



Act VI Scene S



Dugga-dum. Dugga-dum. The rhythmic hum of the locomotive did little to calm the nerves of Mr. X. His E-FIT had been plastered all over London, and he sank lower into the warm and surprisingly cavernous hood of his jumper. He felt like a subjugated outlaw from the Wild West.

“WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE.” he pictured. “REWARD: ONE MILLION DOLLARS.”

He chuckled to himself. What sort of bounty hunter would turn down an offer as tempting that?

“Now arriving at Hatton Cross. Next stop’s Heathrow Terminals 2 & 3, ladies and gents. Please check the intended terminal of your flight, and please hop off at the correct station. Thank you.”

The fugitive readied himself. He had been careful, or so he thought. He had made numerous changes along his transit. Underground. Overground. A casual stroll around the streets of central London. He’d taken a taxi, a bus, and even a water bus. There was no way they could get him now.

This is it, he thought. This is the clean getaway.

He wondered what the high life would be like. Life... after crime. When he sat on a bed of ten million pounds. He thought about where he would go next. What he would do. Whether he would settle. Whether he would slow down...

Slow down?

Come to think of it, the train was slowing down. That was peculiar, he thought.

“Apologies, ladies and gents. Due to a police request, this service has been forced to come to a stop. Passengers are advised to remain calm and follow the orders of any police officers.”

Mr X. did not remain calm. He leapt up, much to the surprise of his fellow commuters, and bounded for the nearest exit, pounding furiously on the button that would open the doors. They would not budge.

Growing increasingly desperate by the second, he reached for the emergency brake lever — yes, that one, the one that hands you a hefty fine and lands you in quite the hot water if misused — but, to no avail. The subway had stopped. The doors would not open. Defeated, he collapsed into a heap and sobbed and heaved and watched, with tear-filled eyes, the essence of his dream evaporate away.

Lestrade led the suspect away into his squad car. A number of backup units had been called to the scene, in case he had put up a fight. But there was none. Nothing left. No fight, no hassle. Just the calm surrender of his freedom.

Before he exited for the final time, he had just one last question.



Act VI Scene S



“How did you get me?”

To this, Lestrade smirked.

He reached into the wallet that he had confiscated and brandished an Oyster card triumphantly.

Dejected, and realising his mistake, Mr. X glanced away again, as if humiliated by the simple method of his capture.

As he was led away, Attila heckled from behind:

“Be sure to try the prison food! You get real good value for money — it’s surely a steal!”

All the officers at the scene — every single one of them — groaned in chorus.

Lara jabbed her mentor gently in the ribs.

He doubled over in pain. What was a gentle jab for the young was very easily a broken rib or two for Attila. Fortunately, the blow was not that heavy, but Attila could feel a bruise coming on. Suffice to say, he had learned his lesson.

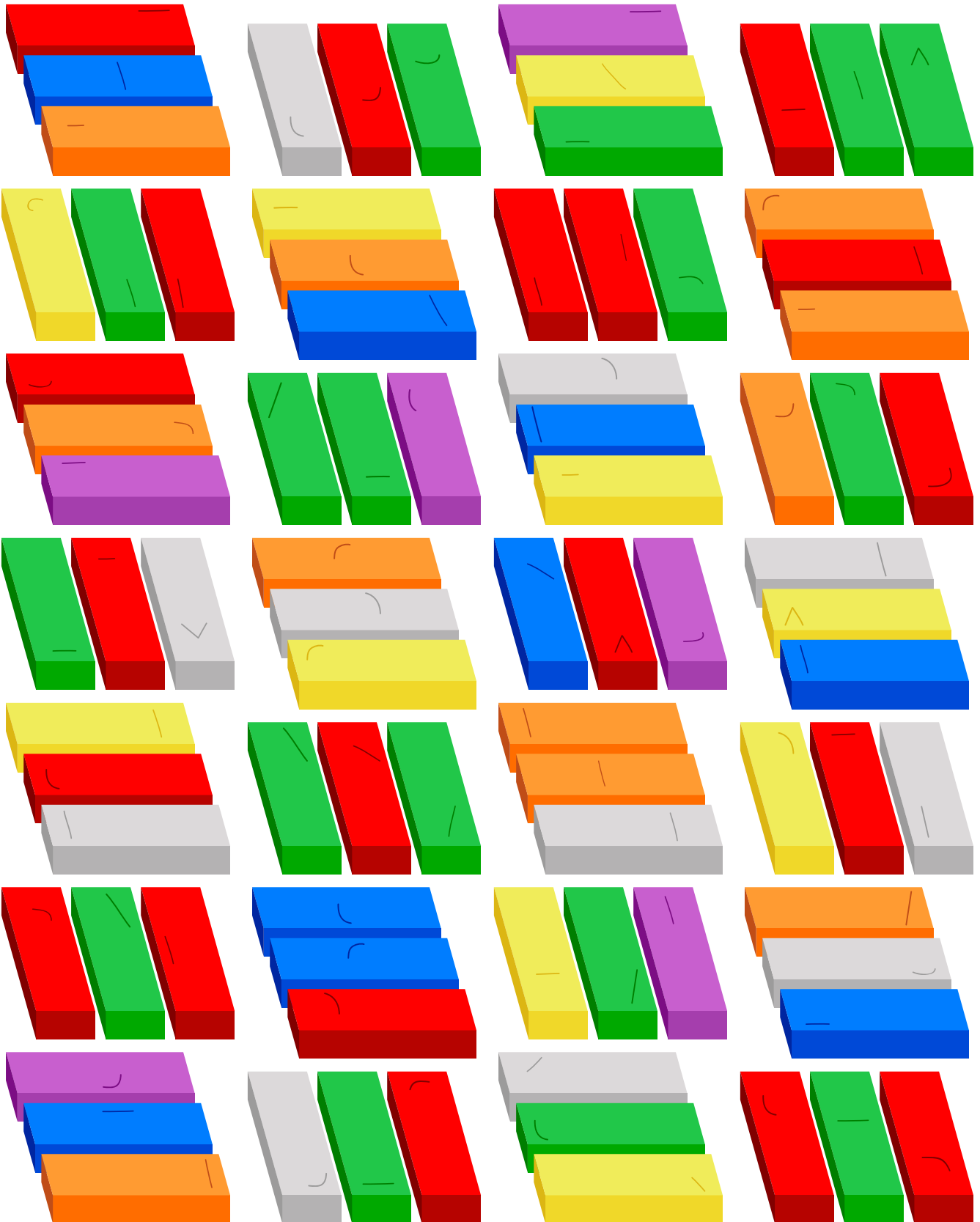
Lara, despite the satisfaction of quickly quashing that veritable crime against humanity, tutted with displeasure. She could feel parts of her body transporting away already — and she could see Attila fading away with her — but she was struggling to believe it all. It was over. They had done their mission. She wondered what the world that they would return to would be like.

But her disbelief did not stop there.

I can’t believe we leave this world on that note, she thought to herself.



INFALLIBLE





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