

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 --

AVERY

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

JERRY

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

AVERY

So honesty is outlawed here, I
can't be honest?

She turns and exits again. He follows.

JERRY

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

AVERY

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

JERRY

I think you added the "brutal."

She stops, slaps down another media packet. Blows a
troublesome piece of hair out of her face.

AVERY

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

Jerry looks at his fiancee. 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.

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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.