
Tom Wreke has his head bowed, Lloyd Maxwell's arm in his lap. A small hand held lantern is the only light source in the gloom- sitting next to his hip, alongside some other tools.

He's screwing the final piece in place- hand turning the screwdriver deftly.

Tom is whistling softly to himself as he works.

When the panel is flush with the rest of the robotic arm, he pats overtop of the metal gently- impulsively reaching his thumb up to touch lightly at the join of prosthesis to scarred skin, just beneath Lloyd's elbow.

TOM WREKE

That'll do you.

Tom smiles at Lloyd, looking up through his hair. It's deep brown- untouched by age, unbleached by starlight.

He looks uncharacteristically proud of himself.

LLOYD MAXWELL

Thank you, Tom.

Lloyd's hand is suddenly cupping Tom's jaw- thumb stroking fondly against his cheek.

He's leaning in towards him, head tilted slightly to the side for a kiss.

Tom drops the screwdriver, but he doesn't shy away- only closes his eyes tentatively. His skin feels hot to the touch- set aflame.

Lloyd's hand cups the back of Tom's neck gently, scratching his fingers through the dark brown curls at the nape of his neck softly.

The screwdriver rolls further down the tunnel, the light extinguished as Lloyd's hand flicks at the lantern's switch, their tangled up shadows snuffed out of existence, giving way to the intimate darkness of the generator's warren.
