

Episode 3 – Closet Space

Scene 1

David and Andrew were standing in the center of an unfurnished living room. The walls had been freshly painted and the proof of it hit their noses with scorn. A woman with curly brown hair was standing about fifteen feet away from them, next to a large window.

Alice: You guys are just going to love this view.

The woman squealed as she drew open the shades. Light filled the room as David and Andrew stepped over to the window. They gazed down onto a beautiful skyline view of the city.

David: You're right. The view is amazing.

David was impressed by what he was looking down upon. Mercy looked so neat and tidy from where he was standing. He was seeing it at this angle for the first time ever. Andrew turned away, to express his disinterest in the beauty of a city he knew like the back of his hand.

Andrew: I've seen better. What I want to see is the bedrooms; especially since that'll be where I spend most of my time.

Alice: Well the bedrooms still need a little bit of work, but I'd be happy to show them to you anyways.

The woman said as a formality. Andrew was already making his way over there. Alice and David followed right behind him.

Andrew: You're right. This one does need a lot of work.

Andrew declared as he entered one of the bedrooms in the apartment that Alice was showing to him and David. The floor here was uncarpeted and the walls were only partially painted. Painting supplies were scattered on the floor. David observed the room knowing that it could easily be his soon.

David: How long will it take before it's ready for someone to move in?

Alice: Only a couple of days. My son Jason should be done painting today and the new carpeting is scheduled to be put in tomorrow. You could move in this weekend if you wanted. It really is a nice apartment. I know that it doesn't seem like much now, but it has a lot of potential.

Alice spoke with enthusiasm, determined to persuade. Her attempts failed. Andrew chimed in disapprovingly from across the room. He was standing in front of a large walk in closet.

Andrew: This closet is huge. Is the one in the second room just as big as this one is?

Alice: Of course. That's one of the amenities that I get lots of compliments over. Everyone loves the walk in closets.

Andrew: I see.

Andrew turned away from the closet as though he were offended by looking at it. David wanted to sway Andrew's negative opinion of the place.

David: This is the first apartment we've seen that's within our price range. It's also close to both the hospital and the firehouse.

Andrew made a face like he was considering the point that David was trying to make; however, David knew that it was just for show and that his friend was not convinced.

Alice: I can see that you guys are going to need some time to think this over. I'm going to step out of the room and give you some space to talk it through.

Alice did as she said she would and stepped out of the room to give the two of them space to talk. They turned to one another and began to discuss the apartment.

David: Ok, so I know the place isn't perfect, but it's cheaper than any others we've looked at and it's got an amazing view of the city.

Andrew: I don't like view and I hate walk in closets. They're too big.

David was dumbfounded. It was ironic that his friend found fault in things that most people would be ecstatic about.

David: You know you're quite possibly the only gay man in the world that would complain about his closet being too big.

Andrew stepped closer to David. He leaned over, looking David right in the eyes. Then he spoke with self-satisfaction.

Andrew: Haha, very funny, but I don't want to live in some faggot's apartment. I don't need skyline views or walk in closets. I want to live like a man.

David could feel Andrew's words hit his face in the warmth of his breath.

Andrew: I want worn out leather furniture in our living room, a coffee table stacked with bills that'll never get paid on time, and a refrigerator that's stocked with nothing but beer and cold

pizza. I just don't see that here. This is an apartment that'll be better off being rented to one of those queer couples that settle down together and raise cats.

David: We've been looking at places all week and we're starting to run out of options.

Andrew: I guess it doesn't really matter. I know I shouldn't be so picky. If you really think we should take this place then I'll agree to it.

Andrew stepped back, putting some space back between him and David.

David: It does matter Andrew. You have every right to be picky about this. You are gonna have to live in whatever place we choose and it's only fair that we pick a place that we both like.

Just then a ringtone interrupted the conversation. David reached into the pocket for his phone and sighed when he saw who was calling him.

Andrew: Is that Tony again?

David: Yeah. I'm not gonna take it.

David rejected the call and shoved his phone back into his pocket.

Andrew: It's not a good idea to avoid him when by tomorrow you'll be working with the guy. Why don't you just tell him that you're no longer interested?

David: It's not a big deal. It's not like he and I had something serious going on. I don't wanna be an asshole to him when he's about to be my new boss.

Andrew: Oh please, Tony's the asshole here. It's not your problem that he's leading some chick on by pretending he's happily married and sucking cock on the side instead of just coming clean about who he is in the first place.

David: Well it's not easy for everyone to be out. Not all of us have the confidence that you do.

Andrew narrowed his eyes with interrogation.

Andrew: Wait, are you seriously defending the guy?

David shook his head immediately in protest of the accusation.

David: No way. I'm just saying that maybe he's got a good explanation for his situation.

Andrew: David even I agree that there are plenty of good reasons out there for a queer to hide in his closet, but it get crowded when you start dragging other people into it with you. It's not fair to his wife that he's gotta sneak around. Not being out is one thing, but leading someone else on in the meantime is bullshit.

David: Perhaps it's not what it looks like. Maybe he's one of those guys that into a little pussy every now and then or maybe they're one of those bisexual couples with an open relationship.

Andrew: Oh gawd, gag me now. That's even worse than the other option, because that would mean he actually enjoys playing with snatch.

Andrew shook his head to try to free himself of the mental images David had just put in his brain. He had a sickened look on his face. David chuckled at Andrew's crudity.

David: Whatever man. I get your point.

Jason: Are you guys almost done?

A man's voice interrupted the conversation. David and Andrew both turned around to see an attractive man standing in the doorway. He was wearing a white t-shirt and faded blue jeans that were stained with paint splatter. He was tall and tanned with dark brown hair and a clean shaven look. Andrew was instantly attracted. He could feel his groin tingle with the threat of arousal as he stared with lust at a man he hadn't even been introduced to yet.

Jason: I'm the painter. I don't mean to rude or anything, but I've gotta get back to work.

The guy pointed to the painting supplies that were on the floor. David glanced over to see what the man was pointing at. Andrew never looked away though. He had his eyes fixed in place as his imagination was running wild with thoughts he held no shame for.

Jason: I don't care if you guys stay, as long as you don't get in my way.

David: Oh no, we're pretty much done here. We'll give you your space.

Andrew: Yeah, we'll get out of your way, unless of course you need a little help and want one of us to stay.

Andrew flirted brazenly with desire in his eyes and seduction in his voice. The painter smiled blushing at Andrew's obvious attempt to hit on him.

David: Um, actually I think I'll just leave you here while I go talk to Alice and tell her that we're no longer interested in the apartment.

David reworded himself after he saw the way Andrew was looking at the other man. He could see what Andrew wanted and he didn't even need to have it explained to him. He had seen this look in his friend's eyes many times before.

Andrew: Go ahead. I'll just finish up here.

Andrew replied as David was already on his way out the door. Jason stepped aside to let David pass by him. Within moments David was gone and Andrew was left alone with the painter...

Scene 2

Alice was standing in the living room of the apartment admiring the view again when David found her. She turned to see him when she heard that someone else had entered the room.

Alice: So, what did you guys come up with? Are you going to rent the place or not?

David: I'm afraid not. I like the place, but I just can't seem to coax Andrew into it.

Alice: Well, I hope that the two of you find what you're looking for. Good luck with your apartment search.

David: Thanks. I'm sorry we wasted your time today.

Alice: Don't worry about it. I have plenty of other folks who are interested. I'm sure I can find someone who appreciates the closet space and the skyline view.

David: I have no doubt that you will. It's a nice place, but it's just not for us...

Scene 3

Jason: I'm Jason.

The painter said shyly to Andrew just after David had left them alone together. Andrew was still staring at Jason with hunger filled eyes and Jason was still standing in the doorway looking like a hot meal.

Andrew: I don't care.

Andrew stepped forward, lessening the amount of space that stood between them.

Jason: Well, I don't actually need any help. I can finish painting on my own.

Jason declined, seemingly not interested in Andrew's attempts to entice him. Andrew grinned wickedly at the other's man naivety.

Andrew: You're cute you know that? But, nevertheless, I didn't stay behind because I wanted to help you paint.

Jason: Oh.

Jason suddenly looked a nervous. Andrew ignored the shyness. Jason shook his head in protest, getting even more nervous the closer Andrew got.

Jason: Look, I'm flattered that you're um... interested, but I'm not like that.

Andrew: Not like what?

Andrew asked a question that he already knew the answer to. By this time he was standing close enough to Jason that they could feel the heat coming off one another's bodies. Jason muttered his next comment as though he were embarrassed by saying the words out loud.

Jason: I'm not into guys. I'm not a fag.

Andrew: That's not what your cock says.

Andrew turned his eyes downward to the front of Jason's jeans. Jason glanced down as well. There was a noticeable bulge in the front of his pants that made it evident that he was turned on. He looked back up at Andrew with embarrassment. Andrew grinned again.

Andrew: Don't be embarrassed. I can take care of that for you.

Andrew boldly reached out his hand and grabbed gently at the hardening mass in the crotch of Jason's pants. He rubbed the palm of his hand against it, forcing a sharp gasp of stimulated pleasure out of the other man.

Andrew: That feels good doesn't it?

Jason: (Nodding) Yeah.

Andrew: You ever had a man suck your cock before Jason?

Andrew's boldness continued. Jason nodded his head as an answer Andrew wasn't the least bit surprised. He had good senses when it came to matters like this.

Andrew: Hmm, I knew you'd say something like that.

Jason: I've only ever done something like this a couple of times. I've never sucked a cock or been fucked.

Andrew: Well, your luck is about to change. Follow me.

Andrew moved his hand from the front of Jason's pants. He grabbed him by the arm. Jason moved willingly as he was lead across the room and into the closet that Andrew had complained about earlier. Andrew turned on the closet light and shut the door behind them. Then he pinned Jason up against the wall and looked at him as though he were getting ready to kiss him.

Andrew: I can't wait to find out how tight your virgin ass is.

Jason: I'm a top.

Jason countered. Andrew nearly laughed as he shook his head to respond to Jason's latest admission.

Andrew: Not this time baby.

Jason: Excuse me

Jason was puzzled by Andrew boldness.

Andrew: This time you're gonna get to experience what a cock in your ass feels like and before that you're gonna get to taste one.

Jason: You mean suck your cock?

Andrew: That's right. Now get down on your knees, before I start to get impatient.

Andrew demanded as he stepped back and leaned up against the closet wall. The painter stared at Andrew with defiance for a moment, contemplating refusal of his demands. Andrew was already undoing the front of his own pants. When he looked back at Jason he could see the hesitation.

Andrew: What are you so afraid, enjoying yourself?

Jason: Maybe.

Andrew: Well don't be. I'll play nice. I won't even force it down your throat like I do with most guys. Besides, you shouldn't be afraid to have a good time. You don't wanna be one of those self-loathing homos that hide behind a pussy their whole lives do you?

Jason: (Shook his head) I guess not.

Andrew: Good, so then you do want this don't you?

Andrew pulled his cock out finally revealing it to Jason.

Jason: Wow, that's big.

Jason swallowed his nerves at the sight of Andrew's erection. The size alone was enough to make anyone nervous. The compliment gave Andrew a macho sense of pride that he truthfully didn't deserve, but took anyways.

Andrew Well, do you want it or not?

Jason: Yeah I do.

Andrew: Then get down on your fucking knees and take it.

With no further unwillingness Jason lowered himself down onto his knees in front of the man who was offering up his cock and making demands.

Andrew: I had faith that you'd choose wisely.

Jason ignored Andrew's self-assuredness as he prepared himself for what he was about to do. His courage grew as he slid his hand around the shaft of Andrew's dick and held its girth. He was turned on simply by the way it felt in his hand. He could feel its veins pulsate against his palm and fingers as he guided the head of it up to his lips.

Andrew: That's right baby. Open up those lips and get yourself a taste. We both know you're gonna love it.

Jason did as he was told. He opened up his lips. Andrew could feel them brush gently against the head of his cock as Jason spread them apart. Jason's tongue darted out of his mouth as quickly as possible against the tip. He pulled his tongue back into his mouth as though the first taste were only a test. The second time his tongue left his lips it lingered longer, getting a nice long taste that made Andrew gasp with pleasure.

Andrew: There you go. Get a good taste of that cock. You're not gonna ever want to forget the way it tastes.

Jason's tongue felt good. Andrew was already enjoying it immensely. The once shy painter wasn't shy any longer and it showed in the way he was moving his tongue against the large cut head of Andrew's throbbing hard on. Soon Jason's entire mouth opened and slid smoothly around the length. Though it was obvious in his skills that this was the first blowjob he had ever given, the technique that Jason was using made it even clearer that he wasn't completely lost in how to handle himself.

Andrew: I knew you looked like a man who was hungry for some cock.

Andrew groaned as he threw his head back against the wall he was leaning against. He had neither regrets nor remorse for having persuaded this man to go down on him. He was confident in the idea that this was exactly what both of them needed. Andrew needed a man's mouth around his cock and Jason needed to taste one for the very first time...

Scene 4

David felt an overwhelming sense of pride when he stepped through the doors of Mercy Medical Hospital for the very first time as an employee. He had felt the same way on the day he started his residency over seven years earlier and even on his first day at Madison West. It was a feeling of hope, a sense of importance. There was a thrill in not knowing what the future had in store.

David found his way to the changing room for surgical staff pretty quickly. He remembered where it was located from the last time that he was there. When he entered the room he glanced around in a bit of confusion at which locker was assigned to him.

Noah: You look a little lost there.

David turned his head across the room to see a man he didn't know. Noah had just finished changing and was getting ready to leave when the surgeon entered the room.

David: Hi.

David greeted with friendliness. His tone then became apologetic.

David: I'm sorry. I didn't know anyone was in here.

Noah: Can I help you with something?

Noah stepped towards David, until the two of them were only a few feet away from one another.

David: I'm a little confused about where my locker is. It's my first day here.

Noah: Your last name is Kurt, right?

David: (Nodding) That right.

Noah: I'm Noah Chase.

Noah reached out for David to shake his hand. David reached back and firmly took the gesture.

David: I'm Dr. Kurt, but you already know that.

Noah: I also know that you're Mercy's newest trauma surgeon and that you're a friend to Andrew Pryce.

David: You're right again. I am good friends with Andrew and it seems that you know more about me than I know about you.

Noah: Well, I hope to have a chance to remedy that since we will be working together from time to time. You see I'm one of the scrub nurses in the cardio department, which is how I know Avery.

David: Oh I see. You know Andrew through Avery and you know Avery because you work with him, am I right?

Noah: You got it and by the way, it's nice to meet you Dr. Kurt.

David: Likewise, but please call me David.

Noah: David it is then.

Noah agreed with an approving smile. Then he sighed as he realized he needed to get going.

Noah: I have to go for now, but I'm sure the two of us will cross paths again.

David: I'm sure we will. See you around.

Noah: Yeah, see you.

Noah stepped past David and started over to the door. Before he opened it and stepped out of the room he turned back to look at David once more.

Noah: Oh, and the lockers are assigned by department. All the ones that belong to trauma staff are over there.

Noah pointed in the direction that he was talking about. David followed the directions with his eyes and then turn back to nod his appreciation.

David: Thank you Noah.

Noah: No problem.

Noah finally stepped out of the room and left David to the task of finding the right locker. With the direction that the nurse had given him, David at least knew where to start looking. It only took him a moment to find "Dr. David Kurt M.D.", printed in bold letters across one of the lockers. Right next to his own locker, David found another name printed in bold. "Dr. Anthony Reeves M.D." was printed on the locker right next to his...

Scene 5

Dr. Shaye was waiting for Avery when he arrived in the ER in response to a page she had sent him earlier.

Anna: Good morning Avery.

Anna greeted cheerfully. Avery smiled back, but not with the same amount of cheer.

Avery: Morning Anna.

Anna: I take it that you must have gotten my page.

Avery: I did. So what's up?

Anna: Well, I've got a patient that was referred to our ER by one of the docs at the urgent care clinic downtown and I need you to take over on his case.

Anna had been holding a patient file in her hands. She held it up now as she spoke in reference to the patient it belonged to.

Avery: You're handing a patient off to me?

Avery wasn't bothered by taking over one of Anna's patients, just curious as to why.

Anna: This specific patient is giving me some trouble and I believe that you might be better equipped to deal with him.

Avery looked both confused and nervous as he stared back at his superior.

Avery: Why? What's the problem?

Anna: The problem is that he only speaks Russian.

Avery: Oh I see. You paged me because you know that I can communicate with him.

Anna: Yes.

Avery: You do know that we have a Russian translator on staff don't you?

Anna: I do know that, but this guy is a cardio patient and you're a cardio surgeon.

Avery: A cardio surgeon who just happens to be fluent with the Russian language.

Anna: Exactly. So, will you help me or not?

Avery: Sure, why not. I could use some practice with my Russian. I'll do it.

Avery agreed. Anna smiled at his willingness. Then she handed him the patient file that she had been holding.

Anna: Great. He's in exam room six. Noah will meet you over there in case you need some help.

Anna held out the patient file that she had been holding. Avery took the folder and glanced through it quickly before closing it and turning his eyes back up to the female surgeon.

Avery: Alright then I guess I should get started. Thank you Anna.

Avery folded the file underneath his arm and started towards exam room six.

Anna: No Avery, thank you.

Anna called back just before Avery disappeared into the exam room ...

Scene 6

David had been instructed to report to Dr. Reeves on his first day of work. He was a little nervous about this, because of the fact that he had been avoiding Tony's phone calls all week; however, he was determined not to let it keep him from doing his job. When David finally found Tony he was standing at one of the nurses counters in the trauma center.

Tony: Good morning Dr. Kurt.

Tony greeted cheerfully when he saw the younger surgeon. David was a little surprised at the exuberance. He hadn't known what to expect with this encounter.

David: Good morning Dr. Reeves.

Tony: Are you excited?

David: Excited?

Tony: For your first day here.

David: Oh, yeah, I am. I'd like to get right to work as quickly as I could.

Tony: Perfect, now since this is your first official day here at MMH, I'd like you to start it off by getting yourself familiar with the layout of the hospital. That's why I've called up a nurse to give you a bit of a tour of the place. I hope you don't mind.

David: (Shaking his head) No. I'm fine with that.

Just as David had agreed to this, a woman had made her way up to the two surgeons.

Rosa: You wanted to see me Dr. Reeves?

The woman spoke in a thick Hispanic accent. Tony looked pleased to see her.

Tony: Yes Rosa, I'm glad you're here. I'd like you to meet Dr. Kurt.

Tony pointed to the man he was introducing. The nurse turned to him and smiled widely.

Rosa: Hello Dr. Kurt.

David: Hello.

David greeted back. Then Tony jumped back in.

Tony: David this is Rosa. She's the nurse that'll be showing you around this morning. I hope that the two of you will be able to get along. Rosa is one of the senior nurses in the trauma department as well as the most respected.

David: I'm sure it'll be fine. It's nice to meet you Rosa.

Rosa: You too.

Tony: Good, now that the two of you have been introduced you can get started on that tour.

Tony directed his speaking at David.

Tony: After you're done with that Dr. Kurt, I'd like you to report back to me so that I can introduce you to your first patient.

David: (Nodding) I can do that.

Tony: Perfect, now if you'd please excuse me I have a couple of patients that I need to sign release papers for.

Tony walked away from David and Rosa. The nurse smiled again at the young surgeon.

Rosa: Let's get started. I have patients I'd like to get back to when we're finished...

Scene 7

Noah met Avery in exam room six where a short and stumpy Russian man was sitting on top of the exam table. The man was in his late sixties and his dark black hair had turned to gray.

Dmitri: Вы должны быть к врачу? (You must be my doctor.)

The man said something in Russian. Noah couldn't understand what the man was saying, but Avery had understood him perfect. He nodded at the man replying back in the same language.

Avery: Это верно г-н Васко. Я доктор Прайс. (That's right Mr. Vasko. I'm Dr. Pryce.)

Avery introduced himself first and then pointed to the nurse.

Aver: И это Ной. (And this is Noah)

Noah: What did he say?

Noah questioned after he saw that Avery was pointing to him.

Avery: He asked if I was the doctor and I replied by introducing the two of us.

Avery explained, knowing that Noah must be lost. He tried to lessen some of the confusion by translating.

Dimitri: Доктор, вы должны помочь мне (Doctor you must help me.)

The man's voice seemed to be distressed this time. Avery turned back to him with concern.

Avery: То, что кажется быть проблема? (What seems to be the problem?)

Dimitri: Это моя грудь. Я чувствую отжима боль иногда, когда я работаю. (It's my chest. I feel a squeezing pain sometimes when I am working.)

Avery: Как долго эта боль была проблема для вас г-н Васко? (How long has this pain been a problem for you Mr. Vasko?)

Dimitri: Это происходило в течение нескольких месяцев. Я пошел в неотложной помощи клиники вчера и они попросили меня приехать сюда. (It's been happening for months now. I went to the urgent care clinic yesterday and they asked me to come here.)

Avery: Г-н Васько почему ты так долго ждешь, прежде чем пошел к врачу? (Mr. Vasko why did you wait so long before you went to see a doctor?)

Dimitri: Я боялся. (I was afraid.)

The man replied, still speaking in his native tongue. Avery wasn't surprised by the man's answer. He had grown accustomed to patients who waited till the last possible moment to seek medical attention. Fear was the biggest reason for most of them.

Avery: Что заставило вас изменить свое мнение и решили пойти в клинику? (What made you change your mind and decide to go to the clinic?)

Dimitri: Моя дочь настояла, чтобы я не входил. Она не будет брать не для ответа. (My daughter insisted that I come in. She wouldn't take no for an answer.)

Avery: Я рад, что ты решил послушать вашей дочери. Она должна быть умная девочка. (I'm glad you decided to listen to your daughter. She must be a smart girl.)

Avery turned back to Noah at this point. The he finally gave the nurse another brief translation of the conversation.

Avery: He says that he has been experiencing chest pains for weeks now and that he was too scared to come in until his daughter insisted on it. I'm worried about his heart, but I have a hunch that it might just be a severe case of an arrhythmia.

Noah: How should we proceed then?

Avery: He's going to need a full cardio workup. I'd also like to order an EKG as well as a CT to be on the safe side. For now I'd also like to get him hooked up to a heart monitor and have his vitals monitored every fifteen minutes.

Noah: Sure. I'll put in the orders for his tests and get one of the other nurses in here to get started on the rest.

Avery: Great. Thanks Noah. I'll stay behind to get his first set of vitals while you do that.

Noah: No problem.

Noah shrugged casually. He then gave Avery a curious look.

Noah: By the way, where did you learn to speak Russian?

Avery: When I was kid my father hired a Russian housekeeper. I learned how to speak most of it from her and whatever she didn't teach me I learned during my sophomore year in pre-med school.

Noah: Cool. I guess I got to learn something new about you today.

Noah had a complimenting smile on his cheeks. Avery blushed just a little at Noah's comment.

Avery: I guess so.

Noah stepped out of the exam room now. This was when Avery turned back to the patient and began to explain to him about the tests he was ordering. He spoke to Dimitri in Russian, just as he had before...

Scene 8

After Rosa had given David a tour of the hospital he reported back to Dr. Reeves just as he had been instructed to. He found the other doctor at the nurses' counter again. This time Tony had a patient file sitting on the counter next to him.

Tony: Since you're standing here now, I take it that you and Rosa are finished with the tour of the hospital.

Tony said as soon as David had come up to the counter next to him. He didn't even look up from the forms he was filling out to address the younger doctor.

David: That's right.

Tony: Ok then. I hope you're good with retaining information, because I have a few things to say before I can let you get started with your first patient.

Tony finally turned his vision to look at David. David nodded with confirmation.

David: I'm listening.

Tony: You're a trauma surgeon and you were hired here to perform the same tasks as any of our other trauma staff.

Tony began. He was shoving the pen that he had been using into the breast pocket of his lab coat.

Tony: The problem with that is MMH has a very small trauma center. Most of the larger traumas get sent up to Portland where they are better equipped to deal with such cases. So, in order to keep you in the OR and put your skills to good use, I recommend that you take on as many surgical patients as possible. When no one else is available, we're the guys who get called in to take over where it's necessary. We perform a lot of hernia repairs, appendectomy's, amputations

and pretty much anything involving stomach and bowl issues, and pretty much anything that nobody else wants to deal with.

David: So basically while I'm here, I'm a general surgeon with a hall pass to treat trauma patients on occasion?

Tony grinned with amusement as David's clever wording.

Tony: Exactly. This doesn't usually appeal to most trauma surgeons. We tend to be a bunch who likes to be in the action and treating the more emergent cases, but MMH just simply doesn't have the demand for it. However, I try not to look at it as negative thing because it at least keeps us in the OR and prevents our surgical skills from getting rusty. Also, even a minor surgery like an appy can save a person's life and ultimately that's what we're here for, saving lives.

David: I don't have a problem with it as long as it keeps me in the OR.

Tony: There are a few other things that you need to know before I'm finished. One of those things is that you will be working in the ER at least twice a week. One of those shifts will be at night. Not all of our ER patients will need surgery, but you will be expected to treat them with as much importance as any other. The second thing you need to know is that we only have five available OR's at any given time and the severity of the patient's condition is what determines who gets surgery first. Imperative cases with possibly fatal consequences get bumped up to top priority while other elective procedures such as plastics get moved to a lesser status. This means that whenever you get a patient that absolutely must have surgery right away; you will have precedence over other procedures that have been prescheduled.

As Tony paused here, David took the chance to break in with a question.

David: Is there anything else that I need to know before I get to meet my first patient?

Tony: I'm finished for now.

Tony picked up the patient file that had been sitting on the counter. Then he handed it to David.

Tony: Instead I want you to take this and look through it.

The younger surgeon took the file with ease, opening it immediately to glance through the information.

Tony: You're first patient is Mr. Delaney. His CT scans and other testing lead us to diagnose him with renal cancer. The oncologist recommends removing the afflicting organ. The surgery to remove the kidney was scheduled for today and I'd like to take over his case.

David: You want me to remove it?

Tony: I'll be in the OR with you, but only as an observer. You'll be in charge.

David didn't know what to say. He was excited. He was craving the OR and a case like this was exactly what he needed to satisfy that craving.

Tony: So what do you say Dr. Kurt? Do you want to be in the OR or not?

Tony knew that David's excitement was hidden in his silence. He understood the urges that David had, and the addiction to cutting someone open to fixing whatever damage was inside.

David: Of course. I'd be insane to turn this down.

Tony: Perfect. We'll be scrubbing in at 1:30 this afternoon. That'll give you enough time to grab some lunch. Then you can go introduce yourself to the patient and get started on his pre-op exam.

David smiled with enthusiastic appreciation.

David: Thank you Tony.

Tony didn't smile back. He left his expression blank and emotionless.

Tony: You're welcome Dr. Kurt, but please don't address me by my first name. It's Dr. Reeves from now on.

Tony turned away from David and walked away. David wasn't sure what to say in response to Tony's most recent comment so he didn't bother trying. He simply let the other doctor walk away and then sighed loudly once he was gone. David had been expecting a bit of awkwardness between him and Tony, but until then he had gotten no sign of it...

Scene 9

Avery was sitting alone at one of the tables in the hospital cafeteria when David walked out of the lunch line and noticed him from across the room.

David: Mind if I sit down?

David asked after making his way across the room to the table that Avery was sitting at. Avery looked up. He had been reading as he was having lunch.

Avery: I'd really rather you didn't.

Avery sighed and rolled his eyes at the man he was looking at.

David: I'll take that as a yes.

David smirked, taking a seat regardless of Avery's irritation. Avery rolled his eyes all over again and this time grumbled as he spoke.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

