

(JERRY GETS FIRED)

M-M Jerry Maguire
w/Sugar *boxed*

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

*you get a little
angry here...
calling him
"idiot" w/o
saying it.*

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.