

INT. OFFICE - DAY

JACK walks into his father's office and closes the door behind him.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks for coming in, Jack. Have a seat.

CHRISTIAN slides a contract and a pen over to the JACK on the desk.

JACK

What's it say?

CHRISTIAN

The truth. That a patient was brought to the ER following a car accident, rushed into surgery with massive internal bleeding, you joined me and in spite of our most heroic efforts, the patient succumbed to her injuries.

JACK

Looks like you fixed everything but the patient. You had no business being in OR.

CHRISTIAN

You really think I would've walked in there if I couldn't handle it?

JACK

You've done it before.

CHRISTIAN

That's right. I have. Because I am perfectly capable of-

JACK

-How can you say that after what happened yesterday?

CHRISTIAN

The problem was not me-

JACK

-You were impaired.

CHRISTIAN

I know my limits.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I won't sign this.

CHRISTIAN

You're a part of a team, Jack. I'm not the only one on the hook for this. You called me off. You were the surgeon of record when she died.

(They share a tense look)

Look, accidents happen in surgery all the time, Jack. That's the truth and you know it. But if you contradict this report. If you mention alcohol, well then that's the only fact that's gonna matter. They'll strip me of my license.

JACK

Yes. They will.

CHRISTIAN

I know I have been hard on you but that is how you make a soft metal into steel. That is why you are the most gifted young surgeon in this city. And this, this is a career that is all about the greater good. I've had to sacrifice certain aspects of my relationship with you so that hundreds of thousands of patients will live, because of your extraordinary skills. I know it's a long, long time coming. What happened yesterday, I promise you will never happen again. And after all, what I've given, this is not just about my career, Jack. It's my life.

CHRISTIAN hands JACK a pen. JACK takes it and signs the contract.

CHRISTIAN

Thank you, son. Thank you.