



Act VI Scene 3

Attila stepped the inspector through his logic once more.

“So right here is where our suspect — we’ll call him Mr. X — first notices that he’s tripped a laser.”

Attila acted out his mock fright at being found out by the head-high laser sensor.

“And so he picks up the fire extinguisher...”

Attila pictured the scene in his mind once more. The smashing of glass featured prominently in his mental image.

“... and I think you can work out the rest. The fact that he didn’t have a blunt weapon or a crowbar or anything of the sort on hand probably means that our suspect planned this attack at length.”

“What? How so?”

“Well, it must have meant that this was a Plan B.”

“And the front door?” asked the inspector. “Why not use the front door?”

It was almost as if the inspector were on a completely different wavelength.

“Ahhh... for a whole number of reasons, Detective Inspector.”

Attila proceeded to point out the CCTV cameras, the street view, and the great big revolving door.

“He’s not getting past that, that’s for sure.”

“Okay,” started Lestrade. He glanced down at his notes, and, finding nothing, looked eagerly at Attila once more. “So... what now?”

“What now is we take this criminal down and bring him to justice!”

Lara let out a whoop in support.

The inspector held out his hands in front of him in defence.

“Before I let you go on your manhunt, you may want to talk to the jeweller...”

Eyes still glazed and groggy from sleep, Mr. X awoke and entered a familiar evening routine. He switched on the light, the telly, and the kettle, and made his way to the bathroom.



Act VI Scene 3

Another day, another dollar. Or, rather, another pound, he thought to himself, expressing his inner patriot.

The criminal stared into the mirror and examined the being in front of him. He looked like a mess. His red mop of bed hair was overgrown and unruly, and, perhaps as a result of a poor sleeping posture, had parted at the front and taken to growing to one particular side. His eyes, too, were of a peculiar colour. They were such a faint shade of brown, that, when taken in combination with his blond eyebrows, could be easily mistaken for amber, or even gold.

The kettle and the television buzzed away in the living room of his cramped but cosy apartment.

With a sigh, he looked up at the bathroom ceiling, whispered a desperate prayer for a turn of fate, before returning to his living room space once more.

“And in other news. A recent break-in at a jeweller’s store in Piccadilly has resulted in the theft of a priceless amulet, worth up to tens of millions of pounds. Police have been relatively tight-lipped about the entire affair, but have informed the public that they are looking for a tall, gangly man, last spotted leaving the crime scene in a blue balaclava.”

The thief, who had just slouched over the counter waiting for his water to finish boiling, jolted up. This certainly was... news.

Adrenaline fed into his system and he was alert once more. Quick as a flash, he bolted back to his bedroom to inspect his loot.

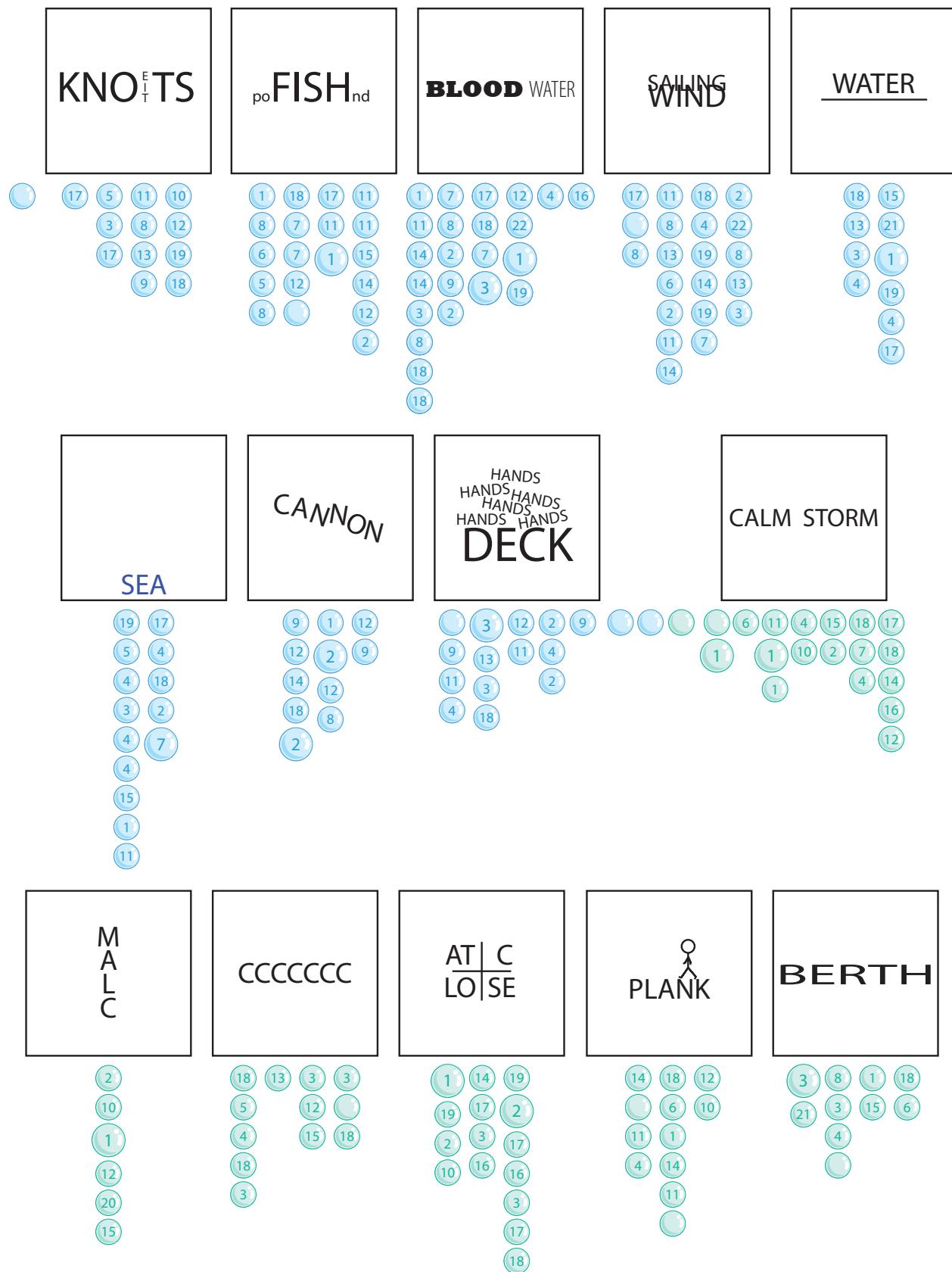
And there it was. The amulet. A solid medallion of gold, encrusted with a number of flawless rubies and garnets. If he squinted a little, he could just make out his form in the precious rocks.

Could it be true? he wondered. Could this accessory that he had hastily snatched really be worth tens of millions of pounds?

Whatever it was worth, it had just placed a great big target on his back.

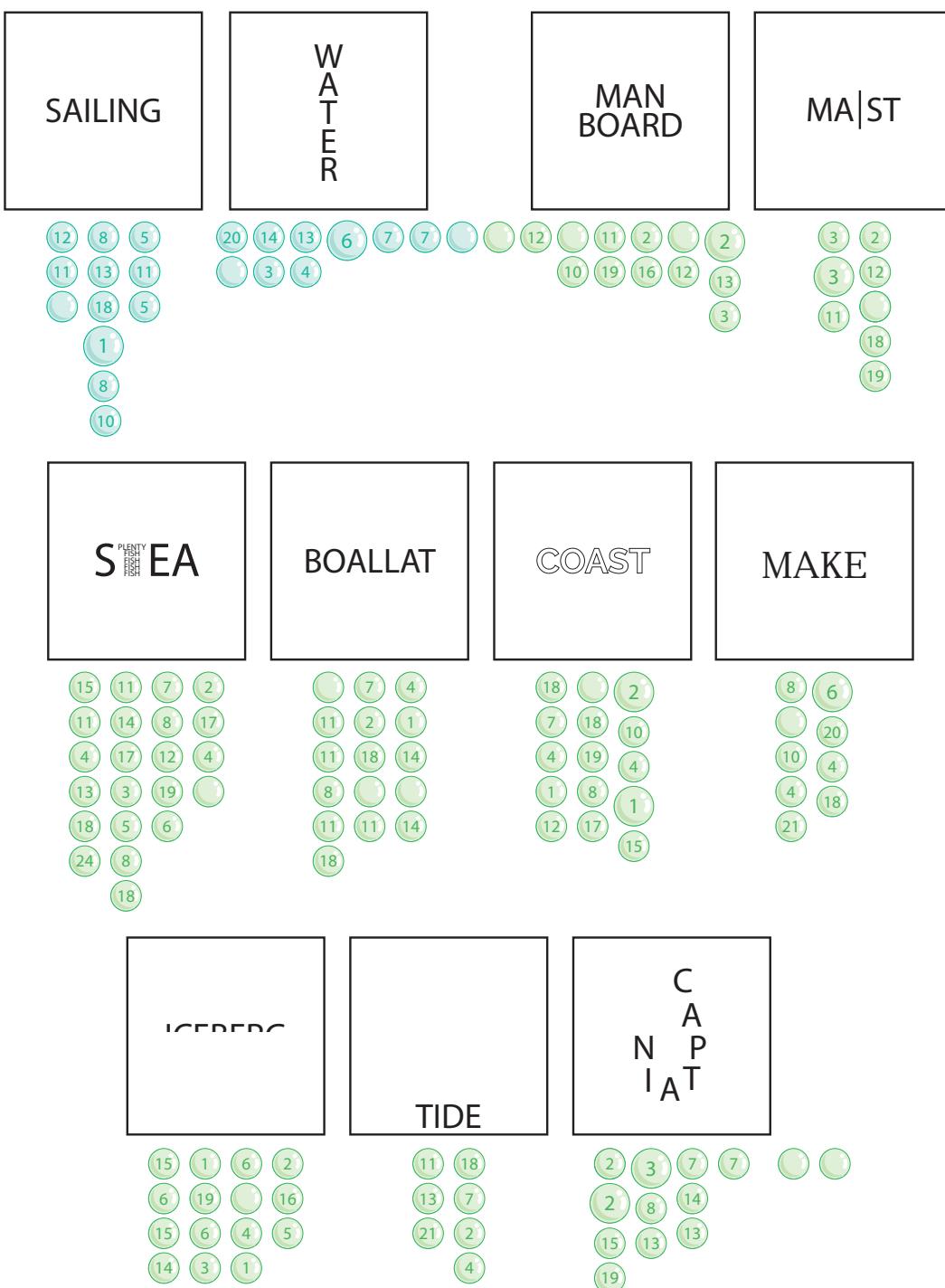


Under the Sea





Act VI Scene 3





Act VI Scene 3

