Thursday May 10 2068, 1.45pm, Tracy Island

Idle tinkling filled the quiet of the lounge as Virgil's fingers wandered over the ivories. He sat in half a doze, not really wanting to play a particular tune. They had been enjoying a few weeks of blessed downtime; other than training the newbies, there wasn't much to do. That was something Virgil was not complaining about.

His mind wandered with his fingers, and he thought back to that morning. Something was bugging Johnny, that was for sure. Gordon had recounted the incident in the kitchen, sounding a little stung. He had said that Scott went after him; thus Virgil knew he would fine out what was wrong soon enough.

As if beckoned by some strange psychic bond, Scott appeared in the doorway and made a beeline straight for the piano. Virgil stilled his fingers and sat up, lifted from his doze. Scott was grinning and shaking his head slightly. Virgil looked at his inquiringly, and Scott leant on the piano's edge with his eyebrows raised.

"Well?" Virgil asked.

"We were right."

Suddenly everything clicked, as if a key had been turned in a lock.

"Ah ha," Virgil said. "I knew we were onto something."

"Yep. And, in typical Johnny fashion, he blew it waaay out of proportion. The way he was talking at first, I thought there was something seriously wrong! He was babbling on about screwing up Dad's plans. I pointed out that it hadn't happened when Alan and Tin-Tin split up, and it wouldn't happen now."

Virgil hummed a little and rubbed his chin.

"Sooo, we've got one potential pairing. Who's up next?"

"Search me," Scott said. "But I'm sure another will present itself soon enough."

"Oh really," Virgil said with a pointed look.

"That's not what I meant!" Scott said.

"Uh huh."

"Really!"

"Uh huh."

"Stop that Virg."

"Uh huh!"

"Virgil!"

From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 9/20/2005 5:42 AM