

Westcrest

Episode #4 — Cell 23

“What’s in cell twenty-three?” Helena asks Marcus as she lowers herself to sit behind a computer. She begins striking keys, seemingly at random, while Marcus checks a list pinned to the wall.

“I believe a more accurate question would have been, what *was* in cell twenty-three,” crackles Conor’s voice over the computer monitor.

“It’s a troll,” says Marcus.

“Okay,” says Helena, her fingers still dancing across the keys. “So, what do we know about trolls?”

“Big, sweaty and they have terrible body odour,” says Sarra.

“I beat one at an arm-wrestle once,” says Marcus.

“They eat people,” crackles Conor.

“I’ve isolated the troll’s biological signature,” Helena interrupts. “Conor, he’s headed for you,”

Jeremy stands rooted to the spot, his eyes darting between each member of Westcrest as they speak. Conor has vanished from the monitor. He reappears a moment later wearing a gas mask and brandishing what appears to be a plastic spray bottle. He speaks, but his voice is muffled by the mask.

“Amethapeel,” says Marcus, shaking his head. “Well, that’s great for *you*, Conor, but what about the rest of us?”

“It’s coming,” says Helena and Marcus swears. Moving to the weapons cabinet, he grabs a shotgun. Slinging the weapon over his shoulder he twists his finger around the trigger.

“Isn’t there *anything* we can do?” Asks Sarra.

“I can shut the damn alarm off,” says Helena, striking a key that immediately silences the deafening siren. The silence is replaced at once by a sonorous booming sound that reverberates around the garage.

Jeremy’s eyes widen as the surface of a large metal door set into the left side of the garage begins to warp as heavy fists strike it from the other side. Marcus levels his gun at the door. Sarra steps in front of Jeremy, spreading her arms and opening her palms.

Then, with an ear-piercing scream of twisting metal, the troll tears the garage door open. Enormous grey hands clear the way for a creature of impossible bulk as it drags itself through and fixes Jeremy in its sickly yellow gaze.