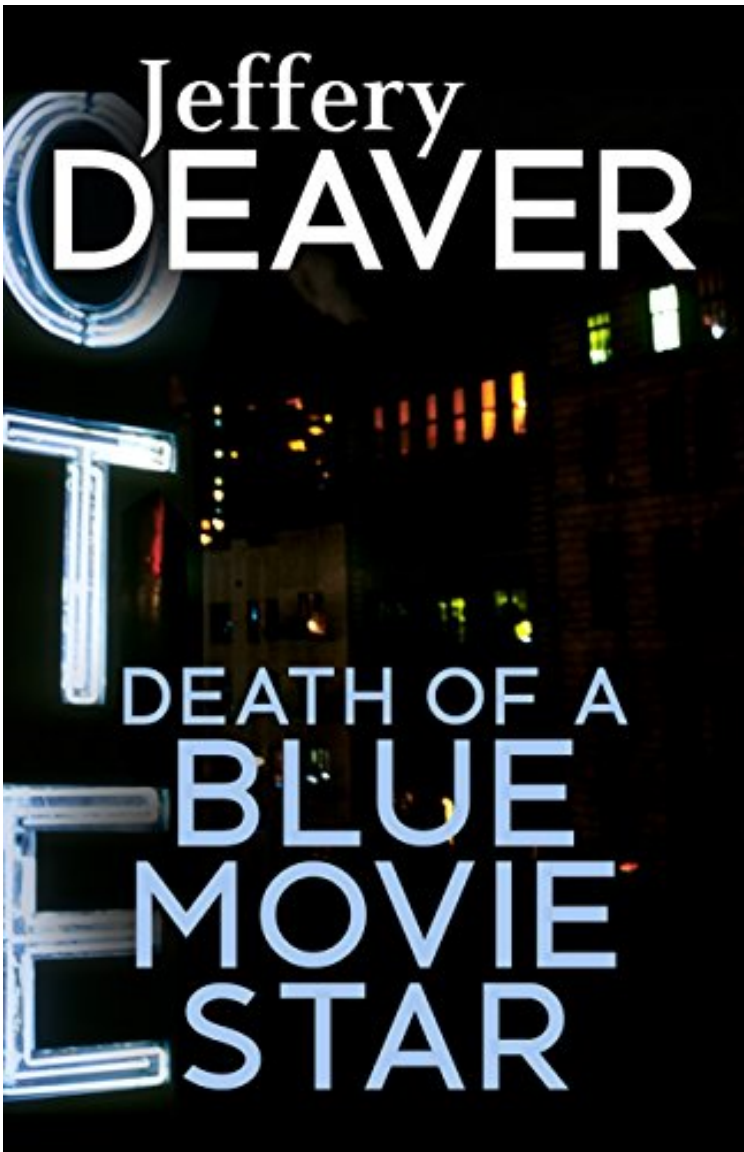


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Death of a Blue Movie Star



*Par Jeffery Deaver
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(Mobile book) Death of a Blue Movie Star

Par Jeffery Deaver : Death of a Blue Movie Star before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Death of a Blue Movie Star:

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Description : Description du produitTwenty-one-year-old Rune is an aspiring filmmaker, but so far her only break has been scoring a job as an underpaid production assistant in Manhattan. Still, she's always on the lookout for the perfect topic for her own film--and she thinks she's found it when she witnesses the bombing of a triple-X movie theater in Times Square. Rune's got a great hook for her documentary: She plans to film it through the eyes of Shelly Lowe, the porn star whose movie was playing at the theater when it exploded. But just hours after Rune films a poignant Shelly reflecting on her dreams of becoming a serious actress, a second bomb silences the beautiful film star forever. Was Shelly in the wrong place at the wrong time--or was she the bomber's target all along? Rune vows to find out the truth behind the death of this blue movie star. But as she struggles to finish shooting her film, Rune's labor of love may be her final masterpiece--as a shooting of a more lethal kind threatens to write an ending to this story that no one wants

to see....

Prsentation de l'diteurShe calls herself Rune. She lives a downtown life and works running errands for a couple of documentary filmmakers. At twenty-one, she's nowhere, and that's not where she wants to be. So, armed with a borrowed Betacam, she embarks on a freelance career of making movies herself. Unfortunately her first attempt - within the hallowed walls of the XXX Velvet Venus Theatre - was unexpectedly interesting. A bomb takes out half the cinema and a number of patrons. Rune, however, sees the possibilities and decides to track the culprit through the New York underworld - with her camera in tow, as well as Bomb Squad Detective Sam Healy. And thus begins her journey into the heart of the city of neon nightmares...ExtraitRune had walked past the movie theater and was three blocks away whenthe bomb went off.No way was it construction-site dynamite--she knewThat from living for several years in urban-renewing Manhattan. Thenoise was way loud--a huge, painful bang like a falling boiler. The turbulentblack smoke and distant screams left no doubt.Then sirens, shouts, running crowds. She looked but couldn'tsee much from where she stood.Rune started toward it but then stopped, glanced at a watch--of the three on her wrist, it was the only one that worked.She was already late getting back to the studio--was due a half hour ago. Thinking: Hell, if I'm going to getyelled at anyway why not come back with a good story to take theesting out of it.Yes, no?Go for it. She walked south to see the carnage.The blast itself wasn't all that big. It didn't crater thefloor and the only windows it took out were the theater's and theplate glass in the bar one address up. No, it was the fire was the nasty part. Wads of flaming upholstery had apparentlyarced like those tracer bullets in war movies and had ignitedwallpaper and carpeting and patrons' hair and all the recesses of thetheater the owner'd probably been meaning to get up to code for tenyears but just hadn't. By the time Rune got there the flames had donetheir job and the Velvet Venus Theater(XXX Only, The Best Projection In Town) was no more.Eighth Avenue was in chaos, closed off completely betweenForty-second and Forty-sixth Streets.

Diminutive Rune, thin and justover five feet, easily worked her way to the front of the spectators.The homeless people and hookers and three-card monte players and kidswere having a great time watching the slick choreography of the menand women from the dozen or so fire trucks on the scene. When the roof of thetheater went and sparks cascaded over the street the crowd exhaled approval asif they were watching the Macy's fireworks over the East River.The NYFD crews were good and after twenty minutes the fires were"knocked down," as she heard one fireman say, and the dramatic stuff wasover. The theater, a bar, a deli and peep show had been destroyed.Then the crowd's murmuring disappeared and everyone watched in solemnquiet when the medics brought out the bodies. Or what was left of them.Rune felt her heart slamming as the thick green bags were wheeled orcarried past. Even the Emergency Medical Service guys, who she guessed werepretty used to this sort of thing, looked edgy and green at the gills. Theirlips were squeezed tight and their eyes were fixed ahead of them.She eased closer to where one of the medics was talking to a fireman. Andthough the young man tried to sound cool, slinging out the words with a grin, his voice was shaky. "Four dead, but two are mystery stiff--not even enoughleft for a dental."She swallowed; nausea and an urge to cry were balanced within her for amoment.The queasiness returned when she realized something else: Three or fourtons of smoldering concrete and plaster now rested on the same sidewalk squareswhere she'd been strolling just minutes before. Walking and skipping like aschoolgirl, careful to miss the cracks to save her mother's back, glancing atthe movie poster and admiring the long blonde hair of the star of LustyCousins.The very spot! A few minutes earlier and . . ."What happened?" Rune asked a pock-faced young woman in a tight redT-shirt. Her voice cracked and she had to repeat the question."A bomb, a gas line." The woman shrugged. "Maybe propane. I don'tknow."Rune nodded slowly.The cops were hostile and bored. Authoritative voices droned, "Movealong, come on, everybody. Move along."Rune stayed put."Excuse me, miss." A man's polite voice was speaking to her. Runeturned and saw a cowboy. "Can I get by?" He'd walked out of the burnt-outtheater and was heading for a cluster of officers in the middle of thestreet.He was about six two. Wearing blue jeans, a work shirt and a soldier's vest stiff with plates of armor. Boots. He had thinning hair, sweptback, and a mustache. His face was reserved and somber. He wore battered canvasgloves. Rune glanced at his badge, pinned to his thick, stained belt, andstepped aside.He ducked under the yellow police tape and walked into the street. Sheedged after him. He stopped at a blue-and-white station wagon stenciled withbomb squad and leaned on the hood. Rune, slipping intoeavesdropping range, heard:"What've we got?" a fat man in a brown suit asked Cowboy."Plastic, looks like. A half ki." He looked up from undersalt-and-pepper brows. "I can't figure it. No I.R.A. targets here. The bar wasGreek." He nodded. "And the Syndicate only blows things up after hours.Anyway, their M.O. is, if

you want to scare folks, they miss protection payments, you use Tovex from a construction site or maybe a concussion grenade. Something that makes a big noise. But military plastic? Sitting right next to the gas line? I don't get it." "We got something here." A patrolman came up and handed Cowboy a plastic envelope. Inside was a scorched piece of paper. "We're going fishing for latents so if you could be careful, sir." Cowboy nodded and read. Rune tried to get a glimpse of it. Saw careful handwriting. And dark stains. She wondered if they were blood. Cowboy glanced up. "Are you someone?" "My mother thinks so." She tried a fast smile. He didn't respond, studied her critically. Maybe trying to decide if she was a witness. Or the bomber. She decided not to be cute. "I just wondered what it said." "You're not supposed to be here." "I'm a reporter. I'm just curious what happened." Brown Suit offered, "Why don't you be curious someplace else." Which ticked her off and she was about to tell him that as a taxpayer--which she wasn't--she paid his salary but just then Brown Suit finished reading the note and tapped Cowboy's arm. "What's this sword?" Forgetting about Rune, Cowboy said, "Never heard of them but they want credit, they can have it till somebody better shows up."

Then he noticed something, stepped forward, away from the station wagon. Brown Suit was looking elsewhere and Rune glanced at the message on the burned paper. From Publishers Weekly When a porno movie theater is blown up in Times Square, 21-year-old film production assistant Rune (no last name given) decides that this is the chance to realize her dream of making her own film. Using the bombing as a hook for a documentary on pornography, she interviews Shelly Lowe, a major porn star. Rune is just getting into the film when another explosion kills Shelly. Evidence points to a religious cult, but Rune teams up with a quirky bomb squad detective, Sam Healy, to discover the real murderer. Since Rune's method of operation is unorthodox (including breaking into offices and buying false IDs), Sam extricates her from some bizarre predicaments and then becomes her lover. Rune's pursuit of the killer takes her behind the scenes of legitimate theater and into the seamy world of pornography. She is an offbeat heroine with a mixture of spunk and naivete. Deaver (*Manhattan Is My Beat*) writes compellingly about New York's sordid side, but his portrayal of Shelly as a gifted actress and aspiring playwright is hard to credit. Still, his fast-paced whodunit is saved by surprising twists near the end. Copyright 1990 Reed Business Information, Inc.