

## Million Dollar Baby

Frankie Trains Maggie

*[It's late at night Frankie sees Maggie shadow boxing in Boxing Gym]*

**Frankie:**

You're not breathing right. That's why you're panting. So it's your birthday, huh?  
How old does that make you?

**Maggie:**

I'm 32, Mr. Dunn. And I'm here celebrating that I spent another year scraping dishes and waitressing... which is what I been doing since 13. And according to you, I'll be 37 before I can even throw a decent punch... which after working this speed bag for a month and getting nowhere... I now realize may be God's simple truth. Other truth is, my brother's in prison, my sister cheats on welfare by pretending one of her kids is still alive... my daddy's dead ,and my mama weighs 312 pounds. If I was thinking straight, I'd go back home... find a used trailer, buy a deep fryer and some Oreos. The problem is, this is the only thing I ever felt good doing. If I'm too old for this, then I got nothing. That enough truth to suit you?

**Frankie:**

That your speed bag hanging up?

**Maggie:**

Put yours behind the counter. Wish I could say I wore it out. *[Goes back to Shadow boxing]*

**Frankie:**

Okay, just hold it. Hold it. I'll show you a few things, and then we'll get you a trainer.

**Maggie:**

No, sorry.

**Frankie:**

You're in a position to negotiate?

**Maggie:**

Yes, sir. Because I know if you train me right, I'm gonna be a champ. I seen you looking at me.

**Frankie:**

Yeah, out of pity.

**Maggie:**

Don't you say that. Don't you say that if it ain't true. I want a trainer. I don't want charity, and I don't want favors. If you're not interested, then I got more celebrating to do. [*Goes back to shadow boxing* ]

**Frankie:**

Stop, stop, stop. Goddamn it, stop. What the hell are you doing? Okay. If I'm gonna take you on...

**Maggie:**

*(Quickly)* You won't never regret it.

**Frankie:** Look, just listen to me. If I take you on...

**Maggie:**

*(Even quicker)* I promise I'll work so hard.

**Frankie:**

God, this is a mistake already.

**Maggie:**

I'm listening, boss.

**Frankie:**

If I take you on, you don't say anything, you don't question me. You don't ask why, you don't say anything except maybe, "Yes, Frankie." And I'm gonna try to forget the fact that you're a girl.

**Maggie:**

That's all I ask.

**Frankie:**

And don't come crying to me if you get hurt. Alrighty.

**Maggie:**

We got a deal.

**Frankie:**

No, not quite. I'm gonna teach you how to fight then we'll get you a manager, and I'm off down the road.

**Maggie:**

I hate to argue with you, but...

**Frankie:**

*(Cuts her off)* Don't argue with me, that's the way we're doing it. I teach you all you need to know, and you go off and make a million dollars. I don't care.

You get your teeth knocked out, I don't care. I don't wanna hear about it. That's just the way it's gonna be. It's the only way I'll do it.

*[Shake hands]*

**END**