

W-M

jerry mcguire after wedding j and tidwell  
EXT. PHILADELPHIA LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

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

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?

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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.

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JERRY

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

TIDWELL

Why not --

JERRY

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

TIDWELL

(wary)

I think so.

JERRY

(intense)

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

(points)

Heart. But when you get on the  
field --

(more)

JERRY (cont'd)

(finger rises to  
Tidwell's head)

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

TIDWELL

I don't want to be friends anymore.

JERRY

Fine.

TIDWELL

Beautiful.

JERRY

(angry)

We still having dinner in L.A.?

TIDWELL

(angry)

Only 'cause my wife likes your  
wife!

Jerry exits. Tidwell is pissed. And hurt.

TIDWELL

(continuing)

"No heart." "No heart?"

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(yells after him)  
I'm all heart, motherfucker!

He gets on the bus.