

Mercy

Episode 1 – Greatness

Written By David Avery

This series is dedicated to my best friend; the one with the beautiful smile who carries me in their heart always...

What is Mercy?

This is the first edition to a fictional drama series that follows the tale of Dr. David Kurt and his search for happiness. To be closer to his best friend, David moves to Mercy to escape the closeted lifestyle that left him in misery. However, he gets far more than he bargained for when he settles into town and meets the love of his life. This story is funny, romantic, erotic, and emotional.

Summary of Episode 1

While David Kurt tries to work his way into the operating room, Avery is preparing to take the reins on his first solo heart transplant, and Andrew tries to help a victim of domestic violence in an unorthodox manner.

Scene 1

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It was dark when Andrew Pryce sat up from sleep. His vision was still a bit fuzzy as he checked the watch on his wrist. It took him a moment to see that it was just after five a.m. He sighed and then pulled himself out of a bed that was not his own. He moved fast, trying to get dressed quietly so that he wouldn't wake the man beside him. His attempts fell short of the task they were meant to accomplish. While Andrew was wearing only his underwear and trying to remember where he had tossed his clothes the night before, the other man was already sitting up rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

Steve: You're leaving already?

Andrew had finally found his clothes amongst the clutter that was already existent prior to him taking clothes off. He turned his view back to the bed and gave the other man a nod of confirmation.

Andrew: I work today. You know that.

Andrew was gathering up his clothes one item at a time to put them back. He pulled a white t-shirt over his head and then reached for his pants.

Steve: (Sighing) Yeah unfortunately I do, but does that mean you've gotta try to rush out of here without so much as a see you later?

Andrew: I didn't wanna wake you. You were sound asleep and I figured you could use all you could get.

Andrew pulled his pants on; zipping them up once they were in place

Steve: I've had enough sleep; I'd much rather be doing something else.

Steve hinted with a naughty, flirtatious grin, which Andrew ignored completely. He was tucking in his t-shirt.

Steve: You've got a few hours before you've gotta be at the firehouse. Why don't you come back to bed so we can have some fun before you go? Let me help you really wake up and send you off to work with a smile.

Andrew: No thanks.

Andrew fastened his belt as he refused the offer.

Andrew: I need to get back to my dad's place so I can shower and grab a few things. It'll take me an hour to drive there in the morning traffic.

Steve watched as Andrew continued to get dressed. He was now putting on a royal blue, button up shirt that was part of his uniform for work. He pulled it over his shoulders and let it hang there without buttoning up the front.

Steve: Maybe later then.

Steve gave up now and grew silent. Andrew hoped he would stay that way. He grabbed his shoes and sat down on the edge of the bed to put them on and lace them up. The silence was now lingering and Andrew was grateful for the few moments of peace. It didn't last long enough; however, Steve finally spoke up again as he pushed the bed covers off of him and stood up.

Steve: I've gotta work tonight, so I won't be around when you finish your shift. I can see you later this week though.

Andrew was finished with his shoes. He stood up from the bed, finally buttoning his shirt.

Andrew: Look, Steve, I'm not really good with all this goodbye stuff, but I don't think I'm gonna be coming back again after this time.

Steve was the one getting dressed now. Andrew watched him pull on a pair of pj bottoms. Steve didn't seem bothered at all by Andrew's declaration. In fact he retorted with expectancy.

Steve: I guess I shouldn't say see you later then huh?

Andrew: Yeah I guess not.

Steve was finished putting on his pants. He turned his view back to Andrew and shrugged his shoulders. He wasn't the least bit surprised in Andrew's lack of interest in seeing him again.

Steve: So what now, you just go and that's that?

Andrew: (Nodding) Pretty much.

Steve: Alright then I'll just say good bye and wish you the best.

Steve made a polite half smile. Andrew nodded back and gave the same sort of smile.

Andrew: Thanks, you too.

Neither he nor Steve said a single other word to one another as Andrew made his way to the front door and walked out of Steve's apartment...

Scene 2

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Mercy wasn't a particularly large city, but its population was greater than some. As far as places to live it was pretty safe. Andrew had grown up here and in all the years he'd been a resident there had been very little crime. It was this reason that he felt so safe walking through the dead of morning to get to his car after leaving Steve's apartment.

As he walked Andrew pulled a mobile phone from his pocket and checked for any missed calls or messages. He had turned the phone off the night before and had forgotten to turn it back on before falling asleep. He was worried now that he may have missed a call from work. As a paramedic, it wasn't uncommon for him to get called into the station even on his nights off. He was relieved when he noticed that the only call he had missed was non-work related. It was still a little too early in the morning to return the call, but Andrew paid no mind to the time. He dialed back the number and put the phone up to his ear as he continued walking...

Scene 3

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David Kurt was sound asleep when Regina entered his bedroom. Loudly she called out to him, interrupting his peacefulness and waking him.

Regina: DAVID!

David sat up quickly. He was accustomed to being woken up abruptly. Between the military, med school, and his surgical residency sleep had been a second priority for most of his adult life.

As he opened his eyes David felt the sting of daylight and closed them again immediately. He reached up to rub his eyes before trying to open them again to the sight of his mother. She was a short, red headed woman with fire like curls. She was in her fifties and the wrinkles in her face and cheeks added an extra ten years to her appearance.

Regina: David wake up and take this.

Regina barked out, holding a mobile phone out to David. He stared at her for a moment with confusion.

David: Ma what are you doing? I'm trying to sleep.

Regina: David someone's on the phone for you.

David: You're answering my phone now?

David questioned with an annoyed look.

Regina: I was coming in to pick up your laundry and the phone was in your pocket. Would you just take it already? I've got to get downstairs to make breakfast so your father can take his meds.

The woman sighed and shook the phone at him, emphasizing for him to take it. David reached out and grabbed the phone. His mother let go and by the time David had the phone to his ear she was gone.

David: Hello?

David answered before checking the caller ID to see who it was.

Andrew: Good morning Fucker.

An obnoxious voice greeted from the other side of the line.

David: Andrew hey, you musta got my message.

David recognized the voice instantly. Andrew knew before having to be told that David was just waking up. He could hear the grogginess in his friend's voice. The two of them had been friends for a while.

Andrew: Yeah dude I got it; sorry I missed your call last night. You know I always turn my phone off when I'm getting some ass.

Andrew was sitting in the driver's seat of his car stuck in traffic as he held his mobile phone to his ear.

David: Oh fuck man, don't even worry about it. I knew you'd call me back.

David scooted to the edge of his bed and hung his feet over the side, resting them on the cold hardwood floor.

Andrew: Well I know it's early, but I figured I'd call while I had a few minutes. I'm on my way back to my dad's place right now to grab a shower and get ready for work.

David had already figured that Andrew was driving. He could hear the noise of traffic in the background.

David: Yeah? Where'd you stay last night?

Andrew: At Steve's.

David: Steve huh? He's that doe eyed little college boy that you meet at the movie theater right?

David asked, with sparked interest. He liked indulging in Andrew's tales of mischief.

Andrew: No man that was Sam and he was last week. He was sweet though, a little young and far too inexperienced, but boy was his ass tight.

Andrew spoke in triumph, reliving it in his mind all over again.

David: Ok so who's Steve then?

David was in no way shocked by Andrew's crudity.

Andrew: Steve is the guy I met at Brock's earlier this week. It doesn't much matter who he is though. I'm not gonna see him again after this time.

Andrew tapped his fingers impatiently on the steering wheel as he was still stuck in traffic and waiting for a light to change colors.

David: Got bored already huh?

Andrew: Fuck yeah. You know I need variety.

Though David couldn't see Andrew through the phone, he knew his friend well enough to know that he was probably grinning right about then. He was right.

Andrew: Anyways man, I'm sorry I woke you up.

Andrew wasn't really sorry and David knew this, but the gesture and sentiment were all the same.

David: It's fine man. I was sleeping but it's probably close to time for me to get up anyhow.

David reached his free hand out to grab a gold wrist watch from the night stand at the side of his bed.

David: Oh shit yeah, it's after six here. I need to get my ass moving. It's a good thing you called.

Andrew: I just hope I didn't start a shit storm for you with your mom. I know how she hates technology and thinks that cell phones are the tools of the devil.

David couldn't help but laugh at Andrew's comment, though the statement was pretty much true.

David: Oh yeah, I'll probably catch hell for it later. Don't sweat it though. She'll just say a few extra prayers for me over breakfast and that'll be that.

It was Andrew's turn to laugh this time. He was a firm believer that all religions were full of shit. He knew that David's mother was a crazy Jesus fanatic, and it was humorous how she took it to an extreme.

There was a bit of a pause here in the conversation now. During the silence David stood up and crossed the floor of his bedroom, stretching to wake him further as he paced the room. Andrew was still waiting for the light to change. There were five cars ahead of him, all waiting for the same event.

David: Oh by the way

David started, finally breaking the moment of quiet as soon as he had thought up something to say. Andrew was still paying attention.

David: I finally got to see the inside of an OR last night.

Andrew: Really? Branson finally let you into the OR?

Andrew knew David was excited and he was excited for him.

David: Yeah well it wasn't for anything important. He called me to ask a question and then sent me on an errand to relay a message to Dr. Wyatt.

David said with indifference. His friend could hear the dullness in David's words.

Andrew: It's bullshit man. You've been at Madison West for almost six weeks and have only seen the inside of an OR once. This Branson guy sounds like a real Fucktard.

David: Yeah but there's nothing I can do about it. Branson's the guy I got stuck with.

Andrew: That's not true man. You've got skills and you're wasting them by working under Tim Branson. You're a fellow for fuck's sake. By now you should be running your own OR not nipping at the heels of others and waiting for them to drop scraps.

David sighed with stress. He knew Andrew was right, but he brushed it off anyways.

David: Speaking of which man, I need to jump in the shower so I can get to the hospital for another exciting day at Madison West.

David spoke with sarcasm. Andrew understood that David had to go. He figured it was probably time for him to get off the phone as well; especially since he was driving.

Andrew: It's cool man. I think the traffic's about to move soon anyways.

David: Alright then, you take it easy and I'll give you a call sometime in the next few days.

Andrew: Sweet, I'll talk to you in a few days then. Have fun trying to work your way into that OR again.

Andrew teased. He couldn't see it, but he knew David was smiling. David sighed with his amusement.

David: Thanks man.

Andrew: Later.

David and Andrew both hung up their phones. David tossed his phone onto the top of a dresser that sat to one side of his room while Andrew tossed his phone into the empty passenger's seat of his car.

Though the two of them were over 2,000 miles apart in distance they both sighed at the same moment with stressed annoyance. Andrew was sighing with impatience at the non-moving traffic and David was sighing over his disappointment of knowing he had to be at work soon.

Then just as the light was finally changing for Andrew, David's phone rang again. Andrew began to move with the rest of the morning commuters as David grabbed his phone from the top

of the dresser, glancing at the caller ID this time, and then answered the phone to a call from work...

Scene 4

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David was in a hurry when he came down the stairwell of his parents' house. It was a modest house. The stairs lead down to the kitchen. A chubby black haired man was sitting at the kitchen table. The man lifted his view up from the paper in front of him and nodded at his son in greeting.

Ed: Morning kid.

David: Morning pop.

Ed: You're mother made breakfast if you're interested.

Ed nodded to the buffet that was set across the table. David stopped to glance over it, but didn't have time to stay.

David: No, sorry pop I can't stay long enough to eat. I'm already running behind and I don't wanna be late.

Regina: Well at least let me make you a cup of coffee before you go.

David glanced up to see that his mother had entered the room.

David: Ma I appreciate it, but I can't.

Regina: Oh of course you can, I'll put it in one of those travel cups and you can drink it on your way to work. You're going to need it if you end up in the OR today.

Regina insisted. David sighed, and prepared to protest again, but his father spoke up before he had the chance.

Ed: Leave the kid alone Genie. He's a doctor for Christ's sake. When he says he's gotta go he's gotta go.

Ed folded the paper that he'd been reading so that he could put a word in. The woman scowled and squinted her eyes at her husband. Then she raised her finger and pointed it at him in scolding.

Regina: How dare you use such language? I outta slap you for using that name in vein.

Ed: I'm sorry love, but you're so persistent. Just let the boy say no for a change.

David sighed at his parents arguing, and then finally he spoke up before either of them could continue.

David: Look, I love you both but I've gotta go.

Regina: Oh alright. I guess if it's that important, I won't hassle you this time.

Regina sighed back and gave in, softening her tone briefly. The softness didn't last long; she raised her voice again before she was through.

Regina: But before you go, I wanted to remind you that Kayla's coming over tonight.

David: Kayla?

David was confused by the name.

Regina: Yes. I told you about her the other night. She's cute, single, and her mother is my prayer group. Don't you remember me saying that I had invited her to dinner?

David tried to search his memories for anything involving the name Kayla. As he racked his brain he did sort of recollect a blurred scene from a couple nights before in which his mom may have mentioned this. David sighed, annoyed.

David: Wait a minute Ma; is this another one of your fix ups?

Regina: Yes, but don't think of it as a fix up. Just think of it as me inviting a young woman over for dinner; a young woman who just also happens to be nice, available, and close to your age.

David: Ma do we really have to go through this again? You keep trying to introduce me to these girls and it always ends in a train wreck.

Regina: It won't end badly this time David I promise. I met this one. She's sweet and even quite pretty. I just know you're gonna like her.

David: Fine Ma whatever. I don't have time to argue with you this time. I'll see you later tonight and we can talk about it then.

David started towards the door now, stopping on his way to grab his coat from a rack that hung behind the door.

Ed: Have a good day son.

Ed chimed up again David smiled and nodded back at his father.

David: Thanks dad you too.

Regina: What am I chopped liver? Aren't you even gonna kiss your mother goodbye?

David: I'm sorry Ma.

David stepped back over to his mom and very quickly gave her a peck on the cheek. She smiled warmly as her son stepped away.

Regina: That's better.

David: Bye Ma, I gotta go

David didn't waste another second. He turned around, opened the front door, and walked out before his mother had a chance to rope him back in...

Scene 5

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Avery Pryce walked up to a big set of double doors, with a bag hanging from one shoulder. He stared forward at a sign that hung on one side of the doors. It read “SURGICAL STAFF ONLY”. Avery grinned as he read the sign, and then pushed his way right through the doors.

He entered the changing room and walked through the rows of lockers till he got to one that was labeled with his name. The label read “Dr. Avery E. Pryce M.D.”. Again Avery grinned, and then opened the door to his locker.

Avery sat his bag down on one of the benches next to his locker and started to dig through the bag for a pair of turquoise scrubs that were inside. He was moving quick but steady as he started to dress out of the clothes he was wearing and into the scrubs he had pulled from the bag. It took him only a few minutes to finish.

When he was done changing, Avery shoved his bag into the locker, trading it for a white lab coat that he pulled out and put on. He fixed the collar of the coat and was nearly finished when the door to the room opened again and another man entered.

Noah: Hey Avery? Have you talked to Anna yet?

The man opened up with a question, speaking fast and loud from some type of excitement. Avery turned his sights to the man. It was Noah, one of the surgical nurses that Avery worked with frequently. Noah was a slender Asian looking man. He was younger than Avery by about five years. He was also cute, something Avery had never noticed, but was apparent to most others.

Avery: Not yet. I just got here.

Noah: You better hurry up then. She’s waiting for you on the surgical floor.

Avery: Yeah? What’s the rush?

Avery wondered why Noah was acting like an overly enthused child that was trying to wake up his parents on Christmas morning.

Noah: You mean other than just getting wind that there’s a heart on its way to Mercy Medical Hospital as we speak?

Avery: Are you serious?

Avery was now aware of Noah's reasons for acting so giddy. His own excitement was mutually so.

Noah: Oh yeah. You remember that Henderson family right?

Avery: That's the couple with the African adoptee right? The one born with the heart defect?

Noah: (Nodding) yeah, that's them.

Avery: Wow, she's been waiting for a heart for over two years.

Noah: Well she doesn't have to wait anymore. Dr. Shaye just got the call. They found a heart and they're sending it over now. If you want in on transplant team, I suggest you get up there to claim a spot before one of the other guys beat you to it.

Avery: Nice. I'll be there real quick. Just give me another minute to finish up here.

Noah: Alright, but don't take too long. I don't want to miss this and neither do you. It's just the break we've been waiting for.; your chance to fly solo on a transplant and my first chance to see your skills in action.

Avery: No problem, I'm almost done anyways.

Noah: Cool, see you up there.

Noah turned around and walked back out of the room. Avery grinned to himself yet again. Then he grabbed a couple more items; one of which was his pager. He shoved them into the pockets of his lab coat and shut the door to his locker. Then he hurried to leave the room to meet Dr. Shaye...

Scene 6

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Andrew entered the garage of the firehouse where he worked. Fire engines and ambulances were parked in rows throughout the garage. As Andrew walked up to one of the red and white ambulances he saw his partner Marcum; a husky light skinned black man that was no more than a couple years older than him. Marcum was in the back of the rig, packing things in and stocking up the truck.

Andrew: Hey man, did you already do the supply check?

Andrew asked as he made his way up to the back of the truck. Then he stood proudly in his work uniform waiting for an answer.

Marcum: Yeah.

Marcum climbed out of the truck as he answered back. He too was dressed in work uniform, which consisted of black slacks and a royal blue, short sleeved, button up shirt. This was the same attire that Andrew was dressed in, a standard for all the paramedics and EMTs that worked for Mercy Fire & Rescue.

Marcum: I got in a few minutes early and figured it would kill some time for me and save some for us later.

Andrew: Alright, sounds good. You ready for another 12 hour shift?

Marcum: As ready as I'm gonna be.

Marcum shrugged and stepped back so that he could close the doors to the truck. He paused for a moment and then turned back to the other medic.

Marcum: How about you, how you doing?

Andrew: (Shrugging) not bad, just ready to get back to work and keep busy.

Marcum: Yeah well I'm hoping this shift is an easy one. I think the real busy ones are wearing me down.

Andrew: Not me man. I hate the slow days. I gotta keep busy with something at all times or I go mad.

Marcum: Yeah, it's that ADHD of yours. You can't sit still for longer than five minutes.

Marcum said with a joking demeanor, giving Andrew a bit of grief.

Andrew: Yeah whatever Marc, save your shit talk for later when I win all your money playing cards again.

Andrew smirked. His joking was all in fun and both he and Marcum knew that.

Marcum: Haha, but you're delusional if you think you're gonna beat me at another game. You got lucky the last time cause I was off my game, but this time you better be ready to lose.

Andrew: Right man, I'm real sure.

Andrew spoke facetiously as he and Marcum went back and forth competitively.

Andrew: You just be sure to let me know if we need to stop off at an ATM so you can get my money.

Marcum opened his mouth to respond back, but just then the sound of a siren blared through the garage and an automated voice began to speak overhead. Marcum sighed and quickly changed the words he had been ready to say.

Marcum: Looks like you just got your wish. You ready to get busy?

Andrew: I sure the fuck am.

Marcum: Good, then get your queer, white ass in the rig. We've got shit to do.

Andrew walked around to the passenger's side of the ambulance and opened up the door to climb in. Marcum climbed into the driver's side and within seconds he was starting up the vehicle...

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