

Spots.

"What got into *me*?" Spots asked. "That's a good one, seein' as how you tried ta drill me one," he gesticulated at his wounded arm. At this Mac stopped struggling and his eyes bulged in disbelief.

"What? You're crazy! You tried ta choke me t'death! Rourke," Mac looked Rourke in the face, grabbing him by the arm, beads of shocked, cold sweat breaking out on his brow. "Rourke, you've gotta believe me! This clown comes up the stairs an' Spots an' I burn 'im. But then after I take the joker's mask off, Spots tries ta choke me!"

"Spots and *you* burned him?" Rourke asked, glancing from one to the other.

"Yeah, this guy shoots out my light an' gets Spots in the arm, but we put three holes in 'im. I take off his mask ta see who he is—"

"He was wearing a mask?" Rourke broke in.

"Yeah, an' that's when this lousy mug tries ta—"

"Where is this mask?" Rourke interrupted, looking over the body.

"It's right on . . ." confusion clouded Mac's features as he saw that the mask was no longer lying on the corpse. Then suddenly his eyes flashed back to Spots. "Whaddya do with it, you creep?!"

"Whaddya talkin' about? What mask? Anybody can see there ain't no mask here!" Spots shouted, glaring with anger.

"But there was! Rourke—Rourke, you gotta believe me! What're ya tryin' to do ta me, Spots? You lousy weasel!" Mac was on his feet in a second this time, making to lunge at Spots again. Rourke, cool as ice, stepped in between the two of them to hold them apart.

"All right, simmer down, you two," he said, his tommygun subtly threatening. "Now Mac, Spots here says that this stiff jumped you both and that *he* shot him. He also says that the minute he did, *you* went all gun crazy, like he'd just iced your best friend or something, and you tried to put a few slugs into *him*, and so he's got that arm to show for it.

"Now, I'd like to believe that somehow both of you are telling the truth and that everything's gotten mixed up, but I have to admit, Mac, it ain't looking too good for you."