

Drawin' Conclusions

By Linda B.

Chapter 8

Spotting the Torino parked in front of the apartment building, Hutch ran inside and up the first two flights of stairs. As he neared the third floor, he slowed, listening carefully. Reaching the top of the stairs, he pulled his Magnum and turned to the right, spotting the apartment almost immediately. Silently approaching the door, he flattened himself against the hallway wall and listened.

Hearing a drawer shoved shut, Hutch knew someone was inside. The question was where was Starsky. Using the Magnum, Hutch knocked on the door twice and pulled back tightly against the wall. All noise stopped from inside the apartment.

“Marty. It’s Detective Hutchinson, let me in.” Hutch, hearing a noise down the hall turned to see two elderly women poking their head out the door. Motioning frantically for them to get back inside their apartments, Hutch knocked again. The silence was deafening. Hutch turned toward the door and kicked it in, arms straight ahead, Magnum aimed.

“Shoot and I’ll kill ’im.”

Hutch froze, taking in the two men in front of him. Starsky, tied securely to a kitchen chair, appeared unconscious, his head hanging forward, his own tie used as a gag. Several rivulets of blood ran down the left side of his face. Marty stood behind him, Starsky’s gun in his hand and aimed at his partner’s head.

Grabbing Starsky’s hair and pulling up his head, Marty threatened again, “I mean it.”

As a moan escaped from Starsky, Hutch scanned the room. A half-empty suitcase sat on the bed, clothes strewn about, drawers open or dumped on the floor. “Going somewhere, Marty?”

Marty’s eyes frantically searched the room for any means of escape.

Raising the Magnum slowly, Hutch straightened up and soothingly said, “You don’t want to do that Marty. Just move away from him.” Watching Marty’s movements carefully, Hutch stepped forward an inch at a time.

Marty started moving backwards toward the window, awkwardly dragging Starsky and the chair with him. Effectively maintaining a barrier between himself and Hutch, Marty moved closer and closer to the window.

“Leave him alone, Marty. Killing a police officer isn’t going to help you.”

“I already hurt ’im...”

Starsky chose that moment to moan again, consciousness beginning to return. Hutch, hearing the sound, moved a little closer. “See, he’s coming around. He isn’t hurt bad. Just leave him alone.”

Hutch’s eyes shifted rapidly between Marty and Starsky, noting their contrasting expressions. Marty, looking more and more unstable, again grabbed Starsky’s hair, yanking his head upward, while Starsky’s eyes seemed to clear further at the sudden, jarring pain.

Marty jerked the pistol in his hand, again aiming it at Starsky’s right temple. “Don’t come any closer.”

Hutch stopped and looked down at his partner’s face, pleased to see deep blue eyes looking back at him in return, praying that Starsky wouldn’t make any sudden moves.

“Marty, let him go.” The hand holding the pistol started trembling, and Hutch knew he had to make a move soon. “Come on, Marty, give me the gun.” Hutch slowly extended his left hand.

Weighing his options, Marty moved the gun away from Starsky’s temple and relaxed slightly. Pulling his hand back toward himself, he suddenly pushed the chair and Starsky forward, toward Hutch.

Hutch, grabbing at his partner, fell on his right knee, as the momentum of the chair and Starsky’s weight pulled him down. Hutch watched Marty scramble out the window and down the fire escape. “Starsk?”

“Don’t...let ’em...get away,” Starsky urged. His whispered words hampered by the gag. “He killed...Rose.”

Raising the chair upright and patting Starsky reassuringly on the left shoulder, Hutch rushed through the window and onto the fire escape. Marty was just hitting the final rung, which hung about six feet above the cement. Shooting wildly, Marty jumped down. Returning the shots, Hutch watched Marty fall forward and catch himself with his hands, the pistol flying across the alley. Marty took off down the alley, limping. Scrambling down the rest of the fire escape, Hutch lithely jumped down to the cement and sped after Marty, quickly closing the distance between them. When he was within a few feet, he threw himself at Marty and tackled him to the ground. Slapping the handcuffs on him, Hutch pulled the man to his feet and dragged him the remainder of the way to the front of the apartment building. Handcuffing Marty to the LTD, Hutch hurriedly called in for back-up. Throwing the radio on the seat, he raced into the building, taking the steps two at a time to the third floor.

Bursting through the open door of Apartment 305, Hutch quickly loosened the tie and pulled out the gag. “Starsk, are you okay?” Hutch gasped, concern filling his voice at the sight of his partner’s closed eyes.

“I’m okay. Just untie me and let me out of this chair,” Starsky responded awkwardly.

Untying Starsky’s hands and feet, Hutch pulled him onto the bed next to him. Keeping his arm around Starsky’s shoulder, he pulled him close. “You sure you’re okay, Starsk? Let me look at that hard head of yours.” Wincing, as pain crossed Starsky’s face, Hutch gently turned his head toward him. “I’ll call an ambulance.”

“No, Hutch. I don’t need one.”

“Your bleeding, Starsk. You might need a few stitches,” Hutch urged his stubborn partner, knowing full well he’d do whatever Starsky wanted, especially since Starsky hated hospitals so much.

“Head wounds always bleed a lot. You know that.”

Leaving Starsky resting on the bed, Hutch hurried to the kitchen for a wet towel. “This is gonna’ hurt, Starsk, but I’ve got to apply some pressure to stop the bleeding. Then, I can get a better look at it. What did he hit you with, anyway?”

“A beer bottle. I should have seen it coming.” Starsky winced in anticipation as Hutch brought the wet towel closer.

“You should have called me! What’s the idea coming here alone?”

“Don’t yell at me, Hutch. I have a headache,” Starsky whined, hoping to put off any discussion until later.

Hutch, applying pressure, was pleased to see that the wound wasn’t as large or as deep as it first appeared.

Hearing his partner yell, “Ouch!” Hutch grimaced. “You’re gonna have one hell of a headache tomorrow, buddy.”



End of Chapter 8