

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks briskly toward his car. Scott emerges from the bar and chases him.

START-

SCOTT

Jimmy wait up!

Jimmy keeps his pace, Scott catches up.

SCOTT

You forgot your jacket.

(hands it to him)

You're not leaving right now, are you?

(beat)

But you told mom you'd see her before you left, I heard you.

JIMMY

Just because you didn't give me my letter, doesn't mean I don't have to still go.

SCOTT

I'm sorry Jimmy. I just didn't want you to leave me here, now.

They reach the car and stop. Jimmy eyes Scott, almost sad.

SCOTT

I mean what if something does happen to you? Then it'll just be me with them.

JIMMY

I can't protect you from this. It is what it is. You're of age now. Congradufuckinglations.

(then)

And besides you said it yourself, it's very unlikely that a shot'll even be fired-

SCOTT

But still. I mean, you know, there are missions that happen with guys like you that...happen even when "shots aren't fired."

A beat. Jimmy seems torn about something.

SCOTT

Whatever, it's fine. I understand. Can you at least bring back your rifle or a grenade or something?

(CONTINUED)