

Westcrest

Episode #7 — Click

The gun misfires.

“What are you doing?” Yells Sarra, struggling to her feet. She almost falls and Marcus catches her.

“Simply testing our munitions,” says Chatravati. “Stand up,” he says to Jeremy.

Jeremy rises slowly from the floor, glancing imploringly at Marcus. Marcus shrugs. Sarra is cradling her hands against her chest and watching with pursed lips. Helena stands above everyone, remaining silent.

Chatravati fixes Jeremy in his sights and places pressure on the trigger. For Jeremy time seems to slow. He opens his mouth to say something, but no words come out. Chatravati pulls the trigger back.

Click.

“Holy shit,” says Marcus.

Helena descends the spiral staircase and reaches the garage floor. Approaching Chatravati she gestures for him to give her the pistol. He hands it over and slips his hands into the pockets of his coat.

“That gun is in perfect working order,” says Chatravati. “You’re *lucky*, aren’t you, Jeremy?”

Jeremy says nothing. He feels exposed standing here under the gaze of these four strangers. Idly, he wonders if his life will ever be the same again. Glancing at the body of the dead, eyeless troll, he realises that any true return to normality would be impossible.

“My name is Chatravati,” says the old man, extending a hand. “Please forgive me. I am simply pleased to find you *here at last*, washed up onto our little island by the drifting tides of karma.”

“Actually, it was a flying bike,” says Jeremy.

“You flew?” Asks Chatravati, looking at Marcus.

“We needed to make a quick getaway,” says Marcus with a grin.

“Glad you could finally make it,” says Sarra as Conor appears in the empty doorway where the troll punched his way into the garage.

Conor glances about sheepishly, nodding in greeting to Jeremy before approaching the corpse of the troll and nudging it with the toe of his sneaker. “This is going to be a bitch to clean up,” he says.

“You’d better get busy, then,” says Sarra.

And listening to them talk like nothing strange has happened here tonight, it suddenly becomes too much for Jeremy. "Who *are* you?" He says, turning his head to make eye-contact with each of the strangers in turn.

It is Marcus who speaks first. "We fight evil," he says.

"We protect the ignorant," says Sarra.

"We perform research," says Conor.

"We're Westcrest," says Helena, as though that explains everything.

"And we'd like you to join," finishes Chatravati.