

MR. STEISS

Dr. Hendrix, do you recall the contract I had you sign? The section about "Work Made for Hire"? Because if you had read it, you'd know it's completely legal to claim the writings and observations you've made over the course of your time under my authority. And well, you conducted these proceedings on Angelwood Psychiatric Hospital grounds full-knowingly. So really, whose to blame for this?

DR. HENDRIX

Artemir!

MR. STEISS

All those documents belong to me, Hendrix. They always have. And you knew that.

Dr. Hendrix jumps up from his seat.

DR. HENDRIX

This is an outrage! You cannot just take my life's work!

MR. STEISS

You signed a contract, doctor Hendrix. A contract under me. And last I checked, you don't own Angelwood, do you?

DR. HENDRIX

Steiss, if you think I'm going to allow you to claim my research as your own, you 'ought to think twice before...

MR. STEISS

Before what? You can't do a damned thing about it, Lux.

Dr. Hendrix slumps down in disbelief and shock, silent as Mr. Steiss stands up, adjusts his suit jacket, and walks around the desk towards the door.

MR. STEISS

I do believe our meeting is concluded here, Dr. Hendrix.

He condescendingly pats Hendrix on the shoulder before walking towards the exit and opening the door. He stops suddenly.

MR. STEISS

Do you want my advice? I think you should settle elsewhere. Lux, listen. You just...don't "have it". And believe me, I know when people do. I'm sure Northwick would be overjoyed to have you back.

He walks out the door and shuts it. Dr. Hendrix remains unresponsive, staring at the ground, mortified.

LIGHTS DIM

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -NIGHT

We see Aradeene walking down the hallway as another nurse is checking a clipboard.

ARADEENE

Dawn, have you seen Doctor Hendrix at all?

DAWN, the nurse, points towards Hendrix's office.

ARADEENE

Still?

DAWN

He hasn't come out once.

Aradeene heads towards Hendrix's office and knocks lightly on the door.

ARADEENE

Lux?

She gently opens the door to see Dr. Hendrix slumped in his desk armchair holding a glass of alcohol. There's a bottle of whiskey on his desk as he plays music from a radio absurdly loud.

DR. HENDRIX

Aradeene!

ARADEENE

What are you doing?

She slowly walks over to his desk.

DR. HENDRIX
Nothing in particular! Just uh...

ARADEENE
Drinking scotch?

DR. HENDRIX
Whiskey, actually.

Aradeene turns the radio off.

ARADEENE
It couldn't have been that bad.

DR. HENDRIX
Oh, I *reallyyy* don't want to talk about it.

ARADEENE
Lux, what happened?

Hendrix raises the glass to his mouth.

DR. HENDRIX
Ask, *Steiss*.

She puts her hand over the top of the glass and lowers it from his mouth.

ARADEENE
Don't let that man get the better of you.

DR. HENDRIX
Well if *Steiss* thinks I'm no good, why shouldn't I believe it?

ARADEENE
He said that?

DR. HENDRIX
He said, "Hendrix, you just don't have "it". And I *KNOW* when people do." What even is "it" anyhow!?

Dr. Hendrix attempts to down the glass in his hand but Aradeene grabs it and places it on the desk.