

DOUX: THE YVON DURELLE STORY

Written by

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CROWD CHEERING swells. A BELL RINGS to start a boxing match.

FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY BOXING RING - NIGHT

CHRIS SHABAN, Yvon Durelle's trusted manager, reflects over IMAGES from the ring: one Black fighter, one White fighter. No faces. The CHEERING fades away.

-- the two fighters circle one another.

-- a powerful punch to a body midsection.

-- a mouthpiece flies and blood sprays after a punch.

-- fancy footwork on the canvas.

-- a head snapping back after a sharp jab.

-- a powerful hook/cross combination connects.

-- a body crashes hard to the canvas.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Boxers are there to establish an absolute experience, a public accounting of the outermost limits of their beings. They will know, as few of us can know of ourselves, what physical and psychic power they possess--of how much, or how little, they are capable.

A jubilant crowd ROARS.

FROZEN IMAGE of Yvon and Archie Moore from their epic 1958 fight, their locked eyes aflame with invincibility and faith.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I saw that in a book on boxing. I read it to Yvon once. He understood the sentiment. Another guy who understood it: Archie Moore.

FLASH TO: Yvon slumps on a stool in the corner of a boxing ring, his head bowed, eyes half open, mid-fight. Sweat, blood drip off him.

A muted BELL RINGS. Yvon slowly rises, advances to the centre of the ring.

CHRIS

'Course, I also told him more than once, get the fuck back in there and take his head off. That's what I love about boxing. It's a dichotomy buried in a riddle wrapped in 16 ounces of cowhide and a fist.

FLASH TO: Yvon pauses outside the Montreal Forum in a delicate snowfall, 1958, the night before the Moore fight...

... the light of destiny in his bright eyes, the weight of a country on his back.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Sometimes a man gets both hands on his dream, sometimes he just gets one. And Destiny... well, Destiny only comes calling once. If you're lucky.

CLOSE ON the eyes of both Yvon and Moore from the picture we saw a moment ago: two men in a private war.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

A pick-up truck speeds recklessly. YVON DURELLE (18) drives. He's got a wild streak a mile wide and a smile to match.

His brothers PLACIDE (27, the charismatic father figure) and ERNIE (19, a natural-born follower) brace themselves.

PLACIDE

Yvon, Jesus, take it easy. The trees aren't going anywhere.

YVON

That's how I drive, big brother. Pass me a coke, Ernie.

Ernie passes a can up.

ERNIE

Placide?

PLACIDE

No.

The truck swerves and skids off the road for a second.

PLACIDE (CONT'D)
Hey! Tabarnak! Try the road!

With daredevil glee, Yvon takes both hands off the steering wheel. The pick-up ROARS deep into the woods.

EXT. LUMBER CAMP - DAY

The campsite is busy with several rugged LUMBERJACKS working. The Durelle brothers saw and chop wood.

Later, the Men sit around eating lunch amidst campfires, pots and pans. Yvon, Placide and Ernie are off to one side.

A nearby group of burly Lumberjacks makes a merry racket.

BIG LUMBERJACK
(to Yvon)
Hey, sissie boy, bring me the coffee.

Yvon ignores him, not before staring the giant in the face.

BIG LUMBERJACK (CONT'D)
You, Frenchie, bring me the goddamned coffee pot or I'll go over there and fuck you and your girlfriends in the ass.

Big laughs from his group. Placide knows where this is going.

PLACIDE
(to Yvon)
Don't. Just give it to him.

YVON
Yep.

Yvon brings the pot over. Stops in front of the crew, smiles.

Big Lumberjack holds his tin cup out. Yvon pours steaming coffee onto one of his boots.

BIG LUMBERJACK
Fucking hey! You little prick!

And it's on. Yvon smashes the coffee pot into his face and jumps him. Placide and Ernie are there in a flash.

The other Lumberjacks jump up. Men from all over the camp rush over. A melee.

Yvon pounds the Big Lumberjack. BLOOD flies.

EXT. DURELLE HOUSE - DAY

TITLE CARD: *BAIE SAINTE-ANNE, NEW BRUNSWICK, 1946*

A Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) cruiser pulls into the laneway followed by Placide driving the pick-up truck.

Yvon's parents ERNEST (50s) and OLIDA (50s) watch from the front porch.

Ernest is thin, frail, but somehow looks like he could settle anyone's hash. Olida's nickname would be "The Storm" if anyone had the stones to give her one.

Stern looks from both parents as the COP hauls Yvon out of the backseat and marches him up to the house.

Ernest keeps fierce eyes on Yvon and slowly unloops his belt. He nods to the Cop when they get to the bottom step.

ERNEST
(to Yvon)
Inside.

Yvon steps quietly past his father and goes in.

EXT. DURELLE HOUSE - BACK FIELD - DAY

Ernie places cans across a fence. Yvon shoots at them with a rifle. He hits about 50% of the time.

ERNIE
He give it to you good?

YVON
Pretty good. Put them back up.

Ernie stacks the cans.

ERNIE
You do this all the time. Why can't
you just--

A SHOT rings out and a can right beside Ernie's hand flies off the fence.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Hey! Jesus Christ, wait till I
move!

Two more SHOTS explode into the fence and a can beside him. Ernie screams. Yvon busts a gut.

Ernie runs around crazily, Yvon tracks him with the rifle.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Asshole!

A couple of SHOTS raise the dust around Ernie's feet.

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT

A rustic recreation centre. MUSIC plays.

Yvon horses around with his group, the FRENCH KIDS. Ernie eyeballs girls, can barely keep a tongue in his head.

A pack of better-dressed ENGLISH KIDS observes Yvon's group, smokes and taunts them with French slurs ("*fuckin frogs*," "*peppers*" etc.)

The French Kids return the favour ("*maudit anglais*," etc.)

Yvon swaggers toward the English Kids. The French Kids follow, safely behind their leader.

On his way, Yvon notices THERESE (14), a rare beauty in this ragged town. After a few seconds of eye contact, she tracks him as he strides over to confront the English Kids.

It's a short negotiation. Both groups stomp for the exit.

On his way out, Yvon passes Therese again, winks, no smile.

EXT. DANCE HALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Everyone gathers outside to watch the rumble. Yvon catches Therese's eye in the last moment before the free-for-all.

Both groups size each other up, rush in throwing wild fists and savage kicks, hurling English/French slurs.

Yvon is a fighting machine: pulling hair, swinging non-stop.

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

Ernest fiercely bangs away on a ship's anchor. A home-rolled cigarette dangles from his mouth. He notes Yvon has a few visible injuries from the rumble.

ERNEST
Scrappin' again? Where?

YVON

The dance.

ERNEST

You're gonna pick the wrong guy
someday.

YVON

Maybe.

ERNEST

Not maybe. I need you in here
tomorrow.

Yvon wanders around, restlessly bangs a few tools.

YVON

You doing okay, dad?

ERNEST

I will be. Get the boat out today.

He perceives his son's agitation.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

This is your life, Yvon.

EXT. DURELLE HOUSE - YARD - DAY

Placide pounds wooden posts into the ground with a
sledgehammer. Ernie mends a lobster trap.

ERNIE

What is it?

PLACIDE

You'll see. Tell Yvon to get out
here.

ERNIE

He's at the boat. We're going out.

EXT. VILLAGE OF BAIE SAINTE-ANNE - DAY

A snapshot of the town: the docks, the boats, sparse
crumbling roads and simple homes.

Poverty is obvious, but it doesn't look hopeless. Yards
strewn with rusted cars, furniture, ragged kids, dirty toys.

In stark contrast: the majestic beauty of the Miramichi
River, impassively flowing eastward.

EXT. MIRAMICHI RIVER - DAY

On the river: a modest, aging fishing boat. Yvon and Ernie drag up near-empty lobster traps.

ERNIE

How many?

YVON

Less than yesterday. You see dad this morning?

ERNIE

He was in the shop.

YVON

I think he's sick again.

Ernie indicates the scanty lobster haul.

ERNIE

This won't cheer him up.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

They trudge home with the lobster, Ernie in front.

A huge WHITE BUICK speeds by and HONKS at them. Yvon watches it for a long time. A lady's LONG SCARF trails in the wind.

YVON

Someday.

Dog-tired Ernie isn't paying attention.

ERNIE

Someday what?

YVON

Someday maybe you'll carry the heavy one home, eh? Weakling.

ERNIE

Hurry up. We're late, won't be anything left.

With their house in sight, they run.

EXT. DURELLE HOUSE - DAY

Ernie and Yvon stumble up the laneway, out of gas.

Through a front window: chaos in the dining room as 8 unruly KIDS (ages 5-15) storm the table, wrestle for position.

Their mother Olida meets Ernie and Yvon on the front porch. With a weary eye she looks back through the window at the dinner time bedlam. Sighs.

OLIDA
Another blessed day.

The boys approach but stop in wonderment when they see what Placide built in the yard beside the house: a makeshift but functional BOXING RING.

EXT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Placide puts the finishing touches on the ropes around the ring. Yvon appears out of the darkness.

PLACIDE
You like it?

YVON
What's it for?

PLACIDE
I wasn't just trying to kill
Germans over there. I had a bunch
of fights. Real ones. 'Course, I'm
not the famous Brawler of Baie
Sainte-Anne.

YVON
Not much else to do around here.

Placide tosses him a pair of 16 oz. boxing gloves.

PLACIDE
Try them. You punch someone with
these on, you don't get a ride home
with the cops.

Yvon isn't totally sure what they are.

EXT. BOXING RING - DAY

Placide pounds punches into a stuffed hockey bag held up by Ernie. Yvon follows the drill from the porch. He skips down the steps wearing the second set of gloves, climbs in.

Inside the ropes, Yvon swings wildly at Placide, who just laughs and swats him teasingly. Ernie watches amusedly.

A group of four LOCAL BOYS horses around passing the lane. Ernie waves wildly to his friends, rushes to the road.

ERNIE

Hey, boys! Come see what we got.

Later, two of the Local Boys are in the ring with boxing gloves on, trying to fight as Placide gives instructions.

EXT. DURELLE HOUSE - DAY

Ernie and Yvon emerge from the house dressed for the boat.

Local Boys crowd the ring, hang on the ropes, take turns trying to box. Ernie and Yvon stop to laugh at the comically inept technique of the Local Boys in the ring.

ERNIE

It looks fun.

YVON

It could be.

ERNIE

Dad thinks we'll have good luck today.

YVON

Maybe. The weather's better.

Ernie waves to Placide just as one of the Local Boys unleashes a lucky punch and puts the other kid down.

EXT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

A single light comes from the side of the Durelle house. Ernie holds the stuffed hockey bag. Yvon pounds away.

INT. DURELLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ernest observes them through a window. He smokes peacefully, glances up at a wall clock: 10:44 pm. Approval in his eyes.

EXT. DURELLE HOUSE - DAY

Placide waves to Yvon and Ernie from the ring as they march down the lane to the highway. They pass a crowd of five LOCAL MEN headed toward the ring.

EXT. BOXING RING - DAY

Placide greets the Local Men, tosses two of them a set of boxing gloves each.

At the end of the lane, Ernie and Yvon are perplexed when a multi-aged gang of LOCAL KIDS barges past them.

YVON

Everyone wants to fight.

ERNIE

It's something new, I guess.

YVON

Let's get to the boat.

They tramp away to the shouts and laughter coming from the ring as two Local Men trade wild haymakers.

EXT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Placide and Yvon alone inside the ring under the single light. They shift around the ring, throwing a few jabs.

PLACIDE

Okay, not bad. Don't look at my hands. Watch my eyes.

YVON

That was a lot of guys you had here today.

PLACIDE

Watch my eyes. Yeah, maybe we got enough to start a club or something.

YVON

You're the only one who knows how.

PLACIDE

So I teach them. There's a real club in Chatham, you know.

YVON

Real?

PLACIDE

Yeah. They set up fights. You get paid.

YVON
Paid to do this?

PLACIDE
No. Paid to do this...

He dances outside and stuns Yvon with a lightning fast right cross from nowhere. It stings, but mostly just Yvon's pride.

Placide laughs heartily, ducks and dives as Yvon chases him recklessly around the ring.

EXT. DURELLE HOUSE - YARD - NIGHT

Therese and a few GIRLFRIENDS pass by the end of the lane. They stop to watch the brothers in the ring.

THERESE
What are they doing?

GIRLFRIEND
I don't know.

THERESE
Are they trying to hit each other?

GIRLFRIEND
Yeah, I guess so.

THERESE
I think I know that guy. I seen him at the dances. He's always fighting, eh? Never talks to girls.

Yvon freezes when he notices the Girls.

GIRLFRIEND
Oh, Christ, he's looking at us.
Let's go, let's go!

In the ring: Placide puts a playful but forceful jab into Yvon's unguarded face, recognizing a teachable moment.

YVON
Sacrament! Fucker!

PLACIDE
Hey! Shit-for-brains, don't get distracted in the ring! Lesson number one. You watch the eyes.

The Girlfriends scurry away. Therese lingers, boldly stares at Yvon, then casually moves on with the others.

EXT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Yvon rips at the laces of his gloves, fires them away.

PLACIDE

Listen, little brother. You want to box, there's a lot more to it than just this. You got a punch like a sledgehammer. But when the other guy's got one, too, you gotta know how to make him miss. Hey, you wanna be on the boat forever?

YVON

No.

PLACIDE

Then put those fucking gloves back on.

Yvon stomps across the ring to retrieve them.

PLACIDE (CONT'D)

The guys from that boxing club. They heard about us. They'll be here next week.

EXT. BOXING RING - DAY

Placide and Ernie circle the ring checking names. Inside the ring, a SKINNY MAN and a SHORT MAN comically slug it out.

A sizeable audience of Local Men and Boys hangs on the sagging ropes watching, waiting for their turns, shouting encouragement, laughing.

ERNIE

Somebody's gonna get hurt.

PLACIDE

Shit, these girls couldn't break an egg. Look at this guy.

The Skinny Man swings, misses awkwardly and falls amidst huge cheers and laughs.

PLACIDE (CONT'D)

Probably just pissed his pants!

A sleek, dark car pulls up and parks on the roadside.

PLACIDE (CONT'D)

That's the guys there.

ERNIE
How many fighters they need?

PLACIDE
I don't know, they said it's a new
club. Look at this.

They watch Yvon climb into the ring against a much BIGGER
MAN. They both immediately swing mad haymakers.

PLACIDE (CONT'D)
(shouts to Yvon)
Keep your hands up! Hands! Up!

Yvon peeks over at Placide, didn't hear what he said.

The Bigger Man slugs Yvon flush on the button. Yvon staggers
back against the ropes.

PLACIDE (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, don't look at me,
stupid!

Ernie convulses with laughter.

CLYNE CASSIDY (27, a silky smooth Middleweight Champion) and
DODE DEALY (30s, the money man) approach the makeshift ring
sceptically, like millionaires navigating a slum.

The ragged scene isn't what they expected: Mismatched
athletic gear, shabby-looking Boys and hard-luck Men.

DODE
Christ, look at these guys.
(sees the ring)
And what the hell is that?

CLYNE
This is where they do it. Supposed
to be three or four brothers,
beating the shit out of each other.

DODE
This Placide guy?

CLYNE
He's the oldest, the toughest
bastard around here. They say.

DODE
You knew him in the Army?

CLYNE
Knew of him.

Placide approaches, all smiles. Shakes Clyne's hand.

PLACIDE
Mr. Cassidy.

CLYNE
Placide, this is Dode Dealy. The new club's almost ready to go. Now, we need fighters. Let's see what you got.

Later: Placide boxes, shows impressive skills, easily outpoints his OPPONENT, knocks him down.

DODE
Kid's good. Sign him up, Clyne.

CLYNE
Hey, Placide!

Clyne waves him over as Yvon climbs back into the ring.

CLYNE (CONT'D)
Nice work kid, we got a card in two weeks. You gonna be ready?

PLACIDE
Yes, sir. I'm ready now.

Dode watches Yvon fight a HUGE MAN, reacts when Yvon bashes the giant with Marciano-like force.

DODE
Hey Clyne, come watch this kid. He's giving it good to that big bastard. Oh, shit!

Yvon swings wildly but with undeniable passion. They're amused by Yvon's farcical and frenzied attack style.

DODE (CONT'D)
Five bucks he puts that brick shithouse down.

CLYNE
(to Placide)
Know this kid?

PLACIDE
My baby brother.

CLYNE
No shit. How old is he?

PLACIDE
Eighteen.

CLYNE
You teach him that style?

PLACIDE
He just kinda does it his own way.

Yvon throws some big bombs and puts the goliath down.

DODE
Well, keep an eye on him. Maybe
teach him a few things--

In the ring, Yvon thinks the fight is still on. He jumps his fallen opponent, clubs him mercilessly.

ERNIE
--Oh, shit! Yvon! Yvon!

Ernie and Placide charge into the ring to pull Yvon off.

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

Yvon bangs away on a ship's anchor, sweat dripping.

ERNIE
What are you making?

YVON
Jesus Christ, Ernie. Some fisherman
you are.

ERNIE
Dad wants us out on the boat after
lunch.

YVON
Where is he anyway?

ERNIE
Can't get out of bed.

YVON
Sacramento! I can't keep doing this.
I can't do everything around here.
If dad's sick all winter...

Ernie picks up some tool.

YVON (CONT'D)
Don't touch that.

ERNIE

What are you gonna do about it?

YVON

I'll beat your fucking head in with it. How's that sound?

Ernie giggles. Yvon goes back to work.

ERNIE

Maybe you can make some money fighting. Placide does okay.

YVON

I don't even know how to fight.

Beat.

YVON (CONT'D)

I mean it, Ernie. I can't do this forever.

ERNIE

Who says you have to? Where would you go, anyway?

YVON

Ostie de colon.

ERNIE

Next dance in two weeks! I'm gonna do it before you do, brother!

YVON

Yeah but the side of the barn door won't count.

ERNIE

See ya on the boat. Don't be late, blacksmith.

Ernie is gone, Yvon yells after him.

YVON

Get the traps ready, dummy!

INT. CHATHAM HOCKEY ARENA - BOXING RING - NIGHT

Fans pack the rink. Placide fights in the ring. Ernie and Dode are in his corner.

Yvon hangs on the ropes, follows the action closely.

Both fighters are skillful, evenly matched. Yvon flinches with every punch thrown on both sides.

The BELL RINGS three times to end the third round.

IN PLACIDE'S CORNER -

His face is nicked up. Ernie attends. Yvon rushes over.

PLACIDE
Having fun, kid?

YVON
Christ, I wanna kill that bastard!

PLACIDE
Yeah, me too. Still one round left.

The BELL RINGS for the last round.

BACK IN THE RING -

Placide fights well but is floored by a big punch. The Referee counts.

Before he gets up, Placide peeks up at Yvon, who has rage in his eyes and looks like he's about to jump into the ring.

Placide grins at Yvon, winks, springs up to beat the count.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Ernie takes Placide's gloves off. Yvon steams with frustration. Dode consults a small notebook.

DODE
Good fight, kid. Four-round decision, no big deal. You'll get the next guy.

YVON
You nailed him good in the second, though.

DODE
(to Placide)
You ready to go again? Three weeks. Back here in Chatham.

Placide nods.

DODE (CONT'D)
 How 'bout you, Yvon? We got a spot
 open. Wanna take a shot?

YVON
 Fuckin' right, I will.

PLACIDE
 The Durelle brothers, eh?

DODE
 (to Placide)
 Make sure he's ready.

EXT. BAIE SAINTE-ANNE - THE DOCKS - DAY

Ernie gets things ready on the boat. Yvon leans on the dock,
 watches the Miramichi glisten and flow.

ERNIE
 You coming or what?

FLASH TO: Yvon remembers the glamorous WHITE BUICK as it sped
 toward them on the highway while they carried lobster home.

This time it passes in SLOW MOTION.

The beautiful WOMAN in the passenger seat reveals a dazzling
 smile for Yvon as her LONG SCHARF dances in the wind
 seductively.

Ernie snaps him out of the reverie.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
 Sacrament! Let's go! We come home
 with nothing, dad's not too sick to
 whip your ass! And mine, too!

Yvon ambles to the boat.

YVON
 You ever scared you'll end up like
 dad?

ERNIE
 Sick?

YVON
 No. Here.

ERNIE
 I'm already here.

YVON
I'm gonna get me a nice car
someday, Ernie. I'll drive the hell
out of it, too.

ERNIE
Yeah, sure you will.

YVON
You watch.

He climbs onto the boat, feigns his fighting stance.

INT. CHATHAM ARENA - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Yvon's professional debut, on the undercard.

Ernie works on Placide's preparations. Dode consults a
schedule. Other FIGHTERS mill about getting ready.

DODE
(to Placide)
Feeling good? You're on the third
card. Where's the kid?

PLACIDE
Yvon, let's go! You're on first.
Dode's here!

Yvon emerges from around a corner.

He's a sight: old salt-beaten sneakers, flimsy woolen fishing
socks and SWIMMING TRUNKS...

... which are severely ill-fitting, frighteningly tight.
Shocked silence, history's quietest boxing dressing room.

DODE
Holy shit...

PLACIDE
Sacramento... Yvon... what the hell
are those?

YVON
What?

ERNIE
You throw one punch, your balls are
flying out.

Placide laughs to break the tension.

PLACIDE

All right, little brother. Let's see if you can stay on your feet and keep your nuts in your pants.

Everyone resumes pre-fight preparations.

DODE

Get your gloves on, kid. I gotta go over a few things with you.

Ernie arrives to help Yvon get taped and get his mitts on.

DODE (CONT'D)

Yvon, it's four rounds. You get knocked down you watch me. I'll count. You knock him down, go back to the corner.

YVON

Then what?

DODE

Just watch me, Yvon.

INT. CHATHAM ARENA - BOXING RING - NIGHT

Yvon's back is to the other corner as Ernie gives him last-minute instructions.

His opponent SONNY RAMSAY enters the ring.

Yvon spins, wild-eyed and bolts across the ring. Dode, as referee, intercepts him. Ramsay's eyes bulge in alarm.

DODE

The bell, Yvon! Jesus Christ, you gotta wait for the bell!

YVON

The bell? When's the fuckin' bell?

DODE

In a minute, Yvon. Just wait. Christ, we gotta do the intros!

YVON

(glares at Ramsey)
You, I'm gonna fuckin' get you! I'm gonna fuckin' *kill* you!

DODE

Ring the goddamned bell!

The BELL RINGS. Yvon sprints ferociously out of his corner.

Ramsay hasn't taken two steps before Yvon throws savage but chaotic punches. Loud CROWD CHEERING.

Ernie yells encouragement to Yvon. Ramsay just covers his head while Yvon mindlessly pounds away.

INT. CHATHAM ARENA - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

After the fight, Yvon shadowboxes the punches he threw.

YVON

See that, they threw in the fucking towel in the second! Hit him with a hundred punches the first round!

ERNIE

Put him down four times!

YVON

Yeah, four, that's what I thought. Christ, I could go another one tonight.

Clyne and Dode come through the door.

CLYNE

Hey, kid! Good start, eh? You gave poor Sonny the big thunder. He didn't know whether to shit or go blind after the first.

ERNIE

And he kept his balls in, too!

CLYNE

Ya, about those trunks, Yvon. We'll, uh, work on that.

YVON

When's the next one? Who do you got?

CLYNE

Ha, slow down, champ. There's lots of paydays out there. Weekends mostly.

DODE

And we gotta start some training.
Not every night's gonna be a two-
round cake walk against a punching
bag like Sonny Ramsay.

YVON

Don't need to train to punch. Last
man standing, right?

DODE

That's right. I'm glad you got the
whole thing figured out after one
fight. Here's your purse.

He counts out some dollar bills.

YVON

Eight bucks?

DODE

Yeah, welcome to the big time. Not
bad for less than ten minutes work,
eh? I'd tell you not to get too big
for your britches but...

(nods at his trunks)

I think it's too late for that.

YVON

Big for my britches?

DODE

Just keep your eyes on the prize,
kid. Go home, fish, stay in shape,
find a girl. Blow your eight bucks
on her. I'll call you in a couple
of weeks.

INT. DURELLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Yvon fiddles with a battery-powered radio. He gets reception,
hears the fight intro (Joe Louis vs. Billy Conn, 1947).

A mob of Kids escapes the kitchen and scatters.

OLIDA (O.S.)

Yvon! Yvon! Get in here and help
clean up!

YVON

Ma, I'm listening to the fight.
It's Joe Louis! The Brown Bomber,
ma! Can't the kids?

Olida stomps in.

OLIDA

The brown what? I don't give a Christ who he is. Get the hell into that kitchen. Now!

YVON

Okay, okay, just let me hear the first round. Big Joe's gonna knock him out.

OLIDA

Yeah, or I'm gonna knock you out!

The CALL of the fight begins in the background. Yvon jumps up, shadows the action as he hears it, takes Joe's part.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A crowded party.

Yvon (now 20) and his friends mess around, check out the girls. He spots Therese (now 16) amongst her friends. She isn't shy about staring back.

FLASH TO: Yvon recalls the night Therese and her Girlfriends watched him in the ring with Placide two summers before.

At the party: Somebody bumps him from behind to dash the moment. He glares at the person.

He heads toward Therese but another BOY gets there first. A tiny hesitation, then Yvon firmly swings the kid around.

YVON

Take a walk, boy.

The nervous Boy immediately understands and leaves. An uncertain moment of silence. Finally:

YVON (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm Yvon.

THERESE

I know.

The ecstatic eyes of her Friends are glued to the pair. Therese's beaming smile tells them she's captured her prize.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

He escorts her home with a shaky grasp of how the courting ritual works. She's unfazed, happy to lead.

THERESE

A shy boy?

YVON

Maybe a bit, I guess.

THERESE

You want to take me to the dance tomorrow night? You can if you want.

It's a curveball for Yvon. No answer.

THERESE (CONT'D)

You used to go to the dances.

YVON

A few times.

THERESE

I saw you a long time ago. You were boxing. With your brother, I think.

YVON

Placide, he was teaching me.

THERESE

And now?

YVON

Now I fight for money. For real.

They stop, down the road from her house.

THERESE

I know what the fights are. You going to take me sometime? That's my house over there.

YVON

Sure. I guess...

THERESE

Good. Meet me here in the morning. Right here. This spot.

Awkward silence. He's lost for the right move. She kisses him quickly on the cheek and runs giggling toward her house.

EXT. THERESE'S HOUSE - DAY

Yvon stops at the spot, kicks dirt around, waits for Therese. He gives himself a pep talk.

YVON
Remember to talk, stupid. You show
her a good time. But talk smart.

Therese comes down the laneway of a tidy, dignified farmhouse. A henhouse off to the right, neat lawn, lush fields beyond.

YVON (CONT'D)
You must really like living there.

THERESE
It's nice.

YVON
That your henhouse?

THERESE
Yes.

YVON
Come on!

He snatches her hand and they race up the lane past a grassy meadow and into the henhouse.

INT. HENHOUSE - DAY

Yvon scans the hens, yanks one up and swipes two eggs.

THERESE
Yvon, what...?

YVON
Lunch!

He flies out through the back door.

EXT. GRASSY MEADOW - DAY

On Therese's property, a secluded peaceful place. Vibrant flowers, a sturdy fence, grass for days.

Yvon cracks open the eggs, swallows them raw. She's shocked but his wild nature entices her. Yvon surveys the landscape.

YVON
Your family's rich?

THERESE
No, not rich. Yours?

YVON
Six brothers, six sisters.

THERESE
I never seen you in school.

YVON
Dropped out when I was eleven. Too many fights. Some with the goddam teachers.

THERESE
So, what did you do?

YVON
I fished with my father. Helped out in his shop.

THERESE
Is it dangerous?

YVON
Fishing?

THERESE
Fighting.

YVON
Yes. Very. You could get killed.

THERESE
Killed?

She tries to decide if he's serious.

YVON
How old did you say you were?

THERESE
Sixteen. And a half.

YVON
Too young.

THERESE
For what?

YVON

To go to the fights. Come on! I
gotta meet Placide. I'll show you
where I go to school *now!*

He grabs her hand and they sprint across the field.

INT. THERESE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Yvon shows up from training/road work, barely makes it
through the door, in bad shape, boils on his back and legs.

INT. THERESE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Later, she rubs ointment on him.

THERESE

You wear the same clothes everyday.
You have to change them, Doux.

YVON

It's all I have.

THERESE

I'll get you something of my
brother's.

INT. THERESE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Later, Yvon is dressed in some of her brother's clothes. He
gingerly roams around, looks at pictures, furniture, etc.

YVON

Your house is so clean. It's
perfect.

THERESE

It's not perfect.

He stops at a picture of her family, sees joy in their
togetherness. This whole place seems otherworldly to him.

YVON

At my house. It's always... it's
like a junkyard. We're packed in
there like sheep. Can't move. Just
get up everyday, try to grab
something to wear and beat the
others down to the table. Not here.

THERESE
 Doux, you're not going to live
 there forever.

She gives him a passionate kiss. Possibly his first one ever.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY - MOVING

Summer 1949. Open sea.

Yvon and Ernie haul in their traps. STAN MARTIN (20s), a
 trusted casual worker who knows this business, helps.

They work in silence. Some previously-caught lobsters crawl
 listlessly in a tank.

ERNIE
 Give me a hand here, Yvon. Stan,
 pull that pot in. Anything?

Stan hauls up a trap.

STAN
 Six or seven.

Yvon stares across the water, distracted.

ERNIE
 Yvon?

YVON
 Dode wants me to move to Chatham to
 train. Says I gotta decide if I'm
 in for real or what.

ERNIE
 That's bullshit. Ostie, you won ten
 fights in a row this year.

STAN
 You gonna go?

YVON
 Don't know yet. There's a girl I
 like.

ERNIE
 So? There's lots more girls there
 than here.

YVON
 This one lives here. And this one's
 the one I like.

ERNIE

Therese Robichaud? You still going with her?

STAN

Shit, Yvon! That's my sister's kid! She's only 16!

YVON

And a half.

ERNIE

Oh, she's a hot little number, Yvon. You better marry her before you go. She won't last long around here.

Yvon flashes a mischievous grin, makes a fist with his huge right hand.

YVON

You won't last long around here.

INT. CHATHAM ATHLETIC CLUB - DODE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dode, Clyne and Yvon meet with CHRIS SHABAN (40's), a Moncton boxing manager who exudes courtesy but doesn't try too hard to hide the fierce competitor inside.

DODE

Yvon, this is Chris Shaban. He manages a couple of fighters around Moncton.

CHRIS

Yvon Durelle, the Fighting Fisherman. You've had a hell of a year.

They shake hands.

CLYNE

We're looking at Billy Landry, maybe. Tough bastard. I should know, I fought him twice.

DODE

Beat him once.

CHRIS

Yvon, no disrespect.
(to Dode)

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I don't know if he's ready for
Landry.

DODE
Oh, he's ready. Aren't you, Doux?

YVON
Anybody you want, Mr. Shaban. It
don't matter.

CHRIS
(studies Yvon)
Nope, I bet it doesn't. Okay, I'll
set it up, right here in Chatham.
Dode tells me you've only lost one
fight.

YVON
No, sir. Undefeated. It was a
bullshit DQ.

CHRIS
Fair enough. Undefeated.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Training Day. Yvon jogs with Dode trailing behind in a car.

DODE
Not too much further, Doux.

Dode laughs. Yvon shoots a death glare back to the car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

Yvon throws himself into Dode's car. They drive.

YVON
Christ, it' cold. Might as well be
out on the boat.

DODE
You'll live.

YVON
I'm in good enough shape already.
Who can beat me?

DODE
Right now who can beat you is a lot
of guys.

(MORE)

DODE (CONT'D)

But what I'm trying to get through your thick head, Doux, we get you in tip top shape, nobody can beat you. *That's* why we're here. There's lotsa dough out there. But these guys we gotta fight, Yvon, they ain't no pushovers. You want to keep fighting for peanuts, no problem, I'll take you home right now for a nap. Any of this sinking in?

YVON

So, are you my manager now?

DODE

Yeah, kinda. I'll set the fights up.

YVON

We got a contract?

DODE

How's this work for you?

Offers his hand, they shake.

DODE (CONT'D)

Good, good.

Dode stops the car on the deserted road.

DODE (CONT'D)

Warmed up yet? Out. It's just a couple of miles. I'll pick you up tomorrow. Get to bed early.

Yvon reluctantly gets out of the car, Dode drives off. Yvon runs lazily. Sees a car coming.

YVON

Fuck this!

He sticks out his thumb. The car slows and stops. Inside, five pretty YOUNG WOMEN peer out at him.

YVON (CONT'D)

Bonjour, Mesdames. Hello. Can I get a lift back into town? My car broke down a few miles back.

INSIDE THE CAR - MOVING

He squeezes into the backseat. They drive. The Girls are excited by the presence of the handsome stranger.

YVON (CONT'D)
My name's Yvon. You know, I have
the rest of the day free. Maybe we
could have a picnic.

A RED-HAIRED GIRL seems particularly intrigued. It's hard to miss. Yvon's eyes light up.

YVON (CONT'D)
You girls like boxing?

Muted giggles and tingly, unspoken excitement from the Girls.

INT. CHATHAM ARENA - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris Shaban and a pack of GAMBLERS, HANGERS-ON mill about the crowded room. Clyne, Dode and Ernie tend to Yvon.

Yvon and his opponent, BILLY LANDRY, each get taped. Chris's group focuses on Yvon. It's his trunks.

CHRIS
Hey, Yvon! Take it easy on my boy
tonight, eh!

SHABAN CRONIE #1
Hey, there he is, the Fighting
Fisherman. Or is that the Swimming
Fisherman?

Huge guffaws from the entourage.

SHABAN CRONIE #2
Hey, Durelle, this ain't the
Olympic swimming trials here. The
pool's two blocks over!

Even bigger laughs.

CLYNE
Don't listen to that shit, Doux.
Hey, where you going?

Yvon stalks over to Landry.

YVON
(to Landry)
Those cocksuckers there, I'm gonna
punch you hard enough *they* feel it.

LANDRY

What, I didn't say nothin'! Fucking nut!

DODE

(pulls him away)
Hey, hey, Yvon, let's go. Do your talking in the ring.

Yvon calmly strolls away. Chris's group just glares silently.

INT. CHATHAM ARENA - BOXING RING - NIGHT

Chris sits ringside. Dode and Clyne give Yvon instructions.

In the ring, Yvon pummels Landry, stalks him like a hound, floors him with a huge combination.

A BELL RINGS three times to end the seventh round.

Yvon glares at Chris and his group who look nervous, as if they have large bets on Landry.

The BELL RINGS. Yvon says "*last round*" to Chris. Landry tries to be aggressive but Yvon quickly puts him down again.

He glowers at Chris's group as they shout insults back: "*Lucky punch, asshole!*", "*Go back to the docks, fisherman!*"

Yvon celebrates in his corner. Chris rushes over.

CHRIS

Jesus Christ, Yvon. Never mind those assholes.

Yvon nods at Ramsay, who still lies on the canvas.

YVON

Think I'm ready for him yet?

CHRIS

Hey, you want to come up to Moncton sometime? Looks like I need a new fighter.

YVON

Yeah, maybe. I fight anywhere. Anyone.

CHRIS

What do you say, Dode?

DODE
Come see me tomorrow.

EXT. BAIE SAINTE-ANNE - THE DOCKS - DAY

Yvon (21) and Therese (17) gaze at the mighty Miramichi River. Fishing boats, a light breeze, brilliant sunshine.

THERESE
So many boats.

YVON
Lobster season.

THERESE
Shouldn't you be out there?

YVON
Ernie and me, we were, this morning.

He skips a few stones into the water.

YVON (CONT'D)
I don't know about this place.

THERESE
What's wrong with it? You don't want to stay here?

YVON
For a while. My father, I watch him. But, it's not the life I see for me. Or maybe for us...

Therese is silent, ponders this new topic.

THERESE
Wow, I'm just turned seventeen, Yvon. But, what... what do you see?

YVON
It's a big world. Lots of things a man can do with his life. What's here?

THERESE
Family.

YVON
Yeah. And the fish. It's home for now.

THERESE
Where do you want to go?

YVON
The top of the world.

Therese obviously does not understand.

YVON (CONT'D)
World champion. Like Joe Louis.
You'd get to travel all over the
place.

THERESE
Me?

YVON
Yep. Everywhere. The champ's wife
gets to come with him anywhere he
goes. And so do all his kids!

He springs up suddenly.

THERESE
Kids? What kids? What champ's wife?
Yvon, you're talking crazy!

He runs backwards away from her, down to the shoreline,
shouts back to her.

YVON
As many kids as he wants! Cuz he's
the World Champioooooooooooooon!

He shadowboxes as he runs, dances and throws crazed punches.
Therese hops up and chases after him.

THERESE
Yvon Durelle, you're out of your
mind!

They race down the shoreline.

INT. CHATHAM ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Yvon pounds the heavy bag. Loud THUDS, heard all over.

Dode stops at the ropes with ARNOLD FLEIGER (20s), a local
boxer with movie star looks and charisma to match.

DODE
Yvon, this is Arnold Fleiger. Local
boy. He's your new partner.

Yvon gives him barely a nod then returns to punching the bag.
THUD. THUD. THUD.

DODE (CONT'D)
(to Arnold)
He's a sweetheart. Really.

INT. CHATHAM ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Arnold and Yvon spar leisurely, throwing half punches.

ARNOLD
Chris says you don't like to train
too much.

YVON
I'd rather just fight.

ARNOLD
Gotta train to fight.

YVON
You sure?

Yvon speeds up his punching, tags Arnold with a few light punches. Arnold grins and dances some fancy footwork.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Road work. Arnold jogs far ahead of Yvon, who lumbers lazily.

ARNOLD
Pick it up, fisherman! Shake a leg!
Let's go, you're twenty for
Chrissakes not forty!

YVON
Twenty-one!

INT. CHATHAM ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Arnold skips rope, calisthenics, shadowboxes. High intensity.

Later, Yvon throws dozens of punches into Arnold's midsection as part of an exercise. Arnold reciprocates. They towel off, drink water.

ARNOLD
Okay, lunchtime, Doux. Let's have
a bite.

YVON

I gotta go into town.

ARNOLD

Okay. See you after lunch?

YVON

Done for the day, Arnie. That's all I need.

Yvon tosses Arnold his towel, scoops up a gym bag and leaves. Arnold shakes his head at Dode.

EXT. CHATHAM CURLING CLUB - DAY

Arnold squints through a window and sees Yvon playing pool, drinking beer, laughing with other PATRONS. Incredulous, he continues down the sidewalk.

INT. CHATHAM ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Arnold and Yvon spar. It becomes more intense, each man's competitive side coming out.

Yvon hits Arnold a couple of high shots around the head, surprising him.

ARNOLD

Hey, not in the face, remember. We said that.

Arnold increases the ferocity of his punches. Yvon responds. They chirp back and forth. (*"Hey, watch it." "Whatsamatter, can't take it?" "The fuck I can't." etc.*)

YVON

Let's see what you got, Chatham. Fuckin' pretty boy.

ARNOLD

Fuckin' frog.

It almost seems like a real fight. Yvon eventually puts Arnold down with a series of body shots.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

For Chrissakes, Yvon, what the hell?

YVON

You guard your head too much. Don't want to mess up that pretty face.

(MORE)

YVON (CONT'D)

Some guys do that so you hit them there.

He points to Arnold's mid-section.

ARNOLD

Jesus, that punch.

YVON

And I didn't learn that from skipping a fucking rope all afternoon, Arnold. Remember that.

Yvon helps him up with a broad smile. Arnold grins. Friendship and mutual respect.

INT. CHATHAM CURLING CLUB - DAY

Later that day, Arnold and Yvon play pool. A clock on the wall reads 1:45 pm. A FRAMED PICTURE of Yvon in a boxing pose hangs behind the bar.

Eventually, they settle at a table. A BARTENDER brings two large pints of ale. Arnold reaches for cash.

BARTENDER

On the house.

He leaves.

YVON

I don't pay here. Signed a picture for him.

ARNOLD

This *is* a nice break from the gym.

YVON

Training's overrated, Arnie. Around my house we had to fight for our supper. We fought everywhere and everyone. In the kitchen, in the woods, at the dance.

ARNOLD

At the dance?

YVON

We used to get some English pricks come in to town, try to take our girls. We had to beat the shit out them, let them know Baie Sainte-Anne was ours.

ARNOLD

That how you found Therese?

YVON

Yeah, she liked it. But I don't think her mom likes what I do. It ain't easy, Arnie. When there's no fights and no fish, I gotta go out into the woods with my brothers. Chop some wood. Freeze our balls off. I usually end up in a fight there, too.

(pause)

My father, he's been sick, Christ it seems like forever. Can't work too much no more.

Yvon drifts away.

ARNOLD

Life's complicated, Yvon.

YVON

Maybe. But not in the ring. I see a guy standing there, I hit him more than he hits me, I win. Arnie, that's all there is. After that, it's all dreams. You got a dream, Arnie?

ARNOLD

I thought I did.

YVON

I earned eight fuckin' dollars for my first fight and I didn't care. I didn't give a shit. I say to Chris all the time: just leave me alone, just let me fight my own way, you know, don't give me no fuckin' fancy advice. I hit the guy and he falls down, who gives a shit if I ran five miles that morning? That bastard is on the mat, calice. And that's it, that's all. He's on the fuckin' mat. You understand me, Arnie?

ARNOLD

Yeah, I get it. Talk is you're close to a title shot.

YVON

You're doing pretty good, too.

ARNOLD
 Maybe they'll want us to fight
 someday, eh?

A fleeting but serious contemplation of the possibility.

YVON
 Maybe Arnie. Maybe. Protect the
 body, remember.

A conversation in their eyes. Respect and understanding.

YVON (CONT'D)
 You ever been to Baie Sainte-Anne?

EXT. BAIE SAINTE-ANNE - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

Yvon's white Buick bombs down the road at an insane speed. Arnold, terrified in the passenger seat, has a death grip on anything he can hold onto.

Behind them, a COP CAR loops in for the chase. SIRENS and FLASHING LIGHTS. Yvon sees him in the rear view mirror.

YVON
 Oh, shit! Here we go! Buckle up,
 Arnie.

He sounds serious but Yvon's got a mile-wide smile on his face. He puts the pedal to the floor.

EXT. DURELLE HOUSE - DAY

From the end of the laneway, Ernie sees Yvon's car speeding toward the house. He starts to wave but Yvon's car whips by.

Ernie watches the cop car rocket by in pursuit.

ERNIE
 Good luck!

EXT. BAIE SAINTE-ANNE - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

Yvon floors it on a long, straight stretch headed right for the Miramichi Bay. He checks the rear view. No cop car.

The Bay comes into view. Arnie's eyes are frozen, huge. He puts one leg up on the dash to attempt protection.

ARNOLD
 Jesus fucking Christ, Yvon!

Yvon gives him a laugh that says *Welcome to Baie Sainte-Anne!*

YVON

Don't shit yourself, Arnold!

Just before it seems they'll fly into the Bay, Yvon slams the brakes, skids and SCREECHES to a stop at the end of the road.

Arnold's heart may have stopped. Yvon bursts a gut.

YVON (CONT'D)

You thought we were going in?

He checks the rear view. Finally, the cop car is there.

YVON (CONT'D)

We gotta go. Left or right?

Arnold couldn't answer to save his life.

YVON (CONT'D)

See ya later, chum.

He spins the car out, blasts off down the road.

INT. THERESE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Therese sits at the table with her mother ROSEANNE (40s), a prim and proper woman who worries deeply about her children's futures. Roseanne peels potatoes.

ROSEANNE

It hasn't even been two years,
Therese. You're still young.

THERESE

I already know I love him, ma. He
might give me a ring--

ROSEANNE

--Oh Jesus, you want to be married
to a boxer? He's so rough, Therese.
He's got some manners, yes. But he
still comes from the docks. And
where has he been all winter?

THERESE

He's so good to me, ma. He's only
rough on the outside. He has to
train, that's why he's gone. But
he's so gentle, ma. They call him
"Doux."

ROSEANNE

Huh, Doux. Therese, you're so pretty. A nice boy will come along. You're only seventeen!

THERESE

In Baie Sainte-Anne? Are you crazy, ma? And besides, I don't care. Yvon Durelle is the one for me, I know it. I know it in my heart.

Her father EDWARD (40s) enters. He knows it's best to be a man of few words in this house.

ROSEANNE

Tell your father.

EDWARD

What is it?

ROSEANNE

She thinks Yvon Durelle is going to give her a ring. Marry her. Where the hell would he get the money for a ring? And he'll be gone all the time. How are you going to like that, Therese?

THERESE

Dad?

EDWARD

Heard him fight on the radio last week. Tough customer.

(to Roseanne)

Make sure my suit is pressed, Mme. Robichaud.

Therese's eyes light up. She wraps him in a huge hug.

INT. CHRIS SHABAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dode, Chris and Yvon sit around the desk.

DODE

Big news, Yvon.

CHRIS

Halifax, Doux. Next month. It's for the title. Canadian middleweight.

YVON

Against who?

DODE
Roy Wouters.

YVON
Sounds like more training.

CHRIS
Your favourite. We'll make a plan.

EXT. THERESE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

A light snowfall. Therese is just outside the door, Yvon at the foot of the steps.

THERESE
Well, you look really...

YVON
Training. Got a big fight.

THERESE
Yeah, a big one?

YVON
Next month. You wanna come? In Halifax.

THERESE
Jesus, they'd never let me go.
Doux, are you ever coming back?
Here. Home.

YVON
Right after this fight.
(pause)
You talk to them? What did they say?

THERESE
One yes, one not so much.

YVON
I'll take the odds.

THERESE
I miss you, Doux.

He skips up the steps, sweeps her into his arms.

INT. HALIFAX ARMOURY - BOXING RING - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: JANUARY 20, 1950 VS ROY WOUTERS,
CANADIAN MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE

Dode and Arnold are in Yvon's corner. The fight is half over.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

ARNOLD

He's a slick bastard, Doux. Don't
get stuck on the ropes. Pound him
inside. He can't punch with you.

IN THE RING -

HIGHLIGHTS of the fight: both men throw jabs, land solid
blows. An ANNOUNCER'S VOICEOVER faintly calls the action.

Both fighters return to their corners for treatment and
advice. The tenth and final round is announced.

They go toe to toe in the middle of the ring, each staggering
the other at times but, miraculously, neither man goes down.

The final BELL RINGS three times. Both fighters nicked and
swollen. The REFEREE holds both men by the wrists.

RING ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner
on points and *still* the
Middleweight Champion of Canada,
Roy Wouters!

Yvon's weary head lowers as Roy's arm is raised.

INT. HALIFAX ARMOURY - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Yvon, still in his fight gear, weeps bitterly in front of a
mirror. His hands are still taped but no gloves.

YVON

You stupid fucker! You fuckin'
loser!

He punches the mirror. Gapes at his shattered reflection.

YVON (CONT'D)

You stupid
(punches the mirror)
fucking
(punches the mirror)
loser!
(punches the mirror)

Arnold whips around the corner. BLOOD everywhere. He bear hugs Yvon from behind then spins him around.

ARNOLD

Doux... Doux, look at me! Hey!
Listen to me. You didn't get beat
by some bum. That's the fuckin'
champ over there! And you can't
take a man's belt on points, you
gotta knock him out, you know that.

YVON

(through tears)
Fuck it, I'm goin' home.

EXT. MIRAMICHI RIVER - DAY

The fishing boat is anchored. Yvon stares into the water. Ernie opens two beers.

ERNIE

How much do you weigh?

YVON

A hundred and fifty-four, I think.

ERNIE

Too light. You gotta move up. Ten
more pounds you're light
heavyweight.

Yvon watches the mighty Miramichi River's eternal flow.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Doux? Doux, what do you think?

YVON

I think... I'm gonna get married.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A secluded "parking spot," known to all teenagers. Lots of trees around for cover. Yvon and Therese sit in the car.

THERESE

This is the place we came before?
Doesn't look like it.

YVON

Yeah, well it was at night.
Remember?

Her devilish smile says she does indeed.

Yvon fumbles around, looking for something in his pockets. He gets a bit agitated.

THERESE
Are you okay, Doux?

He finds what he's looking for, turns to Therese. A look on his face she's never seen before. Is he excited? Nervous?

YVON
Yeah, hold on.

He gets out of the car, goes around to her side, opens the door and drops to one knee. Yvon holds up an ENGAGEMENT RING in a tiny box.

Therese can't speak but her tickled eyes say *dream come true*.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

Yvon drives uncharacteristically at the speed limit. They're both dressed in WEDDING ATTIRE.

Therese gives her belly a little rub. She's not showing yet.

THERESE
I guess they'll figure it out when she's born.

YVON
How do you know it's a girl?

THERESE
You wanna bet?

YVON
I won't remember in six months.

He puts a wandering hand on her left breast.

YVON (CONT'D)
Any more than a handful's a waste.

He winks at her and floors the gas pedal.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a small place, cramped but pleasant enough.

Therese, visibly pregnant, peeks out the window to see Yvon and some MEN transfer cases of beer between two pick-ups.

EXT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - DAY

A car drives by the house, slows down. A NOSY WOMAN squints at the scene disapprovingly then continues down the road.

Yvon gives instructions to the bootleggers, enters the house.

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - DAY

YVON
I'm going out.

THERESE
Take your boots off in the house.
Who are those men? What are you
doing out there?

Yvon ignores her, continues to dress.

THERESE (CONT'D)
Yvon, Christ, right out in the
open? The neighbours can all see.
What if you get arrested?

YVON
I won't.

THERESE
Is there another fight? Do you have
one?

YVON
No.

He stomps out.

INT. CHATHAM ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

The gym is busy, lots of boxers training. Yvon is in street clothes. Dode watches two fighters spar.

DODE
Yvon! How's married life?

YVON
Not what I thought it was.

DODE

Oh.

YVON

She asks a lot of questions. Always worried about the money. Chris around?

DODE

Yeah, he's--

Chris comes out of an office.

CHRIS

(to Yvon)

--Where the hell have you been? Out in the woods again? I told you, stay near a phone.

YVON

It hasn't been ringing too much lately.

CHRIS

We got a call from Arnie's guy. Before you say anything, I know he's your friend.

DODE

And you used to knock the shit out of your own brothers.

YVON

I don't know, Chris.

CHRIS

Doux, Fleiger's a big deal now. He runs in the streets, little kids are running around with him like he's some goddamned movie star.

DODE

Not a lot of options. It's drying up. You want a fight? This is the fight we have.

Arnold comes through the door carrying his training bag. He sees them and ducks into the locker room.

DODE (CONT'D)

Okay, Doux?

Yvon follows Arnie.

INT. CHATHAM ATHLETIC CLUB - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Arnie unpacks his gear. Yvon enters.

ARNOLD

Wish I had a crystal ball, Yvon.

YVON

You saw this one coming. I'll expect you at the baptism.

ARNOLD

You kidding me? That's great! When?

YVON

Few months yet.

ARNOLD

Tell Therese all my best.

YVON

Arnie...

The words are stuck in his throat.

ARNOLD

Same here, Doux.

They shake hands, lock eyes. Nothing needs to be said.

INT. CHATHAM ARENA - BOXING RING - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: *DURELLE VS FLEIGER, JUNE 6, 1951, CHATHAM, NB*

Yvon and Arnold receive instructions from the REFEREE. Their relationship flutters unspoken but undeniable in the air.

FLASH TO a series of shared memories:

- their intense training/sparring.
- Yvon helping Arnold up from the canvas in the gym.
- both men laughing, drinking, playing pool.
- the quiet moment they shared after Arnold suggested this fight might happen.

Ringside, the ENGLISH CROWD howls insults and threats to Yvon, encouragement to Arnold. The FRENCH CROWD cheers Yvon on, screams back at the English crowd.

YVON
How much you getting?

ARNOLD
Three hundred. You?

YVON
A little more, Arnie. Therese says
don't hit me too hard, eh.

A VOICE from the crowd shouts: "*You're goin down, Frenchie!*"

YVON (CONT'D)
You bring all your friends tonight?

ARNOLD
You got a few here.

YVON
Arnold... I'm sorry.

ARNOLD
Just make sure it's your best.
Your *best*, Doux.

Yvon nods, they tap gloves.

YVON
Protect the body, my friend.

Yvon goes back to his corner. Arnold watches him go and takes a deep breath.

The opening BELL RINGS, both men charge out of their corners.

Big punches on their way from both fighters--FREEZE FRAME.

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sun slants through the window. On the table is an English newspaper with the headline:

*"DURELLE KNOCKS OUT BEST FRIEND FLEIGER IN SECOND ROUND
Getting Closer To Canadian Middleweight Title Shot"*

Yvon reads it sadly. Therese sees the pain in his eyes.

EXT. BAIE SAINTE-ANNE - THE DOCKS - DAY

Yvon and Ernie work on the fishing boat.

A large dark sedan parks nearby. Dode emerges with BILL TURK (50s), a flashy-dressing boxing promoter.

DODE
I had a feeling you'd be here. Yvon
this Bill Turk. Bill, meet Yvon
Durelle.

TURK
The Fighting Fisherman.

ERNIE
I fight, too.

DODE
His brother Ernie.

TURK
Two fighting fishermen. I love it!
Handshakes. Turk pulls out a log of a cigar.

TURK (CONT'D)
Fish jumping in the boat today?

YVON
Better than yesterday.

TURK
Good.

DODE
Yvon, Bill's got connections across
the pond.

TURK
Fights are drying up around here,
Yvon. No one left after you took
your friend Fleiger apart.

YVON
What's all this, Dode?

DODE
Chris is out of the game. Maybe
it's time to look around. Lots of
money overseas.

TURK
Yvon, what did you make it home
with today? A few lobsters?
Chickenfeed, my friend.

DODE
European markets are huge, Doux.

TURK
Indeed they are, Mr. Dealy. Huge.

YVON
I don't know.

TURK
You're top dog around here, Yvon.
But there's another rung on the
ladder, my boy. If you want to
climb.

YVON
I guess so.

TURK
I'm glad to hear that. They're
gonna love you where we're going.

YVON
Where's that?

TURK
The big time, Yvon. The big time.

He lights his cigar, watches a thick plume of smoke rise.

TURK (CONT'D)
You ever been on an airplane?

INT. CHATHAM CURLING CLUB - DAY

Yvon sits at the bar. His gym bag on the floor. He devours a greasy cheeseburger and watches a TV set behind the bar.

Arnold slides onto a stool beside him. Two beers hit the bar.

ON SCREEN: an Archie Moore fight.

YVON
Thanks for coming.

ARNOLD
You look different. Fatter. New
diet?

Yvon keeps an eye on the tube.

YVON

Look at him. The guy can't touch him. Slippery bastard.

ON SCREEN: Moore ducks, dives, jabs, smooth as silk.

ARNOLD

You ever think about it?

YVON

That's Archie fuckin' Moore up there, pal.

ARNOLD

You never thought about a world title? Bullshit.

YVON

Yeah, sometimes. Mostly what I think about is lobster traps, feeding my family.

ARNOLD

Come on, Doux. You're Canadian champ. You got a belt! I been *in* there with you, you could punch a hole in a cement wall.

They watch Moore deliver crushing punches to his opponent.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

He's the king. Somebody's got to come for his crown. You could take him out, Doux. You just need a shot.

Beat.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

How's Therese?

YVON

Number two's on the way.

ARNOLD

Congrats.

YVON

Got a new manager. Wants to take me to Germany. Says I got to move up to light heavyweight.

ARNOLD

I didn't even know they had boxing
in Germany. You gonna go?

YVON

You ever been on a plane, Arnie?

INT. BILL TURK'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is an semi-organized shambles. Contracts,
newspapers, files, fight photographs everywhere.

Dode sits across from Turk at the desk. Turk's ever-present
cigar smoulders in an ashtray.

TURK

Well I'm his goddamned manager,
Dode, and if I say he's going to
England, he's goddamned well going
to jolly old England.

DODE

He can't win over there. They don't
know shit from Shinola about
boxing. You took him to Germany--
twice--and he got beat twice. Once
by a German for Chrissakes. He
loses in England, that's three in a
row. He'll probably quit, Bill! And
he never has any money. He's always
complaining to me. Where's all the
dough?

TURK

He got paid every time. You think
it's cheap to fly to Germany?
There's expenses: hotels, meals,
airplanes, all kindsa shit. It's a
three-year contract, Dode, so what
are you doing here?

DODE

He sent me.

TURK

You and Chris are small potatoes.
You ain't got nothing to do with
him anymore. He's my fighter.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - MOVING

As usual, Yvon drives insanely fast. He pulls out a flask for a drink. His right hand is in a CAST.

THERESE
Can you slow down, Yvon?

The car slides through a turn.

THERESE (CONT'D)
Jesus, Yvon! Slow down!

He does, barely. She waits a moment.

THERESE (CONT'D)
When are you going to fight again?

YVON
When my hand's better. That's what you get from punching some limey prick in the head.

Beat.

THERESE
And the drinking...

He flashes her a threatening look.

THERESE (CONT'D)
Yvon, we got bills to pay, you know. Maybe you could call Bill.

YVON
For once we agree.

EXT. BAIE SAINTE-ANNE - THE DOCKS - DAY

Yvon works on the boat, arm still in a cast. Turk drives up.

TURK
We coulda met in my office.

YVON
Ever been on my boat, Bill?

Turk clumsily climbs aboard.

TURK
Nice. How's your hand?

Yvon tends to the traps. Tension lingers.

TURK (CONT'D)

Okay, so England didn't turn out too good. You were doing fine.

YVON

I don't punch low, Bill. Never did.

TURK

I know. It was a bullshit call. British rules. Still, a loss is a loss.

YVON

A third round DQ ain't a loss.

TURK

Makes four out of your last five, Yvon. Things aren't looking up.

Beat.

YVON

You know why I'm out here? Cuz I'm poor as a church mouse.

TURK

Expenses, Yvon.

YVON

That's what you always say, Bill.

TURK

Well I'm all you got, Yvon. So I was thinking... you want to make some quick cash, we take a fight. I'll get a few bets down.

YVON

What are you talking about, Bill?

TURK

You're on a losing streak anyway. What's one more? Look, you take a fall, we clean up. Fifty-fifty split. Easy money.

Yvon glares, strides menacingly toward Turk.

EXT. BAIE SAINTE-ANNE - THE DOCKS - DAY

A moment later, Yvon dangles Turk over the edge of the boat.

TURK
Are you fucking crazy?

YVON
Where's the money, Bill?

TURK
I told you--

Yvon dunks him under the water for a few seconds. Pulls him up. Turk spits and gasps for air.

TURK (CONT'D)
Ah, fuck! Yvon, listen--

Yvon dunks him back under again. Pulls him up. More gasps.

YVON
Where the fuck's the money, Bill?
Last time.

Turk spits out more water.

YVON (CONT'D)
Can you swim, Bill? Cuz I'm gonna
dump you in the middle of the
Miramichi Bay. You might make it
back before dark. Might not.

TURK
Okay, Yvon, Jesus Christ!

YVON
And you listen, you cocksucker.
Yvon Durelle don't lay down for
nobody. I should drown you just for
asking.

He lets go of Turk, who crashes into the water.

INT. MONCTON GROCERY STORE - CHRIS SHABAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Yvon appears in the door, holds up his right hand. No cast.

YVON
It's good. I need a fight.

CHRIS
You're not exactly a hot commodity
these days. They think you're
washed up. And, technically I'm not
your manager any more.

YVON

That's okay. I need a new one. Turk was robbing me blind. I had to throw him in the bay.

CHRIS

You probably did. Heard you been hitting the sauce.

Chris watches closely for Yvon's reaction, but there isn't one. Chris notices Yvon's extra weight.

YVON

I can get the weight down.

CHRIS

Hhmmm, I think I heard this--

YVON

--I'm not done yet, Chris! We're not done. You're the only one I trust. We can get back to the top of the mountain. It can't end this way.

Chris considers Yvon's request. Yvon's passion moves him.

CHRIS

The mountain's not very big around here. Isn't that why you left? But I'll make you a deal, Yvon. You been doing any training?

YVON

Yeah!

CHRIS

Don't bullshit me, Doux. You wouldn't know a serious day of training if it bit you in the balls.

YVON

I really need to fight, Chris.

CHRIS

Okay, here's the deal: I'll get you some fights, put some dough in your pocket. Two things you gotta do. You listening, Yvon? Two things you gotta do: train for real and win those fights. And cut the booze.

YVON
That's three things.

CHRIS
Three things then for Chrissakes.

YVON
Deal. But no more fucking England.

CHRIS
No more fucking England.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

Yvon runs with actual effort. Chris drives beside him.

CHRIS
Come on Durelle, Jesus Christ,
let's go, pick it up! Holy shit,
Yvon, you got two broken legs or
what? You couldn't beat a Grey Nun!

YVON
Lemme hit the bag, Chris. I'm sore
all over.

CHRIS
You only get sore if you're out of
shape!

YVON
When are we gonna fight?

CHRIS
When you're not a goddamned
sack of marshmallows!

Chris pulls the car out in front, takes off.

YVON
You son of a whore!

He lowers his head and pushes on.

EXT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - LANEWAY - DAY

Yvon finishes his run, turns up the laneway. Therese watches from the window.

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Yvon hobbles in, a bit out of breath. She puts his steak on a plate as he sits.

THERESE
I was getting worried.

YVON
Told Chris I'd lose twenty pounds.
Lotsa running.

THERESE
Till seven-thirty at night?

YVON JR. (3) and GENEVA (5) run up to him, smother him.

THERESE (CONT'D)
Hey, kids, get off your father, he
needs his dinner. He ran around the
whole province today.

YVON
That's right. In training you gotta
eat steak. And run around the whole
province. Every day. And then
straight to bed.

A few more hugs and kisses then the kids are gone. Yvon eats his steak. Therese hovers.

YVON (CONT'D)
What?

THERESE
They miss you.

YVON
Yeah, I know.

THERESE
They don't understand.

YVON
It won't always be that way.

She comes up behind him, massages his shoulders.

THERESE
Oh, Doux... my big strong handsome
husband. You sure you have to go to
bed so early again tonight?

He takes the hint.

YVON
Eight o'clock. Chris's rules.

She nods at the wall clock: 7:45 pm. She squirms her way onto his lap with a naughty grin.

FIGHT MONTAGE:

The YEAR and Yvon's RECORD appear and change ON SCREEN as each subsequent scene drifts into the next.

The montage covers 1956-57.

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Yvon touches gloves with a boxer. He delivers big body shots to his opponent. ON SCREEN: 1956, 2-0

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Yvon shows advanced technique, knocks out another fighter. ON SCREEN: 1956, 4-1

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Yvon puts his swollen hands into a bowl of ice after a fight. ON SCREEN: 1956, 5-1

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Chris and Ernie shout instructions from the corner as Yvon fights. ON SCREEN: 1956, 7-1

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Yvon knocks out another fighter with a massive right cross. ON SCREEN: 1956, 8-1

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Yvon winks to Therese during a round break while Chris gives him instructions. ON SCREEN: 1957, 10-1

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Yvon stands over a knocked-out opponent, finds Chris. ON SCREEN: 1957, 12-1

END MONTAGE

EXT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Yvon and Therese sit relaxed on the porch. Yvon Jr. doodles in a colouring book a few steps away.

A long, dark car pulls into the laneway. A DOCTOR steps out. Therese and Yvon darkly glance over to their son.

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A file is open on a coffee table. The Doctor holds a report. Yvon and Therese sit together, brace for bad news.

DOCTOR

It's called rheumatic fever. We don't see it much before they're five so this is a bit unusual.

THERESE

He falls down a lot.

DOCTOR

Yes. Does he have a history of sore throats?

Yvon Jr. wobbles in, wanders over to Yvon. They all look a bit sadly at the child.

YVON

Yeah, he had a bunch. You can fix this?

DOCTOR

We can treat it, manage it, but I'm afraid it's a long-term process. Years. It's dangerous, Yvon.

Therese is on the verge of tears. Yvon nods acceptance.

EXT. MIRAMICHI RIVER - FISHING BOAT - DAY

Yvon and Chris drift leisurely around the docks, sip beer.

CHRIS

Christ, you're only twenty-eight.

YVON
I feel forty-eight.

CHRIS
Shit, you got lotsa life left yet,
Yvon. Pass me another beer.

Yvon tosses one over. Beat.

YVON
We got the tests back. There could
be heart damage. Maybe years till
he's okay.

CHRIS
If he's got your heart, Doux, he'll
have plenty left over.

A wan smile from Yvon. Chris waits till it's safe or proper
enough to switch the topic.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I got a call from a guy in New
York. He puts fights on TV. That's
the future. He made us an offer.

Yvon's attention can do a 180-turn when it has to.

YVON
Holy Christ. You take it?

CHRIS
The kid they want you to fight,
Doux. He's already got a date with
Archie Moore lined up for next
month.

YVON
Jesus Christ, Archie Moore? This
kid's good?

CHRIS
Way past good. He's top ranked.

YVON
You gotta be ranked to fight on TV?

CHRIS
That's what I came out to tell you.
New rankings. You're number ten. In
the world, Doux.

YVON
Sacramento! Christ, I'll drink to
that! So, who's the guy, Mac?

CHRIS
Tony Anthony. Two-time Olympic
champ. Hotshot kid.

YVON
Why me?

CHRIS
Tune-up for Moore. They're looking
for someone they can knock out.
Want to put a scare into the old
bastard. It's up to you, Yvon. Big
payday. Tough, tough fight.

Yvon snaps a beer cap off a bottle with his hands.

YVON
I ain't no one's tune-up.

CHRIS
Atta boy.

YVON
Where?

CHRIS
Detroit.

YVON
When?

CHRIS
Two weeks. Doux, you beat this kid
and maybe you get a shot at Archie.

YVON
Archie Moore... where the hell's
Detroit?

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

A birthday party in progress. Therese sets food on the table,
arranges gifts around a cake. A radio plays MUSIC.

Yvon wrestles/boxes with Geneva and Yvon Jr. Baby PAUL sits
at a high chair. Therese darts to and from the kitchen.

GENEVA
You're really going to be on TV?

YVON

That's right, sweetheart. Just like a movie star.

GENEVA

How are you going to fit inside the TV? You're too big.

YVON

Oh, I can shrink myself real small. I'll fit right in there.

GENEVA

Go on, dad! Where's Detroit anyway?

YVON

Oh, it's far, far away, in the United States of America.

YVON JR.

Sates of Amica.

YVON

It's below us. Down there.

GENEVA

Uncle Placide told me hell was below us. And that's where we go if we're bad.

THERESE

Never mind Uncle Placide. He goes to church too much. Dinner's ready. And then it's presents for the birthday boy.

Yvon scoops Paul up from his high chair.

INT. DETROIT - OLYMPIA STADIUM - DAY

TITLE CARD: *JUNE 14, 1957 VS TONY ANTHONY, OLYMPIA STADIUM, DETROIT, MICHIGAN*

Yvon, Chris and Arnold file through the empty stadium.

CHRIS

You feeling okay, Doux?

YVON

Yeah. It's big, this place.

CHRIS

Big place. Big fight. We win this one, Archie Moore's dead in our sights.

TONY ANTHONY (22), imposing and divinely sculpted, lingers nearby with his Entourage. He catches sight of Yvon.

ANTHONY

(calls to Yvon)

There he is!

Anthony strides over with a thousand-watt smile.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Hey, Yvon. Tony Anthony. Good to meet you. They tell me you're a fisherman.

YVON

Yeah. Lobster, mostly.

ANTHONY

I love lobster. Lotsa butter and garlic.

YVON

Come to Baie Sainte-Anne sometime. I'll take you out on my boat.

ANTHONY

Maybe I will.

YVON

You ever been on TV before?

ANTHONY

Yeah, once.

YVON

You really gonna fight Archie Moore?

ANTHONY

Next month.

YVON

We got this one first though. Right?

ANTHONY

We got this one first. Hey, fisherman, don't make me look bad out there, will ya?

YVON
 Maybe I will.

A dazzling smile, a hearty slap on the back, Anthony's gone.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - BOXING RING - NIGHT

Irate CROWD NOISE swells. Debris is flung into the ring.

TV cameras focus on two ringside ANNOUNCERS who recap the decision after the fight. Furious CROWD NOISE continues.

ANNOUNCER 1
 This is not a happy crowd, Ray.
 They don't agree with the decision
 to call this fight a draw. Durelle
 was all over Anthony from the get
 go.

ANNOUNCER 2
 He was, no doubt about it. Anthony
 didn't know what hit him there for
 the first few rounds but he did
 have Durelle down in the sixth.

ANNOUNCER 1
 A pretty low blow there. Either
 way, this was not what Tony Anthony
 needed just before he tangles with
 the great Archie Moore.

A REFEREE ploughs through the crowd which berates him.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Yvon takes off his gear, his expression hard to read. Arnold
 and Chris give him a moment, try to gauge his mood.

ARNOLD
 Hey, Doux, you okay? A draw's not a
 loss.

YVON
 Yeah.

CHRIS
 That'll shoot you right up the
 ranks. This might actually work out
 for us.

YVON
 Okay. Now what?

CHRIS
I'm going to New York.

YVON
Okay.

Arnold and Chris have never seen Yvon so devoid of emotion.

INT. MANHATTAN - HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

TRUMAN GIBSON (45, African-American), a lawyer and powerful player in the boxing world, sits alone at a table. He wears a suit few could afford and exudes status.

Chris shakes hands at the bar with a LOCAL PROMOTER.

CHRIS
Thanks for meeting me.

They watch Truman order from a WAITER.

LOCAL PROMOTER
That guy there, that's Truman
Gibson. Head of the IBC.

CHRIS
What the hell's that?

LOCAL PROMOTER
They run it all. You want a title
fight, you gotta talk to him. He
has lunch here everyday. We'll wait
till he orders his Grand Marnier.

Later, they approach Truman's table.

TRUMAN
Hello, Marty.

LOCAL PROMOTER
Mr. Gibson, this is Chris Shaban
from Canada. He's got Yvon Durelle.

TRUMAN
The Fighting Fisherman, no shit.
Welcome to New York, Mr. Shaban.
Care for a Grand Marnier? Please,
sit.

Later, all are seated. Grand Marnier and cigars.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

They tell me Durelle, he's got hands like cement.

CHRIS

If he hits you, you know you been hit.

TRUMAN

Tony Anthony would know. So, what brings you all the way from--where you from?

CHRIS

New Brunswick.

TRUMAN

New Brunswick. Heard it's nice up there. So?

CHRIS

Well, sir, Yvon fought Anthony to a draw but a lot of people thought he won that fight. And we--

TRUMAN

--Oh, he won that fight, Chris. Your man, Durelle, he's quite a package. He doesn't look too fancy in there, quite the opposite, actually. But you don't need to look pretty if you've got sledgehammers in your gloves. Shit, Anthony didn't know his own name last couple of rounds. I don't know how he stayed up.

CHRIS

Yes, well, Mr. Gibson, Yvon is ranked third now in light-heavy. And we were thinking, Yvon and I that is, we were thinking we're ready. Ready for Archie Moore.

TRUMAN

Archie Moore? Well, Mr. Shaban, that is quite an interesting line of thinking, indeed. But here's what's going to happen. Archie Moore will fight Tony Anthony. He will defeat the young buck and after that, who knows?

(MORE)

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Anthony's drawing power went south after the fisherman punched him around the ring for ten rounds, that's true, but this fight was set two months ago. It's happening in three weeks and then we'll see. Archie Moore's won a hundred and sixty fights. You think your boy is ready for that?

CHRIS

With all due respect sir, we do.

Truman blows a thick cloud of cigar smoke.

TRUMAN

Oh, he might think he's ready. But trust me, Archie Moore knows tricks they haven't even thought of yet.

He pours more Grand Marnier all around.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Tell you what, Mr. Shaban, you keep the Fighting Fisherman sharp. Keep fighting. Keep winning. I'll keep watching. And one day, when he *is* ready, *if* he is ever ready, I'll be on the other end of a phone call that will change your lives.

CHRIS

Well, I'll drink to that, Mr. Gibson.

And they do.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

Yvon's huge white Buick speeds down the road. People wave, shout "*Hey, Doux!*" or "*Champ!*" etc. Ernie sits beside him.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Yvon pulls in. Three OLDER MEN perched out front. A pretty YOUNG GIRL (20s) sits in a car the next pump over, hood up.

Yvon gives her the eye, saunters over, leans in her window for a chat after telling the GAS ATTENDANT to "*fill 'er up.*"

He signals to Ernie to have a look under her hood. Ernie hops out of the car, disappears into the open engine.

The Men on the porch study Yvon. They may be envious or disapproving. One of them reads a newspaper.

The STATION OWNER dashes out.

STATION OWNER

Yvon! Hey, Doux. Great fight last month. I finally got the wife out to watch. The boys here, they were just talking about it.

Yvon shakes his hand, turns to the three Men.

YVON

What do ya say, boys? Did I make the funny papers again?

OLDER MAN 1

Says here Archie Moore took care of that Tony Anthony kid you fought. Knocked him out in seven. Had him down twice.

YVON

Ya don't say. Down twice?

OLDER MAN 2

In the sixth and in the seventh.

OLDER MAN 1

You softened the kid up for old Archie, Doux.

YVON

Must be what happened.

OLDER MAN 2

Says here you're ranked second now. Anthony's down to three.

YVON

No kidding.

OLDER MAN 3

You really gonna fight Moore?

OLDER MAN 1

You'll be world champ.

YVON

World champion. Sounds nice.

OLDER MAN 1

Hell, you could beat him, Doux. One hand tied behind your back.

OLDER MAN 3

Yeah, you're gonna kick his old black ass.

YVON

You really think so? Well, I guess I better phone him up. Ask him if he wants to dance.

Nods of agreement and approval from the Men.

GAS ATTENDANT

All filled up, Mr. Durelle. She needed every drop. You must have been running on fumes.

YVON

It's the only way to run.

GAS ATTENDANT

Yes, sir. Mr. Durelle, sir, would you, uh, would you mind maybe signing this here piece of paper for me. I'm a real, uh... I just love your fights and all that and I just know you're gonna be world champion someday, and, uh, you know we're all... all so, uh...

He's flustered, trying to speak for an entire province.

YVON

I know Jaimie, I know. Here you go.

Yvon signs, winks at the Girl just as Ernie drops her hood.

ERNIE

(to the Girl)

Give it a try now.

The engine catches on the first turn. She bats star struck eyes toward Yvon, who flashes his celebrity smile back.

YVON

(to the Men)

Say hi to the missus, boys.

(to Station Owner)

What do I owe ya?

STATION OWNER

Your money's no good here, Doux.

Ernie and Yvon climb back in their car. Yvon PEELS out of the lot, HONKS his horn. Dirt and dust swirl.

INT. CHATHAM CURLING CLUB - DAY

A huge poster of Yvon on the wall.

Underneath it reads: *COMMONWEALTH LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION AND CANADIAN LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION*

Yvon and several MEN sit at the bar drinking beer. A TV set shows boxing. Yvon drains his pint, tosses bills on the bar.

YVON

Gotta run, les boys! Thanks, Lou.

LOU

See ya, champ.

Bartender LOU wipes the bar. Yvon is out the door.

ARCHIE MOORE appears on the TV screen.

MAN AT BAR

Hey, Lou! Turn it up, they got Archie Moore on.

Lou looks out to see Yvon's car pulling out.

LOU

Ah, shit.

He turns up the set.

ON SCREEN: Moore is interviewed.

REPORTER

Archie, you didn't have much trouble with Tony Anthony. Who's next?

MOORE

Don't know. There's lots of good fighters out there.

REPORTER

How about that Canadian fellow, Yvon Durelle?

Bar Patrons noisily cheer, bang their glasses on the bar.

MOORE

I've heard of him. Hard hitter they say. I might have to give that young man a chance.

Shocked faces around the bar.

REPORTER

Can we confirm that? You'll put your belt on the line against Yvon Durelle?

MOORE

I might be jumping the gun a bit but, well, if we're going to do it, I should get to it. I'm forty-two now. So, we'll see.

Cheering and expert opinion from the Patrons:

"Doux's gonna be world champ!" - "Durelle'll kill him!" - "Lights out for you, Moore!" etc.

LOU

Next round's on the house boys!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - MOVING

Dark night. Yvon drives a massive new Buick. Placide, Ernie and Stan are in the car. They all drink beers.

The car speeds down the road, skids into the turn of a long laneway up to a house.

EXT. LANEWAY - NIGHT - MOVING

The lane is uneven. The car bumps, scrapes on the dirt path.

YVON

Calice! I just bought this thing. Fuckin' road's like the moon.

PLACIDE

You sure this guy's home?

YVON

He's always home.

He parks in front of a house with a garage.

YVON (CONT'D)
 Ernie, go get a couple of cases.
 Stan, you too. Cheapest in town.

They all exit the car. Ernie and Stan knock on a garage door.
 Placide and Yvon lean against the trunk, drinking beer.

PLACIDE
 Archie Moore, eh?

YVON
 Maybe.

PLACIDE
 I'm proud of you, little brother.

YVON
 Thanks.

PLACIDE
 You can beat him, you know.

Yvon ponders the possibility.

PLACIDE (CONT'D)
 And even if you don't, at least you
 got one hand on that dream. And you
 got a good fuckin' hold of it, too.

YVON
 It's been long road, big brother.

From the garage, Ernie and Stan carry out cases of beer.

PLACIDE
 Well, whatever happens--

ERNIE
 --get the trunk! Jesus Christ,
 these are heavy!

Yvon pops the trunk.

YVON
 (to Placide)
 Who knows, eh?

Ernie and Stan drop the cases into the trunk. The car sits
 lower to the ground with the extra weight. Yvon frowns.

YVON (CONT'D)
 Shit. I gotta back out. Okay, you
 guys walk down to the road or we'll
 just rip up the bottom of the car.

Ernie, Placide and Stan start down the lane behind the car.

Yvon closes the trunk, gets in his car, reverses slowly, squints through the back windshield. It's pitch black. The only visibility comes from his tail lights.

Halfway down lane, a LOUD THUMP. Then a second THUMP.

Yvon sees a BODY emerge from under the front of the car, illuminated by the headlights. He jams the breaks.

ERNIE AND PLACIDE

Stan!

YVON

Fuck!

Yvon jumps out. Placide and Ernie scream for Stan, rush to him. Stan lies still. The three brothers gather over his body, frozen in a *what the fuck do we do now?* tableau.

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Therese pours coffee for an RCMP OFFICER.

THERESE

He'll be right down.

Yvon lurches in looking like a man who has had a rough night.

RCMP OFFICER

Sorry to get you out of bed, Yvon.
You had an accident tonight?

YVON

Yeah, with Stan. We got him to the hospital. They said he'd be okay.

RCMP OFFICER

(to Therese)
I understand he's your uncle.

THERESE

Yes. Yvon, you didn't tell me.
(to the Officer)
Is he okay?

RCMP OFFICER

I'm afraid not. He died about an hour ago. We're going to have to have a look at your car, Yvon. Did you have anything to drink tonight?

Therese is speechless. Yvon steadies himself on the counter.

EXT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Yvon chops wood behind the house. Empty beer bottles scattered. He hacks violently. Chris comes around the corner. Piercing glares from both.

CHRIS

I just got off the phone with the RCMP. Jesus suffering fuck, Yvon! You know how close we are?

Yvon grabs more wood, chops relentlessly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's one thing after another with you! Get your shit together! You know how fucking hard we all worked to get here? To get *you* here.

Yvon stops chopping, drains a beer, stomps around the house toward his car carrying the axe. Chris follows.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And I told you, cut the booze! Where you going? You think you can just do whatever the fuck you want, don't you? Time's running out, Yvon. And I can't be your babysitter every day.

EXT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Yvon gets to his car, checks for his keys. They dangle from the ignition, locked inside.

CHRIS

Hey! We got a chance here. You want to fight Archie Moore? You want to be world champ? Or you just want to be Yvon Durelle the Fighting Fisherman who came from some fucking place no one's ever heard of? You know, they're not pressing--

SMASH! The driver's side window explodes when Yvon puts the axe through it. He unlocks the door, gets in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Well, that's great.

Therese comes out onto the front porch. Silence is best.

Yvon starts the car, reverses and spins into a turn. He bolts down the laneway, swerves onto the road, burns rubber.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to Therese)

I came to tell him they're not pressing charges. Calling it an accident. He must have a horseshoe up his ass. Call me if he gets home in one piece.

INT. CHATHAM ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Arnold coaches a fighter in a ring. Dode and Chris stride urgently through the gym.

DODE

You heard from him?

ARNOLD

No.

CHRIS

This ain't good.

ARNOLD

You check with Therese?

CHRIS

She hasn't heard from him in a week. He's never been gone a week.

DODE

We checked all the usual spots.

ARNOLD

He'll show up.

DODE

He better. Jesus Christ, this is all we need.

CHRIS

We gotta find him. We could get the call any day.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

Yvon drives alone toward a low sun. He speeds and weaves a bit, takes corners too fast, skids occasionally. He swigs from a BOTTLE between his legs.

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Therese nervously watches his car approach the house. Paul (now 2) sleeps beside her.

Yvon enters with a few duffel bags and a large army bag full of his clothes and gear. He looks barbaric, voice is hoarse.

YVON (O.S.)

Therese?

THERESE

In here.

YVON

Where's the kids?

Geneva (6) and Yvon Jr. (4) huddle fearfully in the doorway from the kitchen. They barely recognize Yvon.

YVON (CONT'D)

What the hell's wrong with them?

THERESE

They haven't seen you in a week.
And you come in looking like that?

YVON

Geneva, come here sweetheart, it's
Daddy. Come to daddy, Yvon.

Reluctantly, they move toward him. He tries to hug them.

YVON (CONT'D)

Daddy missed you guys. Don't be
scared. It's ok, I'm home now.

Later, Yvon sits dispiritedly on the sofa with a beer. Therese, with a cup of tea, sits in a chair across from him.

They inhabit two different worlds: He's upset at the children's reaction. She struggles with a different issue.

YVON (CONT'D)

They don't know their own father
for Chrissake?

THERESE

They know you haven't been here.
Chris and Dode are calling every
day. Stan's funeral is tomorrow.

YVON

I never saw him, Therese, I swear.
I needed some time to just... you
wouldn't understand.

THERESE

And you're too busy to pick up a
phone?

YVON

I called you three, four days ago.

Temperatures rising.

THERESE

Mary, mother of God. Do you even
remember where you were four days
ago?

YVON

There's a lot of things going on.

THERESE

What things?

YVON

I'm busting my ass out there,
sacrament! You think it's easy
making money in this game?

THERESE

What money, Yvon? Where's all this
money you're making, eh? I don't
see it. But I see new fishing boats
and lots of booze for your cronies,
those leeches who hang around and
let good old Yvon buy everything
for them. And I see lots of cars--
how many you had this year? Four?
Five? Always a new car for Yvon
Durelle, the famous boxer.

YVON

Tabarnak! That's what you see, eh?
Jesus Christ, woman, I gotta pay
gym time, sparring partners, their
food, their rooms and then I gotta
pay Chris and Dode to set the
fights up.

(MORE)

YVON (CONT'D)

Sacramento, what's left for me? Not much, Therese! Not too fuckin' much!

THERESE

Enough to keep your buddies drunk!

YVON

Go to bed if you're gonna talk crazy. I'm home now, calice, why can't you be happy with that?

He knows there's more. He can't mistake the pain in her eyes.

THERESE

And there's... stories.

YVON

What stories?

THERESE

Stories. I heard them. You know what I mean.

YVON

Stories are just stories, Therese. People talk about all kinds of things. Doesn't mean they know anything. I know I'm gone a lot. I meet a lot of different people. Some good, some not so good. But I know who I am, Therese.

THERESE

Who are you, Yvon?

YVON

Just a man.

THERESE

Yes, just a man.

A painful understanding between them.

YVON

I'm no angel, Therese. You know me. Christ, you think I like coming home and my own kids are scared of me? Sometimes I just can't... there's always somebody who wants to talk to me or buy me a beer.

THERESE

You wanted this life, Yvon. You want to be in there, in that ring. And you want new cars and new friends and people buying you drinks and asking for your autograph! You want all that! Not me! Your kids are growing up without you. How long are you going to do this to us? How long till you're ready to be a real family? A man who comes home to his wife and his children, not some good-time Charley who's always got his eye on the girls, who--

YVON

--I'm so close, Therese! I'm so close! I can see it. I can see it.

THERESE

What?

YVON

I could be world champion. My dream. *Our* dream.

THERESE

And then what?

A CRASHING NOISE from upstairs: Yvon Jr.'s rheumatic fever.

THERESE (CONT'D)

Yvon!

She flies from the room. Yvon follows quickly.

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

They bound up the stairs to find Yvon Jr. sprawled outside his room, bawling.

THERESE

Baby, mama's here. Sshhhhhh, it's gonna be ok. Help me, Yvon. Here, take him. It's okay, baby. It's okay, mama and poppa are here.

Yvon carries his son to his bed.

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - YVON JR.'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Yvon and Therese sit bedside. Yvon Jr. sleeps. A worried-looking Geneva appears in the doorway.

GENEVA
Is he okay, mama?

THERESE
Shhhh, yes, he's okay now.

GENEVA
He's not getting better is he?

THERESE
He will, sweetheart. Go back to bed. Don't forget to say your prayers.

Geneva reluctantly goes.

THERESE (CONT'D)
You see why we need you here?

Yvon bristles. Beat.

Therese tries a new direction, softens her tone.

THERESE (CONT'D)
Maybe... maybe we could move up to Moncton to be with you.

YVON
To keep an eye on me.

THERESE
To be with you, Yvon. Are we a family or not?

YVON
This is our home.

THERESE
Where I get to raise three kids by myself. While my husband's off running around who knows where, with who knows--

Yvon Jr. sits up, a few snuffles. Therese rubs his back.

THERESE (CONT'D)
It's ok, my pet. Shhh, just lie back down.

(MORE)

THERESE (CONT'D)

(to Yvon)

We need you here.

YVON

Hey champ, listen to your mother.

Here... we're right here.

He gets Yvon Jr. settled, tucked in.

THERESE

Doux...

They search each other's eyes for answers.

YVON

Come here, M'am.

He goes to her, embraces her tenderly.

THERESE

Doux, come back to us.

His eyes fill with tears, as the eternal battle rages on within: family vs. the ring.

INT. CHATHAM ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Yvon trains: calisthenics, medicine ball, heavy bag.

Chris is there with PADDY COLOVITO (45), an experienced trainer unafraid to tell his fighter how it is.

CHRIS

Yvon, hey, take a break. This is Paddy Colovito. He's coming on board. Gotta ramp it up.

PADDY

Yvon.

YVON

Paddy? What kind of name is that for an Italian?

They shake hands.

PADDY

Irish Italian.

YVON

So you like booze and pizza. We should get along just fine.

CHRIS

Wonderful. Anyway, I just got off the phone with the Championship Committee. They say you gotta defend the Commonwealth title.

YVON

Then I get Moore?

CHRIS

You win, then you get Moore.

YVON

So, who's this guy?

PADDY

Mike Holt, I know him. South African champ, light-heavy. He's got a hard-on for Moore, too. Winner gets the shot.

Arnold comes across the ring.

ARNOLD

The book is he punches hard like a son of a bitch. Head of cement. It'll be like fighting yourself, Yvon.

YVON

Sounds like fun. I gotta go to Africa to fight this guy?

CHRIS

Christ, no. We'll set it up in Montreal. He'll think he's coming over to fight you then Moore. This guy's no creampuff, Doux.

PADDY

Let's do some real work, Yvon.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - BOXING RING - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: *JULY 16, 1958 VS MIKE HOLT, MONTREAL FORUM*

This fight goes by in QUICK FLASHES of brutality and corner action. No announcers' call.

The bout is in progress. Both men are cut around the face, the punches are severe and the punishment is equally merciless on both sides.

Both fighters bleed profusely. Many powerful body shots stagger the recipient.

In each man's corner, they try to slow the bleeding desperately, fearing the REFEREE will stop the fight.

In the ring, Yvon is knocked down in the seventh round.

INT. MANHATTAN - HIGHRISE SUITE - NIGHT

Truman Gibson watches the Holt fight with a group of silk-suited MEN. They smoke cigars, drink cognac.

When Truman sees Yvon's BLOODIED FACE on screen, he gets close to the TV set. He speaks low, to himself.

TRUMAN

Come on, fisherman, Archie's watching. You want it or not?

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - BOXING RING - NIGHT

IN YVON'S CORNER -

Paddy works on the cuts--one over the eye, another under. Yvon gulps air.

YVON

Jesus Christ, Paddy, he got a fuckin' brick in those gloves?

The Referee and DOCTOR come over to have a look. Paddy covers the lower gash with a sponge.

DOCTOR

How is it, Yvon?

PADDY

We got it, doc.

The Doctor lingers, not convinced, shoots Paddy a questioning look. Paddy nods affirmative, works his magic on the cuts.

BACK IN THE RING -

Holt delivers a few devastating head shots until...

... a SLOW-MOTION, CLOSE ON Yvon's RIGHT HAND as it delivers the decisive body shot, a punch so destructive it causes *internal* bleeding.

Holt grimaces with extreme pain.

IN HOLT'S CORNER -

Holt slumps on his stool, clearly in distress.

HOLT
I can't fuckin' breathe...

The BELL RINGS to start the ninth but Holt cannot rise. His corner throws in the towel.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

Yvon staggers to his feet, blood all over his puffy face, a broken nose, eyes half closed.

He raises a weary arm with Paddy's assistance then crashes to his knees.

IN HOLT'S CORNER -

They help Holt stand. A POOL OF BLOOD covers the stool.

INT. MANHATTAN - HIGHRISE SUITE - NIGHT

Truman fires up a colossal victory cigar.

TRUMAN
He wants it.

INT. TRUMAN GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Truman on the phone with Chris.

TRUMAN
(into phone)
Archie Moore says he's ready. What do you say, Mr. Shaban?

Silence.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
Chris?

INT. CHRIS SHABAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Chris slowly replaces the receiver.

CHRIS
Holy shit.

He takes a deep breath, dials a number.

EXT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Yvon hugs Therese and the kids as Chris's car pulls in.

YVON

I'll see you in three weeks.

Chris waves. Yvon piles luggage into the trunk.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

They drive in silence. Yvon flicks the radio on, switches around to find a song he likes.

CHRIS

You didn't forget anything?

YVON

I used your list.

CHRIS

You feeling okay, Doux?

YVON

Everything's ok, Mac.

Beat. Chris wonders if Stan's death is on Yvon's mind.

CHRIS

Everybody knows it was an accident.

YVON

Yeah. Christ, this car got any heat? Where's Paddy?

CHRIS

Taking the train. He doesn't fly. He'll drive the car home. We'll fly.

YVON

Think I can win this one?

CHRIS

(turns the heater up)
You can win this one. He's only a four to one favourite.

YVON

Ha! I seen worse odds.

CHRIS

Don't take offence. He's won a hundred and seventy-two fights. I looked it up.

YVON

You got a plan, Mac?

CHRIS

I got a plan. You feeling the heat yet?

YVON

Gonna tell me this great plan?

CHRIS

When we get to Montreal. Joe Louis is going to be there.

YVON

The Brown Bomber? What for?

CHRIS

He's part of the promo.

YVON

Wonder what he'll say.

Yvon reaches over and turns the heat on full blast.

INT. MONTREAL - GYM - DAY

Busy gym, the rings are full of fighters training/sparring.

Yvon, Chris and Paddy squeeze through the packs of REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, TV cameras and lights being set up.

JOE LOUIS (44) chats with Reporters, spots Yvon.

LOUIS

Hey, there he is! The Fighting Fisherman! Yvon, come on over here, my friend!

YVON

(to Chris)

See that, we're already friends.

Yvon goes over. Cameras turn, bulbs FLASH to capture a warm greeting by the still-imposing looking former champion.

LOUIS

Good to meet you, Yvon. I'm Joe Louis.

Yvon is awed to meet his first boxing hero. They shake hands.

Later, Yvon and Louis find a private corner.

YVON

I remember that Billy Conn fight. Sounded like a war on the radio.

LOUIS

It was. Billy was a tough little bastard. He was like a mosquito, hit and run, hit and run. But I told him: Billy, you can run but you can't hide.

YVON

You really say that, Joe?

LOUIS

I did, indeed.

YVON

What would you tell me?

LOUIS

Yvon, old Archie Moore knocked Rocky Marciano down. He's the only man to do that. And he'll put your lights out, you give him the chance. Now, you're a lot younger than he is but he's slick as a snake and smart as a fox. When you fight a guy like that you gotta keep his mind busy. Don't let him out-think you.

YVON

How the hell do I do that?

LOUIS

Very simple. Keep punching him!

They share a good laugh.

YVON

Well, they're not giving me much of a chance.

LOUIS

I'm picking you, Yvon.

Yvon is more than a bit stunned.

YVON

He hasn't lost a fight in two years.

LOUIS

So, I guess he's due. I was world champ for twelve years. Let me tell you, it's a different world, a different life for you and your family. A better life. So when you get in there, go after him hard, blitz him in the first. Send him a message. That's how Rocky beat him. The longer it goes, the odds play to him. He'll be looking to take his time to settle in, see what you've got for him. I fought a guy just like you once. They called him the Cinderella Man.

YVON

Braddock. But you won.

LOUIS

Believe in yourself, Yvon.

Paddy approaches.

PADDY

Hey, Doux, let's go. Time to hit the bag.

(to Louis)

Mr. Louis.

Yvon and Louis shake hands.

YVON

Thanks, Joe. A blitz in the first, eh?

LOUIS

Go get that belt, champ. Go change your life. And remember, they can run but they can't hide.

INT. MONTREAL - GYM - DAY

Yvon in the ring with Paddy. Chris sits ringside, reads an article in a boxing magazine written by Archie Moore.

CHRIS

Old Archie's calls you a "club fighter with no style or class."

YVON

Oh, yeah?

CHRIS

Compares you to Marciano, though. Says you're like a pit bull, you'll fight to the death.

YVON

He's been talking to Therese?

CHRIS

Says he's got a system and you'll fall for it just like all the guys he already beat.

Yvon increases the fury of his punches. Paddy notices.

YVON

Yeah? And what system is that?

CHRIS

Outsmarts guys, he says.

Yvon stops punching, strolls to the ropes. Paddy sucks air.

YVON

He didn't outsmart Rocky though, did he? Sorry, Paddy.

CHRIS

Says that he'll have to be in top shape because--this is my favourite part--

(reads)

"this Canadian bull will take a lot of killing." How do you like that, Doux? A Canadian bull!

YVON

That's a new one. Okay, a bullfight then.

CHRIS

Yeah, then he ends with some kind of Shakespeare shit.

YVON

What the hell's Shakespeare?

PADDY

You know, he's the writer. Play
writer, I think.

YVON

A play writer? What the hell does
that have to do with it? What's it
say?

CHRIS

(reads)

"Uneasy lies the head that wears
the crown."

YVON

What's that supposed to mean?

CHRIS

The Christ if I know. Ask him
tomorrow when you see him.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - DAY

Press conference before the weigh-in.

Yvon wears a grubby knit sweater, soiled work pants. His
fishing boots and cap don't upgrade the outfit any.

Reporters and Photographers discuss his rustic appearance,
make notes, snap pictures. One Reporter starts:

RED

Yvon, Red Fischer, Montreal Star.
Have you seen today's headline?
*"Durelle Given Little Chance
Against Moore."* What do you think
of that?

YVON

They can write whatever the hell
they want.

KANE

Yvon, Martin Kane, Sports
Illustrated. How long do you see it
going?

YVON

Hard to say. If I knock him out
in the first round, I only see
it going one round.

A wink and a smile at Chris. The Reporters get a good laugh.

YVON (CONT'D)

And remember, as I always say to my wife--what's that thing I always say, Mac? Uneasy lies the... the what?

CHRIS

Head that wears the crown.

YVON

That's it. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown. You boys get that?

Blank looks from the Reporters.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - WEIGH-IN ROOM - DAY

It's crowded around the scale with the usual suspects.

ARCHIE MOORE (42) makes a grand entrance in an outrageous costume: a camel-hair coat over a tuxedo jacket, Homburg hat and a fancy walking cane.

All heads turn to gape at him. Moore's large ENTOURAGE clears people out of his path. He reaches the scales.

He stands before Yvon, scans him up and down, clearly amused.

MOORE

Now that's an outfit, Yvon.
Original. Who's your tailor?

Loud laughter from Moore's group.

Yvon's expression and body language react to the insult. Chris nimbly steps in between the two fighters.

CHRIS

It's ok, Yvon. Mr. Moore, I believe you're first on the scales.

MOORE

Well let me just slip into something a bit more comfortable.

He ceremoniously removes various parts of the costume then steps up to the scale in a dazzling light silky robe.

WEIGH-IN OFFICIAL

Archie Moore, one hundred and seventy-three and one half pounds!

CHRIS

Okay, Doux.

Yvon kicks off his boots, coarsely rips at his scruffy duds, flings stuff everywhere.

Down to his work pants, he checks Chris then Moore before removing it *all*, posing there BUCK NAKED.

Stunned silence in the room.

Reactions from Chris, Paddy, Moore and his Entourage, the Weigh-in Official.

Yvon steps onto the scale. The silence remains unbroken.

YVON

Well, what's it say, for Chrissake?

WEIGH-IN OFFICIAL

Yvon Durelle, one hundred and seventy-two pounds! On the... uh... nose.

Yvon hops off the scale, snaps a grin at Moore.

YVON

Didn't want to take any chances.

Moore peers at Yvon like he might be crazy. Red Fischer chuckles to himself. Photographers' bulbs FLASH.

EXT. MONTREAL FORUM - NIGHT

Alone in a light snowfall, Yvon gazes up at the lights, the Forum. He feels the weight of its history along with his thoughts about the next night's fight.

Behind him, Therese steps out of a cab. He hears the soft closing of the car's door and somehow knows she's there.

He smiles, closes his eyes, doesn't move a muscle when she gently wraps her arms around him from behind.

THERESE

Tomorrow, Doux.

YVON

Tomorrow, M'am.

THERESE

It's your dream.

YVON
Our dream.

THERESE
No matter what happens...

YVON
I know, M'am. I know.

He turns, hugs her tightly. Chris slips out of the Forum.

CHRIS
Get a good night's sleep, Doux.

Snowflakes speckle the night sky.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: *DECEMBER 8, 1958 VS ARCHIE MOORE, MONTREAL
FORUM - WORLD LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP*

POSTERS of famed Canadiens' players and championship BANNERS hang like Gods from the rafters.

The crowd files in. Therese works her way to her seat, quite a few rows back from the ring.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - YVON'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Paddy loosens Yvon's muscles. Chris approaches with a huge ROLL of paper. Reporter Red Fisher lingers.

YVON
What you got there, Mac?

CHRIS
Telegram. There's gotta be ten thousand names here.

YVON
Let me see that.

Yvon scrolls through, reads a few.

YVON (CONT'D)
Hey, Paddy, listen to this: Dear Mr. Durelle, please win this bout. My daughter wants to be a boxer just like you.

CHRIS

Forty-five minutes, Yvon. Think we could warm up a little?

YVON

You see, Chris, they love me. It's gonna be a good night.

He continues reading through the telegram.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - MOORE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Moore shadowboxes. His handlers are silent. All business.

MANAGER

Fifteen minutes, Arch.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - YVON'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Yvon appears relaxed. Chris gets the gloves ready. Red Fisher makes a few notes, checks his watch.

RED

Nearly showtime. Beliveau sends his best.

YVON

Le Gros Bill's here? Shit.

RED

You win this, you'll be Canada's first king.

YVON

Thanks for dropping by, Red. Get the headline right tomorrow, eh?

RED

I don't write the headlines. Go get him, Doux. You can do this.

Yvon inhales deeply, studies his bare hands. Slowly curls them into fists. Destiny on his face.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - MOORE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Moore's hands get taped. His face is stone serious. His CORNERMAN gives a pep talk, but we can't hear his words. Another TRAINER massages his upper back and neck.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - YVON'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Paddy tapes Yvon's hands. His face is now all business. Paddy goes over the plan but we can't hear his words.

INT. YVON AND THERESE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Yvon and Therese's families gather around the TV set, some sitting, some standing, some pacing. Thick tension.

INT. MANHATTAN - MEN'S CLUB SMOKING LOUNGE - NIGHT

It's crowded, smoke-filled. Truman Gibson sits in a leather chair, smokes a cigar, drinks whisky, eyes glued to a TV set.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - DRESSING ROOMS - NIGHT

Quick ALTERNATING FLASH CUTS from each dressing room:

- Each fighter gets his gloves on.

- Each fighter rises, dons their robe, paces to the inside of their dressing room door.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - YVON'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Chris leans against the door. Yvon approaches. Chris puts his hands on Yvon's shoulders as if to steady the both of them.

From the arena, the crowd CHANTS, "*Durelle, Durelle...*" The sound gradually reaches into the room.

CHRIS
Deep breath, Doux.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - NIGHT

A huge CROWD ROAR as each man emerges from his dressing room.

Each fighter makes his way to the ring through the animated crowd. The scene is set by two ringside COMMENTATORS.

COMMENTATOR #1
Good evening folks. Well, it might be a cold night outside this old Forum, but the atmosphere in here is anything but. The challenger Yvon Durelle, he'll be the crowd favourite tonight. Here they come.

Both are halfway to the ring. The passionate crowd hollers, tries to grab at the fighters.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)
That's right, Jack. Yvon Durelle may be the reigning Canadian champ but he's coming into tonight a hefty 4-1 underdog against the "Old Mongoose" Archie Moore.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
There could be a few jitters for the challenger, fighting in front of his fellow countrymen.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - BOXING RING - NIGHT

Yvon climbs into the ring first, Moore a few seconds later. Both men keep their bodies in motion, exchange glances.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)
I'm sure he's feeling some of the pressure of this noisy crowd. Gotta be some on Archie Moore, though. His belt's on the line and he's fighting in hostile territory.

Yvon scans the crowd, finds Therese. She smiles, he nods.

A BELL RINGS to bring each fighter face to face at centre ring for final instructions from the REFEREE.

An intense, unspoken moment between Yvon and Moore.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
Folks, we're glad you could join us. We're broadcasting live across both Canada and the United States. This fight is scheduled for fifteen rounds...

His voice trails off as the CROWD'S CHEERING drowns him out. PHOTOGRAPHERS snap photos then lay their cameras on the edge of the ring as the fighters return to their corners.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

CHRIS
Okay, Doux?

YVON
(breathes heavily)
Yeah. How do I look?

CHRIS

You look good. Just gear down a bit. You're runnin' a little high.

PADDY

Remember the plan. He's not gonna come to you. You go get *him*.

YVON

Yeah, yeah. Okay.

CHRIS

It's your time, Doux. You're not here by accident.

PADDY

You got the whole country. Now go knock his fuckin' head off.

INT. MONTREAL FORUM - BOXING RING - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Yvon's fiercely determined eyes.

CLOSE ON: Moore's fiercely determined eyes.

The BELL RINGS. Yvon charges out of his corner.

The Commentators' call is heard over the action we see:

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)

Both fighters trading a few jabs to start, as they circle one another. A crisp jab there from Moore backs Durelle up. Just approaching the end of the first minute and the consensus before the fight was that Durelle would have to come storming in at Archie Moore early if he were to get him--

Yvon unleashes a devastating right hand, knocks Moore down.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

--which he just did! Oh, my goodness!!

The crowd ERUPTS.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)

That was a crushing right hand to Moore's jaw! He's down! Moore is down!

REACTION SHOT from:

-- YVON'S HOUSE, where his family watches: LOUD CHEERING.

BACK IN THE RING -

Moore still lies on the canvas, listening to the count.

REFEREE

... six... seven... eight...

Moore rises.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)

And he's up at nine but staggered!

Moore is on his feet!

Yvon rushes in, delivers a furious barrage of loaded punches. Moore valiantly defends himself.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Archie Moore, dazed and staggering around the ring now. Yvon Durelle knows he has champ hurt. Another huge right connects and Moore is just trying to survive in there. And here comes Durelle, nailing him with everything he has. The gallant old champion just hanging on for dear life. And there's another hard combination and down goes Archie Moore again!

The crowd takes it up a notch at the second knockdown. Everyone is on their feet screaming their lungs out.

Yvon bounces to a corner but the Referee waves him back in as Moore pops up.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But he's right back up at the count of two! This is un-be-lievable!

Yvon explodes across the ring and throws a lethal overhand right which decks Moore to the canvas. Third time down.

The crowd loses its mind.

Paddy notices the slow start to the count for the third knockdown. He screams at the Referee.

PADDY

The count! Start the fuckin' count!
Start the fuckin' count!

The Referee gets to Moore, starts counting.

Yvon's wild eyes scan to Paddy then to the Referee. Moore appears finished.

REFEREE

... seven!... eight!... nine!...

Moore rises groggily, needs the ropes to make it up.

PADDY

Finish him, Doux!

Yvon blitzes Moore with everything he has left. Moore blocks, deflects, clinches and tries to stay alive.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)

One minute to go in round one. And it has been a nightmare for Archie Moore. Down three times! If he lasts this round it will be boxing's modern miracle.

Moore somehow steadies himself, gets in a few decent jabs.

The BELL RINGS three times.

Moore lurches exhaustedly to his corner.

Yvon bounds back to his. The usual corner work: the stool, the water, the towel.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

PADDY

Son of bitch! He didn't start the count on time! Jesus Christ, Doux! He's a fuckin' wounded duck out there.

CHRIS

Keep on him, Doux. He's scared. He doesn't know what the Christ just hit him.

YVON

What the hell's he made of? I can't hit him any harder.

PADDY

Just don't stop.

IN MOORE'S CORNER -

They work furiously on him to alleviate the fog.

MOORE
Goddam! That boy can hit.

CORNERMAN
How are ya, Arch?

MOORE
I'm gonna be alright. Startin' to
feel okay.

RINGSIDE -

COMMENTATOR #2
What a start for the Canadian Yvon
Durelle. Who saw that coming?

COMMENTATOR #1
Moore knows he's in a fight now.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

Yvon finds Therese in the crowd. He smiles a little and she
returns it. She has hope.

PADDY
Ready, Doux? We got points but it's
still gonna be a war.

YVON
(whispers to himself)
A war.

A BELL RINGS to start the second round which leads into a
SEQUENCE of fight scenes for rounds 2-3-4. No commentary.

Both men have promising moments when they get in a good head-
snapping jab or a powerful combination, but the fight is even
for the next three rounds.

Yvon routinely throws wild righthand haymakers, trying to
land the knockout punch. They mostly miss or are blocked.

Moore displays dazzling speed, head-snapping jabs and
stinging punches from a variety of angles.

We gradually see the difference between the fighters: Moore
is technically efficient; Yvon is a brawler.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
Just 10 seconds left in this fourth
round.

Both fighters simultaneously throw wild right crosses which both narrowly miss.

A split second *before* the bell, Moore catches Yvon with a short left which lands like a hammer. Stuns him.

The BELL CLANGS three times.

Yvon reacts, thinks it was a late punch. He swings a left-right combo into Moore's face, backs him up sharply.

Moore takes a deranged swing back but misses as the Referee steps in to separate them.

REFEREE

Time!

Both men glare at each other and exchange words as they cross back to their respective corners.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)

Some fireworks here to end the fourth. Looked like Archie Moore got one in just before the bell. Yvon Durelle didn't like that one bit and gave it right back to him.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

YVON

Son of a bitch!

CHRIS

Stay calm, Doux.

YVON

You see that?

PADDY

Yeah. Doux, stay away from the jab. Keep moving. When you move, he moves. You see him drop that left, bang! You bring that fuckin' hammer over the top.

CHRIS

Put a couple in his belly. He'll drop that left for ya.

IN THE RING -

A BELL RINGS. Fifth round. We see the action, hear the call:

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
 Here comes Yvon Durelle. He's
 brought some kind of hell-fire to
 the champ here tonight.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)
 Archie Moore, now looking
 stabilized. There's a sharp jab.
 That catches the Canadian.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
 Durelle's still coming. We know
 he's looking to--and there's that
 big right hand straight to the jaw
 and the champ is down again! Down
 for the fourth time!

The crowd ERUPTS again. The Referee counts over Moore.

REACTION SHOTS from:

- YVON'S HOUSE: the family SCREAMS, hugs, etc.
- MEN'S CLUB SMOKING LOUNGE: Truman Gibson, eyes wide,
 barks "Now!"

BACK IN THE RING -

Moore rises. He doesn't look beaten.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And Moore is up at six! Here comes
 Durelle, looking to finish him off.

PADDY AND CHRIS
 (yelling over each other)
 Finish him, Yvon! Take him out! Put
 him down, Doux!

Yvon surges in furiously but can't quite connect the knockout
 punch. Moore ducks, parries, jabs and circles away.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
 Archie Moore is just hanging on for
 dear life now.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)
 How is he still on his feet?
 There's *another* big right from
 Durelle!

Moore is staggered but somehow finds the will and energy to
 fight back. He throws desperate bombs, lands good shots.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
 I've never seen anything like this.
 The old pro is somehow fighting
 back. There's a solid right to the
 head of Yvon Durelle.

Just then Moore rocks Yvon with his best punch of the fight.
 Yvon staggers sideways but does not go down.

The fight descends into SLOW MOTION as another of Moore's big
 rights connects.

It looks like Yvon will go down. The crowd ERUPTS again.

REACTION SHOTS from:

-- THERESE: her terrified eyes.

-- PADDY/CHRIS: screaming to Yvon.

-- MOORE'S CORNERMEN: they howl for the knockout punch.

BACK IN THE RING -

Yvon staggers sideways. The action returns to REAL TIME.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 That was some dynamite of his own
 from Archie Moore. That rocked
 Durelle, no doubt about it.

They trade punches that would put lesser men to sleep all the
 way up to the BELL'S THREE RINGS.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

PADDY
 You okay, Yvon? Let me see.

Yvon is a bit unsteady on the stool. His eyes swell.

YVON
 It's okay. He got me good. I'm
 okay. What do we do now?

CHRIS
 He wanted a bullfight. Remember?

IN MOORE'S CORNER -

TRAINER
 Take the stool, Arch.

MOORE

Nope. Gonna stand.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

PADDY

What the hell's he doing?

CHRIS

Won't sit.

YVON

Crazy old bastard.

IN THE RING -

The next SEQUENCE covers rounds 6-9, the most brutal stretch of the fight as they trade fearsome punches. No commentary. Round cards can be inserted.

Both fighters' eyes swell enormously and eventually Yvon's nose will bleed profusely.

Yvon plods ahead, throws countless punches, some landing.

Moore counters and begins to connect with more frequency, good right hooks and jabs.

Paddy and Chris are less vocal, sensing the shift. The Commentators' call kicks in. A turning point:

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)

Look out! There's the big shot and Archie Moore drops Yvon Durelle with a thunderous right hand.

The crowd ROARS. Yvon is on the canvas.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But he's up at the count of three. My goodness, you could hear that punch land. That had to hurt!

Yvon rises, careens off the ropes. Three BELL RINGS.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

Yvon's face is a bloody mess. He somehow finds Therese. Tears stream down her face. She sees the dream slipping away.

Chris and Paddy work on his bleeding nose. They shout instructions which he appears not to hear.

REACTION SHOTS from:

-- YVON'S HOUSE: his family looks worn out, exhausted. Ernie can only say, "*He had him, he had him.*"

-- MEN'S CLUB SMOKING LOUNGE: Truman Gibson bolts from his chair. To the screen in a low voice: "*Come on, you son of a bitch. You're not done yet, Fisherman.*"

BACK IN THE RING -

The BELL RINGS. The fighters approach each other cautiously.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Round ten, here we go. This fight is scheduled for fifteen rounds, which seems impossible. It's been all-out war since the first bell. The brawler from Baie Sainte-Anne, New Brunswick, the Fighting Fisherman. And the dancer, the elegant and wily champion from St. Louis, Mississippi. What a fight this has been. One for the ages.

Each man lands solid blows but Yvon noticeably tires, his legs wobble. Moore sees it, stabs him with a series of jabs.

Blood from Yvon's nose covers his chest. He occasionally unleashes an energetic flurry of punches.

Moore's eyes are visibly swollen but no other injuries. Moore continues to dance and duck, tags Yvon almost at will now. The BELL RINGS three times.

IN YVON'S CORNER -

PADDY

Doux?

YVON

Can't get my breath. Hard to see. Is he still there?

CHRIS

We're all still here, Doux.

The crowd CHANTS "*Durelle! Durelle!*" Paddy works on his cuts.

PADDY

You hear that? Listen, listen! This fight ain't over yet, Monsieur Durelle. You just need one more opening, a tiny little crack. One more fuckin' shot, Doux. It's right here in this hand, I know it is.

Yvon stares hard into Paddy's desperate eyes.

PADDY (CONT'D)
 Tag him. Drop that hammer you
 brought from Baie Sainte-Anne. Put
 it on him, Doux.

Yvon rises from his stool. Yvon and Moore make steely-eyed contact. Silent mutual respect.

YVON
 Start the music.

The BELL RINGS.

There is only 45 seconds left in the fight.

Moore dances out, throws punches, nails Yvon up against the rope with crisp, stinging combinations.

Yvon goes down. The crowd HOWLS. Yvon grasps the ropes, lumbers up onto one knee.

The Referee counts "... *six!... seven!... eight!...*"

The CROWD NOISE fades out. Yvon hears nothing.

With defeat so close, he wonders if he should--or can--get to his feet and continue. He peers at Moore across the ring, who gives him a tiny nod of encouragement.

Chris and Paddy look anxious and helpless. Therese looks devastated, can barely watch.

The CROWD NOISE fades back in with a CHANT of "*Doux! Doux!*" Ringside Photographers click furiously.

Yvon stares at his right hand, rises, decides he'll throw one more haymaker to see where his destiny lands.

He glances to Paddy and Chris, offers a weak smile.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
 And Durelle is up at the count
 of nine. Can he have anything left
 in the tank?

Yvon charges across the ring, unleashes the murderous right hand which has put so many men on their backs.

But he misses and absorbs a crushing shot from Moore which ends the dream.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And the champ catches him with a
 stunning right and down goes
 Durelle again. Can he get up from
 this one?

He cannot. The Referee counts over Yvon.

Yvon lies on his back, barely moving. Time slows down, his world goes SILENT.

IMAGES swim through his mind's eye.

FLASH TO:

- his first boxing lesson from Placide.
- sitting on the dock with Therese discussing the future.
- sharing a laugh with Arnold Fleiger in the pool hall.
- his kids running up to swarm him after a run.
- hugging Therese outside the Forum the previous night.

Gradually, the ROAR of the crowd fades back in. Yvon turns over as the count reaches seven.

COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ... that's seven, that's eight,
 struggling at nine... and that's
 ten! He's out, folks. It's over
 here in round eleven.

The Referee counts him out. Yvon staggers to his feet.

The BELL RINGS three times. The ring fills with both teams.

COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)
 The fight of the year, no doubt
 about it! This one's for the
 history books!

Moore finds Yvon at the centre of the ring, embraces him.

MOORE
 Yvon, Yvon, great fight. You did
 great! Thank you.

YVON
 Yeah, we gave 'em a show, eh?

The Referee holds Moore's weary arm in the air.

Therese is on her feet along with the crowd. She cries but applauds, finding solace that it's over.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Next day, Yvon's face is still swollen, signs of medical attention. Yvon and Therese sit pensively, holding hands.

Sorrow and heartache in the air.

Yvon gives her hand a gentle squeeze and shuffles down the aisle to an empty seat beside Chris. Neither man is sure they'll be able to speak.

YVON

We came a long way, though, didn't we, Mac?

CHRIS

A long way, Doux. An awful long way.

YVON

We nearly had it, eh?

CHRIS

So close. Yeah. One hand on it.

YVON

Put a scare into the old bugger.

CHRIS

Scared him to death, Doux.

YVON

We'll get him next time, then?

CHRIS

Yeah, next time.

Yvon peeks past Chris through the window at an ageless pale blue sky.

He notices a never-ending bank of downy white clouds far below the airplane.

YVON

Let's have a drink, Chris.

DISSOLVE TO:

On a dark background, text reads:

Yvon Durelle fought an unsuccessful rematch with Archie Moore in 1959. He was knocked out in the third round.

In his last great fight, he challenged George Chuvalo for the Canadian Heavyweight title. He lost in 12 rounds.

He was inducted into the New Brunswick Hall of Fame in 1971, the Canadian Sports Hall of Fame in 1975 and the Canadian Boxing Hall of Fame in 1989.

Yvon Durelle died on January 6, 2007 (age 77) after suffering a stroke and battling Parkinson's Disease.

His boxing record stands at 88-24-2.

FADE OUT.

THE END