

The Scientific Method

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The Scientific Method

by [Soobiebear](#)

Summary

Written as a gift for Moon in 2011. The prompt was 'David St. Hubbins, Nigel Tufnel (Spinal Tap): Kissing each other for the first time in some bar. .'

"Do you ever think about it?" David set his tea on the formica counter and looked over at Nigel sitting next to him.

"Think about what?" Nigel said around his mouthful of club sandwich. His used gum sat perched on the end of his glass of Coke, and a fresh cold sore was just breaking out on his upper lip.

"Why the drummers keep exploding." David picked at his oily spaghetti bolognese, clearly not intent on eating any of it. "I mean, it's been a bit of a run now, hasn't it? Dozens of people spontaneously combust every year, but isn't it odd that the last four have all gone," and he made a *pzfft* noise to go with it, knowing that sometimes Nigel was a bit slow and needed the explanations.

"Yeah." Nigel paused in thought for a moment. "I mean no, not really." He blinked and a thought came to him. "Wasn't there that one guy that just went off to play jazz?"

David thought hard, searching his memory. "Ric? I thought he just had a bad tan or something. That's not a symptom of jazz, is it?"

"Ric was that tall lanky one, wasn't he?" Nigel took a loud sip of his soda. "No, I mean the other guy. Whats-his-name?"

"I don't remember anyone by that name." Nigel went back to eating his sandwich and David pushed the pasta around in the red sauce again, fishing for anything resembling some sort of meat. If Jeanine caught him with a bit of sausage it would be the end of things.

"Didn't it start with an M?" David turned back to the guitarist and knitted his eyebrows together. "Didn't that drummer's name start with an M?"

"M," David said aloud. "M. Mark. Matt. Mittens." He sounded out the words, seeing what felt right. "Muffins. Mutt. Mutt? No, ah, let's see. M. Mmmmm..."

"MmmmmAaaahhh," Nigel tried.

"No, not MmmmmAaahh," David corrected. "MmmmmmmEeeehhhh... MMmmmIiiiiiiyyy..."

"Now you're back on the raga-rock. I thought we discussed this already."

"Jeanine has me doing some yoga and meditation. You would benefit from it if you tried it." David pointed at the slight belly Nigel had developed from the road food and excessive amounts of alcohol. Nigel only rolled his eyes. "MMmmmmuuuuu... Does that sound right to you? Mmmmmmmuuuuuhhh..."

"Mug the drummer?" Nigel shook his head. "I don't think so."

"MMmmoooo..." David continued out of order.

"Wasn't he American?"

David had to think again and was starting to get a headache. "Yeah, now that I think about it I think he was."

"His name was like Mummy or something I think. American babies," Nigel snorted disdainfully.

"Ah, that's it!" David sighed in relief. "Mama. Big kid. Joe Mama."

"What about him?"

"Beg pardon?" David asked, flipping his blonde locks out of the spaghetti.

"What about him?"

David had to blink and think again. "I don't know." Nigel went back to his sandwich, mostly crumbs left on the white plate.

Another cup of weak tea went by and David was still sitting uncomfortably on the red vinyl barstool at the restaurant counter. Jeanine would be around to pick them up before too much longer but he just wasn't hungry.

"You gonna eat that?" Nigel was pointing at the oil and salt monstrosity that was supposed to be spaghetti bolognaise. Even the cheese was fake and David knew Jeanine would spot it the second she got close enough to smell his breath.

"Mind if I...?"

"No, go on." David pushed the plate over to his best childhood friend. Nigel dug in with abandon, tiny red flecks of sauce flying everywhere as he sucked in the long strands. Dots speckled his face and tshirt and ended up even on David's shirt much to his disgust. Nigel seemed not to notice, his air of zen seemingly perfected and David was jealous.

"You ever wonder if our drummers exploded because of our tight trousers?" Nigel sucked in another long string of spaghetti, his lips wrapped tightly around the shaft and pooling the sauce on his red stained lips. David felt uncomfortable and stumbled to explain himself. "I mean, every night they're back there, looking down on us. I know what the front view looks like, but the back view in our lycra must be enough to make them explode. You know?" He laughed self consciously. "I've got the body of a Greek God and your bum is like perfection perfected and it must just be too much for them to handle."

Nigel fidgeted in his chair, trying to turn around and see his own behind. It was no easy task while seated. "You think our trousers are making them explode? How about the gardening accident? Did one of us have a spectacular hair day that time?"

David was used to Nigel's mood swings by now. The guy was probably just upset he couldn't see his own bottom. "Rubbish, Nigel. Accidents are accidents. I'm talking about a consistent pattern of over the top sex appeal and viewing angles from the drum riser."

Nigel popped the pre-chewed piece of gum back in his mouth, apparently done with David's lunch. "Ok, that's a possibility. But how do we know for sure it's just not the fates lining up

against us for the whole Stonehenge thing?"

David thought again. Sometimes he hated being the brains of the operation. "I think I've got it." He eyed Nigel up and down, from the tousled hair and spaghetti stains to the dirty trainers he was pretty sure he was ready to try it. "You know how like if you've got a really hot girl, and then add in another really hot girl and together they're both hotter than they are alone?" Nigel zoned out after the mention of a hot girl, there wasn't enough room in there for more than one thought at a time and David had just asked him to do maths in his head. "The movies Derek puts on with all the girls in the lingerie..." He nudged Nigel to get his thinking back on track. Nigel nodded and bit his lip suddenly, remembering what movies Derek favoured when he wasn't watching BBC2.

The smile looked good on Nigel's face. It had been a while since David last saw it, but it had been a rough tour as well. Things didn't seem to be going as planned, but they also managed to avoid the planned unplanned problems. It always seemed to be something different that no one had thought of.

"So," David continued. "If the two of us prime specimens don't cause any spontaneous combustions then we'll know it has to be a slow compounding problem and we can work on getting a drummer who is immune."

Nigel looked around the restaurant. "I don't see anyone exploding."

David grabbed onto Nigel's shoulder. "That's just it, man! If it's something that gets built up in their system, like a... a sexyness overload it'll take time. We might be able to make a reaction faster." Nigel blinked. He was so close that David could almost lick the spaghetti and parsley off the end of his nose. "Kiss me."

Nigel shrugged and leaned forward ever so slightly, closing his eyes. David felt his insides jump about two feet to the left but leaned in, gently pressing his lips against Nigel's. David was about to pull away - it felt wrong, like kissing his grandmother. Across the restaurant, a woman screamed and the pair broke apart quickly and scanned the crowd for flaming corpses and green globules.

An older middle aged lady held a small scrap of paper up in her waving fist. "I just won the powerball!"

David rolled his eyes and turned back to his cold tea, Nigel just stared with wide eyes. David elbowed him and whispered, "Stop staring, 'snot polite."

"But I thought we killed her," Nigel whispered back, still in shock. "Was it too much to handle?" He surreptitiously tried to scan the restaurant again, finding no one staring at them and several people congratulating the new lottery winner.

"I don't think so." David noted that everyone seemed to be unexploded and doing alright. "Maybe we should try it later on, a more controlled experiment. I mean, it could very well be the lycra doing it. And what can they see of our bums when we're sitting on them?" Nigel shook his head. "That's right, nothing!"

David pulled some money from his wallet and left it under his tea cup, not bothering to wait for the check. "I have an idea. I'm going to ask Ian to watch us. Let's go back to the bus, get on our stage clothes, and we can see if he explodes."

Nigel wiped his arm across his face, effectively spreading the drying sauce around and turning the small splatters into streaks. "You think he'd do that?"

"Yeah, I mean he's seen our bums as much as the drummers, so if we could get anyone to watch us it should be Ian."

"But what if he does spontaneously combust? Then what?" Nigel was slow to leave his bar stool, David grabbed for his arm pulling him towards the door.

"Well, Jeanine can run things. She's been watching and learning and it'll be fine. She's got some ideas to make the stage show more interesting and boost sales." Nigel sulked again at Jeanine's mention. "We've got to try it before we lose another drummer tonight. This is important for the band, Nigel."

Leo determination in place, David dragged Nigel back to the bus. The band was still priority number one, even if Jeanine was priority 1.1 these days. He was all set to show Nigel just how much he was willing to risk to keep the band together. If it cost Ian's life, so be it, Ian was replaceable. David hoped Nigel realized what a difficult thing this was going to be, risking life and limb. He thought about having Ian bring the videocamera in with them, just in case something did go wrong they would have it on tape. Yep, David made up his mind. Ian and the videocamera with him and Nigel in the back lounge. They would get to the bottom of the problem one way or another as long as they used their detective skills to figure out why their drummers kept dying off. It was a plan, and David didn't know of any reason they couldn't solve their problem by the time line check came around at 5pm.

He patted Nigel on the back, congratulating him on their solid logic as they searched around for Ian. He would be so thrilled to help them out, David was sure of it.

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