

Virgil couldn't keep his thoughts straight as he made his way back to the Villa. Gay. He's gay. He's gay and I accused him of... Oh, Christ! He was barely aware of his surroundings as he exited the monorail and climbed the stairs to the upper levels of the Villa. All he wanted was to hole up in his suite.

He let out a groan as he went to pass the games room and came face-to-face with Scott. He knew his pain was written all over his face, so he wasn't surprised when his older brother pinned him with a concerned stare.

"Virg? What's wrong?"

"Nothing, Scott. Just leave me alone."

"Whoa there now, fella," Scott said, placing a hand on Virgil's shoulder. "What's going on?"

"Nothing, Scott," Virgil said, trying to push his way past, "just let me go."

"Hey, who do you think you're talking to?" Scott asked. He pushed open the games room door. "Come in here and we'll talk, now."

There was a stern, yet concerned tone to Scott's voice that was so like their father's that Virgil could not help but obey. He allowed Scott to usher him into the room. He leant against the pool table and hung his head, shaking it from side to side.

"Spill it, Virg," Scott said. "Is it something to do with Elise?"

"No," Virgil said, and then shook his head more vehemently. "Well, yes, really. But not exactly."

He looked up. Scott didn't need to say anything; his expression said it all. Virgil closed his eyes briefly and sighed.

"I accused her of fooling around with... With Luke."

Scott's eyebrow shot up so far it practically touched his hairline.

"You accused her of fooling around with Luke? Virgil, he's gay!"

"Well I know that now!" Virgil said, his temper flaring. "I didn't know that until a few minutes ago." His mind caught up with the conversation. "Wait, you knew he was gay?"

"Well, yeah," Scott said. "We've hung out a few times and we've talked."

"He never mentioned it to me," Virg said.

"Well, it's not like he arrived on the island and said, 'Oh, hey everyone. I'm Luke Morel and I'm gay.' It just came up in natural conversation one day. Have you ever really talked to him before?" Scott asked.

"Well, sort of. Not really outside of the job I guess."

"And that's why you didn't know," Scott said.

"Well, he should have said something," Virgil said. "If he had, this whole mess wouldn't have happened."

"What, do you think he should wear a sign or something? Warn everyone?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Scott," Virgil said, waving away his comment. "I just meant..."

"You just wanted to shift the blame away from yourself," Scott said.

Virgil hung his head again and clenched his fingers around the edge of the pool table.

"You sure don't beat around the bush," he said.

Scott's shoulders slumped a little and he leant against the table beside Virgil.

"I'm not trying to rag on you," he said. "I'm just being realistic."

"I know," Virgil said. "I appreciate it. Ugh, now I have a few apologies to make. I yelled at Elise, and then I yelled at Luke. Me and my big mouth!"

Scott clapped Virgil on the shoulder and nodded.

"Yeah, but your big mouth goes with your big heart. I can understand where you're coming from; it just so happens that you were way off base."

Virgil nodded, and brought his hand up to scrub his face.

"You know, just to prove his point, Luke kissed me."

Scott's eyebrow shot back up again and he nodded.

"And how did that feel?" he asked.

"To be honest," Virgil said, "the only answer is this: scratchy."

Scott guffawed and clapped Virgil's shoulder again.

"Come on," he said. "I think you need to lie down and get your thinking cap on. As you said, you have some apologies to make. I suggest you make them good ones."

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