GOOD WILL HUNTING (Will and Chuckie scene)

(Both Will and Chuckie have just finished work on construction site. Will hands Chuckie a beer. They chat outside by Chuckie's car)

CHUCKIE

What's up? *(Will hands Chuckie a beer)* Thanks. Ahhh. God, that's Good. So How's your lady?

WILL

She's gone.

CHUCKIE

Gone? Gone where?

WILL

Med School. Medical School in California.

CHUCKIE

Really?

WILL

Yeah.

CHUCKIE

When was this?

WILL

It was like a week ago.

CHUCKIE

That sucks. So, uh, when are you done with those meetings?

WILL

I think the week after I'm 21.

CHUCKIE

Yeah? They gonna hook you up with a job or what?

WILL

Yeah, fucking sit in a room and do long division for the next 50 years.

CHUCKIE

Probably make some nice bank though.

WILL

I'm gonna be a fucking lab rat.

CHUCKIE

Better than this shit. Way outta here.

WILL

Why do I want a way out of here for? I mean, I'm going to fucking live here for the rest of my life. You know, be neighbors, have little kids, fucking take them to Little League together up at Foley Field.

CHUCKIE

Look, you're my best friend, so don't take this the wrong way..but, In 20 years if you're still living here, coming over to my house to watch the Patriot Games, still working construction, I'll fucking kill ya.

WILL

What?

CHUCKIE

That's not a threat. That's a fact. I'll fucking kill ya.

WILL

What the fuck are you talking about?

CHUCKIE

Look, you got something none of us have.

WILL

Oh come on! Why is it always this? I fucking owe it to myself to do this or that? What if I don't want to?

CHUCKIE

No, No, No, Fuck you. You don't owe it to yourself. You owe it to me. Cause tomorrow I'm gonna wake up, and I'll be 50, and I'll still be doing this shit. And that's all right. That's fine. I mean you're sitting 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 fucking anything to have what you got. So would any of these fucking guys. Be an insult to us if you're still here in 20 years. Hanging around here is a fucking waste of your time.

WILL

You don't know that?

CHUCKIE

I don't.

WILL

No, you don't know that.

CHUCKIE

Oh, I don’t know that? Let me tell you what I do know. Every day I come by your house and I pick you up. We go out and have a few drinks and a few laughs, and it’s great. Want to know what the best part of my day is? For about 10 seconds, from when I pull up to the curb and when I get to your door. Cause, I think maybe I’ll get up there, and I’ll knock on the door and you won’t be there. No “goodbye”, No “see ya later”. No nothing. You just left. I don’t know much, but I know that.