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Jerry Maguire

By Cameron Crowe

EARTH FROM SPACE

The blue marble as seen from space. We hear the calm voice of Jerry Maguire, talking just to us.

JERRY'S VOICE

Airight so this is the world and there are five billion people on it. When I was a kid there were three. It's hard to keep up.

AMERICA FROM SPACE

The great continent through mist and swirling skies. (Satellites and other pieces of skycasting equipment float by.)

JERRY'S VOICE

That's better. That's america. See, America still sets the tone for the world...

KID ON BASKETBALL COURT

A puberty-ravaged kid dribbles a basketball, stares straight at us.

JERRY'S VOICE

In Indiana -- Clark Hodd. 13. The best point guard in the country. Puberty hasn't been easy. Discreetly, his hand slips into his pants and scratches. Girl on a high dive she's poised. A faraway look in her eyes.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

Becky Farling. You'll see her in the next Olympics. She launches her dive into mid-air, into nothingness.

ON TEENAGE GIRL BOXER

throwing punches toward the camera.

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2.

JERRY'S VOICE

Seattle, Washington. Dallas Malloy. Went to court to be allowed to box professionally. She's 16.

ON A YOUNG BASEBALL PLAYER

at bat.

JERRY'S VOICE

Art Stallings, Indio, California. Check out what pure joy looks like.

He swats a pitch -- not out of the park, it's much sweeter than that. He drills it over the first baseman's head, just out of reach of his glove. Art runs to first, laughing. Pats the first baseman's butt. Gotcha.

ON GOLDEN BOY QUARTERBACK -- FRANK CUSHMAN

A line of NFL scouts watch a dazzling pass from a future star.

JERRY'S VOICE

In Odessa, Texas, the great Frank Cushman. Cush is 20.

Quarterback, role model, my client. He'll probably go number one in the draft this year.

Cush turns into a closer shot. He's a living magazine cover.

A YOUNG CHAMPIONSHIP GOLFER

eyeing a long but level putt.

JERRY'S VOICE

There's genius everywhere, but until they turn pro, it's like popcorn in the pan. Some pop...

The kid misses the shot, whips his club at his coach.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

... some don't.

Hold on the kid, he's all youthful adrenalin, breathing hard.

Portrait of an intense young competitor.

SMASH CUT TO:

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3.

INT. NFL OWNERS MEETING/PALM DESERT FOUR SEASONS -- DAY

A wall of new NFL merchandise. Television monitors blink with the latest endorsement films. Into frame moves JERRY MAGUIRE, 35. He walks briskly and smoothly, yellow legal tablet in hand, at home in this lobby filled with Athletes and Sports Team Owners. We hear Herb Alpert's epic instrumental, "The Lonely Bull."

JERRY'S VOICE

Now I'm the guy you don't usually see. I'm the one behind the scenes. I'm the sports agent.

INT. NFL OWNER'S MEETING LOBBY -- MINUTES LATER

Jerry sits in a red leather chair, across from an agitated General Manager. He coolly works out figures on a yellow legal tablet.

JERRY:

Easy now, we can spread these numbers over five years...

JERRY'S VOICE

You know those photos where the new player holds up the team jersey and poses with the owner?

Flash of photo

Anonymous Athlete holds up jersey, standing next to Team Owner. Zoom in on someone's shirt-sleeve on left of frame.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

That's me on the left.

ON ANONYMOUS NEWPORT BEACH BUILDING

JERRY'S VOICE

Inside that building, that's where I work. Sports Management International.

INT. SMI CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

The SMI agents are a fierce, happy bunch. They sit in a carefully appointed conference room.

Sports photos and posters are framed on the walls. The signs of global marketing are omnipresent. Each agent has a silver tray containing soft drinks and a glass pitcher of water. Through the glass window, we see a large office divided up into many cubicles.

—

4.

JERRY'S VOICE

Thirty-three out of shape agents guiding the careers of 2,120 of the most finely-tuned athletes alive...

Near the end of the table sits Jerry Maguire. The word "millions" appears often and easily in his conversation. Shot moves in.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

... in this economy, sometimes emotions run a little high.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE -- HOUSTON -- DAY

An unmarked car pulls into the underground parking facility of the Houston Police Department. A cluster of chattering

media members move in on the car. ("Baja!!" "Baja, over here!!") Back doors open, and out steps Jerry Maguire with huge offensive lineman, BOBBY "BAJA" BRUNARD, 22. He is angry, and he is handcuffed.

WOMAN REPORTER:

Was the girl 16 or seventeen?

MAN REPORTER:

Were you aiming at anyone when you fired the shot in the 7/11?

Jerry whips in between Baja and the taunting media, blocking him off and forcing him through the glass doors into the police department. Professional smile in place, Maguire attempts spin.

JERRY:

Listen, there's no proof of anything except that this guy is a sensational athlete.

In the background, we hear baja bellowing insults at the press.

INT. ATLANTA RED CARPET ROOM -- ANOTHER DAY

Jerry now sits next to a towering white 27 year-old basketball player with a bad haircut. He is CALVIN NACK. They are signing a contract in the airport lounge. A little BOY approaches the player with a basketball trading card.

LITTLE BOY:

Are you Calvin Nack? Could you sign my card?

—

5.

Nack bends down with a kindly-looking face.

CALVIN NACK:

I'm sorry little fella. I can't sign that particular brand of card. I can only sign Pro-Jam Blue Dot cards.

The Little Boy looks confused. As Calvin Nack turns to grab an orange juice from a barmaid, Jerry smoothly dishes off a business card to the little boy.

JERRY'S VOICE

Lately, it's gotten worse.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Hockey Player STEVE REMO, 33, is a big man in a small bed. He is in traction, with concussion. DOCTOR stands nearby, shoots Jerry a look of concern. Family is nearby.

DOCTOR:

Do you know your name?

STEVE REMO:

I uh... wait. Wait, here it comes. I have it. My name is Steve Remo. I play for the Blackhawks.

(now on a roll)

You are my son. This pretty lady is my wife. And you are...

Jerry nods encouragingly, presents his best "familiar" face.

STEVE REMO:

(continuing)

My agent!

JERRY:

Yes!

STEVE REMO:

And I gotta play this weekend, Doc. If I play in 65% of the games, I make my bonus.

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Remo's 14 year-old SON (JESSE) confronts Jerry outside the hospital room. He's a hulking kid, a Pop Warner football player himself. His voice is in the process of changing.

—

6.

SON:

This is his fourth concussion.

Shouldn't somebody get him to stop?

As he talks, Jerry's cellular phone rings in his bag.

JERRY:

(glib, easy)

Come on -- it'd take a tank to stop your dad. It would take all five Super Trooper VR Warriors, right?

The kid stares at Maguire. It feels as if the kid is peering into his soul... and all he sees is trash.

SON:

Fuck you.

:

The kid turns and exits in disgust. He leaves Jerry standing in the hallway. Devastated. Music.

EXT. RENTAL CAR SHUTTLE -- DAY

Jerry Maguire upset in a rental shuttle. Passing through frame. Music. Phone still ringing.

INT. MIAMI HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Jerry sleeps.

JERRY'S VOICE

Two nights later in Miami at our corporate conference, a breakthrough. Breakdown? Breakthrough.

Jerry's eyes open. Breathing strangely. Trembling, he holds onto the nightstand for grounding.

He gets up, takes a few gulps of air, walks to mini-bar.

Gathers some tiny ice cubes in his hand, smears them across his face. This feeling is new to him.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

It was the oddest, most unexpected thing. I began writing what they call a Mission Statement for my company. You know -- a Mission Statement -- a suggestion for the future.

—

7.

INT. MIAMI HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry types, a pot of coffee and tray of room service nearby. we watch his face, alive now.

There is a direct line from the deepest part of him to the words he's typing. His fingers fly. Even his eyes grow moist.

JERRY'S VOICE

What started out as one page became twenty-five. Suddenly I was my father's son. I was remembering the simple pleasures of this job, how I ended up here out of law school, the way a stadium sounds when one of my players performs well on the field... I was remembering even the words of the late Dicky Fox, the original sports agent, who

said:

SHOT OF DICKY FOX

DICKY FOX:

The key to this job is personal relationships.

As Jerry continues typing, his voice is excited now.

JERRY'S VOICE

And suddenly it was all pretty clear. The answer was fewer clients. Caring for them, caring for ourselves, and the games too. Starting our lives, really.

SHOT OF SENTENCE: We must embrace what is still virginal about our own enthusiasm, we must crack open the tightly clenched fist and give back a little for the common good, we must simply be the best versions of ourselves... that goodness will be unbeatable and the money will appear. He pauses, and wipes his eyes, still considering the sentence.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

Hey, I'll be the first to admit it. What I was writing was somewhat "touchy feely."

He deletes it. And then -- zip -- he restores it and continues on, boldly.

—

8.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

I didn't care. I had lost the

ability to bullshit. It was the
me I'd always wanted to be.

INT. KINKO'S COPIES -- NIGHT

Jerry in T-shirt stands proudly watching copies pumped out.
Wired college students, band guys, other Copy People of the
Night nearby.

JERRY'S VOICE

I printed it up in the middle of
the night, before I could re-think
it.

Industrial, multi-pierced Kinko's copy guy examines the first
printed copy of the Mission Statement. He nods approvingly,
taps his heart in tribute. He slides a copy across the
counter, for Jerry's approval.

THE THINGS WE THINK AND DO NOT SAY

(The Future of Our Business)

KINKO'S GUY

That's how you become great, man.

You hang your balls out there.

Jerry nods. It's 3 AM, and this guy sounds and looks like a
prophet. In fact, everyone in Kinko's at 3 AM does.

JERRY:

(self-effacing)

Thanks.

ON MEMOS:

being stuffed into mail-slots.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Jerry splashes water onto his face. The sun is coming up.
He looks younger, lighter.

ON TV MOVIE (JERRY WATCHING)

Suddenly, dramatic movie score. It's Dana Andrews, showing
Gene Tierney the newspaper reports of her death in Laura.
("Someone was murdered in this room last night... any idea
who it was?") Camera whips to Jerry, standing watching as he
packs. A slight concern on his face. He moves to the phone,
and dials with urgency.

—

9.

JERRY:

Hi, it's jerry maguire. Uh,
listen did those manuscripts

get... Oh they did... No no no no
no, that's fine...

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

JERRY:

Jerry in suit, alone with his
luggage. Dry throat. clammy,
holds onto the handrail to steady
himself.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

The lobby is filled with SMI agents. The blue Mission
Statement is in evidence everywhere. Jerry inconspicuously
turns the corner, yearns to blend in. It's impossible, the
recognition ripples through the lobby. Underling agent BOB
SUGAR, 25, is the first to grab Maguire by the shoulders.
("Finally, someone said it!") Suddenly another agent begins
to clap, then reluctantly, another. Soon, the ovation rocks
the lobby. (In a three-shot near the front desk, we see a 26
year-old female employee of SMI applauding with Mission
Statement in hand, her sleepy son at her side.) Jerry
motions for them all to stop, but clearly he could listen
forever. It is a watershed moment in his life.

JERRY'S VOICE

I was 35. I had started my life.
Swing off Maguire to find two agents standing clapping
enthusiastically near the elevator. One offers gum to the
other.

AGENT # 1 (RACHEL)

How long you give him?

AGENT # 2 (CHRIS)

Mmmm. A week.

ON AIRPLANE WHEELS

folding up into a plane, as music and credits end.

INT. AIRPLANE/FIRST CLASS -- NIGHT

We move past a snoring businessman, onto tired but
adrenalized Jerry Maguire. He sits in first-class, working
on his laptop, a pile of newspapers and magazines nearby.
The WOMAN PASSENGER next to him, 30ish, finishes up a spicy
phone conversation with her boyfriend.

—

10.

WOMAN:

Monkeyface... monkeyface,

listen... I'm not going to say it
here.... no...

Jerry continues to work, as his laptop now beeps. Battery's
low.

WOMAN:

(continuing)

... oh listen, I got you the
perfect white shirt, at this out
of the way place... no... quit
trying to make me say it!

Jerry shuts off his laptop and prepares for sleep. Trying
not to listen.

WOMAN:

(continuing)

how about if I do it and don't say
it... mmmm... see you soon...

She laughs seductively and hangs up. She is still buzzed
from the conversation. Jerry turns to her, surprising her.

JERRY:

I have to ask.

WOMAN:

(protective)

What --

JERRY:

Where'd you find the perfect white
shirt?

She laughs, it's an infectious laugh -- two strangers
enjoying the good life -- as we DRIFT BACK three rows, past
the panel separating the cool comfort of first class from the
stuffy airless and uncomfortable world of coach.

We meet DOROTHY BOYD, 26. A harried passenger on this bus in
the sky. Her clothes are part-contemporary, part mother-
functional. She is never as composed or in control as she
wants to be. Right now she is devoted to the sneezing kid in
the wrinkled white-shirt sitting next to her. It is RAY, her
five-year old son. Dorothy is covered in toys and books.
Stuffed into the side pocket is Jerry's Mission Statement.
The easy laughter from three rows ahead washes over her like
cold water, as she rings again for a Flight Attendant. The

overworked ATTENDANT arrives, pissed, snapping off the bell.

—

11.

DOROTHY:

Look, my son is allergic to the material in these blankets -

ATTENDANT:

That's all we have.

The Attendant offers a bundle of soggy cocktail napkins and is about to exit as Ray makes a gagging noise. He's about to get sick. Both women reach for an airsick bag, and get it to his mouth just in time. Their faces are now inches apart.

ATTENDANT:

(continuing)

I'm sorry I was rude just then --

DOROTHY:

It's okay. We're in it together now...

The Attendant now exits helpfully with the bag.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't take anything I say seriously! I love to flirt!

Dorothy, irritated, leans out into the aisle to look for the heads that belong to these voices.

BACK TO JERRY AND WOMAN

WOMAN:

You're with the sports people on the plane, right?

JERRY:

Jerry Maguire. SMI.

WOMAN:

Bobbi Fallon. BPI. I'm producing the Coke commercials for the playoffs.

JERRY:

Well. Good luck with that --

He nods, as he reaches up to shut off the light. Politely stifles another yawn. He shuts his eyes, settles into sleep. Bobbi leans into his darkness.

WOMAN:

Can I just get a quick "man's" opinion from you on something?

DISSOLVE TO:

—

12.

INT. FIRST CLASS SEATS -- LATER

Bobbi is intense now, unburdening, as tired Jerry listens like a priest.

WOMAN:

And I can't say his name without laughing I want to eat him up. I want to say goodbye to every bad thought I ever had about relationships. I mean, I crave this guy... and yet... why... why did I have that affair this weekend? Does that mean I'm not in love with my boyfriend?

JERRY:

I think you'll know when you see him at the gate.

WOMAN:

It's the death rattle of my singlehood, right? Because I finally see the white picket fence looming and I love it/hate it/love it/hate it/ love it... you're right, I'll know when I see him. Why is it so easy to talk with you?! Tell me about your fiancée. Maguire fights another yawn.

JERRY:

I uh... don't think we're quite at your pitch yet.

WOMAN:

Tell me, and then you can sleep.

JERRY:

She's an NFL publicist... amazing sense of style... former athlete... volleyball... world class... really knows how to live every moment of her life, which is why I should take a nap now...

BACK TO DOROTHY:

Her sleeping son now silent, she can't help but listen.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Tell me how you proposed. I collect romantic proposal stories.

—

13.

JERRY:

No no...

DOROTHY:

(impatient)

Oh, tell the story.

WOMAN:

Oh, tell the story.

BACK TO JERRY -- LATER

JERRY:

--so our first date, she told me about her favorite place in the world, the seven pools of Hana on the island of Maui...

WOMAN:

Gorgeous.

JERRY:

A year-and-a-half later, we were both in Hawaii for the Pro Bowl. Now I've always hit a wall at 18

months. Every serious girlfriend lasts 18 months. It's like --ka-boom. The curse of 18 months.

WOMAN:

That's when you need to cement, and define define define.

JERRY:

Exactly. And the world does not need another 35 year-old bachelor. I knew I wanted to propose, so I took her there.

WOMAN:

To the pools?

JERRY:

To the pools. Now she's Miss Rock Climber, and I'm more the Non-Rock Climber, but we're hiking up through the pools and there's a fine mist in the air, and I have the ring in my pocket, and I'm a little nervous, I'm lagging behind, and she says to me, get this -- "Hurry up, klutz."

WOMAN:

Oh no --

—

14.

JERRY:

Well, it bothered me somewhat. And I got quiet. And now she's quiet and we're both pouting a little, you know. And I decide I'm not going to propose. The mood is not right. Why be impulsive? Now at this point I know she knows that I was going to propose and didn't. And she knows I know. So the entire sixty mile

ride back to the airport, we don't speak. And we're both good at that. We fly to Honolulu in silence. We check into the Pro Bowl hotel --

WOMAN:

How sad --

JERRY:

But wait...

BACK TO DOROTHY:

She is now craning out into the aisle to hear this story. The plane is now quieter. She listens to the easy sound of Jerry discussing his charmed life.

RAY:

(waking up)

Mama --

DOROTHY:

Shhh. Mommy's eavesdropping.

He sneezes, three big ones in a row. She hands him more kleenex, riveted on the story. And listens.

JERRY'S VOICE

Now little do I know that my assistant. has assumed that I've now proposed. So she has gotten the lounge band to actually play "Here Comes The Bride" when we walk back in.

Dorothy laughs to herself, somewhat derisively. She tries to share the laugh with her son, who stares at her.

—

15.

BACK TO JERRY -- LATER

JERRY:

Which they do. And we're standing there. All the football guys are in the lobby, watching, there's even an ESPN crew. So I turn to her and sort of grandly say,

"Well, this is me, Klutz, asking you, Goddess of Rock Climbing, to marry me." And I took out the ring, and I don't much like big scenes, but she said "yes" right there in the lobby and some of the toughest men in football wept like babies. We're getting married in February.

WOMAN:

Jerry. You two will be together forever.

BACK TO DOROTHY:

She takes one of her son's kleenex sheets, as an elegant Flight Attendant shuts the curtain to first class. Dorothy blows her nose, moved against her will.

RAY:

What's wrong, mom?

DOROTHY:

First class is what's wrong. It used to be a better meal. Now it's a better life.

She pulls out the Mission Statement, aware that she's been listening to its author. She opens it and begins to read.

INT. LAX AIRPORT TERMINAL -- MORNING

Jerry Maguire exits the plane a few steps behind Bobbi Fallon.

JERRY:

(quietly, like a coach)

You'll know when you see him.

You'll know when you see him.

Bobbi scans the crowd. She spots Monkeyface, large and burly in tiger-print sweats. He looks like Mickey Dolenz. He holds flowers.

—

16.

WOMAN:

Oh my God, you're right. I know.

(Jerry smiles)

He's not The One. He's not the One.

Jerry's face falls. Bobbi Fallon moves into the embrace, faking it. Jerry moves ahead, turning back to see the doomed couple. Melancholy now, he continues forward through the crowded airport and the expectant faces of those waiting for loved ones. Music.

INT. LUGGAGE AREA -- MORNING

Dorothy looks through the rubber flaps of the luggage conveyor belt. She clutches a cup of coffee. In the background, other SMI agents' grab their bags and exit.

DOROTHY:

Ray! Ray!

Maguire enters picture, joining her as she looks into the dark depths behind the flaps.

JERRY:

Can I help?

DOROTHY:

Oh. Hi. I work in your office. I was on the junket to the conference. I'm --

JERRY:

I know who y6u are. You're Dorothy Boyd. You're in... wait... you're in Accounts. You have the middle cubicle toward the back with that poster of Albert Einstein morphed onto Shaquille O Neal's body.

DOROTHY:

(surprised)

Hmm. Pretty good.

JERRY:

Now what did you lose?

DOROTHY:

My son... my mind...

Over her shoulder, Maguire sees Ray rounding the corner, riding the luggage conveyor belt like Washington crossing the Delaware.

—

17.

JERRY:

Well, while I go look for him, why don't you hang onto this curious gentleman behind you --

Dorothy turns, is greatly relieved to see Ray, and snatches him off the belt. She bends down into his face. She speaks softly but intensely, with no frills.

DOROTHY:

Remember "imagination?"... remember what that means? Well, this is one of my bosses so you will now IMAGINE me screaming at you right now. Do NOT do that again. Ever ever EVER.

She rises, shifting back to being a somewhat relaxed young woman of 26. It's a transition she makes, oh, 500 times a day.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

Well, thanks.

JERRY:

Well, take care.

DOROTHY:

And have fun at your bachelor party.

Jerry pauses just a moment, but it's long enough. Dorothy freezes.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

Oh no.

JERRY:

No no. I knew.

DOROTHY:

(slow sigh)

Nnnnn. I just killed the surprise.

JERRY:

No, I'm just... anxiously looking past it. I already had my bachelor party. It was called "my twenties." See you later.
Jerry takes off.

—

18.

DOROTHY:

I loved your memo, by the way.
He stops. Turns. She flashes the well-thumbed copy in her purse. Jerry takes a step closer, interested and flattered.

JERRY:

Thanks... actually, it was just a "Mission Statement."
Ray has taken Jerry's free hand, and begun swinging on him.

DOROTHY:

I think in this age, optimism like that... it's a revolutionary act.

JERRY:

(eager for feedback)
You think so?

DOROTHY:

Oh tsht. Yes.

JERRY:

I appreciate that, because some of that stuff... you know, it was two in the morning and...

DOROTHY:

-- the part about "we should embrace what it is still virginal about our enthusiasm" --

Jerry looks slightly edgy at the naked vulnerability of his words.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

-- "and we should all force open the tightly-clenched fist of commerce, and give a little back for the greater good.". I mean, I was inspired, and I'm an accountant. Ray, don't spill my coffee.

Jerry looks more nervous, as Ray has now taken his mother's hand. He is now swinging on both of them.

RAY:

One-two-three... swing.

—

19.

DOROTHY:

Hey. To respect yourself enough to say it out loud, to put yourself out there, so openly...

(shakes her head)

... I don't know, it got me.

Now Jerry looks concerned, as Ray continues swinging happily.

RAY:

One-two-three, swing.

JERRY:

Thanks. May I offer you both a ride?

DOROTHY:

Oh no. I'm sure it would just make your day to drive us all the way to Manhattan Beach, taking that left down to little tiny Waterloo street where you have to play chicken with oncoming traffic, and your life flashes before your eyes, but -- hey, I've

obviously had too much coffee and all -- here's my sister Laurel to pick us up. Thanks, though. Bye.

JERRY:

(amused)

Dorothy. Ray. A pleasure.

RAY:

One-two...

Jerry lets Ray down easy. The kid is a little disappointed. But Maguire bows, always courtly, and exits to get his bag. He then realizes something amiss and returns quickly, pulling Ray's hand up again and completing the swing.

JERRY:

... three, swing.

Ray is now happy, in love even, as Jerry exits. Dorothy laughs, as her sister arrives. LAUREL BOYD is 36. No make-up, no bullshit. Laurel has a pin on her sweater, which catches on Dorothy's shirt as they hug.

LAUREL:

Come on, I'm double-parked.

Dorothy returns to the world of motherhood, bending down, gathering Ray's toys. She wipes at Ray's hair.

—

20.

("Don't put food in your hair.") She is surprised that she's a little jazzed from her encounter with Jerry Maguire. She can't help but look back at Jerry, who catches her looking. He salutes her, with mock circumstance. She returns it with a guilty smile. He disappears, and she finds herself oddly short of breath.

DOROTHY:

(to herself)

Hmmph. Whoever snagged him must be some classy babe --

INT. AVERY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

AVERY BISHOP, 29, makes love to Jerry Maguire at fever pitch. They are standing on the bed, which is in the corner.

AVERY:

Don't ever stop fucking me!

JERRY:

Sooner... or later... I'll have to stop.

AVERY:

Oh Gawd, oh yes, it's never been better. Never BETTER!!
Nearby, a large and sleepy German Shepard yawns.

AVERY:

(continuing)
Never BETTER!!
The dog snaps awake, a little shook. Avery suddenly yanks away. Breathing hard, she just looks at Jerry. Sex is a very serious business with Avery.

AVERY:

(continuing)
Open your eyes.
(he does)
If you ever want me to be with another woman for you, I would do it. I'm not interested in it. There was a time, yes, it felt normal for me, but it was a phase, a college thing, like torn Levi's or law school for you... people change, but if you ever feel like being adventurous in that way, I would do it for you. You want anything from the kitchen I'm going to get some fruit --

—

21.
She skips off like a colt. Jerry digests what he's just been told.

JERRY:

(to the next room)
You know. I don't think we need to do the thing where we tell each other everything!

EVERY (O.S.)

(laughing)

Jerry, this is what intimacy is!

Jerry rubs his face, as he does often when processing complex information.

EVERY (O.S.)

Oh -- don't forget tomorrow we have dinner with Wade Cooksey.

JERRY (O.S.)

I know about the bachelor party.

Avery returns. Her robo body, half-lit now in the hallway, is a glorious life-long project.

EVERY:

Who told you?

JERRY:

One of the accountants.

She makes a pissed-off sound. She then walks over, taking his shoulders and bending them forward. She is an expert at body manipulation, loosening him as she talks.

EVERY:

Jerry. Your buddy Dooler worked his ass off to make you a tribute film. All those guys from the office are coming. Everybody loves you. Just calm down, relax, act surprised, and have an amazing time. And you'll never guess who narrates your bachelor movie.

INT. FANCY HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

Jerry enters the hotel suite and over-acts surprise. He falls down, clutching his heart, feigning an attack. He looks around for a bigger reaction than he actually gets.

THE FILM -- SHOWN ON BIG-SCREEN T.V.

It is hosted by MICHAEL JORDAN.

—

22.

MICHAEL JORDAN:

I have often wondered where my career would have been had Jerry Maguire been my agent. The

answer -- Yugoslavia.

Tepid laughs, as many of the agents turn and grab furtive looks at Maguire, who stands at the back of the room with his friend BILL DOOLER. Dooler, husky, 30, looks like a beatnik on steroids.

DOOLER:

You hear those courtesy laughs, Jerry? There is a seething wrongness at the edges of this party.

JERRY:

Oh come on --

DOOLER:

This is fuckin Michael Jordan, man! They should be screaming.

JERRY:

(eying crowd)

You're imagining it.

They are joined by unctuous agent Bob Sugar. Sugar is a Maguire wannabee. Puts an arm on Jerry's shoulder.

SUGAR:

We still having lunch tomorrow, Jerry? Looks like Carl Denton tested positive for marijuana. That moves Cush solidly up to numero uno in the draft.

DOOLER:

Oh, that'll really help this party! Let's all talk business!

JERRY:

Dooler, you know Bob Sugar.

SUGAR:

(smoothly)

The best commercial director in the business. I hail you.

DOOLER:

Sorry I yelled. You have
exquisite taste.

—

23.

SUGAR:

Everybody's having a great time.
You're both nuts -- the movie's
great.
Sugar moves on, cheerfully.

DOOLER:

I like that guy.

(The movie, which plays simultaneously with the conversation,
is a Hi-8 confessional of Jerry's former girlfriends.
MICHAEL JORDAN is cut into this, nodding, as if he were
actually interviewing. The effect is funny, but the
confessions are brutally honest. There is The One He Was Too
Good For, The One He Wasn't Good Enough For ("He hated being
alone.") The Still in Love Girlfriend, The Punk Rock
girlfriend ("Sports makes me ill"), The Now Married With Kids
Girlfriend, The Cynical Girlfriend ("Beneath the cute
exterior, more cute exterior.") The Purely Sexual Girlfriend,
The Brainy Girlfriend, ("Great at friendship, bad at
intimacy") and even the Girlfriend Who Does A Great Jerry
Imitation (rubbing her face, she does a flawless Jerry-on-his-
way-to-the-airport). All seem to agree on some basic points
(and if necessary maybe Jordan narrates the following
information to underscore it.) Jerry always has a
girlfriend, and many met him on the first day he'd broken up
with the last one. The relationship always competes with his
job, and the job always wins. The final confrontation
happens somewhere around the 18-month mark. Sequence ends
with Avery in character, wielding a blowtorch, threatening to
burn all these old phone numbers.)

JERRY:

(wounded good sport)
... this is... uh... too funny...

DOOLER:

They ain't laughing, man.
Something's wrong.

Jerry nods, takes a swig of beer. He knows the response is little more than polite. None of the other agents can keep eye contact with him. Dooler is right. On the screen, the finale features a good-humored collage of Jerry photos, cut to music.

INT. SMI OFFICE -- DAY

Elevator doors open. Maguire is now paranoid. He walks through the buzzing SMI headquarters, heading for his corner office. He is like an FBI man searching treetops and corners for the Gunman. Everywhere he looks is a potential Grassy Knoll.

—

24.

He passes Fellow Agents, always smiling, giving a word of encouragement to an Agent having an emotional hallway conversation with an Athlete, even bends down to check the sheet of slides being approved by a very large but seated Basketball Player. Moving forward. There is trouble in the air, but only he seems to sense it. He turns corner and is met by assistant WENDY, who hands him a long list of calls. The sheet flaps against his leg as she moves with him toward his back office.

WENDY:

(as in 'get ready')

Marcee's here. She's already in your office.

JERRY:

Thanks, Wendy.

INT. JERRY MAGUIRE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jerry enters his corner office overlooking both the shiny waters of Newport Beach and a large mall parking lot. Already standing, reading the mail on his desk is lively MARCEE TIDWELL, 25. African-American, gorgeous, a heat-seeking smartbomb. She is also five months pregnant.

JERRY:

Marcee. How's my favorite player's wife?

MARCEE:

Jerry, Rod is very very upset.
Tyson, no!

Across the room, 4 year-old menace TYSON ceases trying to pry a plexiglass case off the wall.

JERRY:

Tyson, hello.

Tyson just stares at Jerry. Jerry has little luck with kids. He gives Marcee a quick peck and heads for the fridge. He grabs a two-pint bottle of orange Gatorade -- another habit -- and sits down at his desk. He slips into crisis mode like an old shirt.

JERRY:

(continuing)

How can I make your life better?

MARCEE:

I know you say to take the Arizona offer, but my husband needs more recognition.

(more)

—

25.

MARCEE (cont'd)

He is the biggest, fastest, raddest wide-receiver in the league. Now I don't know what you do for your four-percent --The door opens, Bob Sugar pokes his head in.

SUGAR:

Cronin's okay for lunch?

JERRY:

Marcee -- this is one of our agents. This is Bob Sugar, who needs to learn to knock.

SUGAR:

Pleasure.

MARCEE:

You've called our house, right?

SUGAR:

Sorry to interrupt you guys.

Sugar exits. Marcee resumes at the exact point, at the exact level of intensity.

MARCEE:

Now I don't know what you do for your five-percent, but this man, my husband has a whole plan, an image... we majored in marketing, Jerry, and when you put him in a Waterbed Warehouse commercial, excuse me, you are making him common. He is pure gold and you're giving him "Waterbed Warehouse" when he deserves the big four -- shoe, car, clothing-line, soft-drink. The four jewels of the celebrity endorsement dollar.

Jerry finds himself admiring her drive, and she commands the best in him. The desk buzzes, and Jerry ignores it.

MARCEE:

(continuing)

You gonna get that --

JERRY:

Not a chance.

She smiles.

_26.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Marcee, things are changing around here. You and Rod will have my total personal attention.

MARCEE:

(upping the ante)

Damn right, and you can start by taking Rod's poster and putting it where people can see it!

JERRY:

(it's infectious)

Damn right.

He climbs up on the edge of his sofa, and reaches for the poster with his hanging device. True to Marcee's complaint, the poster hangs in the upper Siberian region of his wall.

MARCEE:

Look at that handsome man, trying to build a life up there by the air-conditioner. We're coming to get ya, darlin! We are so close to having it all!

ON THE POSTER -- CLOSE

It is the kind of poster that is strictly the domain of second-tier players. Commanding wide-receiver ROD TIDWELL, 27, stands shirtless, hands on hips, looking vaguely uncomfortable. Emplazoned above his head: IN ROD WE TRUST. Elsewhere in the room, we hear the inevitable crash ("Tyson!").

EXT. CRONIN'S GRILL -- AFTERNOON

Crowded outdoor restaurant in the business district. Jerry sits down opposite Bob Sugar, still making a few notes.

JERRY:

Gimme a second here... Tidwell... Arizona contract... new glass cabinet...

SUGAR:

You okay?

JERRY:

(looking up)
I'm fine. What's up?

SUGAR:

I came here to let you go.

—
27.

JERRY:

Pardon me?

SUGAR:

Came here to fire you, Jerry.

For a long moment there is only silence. They study each other. These are two smart boys, each one anticipating the other's next three or four moves.

SUGAR:

(continuing)

It's real, Jerry. You... you should say something.

Suddenly he's flushed, a little embarrassed.

JERRY:

Aw shit...the crowded restaurant... so there's no scene...

SUGAR:

I know. It sucks. I suck.

In a back room, the waiters are singing the restaurant's "Birthday Song" to someone else. Jerry is dying.

JERRY:

You...

SUGAR:

(razor sharp)

You did this to yourself. You said "fewer clients." You put it all on paper. Scully was very upset. Heart attacks make some people sweeter, but not him. You did this to yourself --

Jerry's mouth opens to finish his sentence, but before he can speak, Sugar continues.

SUGAR:

(continuing)

-- although I do gotta hand it to you. For about five minutes you had everyone applauding smaller revenues.

Quietly, Maguire finishes the sentence he started earlier.

JERRY:

You... ungrateful... unctuous...

—

28.

SUGAR:

(unctuous)

... dick?

JERRY:

Dick.

Maguire reaches for water. The sound of the ice cubes jangling is suddenly very loud to him. He is drowning.

SUGAR:

Give me a little credit for doing this face-to-face! What I went through knowing I was going to do this to my mentor! Can you get past yourself for a second?

JERRY:

You'll lose.

SUGAR:

(musically)

You wanted smaller.

JERRY:

I'm over it. Now I want all my clients and yours too.

SUGAR:

Jerry --

JERRY:

-- and I'll get 'em.

SUGAR:

(patronizing)

You'll always be my hero, Jerry. Always always always. We're bringing other elements in, we're focusing on endorsements -- it's not about handholding anymore.

We're no longer babysitters --

Jerry fights the desire to use his fists. Hangs onto the table. He's starting to freak out now. Trying to calm down. Sugar's mouth keeps moving, but we hear the music in Jerry's mind. Rising percussive music.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Jerry tries to move briskly down the street, through the lunchtime businessmen traffic. Back to the office.

—

29.

INT. CRONIN'S -- DAY

Sugar dines alone now. Casually whips out a portable phone.

INT. SMI ELEVATOR -- DAY

Jerry in the elevator, eyes wide, mind racing. Dorothy Boyd sees him, raises a hand to say hello. Decides this is not a good time.

INT. SMI OFFICE -- DAY

Close on Maguire as he moves through the office, heading to the back office. Music

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Maguire rolls the fax machine over to his desk. He takes a breath, and begins to go to work. From within his bottom drawer, he withdraws a Powerbook. Then from another drawer, a phone book. And then from his inner jacket pocket, a third smaller phone book. They are lined in front of him now, as he dials.

INT. CUSHMAN HOME/ODESSA -- DAY

Frank "Cush" Cushman picks up the phone. Today, the young football God wears a yellow scarf on his head. He's still playing NBA Jam on his Gameboy' as he talks.

EXT. CRONIN'S -- DAY

Sugar at the table. Chameleon-like, he adopts the personality of whomever he talks to.

SUGAR:

Cush. Hey Dudeboy! It's Bob
Sugar. Listen, I'm callin' ya
first 'cause you're the most
important guy in sports...

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Maguire on the telephone, fighting hard, as he feeds a fax into the machine at the same time.

JERRY:

Carla, right now you're paying 25%
of your endorsements to SMI, I
would cut my commission by 7%...

As he talks, he takes a stack of his Mission Statements, once
proudly set on his desk, and sentences them to the bottom
drawer.

—

30.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Sugar strolls back to the office, talking on the portable.

SUGAR:

You read that memo I snuck to you,
the guy's tired of the job. Tired
of making you money.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Maguire feeds a fax, types another fax on his Powerbook, all
while he talks quickly on the phone.

JERRY:

And when I got you that big
contract in Chicago, and the fan
poll in the Sun-Times was 93%
against you, who went and found
you that sympathetic journalist
who turned it all around, it was
me...

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Several other agents working the cause behind Sugar, who
breezes through the calls.

SUGAR:

He's costing you money, Debra...
he's oldschool.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jerry on the toilet. Not a minute to spare.

JERRY:

SMI represents all three
quarterbacks on your team, where's
their loyalty going to be? You
stay with me, I'd fight for YOU
alone. You'd be my only client on
that team...

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

SUGAR:

I've got the clients. I've got the juice.

INT. SMI OFFICE -- DAY

Dorothy walks the center hallway with some contracts. To the right and left of her are the phones are ringing.

—

31.

Something is amiss. She stops at the desk of fellow Accounts Exec CLEO, 32.

DOROTHY:

What's going on?

CLEO:

(no big deal)

They fired Jerry Maguire. Did it at Cronin's.

Dorothy groans softly, as she lowers herself into her seat. She is strangely affected by the news. She scoots back on her roller chair, and looks down the hallway to Maguire's office door.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

The pace has accelerated.

JERRY:

-- personal attention --

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sugar talks faster.

SUGAR:

-- more money, more endorsements --

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jerry talks faster than sugar.

JERRY:

-- a family of athletes --

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sugar talks faster than Jerry.

SUGAR:

-- the millenium, eight-hundred

channels more endorsements. Think
of me, think of dollars.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jerry shows signs of tiring.

JERRY:

Kathy! Hi, it's Jerry Maguire.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM -- DAY

—

32.

KATHY SANDERS, 22 year-old figure skater, sits on a couch. Nearby are cardboard stand-ups, souvenirs of past endorsements. Also, the famous gold-medal shot from the Olympics. Kathy's adoring Mom and Dad sit next to her, listening in on the extension. The Mission Statement is folded open on Dad's lap. Kathy chokes on every other word, such is her anguish.

KATHY:

I already heard from Bob Sugar.
Jerry I want to cry for what they
did to you at SMI. You helped me
win that gold at the Olympics, we
have history, and... oh Jerry...
if we weren't in the middle of the
Accura deal, you know I'd go with
you!

(starts to break down)

Oh Jerry, oh God...

There is a click on the line. She is pained and outraged.

KATHY:

(continuing)

... Call Waiting... who could be
calling me now?...

She clicks the phone once. Her voice is suddenly cheery.

KATHY:

(continuing)

Hiyee.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE

JERRY:

Still me, Kathy.

She instantly starts "crying" again.

KATHY:

Ohhhhhhhh...

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DUSK

Sugar crosses off another name on his list.

SUGAR:

It's not show "friends". It's show business.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DUSK

Jerry on the phone. It's getting harder to crank it up.

—

33.

JERRY:

Rod! How ya doing? Jerry Maguire.

INTERCUT:

INT. TIDWELL KITCHEN/HOUSE -- DAY

ROD TIDWELL, 27, begins this conversation in the kitchen. He is a powerful physical presence, and he holds a hot new cellular phone. He fixes young son Tyson a bowl of cereal as he talks. In the background, monitoring the crisis is Marcee Tidwell.

ROD TIDWELL:

"How am I doing?" I'll tell you. I'm sweatin, dude! That's how I'm "doin." I'm sweatin my contract. I'm sweatin' Bob Sugar calling and telling me I'm blowing the big endorsements if I stay with you. I'm sweatin'. You hear what I'm saying?

JERRY:

I hear what you're saying...

TIDWELL:

No. I hear that you hear what I'm saying. But do you hear what I'm saying?

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Sugar works off a wristwatch. He spends no longer than three minutes on each call.

SUGAR:

I'll bet he hasn't even called you yet, right Jennifer? Wait, I need to cough...

He covers the phone, as another agent hands him a cellular with another call on it.

SUGAR:

(continuing)

Hi, Ben, it's Sugar, hold on a second, have you heard from Maguire? You haven't???? Well, that tells you a lot. Hold on, gotta cough...
Back to the other call.

—

34.

SUGAR:

(continuing)

So Jennifer...

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE

Jerry is still on the same Tidwell call. Looking at his watch.

TIDWELL:

Alright, we're just getting started on my list of things you need to know. Take notes if you want to.

JERRY:

(dying)

Okay.

INT. TIDWELL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Tidwell walks down the hallway, past clippings and citations from his career. Marcee follows, always listening.

TIDWELL:

Good, 'cause see, I am a valuable commodity. I go across the

middle. I see the ball and a dude coming right at me, wanting to kill me, I tell my brain "get killed, catch the ball." That's New York Steak, baby. Rare. And yet, nobody's giving me LOVE. Nobody's giving me PROPS. Nobody. I went to Arizona State, I'm from Arizona, I break Arizona records, I'm a Sun Devil, man!!!

JERRY:

Now you want Arizona dollars.

TIDWELL:

Exactly. And I'm sitting here with an ant problem, look! And my brother Tee Pee's room is flooded with water. Say hello to Jerry Maguire --

We meet the messy-haired and slightly overweight brother of Tidwell, TEE PEE, 24. Tee Pee, who lives free of charge in Rod's house, is a nakedly jealous and more political version of his brother. He says into the phone:

TEE PEE:

Hello Jerry Maguire.

—

35.

Tidwell takes the phone back, and continues through the house, with Tee Pee now following the procession of family monitoring the important call.

TIDWELL:

-- the house is fallin' apart, we don't even know where we're gonna live in a year, and I'm supposed to be a "superstar," man! Are you catching my flow, here?
Jerry looks at his watch. Doomed.

JERRY:

I need a decision from you, Rod.
INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Sugar has three phones going.

SUGAR:

Killer, Steve, good decision.

(next call)

So it's yes, right? Excellente.

(next call)

Tell me it's yes... yes? YES!

Tidwell enters bedroom. Marcee, Tyson and Tee Pee in tow.

TIDWELL:

-- now to recap, I want to stay
in Arizona, I want my new
contract, I like you, you're nice
to my wife, I will stay with you,
that's what I'm doing for you, but
here's what you're gonna do for
me. You listening?

JERRY:

(dying)

Mmm. Hmm.

TIDWELL:

It's a very personal, very
important thing. It's a family
motto. So I want to share it with
you. You ready?

JERRY:

Yes.

TIDWELL:

Here it is. "Show me the money."

(pause)

Show. Me. The. Money.

—

36.

JERRY:

I got it.

TIDWELL:

Now doesn't that just make you

feel good to say it? Say it with me.

The lights have gone down in the city, and he hasn't had a chance to turn his own light on. He sits in the oncoming darkness, watching the blinking white lights on the phone bank on the desk.

JERRY:

Show. Me. The. Money.

TIDWELL:

Congratulations. You're still my agent.

Tidwell hangs up. Feeling good about the decision, he enters his closet and adds today's shoes to an enormous shoe collection. Nearby, Tee Pee shakes his head.

TEE PEE:

An African-American man running with a little ball, working for white owners and white agents. It's the iconography of rascism...

(off Tidwell's dismissive look)

... but I woulda stayed at the bigger company.

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sugar crosses the last call off his sheet, and throws himself on the sofa. He lands in reclining mode with a soft poof. The younger turks watch their new leader. Victory is his.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Jerry stands at the door, holding some belongings. He looks back and symbolically flips the light switch off.

Unfortunately he hasn't realized the lights are already off. So, in his final gesture, surprising himself, he has weirdly turned the lights on.

EXT. CORNER OFFICE -- NIGHT

Bam. Jerry's door opens. He exits his office with box. He is now in a state of advancing melancholy, slightly unhinged. Many of the other agents now try not to watch him leaving.

—
37.

JERRY:

Well, don't worry! I'm not going to do what you think I'm going to do, which is FLIP OUT!

JERRY:

(continuing)

Jerry goes to a water dispenser, calming himself, and fills a small Dixie cup. Downs it and fills it again, rubbing his face..

JERRY:

(continuing)

But let me just say, as I ease out of the office I helped build -- sorry, but it's a fact -- ON DOROTHY -- WATCHING from her cubicle.

JERRY:

-- that there is such a thing as manners. A way of treating people...

He notices the fish tank nearby. He attempts to be profound.

JERRY:

(continuing)

These fish have manners! They have manners.

And now Jerry feels bravado, mixed with a wave of anger. Another cup of water as he finds power.

JERRY:

(continuing)

In fact. They're coming with me! I'm starting a new company, and the fish will come with me and... you can call me sentimental.

He begins dipping into the tank, grabbing the one exotic fish that failed to escape his cup. It's a fire-tailed Peruvian beauty. He grabs a baggie from an assistant's desk, shakes out some crumbs, and dumps the fish inside.

JERRY:

(continuing; to fish)

it's okay... it's okay...

Nearby, a Xerox Repair Guy watches the human train wreck.

—

38.

JERRY:

(continuing)

But if anybody else wants to come with me, this moment will be the ground floor of something real and fun and inspiring and true in this godforsaken business and we will do it together! Who's coming with me besides... "Flipper" here?

But clearly even Flipper is not happy with the new arrangement. Panicked, he whips around the small baggie.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Anybody going with me?

Silence, someone coughs, as agents and office personnel look on with equal parts pity and embarrassment. Jerry downs another small cup of water. His lid is blowing off with each second.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Wendy? Shall we?

Assistant Wendy looks at Maguire. Painfully polite:

WENDY:

I'm three months away from the pay increase, Jerry. I have to, uh... you know, stay.

Jerry absorbs the blow, and takes the keys from the top of her desk. She can't look at him. Jerry stands alone, the blue Mission Statement on Wendy's desk sits accusingly in frame. There is only silence now, the loudest kind.

JERRY:

Okay, anybody else?

ON DOROTHY:

She looks around. Doesn't anybody believe in the very thing

they were applauding three days ago? She has an odd reaction, a muscle twitch of the soul. Before she knows it, she stands boldly, unfortunately knocking a cup of coffee onto herself in the process.

DOROTHY:

I'll go with you.

(quietly, on her
coffee mess)

Wonderful...

—

39.

She dabs at her pants. Next to her, Cleo looks on sadly.

ON JERRY:

halfway across the office.

JERRY:

Dorothy Boyd! Thank you!

She gathers her things, increasingly aware of what she's done.

JERRY:

(continuing)

We will see you all again. Sleep
tight!

He walks to Dorothy, and together they exit down the hallway corridor, past the framed posters and awards.

WIDE-SHOT

rising over the huge office. For the first time, we see the full expanse of the huge SMI headquarters. And down in the corner of the frame, two small figures leave carrying boxes.

JERRY:

(to Dorothy)

Let's see how they do without us.

A beat of silence, then noise returns to its normal commercial roar. A couple of fleas have been swatted off the carcass of an immense beast.

INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

The tragic-sounding beep of the elevator passing floors.

Jerry Maguire stands with Dorothy, both still charged with adrenalin. And then the first pangs of dread. There is

silence. The elevator stops. A young, amorous Couple

enters. Both are about 24, and the Guy presses a number five

flights down. In a moment, we realize they are deaf. They sign to each other, murmuring noises of love. And then the Guy signs something, obviously powerful, because the Girl emits a delighted gasp, as does Dorothy. The Couple are truly in their own world. They kiss before exiting on their floor. And suddenly the elevator seems empty without them.

JERRY:

Wonder what he said.

DOROTHY:

My favorite aunt is hearing impaired. He said "you complete me."

—

40.

They continue on in silence.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY -- NIGHT

Jerry and Dorothy pass through another office's party. Loud music. It's a pre-Easter party thrown for the building employees and their children. Jerry and Dorothy squeeze through with boxes and fish.

EXT. SMI PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Jerry and Dorothy walk to their cars. Music in distance.

DOROTHY:

So I know this is a bad time, but -- you will have a medical program, right?

JERRY:

Sure. Yes. Medical, I don't know. He spaces out for a moment. Awkwardly, she touches him briefly.

DOROTHY:

And I guess we didn't talk about money. So, I'll just dive in --

JERRY:

Give me your number. I'll call tomorrow. I'm just a little. I'm a little insane right now.
(off her look)

But it's going to be great.

DOROTHY:

No no, I know --

They arrive at her red Camry. She writes her number on the back of a business card.

JERRY:

But I mean really... wonderfully...

(out of steam)

great.

DOROTHY:

(unsure)

Absolutely.

She climbs into her car, rolls down the window.

JERRY:

And when you think about what you've done later, don't panic.

—

41.

DOROTHY:

Me? No. My sister -- it's a good bet.

She starts the engine.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

That took guts.

JERRY:

Same to you.

She salutes him as she drives off. His own move, played back to him. Camera moves away from Jerry, as he stands alone in the parking lot. Salutes her in return. Herb Alpert. "The Lonely Bull." Stripped of power, his once mighty theme now seems puny.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOROTHY'S HOME -- NIGHT

Lights glow inside this small-but-cozy home on a side street in Manhattan Beach. Windows open. The sound of women's

voices.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

A living room filled with ten earnest, talkative Divorced Women. This is their talk group. We meet JAN, 30, who speaks shyly, thoughtfully, covering her braces often as she speaks. She holds a too-full glass of red wine. (Much of the talk in this Women's Group will be improved by our cast of actresses)

JAN:

I love men. I respect men. But that doesn't change the fact that most of them belong in cages... The other nine women nod with deep understanding.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Dorothy does the dishes. Across the room, Laurel has her nightly cigarette, blowing smoke out the window. She is a no-frills woman. She has some time ago shut off those aspects of her life spent pursuing the opposite sex. They are in mid-argument.

LAUREL:

What about medical?

DOROTHY:

Of course, medical!

—

42.

LAUREL:

(unconvinced)

You are a single mother. You have given up the right to be frivolous.

DOROTHY:

(irritated)

If you'd read what he wrote, you would have left with him too.

LAUREL:

(more irritated)

You know how much those Well Child exams cost --

DOROTHY:

(overlapping)

Of course I know --

LAUREL/DOROTHY

A hundred and fifty dollars.

LAUREL:

And that's just when he's well --

They talk over each other arguing for a moment and then:

DOROTHY:

Wait. Where is he?

LAUREL:

He's in the living room asleep.

Dorothy dries her hands, flicking in a hurry.

DOROTHY:

Wonderful. Next time you lecture me, don't leave my little boy in a room with your Divorced Women's Group...

She exits in a hurry, as Laurel throws her cigarette into the garbage disposal. She has a hard time saying this, so she says it so nobody can hear:

LAUREL:

Sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ray dreams sweetly in the middle of this rockbed of Women's Woes. Dorothy strokes his head, as she plucks him up. In frame another woman, ALICE, 50, speaks passionately to the group.

—

43.

ALICE:

Okay I've finally, finally, gotten my anger straight here. I'm going to visualize Carl being here and finally tell him --

DOROTHY:

Shhhh!

Dorothy exits, protectively stroking her son's head.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

Come on, buddy, we're going to bed.

INT. HALLWAY-- NIGHT

She stops for a moment, little boy in her hands. The enormity of the day arrives with a thud.

DOROTHY:

(to herself)

What did I do?

INT. JERRY'S CONDO -- NIGHT

Jerry is quickly packing for a road trip. Avery looks on. They are both in a manic state.

JERRY:

The power move is to go unannounced.

(sotto)

Black suit, right?

AVERY:

(sotto)

And the egyptian cotton shirt that works with or without the jacket.

(full volume)

Tell me again, how was it left with Cush?

JERRY:

(perfect imitation)

"Dad says we gwan sleep on it.

AVERY:

Ugh!

JERRY:

(turns, with clothes)

Seventy-two clients. ONE stayed.

(sotto)

Jacket on, tie in pocket.

—

44.

AVERY:

(sotta)

Good.

(full volume)

They're all heatseekers! All of them, everybody. You keep one superstar and they'll all follow. There's no real loyalty, and the first person who told me that, Jerry Maguire, was you.

JERRY:

I think I was trying to sleep with you at the time.

AVERY:

Well, it worked, and I will not let you fail. You are Jerry Ma-fuckin-guire.

JERRY:

That's right.

AVERY:

King of the Housecalls! Master of the Living Room!

JERRY:

Okay, this is working.

AVERY:

You are not a loser.

Jerry stops, turns. The way she says "loser" is the most elegant of disses. She wraps her lips around it like a cheap hot dog.

JERRY:

Who said anything about "loser?"
Where do you get this word "loser?"

AVERY:

I'm sorry. I was on a roll. I meant something else. When do you want to leave?

Jerry zips his brown travel bag shut. He is packed and ready.

JERRY:

Now.

AVERY:

Let's go. I'll drive you.

—

45.

JERRY:

(stops, an odd
thought)

What if I don't get him?

Avery takes his bag, heads for the door.

AVERY:

Function function function.

Forward motion is everything.

Cush saves all.

Jerry takes a breath, exits. Music.

AIRPLANE WHEELS:

folding up. Music continues.

INT. RENT-A-CAR -- MORNING

Jerry drives the bumpiest Texas backroad ever.

Music continues.

EXT. CUSHMAN DOOR -- DAY

Jerry exits car. Adjusts the jacket. Takes the tie off too, returns to the car and tosses it inside. He walks to the front door with purpose. Suddenly an intercom crackles, jolting him with a booming and cheerful voice:

MATT CUSHMAN'S VOICE

No sports agents allowed! Ha ha.

Jerry spots the small electronic camera pointed at him from the upper-corner of this rustic home. The door buzzes.

INT. CUSHMAN HALLWAY/DEN -- DAY

Jerry follows the voice down a hallway loaded with Cush memorabilia. Righteous indignation building.

MATT CUSHMAN'S VOICE

I'm in the back den, Jerry.

He moves into the den, finding MATT CUSHMAN, 40, who stands at the living room bar. Two framed game jerseys on the wall. A large draped American flag above the bar. He is a J. Crew

cowboy.

MATT:

You like a Bloody Beer, Jerry?
Beer and tomato juice --

—

46.

JERRY:

No thanks.

Maguire takes a breath, and sharply begins his pitch.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Matt, I came here because in all honesty your son is just another piece of cattle to SMI. But to me --

MATT:

(overlapping)

We decided to stay with you.

On pure instinct, he hugs Matt Cushman. The move surprises them both. And somewhere out of nowhere, come a few surprising tears of relief. He has been spared.

JERRY:

Oh, thank you.

MATT:

Told myself -- if he shows up,
we'll stick with him.

JERRY:

You know, I'm not a hugger and yet... I can't let go.

Matt laughs, as Cush lopez in from the kitchen. Little brother KEITH, 14, enters with him.

CUSH:

Hey, Jerry, what's been going on?

INT. DEN -- LATER DAY -- HANDHELD

Cush, Matt and Jerry brainstorm around the ceremonial "wagon-wheel table" where decisions are made in this house. Jerry

is giddy, charged up, a part of the human race again.

MATT:

I want him to go number one in the draft, and I want him to play.

JERRY:

It's either going to be Denver or San Diego trading up to take him.

CUSH:

(big grin)

Hell, I'll either surf or ski. I don't care.

—

47.

MATT:

Denver is where he should be.

JERRY:

I'll give it everything.

MATT:

You know I don't do "contracts."
But'cha do have my word, and it's stronger than oak.

Jerry toasts Matt with a bloody beer. A good day.

INT. RENT-A-CAR/TEXAS -- DAY

Jerry drives back on the same bumpy road. On the radio, it's the Rolling Stones. He wants to sing along. He thinks he knows the words, but...

JERRY:

(sings)

Feelin...

He realizes he doesn't know the words at all. He switches channels. Finds a Rush song, with ornate lyrics. No one will ever know what the words are. He switches again and finds "Let's Groove Tonight" by Earth, Wind and Fire. Excellent. He begins singing nonsense noises, passionately. Switches again. All he wants is to sing along with a song he knows. Finally he finds Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' "Refugee." He drives through the countryside, singing the call and

response of the song, like a happy idiot.

INT. DALLAS/FT. WORTH AIRPORT -- DAY

Jerry turns into shot. He's on the pay-phone. He's jacked.

JERRY:

Dorothy? Jerry Maguire! Is Avery there? Where can I reach her?

INTERCUT:

INT. DOROTHY/LAUREL'S HOUSE -- DAY

Dorothy is at her home work desk. Curious and nervous about the new arrangement.

DOROTHY:

Uh, she had to fly to Atlanta, didn't leave me her hotel number.

—

48.

Through the back kitchen door comes CHAD THE NANNY, 29, red hair cropped above the ear. Baggy overalls. Slipping through life with little turbulence. He's with Ray, who holds pieces of wood and a hammer.

CHAD:

The new playhouse rocks, Dotty.

RAY:

(jumping)

Yeah!

DOROTHY:

Honey -- later, okay?

(Ray jumps on her)

Whoop. Wait.

JERRY:

Hello?

DOROTHY:

(back to phone)

Sorry, that's my son and the nanny. I had the calls transferred to my home so I could go over your stuff.

Chad now notices the slight excited tone in her demeanor. He sits down nearby and listens to her talk to Maguire.

JERRY:

No, that's fine. What calls came in today?

DOROTHY:

Wait. That's yesterday, from the other office. Today is...

She flips the call record from yesterday --150 calls -- to today, which is blank.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

... light.

JERRY:

Shit, it's just so frustrating to not be able to talk to Avery --

AVERY:

Wait a minute, it has to be one of the NFL hotels we do business with -- let me look -- but in the meantime, about this job --

—

49.

She reaches over Ray to get to her laptop and buzzes through a list of phone numbers. Jerry can't help but share the good

news:

JERRY:

(importantly)

Dorothy, let me tell you something, we are back. We are so very very back. I re-signed Cush. We're set.

DOROTHY:

We are?

JERRY:

It's all going to work.

DOROTHY:

I just got goosebumps.
She examines her own skin with surprise.

JERRY:

(manic, quiet)
It's all going to work. We're
going to save the world.

DOROTHY:

Well, I'm happy for you.

JERRY:

Happy for us.
Oddly, the phrase affects her physically.

DOROTHY:

Happy for us... okay. Here's the
number. 404-453-2222.

JERRY:

Thanks.

DOROTHY:

Call me later, hon.
She hangs up, and looks over to Laurel and Chad. Both of them
stare at her.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)
Wait. Did I just say "hon" to him?

CHAD:

(laughing)
Yeah, Dotty. You did.

—

50.

DOROTHY:

Twenty six years old. I'm already
saying "hon". Hug your mother
quickly --

Chad looks at her, something is different about Dorothy.
Laurel walks away, sharing a look with Chad.

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT -- DAY

Jerry is now teeming with energy, professional and sexual.

JERRY:

Avery, I signed Cush. Again.

INTERCUT:

INT. ATLANTA HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

Avery in mid-conference with four other NFL men in background.

AVERY:

YA-HOOOO-SIE!

It is the victory call of the competitive girl, and she falls
back into a chair, kicking her expensive shoes onto the bed.

In the b.g. we see the hungry look of her male co-workers.

Part of them lusts after her. The larger part knows she
would demolish them, and pick her teeth with their bones.

JERRY:

I know. Sorry I threw a scare
into our lives there --

AVERY:

Don't worry about it -- I never
told you what I thought of that
memo either --

JERRY:

Well, no you didn't --

AVERY:

You lost your head, it happens.

(quickly)

I'm so fuckin jazzed! Listen.

I'm going to have to fly to

Chicago tomorrow, how 'bout if we

meet in the Dallas airport and we

all fly into New York together for

the draft?

JERRY:

It's a plan -- --

AVERY:

I'll set it up with your girl.
Woo! This is when it's good,
Jerry. Enjoy it. Live it. Love
it. And when I see you, I'm going
to give you the best blow job of
your life.

He hangs up, staring at the phone. In the room with Avery,
the co-workers look at each other. She is far, far out of
their league.

INT. DOROTHY'S CAR -- LATER MORNING -- DRIVING

Dorothy Boyd speeds Jerry to the airport, the electricity
fills the car. On the radio, a sports station debates the
future of Cushman. as Jerry whips through a stack of sports
pages.

DOROTHY:

Avery'll meet you at the B gate at

4:

already be there.

JERRY:

(nods to Ray)

Hey, man, you know they have big
balloons built into cars?

RAY:

No.

JERRY:

They do, my brother.

RAY:

(giggling)

I'm not your brother!
Dorothy continues, business on her mind.

DOROTHY:

... I put Tidwell on the same
floor at the Marriott Marquis. I

think it's great you're taking him
to the draft. He doesn't smoke,
right? I have no idea.

—
52.

JERRY:

I have no idea.

(continuing to Ray)

So Ray, if there's an accident or
something, it goes pwooooooof --

(simulates air-bag)

-- and you go booooong. And
you're safe.

Jerry bounces against the imaginary balloon. Ray is
delighted by Jerry. Dorothy notes that he's great with her
son. She pats Jerry on the shoulder. Her hand lingers
perhaps a millisecond too long. She pulls away quickly,
always feeling on the edge or embarrassing herself around
this guy.

DOROTHY:

Okay, have we gone over
everything? Back on Tuesday, right?

JERRY:

Yep. Have a good time at school,
Ray. Wish me luck.

DOROTHY RAY:

Luck.LUCK!

Jerry nods and exits. They watch as Jerry inches into the
crowded airport. Into frame, obscuring their view of Jerry,
enters another Couple, who embrace each other and their small
girl. It's a genuinely sweet goodbye, and we linger on
Dorothy and Ray who both watch with private fantasies of the
goodbye they didn't get. Mother and son look at each other,
communicating volumes. They pull back into traffic.

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT -- DAY

Jerry struggles through the Dallas airport, is the last, of
his party to arrive at the B gate in Dallas. Avery, tall and
cool in plaid skirt and shades, is in combat mode. Nearby,
Cush is surrounded by fans and fawning Airline Employees.
("Where do you think you're gonna end up, Cush?" "You gonna

be rich, dude!") Tidwell looks jealous and ingnored as he leans against the airline counter, unnoticed. A lone kid approaches Tidwell.

KID:

Are you Hootie?

TIDWELL:

(irritated)

No man, I'm not Hootie.

Kid leaves disappointed. Tidwell sinks lower. Doesn't anyone know his stardom, his essence, his power?

—

53.

BOARDING ANNOUNCEMENT

All those disabled, and Frank Cushman can board now...

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Jerry sits next to Cushman, who is reading Bukowski's Notes of a Dirty Old Man. Across the aisle is Tidwell, who sits next to Avery. They are a small family, and Jerry feels at home with his operation. Cush looks up suddenly.

CUSH:

(a big thought)

Jerry. Why does God sometimes reward the evil and punish the good?

Jerry shares a look with Avery, who is on the other side of Cush. Her stockings swish as she crosses her legs.

JERRY:

Let me think about that. Want something to drink?

CUSH:

(thoughtful pause)

I see what you're saying.

JERRY:

Wait. What do you mean?

The two men have now totally confused each other. Tidwell leans across the aisle to Cush, attempting comraderie.

TIDWELL:

Hey man, I wish I had a
quarterback like you in Arizona.
You're the shit.
Cush looks up. Compliments blow off him like a summer breeze.

CUSH:

Thank ya.
Tidwell waits for a compliment of his own, but Cush doesn't
offer one. He returns to the book. Tidwell feels slighted.

TIDWELL:

(loud mumble)
Well you ain't that mothafuckin
good.

CUSH:

Say what?

—

54.

TIDWELL:

I said -- last I heard, Jesus
Christ was still in heaven. And
you ain't even played in the NFL.
Cush throws his book away, ready for anything, as Tidwell
rises. Nearby passengers begin to panic.

JERRY:

This can't be happening to me.

AVERY:

Jerry! Do something --
Jerry throws himself in front of Cushman.

JERRY:

HEY. Knock it off. What are you,
five years old? Am I taking the
kids to Chuck E. Cheese here? Grow
up, both of you! We are a family.
And we go to the draft in an
ORDERLY FASHION.
Beat. Jerry wonders if he's pushed his mealtickets around too
much.

TIDWELL:

Hey, man, I dig Check E. Cheese.

CUSH:

Me too, dude. Especially that big old singin' Elvis Monkey. That's just insanity, man.

TIDWELL:

Heard that.

Tidwell reaches over, he and Cush exchange a fingertips five. Briefly, the two clients bond. Past Tidwell, Avery smiles engagingly at Jerry. He handled the situation well. She crosses her legs, stockings swishing. The workplace excites her.

EXT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS -- NIGHT

The headquarters for the NFL draft is buzzing with activity. Limo doors open and out pours Maguire and company. Media lights flick on, bathing Cush. Reporters chatter. ("Is it San Diego or Denver, Cush?N "Cush!") Fans at the outskirts are calling out to the young star ("Go get the big chi-ching, Cush!") Avery smoothly pulls ESPN into the front position. Telegenic Cush shrugs and smiles. ("I'll either surf or ski.") Jerry admires his fiancée. There is nothing more attractive than a person burningly efficient at their job.

—

55.

Shot drifts off this media bubble to find Tidwell watching at the outskirts. He turns and exits unnoticed.

INT. GIFT SHOP -- NIGHT -- LATER

Tidwell hides out in the gift shop, thumbing through magazines. The chip on his shoulder grows by the minute. Elsewhere in the gift shop, he sees the very real and emotional scene of a young athlete and his mother. Both wear self-promoting colorful homemade t-shirts with the young athlete's face on it. Something about them, their pure enthusiasm, rubs Tidwell in an odd way. He almost cries, for himself, for humanity, as Jerry enters. Tidwell is embarrassed to have been caught in this misty state.

JERRY:

At last I find you.

TIDWELL:

(sharply)

Why the fuck am I here? I feel like I'm five years late for the Prom.

In a look, Jerry sizes up the situation. With a hand on Tidwell's large shoulder, he smoothly pumps up the big man's ego.

JERRY:

Come on. Come with me. We're going to take a walk through this lobby. I want every media guy, every player rep, everybody to see you for what you are. The best-kept secret in the NFL. The biggest wide-receiver in the game. Let 'em see ya, Rod. And Whatever you do, don't sit down. Let 'em see how big you are. You ready? Let's do it.

He is privately thrilled, but offers only:

TIDWELL:

(begrudgingly)

A'right. Let's walk.

We hear the ripping guitar explosion of The Who's "Magic Bus" from Live at Leeds.

—

56.

INT. MARRIOTT LOBBY -- NIGHT

Maguire and Tidwell move through the brightly-lit lobby, past the reporters, the competing agents, the team representatives, the already blasted Jets fans, past even a Nike crew filming an NFL spot in the lobby. Portable phones everywhere, in every hand.

There is a heavy white media light bathing everything -- as if life had become a t.v. show, and everything within it concerned making other t.v. shows. Jerry works hard, introduces Tidwell around. And Tidwell is natural, polite and charming, as they move through the pre-draft crowd. He does not sit down. Music continues.

INT. MARRIOTT BAR -- DAY

Tough red-headed beat reporter PATRICIA LOGAN watches Maguire

and Tidwell from the opposite corner.

PATRICIA:

Dennis, try not to laugh. Jerry Maguire brought Rod Tidwell to the draft...

INT. ARIZONA CARDINALS WAR ROOM PHOENIX) -- NIGHT

Arizona General Manager DENNIS WILBURN, 48, is on the phone here in the command center for the Arizona Cardinals. All around him, we see the boards and graphs for their upcoming draft selections.

WILBURN:

Good, I hope he unloads him so I can buy a decent quarterback. Who's he talking to?

PATRICIA:

Right now, Dallas. Ha ha.

WILBURN:

They don't look interested do they?

PATRICIA:

Actually...

Wilburn looks concerned.

INT. MARRIOTT ESCALATOR -- NIGHT

Jerry and Tidwell rise triumphantly to the mezzanine level above the bright-white lobby. Maguire looks down at the scene. He breathes in the commotion. In another twelve hours, he will be at the very epicenter with Cushman.

—

57.

TIDWELL:

I came all the way here for that?
To walk the lobby?

JERRY:

Yeah. And it might have even worked too.

TIDWELL:

Let's do it again.

Jerry doesn't respond. Down in the lobby, Jerry catches a glimpse of a familiar-looking agent. It's Sugar. Jerry is consumed with a thousand other thoughts, but Tidwell continues talking.

TIDWELL:

(continuing)

You believe they're shooting a Nike ad down there? Did I ever tell you my Nike story?

JERRY:

I gotta get back to Cushman.

TIDWELL:

Okay, I understand. I'll boil it down for ya. Fuck Nike. All they do is ignore me...

Jerry turns to Tidwell, finally focusing totally on him.

JERRY:

You know what was great about you down there? For about five minutes, you unloaded that rather expansive, let me just say "large" chip that resides right there on your shoulder, and you know what? You were brilliant. Take care. Jerry starts to exit.

TIDWELL:

You're loving me now, aren't ya?

JERRY:

(mock serious)

I'm not about love -- I'm about "showing you the money."
Tidwell nods deeply, respectfully.

—

58.

TIDWELL:

Good. I was just testing ya.
(beat)

But just you saying that? Makes me
love ya.

JERRY:

Get some sleep. See you tomorrow.

TIDWELL:

Sure you don't want to go out and
find some karoake? I'm a very
good singer, man --

JERRY:

Call me tomorrow.

TIDWELL:

I might call you later!

Tidwell moves off, still feeling good about the walk. A
small pack of diehard Jets fans pass, looking for autographs.

INT. CUSH'S SUITE -- NIGHT

We glide into Frank Cushman's suite overlooking Times Square.
It's filled with NFL swag -- free t-shirts, athletic bags,
sweatpants, and more. Half-finished room service food
abounds. Matt, Keith and Cush's stylish college girlfriend
ANNE-LOUISE mill about the room, basking in the glow of the
man of the moment. Cush, who holds a guitar in his lap,
wears the odd combination of a Nirvana t-shirt and a NFL
jacket. He signs for more room service and continues
strumming the only song he knows on guitar, Cobain's
"Something In The Way." Jerry enters on a rush of adrenalin.

CUSH:

(to hotel waiter)

Hey, what size are you?

WAITER:

Eleven.

CUSH:

(grandly)

Why don't you grab a couple pairs
of them new Nikes by the door --

Waiter spots a very tall stack of new Nikes by the door.

WAITER:

Dude, you're like a God.

—

59.

CUSH:

(immediately)

God, you're like a dude.

It's a great line, and the room breaks up. This is charisma, the future of the NFL. Waiter exits, as Cush continues strumming. And now Jerry speaks, importantly.

JERRY:

Cush, Matt -- we have a decision to make.

CUSH:

"It's okay to eat fish, 'cause they Don't have any feelings...

JERRY:

Okay. San Diego just came in with a last-minute scenario. It's big.

CUSH:

"Something in the way. Yeah."

MATT:

Well, he's gotta go number one.

CUSH:

"Oooooooo."

JERRY:

He still goes number one, but San Diego wants to trade up with New England -- they want him bad.

Cush turns to his curiously ambivalent father, who walks to the window and looks out at the big Jumbotron with Keith.

MATT:

What happened to Denver?

JERRY:

Denver got very silent about a day

ago. San Diego's got a fever for Cush. This stuff tends to happen the night before a draft. People get crazy. And San Diego, you should know, is crazy to the tune of seven years for thirty. Signing bonus of eight.

(beat)

Million.

Anne-Louise whistles loudly. She is instantly embarrassed, and puts a hand up. Sorry. In the next room, the phone is ringing.

—

60.

MATT:

I don't know, Jerry.

KEITH:

Should I unplug the phone?

CUSH:

Reporters, Jerry. They been callin' all night.

JERRY:

Just be friendly and say "no comment."

CUSH:

Talking and saying nothing, man, it's an art I have not mastered. Jerry holds up a finger -- watch me. Jerry picks up the ringing phone. He offers a near-perfect imitation.

JERRY:

"This is Cush."

Suddenly, everyone is, laughing. The room lightens.

INT. BOB SUGAR'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Bob Sugar talks on his hotel phone.

SUGAR:

It's Sugar. He must be there, right? Just sniff or something if

he's there.

(Jerry sniffs,
panicked)

Alright, buddydude. Just remember. You're swimming with the big boys now. You let your dad do all the talking. I'm the one who got you the deal you needed. This is business not friendship. Be strong. You're global now. Sugar hangs up.

JERRY:

"No comment.

Jerry hangs up. The room is still laughing. His head is spinning.

KEITH:

Hey, it's Cush on the big t.v. again!

—

61.

CUSH:

Hell, I'm already sick of me. I got "Cushlash."

More laughs. Jerry sits across from Matt, reeling quietly. He speaks casually, directly.

JERRY:

Look, before I go back to Denver.

I think we should put something down on paper. Something that says, "hey, I'm with Jerry Maguire."

He pulls out a yellow legal tablet. He scribbles a few lines, as Matt looks increasingly nervous.

MATT:

Not right now, Jerry.

JERRY:

Do I know everything there is to know here?

(silent beat)
You fellas aren't talking with Bob
Sugar, are you?
More silence.

MATT:

Apparently, Denver wanted to deal
with him instead of you.

JERRY:

(quickly)
Said who? Sugar?

MATT:

Hey, I'm learning as I go.

JERRY:

So you empowered Bob Sugar to deal
with Denver behind my back?

MATT:

I'm sorry, I --

JERRY:

I brought Denver to twenty
million. Denver deals with me all
the time. You listened to Sugar?
You let that snake in the door.
Jerry touches the coffee table. Calms himself.

—

62.

JERRY:

(continuing)
It's okay. You want Denver. I'll
fix this up. You didn't sign
anything with Sugar, right?
Another rough silence is broken by little brother Keith.

KEITH:

(blurts)
Mr. Maguire, someday I'm gonna be
a famous athlete and I'm gonna
sign with you'.

JERRY:

Shut up!

(beat)

I'm sorry... sorry.

KEITH:

(sympathy for Jerry)

S' cool.

Shot moves in on Jerry.

JERRY:

Now. Wait. You didn't actually sign with Sugar, did you? Tell me you didn't sign.

(beat)

Because I'm still sort of moved by your "my word is stronger'n oak" thing --

MATT:

We signed an hour ago. You were in the lobby with the black fella.

Jerry moans. Silently, he rises and begins to gather his things. Cush hangs on to his guitar.

CUSH:

I'm sorry, Jerry.

MATT:

They say it's show "business,"

Jerry, not show friends.

Jerry takes a breath before he exits. He surveys the room, settling on Cush. Visible behind Maguire is Times Square, in all it's neon logo glory.

—

63.

JERRY:

Well. Okay. Of course. You're twenty years old, and I'm just another guy in a suit. It's all business. It didn't work out. You didn't buy my product, which is,

unfortunately, mm. Let me see,
there's a speech that I'm supposed
to make -- right! -- "I'll be out
there cheering for you." "The door
is always open!" See? I'm a class
act.

(breath, directly)

But maybe this would have all
worked, us being real human
beings, coming through for each
other, really, and now I'll never
know. You'll never know. Weren't
you curious?

(they aren't)

No. Okay, well, I'll be fine.

And you'll be fine. And Keith I
bope you do call me.

Flushed and embarrassed, he exits. We hang a beat on the
silent Cushman hotel livingroom, as Cush now continues on
guitar.

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

Jerry exits elevator dazed, at full trot. The Marriott lobby
is packed. He is looking for Avery. Beat reporter Patricia
Logan reappears. She relishes asking brutal questions,
innocently.

PATRICIA LOGAN:

Jerry, is it true that Tidwell's
had three concussions?

JERRY:

I'm sorry... excuse me...

INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry enters the grand ballroom, looking for Avery.
Endorsement placards in evidence everywhere. NFL reps and
media workers move tables and work out camera and seating
arrangements. Elevated in a open ESPN booth six feet off the
ground, host Chris Berman records voice-overs for tomorrow's
draft. Fans heckle him by singing the ESPN theme. He rolls
with it, expertly. Jerry spots Avery across the empty
ballroom, moving fast, passing out media packets on the empty
tables.

—
64.

INT. ADJACENT BUFFET ROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry finally catches up with Avery in the empty side-room.

AVERY:

I just heard.

JERRY:

What do I do? How do I spin this?

AVERY:

Oh honey. It's spun.

She keeps moving, adding an extra snap to the packets.

JERRY:

What did I do to you?

She is furious with his question. Doesn't he know?

AVERY:

It's all about you, isn't it?

Soothe me, save me, love me --

JERRY:

Could you just stop moving?

AVERY:

I have to finish my job --

JERRY:

Everything's on the fucking run!

Everything --

She stops. Walks to him, framed by a bank of t.v. monitors.

AVERY:

Jerry. You and I are salespeople.

We sell --

JERRY:

Look, I don't want a --

AVERY:

It's not "love me." It's not
"trust my handshake." It's make
the sale. Get it signed. There
shouldn't be "confusion" about

that.

JERRY:

Go ahead. Jump right on into my
nightmare. The water's warm.

—

65.

AVERY:

So honesty is outlawed here, I
can't be honest?
She turns and exits again. He follows.

JERRY:

Tell you what -- I'd prefer
loyalty..

AVERY:

What was our deal when we first
got together? Brutal truth,
remember?

JERRY:

I think you added the "brutal."
She stops, slaps down another media packet. Blows a
troublesome piece of hair out of her face.

AVERY:

Jerry, there is a "sensitivity"
thing that some people have. I
don't have it. I don't cry at
movies. I don't gush over babies.
I don't start celebrating
Christmas five months early, and
I don't tell a man who just
screwed up both of our lives --
'oh, poor baby.' That's me. For
better or worse. But I do love
you.

Jerry looks at his fiancée. Standing here, watching Avery
coldly clasping her media packs to her chest, she looks
different to him.

JERRY:

Avery --

She knows what's coming. She moves fast to avoid him.

AVERY:

Don't say it. We're both ragged
out right now.

JERRY:

-- stop --

She exits back into the main ballroom. For a moment, she
stops. They face off. This is it. They are quickly
interrupted by overweight, talk-show voiced CURTIS WEINTRAUB,
45.

—

66.

CURTIS WEINTRAUB

Hey! Curtis Weintraub from the
Sports Popper! Haven't seen you
two since the Cuervo Gold Rock 'n
Sock Charity Six Flags Budfest!
Hello!

Neither look at him, they remain fixed on each other. Curtis
gets a whiff of what he walked into.

CURTIS WEINTRAUB

(continuing; exiting
quickly)

Goodbye!

AVERY:

I'm warning you. Don't say it.
You won't have another chance.

JERRY:

Listen to me!

AVERY:

No.

JERRY:

It's over --

She continues moving into the next room.

AVERY:

Didn't hear it.

JERRY:

There is something missing here.

AVERY:

You've never been alone and you
can't be alone --

JERRY:

Listen to me, it's over.
She can barely believe it. She blinks.

AVERY:

No one has ever dumped me.

JERRY:

I'm not trying to make history.

—

67.

AVERY:

I did the 23 hour nose-route to
the top of El Capitan in 6 hours!
I can make this work.

JERRY:

(it slips out)

No.

She takes a breath. It sinks in. From somewhere, the small
voice of her vulnerability.

AVERY:

Oh Jerry.

JERRY:

(steps closer)

You know I didn't ever want to
hurt you.

She gets an odd look, shaking her head. Starts to step away,
then thinks better of it. She WALLOPS him in the face with
the back of her hand. Jerry stands like a woozy boxer. She
hits him again with a fist, then again in the chest. He
sinks to the floor, sagging backwards. She straddles him,
addresses him fully, right in his bruised face.

AVERY:

I won't let you hurt me, Jerry.

I'm too strong for you. Loser.

INT. JFK AIRPORT -- NEXT MORNING

Jerry moves through the crowded airport with Rod Tidwell.

Both wear sunglasses.

TIDWELL:

You love me now, don't you?

JERRY:

Very much.

ON TV MONITOR -- ROY FIRESTONE

is leaning forward, expressively, talking with a weepy athlete.

INT. RED CARPET LOUNGE -- DAY

Tidwell watches next to Jerry, as they wait for the flight.

Jerry nurses a stiff drink.

TIDWELL:

Everybody on this show cries now.

—

68.

JERRY:

Rod --

TIDWELL:

(off t.v.)

You feel bad you tested positive?

Quit doing blow! You feel bad about your baby girl? Why did you leave the mother?

JERRY:

What are you doing with me, Rod?

TIDWELL:

Huh?

JERRY:

Don't you even see -- I'm finished. I'm fucked. Twenty-four

hours ago, I was hot. Now... I'm
a cautionary tale!
Tidwell looks at Jerry, impassive.

JERRY:

(continuing)
See this jacket I'm wearing? You
like it? I don't really need it,
because I'm CLOAKED IN FAILURE.
I lost the number one draft pick
the night before the draft. They
will teach my story to other
agents on "do not do this" day in
agent school. Why? Let's recap.
Because a hockey player's kid made
me feel like a superficial jerk,
I had two slices of bad pizza,
went to bed, grew a conscience and
wrote a 25-page Manifesto of Doom!

TIDWELL:

Well, boo-fucking-hoo.

JERRY:

The least you could do is nod and
act sympathetic --

TIDWELL:

(shaking head)
No.

JERRY:

It's a quality that might come in
handy for a commercial sometime.

—
69.

TIDWELL:

You are not allowed to act this
way.

JERRY:

Why not?
INT. AIRPLANE -- LATER DAY

They sit together. Jerry holds another drink.

TIDWELL:

Man, I got a shelf life of ten years, tops! My next contract's gotta bring me the dollars that'll last me and mine a very long time. I'm out of this sport in five years. What's my family gonna live on? What you get me. So I don't want to hear about ya shit, your "nya nya nya."

JERRY:

(ruefully, to attendant)
Another drink please.

TIDWELL:

Anybody else would have left you by now, but I'm sticking with you. I said I would. And if I got to ride your ass like Zorro, you're gonna show me the money.

JERRY:

(the hell that never ends)
Oh my God.
He looks straight ahead, at the airphone in front of him.
EXT. PORCH -- NIGHT
Dorothy finds Laurel on their small porch. There is only room for a miniature garden and one comfortable seat. Laurel sits in it.

DOROTHY:

He's coming over.

LAUREL:

At eleven at night?

—

70.

DOROTHY:

He just lost his best client. He called from the plane. I invited the guy over.

LAUREL:

Dotty -- this is not "guy.". This is a "syndrome." It's called Early Midlife, About-To-Marry, Hanging Onto The-Bottom-Rung Dear-God-Don't-Let-Me-Be-Alone, I'll-Call-My-Newly Long-suffering-Assistant-Without Medical-For-Company Syndrome. And if, knowing all that, you still allow him to come over, more power to you.

DOROTHY:

Honey, he's engaged. And for the first time in my professional life, I'm a part of something I believe in.

Dorothy exits. Laurel shakes her head, calls to next room.

LAUREL:

Okay, but he better not be good looking!

INT. RAY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dorothy puts Ray to bed.

DOROTHY:

'Night buddy. This is my favorite part of your head.

She kisses the corner of his forehead, rising up into the mirror.

She checks her look, in spite of herself. Visible on the wall above Ray's bed, is her ex-husband's photo. Music.

INT. CAB -- NIGHT

Jerry in back of a cab, wearing sunglasses, three drinks later, post-flight, rolling with anything.

JERRY:

Okay, turn here! Sharp right turn. 8831 3/4 Waterloo.

The cab turns onto a very small street. Cars parked on both

sides. Down the street, another pair of headlights.

—

71.

Jerry's cab refuses to give in, in fact he floors it. Same with the oncoming car.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Yes, good, floor it, kill us!!

EXT. DOROTHY'S FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

Door opens to reveal Jerry Maguire with brown bag, shoulder hang-up bag, disheveled hair and sunglasses.

JERRY:

I'm Jerry Maguire.

LAUREL:

(super pleasant)

You seem just the way I pictured you. I'm her disapproving sister Laurel.

JERRY:

Honesty. Thank you.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jerry enters, as Dorothy rounds the corner.

DOROTHY:

Hey you.

JERRY:

Hi.

The lights are low and his glasses are very dark.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Thanks for inviting me over.

Where's the little guy?

DOROTHY:

He's asleep. Watch out for that lamp.

JERRY:

I'm glad you're home. That
"alone" thing is... not my
specialty...

He ducks the lamp, barely. Laurel exits through his shot,
miming "drinking" behind his back. Jerry takes off his
glasses, revealing a welt and a cut below his eye.

—

72.

DOROTHY:

Oh my God.

JERRY:

Yeah. That too. I broke up with
Avery.

Dorothy's entire body chemistry changes in ways she doesn't
quite understand.

DOROTHY:

Too bad.

JERRY:

Better now than later. We'll
still be friends. I'm dying here.

DOROTHY:

Jesus, it's a real gash, isn't it?

JERRY:

And just think if I got her the
ring she really wanted.

Dorothy laughs. He looks at her strangely. Suddenly she
feels very nervous, as he sets down his bags.

DOROTHY:

Sorry. Uh, let me see, have a
seat. I'll get you some aloe vera
for that cut too.

JERRY:

Do you have something to drink?

DOROTHY:

Sure --

She moves to the kitchen door. She is about to exit, when Jerry begins to unburden.

JERRY:

My brother works for the White House. He pretends he's an intellectual. He pretends he's from the east coast.

She turns, not quite sure what his point is. She waits politely for Jerry to finish before exiting into the kitchen.

JERRY:

(continuing)

I was supposed to be the successful one.

(more)

—

73.

JERRY (cont'd)

But I don't want to talk about it.

And yet! My family. I grew up with repression as a... a religion --you don't bitch. No moaning! Head down. Do it, whatever "it" may be. My dad... he worked for the United Way for 38 years! You know what he said when he retired? He said, "I wish I'd had a more comfortable chair." 38 years he sat in it! Do you know what I'm saying, Dorothy?

Repression as a religion. I'm almost as old as his chair.

He rubs his face. She looks at him, and the situation slightly overwhelms her. Here he is, wide-open, ripe for the taking.

DOROTHY:

Beer okay?

JERRY:

Yeah, thanks.

INT. KITCHEN

Laurel smokes a cigarette and blows it out the window.

Dorothy goes for the refrigerator, finds a couple beers.

LAUREL:

I heard.

DOROTHY:

No kidding. I looked over and saw the shadow of two curious shoes in the doorway of the kitchen.

LAUREL:

This guy would go home with a gardening tool right now if it showed interest.

(off Dorothy's look)

Wait. Use the frosted glasses.

DOROTHY:

(surprised)

Thank you.

LAUREL:

Look, here's some of that chicken with salsa too, I warmed it up --

—

74.

DOROTHY:

That's the girl I love.

LAUREL:

But you just gotta hear me out on one thing. You're very responsible with Ray and you know it's not right for a little boy to hear some strange man's voice in the house.

DOROTHY:

As opposed to twenty angry women?

Dorothy turns quickly and the beer, sisters and chicken collide in the small kitchen. Dorothy deftly catches the food in her t-shirt, and dumps it back onto the plate. But her shirt is now stained. She starts to quietly implode, and

Laurel takes command. They know each other well.

LAUREL:

Come on, let's get you another
top --

They exit to nearby laundry room.

EXT. HOUSE/WINDOW OUTSIDE LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT

Now camera starts to move around the house, from this window
showing the two sisters in the laundry room, to the living
room where Jerry sits alone. We see Ray wander into the room
and stare at Jerry.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry, who is playing with a kaleidoscope on the table, looks
up to see Ray.

RAY:

Hi.

:

JERRY:

Hi Ray.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- SAME TIME

LAUREL:

All I'm saying. You don't have
the luxury of falling for some
drowning man. Be practical. Now.
Which top?

She holds up two tops. One is sexier with a dipped down
front. The other is striped, cute, functional.

—

75.

DOROTHY:

Okay, you want to talk about
practical? Let's talk about my
wonderful life. Do you know what
most other women my age are doing
right now? They are partying in
clubs, trying to act stupid,
trying to get a man, trying to
keep a man... not me. I'm trying
to RAISE a man.

She grabs the sexier top, and puts it on.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

I've got a 24 hour a day reminder of Roger, for the rest of my life. I have had three lovers in four years, all boring, all achingly self-sufficient all friends of yours I might add, and all of them running a distant second to a warm bath. Look at me, Laurel, look at me. I'm the oldest 26 year old in the world! How do I look?

LAUREL:

Good.

DOROTHY:

Thanks.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry and Ray have a great conversation, playing tug with a piece of rope.

RAY:

And then my dad died and my mom took me to the zoo and I love the zoo. Do you hate the zoo or do you love the zoo?

JERRY:

Wait. I want to tell you more about my dad.

RAY:

Let's go the zoo.

JERRY:

Okay. I've been hogging it. You're right.
(more)

—

76.

JERRY (cont'd)

All my life I've been trying to talk, really talk, and no one wants to listen. You know that feeling?

Ray nods vigorously.

RAY:

Let's go right now. Let's go to the zoo.

JERRY:

Aw, the fucking thing... I mean, the zoo is closed.

RAY:

You said "fuck".

JERRY:

Yeah I know. I did.
Ray loves this guy. He pats Jerry's knee.

RAY:

I won't tell.

JERRY:

We'll go to the zoo sometime.
Okay? I think I might have some time on my hands.
Ray looks at Jerry's hands.

RAY:

I don't see any.

JERRY:

(points respectfully)
Funny.

RAY:

Funny...
(imitates him)
(hears mom approaching)
I better go to bed.
Ray hugs Jerry and exits. Jerry sits contemplating the kid

for a moment. The door swings open and a harried Dorothy appears in the sexier top, but with a distinctly less sexy attitude, and a tray.

—

77.

:

DOROTHY:

Drinks. Food. Plus, I called you a cab.

JERRY:

(slightly confused)

Good idea. Thank you.

And we should keep our voices down a little. I have a little boy asleep.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Right. Of course.

Jerry tries to twist open the beer, ripping at his palm. It's not a twist-off. She hands him an opener. He opens it, inelegantly.

DOROTHY:

So. Our company.

She watches the drunken man, who drinks. Then coughs a little. Then stands.

JERRY:

Okay. Lil' speech before I go.

He gets up, woozy, but loose. Powerfully:

JERRY:

(continuing)

Do. Not. Worry. About. Your. Job.

(beat)

Our company is in good shape. You and your son... we... are just fine. You still have a job. I want you to feel confident! In. Me. And I have a problem with

people who talk about themselves
in the third person, but let me
tell you something about Jerry
Maguire.

His confidence nicely fueled, Jerry reaches for a fireplace
poker. He begins to joust with an imaginary opponent.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Come after me and you will lose I
am a survivor! Do not
underestimate Jerry Maguire! I've
got wits!

(more)

—

78.

JERRY (cont'd)

I've got the instincts of a
panther!

(joust)

I've got Dorothy Boyd on my side!

DOROTHY:

Don't worry about me. I can get
jobs --

JERRY:

We will be fine!

DOROTHY:

-- especially one like this.

JERRY:

And I am...

He becomes very aware of himself. Acting out in a virtual
stranger's small-but-comfortable living room.

JERRY:

(continuing)

I am drunk.

He collapses onto the sofa, embarrassed. Shaking his head.
Dorothy scoots closer in an adjacent chair. She breaks the
personal barrier, carefully touching his wound with the wet
tip of the aloe vera plant.

DOROTHY:

Truth?

JERRY:

Sure.

Dorothy turns to see that Laurel's two shoes are still very visible at the kitchen door. Decides to ignore them. She gets closer.

DOROTHY:

Sure, I care about the job. Of course. But mostly...

(very honest)

... I want to be inspired.

There is something inspiring about the way she says the word "inspiring."

JERRY:

Me too.

DOROTHY:

What you wrote inspired me.

—

79.

He is catching a scent of that most ancient elixer. A woman's affection. Their heads inch closer together.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

I'm working with you because of that memo...

JERRY:

Mission... statement...

They kiss. It turns rather passionate. She places a cool hand on his cheek. He places a hand on her breast. The taxi beeps outside. She pulls away. Both regard the hand on her breast.

DOROTHY:

Well.

JERRY:

Sorry about this hand.

(he rises unsteadily)

You know that feeling -- you're not completely embarrassed yet, but you glimpse tomorrow's embarrassment?

DOROTHY:

Don't worry about it, boss.

JERRY:

Oh shit. You said "boss."

DOROTHY:

Yeah, I did.

JERRY:

Now I feel like Clarence Thomas.

DOROTHY:

No. No don't feel like Clarence Thomas.

JERRY:

No, I do. I feel like Clarence Thomas.

(the worst day ever)

I'm like... harrassing you... right now.

DOROTHY:

I may not sue.

He laughs a little. Music. Unsure what more to say, Jerry rubs his face. And then:

—

80.

JERRY:

Well, good evening.

DOROTHY:

Good evening.

He stands, returns the fireplace poker to her, and exits. Stumbling slightly on the first step leading down from the

front porch, he recovers with style.

JERRY:

We'll be okay. And I'm going to take my... one client and we're gonna go all the way.

He takes a few more steps, re-balancing bags, coughs a little. He is a mess, and he knows it.

JERRY:

(continuing; loving
the dark humor)

Hey. I'm back.

She laughs, waves, and exits back into the kitchen. She regards the poker still in her hand. Laurel watches her conflicted, slightly lovesick sister.

INT. CAB -- NIGHT

Jerry in the back of the cab. He turns for a moment, looking back at the warm house he's just left. Something is scratching at his soul, trying to get in. Music continues. He was strangely comfortable there, as the house disappears from his view.

FADE TO:

EXT. TEMPE PRACTICE AREA -- DAY

Rod Tidwell races to catch up to a wobbly, overthrown pass. He snags it out of the air, and moves gracefully downfield. He turns back to shout at the quarterback for the wobbly pass, and slams into a padding post. Dennis Wilburn, the GM we met earlier, crosses in front of Maguire, giving him a look. Maguire forges ahead anyway.

JERRY:

We gotta talk about his contract,
Dennis.

WILBURN:

Your timing is impeccable,
Maguire. Gee, I can't imagine how
you ever lost Cush...

—

81.

Wilburn moves on, scoffing loudly.

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWER AREA -- DAY

Jerry stands in pre-season locker-room. Off-stage we hear a shower. In the b.g., one of those locker-room psych-up

signs like:

JERRY:

I started talking with Dennis Wilburn about your renegotiation. Rod emerges naked, dripping wet, pissed.

TIDWELL:

Did you tell him about the "ten million for four years?"

JERRY:

Uh, not today, but --

TIDWELL:

John Taylor. J.J. Stokes. Andre Rison. I SMOKE all these fools, and yet they're making the big sweet dollars. They're making the money, and I got an agent that ain't even put the number on the table.

JERRY:

I understand your anxiety.

TIDWELL:

Maybe you don't. Because it's not just the money I deserve. It's not just the "coin." It's the... He says this next word royally, as if it's fine silk.

TIDWELL:

(continuing)
-- the kwan.

JERRY:

That's your word?

TIDWELL:

Yeah, man, it means love, respect,

community... and the dollars too.
The package. The kwan.

JERRY:

(impressed)

But how did you get "kwan?"

—

82.

TIDWELL:

(irritated)

I got there from "coin," dude.

Coin, coin... kwaaaaan.

JERRY:

Great word. Towel?

TIDWELL:

No, I air-dry.

JERRY:

Rod, I say this with great respect, but those players you mentioned are marquee players and --

A portable phone beeps.

TIDWELL:

Is that your porty or mine?

JERRY:

You.

Tidwell rummages in his bag. Finds one of two porties and answers the one with a Polaroid of Marcee taped to it.

TIDWELL:

Hi baby. Yeah, I'm just breakin' in the new agent. He says I'm not marquee. I know... I know...

Tidwell holds up the phone so Jerry can hear the sound of Marcee going off.

TIDWELL:

(continuing)

My wife is upset with you.

INT. LOCKER ROOM MIRROR -- DAY

The conversation continues as Tidwell fixes hair in the mirror. Jerry speaks to the reflection, taking him on, gesturing passionately. Tidwell, still naked, may or may not be listening.

JERRY:

Here's what I'm saying. This is a renegotiation. We want more from them, so let's show them more from us. Let's show them your pure joy of the game, let's bury the Attitude a little, let's show them --

—

83.

TIDWELL:

(irritated)

You're telling me to dance.

JERRY:

No, I'm saying to be --

He mimes a dainty little showboat-touchdown dance.

TIDWELL:

(little voice)

"Love me love me love me... put me on t.v."

(pissed)

That's the iconography of rascism, man!

JERRY:

Rod, I'm not a rascist. I'm telling you to be the best version of you, to get back to the guy who first started playing this game. Way back when you were a kid. It wasn't just about the money, was it?

Tidwell gives him a look. Money was always a factor.

TIDWELL:

Do your job, man, don't tell me to dance.

JERRY:

Fine.

He begins gathering his things.

TIDWELL:

I'm an athlete, not an entertainer. These are the ABC's of ME. Get it? I don't dance. Jerry rubs face.

TIDWELL:

(continuing)

What's wrong.

JERRY:

Forget it. Forget it.

TIDWELL:

No tell me.

—

84.

JERRY:

I'm out here for you! You don't know what it's like to be me out here for you. It is an up-at-dawn pride-swallowing seige that I will never fully tell you about! Okay?! Help me help you help me help you.

TIDWELL:

You're hanging by a very thin thread, dude. And I dig that about you.

Jerry has had enough for one day.

JERRY:

(loopy, punch-drunk,
arms flailing)

Hey. I'm happy to entertain you!

I'll see you in L.A.!

Tidwell watches his agent lurch off, muttering and swaying.

TIDWELL:

See, man, that's the difference.
between us. You think we're
fighting, I think we're finally
talking!

INT. LAX AIRPORT -- DAY

Jerry moves slowly through crowded airport, preoccupied with
thought.

INT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE -- LATER DAY

Jerry enters, carrying bags, weary. Dorothy greets him. They
are stuck in his small condo, and the scent of their previous
encounter is still in the air. She hands him a list of his
calls.

DOROTHY:

Dennis Wilburn called from Arizona
to say he's faxing in the new
Tidwell offer on Thursday morning,
and you'll be happy.

JERRY:

(jolted into
happiness)

Happy. He said "happy?"

DOROTHY:

Actually he said "glad."

—

85.

JERRY:

Good. Good. Glad is good.

DOROTHY:

Plus, you could use that
commission.

She hands him a financial report she's done. He takes a
quick look, seeing the thorough work she's already done.

JERRY:

I sunk most of what I had into

this condo, which devalued, and --

DOROTHY:

You don't have to explain.

JERRY:

Look, the other night, I want to apologize.

DOROTHY:

(can't read her)

Yeah, what happened there.

JERRY:

We're two people working together and we can't have an atmosphere.

DOROTHY:

I'm relieved you said that.

JERRY:

I mean, the other night was... I felt like you understood something I could barely even say, something way down deep in the murk --

(beat)

-- but we have a company here to think about. I won't ever take advantage of you in that way again.

DOROTHY:

(evenly)

Oh good.

JERRY:

You walked out on a job for me, and I won't ruin that.

DOROTHY:

Exactly because I know this is a time when you need to be alone with your thoughts.

(more)

—

86.

DOROTHY (cont'd)

Think about everything that's gone wrong, how to fix them, and just be... alone, alone, alone.

Dorothy in the background of the shot, watching his reaction.

JERRY:

You want to go out to dinner?

INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Dorothy looks for a jacket as Laurel helms the Divorced Women's group in the living room. Jan speaks through her whistly braces, gesturing with a too-full glass of red wine.

JAN:

I broke up with the Cowboy. And now he's stalking me...

ALICE:

What's the current definition of stalking?

WOMAN # 1

Coming over uninvited.

JAN:

(thoughtful)

So Romeo under the trellis... was a stalker.

Meaningful sounds of revelation, as Dorothy finds the jacket.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Dorothy stops in the hallway to see that Jerry Maguire has arrived at the back-kitchen door. She watches unseen as Maguire shakes hands with Chad the Nanny and is hit suddenly by a flying hug from Ray. He gives the kid an athletic bag, which is filled with state-of-the-art promotional athletic wear, etc. ("Brought you some swag.") Ray continues hugging Jerry.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Jerry is a little embarrassed by the affections of the kid. Dorothy enters. Expertly breezy.

DOROTHY:

Hey, looks like you've got a fan.

—

87.

JERRY:

(outdressed)

Wow. That's more than a dress.
That's an Audrey Hepburn movie.

DOROTHY:

Yeah -- guess I got revved up at
the idea of an evening among
adults -- no offense buster.

(then)

You meet Chad the nanny?

JERRY:

Yeah, I did -- am I dressed okay?

I guess I didn't realize we were...

He doesn't finish the words "going out on a date." The
cacaphony of the Boyd home swirls around Maguire. It's a new
sensation for this bachelor.

DOROTHY:

Don't let him stay up too late.

CHAD:

(grandly)

Hey, man, tonight I'm going to
teach Ray about jazz.

DOROTHY:

Good, that'll put him to sleep
early. No offense.

She twirls toward the door, grabbing her purse.

CHAD:

You know, you people have a jazz
problem in this house.

Laurel enters, adding to the chaos, adlibbing hellos.

RAY:

I wanna go too.

Laurel gives Ray a look. Ray backs down, as Jerry hears
snatches of the Women's group going full blast in the living
room.

DOROTHY:

We'll see you soon, honey. Bye.

JERRY:

Bye you guys.

—

88.

Ray extends his arms, he wants a hug. Jerry bends down awkwardly to give him one, and Ray plants a kiss on Jerry's cheek. All are surprised, especially Jerry. Dorothy is struck and moved. Shot falls on Ray who watches Jerry exit with wonder. Even at his age, he knows a prize when he sees one.

INT. KITCHEN-- NIGHT

Laurel looks out the window, watches her sister exiting. She is equal parts jealous and protective. She spots keys on counter. She grabs them and runs out to catch her sister on the lawn. "All Shook Down." Replacements.

EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jerry and Dorothy exit through the many cars which we now see are parked on the street and the front lawn. The sound of the Women's group is heard in the warmly glowing house behind them.

LAUREL:

Hey!

As Jerry moves ahead to the car, Dorothy retreats so she can have privacy with her sister.

LAUREL:

(continuing)

Forgot your keys --

DOROTHY:

(privately)

That's the first time I ever saw him kiss a man, like a dad, wasn't that just... thrilling?

(eyes tear up)

I mean, he must have been needing that.

Women's group laughter in the distance as Laurel attempts to glue her emotional sister back together. She holds her arm.

LAUREL:

No no. Don't cry at the beginning
of the date.

DOROTHY:

(laughing, wiping
tear)

Oh, knock it off!

—

89.

LAUREL:

(can't help it)

And don't be a shoulder for him to
cry on either.

We stay with Laurel as she watches her sister exit. Music
continues. Lit by streetlight, Dorothy runs like a young
girl, across the lawns of this car-filled neighborhood,
slapping away the leaves of a tree, running to Jerry down the
street.

INT. ANTONIO'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Jerry and Dorothy sit at the table of this Mexican
restaurant. In the background, Mariachis play.

JERRY:

It was laziness! my whole breakup
with Avery. You know that thing
you say, "it's nobody's fault."
It's one of the great lies, right?
Someone is always to blame -- if
you go for it, go for it like you
do a job, work at it --

DOROTHY:

Maybe love shouldn't be such hard
work. I know, but --
Mariachis approach the table.

HEAD MARIACHI:

A song for the lovers?

JERRY/DOROTHY

(too quickly)

No. No thanks.

DOROTHY:

We work together.

Jerry slips the guy a few bucks to go away. They do so, reluctantly.

JERRY:

See, you choose. If you fall for someone, if you make a commitment, you should make it work. It's only when "options" entered the picture that things got bad. I'm speaking historically now. It's a modern day concept, nueroticism -- how do I feeeeeel? -- I think the only good thing to (more)

—

90.

JERRY (cont'd)

come from this period in history is probably the movie "Annie Hall."

DOROTHY:

(evenly)

Maybe you should call her.

JERRY:

No no no. I just underestimated her...

(touches wound)

her temper, I guess. Why are we even talking about this?

A FLOWER GIRL approaches the table with an armful of roses.

FLOWER GIRL:

A rose for the lady.

JERRY:

You want a --

DOROTHY:

_(_ (scoffs)

No. No way.

Jerry gives her few bucks, she exits.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

Yeah. It wasn't like my marriage to Roger was so great, even before --

(stops herself)

Jerry?

JERRY:

What?

DOROTHY:

(simply)

Let's not tell our sad stories.

Jerry laughs to himself. He admires her directness.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

I'll be right back. Quit thinking those murky thoughts, okay? We're young, we're semi-successful. Life is good.

She exits and we hang on him for a moment.

—

91.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT -- MINUTES LATER

Dorothy on the phone outside the bathroom.

DOROTHY:

No, now... come on... let Chad catch the bee in a glass. He won't hurt it. Aw, buddy, you got such a good heart. I love you, I'll be home soon. Can't wait to see you.

EXT. BATHROOM

She exits the bathroom and stops at the sight of what is happening at the table. Jerry, hand on face, is embarrassingly being serenaded by the Mariachis, who now play a mournful "Tears in Heaven." She smiles at the image, in fact the poetry charms her. Dorothy moves forward, grinning, fishes some bucks out of her pocket, and sends the Mariachis

in another direction.

DOROTHY:

Come on, let's take a walk.

INT. DOROTHY'S PORCH -- NIGHT

Music feathers into sounds of night. A bug buzzing from the nearby light, Jerry swats it away.

JERRY:

Well -- this would be goodnight.

DOROTHY:

Good night.

They don't kiss. They take great care not to touch too much.

JERRY:

I'll see you tomorrow.

They don't move. On impulse, she grabs him and pulls him close. Kisses him. It's a good one.

DOROTHY:

Good night.

But they don't move. He pulls her closer by her straps. They break. She holds them up, nervous now. His lips travel down. He kisses her upper chest. She sighs deeply, she's missed this feeling. Jerry rises to kiss her lips again, tying her straps back on. Her expression says there is a decision to make. She concentrates on the styrofoam container she's brought back from the restaurant.

—

92.

DOROTHY:

(continuing; breath)

I think you should not come in, or come in depending on how you feel.

JERRY:

Same to you.

DOROTHY:

No. I have to go in. I live here.

JERRY:

Right. I'll come in.

DOROTHY:

Okay. Wait here a second.

(beat, then)

Do we really want to do this?

JERRY:

(half-unsure)

Oh hell yes.

She exits, as shot lingers on Jerry. That odd moment when you've crossed the line. He takes a breath.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Dorothy enters to find Chad watching t.v. The house is now quiet, the remains of the Divorced Women's group is still in evidence.

DOROTHY:

He's asleep, right?

CHAD:

Yeah, how'd it go with Sportboy?

DOROTHY:

Still going.

Chad raises his eyebrows.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

Shhh.

EXT. PORCH -- NIGHT

Jerry on the porch, as Chad exits. Chad now fully plays the part of friend with seniority. Looks the taller Jerry up and down.

CHAD:

Treat her right, man. She's...

—

93.

JERRY:

(self-conscious)

Yeah... well...

CHAD:

She's great. And I know this is a little awkward, but I want you to use this.

Chad rummages in bag for a moment. Jerry is somewhat horrified at what Chad might be giving him. Out comes a cassette tape.

CHAD:

(continuing; intense)

This... is Miles Davis and John Coltrane. Stockholm. 1963... two masters of freedom, playing in a time before their art was corrupted by a zillion cocktail lounge performers who destroyed the legacy of the only American artform -- JAZZ.

Jerry takes the tape, as the front door squeaks open.

Dorothy shoos Chad away, quietly leads Jerry inside.

INT. BEDROOM-- NIGHT

Fierce, driving jazz. Dorothy and Jerry making out on bed. Getting hotter. The music gets wilder. Finally it is impossible to ignore, and Jerry collapses backwards on the bed laughing. She is left frozen, her arms open but he is gone.

DOROTHY:

What is this MUSIC?

They both crack up, and she kisses him as the music plays. He looks at her. She turns away, then back again, he's still looking at her. It's a powerful moment for her. Laughter continues, the music is ridiculous. (Their sex is a big difference from the let's-be-intense sex with Avery.)

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- SAME TIME

Laurel just home from work in nurse uniform, has a late-night joint and carefully blows the smoke out the window. Laughter from the next room. She pops open the styrofoam appetizers her sister brought back from dinner.

DISSOLVE TO:

—

94.

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Radio clicks on. It's still dark. Only the glow of the digital lamp. Jerry alone in bed. He gets up, coughs, pulls on some pants. Manuevers through a strange bedroom, steps on toys.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Dorothy and Laurel in the kitchen, waiting for the first possible drops of coffee.

DOROTHY:

I'm getting him up, don't worry.'

Ray will never see his mother's raging physical needs.

She starts to exit, but Laurel pulls her back for a second.

LAUREL:

First you gotta tell me something.

DOROTHY:

No--

INT. HALLWAY -- MORNING

Jerry moving down the hallway, hears voices.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

LAUREL:

Because I'm worried that you're putting your faith in this guy who, because of the way things are going, may not have an emotional marble in his head.

DOROTHY:

Please, if I start talking --

LAUREL:

Guys are just different people when they're hanging onto the bottom rung.

ON JERRY:

listening. Pinned to the wall, listening to the kind of honesty an agent rarely hears.

DOROTHY:

... so what am I, for taking the

opportunity, Laurel?

(more)

—

95.

DOROTHY (cont'd)

Maybe I am taking advantage. Am I a bad person? All I know is that I found someone who was charming and popular and not-so-nice to me -- and he died. Okay? So why should I let this guy go, when everything in my body says This One is The One.

LAUREL:

Easy, hon, I was just looking for fun details --

DOROTHY:

Oh, well, why didn't you say so? And oh, I don't know if you're interested in this detail, but I was just about to tell you that I love him. I love him, and I don't care what you think. I love him for the guy he wants to be, and I love him for the guy he almost is. I love him.

They look at each other. The cat is way, way out of the bag.

ON JERRY:

rubbing his face.

RAY:

Hi Jerry!

Dorothy leans into the hallway now, sees Jerry standing there, well within earshot. As Ray pounds down the hallway in his new over-sized shirt, brought by Jerry, Dorothy begins to crumble. The lack of control in her life is overwhelming her.

DOROTHY:

Oh God.

JERRY:

Easy, easy --

Jerry enters the kitchen, stands near Laurel.

JERRY:

(continuing)

I could pretend I didn't hear, but

I won't, I heard everything.

(to Laurel)

Thank you for your honesty, as
always.

—

96.

LAUREL:

(frozen polite)

Coffee, Jerry?

JERRY:

Oh, no thanks. We bottom-feeders
prefer cereal first --

RAY:

Let's have Apple Jacks!

Apple Jacks it is. Dorothy, good morning, darling. He kisses
her on the cheek, in full view of Ray. Dorothy, still
embarrassed, not sure what is going on, reaches for cereal.
Jerry sits down for breakfast. They are an odd, but fairly
complete-looking family.

RAY:

(continuing)

What's going on, Jerry?

JERRY:

A lot. We got a big fax today...

we need this commission, buddy.

The sisters look at each other. Ray looks around, he feels
happy, but there is something else in the room. He shrugs
and continues to feel happy.

INT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE -- LATER DAY

Jerry and Dorothy prepare for the Tidwells, cleaning up the
cramped office, unstacking chairs and making room.

DOROTHY:

That was great of you this morning.
The Tidwells honk, arriving in the driveway.

JERRY:

(friendly, dismissive)
Look, let's just root for a big
offer so we can move out of this
room to a real office.
She feels slightly slapped down, but covers. She opens a
window quickly, and busies herself with the clutter at hand.

ON FAX:

Connecting.

—

97.

FOUR FACES:

waiting for the results. Everybody has a stake in this fax.
Lives are very clearly hanging on this results. Marcee shuts
her eyes.

MARCEE:

Read it to me, and don't say
anything unless it's over nine.
There is a stunning disappointment on the fax. Jerry's heart
sinks. His face slackens.

JERRY:

Aw shit --
Rod turns away. Dorothy shuts her eyes, as Marcee opens hers.

MARCEE:

One-point-seven for three years.
That's below average. We owe more
than that...
It is so very painful for her, as Tidwell slinks off to sit
in a seat too small for him.

JERRY:

I'll go back to them.

MARCEE:

(explodes)

And say what? "Please remove your
dick from my ass?!"

Both men look at her. The outburst has surprised even Marcee.

MARCEE:

(continuing)

I'm sorry. I'm a little pregnant
right now.

TIDWELL:

I feel like crying. I feel like
breaking the room up.

JERRY:

Okay, we don't take this
emotionally. We roll with this
problem.

MARCEE:

What are you talking about --
"don't get emotional." If you ask
me, you haven't gotten emotional
ENOUGH about this man.

—

98.

JERRY:

Marcee --

MARCEE:

What DO you stand for???
Dorothy looks right and left, can't hold back.

DOROTHY:

How about a little piece of
integrity in this world that is so
filled with greed and a lack of
honorability that I don't know
what to tell my kid except take a
look at a guy who isn't shouting
"show me the money," he's quietly
broke and working for you for free!

(off Jerry's pained
look)

Well, I'm sorry, I'm not as good
at the insults as she is.

MARCEE:

No, that was pretty good.

TIDWELL:

(impressed)

No shit.

DOROTHY:

In fact, you should read something
that meant the world to me...

She opens a drawer, and withdraws the Mission Statement. She
is headed across the room to give it to Marcee, when Jerry
swiftly intercepts it.

JERRY:

Another time, okay Dorothy?

DOROTHY:

Fine, I just --

JERRY:

And I appreciate that impulse.

Jerry throws the Mission Statement into a bottom drawer.

Camera moves to Tidwell, and we see him for the first time
without his protective shield of attitude. Scared.

TIDWELL:

Tell me what to do, Jerry. You
tell me to eat lima beans, I'll
eat lima beans.

(more)

—

99.

TIDWELL (cont'd)

If you say take the shitty deal,
that's all we can get --

MARCEE:

"All we can get?"

TIDWELL:

Can I SPEAK with my agent here?
Marcee is passionate. Focused on Rod.

MARCEE:

You know what you're gonna do,
Rodney. You're gonna reject this
shitty contract. You're gonna play
out your existihg shitty contract
and go be a free agent next year
and the hell with Arizona. This is
us, and we determine our worth.
You're a fine, proud, surviving,
splendid black man.
Beat. Truer words... The big man looks into his wife's eyes.

TIDWELL:

Honey, you are just --
No one else in the world exists. They are focused totally on
each other. Jerry and Dorothy in the background, just
watching the intricate machinery of this marriage.

TIDWELL:

(continuing)
-- the shit.
She caresses the back of his neck. He pulls her to him. He
gives her a small kiss. Dorothy and Jerry look at the
couple, fascinated and somewhat uncomfortable. There is a
palpable forcefield around the Tidwells. They are a couple
in every passionate sense of the word. After a beat:

JERRY:

If you get injured, you get
nothing.

TIDWELL:

Won't happen. I'm strong in my
mind.

JERRY:

It's a risk.
Jerry looks over to Dorothy, who grits her teeth at the
implications of the decision.

—
100.

TIDWELL:

Bet on me, dude. Bet on me like
I bet on you.

Tidwell puts his hand out. Maguire is conflicted, but he
takes a breath and shakes.

EXT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Tidwell and Marcee exit. Dorothy and Jerry on the lawn.

JERRY:

I'll get you some quick work --

TIDWELL:

Good deal, man.

MARCEE:

I'm sorry what I said back there.

JERRY:

Don't be silly.

MARCEE:

My husband believes in you. We're
gonna make it. Bye bye Dorothy.

DOROTHY:

Take care you guys.

Tidwells exit. Finally, Dorothy and Jerry are alone. The
Tidwell situation has left an ominous feeling in the air.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

Look... I was up for a job in San
Diego before I left SMI. It's with
the Chargers.

AIRPLANE WHEELS:

touching down.

JERRY:

Don't even talk about that yet.

I'll find something fast for

Tidwell. We'll stay afloat.

EXT. COMMERCIAL SET/TAYLOR CHEVROLET/ARIZONA -- DAY

Tidwell stands on the set of a regional Arizona car commercial. It is a hot day. Three other bored, large Arizona athletes wait by a coffee machine, as Jerry's friend, director Bill Dooler appears ready to implode. Dooler is arguing with Tidwell.

—
101.

Maguire stands slightly away, acting as referee. Nearby, a camel.

DOOLER:

Look, Rod, just get on the camel!

JERRY:

Bill, Rod, wait --

TIDWELL:

Dude, know your art form. If you put the camera down here, looking up, I look more powerful. There's no need for a camel... you got ME.

JERRY:

Rod, get on the camel.

DOOLER:

(shoots look to Jerry)

The sponsor wants a camel --

TIDWELL:

Jerry, back me up. It's either the camel or me...

Tidwell waves his arms, spooking the camel, who spits and stomps. Several crew members scatter in various directions.

JERRY:

(takes the bullet)

Airight. Enough. I'm pulling him out of this. This isn't what I had in mind anyway.

DOOLER:

Then you shouldn't have begged me to hire him.

EXT. SET -- LATER

Jerry and Tidwell walk quickly from the set. In the background, another athlete rides the camel.

TIDWELL:

There you go, dude. You're learning how to represent me. We ain't gonna bring Nike to their knees with some regional camel ad --
Jerry rubs his face.

—
102.

JERRY:

Can I ask you a question totally unrelated to your career?

TIDWELL:

Oh, we gonna be friends now?

JERRY:

What do you know about dating a single mother?
Tidwell warms to the personal question.

TIDWELL:

Oh I know plenty. I was raised by a single mother.

JERRY:

Tell me, because it's been a month, and she's about to take another job in San Diego.
Tidwell is always happy to hold forth.

TIDWELL:

First, single mothers don't "date." They have been to the circus, you know what I'm saying? They have been to the puppet show and they have seen the strings. You love her?

JERRY:

How do I know?

TIDWELL:

You know when you know. It makes you shivver, it eats at your insides. You know?

JERRY:

No, I don't know.

TIDWELL:

Then you gotta have The Talk.

JERRY:

But I sure don't like that she's leaving.

TIDWELL:

Well, that ain't fair to her. A single mother, that's a sacred thing, man.

—

103.

JERRY:

The kid is amazing.

TIDWELL:

(shaking head)

No. A real man does not shoplift the "pooty" from a single mom.

JERRY:

I didn't "shoplift the pooty." We were thrown together and -- I mean it's two mutual people who --

(a look)

Alright, I shoplifted the pooty.

TIDWELL:

Shame on you. SHAME on you.

INT. ZOO -- DAY

Jerry, Dorothy and Ray at the zoo. Ray straining at Jerry's

arm. Life-changing decisions in the air.

DOROTHY:

They offered me everything I asked for, it's only 2 hours away. I think it's good for us.

Jerry feels tugged in many directions, and not just by Ray. They approach the reptile house.

RAY:

Show me the animal, Jerry!

JERRY:

Right up ahead, buddy --

They approach the Reptile House, where a small crowd is gathered.

JERRY:

(continuing)

-- I give you my favorite animal in the zoo. Are you ready for the weirdness, the strange perfection and truth of...

RAY:

I'm scared. What is it?

JERRY:

It's in a cage. Do not be scared of...

A few people peel away, revealing...

—

104.

JERRY:

(continuing)

The Two-Headed Corn Snake.

THE TWO-HEADED CORN SNAKE

A friendly but confused looking reptile. The snake has two heads, both identical, both twisting and battling each other for direction. Aw-ed chatter around the animal ranges from "weird" and "wow" to "mira mira! Dos cabezas!" Few can turn away.

RAY:

Whoa.

DOROTHY:

(quietly)

Two heads. My God...

Jerry is happy to play tour-guide.

JERRY:

Both heads have brains. Both heads eat, both heads battle for direction all day long.

(meaningful)

Man, can I relate.

The odd animal moves forward, fighting itself constantly.

RAY:

Me too.

Dorothy just looks at the two men in her life. She turns to Anonymous Man standing nearby, staring at the animal.

DOROTHY:

Is this a guy thing?

ANONYMOUS MAN:

It is, and it isn't.

ON THE TWO-HEADED CORN SNAKE

strangely endearing, jittering and moving around the cage.

EXT. DOROTHY'S FRONT YARD -- DAY

A U-Haul is parked in the driveway. Inside the cab, a very sad Ray. Jerry approaches carefully. Ray does not look at him. He opens the door, scoots the kid over, and sits next to him.

—

105.

EXT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Laurel and Dorothy say goodbye.

LAUREL:

You're doing the right thing. I mean, come on. You need to start your life and he... he needs a warm body to cushion the fall. Check out exhibit A on the front

lawn --

POV -- THE SISTERS

We see Jerry, following Chad back to the house, saying goodbye too many times. He's anxious not to be left alone. Finally Chad grabs him by the shoulders, says goodbye, as a sad Ray trudges to the cab of the U-Haul. Jerry now follows Ray to the car.

EXT. DOROTHY'S PLACE -- DAY

Jerry scoots a very sad Ray over, and talks to him in the car.

JERRY:

I'm not good at this.

Ray begins to cry. Jerry is incapable of dealing with it.

JERRY:

(continuing)

I'll see you this weekend, okay?

Promise.

Ray wails. Jerry squeezes his shoulder, it does nothing, so he exits. He rises and faces Dorothy, keys in hand.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Sure you're okay to drive this?

DOROTHY:

This rig? Phht. No problem.

JERRY:

So I'll see you this weekend.

She accepts it casually, with a shrug.

DOROTHY:

Airight, so goodbye and --

(simple, with shrug)

I love you.

Jerry blinks.

—

106.

JERRY:

(too quick, weirdly)

... I love you too, you know.

She reacts with an odd look. The words don't sound right,

and he knows that she knows.

JERRY:

(continuing)

What --

DOROTHY:

Look, just in case this weekend becomes next month and next month becomes... whatever...

(beat)

Don't make a joke of your life.

Go back and read what you wrote.

You're better than the rest of them, better than the Bob Sugars, and don't forget it.

He shudders a little with the intimacy of her words. She kisses him, and moves quickly toward the car, leaving him alone in frame. He grows increasingly uncomfortable. He watches her leave.

JERRY:

Wait a second.

ON DOROTHY:

moving to her car. She hears him. It's not loud enough for her.

JERRY:

WAIT A SECOND!

She stops, smiling very slightly to herself, biting her lip. She turns and he is now close to her.

JERRY:

(continuing)

I know a way to s... to save on Medical and rent and... look...

He grips one hand with the other. Dorothy looks at his strange behavior. He looks over to the cab, where Ray is making a sad face at him through the window.

JERRY:

(continuing)

... what if we stayed together?

What if we uh... got married.

—

107.

She looks at him. It's an odd proposal.

JERRY:

(continuing)

If I said that, would you stay?

DOROTHY:

No no. Don't do that. Don't say that if you don't...

JERRY:

Will you marry me?

She looks at him, full of love, dabbing at her mascara.

EXT. DOROTHY'S BACKYARD -- DAY

Rod Tidwell sings Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On" at the wedding for assorted guests gathered here in the backyard. Contrary to his own belief, Rod is not a gifted singer. In the wedding band, standing on a small stage in the corner, are Chad and Dooler.

ON JERRY:

who stands watching, smile pasted on, with stoic FATHER and well-dressed BROTHER.

BROTHER:

Where are all your friends?

JERRY:

(looking around)

In the band.

INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

We are close on Ray now as we hear the sound of a Reverend reading wedding vows. Ray holds the ring, and waits for his cue to offer it. But he has forgotten the cue. And every time the Reverend pauses, he starts to offer the ring. Dorothy's leg and hand are visible in frame. She calms him with a hand on the shoulder. And finally the cue comes and he offers the ring.

INT. DOROTHY'S HALLWAY/KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The bride and groom catch each other, post-wedding, in the hallway of the small home where the event has taken place.

DOROTHY:

Wow. We actually --

—

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JERRY:

Yeah, we did.

Giddy, Dorothy heads into the living room where Friends and relatives watch the video of the wedding. And now the enormity is evident on Jerry's face. Warm laughter in the b.g. More laughter and family noise in the background now. He holds onto a table for a moment, steadies himself. Jerry takes a breath and moves into the kitchen. Finds a beer. He turns and finds himself alone with Laurel, for the first time. She raises her beer. They toast, warily.

LAUREL:

If you fuck this up, I'll kill you.

JERRY:

(as she exits)

Glad we had this talk!

Nearby, Tidwell watches all. He moves to Jerry.

Confidentially:

TIDWELL:

You never had The Talk, did you?

JERRY:

No.

TIDWELL:

Well, this was another way to go.

Jerry smiles. Dorothy brings Jerry a Polaroid someone took, and for a moment the couple stands awkwardly together.

Tidwell rubs Jerry's shoulders a little, announcing to the

room:

TIDWELL:

(continuing)

This is my agent, man! And we're

all gonna have a great season!

He pounds Jerry on the back, hard, shaking him like a pinata.

FADE TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA PLAYING FIELD -- DAY

Tidwell catches the ball, takes a vicious hit. The season is on.

INT. PHILADELPHIA PRESS BOX -- DAY

Across the room, he sees GM Dennis Wilburn standing with Avery.

—

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He turns away, passing a monitor where elsewhere in the country, Frank Cushman is having another sensational Sunday.

INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM/PHOENIX -- DAY

This is the Tidwell family ritual of watching Rod's games on the big-screen home t.v. At the center is Marcee Tidwell. Everything flows from her. Next to her is Tyson, and then the cousins, the neighborhood friends. At this particular moment, they are all screaming for Rod, who is taking a beating, but is having a hell of a game. In front of the t.v., Tyson does the "Daddy Dance," a dance of pure joy.

TYSON:

(proudly, to family)

That's my motherfucker!

Marcee reaches out and collars her dancing son.

MARCEE:

Why don't you be the first man in your family not to say that word?

And then we'll let you live.

Tyson nods, wide-eyed.

MARCEE:

(continuing)

Now go kiss your daddy, quick.

TEE PEE:

(cooly)

That's why they cheer, you know.

The white man sending the black man into battle...

Marcee shoots him a look, as Tidwell takes another rough hit.

INT. STADIUM HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jerry stands waiting. Bob Sugar nearby, greeting quarterback JOHN SWENSON. Still no Tidwell.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

Finally, here comes Tidwell, moving very slowly with garmet bag.

JERRY:

How's your head? Bubblicious.

—

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TIDWELL:

Tidwell moves to a tan in a wheelchair, signs an autograph and moves on. Jerry alongside. The quarterback sucks, man. He's gonna get me killed.

JERRY:

I'm a little worried --

TIDWELL:

I'm worried too. I'm worried that the only reason I'm here getting my brains blown loose is that you weren't asshole enough to get my ten million three months ago.

INSANE FAN:

(interrupting loudly)

FUCKIN ROD TIDWELL YOU RULE YOU
RULE! I WON A FUCKIN, A FUCKIN
MUG ON YOU IN MY ROTISS...

ROTLISS...

With great skill, Tidwell pats the fan and moves him along to other tired players.

TIDWELL:

Peace, my drunken brother. Ahd
don't discuss gambling with me.

Insane fan moves to another player. Jerry proceeds carefully.

JERRY:

We can still take the offer, Rod.

TIDWELL:

(stops)

No.

Jerry regards his slightly befuddled friend.

JERRY:

Well, just stay healthy. I will show you the kwan.

TIDWELL:

(irritated)

Hey, that's my word, okay?

Tidwell wearily heads for the bus. Jerry stands in the parking lot.

JERRY:

I'll see you in Arizona.

—

111.

TIDWELL:

I'm gonna have the game of my life on Monday Night Football, and show all these motherfuckers.

JERRY:

Take care, okay? You're my entire client roster.

TIDWELL:

Don't I know. Now go home to your wife.

JERRY:

What's that supposed to mean?

TIDWELL:

Why are you even here, man? You could have told me all this over the phone.

JERRY:

I don't know -- how's "dedication"
for an answer?

TIDWELL:

You don't want to go home, do you?

JERRY:

Why are you doing this to me, Rod?

TIDWELL:

I'm asking you a question --

JERRY:

No, you're --

TIDWELL:

I'm trying to talk to you. How's
your marriage?

Jerry looks at Rod for a moment. It is the simplest
question, and one in which he has no quick answer.

JERRY:

Not everyone has what you have.

TIDWELL:

Then why'd you get married? I'm
asking you as a friend.

JERRY:

(shaking his head)

You're jabbing at me.

—

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TIDWELL:

I'm sorry I asked.

JERRY:

No, I'm going to answer you. You
want an answer? I'll give it to
you.

(beat)

Loyalty. She was loyal.

(unconvincing)

Everything grew from there.

TIDWELL:

That's an answer.

JERRY:

Damn right.

TIDWELL:

(jab)

For loyalty, you buy a dog. For love, you get married.

JERRY:

Look. I'm happy to entertain you, as always, but I have a question for you. Are we really "friends?"

TIDWELL:

Why not --

JERRY:

Well, friends can tell each other anything, right? If we have our "friends" hats on --

TIDWELL:

(wary)

I think so.

JERRY:

(intense)

Airight. Here's why you don't have your ten million dollars yet. You are a paycheck player. You play with your head. Not your heart. In your personal life?

(points)

Heart. But when you get on the field --

(more)

—

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JERRY (cont'd)

(finger rises to
Tidwell's head)

-- you're a businessman. It's
wide-angle lenses and who fucked
you over and who owes you for it.
That's not what inspires people.
I'm sorry, but that's the truth,
can you handle it? Just a
"question," Rod. Between friends.

TIDWELL:

I don't want to be friends anymore.

JERRY:

Fine.

TIDWELL:

Beautiful.

JERRY:

(angry)

We still having dinner in L.A.?

TIDWELL:

(angry)

Only 'cause my wife likes your
wife!

Jerry exits. Tidwell is pissed. And hurt.

TIDWELL:

(continuing)

"No heart." "No heart?"

(yells after him)

I'm all heart, motherfucker!

He gets on the bus.

INT. CRAB RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

The Tidwells and the Maguires. Tyson and Ray run around the
table of this family-style restaurant. Marcee is very very
pregnant. They crack crabs for each other, seasoning for each
other, feeding each other like one many-armed and loving body.

MARCEE:

-- so I go to see a so-called
"black" film the other day --

(then)

-- honey, no more salt for you, I don't want you dehydrated for Monday Night Football. Most important game of your career.

(more)

114.

MARCEE (cont'd)

(then)

-- TWENTY minutes of coming attractions. All black films, all violent, I'm talking about brothers shooting brothers, Wesley Snipes with guns the size of our house, killing, blood flowing, cars crashing... blood blood blood blood. Is this all they think we want to see? Come on! I enjoyed Shindler's List. Give me a little credit, I mean hooo --

TIDWELL:

I hate you going to movies alone withoutme --

MARCEE:

Oh baby --

He cracks more crab, gives her the biggest piece.

SHOT OF JERRY AND DOROTHY

Sitting across the table, stunned, just watching this intricate and perfect marriage.

SHOT OF MARCEE:

She takes a breath and gets a weird look.

TIDWELL:

What baby?

MARCEE:

Baby. Baby. Baby...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcee gives birth, Rod assisting. Jerry and Dorothy watch from behind thick glass. She hangs her arm on his shoulder,

looks at him. Jerry stares straight ahead. Mortified, with dry throat.

INT. DOROTHY AND JERRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry and Dorothy exhausted, alone, getting ready for bed. Dorothy sits down near him on the bed.

DOROTHY:

What were you thinking tonight?
Watching them go through the
complete human emotional
experience?

—

115.

JERRY:

I was thinking I hope he doesn't
get injured. I felt responsible.

DOROTHY:

Sometimes I can't tell at all,
what's going through that head of
yours.
He makes a noise. As in -- it's no big mystery.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)
And I really don't know your
noises yet.

JERRY:

Well, when you wonder, ask me.

DOROTHY:

(unsatisfied)
Okay... I will...
Beat. He feels inadequate.

JERRY:

Why do you love me?

DOROTHY:

Why do you love me?
It is, of course, the better question. And before he can
answer, there is a pounding at the door.

RAY:

Jerry, can I come in and watch
t.v.?

DOROTHY JERRY

I'll come visit you in a Just for a few minutes,
second -- buddy --

The door flies open and Ray comes bounding in, onto the bed,
stations himself in the center and begins wrestling Jerry for
the remote control. Dorothy watches, disconnected. A
steeliness comes over her that we have not yet seen.

INT. PRESCHOOL -- NEXT DAY

Dorothy drops Ray at preschool, and stands in the doorway of
the playroom. She watches the boys and girls playing
together in a room full of bright colors and games. Music.
Anxiety building.

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EXT. RAY'S PLAYHOUSE -- NIGHT

Jerry sits finishing a phone call to an advertising account
exec. He has come here, to Ray's playhouse for privacy.

JERRY:

Tonight. Yeah, the red-eye, I'll
be in Arizona on Monday...

Jerry adlibs some salesmanship on Tidwell's behalf. Dorothy
approaches. She gives him a few phone messages, sits down.
Beat of silence. He sees a look on her face that is
unfamiliar.

DOROTHY:

It's my fault.

JERRY:

What --

DOROTHY:

It's not fair to you. This
whole --

JERRY:

(instant crisis mode)
Tell me -- let me help --

DOROTHY:

I took advantage of you and worst of all, I'm not alone. I did this with a kid. I was just on some ride where I thought I was in love enough for both of us. I did this. And at least I can do something about it now.

JERRY:

(damage control)

Well -- I'm not the guy who's going to run. I stick.

DOROTHY:

I don't need you to "stick."

JERRY:

You want...

DOROTHY:

I don't know --

JERRY:

(it slips out)

...my soul or something.

—

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DOROTHY:

Why fucking not! I deserve it.

JERRY:

(direct)

Dorothy -- what if I'm just not built that way?

DOROTHY:

I think we made a mistake here. But now he can't stop.

JERRY:

What if it's true? "Great at friendship bad at intimacy." I

mean, come on. It's the theme of my bachelor film --

DOROTHY:

I know. I watched it. I sort of know it by heart.

JERRY:

(absorbs it)

I don't like to give up.

DOROTHY:

Oh please. My need to make the best of things, and your need to be what, "responsible"... if one of us doesn't say something now we might lose ten years being polite about it. Why don't we call this next road trip what it is. A nice long break.

JERRY:

What about Ray?

She notes the only real glimpse of ache, in that question.

DOROTHY:

There's no question you'll be friends. Of course you'll be friends.

JERRY:

So this break... is a break-up.

DOROTHY:

Come on, Jerry. You know this isn't easy for me.

(more)

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DOROTHY (cont'd)

I mean, on the surface, you'd almost think everything was fine. See, I've got this great guy who loves my kid --

(resolute, no tears)

-- and he sure does like me a lot.

Jerry Maguire, a man who speaks for a living, has nothing to say.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

I can't live that way. It's not the way I'm "built."

He moves to embrace her. She pulls away first.

INT. RAY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry kisses sleepy Ray goodbye.

JERRY:

Don't wake up...

And then faces the exotic fish who now resides on Ray's table. He once lived in a tank the size of a Cadillac. The fish now hangs in a too-small bowl, looking at him.

JERRY:

(continuing;
defensive)

... it was just a Mission Statement...

INT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Jerry Maguire stretches his arms out. A security wand passes over him. Deadness in his eyes. The glaze of the road on him. Music.

EXT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM -- ARIZONA

We are hovering in the sky, just above Sun Devil Stadium. The classic Monday Night Football shot from the blimp.

INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Tidwell's family in the living room. A buzz in the air. The pregame show is on, sound-muted. Old-school on the stereo. Everybody is happy. Marcee sits in the position of honor, her new baby KAYDEE in her arms. She is a tired mother, and the family celebrates her.

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TEE PEE:

He'd better not mess up on Monday Night Football.

Marcee shoots Tee Pee a look.

TEE PEE:

(continuing)

What did I say? He gets nervous for the t.v. games... it's not a secret.

INT. TUNNEL AREA/PRE-GAME -- NIGHT

Nervous Tidwell chews a toothpick as he stands checking out the field. Nearby, some cheerleaders and a man in a Pickle suit.

PICKLE MAN:

Nothing like Monday Night, huh? What is it, 2 billion viewers?

TIDWELL:

(irritated)

Shouldn't you be out there doing some pickle dance or something -- Pickle Man nods and goes out to dance for the crowd.

VOICE:

Hey Rod -- hey Buddydude -- Tidwell turns. It's Bob Sugar approaching. Laser-like, ready to feed on his insecurity.

SUGAR:

Listen, I spoke to your quarterback. He's my client, you know. And I said, "take care to get those passes down, let Tidwell look good on t.v." Tidwell looks at him, chews his toothpick.

SUGAR:

(continuing)

You should let me do more for you. I would have had you your deal by tonight. Al Michaels is a friend of mine. I would have had him on the air, talking about you, tonight, when it counts.

TIDWELL:

Get outta here. Go.

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SUGAR:

Where's your agent tonight?

TIDWELL:

Don't know.

SUGAR:

Rod. I know this is "uncool" to do this now, but you belong with the big boys. You belong with the money. You belong with -- Here comes Jerry Maguire.

JERRY:

Get the fuck away from my guy, Sugar. Tidwell can't help it. He beams as he sees his agent approach.

TIDWELL:

Jerry! You made it --

JERRY:

(off Sugar)

Go. Flee.

Sugar retreats, offering one final look to Rod, think about what I said.

TIDWELL:

Thanks for coming.

JERRY:

(bittersweet)

I missed ya. What can I say?

INT. TIDWELL HOME -- NIGHT

They watch the game.

GIFFORD (ON T.V.)

It's a bruiser out there tonight.

MICHAELS (ON T.V.)

Arizona refusing to go into the quiet night of this rough football season. Come on, I'm trying to be poetic here.

Tidwell takes a rough hit, and they respond loudly.

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DIERDORF (ON T.V.)

Ooof. Another rough hit across the middle on Rod Tidwell.

Nothing poetic about that.

INT. PRESS BOX -- NIGHT

Maguire moves through the box.

INT. FIELD -- NIGHT

Tidwell takes a hit. Hangs onto the ball.

INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The Tidwell clan are banging on t.v. trays and whooping loudly. But in the middle of the cheers, Marcee sees the unsettled look on young Tyson's face. She pulls him over to her, giving him preference over baby Kaydee. He is the only thing in her world, as she says:

MARCEE:

What does daddy say?

TYSON:

"It looks worse than it is...

Marcee gives him a kiss, as Tidwell makes another grueling gain on the field.

FRANK GIFFORD'S VOICE

They don't pay enough for a man to take that kind of ugly hit --

MARCEE:

(to others)

Boy, no s-h-i-t.

Big laughs from the living room. Except Tee Pee.

TEE PEE:

He's gonna have nothing left for next season. They're letting him kill himself.

MARCEE:

Can you be quiet?

TEE PEE:

What'd I say?

INT. PRESS BOX -- NIGHT

Maguire watches as Arizona's quarterback John Swenson drops back for a pass, and is sacked.

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122.

Philadelphia fans cheer wildly. The game is turning uglier by the minute. Jerry looks up to the monitor for a closet look at the next play.

ON PRESS BOX MONITOR

Swenson, the Arizona quarterback, throws a wobbly pass into the end-zone. Tidwell leaps for the catch, tucks the ball in and is promptly and brutally hit by two defenders from two different sides. This hit is bad. Worse than bad. Tidwell flips and comes down like a sack of potatoes, with a thud, ball still in his hands. His head hits the astroturf, hard. Tidwell is out cold. And the ripple effect of the injury shoots through the stadium. Jerry stares at the monitor, stunned by the sudden brutality.

EXT. ARIZONA FIELD -- NIGHT

We are thrust into the vortex, inside the game. Tidwell lies still on turf. Overhead, the fight music continues for a few seconds before disappearing abruptly. Players and coaches begin to gather around the still body of Rod Tidwell.

TV MONITOR -- SLO-MO

The hit in replay. It is brutal. And we can see a flash of his pride as he catches the lousy pass, and then... like two bulls, the Philadelphia defenders enter from each side. One cuts his legs out from under him, and Rod's taut body literally flips. The second defender then hits him at the shoulders. Tidwell lands on the back of his neck, crumpling downwards. Still holding the ball. Still.

INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Silence. Utter silence.

GIFFORD'S VOICE

-- you sure hope his family wasn't watching that.

And then, in a cry that gurgles from way down deep, Marcee begins to sob. Camera catches the face of Tyson, now panicked. Scared, he embraces his mother.

INT. BOWELS OF SUN DEVIL STADIUM

Maguire sprints through the inner bowels of the stadium. He turns the corner, into the tunnel, talking his way past a guard, heading into the bright t.v. light of the football field.

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INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Gathering around the television, the family waits through a commercial for more information on Rod's injury.

TEE PEE:

He should have kept his head tucked down.

MARCEE:

(immediately)

Shut up!!!

TEE PEE:

I'm not putting him down, I just have a commitment to the truth. Marcee lunges for him.

MARCEE:

Can't you be loyal to your brother who LOVES you??

(she is held back)

Get out of my house!

Across the room, the phone starts ringing. A COUSIN answers.

COUSIN:

It's Jerry Maguire!

EXT. ARIZONA FIELD -- NIGHT

Jerry Maguire on the portable.

JERRY:

He took a shot. He's unconscious.

MARCEE:

I'm freakin out. Oh God I'm --

JERRY:

Keep the phone open. I'll call back. Stay calm. He's got some

good doctors out there.

MARCEE:

"Stay calm?" I'm freakin...

JERRY:

Alright, I'm freaking too. But they need you to stay calm. I'll call back.

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MARCEE:

My whole life is this family, Jerry. It doesn't work without him. She takes a big gulp, as Jerry watches an overzealous Trainer run out onto the field to join the cluster around the fallen Tidwell. Jerry covers phone and yells onto the field.

JERRY:

DON'T TOUCH HIM!!!

EXT. CENTER OF PLAYING FIELD -- NIGHT

We're now just a few inches in front of his peaceful, sleeping face. They are all. YELLING, trying to pull him out.

SHOTS OF NATIONAL TELEVISION AUDIENCES

- 1) A full sports bar in arizona silently watches Monday Night Football.
- 2) Generic living room of sports fans, all watching Tidwell pinned to the screen.
- 3) Generic outdoor bar-b-que as white fans watch t.V.
- 4) Tidwell living room. All gathered around the television.
- 5) Maguire straining at the sideline.

ON TIDWELL -- CLOSE

Dead to the world as sound disappears. There is now only silence.

POV TIDWELL - SLO-MO -- SILENCE

The Doctors and the Trainers are now truly panicked. We don't hear them. We see them, their motions increasingly manic. Shoving fingers in front of him. Screaming. We read their lips. ("Rod!" "Rod can you hear us!") We see the anguish and escalating fear on their faces. The Trainer leans in close, bellowing, he spreads his hands wide to clap right in front of Rod's still face. His hands head toward each other... closer... bringing with them the first inkling

of sound... getting closer and then finally coming together, bringing with him the sounds of the stadium.

ON TIDWELL:

who blinks back to life. Concerned men are yelling very loudly, right in his face. Tidwell becomes aware he is the absolute center of attention of the entire stadium. As crowd noise begins to rise.

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TRAINER:

Let's get you off the field!

TIDWELL:

Wait.

TRAINER:

Can you feel your legs?

TIDWELL:

Yeah. Just let me enjoy this for a minute.

ON JERRY:

who watches. Only marginally relieved. Is he okay?

ON FANS:

Crowd noise rises. Is he okay?

ON TIDWELL:

Can he move? Is he okay?

ON TIDWELL'S LIVING ROOM

Not a breath is taken. Is he okay?

He rises. Stadium explodes. At first on wobbly feet, he raises the football and for the first time -- salutes the crowd. Crowd noise doubles.

ON MAGUIRE:

gasping for breath.

ON TIDWELL:

Has never felt like this before in his life. It is the pure and absolute love of the spotlight. And his fans.

And then... it's real and he feels it. Tidwell breaks out in a small but unmistakable move -- a flutter step. He does a high-stepping move, all his own, for about ten yards.

ON JERRY MAGUIRE

who watches, now in complete disbelief. Tidwell will not let go of the spotlight.

ON TIDWELL'S LIVING ROOM

Going absolutely nuts. Marcee hysterical, laughing and crying.

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MARCEE:

(to Tee Pee)

You ain't talking now, are you???

You're a silent motherfucker!

Tyson watches in silent awe of his mother.

BACK ON TIDWELL -- CLOSE

Finishes his small but heartfelt dance. It is a personal catharsis he is sharing now with 2 billion people.

TIDWELL:

(to himself)

Nike.

He moves past Jerry Maguire on his way off the field. Jerry, casually thumps his heart twice. Jerry Maguire is overcome with emotion. He sits down on a camera case, head in his hands. Behind him, a stadium cheers a new hero.

OVERHEARD FAN:

I always knew he was great.

Maguire rubs his face. Overcome. Photographers and others rush past to be closer to Tidwell.

INT. TUNNEL -- LATER

Jerry Maguire surrounded by well-wishers and backslappers and Sportswriters. Success has returned, in all of it's superficial grandeur. He is a star again, by association. We catch the look on Maguire's face. Try as he might, he can't manufacture the joy of the moment. There is a void. Over the heads of the heatseekers we see Dennis Wilburn nodding, holding a thumbs up. He tries to get to Maguire, but cannot. And then a commotion behind them all.

REPORTER:

It's Tidwell!

Tidwell exits the locker room. Press and media surround him. Even the grizzled old-time stadium workers reach in to squeeze him, to slap him, to touch him. He works his way to Maguire.

They hug. Cameras flash. Tears roll down from beneath his purple shades.

TIDWELL:

We did it.

And now, in the middle of this emotional union, a portable phone rings. Both men reach for their porties. It's Maguire's. With anticipation, he answers.

—

127.

JERRY:

Hello.

(beat)

It's Marcee. She says she couldn't get through on your phone.

Tidwell grabs the phone, and joyously shares the moment with his wife. Jerry watches, as Tidwell leans on his shoulder.

ON SUGAR AND SWENSON (WATCHING THEM)

Bob Sugar watches from the nearby wall where he stands with his client, quarterback John Swenson.

SWENSON:

Why don't we have that kind of relationship?

INT. ARIZONA KAROAKE BAR -- NIGHT

Rod Tidwell sings karoake, on stage. He's struggling through U2's "One." In the audience are many Arizona players, as well as most of Tidwell's family.

TIDWELL:

One love... you got to share it...

INT. TIDWELL HOME -- NIGHT

Tee Pee is stuck at home, babysitting twenty kids.

INT. KAROAKE BAR -- NIGHT

We move past many Big Men celebrating Tidwell, singing along, sharing their Monday Night victory, onto melancholy Jerry Maguire. He watches, cellular at his side, as a YOUNG AGENT approaches.

YOUNG AGENT:

Jerry Maguire. I'm Tommy Bendis. You don't know me, I'm a new agent, just getting started. I represent that place kicker over there.

(indicates kicker)

I wondered if you would sign this for me. Because it inspired me.

He withdraws a well-thumbed copy of Jerry's Mission Statement. The blue cover is ripped along one edge. It clearly has served as a manifesto for this younger man's career.

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128.

ON JERRY MAGUIRE

He feels the cover, flips through it a little. Memories flood with the passing pages. Shot holds on Jerry's face, as Tidwell continues singing in the background. Suddenly, an odd feeling. A shiver runs up and down his spine. His forehead tingles. He rubs his face. All he can do is think of Dorothy.

AGENT:

Just make it out "To Tommy".

JERRY:

Tommy. I love you.

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Jerry Maquire sprints through the empty airport, heading for the last flight out of town. Music.

INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The Divorced Women's Group in session. Laurel stands near the doorway, blowing cigarette smoke into the night. Dorothy is now a part of this group.

DOROTHY:

I've listened to you all tell a thousand sob stories, and I have been very judgmental. Frankly, I think you've all been waaaay too comfortable with your pain. Plus, Jan, you always spill your red

wine on the couch.

(off Jan's guilty
look)

I've not been fair to you. Women
need to stick together, and not
depend on the affections of a man
to "fix" their lives. Maybe
you're all correct. Men are the
enemy.

Murmurs of agreement.

DOROTHY:

(continuing)

But I still love the enemy.

Murmurs of disappointment.

—

129.

EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jerry exits cab, holding hang-up bag. Looks at the house.
On the other side of that window is a world he hopes he's
still a part of.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry enters. Dorothy is seated toward the back.

JERRY:

Hello. I'm looking for my wife.

Dorothy looks up, robbed of words. Stunned, she does not
move.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Alright. If this is where it has
to happen, then this is where it
has to happen.

Dorothy says nothing.

JERRY:

(continuing)

I'm not letting you get rid of me.

How about that?

He shares a look with some of the other women. She's not
going to say a word. Neither do they.

JERRY:

(continuing)

This used to be my specialty. I was good in a living room. Send me in there, I'll do it alone. And now I just... I don't know... but on what was supposed to be the happiest night of my business life, it wasn't complete, wasn't nearly close to being in the same vicinity as complete, because I couldn't share it with you. I couldn't hear your voice, or laugh about it with you. I missed my wife. We live in a cynical world, and we work in a business of tough competitors, so try not to laugh -- (directly)

I love you. You complete me.

DOROTHY:

Aw, shut up. You had me at hello.

—

130.

He moves to her. They embrace. Ray watches in b.g. Jerry has given this room hope. It's on their faces. At last, even Laurel gets off on her sister's happiness, as she shares a look with Chad.

JAN:

(sloshing wine)

I think we'd better go...

INT. ROY FIRESTONE SHOW -- NIGHT

Roy Firestone leans forward.

FIRESTONE:

...your father who left the family on Christmas eve, the mother who cleaned the steps of a prison to make your tuition. The older brother who lost a leg in that tragic bass fishing accident -- Tidwell is wearing glasses now, in a somewhat scholarly mode.

TIDWELL:

No, Roy. I'm not gonna cry.

FIRESTONE:

-- well, Rod, your agent passed me a note before the show. He says that your deal memo has been signed by the Arizona Cardinals. Four years for ten-point-two million dollars. Playing in the state where you grew up.

ON TIDWELL -- WEeping

TIDWELL:

I... I love everybody, man. I love my wife. My kids. Little Tyson. My new baby Kaydee. My brother Tee Pee. I love my friends, my teammates, who am I leaving out?

FIRESTONE:

(laughing)

It's only a half-hour show, Rod.

ON TIDWELL'S FRIENDS AND FAMILY

watching off-camera. Marcee crying too. Shot takes us to Jerry, Dorothy and Ray.

—

131.

TIDWELL:

Wanna send some beautiful love out to my offensive line, just a beautiful bunch of dudes, wanna thank a beautiful individual -- God, and of course the entire Arizona organization, a little slow, but they do come around. I'm leaving somebody out...

Amused and finally glimpsing the end of a long journey, Jerry leans over to Marcee.

JERRY:

Take care, Marcee. We'll see you at the restaurant.

She nods, emotionally, biting her lip.

TIDWELL:

Oh yes. Jerry Maguire! My agent!
This is a fierce, loving
individual, I love this man, he is
love, he is about love -- my
ambassador of kwan.

FIRESTONE:

Ten seconds, Rod.

TIDWELL:

And I love my fans, of which he is
one. Wanna thank them for all my
Sundays, and of course my Monday
nights too. That about says it...

Jerry watches wonderously at the monitor before leaving. TV
credits are rolling on the show.

TIDWELL:

(continuing)

Wait! And thank you Melvin from
the Casual Man, thank you for the
suit...

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Jerry, Dorothy, Ray exit into the daylight. They walk to
Jerry's car. From across the fence, a stray baseball from a
pick-up game flies into the parking lot and bounces ahead of
them. Ray picks it up. In an easy fluid motion, he whips it
back over the fence to the game on the other side. A few
kids on the other side of the fence shout their approval of
a great little throw.

—

132.

Jerry and Dorothy stop, looking at Ray who has just shown
shocking natural ability. They are quiet for a moment,
turning slowly to look at each other. And then, not ready to
deal with it, not even close to ready to deal with it, they
say quickly to the boy:

JERRYDOROTHY:

Come on, Ray. Ray, let's go.

Happily Ray joins them as they walk to the car. A family.

Music.

FADE OUT: