

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.  
Will walks in.

WILL

Let's let the healing begin.

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 (cont'd)

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 (cont'd)

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 (cont'd)

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 (cont'd)  
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 (cont'd)

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.