

HIM:

Are you the lady that called in a complaint?

HER:

Yes. Yes, I am. There's this guy . . .

HIM:

Okay. Slow down. Take a breath, okay? This guy . . . which guy would this be?

HER:

He hangs around the library on ninety-first where I go. He is always, like, staring at me. Like . . . like, today I was at the bus stop and he . . . he came over and just started talking to me. I mean, he asked for my phone number.

HIM:

You sure he wasn't just trying to ask you out on a date?

HER:

I am not an idiot. I mean, he knew my name. He knew my class schedule. He knew what bus I was going to take. When the bus came, I didn't get on it so, of course, he didn't either . . . and then he just follows me over to this store and then . . . and then he starts asking me to marry him. I got kind of freaked, you know?

HIM:

Did he make any threatening statements? Suggest that he was going to hurt you?

HER:

No . . . no, but he knows everything about me.

HIM:

Where is he now? Is he still around?

HER:

No. He saw you and he took off up Third. So . . . so, can you arrest him or something?

HIM:

I'm sorry, but it doesn't sound like he broke any laws.

THIRD WATCH "B" Page 2 OF 2

HER:

Wait. He can just harrass me like that? Find out everything about me? About my family? He can do that and there's nothing I can do about it?

HIM:

You said he headed uptown on Third?

HER:

Yeah.

HIM:

Do you know his name?

HER:

No, but . . . ah . . . he's old. Forty, maybe.

HIM:

Old . . . forty is old? Alright. Okay.

HER:

Receeding hairline. Thin . . . blue suit . . . dark tie. Oh . . . oh . . . and he carries this composition book that he's always writing in.

HIM:

Alright. Tell you what I can do. I'll take a drive around and see if I can spot him. Then we will have a chat. Other than that, there is not much I can do.

HER:

Well, thanks for that much anyway.