

Episode 7 – Exam Room 7

Scene 1

Tony Reeves was in a hurry when he stepped up to the nurses' station of the ER at Mercy Medical Hospital to find a middle aged balding male behind the desk.

Frank: Good evening Dr. Reeves. I didn't think you were working today.

The man told the doctor as he looked up to see him.

Tony: I wasn't, but never mind the small talk Frank. I need you to call upstairs stat and tell them to book an OR for an incoming patient.

Frank: Alright Dr. Reeves, but what should I tell them.

Frank questioned as he reached for the phone to make the call.

Tony: Tell them that I've got a VIP patient in critical condition and he's going to need surgery asap and then find me a team of nurses' to meet the bus at the trauma doors when it gets here. The patient is one of our own and that makes him top priority.

Tony was already getting ready to walk away as he had answered Frank's questions, but the nurse looked at him with one last inquiry.

Frank: VIP? Dr. Reeves, who should I tell them the patient is?

Tony: Tell them the patient is Dr. Avery Pryce.

Tony answered abruptly before finally walking away and rushing to the trauma doors...

Five Days Earlier

Day 1

Scene 2

Noah: You know Avery, I can't stress to you enough just how glad I am that you decided to come have dinner with me tonight.

Noah said as he and Avery were sitting beside one another at the counter in his apartment.

Avery: Me too, especially since you agreed to order Thai food from my favorite place.

Avery smiled back and teased. The two of them were still in the middle of dinner and there were a couple of takeout boxes on the counter between them.

Noah: Yeah, well, I would have cooked instead but I wasn't sure if the idea of trying out my cooking would scare you away or not.

Avery: Why? Can you not cook?

Avery questioned with a playful smile. Noah shook his head.

Noah: Oh no, I can cook. I just don't do so very often, because as I mentioned earlier this evening, I live alone and there's not much of a point to cook for just me.

Avery: Yeah well, you're already doing better than me then. I don't think I could cook to save my life and I've never really had to try. I guess it's kind of funny how I could dissect a human body from head to toe and put them back together again and yet the most difficult thing I know how to make for myself is oatmeal.

Noah smiled at Avery's admission, still caught in awe at how cute and naïve Avery was proving to be in all fasts of life outside of medicine.

Noah: Well cooking can be similar to surgery in some ways. Some people just have a natural talent for it and some people don't and if you've never had the need to learn then you've never had the chance to find out which side of the fence you fall on. For me, it just happens to be that I had no choice but to learn. I grew up in a big family and both my parents had to work two jobs just to make ends meet, so a lot of the responsibilities fell on me.

Avery watched as Noah recalled a few of the details from his life and he was surprised to hear it.

Avery: You know, this is gonna sound really self-center but I just realized that this is the first time you've actually told me anything personal about yourself. It just now dawned on me that you usually let me do most of the talking.

Noah: It doesn't sound self-centered Avery, especially since I love listening to you talk. I could listen all day and never get bored, which I guess is the reason that I've just sort of let you do most of the talking while I do most of the flirting.

Noah followed with a flirty little grin that brought out Avery's usual blushing complexion and forced out a bit of a laugh.

Avery: That does put us on a bit of uneven ground though don't you think? I mean, even without me telling you; there was so much that you already knew about me when we started all of this. You know all about my career and where I work, you know my family, and now you even know something about me that I flat out just don't talk about with other people. It sort of makes me

feel at a disadvantage because I recognize now that I know almost nothing about you outside of the fact that you're a nurse and for some reason you seem to like me.

Noah: Alright then, so what is it that you'd like to know about me? I'll tell you anything you'd like to know the answer to all you've gotta do is ask.

Avery: Ok, then why don't we start with what it is that brought us together in the first place. Why don't you tell me why it is that you decided to be a nurse?

Avery asked, taking advantage of the opportunity that Noah was giving him.

Noah: Sure, that's an easy one with a pretty simple explanation.

Noah replied as he reached out and picked up a glass of water that was sitting in front of him.

Noah: I had always kind of wanted to be a doctor and I had always wanted to help people, but my family wasn't exactly able to afford all the costs that it would have required for me to go to medical school. I tried to apply for scholarships but I never really had the grades to meet their requirements and so I just sort of settled for the next best thing.

Avery: But what about now? Have you ever thought about going back and trying again?

Avery asked, enthusiastic about what the answer may be. Noah took a sip of his water before giving a response.

Noah: Of course I have and I've even applied, but there's only so much rejection a guy can take you know? So, for now I'm just ok with being a nurse. I mean, despite the fact that it wasn't my first choice, it actually turns out that I'm pretty good at it.

Avery: I'd say you are.

Avery complimented just before the sound of his pager decided to interrupt the entire conversation.

Avery: Oh great. I better check this.

Avery sighed reluctantly as he reached into the pocket of his pants and pulled out the offending device. Then he sighed even heavier when he saw who the page was coming from.

Avery: Oh crap.

Noah: I take it you're gonna have to rush off now yeah?

Noah predicted at the sight and sound of Avery's reaction to the page. The blonde nodded his head regretfully.

Avery: Noah I am so sorry, but yeah. I'm gonna have to go. Ashley Davis is having some type of reaction to the antibiotics I prescribed for her and their taking her into surgery now.

Avery explained as he stood up. As much as Noah wanted him to stay, he was indulgent of the dedication that the doctor had to his patients. So as Avery stood up, he did so too.

Noah: It's fine Avery. I'm not insulted, but let me at least walk you to the door. That way I can say later that I was a gentleman all the way up to the end of our second date.

Avery smiled and nodded his head to accept the offer. Then the two of them made their way through Noah's modestly sized apartment and over to the door where Noah handed Avery his jacket.

Avery: I would really love to stand here and make small talk with you right now Noah, but I kind of have to be quick right now.

Avery said when he folded his jacket over one arm and faced Noah while the two of them stood at the door. Again Noah proved to him that he was nothing but understanding.

Noah: Don't sweat it. This is only our second date and I'm hoping there will be many more where this one is concerned. In fact, we should make lunch plans. Perhaps we could make some time within the next few days and head over to the Brightside Café, but in the meantime I know the drill. You're career comes first. So, you should go and make sure that Ashley is gonna be alright.

Avery stared at Noah as the two of them stood there together. It never ceased to amaze him just how sweet Noah could be. That was when he remembered the conversation that the two of them had had earlier that evening. He remembered how curious he had been to find out what it would be like for Noah to kiss him and before he really even had the chance to think it through, Avery leaned forward and planted his lips gently against Noah's. The kiss was brief. It didn't linger and Avery kept his mouth closed. It last no more than three second and when it was done the nurse was staring back at him in a slightly aroused state of surprise.

Noah: Wow. That was nice.

Avery: Yeah, it was.

Avery blushed back, even more surprised at his actions than Noah was, but he didn't have time to discuss what he had just done. He had to leave and Noah was well aware of this fact as well...

Scene 3

David let out a heavy aggravated sigh as he stepped through the doors of the scrub room and out into a deserted hallway. It was late or early rather: just moments before the clock in the operating room had told him that it was 3:34a.m.

David: Dammit.

David sighed all over again as he brought his hand up to his face and rubbed his eyes. It was then that Avery stepped through the same set of doors to join David in the hall.

Avery: Are you ok?

The cardio surgeon asked delicately as he stared at a man that looked as though he were about to fall apart. It hurt him to see David so distraught. David lowered his hand when he turned to look at Avery.

David: I'm fine or at least I will be after I go home and get some sleep. You should do the same.

Avery: Do you want me to handle things with Ansley's mother so you can go home and do that.

Avery offered with a state of understanding. David shook his head to turn down the offer. He appreciated it, but he knew where his responsibilities were.

David: No that's ok. I was the lead surgeon here. I should be the one to do it.

David's voice sounded stressed, tired, and sad. Though he was hiding the bulk of what he was really feeling behind a sturdy wall Avery could sense it still. It overwhelmed him and caused him to choke on his own emotions as he said the only thing he could think to say.

Avery: I'm sorry for what happened in there David, I'm so very sorry.

That was when David sighed for the third time and shook his head to contest the apology. He moved towards the blonde and gently touched the side of his face, pushing a few strands of blonde hair back out of his eyes.

David: Don't be Avery. You have nothing to be sorry about. You did everything in there that you could and more.

Avery wanted to close his eyes and take a deep breath. He wanted to soak in the way David's hand felt on his skin. It was warm, strong, consoling. Instead he just countered David's words with that of his own.

Avery: Yes, I did, and so did you.

David: Yeah, I know.

David pulled his hand back and then sighed one last time before he finally turned and walked away, leaving Avery alone in the hallway.

David: But that doesn't change the fact that I have to tell Mrs. Davis that her daughters dead...

Scene 4

Andrew arched his body as he kissed Neil's neck and then grunted roughly into his ear.

Andrew: Does that feel good?

Neil: Oh yeah. That feels amazing.

Neil moaned loudly in pleasure as he felt the weight and pressure of his body being claimed. He was lying face down in the bed as he was mounted. His knees were folded beneath him and his ass was perfectly aligned with Andrew's hips, giving full access to the thick cock that was sliding in and out of him. Both of their bodies were moist with perspiration while Andrew worked at a steady pace to push his body against Neil's.

Andrew: Oh yeah, you like that cock don't you? I bet you'd even beg me not to stop wouldn't you? You like the way I feel inside you. Don't you?

Andrew encouraged Neil to express his enjoyment. That expression came back with a plea of ecstasy as Neil groaned in return.

Neil: Oh gawd no, please don't stop. I love the way it feels. I'm gonna cum.

Andrew: Mm, I like hearing that.

Andrew disclosed as he inhaled the nature male scent that Neil was giving off. This was one of his favorite features; the nature scent of a man was one of his biggest turn-ons. Then he kissed the back of Neil's shoulder, opening his mouth against the raw flesh and then nibbling it slightly to deliver a sensation that make Neil tremble with delight. And just when Neil thought that there was no more pleasure to be had he was proven wrong when Andrew reached down and began to stroke his cock. Neil was close, so close he could already feel the orgasm pulsing through him. The sensation of Andrew fucking and stroking him at the same time had pushed him to the edge, but before his body had the chance to release and let go the sound of Andrew's ring tone changed it all.

Neil: Dammit. Are you gonna get that?

Neil cursed out loud as his orgasm was interrupted. Andrew shook his head and ignored the call without so much as slowing down.

Andrew: Nah, it'll go to voice mail and if it's important they'll call back.

Neil accepted the information and then put the thoughts of the ringing phone far out of his mind. It only took second for the both of them to forget about it and yet again they were thrown back into the power of their sexual instincts. Neil could feel himself building back up to release and this time he was even more excited for it to boil over. However, it didn't last long. After only a few moments more the phone rang again.

Andrew: Fuck.

Andrew growled with furry at the interruption. This time he stopped what he was doing. Neil groaned with disappointment as Andrew pulled out of him. Then he waited as Andrew grabbed his phone from the bedside table and then looked to see who had called. He had already missed the call, but could see that it had come from David.

Andrew: Shit, I should get this. It's only my roommate but he doesn't normally call me twice in a row like this unless it's important.

Neil: It's fine. I get it.

Neil accepted the inevitable and waited while Andrew hit the send button on his phone to call David back.

Andrew: Hey man. What's up?

Neil listened as Andrew started a conversation with whoever was on the other line. The he listened as it continued.

Andrew: Oh shit... When?

Andrew let out a depressed sigh and then paused before speaking again.

Andrew: Damn... poor kid... Alright man, thanks for letting me know. I'll see you when you get home in a bit.

Andrew said and then after a few second pauses he finally hung up the phone and stuck it back where he had gotten it before. Neil looked at Andrew with concern.

Neil: Is everything ok?

Andrew: No. That was my roommate. He told me that Ashley Davis died in surgery just a little bit ago.

Neil: That's the girl you went to see yesterday after work isn't it? The runaway that was beat up by her boyfriend?

Andrew: Yeah, that's the one.

Andrew said as he turned back to Neil. Neil sighed back regrettably.

Neil: Oh man, I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?

Neil tried to comforting. Andrew sighed back and then nodded his head with assuredness.

Andrew: Oh yeah. There's a lot you can do, but for starters you can get back on your knees and let me finish pounding that tight ass of yours.

Neil: Really? You're still thinking about fucking, even after hearing such awful news just now?

Neil was stunned that even after hearing such awful news; Andrew still wanted to keep fucking. Andrew grinned and answered flirtatiously.

Andrew: Fuck yeah I am. There's no better way to loosen up a man's stress than to make him cum. Now kiss me and let's get back to playing.

Andrew ordered as he was already leaning in to capture Neil's lips against his own...

Scene 5

David was in the kitchen having a drink when Neil entered the room from the hallway. The two men looked at one another awkwardly

Neil: You must be David.

Neil smiled to be polite. He hadn't formally been introduced to Andrew's roommate but he knew who he was. That information was not mutual on David's behalf.

David: And that would make you... well... I don't know who that makes you. I can never keep up with all the guys that Andrew parades in and out of here.

Neil: It's Neil. I work with Andrew.

The Hispanic replied. David understood now who he was looking at.

David: Oh, right. You're the one he mentioned the other night.

Neil: Yeah. He's mentioned you too. In fact, I heard that you lost a patient this morning. I'm sorry to hear it.

David: Thanks, but if you don't mind I'd rather not talk about it and I'd really rather not make small talk right now either. Don't take it personally, but I'm just not in the mood to be polite right now.

Neil: Oh no, I get it. I'm sorry for bringing it up. I'm actually on my way out anyways.

Neil explained as he started to walk over to the sofa where he had left his jacket the night before. The denim jacket was lying over the back of the sofa. He picked it up and started to pull it on as David resorted to silence while sipping the drink in his hand. Neil was almost ready to leave and on his way to the door when Andrew finally came into the room in nothing but a pair of old, worn out jeans.

Andrew: Hey, thanks for your help.

Andrew said as reached Neil at the door. Neil grinned back.

Neil: Mm, that was my pleasure just as much as it was yours. I had fun. Thank you.

Andrew: Good. Give me a call if you decide you wanna do this again.

Neil: Sure, if you're not just saying that for the sake of being nice.

Andrew: I don't say things just to be nice. You can call if you're interested and if not then I'll see you at work.

Neil: Alright, maybe I'll call then. See you.

Neil finally opened up the front door and then walked out of the apartment. David watched as Andrew closed the door and then made a comment that turned him into a hypocrite.

David: Do you really think that it's a good idea to fuck around with your partner?

Andrew: Sure, why not. Neil's cool with it; I'm cool with it and it's not like the two of us will be working together forever. In less than two weeks Marcum will be back and Neil will go back to wherever he came from.

Andrew defended the situation as he made his way into the kitchen and went straight for the fridge to pull out a carton of milk. He took a whiff to check to see if it was still good and after deciding that it was ok, he continued to grab the rest of the items he needed to make himself a bowl of cereal. By the time he had gotten everything he needed and took a seat at the counter, David had finished what was left of his drink.

Andrew: Do we need to have a conversation about what happened with Ashley Davis?

Andrew tore through the silence with a knife, bringing out an exasperated sigh from his friend.

David: I'm good. There's nothing I need to talk about, but I know that she was important to you too, so if there's something you feel like you need to say, then you should say it.

Andrew: Nah man, I'm good. I just wanted to make sure that you were too.

David: I'm fine. This is what it is, but Avery might not be. He seemed a little down when I saw him last, so you might wanna check in with him. In the meantime I'm gonna go crash. I don't have to be back at the hospital today so I'm gonna use the time to catch up on some sleep.

Andrew: Sleep?

Andrew looked at his friend questionably as David stuck his drink glass in the sink.

Andrew: What, you're not gonna call Tony up and see if he wants to come over and fuck your brains out, relieve some of that stress you've worked up over Ashley?

David: Nah, actually I think Tony and I are done. I don't think I'm gonna be calling him for anything any time soon.

Andrew: Why? What the fuck happened?

Andrew was surprised by the news. The last time he checked everything between David and Tony were going smoothly.

David: You mean other than the fact that he thinks you're a diseased man whore?

Andrew: Excuse me?

Andrew's expression just got more peculiar.

David: Tony thinks that you're a bad influence on the gay community because you make the rest of us look like sex starved deviates.

Andrew: Alright, but most people think that about me, so why should that stop you from getting some? I mean shit... that shouldn't be any reason to end the entire affair.

David: It's not. Tony told me last night that he's no longer interest in just having sex. Now he wants to get to know me. He even asked me to join him for dinner, in public.

Andrew: Oh fuck man.

Andrew's surprise grew bigger. Before he could say anymore David beat him to it.

David: Don't worry about it. I'm not interested in letting Tony get to know me and I'm not interested in getting to know him, but I don't really wanna talk about it anymore right now either. I'm heading to bed.

Andrew: Alright man, good night.

David: Good night.

David said before turning around and finally walking out of the room. Andrew sighed stressfully after David was gone. He paused for a moment in deep thought before he turned his attention back to the items that he had brought over and started to make himself a bowl of cereal...

Scene 6

Avery had just entered the kitchen in his father's home when he heard the sound of his brother's voice beckoning to him from another room.

Andrew: Hey little brother. Where you at?

Avery hadn't even had the chance to answer back before Andrew came around the corner and entered the room with a pizza box in hand.

Andrew: There you are. I hope you're hungry. I brought pizza and it's your favorite kind, sausage, olive, and mushroom.

The older twin announced as he sat the box down on the counter. Avery was standing at the fridge to grab a bottle of water as he brother proceeded to take a seat on one of the counter stools across the room.

Avery: That's not my favorite Asshole. It's yours; mine's tomato, bacon, and onion.

Avery sighed as he opened up the bottle of water and then took a drink.

Andrew: Yeah well you know how much I hate tomatoes and you should still come over and have a slice with me.

Andrew urged as he patted the spot next to him. Avery shrugged as he looked back at his brother.

Avery: Fine, but I don't think I'll be able to eat much. I don't really have much of an appetite right now.

Andrew: Alright.

Andrew didn't contest Avery's latest announcement. This was because he knew his brother had been under a lot of stress in the past couple of days. It was pretty typical of Avery to lose his appetite in such situations. This had remained true ever since the two of them were kids. Though he wasn't really hungry Avery stopped at the cabinet and grabbed a couple of plates while on his way over to take a seat next to Andrew.

Avery: So, to what do I owe the pleasure of your company?

Avery asked sarcastically as he settled into his spot. Andrew opened up the pizza box as he began to confess his true reasons behind stopping by.

Andrew: Well, I came by mostly to check on you. I heard about Ashley Davis dying in surgery early this morning and David had mentioned that you seemed pretty upset. I figured you might wanna talk about everything so I decided to come by and give you the chance.

Avery: Right, well, as much as I appreciate that, I'm fine. You didn't need to come over here and check up on me.

Andrew: Nonsense. I'm your brother. I'll always be around to check up on you, even when you're too proud to let me.

Andrew didn't believe Avery when he said he was fine, just like he hadn't really believed David when he had said it earlier either.

Avery: Do we really have to talk about this right now? Can't we just change the subject?

Avery questioned. It was true that he felt bad for what had happened to Ashley Davis and in its aftermath he had gotten a little emotional over it, but he still didn't need Andrew to babysit his every emotion. Andrew sighed and gave in as he grabbed one of the plates that Avery had brought over. He was a bit disappointed that Avery wanted to change the subject, especially since there were a few things Andrew had to say about it. However, he decided to grant Avery his request and change the subject as he served up pizza for the both of them.

Andrew: Alright fine. We can change the subject. We can talk about you and Noah instead. You can update me on how your date turned out last night.

Avery: Oh gawd. Maybe we should just keep my mouth shut all together.

Avery growled. He was already regretting his request to change the subject. By now Andrew was handing a plate that had a slice of pizza in the center.

Andrew: Oh come on Little Brother. How did it go? Did Noah Chase turn into a naughty nurse by the end of the night? Give me at least a few details.

Avery: Hah. What details? It was only dinner.

Avery laughed out loud at his brother's comment.

Avery: But, if you must know, we did have a good evening. We ate, we talked, and then I got a page so I had to go, but before I left we did kiss goodnight.

Andrew: Wow. Noah kissed you? How was it? Did you enjoy your first kiss?

Andrew was stunned by the information, which was why he was asking so many questions so fast. He had hoped for at least a little bit of worthwhile conversation out of his twin, but he had never expected it.

Avery: Well, I initiated it, but it was ok.

Avery replied as he thought back to the evening before when he had kissed Noah goodnight. He was actually just realizing that this was the first time he had thought about the kiss since it had happened. This made him wonder what this said about his feelings towards the nurse. Though it had been nice, it was apparent now that it hadn't left as big of an impression on him as he had hoped that it might. It was nothing like the kiss he had shared with David, which was still lingering in his mind.

Andrew: Just ok?

Andrew questioned with an odd look. He would have thought that his brother would have shown a little more excitement than he did over his very first kiss. Avery felt embarrassed as his brother was looking at him, waiting for a bigger answer than just ok. So he fibbed a little, stretching the truth so that he didn't have to feel so awkward.

Avery: Alright. It was more than ok. Actually it was kind of great.

Avery's face filled with blush as he told Andrew what he wanted to hear. He was only half lying, letting his brother believe that he was talking about his kiss with Noah. In truth, these were the details that belonged to his true first kiss, the one that had happened between him and David.

Andrew: Nice Little Brother, real ice. It looks like you and Noah are doing ok then huh? You must really like this guy.

Avery nodded and agreed with his brother's question. He did really like Noah, which was why he was so confused about what the kiss the night before was lacking. Here he had the opportunity to be with Noah, a guy that really wanted to be with him and really seemed to like him. Yet all he could think about now was David Kurt, a man that probably wouldn't even blink in his direction if he had the chance.

Avery: Yeah. I guess I do.

Avery tried to ignore his over analytical mind. He knew he couldn't be thinking this way. He had to ignore whatever broken feature of his being that was pushing him in the most ridiculous of directions.

Andrew: Cool bro. I really hope everything works out for you.

Andrew said before he finally picked up a slice of pizza and went to take a bite. Avery sighed back. He hadn't had much of an appetite to begin with, but with all the thoughts going on in his mind he had even less of one now...

Scene 7

Noah walked through the door of his apartment. He had a knapsack hanging over one shoulder and his jacket folded over the opposite arm as he dangling his keys in one hand. After shutting the door he tossed his keys onto the coffee table and threw his knapsack and jacket onto the sofa. He was on his way to the kitchen when he heard someone knock at his door. He stopped in his tracks and turned his eyes towards the door as though it were going to open on its own. For a moment he was afraid to answer it, scared of who might be on the other side until the question was answered for him.

Kelton: Hey Noah, open up man. I know you're probably mad at me but please open up. I know you're here. I saw your car downstairs.

Noah sighed as he heard Kelton's voice, but started towards the door anyways. He opened it, expecting Kelton to be trashed on whatever fix he had been able to find.

Kelton: Oh gawd, I am so glad you're here.

Kelton said as he pushed through the front door, completely ignoring any type of courtesy for asking permission to enter a home that wasn't his.

Noah: What are you doing back here Kelton?

Noah asked coldly as he closed the door. He wanted Kelton to turn right back around and leave, but at the same time he didn't feel it would be wise to make a scene for the neighbors to see.

Kelton: I was wrong Noah. You were right about me going to that hotel. You were right about it being trouble and I should have listened to you. I can't go back to that place again.

Noah: Yeah well, don't be asking to stay here. You're no longer welcome.

Noah's cold temperament continued. Kelton had hurt him by walking out the other day. He had been worried about him ever since, but he wasn't going to let his guard down again, not now, not when everything between him and Avery was going smoothly again.

Kelton: Noah please? I know I fucked up, but I thought I was doing you a favor the other night by walking out. I thought I could handle going back to the old neighborhood just for a couple of nights but I can't. If I go back, I'm gonna end up using again and I don't want that. I don't want to lose everything I worked for, my job, my sobriety.

That was when Noah shouted suddenly at a level that rang out loud and clear to Kelton who stared back at him with shock.

Noah: Oh yeah and what about my sobriety? What about my career? What about my life? Kelton do you even give a damn that I'm happy now? Has it ever even occurred to you that I've moved on and I don't want you in my life anymore?

Noah continued to shout as loud as he could until his voice cracked at the pitch and he realized that he was gonna disturb the neighbors. Immediately he shut his mouth and took a deep breath to calm himself down.

Kelton: Dammit Noah, why is it so difficult for you to give me another chance? For Christ sakes Noah there was once a time when you love me. Can't you find it in yourself to have the same compassion that you once did?

Noah: You're right Kelton. There was once a time when I loved you and I would have done anything for you. Fuck, I practically did. I followed you into the mess that you caused for us; the parties, the drugs, the sex, all of it.

Kelton: Oh come on Noah. I know I've screwed up in the past but it's not like you were completely innocent in any of it.

It was Kelton's turn now to shout. In return Noah raised his own voice again, not quite as loud as before but loud enough to show that his rage was coming back to the surface.

Noah: And I never claimed to be, but I was the one who got out. I was the one who walked away. I got sober, I fixed my life, and I am not gonna defend that to you or to anyone else.

Kelton: Not even to your new boyfriend? What was his name, Avery something? Do you honestly think that some spoiled little rich boy like him is gonna understand when he hears about your past? When he finds out who you really are? What the hell do you think he's gonna say when he finds out how you really paid for nursing school?

Noah: I'm not the same person I was back then Kelton. There is no reason why Avery ever needs to needs to know anything about my past.

Kelton: Yeah, well if you're not gonna tell him then maybe someone else should.

Kelton said with a devious grin on his face as he made indirect threats. Within a split second Noah had turned from mildly irritated to infuriate. Without warning he grabbed Kelton and shoved him, slamming him up against the wall beside the door. Then he held his hand to Kelton's throat as he used his own strength to pin him against the wall. He was practically spitting as he mutter his next set of words in the most serious of manners.

Noah: Don't you dare, ever try to threaten me again you little prick. I may not be the man I used to be, but I still remember how to protect what's mine. Now, get the fucked out of my apartment and don't you ever come back again or you will find yourself regretting it.

Noah said as he squeezed a little tighter again Kelton's throat until his face turned red and it was obvious he couldn't breathe. That was when Noah finally released his grip and then stepped back to let Kelton go. Kelton reached for his throat as he tried to catch his breath again and as he gasped for air Noah was opening up the front door. Kelton stared back at him for a moment, sad,

hurt over everything that had happened between him and Noah both in the past and the present. Then he sighed and without words he headed for the door and walked right back out of Noah's apartment...

Day 3

Scene 8

David was standing in the ER when Albert Pryce came looking for him. He had just finished placing a set of lab orders when he turned to see the Chief coming towards him. He grinned.

David: Well, if it isn't the Chief himself stepping down from his throne to come and play amongst the little people. I was wondering when I was gonna get a visit from you. What took you so long Al?

David laughed teasingly as he shoved a ballpoint pen into the front pocket of his white lab coat. Albert laughed back, finding the sarcastic wit to be slightly humorous.

Albert: Very funny, but I thought my son was supposed to be the smartass.

David: Yes, well, perhaps I've been spending a little too much time taking notes from him.

David continued to joke while Albert gave him a smirk and then changing the subject.

Albert: Perhaps, but the reason I came down here to speak with you is because I wanted to see if you're doing alright.

David: I had a feeling that's why you came down here. I appreciate it, but I'm fine. You didn't have to come all the way down here just to check up on me.

Albert: David as far as I'm concerned, you're now a part of my family. I worry about you just like I do any of my other children.

David was flattered by Albert's meaning behind his words. He was honored that the Chief thought of him as more than just an employee and more than just his son's roommate.

David: Thank you Sir for saying that. I can't tell you how that means to me, but I just want everyone to stop making such a big deal about all of this. I know that Ashley was my patient and it sucks what happened to her, but I also know that I did everything I could to save her life. I'm not so fragile that I can't separate my personal feelings from my work.

Albert: Ok, I understand, so I'll leave it at that, but there's another reason why I came down here to speak with you. Mrs. Davis has informed me that her daughter funeral is scheduled for the day after tomorrow and that she would appreciate your attendance. That invitation extends to Dr. Reeves and both of my sons as well. I won't require that you attend, but I do encourage it, so if you could at least think it over, I myself would appreciate it.

David looked back at Albert. He didn't need the chance to think about his reply. He already knew what it would be.

David: No worries Al. I don't need to put any thought into it. I'll be there, and I'll make sure that Andrew is as well...

Scene 9

Jane Cooper was sitting behind a desk when Andrew Pryce made his way through the station to find here. She had just looked up from a stack of paperwork when she saw the paramedic.

Jane: Oh hell. To what do I owe this pleasure?

The cop smeared impatiently. Andrew ignored the aggravation that was already present in her demeanor and moved right onto the reason he had come in in the first place.

Andrew: Why do we have to play this game Jane? You already know the answer to that, but what I wanna know is what the hell you're doing to find Darren Shaffer.

Jane: And that Andrew is none of your business, so please leave. I have lots of work to do.

Jane scowled back as she pushed her chair out from behind her desk and stood up to walk away. As she was walking past him, Andrew grabbed a hold of her arm and pulled her back.

Andrew: Oh no, you're not walking away from me you fucking bitch. I'm here on the behalf of the Lorraine Davis. You're give me some answers about how you're gonna catch her daughter's killer and you're give them to me now.

Jane pulled her arm away and then stood firmly as she finally answered, not out of intimidation but out of her desire to get rid of Mr. Pryce.

Jane: Don't you dare try to rile me up Andrew. You know I don't take your crap. I never have and I'm not gonna start now, but as far as Darren Shaffer goes we've got a few leads, but so far none of them are panning out. We've spoken to his family, friend, and either no one knows where he is or their not willing to give him up.

Andrew: Ok, so now what?

Jane: Unfortunately nothing. Until we either get a new lead or somebody turns him in, Darren Shaffer is as good as gone.

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