

*... he came bringing betrayal ...*

A strange, sobered appearance came over Spots' face.

"I get it," he said, almost under his breath. "I see what's goin' on. A frame-up, right? I knew it would come t'this sooner 'r later," his voice was rising steadily in intensity. "Don't say it ain't! You've all been just waitin' for an excuse ta get ridda me. Just waitin' for one!"

The men gave each other questioning glances, not certain of what to make of this sudden tirade.

"Sure, sure," Spots went on, his whole manner getting more fevered, "I know what you clowns've always thoughta me—just some two bit punk who ain't good for nothin' without a gun in 'is hand, right?" Well, okay then—" He whipped his weapon out. "I've *got* a gun in my hand, so what does that make me now, huh?"

They were taken by such surprise that no one, not even Dolan, had a chance to beat him to it, so fast had it all happened.

"Who wants to get it first, eh?" Spots brandished the gun back and forth wildly. "Bet you thought I was just gonna cave in on accounta bein' outnumbered, eh? Yeah, any one of you can gun me down, but who's it gonna be, huh? 'Cause before you get me, I'm sure as hell gonna take one of ya with me! How 'bout you, Dolan!"

Dolan threw himself behind a couch as Spots emptied a few chaotic rounds in his direction. Distracted for only a few mad seconds, it was time enough for Rourke to pull his automatic with a shout of, "Garvin!" The shot hit true, square in the chest, and Spots was knocked back against the wall from the impact.

*... he came bringing chaos ...*

"What was that?" Dawson asked blankly.

"Sounded like Jimmy," Dolan averred.

"He and Rourke went to search Spots' room," Vincetti pulled out his revolver. "Come on," he ordered, storming out, the men wasting no time in taking off after him. They marched quickly down the hallway en-