

Westcrest

Episode #13: The Wrong Bitch

Marcus stumbles through the doorway. Helena follows, noting that the building smells like a dentist's surgery. She recognises this smell at once because she once worked as a dental assistant. That life seems like a fiction now.

Marcus can barely stand so he scrapes his way along the wall for support. Fluorescent lights flicker above them as they make their way across the linoleum-covered floor.

Suddenly, out of the silence, a sound like a horrible drill pierces the air. Helena winces and covers her ears. The door at the far end of the corridor is ajar. Flickering orange light issues from the room beyond.

Marcus stops to vomit. On his knees he looks up at Helena. "Go," he tells her.

"No," she tells him, hands on hips and looking more stern than ever. "I don't know why Wormwood's here, but I do know one thing; he picked the wrong bitch to mess with."

Marcus moves ahead and as he's opening the door Helena suddenly realises that she doesn't want to see what's behind it. Then she realises that it's only a staircase folding back on itself, leading up to the rooms directly above them.

That noise—that awful drilling noise—cuts through the air again as Marcus stumbles past the door and begins climbing the stairs on all fours. Helena follows.

Each step drags out to infinity. Marcus grabs for Helena and she helps him up the last few steps, his left arm hanging limp across her shoulders.

There's no grand entrance; no big reveal. They can see him as soon as they're up the last step. He's holding something in his hands that looks like a cross between a gigantic hypodermic syringe and a pneumatic drill. Wormwood presses a button at the base of the device and an ear-piercing scream shatters the silence.

"You... could've just... sent... a letter," Says Marcus, swinging free of Helena and charging forward. His energy is short-lived and he collapses on the floor at Wormwood's feet. The Professor looks down at him.

"I must say I am surprised that it took you so long," the old man grins, showing rows of narrow yellow teeth.

"How did you find us?" asks Helena.

Wormwood laughs, but his laugh is really more of a sick little gurgle. "Do you honestly think that *Admiral Tel-Ur* here is difficult to find? The way he races around town on that souped-up piece of future-

tech, pah!” Wormwood keels over with gurgling wet laughter. “Oh, and I suppose I had a *little* help from that lovely girl—“

Marcus moans at Wormwood’s feet. His entire body begins to thrash around, his eyes rolling up in their sockets. He’s dying.

“So pathetic!” Yells Wormwood. “So easy to find! So easy to *infect!*”

He thumbs the trigger of the syringe and Helena winces. She can feel it now, a burning sensation at the back of her eyes, an intense prickling that makes her grind her teeth. She feels as though she is falling.

Wrong bitch, Professor, she thinks to herself and as Wormwood lowers the drill towards Marcus, Helena closes her eyes and exhales.