

# **Undercover Detective : The Dark Skies**

**By AgentC**

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*The First Undercover Detective story by AgentC. Hopefully more to come...*

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<b>Chapter 1 - Thunder</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - The Arrangement</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - Asking Around</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Chapter 4 - Cruising In Style</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Chapter 5 - Future Plans</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Chapter 6 - Sunsets and Evil Plots</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Chapter 7 - Dinner at Oceanside</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Chapter 8 - Three Beers and a Coke</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Chapter 9 - Gone "Fishing"</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>Chapter 10 - Always the Gullible One</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Chapter 11 - Plan of Attack</b>	<b>21</b>

# 1 - Thunder

(Note: Please go to the Undercover Detective Info Page on F.A.C. to look into the main characters' profiles.)

Detective Chris Finn Jr. waited outside in the pouring rain. Thankfully, he was in the car, an average Dodge four-door. He looked at his watch: five past six. They were late. What was keeping them? Chris was beginning to sweat as he thought what could have happened. They couldn't have failed already, could they?

As if to answer the question in his mind, a blazing alarm broke the silence of the normally quiet town of Norwood. Out came four men carrying suitcases. They were running at top speed... right at the car! Finn immediately unlocked the doors as thunder boomed outside. Finn could hear the distant sound of Norwood police sirens and instantly floored it. He hoped those six cylinders could take it.

Finn: It took you long enough, guys!

Stryker: Jesus, Finn! How many minutes late were we? One? One half!?!?

Finn: For your information, Stryker, you were five minutes late.

Gordon: You know these bones don't want to go anymore...

Finn: I don't need any jokes right now, Gordon! You guys almost got us all arrested! Two more minutes and...

O'Brien: Finn, you're making me mad... You know what I do to people who make me mad...

Swann: OB, you don't need to scare him!

O'Brien: He was asking for it, Sam.

Stryker: All right, guys! Shut up! We got out safely and no one was hurt.

Gordon: Where are we heading to anyway?

Swann: Three hundred ninety, Jenkins Ave.

Finn: I know that!

Finn pushes the car to seventy miles per hour on the highway. The police siren had been drowned out by the booming thunder outside in the storm. The Undercover Detectives had escaped successfully. They knew Masucci would finally be happy. A half an hour later, the agents turn the corner to head onto Jenkins Ave. They reached 390 a minute later. It was more of a manor than a house. In it was Jorge De Mesa, a Columbian crime lord who hired the agents to steal twenty-five million dollars from the Norwood bank. They would all be paid a million each, or so De Mesa thought...

De Mesa: Come in, boys! Come in!

Stryker: Thanks, Mr. De Mesa. The money is right here!

Stryker pats the suitcase full of money.

De Mesa: Excellent! Where have you guys been all my life? You were right on time.

Finn: Actually, we were...

Gordon: Cool it, boy. He gave us a compliment! Although the million dollars would be better. Right, Jorge?

De Mesa: Where are my manners? Of course you will get the money.

Gordon: No we won't.

De Mesa: Umm, yes you will.

Gordon: No, we WON'T.

De Mesa: What the hell is wrong with him?

O'Brien: You should be wondering what the hell is wrong with YOU.

The agents whipped out their guns. Well, most of them. O'Brien. Had a knife since he preferred them.

De Mesa was stunned.

De Mesa: What is this? WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!?

Swann: You're being arrested, moron.

De Mesa: Aren't you hired robbers?

Finn: You actually believed that? You see, Jorge, we are the Undercover Detectives.

Gordon: And you just got Punked!

Stryker: Yes, you... WHAT?!? PUNKED, GORDON???

Gordon: What? Just trying to get with the times...

## 2 - The Arrangement

The agents were done with their mission, but their day was hardly over. They still had to report to headquarters, where the location is classified. Captain Masucci had requested that they see him before they called it a day. Now that the easy mission was done, the hard part was ready to take on. Captain Robert Masucci almost always called them to his office to complain about something. He was once one of them: an Undercover Detective. Unfortunately, he got a raise. That meant he had to quit his detective work and become a leader. With the promotion came great responsibility, and he was up to the task. He took the responsibility and gave up his lifelong career as a basic Undercover Detective. It was too bad, since he and Stryker were one of the greatest duos there were in NSCU history.

Well, the agents came back to headquarters, and ran into their second-in-command, Bernard "Old School" Sullivan.

Sullivan: Hello, boys! Where are you heading off to?

Stryker: Hey, Old School. No time to talk... We've got a meeting with Masucci.

Sullivan: Well, you boys better look out. He's been on a rant the whole day. Don't piss him off any more, or he'll snap!

Stryker: Thanks, Sullivan.

Sullivan: You know, he reminds me of my old drill sergeant...

Gordon: Not now, Sullivan...

Sullivan: Yes, those were the good old days...

Swann: Please, Mr. Sullivan...

Sullivan: I remember that time I jumped out of my plane without my parachute...

The agents left Sullivan to reminisce his days in Vietnam on his own. Taking Sullivan's advice, they walked slowly to Masucci's office. It seemed like a good idea until they heard the loudspeaker.

Masucci: MEN! I KNOW YOU'RE HERE! I WANT YOU ALL IN MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!!!

They began to run at top speed to his office. Less than a minute later, the agents were in the office of Robert Masucci, one of the original members of the NSCU.

Masucci: Guys, can't you last one mission without being spotted by the cops? I thought the NSCU was supposed to be the UNDERCOVER Detectives...

Gordon: Now wait a second, sir...

Masucci: No, YOU wait, Scott! I have been on the phone all day telling the cops that you had nothing to do with the robbery. You captured De Mesa, right?

Stryker: Right.

Masucci: The money has been safely returned to the bank, right?

Finn: Right.

Masucci: You didn't attract the cops, RIGHT?

O'Brein: Wrong.

Masucci: At least you were honest, OB. Unfortunately, honesty isn't going to save us from anything. I'm sorry to say this, but I am relieving you of your duties for two weeks.

All 5 Agents: WHAT?!?

Masucci: You all are going to be sent to Narragansett, Rhode Island for a vacation.

Swann: Wait a minute... a vacation?

Masucci: Yes, a vacation. It'll be you five and a friend for each of you. Your choice.

OB: I don't believe it! What a dream!

Masucci: You are NOT allowed to bring guns!

Stryker: NOOOOOO!!!

O'Brien: I'm fine with that.

Masucci: Hmm... let me rephrase that. NO WEAPONS PERIOD.

Stryker and O'Brein: NOOOOOOOO!!!

Finn: Well, it's not that bad. We can relax for once. I've been working too long anyway...

Masucci: That's the spirit. Now go home and choose your friend wisely. You leave in the rides I supply you tomorrow.

### 3 - Asking Around

Later that night, after everyone was done at headquarters, Stryker decided to go home and call his girlfriend on the phone. Her name was Katherine Vector. They had been seeing each other for some time now, and they had been through it all since they knew each other since they were kids.

Vector: Hello?

Stryker: Hey, honey...

Vector: Hi, Richie! What's up?

Stryker: What if I told you that you had a chance to leave with me to go on a vacation for two weeks where there would be nothing but sun, surf, and peace.

Vector: I'd say that you just got relived of your duties for two weeks...

Stryker: Damn, you're getting good at that! Well, it happened and now I've got the option of taking a special "someone."

Vector: Stryker, I'd love to go...

Stryker: Hey! I didn't ask you yet!

Vector: Oh... OK.

Stryker: So... Would you want to go with me?

Vector: Wow... You caught me off guard there, Captain Obvious.

Stryker: Good. Meet me at my home tomorrow morning and be ready to leave.

Vector: OK, Rich. Goodnight, now...

Stryker: You too.

So all was well on Stryker's side of the story. Finn's side was just beginning. He wanted to bring his friend, Erin McClain. He knew her almost as long as Stryker knew Vector. He, Erin and Sam Swann were a trio that had know each other since they met in camp when they were in grade school. Later that night, Finn made his way to McClain's house, hoping to hear a "yes" to his question.

McClain: Chris! What are you doing here?

Finn: Hi to you too, Erin...

McClain: Sorry, but you never told me that you'd be here...

Finn: Well, I am. I've got a question to ask you...

McClain: "Can you go on a two week vacation with me?"

Finn: Actually, that was my... HEY! How did you know my question?

McClain: Because Sam asked me on the phone a half-hour earlier.

Finn: Oh...

One minute of silence. Ouch.

Finn: Awkward moment here...

McClain: Chris, I'm sorry.

Finn: No need to be. At least you'll be there. I'll be going now. Goodnight.

McClain: You too.

Since we now know Finn AND Swann's choices, OB's choice was still undecided, until he made up his mind to call up a man by the name of Rick Foley. People knew him better as "Psycho Dad." He was

one crazy guy who was driven crazy by his dinosaur of a wife. Cross-eyed, overweight, and as dumb as a doorknob, Psycho Dad was like a dad to OB since both had a couple (replace couple with MANY) screws loose. OB found Psycho Dad at the local McDonalds having his usual bag-o-burgers.

O'Brien: How's the meat?

Psycho: Delish... I'm trying to cut down on this fast food... Maybe have only a single digit number of these burgers.

O'Brien: Wow, that must be a record low for you. I've got an offer you can't refuse.

Psycho: Let me hear it.

O'Brien: You get two weeks of a vacation at a beach... all the food you can eat, plenty of...

Psycho: I've heard enough! I'm in.

And so most of the questions had been asked, but there was still one agent left. Gordon was a teacher of the easy life when he wasn't an Undercover Detective. His two favorite students were the definition of carefree. Their names were Goof Deforge and Matt Geerard. They called themselves pimps and smoked in front of Gordon. He just laughed because he knew they were harmless. They met up at a local bar for some "refreshments."

Gordon: ...And so I said, "Hey, you can't do that, that's MY GUN!"

All three: HAHAHAAAA!

Deforge: Man, if I was any less high, I'd say that was disgusting.

Geerard: Same here, playa.

Gordon: Would you guys be interested in going down to Rhode Island?

Deforge: Don't know. Would there be ladies?

Geerard: There are ladies everywhere, Goof.

Deforge: Then count me in!

Gordon: I can only take one of you...

Geerard: No worries! I'll find someway to fit in a suitcase.

Gordon: Umm, OK... So it's agreed! Now that I'm bringing you guys with me, you two can pay for my drinks tonight.

Deforge: I knew you ordered that imported crap for a reason tonight, pimp

## 4 - Cruising In Style

The next day had arrived. The agents were now actually psyched about this vacation. So what if Masucci said no weapons? They could still find plenty to do. After all, this wasn't a mission, so there was no pressure. Masucci had told the agents to meet them at headquarters. By nine in the morning, everyone was there.

Masucci: I don't believe it... You all showed up!

Gordon: Where there's fun, there's Gordon. I'm actually surprised YOU showed up, captain.

Masucci: Well, I see everyone has brought a...

He sees that Finn is alone.

Masucci: Finn, where is your partner?

Finn: I don't need one. I'm fine, captain!

Masucci: If that's your choice, I'm fine with...

???: I'll be Finn's partner!

Deforge: Gordon, I think your suitcase is talking.

Gordon: Thanks for ruining the secret, Deforge.

Geerard pops out Gordon's smallest suitcase. Everyone is a bit SHOCKED.

Geerard: Don't worry, Finn! Me and the troop will show you how to have fun on vacation!

Finn: Don't I have a say in...

Masucci: Agreed! Now, I said that I would supply you with your rides and Rob Masucci never lies to his friends.

Masucci pulls out what looked to be a set of car keys with one of those security devices on the key chain. He pressed a button and a big door opened on the side of the agents' headquarters. All of the vacationers looked inside to see three mint condition cars. One was 1999 Plymouth Prowler. Another was a 1966 Mustang GT convertible. The third was a 1969 Chevy Camaro Z-28 hardtop.

Stryker: Me and Vector got the Prowler!

Swann and McClain: We call the Mustang!

O'Brein: If there are no objections, me and Psycho drive the Camaro.

Finn: Uhh... Sure, take it! Masucci, me Gordon and the others need a ride!

Deforge: No need to worry, Finn!

Deforge also pulls out a key chain with a security device. He pushed one of the buttons and from around the corner came a Mid-Seventies Chevy Lowrider.

Deforge: Now we'll be cruising in style! Oh, PIMP!

Geerard: Oh, PLAYA!

Gordon: Oh, YEAH!

Finn: Oh, Jesus...



## 5 - Future Plans

It was high noon at Narragansett when the agents and their friends arrived at their hotel, the Gemini Hotel. They had five rooms connected with each other on the top floor. To say it was luxurious was putting it lightly. There were big screen TVs with cable in every room, a hot tub in every bathroom, two king sized beds in every bedroom, and a giant dining hall with an around-the-clock, all-you-can-eat buffet. If that wasn't enough, the view from almost every room was picturesque, with a view of the ocean in every room. The agents wished that headquarters was more like their hotel.

They planned to take advantage of everything there was to offer at their hotel. The vacationers unpacked their stuff in one of the rooms. This was the biggest room of the five that they had, so all of their luggage was to stay in there. As they unpacked, they talked to each other.

Finn: These rooms are awesome! I think I'll stay in here for these two weeks...

Geerard: No way, buddy! You're coming with me, Deforge and Gordon.

Finn: Where are we going?

Deforge and Geerard: Out drinking!

Finn: I'm not 21 yet, guys.

Deforge: Not all bars need I.D. to get in. We'll just find one that will let you in.

Gordon (to Finn silently): Don't worry, Finn. These jokers won't hurt you. They just want a good time. Besides, where is your sense of adventure?

Finn: Well, OK, guys. I'll come.

All 3: ALL RIGHT!

Stryker (sarcastically): Oh, no! It looks like I packed the wrong suitcase!

Vector: What do you mean? You looked through everything just this morning.

Stryker opens up the "wrong" suitcase revealing A LOT of guns in many shapes and sizes.

Vector: You can't be serious! We're supposed to have a relaxing vacation with THOSE lying around?!?

Vector accidentally drops her suitcase, revealing even more guns.

Stryker: You were saying...

Vector: What can I say? Great minds think alike and I hope you're thinking to go to the beach with me.

Stryker: I guess great mind DO think alike...

Psycho: I don't know about you, OB, but I'm hitting the mess hall soon.

O'Brien: Me too, Psycho Dad. Does this place have fishing?

Psycho: I think so... Why? You don't even like fish!

O'Brien: True... but I love harpoons!

Psycho: You may have a point there. If I had any more brain cells, I probably would have thought of that too.

Swann: Let's see, Erin. Finn Gordon Deforge and Geerard are going out to a bar. Psycho Dad and OB are going fishing with harpoons. Stryker and Vector are going to a beach, but they are most likely going with at least one of their guns each. I am hoping you don't want to go with any of them...

McClain: Don't worry, Sam. I have a brain...

Swann: What do you want to do?

McClain: Well, I know a great mall here...

Swann: Something we BOTH would enjoy, please?

McClain: Spoil sport. Well, there is a fancy restaurant here I've always wanted to try with someone...

Swann: Say no more, that's a perfect idea!

The agents were done conversing with each other and all went their separate ways, hoping to have the time of their lives.

## 6 - Sunsets and Evil Plots

Stryker and Vector hadn't had this kind of time alone in years. They were free to do what they wanted for two weeks. No criminals to stop, no missions to undertake, and no bosses yelling in their ears. As they both had said, they went to the beach where they relaxed and watched the waves go in and out as they witnessed both low and high tide. The weather was excellent. It wasn't too hot, but it was warmer than just warm. They lied on the sand for hours, talking about friends and family of days that passed.

Vector: I can't believe we both still remember that!

Stryker: How could you forget something like that? Wow, those were good times.

Vector: Yes they were... Rich?

Stryker: Yeah, hun?

Vector: We haven't had this much time alone in a long time...

Stryker: Well, we have two weeks of this... It's just you, me, and that big screen TV in our room.

Vector: Rich!

Stryker: I'm just joking, Vector!

Vector: No, no! I meant look at the sunset!

It was a brilliant shade of red, orange, and yellow. It was a kind of a sunset that you can only see once in a year, if that. It was the kind of sunset that you would expect to hear fire works in the background. Most importantly, it was the kind of sunset that they both were hoping for.

Vector: It's times like these that I'm glad to be with you, Rich...

Stryker: I bet you could see much better on that boat out there.

You probably could see that sunset better out there on that boat, but the men on the boat weren't out to watch the sunset. The boat belonged to national crime lord Jason Blackwell and his two henchmen, Darryl Fury and Eddie Rath. They were there in Narragansett along with the agents, but they weren't there for the vacation or the view...

Fury: Eddie, maybe we should quit while we're still alive.

Rath: Come on Darryl, Mr. Blackwell said that we'd be paid when the job was done.

Fury: I trust you, Eddie. I hope you're right.

Just then, a man walked into the inside of the ship with them. He was tall, just over six feet. He had straight, short, black hair. A scar on his right eye gave his identity away, but the tattoo on his left arm was also a dead giveaway. It was Jason Blackwell, one of the Undercover Detectives' most wanted criminal.

Blackwell: Boys, there has been a change in plans...

Rath and Fury: Yes, Mr. Blackwell?

Blackwell: I've just spotted a... friend on the beach. He doesn't look like he's here for me, but I want you to look out for him and his girl.

Rath: Do you know him?

Blackwell: We have a history... I also want you to find this man.

Blackwell gives them a picture.

Blackwell: His name is Scott Gordon. He is a friend of that man out there. I know if he were out here in Narragansett, Scott Gordon would be out there too.

Rath: Where would this Gordon guy be?

Blackwell: Someplace where the excitement is. Gordon always wanted to do things fun...

Fury: Are you friends with that guy outside?

Blackwell: Yes, Darryl, I am just kidnapping his friend for the fun of it!

Fury: Really?

Blackwell: NO, YOU DOLT! When I bring the boat ashore, you will go out and find Gordon IMMEDIATELY!

Rath and Fury: Yes, sir!

## 7 - Dinner at Oceanside

While Stryker and Vector were having a great time at the beach, Swann and McClain were just beginning their dinner together at the Oceanside, the fanciest restaurant in Narragansett. They both hoped that their trip would be a good one.

Swann: So, Erin...

McClain: Sam...

Swann: How's the food?

McClain: It's good.

Time passes without a word.

McClain: We should have invited Chris here... There's nothing to talk about.

Swann: Come on, Erin! We don't need him to have fun. We still have about two weeks to enjoy this time alone.

McClain: But when we were kids, we were always together. I think this is only the second or third time I've spent time with either of you like this.

Swann: We're older now. We don't have to stick together ALL the time. I like you a lot, Erin.

McClain: Sam, you're making me blush...

Swann: Did I just say that?!? Umm... maybe we should have brought Chris with us... I've got to go to the men's room... I'll be back.

Swann walked as fast as he could to the restroom. Did he just say he liked Erin McClain... Behind Finn's back even. He knew he shouldn't have said that. He worried that their friendship might be in peril. He was thinking so much that he didn't see the person he ran into.

Swann: Oh sorry, pal.

Person: It's all right, boy.

Swann (Looking at him): Hey! I know you! You're that senator of Rhode Island... Senator.. Kol-uh-something...

Person: Close, Senator Harry Kolvig. You must be from out of state or you didn't vote for me in last year's election.

Swann: Hehe. I actually am from out of state. I've followed your races in the past few elections.

Kolvig: Well, I'm sure you wouldn't mind coming to my state of the state announcement tomorrow...

Swann: Oh, wow! I'd love to come.

Kolvig: Excellent. Come to the state house and don't be late! The announcement begins at seven thirty tomorrow night.

Swann: Cool. Expect me there, Mr. Kolvig.

Sam walked away from the spot he talked with the senator and sat down with Ms. McClain, just remembering what he said to her only five minutes ago. He was nervous, REALLY nervous.

McClain: Hi, honey...

Swann: Erin, please. I didn't mean it THAT way.

McClain: Sure you didn't... We should try something like this tomorrow...

Swann: Oh, yeah! I'm going to senator Harry Kolvig's announcement tomorrow.

McClain: What?!? Why?!?

Swann: You wanna come?

McClain: (sigh) Fine... On one condition.

Swann: OK... Anything...

McClain: Tomorrow from lunch until the announcement. We are going to the mall for one big shopping spree.

Swann: (sigh) Fine...

McClain: Good! We'll have such a great time together... until that announcement that is.

Swann: Now I really wish we brought Chris...

## 8 - Three Beers and a Coke

Up and down. UP AND DOWN. UP AND DOWN! That's all Finn could think of in Deforge and Geerard's low rider. He had never been in a low rider before, but he felt like he never wanted to be on one again. It was like an old boat, rocking him back and forth. He was even getting seasick in the car.

Finn: Doesn't this thing ever stop jumping?!?

Deforge: Yeah, but what's the fun in a low rider without the jumping?

Gordon: Deforge, the kid's going to puke if you don't stop, and I'll make sure that he won't do it on me, if you catch my drift...

Deforge: OK, pimp. What is this, you're first time in one of these, Finn?

Finn: Err... Yeah.

Geerard: Finn, you've really got to get out more. Oh, here's that restaurant with that good bar selection!

Gordon: Geerard, how would you know that? You've never been to Rhode Island!

Deforge: Yes, but we've memorized all of the bars in the New England area.

Finn: I think it's you guys who need to get out more...

Deforge stopped the car. It was like a roller coaster ride coming to an end, complete with that queasy felling you have after it's all said and done. The four guys enter the bar, looking for good drinks, and a little more...

Deforge: Bud.

Geerard: Bud Light.

Gordon: Both!

Finn: Umm... a Coke please...

Other 3: Hahahaha!

Geerard: Sorry, Finn... It's just too funny!

Finn: Is there any sports on?

Gordon: Yeah. The baseball game should be on now...

Deforge: Oh, man. We're taking on the Yankees tonight.

Geerard: We'll never win...

Finn: Wanna bet?

Deforge and Geerard: You're on!

Three hours later...

Deforge and Geerard: You got lucky!

Gordon: I don't know if it's the booze talking, but I think I'll be leaving you guys to go see a movie.

Finn: What kind of movie?

Gordon: A documentary!

Finn: Yeah, he's drunk, guys.

Deforge: So aren't we!

Geerard: We knew we'd need you for a reason, designated driver!

Finn: (sigh) Isn't this great... You guys better be good at holding your booze in, 'cause this ride back to our hotel is going to get BUMPY!

To be continued.



## 9 - Gone "Fishing"

If you couldn't tell by now, Mike O'Brien and Psycho Dad were quite the violent type. While the others were having harmless fun, OB and Psycho were getting ready for their "fishing" trip. They rented a small boat and headed out to a deep part of the ocean.

O'Brien: I never knew that fishing could be so fun!

Psycho: Me too!

Around the boat were around fifty harpoons with fish. The sight was so alarming, that a lifeguard came out to talk.

Lifeguard: I hope you're going to be able to net those fish into your boat, guys.

O'Brien: And what if we don't?

OB pulls out one BIG knife. It gleams in the sun. His eyes were glowing red.

Lifeguard: Um, never mind... Carry on guys... Heheh....

The lifeguard speeds off in the other direction.

O'Brien: That'll take care of 'em until the cops come calling!

Psycho: I don't think it's the cops we should worry about...

O'Brien: Why? You actually think the lifeguard is going to do something?

Psycho: I didn't mean that...

OB turned around to face Psycho. He wished he didn't when he did, though. Besides Psycho Dad, a forty foot tidal wave was rapidly approaching their small boat. You do the math...

O'Brien: HOLY SH...

Before OB could finish his sentence and make this an R-Rated story, the huge wave sweeps the boat and destroys it completely. OB and Psycho were sent flying like rag dolls. The waves didn't let up either. One after another, they were getting barraged by the walls of water. It would only be a matter of time before they were both doomed...

An hour later, the people of Narragansett were back on the beach having fun when a body washes up on the shore with some debris.

Person 1: My God! Somebody help! A man's washed up on shore and he's not breathing!

Person 2: Lifeguard! Help! Someone needs help over here.

A lifeguard rushes up to save the man. Ironically, it was the same lifeguard that was scared away by OB. Even more ironically, the man who washed up WAS OB! HA! Wasn't that predictable!

Lifeguard: Oh, it's him... Well, it's my duty to help him!

The lifeguard kicks him in the gut.

O'Brien: AHHHHH!!!! Who did that?!? I'll kill him!

Lifeguard: I did and I saved your life.

O'Brien: You did?!?

The people who found him nodded.

O'Brien: OK then... You get a get-out-of-jail-free card this time... Where's Psycho Dad?

Lifeguard: Who?

O'Brien: Rick Foley!

Lifeguard: Huh?

O'Brien: The fat guy with the harpoons!

Lifeguard: Oh, him. He hasn't been found yet.

O'Brien: No...

## 10 - Always the Gullible One

Stryker and Vector were now in their hotel, doing what Stryker had wanted to do since he got there.

Stryker: God, this big screen TV is so great.

Vector: As much as I hate you talking about a TV, I have to agree with you! Do you remember the big screen...

Stryker: SHHH! The show's on again!

Poor Stryker couldn't have said anything worse than what he just said. With those words, Stryker's face met Vector's fist.

Stryker: AHHH! I missed my favorite part!!!

Vector: I'll give you your favorite part!

Vector continues to pummel him until there is a knock on the door...

Vector: Come in!

Stryker: PLEASE! HELP!

Silence for a minute. Oooh... The suspense.

Vector: I said come in!

Stryker: YES, PLEASE!

Vector goes to the door and looks through the peephole, but doesn't see anyone there. She opens the door and discovers an unmarked, mysterious envelope.

Vector: STRYKER! LOOK! A NOTE!!!

Stryker: No kiddin'...

Stryker picks up the envelope and takes out an unsigned letter. In the letter, it reads:

"Welcome to Narragansett, Richard Stryker. By the time you read this, your friend Scott Gordon will be in our hands and will be swiftly executed if you don't drop off fifty million dollars in the Moonshiner bar at 2 PM tomorrow. If you bring us the money, he lives. If you don't, he dies. If you try anything funny, not only will he die, but Rhode Island senator Harry Kolvig will be assassinated and evidence will be planted to make it look like you killed him. You have until two tomorrow. Good luck, Stryker.

P.S.: This letter will explode in ten seconds."

Stryker: AHHHH!!!

Stryker throws the letter.

Vector: What's wrong?!?

Stryker: It's going to explode in seconds! RUN!

Ten seconds pass. Nothing. Vector picks up the letter and reads it.

Vector: Did you read what was on the back?

"You always were the gullible one, Stryker."

Stryker: Blackwell!

## 11 - Plan of Attack

By 10 PM, the visitors had returned to their hotel rooms. All but Gordon and Psycho Dad, that is. Once everyone had came back, Stryker gathered them in the main room for a meeting.

Stryker: All right, everyone. I have an announcement to give to all of you...

OB: I know! Psycho Dad is missing!

Stryker: Huh? Him too?!?

All of the group looks around at each other. No Psycho Dad.

Geerard: This is an emergency! We have to go and find him...

Stryker: No wait! There is another announcement!

OB: What?!? You don't care about Psycho?!? He may be crazy, but he's an essential ally!

Stryker: We can't look for an ally until we look for a fellow agent!

OB: What? Who?

Stryker: Look around you. Which agent is missing?

OB: Umm... Psycho Dad?

Stryker: NO! It's Gordon! Scott Gordon! He's been kidnapped.

Deforge: But he's fully grown! He's no kid!

Finn: Don't worry about Deforge, Stryker. He and Geerard have been drinking all this time. It's a wonder how they are still living... Kinda funny actually.

Stryker: Wasn't Gordon with you guys?

Finn: Yeah, but he left after a while...

Stryker: Where was he going to?

Finn: A documentary. He was drunk too.

Stryker: A documentary?!? Even if he was drunk, I wouldn't expect him to do that. I'd kind of expect you...

Finn: Hey! I have a life too, you know!

Stryker: Yeah, sure. Anyway, he's been kidnapped and we need to make a plan to get him out of there unharmed. After that, we need to protect senator Kolvig because the kidnapper said that he'd kill Kolvig if we did something like what we're going to do.

McClain: Oh, come on! Has everyone turned into boring politicians interested only in some speech by some senator.

Stryker: McClain, you aren't an agent, so you don't have to go if you don't want to.

McClain: Yes! I have immunity! You still have to go with me, Sam!

Swann: Hey! No fair!

Stryker: Sam, you ARE an agent, so you have to come with us.

Swann: Oh yeah! Haha, Erin! No mall for you!

Finn: Erin, you chose to go with him? He's acting like a four year old, for Pete's sake!

Stryker: If you three are all done with your former priorities, I can continue...

Finn, Swann, and McClain: Sorry...

Stryker: OK here's the plan. I go in the front to distract the kidnapper, you all go in the rear to rescue Gordon and knock out anyone who gets in your way.

Finn: Sounds like a plan, Stryker.

Vector: I'm impressed, Rich. You actually used your brain before shooting for the first time.

Stryker: I know. It's all awkward to me too...