

"GOOD WILL HUNTING"

by

Matt Damon & Ben Affleck

**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 softspoken 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 cementdomed 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**

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**

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

More laughs.

**LAMBEAU**

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**

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**

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**

(same tone)

Double Burger.

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

**MORGAN**

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 sandwich?

**CHUCKIE**

What do you mean "your sandwich?" 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' sandwich on layaway.

**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**

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 SANDWICH 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 lobs 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**

(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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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:**

**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**

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**

Pretty broad. "History of the World?"

**CHUCKIE**

Hey, come on pal we're in classes all day. That's one thing about Harvard never ceases 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**

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 precapitalist 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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

Hey!

Clark turns toward Will.

**WILL**

**DO YOU LIKE APPLES?**

Clark doesn't get it.

**WILL**  
**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**

Traveling 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**

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**

(reading)

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

A beat, the Judge takes particular notice.

**JUDGE MALONE**

Where, apparently, 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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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—  
(a beat)  
and you meet with a therapist.

**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**

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**

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 Clouseau."

The Psychologist calmly packs his things.

**PSYCHOLOGIST**

Well, I can see this is pointless...

**WILL**

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

The shrink gets up and walks out.

**WILL**

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**

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**

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**

You're thinking too hard. What if I did this?

He draws a vertical line through the diagram.

**LAMBEAU**

Now, what if I do this?

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

**LAMBEAU**

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**

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**

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**

"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**

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**

(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**

Maureen?

MAUREEN'S only response is an empty stare.

**SEAN**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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 lectern.

**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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

Seven?

Will shakes his head. Smiles.

**SKYLAR**

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 non-fictional 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**

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**

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 fiddling, 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, KRYSYTN, smiles at Will who seems subdued.

**KRYSYTN**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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 in 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**

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 singel 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**

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 counseling 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 Pecec, 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!

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

**PEKEC**

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**

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 wiener then you're acting on its behalf.

**WILL**

Then on behalf of my wiener, 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**

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**

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**

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**

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 trainwrecks. 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**

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**

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**

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

The executives are completely blank.

**CHUCKIE**

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**

A retainer. Nobody in this town works without a retainer. You think you can find someone who does, you have my blessing. 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 juvenile? 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**

(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 attorney. 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**

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**

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**

(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**

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**

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**

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 chief 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**

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.

**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 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**

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**

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**

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**

You all set?

**LAMBEAU**

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

Will gets up.

**LAMBEAU**

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**

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**

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**

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 your 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**

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**

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**

Something you want to say?

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

**SEAN**

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**

Fuck you!

Sean has finally gotten to Will.

**WILL**

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**

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**

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, it 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**

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 thirty 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**

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**

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 your 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- 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**

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**

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 counseling 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, callused 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**

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**

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 than 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**  
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**  
(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**

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**

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**

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

Sean smiles.

**SEAN**

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**

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**

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**

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**

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.

**OMITTED**

**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**