

DAVE. Roy! I was hoping you'd be back by now. Are you all right?

FLEMMING. I guess so, Dave, under the circumstances.

DAVE. I don't know what to say. It's a terrible, terrible thing. Sybil just had lunch with Claire on Friday.

FLEMMING. I know.

DAVE. As soon as I got word I went straight to the hospital. But they wouldn't let anyone see her. . . . Roy, something puzzles me about Friday night. When I called the two of you were getting ready to leave. What happened?

FLEMMING. We had an argument on the plane and Claire decided she wasn't going. She just walked off. I shouldn't have let her—

DAVE. Don't blame yourself, you couldn't have known. (*Shakes his head.*) There's no sense to it. You live a safe, average life and then some common thief decides you've got something he wants. So he tries to take it. And somebody always gets hurt. (*Glances at CUMBO, who has been shuffling around unobtrusively.*)

CUMBO. Lieutenant Cumbro.

DAVE. My name's Dave Gordon. I'm with the District Attorney's office.

CUMBO. Yes, sir, I know.

DAVE. I'd appreciate it if you do everything you can for Doctor Flemming. He's a good friend of mine.

CUMBO. I'll try, sir.

DAVE. (*Turns to FLEMMING.*) Roy, we'll find the man responsible for this. You have my word. As soon as Claire is better we'll get a full description. And listen—Sybil wants you to stay with us for a few days.

FLEMMING. Let me think about it, Dave.

DAVE. I understand. . . . I suppose you'll be leaving for the hospital now.

FLEMMING. Not yet. We're waiting for a call.

DAVE. Why don't you take something and lie down for a while?

FLEMMING. Well—

DAVE. You'll feel much better. We'll tell you as soon as anything happens.

FLEMMING. All right. Unless the Lieutenant has any more questions.

CUMBO. No, Doctor. They can wait till later.

FLEMMING. Then if you'll excuse me— (*He goes into the bedroom. DAVE paces, then turns to CUMBO.*)

DAVE. Any progress so far?

CUMBO. Well, it's still kinda early, Mister Gordon. We have a few feelers out.

DAVE. Like what?

CUMBO. Well, we've alerted all our tipsters. Won't hear from them right away—they like to wait till they have something. Then there's routine questioning—parolees, men with similar M.O.'s. All the regular channels.

DAVE. Uh-huh.

CUMBO. Sooner or later something usually breaks.

DAVE. Let's make that sooner. Right, Lieutenant?

CUMBO. Do my best.

DAVE. I'm sure you will. The trouble is, we can apprehend and punish, but we've no power of prevention. Sometimes I get sick of the whole book of statutes. . . . By the way, I don't have to tell you that this could be a nice feather in your cap. It's getting quite a play in the papers. Wrap it up and everybody looks good.

CUMBO. Yes, sir.