



ROBERT GARLAND

Doctor Bob

“Hell, I’m Bob! Only the fucking perfect storm could’ve made me park my arse in this shithole”.

You’re Bob Garland, everyone loves you, everyone wants you. You’re cool and smooth-talking, a young, handsome bachelor with a surgical postdoc. Not bad at all. In college, you were the best at everything. A brilliant student, a good athlete and a God in bed. When you enrolled into medical school, everyone thought you’d become a star in your field. Instead you chose the path of women, alcohol and excess.

Over the last few months your colleagues have tried to keep you away from the operating table, citing your debauchery as a reason. They should mind their own fucking business: A heart attack has already forced you to stop smoking, as well as to avoid places where people smoke a cigarette a minute lest you fall back into the habit. You don’t know how long you’ll be able to resist, abstinence makes you jittery and your self-esteem has taken a hit as well: You’re a wreck physically and mentally, and your past successes are the only thing that’s keeping up your shoddy house of cards.

But in spite of it all, every time you’re forced to deal with the masses and mingle with the middle class you’re assaulted by fear. Have you lost your magic touch, your absolute control, your status? You’ve even hit rock bottom with women, banging one Paula Cunningham for two months straight when her only two great qualities are

hanging right off her chest. She was an easy lay and you were amused by her unexpected voracity, but now you can’t get her to piss off.

And since of course when it rains it pours, here’s a fucking storm forcing you to hide in the most average of American minimarts.

Profile

You’re a pretender. Well, a few years back you really were an ace, but then you screwed it all up. You lost even the tiniest crumble of self-respect, as well as the steady hand that made you a good surgeon. Women, cocaine, alcohol and smoke were your best friends for a long time, and they’ve turned you into a paranoid freak.

Now you’re afraid of other people’s judgement and you’ve stopped feeling like the best: You only play the part. An avalanche of mediocrity is pulling you under, and it doesn’t give a shit about your past successes. You’re a finished man that’s already shot his last bullet.

Structure

You feign confidence in memory of when you actually had some. Your every move is calculated, your step never falters and your gestures are precise and appropriate. Your movements are smooth and well-thought-out, never instinctive or sudden. You often keep your left hand in your pocket, but always with style, without crumpling your shirt.

Recently your life has taken a nosedive and this is reflected in a nervous tic: You’re obsessed with your ever-growing bald spot and you keep running a hand through your hair, then checking to see how many got caught between your fingers.

Acquaintances

Mark Einnod, the big bad cop people like to insult behind his back, only to piss themselves as soon as he turns around. A few years ago, when you were accused of no less than three murders on account of as many deaths under your scalpel, he went out of his way to try and arrest you, as if you'd killed his damn grandma or something.

Gary Gronel, the fucking lunatic that threatened to sue you for snorting coke in the hospital. The son of a bitch had photo evidence and he blackmailed you into treating him for appendicitis even though he didn't have the slightest hint of an inflammation. You even entertained the thought of killing him during the operation, but the bastard had accounted for everything and told you that if he didn't get back home safe and sound the photos would be sent straight to the police.

Konstantin Bartosz, the Polish husband of Lilian Bartosz, a patient you couldn't save from her abdominal aneurysm. It shouldn't have been a risky surgery and everyone rushed to blame you; not that they were wrong, considering how coked up you were at the time. Luckily your lawyer, Maxwell, fished you out of trouble for her death, as well as the other two murders you were accused of.

Lilian Thurman, the orphan of an important businessman that was killed during a home invasion. It was all the talk on TV at the time, but you can't say you got to know her in person. Still, she's a pretty girl, if a bit young for you.

