

HAUNTED WINE TOUR AUDITION READING: THE LOCAL

Get away from here. Get away! Go home before it's too late! There's something in these woods. Something angry. Been here since the war. It's this place. They're all dead, but they keep coming back. They come out of the fog. First time I saw them, I was driving down this road, just enjoying the evening. Suddenly, out of the night, an unearthly fog rolled in. I never heard nothing. Couldn't see but a foot in front of me. But I knew I was being watched. Then I saw the shadows moving through the haze and, all at once, I started to feel a terrible unease. I slowed my truck to a crawl; afraid I might hit something. Then I saw what they were. Men in the mist. Soldiers. Some in blue uniforms and some in gray. I saw one of them had no head and a fierce chill ran down my spine and into my very soul. It was the passing of the dead. They were marching a dead man's march.