

## Westcrest

### Episode #29: The Massacre at Club Mojo, Part IV

Later, the thing that the members of Westcrest will remember most about this night is that the music never stops. Even as DuPont falls to his knees, the thumping beat of the music drives on and on.

*Boom. Boom. Boom.*

Marcus has drawn two pistols, but there are already zombies on top of him. They attack not only with punches and kicks, but also ravenous, biting mouths.

*It's happening too fast,* thinks Conor and then he remembers that he's supposed to be unlocking the doors. He staggers sideways, thumbing the keys on his miniature computer in an attempt to override the building's automated systems. Around the club, the remaining doors simultaneously unlock.

There are gunshots as Marcus breaks free of the zombie security guards. Brain juice sluices across the club, splattering several people. Dozens of DuPont's zombie security guards have headed into the crowd—all knives and fists and short lengths of rope that they use to strangle.

One zombie stops only a few steps away from Conor, his machete glinting brightly beneath the strobe lights.

*Boom. Boom. Boom.*

"Everybody out!" Yells Conor, kicking open the nearest door. A fire alarm begins to sound.

Now Marcus is firing at the zombies, but there are too many of them. Conor moves away from the door and collides with a girl wearing an old-fashioned trenchcoat and with ribbons in her hair.

"They killed Steven," she stammers. Her eyes are open wide with shock. "Who *are* you people?"

"We're Westcrest," says Conor. Then the girl is knocked away from him and people are streaming out of the doors and several zombies are stomping towards Marcus, leaving a slippery trail of gore in their wake.

Marcus fires, over and over, until the clips of both guns are empty. Tossing them to the floor he sets his legs and balls his hands into fists. He starts swinging as the zombies approach, dropping two to the floor before the third overwhelms him.

The zombie security guard forces Marcus to the floor. Marcus plants one hand against the forehead of the undead creature and stares up defiantly, the muscles in his arm bulging with exertion.

"Get out of the way!" Comes Sarra's voice and Conor turns to see her striding across the dance floor. Her hands are glowing more brightly than he has ever seen, her palms invisible amid the crackling

spheres of energy. She's almost too bright to look at. Marcus sees her from across the dancefloor and he smiles, kicking free of the zombie and performing a decidedly ungraceful somersault away from the bar.

"Atta girl," he says.

The bar explodes as Sarra sends a blast of energy towards it. Flames fan out around the room in seconds and in the blooming light the true extent of the massacre begins to come into focus.

Bodies are strewn everywhere, killed by DuPont's slaves. Blood has gathered in bright pools that capture the reflection of the flames and the neon. And on stage, at the centre of it all, Saul DuPont is laughing.