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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:51:47 GMT

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"Excuse me, but one of the people we came for isn't with the others. We've been told he is probably among the injured, in your medical vehicle."

Scott looked up at the agent who had entered the tent. He was the one Cassidy had referred to as Soong. "And you are telling me this because...?"

"We want to send one of our agents along, just in case. If he's faking, he could attempt to take control of your vehicle. If not, we still..."

"Sir? Agent Cassidy is heading toward the medical vehicle. He decided he should be the one to 'accompany' the terrorist leader."

Soong groaned. "Why me? Why did they have to assign him to me?" he muttered. "Thank you, agent. I'll handle it." He turned back to Scott. "I'm sorry. This was supposed to be a simple arrest and transport job."

Scott couldn't help it. He started to laugh. "I think you may get an agent back with an attitude adjustment. You don't know our medical personnel."

xxxx

Gun drawn, Cassidy entered Thunderbird Seven. Dianne straightened up and looked around at him. "Who are you?"

"I am Agent Cassidy from the WGSD. You are harboring a criminal. I've come to locate and arrest him."

"What do you mean I'm harboring a criminal? The only people in this vehicle are the injured and my staff -- and yourself, of course."

"Are you the doctor here?"

"Ah am." The man's attitude and tone of voice were getting to her.

"I'm here to arrest one of your patients. I'll show his picture to you and you can point him out to me. If you don't cooperate, I'll have to take you into custody."

Ah'd like to see him try!

"What do you mean by bargin' in heah!? Get out of mah vehicle this instant! Ah will not have you disturbin' mah patients!"

"One of your patients is a terrorist, lady. I'm not leaving. You will be allowed to take him along with the others to a hospital, but I'm going with you." He held a tablet out to her, showing her the

wanted man's picture. "Isn't it possible he's faking a concussion, to get away?"

"Ah'd know it if he tried." She glanced at the picture. "Ah recognize him. He's in that bed, there. But..."

Cassidy moved over to the bed. "Then I'll be right here, guarding him until we reach the hospital and another agent can relieve me."

"No. You'll have to sit in one of..."

"No, ma'am. I'm staying right where I am."

"Sit down! I will not have another patient on mah hands simply because he was bein'..." She fought to find a more appropriate word than the one she was thinking of. "... stubborn!"

"Now listen here!"

"No, you listen. You are heah undah mah suff'rance, suh. So park it, and zip it. And put that firearm away."

The two of them glared at each other for a full minute, while Nikki and Dom watched, trying hard to keep from laughing. Finally the agent holstered his gun, moved over to the nearest chair and sat down. He glanced up at Dianne briefly, then fixed his gaze on his "prisoner".

"Tynan," Dianne said, satisfied, "would you please strap the patient down? He's been going in and out of consciousness. I don't believe he'll try to get up, but it's better to be safe."

"Right away, Doc."

xxxx

"How dare you arrest me! Don't you know who I am?"

"You were with the men we know to be terrorist organization leaders. You claimed to be friendly with them. Therefore you are suspected to be in league with them."

"Nonsense! I am Jacques Hightower, president of Stellar Innovations. I am friendly with people from all over the world. It's for my business only. I am not a terrorist."

The voices carried some distance and Scott's head snapped up when he heard the name. He quickly stepped outside to see four people in handcuffs being escorted toward the van. Within moments it became clear which one was Hightower.

"I'll have your badge for this! You'll be hearing from my solicitors. I am not accustomed to being treated like this. Do you hear me? If you don't release me this instant, you'll regret this day for the rest of your life."

"I hear you, sir. In fact, everyone in the area can hear you. Keep shouting like that and you could

start another avalanche." They reached the van. "Now step up and watch your head."

As Scott watched Jacques enter the van, his shoulders shook slightly. I can't wait to tell Lena about this. She'll love it. He looked around and saw a few of the others watching, too. Better get back to work -- and I'd better tell Dad about this.

He went back into the tent and opened communications. "Base from Mobile Control."

"Base here. What's your status, Maverick?"

"Boss, you're not going to believe this..."

Thanks to Tikatu for Doc's reactions.

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