



*I dived forward.*

angrily. 'I don't know who it was.'

'Was it him?' Arabella asked, pointing at me.

'I don't know,' Annie replied. 'It could have been.'

We walked back to the set. I explained to Carla what had happened. Gail and Brent were OK. Gail was laughing nervously and Brent looked a bit shocked.

Then I found Rik and told him what had happened.

'I knew trouble would find you, Len,' Rik said with a smile. 'I was right!'

'No,' I replied. 'I was just lucky. I'm pleased that I was able to save Gail. But it was only luck. Why don't you call the police?'

Rik looked away from me. 'No, Len,' he said quickly. 'We don't want to involve the police. We have to go on to Istanbul in three days' time. We can't change the schedule'. We can't wait for an investigation.'

'OK, but there's another thing,' I said. 'I'm meant to be advising Gail on how private detectives behave. I haven't had a chance to speak to her about that yet.'

'Making you her adviser was just a way to get you onto the set,' Rik answered. 'Still, I suppose you're right. Gail and Brent are going to a tango show tonight with Carla and me. Why don't you come along with us? You can talk to Gail there.'

'OK,' I said. 'And one more thing. I need some transport of my own. This is a big city and I need to be mobile if I'm going to protect Gail.'

Rik thought for a moment. 'We can hire a car for you,' he said.

'A motorbike would be better,' I replied. 'It will be much quicker in heavy traffic.'

'I'll see what I can do,' Rik said.

I spent the afternoon on the movie set. I watched Brent and Gail acting the same scene again and again. Movie schedules are made up of short periods of hard work, followed by hours of