

STEELE MINE: WHAT WENT ON WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AT ASHFORD
CASTLE
By Peg Daniels

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I wish you had a real name.

Well, I don't know it, and I'm not likely to ever know it. I wish *you* would call me something besides 'Mr. Steele' when we're alone. You avoid calling me anything.

What shall I call you?

I told you I'm rather fond of the name you've given me.

After a typewriter?

I don't think that's the real reason you won't use it. I think it's because you, in fact, haven't given it to me – I took it, and it was yours. You have to give me the 'Steele' part, for the sake of the public. But not the 'Remington.' That's yours. You won't identify me with it. Because I don't live up to your ideals of him. Or because you still think one day I'll leave, and if you've given it to me, you won't be able to keep up the fiction of 'Remington Steele.' Because I'll be irrevocably associated with that name. But if I'm not he, you can carry on without me.

That's not true.

Isn't it?

...

I thought so.

In the mood?

Always.

Come here. Remington.

You took something else that once belonged to only me.

What's that?

My heart. Remington.

The End

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