

Westcrest

Episode #26: The Massacre at Club Mojo, Part I

There is more than one way from the Westcrest mansion into Genoa City. The one they use now is Helena's least favourite. Conor calls it a "spatial distortion field", but to the rest of them it's just a door.

This method of travel is instantaneous, but it leaves them reeling. Helena falls to her hands and knees, her head spinning. They are surrounded by darkness until Marcus finds a light switch and the second of Westcrest's garages blooms into light.

"Kind of dusty," says Conor, wiping his thumb across the rear window of a menacing black van.

Marcus helps Helena to her feet. She is pleased that she didn't vomit. They bustle into the van; Conor driving and the other two in the back. The sun is already beginning to set on Genoa City. The tallest buildings have been painted orange by the setting sun and the streets below are bathed in dark blue shadows.

A flat panel monitor in the back of the van lights up and Chatravati's face appears.

"How's Jeremy?" Marcus asks the monitor.

"The same," says Chatravati. "But I believe I can break the spell. You just need to stop DuPont."

"And save Sarra," says Marcus. Chatravati nods.

It doesn't take them long to reach Club Mojo. Conor parks a few streets away, pulling the van in behind a large waste disposal unit. There is a scorch mark on the wall here.

Marcus removes a pistol from the wall of the van and offers it to Helena. She shakes her head, so he tucks it into his own jacket, along with a second. Conor checks the screen of his miniature computer before slipping it into his pocket.

Together they exit the van and stride purposefully towards the club.

There is a line outside Club Mojo extending halfway down the street. Marcus suggests that they tell everyone to go home, but Conor thinks that's a bad idea.

"We shouldn't draw attention to ourselves," he says, fiddling with the earpiece that will allow him to communicate with Chatravati.

So the three of them join the line, standing amongst girls dressed in skirts that are little more than glimmering, sequined belts, and men with shaved heads and the sleeves of their shirts rolled up. The sun has vanished completely by the time they reach the front door.

“Stop,” says the doorman, placing a large hand against Marcus’s chest. The doorman is almost seven feet tall. Marcus clenches his teeth and stares. It’s impossible to tell what passes between them in the moment of this exchange, but after a few seconds the doorman steps back and allows Marcus into the club.

Helena steps up next, feeling suddenly self-conscious. In her spiked heels and pencil skirt she feels more like she’s dressed for a job interview than a night on the town.

The doorman looks Helena up and down for several moments. “Yes,” he says in a low drawl. Helena knows at once that the man is undead. She can *smell* it on him, beneath a thick layer of cologne; it is a cloying, sickly smell that she knows better than she’d like.

When Conor steps up next, the doorman barely looks at him. “No entry,” he says and gestures for the next people in the line to move forward. Conor’s face flushes and he attempts to push his way past.

“*No entry,*” the doorman growls, grabbing Conor by the collar of his blue-and-white striped shirt.

“He’s with *me,*” says a voice from the doorway and Helena’s standing there, with her arms crossed and that tone in her voice that even Marcus is afraid of.

“Of course, Mistress,” says the zombie doorman, lifting Conor by his shirt and depositing him gently beside Helena.

“Thanks,” says Conor, patting down his hair. Helena offers him a weak smile. Pumping drum beats swallow them as they make their way down the dimly lit corridor and into the thunderous, pulsing belly of Club Mojo.