

Westcrest – Season 2

Episode #29: The Sanctum, Part VI

“Pfft,” says Conor and strides across to Dale before he has a chance to rise to his feet. Conor picks up the pistol from the floor and aims it squarely at the Police Chief’s chest.

Boom, goes the pistol and Hogan Dale slumps backwards.

“Tel-Ur in mind... maybe,” Conor says. “But his *body* was still human.”

Then the moment is gone as a new siren starts to sound.

“What’s happening?” Sarra asks. A small but incredibly bright spark of red light is flickering at the heart of the engine.

“It’s too late,” says Conor. “By plugging himself in, Dale caused a feedback loop.”

“Feedback loop?” says Sarra.

“It’s going to blow up,” says Conor simply.

“Then we’d better *move*,” says Jeremy. His voice is higher-pitched than normal, which probably has something to do with the pretty young police woman who’s bleeding to death beneath him.

Jeremy isn’t strong enough to carry Claire on his own, so Conor helps him lift the body and Sarra runs up the stairs ahead of them. The engine behind them is crackling and the walls of the Sanctum are vibrating.

They enter the corridor containing the zombies. Jeremy and Conor sweat as they guide Claire’s body between the rows of cells. As they pass each one the zombies throw themselves against the bars with a series of sickening crunches.

“Should we do something?” says Sarra.

“It’s too late for them,” grunts Conor. Although Claire isn’t particularly heavy, both of the boys are already exhausted from carrying her.

They make it back to the elevator and lower Claire to the ground. Jeremy’s canary yellow jacket is smeared with blood. Claire whimpers on the floor of the elevator and muzak dribbles out at them from a pair of tinny speakers.

“How long do we have?” asks Sarra.

“I don’t know,” Conor admits. “I’ve never seen an e-class engine explode before. I have no idea how long it will take to reach critical mass...”

Then the elevator doors are open and they’re back in the Sanctum foyer. The building is empty, except for the shambling shapes of figures wearing helmets; these are not Enforcers, but *firemen*.

“Help us!” Jeremy calls to one of them and in a matter of moments Claire is being taken away from them and loaded onto a stretcher.

The Sanctum foyer is still painted crimson by the emergency lights. A deep rumbling comes from beneath their feet and Conor yells: “Get out! There’s a bomb!”

Several of the firemen communicate rapidly back and forth on their radios until somebody gives the order to retreat. Jeremy, Conor and Sarra go with them, stumbling out of the front doors and onto the Sanctum lawns.

“We’re too close,” says Conor, glancing back at the building. “Everyone needs to get back...”

But it is too late. Suddenly the sky above the Genoa City is lit as though by daylight as the Sanctum explodes upwards in a pillar of brilliant blue fire. Hot air rushes over them, blowing Jeremy’s jacket open and disturbing the leaves of the topiary guard dogs. The night sky bursts with a series of brilliant exploding lights that—to an uninformed observer—would look a lot like fireworks.

Jeremy lets his bloodied jacket fall to the grass and pulls Sarra close to him as they stare up at the light show in the sky. A car-sized chunk of the building lands only a few feet away and smoulders on the grass.

“We should move,” says Sarra as she burrows her head in Jeremy’s chest.

“You’re safe with me,” says Jeremy.