

Westcrest

Episode #27: The Massacre at Club Mojo, Part II

Walking into Club Mojo is not unlike entering an entirely different world. Artificial palm trees stretch up towards the ceiling like pillars, their bases decorated with neon tubes of purple and pink.

All around them, people are dancing on the polished black floors, bathed in pools of colourful light. An enormous skull with red spotlights for eyes leers down at them from the back wall of the club and from the mouth of the skull a narrow walkway extends down the centre of the dance floor.

The ceaseless beat of the music pervades the air. The atmosphere is thick with the smell of sweat, alcohol and aromatic smoke that makes Conor feel light-headed. He pauses for a moment beneath one of the fake plastic trees and places a finger to his ear.

"We're in," he says. He feels uncomfortable here, with people pressing in on him from all sides. Conor is far more used to his self-imposed confinement in the vault beneath the garage.

After a moment, Chatravati's voice crackles back at him. "Good," he says. "Stop DuPont. Find Sarra."

Contact with Chatravati makes Conor feel a little more comfortable. Careful not to bump anyone he makes his way through the crowd, perspiration beading on his forehead. Finally he reaches a door set into the wall. There is a security guard standing beside the door, staring blankly forward.

Conor does his best to look natural as he ponders the best way to get the guard away from the door. He is vaguely aware of the music changing and a chorus of cheers going up around the stage behind him. Taking his cue from the music, the zombie security guard steps away from the door and pushes roughly past Conor.

Conor steps up to the door and tries the handle. Taking the computer from his pocket he places it against the door and thumbs a number of buttons in quick succession. There is a *pop* that's too quiet to hear over the music and the door is unlocked. Helena appears behind him.

"Unlock *everything* in this place," she tells him before slipping through the door.

As Conor heads towards next door, a voice booms out from the stage.

"Welcome," says DuPont to the crowd, as he emerges from the mouth of the gigantic skull. "Welcome to Club Mojo!"

Conor briefly spots Marcus across the dance floor and they nod to each other. He comes to another door and uses his computer to unlock it. DuPont is striding down the walkway, his arms outstretched. In each hand he holds a maraca.

In his hands Kalfou's Gift looks menacing. The demon faces engraved into each maraca makes them appear more like implements of torture than musical instruments.

"Thank you all for coming!" Calls DuPont. The music continues to pound and a multitude of hands reach desperately up at DuPont as he passes them.

"Let the music eat you alive!" Says DuPont, flicking his wrists in time to the thudding rhythm of the drum beats and the crowd around the stage give out their loudest cheer yet.