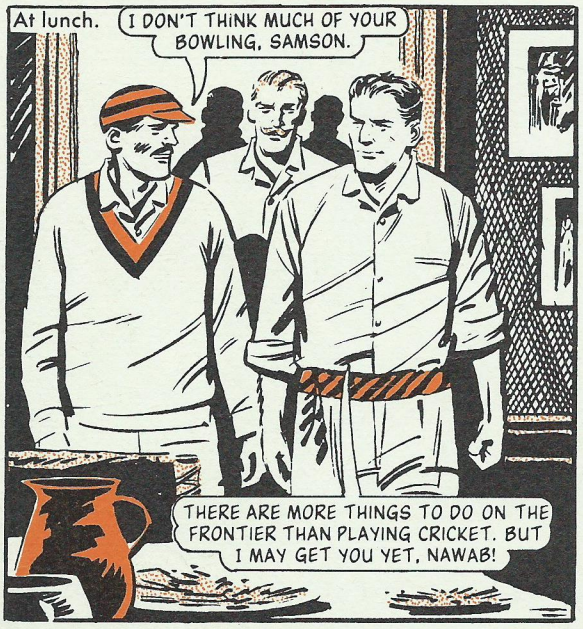
In the dressing-room.
LISTEN, CHUNG. WE CAME TO FIND OUT WHAT THE NAWAB IS REALLY UP TO. WE DIDN'T COME TO START A FIGHT. CALM DOWN.
I WILL OBEY, LORD. BUT CLICKY BA TELLS ME TO CRACK THE NAWAB'S SKULL.

Back on the pitch.
HE'S A STAR BATSMAN! I WONDER WHY HE CAME TO THE NORTH WEST FRONTIER JUST NOW? HE COULD HAVE PLAYED FOR ENGLAND AGAINST THE WEST INDIES!


At lunch.
I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR BOWLING, SAMSON.
THERE ARE MORE THINGS TO DO ON THE FRONTIER THAN PLAYING CRICKET. BUT I MAY GET YOU YET, NAWAB!

FOR YOU, LORD SAMSON. A MAN WAITS BEHIND THE PAVILION.
THANKS. I'LL TAKE A LOOK.

But behind the pavilion.
ARGH!