

## Westcrest -- Season 2

### Episode #1: Falling Fast

When the alarm goes off it wakes everyone but Conor. It is different to the alarm that is used to signal a breach in the holding cells. This alarm is higher-pitched and more melodic and *this* alarm is broadcast by Northcrest, current location: adrift on an iceberg somewhere near the North Pole.

“What is it, Naht?” says Conor, thumbing a red button and watching as the smooth, metallic face of Naht-Ah-Lee come into focus. She is one of the Yjarj, a race of refugees from space.

“There has been a breach in the Earth’s atmosphere,” she replies, but Conor already knew that, because that’s what Northcrest is for. What he *really* wants to know is why Naht thought it was necessary to warn Westcrest about it.

“It’s heading towards Genoa City,” says Naht. “And falling fast.”

“Hold on,” says Conor and begins typing furiously on another computer terminal. “I see it,” he says. “Got any clues?”

“Nothing,” she says. “It’s not emitting any radio waves and has ignored all of our attempts to communicate. The only thing that our diagnostics can tell for sure is that whatever is inside... is alive.”

Conor’s eyes are sparkling now. He’s excited. Chatravati appears in the doorway behind him and asks what’s going on.

“Hey boss,” says Conor swivelling in his chair. “It looks like we have a genuine UFO in Genoa City airspace.”

“Should we bring out the big guns?” says Marcus from behind Chatravati. Marcus looks sleepy—probably something to do with all of those late night zombie hunts.

“Where’s it going to hit?” Chatravati asks, ignoring Marcus.

Conor studies a row of numbers on one screen and compares them to a list of co-ordinates on another. He rifles through several sheets of paper on the desk in front of him. Then he looks up at Chatravati and says with absolute confidence: “Beringsford.”

“That place is *way* overdue to be struck by an asteroid,” says Sarra. Jeremy is standing with her and rubbing his eyes blearily.

“Enough!” Says Chatravati. He doesn’t usually speak to anyone in the morning before he’s brewed a fresh cup of chai. “Can you be more precise than that, Conor?”

A loud beeping begins to sound from one of the computer terminals and the figures on the screen turn suddenly from white to red. “Actually, I can,” says Conor. “We have impact.”

Nobody in the room is smiling anymore.

“It hit somewhere between Beringsford lots 337 and 339,” says Conor. “That’s well outside of populated areas, so unless Farmer Joe happened to be tending his crops at 3 in the morning, there shouldn’t have been any casualties.”

“Yet,” says Marcus, who tends not to trust aliens.

“We need to quarantine the area immediately,” says Chatravati.

“We’re going on a road trip!” says Sarra excitedly. “Who wants a possum burger?”

Nobody says yes.