

# Write Moves

by Luka

Susan ferreted through the drawer and sighed loudly. Looking for her favourite Parker pen in Doyle's desk was like sifting through a small boy's pockets. She fully expected to find frog spawn, lengths of string and partially sucked boiled sweets any second.

She yawned loudly. She really wanted to be home in bed with her junior doctor. Not that that relationship was likely to last much longer as he was already complaining about one too many interrupted nights. Bloody hypocrite.

Doyle's desk drawer was stuffed with enough paper to start a small bonfire. Most of it, Susan was amused to note, was case reports. She was willing to bet he wasn't so far behind with his expenses.

The bottom of the drawer looked like a stationery dump. Doyle seemed to have some strange fetish for blunt pencils and chewed bios. No sign of a smart pen, though, a gift from her then boyfriend on her 21st.

A glint caught her eye from beneath the pile of cheap pens. Susan shunted them aside and produced a sleek pen. Like hers, but not hers. This one had an inscription on it – 'yours to keep forever. Bodie.'

She smiled, pushing the pen back in and closing the drawer. Typical Bodie, getting in a jibe at his colleague's paranoia for making sure he got his pens back. Doyle was like a terrier with some unsuspecting sap who'd borrowed a biro off him.

The office door burst open and Doyle barrelled into the room, Bodie looming behind him. Bodie looked tired, his immaculate clothes ever so slightly crumpled and his pale face pinched. Doyle looked worse. When he was exhausted, his strange features seemed to collapse in on themselves.

"Suze!"

"Doyle. How did it go?"

He managed a half-smile. "Seen worse. We got six of 'em, but another legged it over the wall. And McCabe got a knock on the head."

"No one'll notice the difference. Where's our lord and master?"

"Supping his Scotch and dragging the Minister out bed. He wants a word with you."

Susan pulled a face. "Any chance of me being out of here this side of Christmas?"

"I saw Lewis downstairs, so I assume the Cow just wants a run-down on what's been happening this end, and then you get to crawl into a nice warm bed with your dishy doc."

"Huh. He's probably taking someone else's pulse by now."

Ten minutes later, Susan headed off to claim her coat and handbag, marvelling that Cowley had both complimented her on her co-ordinating of that evening's events, as well as offering her a glass of Scotch. She must be moving up in the world.

Susan glanced through the glass window in the office door. Doyle was sitting at his desk. Bodie stood behind him, massaging his shoulders. Doyle's head had dropped forward and he looked half-asleep. As the massage finished, he sat up and favoured his partner with a blinding smile. Bodie smiled back and traced a finger down Doyle's mis-shapen cheekbone.

After about a minute, Susan realised she was gawping most unbecomingly. Once the initial punch in the stomach feeling had worn off, she smiled, the full significance of that inscription on the pen striking her. Coughing loudly, she flung the door open.

"OK Doyle, you thieving swine, where have you hidden my best pen?"

-- THE END --

*April 2002*



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