

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!

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

OK, OK! What's your 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.