



Act III Scene S

It was morning. And the sun was coming up over the dunes. And standing before the nascent orb, on the summit of the tallest dune, and casting its shadow down into the valley, was a truck. It was moving gingerly towards the dune's crest and sand was breaking away from beneath it. In an instant, it tipped over the edge and coursed into the valley below. Three minute figures lay in the valley, some distance from the truck. Henry, Lara and Attila were awoken by the engine's rumble in the distance. They stood up. The truck turned to face them and started moving.

"Well, I think this might be it," said Attila.

Lara and Henry raised their guns. They had only a few bullets left.

"Make it count," Lara hissed.

The truck came closer. They fired slowly and deliberately, but the bullets bounced off the armour plating and the presumably bullet-proof glass. The ammo ran out, and the truck came to a stop in front of them.

"Throw down your guns!"

"Hands up!"

"Down on the ground!"

They lay themselves down before the truck. Men came from behind them and bound their hands and pulled them roughly to their feet.

One of their new captors looked at Henry oddly.

"Henry?"

Henry looked up.

"James?"

"Henry, my god, it's really you. We thought you were long dead."

Henry smirked.

"Release them," commanded James.

Miraculously they'd fallen in with the rebels, Henry's old comrades. The campaign against the government had faltered in the years since Henry's capture. No one had his expertise with the mines.

"Who are your friends?" asked James.