

NICK removes coat and is wearing a "Sherlock Holmes" style costume with Houndstooth Coat With attached cape hand it over to DEIDRE. DARLA removes her coat and has a nurses uniform with several splatters of fake blood on it and her white nylons have several rips.

DEIDRE: (to Nick) Very fitting costume might I say.

NICK: Of course you can say! (*Nick puts back on the Deerstalker cap*) But can you guess?

DEIDRE: I believe I can. It's elementary! No offense, I'm just assuming, I mean you're dressed like what I'm imagine...

NICK: Spot on Deeds! That's correct! (*beat*) Victorian Vampire! I had some fangs... (*searches pockets*) .. I think I dropped them somewhere along the way. But anyway, my dear wife Darla here is the classic B-movie Zombie Nurse! Or I should say *was*. (*looking at Darla's face*) Looks like the rain sort of created a buzz kill.

DARLA: Anyway Deidre, do you think we could use your phone, we won't be any bother.

DEIDRE: Phone? I'm sorry but the phone service is a tad spotty. The lines may be down due to the weather. From what I'm lead to believe some of the roads are impassible as well.

NICK: Impassible roads and impossible phones? Are you sure?

DEIDRE: Quite sure sir. What I am not sure about are the lights. The power in the area has been fluctuating and lights have been flickering. I've gathered candles in case.

NICK: Wow bummer. Hey, do you think I might wash my hands somewhere? They're a bit greasy and oily and fuely... in case we have to use the candles. I don't want to.. combust or anything.

DARLA: And maybe try the phone again. Just in case.

DEIDRE: Sure, we can try. If you would like to follow me.

DEIDRE begins to cross Stage Left Door to exit

NICK: Thanks Dee! Be right with you! (*starts to cross stops and turns to Darla*) Darla, yea I know this is a bit of a drag, you know with the car and rain and all..

DARLA: Just a "bit" of a drag Nick? No, this is off the scale! You talk me into going to some nerd fest Costume party. But we're stuck in the middle of nowhere! I could be home, warm and dry. Watching TV or reading a book. But I'm not. I'm cold and wet standing in a strange place dressed in a strange costume!

NICK: Darla please. More sunshine! Less flippancy! (*exits*)

DARLA: (*yelling after him*) Zombies are supposed to be flippant Nick! (*quieter to herself*) There is no sunshine for the walking dead health care workers! Flippancy ensues. I mean who wouldn't be a tad flippant in this situation? (*beat*) Are you talking to yourself Darla? Why yes. Yes I am! (*wanders around room looking*) It's raining buckets outside and we stumble into a big old creepy house. The lines are down. Roads are washed out. A maid named Deidre. We've walked into a bad cliché! The one that begins with the line, It was a dark and stormy night. (*beat*) Tonight! On a very special episode of *Suspense Mystery theatre*. (*notices newspaper on table. Picks it up, sits down on couch*) Cue Miss Marple!

DARLA opens paper to read. Headline on front in big letters "Crazed Killer On The Loose"

MRS LUDOS and MISS MENDACIO enter from hallway up right -DARLA remains still hiding behind paper – Ludos and Mendacino speaking with British accents (not necessarily good accents)

LUDOS: (*as she is entering*) And I said, Miss Haversham, you know I always take my tea black with two sugars. I don't know why you believe I have always taken it white.

MENDACIO Speaking of tea, I just read somewhere, that they have found her body.

LUDOS: Where?

MENDACIO It was in the newspaper.

DARLA peaks from behind newspaper around to read headline, Looks shocked.

LUDOS: No, dear, I mean "where" did they find her body?

MENDACIO I'm not sure. Some here. Some there. In several places.

LUDOS: That's her all over. Poor Miss Haversham. You know, I have also heard that Captain Trucage was the last person to see her alive. In one piece that is.

MENDACIO Hopefully he won't be the last to see us alive! I do find him rather.. mysterious.

LUDOS: Oh yes as do I. Under his seemingly harmless appearance and manner, there could be a evil perpetrator lurking. I would not want to be left alone with him!

MENDACIO Yes! I do hope the others will make it here this evening!

DARLA stands up

MENDACIO: (*noticing Darla*) Oh splendid! Nurse Christie! You've made it!

DARLA: Who? Yes, but no, I'm not... (*begins to cross toward Ludos*)

MENDACIO Mrs Ludos! It just occurred to me!

DARLA: ..actually.. my husband and I..

LUDOS: Heavens yes! We left poor Miss Heinspiele alone upstairs with Captain Trucage!
What were we thinking!

MENDACIO: Tea! We were thinking about tea!

DARLA: Hello? Excuse (*/*) me but...

LUDOS: We must go at once!

MRS LUDOS and MISS MENDACIO run off to hallway up right

DARLA:(*continuing only to herself*) ..I'm not .. whoever... whatever! (*short pause*) Are you talking to yourself again Darla?

NICK enters from doorway left wiping off his hands with towel

NICK: Who are you talking to Darla?

DARLA: Yes, exactly!

NICK: I'm sorry, did I miss something?

DARLA: Yes! You missed quite a lot! Like the two weird tea ladies and the mutilated body.

NICK: What? (*looks around*) I was only gone for a few minutes!! What happened?

DARLA: Some ladies came in here talking about tea and something about some woman... Miss Haversham. They found her all over. And then they saw me and called me Nurse Chrissy or somebody! And suddenly they realized they left someone alone upstairs with the guy. Look at this! (*hands him newspaper*)

NICK: What is this?

DARLA: It's called a *newspaper*. It's what people used to get news and information from before the inter-webs!

NICK: (*looks at paper -reading out loud*) "Crazed killer on the loose. In or about the area of Chipping Cleghorn..."