL  
What are you talking about?

DURAN  
No pelea mas.

HOWARD COSELL  
He quit!

ANOTHER VOICE  
I don't understand it.

HOWARD COSELL  
Duran quit! Said "No Mas"!

Leonard runs and jumps on a ringpost in euphoric glory.  
Complete confusion and incredulity all around the  
stadium. Leonard's celebration gets loud cheers.

Carlos Eleta wants to die.

As Ray Arcel climbs onto the ring apron, Hands of Stone  
trudges towards him.

RAY ARCEL  
What the hell are you doing?

DURAN  
I can't do this Ray... this is  
bullshit.

And with the sounds of the madness heard like an echo, we  
stay on Ray's devastated face, taking in the surreal  
catastrophe, as we hear:

RAY ARCEL (V.O.)  
I don't really have an answer to  
the enigma...

CUT TO BLACK:

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)  
But I can tell you... it was the  
worst night of my life.

SLOWLY FADE  
IN:

A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A DOZEN VOICES (O.S.)  
Oh, say, can you see, by the  
dawn's early light,

We go South overlooking the map, pass over MEXICO,

A DOZEN VOICES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What so proudly we hail'd at the  
twilight's last gleaming?

And keep going south over GUATEMALA, SALVADOR, HONDURAS

A DOZEN VOICES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Whose broad stripes and bright  
stars, thro' the perilous fight,

NICARAGUA, COSTA RICA

A DOZEN VOICES (CONT'D)  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were  
so gallantly streaming?

And slow down when we reach PANAMA.

A DOZEN VOICES (CONT'D)  
And the rockets' red glare, the  
bombs bursting in air,

Surprisingly, in the heart of Panama, sandwiched between  
the sides of the Panamenian Territory... the map reads:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PANAMA CANAL ZONE.

A DOZEN VOICES (CONT'D)  
Gave proof thro' the night that  
our flag was still there.

The map becomes a satellite image. And we zoom into it,  
all the way to:

EXT. US CONTROLLED PANAMA CANAL ZONE - DAY

A large AMERICAN FLAG, hanging from a mast over the roof  
of the BALBOA SCHOOL. Below, by the door A Dozen  
AMERICANS stand... they are the Dozen voices:

AMERICANS  
O say, does that star-spangled  
banner yet wave.  
O'er the land of the free and the  
home of the brave;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A hundred MARINES in front of them form a barricade.

**ON SCREEN: JANUARY 9, 1964**

In front of the barricade, a FENCE separates them from hundreds of Panamenian students gathered for a protest:

STUDENT PROTESTERS

*Respect Panama! End the  
occupation! Yankee go home!*

The students are angry, waving Panamenian flags and pushing against the fence. Tension fills the air.

Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, six PANAMENIAN STUDENTS appear on the roof of the school, on the American side, climbing the flag pole.

The protesters cheer. And their happiness turns to euphoria when one of the students replaces the American flag with a Panamenian one!

The Marines realize and SHOOT TEAR GAS BOMBS!

The pressure on the fence is so strong it begins to bend, letting many protesters run into the Canal Zone.

The American civilians run for cover.

The barricade manages to hold back the angry mob as their calls for freedom reach fever pitch.

The protesters run in every direction. Some fall wounded.

TEN MARINES arrive on the roof and apprehend the Students. One MARINE TEARS DOWN THE PANAMENIAN FLAG, which drives the people nuts... chaos ensues in the area.

We follow a TWELVE YEAR OLD KID: short, skinny, malnourished; but with a lot of soul. He seizes the madness of the riots to sneak into the American side.

He runs for half a mile, away from the Balboa school, towards a beach, where he reaches a mango tree. He climbs. Grabs one mango and devours it hungrily.

He then starts picking mangos like mad, stuffing them into a sack.

A JEEP with TWO US MARINES passes below, near the tree.

ON THE KID. Motionless watching the Jeep drive by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARINE'S RADIO

All units to Balboa school. We got  
a break in. Repeat...

After the Jeep passes, The Kid jumps down and RUNS.  
The Marine at the wheel sees him in the rear view mirror.

BLONDE MARINE

Hey! You fuckin' monkey!

He makes a sharp U-Turn and heads after him.

LATINO MARINE

Stop or I'll shoot you!

The frightened kid doesn't slow down. He runs deeper  
towards the BEACH. But the Jeep reaches him quickly. The  
Blonde Marine shoots his GUN twice to the sky.

KID

Okay! Okay! Sorry!

The Kid stops right in front of the BEACH. The Marines  
get to him. The Blonde one grabs the Kid and cracks him  
in the face with the butt of the gun.

The Kid falls to the ground... bleeds. The LATINO MARINE  
laughs like crazy. Duran registers his laugh.

BLONDE MARINE

(pointing his gun)  
I told you... to stop... you  
fuckin'... monkey!

The kid swallows his humiliation.

BLONDE MARINE (CONT'D)

You gotta stay over your side with  
the rest of your monkey  
brothers!!... and you are a never,  
ever, to cross to where the humans  
are!!... is that clear?

The kid breathes hard. A silence, then...

KID

Can I take the mangos?

Blonde Marine chuckles, but deep inside is moved by the  
kid's hunger. He looks at the LATINO MARINE, who nods.

Blonde loads his gun, puts it under the Kid's chin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BLONDE MARINE

You got ten seconds to get them to  
your side. But you gotta go  
through the water. Now go!

The kid grabs the sack, runs and jumps into the sea, swims, keeps the sack above water as much as possible. The salt water seeps into his wound. The Blonde Marine unloads his Gun near the kid, just to fuck with him. The Latino Marine laughs. The kid keeps swimming in panic.

The fence continues a hundred feet into the water. The kid swims to the end, crosses back into Panama. Once in Panama he swims towards the shore. Gets to the sand, takes one second to catch his breath, then keeps running with the sack over his shoulder towards the riots.

EXT. EL CHORRILLO SLUM, PANAMA - CONTINUOUS

The poorest slum in Panama, right next to the Canal Zone. The Kid dodges the madness as best he can. He jumps over the sidewalk, looks to one side and sees another US MARINE shooting a GAS BOMB. The kid trips over a bleeding student laying on the ground. The sack falls to the floor... spilling the mangos...

The gas makes the Kid cough and cry as he rushes to save the mangos. Some are crushed underfoot by the crowd. A running student knocks him to the ground. But the kid stands back up, manages to put most of the mangos back in the sack, and begins to run against the crowd.

He goes up a ladder, reaching the tin roof top of a wood shanty. He runs through it, reaches the end. Jumps from one tin roof to another. Until he finds another ladder. He climbs up with the sack on his shoulder. It leads to a large concrete three story building. He reaches the roof, and opens a door in the floor that leads to the inside...

INT. HOUSE OF STONE - CONTINUOUS

The Kid enters this overcrowded project. Dozens of families hiding in small rooms, coughing from the gas. The kid reaches the last door, opens it with a kick...

INT. DURAN'S HOME IN THE HOUSE OF STONE - CONTINUOUS

One room with one bed. Cardboard for sleeping covers the floor, newspapers used as blankets. The TV shows live coverage of the riots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KID

*Mom! Got food!*

A silence. Nobody seems to be there.

CLARA, 27, too sexy to be a mom, peaks from under a bed.

CLARA

*Gun shots, Robertico, hide!*

The kid, ROBERTO DURAN, looks below the bed and finds his mother, brother POTOTO, 9, and three SISTERS next to her.

KID/DURAN

*We don't have windows mom, nothing  
will get here. Come see.*

Duran opens the sack and shows the mangos. The siblings jump out from under the bed and grab one each hungrily.

CLARA

*Wait!*

Everyone freezes. Clara checks around to see if someone's listening. The riot seems to have gone away. There's silence outside the door.

CLARA (CONT'D)

*Did you steal that Roberto?*

Duran looks at her, offended.

DURAN

*Listen mom, you know who I am and  
that I've never had to steal.*

CLARA

*So where did you take that from?*

DURAN

*I got paid today, I bought them  
with my work.*

Clara slowly smiles, hugs and kisses him. The kids eat.

CLARA

*Thanks my child.*

Duran looks at his mother lovingly.

DURAN

*You don't worry, I'll make you a  
Queen when I grow up.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Clara grabs a rope, pushes him onto the floor, ties the rope to his feet, connects the rope to a hanger in the ceiling, and pulling the rope hangs Duran by the feet, upside down.

Duran rolls his eyes with resignation. But he is happy to see his siblings eat.

CLARA

*You think I'm stupid, don't you?  
Where have you been all week?*

DURAN

*Working... Ma. I only come home  
when I have stuff for you.*

Clara grabs a broom and HITS Duran square in the back.

The siblings wince. They look at Duran, hoping he is alright. A silence, and suddenly, in what looks like a normal reaction to this ritual, Duran starts laughing. Pototo starts cracking up with him.

CLARA

*Don't you laugh!*

DURAN

*Stop it mom.*

Another HIT. The siblings giggle as Duran cracks up.

She's about to hit him again when...

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Okay... okay... I stole them from  
the gringos across the fence.*

Clara studies him to see if he is telling the truth.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*I swear to God.*

Only now she notices his wound. She drops the broom.

CLARA

*Did they do that to you?*

Duran lowers his head, ashamed.

CLARA (CONT'D)

*Stealing from gringos is not  
stealing.*

She grabs a towel, wets it under the sink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARA (CONT'D)

*Everything they have, they stole  
from someone. Even their land was  
stolen from the Indians.*

Clara cleans up Duran's face.

TOTI, 15, Duran's older brother, enters the room covered in a bright golden robe. Duran is blinded by its bling.

DURAN

*Where did you get that?*

Clara finishes with the wet towel, unties him. He jumps down with acrobatic ease. She stalks off, grabbing a mango as she goes, and takes a large bite.

Duran takes the robe from Toti and puts it on. He stands in front of a mirror. Raising his arms like a champ he mimics a ring announcer.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Roberto Duran!

TOTI

*Come to the gym, they may give you  
one.*

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

CHAFLAN, 20, a street bum/clown, slightly schizophrenic, is surrounded by four eleven year old homeless children.

CHAFLAN

*(laughing)  
...and Robertico is swimming in  
the water and the Marine is  
chasing him screaming... HEY  
MONKEY BOY!*

Chaflan's imitation of the Marine is hysterical. He is a natural born clown. The kids are cracking up.

A SHOT FROM OUTSIDE: the house is at the top of a tree.

Duran enters and they all cheer. MANCO (missing an arm), RICKY, CHUCKY and CHAPARRO, all very poor but very happy. Duran opens the sack and gives each a mango.

CHAPARRO

*Way to go Cholo!*

They exchange high fives. Eat the mangos hungrily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

*Chucha... that was a close one,  
gringo was shooting at me.*

They all laugh and celebrate. Chaflan gets serious.

CHAFLAN

*Alright, guys. Cholo gets  
Libertador, Chaparro the old city,  
Chucky goes to Mendoza and Manco  
Ricky and I cover Balboa.*

*(pause)*

*Thanks for the mangos Cholo.*

DURAN

*If its mine its yours.*

They all nod, serious, thankful.

EXT. CANAL ZONE, BORDER FENCE - CONTINUOUS

They jump onto the street and walk. Children from the street, with a clownish street bum as their leader.

EXT. OLD TOWN, LA ESTRELLA DE PANAMA - MOMENTS LATER

The nation's largest newspaper. An EMPLOYEE hands Chaflán packs of Newspapers and he distributes them among the kids. Duran puts his on his head.

CHAFLAN

*Take the money to your mom.*

DURAN

*I always do.*

Duran races off. Cheered up, ready to work.

INT. MARANON GYM - AFTERNOON

Built in the waiting room of a train station, filled with past and future champs.

Duran enters, still carrying a few unsold newspapers, sweaty and dirty after a full day of work. He is overwhelmed by the energy of the place.

He sees Toti talking to his trainer, PLOMO QUINONES, 40s, black, looks like a Cop or a Criminal or both.

PLOMO

*To the ring!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Toti notices Duran, winks at him. He then puts on his gloves, face and mouth protectors. Duran watches in awe as Toti gets in the ring.

Another kid, FEDE, is also watching the fight.

PLOMO (CONT'D)

*If you stay with the right you'll  
lose the left. Keep changing.*

Duran approaches Plomo while Toti gets a beating.

DURAN

*Can you train me?*

Plomo eyes him disinterestedly.

PLOMO

*Go to school kid.*

Duran smiles disappointed.

DURAN

*You gonna pay for school?*

Plomo looks at him with regret. Duran turns away. Plomo feels bad. But what can he do?

Fede, who heard the conversation, walks to Duran.

FEDE

*If you wanna fight, you gotta come  
to the beach.*

Duran eyes him suspiciously. Fede is full of scars.

FEDE (CONT'D)

*You could make money.*

DURAN

*How much?*

FEDE

*Depends on how good you are.*

Duran likes the sound of that.

FEDE (CONT'D)

*But we fight without gloves, not  
like these pussies.*

Fede shows his fists: bloody. This turns Duran off.

DURAN

*Another day maybe.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FEDE

*Six o'clock every day.*

Toti gets knocked to the canvas. Duran watches him bleed, terrified. He jumps in the ring, goes toward Toti.

DURAN

*Are you alright?*

Toti mumbles "I'm ok".

INT. HOUSE OF STONE - NIGHT

Duran enters the house of stone.

He is surprised to find his sisters sleeping in the hall near the door of their unit. He opens the door and finds his mother naked, fuckin' some guy.

He turns away, closes the door. He looks at his sisters sleeping on the floor. He opens some newspapers and covers them as if it was a blanket. But then he notices POTOTO is missing! He turns towards the door. And KNOCKS.

CLARA (O.S.)

(from inside)

*I'm busy!*

DURAN

*Where's Pototo, mom?*

A silence.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Where's Pototo?*

Another silence. Duran pushes the door in.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Where the hell is Pototo?*

Clara covers herself with a pillow.

CLARA

*He's at the Saguan. I can't feed him anymore.*

Duran turns and leaves.

CLARA (CONT'D)

*Close the door!*

EXT. EL CHORRILLO SLUM, PANAMA - NIGHT

Duran walks by the Red Light district. He finds a shady looking dive bar called "Saguan" and enters.

INT. EL SAGUAN - CONTINUOUS

A makeshift brothel. Dozens of HOOKERS entertain American SOLDIERS. Duran looks around ready to hit anyone.

Duran talks to a guard. We can't hear the dialogue, the music is too loud. But the Guard points to the restroom.

INT. EL SAGUAN RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pototo is on his knees cleaning the toilet. The place is filled with drunk and horny Marines. Duran sighs.

DURAN

Pototo!

The kid barely reacts... obviously hi on glue. Duran grabs him, heads towards the door.

POTOTO

*Hey man, I'm getting paid here.*

DURAN

*I'll get you money.*

EXT. PLAYA DE CHORRILLO - SUNSET

A crowd of thirty surround two kids in an improvised ring. One of the kids is Duran, the other one is Fede. They fight without gloves, without rules. The crowd shouts and shakes their bills.

Duran receives punishment and returns as much. It's a tight fight. The audience bet on Fede, but Duran slowly gains respect. A bell sounds, stopping the round.

JASON, a black man with vitiligo, 60, takes the bets.

JASON

*Six to one if the Cholito knocks him out.*

A number of onlookers throw bills into the pot.

FEDE

*I'll kill him in this round.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

*You couldn't hurt a butterfly.*

The crowd cheers for Duran. THE BELL. Fede moves around the ring. The kid's got style, he moves like a pro.

Duran throws some punches but Fede easily avoids them. The crowd laughs at Duran. Every punch he misses they go:

CROWD

Ole!

The laughs and cheers infuriate Duran.

DURAN

*Are you here to fight or to dance like a bitch?*

That turns the cheering crowd on.

FEDE

*Fuck you!*

DURAN

*I'm not gonna dance. If you keep running around I'm out of here.*

FEDE

*Shut up man. This is boxing.*

DURAN

*It looks like salsa to me.*

The crowd laughs at Fede now.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Boxing is fighting... all you do is jump like my sisters.*

Fede can't resist the humiliation and walks towards Duran ready to punch him. But Duran punches first... and with a RIGHT, LEFT, and ANOTHER RIGHT, Fede bites the dust.

The crowd celebrates.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Now we're talking, you see? That's fighting. You wanna dance you put on a skirt.*

Fede's friends drag him out of the ring. Duran receives his cut and walks away, still cursing.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Fuckin' idiot wasting my time.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The crowd laughs at his intensity.

Chafan and Pototo wait for him outside the beach. They are opening a garbage can, scavenging leftovers. Duran shows the cash.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*We're rich!*

Pototo celebrates. Chafan doesn't react.

POTOTO

*Give me some!*

Duran gives him a half the bills and the kid is thrilled.

POTOTO (CONT'D)

*Let's go eat!*

Pototo runs to a food stand. Duran starts to walk after him. Chafan stays, smiling sadly. Duran notices.

DURAN

*Why aren't you happy?*

CHAFLAN

*I didn't know you liked to fight.*

Duran looks at him with affection.

DURAN

*I'm gonna be bigger than Laguna!*

Chafan laughs. But Duran is dead serious.

CHAFLAN

*You really think so?*

Duran nods.

CHAFLAN (CONT'D)

*Then you got to promise me...*

*(pause)*

*If you ever fight the world  
championship, you gotta take me  
with you.*

DURAN

*Of course I'll take you.*

MONTAGE:

INT. BACKYARD OF A HOUSE - DAY

DURAN beats the shit out of a GUY. Plomo eyes him from afar. Pototo collects the money.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Duran painting walls. His BOSS comes, hands him a small chunk of change. He eyes it disappointedly. Wipes the sweat off his face. Keeps painting.

INT. TREE HOUSE - LATER

Pototo sleeps at Chafan's tree house. Duran takes a small wad of bills, and puts it under Pototo's pillow. Then grabs some newspapers and goes away.

EXT. UPPER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD, PANAMA - DAY

DURAN, now 15, walks the street selling newspapers.

School KIDS, his age, get out of classes, laughing, joking. Some of them are met by their DADS.

Duran watches them, jealous. Some of the girls are pretty. One in particular, FELICIDAD IGLESIAS, 13, grabs Duran's attention as she gets into her father's car. She looks at Duran, moved by his poverty. Duran looks away.

EXT. PLAZA BALBOA - DAY

DURAN is part of an acrobatic group of street kids, performing a show for a few American tourists.

CHAFLAN

And Now... El SANTO!

Duran enters doing flips in a display of gymnastic skill, with an El Santo mask, to the tourists' delight.

Pototo, now 13, passes a hat around, and the Americans hand out coins. But meanwhile, Manco, 14, uses his only hand to STEAL a bunch of wallets from the tourists.

A COP CAR arrives. The Tourists flee the scene. Some realize their wallets are missing. The COPS advance on the kids with their Police Sticks. Pototo runs away with the money. Manco with the wallets. Duran disarms one of the Cops and Starts beating the shit out of him.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

Sixty INMATES share a cell designed to hold two. One toilet in the room. Hunger, dirt, suffering: A true Third World hellhole.

The COP Duran beat pushes him inside. Closes the cell.

GUARD

*Have fun with this one.*

A cheer in the cell is followed by a collective beating. Duran tries to defend himself, but they are too many, and some of them are twice his size.

A VOICE

*Wait!*

Duran is held by various hands. In front of him:

FEDE

*I owe him, personally.*

Duran barely sees when Fede starts punching the hell out of him, while the others hold him and cheer.

FADE TO BLACK.

CLOSE ON: DURAN'S BLOODY FACE

He wakes up with a lot of pain. HIS POV OF THE CELL: HELL. A plate of Pasta in front. A hand takes it away.

Duran sits, sees the hand belongs to Fede, who is now eating his pasta. Duran wants to murder Fede. But he looks around and everyone is with Fede. Duran accepts his defeat. Hunger is not a new problem for him.

GUARD

Roberto Duran! *Follow me.*

INT. POLICE HQ, VISITORS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Duran, beaten, enters the visitors room and is surprised to find Plomo and Toti (now 20).

PLOMO

*I may be able to get you out. But if you are ever again caught stealing, or in another street fight... you're in here for good, like the rest of them.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

*Does that mean you'll train me?*

Plomo shakes his head. Toti eyes Duran threatening.

PLOMO

*Your brother says nobody fights like you. I think you are an animal and could never learn to box. But I can get you an amateur fight. If you win we can talk....*

Duran smiles, proud.

INT. MARANON GYM, DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Toti puts gloves on Duran, who is wearing boxing shorts and shoes. Pototo next to them, eyes Duran with pride.

TOTI

*You can't hit below the belt.  
Can't use your elbows nor your  
head. Forget the kicks. If he  
falls, you step away.*

Toti finishes tightening the gloves. Puts the face protectors on Duran. Duran stands and looks at the reflection in the old mirror.

DURAN

*Want him dead in the first round?*

Toti looks at him proudly.

POTOTO

*Kill that loser!*

INT. MARANON GYM, RING - MOMENTS LATER

A crowd surrounds the ring. It's an amateur championship. There are two JUDGES and a REFEREE. Duran eyes the other fighter with a fury that will soon be legend. They are gathered in the center of the ring.

REFEREE

*You know the rules. Try to get  
points. We fight five rounds. The  
cleaner the better. May the best  
fighter win.*

The BELL. Each to his corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLOMO

*Take your time to study his movements. He's a lot more experienced than you, so don't hurry or he'll get you.*

SECOND BELL. FIGHT BEGINS.

Duran doesn't move like a boxer. He just walks straight towards the other fighter and starts throwing punches. The Judges exchange looks.

TOTI

*Style Roberto!*

Plomo tugs his hair in frustration at what seems like a lost cause: Duran is an animal. Pototo laughs as Duran throws one punch after another, beating the crap out of the other guy, until... without having received a single punch, Duran knocks the guy into the canvas.

REFEREE

*One, two, three...*

DURAN

*Stand up you asshole, I'm just getting started here...*

REFEREE

*Eight, nine, ten! Knock Out!*

Duran reacts, disappointed; he wanted to fight more. The Referee raises his hand in victory. Toti and Plomo exchange looks, puzzled but laughing..

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - LATER

In the terrace of an ice cream shop, Duran enjoys a cone.

PLOMO

*They're not all gonna be that easy.*

INTERCUT TO:

ANOTHER AMATEUR FIGHT, ANOTHER KNOCK OUT

PLOMO

*Sometimes you have to get points, cuz you can't knock them out...*

ANOTHER RING, ANOTHER FIGHT... ANOTHER KNOCK OUT

PLOMO

*You are not in the street anymore.  
There are rules here.*

ANOTHER FIGHT, ANOTHER KNOCK OUT

PLOMO

*Techniques...*

ANOTHER KO, with an UPPER CUT

PLOMO (CONT'D)

*Strategies.*

ANOTHER KO, WITH A COMBINATION

PLOMO (CONT'D)

*Boxing is a mental sport.*

A pause as Duran finishes his Ice cream.

PLOMO (CONT'D)

*Are you even listening to me?*

DURAN

*I'll learn whatever you want to  
teach me, boss, as long as you get  
me an ice cream every time I kill  
another one of those pussies.*

KO, KO, KO... all in the first round.

INT. GYM NECO DE LA GUARDIA - DAY

A much larger gym. We can tell by the crowd eyeing him that Duran, 19, is already a local star. He works a bag with blinding speed as he sees Plomo arriving with businessman CARLOS ELETA.

PLOMO

*Mr. Carlos Eleta, the richest man  
in Panama, is here to meet you.*

Eleta nods a greeting. Despite his elegance and class, he seems comfortable in the humble environment.

DURAN

*How you doing doc?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOS ELETA

Excited to meet you, I hear you  
are unstoppable.

DURAN

You fight girls it's easy to win.

CARLOS ELETA

I can help make you a world champ.

Duran eyes Eleta and measures him.

CARLOS ELETA (CONT'D)

If you want me to talk to anyone,  
your brother, or your mother...

DURAN

Got twenty bucks?

CARLOS ELETA

Of course!

Eleta takes out his wallet and hands him a 20. Duran  
grabs the bill, in shock (quickest money he's ever made).

CARLOS ELETA (CONT'D)

If you don't have anything  
scheduled for tonight. I could  
send a car. 8PM. We have a little  
reception at my house.

Duran nods, smiles dubiously but still excited.

INT. SHOWER, NECO DE LA GUARDIA GYM - LATER

Duran showers. Pensive. Wondering about Eleta.

PLOMO

*Hurry up, man. Gotta leave in ten.*

Duran turns the shower off and gets out. Plomo is  
hanging a couple of suits.

PLOMO (CONT'D)

*They brought those for you.*

Duran grabs one of the suits... a vest, a tie...

DURAN

*What the hell is all this?*

Plomo shrugs.

EXT. GYM NECO DE LA GUARDIA - NIGHT

Duran wears a suit with the tie worn like a headband. He looks cool as fuck. Plomo next to him.

A ROLLS ROYCE arrives. A DRIVER comes out of it.

DRIVER

Mr. Duran?... let me help you.

The Driver grabs the tie... puts it where it belongs.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Let's go.

He opens the door for Duran.

PLOMO

*Bring me a whisky or something.*

Duran smiles. Gives Plomo a hug.

INT. ELETA MANSION, TERRACE - NIGHT

Duran's jaw hits the floor as he enters: Lush Gardens. A gorgeous pool. Greek style marble columns. The place is filled with elegant GUESTS from the high society, GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS and US MILITARY.

Duran is freaked out by the rich white crowd.  
An aristocratic LADY, 45, big hair, walks by him.

LADY

(to Duran)

A bottle fell back there.

Duran understands she thinks he is a waiter.

DURAN

Why don't you go and lick it up?

The Lady stares disgusted.

LADY

No need to speak to show your class, dear.

The Lady keeps walking. Duran controls his anger. And to his surprise he sees the Lady walk straight to a group where she meets Carlos Eleta and... FELICIDAD IGLESIAS, the girl he saw walking out of school years ago. She's now fully grown, beautifully dressed like a hippie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Lady (Felicidad's mother, LORENZA IGLESIAS) tells Eleta what just went on. The group turns and looks at Duran, who smiles and raises his whisky cynically. Eleta toasts back and explains who Duran is. And we notice how the story of the future boxing champ seduces Felicidad. Duran watches her and smiles. Felicidad smiles back, then turns away, shyly. Her mother notices the exchange, horrified.

Next to Felicidad, a silly rich boy, GUIDO, 19, doesn't even notice the exchange.

Eleta walks towards Duran, who tries to hide his insecurity. Eleta gives him a hug.

CARLOS ELETA

So glad you made it.

DURAN

Wasn't hard, they picked me up.

CARLOS ELETA

I apologize for that Lady, she didn't know who you are.

Duran nods, emotional... never been apologized to before.

CARLOS ELETA (CONT'D)

Soon all these folks will be dying to meet you.

Duran laughs... not buying it but willing it to be true.

DURAN

How many people live in this house?

Duran's never seen a house this big before. Eleta understands Duran's shock.

CARLOS ELETA

Not many.

There's something fatherly in the way Eleta speaks to him. And Duran likes that.

CARLOS ELETA (CONT'D)

Feel free to mingle. And if there's anything you need, the staff knows who you are.

Eleta turns and walks away. Duran looks around, shakes his head in disbelief, wants to cry with excitement.

LATER. Felicidad exits the bathroom and Duran stops her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DURAN

*What's your name?*

FELICIDAD

*Happiness.*

Duran smiles, wondering if its true.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

*...please don't say that's exactly  
what you've been looking for all  
your life.*

DURAN

*Chucha... Poor kids are born  
happy. Only the rich know sadness*

Felicidad eyes him impressed by these words... she perhaps understands them better than him.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Come over here.*

Duran grabs her hand and takes her to a narrow hall.

FELICIDAD

*Where are you going?...*

DURAN

*I'm not going to rob you.*

She laughs, follows Duran. He walks her up a spiral staircase two stories up, to the rooftop... with a view of the Port. Felicidad looks around, fascinated.

FELICIDAD

*Pretty, huh?*

DURAN

*I want to be with you the rest of  
my life.*

FELICIDAD

*You just met me.*

DURAN

*Exactly... I'll need my entire  
life to get to know you.*

Felicidad laughs ruefully.

FELICIDAD

*You are crazy.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DURAN

*Why?*

FELICIDAD

*My parents bring me here to meet  
rich boys.*

DURAN

*I'm going to be the greatest boxer  
of all time... I'll deserve you...*

FELICIDAD

*You'd still be a... boxer.*

DURAN

*I can't change where I come from.*

FELICIDAD

*So you need to forget about me.*

With that she turns and walks away. Duran watches her go.

DURAN

*I won't!*

FELICIDAD

*That's your problem.*

She disappears heading down the stairs.

CARLOS ELETA (O.S.)

You like expensive stuff?

DURAN

Hey man, you can search me if you  
want. I'm no thief.

Duran thinks Eleta is accusing him of robbery.

CARLOS ELETA

I'm talking about Felicidad...  
daughter of Eugenio Iglesias.

Duran understands. Relaxes. Shrugs.

DURAN

I guess you don't have to worry.  
She's not into cholos.

CARLOS ELETA

Let me take you to the Madison  
Square Garden. Fight the best in  
the world and she'll be yours.

Duran likes the sound of that.

I/E. TAXI CAB, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Duran looks excitedly out of his window. The city of lights in 1971. The taxi reaches Madison Square Garden. There is a Baskin-Robbins ice cream store offering...

DURAN

31 flavours!

Next to Duran is Plomo, just as fascinated with the city. Eleta rides shotgun, he is obviously used to NYC.

CARLOS ELETA

After the fight whatever you want.

DURAN

At what time is the fight?

CARLOS ELETA

Seven.

DURAN

Find out at what time does the ice cream store close.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

The world's most famous arena is completely packed. Duran's fight is the first in the program.

Duran enters the ring excited. Eleta gets close.

DURAN

Did you find out at what time does the ice cream close?

CARLOS ELETA

7:30. But we can go tomorrow.

Duran sees the time 6:59.

DURAN

I'll be there in five.

Eleta smiles.

CARLOS ELETA

Don't be overconfident, Benny Huertas is a serious fighter.

ANNOUNCER

In this corner, Roberto Duran!

Nobody cares in the audience.

## IN A BAR IN PANAMA - CONTINUOUS

The folks in the bar watch Duran on TV, unsure what to make of him.

## IN THE HOUSE OF STONE - CONTINUOUS

Toti, Pototo, Clara and the siblings, all around the TV. The echoes of dozens of TVs is heard, tuned to the fight.

## PANAMENIAN JOURNALIST

(on tv)

*All of Panama is waiting for the Ismael Laguna fight, but this young man Duran is a big promise from the house of stone in El Chorrillo.*

The people in the House of Stone cheer loudly. Clara hears the cheers and smiles. Her eyes mist.

## BACK TO THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

## ANNOUNCER

And in this corner, Benny Huertas!

The stadium rises cheering.

Duran sees the people shouting and is impressed but not intimidated. He smiles with his natural charm.

RINGSIDE, Eleta greets reporters, promoters; prowling along the front row like a stylish old wolf.

While the announcer continues in the background, Eleta reaches Ray Arcel, we remember him from the opening.

## CARLOS ELETA

The Master of Masters... so glad you made it.

## RAY ARCEL

Haven't put a foot in this place in seventeen years.

Eleta gives him a hug. Looks him in the eye.

## CARLOS ELETA

I wouldn't have bothered you if I didn't have someone special.

Ray turns and looks at Duran yelling at the audience.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

You've got no idea of the mess  
Benny got himself into!

RAY ARCEL

At least he is good looking.

CARLOS ELETA

Let's talk after the fight.

THE NEWS BROADCAST CLOSES ON RAY, ON TV:

JOURNALIST

Legendary trainer Ray Arcel making  
a rare appearance in the arena  
tonight...

JOURNALIST 2

I wouldn't have recognized him  
with the grey hair.

JOURNALIST

If there is a man who's been a  
central figure in the history of  
boxing... that would be Ray Arcel.

JOURNALIST 2

Nineteen World champs he's  
trained. Some call him the father  
of boxing.

THE BELL

Duran goes towards Huertas. Huertas is fast, much faster  
than any opponent Duran has ever fought. Duran takes a  
moment to feel him out.

ON Ray, looking at Duran, studying his moves. We go back  
and forth between Ray and what he is looking at: slow  
motion, fast motion, details... the ballet of Boxing  
perceived through the eyes of a master of the craft.

RAY ARCEL (V.O.)

Ring sense is an art, a gift from  
God that flows out of a fighter  
like a great painting flows out of  
an artist.

Duran starts his beating. And it's a mauling. A mugging.

RAY ARCEL (V.O.)

I don't care how much ability  
you've got as a fighter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY ARCEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you can't think, you're just  
another bum in the park. Boxing is  
brain over brawn.

Huertas looks at Duran surprised and goes at him with a combination of two rights and a left. But Duran moves and avoids them all, with a grace and an ease that immediately make Huertas lose his concentration.

IN THE HOUSE OF STONE

TOTI

*That's it Roberto!*

Clara crosses herself.

IN THE BARS OF PANAMA

The crowd starts warming up to Duran.

CLOSE ON THE TV: Duran giving Huertas a beating.

BACK TO THE MADISON

PLOMO

*Don't let him breathe!*

BACK ON RAY

RAY ARCEL (V.O.)

In 66 seconds... Roberto Duran  
changed my life.

Duran sees a clear shot and with A THUDDING RIGHT to the temple leaves Huertas sprawled out on the canvas.

Ray stands up in shock.

The whole stadium stands up and is left in silence.

Those in the BARS OF PANAMA cheer.

Clara prays while Toti jumps with all the siblings.

The House of Stone is celebrating in shock.

The Journalists go bananas as the Referee counts to TEN:

REFEREE 2

Knock Out!

Duran raises his hands and laughs madly.

Plomo jumps into the ring and carries him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eleta laughs from his seat. Ray Arcel turns to him with shock on his face. Eleta shrugs proudly "toldya".

The stadium cheers at Duran who jumps and celebrates like a kid. A Panamenian camera man approaches Duran.

PANAMENIAN JOURNALIST

*Panama is watching, Duran, you  
come from the house of stone but  
it seems you got Hands of Stone!*

Duran looks into the camera and smiles.

DURAN

*I knocked him in a minute... and  
that's wearing Gloves! I find him  
without gloves and I kill him.*

The folks in in Panama all cheer, he is an instant hero.

DURAN (CONT'D)

(to Plomo)

*Let's go get ice-cream!*

Plomo rolls his eyes as Duran jumps out of the ring and runs to Eleta...

DURAN (CONT'D)

Give me some cash for ice-cream...

Eleta laughs and shakes his head. Hands him a hundred.  
Duran heads away with Plomo chasing after him.  
Ray looks at Duran. Sees a diamond in the rough.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE AT THE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ray Arcel paces around, thinking about what he just saw.  
Eleta sits at a table sipping whiskey.

RAY ARCEL

*I haven't seen anything like him  
in years.*

INTERCUT

INT. BASKIN-ROBINS - NIGHT

Duran tries a spoon of chocolate.  
The IRISH WOMAN at the counter is already sick of him.

DURAN

Vanilla.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hands him a spoon of Vanilla. He tastes it.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Kiwi.

PRIVATE OFFICE AT THE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

CARLOS ELETA

It's his 22nd knock out in 25 fights. And he's been fighting serious fighters, I can tell you that.

Ray paces trying to make a decision.

RAY ARCEL

Huertas is a serious fighter.

BASKIN-ROBINS - CONTINUOUS

DURAN

Mango.

She rolls her eyes. Gives him a spoon to try. He does.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Banana.

PRIVATE OFFICE AT THE GARDEN

CARLOS ELETA

This is a big opportunity, Ray. You'll make him world champ.

Ray sits in front of Eleta.

RAY ARCEL

Listen, I want to train the kid.

Eleta smiles ready to celebrate, but Ray stops him.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

But I gave my word, 17 years ago, that I would never make another penny from boxing.

CARLOS ELETA

He's not Italian. He's not black. He's from another planet. I doubt they...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY ARCEL

They don't give a heck about where he comes from... they just think I made them lose money and once they are set into some idea there is no talking them out of it. Believe me, I've tried.

CARLOS ELETA

There's got to be a way.

RAY ARCEL

I can't make money from him.

CARLOS ELETA

I'll pay under the table.

RAY ARCEL

They know all the tricks.

(pause)

Only way I can think of... I'd have to train him for free... and I'm not sure I'm ready to do that.

Eleta likes the sound of that.

INT. MADISSON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

ISMAEL LAGUNA fights KEN BUCHANAN. Duran is ringside watching the match, surrounded by empty cups from Baskin Robbins. Laguna is being badly beaten. Duran is pissed. He studies Buchanan intensely, and suffers every punch.

DURAN

*He's not gonna make it.*

Plomo shakes his head. Buchanan is a tall, fast, hard punching Irishman. He does what he pleases with Laguna.

IN THE BARS OF PANAMA

There is a collective sense of loss and sadness amongst the people of Panama. The fight ends:

ANNOUNCER

Ken Buchanan retains his Title!

Buchanan raises the belt. Duran continues to study him, angry. Eleta and Arcel approach Duran.

DURAN

He destroyed Laguna, Papa. I need to avenge him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOS ELETA

Laguna has a place in history. Now  
I want you to meet Ray Arcel.

Duran greets Ray without paying too much attention.

DURAN

How are you sir?

Plomo eyes Arcel with distrust. Ray studies Duran.

CARLOS ELETA

Arcel trained Benny Leonard,  
Ceferino, Barney Ross... he's a  
legend...

Duran turns to Ray:

DURAN

I don't need no American advice.

RAY ARCEL

I know.

Duran wasn't expecting that answer. Ray winks, fatherly.  
Duran, not used to this kind of warmth, especially from  
an American, looks away.

Ray walks away with Eleta. Duran eyes him, intrigued.

CARLOS ELETA

Promise me you'll think about it.

RAY ARCEL

It's been good to see you, after  
all this years. Let's talk soon.

They give each other a hug. We stay with Ray, walking his  
way out of the stadium, emotional, troubled. As he is  
about to exit he gives a last minute glance at the  
grandeur of the Madison Square Garden.

He then looks down, ringside... focuses his attention on  
a few man brokering bets over phones. They look italian.  
They speak italian. Ray's face darkens... He remembers:

FLASH BACK: A pile of money on a table. Two Italians in  
front of a younger Ray. Ray is shaking his head.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

You, you... why are you a  
detriment to boxing?

END FLASH BACK. BACK IN THE STADIUM: Ray gives the  
Italian bet brokers a look, turns and keeps walking out.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

It's a lonely night. The gorgeous skyscrapers embrace a small figure walking alone in the street: Ray.  
We close on his face... as he remembers: FLASH BACK:

Ray exits a crowded Boston synagogue wearing a Yarmulke. He is passing by the Hotel Merger, when suddenly, from a mill of people near the curb, a MAN comes up behind him and with an IRON PIPE strikes a blow on his's left forehead. Ray falls to the ground, unconscious. The attacker is lost in the crowd.

ANOTHER FLASH: As Ray is taken into Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.

FLASH: With the NY Times announcing: **Boxing Legend Ray Arcel in critical condition.**

FLASH: His wife, STEPHANIE ARCEL, cries by his bed.

FLASH: The NY Post: **Brain Concussion and severe scalp laceration in Arcel's mob hit.**

FLASH: The NY TIMES: **Ray Arcel retires from Boxing. Will Boxing ever be the same?**

END FLASH BACK With Ray, reacting to his memories. He reaches the entrance of an old building.

INT. RAY ARCEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ray enters. STEPHANIE ARCEL, 68, British accent.

STEPHANIE ARCEL

Hey hon.

Ray goes and kisses her, affectionate.

STEPHANIE ARCEL (CONT'D)

I know that smell, where were you?

RAY ARCEL

What are you talking about?

STEPHANIE ARCEL

You went there.

RAY ARCEL

Where?

STEPHANIE ARCEL

You promised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY ARCEL

Oh please, you make it sound like  
I was with some woman.

STEPHANIE ARCEL

I rather you be with a woman.

He smiles mischievous, like a child.

RAY ARCEL

I was seeing an old friend.

STEPHANIE ARCEL

There's no friends in that place.

Ray opens a bottle of cognac, fixes himself a drink.  
We're in a 37th floor, he looks out at the ocean of  
lights. Stephanie watches him concerned.

STEPHANIE ARCEL (CONT'D)

Oh God, no.

Ray swallows a long drink.

STEPHANIE ARCEL (CONT'D)

I knew it had to come some day. I  
knew it. What am I gonna do now?

RAY ARCEL

What are you talking about?

STEPHANIE ARCEL

I know that look in your eyes,  
Arcel.

RAY ARCEL

You are not even looking at the  
look in my eyes, old woman.

STEPHANIE ARCEL

Oh, Jesus.

RAY ARCEL

It's not *Jesus*.

He turns, and knowing this will inevitably hurt.. with a  
smile, as if asking for permission:

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

It's Roberto.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CANAL ZONE, PANAMA - DAY

Duran runs. Ray Arcel rides a Vespa next to him. Duran's been running for hours. Beside them the fence separating them from the American marines.

Duran stops, bends down gasping for air, supporting himself with a hand on the fence. Ray gets off the scooter, hands Duran a cooler.

RAY ARCEL

You won't be knocking Buchanan out in the first round. This is a different kind of fighter. We need to build your resistance.

MARINE (O.S.)

Get off the fence!

A MARINE, on the other side.  
Ray looks at him with disgust.

RAY ARCEL

Shut the heck up.

Duran reacts, totally unused to a paternal presence, to being defended by someone else.

MARINE

Who do you think you are old man?

RAY ARCEL

I'm Ray Arcel, from Harlem. And this is a future world champion you are talking to here.

MARINE

Fuck off!

DURAN

Fuck you! Show some respect!

The Marine backs away, pissed.  
Duran sizes Ray up. He's becoming more open to him, but he remains suspicious.

RAY ARCEL

I've trained almost two thousand fighters in my lifetime.

Duran's eyes can't hide his respect.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

Of those... Nineteen became World Champions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duran whistles, impressed.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)  
But not one of them... not a  
single world champ I've ever  
trained... grew up with a father.

This puts Duran on the back foot. He wasn't ready to hear the word "father". He looks away, shaking his head.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)  
You think about him in the ring?

There is such anger in Duran's eyes, for a moment it seems he wants to fight the old man. Ray holds his gaze.

DURAN  
I don't think when I fight.

Duran runs off... Ray makes a mental note, gets on his Vespa, and goes after him.

EXT. UPPER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD, SCHOOL - LATER

Duran sits in front of the school where he saw Felicidad years ago. He looks around, feigning nonchalance.

Felicidad, in schoolgirl uniform, finally exits.

Duran is infuriated to see she's not coming his way. He takes off in the opposite direction, but turns the corner. Keeps running. Turns another corner. Keeps running. Turns another corner. Wipes the sweat off his face and sits by a tree... just as

Felicidad walks by. He pretends he doesn't notice her.

FELICIDAD  
Hey!

Duran casually acknowledges her.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)  
You're that boxer.

Duran pretends to barely remember her.

DURAN  
Oh yeah. You're...

FELICIDAD  
I heard you won.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

That was easy. The world's  
championship is next.

Felicidad smiles flirtatiously.

DURAN (CONT'D)

You want me to walk you home?

Felicidad thinks about it for a second.

FELICIDAD

I live very near... but sure.

Duran stands up, a bit too eagerly.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

So... what school did you go to?

DURAN

I started with Plomo Quinones. I'm  
now with Ray Arcel.

FELICIDAD

Ray Arcel? Never heard of that  
one. Is it an American school?

Duran notices the confusion, but goes with it.

DURAN

Yeah... American school.

FELICIDAD

I got a lot of friends at American  
schools. I hate how they talk  
about Panama, as if we were a  
bunch of Indians in need.

Duran doesn't know what to say. Felicidad notices.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

You didn't go to school, did you?

Duran looks at her.

DURAN

Not a school with a roof.

She smiles.

FELICIDAD

But you know how to read, right?

DURAN

What is this, a job interview?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Felicidad points to a house, opposite side of the street.

FELICIDAD  
I can walk from here.

Duran looks at her, disappointed. Felicidad notices.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)  
Listen, I don't mind you. It's  
just that, we come from very  
different worlds.

DURAN  
Do you like your world?

Felicidad thinks about that.

FELICIDAD  
What do you mean?

He smiles.

INT. CLUB IN CHORRILLO - EVENING

Duran teaches Felicidad to dance salsa Ghetto style.  
Forget about your dancing with the stars concept of  
salsa: this is up, close and sexy as fuck.

Felicidad is seduced by Duran's world. They get some  
drinks. They laugh. They dance some more.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT

Duran leads a tipsy Felicidad into this 3 star hotel.  
American MARINES all around... check her out.

US MARINE  
Hey Duran... looking good!

DURAN  
Hey Hey... take it easy there.

FELICIDAD  
(to Duran, afraid)  
You are staying here?

They reach the end of a hall, a door says STORAGE. Duran  
uses a key and enters. She follows him, intimidated.  
He turns on the lights and closes the door after her.

## INSIDE THE ROOSEVELT HOTEL'S STORAGE ROOM

About a dozen old mattresses one on top of the other.  
Cleaning supplies, old broken hotel furniture...

In a corner, a bed, a night table. On the wall many  
pictures of boxers and wrestlers.

The laughter from the Marines can be heard outside.

Duran looks at her, hoping she likes his little home. She  
looks around, scared but fascinated.

FELICIDAD

Is this where you live?

DURAN

You don't like it?

FELICIDAD

I guess... I'm used to other...

DURAN

I'm used to sleeping on the  
street.

Felicidad looks at him... moved by his sincerity.

FELICIDAD

For real?

DURAN

I'm not gonna lie.

She smiles.

US MARINE (O.S.)

(through the door)

What are you doing with that  
Cholo, baby?

This flips Duran. He hears more laughter.

DURAN

Shut the fuck up!

US MARINE (O.S.)

You see? He's a monkey...

Duran opens the door and BLAM! goes for the head. Two  
rights and the Marine falls. Felicidad is horrified.

A RED HAIRED MARINE pulls out his assault rifle and  
trains it on Duran.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED HAIR MARINE  
Freeze right there!

Duran knocks his rifle with a left. Goes for the chin.

MARINE THREE  
Stop or I'll shoot!

Duran is unstoppable, relentlessly punching the Red Head.

FELICIDAD  
Stop it!

That does it. Duran, looking like a savage now, eyes the frightened Felicidad.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)  
*Stop immediately!*

Duran comes back to his senses.

RED HEAD MARINE  
(from the ground)  
What the fuck man...

Felicidad exits the Storage room and walks away.

DURAN  
*Wait!*

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL, STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Duran chases Felicidad down the street.

DURAN  
*Listen... I'm sorry.*

But Felicidad hurries into the main avenue.  
There she hails a cab. The Cab stops and she gets inside.

DURAN (CONT'D)  
*Wait!*

But the cab takes off.

ON FELICIDAD, in the cab... As she begins crying.

ON DURAN. Pulling his hair, tears in his eyes.

DURAN (CONT'D)  
*Fuck... me!*

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, STREET - NIGHT

Ray walks his street. A Lincoln Town car stops besides him. Ray ignores it. But the passenger window rolls down.

VOICE FROM INSIDE

Got time for a drink, Arcel?

Ray stops, looks inside the car. He thinks for a second, sighs, then opens the door and gets inside.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Ray sits with one of the Italians from the Flash Backs, MARCO, 50s. Not quite a mafia boss, a Hit man who climbed hi up the ladder. He puts some wine on Ray's glass. They're eating steak.

MARCO

You look good.

Ray shrugs. Chews on a bite of meat. A long, silent beat.

MARCO (CONT'D)

How's the wife?

RAY ARCEL

She's alright.

MARCO

It's been almost two decades, Ray. And I can't really say they've been bad decades. But it's not the same. The street is not the same since the bosses started going after each other. And boxing has not been the same since you left.

RAY ARCEL

Don't blame me. You lay down with hookers, you're gonna get screwed.

Marco smiles, he genuinely likes Ray.

MARCO

Everybody is playing the game.

RAY ARCEL

And everybody is losing.

MARCO

But you are back.

Ray ignores him, keeps eating. Marco measures him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCO (CONT'D)

I like you, Ray. Always did. But I don't need to look a gift horse up the ass to know there's shit in there. I thought we had a deal.

RAY ARCEL

We do.

Marco reacts, surprised. Grabs a bite.

MARCO

Then maybe I'm confused about the deal we're talking about.

RAY ARCEL

The deal was to make no more money from boxing.

(pause)

I'm training him for free.

Marco laughs. Ray finishes his steak.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

Check my accounts. Ask Carlos Eleta... he manages the boxer.

MARCO

You're a funny guy, Ray, but you're not going to teach me how to hide money.

RAY ARCEL

Here's something funnier: The odds are 14-3 for Buchanan.

MARCO

Sounds about right.

RAY ARCEL

Except my guy's gonna kill him.

Marco reacts, interested.

MARCO

Would you bet your life on it?

RAY ARCEL

I just did.

(pause)

Didn't I?

Marco takes a sip of the wine, cheers to that.

EXT. EL CHORRILLO STREET - NIGHT

A bum sleeping below a cardboard in a dirty corner.  
We recognize Chaflan, now 28, beaten, dirty.

Duran, still teary eyed, sits next to him.

CHAFLAN

*Who's there?*

Chaflan, used to being attacked, is afraid at first.  
Then recognizes Duran and breaks out into a broad smile.

CHAFLAN (CONT'D)

*Hey man... I thought you were in  
New York.*

DURAN

*I was... now I'm here.*

CHAFLAN

*Do you need food?*

Chaflan looks for any food among his things.

DURAN

*Nah... I'm alright.*

CHAFLAN

*Then why are you crying?*

Duran is surprised by Chaflan's awareness.

DURAN

*I fucked up.*

CHAFLAN

*Going to jail?*

DURAN

*No... this girl.*

Girls are not Chaflan's specialty.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Got in a fight in front of her...  
she freaked out... she's rich.*

CHAFLAN

*Oh shit... she doesn't know.*

DURAN

*What do you mean?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAFLAN

*She doesn't know that's what you  
do... you fuckin' fight... she's  
rich... she doesn't know.*

Duran realizes Chaflan is crazier than before... but even so... he feels comforted by his mad wisdom and smiles.

Chaflan cracks up. Duran follows. Chaflan starts clowning around in his own inimitable style:

CHAFLAN (CONT'D)

*Oh my god!... he fights! Fuckin'  
hands of stone got in a fight!  
Lord save me!*

They both laugh their asses off. Then, after a silence:

DURAN

*You wanna come to New York?*

Chaflan looks at Duran, thinks he's joking.

INT. LES CHAMPS RESTAURANT, NYC - DAY

Dozens of journalists. Tension in the air. Duran enters following Ray, Plomo, trainer FREDDIE BROWN, 60, and... Chaflan!... Chaflan has shaved and dressed for the occasion, but seems overawed and looks like he's tripping. Flashbulbs going off all around. Duran is nervous but hides it well.

The attention suddenly shifts as Ken Buchanan enters.

Duran greets Eleta and walks behind a table with his trainers while Buchanan and his people do the same. Chaflan waits back stage. The Photographers FLASH.

MOMENTS LATER, DURAN AT THE MIC:

DURAN

*Nine rounds. That's all I need to  
beat Buchanan. I've seen him fight  
with Laguna and believe he was  
lucky, Laguna is a better fighter.*

A few claps break the silence. Nobody believes Duran is a match for Buchanan.

ANNOUNCER

*And now the Champion, Ladies and  
Gentleman, Ken Buchanan.*

The audience applauds excitedly, infuriating Duran.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEN BUCHANAN

Duran is a young lad so I guess  
he's entitled to boast. As for  
myself, I prefer to do my talking  
in the ring.

Duran shakes his head as the audience claps again.

JOURNALIST 2

Did you see his KO against  
Kobayashi?

KEN BUCHANAN

I tried but I dozed off.

A big laugh from the journalists. Duran feels humiliated  
and this makes him look weak.

Ray notices and rapidly takes the mic.

RAY ARCEL

You guys know me... The older ones  
among you at least.

(a general laugh and  
then a silence)

Not since Benny Leonard New York  
City has seen a lightweight like  
Roberto Duran.

The journalists react, impressed. Duran still doesn't  
fully trust Ray, but he is flattered by his trainer's  
words; and does a great job pretending that he's used to  
the compliments.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

The era of Roberto Duran begins  
with this fight.

Ray stands and grabs Duran up. The journalists go crazy  
with questions and flashes. Buchanan hides his worry.

Duran plays his role for the photographers. Then looks at  
Ray, who briefly smiles and winks.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

The stadium is packed and excited.

ANNOUNCER

With 28 wins and no defeats, and  
24 Knock Outs... from deep in the  
slums of El Chorrillo, Panama...  
Roberto Duran!!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The crowd is divided. Half boos, half cheers. Afro Latin DRUMS lead Duran towards the Ring.

A MYSTERIOUS MAN watches him walk by. Half white, half Mexican, early 40s. In his eyes an emotion that's hard to read. We focus on him, and will remember him.

Duran is concentrated, happy with the atmosphere. He jumps into the ring and charismatically greets the crowd. Chafan stands by the ringside near Carlos Eleta.

EXT. PANAMA CITY - CONTINUOUS

The streets are empty. There's sound from TVs everywhere.

INT. HOME OF THE IGLESIAS, DINNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Felicidad is at dinner with her family and another boring RICH FAMILY. The silly young boy from the party, Guido, flirts with her.

FELICIDAD

Mother, is it okay if I use the bathroom?

LORENZA IGLESIAS

Of course, dear.

She stands and leaves the dining room. We follow her:

INT. HOME OF THE IGLESIAS, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Two WAITERS, the MAID and the DRIVER are all glued to a tiny TV watching the fight. Felicidad rushes in.

FELICIDAD

Are they fighting yet?

MAID

It's about to start.

ON TV, DURAN is shirtless, ripped.

FELICIDAD

Oh my god he's hot!

They all smile, a bit shy.

INT. HOUSE OF STONE - CONTINUOUS

Clara, looking way older and lonelier than we last saw her, lights candles for the BLACK CHRIST OF PORTOBELO. A gorgeous Christ with BLACK SKIN.

CLARA

Protect him Black Christ. Light  
his way and turn the witches away.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL, STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Toti and Pototo glued to the TV, they live here now.

A knock on the door. Pototo opens it. A group of Latino and black Marines.

LATINO MARINE

Can we watch the fight with you?

Pototo looks at Toti, who shrugs.

LATINO MARINE (CONT'D)

We got beer.

He shows a six pack. Pototo lets them in.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The lights turn dark and...

ANNOUNCER

And now, with a spectacular record  
of 44 wins and 1 loss... from  
Edinburgh Scotland... the  
Lightweight Champion of the  
World... KEEEEEN BUCHHAAAAANAN!!!

Bagpipes turn the Garden into a hypnotic Scottish procession. Ken Buchanan enters looking intimidating, flanked by men in traditional Scottish kilts, playing their bagpipes. Buchanan's shorts resemble a kilt.

CHAFLAN

*He's got a skirt, Duran!!! A  
fuckin' skirt!!!!!!*

Duran sees him and cracks up. He looks around trying to grasp the size of the event.

ON FELICIDAD. She waves at Duran on TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELICIDAD  
Let's go Roberto!!!

Her father enters the kitchen, puzzled by her excitement.

EUGENIO IGLESIAS  
Since when you like boxing?

She shrugs, a bit ashamed.

BACK IN THE MADISSON SQUARE GARDEN

Buchanan enters the ring. The stadium cheers.

BUCHANAN'S TRAINER  
Tire him. He's not used to  
fighting full fights.

Buchanan seems enormous next to Duran as they stand together face to face. But there is a rage in Duran... he's up for the challenge. Between them Referee LOBIANCO.

THE BELL

Buchanan and Duran circle each other for ten seconds. For an instant Duran focuses on a MARINE in the audience.

Then Duran goes in with the first right cross and makes Buchanan stumble... Both his gloves graze the canvas. Duran raises his arms in victory. The stadium cheers.

THE BARS OF PANAMA RAISE IN CELEBRATION.

Felicidad at her boring dinner gets a nod from the Maid.

FELICIDAD  
Excuse me.

She stands up. Her Mother is horrified. Her Father goes after her, suspicious. Guido is into the food.

IN THE STADIUM.. LoBianco goes towards Buchanan to assist him. Buchanan, mad at himself wipes his gloves on his shorts, and protests once LoBianco declares the fall

JOHNNY LOBIANCO  
Knock Down!

KEN BUCHANAN  
I slipped. No fuckin knock down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY LOBIANCO

Enough! Enough! You touched the  
canvas. Just fight.

Back into the action. Buchanan angry now. But Duran is  
relentless. He throws a strong right and misses. Buchanan  
is jumping around the ring while Duran seems to be the  
one chasing tonight.

Duran heads aggressively towards Buchanan, throws a right  
and misses, only to be caught by a wild left hook that  
sends him off-balance into the ropes.

The stadium cheers. But Duran gets back to Buchanan, and  
the fight quickly becomes a free flow of

A LEFT FROM BUCHANAN. AN UPPERCUT FROM DURAN.  
A RIGHT FROM BUCHANAN. A COMBINATION BY DURAN

THE BELL

The stadium, the bars in Panama, everyone cheers.

As Duran goes to sit, Plomo stands in front of him.

PLOMO

*That's it, Cholo!*

But Ray behind him...

RAY ARCEL

Excuse me.

Plomo quickly remembers the hierarchy, moves out of the  
way, bitter. Ray focuses on Duran.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

You have him kid but you gotta  
keep him away.

DURAN

I don't want him away.

Ray gets intense on Duran.

RAY ARCEL

Listen to me. He's a darn giant,  
you can't be close all the time.

DURAN

Fuck off... you are working for  
him cuz he's a gringo like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY ARCEL  
(loses it)  
You want me to step out of the  
ring?

Duran eyes Ray and smiles.

DURAN  
I'm just fuckin' with you, man.

Ray wants to murder him.

DURAN (CONT'D)  
Relax. He's mine.

Ray nods, fighting to remain calm.

PLOMO  
(Re: Buchanan)  
*That's a white bitch, Cholo.*

Ray eyes Plomo, learning new basic techniques.

RAY ARCEL  
(to Duran)  
*Yes, destroy that white bitch.*

Ray sends Duran into the fight with a big lift. He then  
pats Plomo on the shoulder. Plomo nods, no drama here.

Ray then locks eyes with Carlos Eleta sitting ringside.  
He quickly nods optimistic.

ROUND TWO, THREE, FIVE, the fighters exchange punishment.

FELICIDAD PRAYS. Her father slides in next to her and is  
sucked in by the fight.

TOTI, POTOTO and EVEN THE MARINES SHOUT for DURAN. The  
Red Head Marine, the one Duran beat, enters the room.

RED HEAD MARINE  
That the motherfucker who beat me?

Pototo and Toti look concerned.

LATINO MARINE  
It was an honor for you my man.

The Red Head Marine grabs a beer and watches the fight.

ON DURAN as he connects a right and sends Buchanan's  
mouthpiece out of the ring. LoBianco separates the  
fighters until Buchanan's corner replaces the mouthpiece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DURAN

Who is slow now Buchanan?

EUGENIO is completely into the fight, next to Felicidad, when Lorenza walks in and sees them both glued to the TV. She is horrified.

LORENZA IGLESIAS

What are you doing?

EUGENIO IGLESIAS

Duran is fighting.

ROUND SIX, EIGHT, NINE, THIRTEEN

Duran continues to charge forward. Hurling a blizzard of leather at the beleaguered champion. RIGHT, LEFT, LEFT, RIGHT, Duran is using Buchanan as a punch bag.

Five seconds to go on the round and Buchanan catches Duran with a decent right hand. Duran follows up with a triple combination. The bell rings. None of them hears it. They continue to fight as LoBianco tries to split them. LoBianco grabs Duran by the shoulders and as he does... Duran fires a low right hand that hits Buchanan squarely on his protective cup.

Buchanan grabs his groin, his face contorted in pain. He keels over and rolls on the canvas. Duran raises arms.

DURAN

*Done!!!!*

Felicidad cries with happiness. She hugs her father, who celebrates too. Her mother in the corner smiles too.

Guido and his family, left alone at the table, don't understand shit.

Carlos Eleta claps. Raises his arms in victory. Clara prays to give thanks.

Buchanan's corner tends to him. Bring him to his corner. LoBianco goes to them.

Chaos in the ring as Buchanan supporters claim a low blow and attempt to get in the ring. Fights break out in the audience. Police form a chain around the ring to prevent the crowd from swarming in. Duran sits in his corner.

Ray Arcel jumps next to Lobianco.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RAY ARCEL

You're in New York City, Lobianco.  
There's no low blow  
disqualification here. You gotta  
be really careful with your  
decision.

Duran notices the fury with which Ray uses all his  
reputation and experience to win the fight for him.

LoBianco gets face to face with Buchanan.

JOHNNY LOBIANCO

Can you hear me champ? Can you  
hear me?

Buchanan is in pain, his left eye bleeding.

KEN BUCHANAN

Yeah I can hear you...

But he is obviously gone. LoBianco raises his arms and  
signals the fight is over.

KEN BUCHANAN (CONT'D)

I'm okay! I'm okay!

But LoBianco goes to Duran and raises his arm in victory.  
Madness takes over the ring as Duran jumps on Ray Arcel  
who carries him on his shoulders... Duran cries.

DURAN

*We won! We won!*

Eleta and Chaflan jump into the Ring with Plomo.

THE BARS IN PANAMA ARE A SHOWER OF BEERS. THOUSANDS OF  
PEOPLE CROWD INTO THE STREETS OF EL CHORRILLO CHEERING.

CLARA SHOUTS WITH HAPPINESS. TOTI AND POTOTO HUG THE  
MARINES. Even the Red Head Marine is celebrating.

FELICIDAD hugs the Waiter, the Maid, the Driver, her Dad!

THE ENTIRE STADIUM

Dooooooooo ran! Dooooooooo ran!

DURAN

*Let's go to Panama!!!!!!*

EXT. PANAMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Seven hundred thousand people await Duran at the airport.  
The party has not stopped since yesterday.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Duran watches the crowd outside his window.

DURAN  
What's happening?

Ray, sitting next to him, looks outside and smiles.

RAY ARCEL  
You are.

Duran looks at the crowd with mixed feelings.

DURAN  
They never cared about me before.

Ray nods, a veteran of a thousand battles has seen this reaction time and again.

RAY ARCEL  
They do now. Enjoy it. It won't  
last forever.

Duran turns from Ray to the crowd.

EXT. PANAMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Duran exits the plane with the belt, the crowd goes wild. Duran's eyes mist. He tries to say something, but the words don't come, he's too excited to speak.

He goes down the stairs to a stage where GENERAL TORRIJOS waits ready to give him the official welcome.

Duran approaches him proudly. He shakes his belt.

DURAN  
Here it is, my General, back in  
the nation.

Torrijos looks at him with pride, and after a hug:

TORRIJOS  
Now Panama has a symbol of  
dignity. Thanks Roberto. For the  
identity you've given our people.

EXT. HOME OF THE IGLESIAS, STREET - NIGHT

Duran stands outside the gate of a beautiful house (protected by a high wall). He spots a big tree off to one side. Climbs it. Jumps over the wall.

INT. HOME OF THE IGLESIAS - CONTINUOUS

Duran walks to the front door. It's locked. He looks around... it's dark, silent and lonely. He produces an iron pick from his pocket... and like a professional thief works the handles of the door... Until he opens it.

INT. HOME OF THE IGLESIAS, FELICIDAD'S ROOM - LATER

Felicidad sleeps. Duran wakes her up with a kiss. She opens her eyes, thinks she's dreaming...

DURAN

I'm sorry for that night.

She smiles. Then realizes it's not a dream, freaks out.

FELICIDAD

How the hell did you get in here?

DURAN

Oh God... I'm sorry for that too... I don't know what you...

FELICIDAD

Shhhh! You'll wake my father up.

DURAN

He's up, watching TV. I just walked by him.

FELICIDAD

Jesus!

He smiles.

DURAN

Did you see the fight?

She nods.

DURAN (CONT'D)

And?

FELICIDAD

And what?

DURAN

Did you forgive me?

Felicidad stifles a laugh.

DURAN (CONT'D)

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELICIDAD

So you go and fight some gringo  
and that's supposed to fix  
everything?

DURAN

It's not some gringo, it's Ken  
fuckin' Buchanan.

She gets serious.

FELICIDAD

No fights outside the ring.

Duran thinks about that.

DURAN

Well... sometimes you just gotta  
respond...

FELICIDAD

Then I'm not the one for you.

Duran looks at her, wondering how serious she is. Then  
looks out the window, shaking his head.

DURAN

So if someone insults me or you, I  
can't respond?

He turns, looks her in the eye.

FELICIDAD

You're the champion of the world:  
You've already responded.

Duran likes the sound of that.

DURAN

Okay.

He leans in to kiss her. But she stops him.

FELICIDAD

No more sneaking into my house  
either. You have to go now.

A LOUD KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

DURAN

*Oh shit.*

From the other side of the door they hear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EUGENIO IGLESIAS (O.S.)  
Felicidad!

FELICIDAD  
Oh my god!

EUGENIO IGLESIAS (O.S.)  
Are you okay?

The door knob starts twisting, opening. Felicidad's father enters and sees his daughter in bed with Duran.

EUGENIO IGLESIAS (CONT'D)  
I'll kill you!

Duran opens the window as Eugenio pulls out a gun and SHOOTS THE WINDOW!

Everyone screams. Duran raises his hand, his back to Eugenio, scared to death.

DURAN  
Relax! Relax! Don't shoot!

Eugenio points his gun at Duran. Felicidad is in shock.

EUGENIO IGLESIAS  
Who the hell are you?

DURAN  
(hands still up,  
talking super fast)  
Roberto Manos de Piedra Duran.  
And I wanna marry your daughter.  
And I'm the world champion. And I  
won't fight outside the ring. And  
I'm gonna respect her. And I'm  
gonna give her all my money. And  
children. And grand children.

EUGENIO IGLESIAS  
Duran?

DURAN  
DOO-RAN! DOO-RAN! That's it!  
That's me! That's who!

Eugenio lowers his gun.

EUGENIO IGLESIAS  
*Coño... Champion. We gotta  
celebrate!*

Duran sighs. Felicidad is in shock. Duran walks towards Eugenio, ready to give him a hug...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LORENZA IGLESIAS

What's going on?

And when she sees Duran she crosses herself.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

INT. CHURCH, PANAMA - DAY

A wedding. Duran by the altar. Felicidad walking towards him. Her parents next to her. Half the crowd is from the WHITE ELITE, the other half is from El Chorrillo... And it shows. Pototo and Toti walk behind the bride, next to a bunch of rich girls. The girls giggle, the boys flirt.

INT. DURAN'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

His new home in the tallest building in the city. He carries his bride into bed. They make love for hours.

INT. POSH HOSPITAL - DAY

Felicidad in pain giving birth. Her mother next to her. The champ in the corner praying to the saints.

LATER

Duran holds the baby in his arms, showing his mother...

CLARA

*What's his name?*

DURAN

Roberto Duran!

EXT. EL CHORRILLO - DAY

Duran spreads the wealth, handing pizza slices to dozens of children around him. The children eat with hunger.

INT. EL CHORRILLO HOUSE - DAY

Duran is invited to eat at an overcrowded house. Humble people cooking for him.

EXT. BALBOA AVENUE - DAY

A massive mural with Duran's face is raised in the main avenue. Torrijos shakes Duran's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE YEARS 1973, 1975, 1977

FELICIDAD gives birth again.

DURAN holds another baby in his arms, showing his mother.

CLARA

*What's his name?*

DURAN

Roberto Duran!

CLARA

*You can't name them all like you!*

DURAN

*Robin... Like Robin Hood. We fight  
the rich and give to the poor.*

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Duran goes through airport security, a bad ass HANDS OF  
STONE T-shirt on. The BLACK COP smiles at Duran.

BLACK COP

That's a cool shirt, Duran.

DURAN

You like it?

Duran takes off his shirt and hands it to him.

DURAN (CONT'D)

For you my friend.

The Black Cop takes the T-shirt beaming with excitement.  
Duran walks into the terminal, shirtless.

ANOTHER CLINIC, FELICIDAD GIVES BIRTH TO ANOTHER BABY

Duran holds the baby, shows his mother.

DURAN (CONT'D)

It's a girl!

CLARA

Jovanna del Carmen!

AND ANOTHER BABY:

DURAN

It's a girl!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARA  
Irichelle del Carmen!

AND ANOTHER BABY:

DURAN  
It's a boy! This one has to be  
Roberto. I don't want to hear it!

Felicidad, her parents and Clara, all shrug.

EXT. MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Duran shows his mother the massive house he just bought  
for her. She can't believe her eyes.

CLARA  
*I don't deserve this.*

DURAN  
*No you don't.*

She lowers her eyes, feels regret.

DURAN (CONT'D)  
*Of course you do, mother. We all  
do.*

She cries with happiness. THE YEAR: 1979

EXT. PANAMA CITY. STREET - DAY

Duran walks with Toti and Pototo. Surrounding them the  
usual posse of 10-15 kids that follow Duran around.

Duran is wearing a Guayabera shirt and a 357 S&W Revolver  
in his Jeans. He is the flaming representation of the  
Latino Macho.

They get to Duran's house, and by the door see a line of  
about 200 poor people. At the end of the line, Felicidad  
sits by a desk with an entire team handing food to  
everyone who asks.

FOLKS IN LINE  
Hey Duran! Hey champ!

Duran waves at the folks in line. He kisses Felicidad.

DURAN  
How are we doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELICIDAD  
(whispers)  
We've given away a hundred grand  
worth of food already.

DURAN  
Good.

FELICIDAD  
(whispers)  
You know we could invest this  
money, give them jobs...

Duran kisses her.

DURAN  
(whispers)  
This is as important for them as  
it is for you: learn to give,  
it'll feel good after a while.

She rolls her eyes with a smile.

DURAN (CONT'D)  
No one should ever be hungry.

Felicidad sees the line of poor people, some of them are  
starving.

I/E. DURAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Large and opulent. Scarface inspired. Duran's many  
friends hang out around a massive pool. Kids from El  
Chorrillo are gathered in a corner, playing with Chafan.

Duran and Felicidad enter. She looks around, gets a bit  
freaked out by "the people", and goes inside the house.

Duran walks towards the pool. Above it a large screen  
shows the WBC welterweight title bout, at Caesar's  
Palace, between a young African American fighter, SUGAR  
RAY LEONARD, and the nuyorican legend WILFRED BENITEZ.

In front of the screen, Ray Arcel sits smoking a cigar.  
Duran kisses Ray's head like a son would a father.

DURAN  
Hey Dad.

RAY ARCEL  
You gotta watch this kid.

Duran looks at Leonard dancing around the ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

*Seen this already. He is imitating Ali the whole night.*

RAY ARCEL

*He's got a lot of style.*

DURAN

*But he can't punch. He's a like a mini Ali without the strength.*

Ray notices the Gun on Duran, disappointed.

RAY ARCEL

*What the heck are you doing with that thing?*

Duran sees the gun, doesn't know what to say.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

*You need a Gun to defend yourself?*

Ray grabs the Gun away from Duran.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

*Give me that thing, you idiot.*

Ray gives Duran a look, his hand now on the Gun.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

*This is a machine. You press here and it kills for you. There's no honor to this thing. Only cowards need guns. Are you coward?*

Duran makes a punished baby face. Ray pockets the gun and walks away. Duran sees him go.

DURAN

*That's a very expensive gun, we could at least sell it.*

RAY ARCEL

*Shut up!*

Ray disappears into the house.

The fight program is interrupted by:

OFFICIAL VOICE

*This is a message from the Revolutionary Government of General Torrijos.*

The guests BOO at the TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chafan signals the kids from El Chorrillo to be silent, walks slowly towards the pool and jumps in grabbing his knees, splashing various guests with a "bomb".

The kids crack up. Duran laughs, his smile as childish as that of the kids. The wet guests, too drunk to get mad.

ON TV: President Torrijos gives a speech to congress. Standing next to him is US President JIMMY CARTER (Real Footage). This gets the attention of the Guests.

TORRIJOS

*People of Panama, your struggle  
has ended in victory. As of today,  
the Canal Zone ceases to exist.  
And on December 31st 1999, the  
Panama Canal will be ours.*

A standing ovation in Congress. President Jimmy Carter shakes hands with Torrijos. Journalists take pictures.

And Duran's house becomes an even bigger party. Fireworks are heard all over the city.

VARIOUS

Viva Torrijos! Viva Panama!

Duran cheers with a beer and enters his house.

INT. DURAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He walks in, goes up the stairs to the MAIN ROOM.

DURAN

Fula! Did you hear?

He finds Felicidad trying on some new (disco) clothes.

DURAN (CONT'D)

The canal is ours.

FELICIDAD

Gotta see to believe a word from a  
yankee. Look what I got you.

Felicidad produces a Disco style shirt, puts it on Duran.

DURAN

Baby, this is a big deal.

FELICIDAD

A big deal for Torrijos and the  
poor ignorants who believe him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

Why do you always have to be above everyone?

FELICIDAD

Someone offers to return your own territory while keeping the canal until 1999, as in two decades from now, and you celebrate? Not me. It's not about being rich or poor or giving money... there's a thing called common sense, and that treaty's fuckin' insulting.

Duran thinks about that.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

You wanna make the poor proud, you should beat this guy up.

She throws RING MAGAZINE near him. Sugar Ray Leonard is on the cover: FIGHTER OF THE YEAR!

DURAN

What does it say?

Felicidad looks frustrated.

FELICIDAD

When are you gonna learn to read?

DURAN

What does it say?

FELICIDAD

Says Fighter of the year.

DURAN

Fighter of the year? This clown? He hasn't fought anybody serious.

FELICIDAD

He is the symbol of American sports. If you want your little Torrijos-Carter treaty to mean anything for this country before 1999, you should destroy their idol and make them respect Panama.

Duran thinks about that.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE ON THE NEW YORK TIMES:

**SUGAR RAY LEONARD TO DEFEND TITLE AGAINST ROBERTO DURAN.**  
A PICTURE OF THE TWO FIGHTERS AND DON KING IN THE MIDDLE.

INT. SUPER SLICK CONDO IN MONTREAL - DAY

Same Leonard-Benitez fight on a massive TV screen.  
Duran sits on a gorgeous sofa, studying the fight with  
Ray next to him. Behind them the view of Montreal.

RAY ARCEL

He's lightning fast.

DURAN

He punches like a girl.

RAY ARCEL

He can run away from you all night  
and score dozens of points with  
those girly punches.

On Duran watching Leonard clown, a bit concerned.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

If you fight his fight, he'll  
drive you nuts. I know you, Cholo,  
you won't stand the dance.

DURAN

I'll make him fight my fight.

RAY ARCEL

I don't see how... he's always  
jumping around. We're gonna have  
to work on your speed.

Duran looks at Ray, angry.

DURAN

If you like him so much why don't  
you go train him?

Ray turns to him, surprised at his reaction.

RAY ARCEL

I respect him. And you should do  
yourself a favor and respect him  
too.

Duran stands up, pissed, and starts heading out.

DURAN

Why don't you go massage his  
shoulders - you love him so much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY ARCEL  
Shut up, Roberto, grow up...

DURAN  
Go with your gringo, Ray.

RAY ARCEL  
Oh God...

DURAN  
He's lightning fast! Oh my god  
what a fast gringo!

RAY ARCEL  
You're a baby. Get out of here.

Duran doesn't stop on his way out.

DURAN  
I'm going to force him to fight  
like a man.

Ray rolls his eyes.

RAY ARCEL  
We have a lot to discuss, Roberto!

Duran exits, leaves Ray by himself, shaking his head. He  
looks at Leonard on TV, worried.

EXT. MONTREAL STREET - AFTERNOON

SUGAR RAY LEONARD, 20s, walks with his wife JUANITA. She  
pushes a stroller with her son MICKEY, 5. Leonard's  
trainer ANGELO DUNDEE, SHARON LEONARD (Sugar's sister)  
and her fiance (boxer) WILFRED BENITEZ are all there.

It's a beautiful spring afternoon. People around the  
street eye the champion with admiration.

A YOUNG GIRL, 11, comes to him.

YOUNG GIRL  
Could you give me an autograph for  
my father?

Her FATHER is across the street, waving shyly.

LEONARD  
Of course, baby. What's your  
father's name?

YOUNG GIRL  
Pinot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leonard signs the autograph. Juanita smiles.

LEONARD

Tell your father to root for me.

Leonard waves at the Father as she goes to him.

Dundee focuses his attention in the distance.

ANGELO DUNDEE

Isn't that Duran?

Sugar Ray follows his trainer's eye line and sees

LEONARD

That's him.

Sugar Ray smiles, ready to greet a fellow sportsman.

Duran walking across the street with Pototo. His macho demeanor in contrast with Leonard's family man. They are all waiting at a traffic light, across the street from each other. Duran looks straight at Leonard like a shark looks at his prey.

ANGELO DUNDEE

I wonder how good his English is.

LEONARD

Manos de Piedra!

Sugar Ray smiles and spreads his arms. Duran doesn't react. The traffic light turns green and they walk across the street towards each other.

DURAN

Look at Golden boy? The Rich kid!

Leonard's smile fades with disappointment.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Is this a fighter?

WILFRED BENITEZ

*Respect, Duran, he's with family.*

DURAN

This son of a bitch rich kid? Or you are talking about that whore?

LEONARD

Hey man, there are children here.

Mickey looks worried at the interchange.  
Pototo is shocked and afraid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DURAN

I can see one Golden spoon child  
who thinks he can fight a man.

ANGELO DUNDEE

Let's get out of here.

Angelo tries to pull Leonard away from the street. The light turns red and the cars honk their horns. A crowd gathers around the group. Juanita is horrified.

LEONARD

Save that for the ring man, I'm  
with my family.

DURAN

You are a pussy. All you fuckin do  
is jump around and sell Dr.Pepper.

JUANITA

Behave yourself.

LEONARD

Let's go. Let's go.

Leonard leads his family away. Gives Duran a mad look, teary eyed in anger, humiliated.

DURAN

(to Juanita)

You shut up too, you hear me? I'm  
going to kill your husband in a  
month so you better be finding  
yourself a new one.

ANGELO DUNDEE

Wash your mouth before you talk to  
a woman, you idiot.

LEONARD

Let's go, babe. Let's go.

The Leonards walk away as Duran stares at them.

POTOTO

*That was a little much, man.*

DURAN

*Want me to win this fight or not?*

Pototo hesitates.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*He'll go crazy now.*

INT. LEONARD'S TRAINING GYM, MONTREAL - DAY

Leonard goes loco punching his training bag. He curses as he punches. Dundee watches him, concerned.

ANGELO DUNDEE

Don't let him get to you, kid.

But it's too late. Leonard is possessed with anger.

INT. DURAN'S TRAINING GYM, MONTREAL - DAY

Duran skips rope in a training shirt that reads "BONJOUR". He is surrounded by journalists who are laughing his jokes. TV crews surround him.

DURAN

That's America for ya. He looks good on TV? Give him a contract. He a pretty rich boy? Give him a belt.

The crowd laughs with Duran. Plomo stands by the ropes and laughs as well.

DURAN (CONT'D)

I came here to fight a man and all they gave me is a pretty boy. A product of Television.

He stops skipping rope as the crowd continues laughing.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Did you see his Diet Coke commercial?

Another laugh. Duran is now in comedian mode.

DURAN (CONT'D)

The guy calls himself Sugar and is selling you sugar free shit?

The crowd starts clapping.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Maybe that's what we'll have... a Sugar free fight.

Duran starts skipping rope in a squatting position as everyone cheers impressed and excited.

EXT. MONTREAL STREET - NIGHT

Ray walks by himself. The streets are lonely.

Duran jogs up. Ray keeps walking. Duran walks next to Ray, puts an arm around him, Ray shakes it off.

RAY ARCEL

Get off of me.

DURAN

I'm sorry, Dad.

RAY ARCEL

Go away.

DURAN

I know... I screwed up.

Ray stops and looks at Duran, who smiles childishly.

RAY ARCEL

You are better than that, Cholo.

Duran shakes his head turning on the charm.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

It cheapens you to humiliate a woman and a child.

DURAN

My entire country was humiliated by yours. Women, children, everyone, for years... If you are going to be on this side of the ring, you can't forget that.

Ray thinks about that, looks away, shaking his head.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Do you know what's like to be hungry when some fuckin' army is exploiting your land? Do you know what's hunger? Not like I'm a little hungry... I'm talking about hunger that drives you to search into the garbage for leftovers... that makes you unable to distinguish between a fresh dish and a rotten fruit.

RAY ARCEL

You wanna be a warrior, avenge your people... fine by me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

But a real warrior does not mess  
with women and children... and if  
you want me on your side of the  
ring... you can't forget that.

Now is Duran who looks away, begrudgingly accepting.

DURAN

I'm not gonna apologize.

RAY ARCEL

What's done it's done... But I  
want to know we have a deal.

Duran nods, can't look at Ray, but still he nods.

DURAN

Only if you buy me a drink.

Ray smiles, fatherly.

INT. MONTREAL BAR - NIGHT

A crowded bar laughs at Duran's jokes on TV when Duran  
himself walks in the bar with Ray. A silence, everyone in  
shock to see him there.

DURAN

What's happening family? Round of  
beers for everyone!

The crowd cheers. The Barman starts pouring glass after  
glass. Ray is amused by Duran's mastery of the crowd. On  
TV, LEONARD'S DR.PEPPER COMMERCIAL. Duran points at it.

DURAN (CONT'D)

You think I can beat this guy?

MANY IN THE CROWD

Fuck yeah!

Then an interview in close up of Leonard:

LEONARD (TV)

Duran's tough guy attitude works  
in the ring but should be left for  
the ring only.

Duran laughs and the bar laughs with him.

DURAN

He thinks this is a TV show?

On TV, images of Leonard jumping around the ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN (CONT'D)

He's a monkey dancing for money!

And Duran starts imitating Leonard's dance, to the bar's delight. Then an interview with Duran on TV:

DURAN ON TV

If Leonard is afraid he should  
just say so.

A cheer goes up. Duran grabs a pitcher and starts clinking the glass with everyone in the bar, laughing.

INT. HOTEL WYNN, MONTREAL - NIGHT

Sugar Ray sits on a bed watching the same interviews. He turns off the TV. Juanita next to him in a robe.

LEONARD

Never been called rich boy before.

JUANITA

Don't listen to that animal.

LEONARD

I'm no rich boy. I had nothing.

JUANITA

Babe, he wants to blow your  
concentration.

LEONARD

He just needs a serious beating.

INT. APARTMENT IN MONTREAL - DAY

Felicidad wakes up, sees Duran sitting on the side of the bed, looking concerned.

FELICIDAD

What's up baby?

Duran is sweating... can't hide his emotions.

DURAN

I... I don't want to... I guess..  
I don't want to disappoint.

She comes close, kisses his shoulders.

FELICIDAD

Look at me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He does. Suddenly Roberto Jr, now 10, and Robin, now 7, come in the room running.

ROBIN

Daaaad! We're ready to see you  
kill that dude!

Duran is shocked by the words. Felicidad looks mad.

FELICIDAD

Don't say that, Robin.

ROBERTO JR.

Father said it on TV.

DURAN

It's my job to say those things.  
But it's wrong to say that if its  
not your job to say it.

Robin nods, not sure if he understands the reasoning.

ROBIN

So you are not gonna kill him?

DURAN

Of course I'm gonna...

FELICIDAD

(interrupts)

...It's all an act. He says those  
things so the fight is more fun.

Robin and Roberto Jr. are puzzled.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

Come, let's get you dressed.

Felicidad leads the kids outside. As they walk out she turns to Duran.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

It's not gonna be easy to raise  
those kids with the madness you  
show on TV.

DURAN

They shouldn't watch TV.

She smiles, comes close to him. They look at each other.  
Duran still fighting emotions.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm gonna win?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FELICIDAD

We all want you to win. But  
tonight is not only about you...  
it's about respect for our  
people... As long as you remember  
that, you'll never disappoint.

Duran likes the sound of that.

INT. MONTREAL STADIUM - NIGHT

A roaring ovation from the stadium as Duran enters the ring. He's wearing a white robe with Marlboro logos, completely concentrated, even as he waves at the crowd.

Ray, Carlos Eleta and Plomo enter next to him.

Legendary boxing journalist HOWARD COSELL is here.

HOWARD COSELL

(broadcast)

Duran has become the audience  
favorite after an aggressive  
training process in town. He has  
been so menacing...

Wilfred Benitez sits ringside.

WILFRED BENITEZ

*You're dead meat Duran!*

Duran turns, looks at him for a second, but it doesn't affect his concentration. He's totally focused.

A SHOT FROM THE LAST SEAT IN THE STADIUM OVER VIEWING THE WHOLE THING. CUT TO REVEAL:

Felicidad, seated in the very back of the stadium, watching the fight from as far away as she can, holding a Black Christ rosary in hands.

Ray Arcel is talking to the Referee CARLOS PADILLA.

RAY ARCEL

You gotta let them fight, man. My  
guy needs you to let him box.

CARLOS PADILLA

I let everyone box when they are  
not playing dirty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY ARCEL

Look at the ring, man. A twenty foot ring they gave us, the sons of guns. If you don't let them fight we'll be watching two men running all night.

CARLOS PADILLA

To your corner, to your corner.

RAY ARCEL

Biggest ring I ever saw.

HOWARD COSELL

The Referee tonight is Carlos Padilla, who magnificently oversaw the Thriller in Manila between Frazier and Ali.

DON KING in da house. Ismael Laguna as well.

ANNOUNCER

And now, the Golden Boy,  
undefeated Welter Weight Champion  
of the World, Sugar Ray Leonard!

And its almost unanimous, the audience starts to BOOO! Leonard is walked towards the ring by Dundee and his physical trainers. He is sweating. He is nervous. The reaction from the crowd is simply devastating for him.

HOWARD COSELL

This Glory of American sports appears to have seriously lost this city in popularity to Roberto Duran. The crowd is booing the champ, ladies and gents. And this has to be a surprise for Leonard who in this very stadium surprised the world by winning Olympic gold.

Leonard enters the ring to a smattering of boos.

PLOMO

(to Duran)

*It's like boxing in Panama, Cholo!*

Juanita sits next to Sharon and Wilfred Benitez. The three of them on edge with the booing audience.

HOWARD COSELL

We can see Ray Arcel and Freddie Brown. More than a hundred years of boxing acumen behind them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOWARD COSELL (CONT'D)

And in Leonard's corner we find  
another legendary trainer, Angelo  
Dundee, who trained Ali for his  
best fights. Probably the best two  
trainers and two of the best  
fighters of all time here tonight.

Carlos Eleta does his thing, working the ringside crowd.

RAY ARCEL

Leonard hasn't faced the likes of  
you. Don't let him run.

DURAN

He won't run.

RAY ARCEL

If you keep him against the ropes  
he won't.

DURAN

He rather lose than run. Watch.

Leonard is on edge, furious. Angelo Dundee does his best.

ANGELO DUNDEE

Focus on your game, Ray. Stick and  
move. Stick and move.

But Leonard is consumed by fury. No strategy can be  
processed... he is just mad.

HOWARD COSELL

Leonard today becomes the highest  
paid boxer in history... but I  
have the feeling that's not what  
he's thinking right now.

A YOUNG BLONDE GIRL is given the mic.

YOUNG GIRL

Oh, say, can you see, by the  
dawn's early light,

And we close on DURAN. He hasn't heard the US National  
Anthem in a while, but it still gives him chills...

He stares at Leonard, his sweaty face in deep contrast  
with Duran's complete dryness.

ON THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE OF PANAMA. The US National  
Anthem making them anxious, uncomfortable, angry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)  
O'er the land of the free and the  
home of the brave!

The BELL

Duran vs Leonard alone in the ring, with Padilla.  
Duran attacks. His belligerence matching his speed and  
movement.

Duran lands a couple of combinations. But to everyone's  
surprise, Leonard is not jumping around with his usual  
speed. He's planted in front of Duran, more furious and  
emotion driven than a pro should ever be.

RAY ARCEL  
That's it Cholo! He's yours.

HOWARD COSELL  
Duran grazes Leonard with a right.  
Lands a left hook to the neck that  
wobbles Leonard!

The stadium goes up in cheers.

Leonard finds himself in a place he had never been as a  
pro: He is pushed against the ropes. Dundee pulls his  
hair. Leonard's crab-grip is broken by Padilla.

The Bell.

Leonard looks at Duran and smiles, as if to signal he  
hasn't been punched. But the gesture doesn't change  
anything... Duran is ahead and the stadium is with him.

Dundee locks eyes with Ray Arcel. Ray winks at Dundee.

Leonard sits. Dundee in front of him.

ANGELO DUNDEE  
Who the fuck are you today?

LEONARD  
This ain't about boxing... this is  
honor I'm fighting for here.

ANGELO DUNDEE  
Fuck that shit.

Slowmo on Duran's famous evil stare, and Leonard looking  
back... affected.

IN EL CHORRILLO

The children are shouting at Duran's image on the TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHILDREN

*You got him Hands of Stone! He's  
dead! You got him.*

ON FELICIDAD, in the last row of the stadium, biting her  
nails. Pototo reaches her. She looks at him hopefully.

POTOTO

He's on top. Untouched.

She smiles... her voice breaks:

FELICIDAD

I know.

ON ELETA, smiling, excited.

PLOMO

(to Duran)

*He's a black bitch. Kill that  
black bitch.*

Ray eyes Plomo's black skin and just shrugs.

RAY ARCEL

*Yeah, kill that black bitch.*

THE BELL

Duran lands a right cross over a feeble jab. Leonard  
covers up.

Another left hook lands on Leonard's throat and a  
straight right jolts his head.

Duran seems possessed.

ON JUANITA LEONARD. She watches her man being punished by  
this devil. Her sister consoles her, also crying.

ON CLARA, Smoking Tobacco Santeria style. She blows smoke  
over her altar to Virgin del Carmen and the Black Christ.

ON SCREEN: FIFTH ROUND

ON RAY... his Spanish improving...

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

*Arriba! Arriba! Arriba!*

Leonard catches Duran off balance and unloads for the  
first time in the fight. The hooks come wide and fast.

Duran is punished badly. FLASHES TO MARINES LAUGHING. The  
energy in the stadium reaches insane levels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Historians will call this the best fight in boxing history and here we see why.

ON FELICIDAD AS SHE WINCES

Duran punches back. It's a brutal mano a mano.

WILFRED BENITEZ

*Fuck you Duran! You fuckin' cunt!  
You fuckin' asshole!*

ON SCREEN: EIGHT ROUND.

Duran sneers and shakes his head after a left that hurts. But he keeps the exchanges close to nullify Leonard.

ON PADILLA, the Referee, letting them fight.

ON GENERAL TORRIJOS Pacing around the room.

CARLOS ELETA

*Don't waste this Duran!*

DURAN jams his head into Leonard's chin, and follows it by raking his head into his eyes.

A concerned Leonard checks his forehead for blood. Duran surges into him again, hooking off a jab.

Leonard fights back with trademark flurries but Duran paws at him with a jab, waiting for the fourth one to deliver an overhand right that catches Sugar on the chin.

ON JUANITA as she faints.

Wilfred Benitez waves at a STAFF GUY, who comes running. Wilfred and the guy take her out in their arms.

ON LEONARD... He doesn't notice his wife's fainting.

Duran tries a combination, yet Leonard fires back with a stunning overhand right, his best punch of the night... The STADIUM cheers.

THE BELL.

ON FELICIDAD, about to faint herself. She's with Pototo.

CARLOS ELETA (CONT'D)

*Go for the knock out!*

RAY ARCEL

*We gotta try to knock him out,  
Roberto. You never know with these  
darn judges.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Duran, a blackening bump under his eyes, is so focused he doesn't seem to be listening to Ray.

ANGELO DUNDEE

Last round champ. It's now or  
never. We gotta win or lose the  
fight now.

Leonard stares at Duran. Duran waves "come on", ironic,  
with his glove.

FIFTEENTH ROUND

Leonard comes out of the corner fired up and lands  
another overhand right that leads to

A FLASH... DURAN'S MIND POV: LEONARD as a US MARINE  
SHOOTING A MACHINE GUN...

BACK IN THE RING, ON DURAN... possessed. Throwing furious  
punches... Leonard defends himself... it's the peak of  
the fight. A toe-to-toe, blood and guts exchange...

It's a quick montage of punches cut to the beat of raw  
drums... with the visceral reactions of:

CLARA, crying.

RAY, serious.

CARLOS ELETA, getting to Duran's corner, worried.

FELICIDAD, eyes closed.

THE CHILDREN IN PANAMA, punching the air.

THE CROWD IN THE STADIUM, having the time of their lives.

CARLOS ELETA

(to Arcel)

They can steal the decision.

RAY ARCEL

I know.

WILFRED BENITEZ, ready to jump in the ring to fight.

TORRIJOS, shouting crazy shit.

THE FINAL BELL

DURAN struts as if he owns the fight.

Leonard raises his arms.

Duran passes next to him and shoves him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

DURAN

Get the hell out of here, you  
shit. You know you're shit.

Duran whirls around the ring like a con released from  
solitary confinement.

DURAN (CONT'D)

I did it! Ray Leonard is mierda!

ON FELICIDAD running down the stairs with Pototo.

ON RAY as he embraces Duran, trying to calm him down.

RAY ARCEL

Stop the madness or you'll be  
penalized.

But Duran frees himself from his arms and walks to the  
ropes to stand in front of Wilfred Benitez. He points at  
him and grabs his crotch.

DURAN

Who's the cunt now? Maricon!  
You've got no balls. Get over here  
and I'll kill you too.

Duran's bestiality brings the worst out in the crowd...  
Scattered fights break out around the arena.

ON CLARA, crucifix in hand, talking to the Virgin del  
Carmen on the altar.

CLARA

*He's a good creature with a tough  
life. Forgive him.*

ON THE ANNOUNCER IN THE RING:

ANNOUNCER

Judge Harry Gibbs calls it 145-144  
for Roberto Duran.

Duran raises his arms. Celebrates. Leonard half smiles.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Judge Angelo Poletti calls it 147  
to 147, it's a draw.

The Crowd boos. Carlos Eleta bites his nails.

DURAN

A draw my ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

ANNOUNCER

And judge Raymond Baldeyrou calls  
it 146 to 144 for the new  
Lightweight Champion of the world:  
ROBERTO DURAN!

Carlos Eleta carries Duran on his shoulders...

DURAN

I beat the best in the world!

Felicidad enters the ring. He holds her hand.

CUT TO:

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE OF THE REAL DURAN RECEIVED IN PANAMA.

A sea of people greeting the champ. Duran dressed in  
white with a white Panama hat, shows the belt to a mad  
parading crowd. The crowd is dancing to African drums.  
It's wild, exuberant, and totally euphoric.

EXT. PODIUM - DAY

General Torrijos gives Duran the keys to Panama City.

TORRIJOS

*I declare this day, June 24th, the  
ROBERTO DURAN DAY, which from here  
on will be a holiday in Panama.*

The million strong crowd cheers.

Duran gives Torrijos a hug, receives the Key. Gives it to  
Felicidad. Then points to his championship belt and from  
the bottom of his heart:

DURAN

*This thing I got hanging below is  
yours!*

And even though he shakes the belt, his unfortunate line  
gets a massive laugh from the people of Panama.  
Duran looks around, puzzled by the laughter.  
Men in the crowd grab their crotches shouting:

MEN IN THE CROWD

*This thing I got hanging below is  
yours!*

Duran reacts and laughs.

DURAN

*You guys have a twisted mind!*

EXT. STUDIO 54. NYC - NIGHT

The famous logo above the door. Duran enters, covered in bling, Felicidad on his arm, shining with diamonds, dressed Cyndi Lauper style, sexy as hell. Two new friends, ABUELA LOPEZ AND CHIVO SAGUR follow them inside.

INT. STUDIO 54. NYC - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is hot and glamorous... they all greet Duran and Felicidad as they stroll inside the club.

LATER: Chivo and Abuela are sitting with two blondes doing the biggest rails of blow ever seen on film.

DURAN  
(to Chivo)  
*We're leaving.*

Chivo looks at Duran wondering "why?" with coked up eyes.

DURAN (CONT'D)  
*There's only faggots here.*

Chivo points at the chicks and their bottles.

CHIVO SAGUR  
*Can we pay for their drinks?*

Duran smiles. Takes out a huge wad of hundreds...

DURAN  
Of course!!!

INT. CALLE 54, CLUB - NIGHT

A full Salsa orchestra. Duran has the microphone. He can actually sing.

DURAN  
*I told... my people... we never  
lose... I told my angel, she's got  
foot lose.*

The ambiance is filled with drugs, tits and ass.

Felicidad chats with BLONDE CHICKS by a booth.

Duran hits the congas speed bag style. It's a display of boxing and musical ability at the same time. Felicidad doesn't worry about the girls drooling.

EXT. GORGEOUS BEACH, HAWAII - SUNSET

AERIAL: A black man jogging. He reaches the end of the beach as we close on him.

Sugar Ray Leonard, physically recovered, mentally troubled. He keeps jogging until he reaches his family -- playing in the sand at the end of the beach. He kisses Juanita and plays with his son.

I/E. HAWAII RESORT, SUITE BALCONY - NIGHT

Leonard watches Duran on TV, being interviewed by HOWARD COSELL. Don King next to him.

HOWARD COSELL ON TV  
Do you respect Sugar Ray Leonard?

Duran smiles his evil smile.

DURAN ON TV  
Suuuuure... Leonard... you are my  
friend... NOW!

And he clearly means "now that you lost"...

Leonard turns off the TV. He grabs a phone and dials.

LEONARD  
Angelo, talk to Don King. Duran  
shouldn't fight anyone but me. Set  
a rematch immediately. He'll be  
partying like crazy in the next  
few months.  
(beat)  
Great.

Leonard hangs up. Stares out at the ocean. He's a man with a resolution, the beginning of a long spiritual journey of recovery. Juanita enters.

JUANITA  
You okay?

Leonard gives her an affectionate kiss.

LEONARD  
I will be.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, NYC - DAY

Ray Arcel walks with Stephanie, a beautiful morning. A GIRL with a balloon reaches them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL

Mr. Ray?

Ray and Stephanie look at her, surprised.

RAY ARCEL

Yes, honey?

GIRL

My uncle wanted me to tell you...

Ray looks up and sees, by the picnic of an Italian family: Marco, the mafioso, waving.  
His presence gives Stephanie chills. Ray waves back.

GIRL (CONT'D)

He wanted to tell you that you and him are square.

Ray listens to the Girl. Looks up... Marco, a hand on his heart, gestures thanks, and smiles an honest smile.

Stephanie sighs. Ray waves back at Marco with a small smile. Then keeps walking with his wife.

INT. ELETA MANSION, OFFICE - DAY

Carlos Eleta drinks cognac.

CARLOS ELETA

Maybe next year.

He sits across the table from Don King.

DON KING

Ten million dollars.

A beat as Eleta thinks in silence, hiding any reaction.  
He writes down ten million on a piece of paper.

DON KING (CONT'D)

You heard correctly. You'll have the best paid fighter in history.

Eleta stands up, walks to the window and looks out.

CARLOS ELETA

I'll get back to you.

Don King stands up.

DON KING

You got a week to respond.

I/E. ROLLS ROYCE, PANAMA STREET - DAY

Eleta in the back, driven by a DRIVER with white gloves.  
He looks out the window, thinking.

EXT. DURAN'S HOUSE SWIMMING POOL - DAY

A hundred people Party at the POOL. A Salsa band live.

Duran is playing with a baby LION, wrestling and roaring  
like puppies on top of each other.

Duran is heavier than we last saw him. A beer in hand.  
His hair and beard are long. Girls around his friends.

Duran gives the Lion a sip of his beer, laughs.

Eleta enters, finds Duran laying on the ground.

CARLOS ELETA

They want a rematch, Cholo.

Duran barely looks at him, he's completely drunk.

DURAN

A rematch?

(pause)

For who?

Eleta sees his fighter looking like a bum, and the  
debauchery around him worries him. There's girls, food  
and alcohol. And a fuckin' lion.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Is Leonard still alive?

The Lion licks Duran. Duran giggles.

CARLOS ELETA

They're offering ten million.

That gets Duran's attention.

DURAN

What is he a masochist?

CARLOS ELETA

Think you can beat him again?

DURAN

Suuuuure. You put God in the ring  
and I'll beat him too.

Eleta loses his patience.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOS ELETA

Where's your wife? You should  
discuss it with her.

(Duran ignores him)  
You're getting fat.

DURAN

Fuck you, man. You can't call me  
fat when you are a fuckin'  
parasite of mine.

Eleta swallows the insult. He turns and leaves.

CARLOS ELETA

You're fat, Duran.

On the roof of the house, we notice Chaflan, 30s, and  
some kids from El Chorrillo. Chaflan signals them to be  
silent, and jumps one story down into the pool, falling  
in "bomb" position, soaking Celia and her musicians, and  
a good chunk of the guests, completely wet.

The music stops. The kids crack up and run off, but the  
guests and the musicians don't find the joke amusing.

Duran gets up, pissed, leaves the Lion.

DURAN

(to Chaflan)  
*What the fuck, man?!*

Chaflan has never seen Duran mad at him, so he laughs.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Get the hell out of there! Now!*

Chaflan reacts surprised and terrified. The party is  
silent. Even the Lion is afraid (a trainer grabs it).  
Duran is overreacting because of the alcohol, and nobody  
wants to see him get violent. But nobody dares stop him.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Get out! You fuckin' idiot.*

Chaflan looks around, everyone seems mad at him.  
Duran looks furious. So Chaflan starts crying.

CHAFLAN

*You idiot I'm not getting out!*

Duran sees him crying and reacts with regret. Felicidad  
enters. Walks to Duran. Duran sees her... feels guilty.

FELICIDAD

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Duran shakes his head, turns away, heads to the house and disappears through the door.

Chaflan seizes the moment to get out of the pool, sobbing, and runs out of the house.

Felicidad sees him go... and in her eyes we see how there's a lot more that leaves her home with Chaflan. She turns around and all she sees is parasites.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

Party is over... go home.

She turns and walks towards the house.  
The guests react, disappointed.

INT. GYM NYC - DAY

Leonard is training hard. At the top of his game.

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE, LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The Larry Holmes-Muhammad Ali fight. The most famous and charismatic sportsman on earth reduced to a punchbag.

Duran is completely drunk sitting ring side with two hot chicks. His entire row is occupied by Abuela Lopez, Chivo Sagur, various military men, surrounded by Vegas Escorts.

The MYSTERIOUS MAN we met and remember from the Buchanan fight, approaches Duran's row. He sees Duran and stops. Stares at him, struggling with a decision. He moves towards Duran, ready to introduce himself. But as he gets closer he realizes Duran is completely drunk. He stops, has second thoughts, and walks away.

The Ali fans in the stadium are devastated. Some are crying. A living legend is dying in the ring. But Duran and his entourage are drunk and couldn't care less.

The Referee stops the fight.

Holmes raises his arms but nobody celebrates him.

Duran sees Ali in his darkest hour and stands, raising his arms and says:

DURAN

Ali is gone... Now I'm the  
greatest!

The spectators around him aren't impressed. He's nearing 200 pounds and is so drunk... a sad image.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN IN THE CROWD

The greatest fatso in boxing.

ANOTHER ONE

The greatest asshole you are!

Duran looks at them, too drunk to react violently, and a bit surprised to be disrespected like that. The chicks hanging with him keep him from falling and make him sit.

DURAN

I... fuckin' kill you all.

INT. SUITE AT THE CESAR'S PALACE - NIGHT

BLOM! Duran punches a "PUNCHING POWER ARCADE MACHINE". The Machine chimes "WINNER" and spits out coins. The posse cracks up.

DURAN

Roberto Duran, Champion of the world!

Everyone laughs. About 30 people here. Some play billiards, snort rails, drink Don Perignon... a couple fuck in the bathroom. This is an amazing suite overlooking the Vegas Strip, and one hell of a party. Old School Salsa plays all around. It's the golden era of boxing -- Latino style.

Duran puts in another token, punches it again and the machine repeats WINNER! to everyone's celebration.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Roberto Duran! Champion of the world!

He laughs. They all laugh.

ABUELA LOPEZ

Cholo!

Duran turns and sees Abuela waving at him to come. He follows him into the room. In the bed the two hot chicks from the fight mess around, doing blow from each others mostly naked bodies.

Abuela hands him a bottle of Gold Label and Duran drinks directly from it.

ABUELA LOPEZ (CONT'D)

*There's this guy in the lobby,  
wants to talk to you.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN  
Who the fuck?

ABUELA LOPEZ  
Margarito.

Duran reacts slightly.

DURAN  
What Margarito?

ABUELA LOPEZ  
Duran.  
(a beat)  
Margarito Duran.

Duran reacts, confused, unsure, shocked.

INT. LOBBY, CESAR'S PALACE - LATER

Duran walks out escorted by two bodyguards and Abuela Lopez. The crowd reacts with excitement to his presence.

He passes by the Casino. Sees Felicidad glued to a Poker table with her FEMALE FRIENDS. She is gambling insane amounts of money. Duran notices but keeps walking.

Duran reaches the fountain in the center of the lobby, finds a guy in his late forties, half white, half Mexican MARGARITO DURAN, the Mysterious man is Duran's father.

Margarito reacts, shy and guilty but proud. He extends a hand. Duran looks him in the eye, then shakes his hand. This is a very emotional moment for both of them.

MARGARITO  
How are you?

DURAN  
I'm okay.

A long, uncomfortable beat as Duran sizes him up.

MARGARITO  
Coffee?

DURAN  
Sure.

INT. COFFEE SHOP AT THE CESAR'S PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

Margarito sits in front of Duran. Two cups of Coffee on the table. The Guards and Abuela give Duran space. They are both working really hard to hide their emotions.

MARGARITO

What do you think of the fight?

Duran smiles at Margarito's failed attempt to chit chat.

DURAN

It was okay.

MARGARITO

All heros have to die, right?

Duran nods. Margarito smiles nervously, didn't mean to make it sound like more than that.

DURAN

Why now?

Margarito realizes this won't be easy.

MARGARITO

Saw you on TV... was in town.

(pause)

I said to myself why not...

Duran nods, fixing him with an intense gaze.

MARGARITO (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm not proud of what I did... but look... you are the world champ... it couldn't have...

DURAN

She was fourteen years old... with no money and your son.

MARGARITO

I was in the army. When they say you got to leave there are no ifs... you gotta go.

Margarito shakes his head, trying to explain, but knowing nothing could. A long silence as Margarito shrugs.

DURAN

What do you want?

MARGARITO

Nothing. Just thought I'd say hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN  
(simply)  
Hi.

Margarito allows himself the pleasure of looking at Duran like a proud father. He nods slowly.

DURAN (CONT'D)  
I thought you were a gringo.

Margarito laughs nervously.

MARGARITO  
I am American.

DURAN  
You look Mexican to me.

MARGARITO  
I'm of Mexican descent.  
(pause)  
What? You thought I was blonde  
with blue eyes?

Margarito laughs. Duran wants to vomit. His dad is so random, he is also hard to hate. Margarito stops laughing

MARGARITO (CONT'D)  
All I can say is I'm sorry.  
But I'm proud of you.

Duran just stares. Margarito stands up, and for a second considers giving Duran a hug. But nothing in Duran's body language invites him to. So he offers a hand. Duran shakes his hand without looking at him. And Margarito leaves, his eyes misting.

Duran sees him go, pensive, disappointed.

EXT. STREET OF CHORRILLO - NIGHT

Chafan looks worse than ever. He's drunk from the HANDS OF STONE BEER he's still drinking. He is dirty, poor, lonely, crazy. He sings a mad tune, mumbling Roberto Duran and Manos de Piedra between words.

He hears the sound of tires screeching. A car with a drunk driver is heading directly to him. But Chafan is so drunk he doesn't make any effort to move away.

The car reaches Chafan and HITS him so hard... it's a guaranteed instant death.

INT. CESAR'S PALACE - MORNING

Duran wakes up from a long night of partying.

FELICIDAD (O.S.)

Out! Out! Everybody out! Come on!

He sits on the bed. There are two girls in underwear next to him, sleeping, their nostrils caked with cocaine.

Chivo Sagur sleeps on the floor. Abuela Lopez is on the sofa in the living room. Two naked girls around him.

Felicidad enters, watches Duran.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

Ugh.

She turns around and leaves. Duran feels guilty.

DURAN

Fula...

INT. CESAR'S PALACE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Duran walks out, Felicidad is ahead in the corridor.

DURAN

Fula... come here.

She keeps walking.

DURAN (CONT'D)

COME HERE I SAID!

FELICIDAD

Fuck you.

She keeps walking. Duran gets mad and runs after her.

DURAN

You stop! you hear me?!

He reaches her in front of the elevators, turns her around violently... and realizes she is pointing a small gold 22 caliber GUN at him.

FELICIDAD

Get away from me.

He sees the gun.

DURAN

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He makes her lower the Gun by lowering his Guard.

FELICIDAD

What am I doing? Here is some  
news: while you were having your  
little party, Chafan was killed.

Duran swallows hard.

DURAN

Chafan? Who told you?

The elevator opens.

FELICIDAD

A car ran him over.

She gets in the elevator.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

(long pause)

I'm sorry.

The elevator closes and Duran is left alone.

Duran begins to cry like a young boy. Completely broken.  
He falls to the ground, alone in the luxurious corridor.  
And we fade the chants of... SANTERIA

EXT. HABANA, SANTERIA SHRINE - NIGHT

A Santeria ritual. Everyone dressed in white except two  
dancing figures disguised as African Gods. The figures  
shake live roosters in each hand. Duran in the middle,  
being "cleansed".

INTERCUT

INT. DON KING'S OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Exactly as you imagine Don's office in the Rockefeller  
Center. He's sitting across the table from Carlos Eleta  
(The chants of Santeria continue on the soundtrack)

DON KING

I've seen it a million times. They  
become champs. They get fat. They  
start loving the pussy, the food,  
the party... and then they fight a  
nobody and lose.

A silent beat. Don King laughs his evil laugh.

EXT. PORTOBELLO, PANAMA - NIGHT

Duran and hundreds of others in the Annual Pilgrimage for The Black Christ. Some whip their backs with ropes - their backs bleeding. Some crawl, their knees bleeding.

ON THE SANTERIA RITUAL

Duran surrounded by SANTEROS and BABALAOS... and on his MENTAL POV we go through a quick MONTAGE OF IMAGES:

Margarito...

The Marines beating him up at the beach...

The student protests...

US troops abusing civilians... burning towns...

Crowds receiving Duran in the airport...

Duran fighting as a kid... beating the Red Head Marine

Punching a horse and knocking it down...

Punching a cop... selling papers in the street...

Chaflan dying dressed as a Clown...

Duran's mother crying her misery... crying while fuckin.

American flags being burnt...

Sugar Ray Leonard being burnt... His face is that of the

Black Christ... Stadiums... Women... Felicidad naked...

Fidel Castro and other Revolutionary leaders proclaiming

Anti-American garbage... Crowds... ice cream... Torrijos.

BACK ON DON KING

DON KING

Then your Golden Goose is gone...

And is usually gone forever...

after all the money and effort you  
put into him.

Eleta nods, struggling with the decision.

DON KING (CONT'D)

You sign now, you get ten million  
win or lose.

CARLOS ELETA

You think he can win?

DON KING

He just did!

Carlos thinks about that. Don King laughs again.

INT. RAY ARCEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Close on Ray, furious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY ARCEL

Fuck you!

Carlos Eleta in the opposite side of the room.

CARLOS ELETA

He's a professional fighter, we're still three months away.

RAY ARCEL

Three months to lose more than 50 pounds! You know what that does to a fighter?

A silence as Ray breathes hard his anger.

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

Wanna squeeze him, don't you? You think he's your fighting monkey.

CARLOS ELETA

Oh please, Ray, you wouldn't have met the kid if it wasn't for me.

RAY ARCEL

You are a darn oligarch. Treating him like an animal because you think he's less than you.

CARLOS ELETA

Are you taking cursing lessons from Duran?

RAY ARCEL

Nobody would put a fighter on that spot. You're going to ruin us all for an easy paycheck.

CARLOS ELETA

An easy paycheck? I've been dealing with this animal for more than a decade, there's nothing...

RAY ARCEL

He's a human being with a tough life!

CARLOS ELETA

He's a horse to me... a racing horse with a big mouth and an even bigger ego. And if he doesn't fight now he'll lose to a nobody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY ARCEL

Says who? He's DURAN! He don't lose to nobody when he's focused. You are taking him out of his rhythm. You are destroying the one moment of true joy the kid's ever had in his life.

Ray's speech causes true hidden pain in Carlos.

INT. NEW YORK CITY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Duran shares a table with Ray and Stephanie.  
Duran eats a burger, fries, which is driving Ray crazy.

DURAN

I met my father the other day.

Ray looks at Duran, surprised.

RAY ARCEL

Did you?

DURAN

He's Mexican.

Ray is confused.

RAY ARCEL

I thought he was American.

DURAN

Well he's technically American... born here and shit. But... I thought he'd look like Paul Newman or something. He looks like Pancho Villa.

They all crack up.

RAY ARCEL

Think you look like Paul Newman?

DURAN

Not really, but Charles Bronson maybe.

They laugh.

STEPHANIE ARCEL

You should invite your father to you fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

Which fight?

Duran looks at Ray, wondering.

Ray is pissed at Stephanie for breaking the news.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Which fight, Ray?

INT. ELETA MANSION, GARAGE - DAY

SLAM!!!! CRASH!!!! A windshield explodes...

Duran, holding a baseball bat takes another swing and  
ZZZZRAAAAAAPAASTZZTZTZZ!!!! destroys another window of  
Eleta's ROLLS ROYCE.

Maids run away in the distance, shouting with fear.

BOOOOOM!!!!!! Duran hits the front of a FERRARI...  
CRASH!!!! He destroys the windows of a LAMBORGINI.

Eleta shows up on the balcony above the garage.

DURAN

Hi!

BAM! BAM! BAM! he smashes the windows of a MASERATI.

CARLOS ELETA

I'm gonna call the police.

Duran smiles at him, then destroys a massive sculpture in  
the entrance of the house. That one hurts Eleta.

DURAN

Call them. They put me in jail you  
lose ten million dollars.

Eleta thinks about that.

Duran hits a bunch of garden lamps. The door of the  
house. A window. Another sculpture. Then drops the bat,  
and slowly wonders off, as if nothing had just happened.  
Behind him an earthquake amount of destruction.

INT. MIAMI GYM - DAY

Fat Duran stands in front of a bag. Something's missing  
in his eyes. He punches the bag and we can tell he's  
trying to regain his anger, his edge...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

He's a loser!

He punches hard, but the hunger is not there anymore...

He tries his version of roaring while punching... - A  
FLASH TO THE BLONDE MARINE OF THE OPENING.

BLONDE MARINE

I told you to stop, Monkey!

BACK TO DURAN punching the bag.

- A FLASH TO THE LATINO MARINE LAUGHING, THE RED HEAD  
MARINE, MARGARITO.

Back to Duran punching the bag, testing his rage, but  
looking like a method actor trying to get into character.  
There's no fury, no passion, no reason to fight.

Felicidad enters. We can tell she wants to make peace.

FELICIDAD

Hey babe.

Duran sees her, cheers up, and gives her a hug.

DURAN

You're not mad?

She shakes her head.

FELICIDAD

Why didn't you tell me you saw  
your father that day?

DURAN

You were playing poker like a rich  
widow.

Felicidad laughs.

FELICIDAD

Like a "rich widow"?

Duran smiles.

DURAN

That's what you look like with a  
pile of money at a poker table.

She smiles...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DURAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I'm not the nice rich  
guy you should have married.

FELICIDAD

Stop it.

She kisses him.

DURAN

There was nothing to that meeting.  
My father is a loser.

Felicidad looks worried.

FELICIDAD

Are you sure?

DURAN

Am I sure he's a loser?

FELICIDAD

No, meeting him, how was it?

Duran shrugs. Looks away. Trying to find words.  
She's concerned, dying to get into his head.

DURAN

Did you bring the kids?

FELICIDAD

They're home with my mom. I just  
had to see you so I stopped here  
for a night.

Abuela Lopez enters with friends, eating pizza.

ABUELA LOPEZ

Whassup Bobby?... And wife...

Duran sees the pizza and turns the other way.

FELICIDAD

Take that away from here.

ABUELA LOPEZ

What?

DURAN

Fuckin' Pizza. Gotta lose weight.

ABUELA LOPEZ

You wanna lose weight you should  
try cocaine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Felicidad rolls her eyes. Duran chuckles.

TIME LAPSE TO:

INT. NEW ORLEANS GYM - DAY

Duran in a bit of a better shape, punching another bag with a lot of effort... he's not the tiger he was before.

ON SCREEN: **ONE MONTH BEFORE THE FIGHT**

Duran is surrounded by 40 PARTY FRIENDS. SALSA plays loud. They are all joking and messing around, teaching salsa to some gringa groupies. There's a Grill with a pig in a corner of the Gym, filling the place with smoke. Many drink alcohol. Even Plomo sits in a corner with a beer and a chick on his lap.

Ray enters the gym, walks to Duran. Plomo notices and stands up quickly, leaves the girl, greets him.

PLOMO

We're still 40 pounds above.

Ray looks at the posse, waves away the smoke from the grill. Plomo signals Abuela, who turns off the music.

RAY ARCEL

This environment won't help you.

DURAN

I need my Panamenian people.

Chivo and Abuela eye Ray ironically.

RAY ARCEL

(to Abuela)

What the heck are you looking at?

ABUELA LOPEZ

Hey man, I'm here with the champ.  
If he tells me to go I'll go.

Ray truly dislikes this whole scenario.

RAY ARCEL

(to Duran)

You're not losing weight fast enough.

He gives Duran some pills.

DURAN

Not that again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY ARCEL  
Where are your brothers?  
(of Duran's shrug)  
Your brothers kept an eye on you.  
These folks are not your friends.

Duran thinks about that, dismisses it with another shrug.

INT. NEW ORLEANS MARRIOT - NIGHT

Duran tries to sleep. A knock on the door. He gets out of bed and opens it, finds a pizza laying on the floor. Duran looks around. Nobody there. He kicks the pizza.

DURAN  
Fuck off!

INT. NEW ORLEANS OFFICE - DAY

Don King, on his knees, pleading with Carlos Eleta.

DON KING  
You can't do this to me!

Carlos looks at Don, embarrassed to see a grown man beg.

DON KING (CONT'D)  
You know how hard Bob Arum would laugh at me?... I'm black, man, the only black promoter in the sport. You pull out they would fry me... they've been dying to.

CARLOS ELETA  
Ray doesn't think Duran can make the weight.

DON KING  
Oh please, Carlos. You gave me your word. You are a man of your word. Nobody will ever believe in your word again if you pull out.

This has an effect on Carlos.

DON KING (CONT'D)  
You signed a contract, man, we'll lose everything. And you'll lose Duran, I can guarantee it. He's already not listening to you.

CARLOS ELETA  
One more month... give us a month.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Don King hits the ground with his head, crying.

DON KING

You know that's impossible. We got CBS, the stadiums, the sponsors, the tickets, if we cancel they'll never talk to us again.... He's a pro, he needs to get in shape...

Carlos sits, wipes his face, torn. Don King cries.

DON KING (CONT'D)

I'm fuckin' done, man.

Carlos looks at Don King with a mix of pity and disgust. He thinks about the hardest decision of his life. He is enraged by the humiliating display. And loses it:

CARLOS ELETA

Just stand up, man!

DON KING

You're staying?

CARLOS ELETA

Just fucking stand up!

Don King jumps and hugs Eleta. Eleta looks nauseated.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - AFTERNOON

Leonard runs through a heavily African American neighborhood. The people around him cheer.

BLACK MAN

You're gonna get him this time brother!

Some black children join him running after him. Leonard is in perfect shape.

BLACK GIRL

Keep it up champ!

INT. NEW ORLEANS MARRIOTT - NIGHT

Duran tries to sleep. A knock on the door. He walks to it, opens and finds A GORGEOUS NAKED BLACK WOMAN.

NAKED BLACK WOMAN

You wanna play?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

Go fuck yourself.

Duran shuts the door on her.

NAKED BLACK WOMAN

(from outside)

Hey! I'm already paid for.

Duran walks inside, sits on the bed. Looks around. This gorgeous suite his lonely prison. He dials the phone.

INTERCUT

INT. DURAN'S HOUSE IN PANAMA - NIGHT

Felicidad picks up, putting the Kids to sleep.

DURAN

Hey babe.

FELICIDAD

What's going on?

DURAN

Nothing... they're trying to fuck with me here.

FELICIDAD

Who is?

DURAN

Leonard, I guess. I feel like shit. I can't eat. And Ray gives me this diarrheic pills... it's unbearable.

FELICIDAD

You want me to go there?

DURAN

Yes, please come. Bring the kids. I need to see you.

FELICIDAD

Okay, we'll leave tomorrow.

DURAN

Love you.

FELICIDAD

Love you too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hangs up. Another knock at the door.  
Duran goes towards it ready to kill anyone and finds...

ABUELA LOPEZ  
Whassup chief... why did you kick  
out the girl? She was hot.

DURAN  
You sent that thing in here?

ABUELA LOPEZ  
Fuck yeah... I though you would  
appreciate some decent fuckin'.

Duran shakes his head.

DURAN  
No dude, I'm trying to lose weight  
and shit...

ABUELA LOPEZ  
Fuckin' is good to lose weight.

Duran thinks about that.

ABUELA LOPEZ (CONT'D)  
Don't let them control you, man.  
You're the champ. Don't ever  
forget that. They need you, not  
you them.

Abuela winks. Duran doesn't know what to think.

INT. PRESS ROOM, NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Duran with the mic... The place is packed.

DURAN  
You're going to see blood in this  
fight. I hate to see clowns in the  
ring. You have to come into the  
ring and fight. Leonard tries to  
imitate Ali, but an imitator is a  
loser. I'm going to knock you out.  
I don't like you.

A mild reaction from the crowd, Duran is not convincing.

JOURNALIST  
How do you feel about that  
statement, Ray?

Leonard grabs the microphone and with a smile says:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEONARD

I think Duran's a lovable guy, and  
I want my son to be just like him.

A general laughter. Duran mocked for the first time.

DURAN

I'll adopt him when you're dead.

LEONARD

Listen, I think Duran is a tough,  
impressive and intelligent  
fighter... and we're going to see  
a great fight.

This gets a loud applause. Duran doesn't like that.

LATER

Duran stands on the scales. Ray and Carlos Eleta next to  
him. Duran pulls his stomach in... holds his breath and..

JUDGE

Approved!

He makes the weight. Carlos Eleta sighs, makes the sign  
of the cross on his chest. Press and judges around nod  
satisfied. Ray pats Duran on the back.

RAY ARCEL

Amazing job champ.

INT. PRE-FIGHT MEAL ROOM - LATER

Duran eats like a starved animal.  
Felicidad watches, concerned.

Two eggs, grits, peaches, toast, an orange, two T-bone  
steaks, peas, French fries and fried chicken... with beef  
consomme, hot tea, Kool-Aid and orange juice...

FELICIDAD

Stop it, you're gonna feel bad.

DURAN

I'm dying already... I need food.

Duran wolfs as if he was still in Chorrillo scavenging  
leftovers: The door opens and Duran's mother enters.

CLARA

Robertico...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

*Hey mom... blessings.*

Duran stands and kisses her.

CLARA

*God bless you...*

*(pause)*

*This city is packed with witches.*

Clara puts a Black Christ crucifix around Duran's neck.

CLARA (CONT'D)

*This will protect you. From the  
demons outside and inside.*

Duran throws her a worried look.

CLARA (CONT'D)

*The Black Christ doesn't give you  
what you want, but what you need.*

Duran kisses the Black Christ, eyes closed in prayer.

INT. SUPERDOME, NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

The audience in the stadium is mostly African American. Many carry Voodoo dolls and instruments of black magic.

Leonard enters wearing black trunks, shoes and socks. His entire team wears black. He looks like a panther. The stadium cheers.

Then Duran enters and the stadium boos big time. Duran still wears his macho attitude. He turns to Ray.

DURAN

*I feel like shit.*

RAY ARCEL

*Focus on the fight, the pain will  
go away.*

Carlos Eleta walks ring side doing his old wolf thing. THOMAS HEARNS greets him. Wilfred Benitez eyes them nearby. Opposite him a lane with Abuela and Chivo.

Clara sits next to Felicidad at the end of the stadium, and from their perspective the whole scene looks like a Voodoo celebration. Clara crosses herself. Pototo and Toti are not here tonight.

Narrating for CBS, HOWARD COSELL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD COSELL

And now Ray Charles, in honor of whom Sugar Ray Charles Leonard was baptized, will sing America the Beautiful, which he chose to sing instead of the national anthem.

Duran turns to Arcel, concerned.

DURAN

They're not gonna sing the anthem?

Ray shakes his head no. Duran reacts as if he was counting on it.

Real Life footage of RAY CHARLES singing a highly charged rendition of "America The Beautiful". The crowd is moved by the performance.

Leonard sees Ray Charles singing with a smile.

Duran looks around. To one side, he sees one of his SANTEROS praying for him. To the other, hundreds of Voodoo dolls. He feels lost. He hears that beautiful song he's never heard and it gives him chills.

RAY CHARLES

America! America! God shed His  
grace on thee, And crown thy good  
with brotherhood, from sea to  
shining sea!

The stadium cheers. Leonard embraces Charles.

HOWARD COSELL

If that rendition didn't touch,  
didn't move, didn't cause a chill  
along your spine... I don't  
suppose anything could.

RAY CHARLES

(whispers to Leonard)  
Make us proud.

THE BELL

As the two boxers move together, Duran holds out his glove for a respectful tap. Leonard, all business, ignores him. It's a clear reversal of their expected roles. And it infuriates Duran.

Leonard dances like a young Ali as Duran holds the center of the ring. The Referee is OCTAVIO MEYRAN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Leonard jumps from side to side, refusing to let Duran crowd him.

Duran is baited and then nailed with a straight right.

ON FELICIDAD

FELICIDAD  
(to Clara)  
*This place is scary.*

Duran charges Leonard against the ropes but walks into another Leonard right hand.

ON TORRIJOS, his own private party... a look of concern on his face.

ON CARLOS ELETA, hiding his worry.

Duran lands a couple of punches but they don't seem to have the effect they did in Montreal.

PANAMA is already drunk, confident in its champ.

THE BELL

For the first time Leonard looks content with his work.

Plomo cleans Duran's face with a sponge.

RAY ARCEL  
Be the boss, Duran. You are  
letting him run the show... you  
gotta hurt his ego now... he feels  
empowered here.

Duran is distracted by the BLACK GIRL carrying the THIRD ROUND BOARD... everyone seems black tonight... He sees a Black Christ in the audience. Then turns and finds Plomo's black face looking at him.

DURAN  
*You are fuckin' black, Plomo.*

PLOMO  
*You need to cut the bullshit and  
concentrate.*

BACK TO THE FIGHT.

Leonard hurts Duran with a left hook. But Duran responds with an impressive two-punch flurry that puts him back in the game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOWARD COSELL

Leonard fighting for pride tonight  
while Duran defends his place in  
immortality.

Leonard finds an opening for his uppercut. Duran lands a clean left-right combination. But Leonard manages to keep dancing around, moving laterally at speed, making Duran chase him. Duran punches the air frequently.

DURAN

Come on, man. Just fight. Stop  
running.

Leonard suddenly lands a left-right that shakes Duran.

Duran starts looking frustrated, standing in the middle of the ring to follow his dancing opponent.

THE KIDS IN CHORRILLO look concerned.

CLARA prays to her crucifix.

SEVENTH ROUND

ON LEONARD as he continues the show. Dancing around the ring, he tees off on a flailing Duran with a startlingly fast five-punch combination, his back is to the ropes.

And repeats the same machine-gun flurry seconds later.

The stadium cheers in complete euphoria.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Come and fight and quit this  
bullshit!

Leonard suddenly sticks his face out, baiting Duran with an "Ali shuffle", shrugs his shoulders like a body-popper and makes Duran miss twelve punches in a row!

It's a display of public mockery both embarrassing and wondrous to watch.

RAY ARCEL

That's not boxing.

ANGELO DUNDEE

That's it! You are the boss!

Duran looks around and sees people laughing at him.

FLASH! TO DURAN'S FIRST FIGHT IN THE BEACH WITH FEDE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MEN IN THE CROWD  
(flash back)  
OLE... OLE!

BACK IN THE PRESENT: Angelo Dundee laughs.

A FLASH BACK TO THE SANTERIA CEREMONY.

BACK TO THE PRESENT: DURAN losing his patience. Chasing.

Howard Cosell is not pleased with Leonard's show:

HOWARD COSELL  
Leonard is showing his confidence  
but he's doing it the wrong way.

Twenty five seconds left in the round. Leonard playfully winds up his right hand.

Duran goes for him with a jab, but Leonard beats him to the punch with a snapping left. The audience gasps.

THE BELL

Duran angrily and dismissively waves his glove at Leonard.

DURAN  
You are a fuckin' pussy man... a  
ballerina.

Thomas Hearn sitting ring side is also disappointed.

THOMAS HEARN  
Come on Sugar, you came to fight  
not to run!

Duran sits in his corner.

RAY ARCEL  
You are falling for his game. He's  
giving you a taste of your own  
medicine... he's pissing you off.

DURAN  
Well I'm really fuckin' pissed.

RAY ARCEL  
Then knock him out! Force him to  
the ropes and nail him!

CARLOS Eleta  
*Come on Duran! Get on him.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DURAN

I'm fighting alone here. He came  
to dance.

EIGHT ROUND

Leonard moves around the ring and Duran is just furiously chasing him.

Neither fighter is marked. Neither is hurt. But Leonard is fooling around and Duran seems to have lost interest completely. The battle is even more psychological than the first, but a lot less physical.

Leonard continues to sneak in punches. A left and a short right. Duran finally spears Leonard into the ropes with his head. But Leonard moves away and keeps running.

PLOMO

*Catch that pussy and kill him!*

Duran keeps chasing Sugar...  
Sugar nails him against the ropes.

DURAN'S POV: FLASH OF LEONARD STARING AT HIM, in the middle of the ring, dressed AS THE **BLACK CHRIST**.

ON DURAN, confused, shaking his head, furious... chasing Leonard, tired. Wilfred Benitez laughing at him.

FLASH TO TORRIJOS... THE FENCE AROUND THE PANAMA CANAL...

DURAN misses a right.

FLASH TO THE BLEEDING STUDENTS... RIOTS...

DURAN misses a combination.

LEONARD lands a hook that leads into an intercut of the fight with a FLASH ...MARGARITO AS A YOUNG MARINE

MARGARITO

I'm a nobody now and was I nobody  
then.

BACK ON DURAN IN THE RING, as he suddenly... With thirty seconds left in the round, puts up his right fist to signal enough.

Leonard sees Duran's guard down and hits him with a two punch combination to the body that doesn't seem to affect him. He then gives him a bodacious uppercut to the body and Duran doesn't even blink.

Referee Meyran steps between the fighters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Duran turns his back on both.

OCTAVIO MEYRAN  
(to Duran)  
Box! Box!

Duran walks away and raises his glove again. He then looks back towards Leonard, who has moved away to the other side of the ring, and gestures towards him as if simulating masturbation.

DURAN  
You are a faggot clown and I don't  
fight clowns!

Leonard comes back with his fists up, ready to continue. Mayran urges the fighters to resume. Instead he receives another shake of the right fist from Duran.

DURAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not fighting this clown.

Carlos Eleta runs to the ring.

CARLOS ELETA  
You have to fight!

DURAN  
I'm not boxing a ballerina.

OCTAVIO MEYRAN  
What are you talking about?

DURAN  
No peleo mas.

Angelo turns to Leonard.

ANGELO DUNDEE  
He quit on you Ray!

HOWARD COSELL  
He quit!

ANOTHER NARRATOR  
I don't understand it.

HOWARD COSELL  
Duran quit! Said "No Mas"!

Leonard runs and jumps on a ringpost, applauds himself.

Complete confusion and incredulity all around the stadium. But Leonard's celebration gets loud cheers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

As Ray Arcel climbs onto the ring apron, Hands of Stone trudges towards him.

RAY ARCEL

What the hell are you doing?

DURAN

I can't do this Ray... this is bullshit.

A slow montage of the ASTONISHED FACES OF THE PEOPLE OF PANAMA. An idol, a nation's hope... all gone in tears...

Toti, Clara and Felicidad cry holding hands... surrounded by the madness of the cheering crowd.  
PLOMO cries in his corner.

RAY shouts at Duran in slowmo... desperate.

Carlos Eleta pulls his own hair, wants to die.

Leonard is all smiles, looks at Juanita and smiles.  
Howard Cosell puts his mic in front of Duran.

HOWARD COSELL

What happened Duran?

DURAN

I'm retiring from boxing.

Duran steps out of the ring into a rioting crowd throwing drinks and even chairs at him.

Abuela, Plomo, Chivo, Toti... all the Panamenian friends gather around Duran, and they start a long horrifying procession through the angry mob to get Duran from the ring to the dressing room. A chair hits Abuela on the head and makes him bleed. Duran is hidden in the embrace.

CROWD

Fuck you! You coward! You thief!  
You robbed us! Go up and fight!

And this Passion of the Christ style lynching goes on intercut with the heart broken faces of the humble people of Panama... And this is when the music does its part... and this is when we cry.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HYATT REGENCY SUITE - NIGHT

Drums and Maracas. Duran is singing with Abuela Lopez...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN AND ABUELA DUET

In the good times, and the bad  
times.

The 40 strong posse from Panama sing the chorus.  
Duran is drinking whiskey from the bottle... you would  
think he won... if you were judging by this fiesta.

Ray Arcel enters the room. The music stops.

RAY ARCEL

Everyone out of here! Out of here!

Ray literally kicks everyone out of the room.  
Duran doesn't want to look at Ray. The party leaves the  
room with scattered laughs.

After a moment it's Ray and Duran alone. Duran begins to  
cry... the enormity of his disaster dawning on him. Ray  
cries too.

RAY ARCEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sixty three years in boxing... and  
now this...

Duran and Ray get into fetal position, on the floor. Two  
grown men crying. It's a complete nightmare.

RAY ARCEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Nobody quits in my corner.

I/E. WHITE LIMO, STREET OF PANAMA - DAY

A bottle crashes against the window as Duran is driven  
with Felicidad and their five Kids. They drive by Duran's  
mural and see how it has been vandalized with the words:  
**Coward! Traitor!** Parts of it have been torn apart.

The car enters Duran's house. A hundred people outside  
throwing stones at the windows, vandalizing the walls.

Robin cries. Felicidad is shocked and afraid, covering  
her Kids. Duran eyes the crowd with hatred and shame.

INT. DURAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felicidad tucks her five kids into bed.

FELICIDAD

It's gonna be fine, everybody  
loves your dad...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

They're just mad at him like I get  
mad at you when you do something  
wrong, but it doesn't mean I don't  
love you.

The Kids nod, trying to believe.

ROBIN

You never throw bottles at me.

Felicidad's eyes mist. She fights to hide her emotions.

FELICIDAD

I promise you, it's gonna be fine.

She kisses one by one their foreheads and walks away.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

Good night kids.

She walks into the main bedroom and finds Duran laying in  
bed staring at the ceiling. She gets in bed and rests her  
head on Duran's chest, without saying a word. Duran  
caresses her, depressed. A long silence.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

Only the rich know sadness.

Duran turns, looks at her.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

That's what you told me when we  
met. And that's why I married you.

Duran kisses her. Then looks back at the ceiling.

INT. CASINO PANAMA - DAY

Loud, large and crowded. ON SCREEN: THREE MONTHS LATER.

We wander around the halls until we find the coin eating  
machines. Sitting in front of one, smoking a cigarette,  
almost numb from depression and lack of sleep: Felicidad.

She carries a sack of coins, and in an automated ritual  
pulls the lever making the numbers turn. Puts more coins  
inside. Pulls the lever. The numbers turn. More coins in.  
The lever. The numbers... She would look like a robot if  
she wasn't so incredibly sad.

I/E. DURAN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Felicidad enters the house hand in hand with her depression. Behind her, in the garage, 13 luxury cars.

INSIDE

She enters the room and finds Duran asleep from alcohol, sitting on a chair in front of the TV. A weather report plays on TV. Duran's got long hair and a beard. He looks like a street bum.

FELICIDAD

Cholo.

He barely opens his eyes. She gives him a small hug.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

Baby... you haven't gotten out of the house in three months.

Duran doesn't respond. She carries him out of the chair.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

Come, let's get to bed.

She uses all her strength to move the beast into bed. He wakes up... grumpy. She kisses him. He's hung over.

The TV shows a snowstorm.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

Look at the snow in New York. It's bright sunny here and you don't ever leave this room.

Duran focuses on the TV.

WEATHER WOMAN ON TV

It should stay on the low 30s over the weekend but on Monday... "No Mas No mas"... sunny week for all the east coast!

Duran stares at the TV... not sure if what he heard was real or he hallucinated it. Felicidad laughs a little.

DURAN

What are you laughing at?

Felicidad smiles sadly.

FELICIDAD

Nothing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duran turns the other way.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)  
Let's travel, let's have friends  
over... let's do something.

Nothing from Duran.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)  
This is not the life we dreamed.

DURAN  
It's the real fuckin' life we  
have. Your husband lost and now  
everyone calls him a loser.

FELICIDAD  
Then prove them wrong.

DURAN  
For what? For money? We got money.  
(pause)  
For the glory of Panama? Fuck this  
shitty country of hypocrites.

Felicidad is offended by those words.

FELICIDAD  
Then why don't we just kill  
ourselves?

Duran turns and looks at her with crazed eyes.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)  
If life is so bad why not just end  
it, like you ended the fight?

OUCH! Duran moves violently against her but Felicidad  
manages to escape before Duran falls drunk on the floor.  
Felicidad exits. Duran shouts from the floor.

DURAN  
You whore! I could have any woman  
in the world!

FELICIDAD  
Then go get one. Let's go kids!

And as she walks outside the room she finds Pototo, who  
looks like he just saw a ghost.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

Pototo swallows hard.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, PANAMA - DAY

A massive funeral. Duran puts flowers over the remains of Torrijos. He looks beyond depressed. But he has cut his hair and shaved. Felicidad is with him. Around them SOLDIERS and GENERALS, including MANUEL NORIEGA.

Behind them hundreds of people crying, giving their beloved Torrijos the last farewell. Most of them carry signs blaming the CIA for the death of Torrijos.

Duran takes a step back, says a silent prayer. Felicidad grabs his hand and leads him away. As they are walking to their car they pass by a line of public mourners. Duran sees their faces, and some of their anti CIA signs.

A VOICE IN THE CROWD  
Go back to the ring Duran!

Duran lowers his eyesight and keeps walking. As he reaches the car waiting for him he turns and looks towards the crowd where the voice came from.

There he sees dozens of hopeless faces, evidently from the poorest parts of society. A very humble KID from El Chorrillo, 11, looks at him with tears in his eyes.

Duran eyes him, feels guilty, while he keeps walking.

DURAN  
(to the Kid)  
*What?*

POOR KID  
*What what?*

DURAN  
*Why you looking at me like that?*

POOR KID  
*Not looking at shit, old man.  
Let's get in the ring and I'll  
beat you.*

Duran smiles.

DURAN  
*Come have lunch with us.*

POOR KID  
*I don't need your lunch. I'll  
fight my way up to lunch. You'll  
soon be begging for my autograph.*

Duran smiles, encouraging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

*Well said, champ.*

But the Kid doesn't want his blessing.

POOR KID

*Who says well said? You're not El Chorrillo anymore. No mas bullshit from you my friend.*

Duran eyes the Kid, in shock. And there's nothing he can do about it. His eyes mist. He walks away.

POOR KID (CONT'D)

*I'll beat you. I'll send you to the morgue. I'll make you quit!*

FELICIDAD

*Shut up, kid.*

POOR KID

*You shut up you whore!*

Duran turns toward the kid, but he runs off. Duran watches him go and gets in the car.

I/E. CAMARO SS - CONTINUOUS

Felicidad joins Duran inside. Duran drives away. A long silence between them. They take a beach side road.

FELICIDAD

*Stupid ungrateful kid.*

Duran listens to her, but his mind is elsewhere.

FELICIDAD (CONT'D)

*You give them glory... you give them money... it's never enough with this people. That's why this country is going to hell.*

DURAN

*He said I quit.*

Felicidad looks at him, puzzled.

FELICIDAD

*He said you quit because that's what he hears... he's got no mind of his own, just pure resentment.*

Duran steps on the brakes and pulls over on the side of the road. He opens the door and gets out of the car.

BEACH, PANAMA - CONTINUOUS

Duran walks twenty feet from the car to the beach, throwing furious punches at the air. Felicidad gets out of the car. Stands by the door.

FELICIDAD

If you could only go back to the ring and prove them wrong.

DURAN

They're not wrong.

FELICIDAD

Yes they are. It's very easy to stand there and insult us. Which one of them has gotten to where you are? You worked really hard...

DURAN

The fuckin' hope of El Chorrillo.. walked away from the fight!

Duran tugs at his hair, desperate.

DURAN (CONT'D)

I killed them! I killed them!

Felicidad looks at Duran, humbled, finally understanding the power of Duran's connection with El Chorrillo. How he is, and always will be, 'one of the people'.

Duran shakes his head and holds back his tears. She's out of words, but her expression speaks volumes.

Duran walks straight to her and... kisses her, hugs her, teary eyed, kisses her again.

DURAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

Felicidad kisses him back. Then breaks down and cries.

DURAN (CONT'D)

I let them down. I let you down. I need to fight!

She smiles crying, unable to speak, until she lets out

FELICIDAD

God... I love that kid.

They laugh and cry at the same time.

INT. DURAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Duran on the phone.

INTERCUT

INT. RAY ARCEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray shakes his head, listening to Duran.

RAY ARCEL

I'm sorry, Cholo. I'm retired.

DURAN

You are my father, man... you can't just leave... Eleta doesn't wanna talk to me.. Torrijos is dead... Everyone has abandoned me... not you Ray...

RAY ARCEL

There is a Beginning, a middle and there has to be an End. Yours was a great career, but it has reached its end...

DURAN

Yeah... you come and fuck our land and our mother and then leave... that's America for you.

Duran hangs up the phone.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Fuck! Me!

Duran walks in circles, pissed at the world and at himself. A silence. Then the phone rings. Duran looks at it. Lets it ring. Hesitates. Picks it up.

RAY ARCEL

Talk to Plomo.

DURAN

Plomo?

RAY ARCEL

You don't need a father, Duran. You never did. You need a physical trainer. And he's been with you from the beginning... He knows everything there is to know...

Duran nods... thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY ARCEL (CONT'D)

And always remember: the American  
you are talking to, gave you the  
last ten years of his life...

Ray hangs up. Duran wants to say something but can't...  
he feels regret... but smiles, missing Ray.

DURAN

Great fuckin trainer you are.

I/E. HELICOPTER - DAY

An aerial over Coiba Island becomes Duran's POV from a  
chopper. Next to him... Plomo. Duran looks at him as if  
he's out of his mind.

PLOMO

*Panama's worst criminals are here.  
You're gonna have to fish your own  
food. Fight your way into  
respect... I turned you from  
street fighter into champion of  
the world. Now it's back to being  
a street fighter.*

EXT. ISLAND OF COIBA - CONTINUOUS

The Helicopter lands in a clearing in the middle of the  
jungle. Dozens of criminals walk towards it, curious to  
see who is coming. Some of them carry Machetes.

Plomo gives Duran a hug.

PLOMO

*I'll pick you up in a month.*

DURAN

*What if they kill me?*

Plomo smiles.

PLOMO

*Then you're not the world's best  
fighter.*

Duran smiles back. And just like that, Plomo gets back  
into the Helicopter, and flies away.

Duran stays, surrounded by criminals. They size him up,  
until one creep seems to recognize him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CREEP

Duran?

Duran turns to him, nods.

DURAN

*I'm here to train for the  
championship of the world.*

Some of them smile, incredulous.

Duran opens his arms with a lecherous smile.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Who wants to fight?*

The criminals react wary... think this is a set up.

DURAN (CONT'D)

*Nobody? What is this called? Pussy  
island?*

CREEP

*Fuck you. I'll fight!*

MONTAGE:

Think Fight Club on Crack. No gloves. No ring. Surrounded by the Third World's worst criminals... all taller than him. Duran fights. And Fights. And FIGHTS.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Creep is cooking some fish on a fire. Duran sits nearby.

CREEP (CONT'D)

*I owe you a meal.*

DURAN

*Won some money on me?*

Creep shakes his head with a grin.

CREEP

*I ate your pasta, man. In prison.  
Some years ago.*

Only now Duran recognizes the creep, it's FEDE, the kid from his first street fight on the beach.

DURAN

*Hey... I remember you.*

Fede nods with resentment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CREEP / FEDE

*Except now you don't need my  
food.. You come, and go. And you  
can always order room service.*

Duran shrugs with conflicted emotions. So close but yet so distant from Fede and his own kind.

THE NEXT DAY DURAN jogs up a hill with a group of INMATES. They clear the path with machetes. It's raining hard. They reach the top of the hill. Others are sleeping there, in the dirt. Duran studies them.

ANOTHER DAY DURAN tries to catch a fish. Hungry. The fish gets away. The hunger stays. He tries again, to no avail.

He sees other prisoners and the sticks they use to fish. He tries to cut a stick from a tree. Cuts himself. He sees the remains of Fede's fire pit... Some leftovers... he grabs the remains of a fish and eats it like a savage.

Duran FIGHTS AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN... but now he fights with Hunger, no style but lots of anger, till the last drop of blood from his fists of stone.

FADE TO BLACK.

ON SCREEN: ONE MONTH LATER.

DURAN SWIMS IN THE SEA... A MOMENT OF PEACE.

Suddenly... a Helicopter flies overhead. Duran reacts, swims to the beach, runs after it.

MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter landing in the same place Plomo left him.

Duran arrives panting. Criminals surround the chopper.

A SOLDIER gets out of it.

SOLDIER

Roberto Duran!

Duran sighs. Turns to Fede ready to wish him farewell.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

*I got a package for you.*

Duran turns to the soldier, who walks towards him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

*A package?*

The soldier hands him a small cooler. Duran takes it, puzzled, and opens it. INSIDE:

An ICE CREAM and a note: KEEP AT IT CHAMP. PLOMO.

Duran looks up as the soldier is jumping back in the chopper. The thing takes off, leaves him there again, surrounded by criminals laughing at him.

CREEP / FEDE

*Like I said... room service.*

Duran is now furious. But he tastes the ice cream.

LATER.

HE tries again to catch the fish with the stick. Nothing. He tries again. And again. Until he catches a big one.

MOMENTS LATER

He finds Fede by the fire. Offers to share his fish. Fede nods happily. Their friendship is born at last.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MADISSON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

An ultra slow fade in on the BULBS of the Billboard:  
**ROBERTO DURAN vs DAVEY MOORE**  
**WBC JR MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP**

INT. PRESS ROOM, MADISSON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Duran enters the room and the instant ovation makes it evident that the journalists have been missing him.

Duran sits by the microphone in front of the audience.

JOURNALIST

It's good to see you again, Duran.

DURAN

It's good for me to be here.

JOURNALIST

The fight falls on your thirty second birthday... what has Duran learned in 32 years?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DURAN

You making me sound old, man.

A big laugh from the audience.

DURAN (CONT'D)

Listen... when you are a kid you think you are already a man... but I can tell you I wasn't. I was a child until New Orleans.

An amazed silence, everyone holding their breath.

DURAN (CONT'D)

I can't find words to express how I failed in the past. There are no excuses. I've learned from my mistakes. And I'm here to show the people of New York and the people of Panama, not only the Manos de Piedra they've known and missed, but the Roberto Duran I've become.

Duran's broken voice gets more than a tear from the crowd. The standing ovation is immediate. And Duran receives it humbly, for the first time in his career.

INT. MADISSON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

The World's most famous arena looks a lot more slick and modern than when we were here fighting Buchanan. Half the stadium is filled with flags from Panama.

ON CARLOS ELETA as he greets personalities ringside.

ON PLOMO as he walks out of the dressing room towards the ring. He reaches ringside and stops in front of Carlos Eleta, who is just taking a seat. Eleta offers his hand.

CARLOS ELETA

Plomo! How's it going?

Plomo ignores the hand.

PLOMO

You are getting out of here.

Eleta reacts, surprised.

CARLOS ELETA

I beg you pardon?

PLOMO

Get out. Or I'll take you out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eleta gives him an arrogant look. Plomo looks so freaking scary... it's not hard to guess he means what he says.

CARLOS ELETA

If Duran wants me to leave I'll  
leave; but for him, not for you.

Plomo shakes his head slowly.

PLOMO

Be a man... do it for yourself.

Eleta pretends not to care about those words... but this hurts so much it will haunt him forever. He stands up.

CARLOS ELETA

None of you would have left El  
Chorrillo if it wasn't for me.

Plomo turns his back on him, heads to the dressing room.

CARLOS ELETA (CONT'D)

You would be scavenging leftovers  
in the streets, Plomo. But yet you  
are here, in NY. Thanks to me!

Eleta stares bullets, heads out.

INT. DURAN'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Duran is sitting concentrating. Plomo walks in.

PLOMO

*An old friend wants to see you.*

DURAN

*Send him to hell.*

PLOMO

*It's not Eleta.*

DURAN

*Who is it?*

Plomo gestures towards the door at someone to come in...  
And in walks Sugar Ray Leonard.

Duran looks at him. Sugar offers his hand. Duran stands  
up and gives him a strong hug. Leonard smiles proud.

LEONARD

You are... the best... The best  
fighter in the world... And I  
wanna see that again in the ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duran smiles with charming malice.

DURAN

You're just happy it'll be a  
different Negro getting punished  
tonight.

Leonard cracks up.

LEONARD

No shit.

Duran nods and gives him a warm look.

DURAN

Thank you... Leonard. Say hi to  
your wife... tell her I apologize.

Leonard swallows in the significance of those words.

LEONARD

Will do.

INT. MADISSON SQUARE GARDEN - DAY

Madness in the stadium as Referee ERNESTO MAGANA gives  
his pre-fight instruction.

DAVEY MOORE is a young but HUGE African American... he  
stares down at Duran in a way that reminds us of Ivan  
Drago staring down at Rocky...

Duran swivels his head like a speed bag. Moore keeps the  
chin on his chest looking down on Duran.

The audience is 50-50 for Duran and Moore.

BOB ARUM in the ring. LUIS SPADA next to him.

FELICIDAD sits in her usual spot in the last row, always  
fashion forward, she now wears a mix of Disco and Punk.  
Next to her Clara, Pototo and Toti.

ROBIN and ROBERTO JR have sneaked into the LIVING ROOM  
SUITE in the HOTEL PLAZA, to watch the fight live on TV.

Sitting RINGSIDE... Ray Arcel with his wife STEPHANIE.

JOSE TORRES from the Athletic Commission in front of her.

And in the press row we find Leonard with headphones and  
a mic, commenting for CBS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEONARD

Davey Moore is an undefeated champion with immense potential but Duran's experience is sure to play a big role tonight... so I think the experts who give Duran no chance may be up for a nice surprise.

Back in the cheap sits... Margarito Duran (Duran's father) sits with a group of friends.

ON THE STREETS OF CHORRILLO, EMPTY.

ON THE BARS IN PANAMA, THE FIGHT AS LOUD AS EVER, but the attitude of the crowd is different. They're wary.

MANY IN THE CROWD

*Let's see what he's got now.*

MANY IN THE CROWD (CONT'D)

*He should fight Leonard!*

ANOTHER ONE

*He's too heavy for Leonard, no way he'll make Welter again.*

In El Chorrillo preparing for THE FIGHT, NERVOUS.

KID FROM EL CHORRILLO

*Let's see what you got Duran!*

THE BELL

Moore and Duran circle the ring. No punch is exchanged.

Then Duran throws a jab and seems to thumb Moore in the right eye. Moore lifts his glove to the eye and paws at it, a giveaway that he is hurt.

Duran embarks on a brutal assault, his hooks pounding the champion's ribs, his jabs finding the damaged eye.

ROBERTO JR. AND ROBIN have never seen anything like it. They're both excited and frightened.

Moore fires back... He's strong, but...

LEONARD

Duran's going with Moore's punching to mitigate their impact.

Duran pours it on. They clinch.

DURAN

Welcome to boxing school.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Duran jerks Moore's head with uppercuts and splits his bottom lip.

Ray twitches on his chair... dying to be in the corner.

RAY ARCEL

Keep at it Cholo, he's dead meat.

THE BELL

Moore sits with his barely open eye.

MOORE'S TRAINER

Are you alright? Is he hurting you?

Duran sits comfortable in his chair.

LEONARD

(for CBS)

Duran is obviously looking at the top of his game.

OUTSIDE THE STADIUM

Carlos Eleta walks the lonely streets. The sounds of the fight can be heard in hundreds of TVs around the city. Eleta looks down, smiles, lying to himself in pain.

BACK IN THE STADIUM, in the CORNER.

PLOMO

*How you feeling?*

DURAN

*I wanna take this fuckin' gloves off and kill the fucker.*

PLOMO

*That's it! No mercy tonight!*

THE BELL

Moore's arms are long, he reaches Duran far and away.

THE BARS OF PANAMA start warming up to Duran.

BLACK MAN IN THE CROWD

Destroy that gorilla Duran we're with you!

Duran receives the first punishment of the night when Moore puts him against the ropes... And its hard. Brutal. Moore is a beast. We feel it may all be lost.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

But no... Duran gets in his zone... the unstoppable monster coming out from the cage:

MONTAGE:

DURAN punishes Moore, sends him against the ropes...

Robin and Roberto Jr. punch the air following their dad.

Margarito reacts screaming his lungs out.

ROUND THREE

Duran dictates a combination master class... Moore has already lost his self esteem.

Panama rises to its feet, its hope and pride awakening. The bars and homes watching their idol rise again.

Toti jumps with Clara and Felicidad. Leonard smiles.

LEONARD

Roberto Duran is back!

ROUND FIVE

Moore lands two crunching rights and a low blow.

MAGANA

Hey! Hey! Low Blow!

He splits the fighters and warns Moore. Moore's eye is already closed tightly.

Duran now begins picking his shots. The fight becomes a massacre. A boxing recital.

PANAMA is already crying, jumping, celebrating, strangers hugging each other. The Kid from El Chorrillo jumps.

Moore is still throwing punches but Duran's short left hooks find his jaw with sickening repetition.

A short flurry from Moore. Then Duran gives him a classic shit-eating grin. Pus and sweat fly off Moore's eye.

ROUND SEVEN

Ringsiders cringe or hide their eyes behind fingers. Jose Torres from the Athletic Commission is on his feet:

JOSE TORRES

Stop the fight! Stop the fight!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The massacre hits its hideous peak as Duran finally throws a straight right off a hook and Moore is blown off his feet and hurled to the canvas near the ropes.

MAGANA

One... Two...

The Stadium, all NYC and all PANAMA holding their breath.

MAGANA (CONT'D)

Three... Four...

Duran's eyes with their love and their anger...

MAGANA (CONT'D)

Five...

Ray Arcel on his feet, proud of his fighter.

RAY ARCEL

You did it!

Clara hugs Toti... Felicidad hugs Pototo.

MAGANA

Six...

ROBIN AND ROBERTO JR.

Seven!

The entire stadium standing as a brave Moore pushes himself to his feet at the count of eight and is saved by the bell. But there's little left in Moore.

Duran is so pumped that he sits on Moore's stool before Plomo rushes in and grabs him.

PLOMO

*This is his corner, Cholo.*

As Duran crosses Moore's path, he cocks his right glove menacingly. The gesture gets the euphoric cheers of the people of PANAMA: Duran is back...stronger and more menacing than ever.

ROBIN imitates his dad. Many in the audience do the same.

RAY ARCEL

It's over... He's back!

Bumps contour Moore's face. Magana visits Moore's corner. Nobody knows why but he lets the slaughter continue.

ROUND EIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

This is torture. Moore tries to hold on, but is trapped in his corner and is terribly beaten.

Duran's thumping right lands again and again.

A WHITE TOWEL is fluttered into the ring, thrown by Moore's corner. But Magana doesn't see it.

JOSE TORRES

Stop the fight already!

Plomo points at the towel and only then Magana sees it and STOPS THE FIGHT.

Duran jumps up so that his body hangs over the top rope... and he searches the crowd through tears of joy.

Twenty thousand fans lift the Garden roof with a chant:

CROWD

Doo-ran! Doo-ran!

Duran with tears rolling down his bearded cheeks, steps through the ropes on the ring apron and extends his arms.

DURAN

Doo-ran! Doo-ran!

Felicidad, Pototo, Clara and Toti run towards the ring.

PANAMA is a feast of flying beers and cheers and cries.

CHILDREN OF PANAMA

Doo-ran! Doo-ran!

Plomo lifts Duran on his shoulders.

Ray kisses his wife, crying with happiness.

LEONARD

Defeating the odds and the experts, Roberto Duran is the new Junior Middle weight champion of the world!

And it is Margarito Duran who pulls out a banner declaring: HAPPY BIRTHDAY HANDS OF STONE... And from his cheap seats starts singing:

MARGARITO

Happy birthday to you...!

Soon the song is taken up by the whole stadium. Duran almost faints from crying as the stadium sings

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CROWD

Happy birthday Doo-raaaaan!!

THOUSANDS OF PANAMANIANs also sing Happy birthday in El Chorrillo and all over the nation.

ROBIN and ROBERTO Jr. sing as well. Fall to the floor with joy... celebrating.

Margarito cries a baby cry of guilt and pride.

Ray Arcel sings happy birthday with his wife. He then walks towards the ring and jumps through the rope.

IN A BAR, Eleta holds back his tears, as he watches the scene on TV. The crowd in the Bar is cheering for Duran.

Felicidad is pulled into THE RING. Duran kisses her.

FELICIDAD

You are back!

Duran looks at her with crying eyes. She's crying too.

DURAN

You brought me back!

They jump up and down in a passionate embrace. Pototo and Toti next to them.

Ray Arcel in front of Duran, proud. Duran takes a beat but then embraces him... forgetting all harsh feelings.

DURAN (CONT'D)

I love you Ray...

Ray cracks up. We hear his Voice Over:

RAY ARCEL (V.O.)

Someone once said if you cannot be  
a poet, be the poem.

And it is finally Leonard who takes off his headphones and jumps into the ring and holds Duran's arm aloft.

And we freeze that image... Sugar Ray Leonard proclaiming the new champion of the world... Ray Arcel next to them, laughing proud. And over that image:

RAY ARCEL (V.O.)

Boxing glory is not about never  
falling, but about rising every  
time we fall.

FADE TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ON SCREEN:

Ray Arcel (1899-1994) was the first trainer to be elected to the boxing hall of fame. He handled more than 2,000 fighters during his 70- year career, and none of them was ever seriously hurt.

Sugar Ray Leonard was named "Boxer of the Decade" for the 1980s. He is widely considered to be one of the best boxers of all time.

Carlos Eleta left the boxing world after his split with Duran. He later made a successful career as a Horse Racing Entrepreneur.

Plomo Quiñones worked with Duran until the end of his career. He is now 84 years of age, and continues to train fighters in El Chorrillo.

Roberto Duran's Professional record:  
120 fights, 104 wins, 69 by knockout.

He still lives in Panama, happily married to Felicidad. Together they had a sixth son, and yes...

... they named him Roberto.

THE END