

JERRY MAGUIRE

by

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JERRY MAGUIRE

1 EARTH FROM SPACE

1

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

JERRY'S VOICE

Alright 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.

2 AMERICA FROM SPACE

2

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...

3 KID ON BASKETBALL COURT

3

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.

4 GIRL ON A HIGH DIVE

4

She's poised. A faraway look in her eyes.

JERRY'S VOICE

Becky Farling. You'll see her in the next Olympics.

She launches her dive into mid-air, into nothingness.

5 ON TEENAGE GIRL BOXER

5

throwing punches toward the camera.

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

6 ON A YOUNG BASEBALL PLAYER

6

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.

7 ON GOLDEN BOY QUARTERBACK -- FRANK CUSHMAN

7

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.

8 A YOUNG CHAMPIONSHIP GOLFER

8

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  
... some don't.

Hold on the kid, he's all youthful adrenalin, breathing hard.  
Portrait of an intense young competitor.

SMASH CUT TO:

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

9

A wall of new NFL merchandise. Television monitors blink with the  
latest endorsement films. Into frame moves JERRY MAGUIRE, 35.

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.

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

10

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

That's me on the left.

11 ON ANONYMOUS NEWPORT BEACH BUILDING

11

JERRY'S VOICE

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

12 INT. SMI CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

12

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.

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

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

13 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE -- HOUSTON -- DAY

13

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.

14 INT. ATLANTA RED CARPET ROOM -- ANOTHER DAY

14

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?

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.

15 INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM -- NIGHT

15

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

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.

16 EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

16

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.

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.

17 EXT. RENTAL CAR SHUTTLE -- DAY 17

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

18 INT. MIAMI HOTEL ROOM -- DAY 18

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

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.

19 INT. MIAMI HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT 19

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:

20 SHOT OF DICKY FOX

20

## 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

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.

## JERRY'S VOICE

I didn't care. I had lost the ability to bullshit. It was the me I'd always wanted to be.

21 INT. KINKO'S COPIES -- NIGHT

21

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.

22 ON MEMOS

22

being stuffed into mail-slots.

23 INT. HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

23

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.

## JERRY

Hi, it's Jerry Maguire. Uh, listen  
did those manuscripts get... oh they  
did... no no no no no, that's fine...

24 INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

24

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

25 INT. LOBBY -- DAY

25

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.

26 ON AIRPLANE WHEELS

26

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

27 INT. AIRPLANE/FIRST CLASS -- NIGHT

27

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.

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

... 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

... 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.

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

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:

28 INT. FIRST CLASS SEATS -- LATER

28

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.

JERRY'S VOICE

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 --

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.

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.

29 INT. LAX AIRPORT TERMINAL -- MORNING

29

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.

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.

30 INT. LUGGAGE AREA -- MORNING

30

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 you 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.

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

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

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.

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

-- "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.

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. ("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)  
Hmmp. Whoever snagged him must be  
some classy babe --

31 INT. AVERY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

31

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 (O.S.)

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

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 --

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!

AVERY (O.S.)

(laughing)

Jerry, this is what intimacy is!

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

AVERY (O.S.)

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

JERRY

I know about the bachelor party.

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

AVERY

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.

AVERY

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.

32 INT. FANCY HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

32

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.

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.

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.

33 INT. SMI OFFICE -- DAY

33

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. 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.

34 INT. JERRY MAGUIRE'S OFFICE -- DAY

34

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

How can I make your life better?

MARCEE

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

You gonna get that --

JERRY

Not a chance.

She smiles.

JERRY

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. Emblazoned above his head: IN ROD WE TRUST. Elsewhere in the room, we hear the inevitable crash. ("Tyson!")

35 EXT. CRONIN'S GRILL -- AFTERNOON

35

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.

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

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

-- 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...

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.

36 EXT. STREET -- DAY

36

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

37 INT. CRONIN'S -- DAY

37

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

38 INT. SMI ELEVATOR -- DAY

38

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.

39 INT. SMI OFFICE -- DAY

39

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

40 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

40

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.

41 INT. CUSHMAN HOME/ODESSA -- DAY

41

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.

CUSH  
This is Cush.

42 EXT. CRONIN'S -- DAY

42

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...

43 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

43

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.

44 EXT. STREET -- DAY

44

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.

45 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

45

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...

46 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

46

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

SUGAR

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

47 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

47

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...

A48 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

A48

SUGAR

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

48 INT. SMI OFFICE -- DAY

48

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

49 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

49

The pace has accelerated.

JERRY

-- personal attention --

50 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

50

Sugar talks faster.

SUGAR

-- more money, more endorsements --

51 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

51

Jerry talks faster than Sugar.

JERRY

-- a family of athletes --

52 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

52

Sugar talks faster than Jerry.

SUGAR

-- the millenium, eight-hundred  
channels, more endorsements.  
Think of me, think of dollars.

53 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

53

Jerry shows signs of tiring.

JERRY

Kathy! Hi, it's Jerry Maguire.

54 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM -- DAY

54

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

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

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



KATHY

Hiyee.

55 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE

55

JERRY

Still me, Kathy.

She instantly starts "crying" again.

KATHY

Ohhhhhhhh...

56 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DUSK

56

Sugar crosses off another name on his list.

SUGAR

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

57 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DUSK

57.

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

JERRY

Rod! How ya doing? Jerry Maguire.

INTERCUT

58 INT. TIDWELL KITCHEN/HOUSE -- DAY

58

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?

59 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

59

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

... 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.

SUGAR

So Jennifer...

60 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE

60

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.

61 INT. TIDWELL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

61

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.

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.

62 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

62

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!

63 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

63

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.

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.

64 INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

64

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.

65 INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

65

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.

66 EXT. CORNER OFFICE -- NIGHT

66

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.

## JERRY

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

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

## JERRY

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

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

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

(to fish)

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

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

JERRY

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

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

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...

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  
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.

67 INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

67

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."

They continue on in silence.

68 INT. BUILDING LOBBY -- NIGHT

68

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.

69 EXT. SMI PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

69

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.

DOROTHY

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

She starts the engine.

DOROTHY

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

70 EXT. DOROTHY'S HOME -- NIGHT

70

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

71 INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

71

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.

72 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

72

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!

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.

73 INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

73

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.

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

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

74 INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

74

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?

75 INT. JERRY'S CONDO -- NIGHT

75

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.

AVERY  
(sotto)  
Good.  
(full volume)  
They're all heatseekers! All of them,  
everybody, 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.

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.

A75 AIRPLANE WHEELS

A75

folding up. Music continues.

75 INT. RENT-A-CAR -- MORNING

75

Jerry drives the bumpiest Texas backroad ever. Music continues.

76 EXT. CUSHMAN DOOR -- DAY

76

Jerry exits car. Adjusts the jacket. Takes the tie off too, returns to the car and tosses it inside. He walks to the front

dodr 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.

77 INT. CUSHMAN HALLWAY/DEN -- DAY

77

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 --

JERRY  
No thanks.

Maguire takes a breath, and sharply begins his pitch.

JERRY  
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 lopes in from the kitchen. Little brother KEITH, 14, enters with him.

CUSH

Hey, Jerry, what's been going on?

78 INT. DEN -- LATER DAY -- HANDHELD

78

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.

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.

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

79

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)

Eeelin...

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.

80 INT. DALLAS/FT. WORTH AIRPORT -- DAY

80

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:

81 INT. DOROTHY/LAUREL'S HOUSE -- DAY

81

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.

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

... light.

JERRY

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

DOROTHY

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 --

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 Cush. Both of them  
stare at her.

DOROTHY  
Wait. Did I just say "hon" to him?

CHAD  
(laughing)  
Yeah, Dotty. You did.

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.

82 INT. DALLAS AIRPORT -- DAY

82

Jerry is now teeming with energy, professional and sexual.

JERRY  
Avery, I signed Cush. Again.

INTERCUT

83 INT. ATLANTA HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

83

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.

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

84

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 4:15. Don't be late. Tidwell will 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?

JERRY  
 I have no idea.  
 (continuing to Ray)  
 So Ray, if there's an accident  
 or something, it goes pwooooooooof --  
 (simulates air-bag)  
 -- and you go boooooong. 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 of 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  
 Luck.

RAY  
 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.

85 INT. DALLAS AIRPORT -- DAY

85

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 ignored 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?

BOARDING ANNOUNCEMENT

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

86 INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

86

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?

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 Chuck 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.

87 EXT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS -- NIGHT

87

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

88 INT. GIFT SHOP -- NIGHT -- LATER

88

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.

89 INT. MARRIOTT LOBBY -- NIGHT

89

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.

90 INT. MARRIOTT BAR -- DAY

90

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...

91 INT. ARIZONA CARDINALS WAR ROOM (PHOENIX) -- NIGHT

91

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.

92 INT. MARRIOTT ESCALATOR -- NIGHT

92

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.

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

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.

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 karaoke? 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.

93 OMIT

94 INT. CUSH'S SUITE -- NIGHT

94

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.

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  
"Ooooooo."

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.

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.

INTERCUT:

95 INT. BOB SUGAR'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

95

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!

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.

JERRY

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.

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, me. 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 hope you do call me.

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

96 INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

96

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

PATRICIA LOGAN

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

JERRY

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

97 INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

97

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.

98 INT. ADJACENT BUFFET ROOM -- NIGHT

98

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's shouldn't  
be "confusion" about that.

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

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 --

99 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.

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  
(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.

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.

100 INT. JFK AIRPORT -- NEXT MORNING

100

Jerry moves through the crowded airport with Rod Tidwell. Both wear sunglasses.

TIDWELL

You love me now, don't you?

JERRY

Very much.

A101 ON TV MONITOR -- ROY FIRESTONE

A101

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

101 INT. RED CARPET LOUNGE -- DAY

101

Tidwell watches next to Jerry, as they wait for the flight. Jerry nurses a stiff drink.

TIDWELL

Everybody on this show cries now.

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

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.

TIDWELL

You are not allowed to act this way.

JERRY

Why not?

102 INT. AIRPLANE -- LATER DAY

102

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.

103 EXT. PORCH -- NIGHT

103

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?

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!

104 INT. RAY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

104

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.

105 INT. CAB -- NIGHT

105

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

JERRY

Yes, good, floor it, kill us!!

106 EXT. DOROTHY'S FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

106

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.

107 INT. LIVING ROOM

107

Jerry enters, as Dorothy rounds the corner.

DOROTHY

Hey you.

JERRY

Hi.

The lights are low and his glasses are very dark.

JERRY

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.

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

I was supposed to be the successful one. 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 overwhems here. Here he is, wide-open, ripe for the taking.

DOROTHY

Beer okay?

JERRY

Yeah, thanks.

108 INT. KITCHEN

108

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 --

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.

109 EXT. HOUSE/WINDOW OUTSIDE LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT 109

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.

110 INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 110

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

RAY  
Hi.

JERRY  
Hi Ray.

111 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- SAME TIME

111

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.

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

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.

112 INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

112

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. 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  
 (imitates him)  
 Funny...  
 (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.

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

JERRY  
 (slightly confused)  
 Good idea. Thank you.

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

JERRY  
 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  
 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

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

... 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.

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

DOROTHY

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:

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

(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.

113 INT. CAB -- NIGHT

113

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.

114 OMIT

FADE TO

115 EXT. TEMPE PRACTICE AREA -- DAY

115

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...

Wilburn moves on, scoffing loudly.

116 OMIT

117 INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWER AREA -- DAY

117

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: Injuries happen first in the mind.

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

-- 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?"

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

My wife is upset with you.

118 INT. LOCKER ROOM MIRROR -- DAY

118

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 --

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

What's wrong.

JERRY  
Forget it. Forget it.

TIDWELL  
No tell me.

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!

119 OMIT

120 INT. LAX AIRPORT -- DAY

120

Jerry moves slowly through crowded airport, preoccupied with thought.

121 INT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE -- LATER DAY

121

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."

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. 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?

122 INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

122

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.

123 INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

123

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.

124 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

124

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

DOROTHY

Hey, looks like you've got a fan.

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.

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.

125 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

125

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.

126 EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

126

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

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!

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.

127 INT. ANTONIO'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

127

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.

JERRY  
 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 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

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

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.

A128 INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT -- MINUTES LATER

A128

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.

B128 EXT. BATHROOM

B128

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.

128 INT. DOROTHY'S PORCH -- NIGHT

128

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.

JERRY

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.

DOROTHY

(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.

129 INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

129

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

Shhh.

130 EXT. PORCH -- NIGHT

130

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...

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

(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.

131 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

131

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.)

132 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- SAME TIME 132

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

133 INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING 133

Clock 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.

134 INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING 134

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 --

135 INT. HALLWAY -- MORNING 135

Jerry moving down the hallway, hears voices.

136 INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING 136

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? 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

(surprising all parties)

Hi Jerry!

Dorothy leans into the hallway now, sees Jerry standing there, well within earshot. As Ray pounds down the hallway in his new oversized 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  
I could pretend I didn't hear, but  
I won't, I heard everything.  
(to Laurel)  
Thank you for your honesty, as always.

LAUREL  
(frozen polite)  
Coffee, Jerry?

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

RAY  
Let's have Apple Jacks!

JERRY  
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  
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.

137 INT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE -- LATER DAY

137

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.

138 ON FAX

138

Connecting.

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

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.

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. 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 existing 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  
-- 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.

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.

139 EXT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

139

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

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

JERRY

Don't even talk about that yet.  
I'll find something fast for Tidwell.  
We'll stay afloat.

140 OMIT

141 AIRPLANE WHEELS

141

touching down.

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

142

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. 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)

Alright. 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.

143 EXT. SET -- LATER

143

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.

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.

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.

144 INT. ZOO -- DAY

144

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

-- 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...

JERRY

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. Awed 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.

145 EXT. DOROTHY'S FRONT YARD -- DAY

145

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.

146 EXT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

146

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.

147 EXT. DOROTHY'S PLACE -- DAY

147

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

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

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

Alright, so goodbye and --  
(simple, with shrug)  
I love you.

Jerry blinks.

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

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

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

... what if we stayed together?  
What if we uh... got married.

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

JERRY

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.

148 OMIT

149 EXT. DOROTHY'S BACKYARD -- DAY

149

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.

150 INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

150

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.

151 INT. DOROTHY'S HALLWAY/KITCHEN -- NIGHT

151

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 --

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

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.

152 OMIT

FADE TO

153 EXT. PHILADELPHIA PLAYING FIELD -- DAY

153

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

154 INT. PHILADELPHIA PRESS BOX -- DAY

154

Jerry moves through the crowded press box, pressing shoulders, working the cause for Tidwell. Across the room, he sees GM Dennis Wilburn standing with Avery. He turns away, passing a monitor where elsewhere in the country, Frank Cushman is having another sensational Sunday.

155 OMIT

156 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM/PHOENIX -- DAY

156

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

Now go kiss your daddy, quick.

Tyson dances over to the screen and kisses his dad's graphic image.

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.

157 INT. STADIUM HALLWAY -- NIGHT

157

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

158, 159 OMIT

160 EXT. PHILADELPHIA LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

160

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

JERRY

How's your head?

TIDWELL

Bubblicious.

Tidwell moves to a fan in a wheelchair, signs an autograph and moves on. Jerry alongside.

TIDWELL

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. And 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.

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.

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 is stung.



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)

Alright. 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 --

(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 blinks for a moment.

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  
 "No heart." "No heart?"  
 (yells after him)  
 I'm all heart, motherfucker!

He gets on the bus.

161 INT. CRAB RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

161

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.

(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  
 without me --

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...

A162 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

A162

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.

162 INT. DOROTHY AND JERRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

162

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?

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  
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

I'll come visit you in a second --

JERRY

Just for a few minutes, 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.

163 INT. PRESCHOOL -- NEXT DAY

163

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.

164 OMIT

165 EXT. RAY'S PLAYHOUSE -- NIGHT

165

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.

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. 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  
 I can't live that way. It's not the way I'm "built."

He moves to embrace her. She pulls away first.

166 INT. RAY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

166

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  
 (defensive)  
 ... it was just a Mission Statement...

167 INT. AIRPORT -- DAY 167

Jerry Maguire stretches his arms out. A security wand passes over him. Deadness in his eyes. The glaze of the road on him. Music.

168 EXT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM -- ARIZONA 168

We are hovering in the sky, just above Sun Devil Stadium. The classic Monday Night Football shot from the blimp.

169 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 169

Tidwell's family in the living room. A buzz in the air. The pre-game 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.

TEE PEE  
 He'd better not mess up on Monday Night Football.

Marcee shoots Tee Pee a look.

TEE PEE  
 What did I say? He gets nervous for the t.v. games... it's not a secret.

170 INT. TUNNEL AREA/PRE-GAME -- NIGHT 170

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

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.

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?

171 INT. TIDWELL HOME -- NIGHT

171

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.

DIERDORF (ON T.V.)  
Ooof. Another rough hit across the  
middle on Rod Tidwell. Nothing poetic  
about that.

172 INT. PRESS BOX -- NIGHT

172

Maguire moves through the box.

173 INT. FIELD -- NIGHT

173

Tidwell takes a hit. Hangs onto the ball.

174 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

174

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?

175 INT. PRESS BOX -- NIGHT

175

Maguire watches as Arizona's quarterback John Swenson drops back for a pass, and is sacked. Philadelphia fans cheer wildly. The game is turning uglier by the minute. Jerry looks up to the monitor for a closer look at the next play.

176 ON PRESS BOX MONITOR

176

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.

177 EXT. ARIZONA FIELD -- NIGHT

177

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.

178 TV MONITOR -- SLO-MO

178

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.

179 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

179

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.

180 INT. BOWELS OF SUN DEVIL STADIUM

180

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.

181 INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

181

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!

Marcee runs to the phone.

182 EXT. ARIZONA FIELD -- NIGHT

182

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.

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!!!

183 EXT. CENTER OF PLAYING FIELD -- NIGHT

183

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

184-188

- 184 1) A full Sports Bar in Arizona silently watches Monday Night Football.
- 185 2) Generic living room of sports fans, all watching Tidwell. Pinned to the screen.
- 186 3) Generic outdoor bar-b-que as white fans watch t.v.
- 187 4) Tidwell living room. All gathered around the television.
- 188 5) Maguire straining at the sideline.

189 ON TIDWELL -- CLOSE

189

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.

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?

190 ON TIDWELL'S LIVING ROOM

190

Not a breath is taken. Is he okay?

191 ON TIDWELL

191

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.

192 ON TIDWELL'S LIVING ROOM

192

Going absolutely nuts. Marcee hysterical, laughing and crying.

MARCEE

(to Tee Pee)

You ain't talking now, are you???

You're a silent motherfucker!

Tyson watches in silent awe of his mother.

193 BACK ON TIDWELL -- CLOSE

193

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. He looks at 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.

194 INT. TUNNEL -- LATER

194

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.

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?

195 INT. ARIZONA KARAOKE BAR -- NIGHT

195

Rod Tidwell sings karaoke, 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...

196 INT. TIDWELL HOME -- NIGHT 196

Tee Pee is stuck at home, babysitting twenty kids.

197 INT. KARAOKE BAR -- NIGHT 197

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.

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.

198 INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT 198

Jerry Maguire sprints through the empty airport, heading for the last flight out of town. Music.

199 INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 199

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

But I still love the enemy.

Murmurs of disappointment.

200 EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

200

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.

201 INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

201

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

Alright. If this is where it has to happen, then this is where it has to happen.

Dorothy says nothing.

JERRY

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

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.

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...

202 INT. ROY FIRESTONE SHOW -- NIGHT

202

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.

Smiling, Firestone looks down at the card in his hand.

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.

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

Wait! And thank you Melvin from the  
Casual Man, thank you for the suit...

203 EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

203

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.

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:

JERRY

Come on, Ray.

DOROTHY

Ray, let's go.

Happily Ray joins them as they walk to the car. A family. Music.

FADE OUT

THE END