
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 20:13:35 GMT
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Elise took a deep breath as she stood before the study door. She hadn't seen Jeff Tracy since the homecoming party and was a little nervous as to what this meeting would entail. She raised her hand and knocked softly.

"Come in." The reply was in a clear, sturdy voice.

She opened the door and gingerly stepped in. She noticed Scott to her left and had a fleeting moment of being puzzled. Jeff remained seated, still needing to rest his body. She smiled as she approached Jeff at his desk.

"Hello, Elise." Jeff's warm smile and soft tone conveyed his understanding of her uneasiness to Elise.

"Hello again, sir."

"Please, have a seat."

Jeff indicated with his hand and Elise parked herself in the nearest chair, glancing quickly at Scott who had now moved closer to his father.

"How have you been, Elise?"

"Fine, sir, thank you. Your family has been very kind to me, since the... well, since the accident." Elise wasn't sure if Jeff wanted to talk about the crash or not.

"From what I understand Elise, I owe you my life." Jeff didn't waste any time getting to the point.

"I just did what I had to do. I, er, don't really remember a lot of what happened that night, but, um... it seems I 'stumbled' across your secret organization and managed to get us both rescued," Elise replied awkwardly.

She averted her eyes briefly and Jeff knew she was uncomfortable so he tried to be a little lighthearted about it all.

"Well, I for one AM definitely grateful you did 'stumble', as you put it, across my organization. We both might not be here if you hadn't."

He paused for a moment before continuing.

"Elise, I understand that your injuries are healed enough for you to have mentioned going back to New York?"

"Yes, sir, I need to get back to a normal routine. Your family has been wonderful, and I've really enjoyed being here, but I think it's time we all got back to our lives. Besides, I've taken up enough

of your hospitality and now that you're home, I'm just going to be in the way. I was planning on leaving within the next day or so."

She looked at Jeff, then at Scott when they both remained silent. Scott had been dreading this. He stood stoically, but inside was wringing his guts into pieces.

Jeff looked down at his desk, then back up to Elise.

"What did you think when you saw Thunderbird 3 launch? Quite a sight, isn't she?"

Elise was thrown off for a second and answered,

"Excuse me?"

"Thunderbird 3? I was told you saw her launch and saw John and Callie heading off to Thunderbird 5."

"Yes... I did, it was quite amazing."

Something inside Elise triggered a warning signal. She didn't like the way this conversation had suddenly taken a turn, but she wasn't sure why. Gut instinct maybe, but she didn't like what she was feeling and looked over at Scott. Nothing. His face showed no emotion. Not a good sign.

"What you saw Elise, was awesome, but it was also top secret. No one outside of this outfit knows about International Rescue, except a chosen few, and now you are one of those. But, you are also a TI pilot, one I would like to keep close."

Elise was a little confused "What are you trying to say Mr. Tracy?"

Jeff inhaled, glancing at his son as he did so. Immediately Elise caught on that whatever was going to be said... Scott was in on it. She tried to catch Scott's attention, but now he was looking down.

"Elise, I can't promise that you won't be hounded by the press and media when you return to New York, and if they get the smallest inkling that you're aware of our operations, security would be breached. I don't want to see that happen to you. I'm asking you, Elise, if you would stay and become a pilot for IR. We could have the rest of your stored things sent here, so there'd be no need to return to New York. I need capable "Top Gun" pilots and I'm offering the job to you."

Elise wasn't sure she'd heard quite right. Her? A pilot for IR? She slowly stood up.

"Sir, with all due respect, I already have a job. One that I like and would like to return to."

She was looking directly at Scott when she'd finished talking. He acknowledged her look with his own and knew he was going to fry in hell. It was obvious she'd figured out that he was a major part in this whole 'security issue' conversation.

"Yes, you do have a job, but I'm offering you a better one. A chance of a lifetime. Scott has highly

recommended you, and he has every confidence you will be an asset to the team."

"Does he now?" Elise's anger was starting to build.

Jeff heard the stiffness in her voice and looked to his son for answers. None were forthcoming.

"Mr. Tracy? May I have a word with Scott in private please?"

Jeff looked back and forth between them, sensing something, and agreed.

"Certainly. You two can remain here in private, I'll be in my suite. Call me if you need me Scott."

"Thanks, Father." Scott watched his father leave, and the second his head started to turn back to Elise, she pounced.

"WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE! How dare you set me up, Scott Tracy!"

He drew in a deep breath before answering.

"Elise, you're a damn good pilot and my father is serious about wanting you on the team. I've known you long enough to know letting you go back to flying choppers would be a mistake. We need you Elise."

"So you tricked me into coming here?"

"NO! That's not how it happened; I'd mentioned to dad before the accident that I thought he should seriously consider taking you on board at IR. It just turned out that you found out sooner about us and we didn't want the media to get to you while you were in hospital."

She looked at him incredulously.

"Oh, I see, you whisked me out here to your tropical paradise because I was a security risk? My God, Scott! Did you think I'd blab all to the Press? What? Did you think that by bringing me here I would 'make nice with the natives' and never want to leave?"

Her voice was getting louder and angrier and Scott had no choice but to hear her out and bear the brunt of it all. She turned away from him and started to pace back and forth.

"I can't believe this! I can't believe YOU!" She pointed at him. "I trusted you Scott, and this is how you treat me! What if I don't want to join IR, hmm? Did'ya ever think of that! What about what I want? When were you going to ask me that?"

She was now looking straight at him, eyes blazing pure anger, and beneath it all Scott saw the hurt and that got to him more than her tirade.

"Elise, listen to me... please." She cut him off quickly.

"Please what? Please stay, please forgive me? Please let me ship your stuff out here so you'll

stay and keep your mouth shut?"

As Scott was carefully planning his next words, Virgil and Alan were on their way through the lounge and heard the loud voices coming from the study.

"What's going on in there?!" asked Alan.

"Dunno, but it doesn't sound good."

As they neared, Virgil recognized the voices.

"That's Scott and Elise in there."

Virgil thought for a moment and realized what Scott was trying to talk to Elise about. Alan started to laugh silently.

"Sounds like she's tearing him up one side and down the other! Whad'ya suppose that's all about?"

"Haven't a clue, bro," Virgil lied to his brother. What Alan didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Virgil started to leave but Alan grabbed his arm, pulling him back. "Wait, I want to see what happens!"

Virgil gave him one of 'the looks' and Alan merely smiled widely.

They both positioned themselves away from the door but not so far to where they wouldn't hear what was being said, or shouted as the case may be. Alan leaned back and folded his arms across his chest. He planned on enjoying every moment!

Inside the study, the anger hadn't subsided and Scott's voice and temper were now both rising.

"For the LAST time Elise, I did NOT set you up! I have NOT kept secrets from you while you've been here! You know damn well how security works; you got enough of it thrown at you in the Air Force!"

"Oh, so you're going to throw that in my face now? The whole "Classified Information" incident? Well, let me tell you this 'Captain' Tracy, I NEVER once broke a security code, regardless of the write-up of that incident."

Scott locked angry gazes with her. He knew she was well and truly riled now; she'd called him by his Air Force rank, and had done so with loathing. The incident they were referring to had long been cleared up by the Air Force, but it still rankled both of them. It had been one of the times he'd pulled rank on her, and she'd never forgotten or forgiven him for it.

Scott drew himself up to his full height and walked towards her. He was merely inches away, when he looked down at her and spoke.

"For your information 'Lieutenant' I'm fully aware of what happened, and you know it. As for IR, the same rules apply. Saving lives is what we do, and we damn well take it seriously. Being a pilot for this organization is way above what being a pilot in the Air Force is. I take my role seriously and my father does not offer jobs here lightly. I suggest you take that information and remember it well."

Outside the door, Alan and Virgil both winced at hearing their brother's tone. They were expecting to see Scott exit the study but instead heard Elise fire back at him.

"I won't forget a thing! And let me tell you this, Scott Tracy, I will never, ever let myself be taken by you or anyone in this family again!"

Scott started to interject but Elise raced on,

"And another thing, if being a pilot for IR is such a thrill, you can just climb aboard that International Rescue plane of yours and fly it STRAIGHT TO HELL!"

Virgil and Alan both jumped to attention as the study door flew open and Elise stormed out. She glanced angrily at each of them, and marched away, not saying a word. Scott appeared moments later looking extremely worn out and slowly shaking his head, looking angrily in the direction that Elise had gone.

"You okay?" Virgil asked.

Scott nodded slowly. "Yeah, I guess."

Alan let out a low whistle. "Man, I think the 'Great Scott Tracy' just got his ass kicked!"

His statement was met with a reply in unison:

"Shut-up Alan!"

The blond just grinned and started to laugh.

"I'll go check on her, Scott." Virgil offered as he walked by, giving Scott a brotherly pat on the shoulder.

Post by FrankieCTB2 on 11/10/2004
