

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAY
You doing okay?
(off his nod)
Your mom says you haven't been back to
the hospital.

Jax has no excuse.

CLAY
We'll handle this Mayan business. You
need to focus on your family.

JAX
Don't push me off this.

Clay delivers a warning, in a "because I care" package --

CLAY
I know you're spun out over Wendy and
your kid. Understandable. Goddamn
awful thing.
(beat)
But your father and I worked hard to
create this business. Served time.
Spilled blood. And you're gonna need
it now more than ever. A sick kid's
an expensive burden.
(beat)
You wanna do what's best for your
family, don't you?

Jax processes Clay's threat.

JAX
Yeah. Of course.

CLAY
Good. Go see your son.

Embrace. Clay watches Jax ride away. Concerned.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Tick, wearing his SOBER PROPHETS jacket, exits a CHAPEL. Jax
intercepts him as he enters, shoots a look at the crucifix --

JAX
How's my long-haired friend?

TICK
Very patient.

JAX
Dude's hanging on a cross, what else
is he gonna be?

TICK
Nice.

CONTINUED:

The men sit.

TICK
Saw Wendy. She's a mess.

JAX
Status quo.

TICK
How's your boy doing?

JAX
Haven't seen him yet.

TICK
Shit. They should let you see him --

JAX
They'll let me. I just haven't.

Silence. Jax has known Tick since he was a boy. He's a safe room, who provides a spiritual back door.

JAX
I didn't want a kid, Tick. Certainly didn't want one that's half dead.
(beat)
I know how that sounds.

TICK
Sounds honest.

JAX
When Wendy put together six months, we tried to reconcile. Told me she was still on the pill.

TICK
That didn't work out too well.

JAX
No, it didn't.
(beat)
What, no god shit? Isn't there some kinda lesson m'supposed to learn here?

TICK
Next time use a condom.

JAX
Right.

Appreciates the lack of lecture. Tick pats him on the leg --

TICK
You already learned the lesson, son.

Tick walks away.