



Season Two:

Episode One

Shady Bluff resident Percival Beauregard slipped unnoticed into the office of the community's Human Resources Director, Herman. Herman wouldn't be back today, and the rest of the staff had been called into a special meeting to introduce the new Administrator.

His hands were shaking as he opened the cabinet that housed the employee files. He wasn't afraid of getting caught; there was no one around to find him snooping. But he was afraid of not finding the information he needed. There was something very wrong going on in his senior community and he had to discover what it was. He already feared that something terrible had happened to Cordelia, for whom he'd been pining since moving into the community.

He didn't mind that the feelings weren't reciprocated, even if he did wish that she would change her mind. He was just happy to be near her, to watch her blush when he flirted with her. And there was always a glimmer of hope, wasn't there? As long as she was alive, he would keep the flame burning.

He found the file he was looking for: Maintenance Director Phillip Hedd's employee file, including his phone number, home address, and a host of write-ups. How was a man with this many threats of suspension and termination still allowed to be in his position?

Percival had a terrible feeling about the interaction he'd had earlier with Phillip. The director had been wheeling out a chest that Cordelia owned, even though he was off for the day. He'd been cagey, as if he'd been caught doing something he shouldn't.

And now Cordelia was missing. Part of him wanted to dismiss the two as connected, but he had spent too many years on the force listening to that small voice of warning in the back of his head. Nine out of ten times it had always been right.

He copied the address into his phone and then snuck out of the office. He was going to pay a visit to Mr. Hedd and figure out just what was going on.

As Percival was on his way to the home of the maintenance director, Herman Usurpera was in the waiting room of Perfidy Falls Hospital. Police officers had been in earlier to ask him some questions. When had he last seen Regina? *Yesterday at work.* What was their relationship? *We're coworkers, that's all.* Did he know of anyone who might have wanted to harm her? *No one he could think of. Regina was always polite and professional.* Could he account for his whereabouts over the past 24 hours? *Yes, but why would I need to?*

The cops sitting across from him had given each other a look, but they refused to give him any more details other than that she was attacked and had been found at a local motel by an employee. They weren't sure if she would ever wake up.

Herman sighed and placed his head in his hands. The only sound in the waiting room now was the hiss and spit of the coffee machine. The police and the doctors had told him to go home. He knew they were right, but he found he couldn't muster the energy to get out of his chair, much less walk to the parking garage.

As the Human Resources Director, he was next in line to run the community. But considering that the head chef had recently been murdered and now the Executive Director was in a coma, he didn't know if he wanted to be in charge.

Herman was soon to find out, however, that the responsibility had already been taken from him. And that things at Shady Bluff Senior Living were about to get much more dangerous.