

# Episode 5 – Scarier Things

## Scene 1

Noah woke to the sound of someone pounding on his front door. He sat up rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he heard the sound again.

“Hey Noah” Someone called out, following the sound of the banging.

On impulse, Noah jumped out of bed and grabbed a pair of pants from his bedroom floor. He tried to pull them on as speedily as possibly while still trying to wake up.

“Come on Noah.” The noise continued. “I know you’re in there. I saw you’re car downstairs.”

Noah: I’m coming.

Noah called out to try and stall the racket as he finished putting on and zipping his pants. It did no good since the knocking and shouting persisted anyways, this time even louder, “NOAH COME ON MAN!”

Noah: Alright, alright.

Noah shouted as he made his way through his small, one bedroom apartment. It was messy, not filthy, but there was a system of organized chaos that only he understood. He opened the front door immediately upon reaching it, desperate to answer it before any of his neighbors complained about the violation of noise.

Noah: Kelton?

Noah asked unsteadily as he opened the door to a slender built man with a disheveled appearance; he was someone that Noah knew very well. The man responded, as Noah rubbed the sleep from his blurry eyes.

Kelton: Yeah, and gawd am I glad to see you. Can I come in?

Noah: Kelton what the fuck are you doing here? It’s after midnight and you’re pounding on my door. Are you trying to wake my neighbors?

Noah questioned ignoring Kelton’s request to come inside. He was frustrated at having been woken up so late when he was supposed to be up for work early in the morning.

Kelton: I’m sorry man.

Kelton apologized with what seemed like sincere regretfulness.

Kelton: I know it’s late. I just really need a favor and you’re the only one I know I can ask.

Noah: Kelton you can't keep doing this, coming back here every time you need a favor. I thought I was pretty clear the last time I told you to fuck off.

Kelton: Come on Noah, I don't have anywhere else. You're the only one in town that I know.

Kelton explained, running his hand through the hair on his own head. Noah sighed again in frustration as he watched the friend's jumpy demeanor.

Noah: Kelton are you high?

Kelton: No man, I'm clean, I swear it.

Kelton promised, holding his hand up like he was taking an oath Noah shook his head suspiciously.

Noah: What do you want Kelton?

Kelton: Just a spot to crash for a couple of days, that's it.

Noah: Oh no fucking way.

Noah cracked back firmly, standing in the entrance to the apartment like a guard dog unwilling to budge and standing his ground.

Noah: I'm not letting you in here after the last time.

Kelton: Noah please help me out man, please? I know I don't deserve it, but I'll behave myself. I mean it.

Kelton begged some more, holding up his hand again with more promises that Noah knew to be empty. Kelton's word was almost always good for nothing. Noah sighed again with a slight growl in his tone. He knew that he was going to regret his next move no matter how it panned out, but Kelton's pleas were not wasted.

Noah: Kelton if you want my help you need to tell me the truth this time and don't lie to me. Are you high or coming down off something?

Noah demanded like this was an interrogation and he was searching for the answers to a crime.

Kelton: Christ Noah. I told you I'm not high and I can prove it too.

Kelton claimed as he reached in and fumbled through the pocket of the denim jacket he was wearing. Noah watched skeptically.

Kelton: Here, look at this.

Kelton pulled a gold painted aluminum coin from his pocket and held it up in plain view for Noah to see it. Then he explained its importance.

Kelton: See? I got this yesterday. 60 days, sober... well, 61 now.

Noah: Is this for real? You're not bullshitting me?

Noah narrowed his eyes, nearly satisfied by the display. Kelton nodded his confirmation.

Kelton: It's for real man. I'm clean now, living life legit. I even got a job and I'm getting my own place soon. I just need somewhere to crash for a minute or two until I get the keys and then I'm outta here, gone by payday I swear it.

Noah: Fine, ok, you can crash here for tonight.

Noah gave in as he saw the NA token that Kelton was holding between his fingers and heard the hopefulness in his voice.

Kelton: Oh gawd Noah thank you.

Kelton's appreciation was realistic. He was in glee over the kindness, so much so that he stepped forward, wrapping his arms around Noah firmly. Noah sighed as he felt the hug, and stood there coldly, not hugging back.

Noah: There's gonna be a couple of rules first though.

Noah declared, grabbing Kelton's attention. Kelton dropped his arms, letting Noah free from his embrace without stepping away. The he nodded his head to prematurely accept whatever stipulations Noah was about to set for him.

Kelton: Sure, whatever you want. I'll obey. You name it and I'll give it to you.

Kelton added a grin and a flirtatious smile to his declaration of obedience, giving insinuation in his gratitude and offering himself up to Noah as compensation.

Kelton: Even if it means giving you a little pleasure in exchange for your kindness.

Noah: Pleasure huh?

Noah looked back at Kelton. In just a few seconds a lifetime's worth of memories flashed through his mind with a vengeance, stealing his better judgment viciously. For that brief time he lost himself in Kelton's hazel eyes. Kelton must have sensed the sudden confusion that Noah was suddenly tempted with; at that moment he leaned in and kissed him. It took only a few seconds before Noah came to his senses and pulled his mouth away.

Noah: Stop.

Noah sighed and shook his head while scolding Kelton, gently grabbing him by the side of his arms and pushing him away.

Noah: That's enough. If you wanna stay here there won't be any more of this and you're gonna sleep on the couch.

Kelton: Are you serious?

Kelton looked at Noah with disbelief.

Noah: I'm dead serious. It's either the couch or nothing.

Noah warned with a glare before stepping out of the doorway and making room for Kelton to come inside.

Noah: Now, if you want to crash here tonight then I suggest you make up your mind and get your ass inside. I've gotta work first thing in the morning and I need to get some sleep...

## **Scene 2**

David laid flat on his back and stared up at the bare ceiling above his bed. He was in a heightened state of bliss as Tony's warm wet mouth was servicing his hard and throbbing cock.

David: Gawd that feels good.

David gasped for oxygen as he slid his fingers through the hair on Tony's head. He could feel that he was close to cuming. His pulse quickened and his blood pressure rose higher the closer he got. He was just about there when the sound of his phone interrupted.

David: Dammit.

David swore at the interruption. He reached over to grab his phone from the nightstand while Tony paused what he was doing. David glanced at his phone to see who was calling. Then he gave out a large irritated sigh.

Tony: Should I stop?

Tony questioned. David shook his head at Tony as he sat his phone back down after rejecting the call. Then he turned back to Tony with a grin.

David: Nah, don't stop. It's not important.

Tony waited for no further direction before he continued. David moaned out loudly as he felt Tony's mouth return to the head of his cock and within seconds his pleasure was returning full force. His pulse quickened faster and his blood pressure rose higher the closer he got to climax.

David: Oh fuck!

He called out in ecstasy after just a few more moments of feeling Tony's mouth slide tightly up and down the shaft of his cock.

Tony: Are you almost there?

Tony stroked David's cock as he removed his mouth to catch his breath and ask the question.

David: Fuck yeah, I'm gonna cum.

David could already feel the pressure erupting by the time he grunted an answer. It released with power, sending a rush of pleasure through him. He let out a bellowing groan to announce the orgasm.

David: I'm cuming... I'm cuming.

Less than a second after David gave the warning, a nice warm load of his cum shot out of the head of his cock and spilled onto his stomach. Tony continued to stroke him until nothing more was left and David's cock had gone flaccid.

David: Fuck.

David gasped to express his gratification. As his body was starting to relax and his heart rate was returning to normal, Tony sat up in the bed.

Tony: Mmmm... I hope you feel better.

David: Hell yeah I do.

David confirmed as he reached over to pull tissues from the box on his nightstand. He was using them to wipe up his cum as Tony was climbing out of his bed. David looked at him curiously.

David: What... you're not gonna stick around for me to return the favor?

Tony: I'd like to, gawd I'd like to, but it's already getting late and I've got something important to take care of before I head to the hospital and you're supposed to be meeting with Dr. Jordan about the Davis girl this morning.

Tony had moved across the room and was picking his pants up from David's bedroom floor.

David: Dammit that's right.

David sighed as he was reminded about the meeting that he was supposed to attend later that morning. He sat up from where he'd been laying and glanced at his alarm clock.

David: I guess I should go grab a shower and start getting dressed for work then.

Tony: Yeah you should, but hey, I could probably come by again tonight if you'd like.

Tony suggested as he pulled his pants up and zipped them. David stared back at Tony, pondering the idea. It took him about five seconds to respond, but eventually he nodded his head and agreed.

David: Alright, we'll try for that.

David grinned playfully as he climbed out bed and stepped over towards Tony. He was still wearing nothing but bare skin as he closed the gap of space between them by sliding his arms around his lover and pulling him near. Tony narrowed his eyes with teasing distrust.

Tony: And what is it that you think you're doing? I told you I've gotta go.

David: Hmm, I'm just coming over to steal one last kiss before I head down the hall to take my shower.

Tony: Alright, I guess I could spare that.

Tony grinned back before finally leaning in and granting David's request...

### **Scene 3**

Andrew was still dressed in his uniform from work when he got to the front door of the apartment where he and David had been living for the past month. He pulled his keys from the pocket of his jacket and flipped through them to find his apartment key. Just as he had found the right one, the door to his apartment opened up and Tony reeves was standing on the other side.

Andrew: Dr. Reeves.

Andrew greeted coldly. Tony looked back with the same type of stern expression, like neither one of them had anything polite to say to the other.

Tony: Mr. Pryce.

Tony nodded to acknowledge Andrew's greeting.

Tony: I was just on my way out.

Andrew: Sure.

Andrew shrugged in return as he stuffed his keys back into his jacket pocket. With nothing more to say, Tony stepped through the door of the apartment and started past the paramedic. Andrew too said nothing as he then stepped inside and shut the door...

### **Scene 4**

Andrew: Morning Fucker.

Andrew greeted David as he made his way into the kitchen and headed for the fridge. His dark haired, green eyed roommate was dressed for work and sitting at the counter with his breakfast.

David: Morning.

David looked up from his cereal to see Andrew pull a beer from the fridge. He glared at Andrew questionably.

David: Isn't it a little too early for beer?

Andrew: Well they don't call it the breakfast of champions for nothing.

Andrew shrugged like it was no big deal as he used the edge of the counter to pop the top off the bottle in his hands.

David: So that's how you plan to enjoy your day off then, sticking around here and drinking beer? Isn't that a little tame for you? I'd of figured you'd be at the gym by now eyeballing the equipment in the locker room.

Andrew: Nah it's Tuesday.

Andrew leaned back against the counter as he took his first drink.

Andrew: It's time for the weekly lunch date with my brother. I'll be spending the afternoon praying that the waitress doesn't spit in my food instead of his by mistake.

David laughed at the humor in Andrew's cynicism. He had heard some of the stories that Andrew had to share about his past lunch dates with Avery and from the sound of it, he figured it had to be excruciating. He was happy to not be in Andrew's shoes and proved that with a sarcastically phrased remark.

David: Oh I bet you're just gonna enjoy that.

It was then that the sound of a ringing cell phone intruded. David groaned reluctantly as he reached into the front pocket of his pants and pulled the phone out to see who was calling. He sighed and rejected the call before stuffing it back into the pocket in which it had come from.

Andrew: You're mom again huh?

Andrew presumed as he looked at David, judgment staining his expression. David sighed and nodded his head, knowing that his friend was going to have more to say on the topic.

David: It's the second time she's called this morning.

Andrew: Oh so, now you're avoiding her calls huh? I guess that means you still haven't told her that you're staying in Mercy yet have you?

David: No, not yet.

David shook his head. Andrew sighed back and gave his friend another judgmental stare down.

Andrew: Dude you do realize that you're gonna have to tell her sooner or later don't you?

David: I don't know.

David lied. He did know the answer to that question, but he didn't want to deal with the reality of it quite yet.

David: I was kind of hoping that I could put it off till I see her on Thanksgiving.

Andrew: Oh c'mon man. What's the big deal? Don't you think that she'll be happy for you? You're finally working at a hospital where your talents can be put to good use. Won't that at least amount for something to her?

David: Maybe, but she's still gonna flip out and then I'll be lucky if she doesn't come all the way up here just to drag me back to Madison herself.

Andrew: Yeah, but you can't avoid her forever. Eventually you are gonna have to bite the bullet and tell her that you're not coming home. She may be a crazy religious nut but she's still you're mother and she's gotta be worried sick after her son quit his job, packed up his things and left the state of Texas without telling anyone where he was going.

David: Yeah, well, Sunny knows where I'm at and she knows I'm safe, so I'm sure she's passed on the news to my mom by now.

David replied as he stood up from the counter where he'd been seated and carried his breakfast dishes over to the sink. Andrew sighed. He knew what a difficult subject this was for David, so instead of pushing any further he decided to change the subject instead.

Andrew: Well, things with you and Tony must be going pretty good huh? I passed him on my way in this morning.

David turned to Andrew, who was now only a few feet away from him. He nodded his head to and responded, happy that his friend had decided to change the course of the conversation.

David: Yeah things are going pretty good. He stopped by pretty late last night and might do the same again tonight.

Andrew: Nice.



Andrew replied in between sips from the bottle he was still holding.

Andrew: You guys are really making this a regular thing aren't you?

David: Sure we are, but why not. The sex is pretty hot, he's hot, and it saves time on having to find someone new every time.

Andrew grinned, wanting to argue David's reasoning on his last comment. To him, the hunt was the best part. He loved the way it felt when he first got a man's attention. The chase, the flirting, the uncertainty of taking your prize home at the end of the night; he loved the ritual of seduction.

Andrew: You're not gonna start falling for the guy are you?

Andrew glared at David suspiciously, as though he held some unspoken authority over David's emotions. David shrugged as he leaned sideways up against the counter and faced his friend.

David: Oh no way. He may be hot and the sex may be great, but it's certainly not worth falling love over. Besides he says he's not looking for a boyfriend and neither am I. We both just wanna have fun.

Andrew: Oh wow, so the sex is already getting boring eh? Is that just because he won't eat your cum?

Andrew smirked as he made a mocking comment. David laughed as he shook his head.

David: Oh fuck man, I should never have told you about that and no, it's not just because he doesn't swallow, although that doesn't help either.

Andrew: Yeah? I bet its cause you're versatile and he's a strict top then huh?

David: It's not that either.

David chuckled at his friend's persistence.

David: And I never said that the sex was boring, those were your words, but, for right now I've gotta cut this conversation short. I'm supposed to meet with Dr. Jordan in a bit to discuss Ashley Davis's treatment plans and I'm gonna have to make a coffee stop sometime between now and then, since we still don't have a coffee maker yet.

Andrew: Well I could toss you one of these instead if you'd like.

Andrew teased by holding up his beer bottle for David to get a look. David just laughed back and looked at his roommate with a toying smirk.

David: Um, yeah, I'm gonna pass on that one. I really don't think your father would understand if I came in to work with a buzz going.

Andrew: Sure he would. Just blame me. That's what Avery used to do whenever one of us was about to get in trouble for something.

David: Yeah well I'm pretty sure that you deserved most of the blame anyways. From what you've told me about your brother, it sounds like he was too much of a good boy to get in trouble on purpose.

David kidded.

Andrew: Haha, very funny.

Andrew laughed back, smirking before taking another drink from his beer. Then he changed the subject while he still had the chance.

Andrew: How's the kid doing anyways? Ashley I mean.

David: Still about the same as she was, but she's pulled through the worst.

David sighed regretfully at the mention of Ashley Davis. She had come into the hospital a little over a week earlier after having been badly beaten by her boyfriend. A week later she was still in critical condition with a very slim chance of survival.

David: She's got a lot of doctors, all pulling strings and doing everything we can for her.

Andrew: Yeah well she's a fighter to have held on this long. I have my hopes high that she's gonna do just fine...

## **Scene 5**

Tony: Lucas?

Tony called out when he came through the front door of his home and closed the door, immediately removing his coat as he called out again.

Tony: Lucas? I'm home.

This was the last thing he said before he turned to a table that was next to the door and began to thumb through a stack of mail that was sitting on top of it. He was still sorting through envelopes when he heard the sound of someone coming down the stairs.

Lucas: Hey, I thought you weren't supposed to be home till later.

The sound of a younger man's voice entered the room. Tony shrugged nonchalantly without taking his eyes from the mail.

Tony: I wasn't, but plans changed. Did you call you mom back last night?

Tony finally turned his attention from the postage to the teen boy that had entered the foyer just a moment earlier. The boy seemed to be in his mid-teens. He was tall, almost as tall as Tony and had the same brown hair and eyes. He sighed back at Tony and shook his head.

Lucas: No, and I'm not going to. What's the point?

Tony: The point is that she's your mother and I know she wants to hear from you.

Luca: Yeah well then she shouldn't of left.

Lucas grumbled back sharply. Tony sighed as he nodded his head at the boy.

Tony: Lucas I know you're upset with your mother for leaving but the problems between her and I don't have to be your problems too. You shouldn't stop having a relationship with her just because she left me.

Lucas: Dad, no offense but I'm not a little kid here. Mom didn't just leave you; she left the both of us, but you're arguing a moot point anyways. I'm not calling her any time soon and no amount of lecturing is gonna make me change my mind.

Tony: Alright, alright.

Tony caved, putting his hands up to admit his defeat.

Tony: I won't bring it up again, at least not for a little while.

Lucas: Thanks.

Tony: But what do you say you and I watch a movie tonight? I could be home by seven and we could order a pizza or something.

Tony questioned to change the subject. Lucas nodded at his father's suggestion.

Lucas: Yeah, that sounds good.

Tony: Cool. So, what about your homework? Did you get that done?

Lucas: Yes sir.

The boy replied obediently.

Tony: Even the calculus?

Lucas: (Nodding) Yeah. It's all done.

Tony: You want me to look over it while you're getting ready for school?

Lucas: Sure if you want. I'll go grab it.

Tony: Alright, but make it quick ok? I don't want you to be late for school...

## **Scene 6**

Albert: Good morning.

Albert greeted as his son walked through the front door of their family home. Avery had just finished a long night shift and was on his way in from work.

Avery: Morning father.

Avery greeted his old man. Albert was dressed for work and holding his briefcase in one hand, ready to leave and head to the hospital.

Albert: How was your night shift?

Avery: Slow. It was quiet for most of the night, not a lot going on.

Avery fibbed. He had worked non-stop all night with patients that had come into the ER. He feared that if he mentioned just how hard he really worked, Albert would start in with a lecture about slowing down.

Albert: Good, I hope to say the same thing about the day shift. I have plans this evening and I'd like to be out of my office earlier enough to keep them.

Avery: You have plans tonight?

Avery tried to hide his surprise behind an expression of interest. There were many things that Avery Pryce and his father had in common. One of them was that they were both workaholics who paid very little mind to either of their personal lives, which made Albert's relentless preaching exceedingly hypocritical. However, in spite of being a hypocrite for doing so, who better to lecture his son about working too hard than workaholic himself?

Albert: Yes, I have plans and don't act so surprised would you?

Albert growled defensively as he tried to step past his son on the way towards the front door.

Albert: A little encouragement would be far more productive.

Avery found his father's sudden defensiveness to be off putting and more surprising than the fact that his father claimed to have plans later that evening. He wasn't exactly sure how to respond to it, so instead of addressing it he decided to divert Albert's attention elsewhere.

Avery: Well, in any case, I hope you enjoy your evening. I too have plans.

Albert: With the scrub nurse?

Albert narrowed his line of vision at his heir and waited for a response, which came with a nod.

Avery: That's right. Noah and I have plans to see a movie tonight.

Albert: Well good luck then. It seems this Noah fellow is good for you, a good influence. It's nice to see you finally making time for a social life and it's about damn time you got yourself a boyfriend. I hope you enjoy your night.

Avery sighed, deciding not to correct his father on the careless use of the word boyfriend in relation to himself and Noah. In his eyes it was far too early to use such a term.

Avery: Thanks, you too.

Albert: Right, well, I better get going. I'm supposed to be filling in Dr. Reeves today with a few of his patients.

Albert mentioned as he reached out to open the door. Avery nodded back to acknowledge his father's departure.

Avery: Have a good day.

Albert: You too.

The old man bid before exiting the Pryce family home, closing the door on his way out. As soon as his father had gone, Avery turned to leave the foyer and headed upstairs to his bedroom. He was supposed to have lunch plans with his brother that afternoon and he was going to need at least a few hours' sleep if he was going to put up with the obnoxiousness that Andrew was sure to provide...

## **Scene 7**

Bethany: Dr. Kurt?

David was standing in front of a large digital screen looking over a series of x-rays when he heard a woman's voice break the silence. He turned around immediately to see a tall, long haired black woman enter the room with a stack of manila colored patient files in her arms.

Bethany: Hi, I'm Dr. Bethany Jordan, the orthopedic surgeon that'll be working with you on the teenage assault victim that came in last week.

The woman introduced herself, reached her arm out to shake David's hand while used the other to hold the files steady against her chest.

David: Dr. Jordan, it's a pleasure to meet you.

Bethany: Yes, thank you.

The woman replied with a nod of her head before quickly changing topic and moving on to another.

Bethany: I presume that these are Ashley's films?

She pointed to the screen that David had been facing when she came in.

David: Yes. These are the most recent.

David replied as he turned back to the screen.

Bethany: It looks like we've got a big job on our hands. There's a lot of damage here and most of it isn't going to be easy to repair. I'd like to go over the patient files in depth before I decide how I want to proceed here. Is there a chance you can have someone bring them upstairs to the ortho department by the end of the day?

David: Sure, I'll have one the nurses bring them up. I'm excited to see what you'll be able to do for my patient...

## **Scene 8**

Albert: David, just the man I wanted to see.

The Chief broadcasted loudly when David stepped off the elevator and onto the surgical floor at Mercy Medical Hospital. The younger surgeon glanced up to see his boss waiting for him as he came through the elevator doors.

David: Morning Chief.

David smiled with friendliness. His friendliness was matched by the old man, who stepped over and patted him on the back.

Albert: Good morning. I'm glad that I caught you. I hope I'm not keeping you from anything, but I wanted to check in with you and see how you're doing. It's been about a month since you started here. You holding up ok?

David: I'm holding up great Al. I love it here. I'm glad I made the choice to stay in town.

David answered confidently. In the last month since he had decided to stay in Mercy, David had grown very confident that it was a perfect fit for him.

Albert: Good, good. I'm glad to hear that, and I'm glad that you made the decision to stay. In the past few weeks I've been hearing a lot of good things from both your patients and from other staff members. It seems that the entire hospital staff has enjoyed having you around.

David was flattered. He grinned to show it, but said nothing as he let Albert go on to finish speaking. The old man continued on.

Albert: And, on a more personal note. I do want to say that I appreciate you helping me out by getting my son out of my house and into his own place. I hear that the two of you are doing well. From what Avery has told me Andrew is doing alright.

David: You haven't spoken to Andrew since he moved out have you?

David didn't need to ask. He already knew the answer. Andrew had already mentioned it a couple of times before. Neither Andrew nor Albert had made any attempts at trying to reach out to the other. Though they had parted ways on good terms, there was some sort of macho pride that prevented either one of them from picking up the phone or knocking on the other's door.

Albert: No, not directly, but Avery has been keeping me updated.

David: Well, you should change that Sir. I know Andrew would love to see you and we both know he has far too short of an attention span to stop in for a visit on his own. However, you are always welcome to stop by and pay us a visit any time you'd like.

Albert: Thank you David and perhaps I will. In fact, I might have some time to come by over the next day or so.

David wasn't sure if Albert was only saying this to save face or if he was really intending on stopping in, but none of that mattered. He wasn't going to push. He was starting to learn very quickly that Andrew wasn't the only stubborn male in the Pryce family...

## **Scene 9**

Noah entered the break lounge at MMH, stopping to yawn and rub the exhaustion from his eyes before heading over to the coffee cart. He had just begun to pour himself a cup of coffee when David entered the room.

David: You look like you had a long night.

David commented as he took a look at Noah. The nurse turned to see the surgeon. He had been so preoccupied with the coffee that he hadn't noticed anyone else come in.

Noah: Yeah, I guess you could say something like that.

Noah yawned back as he was opening packets of sugar and dumping them into his coffee. He decided to leave out the details for why he was so tired, which was due to the fact that he hadn't gotten much sleep the night before. After having been rudely awakened by Kelton pounding at his door, Noah had spent the rest of the night fretting over his decision to let him stay. When he finally managed to get some sleep it only lasted two hours and ended with him waking up a half

hour late. Everything he did after climbing out of bed was hurried, rushed by being short on time to get ready for work.

David: Well if it helps any, I'll take it easy on you today.

Noah: Take it easy on me?

David: According to the scheduling board you're working on my service today. I've got a pretty light schedule, just a couple appy's and a quick hernia repair. So, I'll try not to work you too hard in the OR.

David elaborated as he made his way over to the coffee cart to make himself a cup.

Noah: Oh right. I'm filling in for Jenny this week in the trauma center. I can't believe that stupid bitch decided to up and quit without warning anyone.

Noah groaned sharply, without even realizing what he had said or how he had said it. David paused what he was doing and looked at Noah. He was surprised by his snappy comment and language. It didn't bother him. He was just not used to seeing Noah in a bad mood. He was normally so happy and carefree.

David: Are you ok?

Noah looked at David oddly. For a moment he couldn't figure out why such a question was being asked. Then it dawned on him, the comment he had made about Jenny had been a little much. Not only had it been rude and out of character for him, but it had been inappropriate for him to say, especially in front of David.

Noah: Oh shit, I didn't mean to say that.

The nurse cursed again, covering his mouth directly after he had spoken.

Noah: Sorry. I guess I'm more tired than I realized.

David: Don't worry about it. I totally get it believe me.

David shrugged it off. He had finished filling his cup and was reveling in the as the aroma of the black coffee hit his senses. Noah was still adding sugar to his. As best as David could tell the nurse had already put about fifteen packets in.

Noah: You don't need to take it easy on me though.

Noah jumped back to the previous topic and he put one final serving of sugar into his coffee.

Noah: I'll be fine. I just wanna work. It'll be a good distraction, keep me busy so I can take my mind off a few things



David: Everything alright?

David questioned with genuine concern. Noah nodded his head lied blatantly to the doctor.

Noah: Yeah, like I said. I just need to work.

David: Good thing there's plenty of it to go around then. I've even got a few things you can start on right away when you're ready.

Noah: Sure, just give me a minute to finish this and I'll get to work on whatever you've got.

Noah smiled agreeably just before he finally brought his coffee cup up to his mouth and began to drink. David watched with awe as the nurse gulped the hot liquid down without so much as pausing to take a breath...

### **Scene 10**

Andrew: Hold up for a minute. I wanna grab the mail before we head in.

Andrew told Avery as he pulled his keys from the pocket of his jeans and walked up to a stack of locked mailboxes. The two of them were standing in front of the apartment building where Andrew resided with David. The twins had just returned from having lunch together at their usual spot. Avery nodded and agreed as he was holding his hand to his stomach.

Avery: Sure, I could use some more fresh air anyways. My stomach feels queasy after eating that cheeseburger at Pratt's.

Andrew: Oh fuck, would you stop bitching already?

Andrew stuck a key into the mail box and laughed in amused frustration at his brother's griping.

Andrew: Shit, maybe if you'd stop being a prick to the waitress, she'd stop spitting in your food and you wouldn't be holding your stomach right now.

Avery: I still don't know why I let you talk me into going back there again. Next week we're going someplace different.

Avery threatened as he ignored his brother's attempt to quiet his whining. The truth was that no matter how much he complained about Pratt's Diner, Avery couldn't bring it to himself to break the routine that he and Andrew shared. This was a fact that was just as well known to Andrew as it was to Avery.

Andrew: Look, I don't give a damn where we go, but I for one had a great time at Pratt's today.

Andrew pulled a stack of mail from the mailbox and sifted through the sealed envelopes, most of which were only bills.

## 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

