

**Frodo:** I can't do this, Sam.

**Sam:** I'm **cognizant**. It's all a **wanton** of **malicious** unjust **villainy**. By rights we shouldn't even be here. But we are. It's like in the **renowned noble sagas**, Mr. Frodo. The ones that were really **substantial**. Full of **opaqueness** and **peril**, they were. And sometimes you didn't want to **perceive** the **adjournment**. Because how could the **conclusion** be **jubilant**? How could the world **recede** to the way it was when so much **corruption** had happened? But in the end, it's only a **transient** thing, this **umbra**. Even darkness must **transpire**. A **Novel** day will come. And when the sun **glistens** it will **illuminate unobstructed**. Those were the **tales** that stayed with you. That were **paramount**, even if you were too **meager** to **fathom** or **conjunct** why. But I think, Mr. Frodo, I do **comprehend**. I know now. Folk in those **allegories** had lots of chances of turning back, only they didn't. They kept going. Because they were **adhered** to something.

**Frodo:** What are we **adhered** to, Sam?

**Sam:** That there's some good in this world, Mr. Frodo... and it's worth fighting for.

## Good Will Hunting

On a park bench together by water, therapist Sean Maguire (Robin Williams) counseled genius-level Will Hunting (Matt Damon), providing advice about really living life instead of using intellectual defense mechanisms:

So if I asked you about art, you'd probably give me the skinny on every art book ever written. Michelangelo, you know a lot about him. Life's work, political aspirations, him and the Pope, sexual orientation, the whole works, right? But I'll bet you can't tell me what it smells like in the Sistine Chapel. You've never actually stood there and looked up at that beautiful ceiling. Seen that. If I ask you about women, you'd probably give me a syllabus about your personal favorites. You may have even been laid a few times. But you can't tell me what it feels like to wake up next to a woman and feel truly happy. You're a tough kid. And I'd ask you about war, you'd probably throw Shakespeare at me, right: 'Once more into the breach, dear friends.' But you've never been near one. You've never held your best friend's head in your lap, and watch him gasp his last breath looking to you for help. I'd ask you about love, you'd probably quote me a sonnet. But you've never looked at a woman and been totally vulnerable. Known someone that could level you with her eyes, feeling like God put an angel on Earth just for you. Who could rescue you from the depths of Hell. And you wouldn't know what it's like to be her angel, to have that love for her, be there forever, through anything, through cancer. And you wouldn't know about sleeping sittin' up in the hospital room for two months, holding her hand, because the doctors could see in your eyes that the terms 'visiting hours' don't apply to you. You don't know about real loss, 'cause that only occurs when you've loved something more than you love yourself. And I doubt you've ever dared to love anybody that much.

I look at you. I don't see an intelligent, confident man. I see a cocky, scared s--tless kid. But you're a genius, Will. No one denies that. No one could possibly understand the depths of you. But you presume to know everything about me because you saw a painting of mine. You ripped my f--kin' life apart. You're an orphan, right? (*nodding*) Do you think I'd know the first thing about how hard your life has been, how you feel, who you are, 'cause I read *Oliver Twist*? Does that encapsulate you? Personally, I don't give a s--t about all that, because you know what, I can't learn anything from you I can't read in some f--kin' book. Unless you want to talk about you, who you are. Then I'm fascinated. I'm in. But you don't wanna do that, do you, sport? You're terrified of what you might say. Your move, chief.

Sean stood up and walked away.

Angry, paranoid, and delusional 20 year-old Will Hunting (Matt Damon), when offered a lucrative and promising job with the government intelligence agency, the NSA, had this tirade to offer - acting against his own self-interest:

Why shouldn't I work for the N.S.A.? That's a tough one, but I'll take a shot. Say I'm workin' at the N.S.A. and somebody puts a code on my desk, somethin' no one else can break. Maybe I take a shot at it, maybe I break it. And I'm real happy with myself, 'cause I did my job well. But maybe that code was the location of some rebel army in North Africa or the Middle East. And once they have that location, they bomb the village where the rebels are hidin'. Fifteen hundred people that I never met, I never had no problem with, get killed. Now the politicians are sayin', 'Oh, send in the Marines to secure the area,' 'cause they don't give a s--t. It won't be their kid over there gettin' shot. Just like it wasn't them when their number got called 'cause they were out pullin' a tour in the National Guard. It'll be some kid from Southie over there takin' shrapnel in the ass. He comes back to find that the plant he used to work at got exported to the country he just got back from. And the guy who put the shrapnel in his ass got his old job, 'cause he'll work for fifteen cents a day and no bathroom breaks.

Meanwhile he realizes the only reason he was over there in the first place was so that we could install a government that would sell us oil at a good price. And of course the oil companies used the little skirmish over there to scare up domestic oil prices. A cute little ancillary benefit for them but it ain't helpin' my buddy at two-fifty a gallon. They're takin' their sweet time bringin' the oil back, of course, maybe they even took the liberty of hirin' an alcoholic skipper who likes to drink martinis and fuckin' play slalom with the icebergs. It ain't too long 'til he hits one, spills the oil and kills all the sea life in the North Atlantic. So now my buddy's out of work. He can't afford to drive, so he's walkin' to the fuckin' job interviews, which sucks because the schrapnel in his ass is givin' him chronic hemorrhoids. And meanwhile he's starvin' 'cause every time he tries to get a bite to eat, the only blue plate special they're servin' is North Atlantic scrod with Quaker State.

So what did I think? I'm holdin' out for somethin' better. I figure, f--k it, while I'm at it, why not just shoot my buddy, take his job, give it to his sworn enemy, hike up gas prices, bomb a village, club a baby seal, hit the hash pipe and join the National Guard? I could be elected president.