

SUSAN. (*Rising.*) I think I'd better go.

COLUMBO. Sit down, Miss Hudson.

SUSAN. If you insist on keeping me here, I'm going to call my lawyer.

COLUMBO. (*Strong.*) Sit down!

SUSAN. (*Defiantly.*) You can't stop me from calling my lawyer! You have no right to order me around. You're not even on this case any more!

COLUMBO. (*Calmly.*) How did you know that?

SUSAN. (*Hesitates.*) Doctor Flemming told me.

COLUMBO. But you said you haven't seen him since last week.

SUSAN. He—called me.

COLUMBO. Oh? Is the doctor in the habit of doing that?

SUSAN. I'm not going to answer any more of your questions.

COLUMBO. Just to clear things up on one point, Miss Hudson: I *am* on the case. Somebody was pulling a few strings, all right. But my superior doesn't like that. Gets him thinking. So he says to me, "Columbo, you must be touching a sore spot somewhere. Keep at it." Very intelligent man, my superior.

SUSAN. I want to call my lawyer.

COLUMBO. Now, that doesn't figure. Doctor Flemming killed his wife and *you* want to call your lawyer. Explain that to me, Miss Hudson.

SUSAN. (*Strained.*) I want to call my lawyer.

COLUMBO. (*Pause.*) All right. (*Indicates phone.*) Go ahead. (*She looks at him for a long moment, then she rises and crosses to the desk. She picks up the telephone.*) If he wants to know the charge, it's accessory to murder. (*She hesitates.*) Make your call, Miss Hudson. Then we'll take a drive.

SUSAN. A drive?

COLUMBO. We'll go and see the stewardess. Of course, I don't have the gray wool dress, or the gloves, and you

won't put on the sun glasses, but maybe she'll remember you.

SUSAN. (*Hangs up, anguished.*) I don't know what you're talking about! You're trying to confuse me! I have nothing to do with this!

COLUMBO. With what?

SUSAN. With the—with this—with the thing you said about—about Roy.

COLUMBO. Roy?

SUSAN. Doctor Flemming!

COLUMBO. But you just called him "Roy."

SUSAN. What difference does that make? I *know* him. He's my doctor!

COLUMBO. Your lover?

SUSAN. Damn you, my *doctor*!

COLUMBO. And you never met his wife?

SUSAN. No, I never met his wife!

COLUMBO. Would you like to see some pictures of her? I had them taken at the morgue. They're in that drawer.

SUSAN. No!

COLUMBO. I guess you wouldn't. After all, you saw the real thing. That must have been quite a shock.

SUSAN. Why don't leave me alone? I didn't do anything.

COLUMBO. (*Pressing.*) No? What about the sun glasses? And those lakes upstate? And that argument on the plane?

SUSAN. (*Covering her ears.*) I won't listen to this!

COLUMBO. You were there when he strangled her, weren't you?

SUSAN. No!

COLUMBO. You mean you came later?

SUSAN. No! I was never there at all.

COLUMBO. (*Building.*) I think you were. I think you probably changed into her dress while she was lying there. Then you went to the airport with him and had that fake argument on the plane. Didn't you?

SUSAN. No!