

# Episode 8 – Changing Course

## Scene 1

The clock at his bedside said that it was a quarter to seven. Andrew was lying flat on his back. He was wearing an expression of aspiration as his target for such straddled him vigorously.

Andrew: Ahh, that's right. Ride that dick. Ride it good and tell me how much you like it.

Andrew grunted, lifting his hips forcefully as Carter: his latest playmate: a freshly turned twenty-one year old twink that he had picked up at Brock's the night before; was bouncing up and down on the shaft of his cock.

Carter: Oh I like it. I love it. I love the way your cock feels in my ass.

Carter replied with an expression of enjoyment. Andrew shook his head, dissatisfied with the volume level at which his playmate was speaking.

Andrew: Say it louder.

Carter: Louder?

The younger man looked shyly down at Andrew, who nodded in response.

Andrew: Fuck yeah. I wanna hear you scream it.

Carter: But what about your roommate?

Andrew: Yeah, what about him?

Carter: Well, it's early. I don't wanna wake him up.

Andrew: Oh hell, don't worry about him. He don't mind. He's a heavy sleeper anyhow.

Andrew brushed off the concern. Carter looked back suspiciously questioning the approval.

Carter: Are you sure?

Andrew: Yes I'm sure.

Andrew said with exasperation as he sat up, grabbing hold of his partner and then using his strength to turn him onto his back. Now Carter was the one that was lying on his back, staring up at Andrew who was looking back with eyes that were full of demand.

Andrew: Now, stop worrying about my roommate and start begging me to pound that tight little asshole of yours.

Andrew gave his orders before kissing Carter once and then pushing his cock back into him. When their mouths parted only a second later, Carter grunted loudly with agonized pleasure to demonstrate his ability to follow commands...

## **Scene 2**

David stirred from sleep as he felt the body next to his shift and move to the edge of the bed.

David: What time is it?

David questioned groggily as he rubbed the blur from his eyes to see Tony climb out of bed.

Tony: Eh, twenty to seven.

Tony replied after glancing at the clock. Then he bent down to pick up his pants from David's bedroom floor. David looked at Tony with a puzzled expression.

David: It's only 640? What the hell are you climbing out of bed so soon for?

Tony: I couldn't sleep anymore. I figured I should take advantage of the extra time and get out of here early for a change. I didn't mean to wake you up. I know how exhausted you were by the time you finally passed out last night.

David: Oh gawd. Last night was amazing. You were such a stud.

David grinned, remembering the night before. Tony grinned back at the compliment, flattered by it. As David moved to the edge of the bed, Tony bent down till the two of them were at eye level.

Tony: Well, you should know that I owe most of that to you. You were so damned sexy in that leather jacket of yours that I just had to have you.

David: Oh, is that why you tore all of my clothes off like an animal? Hell, I barely had time to shut the front door before you were tugging at the front of my pants.

Tony: Oh please. I didn't hear any complaining last night when you were moaning and groaning, even begging for me to fuck you.

David: Mmmm and you won't either. I like it when you listen to all those manly urges and fuck me like a beast.

Tony: Good.

Tony grinned once more before he finally moved in and kissed David's mouth. When he pulled back, there was a playfully naughty smirk on David's face.

David: So, why don't you toss these back on the floor and forget about them for a while? You could climb back in bed with me and we could have once last round of adult fun before you've gotta go.

Tony: Ooh, I love that ide.

Tony took the suggestion. He tossed his slacks back down onto the floor and slid back into bed with David. Within seconds their mouths had come back together and soon after their bodies were burning with arousal. They both got hard very quickly and were yearning for more, gasping, grunting, and groaning; sounds that were growing louder with every kiss and every touch. It was then that their noises were covered up by sounds that were escaping the barriers that separated David's room from Andrew's.

"Gawd that hurts." A male voice groaned loudly. "Oh it hurts so good."

"Oh yeah. You like it when it hurts don't you." Andrew's voice chimed in right after.

Tony: Oh for fuck sakes.

Tony sighed with annoyance after pulling his mouth from David's.

"Oh yeah. I love it." The noise came through the wall again.

David: What are you doing? Why you stopping?

David looked back at Tony with a begging, even needy expression.

Tony: Oh come on. Don't tell me that you don't hear that.

Tony retorted satirically as he pointed in the direction that the noise was coming from.

"That's right, beg for it." They both heard Andrew order in response. "Beg for me to fuck you harder."

David: Well of course I hear it. Monks in Tibet can hear it, but just try to ignore it like I do.

David shrugged off the nuisance and returned his mouth to his lover's. For a moment Tony accepted, letting himself fall back into the powers of his desire.

"Harder, fuck me harder." The racket persisted.

Tony: I'm sorry. I can't do this.

Tony sighed again, putting another wrench between him and David. Then he complained as he scooted away and then climbed back out of the bed.

Tony: I can't concentrate while your roommate and his latest boy toy are shaking the wall just above my head. I mean does this shit ever end? He's a new guy in here every day this week. Yesterday he even had two at the same time.

David: That's just Andrew for you. He likes sex and he likes variety and he's been a little bored lately ever since he was suspended from work.

David tried to reason. Tony shook his head, not buying the excuses.

Tony: Yeah, ever since he was suspended for blowing his partner in the garage of the firehouse, but I'm sorry. I can't fuck you while I'm listening to him fuck everybody and their brother.

David: Dammit. I was hoping that the two of us could have at least a little bit of fun together before I leave for Texas.

David finally accepted the rejection as he watched Tony pick up his pants once again. Tony paused and looked back to David before he started getting dressed.

Tony: Me too, but you can blame your friend for the interruption this time and hopefully I'll have the chance to make it up to you when you get back.

David: Yeah, well, I guess I better get up and make some coffee, maybe even take a cold shower before I start packing my stuff..

David declared as he climbed out of bed. He was still naked as he walked across the floor of his bedroom. Tony watched him with a lustful eye, saddened by the fact that he had called a premature end to their little play session. That was when he noticed that the noises from the next room over had stopped. He pondered over the idea of crossing the room, taking David into his arms, and trying to start things up again; but almost as soon as he thought it, the commotion began again...

### **Scene 3**

Noah picked up his phone from the side of his bed after it had woken him from sleep. It rang annoyingly until he hit the talk button and put the device to his ear.

Noah: Hello.

Noah answered the call and then waited for someone to answer. When he heard nothing but silence he spoke again, this time louder.

Noah: Hello?

Again the nurse waited for a response from the other end and got nothing.

Noah: Hello? Is anyone there?

Noah asked once more before he finally heard something from the other side. However, it was nothing more than a heavy sigh.

Noah: Alright, whoever this is, I'm gonna hang up if you don't say something.

Noah warned, but before he had the chance to follow through he was beaten to it. The person on the other end hung up the phone and the call ended.

Noah: What the hell.

Noah swore with aggravation as he took the phone from his ear and looked down at the caller ID screen on the front of the phone to see the name "Sid Raymond".

Noah: Yeah, Happy Thanksgiving to you too asshole.

Noah sighed as he tossed his phone to the other side of his bed and laid back down, closing his eyes in the attempt to go back to sleep...

#### **Scene 4**

Andrew: Hey there Fucker. Good morning.

Andrew greeted when David made his way into the kitchen of their apartment and walked straight over to the coffeemaker. Andrew was standing in front of the fridge with a bottle of water in hand and wearing the suit that he was born in.

David: Uh huh, good morning.

David replied with a less than enthusiastic demeanor. Andrew narrowed his eyes at his roommate, detecting a bit of grumpiness.

Andrew: Ok, so what's your problem? I would have figured that you'd be in a better mood this morning considering that Dr. Reeves stayed over again last night.

David: Yeah and I'd be in a much better mood if you and that little twink had kept it down this morning. Christ, you guys were shaking the walls.

David explained while grabbing a coffee mug from the cabinet above the coffee maker and then filling it to the brim with steaming hot coffee.

Andrew: I guess we woke up after all then huh? Sorry, but normally you manage to sleep through all my naughty little encounters.

David: I do, but I wasn't sleeping this time. Tony and I were kind of in the middle of some fun of our own when it all started to get really loud.

Andrew: Well shit man, you guys could have kept going. We could have had a competition to see with one of us can cum the loudest.

Andrew poked fun as he brought the bottle of water up to his lips and then took a nice long sip.

David: That's funny, but Tony said he could concentrate with all the noise that you were making. He put a stop to all of fun pretty quick and then darted out of here like a bat out hell.

Andrew: I'm sorry man. I know how much you needed to get fucked too. Especially since you're flying back home to the land of abstinence for the rest of the week.

David: Yeah. I really could have used it, but Tony said he'd try to make it up to me later and knowing him, when he does, it's going to be absolutely amazing.

David day dreamed as he leaned back against the counter and started to sip away at his coffee.

Andrew: So, it looks likes things are going pretty well for you guys lately huh?

David: Oh yeah. Gawd, things have been great. We're still having incredible sex, but we've also been talking a lot more lately. Last night was actually the second time we've gone out to dinner this week.

Andrew: How's that part going? Are the two of you finding out that you have more in common that just incredible sex?

David: Slowly but sure. I mean, he's a nice guy, not as conservative as he makes himself out to be, but mostly we just talk about work and medicine. Then he told me about how he recently came out to Lucas and how scared he was at the thought of his son hating him for it. He said it was something that he never really thought he would have to do when his wife was around, but that after she took off he realized that it was the only thing he could do.

Andrew: Well, try as we might to hide our love for cock, but we fags always manage to find a way right back out of the closet.

David: Speaking of closets, I really should go get my bags packed and then hop in the shower so I can climb right back into mine for Thanksgiving weekend.

Andrew: Yeah, hell, have fun with that, but while you're getting ready to endure a week of sucking up to mommy and her talk of fire and brimstone, I've gotta get the fuck outta here for a bit. I wanna take a run before my brother gets here. My father asked the two of us to do some shopping for this damn Thanksgiving party that he's throwing on Thursday.

David: Sounds like fun. Probably more than I'll have.

David sat his half drunken mug of coffee down on the counter in front of his, just as Andrew was finally closing up the fridge.

Andrew: Oh yeah. A whole afternoon with just me and my father and my brother and twenty-seven pounds of overcooked turkey. It'll be a real blast...

## **Scene 5**

Avery glanced around after he let himself into Andrew and David's apartment with the key that David had given him a couple of months earlier.

Avery: Ok Asshole, you better be fully dressed and by yourself this time.

He complained with the realization that he was going to have to search for his brother. Andrew had agreed to meet him here so that the two of them could do some shopping in preparation of Thanksgiving dinner, which was scheduled for the following afternoon.

In search of his brother Avery made his way through the apartment and down the hall. He passed by David's room, only to see that the door was wide open and that the space was void of life. This wasn't a shock to the blonde since he knew that his brother's friend was supposed to be flying home to Texas for the approaching holiday. When he finally got to Andrew's room, Avery tapped on the door to test for a response. He waited a moment and when he didn't get a reply he tapped again, this time just a little bit louder. Finally, with the assumption that it was safe to do so, Avery opened the door to his brother's bedroom, just enough to see that it too was vacant.

Avery: Figures.

Avery rolled his eyes with irritation at the inconvenience as he knew it would be just like his twin to be late or better yet not even show up when the two of them had already made plans. Then after closing the door, Avery turned around and changed course to head back in the direction from which he had come. He was just about to pass by the door of the bathroom when the noise of running water caught his ear, followed by the sound of a soft grunt. He wasn't sure what it was that had compelled him to turn his head and look with curiosity but he did so nonetheless. In doing so he found that the door was left ajar, left open just enough for him to peek inside. What he saw was David. He was standing beneath a running faucet, just beyond the glass of the shower door. It was fogged with steam but remained visible enough that Avery could still see David's male physique quite well. He stood there in awe. He watched the water pour down, drenching every ounce of toned muscular flesh that was captivating him and pulling him into a trancelike state. But, what had caught him by the most surprise was that he had caught his brother's friend right as he was in the midst of self-gratification. It seemed obvious to him that David must have thought he was alone in the apartment.

David: Oh fuck.

Avery listened to David grunt erotically. The sounds and sights of what he was witnessing had already stimulated his own sense. It was enough to turn him on and put him into a state of overwhelming arousal. He could feel the blood rushing through him and filling his cock, causing

it to swell and throb with erection. It had been a long time since he had felt so turned on by anything that he ignored his better instincts to walk away and just stood to watch. The entire show only lasted a few moments, but to Avery's satisfaction it seemed to unwind in slow motion. Unaware of his adoring fan, David stayed beneath the stream of hot running water and stroked the length of his manhood again and again until his body was jerking from the force of climax. As he got closer and closer his grunts became sharper and sharper and then finally he let out one last powerful groan.

David had no sooner finished when Avery's better judgment had finally kicked in and his cheeks turned red with shame. In realization at what he was doing, spying on his brother's friend during the act of something that he considered to be purely personal, Avery finally turned away and scurried back down the hall like a startled animal. He made his way right back to the front door and back out of the apart, vowing to himself that he would never speak of what he had just seen.

Avery: I'll just have to catch up with Andrew later.

Avery mumbled to himself as he stepped out of Andrew and David's apartment and closed the door behind him. He had left so abruptly, so quietly that David had never even known he was there...

## **Scene 6**

Andrew sat in the driver's seat of his car with his mobile phone placed to his ear. He was parked outside of a tall office building in the middle of downtown while waiting on hold with Mercy Police Department. Impatient he kept looking back and forth from the watch on his wrist and the front doors of the building.

Jane: Hello?

Andrew finally heard a voice coming through the other end.

Andrew: Well holy shit. It's about time you finally answered one of my calls. Fuck, I thought I was gonna have to leave you another voice mail.

Jane: Andrew, I should have guessed.

Andrew heard the officer sigh with annoyance.

Andrew: Well yeah, I've been trying to get ahold of you all week. I've been calling every day. Haven't you been getting the messages?

Jane: Yeah, I've been getting them, but I've been ignoring them. You know, I do have a job to do, one that doesn't involve leaping into action every time you pick up the phone.



Andrew: Whatever Jane. Save your shit for later. Are you gonna look into my suspicions about Tom Davis or not?

Andrew rushed to the point of his obsessive calling. Then he heard another sigh and a second of silence before Jane spoke again.

Jane: I already looked it Andrew.

Andrew: Really?

Andrew hadn't expected this to be an answer. He was certain that it was going to take a little more convincing before she finally took his request.

Jane: Yeah and don't be so surprised. I didn't have any choice in the matter. My captain said I had no choice but to look into. He wants me to follow every lead I can, regardless of how ludicrous it may be.

Andrew: Ok, so what did you find?

Jane: Nothing. I found nothing. It was a complete waste of my time and energy; energy that would have been better spent elsewhere, like searching for Darren Shaffer for example. Quite frankly, I don't know where you came up with the idea that Tom Davis had anything to do with his daughter's death, but it would be nice if you would stop stalling my investigation with bogus accusations and just leave it alone.

Jane ranted with complaint. Now it was Andrew's turn to sign with annoyance. He wasn't in the mood to listen to a lecture.

Andrew: Alright whatever. I asked you to look into it and you looked into it. Thanks for the trouble, but I've gotta go.

The medic said as he was already searching for the end call button on the touch screen of the mobile device. He hung up the phone without a moment's hesitation and then tossed it into the driver's seat. Then he glanced at his watch one more time and turned his eyes back to the front entrance of the office building that he was still parked in front of. He had looked up just in time to catch Tom Davis as he emerged from the building...

## **Scene 7**

Avery was lying on top of an exam table while Dr. Reeves was standing over him. He had just removed the bandages that were covering up the scars from his recent appendectomy.

Tony: Well Avery, you seem to be healing up nicely. Everything looks to be on track. You're not going to need the bandages anymore and you'll be able to stop taking the antibiotics I prescribed.

Tony said as he stepped back from the exam table and peeled a pair of latex gloves off his hands.

Avery: Oh thank god. You have no idea what a relief that is. I've been going crazy over this last two weeks. My father and brother have been hovering over me like a couple of vultures over a corpse.

Avery sighed in reprieve as he sat up from the position he had been lying in. Tony tossed the gloves into the trash can as he picked up Avery's patient chart from the counter.

Tony: Yeah, well I bet they're just glad to see you're ok. If it wasn't for me walking in on you in the bathroom the day of Ashley Davis's service, you could have very well been a corpse. I shouldn't have to tell you what would have happened if your appendix would have burst before we all knew what was going on.

Avery: Yes, I know. I could have gone into septic shock if that had happened, but it didn't. You found me in time to help me out and everything turned out ok. I just wish everyone would stop with the guilt trips already.

Tony: I'm not trying to give you a guilt trip Avery. I'm only doing my job as your doctor, but aside from all of that, how are you feeling? Are you experiencing any symptoms of post-op complications; fevers, fatigue, cramping, constipation, abdominal swelling, loss of appetite, diarrhea, anything else?

Avery: No, nothing like that.

Tony: Ok and what about pain?

Avery: None of that either, at least not since I left the hospital. I haven't even touched the prescription that you gave me. I feel fine, better than fine even. I feel great, but, could we please move on from the questions and talk about the reason I'm really here.

Avery told his doctor confidently, eager to change the subject and move past this part of his follow up exam. His eagerness made Tony smile out of amusement.

Tony: You're here because it's standard procedure for all patients to receive follow up care after surgery, but since you're so impatient to find out if I'm going to release you back to work, the answer is yes. You have my approval to go back to work; starting Monday.

Avery: Monday? You mean I have to wait another five whole days before I can get back into the OR?

Tony: No, what I said is that you can go back to work starting Monday, but that doesn't mean surgery. It's going to be at least another few weeks before I'm confident enough to send you back into the operating room.

Avery: What?

Avery's mouth dropped open in a surprised and disapproving reaction to the news his surgeon had just given him.

Tony: You heard me. I'm not letting you back into the OR for at least another few weeks. In the meantime you can go back to work. You can treat patients, consult on cases, and do pretty much whatever else you normally do.

Avery: Only I won't be allowed to cut?

Tony: Exactly.

Avery: Oh come on Tony. You're a surgeon. You must be able to understand the type of torture I'm under. All I want to do is get back into the OR.

Tony: Yeah Avery, I do understand, but I also know that standing over an OR table for long hours when you're still recovering from abdominal surgery can be detrimental to your recovery.

Tony replied as he was already making his way over to the door of the exam room.

Tony: Now, I want you to stop worrying so much about getting back into the OR and keep taking care of yourself in the meantime. I also want you to enjoy the holiday weekend; relax, eat some turkey, some pumpkin pie, maybe even get a massage with a happy ending if you so choose, but do not whatsoever set foot back in this hospital unless your either sick or dying.

Avery: Fine, but don't expect to be my favorite person for the next couple of weeks.

Avery scowled, though he was partly joking. It made Tony laugh. He let out a light chuckle as he opened the exam room door.

Tony: Yeah well, we're both just going to have to live with ourselves then aren't we? ...

## **Scene 8**

Avery: I don't understand why you wanted to come here. We should have just gone to the place that we always go instead of wasting the time to drive all the way across town. This store is completely out of our way.

Avery nagged his twin as the two of them pulled into a supermarket parking lot. Andrew was driving while his brother was seated in the passenger's seat full of complaints as usual.

Andrew: Oh for fuck sakes Little Brother would you stop your sniveling already or is changing courses for a bit too much for you?

Andrew snapped with irritation at Avery's insistent bitching. The younger twin exhaled a breath of compliance as his twin was parking the car.

Avery: Fine, but let's make this trip quick ok? I want to hurry up and get the stuff on dad's list before anyone ends up seeing us together.

Avery played back as proof that he was going to try and change his attitude. Andrew chuckled back, happy to see his brother at least attempting to control his neurosis for a change.

Andrew: Oh thank you your royal pain in the ass. I'm so honored that you're willing to spare even a fraction of your time to be seen amongst the common folk with me, but no worries. I'm not thrilled at the idea of spending my whole day here either. I'm hoping to make it down to the LGBT center sometime today before they close. They're having tryouts for the holiday pageant and I wanna be there to watch all self-proclaimed thespians make fools of themselves on stage. And then maybe if I'm lucky I can even be there to console a few of the guys that don't make it.

Avery: Console them how; by convincing them that the only career they'll ever have in the spotlight is in the porn industry and that you wanna give them their first shot at fame?

Avery retorted with wit making Andrew grin as though he had just given him a brilliant idea.

Andrew: Say Little Brother, that's not such a bad idea. I might actually have to give that a try.

Avery: I'm so glad I could help.

Avery rolled his eyes with a lack of amusement.

Avery: Now let's head inside and get this shopping thing done sometime before next Thanksgiving. We could even split up. You could go get the items on the first half of the list and I could go find all the ones on the second half. It should cut our time down by at least half.

Andrew: Yeah, you're right. It would save time, but we're not gonna be able to do that. I forgot the list at home and you're the only one of the two of us that has a photographic memory.

Avery: Figures Asshole. It totally figures.

Avery scoffed with a lack of surprise. He had half expected something like this from his sibling.

Andrew: Yeah, yeah, whatever man. Are you coming or not?

Andrew asked when he opened up his door and began to get out of the car. Avery sighed with further irritation and then followed him without reluctance. Then the Pryce twins headed for the entrance to the store. They had just made their way inside and Avery was grabbing a shopping cart, while Andrew immediately eyed the scenery with a look of determination.

Avery: What the hell are you looking at?

Avery interrogated when he noticed that his brother seemed to be concentrating on something he couldn't quite place a finger on yet.

Andrew: Eh, nothing important.

Andrew shrugged back casually. Avery wasn't buying the fib. However, knowing his brother it was possible that being left out of the loop was a good thing. He could only imagine whatever it was that might be going through Andrew's mind most of the time.

Avery: Alright, well let's head back to the meat counter and pick out a turkey since it was the first thing on the shopping list.

Andrew: Sure, ok.

Andrew muttered nonchalantly and then the two of them headed towards the back of the store to the meat department...

## **Scene 9**

A school bell rang through the halls of Desmond Heights. Moments later a swarm of anxious teenagers crowded the halls. Amongst them, Emma and Lucas exited the room of their last class before the four day weekend that was ahead. Lucas was carrying a backpack on his back while his friend held a text book against her chest.

Emma: Oh my gawd. I'm so happy to be done with Mrs. Carlson and her stupid boring consumer economics lectures.

Lucas: Oh I know. I thought for sure someone was gonna have to scrape my brain mater off the ceiling if I had to listen to another word of it.

Lucas agonized dramatically as he and Emma reached a row of red painted lockers and stopped at one of them. Then there was a moment of silence between the two friends as Emma turned to the locker and started to fuss over the combination to unlock it. The conversation picked right back up again as soon as she had cracked the code.

Emma: Hey, sorry I'm not gonna be able to come with you to the center today to watch you try out for the holiday pageant. My mom will have a hissy fit if I don't make it home like now. We're heading up to Seattle for the weekend. There's where my grandparents' place is at and my mom wants to beat the traffic before it starts getting really bad.

The girl explained as her pal leaned up against the locker next to hers. Lucas sighed and shrugged it off like it was no big deal.

Lucas: It's fine. I'm not even really sure that I wanna try out. I almost don't even see the point. It's not like anyone is gonna come see me perform even if I get the stupid part, other than you of course.

Emma: Well, your dad might show up if you would just stop being such a chicken and tell him you're gay already. Heck, you could even take advantage of the holiday weekend and use it as an excuse for the two of you to have a heart to heart.

Lucas: Yeah, maybe. I was kinda even thinking that myself. Since my mom's not gonna be around this year, my dad and I are gonna end up spending Thanksgiving just the two of us. It might be a good chance for me to finally tell him everything without any interruptions. Well... at least it will be if he doesn't end up getting called into work.

Lucas spoke just as the mobile smartphone in his pocket chirped to notify him that he had just received a text message.

Emma: Oh my gawd I totally wish that I was gonna be there to see that conversation. Instead I'll be with my mother's crazy family. My grandma and my great aunt Judy will spend the entire time arguing over which one of them has the best stuffing recipe while my grandpa tries to drown them out with a bottle of bourbon and if I'm really lucky I'll get to watch my skitzo uncle Fred talk to his imaginary friends.

Emma said as she shoved her text book into her locker while Lucas checked the message he had just gotten.

Lucas: Yeah well trust me. I'd rather deal with your skitzo uncle than anymore awkward conversations with my dad, but it looks like I'm not gonna have to worry about all of that after all. I just got a text from my dad.

Emma: Oh no. Let me guess. He's gonna be working after all?

Emma asked as she flashed the boy a look of worry. He shook his head, smiling with enthusiasm.

Lucas: Nope, actually he just wanted to let me know that we've been invited to have dinner with the Pryce's instead. I guess Albert must have invited him to dinner or something.

Emma: Oh, no wonder you look so excited. Now you'll get to spend your Thanksgiving staring at Andrew Pryce boy wonder. Just try and remember not to drool into your mashed potatoes when you're sitting across the table from him, wishing that he would stuff your turkey instead.

Emma teased, bringing out a bit of blushing from the other teen. Lucas grinned at the mental image that had just been put into his head.

Lucas: Oh, I'll certainly try, but one can only control themselves so much. I'll just be lucky if I can make it through the day without making a total fool in front of him.

Emma: Yeah, like you did when you had that crush on Mack Keller in the eighth grade?

Lucas: Oh gawd, don't even remind me.

Lucas blushed brighter as he remembered back on a moment of humiliation from his not so distance past. Emma was now finally closing her locker as she turned back to the other teen.

Emma: Yeah, well, just remember that Andrew Pryce is like over ten years older than you are and therefore off limits...

### **Scene 10**

Avery: Alright Asshole. I think we're just about finished here. We've found almost everything on dad's list.

Avery announced to his brother as the two of them were standing in the middle of the grocery store with a half-filled shopping cart.

Andrew: Yeah everything except frozen peas and canned black olives.

The older twin said as he checked over the contents of the shopping cart in front of him. Avery made a face of detest.

Avery: Gross. I hate olives. Can't we just forget them and get out of here already?

Andrew: Oh gee your majesty. I didn't realize you were still so embarrassed to be seen in public with peasant folk like me.

Andrew teased, faking an expression of offence, running with his joking from earlier. The joking flew over Avery's head. He looked back at Andrew contritely.

Avery: What? No... I didn't mean anything like that.

Andrew: Relax Little Brother. I was only kidding. I'm only trying to get a rise out of you. You've been kind of quiet ever since we got in here. What gives? You're usually a lot more neurotic than this.

Avery: Oh, right. Sorry. I'm just kind of lost in my own head right now.

Avery let out a sign of recognition. It was true that he wasn't normally so calm, but then, there was a lot on his mind. However, most of what was bothering him was things that he wouldn't even dream of sharing with Andrew at the risk of being laughed at.

Andrew: You're feeling ok though right? You're not in any pain or anything are you?

Avery: I feel fine. I'm just anxious to get out of this store.

Andrew: Well, don't be too proud. If you need it, you could always head back out to the car and take a load off for a bit. I can finish up here and then meet you out there when I'm done.

Andrew offered with alarm for his brother's wellbeing. Avery rolled his eyes. He was getting sick of his father, his brother, and nearly everyone around him and their overprotective methods of concern.

Avery: Andrew I told you I'm fine. Would you stop hovering? Another ten minutes on my feet is not going to kill me.

Andrew: Yeah well, I'd rather be safe than sorry. You know you did almost die a couple weeks ago, so it's not exactly like I don't have a reason to hover a bit.

Avery: Fine. You're right, but let's drop it ok?

Avery caved, mostly because he didn't want to argue with Andrew, but also because something else, or rather someone else had just caught his attention and he was trying to change the subject.

Noah: Hey you guys.

Noah hailed as he was making his way over with a grocery basket in hand.

Andrew: Oh, hey Noah.

Andrew jumped in first, pleasantly surprised to see the nurse. Avery wasn't surprised, but he was glad to Noah interrupting their conversation. He had already spotted the nurse a few seconds earlier and now he was smiling, even blushing at his presence.

Avery: Hey you.

Noah: Hey. How you feeling?

Noah smiled to see Avery. The two of them hadn't had much of a chance to talk in the past few days. Noah had been working quite a bit and Avery had been at home taking it easy and trying to recover.

Avery: Great, thanks. What about you?

Noah: I'm ok and cool. I'm glad to see you're alright. I bet you're really happy to be out of the hospital and back home now.

Avery: Oh gawd yeah. Don't get me wrong, I love being at the hospital, but definitely not as a patient though.

Noah: Yeah, I totally get that, but I hope you're still taking care of yourself. I don't wanna pester you by sounding like a broken record. God knows you've probably got enough of it from everyone else these last couple weeks, but I'd really rather see you return to the hospital as the kick ass cardio surgeon you are and not as a patient.



Noah added, showing that he had caught a bit of the conversation that the twins had been having before he walked over. Avery blushed and nodded his head, accepting from Noah what he had refused to tolerate from his brother.

Avery: I appreciate you saying that and I'm doing ok. I have no plans to end back up on the receiving end of an OR table any time soon.

Noah: Good and I know that I can trust your brother here to keep an eye on you then.

Noah then turned his attention to Andrew. He hadn't been trying to be rude by ignoring him.

Andrew: You don't have to worry about that. There's no way in hell I'm gonna let him end up where he was before.

"Oh great" Avery thought to himself as Andrew and Noah stood there, conspiring to watch over him as though the two of them were now allies. Though it was sweet that Noah was taking such an interest in his welfare, it was a little nerve racking to think that he and Andrew were combining forces.

Noah: So, you guys must be doing some last minute shopping for tomorrow festivities.

Noah noted as he glanced over the contents of their shopping cart. He had been looking for something to say that would change the subject before he had the chance to make Avery uncomfortable with repetition. Just as he had mentioned, he was sure that everyone else was already giving him a rough enough time.

Avery: Yeah. My dad's planning some little dinner thing for tomorrow so he sent us here with a list of everything we need for it. What about you? Are you doing some last minute shopping of your own?

Noah: Yeah, kind of, but I don't really have any plans for tomorrow. It's just another day for me. I don't have any family here in town or at least not any family that I wanna see. I was even considering taking on an extra shift at the hospital while I've got the time.

Andrew: Or you could just stop by and have dinner with us.

Andrew broke in with an unexpected suggestion. Noah looked back at Andrew, caught off guard by the invitation.

Noah: Oh no, I couldn't do that. I wouldn't wanna crash whatever family traditions you guys have. If I don't end up working I'll probably just hang out at home and order take out; if I can find any place that's open.

Andrew: Oh come on man, you shouldn't be alone on Thanksgiving and I'm sure Avery would love to have you stop by and join us. Right Ave?

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