



**An Elf
with a Gun**

VAL, OF COURSE, HAS ALREADY BEEN RESCUED, SO LET'S SKIP THE SCENE IN WHICH THE TEAM DISCOVERS THAT--

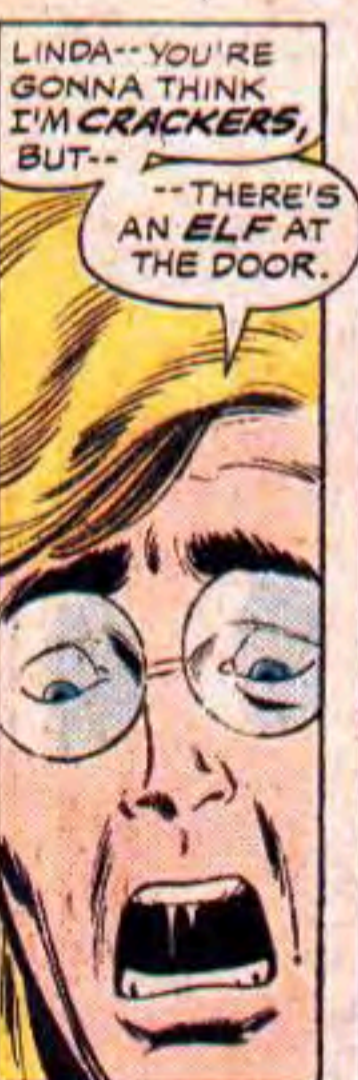


--AND TURN OUR ATTENTION INSTEAD TO THIS MOBILE HOME PARK IN THE WOODLANDS OF CALIFORNIA.

IN PARTICULAR, LET US FOCUS ON THE HOME OF YOUNG TOM PRITCHETT AND WIFE LINDA.



--WHOSE QUIET EVENING IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED.



STRANGE INTERLUDE: "THE STRIP" IN LAS VEGAS, GARISH MONUMENT TO OBDURATE MIDDLE AGE, WHERE SAMMY DAVIS JR. IS STILL CONSIDERED "WITH-IT," WHERE "WITH-IT" IS STILL CONSIDERED CURRENT SLANG, WHERE BALD MEN WITH BEER GUTS FROM OKLAHOMA VACATION FOR A TASTE OF THE SWINGIN' LIFE.



MEET ONE OF THOSE OKLAHOMANS, CHARLES "WHIZZO" LESTER... AND HIS WIFE.

"YOUR LUCK WAS JUST CHANGING!" HAH! IF I HADN'T GOT YOU OUT OF THERE, YOU'D'VE GAMBLLED AWAY OUR TICKET BACK TO MUSKOGEE.

AAH, SHUT YER TRAP.

TAXI!

I TELL YA, I WAS 'BOUT TA HIT A WINNIN' STREAK.

THE QUALITY COURTS MOTEL ON HIGHWAY 66, PLEASE.

SURE YOU WERE.

I WAS!

I--HEY! DRIVER! WHAT'RE YA DOIN'? WHERE YA GOIN'?

WHAT'RE WE STOPPED IN THIS ALLEY FOR? HEY! YOU!!

TAP!

OH, MY GOD! CHARLES--HE'S DEAD.

NO, HE AINT--IT'S A DUMMY!

SPOING

BUT HOW COULD A DUMMY DRIVE A CAB? CHARLES... I'M FRIGHTENED!

THAT'S THE FIRST INTELLIGENT THING YOU'VE SAID ALL NIGHT, FRANCES.

OH, CHARLES... HOLD ME! I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT. OR MAYBE I ALREADY HAVE!

IT'S AN ELF, ISN'T IT? THAT LITTLE MAN IS AN ELF!

I DUNNO-- I DUNNO! WHAT IS THIS?

IT'S "GOODBYE," CHARLES.

BLAM

MEANWHILE, IN THE GRAND CANYON...

SORT OF A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY, ISN'T IT, STU-- TWO TRAIL GUIDES TAKING THE CANYON MULEBACK?

BUT THIS TIME IT'S JUST YOU 'N' ME, SALLY. NO TOURISTS' "OOH'S" AND "AH'S".

WE'RE ALL ALONE-- TOGETHER.

...AND DISCOVER--

OR SO IT SEEMS UNTIL THEY ROUND A BEND OF THE NARROW TRAIL...

HOW!

WH-WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? LOOK HOW COARSE AND WEATHERED HIS SKIN IS! HE MUST BE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

I--DON'T THINK SO--I MEAN--

I THINK HIS AGE IS IRRELEVANT. HE'S DEAD!

THAT STYLE OF HEADDRESS WAS WORN ONLY BY THE CHIEFS OF THE EXTINCT WAPPIDI CRAFTI TRIBE!

SO YOU-- YOU'RE A VISION AREN'T YOU?

I AM ...WHAT I AM.

I KNEW IT! THIS IS A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE! I-- YOU'RE GONNA IMPART SOME ANCIENT PRIMITIVE WISDOM TO ME!

YOU'LL BE WISER FOR THIS EXPERIENCE, YES.

I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND --WHAT'S THE MYSTICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF-- WAIT!-- YOU--

"--YOU'RE AN ELF!"
AW, SHUCKS! BLEW MY COVER! GUESS THAT MEANS YOU WIN YOUR MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE!

SPROING

Y-YOUR HEAD!!

YOU'RE NOT AN INDIAN--

'BYE, STU!

**B
L
A
M**

EPILOGUE:

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE SOUNDPROOF MEETING ROOM WHERE OUR BEWILDERING BATTLE HAS JUST OCCURRED...

I TELL YA, PATCH, THIS GUY'S A STRANGE ONE.

I MEAN, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY MR. RICHMOND PAID ME IN ADVANCE TO D'LIVER HIS PAPERS...

... WHEN HE NEVER READS 'EM!

OH, WELL, 'LEAST HE SENDS ME A BONUS CHECK FER FIVE DOLLARS EVERY CHRISTMAS.

SO MANY OTHER CUS'MERS GIVE ME CHOC'LATE COVERED CHERRIES. IF I SEE 'NOTHER BOX A THEM I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE!

SEEMS LOTS OF THINGS IN THE WORLD IS DANGEROUS-- DON'T IT?

HEY! GET BACK! YOU KNOW WHAT DAD ALWAYS SAYS TA ME, "STAY DUT OF THE ROAD, GREG, IT'S DANGEROUS!"

TRUE ENOUGH, GREG--AND THE DIMINUTIVE DALLIER WHO STANDS HIDDEN IN THE SHRUBBERY...

... IS A HAZARD WELL KNOWN TO THE EDUCATED ELITE WHO HAVE READ THE DEFENDERS FOR THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS...

THE ERRATIC, ELUSIVE ELF!

THE ELF WITH A GUN!

WE CAN CONCLUDE ONLY ONE THING FROM THE ELF'S IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOR:

HE OBVIOUSLY NEVER LISTENED TO A CONCERNED FATHER'S SAGE ADVICE.

FIN