

Good Will Hunting

an Original Script

by Matt Damon and Ben Affleck

The following is Matt Damon and Ben Affleck's Award Winning Script for *Good Will Hunting*. It is what Matt Damon and Ben Affleck originally wrote on paper before the movie was made.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE -- DAY

CUT TO:

INT. L STREET BAR & GRILLE, SOUTH BOSTON -- EVENING

The bar is dirty, more than a little run down. If there is ever a cook on duty, he's not here now. As we pan across several empty tables, we can almost smell the odor of last nights beer and crushed pretzels on the floor.

CHUCKIE

Oh my God, I got the most fucked up
thing I been meanin' to tell you.

As the camera rises, we find FOUR YOUNG MEN seated around a table near the back of the bar.

ALL

Oh Jesus. Here we go.

The guy holding court is CHUCKIE SULLIVAN, 20, and the largest of the bunch. He is loud, boisterous, a born entertainer. Next to him is WILL HUNTING, 20, handsome and confident, a soft-spoken leader. On Will's right sits BILLY MCBRIDE, 22, heavy, quiet, someone you definitely wouldn't want to tangle with. Finally there is MORGAN O'MALLY, 19, smaller than the other guys. Wiry and anxious, Morgan listens to Chuckie's horror stories with eager disgust.

All four boys speak with thick Boston accents. This is a rough, working class Irish neighborhood and these boys are its product.

CHUCKIE

You guys know my cousin Mikey Sullivan?

ALL

Yeah.

CHUCKIE

Well you know how he loves animals right? Anyway, last week he's drivin' home...

(laughs)

ALL

What? Come on!

CHUCKIE

(trying not to laugh)

I'm sorry, 'cause you know Mikey, the fuckin' guy loves animals, and this is the last person you'd want this to happen to.

WILL

Chuckie, what the fuck happened?

CHUCKIE

Okay. He's driving along and this fuckin' cat jumps in front of his car, and so he hits this cat--

Chuckie is really laughing now.

MORGAN

--That isn't funny--

CHUCKIE

--and he's like "shit! Motherfucker!" And he looks in his rearview and sees this cat-- I'm sorry--

BILLY

Fuckin' Chuckie!

CHUCKIE

So he sees this cat tryin to make it across the street and it's not lookin' so good.

WILL

It's walkin' pretty slow at this point.

MORGAN

You guys are fuckin' sick.

CHUCKIE

So Mikey's like "Fuck, I gotta put this thing out of its misery"--So he gets a hammer--

WILL/MORGAN/BILLY

OH!

CHUCKIE

--out of his tool box, and starts chasin' the cat and starts whackin' it with the hammer. You know, tryin' to put the thing out of its misery.

MORGAN

Jesus.

CHUCKIE

And all the time he's apologizin' to the cat, goin' "I'm sorry." BANG, "I'm sorry." BANG!

BILLY

Like it can understand.

CHUCKIE

And this Samoan guy comes runnin' out of his house and he's like "What the fuck are you doing to my cat?!" Mikey's like "I'm sorry"--BANG--" I hit your cat with my truck, and I'm just trying to put it out of it's misery"--BANG! And the cat dies. So Mikey's like "Why don't you come look at the front of the truck." 'Cause the other guy's all fuckin flipped out about--

WILL

Watching his cat get brained.

Morgan gives Will a look, but Will only smiles.

CHUCKIE

Yeah, so he's like "Check the front of my truck, I can prove I hit it 'cause there's probably some blood or something"--

WILL

--or a tail--

MORGAN

WILL!

CHUCKIE

And so they go around to the front of his truck...and there's another cat on the grille.

WILL/MORGAN/BILLY

No! Ugh!

CHUCKIE

Is that unbelievable? He brained an innocent cat!

BLACKOUT:

The opening credits roll over a series of shots of the city and the real people who live and work there, going about their daily lives.

We see a panoramic view of South Boston.

Will sits in his apartment, walls completely bare. A bed, a small night table and an empty basket adorn the room. A stack of twenty or so LIBRARY BOOKS sit by his bed. He is flipping through a book at about a page a second.

Chuckie stands on the porch to Will's house. His Cadillac idles by the curb. Will comes out and they get in the car.

We travel across crowded public housing and onto downtown. Finally, we gaze across the river and onto the great cement-domed buildings that make up the M.I.T. campus.

CUT TO:

INT. M.I.T. CLASSROOM -- DAY

The classroom is packed with graduate students and TOM. PROFESSOR LAMBEAU (52) is at the lectern. The chalkboard behind him is covered with theorems.

LAMBEAU

Please finish McKinley by next month. Many of you probably had this as undergraduates in real analysis. It won't hurt to brush up. I am also putting an advanced fourier system on the main hallway chalkboard--

Everyone groans.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

I'm hoping that one of you might prove it by the end of the semester. The first person to do so will not only be in my good graces, but go on to fame and fortune by having their accomplishment recorded and their name printed in the auspicious "M.I.T. Tech."

Prof. Lambeau holds up a thin publication entitled "M.I.T. Tech." Everyone laughs.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Former winners include Nobel Laureates, world renowned astro-physicists, Field's Medal winners and lowly M.I.T. professors.

More laughs.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Okay. That is all.

A smattering of applause. Students pack their bags.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNLAND -- LATER

The place is a monster indoor funpark. Will, Chuckie, Morgan, and Billy are in adjoining batting cages. Will has disabled the pitching machine in his and pitches to Chuckie. The boys have been drinking. Will throws one to Chuckie, high and tight. Several empty beer cans sit by the cage.

CHUCKIE

Will!

Another pitch, inside.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

You're gonna get charged!

WILL

You think I'm afraid of you, you big fuck? You're crowdin' the plate.

Will guns another one, way inside.

CHUCKIE

Stop brushin' me back!

WILL

Stop crowdin the plate!

Chuckie laughs and steps back.

CHUCKIE

Casey's bouncin' at a bar up Harvard.
We should go there sometime.

WILL

What are we gonna do up there?

CHUCKIE

I don't know, we'll fuck up some smart
kids.

(stepping back in)

You'd prob'ly fit right in.

WILL

Fuck you.

Will fires a pitch at Chuckie's head. Chuckie dives to avoid
being hit. He gets up and whips his batting helmet at Will.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON ROOFTOP -- EARLY AFTERNOON

SEAN MCGUIRE (52) sits, FORMALLY DRESSED, on the roof of his
apartment building in a beat-up lawn chair. Well-built and
fairly muscular, he stares blankly out over the city.

On his lap rests an open invitation that reads "M.I.T. CLASS
OF '67 REUNION."

While the morning is quiet and Sean sits serenely, there is a
look about his that tells us he has faced hard times. This is
a man who fought his way through life. On his lonely stare we:

CUT TO:

EXT. M.I.T. CAMPUS LAWN -- DAY

A thirty year REUNION PARTY has taken over the lawn. A well
dressed throng mill about underneath a large banner that reads
"WELCOME BACK CLASS OF '72." We find Professor Lambeau standing
with a drink in his hand, surveying the crowd. He is
interrupted by an approaching STUDENT.

STUDENT

Excuse me, Professor Lambeau?

LAMBEAU

Yes.

STUDENT

I'm in your applied theories class.
We're all down at the Math and Science
building.

LAMBEAU

It's Saturday.

STUDENT

I know. We just couldn't wait 'till
Monday to find out.

LAMBEAU

Find out what?

STUDENT

Who proved the theorem.

EXT. TOM FOLEY PARK, S. BOSTON -- AFTERNOON

In the bleachers of the visiting section we find our boys,
drinking and smoking cigarettes. Will pops open a beer. The
boys have been here a while and it shows.

Billy sees something that catches his interest.

BILLY

Who's that? She's got a nice ass.

Their P.O.V. reveals a girl in stretch pants talking to a beefy
looking ITALIAN GUY (BOBBY CHAMPA)

MORGAN

Yah, that is a nice ass.

CHUCKIE

You could put a pool in that backyard.

BILLY

Who's she talking to?

MORGAN

That fuckin' guinea, Will knows him.

WILL

Yah, Bobby Champa. He used to beat
the shit outta' me in Kindergarten.

BILLY

He's a pretty big kid.

WILL

Yah, he's the same size now as he was
in Kindergarten.

MORGAN

Fuck this, let's get something to eat...

CHUCKIE

What Morgan, you're not gonna go talk
to her?

MORGAN

Fuck her.

The boys get up and walk down the bleachers.

WILL

I could go for a Whopper.

MORGAN

(nonchalant)

Let's hit "Kelly's."

CHUCKIE

Morgan, I'm not goin' to "Kelly's Roast
Beef" just cause you like the take-out
girl. It's fifteen minutes out of our
way.

MORGAN

What else we gonna do we can't spare
fifteen minutes?

CHUCKIE

All right Morgan, fine. I'll tell you
why we're not going to "Kelly's."
It's because the take-out bitch is a
fuckin' idiot. I'm sorry you like her
but she's dumb as a post and she has
never got our order right, never once.

MORGAN

She's not stupid.

WILL

She's sharp as a marble.

CHUCKIE

We're not goin'.

(beat)

I don't even like "Kelly's."

CUT TO:

INT. M.I.T. HALLWAY -- LATER

Lambeau, still in his reunion formal-wear, strides down the hallway, carrying some papers. A group of students have gathered by the chalkboard. They part like the red sea as he approaches the board. Using the papers in hand, he checks the proof. Satisfied, he turns to the class.

LAMBEAU

This is correct? Who did this?

Dead silence. Lambeau turns to an INDIAN STUDENT.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Nemesh?

Nemesh shakes his head in awe.

NEMESH

No way.

Lambeau erases the proof and starts putting up a new one.

LAMBEAU

Well, whoever You are, I'm sure you'll find this one challenging enough to merit coming forward with your identity. That is, if you can do it.

INT. CHUCKIE'S CAR, DRIVING IN SOUTH BOSTON -- CONTINUOUS

The street is crowded as our boys drive down Broadway. They move slowly through heavy traffic, windows down. Chuckie sorts through a large "KELLY'S ROAST BEEF" BAG as he drives.

MORGAN

Double Burger.

Will holds the wheel for Chuckie as he looks through the bag.

MORGAN (cont'd)

(same tone)

Double Burger.

Chuckie gets out fries for himself, hands Will his fries.

MORGAN (cont'd)

I, I had a Kelly's Double Burger.

CHUCKIE

Would you shut the fuck up! I know
what you ordered, I was there!

MORGAN
So why don't you give me my sandwhich?

CHUCKIE
What do you mean "your sandwhich?" I
bought it.

MORGAN
(sarcastic)
Yah, all right...

CHUCKIE
How much money you got?

MORGAN
I told you, I just got change.

CHUCKIE
Well give me your fuckin' change and
we'll put your fuckin' sandwhich on
lay-away.

MORGAN
Why you gotta be an asshole Chuckie?

CHUCKIE
I think you should establish a good
line of credit.

Laughter, Chuckie goes back searching through the bag.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)
Oh motherfucker...

WILL
She didn't do it again did she?

CHUCKIE
Jesus Christ. Not even close.

MORGAN
Did she get my Double Burger?

CHUCKIE
NO SHE DIDN'T GET YOUR DOUBLE BURGER!!
IT'S ALL FUCKIN' FLYIN' FISH FILET!!

Chuckie whips a FISH SANDWHICH back to Morgan, then to Billy.

WILL

Jesus, that's really bad, did anyone even order a Flyin' Fish?

CHUCKIE

No, and we got four of 'em.

BILLY

You gotta' be kiddin' me. Why do we even go to her?

CHUCKIE

Cause fuckin' Morgan's got a crush on her, we always go there and when we get to the window he never says a fuckin' word to her, he never even gets out of the car, and she never gets our order right cause she's the goddamn MISSING LINK!

WILL

Well, she out did herself today...

MORGAN

I don't got a crush on her.

Push in on Will who sees something O.S.

Will's P.O.V. reveals BOBBY CHAMPA and his friends walking down the street. One of them casually lobbs a bottle into a wire garbage can. It SHATTERS and some of the glass hits a FEMALE PASSERBY who, although unhurt, is upset.

CHUCKIE

What do we got?

WILL

I don't know yet.

Will's P.O.V.: The woman says something to Bobby. He says something back. By the look on her face, it was something unpleasant.

MORGAN

Come on, Will...

CHUCKIE

Shut up.

MORGAN

No, why didn't you fight him at the park if you wanted to? I'm not goin'

now, I'm eatin' my snack.

WILL

(smiles)

So don't go.

Will is out of the door, jogging toward Bobby Champa. Billy gets out, following Will with a look of casual indifference.

CHUCKIE

Morgan, Let's go.

MORGAN

I'm serious Chuckie, I ain't goin'.

Leaving the car, Chuckie opens his door to follow.

CHUCKIE

(spins in his seat)

You're goin'. And if you're not out there in two fuckin' seconds, when I'm done with them you're next!

And with that, Chuckie is out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK --CONTINUOUS

Will comes jogging up towards BOBBY CHAMPA, calling out from across the street,

WILL

(smiling, good naturedly)

Hey, Bobby Champa! I went to Kindergarten with you right? Sister Margaret's class...

Bobby is bewildered by this strange interruption and unsure of Will's intentions. Just when it looks as though Bobby might remember him, Will DRILLS HIM with a sucker-punch which begins the

FIGHT SEQUENCE: 40 FRAMES OVER M. GAYE'S "LET'S GET IT ON."

Will's momentum and respectable strength serve to knock the hapless Champa out cold.

As soon as Will hits Bobby, his friends CONVERGE ON WILL. Billy JUMPS IN and wrestles one guy to the ground. The two exchange messy punches on the sidewalk.

Will is in trouble, back pedaling, dodging punches, trying to

avoid being overrun.

When Will goes for one guy, another has an open shot and he HAMMERS WILL with a right hand to the head.

Will is staggered and bleary, as a second guy winds up for a shot he is BLIND SIDED by Chuckie who hits the kid like he was a tackling sled, lifting him off the ground.

Chuckie turns to see Will still outnumbered. It's all Will can do to stay standing as Morgan DROP KICKS one of Champa's boys from the hood of a car.

Contrary to what we might think, Morgan is actually quite a fighter. He peppers the kid with a flurry of blows.

The fight is messy, ugly and chaotic. Most punches are thrown wildly and miss, heads are banged against concrete, someone throws a bottle.

In the end, it's our guys who are left standing, while Bobby's friends stagger off. Chuckie and Morgan turn to see Will, standing over the unconscious Bobby Champa, still POUNDING him.

ANGLE ON WILL: SAVAGE, UGLY, VICIOUS, AND VIOLENT

Whatever demons must be raging inside Will, he is taking them out on Bobby Champa. He pummels the helpless, unconscious Champa, fury in his eyes. Chuckie and Billy pull Will away.

The POLICE finally arrive on the scene and having only witnessed Will's vicious attack on Champa, they grab him.

EXT. SIDEWALK (FULL SPEED) -- CONTINUOUS

A crowd of onlookers have gathered. Chuckie addresses them.

CHUCKIE
Hey, thanks for comin' out.

WILL
Yeah, you're all invited over to
Morgan's house for a complementary
fish sandwich.

The Police slam Will into the hood of a car.

WILL (cont'd)
(to Police)
Hey, I know it's not a French cruller,
but it's free.

The cop holding Will SLAMS his [Will's] face into the hood, another cop uses a baton to press Will's face into the car. The look of rage returns to Will's eye.

WILL (cont'd)
Get the fuck off me!

Will resists. Another cop comes over. Will KICKS HIM IN THE KNEE, dropping the cop. Momentarily freed, Will engages in a fracas with three cops. More converge on Will, who -- though he struggles -- takes a beating.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAN'S ROOF -- NIGHT

Sean sits, exactly as we first saw him, except his tie is now loose and an empty bottle of BUSHMILLS is at his side. He stares out over the City. A MATRONLY LANDLADY comes out of a doorway on the roof.

LANDLADY
Sean?

Sean doesn't answer.

LANDLADY (cont'd)
Sean? You okay?

SEAN
Yeah.

A beat.

LANDLADY
It's getting cold.

After a moment, she retreats back down the stairs. Sean doesn't move.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CHARLES RIVER, ESTABLISHING SHOT -- MORNING
The morning sun reflects brilliantly off the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- NEXT MORNING

Will emerges from the courthouse. Chuckie is waiting for him in the Cadillac with two cups of DUNKIN' DOUGHNUTS coffee. He

hands one of them to Will. This feels routine.

CHUCKIE

When's the arraignment?

WILL

Next week.

Chuckie pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. M.I.T. CAMPUS, ESTABLISHING SHOT -- MORNING

Students walk to class, carrying bags. More than any other, students seem to be heading into one PARTICULAR CLASSROOM.

INT. M.I.T. CLASSROOM -- MORNING

The classroom is even more crowded than last we saw it. Tom takes notes as Lambeau plays along with the excited environment with mock pomposity and good humor.

LAMBEAU

Is it my imagination, or has my class grown considerably?

Laughter.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

I look around and see young people who are my students, young people who are not my students as well as some of my colleagues. And by no stretch of my imagination do I think you've all come to hear me lecture.

More laughter.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

But rather to ascertain the identity of who our esteemed "The Tech" has come to call "The Mystery Math Magician."

He holds up the M.I.T. Tech featuring a silhouetted figure, emblazoned with a large, white question mark. The headline reads "Mystery Math Magician strikes again."

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Whoever you are, you've solved four of the most difficult theorems I've ever

given a class. So without further
ado, come forward silent rogue, and
receive thy prize.

The class waits in breathless anticipation. A STUDENT shifts
his weight in his chair, making a noise.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)
Well, I'm sorry to disappoint my
spectators, but it appears there will
be no unmasking here today. I'm going
to have to ask those of you not enrolled
in the class to make your escape now
or, for the next three hours be
subjected to the mundities of
eigenvectors.

People start to gather their things and go. Lambeau picks up
a piece of chalk and starts writing on the board.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)
However, my colleagues and I have
conferred. There is a problem on the
board, right now, that took us two
years to prove. So let this be said;
the gauntlet has been thrown down.
But the faculty have answered the
challenge and answered with vigor.

CUT TO:

19 OMITTED

INT. M.I.T. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Lambeau comes out of his office with Tom and locks the door.
As he turns to walk down the hallway, he stops. A faint TICKING
SOUND can be heard. He turns and walks down the hall.

Lambeau and Tom come around a corner. His P.O.V. reveals a
figure in silhouette blazing through the proof on the
chalkboard. There is a mop and a bucket beside him. As Lambeau
draws closer, reveal that the figure is Will, in his janitor's
uniform. There is a look of intense concentration in his eyes.

LAMBEAU
Excuse me!

Will looks up, immediately starts to shuffle off.

WILL
Oh, I'm sorry.

LAMBEAU
What're you doing?

WILL
(walking away)
I'm sorry.

Lambeau follows Will down the hall.

LAMBEAU
What's your name?
(beat)
Don't you walk away from me. This is
people's work, you can't graffiti here.

WILL
Hey fuck you.

LAMBEAU
(flustered)
Well... I'll be speaking to your
supervisor.

Will walks out. Lambeau goes to "fix" the proof, scanning the blackboard for whatever damage Will caused. He stops, scans the board again. Amazement registers on his face.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)
My God.

Down the hall, we hear the DOOR CLOSE. He turns to look for Will, who is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOW AND ARROW PUB, CAMBRIDGE -- THAT NIGHT

A crowded Harvard Bar. Will and our gang walk by a line of several Harvard students, waiting to be carded.

MORGAN
What happened?
(beat)
You got fired, huh?

WILL
Yeah, Morgan. I got fired.

MORGAN
(starts laughing)
How fuckin' retarded do you have to be

to get shit-canned from that job? How hard is it to push a fuckin' broom?

CHUCKIE

You got fired from pushing a broom, you little bitch.

MORGAN

Yah, that was different. Management was restructurin'--

BILLY

--Yah, restructurin' the amount of retards they had workin' for them.

MORGAN

Fuck you, you fat fuck.

BILLY

Least I work for a livin'.

(to Will)

Why'd you get fired?

WILL

Management was restructurin'.

Laughter.

CHUCKIE

My uncle can probably get you on my demo team.

MORGAN

What the fuck? I just asked you for a job yesterday!

CHUCKIE

I told you "no" yesterday!

After two students flash their ID's to the doorman (CASEY) our boys file past him.

ALL

(one after another)

What's up Case.

With an imperceptible nod, Casey waves our boys through. A fifth kid, a HARVARD STUDENT, tries to follow. He is stopped by Casey's massive, outstretched arm:

CASEY

ID?

INT. BOW AND ARROW -- CONTINUOUS

Chuckie is collecting money from the guys to buy a pitcher, all but Morgan cough up some crumpled dollars.

CHUCKIE
So, this is a Harvard bar, huh? I
thought there'd be equations and shit
on the wall.

INT. BACK SECTION, BOW AND ARROW -- MOMENTS LATER

Chuckie returns to a table where Will, Morgan and Billy have made themselves comfortable. He [Chuckie] spots two ATTRACTIVE YOUNG HARVARD WOMEN sitting together at the end of the bar. Chuckie struts his way toward the women and pulls up a chair. He flashes a smile and tries to submerge his thick Boston accent.

CHUCKIE
Hey, how's it goin'?

LYDIA
Fine.

SKYLAR
Okay.

CHUCKIE
So, you ladies ah, go to school here?

LYDIA
Yes.

CHUCKIE
Yeah, cause I think I had a class with
you.

At this point, several interested parties materialize. Morgan Billy and Will try, as inconspicuously as possible, to situate themselves within listening distance. A rather large student in a HARVARD LACROSSE sweatshirt, CLARK (22) notices Chuckie. He [Clark] walks over to Skylar and Lydia, nobly hovering over them as protector. This gets Will, Morgan, and Billy's attention.

SKYLAR
What class?

CHUCKIE
Ah, history I think.

SKYLAR

Oh...

CHUCKIE

Yah, it's not a bad school...

At this point, Clark can't resist and steps in.

CLARK

What class did you say that was?

CHUCKIE

History.

CLARK

How'd you like that course?

CHUCKIE

Good, it was all right.

CLARK

History? Just "history?" It must have been a survey course then.

Chuckie nods. Clark notices Chuckie's clothes. Will and Billy exchange a look and move subtly closer.

CLARK (cont'd)

Pretty broad. "History of the World?"

CHUCKIE

Hey, come on pal we're in classes all day. That's one thing about Harvard never seizes to amaze me, everybody's talkin' about school all the time.

CLARK

Hey, I'm the last guy to want to talk about school at the bar. But as long as you're here I want to "seize" the opportunity to ask you a question.

Billy shifts his beer into his left hand. Will and Morgan see this. Morgan rolls his eyes as if to say "not again..."

CLARK (cont'd)

Oh, I'm sure you covered it in your history class.

Clark looks to see if the girls are impressed. They are not. When Clark looks back to Chuckie, Skylar turns to Lydia and rolls her [own] eyes. They laugh. Will sees this and smiles.

CHUCKIE

To tell you the truth, I wasn't there much. The class was rather elementary.

CLARK

Elementary? Oh, I don't doubt that it was. I remember the class, it was just between recess and lunch.

Will and Billy come forward, stand behind Chuckie.

CHUCKIE

All right, are we gonna have a problem?

CLARK

There's no problem. I was just hoping you could give me some insight into the evolution of the market economy in the early colonies. My contention is that prior to the Revolutionary War the economic modalities especially of the southern colonies could most aptly be characterized as agrarian pre-capitalist and...

Will, who at this point has migrated to Chuckie's side and is completely fed-up, includes himself in the conversation.

WILL

Of course that's your contention. You're a first year grad student. You just finished some Marxian historian, Pete Garrison prob'ly, and so naturally that's what you believe until next month when you get to James Lemon and get convinced that Virginia and Pennsylvania were strongly entrepreneurial and capitalist back in 1740. That'll last until sometime in your second year, then you'll be in here regurgitating Gordon Wood about the Pre-revolutionary utopia and the capital-forming effects of military mobilization.

CLARK

(taken aback)

Well, as a matter of fact, I won't, because Wood drastically underestimates the impact of--

WILL

--"Wood drastically underestimates the impact of social distinctions predicated upon wealth, especially inherited wealth..." You got that from "Work in Essex County," Page 421, right? Do you have any thoughts of your own on the subject or were you just gonna plagiarize the whole book for me?

Clark is stunned.

WILL(cont'd)

Look, don't try to pass yourself off as some kind of an intellect at the expense of my friend just to impress these girls.

Clark is lost now, searching for a graceful exit, any exit.

WILL (cont'd)

The sad thing is, in about 50 years you might start doin' some thinkin' on your own and by then you'll realize there are only two certainties in life.

CLARK

Yeah? What're those?

WILL

One, don't do that. Two-- you dropped a hundred and fifty grand on an education you coulda' picked up for a dollar fifty in late charges at the Public Library.

Will catches Skylar's eye.

CLARK

But I will have a degree, and you'll be serving my kids fries at a drive through on our way to a skiing trip.

WILL

(smiles)

Maybe. But at least I won't be a prick.

(beat)

And if you got a problem with that, I guess we can step outside and deal with it that way.

While Will is substantially smaller than Clark, he [Clark] decides not to take Will up on his [Will's] offer.

WILL (cont'd)
If you change your mind, I'll be
over by the bar.

He turns and walks away. Chuckie follows, throwing Clark a
look. Morgan turns to a nearby girl.

MORGAN
My boy's wicked smart.

INT. BOW AND ARROW, AT THE BAR --LATER

Will sits with Morgan at the bar watching with some amusement
as Chuckie and Billy play bar basketball game where the players
shoot miniature balls at a small basket. In the B.G.
Occasionally we hear Chuckie shouting "Larry!" When he scores.
Skylar emerges from the crowd and approaches Will.

SKYLAR
You suck.

WILL
What?

SKYLAR
I've been sitting over there for forty-
five minutes waiting for you to come
talk to me. But I'm just tired now
and I have to go home and I wasn't
going to keep sitting there waiting
for you.

WILL
I'm Will.

SKYLAR
Skylar. And by the way.
That guy over there is a real dick and
I just wanted you to know he didn't
come with us.

WILL
I kind of got that impression.

SKYLAR
Well, look, I have to go. Gotta' get
up early and waste some more money on
my overpriced education.

WILL
I didn't mean you. Listen, maybe...

SKYLAR

Here's my number.

Skylar produces a folded piece of paper and offers it to Will.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

Maybe we could go out for coffee
sometime?

WILL

Great, or maybe we could go somewhere
and just eat a bunch of caramels.

SKYLAR

What?

WILL

When you think about it, it's just as
arbitrary as drinking coffee.

SKYLAR

(laughs)

Okay, sounds good.

She turns.

WILL

Five minutes.

SKYLAR

What?

WILL

I was trying to be smooth.

(indicates clock)

But at twelve-fifteen I was gonna come
over there and talk to you.

SKYLAR

See, it's my life story.

Five more minutes and I would have got
to hear your best pick-up line.

WILL

The caramel thing is my pick-up line.

A beat.

SKYLAR

Glad I came over.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOW AND ARROW -- LATER

Our boys are walking out of the bar teasing one another about their bar-ball exploits. Across the street is another bar with a glass front. Morgan spots Clark sitting by the window with some friends.

MORGAN

There goes that fuckin' Barney right now, with his fuckin' "skiin' trip." We should'a kicked that dude's ass.

WILL

Hold up.

Will crosses the street and approaches the plate glass window and stands across from Clark, separated only by the glass. He POUNDS THE GLASS to get Clark's attention.

WILL (cont'd)

Hey!

Clark turns toward Will.

WILL (cont'd)

DO YOU LIKE APPLES?

Clark doesn't get it.

WILL (cont'd)

DO YOU LIKE APPLES?!

CLARK

Yeah?

Will SLAMS SKYLAR'S PHONE NUMBER against the glass.

WILL

WELL I GOT HER NUMBER! HOW DO YA LIKE THEM APPLES?!!

Will's boys erupt into laughter. Angle on Clark, deflated.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

The boys make their way home, piled into Chuckie's car, laughing together.

EXT. CHARLES STREET BRIDGE -- DAWN

Shot of car crossing over the Charles St. Bridge, overtaking a red-line train.

EXT. CHARLESTON BACKROAD -- DAWN

Travelling through narrow back roads in Charlestown, passing the Bunker Hill monument.

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Arriving at Will's house and dropping him off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. M.I.T. BUILDING AND GROUNDS GARAGE -- DAY

Lambeau walks into a small garage facility. The area stores lawn machinery and various tools. An older man, TERRY (58) sits behind the desk reading the BOSTON HERALD sports page. Lambeau has obviously never been here before. He takes in the surroundings, somewhat uncomfortable. Gets dirty.

LAMBEAU

Excuse me. Is this the buildings and grounds office?

TERRY

Yeah, can I help you?

LAMBEAU

I'm trying to find the name of a student who works here.

TERRY

No students work for me.

LAMBEAU

Could you just check, because the young man who works in my building--

TERRY

Which one's your building?

LAMBEAU

Building two.

Terry checks a list behind his [own] desk. Looks up.

TERRY

Well, if something was stolen, I should know about it.

LAMBEAU

No, no. Nothing like that. I just need his name.

TERRY

I can't give you his name unless you have a complaint.

LAMBEAU

Please, I'm a professor here and it's very important.

TERRY

Well, he didn't show up for work today...

Terry takes a beat. Holding all the cards.

TERRY (cont'd)

Look, he got his job through his P.O. so you can call him.

Terry goes through a stack of paper on his desk. Takes out a card and hands it to Lambeau. Lambeau looks blankly at the card which reads: "PAROLE EMPLOYMENT PROGRAM."

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

Will stands before JUDGE MALONE (40) being arraigned. It is fairly unceremonious, the courtroom nearly empty, save Will and the PROSECUTOR. Lambeau walks in from the back.

WILL

There is a lengthy legal precedent, Your Honor, going back to 1789, whereby a defendant may claim self-defense against an agent of the government where the act is shown to be a defense against tyranny, a defense of liberty--

The Judge interrupts to address the prosecutor.

JUDGE MALONE

Mr. Simmons, Officer McNeely who signed the complaint isn't in my courtroom. Why is that?

PROSECUTOR

He's in the hospital with a broken knee, Your Honor. But I have depositions from the other officers.

WILL

Henry Ward Beecher proclaimed, in his

Proverbs From Plymouth Pulpit back in 1887, that "Every American citizen is by birth, a sworn officer of the state. Every man is a policeman." As for the other officers, even William Congrave said; "he that first cries out 'stop thief' is 'oft he that has stolen the treasure."

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor--

Will cranks it up.

WILL

(to Prosecutor)

I am afforded the right to speak in my own defense by our constitution, Sir. The same document which guarantees my right to liberty. "Liberty," in case you've forgotten, is "the soul's right to breathe, and when it cannot take a long breath laws are girded too tight. Without liberty, man is a syncope."

(beat, to Judge)

Ibid. Your Honor.

PROSECUTOR

Man is a what?

WILL

Julius Caesar proclaimed-- Though he be wounded--"Magna..."

The Judge interrupts.

JUDGE MALONE

Son,

(a beat)

My turn.

The Judge opens Will's CASE HISTORY.

JUDGE MALONE (cont'd)

(reading)

June, '93, assault, Sept. '93
assault...Grand theft auto February
'94.

A beat, the Judge takes particular notice.

JUDGE MALONE (cont'd)

Where, appearantly, you defended yourself
and had the case thrown out by citing
"free property rights of horse and
carriage" from 1798...

Lambeau has to smile, impressed. The Judge shakes his head.

JUDGE MALONE (cont'd)
March, '94 public drunkenness, public
nudity, assault. 10/94 mayhem.
November '94, assault. Jan. '95
impersonating a police officer, mayhem,
theft, resisting-- overturned--

The Judge takes a beat. Gives Will a look.

JUDGE MALONE (cont'd)
You're in my courtroom, now and I am
aware of your priors.
(beat)
I'm also aware that you're an orphan.
You've been through several foster
homes. The state removed you from
three because of serious physical abuse.

The Judge holds a look to Will, who looks down.

JUDGE MALONE (cont'd)
Another Judge might care. You hit a
cop, you go in.
(beat)
Motion to dismiss denied.

The Bailiff goes to remove Will from the courtroom.

JUDGE MALONE (cont'd)
Keep workin' on your arguments, son.
A word of advice for trial; speak English.

As Will is removed from the courtroom, Lambeau approaches Judge
Malone who is stepping down from the bench.

LAMBEAU
Excuse me, your Honor.
(offers hand)
Gerald Lambeau.

An awkward beat. Lambeau waits for some sign of recognition.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)
I'm a professor at M.I.T.
(beat)

Combinatorial Mathematics.

The Judge offers only a blank look.

JUDGE MALONE

Oh. Pleased to meet you.

LAMBEAU

Do you have a minute?

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLESEX COUNTY JAIL, HOLDING AREA -- SAME

A GUARD walks Will down a hallway toward a group of phones.

GUARD

One call, to an attorney.

(beat)

One.

The Guard gives Will a hard look for a beat. Then leaves.

WILL

How many?

Will picks up the phone, dials.

WILL (cont'd)

Hey, Skylar?

INT. SKYLAR'S DORM -- DAY

SKYLAR

Yeah?

WILL

It's Will, the really funny good looking guy you met at the bar?

SKYLAR

I'm sorry, I don't recall meeting anyone who fits that description.

WILL

Okay, you got me. It's the ugly, obnoxious, toothless loser who got drunk and wouldn't leave you alone all night.

SKYLAR

Oh Will! I was wondering when you'd

call.

WILL

Yeah, I figured maybe sometime this week we could go to a cafe and have some caramels.

SKYLAR

Sounds good, where are you now?

WILL

You aren't, by any chance, Pre-law?
Are you?

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLESEX COUNTY JAIL, INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Professor Lambeau sits, waiting. Will is brought in, shackled, by the guard.

LAMBEAU

Hello. Gerald Lambeau, M.I.T.

WILL

Fuck do you want?

LAMBEAU

I've spoken with the judge and he's agreed to release you under my supervision.

WILL

(suspicious)

Really?

LAMBEAU

(beat)

Yes. Under two conditions.

WILL

What're those?

LAMBEAU

That you meet with me twice a week--

[This portion poorly Xeroxed, but Lambeau explains the need to meet with a therapist as the second condition]

WILL

If I agree to this, I walk right now?

LAMBEAU

That's right.

WILL

I'll do the work. I'm not going to meet with a therapist.

LAMBEAU

Now, it won't be as bad as it sounds, Will.

(beat)

I've already spoken to one therapist, his name is Henry Lipkin and he's a friend of mine. He's also published four books and is widely considered to be one of the brightest men in his field.

(beat)

I'm sure it'll be better than spending the next six months in jail.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNLAND -- DAY

Will and Chuckie walk up to an enclosed trampoline. Billy and Morgan prefer to use it for their own version of "Wrestlemania." As Will and Chuckie approach, Billy is on top of a bloodied Morgan and has him in the "Cobra Clutch." Will and Chuckie watch for a beat. Billy tightens his grip.

BILLY

Submit, bitch! Submit! Submit!

MORGAN

(being strangled)

Suck my cock!

BILLY

Oh, Morgan!

Chuckie turns to Will, conspiratorially as they wait for the fight to finish.

CHUCKIE

What'd you get? You get leniency?

WILL

Probation, counselin', few days a week.

CHUCKIE

You're fuckin' good.

Will Smiles.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)
Just submit, Morgan. He's got you
in the Cobra Clutch.

MORGAN
(to Chuckie)
Fuck your mother too!

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Will sits alone in his one room apartment, reading. A closer look reveals he is reading a self-help PSYCHOLOGY BOOK. Will is flipping through the book at about a page per second. He shakes his head and smiles. Upon finishing the book, he throws it in a nearby WASTEBASKET. Push in on the back of the book where a SMILING PSYCHOLOGIST is pictured.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Will sits in a well decorated Psychologist's Office. Across from Will sits the same PSYCHOLOGIST, HENRY LIPKIN (40), from the book. They are in mid-session.

WILL
That's why I love stock-car racin'.
That Dale Earnhart's real good.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Now you know Will, and I know, what
you need to be doing. You have a gift.

WILL
I could work the pit maybe, but I could
never drive like Dale Earnhart--

PSYCHOLOGIST
--you have a quality-- something you
were born with, that you have no control
over- and you are, in a sense, hiding
that by becoming a janitor. And I'm
not saying that's wrong. I'm friends
with the janitor that works in my
building. He's been to my house for
dinner. As a matter of fact I did
some free consultation for "Mike" --
that's not his real name. That's in
my book.

WILL

Yeah, I read your book. "Mike" had the same problems as "Chad" the stockbroker.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Yes. The pressures you feel, and again, I am neither labeling nor judging them, are keeping you from fulfilling your potential -- you're in a rut. So stop the Tom Foolery -- the Shenanigan's, Will.

WILL

You're right. I know.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Will, your not getting off that easy.

WILL

No, but, I mean you know...I do other things. That no one knows about.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Like what, Will?

WILL

I go places, I interact.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What places?

WILL

Certain, clubs.

(beat)

Like, Paradise. It's not bad.

Will gives the Psychologist a furtive look.

WILL (cont'd)

It's just that feeling when you can take your shirt off and really dance.

(beat)

When the music owns you. Do you understand?

PSYCHOLOGIST

I might understand that.

WILL

Do you find it hard to hide the fact that you're gay?

PSYCHOLOGIST

What?

WILL

C'mon, I read your book. I talked to you. It's just something I know to be true.

PSYCHOLOGIST

That's very presumptuous.

WILL

Buddy, two seconds ago you were ready to give me a jump.

PSYCHOLOGIST

(a little laugh)

Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm married and I have two children.

WILL

I'm sure you do. You probably got a real nice house, nice car -- your book's a best seller.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You're getting defensive, Will.

WILL

Look, man. I don't care if you're putting from the rough. There are solid arguments that some of the greatest people in history were gay; Alexander the Great, Caesar, Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde, Napoleon, Gertrude Stein, not to mention Danny Terrio, not many straight men can dance like that.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Who is "Danny Terrio?"

WILL

If you wanna hit "Ramrod," take your shot. Take some pride in it. You go to church? So fuckin' what, God loves you. I mean, Christ. A guy as well known as you? By the time you put your disguise on and skulk out of the house Sunday nights you probably look like "Inspector Cluseau."

The Psychologist calmly packs his things.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Well, I can see this is pointless...

WILL

You're getting defensive...Henry.
And hey, cheif--tell the wife, at
least. Christ, set her free.

The shrink gets up and walks out.

WILL (cont'd)

Fuckin' hypocrite...

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Psychologist comes walking out, much to the surprise of
Lambeau and Tom who have been waiting in the lobby.

LAMBEAU

Henry?

The Psychologist keeps walking.

PSYCHOLOGIST

No. You know what, Gerry? This is
why I don't do pro-bono anymore. It's
not worth it to me.

LAMBEAU

What happened?

PSYCHOLOGIST

I don't have the time. I'm going on
national television this week.

LAMBEAU

Wait a minute, Henry...

He [Henry] is out the door. Lambeau looks to Tom.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBEAU'S OFFICE -- DAY

Will is in Lambeau's office. Lambeau is at the board, working
on a diagram as Tom takes notes. Will seems disinterested.

LAMBEAU

This rectangle is subdivided into
rectangles. One edge of an inner

rectangle is an integer. Can you prove that one edge of the larger rectangle is an integer?

WILL
Of course.

LAMBEAU
Okay. How?

WILL
It's an integer proof.

Lambeau smiles.

WILL (cont'd)
What? Hey, look buddy my time's almost up. You want me to sit here for an hour and write it out?

Lambeau says nothing. Will gets up and goes to the board.

WILL (cont'd)
Look, I'll give you the key steps to it but I'm not gonna do the whole thing.

Lambeau keeps smiling.

LAMBEAU
That would be a monumental waste of time, wouldn't it, Will?

WILL
I think so.

LAMBEAU
I happen to know so.

Lambeau rises and goes to the board.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)
You're thinking too hard. What if I did this?

He draws a vertical line through the diagram.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)
Now, what if I do this?

He draws a horizontal line through the diagram. He hands Will the chalk.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Have you ever played checkers?

Will realizes what Lambeau is getting at. In a flash he starts drawing lines through the diagram, energized.

WILL

You color-code it. Half-red, half-black. If that's an integer--

Lambeau steps in, writing with him [Will].

LAMBEAU

What's that?

WILL

Half-red, half-black--

LAMBEAU

--that?--

WILL

--Half-red, half-black--

LAMBEAU

--That edge!

WILL

An integer.

The two stop. They are silent for a moment. Like two gunfighters after a duel, they put down the chalk.

LAMBEAU

(checks his watch)

It would appear we got that proof in under the wire after all. It's not how hard you look at things, young man, it's the way you look at them. If you take aim before you fire, you will find the most difficult problems become, quite literally, child's play.

Will gets his coat.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Will, you've managed to offend four of my colleagues so much that they refused to come back. You're meeting with the leading hypnotist in the country next week and Tom and I plan to sit in on the sessions, so I expect you to behave

appropriately.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBEAU'S OFFICE -- DAY

Will sits in a chair across from Lambeau and the HYPNOTIST.
Lambeau's assistant, TOM (33) takes notes. The Hypnotist makes
small talk with Lambeau, who checks his watch.

LAMBEAU

Shall we start the, uh...

WILL

Yeah, when do I get my hypnosis? You
guys been talkin' for twenty minutes.

HYPNOTIST

Yes, Will. We'll get to that.
But first, why don't you go to sleep
for me.

He SNAPS HIS FINGERS and instantly Will's head goes BACK and
his EYES CLOSE. The Hypnotist gives Lambeau a look.

HYPNOTIST (cont'd)

Would you mind standing on one leg?

Will gets up and stands on one leg. Lambeau is impressed.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. LAMBEAU'S OFFICE -- LATER

Will is reclining, eyes closed, in a trance-like state. The
mood is more serious now.

HYPNOTIST

Okay, you're in your bed, Will. Now
how old are you?

WILL

Seven.

HYPNOTIST

And what do you see?

WILL

Somethin's in my room.

HYPNOTIST

What is it?

WILL
It's like a small figure, hoverin'
over me. Gettin' closer.

Will flinches.

HYPNOTIST
You're in a safe place, Will.

WILL
It's touching me.

Lambeau makes a sound. The Hypnotist shushes him [Lambeau] with his [Hypnotist's] finger. Tom returns to his note-taking.

HYPNOTIST
Where is it touching you?

WILL
Down there.
(indicating genitals)
And I'm nervous.

HYPNOTIST
You don't have to be nervous, Will.

Lambeau and the Therapist trade looks. This is working.

WILL
'Cause I'm not ready.
(calming)
But the figure tells me everything's
gonna be all right. 'Cause the figure's
a Libra too. And we start dancin' and
it's beautiful--

Will breaks into song at full volume.

WILL (cont'd)
"SKY ROCKETS IN FLIGHT!"

LAMBEAU
(getting up)
Oh Jesus.

The Hypnotist gets up and starts heading towards the door.
Will is still singing from "Sky Rockets."

LAMBEAU (cont'd)
Wait a minute, Barry.

HYPNOTIST

I have better ways to spend my time.

He is gone. Will stops singing, laughs.

LAMBEAU

Oh, for God's sake, Will.

WILL

Oh, come on! You're not pinnin' this one on me. He left, I wanted to talk to him for another twenty minutes. I was havin' fun.

LAMBEAU

I told you to cooperate with these people.

WILL

C'mon, that guy was a fuckin' piece of work.

Will gets up and adopts a hypnotic persona in front of Lambeau.

WILL (cont'd)

(spooky voice)

Look into my eyes. I don't need therapy.

LAMBEAU

Get out, Will.

WILL

Okay...don't forget to get another therapist for next week.

LAMBEAU

That's enough.

Will is out the door. Lambeau turns to Tom.

TOM

I called Mel Weintraub this morning, to check for availability.

LAMBEAU

What's the point?

TOM

What do you want to do?

LAMBEAU

There is somebody...

TOM

Who is he?

LAMBEAU

He was my roommate in college.

INT. BUNKER HILL CAMPUS -- DAY

This is SEAN MAGUIRE'S "Dying and Bereavement" class. Emblazoned on the door is "room 101." While the lecture hall could hold sixty students, there are less than fifteen here today.

Sean Maguire lectures to the class in a resigned tone. Tired of teaching, tired of life, he finds himself resigned to the tedium of teaching core classes to an indifferent student body.

SEAN

Establishing trust is the most important component in making breakthroughs with a patient. Why?

A beat.

SEAN (cont'd)

Maureen?

MAUREEN'S only response is an empty stare.

SEAN (cont'd)

Keep up the good work, Maureen. Vinnie?

VINNIE looks up.

VINNIE

Because trust is an important thing.

SEAN

Don't bullshit me, Vinnie. Didn't your brother give you the notes? Okay. If a patient doesn't trust you then they won't feel safe enough to be honest with you--then there's no point to them being in therapy. It's like saying -- "Fine, come here and don't tell me a thing but go home feeling like you're doing something about your problems-- and give me my fifty bucks before you leave will ya'!"

He looks around the room for approval. No one is listening.

SEAN (cont'd)
If you don't help them trust you --
then there's no way you'll ever get
them to sleep with you. And that should
be the goal of any good therapist.
Insecure women, you know...nail 'em
when they're vulnerable, that's always
been my motto.

The students look up, somewhat stunned.

SEAN (cont'd)
See, I got Vinnie's attention.

Laughter. Sean starts to resume his lecture, when he notices
LAMBEAU standing in the back of the room. There is an awkward
moment.

SEAN (cont'd)
Gerry.

LAMBEAU
Sean.

SEAN
(to class)
Well, it seems we're in the presence
of greatness. Professor Gerald Lambeau
is a Field's Medal winner.
Combinatorial Mathematics. 1986.

The students stare blankly.

LAMBEAU
Hello.

SEAN
The Field's Medal is the Nobel Prize
for math.
(beat)
But it's only given out every four years.

A beat.

SEAN (cont'd)
Okay, that's all for today. Try and
get through Fernald by Monday.

The class starts to pack up and file out. Lambeau approaches
Sean who steps down from the lecturn.

LAMBEAU

Good to see you.

SEAN

Good to see you.

LAMBEAU

Is there someplace we can talk?

CUT TO:

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE -- NIGHT

Will and Skylar on their first date. They watch a street MAGICIAN doing tricks with a rabbit. The guy's tricks are pretty good, but his on-stage persona could use some work. He is incessantly repeating the phrase "this is the rabbit, the rabbit really does the tricks." Will gives Skylar a look and they move on.

CUT TO:

INT. TOY STORE -- LATER

Will and Skylar walk into the small shop.

SKYLAR

I don't know, it was just kind of the boring suburban thing. Private school, Harvard, and now Med. School.

(Beat)

I actually figured out that at the end of it, my brain will be worth a quarter of a million dollars. I shouldn't have told you that...

WILL

I bet your parents were happy to pay.

SKYLAR

I was happy to pay. I inherited the money.

WILL

Is Harvard gettin' all that money?

SKYLAR

Stanford. I'm leaving in June after I graduate.

WILL

So you just want to use me and go?

SKYLAR

Well, I'm gonna experiment on you for my anatomy class, then go.

WILL
In that case, fine.
(beat)
Want to see my magic trick?

SKYLAR
Sure.

Will, pulls out a bulging HANDFUL OF CARAMELS.

WILL
Now, I'm gonna make all these caramels disappear.

SKYLAR
Okay...

Will goes into all manner of hocus-pocus theatrics. Then shakes his hand wildly. The trick doesn't pan out and the caramels go flying all over the store. Skylar laughs.

WILL
It works better when I have my rabbit.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKOBER RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Lambeau and Sean share a table at this exclusive restaurant. Sean seems slightly out of place in his wrinkled sport coat.

LAMBEAU
I didn't see you at the reunion.

SEAN
I've been busy.

LAMBEAU
You were missed.
(beat)
How long has it been since we've seen each other?

SEAN
Since Nancy died.

LAMBEAU
I'm sorry, that damn conference--

SEAN

I got your card.

INT. HARVARD SQ. DINER: "THE TASTY" -- NIGHT

A FRY COOK hands Will and Skylar a pair of CHEESEBURGERS.

SKYLAR

Have you ever seen *Annie Hall*?

WILL

No.

SKYLAR

Well, there's this part of the movie that's about how there's always this tension on a first date where both people are thinking about what's going to happen with the whole 'good night kiss' thing.

Will smiles.

WILL

I really don't 'date' that much.

SKYLAR

(laughs)

You know what I mean. I know you've at least thought about it.

WILL

No I haven't...

SKYLAR

Yes you have. You were thinking you were gonna get a good night kiss.

WILL

(mock protest)

No I wasn't...

SKYLAR

Yes you were.

WILL

I was kinda' hopin' to get a "good night laid" but...I'll take a kiss.

She laughs.

SKYLAR

Oh, you will?

WILL

No...I was hoping to get a kiss.

SKYLAR

Then why don't we just get it out of the way.

He looks at her.

WILL

Now?

Both of them have cheeseburger in their mouths.

SKYLAR

Yeah.

They kiss, mouths full of burger. It's nice. A beat.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

That had to be the worst good night kiss...

Will laughs.

WILL

Hey, look lady, I'm just here for the free food.

She smiles.

SKYLAR

Free?

WILL

Hey, I spent all my money on those caramels.

She laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKOBER RESTAURANT -- SAME

Lambeau and Sean, having finished their meal. Lambeau has been pitching Sean.

SEAN

I've been busy, Gerry. I got a full schedule.

LAMBEAU

This kid's special, Sean. I've never seen anything like him.

SEAN

Not much free time, Gerry.

LAMBEAU

Have you ever heard of a man named Ramanujan?

Sean nods his head.

SEAN

Yeah.

LAMBEAU

He was alive over a hundred years ago. He was Indian. Dots, not feathers...

Sean finishes the joke. Lambeau chuckles.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

So this Ramanujan lived in a tiny hut in India. No formal education, no access to other works. But he came across an old math book and from this basic text he was able to extrapolate theories that had baffled mathematicians for years.

SEAN

And he mailed it to Hardy--

LAMBEAU

--That's right, Sean. He mailed it to a professor at Cambridge who immediately recognized the brilliance in his work and brought Ramanujan to England.

SEAN

Where he contracted pneumonia and died at a young age--

LAMBEAU

They worked together for the remainder of their lives, producing some of the most exciting math theory ever done. Ramanujan's genius was unparalleled, Sean. This boy is like that. But he's very defensive and I need someone who can get through to him.

SEAN

Why me?

LAMBEAU

I need someone with your kind of background.

SEAN

My kind of background?

LAMBEAU

You're from the same neighborhood. South Boston.

SEAN

He's from Southie? How many people did you try before you came to me?

LAMBEAU

(looks squarely at Sean)

Five.

Sean gives a slight, knowing smile.

SEAN

Who? Barry, Henry, Rick...

Lambeau nods.

SEAN

Not Rick? You didn't send him to Rick?

LAMBEAU

Just meet with the boy once a week.

SEAN

Can we do it at my office?

LAMBEAU

That would be fine.

The waiter comes with the CHECK. Each man reaches for it.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Sean, please.

SEAN

I got it.

LAMBEAU

It's on the college.

Sean relents.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER HILL CAMPUS -- MORNING

Establishing shot of the red-brick campus. Planes land at nearby Logan airport. Will walks up the steps.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sean's office is comfortable. Books are stacked against the wall. There is a PAINTING on the wall behind Sean. Sean is seated behind a desk. Lambeau sits in a chair in the back of the room, next to Tom. A long beat passes, they wait.

LAMBEAU

Any vulnerability he senses, he'll exploit.

SEAN

I'll be okay.

LAMBEAU

It's a poker game with this young man.
Don't let him see what you've got.

Sean nods. Will walks in. Everyone stands to greet Will.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Hello, Will. Any trouble finding the place?

WILL

No.

LAMBEAU

Will, this is Sean Maguire. Sean,
Will Hunting.

Sean and Will nod. An awkward moment as the four men stand.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Well, let's get started.

WILL

Yeah, let's let the healing begin.

Lambeau is slightly embarrassed. Sean smiles at Will's joke.

SEAN
Would you excuse us?

LAMBEAU
Tom.

SEAN
You too, Gerry.

Lambeau looks at Sean, surprised. Sean's stare is unwavering. After an awkward moment, Lambeau goes, leaving Sean and Will alone. Will doesn't look at Sean for more than a second. He seems more interested in the room. There is a long silence as Sean watches Will.

SEAN (cont'd)
Hello, Will. I'm Sean Maguire.

A smile crosses Will's face as he walks to his chair and sits. He lights a cigarette. Sean continues to watch him. Finally--

SEAN (cont'd)
Where are you from in Southie?

WILL
Did you buy all these books retail, or do you send away for like a "shrink kit" that comes with all these volumes included?

SEAN
Have you read all these books, Will?

WILL
Probably not.

SEAN
(indicating a shelf)
How about the ones on that shelf?

Will's eyes flicker up to the shelf for an instant.

WILL
Yeah, I read those.

SEAN
What did you think?

WILL
I'm not here for a fuckin' book report. They're your books, why don't you read 'em?

SEAN

I did.

WILL

That must have taken you a long time.

SEAN

Yeah, it did take me a long time.

Sean says this with pride. His determined stare and confident manner catch Will a bit off guard. Will rises from his chair and goes to the shelf.

WILL

(looking at book)

"A History of the United States, Volume I." If you want to read a real history book, read Howard Zinn's "A People's History of the United States." That book will knock you on your ass.

SEAN

How about Noam Chomsky's "Manufacturing Consent?"

WILL

You people baffle me. You spend all this money on beautiful, fancy books-- and they're the wrong fuckin' books.

SEAN

You think so?

WILL

Whatever blows your hair back.

Will returns to his chair. Pause.

SEAN

(indicating cigarette)

Guy your age shouldn't smoke so much. Stunt your growth.

WILL

You're right. It really gets in the way of my jazzercizing.

Sean does not seem at all affected by Will's attitude. He remains behind the big desk with almost half a smile on his face. Will is aware of Sean's confidence.

WILL (cont'd)
Do you lift?

SEAN
Yes, I do.

WILL
Nautilus?

SEAN
Free weights.

WILL
Oh yeah? Me too. What do you bench?

SEAN
285.

WILL
Oh.

Will gets up again and moves around his chair to Sean's painting. It is a picture of an old sailboat in a tremendous storm--by no means a masterpiece. Will studies it.

WILL (cont'd)
You paint this?

SEAN
Yeah. Do you paint?

WILL
No.

SEAN
Crayons?

WILL
This is a real piece of shit.

SEAN
Tell me what you really think.

WILL
Poor color composition, lousy use of space. But that shit doesn't really concern me.

SEAN
What does?

WILL
The color here, see how dark it is?

It's interesting.

SEAN

What is?

WILL

I think you're one step away from cutting your ear off.

SEAN

Oh, "Starry Night" time, huh?

WILL

You ever heard the saying, "any port in a storm?"

SEAN

Sure, how 'bout "still waters run deep"--

WILL

--Well, maybe that means you.

SEAN

Maybe what mea--

WILL

Maybe you were in the middle of a storm, a big fuckin' storm-- the waves were crashing over the bow, the Goddamned mast was about to snap, and you were crying for the harbor. So you did what you had to do, to get out. Maybe you became a psychologist.

SEAN

Maybe you should be a patient and sit down.

WILL

Maybe you married the wrong woman.

SEAN

Watch your mouth.

WILL

That's it isn't it? You married the wrong woman. She leave you? Was she bangin' someone else?

Sean is walking slowly towards Will.

WILL (cont'd)

How are the seas now, D--

In a flash, Sean has Will by the throat. Will is helpless.

SEAN

If you ever disrespect my wife again...I
will end you.

WILL

Time's up.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Will walks out of Sean's office past Lambeau and Tom who are
sitting in the hallway.

WILL

At ease, gentlemen.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sean stands behind his desk in his office, still very much on
edge. Lambeau walks in.

LAMBEAU

Five minutes, Sean. Are you okay?

A pause, Sean is staring at his painting.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

I'll understand if you don't want to
meet with him again.

SEAN

Thursday, four o'clock. Make sure the
kid is here.

CUT TO:

EXT. WONDERLAND RACETRACK -- DAY

Will and Skylar sit in the stands watching the dogs run. They
ad lib teasing one another about England, Ireland, and America.

SKYLAR

You grew up around here?

WILL

Not far from here, South Boston.

SKYLAR

How was that?

WILL

Pretty boring, I guess.

She smiles.

SKYLAR

I bet you have a great family.

WILL

You know, nothing special.

SKYLAR

You have a lot of brothers and sisters?

WILL

Do I have a lot of brothers and sisters?

SKYLAR

Yeah.

WILL

Well, Irish Catholic. What do you think?

SKYLAR

How many?

WILL

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

SKYLAR

What, five?

Will shakes his head.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

Seven?

Will shakes his head. Smiles.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

Come on.

WILL

I have twelve big brothers.

SKYLAR

Not a chance.

WILL

Yup, you're lookin' at lucky thirteen.

SKYLAR

Bullshit.

WILL

I swear to God.

SKYLAR

Your house must have been a zoo.

WILL

It was great. There was always someone to play with, give you advice.

SKYLAR

Do you know all their names?

WILL

'Course I do, they're my brothers.

SKYLAR

Well...

WILL

Marky, Ricky, Danny, Terry, Mikey, Davey, Timmy, Tommy, Joey, Robby, Johnny, and Brian.

SKYLAR

(laughing)

Do you keep in touch with them?

WILL

All the time. We all live in Southie. I live with three of them now.

Skylar smiles.

SKYLAR

I want to meet them.

WILL

We'll do that.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

As we pan across Sean's small apartment, we find it strewn with dirty clothes and the sink full of dishes. Although, if it weren't for the clutter, the place would feel pretty bare. A framed SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cover featuring a screaming Larry Bird and entitled "CELTIC PRIDE" hangs on the wall. Sean sits at the table next to another nearly empty bottle of BUSHMILL'S IRISH WHISKEY. He is deep in thought.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Will strolls into the office. Sean is waiting there behind his desk. He seems different. More calm. Will and Sean stare at each other for a long moment.

WILL

You again. How the paintin' coming?

Sean stands up.

SEAN

Come with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON COMMON -- MINUTES LATER

Sean and Will sit in the bleachers at the mostly empty park. They look out over a small pond, in which a group of schoolchildren on a field trip ride the famous Swan Boats.

WILL

So what's with this place? You have a swan fetish? Is this something you'd like to talk about?

SEAN

I was thinking about what you said to me the other day, about my painting. I stayed up half the night thinking about it and then something occurred to me and I fell into a deep peaceful sleep and haven't thought about you since. You know what occurred to me?

WILL

No.

SEAN

You're just a boy. You don't have the

faintest idea what you're talking about.

WILL

Why thank you.

SEAN

You've never been out of Boston.

WILL

No.

SEAN

So if I asked you about art you could give me the skinny on every art book ever written...Michelangelo? You know a lot about him I bet. Life's work, criticisms, political aspirations. But you couldn't tell me what it smells like in the Sistine Chapel. You've never stood there and looked up at that beautiful ceiling. And if I asked you about women I'm sure you could give me a syllabus of your personal favorites, and maybe you've been laid a few times too. But you couldn't tell me how it feels to wake up next to a woman and be truly happy. If I asked you about war you could refer me to a bevy of fictional and nonfictional material, but you've never been in one. You've never held your best friend's head in your lap and watched him draw his last breath, looking to you for help. And if I asked you about love I'd get a sonnet, but you've never looked at a woman and been truly vulnerable. Known that someone could kill you with a look. That someone could rescue you from grief. That God had put an angel on Earth just for you. And you wouldn't know how it felt to be her angel. To have the love be there for her forever. Through anything, through cancer. You wouldn't know about sleeping sitting up in a hospital room for two months holding her hand and not leaving because the doctors could see in your eyes that the term "visiting hours" didn't apply to you. And you wouldn't know about real loss, because that only occurs when you lose something you

love more than yourself, and you've never dared to love anything that much. I look at you and I don't see an intelligent confident man, I don't see a peer, and I don't see my equal. I see a boy. Nobody could possibly understand you, right Will? Yet you presume to know so much about me because of a painting you saw. You must know everything about me. You're an orphan, right?

Will nods quietly.

SEAN (cont'd)

Do you think I would presume to know the first thing about who you are because I read "Oliver Twist?" And I don't buy the argument that you don't want to be here, because I think you like all the attention you're getting. Personally, I don't care. There's nothing you can tell me that I can't read somewhere else. Unless we talk about your life. But you won't do that. Maybe you're afraid of what you might say.

Sean stands,

SEAN (cont'd)

It's up to you.

And walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

Will and Chuckie doing demo at the site. They throw cinderblocks out a window into a pile. They are filthy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREET -- NIGHT

Rain pounds South Boston. Chuckie sits with the Cadillac idling, humming to the radio. Morgan and Billy sit in the back, sharing a case of beer. Will is at a pay phone.

INT. SKYLAR'S ROOM -- NIGHT

SKYLAR

Hello?

Will hangs up and runs back to the car, soaked.

CHUCKIE

Who'd you call?

WILL

No one. I didn't have the number.

MORGAN

What are you, retarded? You went all the way out there in the rain and you didn't have the number?

WILL

No, it was your mother's 900 number. I just ran out of quarters.

Laughter. Chuckie pulls away from the curb.

MORGAN

Why don't we get off mothers, I just got off yours.

There is a long moment of silence in response to Morgan's attempt at levity. Then laughter.

BILLY

You're a pretty funny guy. Here, have a nickel.

Billy WHIPS his EMPTY BEER CAN off of Morgan's head.

MORGAN

Keep fuckin' with me. Watch what happens.

BILLY

All right, then.

MORGAN

Watch what happens.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Will sits across from Sean completely silent and takes out a pack of cigarettes.

SEAN

No smoking.

Will puts the cigarettes away. Sean stares at Will and occasionally at the clock. Sean continues to check the clock on the wall. It is the only clock in the room and it is BEHIND Will. Their hour is almost up.

CLOSE ON: WILL'S EYES INTERCUT WITH THE CLOCK.

He is counting seconds. As the second hand crosses the twelve, Will stands up and walks out, leaving Sean alone.

INT. HALLWAY -- LATER

Lambeau and Sean walk down the hallway after the session.

LAMBEAU

What do you mean "he didn't talk?"
You sat there for an hour?

SEAN

No, he just sat there and counted the seconds until the session was over.
It was pretty impressive, actually.

LAMBEAU

Why would he do that?

SEAN

To show me he doesn't have to talk to me if he doesn't want to.

LAMBEAU

Oh, what is this? Some kind of staring contest between two kids from the "old neighborhood?"

SEAN

I won't talk first.

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Chuckie drops Will off at his apartment, watches him [Will] walk up the steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Chuckie pulls up to the curb and walks up the steps to Will's front door. After a beat, Will emerges. They get back in [the car].

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

Will and Chuckie at work. Chuckie shows Will how to be a man.

INT. L STREET BAR & GRILLE, SOUTH BOSTON -- NIGHT

The bar is a bit more crowded than usual. Will and Chuckie walk back to their table, carrying beers. They pass a table of GIRLS, local regulars getting just as bombed as the guys. These girls are a little overdone. Too much make-up, too much hairspray, and too much body for such tight outfits. One of the girls, KRYSTYN, smiles at Will who seems subdued.

KRYSTYN

Hi, Will.

WILL

How you doin', Krystyn.

They pass the table of girls. Chuckie looks at one, ruefully.

CHUCKIE

I didn't get on Cathy last night.

WILL

Why not?

CHUCKIE

I don't know.

Chuckie turns back to one of the girls, calling out:

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

Cathy! Why didn't you give me none of
your twat last night?

A girl at the table, CATHY, holds up her PINKY FINGER and smiles--
revealing a mouthful of MISSING TEETH.

CATHY

Fuck you and your Irish curse, Chuckie!

CHUCKIE

She's missin' teeth, Will.

Will nods, not really into it tonight.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

Plus, it's like, five to two Morgan
ends up marryin' her. There's only so

many times you can bang your friend's
future wife...

They get to the table. Will's heart just isn't in it.

WILL
I'm takin' off.

ALL
We're goin' late night.

WILL
I'm tired.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBEAU'S OFFICE -- DAY

Will and Lambeau work together at the board. They communicate non-verbally as they collaborate on a problem. After a particularly amusing series of numbers, they share a look and laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Will and Sean sit in silence. A long moment passes. Sean casually reclines in his chair, disinterested. Will restlessly looks around the room and then back to Sean. An odd half smile crosses Sean's face. After a moment:

WILL
You know, I was on this plane once.
And I'm sittin' there and the captain
comes on and is like "we'll be cruising
at 35,000 feet," and does his thing,
then he puts the mike down but forgets
to turn it off. Then he says "man,
all I want right now is a blow-job and
a cup of coffee." So the stewardess
goes runnin' up towards the cock-pit
to tell him the mike's still on, and
this guy in the back of the plane goes
"don't forget the coffee!"

SEAN
(smiles)
You've never been on a plane.

WILL
I know, but the joke's better if I

tell it in the first person.

A beat.

WILL (cont'd)
I have been laid you know.

Sean smiles.

SEAN
Yeah? You got a lady now?

WILL
Yeah, I went on a date last week.

SEAN
How'd it go?

WILL
Fine.

SEAN
Well, are you going out again?

WILL
I don't know.

SEAN
Why not?

WILL
Haven't called her.

SEAN
Jesus Christ, you are an amateur.

WILL
I know what I'm doing. She's different
from the other girls I met. We have a
really good time. She's smart,
beautiful, fun...

SEAN
So Christ, call her up.

WILL
Why? So I can realize she's not so
smart. That she's boring. You don't
get it. Right now she's perfect, I
don't want to ruin that.

SEAN

And right now you're perfect too.
Maybe you don't want to ruin that.

Will says nothing.

SEAN (cont'd)
Well, I think that's a great philosophy
Will, that way you can go through your
entire life without ever having to
really know anybody.

Sean looks directly at Will, who looks away. A beat.

SEAN (cont'd)
My wife used to turn the alarm clock
off in her sleep. I was late for work
all the time because in the middle of
the night she'd roll over and turn the
damn thing off. Eventually I got a
second clock and put it under my side
of the bed, but it got to where she was
gettin' to that one too. She was
afraid of the dark, so the closet light
was on all night. Thing kept me up
half the night. Eventually I'd fall
asleep, out of sheer exhaustion and
not wake up when I was supposed to
cause she'd have already gotten to my
alarms.

Will smiles, Sean takes a beat.

SEAN (cont'd)
My wife's been dead two years, Will.
And when I think about her, those are
the things I think about most. Little
idiosyncrasies that only I knew about.
Those made her my wife. And she had
the goods on me too. Little things I
do out of habit. People call these
things imperfections Will. It's just
who we are. And we get to choose who
we're going to let into our weird
little worlds. You're not perfect.
And let me save you the suspense, this
girl you met isn't either. The question
is, whether or not you're perfect for
each other. You can know everything
in the world, but the only way you're
findin' that one out is by giving it a
shot. You sure won't get the answer
from an old fucker like me. And even

if I did know, I wouldn't tell you.

Will smiles. A beat.

WILL

Why not? You told me every other fuckin' thing. You talk more than any shrink I ever met.

Sean laughs.

SEAN

I teach this shit, I didn't say I knew how to do it.

WILL

You ever think about gettin' remarried?

SEAN

My wife's dead.

WILL

Hence, the word remarried.

SEAN

My wife's dead.

WILL

Well I think that's a wonderful philosophy, Sean. That way you can go through the rest of your life without having to really know anyone.

A beat. Sean smiles.

SEAN

Time's up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKYLAR'S DORM -- AFTERNOON

Will is waiting outside the door for someone to come out -- so he can go in.

INT. SKYLAR'S DORM -- AFTERNOON

The door to Skylar's dorm is partially open. Will stands outside while Skylar remains on the threshold.

SKYLAR

Where have you been?

WILL

I'm sorry, I been real busy.

SKYLAR

You were busy? You know, I really was waiting for you to call me.

WILL

Sorry. I'm sorry. Give me another crack at it. Let me take you out.

SKYLAR

You should have called. I have an "O-chem" lab due tomorrow and it's impossible.

(beat)

It's not an excuse dummy. I want to go out with you. But look:

She holds up her Lab. Will glances at it.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

Tomorrow?

WILL

Promise?

SKYLAR

If you bring the caramels.

Will smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE -- LATER

Will sits in an outdoor cafe, thinking. After a beat, he leans over to two students working at a nearby table, borrows a pen and paper and starts writing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKYLAR'S DORM -- DAY

Will is a solitary figure strolling across the lawn. He stops at Skylar's dorm and knocks on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SKYLAR'S DORM -- DAY

She emerges. He hands her the paper he was working on. It is her O-chem lab.

WILL
I couldn't wait till tomorrow.

SKYLAR
How the hell did you do that?

WILL
Didn't your mother ever tell you not to look a gift horse n the mouth?

SKYLAR
I'm supposed to understand this.

WILL
You're not going into surgery tomorrow are you?

SKYLAR
No.

WILL
Then let's go have some fun.

With a smile, she relents.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sean and Will in session.

SEAN
Really? How'd the date go?
WILL
Do you still counsel veterans?
(beat)
I read your book last night.

SEAN
No, I don't.

WILL
Why not?

SEAN
I gave that up when my wife got sick.

WILL
Is that why you didn't write anything else?

SEAN

(smiles)

I didn't write anything else 'cause nobody, including most of my colleagues bothered to read the first one.

WILL

Well, I've read you colleagues. Your book was good, Sean.

(beat)

All those guys were in your platoon?

SEAN

Yeah.

WILL

What happened to that guy from Kentucky?

SEAN

Lon? He got married. He has a kid. I kind of lost touch with him after Nancy got sick.

WILL

Do you ever wonder what your life would be like if you never met your wife?

SEAN

What? Do I wonder if I'd be better off if I never met my wife?

Will starts to clarify his question.

SEAN (cont'd)

No, that's okay. It's an important question. 'Cause you'll have your bad times, which wake you up to the good stuff you weren't paying attention to. And you can fail, as long as you're trying hard. But there's nothing worse than regret.

WILL

You don't regret meetin' your wife?

SEAN

Why? Because of the pain I feel now? I have regrets Will, but I don't regret a single day I spent with her.

WILL

When did you know she was the one?

SEAN

October 21, 1975. Game six of the World Series. Biggest game in Red Sox history, Me and my friends slept out on the sidewalk all night to get tickets. We were sitting in a bar waiting for the game to start and in walks this girl. What a game that was. Tie game in the bottom of the tenth inning, in steps Carlton Fisk, hit a long fly ball down the left field line. Thirty-five thousand fans on their feet, screamin' at the ball to stay fair. Fisk is runnin' up the baseline, wavin' at the ball like a madman. It hits the foul pole, home run. Thirty-five thousand people went crazy. And I wasn't one of them.

WILL

Where were you?

SEAN

I was havin' a drink with my future wife.

WILL

You missed Pudge Fisk's homerun to have a drink with a woman you had never met?

SEAN

That's right.

WILL

So wait a minute. The Red Sox haven't won a World Series since nineteen eighteen, you slept out for tickets, games gonna start in twenty minutes, in walks a girl you never seen before, and you give your ticket away?

SEAN

You should have seen this girl. She lit up the room.

WILL

I don't care if Helen of Troy walked into that bar! That's game six of the World Series!

Sean smiles.

WILL (cont'd)

And what kind of friends are these?
They let you get away with that?

SEAN

I just slid my ticket across the table
and said "sorry fellas, I gotta go see
about a girl."

WILL

"I gotta go see about a girl"? What
did they say?

SEAN

They could see that I meant it.

WILL

You're kiddin' me.

SEAN

No Will, I'm not kiddin' you. If I
had gone to see that game I'd be in
here talkin' about a girl I saw at a
bar twenty years ago. And how I always
regretted not goin' over there and
talkin' to her. I don't regret the
eighteen years we were married. I
don't regret givin' up coueseling for
six years when she got sick. I don't
regret being by her side for the last
two years when things got real bad.
And I sure as Hell don't regret missing
that damn game.

A beat. Will is impressed.

WILL

Would have been nice to catch that
game though.

SEAN

(breaking)

Well hell, I didn't know Pudge was
gonna hit the home run.

They laugh.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT LAMBEAU'S OFFICE -- DAY

The office is more crowded than usual. TOM and THREE of LAMBEAU'S COLLEAGUES including the esteemed ALEXANDER PEKEC are in the room. Will sits at a work-station which projects a proof of his [Will's] onto the chalkboard. Lambeau stands beside the projected image at the board arguing with Pekec, a foreign mathematician. The image is of a Ramses graph binary tree.

LAMBEAU

Alexander, I know your theory. The boy is updating, he's strategy stealing...

PEKEC

With a Ramses graph on the binary tree--

LAMBEAU

--But what he's doing, he's attaching an edge to the adjacent vertex. He can always failsafe to either side--

PEKEC

Maker can. This is not new, Gerry!

Pekec starts writing lines beside Will's proof on the board.

PEKEC (cont'd)

--but I can always garbage out
(writes frantically)
All the way to "N" to the minus one.

LAMBEAU

No, there's a limit.

PEKEC

The limit is not found!
(turns to Will)
The limit is not found.

WILL

But I can always go to the other side.

PEKEC

There is no proof--

Lambeau can no longer contain himself.

LAMBEAU

--Maker builds "K" to the "N." N is three to the K times--

PEKEC

--But--

WILL

Look, I wrote it down.

They turn to Will who places his proof on the projector. The image is cast over their faces. It reads:

As Pekec reads and the realization dawns on him:

WILL (cont'd)

It's just simpler this way.

Lambeau turns with satisfaction to an understanding Pekec.

LAMBEAU

Alexander, your theory is changed.

CUT TO:

INT. SKYLAR'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Will and Skylar in her room, post coital. They are wrapped in a sheet. Will is absent-mindedly playing the memory game SIMON. The pattern grows increasingly complex. After a beat:

SKYLAR

Why do we always stay here?

WILL

'Cause it's nicer than my place.

SKYLAR

I've never seen your place.

WILL

Exactly.

SKYLAR

What about your friends? Or your brothers? When do I get to meet them?

WILL

They don't come over here that much.

SKYLAR

I think I can make it to South Boston.

WILL

Aah, it's kind of a hike.

SKYLAR

Is it me you're hiding from them or
the other way around?

WILL
All right, all right. We'll go.

SKYLAR
When?

WILL
Sometime. I don't know. Next week.

SKYLAR
What if I said I wouldn't sleep with
you again until you let me meet your
friends?

WILL
I'd say...
(reaches for phone)
It's only four in the mornin', they're prob'ly up.

She laughs. Stops him.

SKYLAR
You men are shameful. If you're not
thinking of your weiner then you're
acting on its behalf.

WILL
Then on behalf of my weiner, I'd like
to ask for an advance.

CUT TO:

INT. L STREET BAR & GRILLE -- LATER

Skylar and Will sit together along with Will's gang. The boys
are considerably drunk, but it makes for good entertainment.
Everyone here is having fun including Sylar.

MORGAN
Will, I can't believe you brought Skylar
here when we're all wrecked. What's
she gonna think about us?

WILL
Yeah, Morgan. It's a real rarity that
we'd be out drinkin'.

BILLY
I've been shit faced for like two weeks.

MORGAN

Oh great, tell her that! Now she really thinks we're problem drinkers!

CHUCKIE

Two weeks? That's nothin'. My Uncle Marty? Will knows him. That guy fuckin' drinks like you've never seen! One night he was drivin' back to his house on I-93-- Statie pulls him over.

ALL

Oh shit.

CHUCKIE

Guy's tryin' to walk the line--but he can't even fuckin' stand up, and so my uncle's gonna spend a night in jail. Just then there's this fuckin' BOOM like fifty yards down the road. Some guy's car hit a tree.

MORGAN

Some other guy?

CHUCKIE

Yeah, he was probably drunker than my Uncle, who fuckin' knows? So the cop goes "Stay here" And he goes runnin' down the highway to deal with the other crash. So, my Uncle Marty's standin' on the side of the road for a little while, and he's so fuckin' lit, that he forgets what he's waitin' for. So he goes, "Fuck it." He gets in his car and drives home.

MORGAN

Holy shit.

CHUCKIE

So in the morning, there's a knock on the door it's the Statie. So my Uncle's like, "Is there a problem?" And the Statie's like "I pulled you over and you took off." And my Uncle's like "I never seen you before in my life, I been home all night with my kids." And Statie's like "Let me get in your garage!" So he's like "All right, fine." He takes around the garage and opens

the door --and the Statie's cruiser is
in my Uncle's garage.

ALL

No way! You're kiddin'!

CHUCKIE

No, he was so hammered that he drove
the police cruiser home. Fuckin' lights
and everything!

MORGAN

Did your Uncle get arrested?

CHUCKIE

The fuckin' Trooper was so embarrassed
he didn't do anything. The fuckin'
guy had been drivin' around in my Uncle's
car all night lookin' for the house.

Everyone is laughing. Skylar speaks above the din.

SKYLAR

There was this Irish guy, walking down
the beach one day.

She has everyone's attention. Will is nervous.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

And he comes across a bottle, and this
Genie pops out. The genie turns to
the Irishman and says-- "You've released
me from my prison, so I'll grant you
three wishes." The Irish guy thinks
for a minute and says "What I really
want is a pint of Guinness that never
empties." And--POOF! A bottle appears.
He slams it down, and-- lo and behold--
it fills back up again.

C/U of Will. Hoping the joke pans out.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

Well, the Irish guy can't believe it.
He drinks it again, and again-- BOOM!
It fills back up. So, while the Irish
guy is marveling at his good fortune,
The Genie is getting impatient, because
it's hot and he wants to get on with
his freedom. He says "Let's go, you
have two more wishes." The Irish guy
slams his drink again, it fills back

up, he's still amazed. The Genie can't take it anymore. He says "Buddy, I'm boiling out here. What are your other two wishes?"

(beat)

The Irish guy looks at his drink, looks at the Genie and says... "I guess I'll have two more of these."

The gang erupts with laughter.

CHUCKIE

It's a good thing no one's Irish here.

MORGAN

I'm Irish.

Chuckie, Will look at Morgan, baffled.

EXT. L STREET BAR & GRILLE -- LATER

Everyone is walking out, saying good-bye. Chuckie goes over to Will and Skylar.

CHUCKIE

I'm glad you came by, changed my opinion of Harvard people.

SKYLAR

See ya' Chuckie. I had fun.

Chuckie heads towards Will to say goodnight.

WILL

I don't know what the fuck you're doin'. You're givin' us a ride.

CHUCKIE

What do I look like, Al Cowlins?

(seriously)

You want to take my car, drop her off?

WILL

I was countin' on it.

MORGAN

Chuck, let's go.

CHUCKIE

You're walkin' bitch, Will's takin' the car.

Morgan mumbles something and staggers off. Billy follows with an indifferent shrug.

WILL

Thanks, Chuck.

CHUCKIE

Don't get too slap-happy, you're takin' me home first.

WILL

I don't know, Chuck. It's kinda outta the way.

CHUCKIE

Just 'cause you don't have to sleep in the one room palace, don't start thinkin' you're bad.

SKYLAR

(to Will)

I thought you said you'd show me your place.

WILL

Not tonight.

CHUCKIE

Yeah, not tonight. Not any other night. He knows, once you see that shit-hole he's gettin' dropped like a bad habit.

SKYLAR

I wanted to meet your brothers...

Chuckie gives Will a curious look.

WILL

They're all sleepin' now.

(a beat, to Chuckie)

Let me get those keys.

CUT TO:

INT. FACULTY CLUB -- NIGHT

A cocktail party is underway. Professors mingle with representatives from high tech companies. Lambeau stands holding a drink and surrounded by several RECRUITERS. Apparently he's the star of the show.

RECRUITER #1

What I want to know, Gerry, is when we

get to meet this wonder-boy.

LAMBEAU

We're still working together, the boy's a little rough.

RECRUITER #2

We've got our share of eccentric geniuses at Tri-tech. We know how to deal with that.

RECRUITER #3

I think we all do.

Laughter.

RECRUITER #1

If you're not exaggerating, Gerry--

LAMBEAU

Was I exaggerating in nineteen eighty-four when I told you I'd win the Field's medal within two years?

More laughter.

RECRUITER #1

In that case the boy could run shipping for us, routing--

RECRUITER #2

You say he doesn't have a diploma, but we'll--

RECRUITER #1

I don't need to see a driver's license. I can think of three departments right now that he could head up for us.

LAMBEAU

At ease, gentlemen. We're looking carefully at all our options.

RECRUITER #3

All right, Gerry. Close to the vest.
(gives him his card)
Good luck with these vultures.

He walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. TIMMY'S TAP -- DAY

Timmy's Tap is a local watering hole, not unlike the L Street Bar. Sean is at the bar, telling a joke to TIMMY (45) the owner of the place, and several other REGULARS.

SEAN

So she goes runnin' up the aisle and I figure "fuck it" and I yell out "don't forget the coffee!"

The men erupt in laughter. MARTY, one of the regulars pipe up.

MARTY

Bullshit! You didn't say that!

Timmy and Sean exchange a look.

TIMMY

Jesus Christ, Marty. It's a joke.

Lambeau enters, a bit overdressed in his sport coat and tie.

SEAN

Gerry! Any trouble finding the place?

LAMBEAU

Not at all.

SEAN

Timmy this is Gerry, an old friend of mine. We went to college together.

TIMMY

Good to meet you.

LAMBEAU

Pleasure to meet you.

SEAN

Could we get a couple of sandwiches?
(beat, smiles)
Put it on my tab.

Sean heads towards a table.

TIMMY

You ever plan on payin' your tab?

SEAN

(pulls out lottery ticket)
I got the winning numbers right here.

TIMMY

What's the jackpot?

SEAN

Twelve million.

TIMMY

I don't think that'll cover it.

Lambeau follows [Sean]. They sit.

LAMBEAU

You're here quite a bit, then.

SEAN

I live right around the corner.

LAMBEAU

You moved?

SEAN

I been here a couple years.

There is an awkward moment.

SEAN (cont'd)

You wanted to talk about Will?

LAMBEAU

Seems like it's going well.

SEAN

I think so.

LAMBEAU

Well, have you talked to him at all about his future?

SEAN

We haven't really gotten into it.

LAMBEAU

Maybe you should. My phone's been ringing off the hook with job offers.

SEAN

Jobs doing what?

LAMBEAU

Cutting edge mathematics.
Think tanks. The kind of place where
a mind like Will's is given free reign.

SEAN

That's great, Gerry, that there's interest-- But I'm not sure he's ready for that.

LAMBEAU

Sean, I really don't think you understand--

SEAN

What don't I understand?

Timmy comes over with the sandwiches.

SEAN (cont'd)

Thanks, Timmy.

LAMBEAU

Excuse me, Timmy. Could you help us? We're trying to settle a bet.

TIMMY

Uh-oh.

LAMBEAU

Have you heard of Jonas Salk?

TIMMY

Yeah, cured polio.

LAMBEAU

You've heard of Albert Einstein?

Timmy smiles. Gives him a look.

LAMBEAU

How about Gerald Lambeau? Ever heard of him?

TIMMY

No.

LAMBEAU

Okay thank you, Timmy.

TIMMY

So who won the bet?

LAMBEAU

I did.

A beat. Timmy leaves.

LAMBEAU

This isn't about me. I'm nothing compared to this young man.

(beat)

Sean, in 1905 there were hundreds of Professors who were renowned for their study of the universe. But it was a 26-year-old Swiss Patent clerk, doing physics in his spare time, who changed the world, Sean. Can you imagine if Einstein had given that up? Or gotten drunk with his buddies in Vienna every night? All of us would have lost something. And I'm quite sure Timmy never would have heard of him.

SEAN

Isn't that a little dramatic, Gerry?

LAMBEAU

No, Sean. This boy has that gift. He just hasn't got the direction. We can give that to him.

A beat.

SEAN

He married his cousin.

LAMBEAU

Who?

SEAN

Einstein. Had two marriages, both train-wrecks. The guy never saw his kids, one of whom, I think, ended up in an asylum--

--possible Unabomber addition--

LAMBEAU

You see, Sean? That's exactly not the point. No one remembers that. They--

SEAN

I do.

LAMBEAU

Well, you're the only one.

Beat.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

This boy can make contributions to the world. We can help him do that.

SEAN

Just...take it easy, Gerry.

LAMBEAU

Look, I don't know what else I can say. I'm not sitting at home every night, twisting my mustache and hatching a plan to ruin the boy's life. But it's important to start early. I was doing advanced mathematics at eighteen and it still took me twenty-three years to do something worthy of a Field's medal.

SEAN

Maybe he doesn't care about that.

A beat.

LAMBEAU

Sean, this is important. And it's above personal rivalry--

SEAN

Now wait a minute, Gerry--

LAMBEAU

--No, no you hear me out, Sean. This young man is a true prodigy--

SEAN

--Personal rivalry? I'm not getting back at you.

LAMBEAU

Look, you took one road and I took another. That's fine.

SEAN

Is it Gerry? 'Cause I don't think it's fine with you. Give him time to figure out what he wants.

LAMBEAU

That's a wonderful theory, Sean. It worked wonders for you.

A beat. Lambeau gets up.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Sean, I came here today out of courtesy.
I wanted to keep you in the loop. As
we speak the boy is in a meeting I set
up for him over at Tri-tech.

CUT TO:

INT. TRI-TECH LABORATORIES, OFFICE -- SAME

Three well dressed TRI-TECH EXECUTIVES sit around a conference
table, which is littered with promotional brochures. The
executives exchange a confused look. One of them speaks.

EXECUTIVE

(tentative)

Well, Will, I'm not exactly sure what
you mean, we've already offered you a
position..

Cut to reveal: Chuckie sitting across from the executives,
hair combed down, wearing his Sunday best.

CHUCKIE

Since this is obviously not my first
time in such altercations, let me say
this:

Chuckie rubs the tips of his fingers together, indicating
"cash." The executives are baffled.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

Look, we can do this the easy way or
the hard way.

The executives are completely blank.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

At the current time I am looking at a
number of different fields from which
to disseminate which offer is most
pursuant aid to my benefit.

(a beat)

What do you want? What do I want?
What does anybody want? Leniency.

EXECUTIVE

I'm not sure--

CHUCKIE

--These circumstances are mitigated.
Right now. They're mitigated.

Chuckie puts his hands up, as if getting a vibe from the room.

EXECUTIVE

Okay...

Chuckie points to the third executive.

CHUCKIE

He knows what I'm talking about.

The third executive is baffled.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

A retainer. Nobody in this town works without a retainer. You think you can find someone who does, you have my blessin'. But I think we all know that person isn't going to represent you as well as I can.

EXECUTIVE

Will, our offer starts you at eighty-four thousand a year, plus benefits.

CHUCKIE

Retainer...

EXECUTIVE

You want us to give you cash right now?

CHUCKIE

Allegedly, what I am saying is your situation will be concurrently improved if I had two hundred sheets in my pocket right now.

The executives exchange looks and go for their wallets.

EXECUTIVE

I don't think I...Larry?

EXECUTIVE

I have about seventy-three...

EXECUTIVE

Will you take a check?

CHUCKIE

Come now...what do you think I am, a juvinile? You don't got any money on

you right now. You think I'm gonna take a check?

EXECUTIVE

It's fine, John, I can cover the rest.

CHUCKIE

That's right, you know.

(turns to #1)

He knows.

Chuckie stands up and takes the money.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

(to exec #1)

You're suspect.

I don't know what your reputation is, but after the shit you tried to pull today, you can bet I'll be looking into it. Any conversations you want to have with me heretofore, you can have with my attourney. Gentlemen, keep your ears to the grindstone.

CUT TO:

EXT. AU BON PAIN COURTYARD, HARVARD SQUARE -- DAY

Will and Skylar sit in the open courtyard of this Harvard Square eatery. Skylar is working on another O-chem lab. Will sits across from her, slightly bored watching her work.

WILL

How's it goin'?

SKYLAR

Fine.

WILL

Want me to take a look?

SKYLAR

No.

WILL

C'mon, give me a peek and we'll go to the battin' cages.

SKYLAR

It's important that I learn this.

WILL

Why is it important to you? If I

inherited all that money, the only thing important to me would be workin' on my swing.

SKYLAR

Clearly.

WILL

You're rich. What do you have to worry about?

SKYLAR

Rich? I have an inheritance. It's two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That's exactly what it'll cost me, minus about five hundred bucks, to go all the way through med school. This is what I'm doing with that money. I could have done anything I wanted. I could have expanded my wardrobe, substantially.

WILL

Instead you're going to bust your ass for five years so you can be broke?

SKYLAR

No, so I can be a doctor.

A beat. Will nods. She looks down, then up.

SKYLAR

All right, Mr. Nosey Parker. Let me ask you a question? Do you have a photographic memory?

WILL

I guess. I don't know. How do you remember your phone number?

SKYLAR

Have you ever studied Organic Chemistry?

WILL

Some, a little.

SKYLAR

Just for fun?

WILL

I guess so.

SKYLAR

Nobody does organic chemistry for "fun."
It's unnecessary. Especially for someone
like you.

WILL

Like me?

SKYLAR

Yeah. Someone like you who divides
his time, fairly evenly, between the
batting cages and bars.

Will laughs.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

How did you do that? I can't...I mean
even the smartest people I know, and
we do have a few at Harvard, have to
study-- a lot. It's hard.

(beat)

Listen, Will, if you don't want to tell me--

WILL

Do you play the piano?

SKYLAR

Come one Will. I just want to know.

WILL

I'm trying to explain it to you. So
you play the piano. When you look at
the keys, you see music, you see Mozart.

SKYLAR

I see "Hot Cross Buns," but okay.

WILL

Well all right, Beethoven. He looked
at a piano and saw music. The fuckin'
guy was deaf when he composed the Ode
to Joy. They had to turn him around
to take a bow because he couldn't hear
the crowd going crazy behind him.
Stone deaf. He saw all of that
music in his head.

SKYLAR

So, do you play the piano?

WILL

Not a lick. I look at a piano and I
see black and white keys, three pedals

and a box of wood. Beethoven, Mozart, they looked at it and it just made sense to them. They saw a piano and they could play. I couldn't paint you a picture, I probably can't hit the ball out of Fenway Park and I can't play the piano--

SKYLAR

--But you can do my O-chem lab in under an hour, you can--

WILL

--When it came to stuff like that I could always just play.

Skylar is awestruck with admiration for Will, the Robot-pimp. So much so that Skylar has to kiss him, then push him away.

SKYLAR

I can't believe it's taken me four years to meet you and I'm going to California in two months, Will.

(beat)

Have you ever been to California? I bet you'd like it.

Will freezes. A beat.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

Maybe not.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Chuckie sits on his couch, watching cartoons in his boxers and a tee-shirt, eating cereal. The doorbell rings. He sits.

CHUCKIE

Get it, ma!

She doesn't. He gets up. Opens door. It's Skylar.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

(surprised)

Hey.

SKYLAR

Hi.

CHUCKIE

How you doin'?

SKYLAR

Good.

An awkward beat.

CHUCKIE

How'd you know where to find me?

SKYLAR

(smiles)

You were the only Sullivan in the phone book.

Chuckie smiles.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

Will and I dropped you off here, remember?

CHUCKIE

Oh, right.

SKYLAR

This is your house, right?

Chuckie nods and is about to respond when he is interrupted by a nagging shriek from his mom.

CHUCKIE'S MOM (O.S.)

Get in here, Chuckie!

CHUCKIE

(calling back)

Pipe down, Ma!

SKYLAR

I guess so.

CHUCKIE

What? No. This is my mother's house. I don't live with my mother. I just stop by, help out. I'm good like that.

SKYLAR

Is this a bad time?

CHUCKIE

She'll live.

(beat)

If she starts yelling again I might

have to run in real quick and beat her
with the stick again but...

SKYLAR

Okay.

CHUCKIE

Let's take a walk.

EXT. CHUCKIE'S STREET -- DAY

Chuckie, still in his boxers walks with Skylar who is talking.

SKYLAR

See, now this doesn't feel right.

(beat)

When I made the decision to come over
here it felt right. I had all these
rationalizations... I just don't
understand why Will never tells me
anything, he won't let me get close to
him, he tells me these weird lies--

CHUCKIE

You caught that, huh?

SKYLAR

I just wanted to find out what was
going on...But now that I'm here it
seems strange, doesn't it?

CHUCKIE

Well, I don't have no trousers on...

She laughs. A beat.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

I know why you're here. Will don't
talk much.

SKYLAR

I don't care what his family's like or
if he doesn't have any brothers, but
he doesn't have to lie to me.

CHUCKIE

I really don't know what to say. Look,
I lie to women all the time. That's
just my way.

(beat)

Last week Morgan brought these girls
down from Roslindale. I told them I
was a cosmonaut. They believed me.

But Will's not usually like that--

MAN ON PORCH

Put some clothes on, Sullivan!

CHUCKIE

Take it easy father!

She laughs.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

All I can say is; I known Will a long time-- And I seen him with every girl he's ever been with. But I've never seen him like this before, ever with anyone, like how he is with you.

SKYLAR

Is that true?

CHUCKIE

Yeah, it is.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBEAU'S OFFICE -- DAY

Tom and Will are sitting waiting for Lambeau.

TOM

!!! !

WILL

!!! !

Lambeau enters going over a thick proof Will has completed.

LAMBEAU

This is correct. I see you used Mclullen here--

WILL

I don't know what it's called.

LAMBEAU

--This can't be right.

(examining proof)

This is going to be very embarrassing.
Have you ever considered--

WILL

I'm pretty sure it's right.

Will gets up to leave.

WILL

(turning back)

Can I ask you a favor, can we do this at Sean's from now on? 'Cause I leave work to come here and the fuckin' commute is killin' me--

LAMBEAU

That's fine, but did you ever think--

WILL

It's right.

(a beat, heading out)

Take it home with you.

LAMBEAU

Will, what happened at the Tri-tech meeting?

WILL

I couldn't go 'cause I had a date. So I sent my cheif negotiator.

LAMBEAU

Will, on your own time, you can do what you like. When I set up a meeting, with my associates, and you don't show up it reflects poorly on me.

WILL

Then don't set up any more meetings.

LAMBEAU

I'll cancel every meeting right now. I'll give you a job myself. I just wanted you to see what was out there.

WILL

--Maybe I don't want to spend my life sittin' around and explaining shit to people.

LAMBEAU

The least you can do is show me a little appreciation.

WILL

(indicates proof)

--You know how fuckin' easy this is to

me? This is a joke!

(crumples proof)

And I'm sorry you can't do this. I really am. 'Cause if you could I wouldn't be forced to watch you fumble around and fuck it up.

LAMBEAU

Sure, then you'd have more time to sit around and get drunk. Think of how many fights you could have been in by now.

Will turns around reveling that he's lit the PROOF ON FIRE. Will drops it on the floor. Lambeau drops to his knees and puts it out. He looks up at Will.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

You're right, Will. I can't do that proof and you can. And when it comes to this there are only twenty people in the world that can tell the difference between you and me. But I'm one of them.

WILL

Well, I'm sorry.

LAMBEAU

So am I.

(beat)

Yes. That's right, Will. Most days I wish I never met you. Because then I could sleep at night. I wouldn't have to walk around with the knowledge that someone like you was out there. And I wouldn't have to watch you throw it all away.

Lambeau gathers his composure and calmly walks over to the wrinkled proof. He picks it up, smooths it out. (My guess is this is a mistake since Lambeau is already at the burned proof at this time)

CUT TO:

INT. SKYLAR'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Will and Skylar lie in bed. Skylar watches Will sleep. She gets up and goes to the fridge. Returning to the bed:

SKYLAR

Will? Are you awake?

WILL

No.

SKYLAR

Come with me to California.

WILL

What?

SKYLAR

I want you to come with me.

WILL

How do you know that?

SKYLAR

I know. I just do.

WILL

Yeah, but how do you know?

SKYLAR

I don't know. I just feel it.

WILL

And you're sure about that?

SKYLAR

Yeah, I'm sure.

WILL

'Cause that's a serious thing you're sayin'. I mean, we might be in California next week and you could find out somethin' about me that you don't like. And you might feel like "hey this is a big mistake."

(getting upset)

But you can't take it back, 'cause you know it's real serious and you can't take somethin' like that back. Now I'm in California, 'cause you asked me to come. But you don't really want me there. And I'm stuck in California with someone who really doesn't want me there and just wishes they had a take-back.

SKYLAR

"Take-back?" What is that? I don't

want a take-back. I want you to come to California with me.

WILL

I can't go out to California.

SKYLAR

Why not?

WILL

One, because I have a job here and two because I live here--

SKYLAR

(beat)

Look, Will if you're not in love with me, you can say that.

WILL

I'm not sayin' I'm not in love with you.

SKYLAR

Then what are you afraid of?

WILL

What do you mean "What am I afraid of?"

SKYLAR

Why won't you come with me? What are you so scared of?

WILL

What am I scared of?

SKYLAR

Well, what aren't you scared of? You live in your safe little world where nobody challenges you and you're scared shitless to do anything else--

WILL

--Don't tell me about my world. You're the one that's afraid. You just want to have your little fling with the guy from the other side of town and marry--

SKYLAR

Is that what you think--

WILL

--some prick from Stanford that your parents will approve of. Then you'll sit around with the rest of the upper crust kids and talk about how you went slummin' too.

SKYLAR

I inherited that money when I was thirteen, when my father died.

WILL

At least you have a mother.

SKYLAR

Fuck you! You think I want this? That money's a burden to me. Every day I wake up and I wish I could give that back. I'd give everything I have back to spend one more day with my father. But that's life. And I deal with it. So don't put that shit on me. You're the one that's afraid.

WILL

What the fuck am I afraid of?!

SKYLAR

You're afraid of me. You're afraid that I won't love you back. And guess what? I'm afraid too. But at least I have the balls to it give it a shot. At least I'm honest with you.

WILL

I'm not honest?

SKYLAR

What about your twelve brothers?

WILL

Oh, is that what this is about? You want to hear that I don't really have any brothers? That I'm a fuckin' orphan? Is that what you want to hear?

SKYLAR

Yes, Will. I didn't even know that?

WILL

No, you don't want to hear that.

SKYLAR

Yes, I do, Will.

WILL

You don't want to hear that I got
cigarettes put out on me when I was a
little kid. That this isn't surgery

Will lifts his shirt, revealing a six inch SCAR on his torso.

WILL (cont'd)

You don't want to hear that. Don't
tell me you want to hear that shit!!

SKYLAR

Yes I do. Did you ever think that
maybe I could help you? That maybe
that's the point, that we're a team?

WILL

What, you want to come in here and
save me? Is that what you want to do?
Do I have a sign that says "save me"
on my back?

SKYLAR

I don't want to "save" you. I just
want to be with you. I love you. I
love you!

Will, full of self-loathing, raises his hand to strike her.

WILL

Don't bullshit me! Don't fuckin'
bullshit me!

SKYLAR

(standing up to him)

You know what I want to hear? I want
to hear that you don't love me. If
you tell me that, then I'll leave you
alone. I won't ask any questions and
I won't be in your life.

A beat. Will looks Skylar dead in the eye. Lowers his hand.

WILL

I don't love you.

He walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKYLAR'S DORM -- NIGHT

Will leaves pulling on his clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY, OFFICE -- DAY

Will sits across from two N.S.A. AGENTS, OLIVER DYTRESS and ROBERT TAVANO. These guys are smug, clean cut, gung-ho and looking sharp in twin navy blue suits.

WILL

So why do you think I should work for the National Security Agency?

DYTRESS

Well, you'd be working on the cutting edge. You'd be exposed to the kind of technology you couldn't see anywhere else because we've classified it. Super string theory, Chaos Math, Advanced algorithms--

WILL

Codebreaking.

DYTRESS

That's one aspect of what we do.

WILL

Come on, that's what you do. You handle more than eighty percent of the intelligence workload. You're seven times the size of the C.I.A.

DYTRESS

That's exactly right, Will. So the question as I see it isn't "why should you work for N.S.A." it's "why shouldn't you?"

WILL

Why shouldn't I work for the National Security Agency? That's a tough one.

Will bites his tongue, trying to make this work.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Chuckie, Billy, and Will sit in the Sullivan kitchen. Billy cracks open a beer and Chuckie reads the sports page. Both boys are smoking. Will drinks a beer, distractedly. We hear the faint music track and soft moans of a PORNO MOVIE emanating from a back room. After a beat, Chuckie looks up.

CHUCKIE

Morgan, if you're watchin' pornos in
my mom's room again I'm gonna give you
a fuckin' beatin'!

After a beat, Morgan comes out of the back room, red-faced.

MORGAN

(innocently)
What's up guys?

CHUCKIE

Why don't you beat off at your house?

MORGAN

I don't have a VCR at my house.

Will pays no attention to this exchange

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON PAY PHONE -- DAY

Will is on pay phone talking to Skylar.

WILL

I just wanted to call before you left.
(beat)
I'm takin' all these job interviews.
So I won't just be a construction
worker.

INT. SKYLAR'S DORM -- DAY

SKYLAR

I never cared about that.

An awkward beat.

WILL

Yeah.

SKYLAR

I love you, Will.
(pause)
No take-backs.

Will says nothing.

SKYLAR (cont'd)

Will?

A beat.

WILL

Take care.

SKYLAR

Goodbye.

Will hangs up. Hold on him for an agonizing beat.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Lambeau is scribbling away at work. Tom is taking notes.
Will is tapping his fingers, waiting for him to finish.

LAMBEAU

I can...I'm almost there.

CUT TO:

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT TERMINAL -- SAME

Skylar stands at the gate, carry-ons in hand. Her flight is
boarding. She looks for Will over the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- SAME

Will picks up a FRAME from Sean's desk. It is CARLTON FISK'S
BASEBALL CARD. Will has to smile. Lambeau looks up.

LAMBEAU

What are you smiling at?

WILL

It's a Carlton Fisk baseball card.

Will can see that Lambeau wants more.

WILL (cont'd)

Pudge Fisk. You follow baseball?

LAMBEAU

No.

CUT TO:

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT TERMINAL -- SAME

The final boarding call is announced and the last passenger boards. After a beat, Skylar turns and gets on the plane.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- SAME

Will, holding the card, reflects for a beat and puts it down.

WILL

Oh, well, it's just somethin' Sean told me. It's a long story.

A beat.

WILL (cont'd)

You all set?

LAMBEAU

I've got the first part. The rest I can do at home.

Will gets up.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Will, the N.S.A. has been calling me just about every hour. They're very excited about how the meeting went.

Lambeau is excited. Will clearly is not.

WILL

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Will sits across from Sean.

SEAN

So you might be working for Uncle Sam.

WILL

I don't know.

SEAN

Gerry says the meeting went well.

WILL

I guess.

SEAN

What did you think?

WILL

What did I think?

A beat. Will has obviously been stewing on this.

WILL (cont'd)

Say I'm working at N.S.A. Somebody puts a code on my desk, something nobody else can break. So I take a shot at it and maybe I break it. And I'm real happy with myself, 'cause I did my job well. But maybe that code was the location of some rebel army in North Africa or the Middle East. Once they have that location, they bomb the village where the rebels were hiding and fifteen hundred people I never had a problem with get killed.

(rapid fire)

Now the politicians are sayin' "send in the Marines to secure the area" 'cause they don't give a shit. It won't be their kid over there, gettin' shot. Just like it wasn't them when their number got called, 'cause they were pullin' a tour in the National Guard. It'll be some guy from Southie takin' shrapnel in the ass. And he comes home to find that the plant he used to work at got exported to the country he just got back from. And the guy who put the shrapnel in his ass got his old job, 'cause he'll work for fifteen cents a day and no bathroom breaks. Meanwhile my buddy from Southie realizes the only reason he was over there was so we could install a government that would sell us oil at a good price. And of course the oil companies used the skirmish to scare up oil prices so they could turn a quick buck. A cute, little ancillary benefit for them but

it ain't helping my buddy at two-fifty a gallon. And naturally they're takin' their sweet time bringin' the oil back and maybe even took the liberty of hiring an alcoholic skipper who likes to drink seven and sevens and play slalom with the icebergs and it ain't too long 'til he hits one, spills the oil, and kills all the sea-life in the North Atlantic. So my buddy's out of work and he can't afford to drive so he's got to walk to the job interviews which sucks 'cause the shrapnel in his ass is givin' him chronic hemorrhoids. And meanwhile he's starvin' 'cause every time he tries to get a bite to eat the only blue-plate special they're servin' is North Atlantic scrod with Quaker State.

A beat.

WILL (cont'd)

So what'd I think? I'm holdin' out for somethin' better. I figure I'll eliminate the middle man. Why not just shoot my buddy, take his job and give it to his sworn enemy, hike up gas prices, bomb a village, club a baby seal, hit the hash pipe and join the National Guard? Christ, I could be elected President.

SEAN

Do you think you're alone?

WILL

What?

SEAN

Do you have a soul-mate?

WILL

Define that.

SEAN

Someone who challenges you in every way. Who takes you places, opens things up for you. A soul-mate.

WILL

Yeah.

Sean waits.

WILL (cont'd)

Shakespeare, Neitzche, Frost, O'Connor,
Chaucer, Pope, Kant--

SEAN

They're all dead.

WILL

Not to me, they're not.

SEAN

But you can't give back to them, Will.

WILL

Not without a heater and some serious
smelling salts, no...

SEAN

That's what I'm saying, Will. You'll
never have that kind of relationship
in a world where you're afraid to take
the first step because all you're seeing
are the negative things that might
happen ten miles down the road.

WILL

Oh, what? You're going to take the
professor's side on this?

SEAN

Don't give me you line of shit.

WILL

I didn't want the job.

SEAN

It's not about that job. I'm not saying
you should work for the government.
But, you could do anything you want.
And there are people who work their
whole lives layin' brick so their kids
have a chance at the kind of opportunity
you have. What do you want to do?

WILL

I didn't ask for this.

SEAN

Nobody gets what they ask for, Will.
That's a cop-out.

WILL

Why is it a cop-out? I don't see anythin' wrong with layin' brick, that's somebody's home I'm buildin'. Or fixin' somebody's car, somebody's gonna get to work the next day 'cause of me. There's honor in that.

SEAN

You're right, Will. Any man who takes a forty minute train ride so those college kids can come in in the morning and their floors will be clean and their trash cans will be empty is an honorable man.

A beat. Will says nothing.

SEAN (cont'd)

And when they get drunk and puke in the sink, they don't have to see it the next morning because of you. That's real work, Will. And there is honor in that. Which I'm sure is why you took the job.

A beat.

SEAN (cont'd)

I just want to know why you decided to sneak around at night, writing on chalkboards and lying about it.

(beat)

'Cause there's no honor in that.

Will is silent.

SEAN (cont'd)

Something you want to say?

Sean gets up, goes to the door and opens it.

SEAN (cont'd)

Why don't you come back when you have an answer for me.

WILL

What?

SEAN

If you won't answer my questions, you're

wasting my time.

WILL

What?

Will loses it, slams the door shut.

WILL (cont'd)

Fuck you!

Sean has finally gotten to Will.

WILL (cont'd)

Who the fuck are you to lecture me
about life? You fuckin' burnout!
Where's your "soul-mate?!"

Sean lets this play out. Possible "shepard" change.

WILL (cont'd)

Dead! She dies and you just cash in
your chips. That's a fuckin' cop-out!

SEAN

I been there. I played my hand.

WILL

That's right. And you fuckin' lost!
And some people would have the sack to
lose a big hand like that and still
come back and ante up again!

SEAN

Look at me. What do you want to do?

A beat. Will looks up.

SEAN (cont'd)

You and your bullshit. You got an
answer for everybody. But I asked you
a straight question and you can't give
me a straight answer. Because you
don't know.

Sean goes to the door and opens it. Will walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIORE BUILDER'S CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

Will and Chuckie take crowbars to a wall. This is what they
do for a living. As they routinely hammer away, Will becomes

more involved in his battle with the wall. Plaster and lathing fly as Will vents his rage. Chuckie, noticing, stops working and takes a step back, watching Will. Will is oblivious.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Lambeau and Tom are in his office. Will is nowhere to be seen. Lambeau is on the phone.

LAMBEAU

What I mean, Sean, is that I'm sitting in your office and the boy isn't here.

(beat)

Well, it's ten past three.

(beat)

An hour and ten minutes late.

(beat)

Well, if he doesn't show up and I have to file a report saying he wasn't here and he goes back to jail, i won't be on my conscience, Sean.

(beat)

Fine.

He hangs up. Tom picks up a FORM up off the desk.

TOM

What should I do?

LAMBEAU

The boy was here. He came in, sat down and we worked together.

A blank look.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

He came in, sat down, and we worked together.

TOM

Okay.

Tom understands, begins filling out the form.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANRAHAN'S PACKAGE STORE -- LATER

Will walks out carrying a brown bag. He is filthy, having just knocked off work.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGGIORE BUILDER'S CONSTRUCTION SITE -- PARKING LOT

Chuckie is sitting on the hood of his Cadillac, watching Will across the street. Chuckie is covered in grime as well. Will starts walking towards Chuckie. As he draws closer, he heaves a can of Budweiser a good thirsty yards, to Chuckie who handles it routinely.

Will takes a seat next to Chuckie and they crack open their beers. Other workers file out of the site. They drink.

CHUCKIE

How's the woman?

WILL

Gone.

CHUCKIE

What?

WILL

She went to Medical school in California.

CHUCKIE

Sorry, brother.

(beat)

I don't know what to tell ya. You know all the girls I been with. You been with 'em too, except for Cheryl McGovern which was a big mistake on your part brother...

WILL

Oh I'm sure, that's why only one of us has herpes.

CHUCKIE

Some shows are worth the price of admission, partner.

This gets a small laugh from Will.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

My fuckin' back is killin' me.

A passing SHEET METAL WORKER overhears this.

SHEET METAL WORKER

That's why you should'a gone to college.

WILL

Fuck you.

CHUCKIE

Suck my crank. Fuckin' sheet metal pussy.

(beat)

So, when are you done with those meetin's?

WILL

Week after I'm twenty-one.

CHUCKIE

Are they hookin' you up with a job?

WILL

Yeah, sit in a room and do long division for the next fifty years.

CHUCKIE

Yah, but it's better than this shit. At least you'd make some nice bank.

WILL

Yeah, be a fuckin' lab rat.

CHUCKIE

It's a way outta here.

WILL

What do I want a way outta here for? I want to live here the rest of my life. I want to be your next door neighbor. I want to take out kids to little league together up Foley Field.

CHUCKIE

Look, you're my best friend, so don't take this the wrong way, but in 20 years, if you're livin' next door to me, comin' over watchin' the fuckin' Patriots' games and still workin' construction, I'll fuckin' kill you. And that's not a threat, that's a fact. I'll fuckin' kill you.

WILL

Chuckie, what are you talkin'...

CHUCKIE

Listen, you got somethin' that none of us have.

WILL

Why is it always this? I owe it to myself? What if I don't want to?

CHUCKIE

Fuck you. You owe it to me. Tomorrow I'm gonna wake up and I'll be fifty and I'll still be doin' this. And that's all right 'cause I'm gonna make a run at it. But you, you're sittin' on a winning lottery ticket and you're too much of a pussy to cash it in. And that's bullshit 'cause I'd do anything to have what you got! And so would any of these guys. It'd be a fuckin' insult to us if you're still here in twenty years.

WILL

You don't know that.

CHUCKIE

Let me tell you what I do know. Every day I come by to pick you up, and we go out drinkin' or whatever and we have a few laughs. But you know what the best part of my day is? The ten seconds before I knock on the door 'cause I let myself think I might get there, and you'd be gone. I'd knock on the door and you wouldn't be there. You just left.

A beat.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

Now, I don't know much. But I know that.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Lambeau stands across from Sean, seething.

LAMBEAU

This is a disaster! I brought you in

here to help me with this boy, not to
run him out--

SEAN
Now wait a minute--

LAMBEAU
--And confuse him--

SEAN
--Gerry--

LAMBEAU
--And here I am for the second week
in a row with my professional
reputation at stake--

SEAN
Hold on!

LAMBEAU
--Ready to falsify documents because
you've given him license to walk away
from this.

SEAN
I know what I'm doing and I know why
I'm here!

LAMBEAU
Look Sean, I don't care if you have a
rapport with the boy-- I don't care
if you have a few laughs-- even at my
expense! But don't you dare undermine
what I'm trying to do here.

SEAN
"Undermine?"

LAMBEAU
He has a gift and with that gift comes
responsibility. And you don't
understand that he's at a fragile point--

SEAN
He is at a fragile point. He's got
problems--

LAMBEAU
What problems does he have, Sean,
that he is better off as a janitor or
in jail or hanging around with--

SEAN

Why do you think he does that, Gerry?

LAMBEAU

He can handle the work, he can handle the pressure and he's obviously handled you.

SEAN

Why is he hiding? Why is he a janitor? Why doesn't he trust anybody? Because the first thing that happened to him was that he was abandoned by the people who were supposed to love him the most!

LAMBEAU

Oh, come on, Sean--

SEAN

--And why does he hang out with his friends? Because any one of those kids would come in here and take a bat to your head if he asked them to. It's called loyalty!

LAMBEAU

Oh, that's nice--

SEAN

--And who do you think he's handling? He pushes people away before they have a chance to leave him. And for 20 years he's been alone because of that. And if you try to push him into this, it's going to be the same thing all over again. And I'm not going to let that happen to him!

LAMBEAU

Now don't do that. Don't you do that! Don't infect him with the idea that it's okay to quit. That it's okay to be a failure, because it's not okay! If you're angry at me for being successful, for being what you could have been--

SEAN

--I'm not angry at you--

LAMBEAU

--Yes you are, Sean. You resent me.
And I'm not going to apologize for any
success that I've had.

SEAN

--I don't have any anger at you--

LAMBEAU

Yes you do. You're angry at me for
doing what you could have done. Ask
yourself if you want Will to feel that
way for the rest of his life, to feel
like a failure.

SEAN

That's it. That's why I don't come to
the goddamn reunions! Because I can't
stand the look in your eye when you
see me! You think I'm a failure! I
know who I am. I'm proud of who I am.
And all of you, you think I'm some
kind of pity case!
You with your sycophant students
following you around. And you Goddamn
Medal!

LAMBEAU

--Is that what this is about, Sean?
The Field's Medal? Do you want me to
go home and get it for you? Then will
you let the boy--

SEAN

--I don't want your trophy and I don't
give a shit about it! 'Cause I knew
you when!! You and Jack and Tom
Sanders. I knew you when you were
homesick and pimply-faced and didn't
know what side of the bed to piss on!

LAMBEAU

That's right! You were smarter than
us then and you're smarter than us
now! So don't blame me for how your
life turned out. It's not my fault.

SEAN

I don't blame you! It's not about
that! It's about the boy! 'Cause
he's a good kid! And I won't see this
happen to him-- I won't see you make
him feel like a failure too!

LAMBEAU

He won't be a failure!

SEAN

If you push him into something, if you ride him--

LAMBEAU

You're wrong, Sean. I'm where I am today because I was pushed. And because I learned to push myself!

SEAN

He's not you!

A beat. Lambeau turns, something catches his eye. Sean turns to look, IT'S WILL. He is standing in the doorway.

WILL

I can come back.

LAMBEAU

No, that's fine, Will. I was just leaving.

There is an awkward moment as Lambeau gets his coat and leaves.

WILL

Well, I'm here.

(beat)

So, is that my problem? I'm afraid of being abandoned? That was easy.

SEAN

Look, a lot of that stuff goes back a long way. And it's between me and him and it has nothing to do with you.

WILL

Do you want to talk about it?

Sean smiles. A beat. Will sees a FILE on Sean's desk.

WILL (cont'd)

What's that?

SEAN

Oh, this is your file. I have to send it back to the Judge with my evaluation.

WILL

You're not going to fail me are you?

Sean smiles.

WILL (cont'd)
So what's it say?

SEAN
You want to read it?

WILL
No.
(beat)
Have you had any experience with that?

SEAN
Twenty years of counselling you see a lot of--

WILL
--No, have you had any experience with that?

SEAN
Yes.

WILL
(smiles)
It sure ain't good.

INT. WILL'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK
From a child's P.O.V. we see a man, partially obscured by a doorframe. The man turns toward the P.O.V.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

SEAN
(after a pause)
My dad used to make us walk down to the park and collect the sticks he was going to beat us with. Actually the worst of the beatings were between me and my brother. We would practice on each other trying to find sticks that would break.

WILL
He used to just put a belt, a stick and a wrench on the kitchen table and say "choose."

INT. WILL'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK

A large, calloused hand sets down a wrench next to a stick.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

SEAN
Gotta go with the belt there...

WILL
I used to go with the wrench.

SEAN
The wrench, why?

WILL
Cause fuck him, that's why.

A long quiet moment.

WILL (cont'd)
Is that why me and Skylar broke up?

SEAN
I didn't know you had. Do you want to
talk about that?
(beat)
I don't know a lot, Will. But let me
tell you one thing. All this history,
this shit...
(indicates file)
Look here, son.

Will, who had been looking away, looks at Sean.

SEAN (cont'd)
This is not your fault.

WILL
(nonchalant)
Oh, I know.

SEAN
It's not your fault.

WILL
(smiles)
I know.

SEAN
It's not your fault.

WILL
I know.

SEAN
It's not your fault.

WILL
(dead serious)
I know.

SEAN
It's not your fault.

WILL
Don't fuck with me.

SEAN
(comes around desk,
sits in front of Will)
It's not your fault.

WILL
(tears start)
I know.

SEAN
It's not...

WILL
(crying hard)
I know, I know...

Sean takes Will in his arms and holds him like a child. Will sobs like a baby. After a moment, he wraps his arms around Sean and holds him, even tighter. We pull back from this image. Two lonely souls being father and son together.

INT. RED LINE CAR -- DUSK

Will rides the Red Line, above ground. He looks out over the landscape. Small back yards, laundry hangs from wire lines. Chainlink fences, overgrown with weeds.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON PARK -- DAY

Will walking through South Boston. He cuts through a park. A senior citizen is spearing trash for the city.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Will at home. Not reading. Looks up at the ceiling.

EXT. TRI-TECH LABORATORIES -- DAY

Will walks up to a nondescript building, he walks through the glass doors, into the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. TRI-TECH LABORATORIES, RECEPTION -- CONTINUOUS

Will walks into the lobby. A SECURITY GUARD looks up.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you?

WILL

Yeah, my name is Will Hunting. I'm here about a position.

SECURITY GUARD

One moment.

The guard reaches for the phone.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK.

FADE UP to the sound of laughter.

INT. L STREET BAR & GRILLE -- DAY

Chuckie is again regaling Will and the guys at their table.

CHUCKIE

Oh my God, I got the most fucked up thing I been meanin' to tell you.

MORGAN

Save it for your mother, funny guy. We heard it before.

CHUCKIE

Oh, Morgan.

They both get up, in one another's face. This is a play fight. "You gonna start?" "You gonna pay my hospital bills?"

WILL

Sorry to miss this.

INT. L STREET -- SAME

Will comes back from the bathroom.

WILL
(to Chuckie)
You and Morgan throw?

CHUCKIE
No, I had to talk him down.

WILL
Why didn't you yoke him?

CHUCKIE
Little Morgan's got a lot a scrap,
dude. I'd rather fight a big kid,
they never fight, everyone's scared of
'em. You know how many people try to
whip Morgan's ass every week? Fuckin'
kid won't back down.

MORGAN
(from across the table)
What'd you say about me?

CHUCKIE
Shut the fuck up.

Billy walks in the door and give Chuckie a look. Chuckie turns to Will.

CHUCKIE
(To Will)
Hey, asshole. Happy Birthday.

MORGAN
You thought we forgot, didn't you? I
know I'm gettin' my licks in.

Laughter as the boys converge on Will. He goes willingly out the door.

EXT. L STREET -- CONTINUOUS

As they come out the door, rather tha beating Will mercilessly, they stop. Morgan goes into his own, personal rendition of "Danny Boy." No one joins in.

CHUCKIE
Shut up, Morgan.
(to Will)
Here's your present.

Chuckie indicates an old CHEVY NOVA, parked illegally in front of the bar.

WILL
You're kiddin' me.

CHUCKIE
Yeah, I figured now that you got your big job over in Cambridge, you needed some way to get over there and I knew I wasn't gonna drive you every day...

Laughter.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)
Morgan wanted to get you a "T" pass.

MORGAN
No I didn't...

Will approaches the car to take a closer look.

CHUCKIE
But you're twenty-one now, so--

BILLY
--Yeah, now that you can drink legally, we thought the best thing to get you was a car.

More laughter. Will inspects the Nova.

WILL
You're kiddin' me.
(a beat)
This is the ugliest fuckin' car I ever seen in my life.

Laughter, a beat.

WILL (cont'd)
(serious)
How the fuck did you guys do this?

CHUCKIE
Me and Bill scraped together the parts, worked on it. Morgan was out panhandlin' every day.

MORGAN
Fuck you, I did the body work. Whose

fuckin' router you think sanded out
all that bondo?

CHUCKIE

Guy's been up my ass for two years
about a fuckin' job. I had to let him
help with the car.

WILL

So, you finally got a job Morgan?

MORGAN

Had one, now I'm fucked again.

WILL

(to Chuckie)

So what do you got, a fuckin' Hyundai
engine under there? Can I make it
back to my house?

CHUCKIE

Fuck you. I re-built the engine myself.
That thing could make it to Hawaii if
you wanted it to.

Chuckie gives Will a look.

CHUCKIE (cont'd)

Happy 21, Will.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Will sits across from Sean.

SEAN

Which one did you take, Will?

WILL

Over at Tri-tech. One of the jobs
Professor Lambeau set me up with. I
haven't told him yet, but I talked to
my new boss over there and he seemed
like a nice guy.

SEAN

That's what you want?

WILL

Yeah, I think so.

SEAN

Good for you. Congratulations.

WILL

Thanks you.

(a beat)

So, that's it? We're done?

SEAN

We're done. You did your time. You're
a free man.

A beat.

WILL

I just want you to know, Sean...

SEAN

You're Welcome, Will.

WILL

I'll keep in touch.

SEAN

I'm gonna travel a little bit, so I
don't know where I'll be.

Will smiles.

SEAN (cont'd)

I just... figured it's time I put my
money back on the table, see what kind
of cards I get.

Will smiles. Sean hands him a piece of paper.

SEAN (cont'd)

I'll be checking in with my machine at
the college. If you ever need anything,
just call.

Sean smiles.

SEAN (cont'd)

Do what's in your heart, son. You'll
be fine.

WILL

Thanks you, Sean.

They embrace.

SEAN

No. Thank you.

WILL

(re: embrace)

Does this violate the patient/doctor relationship?

SEAN

Only if you grab my ass.

They laugh.

WILL

See ya.

SEAN

Good luck.

Both men smile.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SEAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Will comes out of Sean's office and sees Lambeau walking up.

LAMBEAU

(surprised)

Will.

WILL

Hey, how you doin'?

LAMBEAU

You know, you're no longer required to come here.

WILL

I was just sayin' goodbye to Sean.

LAMBEAU

(a beat)

Sam called me. From Tri-tech. He says you start working for them next week.

Will nods.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

Well, that's, I think that's terrific. Congratulations.

WILL

Thank you.

LAMBEAU

I just want you to know...It's been a pleasure.

WILL

Bullshit.

They laugh.

LAMBEAU

This job... Do it if it's what you really want.

WILL

I appreciate that.

A moment. Will starts to go, Lambeau watches him for a beat, Will turns back around.

WILL (cont'd)

Hey, Gerry.

LAMBEAU

Yes.

WILL

Listen, I'll be nearby so, if you need some help, or you get stuck again, don't be afraid to give me a call.

LAMBEAU

(has to smile)

Thank you, Will. I'll do that.

Will smiles, turns and walks away.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sean is packing his office. Lambeau opens the door.

LAMBEAU

Hello, Sean.

SEAN

Come in.

LAMBEAU

Sean...

SEAN

(a beat)

Me too.

A moment.

LAMBEAU

So I hear you're taking some time.

SEAN

Yeah. Summer vacation. Thought I'd travel some. Maybe write a little bit.

LAMBEAU

Where're you going?

SEAN

I don't know. India maybe.

LAMBEAU

Why there?

SEAN

Never been.

Lambeau nods.

LAMBEAU

Do you know when you'll be back?

SEAN

(picks up a flyer from
his desk)

I got this mailer the other day. Class of Sixty-five is having this event in six months.

LAMBEAU

I got one of those too.

SEAN

You should come. I'll buy you a drink.

Lambeau smiles.

LAMBEAU

Sean...

A beat.

LAMBEAU (cont'd)

The drinks at those things are free.

Sean smiles.

SEAN

Hell, I know that.

Both men laugh.

LAMBEAU

How about one now?

SEAN

Sounds good.

They start to walk out.

SEAN (cont'd)

It's on you though, until eight o'clock
tonight when I win my money.

Sean pulls out his lottery ticket. They start out down the
hall.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

On their backs as they walk down the hall.

LAMBEAU

Sean, do you have any idea what the
odds are against winning the lottery?

SEAN

I don't know... Gotta be at least four
to one.

LAMBEAU

About thirty million to one.

SEAN

You're pretty quick with those numbers.
How about the odds of me buying the
first round?

LAMBEAU

About thirty million to one.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK OF THE CHARLES RIVER -- AFTERNOON

Will sits alone, thinking. We hold on him for an extended beat until he gets up and walks away.

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EXT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- EARLY EVENING

Begin final sequence.

A wide, establishing shot of Sean's apartment complex as the sun is setting. The lights are on in one unit. A tighter shot reveals Sean, in his apartment, packing his belongings in cardboard boxes.

EXT. SEAN'S APARTMENT, STREET -- SAME

The camera cranes down from Sean's window and onto the street, where we pan to reveal Will, sitting in his car and looking up at Sean as he packs his things. Will's car is packed full of clothes and books.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREET -- SAME

Chuckie and the boys drive down the street in the Cadillac. Morgan and Billy ride in the back, leaving the shotgun seat open for Will.

EXT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Will holds an envelope which he slips in Sean's mailbox. He puts the flag up and smiles as he looks up at Sean in his apartment who is still unaware that Will is there.

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Chuckie pulls up in front of Will's house. He honks the horn, waits a beat, then gets out and heads toward the house.

EXT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Will drives away from Sean's house. Sean hears the car pull out and looks out the window. Sean sees Will's car pulling away. Curious, he investigates.

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Chuckie walks up Will's front steps.

EXT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Sean walks out to the sidewalk and looks around. Seeing the mailbox flag has been raised, he walks over to it.

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Chuckie knocks on Will's front door. There is no answer. He waits a beat, looks in the window. An incredulous smile slowly starts to form.

EXT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Sean opens the card Will left for him. It reads:

WILL
(in writing)
Sean-- If the Professor calls about
that job, just tell him, "Sorry, I had
to go see about a girl."

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Chuckie walks back towards his car unable to contain the broad smile. He knows Will is gone. He shrugs in explanation to the guys. Morgan takes Will's seat as they pull away from the curb.

EXT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- SAME

We pan up from the letter to Sean. A broad smile comes over him. This is a look we haven't seen. Sean is truly happy.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS TURNPIKE -- SUNSET

Will is on the road, driving away. As we pull back and credits roll, the car disappears into the horizon.

THE END