

Westcrest

Episode #1 — Marcus

“*Shh*,” comes a hoarse whisper in Jeremy’s ear. He struggles for a moment, lashing out as a pair of strong arms lower his feet gently to the ground.

Jeremy stares forward, his eyes squinting in the harsh torchlight. Beside him, a broad-shouldered man named Marcus Tel-Ur, grins.

The police start forward, one has his hand on the butt of his pistol. Both look confused.

“Where’d they go?” Says one policeman to the other and slowly Jeremy turns his head to look at the man standing next to him.

“They can’t see us,” whispers Marcus by way of explanation and Jeremy snaps his head back to the police officers who are now standing frozen in place as their torches dissect the dark alley before them.

It sounds crazy, but Jeremy realises at once that it’s true. A laugh stirs in his chest but he holds it back.

A police radio crackles and a tinny voice checks in with the officers. “We lost him,” says one, while the other continues to follow the beam of light cast by his torch as he stares confusedly into the alley.

Then there’s another call, a more important call that has something to do with a man locked in a public bathroom with his ex-wife. The police turn their backs and Jeremy slowly exhales.

As they vanish from sight Marcus bends his knees and picks up the maraca that Jeremy dropped. He inspects the instrument, turning it from side to side and listening to the rustling of beads as they shift within the grotesque wooden head.

“Interesting,” he says.

“I need that,” says Jeremy, holding out a hand. Marcus grins at him and shakes his head.

“Not a chance.” He places the maraca into the rucksack on his back.

“You work for DuPont, don’t you?” Says Jeremy, his hands balling into fists at his sides.

“I don’t work for anybody,” says Marcus in an almost-growl. “But somebody I respect asked me to get this for him, so here I am. And before you ask—his name ain’t *DuPont*.”

Marcus stoops to pick up a diamond-shaped metal object from the ground. He touches a switch on its side and a humming noise that Jeremy hadn’t previously noticed falls silent.

“Standard invisibility generator,” he says as he places the device into his rucksack. Extending a hand to Jeremy, he says: “The name’s Marcus.”

Jeremy’s eyes long to see the invisibility generator in more detail, to hold it in his hands and try to comprehend how such a thing is even possible. Reaching out, he shakes hands with Marcus.

“I’m Jeremy,” he says as Marcus turns towards the far side of the alley. A motorbike rests beside the wall there.

“Your jacket seems a little big, Jeremy,” says Marcus as he mounts the bike. He works the throttle and trash tumbles around Jeremy’s feet as a blast of warm air sweeps through the alley. The engine hums.

“Fancy a ride?” Marcus asks.