

## Westcrest

### Episode #25: The Only Man Alive

Saul DuPont stands behind a window of darkly tinted glass and looks down at the empty club. Tonight the dance floor will be crowded with people, crowded with *bodies*, and so he smiles. His is not a kind smile, for there is no joy in it. Instead it is a smile that matches the darkness in his eyes.

“Your drink,” says a voice in monotone and DuPont turns to the slave. He takes the glass of rum from and drains it. The zombie watches on with expressionless eyes as DuPont drinks.

“What goes on behind those dead eyes of yours?” DuPont asks. “Do you even *think*? Do you remember your life? Your family?”

The face of the zombie remains expressionless. For a moment there is a ripple on the skin of the creature’s face and its eyes appear to moisten. But then the zombie says: “I only serve,” in the same dull tone as before.

Licking his lips, DuPont continues to stare into the impassive face of the zombie, a feeling of disgust rising in him at the sight of the waxy, undead flesh. Without warning he brings his glass forward and strikes the zombie in the face with it.

The zombie does not so much as flinch. Shards of glass cut into the face of the pitiful creature, but blood is slow to start seeping from the gashes.

“Pathetic,” says DuPont and then he yells the word again, directly into the bleeding face of his own creation. The zombies are his slaves, yet he feels nothing but contempt for them. He loves them no more than a dictator loves his missile cache—for it is not the weapons themselves that are important, but the power they afford him.

“Clean it up,” says DuPont, clicking his fingers and slowly, the zombie nods. Blood drips from the the zombie’s dark, hairless chin as he stoops to the floor and begins gathering up the fragments of broken glass with his bare hands.

Bored with the zombie, DuPont strides away from the window that overlooks the dance floor towards his heavy, darkwood desk. A carved wooden box lays at the very centre of the desk and he slowly lifts off the lid.

Inside, the twin faces of demons leer up at him, carved on the heads of a pair of very important maracas. Together, the instruments are called *Kalfou’s Gift* and with them, DuPont intends to recruit an army.

“Master,” says a zombie voice from the doorway.

“What?” Snarls DuPont, annoyed to have his thoughts interrupted by one of his mindless horde.

“The exits have been sealed,” says the zombie. “And the line outside grows larger.”

“Then start letting them in,” says DuPont, breaking into a wide, terrifying grin. All those who set foot inside Club Mojo tonight would soon be joining the ranks of his undead army as zombies; an army that will grow until the streets of Genoa City are *brimming* with his shambling dead.

And at the thought of being the only man alive, Saul DuPont throws back his head and laughs.