

# Movie Night

(A Ficlet for Absolutely No Reason Whatsoever)  
by Ariane Rivendell (2011)



*Written on lunch break. This scene flashed into my head, with no idea where it was going or if there's even a point to it... lol! ☺*

Characters owned by Universal...

Roy relaxed on the couch and watched Johnny struggle at the table, trying to keep the heating pad on his shoulder with his bandaged hand and grabbing popcorn as the station settled in for the night to watch a movie.

“You doin’ alright there, Junior?”

“I can’t get this thing to stay in the right place,” Johnny grouched, grabbing the slipping pad before it careened onto the ground.

“Can you guys keep it down, back there?” Marco complained.

DeSoto threw his colleague an apologetic look before laying curious eyes back on his partner, whose juggling act failed miserably when popcorn kernels and heating pad fell to the floor.

“Oh, man!”

“Ssh!”

“Sorry,” Johnny whispered.

Roy leaned forward and grabbed the pad. “Why don’t you sit here?” he beckoned. “Use the couch to hold the pad in place.”

The dark-haired paramedic scooped up the wayward kernels and dumped them on the table. He took his partner up on his offer and settled on the couch next to him, planting the pad between him and the cushions.

That seemed to fix the problems.

For about two minutes.

Gage was soon fidgeting again with the heating pad.

His partner threw him a look that was somewhere between annoyance and a sense of long suffering. “What’s the problem, now?”

“It’s just too stiff. I can’t get it to heat the right spots.”

“I’ll give you more spots to deal with if you keep talking, Gage,” Chet threatened.

“Sorry!”

“Here,” Roy gestured. “Get on the other side of me. I can hold it for you.”

“You shouldn’t have to do that, you’re tryin’ to watch the movie.”

Four pairs of angry eyes turned on him.

“We’re *all* trying to watch the movie,” Cap glared. “Roy...?” Stanley gestured to his senior paramedic to take care of it.

“Sorry, fellas,” Roy said. “Here,” he motioned to his partner, “sit in front of me.”

“You mean sit on your lap?” the dark-haired paramedic stared at DeSoto with some suspicion.

“I wasn’t planning on reading you a bedtime story, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

Johnny made a face and he and Roy, in a scene out of a comedy, spent the next several moments turning and twisting around each other negotiating their space. Finally, John settled in front of his partner, sitting forward.

“You can lean back, I’m not gonna break,” Roy told him.

Gingerly, Gage leaned back inch by inch, not wanting to put his full weight on his partner. Getting no complaints from Roy, he eased into a comfortable position, both of them with their feet up at the other end of the couch.

“Where does it hurt?” Roy asked in a low voice in his ear.

“Here and on the top, here,” Johnny indicated, pointing to his bicep and deltoids.

The blonde firefighter could see Johnny’s dilemma, as the flat heating pad simply couldn’t accommodate the rounded parts of the human body.

Roy laid the heating pad against his chest and curled the remainder around Johnny’s arm and held it in place. The two paramedics could finally relax and watch the movie with the rest of their shift mates.

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“Well that was certainly interesting,” Captain Stanley exclaimed as he rose from the chair and stretched as the credits for *The French Connection* scrolled on the screen.

“I wonder if it really is true that Mulderig got shot,” Marco said, stretching alongside his captain.

“Did you read the book?” Chet asked.

“No,” Marco answered. “Not really my thing.”

“Well, I don’t know about you guys, but I’m ready to hit the sack,” Stanley moved to turn off the tv.

“Hey, guys,” Stoker whispered, gesturing for his crewmates to keep it down.

The Engine crew followed Mike’s gaze and saw both paramedics asleep on the couch. Johnny was lying on top of his partner who had a hand around him.

Marco ducked out of the room. Cap chuckled, inwardly touched at the bond and friendship of his rescue team.

“Aw, well don’t they look cute?” Chet teased.

“Kelly, take that heating pad off, will ya? I don’t want to add burns to John’s shoulder injury.”

Marco returned with a blanket just as Chet was gently removing the heating pad from Roy’s hands. Lopez draped the blanket over his sleeping compatriots. The Engine crew tip-toed out of the dayroom and Cap turned off the lights, leaving the two friends to their well-deserved rest.