

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 (CONT'D)

(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... kwaaaaan.

JERRY
 Great word. Towel?

TIDWELL
 No, I air-dry.

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

A portable phone beeps.

TIDWELL
 Is that your porty or mine?

JERRY
 You.

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

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

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

TIDWELL (CONT'D)
 (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
 (MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

(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!