

False Accused and nonetheless happy

Von alanqi

Kapitel 1:

***** 385 *****

"Starsky, you won't believe it?"

"What?"

"What what?"

Starsky rolled his eyes. "What won't I believe?"

Hutch who had just seated himself in the Torino, waved a paper in his face. "This. You won't believe this. What the hell is wrong with people nowadays?"

Starsky gently pushed the sheet out of his line of view as he enthusiastically started the car and shot into the traffic completely ignoring the honking sounds as he talked to his partner of oh so many years.

"I don't know Blintz, the usual I guess, alcohol, bad job-situation, lack of money, drugs, take your pick."

"I hardly think the meter maid is a candidate for drug usage."

"Meter maid? Gave you a ticket?"

"No not exactly, this time she went in for the goods."

"Oh Hutch, that girl has to make a living you know. It is her job and your car is somewhat, eh, unusual, special I guess, in a crappy kind of way...."

"Watch it Starsk` that's my car you're talking about and it is absolutely..."

"Don't give me that crap again, a man has a car to represent himself, his inner grandness that's socially accepted and approved Hutch. Yours ain't getting you any dates." Starsky gesticulated with wildly with his right to emphasize his point. "Mind my words Hutch the ladies won't jump your car."

"That's alright with me Starsk cause their busy jumping the owner."

"With tickets."

"I told you it's not a ticket."

"No? Then what's that thing?"

"As I was telling my partner before that crazy bitch filed a complaint."

"She did? Well she warned you about complaining if you insulted her again."

"I didn't insult her Starsky. She is short in the brain's compartment."

"I sort of think she might disagree on that observation, partner. So she filed a complaint about an insult, what's the deal, nobody's gonna take that one serious, they know you."

"Do they Starsk? Can you honestly vote for that? After all that happened when Van died. IA was after me like blood-hounds on a hunch, now they will be again and it ain't just a hunch."

"IA doesn't go after quarrels over parking tickets, if they did the whole department

would be under observation including our dear captain. We can't always find a legally supported spot to jam our car in, besides everyone knows we're on the run and the supported opinion is that catching the criminals is simply more important. IA knows that, too. Jones called a meter maid a goron last week the brunette with the skinny legs."

"Yeah, but she ain't accusing him of sexual harassment."

"Of course not why would she? Wait a minute... Hutch! What the... will you give me that sheet, now."

"Starsky keep your hands on the wheel. Whoa... the road... truck, Starsky..."

The Torino slid across the street. Brakes screeched. Wheels overturned. People screamed, Starsky wondered if his partner would blame him latter for screaming his throat raw. The candyapplered vehicle came to halt half on half off the sidewalk. Hutch wiped his face with one big hand and took a minute to just breathe before he threw his partner a sideways-look uttering a simple little hoarse on the edges: "You did it again, partner." before he went into full lecture mode: "Didn't I tell you years ago to drive safely, that was scare brained crazy, what are you trying to do take me out of the picture before IA gets to me. Thank you partner but I had hoped for a less drastic attempt to get out of this."

"Don't be dumb Hutch. You distracted me with that talk and you know you did, too. So don't give me any of that. You don't jump your partner with that kind of talk in the car. It is bull and I know and I'm gonna tell them. Nobody messes with my partner."

"Starsky?"

"Nothing. Get out of the car, Hutch."

"What for?"

"Just get out of the car."

"You're throwing me out, now? I don't believe you."

"GET OUT OF THE DAMNED CAR."

Hutch jumped up and was out of the door before Starsky could utter another word. Starsky pulled the key and got out himself.

"That's great now my partner of a dozen years is..."

"Can it Blondie." Starsky dished out while walking towards his partner. He immediately grabbed Hutch by the elbow and dragged him into the nearest place. This turned out to be a café that was obviously catering to high and mighty. The two cops looked out of place amidst the other customers who were apparently sharing special occasions. Hutch blushed and headed back to door but Starsky refused to let go of his arm. He dragged the blond back through the entry-curtains and continued withstanding to the counter.

"Good afternoon, lady. A table for two ,please. You know me and my partner here have something to talk about and we would like a little secrecy. I am sure you have just the right place for us."

"Starsky, let go of me. This place looks way to pricey and we are still on duty. And it's called discretion."

Starsky simply ignored the whispered plea and continued to chat on with the lady who appeared to be the owner.

"This café sure is lovely; you are one fine lady for sure. Know why I know? My car is exactly the same color as these." The lady smiled. The blond cop sighed deeply. The Starsky charm was winning her over as expected. Wait, they had left their car stranded on the sidewalk.

"Starsk`, this isn't the time. Think about your car, abandoned on the sidewalk,

someone will report it. You will get in trouble with Dobey. Isn't it enough that it's me. Come on, let's go!"

The blond's attempt to leave the café was once again nipped in the bud by the secure grip on his arm. Apparently the owner was recovering from the unexpected display of her new customers and since she politely smiled and gestured them to follow her she seemed one of those who considered any business good business. Starsky immediately followed and Hutch gave in to his partner's grip. After all they were police officers on duty and it was not a good idea to make a spectacle of themselves... a fact that the brunette was presently blissfully ignoring.

"Would you down it a bit Starsky we are drawing attention."

"That's just your blondness` causing, sweet thing. Thought you'd gotten over that by now."

"More like your Charles Bronson not matching inner city life."

"Hey, that's mean Hutch, I am just trying to help."

"By making me loose half of my hard-earned money on one drink and a piece of cake."

"Don't worry I got you here, I'm buying. Just relax and take the seat this nice smiling lady offers you right now."

"Oh. Thank you, miss. I'm terribly sorry I didn't realize you were..."

"Sit down Hutch. Thank you, dear. Would you please bring us to cups of your best brew and some of that wonderful cake in the glass-box."

The lady smiled politely at Starsky but her lips twitched and she shook her head as she went to fulfill the order. Bay City was home to strange creatures and once in a while one dropped by or two.

"Glass-box, Starsky? What are you five?"

"I was trying to be extra polite."

"Oh that was what you were trying, honestly I couldn't tell."

"Shut up, I can act well behaved."

"With a gun pointed at your neck, sure, I bet my life on it, but here."

"Fine, I will just behave like the guy over there."

"What are you doing with your hand?"

"I am apparently touching yours to calm you down."

"That is ridiculous."

"It works for the lady over there. She looked a bit upset, he did this and she is back to normal again. You want me fitting in? I fit in like a glove. The guy in the suit is well mannered if I copy his moves I'll be, too."

"..."

"Copying is a way of flattery."

"Or a sign of lacks in the upside storage. In your case..."

"Don't say it Hutch. Oh, look they seem to be celebrating something. He just gave her a gift and his lady is blushing. That's nice."

"Yeah, absolutely wonderful. The order is coming."

Two of the place's staff approached the men's table. One carried a tray with pot and cup and immediately began to set up the table. He bowed a little and left without a word. The second one approached them rolling a service-table with a display of nicely cut slices. She asked their preferences and handed each men two slices before placing the table at their side.

"Hmm, Hutch, this is good. I mean real good, like pastrami you know the real thing from the restaurant..."

"...your grandmother lived over when you were a kid. Really Starsk` comparing finery

to pastrami you sure are something."

"They are eating now, too."

"Who is?"

"The other couple. She is having the strawberry-cream something you're eating. He has something in chocolate, white-black, looks good, too. Not as good as mine looks though. And the taste, Hutch you've got to have a taste."

"Would you please stop waving your cutlery around, you're not a baby boy! It is great you like your sugar-schock-slice so much but remember buddy, I am not the chocolate addict in this relationship."

"Hmm, here have a bite."

"Starsky."

"The fork ain't going away, pal. Come on. See that's great, right. Beats your strawberry any day."

"Yeah it's wonderful. Is there cinnamon in this? Starsk, would you stop staring at other people, now."

"What are you doing with your fork Hutch, this is my plate."

"Don't get defensive I just wanted another taste to get clear about the cinnamon. Yeah, definitely cinnamon -- and cardamom, too. I guess I could bake something like that, just have to stock up on the spices and buy some nuts."

"Funny. Oh, I guess I was wrong."

"Huh?"

"They are not new to each other. How nice, wish I'd ever had a nice long-term relationship like that."

"What's so special about them, now?"

"He just fed her a piece of cake with his fork and she was a bit embarrassed because of the surrounding I guess, but she ate it nonetheless. My ladies never did that. Did one of yours?"

"No, of course not, Starsk. It is sort of uncomfortable to share food like that, tends to spill and girls are particular about their dresses getting spilled on. Besides normally you try to suck up to the girl by ordering the same to establish similarities in likes. You know similar preferences make you appeal to the other."

"Guess so. You like blondes after all. I don't care about hair that much. She is a brunette by the way."

"Who?"

"The woman on that table."

"Starsky, why are you telling me this."

"To let you know she is probably not your type. Brunette, curly hair not too big, looks sportive."

"Starsky, I don't have a problem with any of these."

"I'm not saying you have."

"Good we made a point here, partner, because I don't want you sprouting rumours again. Remember that meter maid hates me and she is a blonde."

"So, some blond people are better than others, Hutch. They really are close. I'd like that Hutch someone that close. Do you think she cooks his dinner?"

"I think I am not having dinner tonight. I'd rather...I mean..."

"I think she does. Whatever... oh come on take the pastry Hutch, it looks like it was designed with you in mind. I think I'll try that chocolate-nut cream with cherries. I love a good cherry once in a while but they are hard to come by you know. They have to be nice and sweet and velvety..."

"Velvety?"

"Have a nice texture, Hutch, like fine skin."

"Sure, who doesn't like fruits with fine clear skin." Starsky clearly missed the eyeroll Hutch used to emphasize his statement.

"You pineapple guy. The peach's friend, Mr. Coconut."

"You'll never get over my craving for healthy snacks, will you."

"Oh don't you tell me that you'd rather have butterfly bones than these fine pieces of art."

"That is the same as comparing apples and oranges and you know that!"

"Ok, all I am saying is if the apple works for you it's fine but you can still sample the orange and relinquish in the difference. Who knows your tastebuds might have a change of heart."

"Cute"

"Hm so how do you feel now?"

"Delightfully fed."

"Thought so but I meant... Hey look, now she is getting a gift. My she looks pleased, there is a card as well."

"Starsky don't squint your eyes like that it won't help."

"Happy Anniversary."

"What?"

"That's written on the card. I wonder if there is a number, too. Suppose that is a ten. Amazing they know each other ten years and are still cosy."

"Being comfortable around the other person is a privilege Starsky, a real benefit for any working relationship."

"Oh, you funny guy, you know full well that..."

"Sure. Now please stop staring at them they are bound to get uncomfortable any time soon. And it would be unforgivably rude to interrupt their moment of privacy like that."

"Fine, I'll have my own moment of privacy then, when I'm going out with your meter maid."

"Are you nuts?"

"Actually I've been not seeing her since that day."

"Starsky. She accused me of sexual harassment. History or not what is she going to do to you if you suddenly jump her skirt, now. She is a real crazyhead."

"I don't think she is crazy, I think she's either jealous or has the hots for you."

"Why would she accuse me falsely if she was interested me? That makes no sense."

"Sure does. Hell has no fury like a woman scorned my mother used to say."

"A wonder she couldn't teach you to not stare at others."

"You know Hutch I've never watched two people who seem that much like each other's home, it's intriguing."

"It's just love, Starsky."

"Just eh?"

"Do you really think that crazy girl has a thing for me? She is more the type who will fall for your charms. I've gotten the impression that she doesn't like me, plain and simple."

"What's not to like, Blondie?"

"Don't waste it on me, mushbrain."

"I see them and wonder why I am not a home."

"Because you are a castle, pal."

"Funny, Hutch. Wanna lay out a doormat?"

"Never needed one before. I guess their doormat says 'No sweeter place than home' though."

"Sure suits them. Look their having champagne, now."

Hutch finally decided to turn around and have a look. Just as he regarded them quietly they glanced over at the men's table. Hutch felt embarrassment creeping up on him but smiled politely and nodded acknowledgement. The couple smiled back and nodded, too.

"Kind people and definitely a good match, Starsky."

"Said so. Oh seems you impressed them, they toasted us."

"Great. Can you now quit your infatuation with a certain couple in favour of an idea."

"Sure, Blondie. We're gonna talk to her like we always do."

"Are you suggesting we interrogate a fellow officer who accuses me. That will only give her new ammunition against me."

"Maybe it will stop her, too."

"Starsky that girl knows I didn't do a thing. She obviously doesn't mind accusing people of something they didn't do. That is an obvious sign of a twisted character if I ever saw one."

"She probably craves the attention."

"Well what else could it be about? She gets attention and gets me out of the picture as a bonus if they believe her. The question is: what does she hope to achieve by doing so."

"Maybe she is after a raise in salary. Busting a dirty cop is sure gonna help her move up the rangs."

"Possible. Maybe she is just pissed at someone else being well liked."

"That is a feat of your character Hutch. You're easy to live with and easy to like, besides the only attention you accept is friendly companionship. You've never given the impression you want to be fawned about. Admirers don't suit you, pal."

"Admirers make me gag, Starsk`. Most people who admire someone have a real bad shortage of self-esteem."

"Often comes as a package deal with lacking morals. Admiring brings out all the bad habits in the admired as well as the people who admire."

"You've been into my books again, haven't you?"

"What? You don't think I can produce one genuine psychological thought on my own?"

"You can, but normally they come out crooked."

"Great, my partner considers me the harbor of crooked thoughts."

"Not only crooked thoughts Starsky. Come on let's get back to our ditch before Dobey blows a casket."

Starsky signaled the waitress and paid the enormous sum without a single twitch. He stood up and preceded Hutch to the entrance. As the Duo passed the table of the celebrating couple, Starsky stopped and smiled. "You two look lovely together, Happy Anniversary folks." Hutch surprised all three by adding: " And many happily shared years to come." Then he grasped Starsky's wrist and tagged. " Come on partner." Lucky for them Starsky's Torino was famous enough around the area to not attract to much attention. Apparently people knew it was not smart to call a cop on a cop, word on the street still favoured the theory of crows along the knowledge that birds of feather will flock together. The Duo drove off uncriticized. Later that day the two were on a stake out, when Starsky uttered the urge to leave the car for a cup of brew. Hutch simply nodded and watched his partner cross the street towards a shop. When

Starsky returned with to Styrofoam-cups Hutch took both until Starsky was seated in the car, then he handed one of the cups back and sipped.

"Starsky, what is in that coffee?"

"Guess Hutch? I thought you had unfaultable tastebuds."

"It can't be, honest Starsky, bubbly on a stakeout have you lost it."

"That's why it's mixed in with the sweet coffee. Drink up, Hutch. You deserve it."

"You're one crazy man, mushbrain."

"How can I not be stuck with that kind of partner."