

Westcrest

Episode #19: I'm Going to Need My Shotgun

"Where *is* he?" Says Sarra, and Marcus can tell by the way she's holding herself that she wants to hit something.

"I... don't know," stammers Conor.

"If he had a pocket watch this wouldn't have happened," says Sarra. Her arms are swinging at her sides and all that energy has to go *somewhere*.

"You *know* the sixth watch is still missing," says Conor.

"Well maybe he should have *yours*," says Sarra.

Chatravati silences them both with a glance. "Conor," he says, his voice immediately soothing the atmosphere. "Did you see anything?"

Marcus grabs Sarra by the arm and pulls her backwards.

"No," says Conor. "I was just doing some inventory down in the lab. I... glanced up at the monitors from time to time, but I didn't see anything."

"So he just *vanished*?" Says Sarra. She's crossed her arms over her chest. Marcus knows how much effort it must be taking for her to avoid making anything explode.

"People don't *just vanish*..." starts Conor, but Marcus thinks this probably isn't the best time for him to start talking science.

"He's right," says Chatravati. "But please, Conor, if you can remember anything at all, no matter how insignificant it might seem."

"Where did you last see him?" Prompts Marcus.

"He was in the library," says Conor. "Then... I think he used the kitchen. He ate Helena's soup."

"Go on," says Chatravati.

"I remember seeing him on the stairs after that, but I don't..." Conor furrows his brow. "He was in the west hall of the first floor, looking at the paintings..."

Marcus and Chatravati share a look and Sarra knows that means they've figured it out. She starts speaking but Marcus shakes his head. "After," he tells her.

Chatravati and Marcus are walking now, Sarra and Conor keep pace behind them. They walk up the wide central staircase of the mansion and turn into the west wing.

“Standard extraction, then?” Marcus asks as they walk past the paintings.

“Yes,” says Chatravati. “You’ll need to be quick. If they test him...”

“What are you two talking about?” Says Sarra as they stop walking. There’s a red painting hanging on the wall here that makes Sarra feel uncomfortable.

“The Crimson Court,” says Marcus. “An exiled realm existing outside of time and space.”

“And *this* is the doorway,” says Chatravati, straightening the red painting where it hangs on the wall. He looks back at Marcus, who looks to Sarra in turn.

“I’m going to need my shotgun,” he says to her.

Sarra runs off to fetch it.