

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 your lady?

WILL  
Gone.

CHUCKIE  
Gone where?

WILL  
She went to Medical school in California.

CHUCKIE  
Really? When was this.

WILL  
Like a week ago.

CHUCKIE  
That sucks.  
(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 or what?

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

CHUCKIE  
Yah. Probably make some nice bank though.

WILL  
I'll be a fuckin' lab rat.

CHUCKIE

Better than this shit. 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 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 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

The fuck are you talkin' about?

CHUCKIE

Listen, you've 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

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 fifty and I'll still be doin' this. And that's all right. 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's a fuckin' waste of your time.

WILL

You don't know that.

CHUCKIE

I don't?

WILL

No, you don't know that.

CHUCKIE

I don't know that. Well let me tell you what I do know. Every day I come by your house 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? It's for about ten seconds from when I pull up to the curb to 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 nothin'. You just left.

A beat.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

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