

Overload

A “Sweet Revenge” Missing Scene

by The Blintz

I don't know how to describe exactly how I feel. So much has happened in the last few months and I'm not sure my overloaded, overtired brain can take anything else.

I feel disconnected and thoroughly consumed all at the same time. Every new circumstance that evolves leaves me spent and hollow and I wonder if I'm losing my mind. Sometimes I cry, sometimes I laugh, but mostly I just shove everything to the back of my mind and try not to deal with it at all. I think I'll come apart at the seams if I let everything burst through the dam at once.

I don't know what I would do without him. He's always there, ready and willing to leave me alone or stand beside me, whatever I happen to need at the moment. And, no matter what the problem, he always seems to have the right answer. Sometimes I think I lean on him too much. What would I do if he weren't around to solve all my problems? I tried to pull away from him a little in the last few months, but it didn't work. We just ended up fighting over some woman who wasn't worth it. It almost destroyed our friendship, and I knew it was my fault. Luckily, I came to my senses in time to salvage what we had, and lucky for me, he doesn't hold a grudge. Yeah, we had to have a long heart-to-heart about the whole thing and all the garbage that led up to it, but we managed to work it out. I am eternally grateful for that.

Now, there he is, lying in a hospital bed, teetering on the brink between life and death, and I'm getting my first real taste of what my life would be without him. And I don't like it. I'm lost, wandering around, vacillating between cold rage and burning agony, but there's no one there to run interference for me and my mis-wired emotions. So, what am I supposed to do? I can't run away, but I can't face hanging around the hospital and doing nothing either.

So, here I sit in the passenger seat of his car, staring out the windshield at the other vehicles in the impound lot. The lab boys have long since finished collecting what meager evidence they could from the bullet holes and smashed glass. I always thought this car had character and personality, but sitting here alone I realize that the only personality this thing ever had came from its owner. A physical pain washes over me as I realize just how much I miss him. It's like someone has pulled my heart out of my chest, leaving a huge, gaping hole that nothing else can fill.

I don't want to move from here as memories flood unbidden into my head. All the car chases, shootouts, stakeouts come back in living color. But what I miss right now is the companionship. The long talks about miniscule things – what we'll eat for dinner, who we're dating, his clothes, my apartment – all those tiny little nothings that add up to a life.

I wonder if those times will ever come again. The doctor said ‘massive damage’. I wonder if he knows that Starsky wasn’t the only one to suffer that damage when the bullets hit?

Suddenly, a sharp pain lances through my heart and I leave the passenger seat of the Torino and begin to run. I don’t know where I’m going or why, I just know I need to get there quickly. I find myself at a phone in the police station, a silent ping-pong ball resting on the desk bringing the unreality of that day into sharp focus. Without knowing why, I pick up the phone and dial the hospital, idly bouncing the ball on the desk, feeling very old, very tired, and very alone.

Captain Dobey finally answers, and I hear the words I’ve been dreading. I now know beyond all reason what forced me out of that car and to the phone. I’m losing him, but I won’t let that happen without a fight. I have no idea what I can do to stop what’s happening, but I throw caution to the wind and head for the hospital, lights blaring and siren blasting, Captain Dobey’s words ringing in my head: “Hutch, I think you’d better get down here...”

The End