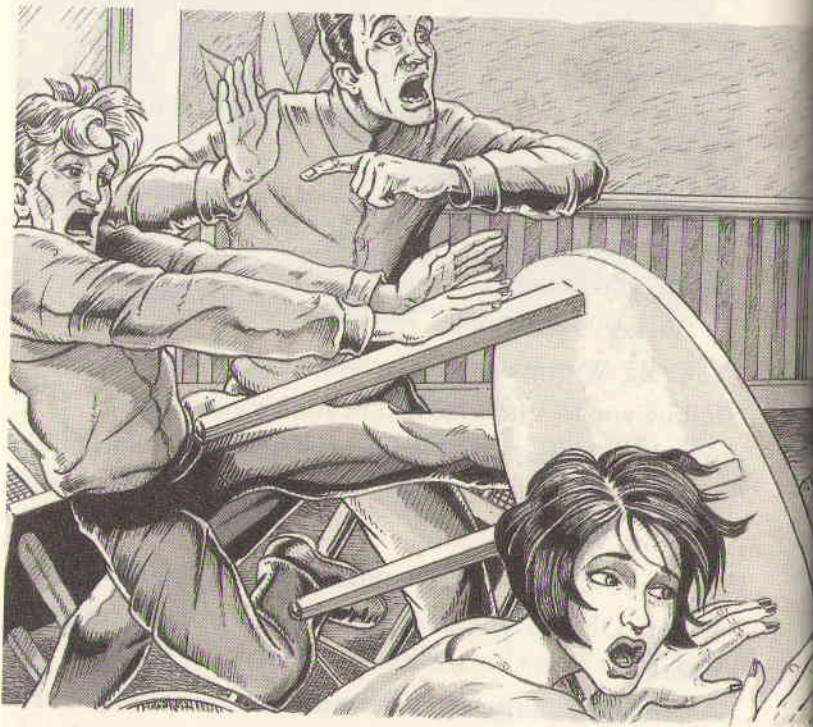


and down the room, and then he saw them, and began to walk across to their table. His hand was in his pocket.

For a second or two the three people at the table did not move. Then Craig Winters jumped to his feet. 'That's Mr Hollywood!' he screamed. 'That man there!' And he pointed at Nick.

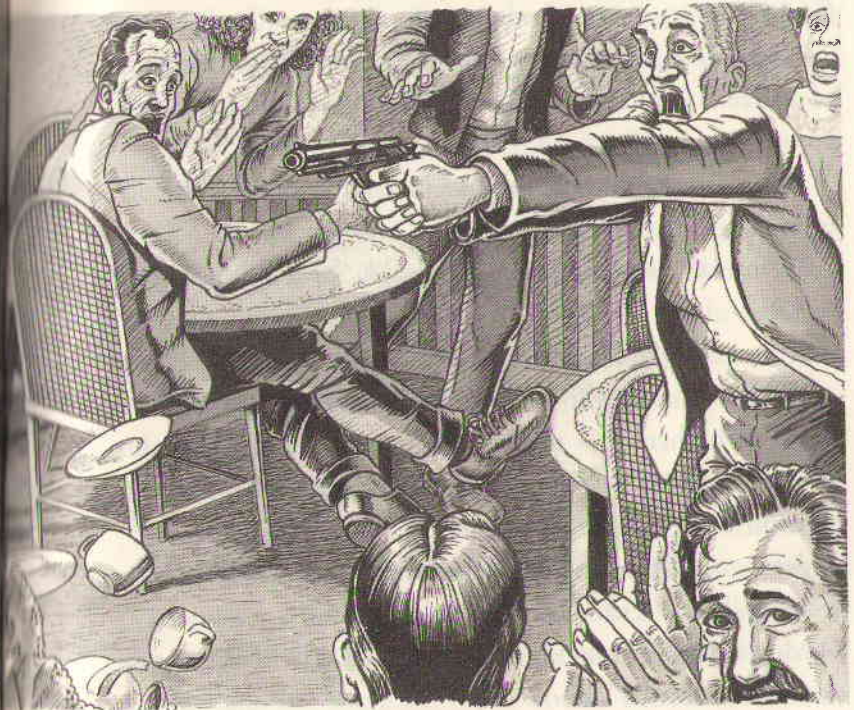
The man's hand came out of his pocket – with a gun. 'This is for Anna!' he shouted.



'This is for Anna!' he shouted.

Nick moved very fast. The tea table went over, and Nick was down on the floor in a second. The shot went over his head, and Meg screamed. At the same time Craig Winters shouted out and put a hand on his arm. There was blood on his white shirt. Then more people began to scream, and two waiters pulled the man with white hair down on to the floor.

'Get the police!' somebody shouted.



At the police station

It was 7.30 p.m. Nick and Meg were in a room at the police station. The man called Vickers was in a different room, with three detectives. There was a doctor with him too. Craig Winters was at the hospital.

The door opened and a detective came in with two cups of coffee. He put them down on the table, and turned to go out again.

'Detective Edmonds,' Meg said, 'did the hospital call? Is Craig going to be all right?'

'Winters?' Detective Edmonds said. 'Yes, he's going to be OK.'

'Can I call the hospital now?' asked Meg.

'I'd like you to wait,' said Edmonds. 'Detective Keat is going to be here in a minute. He's just coming from the airport and—' He looked through the open door. 'Ah, here he is now.'

A second detective came into the room, and behind him was a tall man with dark hair.

Meg stood up quickly. 'Daddy!' she cried. 'What are you doing here?'

'The police called me,' said Howard Hutson, 'and I flew

here at once. Detective Keat met me at the airport. Now, sit down, Meg. I want you to listen to me.' He did not look at Nick.

Meg sat down and her father took her hands. 'Meg, last week Johnnie Vickers came to my house. He wanted to talk about his daughter. You remember Anna, Meg? Three months ago she jumped off a bridge in Boston and died. She was young, beautiful, rich – and she didn't want to live. Why? Because she loved a man, and the man took her money, ran away and left her. And the man was called—'

'No!' said Meg. 'NO!'

'Yes, Meg, yes. He was called Mr Hollywood.'

'No!' shouted Meg. She began to cry.

'That's right, Miss Hutson,' said detective Keat quietly. 'To you, he gave the name Craig Winters. When Anna Vickers knew him, he was Carl Windser. But he liked all his . . . er . . . girlfriends to call him Mr Hollywood. He took nearly 50,000 dollars from Anna Vickers. And there was a girl before that . . .'

'No, it's not true!' Meg shouted.

'It is true, Meg,' said her father. 'Winters – Windser – gets all his money from rich men's daughters. Johnnie Vickers loved his daughter. He went to her house in Boston after she died. He read her letters, and learned about the money and the name Mr Hollywood. And when he came to my house, I told him about you, Meg. I said, "My

daughter's got a new boyfriend, and she calls him Mr Hollywood. I don't like him, but I can't stop her. She's going away to meet him next week, I think. What can I do?" Johnnie put his hand on my arm, and he said, "Don't be afraid for your daughter. I'm going to find that man – and stop him!"

Meg said nothing. Her face was very white. For a minute or two nobody spoke, then detective Edmonds said:

'Vickers told us all about it, Miss Hutson. He followed you to Whistler, and saw you with—'

Nick began to understand. 'With me, in the café! And Meg called me Mr Hollywood!'

Howard Hutson looked at Nick. 'You're the travel writer guy, right?'

'Lortz. Nick Lortz,' said Nick. 'Vickers nearly killed me. He shot at me twice, and—'

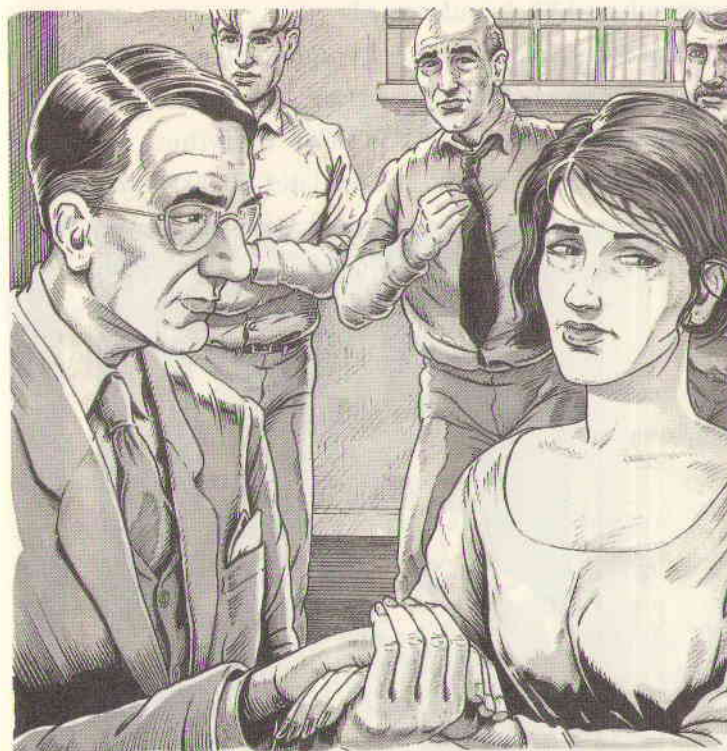
But Howard Hutson was not very interested in Nick. He looked at his daughter again.

'How much money did you give him, Meg?' he said.

'I – I gave him 25,000 dollars,' said Meg. 'Only for two or three months, he said. Then he . . .' She began to cry again.

'Well, you can say goodbye to that money,' said Hutson angrily.

'What's going to happen to Vickers?' Nick asked detective Edmonds.



Meg said nothing.

'Hospital, I think,' said Edmonds. 'OK, he shot at you and about fifty people saw him. But he's not a well man. The doctors are going to put him away in a hospital.'

Howard Hutson stood up. 'OK, Meg, I'm going to take you home. My plane is waiting at the airport.'

Meg followed her father to the door, then she