

GOOD WILL HUNTING - WILL & CHUCKIE

*Ext. Maggiore builder's construction site - parking lot. Chucky is sitting on the hood of his Cadillac, watching Will across the street. Chuckie and Will are covered in grime. 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

So, how's your lady?

WILL

Ah, she's gone.

CHUCKIE

Gone? Gone where?

WILL

Med school.

She went to Medical school in California.

CHUCKIE

Really?

WILL

Yeah.

CHUCKIE

When was this?

WILL

S'like a week ago.

CHUCKIE

Well that sucks.

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.*

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

WILL

Week after I'm twenty-one.

CHUCKIE

They gonna hook you up with a job or what?

WILL

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

CHUCKIE

Yah, but it's better than this shit.  
Probably 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'm gonna  
live here the rest of my life.  
I'll be your next door neighbor.  
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, fuck are you talkin'...

CHUCKIE

Look, 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 don't owe it to yourself, 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, that's fine.

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.

Hangin around here is a fucking waste of your time.

WILL

You don't know that.

CHUCKIE

I don't?

WILL

No.

CHUCKIE

No?

WILL  
No.

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 it's great; we have a few  
laughs.  
But you know what the best part of my day is? For  
about ten seconds from when I pull up to the curb  
till when I knock on your door 'cause I let myself  
think I might get there, and you'd be gone.  
No goodbye, no see you later, no nothing.  
You just left.

*(beat)*

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