```
reak it up! You!
                andler! One me
                                  re time and you are
               UT. Understar
                         the stands, over the coach's shoulder..
     ick sees LEE in
                          PATRICK
                   fuck me.
             What's that chandler?
                          PATRICK
                  fuck my fuckin'
                          HOCKEY COACH
             OK, you are out! You're benched!
             (To himself, skating away)
Ask me if I give a shit.
                          HOCKEY COACH
             What's that? What's the matter?
Patrick skates over to Lee. The Coach sees Lee and hesitates. A small scrappy kid named JOEL skates up, followed by CJ, a big handsome athletic kid. These are patrick's friends.
                          JOEL
              That's his uncle.
                                  An the hospital.
              His dad must be
                           HOCKEY COACH
              Whose dad? Chandler's?
                                           ... He only comes up when Mr
 He's got congestive heart
failure. Patrick's dad, I
                                                        In the hospital.
                                          Chandler's
 mean. Not Patrick.
 Some other kids skale up and are watching Patrick and LEE.
                           HOCKEY COAC
                 at's Lee Chandler? The Lee
                           CJ
              Yeah, but you know that stuff about him's bullshit, Mr Howard.
                                  y's bullshit.
              Yeah,
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Y COACH
                                               watch the language?
                        JOEL
 Sorry
 Across the rink Lee is talking to Patrick. Patrick is kicking up little shards of ice with his skate. The Coach notices that all the kids have stopped to watch.
                                      HOCKEY COACH
                   OK, Everybody wanna mind their own business? Five minute break. That means five!
 The kids break up, marginally. The Coach skates over to Lee and Patrick. They talk briefly. The Coach puts a well-meant but sentimental hand on Patrick's shoulder. Lee goes back up
         aisle.
cJ and Joel skate over to Patrick. He cells them They react sincerely and with sympathy They squeeze his shoulder, they each hug him. All the kids are watching again by now.
                                      HOCKEY COACH (CONT'D
                   OK, show's over! Let's line it again! Come on, line up!
The kids start skating around, lining/up at the blue line. Patrick breaks away and skates toward the exit by himself.
INT, LEE'S CAR (MOVING). DUSK.
The winter sun is getting low. Patrick sports a semi-grunge garage-band look. Longish greasy hair, Army jacket, black T-shirt with some design on it, cargo pants maybe.
                   Oh well.
They pass a sign for MANCHESTER, BEVERLY and NORTH SALEM.
                   I gotta go back to the hospital and
                   sign some papers. Do you wanna see
                                     PATRICK
                   Him who? See who?
                   Your dad. Do you wanna look at him?
                                     PATRICK
                   I don't know. What does he look
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like?

LEE
He looks like he's dead. (Pause) I
mean, he doesn't look like he's
asleep, or anything like that. He
doesn't look gross...(Pause) You
don't have to. I wanted to see him.
Maybe you don't want that image in
your memory. I don't know. It's up
to you.

Patrick is silent.

INT/EXT. LEE'S CAR/HOSPITAL PARKING LOT. DUSK.

Lee pulls into a parking space. He looks at Patrick, who is looking slightly queasy.

LEE What do you think? Should I take you home? Do you want me to decide?

PATRICK Let's just go.

At the same instant Patrick opens his door to step out and Lee starts DRIVING. He slams on the brakes.

LEE What the fuck are you doing?

PATRICK I just said let's go inside!

LEE No, you just said "Let's just go!"

LEE (CONT'D)
And then you get out of the car without telling me?
What the fuck's the matter with you?

PATRICK
Yeah, I meant let's go
inside. I meant let's just go look at him!

OK, OK! What's your problem?

I coulda ripped your fuckin' leg off, that's my problem.

OK! I'm sorry I misused the English language!

They get out of the car, both more subdued.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Uncle Lee.

LEE I'm sorry too. I just got scared.