

JERRY MAGUIRE

by

Cameron Crowe

EARTH FROM SPACE

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

JERRY'S VOICE

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

AMERICA FROM SPACE

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

JERRY'S VOICE

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

KID ON BASKETBALL COURT

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

JERRY'S VOICE

In Indiana -- Clark Hodd. 13. The best point guard in the country. Puberty hasn't been easy.

Discreetly, his hand slips into his pants and scratches.

Girl on a high dive she's poised. A faraway look in her eyes.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

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

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

ON TEENAGE GIRL BOXER

throwing punches toward the camera.

JERRY'S VOICE

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

ON A YOUNG BASEBALL PLAYER

at bat.

JERRY'S VOICE

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

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

ON GOLDEN BOY QUARTERBACK -- FRANK CUSHMAN

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

JERRY'S VOICE

In Odessa, Texas, the great Frank Cushman. Cush is 20. Quarterback, role model, my client. He'll probably go number one in the draft this year.

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

A YOUNG CHAMPIONSHIP GOLFER

eyeing a long but level putt.

JERRY'S VOICE

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

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

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

... some don't.

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

SMASH CUT TO:

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

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

JERRY'S VOICE

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

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

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

JERRY

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

JERRY'S VOICE

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

Flash of photo

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

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

That's me on the left.

ON ANONYMOUS NEWPORT BEACH BUILDING

JERRY'S VOICE

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

INT. SMI CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

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

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

JERRY'S VOICE

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

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

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

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

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE -- HOUSTON -- DAY

An unmarked car pulls into the underground parking facility of the Houston Police Department. A cluster of chattering media members move in on the car. ("Baja!!" "Baja, over here!!") Back doors open, and out steps Jerry Maguire with huge offensive lineman, BOBBY "BAJA" BRUNARD, 22. He is angry, and he is handcuffed.

WOMAN REPORTER

Was the girl 16 or seventeen?

MAN REPORTER

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

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

JERRY

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

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

INT. ATLANTA RED CARPET ROOM -- ANOTHER DAY

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

LITTLE BOY

Are you Calvin Nack? Could you sign my card?

Nack bends down with a kindly-looking face.

CALVIN NACK

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

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

JERRY'S VOICE

Lately, it's gotten worse.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM -- NIGHT

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

DOCTOR

Do you know your name?

STEVE REMO

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

(now on a roll)

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

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

STEVE REMO

(continuing)

My agent!

JERRY

Yes!

STEVE REMO

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

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

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

SON

This is his fourth concussion.
Shouldn't somebody get him to stop?

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

JERRY

(glib, easy)

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

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

SON

Fuck you.

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

EXT. RENTAL CAR SHUTTLE -- DAY

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

INT. MIAMI HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Jerry sleeps.

JERRY'S VOICE

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

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

He gets up, takes a few gulps of air, walks to mini-bar.
Gathers some tiny ice cubes in his hand, smears them across
his face. This feeling is new to him.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

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

INT. MIAMI HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

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

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

JERRY'S VOICE

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

SHOT OF DICKY FOX

DICKY FOX

The key to this job is personal relationships.

As Jerry continues typing, his voice is excited now.

JERRY'S VOICE

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

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

He pauses, and wipes his eyes, still considering the sentence.

JERRY'S VOICE

(continuing)

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

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

JERRY'S VOICE
(continuing)

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

INT. KINKO'S COPIES -- NIGHT

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

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

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

THE THINGS WE THINK AND DO NOT SAY
(The Future of Our Business)

KINKO'S GUY
That's how you become great, man.
You hang your balls out there.

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

JERRY
(self-effacing)
Thanks.

ON MEMOS

being stuffed into mail-slots.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

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

ON TV MOVIE (JERRY WATCHING)

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

JERRY

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

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

JERRY

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

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

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

JERRY'S VOICE

I was 35. I had started my life.

Swing off Maguire to find two agents standing clapping enthusiastically near the elevator. One offers gum to the other.

AGENT # 1 (RACHEL)

How long you give him?

AGENT # 2 (CHRIS)

Mmmm. A week.

ON AIRPLANE WHEELS

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

INT. AIRPLANE/FIRST CLASS -- NIGHT

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

WOMAN

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

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

WOMAN

(continuing)

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

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

WOMAN

(continuing)

how about if I do it and don't say
it... mmmmm... 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

(continuing)

I'm sorry I was rude just then --

DOROTHY

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

The Attendant now exits helpfully with the bag.

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

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

BACK TO JERRY AND WOMAN

WOMAN

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

JERRY

Jerry Maguire. SMI.

WOMAN

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

JERRY

Well. Good luck with that --

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

WOMAN

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FIRST CLASS SEATS -- LATER

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

WOMAN

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

JERRY

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

WOMAN

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

Maguire fights another yawn.

JERRY

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

WOMAN

Tell me, and then you can sleep.

JERRY

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

BACK TO DOROTHY

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

JERRY

No no...

DOROTHY

(impatient)

Oh, tell the story.

WOMAN

Oh, tell the story.

BACK TO JERRY -- LATER

JERRY

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

WOMAN

Gorgeous.

JERRY

A year-and-a-half later, we were
both in Hawaii for the Pro Bowl.
Now I've always hit a wall at 18
months. Every serious girlfriend
lasts 18 months. It's like --ka-
boom. The curse of 18 months.

WOMAN

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

JERRY

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

WOMAN

To the pools?

JERRY

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

WOMAN

Oh no --

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.

INT. LAX AIRPORT TERMINAL -- MORNING

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

JERRY

(quietly, like a
coach)

You'll know when you see him.

You'll know when you see him.

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

WOMAN

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

(Jerry smiles)

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

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

INT. LUGGAGE AREA -- MORNING

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

DOROTHY

Ray! Ray!

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

JERRY

Can I help?

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

I know who 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
(continuing)
Well, thanks.

JERRY
Well, take care.

DOROTHY
And have fun at your bachelor party.

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

DOROTHY
(continuing)
Oh no.

JERRY

No no. I knew.

DOROTHY

(slow sigh)

Nnnnn. I just killed the surprise.

JERRY

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

Jerry takes off.

DOROTHY

I loved your memo, by the way.

He stops. Turns. She flashes the well-thumbed copy in her purse. Jerry takes a step closer, interested and flattered.

JERRY

Thanks... actually, it was just a "Mission Statement."

Ray has taken Jerry's free hand, and begun swinging on him.

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

(eager for feedback)

You think so?

DOROTHY

Oh tsht. Yes.

JERRY

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

DOROTHY

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

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

DOROTHY

(continuing)

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

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

RAY

One-two-three... swing.

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)

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

INT. AVERY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

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

AVERY

Don't ever stop fucking me!

JERRY

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

AVERY

Oh Gawd, oh yes, it's never been better. Never BETTER!!

Nearby, a large and sleepy German Shepard yawns.

AVERY

(continuing)

Never BETTER!!

The dog snaps awake, a little shook. Avery suddenly yanks away. Breathing hard, she just looks at Jerry. Sex is a very serious business with Avery.

AVERY

(continuing)

Open your eyes.

(he does)

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

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 (O.S.)

I know about the bachelor party.

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

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.

EVERY

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

INT. FANCY HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

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

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

It is hosted by MICHAEL JORDAN.

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.

INT. SMI OFFICE -- DAY

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

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

WENDY

(as in 'get ready')

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

JERRY

Thanks, Wendy.

INT. JERRY MAGUIRE'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

JERRY

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

MARCEE

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

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

JERRY

Tyson, hello.

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

JERRY

(continuing)

How can I make your life better?

MARCEE

I know you say to take the Arizona
offer, but my husband needs more
recognition. He is the biggest,
fastest, raddest wide-receiver in the
league. Now I don't know what you
do for your four-percent

The door opens, Bob Sugar pokes his head in.

SUGAR

Cronin's okay for lunch?

JERRY

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

SUGAR

Pleasure.

MARCEE

You've called our house, right?

SUGAR

Sorry to interrupt you guys.

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

MARCEE

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

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

MARCEE

(continuing)

You gonna get that --

JERRY

Not a chance.

She smiles.

JERRY

(continuing)

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

MARCEE

(upping the ante)

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

JERRY

(it's infectious)

Damn right.

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

MARCEE

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

ON THE POSTER -- CLOSE

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

EXT. CRONIN'S GRILL -- AFTERNOON

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

JERRY

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

SUGAR

You okay?

JERRY

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

SUGAR

I came here to let you go.

JERRY

Pardon me?

SUGAR

Came here to fire you, Jerry.

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

SUGAR

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

Suddenly he's flushed, a little embarrassed.

JERRY

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

SUGAR

I know. It sucks. I suck.

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

JERRY

You...

SUGAR

(razor sharp)

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

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

SUGAR

(continuing)

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

Quietly, Maguire finishes the sentence he started earlier.

JERRY

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

SUGAR

(unctuous)

... dick?

JERRY

Dick.

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

SUGAR

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

JERRY

You'll lose.

SUGAR

(musically)

You wanted smaller.

JERRY

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

SUGAR

Jerry --

JERRY

-- and I'll get 'em.

SUGAR

(patronizing)

You'll always be my hero, Jerry. Always always always. We're bringing other elements in, we're focusing on endorsements -- it's not about handholding anymore. We're no longer babysitters --

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

EXT. STREET -- DAY

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

INT. CRONIN'S -- DAY

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

INT. SMI ELEVATOR -- DAY

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

INT. SMI OFFICE -- DAY

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

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

INT. CUSHMAN HOME/ODESSA -- DAY

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

EXT. CRONIN'S -- DAY

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

SUGAR

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

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

JERRY

Carla, right now you're paying 25% of your endorments 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.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

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

SUGAR

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

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

JERRY

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

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

SUGAR

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

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jerry on the toilet. Not a minute to spare.

JERRY

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

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

SUGAR

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

INT. SMI OFFICE -- DAY

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

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

DOROTHY

What's going on?

CLEO

(no big deal)

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

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

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

The pace has accelerated.

JERRY

-- personal attention --

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sugar talks faster.

SUGAR

-- more money, more endorsements --

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jerry talks faster than sugar.

JERRY

-- a family of athletes --

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sugar talks faster than Jerry.

SUGAR

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

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jerry shows signs of tiring.

JERRY

Kathy! Hi, it's Jerry Maguire.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM -- DAY

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

KATHY

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

(starts to break down)

Oh Jerry, oh God...

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

KATHY
(continuing)
... Call Waiting... who could be
calling me now?...

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

KATHY
(continuing)
Hiyee.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE

JERRY
Still me, Kathy.

She instantly starts "crying" again.

KATHY
Ohhhhhhhh...

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DUSK

Sugar crosses off another name on his list.

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

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- DUSK

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

JERRY
Rod! How ya doing? Jerry Maguire.

INTERCUT

INT. TIDWELL KITCHEN/HOUSE -- DAY

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

ROD TIDWELL

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

JERRY

I hear what you're saying...

TIDWELL

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

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

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

SUGAR

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

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

SUGAR

(continuing)

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

Back to the other call.

SUGAR

(continuing)

So Jennifer...

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE

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

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

(dying)

Okay.

INT. TIDWELL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

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

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

Now you want Arizona dollars.

TIDWELL

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

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

TEE PEE

Hello Jerry Maguire.

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

TIDWELL

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

Jerry looks at his watch. Doomed.

JERRY

I need a decision from you, Rod.

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Sugar has three phones going.

SUGAR

Killer, Steve, good decision.

(next call)

So it's yes, right? Excellente.

(next call)

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

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

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

(dying)

Mmm. Hmm.

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

Yes.

TIDWELL

Here it is. "Show me the money."

(pause)

Show. Me. The. Money.

JERRY

I got it.

TIDWELL

Now doesn't that just make you
feel good to say it? Say it with
me.

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

JERRY

Show. Me. The. Money.

TIDWELL

Congratulations. You're still my
agent.

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

TEE PEE

An African-American man running
with a little ball, working for
white owners and white agents.
It's the iconography of rascism...
(off Tidwell's
dismissive look)
... but I woulda stayed at the
bigger company.

INT. SUGAR'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Jerry stands at the door, holding some belongings. He looks
back and symbolically flips the light switch off.
Unfortunately he hasn't realized the lights are already off.
So, in his final gesture, surprising himself, he has weirdly
turned the lights on.

EXT. CORNER OFFICE -- NIGHT

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

JERRY

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

JERRY

(continuing)

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

JERRY

(continuing)

But let me just say, as I ease out of the office I helped build -- sorry, but it's a fact --

ON DOROTHY -- WATCHING

from her cubicle.

JERRY

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

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

JERRY

(continuing)

These fish have manners! They have manners.

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

JERRY

(continuing)

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

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

JERRY

(continuing; to fish)

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

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

JERRY

(continuing)

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

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

JERRY

(continuing)

Anybody going with me?

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

JERRY

(continuing)

Wendy? Shall we?

Assistant Wendy looks at Maguire. Painfully polite:

WENDY

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

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

JERRY

Okay, anybody else?

ON DOROTHY

She looks around. Doesn't anybody believe in the very thing they were applauding three days ago? She has an odd reaction, a muscle twitch of the soul. Before she knows it, she stands boldly, unfortunately knocking a cup of coffee onto herself in the process.

DOROTHY

I'll go with you.
(quietly, on her
coffee mess)
Wonderful...

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

ON JERRY

halfway across the office.

JERRY

Dorothy Boyd! Thank you!

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

JERRY

(continuing)

We will see you all again. Sleep
tight!

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

WIDE-SHOT

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

JERRY

(to Dorothy)

Let's see how they do without us.

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

INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

The tragic-sounding beep of the elevator passing floors.
Jerry Maguire stands with Dorothy, both still charged with
adrenalin. And then the first pangs of dread. There is
silence. The elevator stops. A young, amorous Couple
enters. Both are about 24, and the Guy presses a number five
flights down. In a moment, we realize they are deaf. They
sign to each other, murmuring noises of love. And then the
Guy signs something, obviously powerful, because the Girl
emits a delighted gasp, as does Dorothy. The Couple are
truly in their own world. They kiss before exiting on their
floor. And suddenly the elevator seems empty without them.

JERRY

Wonder what he said.

DOROTHY

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

They continue on in silence.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY -- NIGHT

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

EXT. SMI PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

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

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

Sure. Yes. Medical, I don't know.

He spaces out for a moment. Awkwardly, she touches him briefly.

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

Give me your number. I'll call
tomorrow. I'm just a little. I'm
a little insane right now.
(off her look)
But it's going to be great.

DOROTHY

No no, I know --

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

JERRY

But I mean really... wonderfully...
(out of steam)
great.

DOROTHY

(unsure)
Absolutely.

She climbs into her car, rolls down the window.

JERRY

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

DOROTHY

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

She starts the engine.

DOROTHY

(continuing)

That took guts.

JERRY

Same to you.

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

FADE TO

EXT. DOROTHY'S HOME -- NIGHT

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

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

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

JAN

I love men. I respect men. But
that doesn't change the fact that
most of them belong in cages...

The other nine women nod with deep understanding.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

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

LAUREL

What about medical?

DOROTHY

Of course, medical!

LAUREL

(unconvinced)

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

DOROTHY

(irritated)

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

LAUREL

(more irritated)

You know how much those Well Child exams cost --

DOROTHY

(overlapping)

Of course I know --

LAUREL/DOROTHY

A hundred and fifty dollars.

LAUREL

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

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

DOROTHY

Wait. Where is he?

LAUREL

He's in the living room asleep.

Dorothy dries her hands, flicking in a hurry.

DOROTHY

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

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

LAUREL

Sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

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

ALICE

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

DOROTHY

Shhhh!

Dorothy exits, protectively stroking her son's head.

DOROTHY

(continuing)

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

INT. HALLWAY-- NIGHT

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

DOROTHY

(to herself)

What did I do?

INT. JERRY'S CONDO -- NIGHT

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

JERRY

The power move is to go unannounced.

(sotto)

Black suit, right?

AVERY

(sotto)

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

(full volume)

Tell me again, how was it left with Cush?

JERRY

(perfect imitation)

"Dad says we gwan sleep on it.

AVERY

Ugh!

JERRY

(turns, with clothes)

Seventy-two clients. ONE stayed.

(sotto)

Jacket on, tie in pocket.

AVERY

(sotta)

Good.

(full volume)

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

JERRY

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

AVERY

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

AIRPLANE WHEELS

folding up. Music continues.

INT. RENT-A-CAR -- MORNING

Jerry drives the bumpiest Texas backroad ever.

Music continues.

EXT. CUSHMAN DOOR -- DAY

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

MATT CUSHMAN'S VOICE

No sports agents allowed! Ha ha.

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

INT. CUSHMAN HALLWAY/DEN -- DAY

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

MATT CUSHMAN'S VOICE

I'm in the back den, Jerry.

He moves into the den, finding MATT CUSHMAN, 40, who stands at the living room bar. Two framed game jerseys on the wall.

A large draped American flag above the bar. He is a J. Crew cowboy.

MATT

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

JERRY

No thanks.

Maguire takes a breath, and sharply begins his pitch.

JERRY

(continuing)

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

MATT

(overlapping)

We decided to stay with you.

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

JERRY

Oh, thank you.

MATT

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

JERRY

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

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

CUSH

Hey, Jerry, what's been going on?

INT. DEN -- LATER DAY -- HANDHELD

Cush, Matt and Jerry brainstorm around the ceremonial "wagon-wheel table" where decisions are made in this house. Jerry is giddy, charged up, a part of the human race again.

MATT

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

JERRY

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

CUSH

(big grin)

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

MATT

Denver is where he should be.

JERRY

I'll give it everything.

MATT

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

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

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

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

JERRY

(sings)

Feelin...

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

INT. DALLAS/FT. WORTH AIRPORT -- DAY

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

JERRY

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

INTERCUT

INT. DOROTHY/LAUREL'S HOUSE -- DAY

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

DOROTHY

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

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

CHAD

The new playhouse rocks, Dotty.

RAY

(jumping)

Yeah!

DOROTHY

Honey -- later, okay?
(Ray jumps on her)
Whoop. Wait.

JERRY

Hello?

DOROTHY

(back to phone)

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

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

JERRY

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

DOROTHY

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

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

DOROTHY

(continuing)

... light.

JERRY

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

AVERY

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

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

JERRY

(importantly)

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

DOROTHY

We are?

JERRY

It's all going to work.

DOROTHY

I just got goosebumps.

She examines her own skin with surprise.

JERRY

(manic, quiet)

It's all going to work. We're going to save the world.

DOROTHY

Well, I'm happy for you.

JERRY

Happy for us.

Oddly, the phrase affects her physically.

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

Thanks.

DOROTHY

Call me later, hon.

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

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

CHAD
(laughing)
Yeah, Dotty. You did.

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

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

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT -- DAY

Jerry is now teeming with energy, professional and sexual.

JERRY
Avery, I signed Cush. Again.

INTERCUT

INT. ATLANTA HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

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

AVERY
YA-HOOOO-SIE!

It is the victory call of the competitive girl, and she falls
back into a chair, kicking her expensive shoes onto the bed.
In the b.g. we see the hungry look of her male co-workers.
Part of them lusts after her. The larger part knows she
would demolish them, and pick her teeth with their bones.

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

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

JERRY
Well, no you didn't --

AVERY

You lost your head, it happens.

(quickly)

I'm so fuckin jazzed! Listen.
I'm going to have to fly to
Chicago tomorrow, how 'bout if we
meet in the Dallas airport and we
all fly into New York together for
the draft?

JERRY

It's a plan -- --

AVERY

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

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

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

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

DOROTHY

Avery'll meet you at the B gate at
4:15. 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? I have no idea.

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 or embarrassing herself around this guy.

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

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

DOROTHY

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.

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT -- DAY

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

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

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

CUSH
(a big thought)
Jerry. Why does God sometimes
reward the evil and punish the
good?

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

JERRY
Let me think about that. Want
something to drink?

CUSH
(thoughtful pause)
I see what you're saying.

JERRY
Wait. What do you mean?

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

TIDWELL
Hey man, I wish I had a
quarterback like you in Arizona.
You're the shit.

Cush looks up. Compliments blow off him like a summer breeze.

CUSH
Thank ya.

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

TIDWELL

(loud mumble)

Well you ain't that mothafuckin good.

CUSH

Say what?

TIDWELL

I said -- last I heard, Jesus Christ was still in heaven. And you ain't even played in the NFL.

Cush throws his book away, ready for anything, as Tidwell rises. Nearby passengers begin to panic.

JERRY

This can't be happening to me.

AVERY

Jerry! Do something --

Jerry throws himself in front of Cushman.

JERRY

HEY. Knock it off. What are you, five years old? Am I taking the kids to Chuck E. Cheese here? Grow up, both of you! We are a family. And we go to the draft in an ORDERLY FASHION.

Beat. Jerry wonders if he's pushed his mealtickets around too much.

TIDWELL

Hey, man, I dig Check E. Cheese.

CUSH

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

TIDWELL

Heard that.

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

EXT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS -- NIGHT

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

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

INT. GIFT SHOP -- NIGHT -- LATER

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

JERRY

At last I find you.

TIDWELL

(sharply)

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

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

JERRY

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

He is privately thrilled, but offers only:

TIDWELL
(begrudgingly)
A'right. Let's walk.

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

INT. MARRIOTT LOBBY -- NIGHT

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

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

INT. MARRIOTT BAR -- DAY

Tough red-headed beat reporter PATRICIA LOGAN watches Maguire and Tidwell from the opposite corner.

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

INT. ARIZONA CARDINALS WAR ROOM PHOENIX) -- NIGHT

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

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

PATRICIA
Right now, Dallas. Ha ha.

WILBURN
They don't look interested do they?

PATRICIA
Actually...

Wilburn looks concerned.

INT. MARRIOTT ESCALATOR -- NIGHT

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

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

Yeah. And it might have even
worked too.

TIDWELL

Let's do it again.

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

TIDWELL

(continuing)

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

JERRY

I gotta get back to Cushman.

TIDWELL

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

Jerry turns to Tidwell, finally focusing totally on him.

JERRY

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

Jerry starts to exit.

TIDWELL

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

JERRY
(mock serious)
I'm not about love -- I'm about
"showing you the money."

Tidwell nods deeply, respectfully.

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.

INT. CUSH'S SUITE -- NIGHT

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

CUSH
(to hotel waiter)
Hey, what size are you?

WAITER
Eleven.

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

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

WAITER

Dude, you're like a God.

CUSH

(immediately)

God, you're like a dude.

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

JERRY

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

CUSH

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

JERRY

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

CUSH

"Something in the way. Yeah."

MATT

Well, he's gotta go number one.

CUSH

"Oooooooo."

JERRY

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

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

MATT

What happened to Denver?

JERRY

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

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

MATT

I don't know, Jerry.

KEITH

Should I unplug the phone?

CUSH

Reporters, Jerry. They been callin' all night.

JERRY

Just be friendly and say "no comment."

CUSH

Talking and saying nothing, man, it's an art I have not mastered.

Jerry holds up a finger -- watch me. Jerry picks up the ringing phone. He offers a near-perfect imitation.

JERRY

"This is Cush."

Suddenly, everyone is, laughing. The room lightens.

INT. BOB SUGAR'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Bob Sugar talks on his hotel phone.

SUGAR

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

(Jerry sniffs,
panicked)

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

Sugar hangs up.

JERRY

"No comment."

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

KEITH

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

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

(continuing)

It's okay. You want Denver. I'll fix this up. You didn't sign anything with Sugar, right?

Another rough silence is broken by little brother Keith.

KEITH

(blurts)

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

JERRY

Shut up!

(beat)

I'm sorry... sorry.

KEITH

(sympathy for Jerry)

S' cool.

Shot moves in on Jerry.

JERRY

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

(beat)

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

MATT

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

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

CUSH

I'm sorry, Jerry.

MATT

They say it's show "business,"
Jerry, not show friends.

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

JERRY

Well. Okay. Of course. You're twenty years old, and I'm just another guy in a suit. It's all business. It didn't work out. You didn't buy my product, which is, unfortunately, mm. Let me see, there's a speech that I'm supposed to make -- right! -- "I'll be out there cheering for you." "The door is always open!" See? I'm a class act.

(breath, directly)

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

(they aren't)

No. Okay, well, I'll be fine. And you'll be fine. And Keith I hope you do call me.

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

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

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

PATRICIA LOGAN

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

JERRY

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

INT. BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry enters the grand ballroom, looking for Avery. Endorsement placards in evidence everywhere. NFL reps and

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

INT. ADJACENT BUFFET ROOM -- NIGHT

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

AVERY

I just heard.

JERRY

What do I do? How do I spin this?

AVERY

Oh honey. It's spun.

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

JERRY

What did I do to you?

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

AVERY

It's all about you, isn't it?
Soothe me, save me, love me --

JERRY

Could you just stop moving?

AVERY

I have to finish my job --

JERRY

Everything's on the fucking run!
Everything --

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

AVERY

Jerry. You and I are salespeople.
We sell --

JERRY

Look, I don't want a --

EVERY

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

JERRY

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

EVERY

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..

EVERY

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.

EVERY

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

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

JERRY

Avery --

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

AVERY

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

JERRY

-- stop --

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

CURTIS WEINTRAUB

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

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

CURTIS WEINTRAUB

(continuing; exiting
quickly)

Goodbye!

AVERY

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

JERRY

Listen to me!

AVERY

No.

JERRY

It's over --

She continues moving into the next room.

AVERY

Didn't hear it.

JERRY

There is something missing here.

AVERY

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

JERRY

Listen to me, it's over.

She can barely believe it. She blinks.

AVERY

No one has ever dumped me.

JERRY

I'm not trying to make history.

AVERY

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

JERRY

(it slips out)

No.

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

AVERY

Oh Jerry.

JERRY

(steps closer)

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

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

AVERY

I won't let you hurt me, Jerry.
I'm too strong for you. Loser.

INT. JFK AIRPORT -- NEXT MORNING

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

TIDWELL

You love me now, don't you?

JERRY

Very much.

ON TV MONITOR -- ROY FIRESTONE

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

INT. RED CARPET LOUNGE -- DAY

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

TIDWELL

Everybody on this show cries now.

JERRY

Rod --

TIDWELL

(off t.v.)

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

JERRY

What are you doing with me, Rod?

TIDWELL

Huh?

JERRY

Don't you even see -- I'm
finished. I'm fucked. Twenty-four
hours ago, I was hot. Now... I'm
a cautionary tale!

Tidwell looks at Jerry, impassive.

JERRY

(continuing)

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

TIDWELL

Well, boo-fucking-hoo.

JERRY

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

TIDWELL

(shaking head)

No.

JERRY

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

TIDWELL

You are not allowed to act this
way.

JERRY

Why not?

INT. AIRPLANE -- LATER DAY

They sit together. Jerry holds another drink.

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

(ruefully, to
attendant)

Another drink please.

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

(the hell that never
ends)

Oh my God.

He looks straight ahead, at the airphone in front of him.

EXT. PORCH -- NIGHT

Dorothy finds Laurel on their small porch. There is only room for a miniature garden and one comfortable seat. Laurel sits in it.

DOROTHY

He's coming over.

LAUREL

At eleven at night?

DOROTHY

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

LAUREL

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

DOROTHY

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

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

LAUREL

Okay, but he better not be good looking!

INT. RAY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dorothy puts Ray to bed.

DOROTHY

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

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

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

INT. CAB -- NIGHT

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

JERRY

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

The cab turns onto a very small street. Cars parked on both sides. Down the street, another pair of headlights.

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

JERRY

(continuing)

Yes, good, floor it, kill us!!

EXT. DOROTHY'S FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

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

JERRY

I'm Jerry Maguire.

LAUREL

(super pleasant)

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

JERRY

Honesty. Thank you.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jerry enters, as Dorothy rounds the corner.

DOROTHY

Hey you.

JERRY

Hi.

The lights are low and his glasses are very dark.

JERRY

(continuing)

Thanks for inviting me over. Where's the little guy?

DOROTHY

He's asleep. Watch out for that lamp.

JERRY

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

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

DOROTHY

Oh my God.

JERRY

Yeah. That too. I broke up with Avery.

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

DOROTHY

Too bad.

JERRY

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

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

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

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

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

Do you have something to drink?

DOROTHY

Sure --

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

JERRY

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

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

JERRY

(continuing)

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

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

DOROTHY

Beer okay?

JERRY

Yeah, thanks.

INT. KITCHEN

Laurel smokes a cigarette and blows it out the window. Dorothy goes for the refrigerator, finds a couple beers.

LAUREL

I heard.

DOROTHY

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

LAUREL

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

(off Dorothy's look)

Wait. Use the frosted glasses.

DOROTHY

(surprised)

Thank you.

LAUREL

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

DOROTHY

That's the girl I love.

LAUREL

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

DOROTHY

As opposed to twenty angry women?

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

LAUREL

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

They exit to nearby laundry room.

EXT. HOUSE/WINDOW OUTSIDE LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT

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

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

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

RAY

Hi.

JERRY

Hi Ray.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- SAME TIME

LAUREL

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

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

DOROTHY

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

She grabs the sexier top, and puts it on.

DOROTHY

(continuing)

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

LAUREL

Good.

DOROTHY

Thanks.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

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

RAY

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

JERRY

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

RAY

Let's go the zoo.

JERRY

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

Ray nods vigorously.

RAY

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

JERRY

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

RAY

You said "fuck".

JERRY

Yeah I know. I did.

Ray loves this guy. He pats Jerry's knee.

RAY

I won't tell.

JERRY

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

Ray looks at Jerry's hands.

RAY

I don't see any.

JERRY

(points respectfully)

Funny.

RAY

Funny...

(imitates him)

(hears mom
approaching)

I better go to bed.

Ray hugs Jerry and exits. Jerry sits contemplating the kid for a moment. The door swings open and a harried Dorothy appears in the sexier top, but with a distinctly less sexy attitude, and a tray.

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

(slightly confused)

Good idea. Thank you.

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

JERRY

(continuing)

Right. Of course.

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

DOROTHY

So. Our company.

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

JERRY

Okay. Lil' speech before I go.

He gets up, woozy, but loose. Powerfully:

JERRY

(continuing)

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

(beat)

Our company is in good shape. You
and your son... we... are just
fine. You still have a job. I
want you to feel confident! In.
Me. And I have a problem with
people who talk about themselves
in the third person, but let me
tell you something about Jerry
Maguire.

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

JERRY

(continuing)

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

(joust)

I've got Dorothy Boyd on my side!

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

We will be fine!

DOROTHY

-- especially one like this.

JERRY

And I am...

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

JERRY

(continuing)

I am drunk.

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

DOROTHY

Truth?

JERRY

Sure.

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

DOROTHY

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

(very honest)

... I want to be inspired.

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

JERRY

Me too.

DOROTHY

What you wrote inspired me.

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

DOROTHY

(continuing)

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

JERRY

Mission... statement...

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

DOROTHY

Well.

JERRY

Sorry about this hand.

(he rises unsteadily)

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

DOROTHY

Don't worry about it, boss.

JERRY

Oh shit. You said "boss."

DOROTHY

Yeah, I did.

JERRY

Now I feel like Clarence Thomas.

DOROTHY

No. No don't feel like Clarence Thomas.

JERRY

No, I do. I feel like Clarence Thomas.

(the worst day ever)

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

DOROTHY

I may not sue.

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

JERRY

Well, good evening.

DOROTHY

Good evening.

He stands, returns the fireplace poker to her, and exits. Stumbling slightly on the first step leading down from the front porch, he recovers with style.

JERRY

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

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

JERRY

(continuing; loving
the dark humor)

Hey. I'm back.

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

INT. CAB -- NIGHT

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

FADE TO

EXT. TEMPE PRACTICE AREA -- DAY

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

JERRY

We gotta talk about his contract,
Dennis.

WILBURN

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

Wilburn moves on, scoffing loudly.

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWER AREA -- DAY

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

(continuing)

-- the kwan.

JERRY

That's your word?

TIDWELL

Yeah, man, it means love, respect, community... and the dollars too. The package. The kwan.

JERRY

(impressed)

But how did you get "kwan?"

TIDWELL

(irritated)

I got there from "coin," dude. Coin, coin... kwaaan.

JERRY

Great word. Towel?

TIDWELL

No, I air-dry.

JERRY

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

A portable phone beeps.

TIDWELL

Is that your porty or mine?

JERRY

You.

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

TIDWELL

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

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

TIDWELL

(continuing)

My wife is upset with you.

INT. LOCKER ROOM MIRROR -- DAY

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

JERRY

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

TIDWELL

(irritated)

You're telling me to dance.

JERRY

No, I'm saying to be --

He mimes a dainty little showboat-touchdown dance.

TIDWELL

(little voice)

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

(pissed)

That's the iconography of rascism, man!

JERRY

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

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

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

Fine.

He begins gathering his things.

TIDWELL

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

Jerry rubs face.

TIDWELL

(continuing)

What's wrong.

JERRY

Forget it. Forget it.

TIDWELL

No tell me.

JERRY

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

TIDWELL

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

Jerry has had enough for one day.

JERRY
(loopy, punch-drunk,
arms flailing)
Hey. I'm happy to entertain you!
I'll see you in L.A.!

Tidwell watches his agent lurch off, muttering and swaying.

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

INT. LAX AIRPORT -- DAY

Jerry moves slowly through crowded airport, preoccupied with thought.

INT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE -- LATER DAY

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

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

JERRY
(jolted into
happiness)
Happy. He said "happy?"

DOROTHY
Actually he said "glad."

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?

INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

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

JAN

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

ALICE

What's the current definition of stalking?

WOMAN # 1

Coming over uninvited.

JAN

(thoughtful)

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

Meaningful sounds of revelation, as Dorothy finds the jacket.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

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

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

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

DOROTHY

Hey, looks like you've got a fan.

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.

INT. KITCHEN-- NIGHT

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

EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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

LAUREL

Hey!

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

LAUREL

(continuing)

Forgot your keys --

DOROTHY

(privately)

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

(eyes tear up)

I mean, he must have been needing that.

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

LAUREL

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

DOROTHY

(laughing, wiping
tear)

Oh, knock it off!

LAUREL

(can't help it)

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

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

INT. ANTONIO'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

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

JERRY

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

DOROTHY

Maybe love shouldn't be such hard
work. I know, but --

Mariachis approach the table.

HEAD MARIACHI

A song for the lovers?

JERRY/DOROTHY

(too quickly)

No. No thanks.

DOROTHY

We work together.

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

JERRY

See, you choose. If you fall for
someone, if you make a commitment,
you should make it work. It's
only when "options" entered the
picture that things got bad. I'm
speaking historically now. It's
a modern day concept,
nueroticism -- how do I feeeeeel?
-- I think the only good thing to
come from this period in history
is probably the movie "Annie Hall."

DOROTHY

(evenly)

Maybe you should call her.

JERRY

No no no. I just underestimated
her...

(touches wound)

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

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

FLOWER GIRL
A rose for the lady.

JERRY
You want a --

DOROTHY
((scoffs)
No. No way.

Jerry gives her few bucks, she exits.

DOROTHY
(continuing)
Yeah. It wasn't like my marriage
to Roger was so great, even
before --
(stops herself)
Jerry?

JERRY
What?

DOROTHY
(simply)
Let's not tell our sad stories.

Jerry laughs to himself. He admires her directness.

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

She exits and we hang on him for a moment.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT -- MINUTES LATER

Dorothy on the phone outside the bathroom.

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

EXT. BATHROOM

She exits the bathroom and stops at the sight of what is
happening at the table. Jerry, hand on face, is

embarrassingly being serenaded by the Mariachis, who now play a mournful "Tears in Heaven." She smiles at the image, in fact the poetry charms her. Dorothy moves forward, grinning, fishes some bucks out of her pocket, and sends the Mariachis in another direction.

DOROTHY

Come on, let's take a walk.

INT. DOROTHY'S PORCH -- NIGHT

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

JERRY

Well -- this would be goodnight.

DOROTHY

Good night.

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

JERRY

I'll see you tomorrow.

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

DOROTHY

Good night.

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

DOROTHY

(continuing; breath)

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

JERRY

Same to you.

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

Right. I'll come in.

DOROTHY
Okay. Wait here a second.
(beat, then)
Do we really want to do this?

JERRY
(half-unsure)
Oh hell yes.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

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

DOROTHY
He's asleep, right?

CHAD
Yeah, how'd it go with Sportboy?

DOROTHY
Still going.

Chad raises his eyebrows.

DOROTHY
(continuing)
Shhh.

EXT. PORCH -- NIGHT

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

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

JERRY
(self-conscious)
Yeah... well...

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

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

CHAD

(continuing; intense)

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

Jerry takes the tape, as the front door squeaks open. Dorothy shoos Chad away, quietly leads Jerry inside.

INT. BEDROOM-- NIGHT

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

DOROTHY

What is this MUSIC?

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

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- SAME TIME

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

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

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

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

DOROTHY

I'm getting him up, don't worry.'
Ray will never see his mother's
raging physical needs.

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

LAUREL

First you gotta tell me something.

DOROTHY

No--

INT. HALLWAY -- MORNING

Jerry moving down the hallway, hears voices.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

LAUREL

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

DOROTHY

Please, if I start talking --

LAUREL

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

ON JERRY

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

DOROTHY

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

LAUREL

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

DOROTHY

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

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

ON JERRY

rubbing his face.

RAY

Hi Jerry!

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

DOROTHY

Oh God.

JERRY

Easy, easy --

Jerry enters the kitchen, stands near Laurel.

JERRY

(continuing)

I could pretend I didn't hear, but
I won't, I heard everything.

(to Laurel)

Thank you for your honesty, as
always.

LAUREL

(frozen polite)

Coffee, Jerry?

JERRY

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

RAY

Let's have Apple Jacks!

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

RAY

(continuing)

What's going on, Jerry?

JERRY

A lot. We got a big fax today...
we need this commission, buddy.

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

INT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE -- LATER DAY

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

DOROTHY

That was great of you this morning.

The Tidwells honk, arriving in the driveway.

JERRY

(friendly, dismissive)

Look, let's just root for a big
offer so we can move out of this
room to a real office.

She feels slightly slapped down, but covers. She opens a window quickly, and busies herself with the clutter at hand.

ON FAX

Connecting.

FOUR FACES

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

MARCEE

Read it to me, and don't say
anything unless it's over nine.

There is a stunning disappointment on the fax. Jerry's heart sinks. His face slackens.

JERRY

Aw shit --

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

MARCEE

One-point-seven for three years.
That's below average. We owe more
than that...

It is so very painful for her, as Tidwell slinks off to sit
in a seat too small for him.

JERRY

I'll go back to them.

MARCEE

(explodes)

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

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

MARCEE

(continuing)

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

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

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

MARCEE

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

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 existihg shitty contract
and go be a free agent next year
and the hell with Arizona. This is
us, and we determine our worth.
You're a fine, proud, surviving,
splendid black man.

Beat. Truer words... The big man looks into his wife's eyes.

TIDWELL

Honey, you are just --

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

TIDWELL

(continuing)

-- the shit.

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

JERRY

If you get injured, you get
nothing.

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

It's a risk.

Jerry looks over to Dorothy, who grits her teeth at the
implications of the decision.

TIDWELL

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

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

EXT. JERRY'S HOME OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

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

JERRY

I'll get you some quick work --

TIDWELL

Good deal, man.

MARCEE

I'm sorry what I said back there.

JERRY

Don't be silly.

MARCEE

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

DOROTHY

Take care you guys.

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

DOROTHY

(continuing)

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

AIRPLANE WHEELS

touching down.

JERRY

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

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

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

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 storms. Several crew members scatter in various directions.

JERRY

(takes the bullet)

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

DOOLER

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

EXT. SET -- LATER

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

TIDWELL

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

Jerry rubs his face.

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.

INT. ZOO -- DAY

Jerry, Dorothy and Ray at the zoo. Ray straining at Jerry's
arm. Life-changing decisions in the air.

DOROTHY

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

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

RAY

Show me the animal, Jerry!

JERRY

Right up ahead, buddy --

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

JERRY

(continuing)

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

RAY

I'm scared. What is it?

JERRY

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

A few people peel away, revealing...

JERRY
(continuing)
The Two-Headed Corn Snake.

THE TWO-HEADED CORN SNAKE

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

RAY
Whoa.

DOROTHY
(quietly)
Two heads. My God...

Jerry is happy to play tour-guide.

JERRY
Both heads have brains. Both heads eat, both heads battle for direction all day long.
(meaningful)
Man, can I relate.

The odd animal moves forward, fighting itself constantly.

RAY
Me too.

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

DOROTHY
Is this a guy thing?

ANONYMOUS MAN
It is, and it isn't.

ON THE TWO-HEADED CORN SNAKE

strangely endearing, jittering and moving around the cage.

EXT. DOROTHY'S FRONT YARD -- DAY

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

EXT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Laurel and Dorothy say goodbye.

LAUREL

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

POV -- THE SISTERS

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

EXT. DOROTHY'S PLACE -- DAY

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

JERRY

I'm not good at this.

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

JERRY

(continuing)

I'll see you this weekend, okay? Promise.

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

JERRY

(continuing)

Sure you're okay to drive this?

DOROTHY

This rig? Phht. No problem.

JERRY

So I'll see you this weekend.

She accepts it casually, with a shrug.

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

Jerry blinks.

JERRY
(too quick, weirdly)
... I love you too, you know.

She reacts with an odd look. The words don't sound right,
and he knows that she knows.

JERRY
(continuing)
What --

DOROTHY
Look, just in case this weekend
becomes next month and next month
becomes... whatever...
(beat)
Don't make a joke of your life.
Go back and read what you wrote.
You're better than the rest of
them, better than the Bob Sugars,
and don't forget it.

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

JERRY
Wait a second.

ON DOROTHY

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

JERRY
WAIT A SECOND!

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

JERRY
(continuing)
I know a way to s... to save on
Medical and rent and... look...

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

JERRY

(continuing)

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

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

JERRY

(continuing)

If I said that, would you stay?

DOROTHY

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

JERRY

Will you marry me?

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

EXT. DOROTHY'S BACKYARD -- DAY

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

ON JERRY

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

BROTHER

Where are all your friends?

JERRY

(looking around)

In the band.

INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

We are close on Ray now as we hear the sound of a Reverend reading wedding vows. Ray holds the ring, and waits for his cue to offer it. But he has forgotten the cue. And every time the Reverend pauses, he starts to offer the ring.

Dorothy's leg and hand are visible in frame. She calms him with a hand on the shoulder. And finally the cue comes and he offers the ring.

INT. DOROTHY'S HALLWAY/KITCHEN -- NIGHT

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

DOROTHY

Wow. We actually --

JERRY

Yeah, we did.

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

LAUREL

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

JERRY

(as she exits)

Glad we had this talk!

Nearby, Tidwell watches all. He moves to Jerry. Confidentially:

TIDWELL

You never had The Talk, did you?

JERRY

No.

TIDWELL

Well, this was another way to go.

Jerry smiles. Dorothy brings Jerry a Polaroid someone took, and for a moment the couple stands awkwardly together. Tidwell rubs Jerry's shoulders a little, announcing to the room:

TIDWELL

(continuing)

This is my agent, man! And we're all gonna have a great season!

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

FADE TO

EXT. PHILADELPHIA PLAYING FIELD -- DAY

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

INT. PHILADELPHIA PRESS BOX -- DAY

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

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

INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM/PHOENIX -- DAY

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

TYSON

(proudly, to family)

That's my motherfucker!

Marcee reaches out and collars her dancing son.

MARCEE

Why don't you be the first man in your family not to say that word? And then we'll let you live.

Tyson nods, wide-eyed.

MARCEE

(continuing)

Now go kiss your daddy, quick.

TEE PEE

(cooly)

That's why they cheer, you know. The white man sending the black man into battle...

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

INT. STADIUM HALLWAY -- NIGHT

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

EXT. PHILADELPHIA LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

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

JERRY

How's your head? Bubblicious.

TIDWELL

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

JERRY

I'm a little worried --

TIDWELL

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

INSANE FAN

(interrupting loudly)

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

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

TIDWELL

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

Insane fan moves to another player. Jerry proceeds carefully.

JERRY

We can still take the offer, Rod.

TIDWELL

(stops)

No.

Jerry regards his slightly befuddled friend.

JERRY

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

TIDWELL
(irritated)
Hey, that's my word, okay?

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

JERRY
I'll see you in Arizona.

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

Look. I'm happy to entertain you, as always, but I have a question for you. Are we really "friends?"

TIDWELL

Why not --

JERRY

Well, friends can tell each other anything, right? If we have our "friends" hats on --

TIDWELL

(wary)

I think so.

JERRY

(intense)

Airight. Here's why you don't have your ten million dollars yet. You are a paycheck player. You play with your head. Not your heart. In your personal life?

(points)

Heart. But when you get on the field --

(finger rises to
Tidwell's head)

-- you're a businessman. It's wide-angle lenses and who fucked you over and who owes you for it. That's not what inspires people. I'm sorry, but that's the truth, can you handle it? Just a "question," Rod. Between friends.

TIDWELL

I don't want to be friends anymore.

JERRY

Fine.

TIDWELL

Beautiful.

JERRY

(angry)

We still having dinner in L.A.?

TIDWELL

(angry)

Only 'cause my wife likes your wife!

Jerry exits. Tidwell is pissed. And hurt.

TIDWELL

(continuing)

"No heart." "No heart?"

(yells after him)

I'm all heart, motherfucker!

He gets on the bus.

INT. CRAB RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

The Tidwells and the Maguires. Tyson and Ray run around the table of this family-style restaurant. Marcee is very very pregnant. They crack crabs for each other, seasoning for each other, feeding each other like one many-armed and loving body.

MARCEE

-- so I go to see a so-called
"black" film the other day --

(then)

-- honey, no more salt for you, I
don't want you dehydrated for
Monday Night Football. Most
important game of your career.

(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 hoo --

TIDWELL

I hate you going to movies alone
withoutme --

MARCEE

Oh baby --

He cracks more crab, gives her the biggest piece.

SHOT OF JERRY AND DOROTHY

Sitting across the table, stunned, just watching this
intricate and perfect marriage.

SHOT OF MARCEE

She takes a breath and gets a weird look.

TIDWELL

What baby?

MARCEE

Baby. Baby. Baby...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Marcee gives birth, Rod assisting. Jerry and Dorothy watch
from behind thick glass. She hangs her arm on his shoulder,
looks at him. Jerry stares straight ahead. Mortified, with
dry throat.

INT. DOROTHY AND JERRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry and Dorothy exhausted, alone, getting ready for bed.
Dorothy sits down near him on the bed.

DOROTHY

What were you thinking tonight?
Watching them go through the
complete human emotional
experience?

JERRY

I was thinking I hope he doesn't
get injured. I felt responsible.

DOROTHY

Sometimes I can't tell at all,
what's going through that head of
yours.

He makes a noise. As in -- it's no big mystery.

DOROTHY

(continuing)

And I really don't know your
noises yet.

JERRY

Well, when you wonder, ask me.

DOROTHY

(unsatisfied)

Okay... I will...

Beat. He feels inadequate.

JERRY

Why do you love me?

DOROTHY

Why do you love me?

It is, of course, the better question. And before he can
answer, there is a pounding at the door.

RAY

Jerry, can I come in and watch
t.v.?

DOROTHY

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.

INT. PRESCHOOL -- NEXT DAY

Dorothy drops Ray at preschool, and stands in the doorway of the playroom. She watches the boys and girls playing together in a room full of bright colors and games. Music. Anxiety building.

EXT. RAY'S PLAYHOUSE -- NIGHT

Jerry sits finishing a phone call to an advertising account exec. He has come here, to Ray's playhouse for privacy.

JERRY

Tonight. Yeah, the red-eye, I'll be in Arizona on Monday...

Jerry adlibs some salesmanship on Tidwell's behalf. Dorothy approaches. She gives him a few phone messages, sits down. Beat of silence. He sees a look on her face that is unfamiliar.

DOROTHY

It's my fault.

JERRY

What --

DOROTHY

It's not fair to you. This whole --

JERRY

(instant crisis mode)

Tell me -- let me help --

DOROTHY

I took advantage of you and worst of all, I'm not alone. I did this with a kid. I was just on some ride where I thought I was in love enough for both of us. I did this. And at least I can do something about it now.

JERRY

(damage control)

Well -- I'm not the guy who's going to run. I stick.

DOROTHY

I don't need you to "stick."

JERRY

You want...

DOROTHY

I don't know --

JERRY

(it slips out)

...my soul or something.

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

(continuing)

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

He moves to embrace her. She pulls away first.

INT. RAY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry kisses sleepy Ray goodbye.

JERRY

Don't wake up...

And then faces the exotic fish who now resides on Ray's table. He once lived in a tank the size of a Cadillac. The fish now hangs in a too-small bowl, looking at him.

JERRY

(continuing;
defensive)

... it was just a Mission Statement...

INT. AIRPORT -- DAY

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

EXT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM -- ARIZONA

We are hovering in the sky, just above Sun Devil Stadium.

The classic Monday Night Football shot from the blimp.

INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Tidwell's family in the living room. A buzz in the air. The pregame show is on, sound-muted. Old-school on the stereo. Everybody is happy. Marcee sits in the position of honor, her new baby KAYDEE in her arms. She is a tired mother, and the family celebrates her.

119.

TEE PEE

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

Marcee shoots Tee Pee a look.

TEE PEE

(continuing)

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

INT. TUNNEL AREA/PRE-GAME -- NIGHT

Nervous Tidwell chews a toothpick as he stands checking out the field. Nearby, some cheerleaders and a man in a Pickle suit.

PICKLE MAN

Nothing like Monday Night, huh?
What is it, 2 billion viewers?

TIDWELL

(irritated)

Shouldn't you be out there doing
some pickle dance or something --
Pickle Man nods and goes out to
dance for the crowd.

VOICE

Hey Rod -- hey Buddydude --

Tidwell turns. It's Bob Sugar approaching. Laser-like, ready to feed on his insecurity.

SUGAR

Listen, I spoke to your
quarterback. He's my client, you
know. And I said, "take care to
get those passes down, let Tidwell
look good on t.v."

Tidwell looks at him, chews his toothpick.

SUGAR

(continuing)

You should let me do more for you.
I would have had you your deal by
tonight. Al Michaels is a friend
of mine. I would have had him on
the air, talking about you,
tonight, when it counts.

TIDWELL

Get outta here. Go.

SUGAR

Where's your agent tonight?

TIDWELL

Don't know.

SUGAR

Rod. I know this is "uncool" to
do this now, but you belong with
the big boys. You belong with the
money. You belong with --

Here comes Jerry Maguire.

JERRY

Get the fuck away from my guy,
Sugar.

Tidwell can't help it. He beams as he sees his agent
approach.

TIDWELL

Jerry! You made it --

JERRY

(off Sugar)

Go. Flee.

Sugar retreats, offering one final look to Rod, think about
what I said.

TIDWELL

Thanks for coming.

JERRY
(bittersweet)
I missed ya. What can I say?

INT. TIDWELL HOME -- NIGHT

They watch the game.

GIFFORD (ON T.V.)
It's a bruiser out there tonight.

MICHAELS (ON T.V.)
Arizona refusing to go into the
quiet night of this rough football
season. Come on, I'm trying to be
poetic here.

Tidwell takes a rough hit, and they respond loudly.

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

INT. PRESS BOX -- NIGHT

Maguire moves through the box.

INT. FIELD -- NIGHT

Tidwell takes a hit. Hangs onto the ball.

INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The Tidwell clan are banging on t.v. trays and whooping loudly. But in the middle of the cheers, Marcee sees the unsettled look on young Tyson's face. She pulls him over to her, giving him preference over baby Kaydee. He is the only thing in her world, as she says:

MARCEE
What does daddy say?

TYSON
"It looks worse than it is..."

Marcee gives him a kiss, as Tidwell makes another grueling gain on the field.

FRANK GIFFORD'S VOICE
They don't pay enough for a man to
take that kind of ugly hit --

MARCEE
(to others)
Boy, no s-h-i-t.

Big laughs from the living room. Except Tee Pee.

TEE PEE
He's gonna have nothing left for
next season. They're letting him
kill himself.

MARCEE
Can you be quiet?

TEE PEE
What'd I say?

INT. PRESS BOX -- NIGHT

Maguire watches as Arizona's quarterback John Swenson drops
back for a pass, and is sacked.

Philadelphia fans cheer wildly. The game is turning uglier
by the minute. Jerry looks up to the monitor for a closet
look at the next play.

ON PRESS BOX MONITOR

Swenson, the Arizona quarterback, throws a wobbly pass into
the end-zone. Tidwell leaps for the catch, tucks the ball in
and is promptly and brutally hit by two defenders from two
different sides. This hit is bad. Worse than bad. Tidwell
flips and comes down like a sack of potatoes, with a thud,
ball still in his hands. His head hits the astroturf, hard.
Tidwell is out cold. And the ripple effect of the injury
shoots through the stadium. Jerry stares at the monitor,
stunned by the sudden brutality.

EXT. ARIZONA FIELD -- NIGHT

We are thrust into the vortex, inside the game. Tidwell lies
still on turf. Overhead, the fight music continues for a few
seconds before disappearing abruptly. Players and coaches
begin to gather around the still body of Rod Tidwell.

TV MONITOR -- SLO-MO

The hit in replay. It is brutal. And we can see a flash of
his pride as he catches the lousy pass, and then... like two
bulls, the Philadelphia defenders enter from each side. One
cuts his legs out from under him, and Rod's taut body
literally flips. The second defender then hits him at the
shoulders. Tidwell lands on the back of his neck, crumpling
downwards. Still holding the ball. Still.

INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Silence. Utter silence.

GIFFORD'S VOICE

-- you sure hope his family
wasn't watching that.

And then, in a cry that gurgles from way down deep, Marcee begins to sob. Camera catches the face of Tyson, now panicked. Scared, he embraces his mother.

INT. BOWELS OF SUN DEVIL STADIUM

Maguire sprints through the inner bowels of the stadium. He turns the corner, into the tunnel, talking his way past a guard, heading into the bright t.v. light of the football field.

INT. TIDWELL LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Gathering around the television, the family waits through a commercial for more information on Rod's injury.

TEE PEE

He should have kept his head
tucked down.

MARCEE

(immediately)
Shut up!!!

TEE PEE

I'm not putting him down, I just
have a commitment to the truth.

Marcee lunges for him.

MARCEE

Can't you be loyal to your brother
who LOVES you??
(she is held back)
Get out of my house!

Across the room, the phone starts ringing. A COUSIN answers.

COUSIN

It's Jerry Maguire!

EXT. ARIZONA FIELD -- NIGHT

Jerry Maguire on the portable.

JERRY

He took a shot. He's unconscious.

MARCEE

I'm freakin out. Oh God I'm --

JERRY

Keep the phone open. I'll call back. Stay calm. He's got some good doctors out there.

MARCEE

"Stay calm?" I'm freakin...

JERRY

Alright, I'm freaking too. But they need you to stay calm. I'll call back.

MARCEE

My whole life is this family, Jerry. It doesn't work without him.

She takes a big gulp, as Jerry watches an overzealous Trainer run out onto the field to join the cluster around the fallen Tidwell. Jerry covers phone and yells onto the field.

JERRY

DON'T TOUCH HIM!!!

EXT. CENTER OF PLAYING FIELD -- NIGHT

We're now just a few inches in front of his peaceful, sleeping face. They are all. YELLING, trying to pull him out.

SHOTS OF NATIONAL TELEVISION AUDIENCES

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

ON TIDWELL -- CLOSE

Dead to the world as sound disappears. There is now only silence.

POV TIDWELL - SLO-MO -- SILENCE

The Doctors and the Trainers are now truly panicked. We don't hear them. We see them, their motions increasingly manic. Shoving fingers in front of him. Screaming. We read their lips. ("Rod!" "Rod can you hear us!") We see the anguish and escalating fear on their faces. The Trainer leans in close, bellowing, he spreads his hands wide to clap right in front of Rod's still face. His hands head toward each other... closer... bringing with them the first inkling of sound... getting closer and then finally coming together, bringing with him the sounds of the stadium.

ON TIDWELL

who blinks back to life. Concerned men are yelling very loudly, right in his face. Tidwell becomes aware he is the absolute center of attention of the entire stadium. As crowd noise begins to rise.

TRAINER

Let's get you off the field!

TIDWELL

Wait.

TRAINER

Can you feel your legs?

TIDWELL

Yeah. Just let me enjoy this for a minute.

ON JERRY

who watches. Only marginally relieved. Is he okay?

ON FANS

Crowd noise rises. Is he okay?

ON TIDWELL

Can he move? Is he okay?

ON TIDWELL'S LIVING ROOM

Not a breath is taken. Is he okay?

He rises. Stadium explodes. At first on wobbly feet, he raises the football and for the first time -- salutes the crowd. Crowd noise doubles.

ON MAGUIRE

gasping for breath.

ON TIDWELL

Has never felt like this before in his life. It is the pure and absolute love of the spotlight. And his fans.

And then... it's real and he feels it. Tidwell breaks out in a small but unmistakable move -- a flutter step. He does a high-stepping move, all his own, for about ten yards.

ON JERRY MAGUIRE

who watches, now in complete disbelief. Tidwell will not let go of the spotlight.

ON TIDWELL'S LIVING ROOM

Going absolutely nuts. Marcee hysterical, laughing and crying.

MARCEE

(to Tee Pee)

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

You're a silent motherfucker!

Tyson watches in silent awe of his mother.

BACK ON TIDWELL -- CLOSE

Finishes his small but heartfelt dance. It is a personal catharsis he is sharing now with 2 billion people.

TIDWELL

(to himself)

Nike.

He moves past Jerry Maguire on his way off the field. Jerry, casually thumps his heart twice. Jerry Maguire is overcome with emotion. He sits down on a camera case, head in his hands. Behind him, a stadium cheers a new hero.

OVERHEARD FAN

I always knew he was great.

Maguire rubs his face. Overcome. Photographers and others rush past to be closer to Tidwell.

INT. TUNNEL -- LATER

Jerry Maguire surrounded by well-wishers and backslappers and Sportswriters. Success has returned, in all of it's

superficial grandeur. He is a star again, by association. We catch the look on Maguire's face. Try as he might, he can't manufacture the joy of the moment. There is a void. Over the heads of the heatseekers we see Dennis Wilburn nodding, holding a thumbs up. He tries to get to Maguire, but cannot. And then a commotion behind them all.

REPORTER

It's Tidwell!

Tidwell exits the locker room. Press and media surround him. Even the grizzled old-time stadium workers reach in to squeeze him, to slap him, to touch him. He works his way to Maguire.

They hug. Cameras flash. Tears roll down from beneath his purple shades.

TIDWELL

We did it.

And now, in the middle of this emotional union, a portable phone rings. Both men reach for their porties. It's Maguire's. With anticipation, he answers.

JERRY

Hello.

(beat)

It's Marcee. She says she couldn't get through on your phone.

Tidwell grabs the phone, and joyously shares the moment with his wife. Jerry watches, as Tidwell leans on his shoulder.

ON SUGAR AND SWENSON (WATCHING THEM)

Bob Sugar watches from the nearby wall where he stands with his client, quarterback John Swenson.

SWENSON

Why don't we have that kind of relationship?

INT. ARIZONA KARAOKE BAR -- NIGHT

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...

INT. TIDWELL HOME -- NIGHT

Tee Pee is stuck at home, babysitting twenty kids.

INT. KARAOKE BAR -- NIGHT

We move past many Big Men celebrating Tidwell, singing along, sharing their Monday Night victory, onto melancholy Jerry Maguire. He watches, cellular at his side, as a YOUNG AGENT approaches.

YOUNG AGENT

Jerry Maguire. I'm Tommy Bendis. You don't know me, I'm a new agent, just getting started. I represent that place kicker over there.

(indicates kicker)

I wondered if you would sign this for me. Because it inspired me.

He withdraws a well-thumbed copy of Jerry's Mission Statement. The blue cover is ripped along one edge. It clearly has served as a manifesto for this younger man's career.

ON JERRY MAGUIRE

He feels the cover, flips through it a little. Memories flood with the passing pages. Shot holds on Jerry's face, as Tidwell continues singing in the background. Suddenly, an odd feeling. A shiver runs up and down his spine. His forehead tingles. He rubs his face. All he can do is think of Dorothy.

AGENT

Just make it out "To Tommy".

JERRY

Tommy. I love you.

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

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

INT. DOROTHY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The Divorced Women's Group in session. Laurel stands near the doorway, blowing cigarette smoke into the night. Dorothy is now a part of this group.

DOROTHY

I've listened to you all tell a thousand sob stories, and I have been very judgmental. Frankly, I think you've all been waaaay too comfortable with your pain. Plus, Jan, you always spill your red wine on the couch.

(off Jan's guilty look)

I've not been fair to you. Women need to stick together, and not depend on the affections of a man to "fix" their lives. Maybe you're all correct. Men are the enemy.

Murmurs of agreement.

DOROTHY

(continuing)

But I still love the enemy.

Murmurs of disappointment.

EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jerry exits cab, holding hang-up bag. Looks at the house. On the other side of that window is a world he hopes he's still a part of.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jerry enters. Dorothy is seated toward the back.

JERRY

Hello. I'm looking for my wife.

Dorothy looks up, robbed of words. Stunned, she does not move.

JERRY

(continuing)

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

Dorothy says nothing.

JERRY

(continuing)

I'm not letting you get rid of me.
How about that?

He shares a look with some of the other women. She's not going to say a word. Neither do they.

JERRY

(continuing)

This used to be my specialty. I was good in a living room. Send me in there, I'll do it alone. And now I just... I don't know... but on what was supposed to be the happiest night of my business life, it wasn't complete, wasn't nearly close to being in the same vicinity as complete, because I couldn't share it with you. I couldn't hear your voice, or laugh about it with you. I missed my wife. We live in a cynical world, and we work in a business of tough competitors, so try not to laugh --
(directly)
I love you. You complete me.

DOROTHY

Aw, shut up. You had me at hello.

He moves to her. They embrace. Ray watches in b.g. Jerry has given this room hope. It's on their faces. At last, even Laurel gets off on her sister's happiness, as she shares a look with Chad.

JAN

(sloshing wine)

I think we'd better go...

INT. ROY FIRESTONE SHOW -- NIGHT

Roy Firestone leans forward.

FIRESTONE

...your father who left the family on Christmas eve, the mother who cleaned the steps of a prison to make your tuition. The older brother who lost a leg in that tragic bass fishing accident --

Tidwell is wearing glasses now, in a somewhat scholarly mode.

TIDWELL

No, Roy. I'm not gonna cry.

FIRESTONE

-- well, Rod, your agent passed me a note before the show. He says that your deal memo has been signed by the Arizona Cardinals. Four years for ten-point-two million dollars. Playing in the state where you grew up.

ON TIDWELL -- WEeping

TIDWELL

I... I love everybody, man. I love my wife. My kids. Little Tyson. My new baby Kaydee. My brother Tee Pee. I love my friends, my teammates, who am I leaving out?

FIRESTONE

(laughing)

It's only a half-hour show, Rod.

ON TIDWELL'S FRIENDS AND FAMILY

watching off-camera. Marcee crying too. Shot takes us to Jerry, Dorothy and Ray.

TIDWELL

Wanna send some beautiful love out to my offensive line, just a beautiful bunch of dudes, wanna thank a beautiful individual -- God, and of course the entire Arizona organization, a little slow, but they do come around. I'm leaving somebody out...

Amused and finally glimpsing the end of a long journey, Jerry leans over to Marcee.

JERRY

Take care, Marcee. We'll see you at the restaurant.

She nods, emotionally, biting her lip.

TIDWELL

Oh yes. Jerry Maguire! My agent!
This is a fierce, loving
individual, I love this man, he is
love, he is about love -- my
ambassador of kwan.

FIRESTONE

Ten seconds, Rod.

TIDWELL

And I love my fans, of which he is
one. Wanna thank them for all my
Sundays, and of course my Monday
nights too. That about says it...

Jerry watches wonderously at the monitor before leaving. TV
credits are rolling on the show.

TIDWELL

(continuing)

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

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Jerry, Dorothy, Ray exit into the daylight. They walk to
Jerry's car. From across the fence, a stray baseball from a
pick-up game flies into the parking lot and bounces ahead of
them. Ray picks it up. In an easy fluid motion, he whips it
back over the fence to the game on the other side. A few
kids on the other side of the fence shout their approval of
a great little throw.

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