

Not to Yield

A Missing Scene from “Sweet Revenge”

by *Linda B.*

Shoving away the hands that reached out to help him, Hutch struggled to rise from the hallway floor on his own. He had one purpose in mind. To check that his partner was still alive. Despite wobbly legs, he stood and hastily crossed the hall. Starsky looked the same, and Hutch breathed a sigh of relief. The machines were still recording the rhythm of his partner’s life.

“Hutch.”

Feeling Dobey’s hand resting on his shoulder, Hutch resisted the urge to shrug it off. It was meant to offer comfort, but comfort couldn’t stop his shaking. It couldn’t stop his anger and fear. Looking through the glass window into the ICU window, he stared at his partner lying there, kept alive by IVs and machines. He had thought he was beyond feeling; he’d been numb since the shooting in the police garage. Until now, he had thought he’d be unable to feel ever again.

“C’mon, Hutch.” Now the hand was tugging on his arm, pulling him from the window, away from his partner. “Let’s get you checked out.”

Jerking his arm out of the unwanted hold, he protested, “I’m fine.”

“Hutch, you were attacked—”

“He was trying to kill Starsky, not me. Don’t you understand? I couldn’t stop them in the garage, and I almost didn’t stop them now.” Hutch turned to look forlornly at the man standing next to him, while he ran his fingers through his hair, despair clearly written across his face. “Cap’n, I’m fine. Tired, but fine. This just proves, we—I—can’t let my guard down.” Hutch sighed, his eyes returning to Starsky. “I couldn’t even wrestle the jerk to the ground,” he added, disgusted with himself.

“The point is, you stopped him. That’s what’s important. You have to remember...Starsky is still alive.”

“But for how long?!” Hutch turned back, furious. “Why do they keep coming after him? What has he ever done to warrant this?”

“What makes you think they’re only after him? You were in that parking garage, too! You’re just as much at risk!”

“I don’t care about me. I only care about him!” Hutch angrily replied.

No longer able to control the emotions welling up inside, Hutch started pacing the hallway, his eyes never leaving the window and his fragile connection to his partner.

Dobey glanced at two nurses anxiously side-stepping the blond, who had begun pacing back and forth in barely controlled rage. Recognizing that Hutch hadn't left Starsky's side since the shooting and was wound tighter than a drum, Dobey persisted, "Hutch, if you won't let anyone check you out, then at least get some coffee. You were headed to the cafeteria before this happened. Take a break, son. Catch your breath."

"I can't leave him..."

"Yes, you can. Guards will be placed outside his door twenty-four hours a day. And I won't leave him, not as long as you're gone." Seeing Hutch hesitate ever so slightly, Dobey urged him again. "I won't leave him. I promise. They won't try anything again—not this soon."

Hutch looked at him in disbelief. "They've tried twice already. What makes you think they won't try again?"

"Maybe later," Dobey admitted reluctantly. "But for now, whoever masterminded this is going to think the second attempt was successful. It will take a while for them to find out it wasn't, let alone come up with another plan. They must know he's under tight security. *They* blew it, Hutch. Not you."

Trembling fingers reached out to touch the glass. "Okay."

"You'll go find Huggy and get some coffee?"

Hutch nodded. "I'll get some coffee, but only if you stay here."

Dobey agreed. "I'll stay here. I give you my word. I won't leave him alone."

Hutch took one last look at his partner and started down the hallway. Stopping suddenly, he turned and, with great difficulty, asked, "You'll come...you'll come find me if something...?"

Dobey quickly signaled his agreement. "I'll come get you, but nothing's going to happen." Watching his detective reluctantly walk down the hall, away from his injured partner, Dobey only wished he was as sure as he had sounded.



Hutch, wandering the halls in a fog, headed toward the cafeteria. Approaching an intersection, he looked at the hallway signs and was baffled when he couldn't find one directing him to his destination. Looking around, he raised his hand, ready to stop

someone, but the nurses, attendants and technicians walking past him all seemed intent on their own business and weren't interested in him. He dropped his hand to his side and continued to the right, hoping to find the cafeteria on his own.

As he passed the door to a chapel, he hesitated a moment, but decided not to enter. If God was in there, he wasn't sure what he would say to him. Ever since the shooting, he had prayed to God to save his partner. He had prayed it over and over, like a litany. Now, he only wanted to rant and rave. He wanted to know why. He wanted to understand. Why did He let this happen? Why would He let Starsky die? Somehow, tired as he was, he reasoned that if he asked too many questions God might get angry, and he couldn't afford that to happen, he needed His help too much. The 'why's' would have to come later.

Hutch continued down the hall and stopped when he saw a waiting room. It was empty, but in the corner was a coffee machine. The small room looked inviting. Quiet. A place to be alone with his thoughts. The cafeteria undoubtedly was noisy and crowded, and he didn't feel up to it, even if Huggy was there. He put money in the machine and hit the coffee button. Black coffee. Lousy black coffee. His fingers stopped briefly on the buttons for extra sugar and cream, bringing a feeble smile to his face. He remembered all the times he'd pushed those buttons to get Starsky a cup of coffee, and then complained to his partner about the amount of sugar he put in there.

Too wound up to sit, he paced the small room, sipping the coffee. It tasted horrid, but it was hot. Finally noticing a few magazines sitting on a table in the corner, Hutch picked one up and thumbed through it. Finding nothing of interest, he dropped it back down and picked up another as he sat down in one of the chairs. Looking through the magazine, he stopped briefly at an article, the poem at its end drawing his attention. The poem he remembered reading long ago, in days filled with classes and laughter, and dreams of tomorrow.

He read it again, the ending lines carrying new meaning.

***We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are—***

He set the magazine down in his lap. *We thought we could move heaven and earth, didn't we, Starsk? We thought we could do it all back then. Now—I'm tired, buddy. Not just in body, but in soul. We don't seem to have the strength that we used to to do the job. I guess over the last few months it's been pretty obvious. I'm getting tired of what this job does to us every day, of seeing you hurt all the time. The dreams we once had...of making a difference, what happened to those? What happened to me and thee? You have to know, no matter what I've said, what I've done, I've never tired of being with you, working with you. I may not always show it. But I always know you're with me, beside me. You are my strength. I can't lose you now, Starsk. I need you too much.*

A nurse entered the lounge and headed to the coffee machine. Startled out of his reverie, Hutch straightened up, the magazine dropping onto the floor. As she turned to look at him, he bent down to pick it up. “Sorry.”

The nurse nodded her okay and left him alone.

Shaking the cobwebs out of his head, Hutch stood up and stiffly stretched. He finished the poem. Then, reread it again, more carefully this time. Suddenly, he knew what he had to do. The hardest part would be finding the strength and energy he would need to go after the people who had done this. His first stop was to see Starsky. Hopefully he would find it there.



Hutch pushed the doors open and saw Captain Dobey, Huggy and two police officers talking near Starsky’s room. He quickened his pace, his heart-rate increasing.

Seeing Hutch anxiously approach, Dobey turned toward him and said in reassurance. “He’s fine.”

Hutch looked through the window to assure himself.

“Hey, man, I thought you were coming down for coffee.” Huggy stood by his side and gazed through the glass’s reflection. “He’s hanging in there,” he added gently.

“What if he doesn’t make it, Hug? What am I gonna do?”

“He will. You hafta believe.”

Hutch abruptly headed toward the door. “What I “hafta” do is sit with him for a while.”

Inside, Hutch cautiously moved to Starsky’s side. He looked so fragile Hutch was afraid to touch him, so instead he gently sat down in the chair by his side. Looking Starsky over slowly from head to toe, he found it amazing that he was still alive. *You stood there, Starsk. You stood there and took those bullets. Why? To protect me? Then, Hutch wryly chuckled at his thoughts. You know, don’t you, Gordo? I would have done the same for you. In an instant.*

Hutch’s thoughts returned to a line in the poem he’d first read so many years ago. *One equal temper of heroic hearts, made weak by time and fate, but strong in will.*

We are of one heart and together, yes, we have been strong of will. But I know of no one with stronger will than you. You’ve survived so much. Just let that will be strong enough now, strong enough for you to survive.

Hutch tentatively reached out to touch Starsky's fingers lying still on the bed. They were cold, and, for a moment, fear gripped his heart, but the continuous beep of the machine told him that his partner was still alive.

To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

I know what I have to do now, Starsk. I can't stay here any longer. As much as I want to remain by your side, I have to find who did this to you. I won't stop until I find them, but you have to hang in there. You can't yield to death, and I won't yield to them. At least one last time, I will try to move heaven and earth. And I will seek them out, and I will find them.

Hutch lightly squeezed the too cold fingers and rose from the chair, purpose and resolve now clear.

Exiting Starsky's room in search of their captain and a car, he heard Dobey yelling directions at several officers carrying office furniture into a room down the hall. It looked like their captain was being true to his word and was planning on staying for the long haul.

Hutch headed in his direction.

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Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.***

***Excerpt "Ulysses"
By Alfred Lord Tennyson***