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A tall man pressed into a black suit pops out from behind a divider, firing off a few shots- before there's a moment of recognition. He's grinning, brushing his red hair out of his eyes- and bounding over to where Laurel Scoresby is, scowling at him. He wraps an arm around her shoulders, kissing her on both sides of her face.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

How's my favourite baby sister?

He drops a kiss to the top of her head, condescendingly nuzzling against her red hair piled up into a bun.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

I'm going to bite you.

Laurel scoffs, swatting him lightly on the chest.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

You always were a little hellcat, Lola.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

Oh for the love of- don't call me that, we aren't seven.

Laurel groans in embarrassment, and Laurence only laughs, flicking her on the nose lightly as he takes a step or two back, considering her in her neat lab coat.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Not even God himself could smite you, it seems.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Unkillable. Through sheer spite and anger, I imagine.

Laurence is grinning widely, as he adjusts his tie. Incredibly, he still has his little silver tie pin clipped to the front of it, a bright ruby gleaming from it's head.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

And how did you pull through? Your office isn't exactly an apocalyptic bunker.

Laurel's crossing her arms, mouth twisted up into a frown, eyebrows drawn down as she looks at her older brother.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

I'm resourceful!

He sounds like he's playfully offended- but there's a coldness to his eyes, where the smile on his mouth doesn't quite connect with the expected sparkle. For a moment, they look like pebbles flat on the shoreline, dried out from the sun: dull, lifeless.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

You pushed someone out of theirs, didn't you.

Laurel sighs, pinching the bridge of her nose in exasperation.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

I wouldn't say pushed out, pet! That's a bit severe, don't you think?  
Encouraged is a much nicer word.

He's laughing, as if he's talking about winning a hand of poker- some clever little trick of tinted sunglasses and a solid stoic impassivity.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

Christ. Our poor mother.

Laurel shakes her head despairingly, a few locks of red hair coming loose from her bun. Laurence tucks them back behind her ear for her, the gesture oddly tender, in spite of his smarmy, joking tone.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Having to deal with the both of us as little hellions? I concur.

Laurel brushes his hand away, irritated.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

Who was it?

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Oh, some warm body in Communications.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

There's no need to look that dour over it, Lola- they weren't anyone important. Just a pencil pusher, and not in any way at all attached to your beloved labs. I'm considerate, see?

His tone is wheedling, cajoling- trying to provoke a smile from Laurel. She doesn't give one to him.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

Like I'm supposed to believe that you were thinking of me while scrabbling around like a little rat.

She does chuckle- but it's low, mirthless, as she looks at him with disappointment heavy in her eyes.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Oh, well, I suppose you'll have to take me at my word.

Laurence smiles with a shrug, brushing the topic off of his shoulders like so much cold water.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

And how did you survive, dearest?

He does, to his credit, sound genuinely interested in her answer.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

Tom pushed me into the cryolab.

Laurel grits out the answer reluctantly, shuffling a little as she looks away from her brother.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

How resourceful. And apt, too- you two both laboured over the plans and construction of those halls together, and in the end- it saved your life. Poetic, that.

Laurence is looking upwards, tapping one finger against his chin, as if in deep philosophical pondering. He has the same slight dimple in his chin as Laurel does.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

Shut up.

Laurence's tone shifts to flirtatious, as his register drops, purring his next few words.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

I'll have to give him my thanks in person.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

Don't you even start-

Laurel smacks him on the shoulder again, and Laurence laughs.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

There's nothing wrong with appreciating beauty, Laurel.

Laurel looks pained.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

Christ, don't call him that-

Laurence smirks, mouth crooked, the corners pulled to the left side.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Handsome, then? Easy on the eyes. I do like how tall he is, too- there's not many men that I have to look up at.

Laurel scoffs.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

It's because you're practically a giraffe. We had to get your uniforms custom tailored.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

You're embarrassing.

Laurence winks at her, ruffling her dark red hair.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

What can I say? It runs in the family- you're oh, what, 5'10? Tall for a woman.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

He's a nice man, you know- I've seen the way he treats you. Like you're something to be cherished. There's something to be said for that.

He pauses for a moment, looking at her reaction- Laurel looking off to the side and blushing a little, though she still is clearly annoyed, judging from the way her hands twist the fabric of the lower hem of her lab coat, screwed up and wrinkly beneath her touch.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

You're an idiot.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Ah, but a fool with one eye is the king of a blind man's land.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

At any rate- come along now, Lola- and introduce me to the rest of your friends, before it's left to my hands to set up that first impression.

Laurence smiles, the hand that isn't currently holding onto his pistol tucked into his pocket, as he starts to stroll off, expecting her to follow.

**LAUREL SCORESBY**

You're insufferable.

Laurel does fall into step behind him- though she's quickly shifted to jogging to keep pace with him.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

You learned only from the best!

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