

GOOD WILL

①

M/M

FF

SEAN

Do you think you're alone?

WILL

What?

SEAN

Do you have a soul mate?

WILL

Define that.

SEAN

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

WILL Yeah.

Sean waits.

WILL (cont'd) Shakespeare, Neitzche, Frost, O'Connor, Chaucer, Pope, Kant—

SEAN They're all dead.

WILL

Not to me, they're not.

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

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

SEAN

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

WILL

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

SEAN Don't give me you line of shit.

WILL I didn't want the job.

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

WILL I didn't ask for this.

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

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

SEAN You're right, Will. Any man who takes a forty minute train ride so those college kids can come in in the morning and their floors will be clean and their trash cans will be empty is an honorable man. A beat. Will says nothing.

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

A beat.

SEAN (cont'd) I just want to know why you decided to sneak around at night, writing on chalkboards and lying about it. (beat) 'Cause there's no honor in that. Will is silent.

SEAN (cont'd) Something you want to say? Sean gets up, goes to the door and opens it.

SEAN (cont'd) Why don't you come back when you have an answer for me.

3

WILL What?

SEAN If you won't answer my questions, you're wasting my time.

WILL What?

Will loses it, slams the door shut.

WILL (cont'd) Fuck you!

Sean has finally gotten to Will.

WILL (cont'd)

Who the fuck are you to lecture me about life? You fuckin' burnout! Where's your "soul-mate?!" Sean lets this play out. Possible "shepard" change.

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

SEAN I been there. I played my hand.

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

SEAN Look at me. What do you want to do? A beat. Will looks up.

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

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

WILL

Well, I'm here. (beat) So, is that my problem? I'm afraid of being abandoned? That was easy.

SEAN

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

WILL

Do you want to talk about it?

Sean smiles.

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

WILL (cont'd) What's that?

SEAN

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

WILL

You're not going to fail me are you?

Sean smiles.

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

SEAN You want to read it?

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

SEAN Twenty years of counselling you see a lot of—

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

SEAN

Yes.

WILL (smiles) It sure ain't good.

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

5

DAY

SEAN

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

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

INT. WILL'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK A large, calloused hand sets down a wrench next to a stick. CUT BACK TO:
INT.

SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

SEAN

Gotta go with the belt there...

WILL

I used to go with the wrench.

SEAN The wrench, why?

WILL

Cause fuck him, that's why.

A long quiet moment.

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

SEAN

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

SEAN (cont'd)

This is not your fault.

(6)

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.