

THE TWYLIGHT ZONE: THE 6th DIMENSION

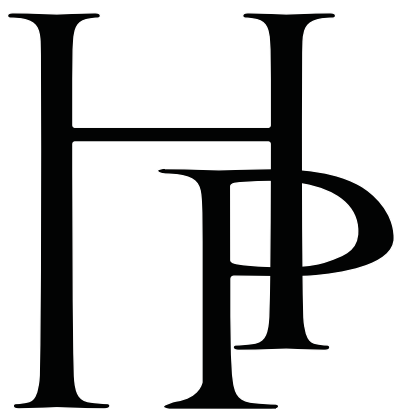
A Parody in Four Episodes

BY
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THE TWYLIGHT ZONE: THE 6TH DIMENSION

A Parody in Four Episodes

by David Gallic

SYNOPSIS: You're about to enter into another dimension; a dimension of spine-tingling, bladder-tickling twisted stories filled with secretive Martians, high-flying gremlins, ominous hitchhikers, and more terrifying tenants taking residence in... The Twilight Zone. *The Hitchhiker*: Nancy Adams is traveling cross-country, but everywhere she goes she sees the same creepy Hitchhiker. *Nightmare at 6,096 Meters*: Bill Williams is about to take a flight he'll never forget. Is there really something on the wing of the plane or has he merely left the sanitarium too soon? *Will the Real Visitor Please Stand Up?*: After a mysterious crash, a cop must deduce whether or not an alien is hiding amongst a group of bus passengers on a cold and snowy night. *The Four of Us Are in Agonizing Pain*: Archie is a cheap con man with a rare talent; he can change his face. But this talent could lead down a path of danger. Enjoy a comedic ride through four classic Twilight Zone episodes. Whether you're a die-hard fan of the original series or you've never heard the name Rod Serling in your life, there's fun and laughs for everyone in the 6th Dimension.

DURATION: 90 minutes

SETTING: Multiple Locations

TIME: Early 1960s

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3-14 females, 3-17 males, 0-18 either)

SERLING (m)..... The host for the evening. A "Rod Serling"-type, if you will. (23 lines)

NANCY (f) A wanna be starlet worried about being followed. (77 lines)

BOB (m/f)..... A kindly diner owner. (41 lines)

WALDO (m/f)..... A weird vagabond. (26 lines)

SAILOR (m) Enthusiastic sailor just trying to get back to his ship. (23 lines)

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NIT (f).....	Nancy's overactive voice over. (20 lines)
MRS. KIDDLER (f).....	An elderly woman. (12 lines)
MECHANIC (m/f).....	A foreshadowing mechanic. (8 lines)
LEONARD (m).....	A gas station owner, grumpy and tired. (8 lines)
HITCHHIKER (m)	A creepy traveler with a secret. (7 lines)
SIT (m).....	Sailor's equally enthusiastic voice over. (6 lines)
ANNOUNCER (m/f)	Awards Announcer (Voice Only). (1 line)
PERSON (m/f).....	Kind of like a stagehand. (1 line)
BILL (m).....	A nervous man trying to appease his wife. (87 lines)
WILMA (f).....	Bill's burdened wife. (61 lines)
FLIGHT ATTENDANT (FA) (m/f)	Kindly flight attendant. (25 line)
PILOT (m/f).....	Helpful pilot. (9 lines)
LITTLE GIRL (f).....	Energetic kid that loves her doll. (10 lines)
TSA (m/f).....	Tough TSA agent. (8 lines)
JABBERY JUNE VOICE (f)	Creepy doll's voice. (7 lines)
GREMLIN (m/f)	A mischievous furry creature with a monstrous face. (6 lines)
JABBERY JUNE (m).....	Creepy doll. (1 line.)
COP (m/f).....	An eager Cop working their first exciting case. (47 lines)
WALTER (m).....	Irritated businessman. (42 lines)
DANNY (m)	Laid back bus driver. (34 lines)
YVETTE (f).....	Seductive woman. (20 lines)
CHIP (m).....	Very much in love teenager. (19 lines)
MONA (f).....	Older wife. (17 lines)
GALE (f).....	The other very much in love teenager. (17 lines)
LLOYD (m)	Older husband. (13 lines)
STAGEHAND (m/f)	A stagehand. (Non-Speaking)

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ANDY (m)	Archie's Disguise: A boxer. (28 lines)
BURGESS (m).....	Baffled old man. (27 lines)
MAGGIE (f).....	Forlorn lounge singer. (15 lines)
JIMMY (m).....	Archie's Disguise: A sweet-talking musician. (15 lines)
MARTHA (f).....	Archie's Disguise: a tough-talking criminal. (15 lines)
ARCHIE (m).....	A cheap scuzzball; con artist looking to go clean. (12 lines)
DETECTIVE (m/f)	Film noir detective. (13 lines)
DRUNK DINO (m/f)	Comical barfly. (8 lines)
ELIZABETH (f).....	Cult leader that's also a mannequin. (8 lines)
MANNY (m/f)	A henchman mannequin. (5 lines)
QUINN (m/f)	Another henchman mannequin. (3 lines)
MEREDITH (f).....	Baffled old woman. (4 lines)
JEREMY (m)	A disappointed mannequin. (1 line)
HOWLING MAN (m/f).....	Heavily bearded Big Lebowski-style devil. (2 lines)
BRITTANY (f).....	A kid. (1 line)
ELMER (m)	A kid. (1 line)
MANNEQUIN (m/f).....	Disappointed mannequin. (1 line)
LUCKY (m/f).....	A dog. (1 line)

OPTIONAL DOUBLING

This show was designed for six actors that would each play multiple roles. Here is an optional casting breakdown:

WOMAN 1: Nancy / Flight Attendant / Jabberly June Voice / Yvette / Mona / Drunk Dino / Elizabeth / Brittany

WOMAN 2: NIT / TSA / Little Girl / Cop / Maggie / Mannequin / Andy

WOMAN 3: Bob / SIT / Mrs. Kiddler / Wilma / Gale / Martha / Meredith

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MAN 1: Serling / Person / Waldo / Jabberly June / Pilot / Chip / Quinn / Howling Man

MAN 2: Mechanic / Sailor / Bill / Stagehand / Danny / Jimmy / Manny / Elmer / Dog / Detective

MAN 3: Hitchhiker / Leonard / Gremlin / Walter / Lloyd / Archie / Jeremy / Burgess

The above casting is just a suggestion. Who plays what can be broken down in a variety of ways. You may even decide to add additional actors and give each performer less characters. As for gender, any character can be played by any gender. This doesn't necessarily change the gender of the character (for example: since Serling is a "Rod Serling type", if a non-male actor performs the role, Serling is still a male character).

CASTING NOTE

Notes on Will the Real Visitor Please Stand Up: This episode was designed for four of the actors to each play two different characters that are onstage simultaneously. A lot of the fun comes from watching them jump between chairs to change characters. When casting, it's best if this is the only time actors are jumping back and forth between characters in front of the audience or else you risk it losing the comedy of it.

THE HITCHHIKER

SERLING (m)

NANCY (f)

BOB (m/f)

WALDO (m/f)

SAILOR (m)

NIT (f)

MRS. KIDDLER (f)

MECHANIC (m/f)

LEONARD (m)

HITCHHIKER (m)

SIT (m)

ANNOUNCER (m/f)

PERSON (m/f)

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NIGHTMARE AT 6,096 METERS

SERLING (m)

BILL (m)

WILMA (f)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (FA) (m/f)

PILOT (m/f)

LITTLE GIRL (f)

TSA (m/f)

JABBERY JUNE VOICE (f)

GREMLIN (m/f)

JABBERY JUNE (m)

WILL THE REAL VISITOR PLEASE STAND UP?

SERLING (m)

NANCY (f)

COP (m/f)

WALTER (m)

BOB (m/f)

DANNY (m)

WALDO (m/f)

YVETTE (f)

CHIP (m)

MONA (f)

GALE (f)

LLOYD (m)

STAGEHAND (m/f)

THE FOUR OF US ARE IN AGONIZING PAIN

SERLING (m)

ANDY (m)

BURGESS (m)

CHIP (m)

GALE (f)

MAGGIE (f)

JIMMY (m)

MARTHA (f)

ARCHIE (m)

DETECTIVE (m/f)

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DRUNK DINO (m/f)
ELIZABETH (f)
MANNY (m/f)
QUINN (m/f)
MEREDITH (f)
JEREMY (m)
HOWLING MAN
BRITTANY (f)
ELMER (m)
MANNEQUIN
LUCKY

PROPS

THE HITCHHIKER

- ☐ Award (NIN)
- ☐ Bush (2) (Hitchhiker and Sailor)
- ☐ Hand Mirror (Nancy)
- ☐ Money (Nancy)
- ☐ Notepad with Pencil (Bob)
- ☐ Pay Phone (Nancy)
- ☐ Phone (Kiddler)
- ☐ Sign: Arizona (Person)
- ☐ Sign: Gas Station (Person)
- ☐ Sign: Going (Hitchhiker)
- ☐ Sign: My (Hitchhiker)
- ☐ Sign: Now Leaving Virginia (Person)
- ☐ Sign: Railroad Xing (Person)
- ☐ Sign: Way (Hitchhiker)
- ☐ Train Whistle (Person)
- ☐ Window Frame (Person)

NIGHTMARE AT 6,096 METERS

- ☐ Airplane Wall w/ curtain (Set Piece)
- ☐ Cups (FA)
- ☐ Dismembered Hand (Gremlin)
- ☐ Fake Duck (Gremlin)
- ☐ Gloves (TSA)
- ☐ Going My Way Sign (Gremlin)
- ☐ Gun (FA)
- ☐ Help Me Sign (Gremlin)
- ☐ Jabbery June Doll (Little Girl)
- ☐ Metal Detector (TSA)
- ☐ Model Airplane (Serling)
- ☐ Model TIE Fighter (Serling)
- ☐ Popcorn Bag (Gremlin)
- ☐ Portrait of nervous man (Serling)
- ☐ Power Drill (Gremlin)
- ☐ Purse with Pills (Wilma)
- ☐ Syringe (FA)
- ☐ Top Hat/Cane (Gremlin)
- ☐ Water bottles (FA)
- ☐ Wires (Gremlin)

WILL THE REAL VISITOR PLEASE STAND UP?

- ☐ Cigarette (Yvette)
- ☐ Cups (All)
- ☐ Diner Hat (Bob)
- ☐ Fake Snow (Stagehand)
- ☐ Gun (Cop)
- ☐ Jukebox (Set Piece)
- ☐ Radio (Cop)
- ☐ Rag (Bob)
- ☐ Stopwatch (Cop)
- ☐ Third Eye (Bob)

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THE FOUR OF US ARE IN AGONIZING PAIN

- ☐ Bag of Money (Martha / Andy / Archie)
- ☐ Bounty Bin (Set Piece)
- ☐ Cage (for head) (Howling Man)
- ☐ Dog (Kids)
- ☐ Face – Andy (Andy)
- ☐ Face – Archie (Jimmy / Andy)
- ☐ Face – Jimmy (Archie / Andy)
- ☐ Face – Martha (Archie / Andy)
- ☐ Glasses (Multiple)
- ☐ Glasses (Burgess)
- ☐ Gun (Burgess)
- ☐ Lucky Rabbits Feet (Kids)
- ☐ Newspaper Clippings (Archie)
- ☐ Newstand (Set Piece)
- ☐ Suitcase (Archie)

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COSTUMES

There are only a few specifics for costumes:

SERLING – a suit

NANCY and NIT – matching outfits

SAILOR and SIT – matching outfits

JABBERY JUNE – a dress that resembles the same dress worn by the doll

BOB – a diner hat that covers their forehead

And some suggestions:

- The era of the original series is the 50s and 60s, and so this script has been designed to be the same.
- For the dual characters in *Will the Real Visitor Please Stand Up?*, both characters should have the same outfit with only one piece to tell them apart. For example: Walter might have a hat but when the performer switches over to play Lloyd, they leave the hat where Walter sits.
- In *The Four of Us are in Agonizing Pain*, the four characters that are really the different faces of the con man (Archie, Jimmy, Martha, and Andy) should have a simple costume that looks similar (black jacket, black pants, white shirt) and one noticeable item to let the audience know they are the same character (each of them can wear the same tie or the same hat, for example).
- Hats and wigs are a great way to distinguish a new character very quickly and establish who or what they are (pilot's hat, cop's hat and badge, etc.)

AUTHOR'S NOTE

As you read through these four *Twilight Zone* episodes, you may find yourself thinking, “a car on stage? An airplane? A character that can morph their face to look like anyone else? What gives!?” This show was designed to be done on a shoestring budget. Not even the whole shoestring, just the aglet. For the original production of this script, the car was a cardboard cutout the actors could sit behind plus a small version of the same cutout that Nancy could hold and walk around the stage to represent “driving in circles”; the airplane was poster board strapped to a costume rack; for a character with morphing faces, actor A would hold up a printout of actor B and then actor B would take actor A’s place on stage and voila! It’s morphin’ time! Of course, should you have a bottomless budget and feel the need to bring a full-size car onto the stage or use an airplane simulator, go for it! This show can be done on pretty much any budget with the only limits being that of the imagination.

The original production used sound effects and minimal lighting to establish different locations and atmospheres. Set pieces were small (tables and chairs, a bar, a few flats to hide the backstage area). Mostly, it depended on the goofiness of the script and the willingness of the actors to go all-in on that goofiness and bring the wacky characters to life.

While the four stories in this stage play are direct parodies of specific *Twilight Zone* episodes, there are a lot of references to other well-known and not-so-well-known episodes of the original series. Jabbery June is a parody of Talky Tina from “Living Doll”; the stopwatch used in *Will the Real Visitor Please Stand Up?* is a reference to the episode “A Kind of Stopwatch”; the Howling Man is a character from an episode titled “The Howling Man.” Other episodes referenced: *Nick of Time*, *The Whole Truth*, *Little Girl Lost*, *Uncle Simon*, *A Stop at Willoughby*, *To Serve Man*, *The After Hours*, and many more. Feel free to include more episode references through costumes, sets, sounds effects, etc.

Now, sit back, relax, and laugh yourself silly as you step inside the...The *Twilight Zone*.

COMMERCIAL BREAKS

You'll notice "Commercial Breaks" around the midway point of each episode. For the original production, a screen was used and during each commercial break one original ad from the 1950s/1960s was shown. Sometimes these commercials were edited to be more comedic, others were comedic enough just due to times-a changing. You may also choose to include additional Commercial Breaks between episodes to cover for set changes. However, commercials are not required for the production and if not used, a simple lights down/lights up will do just fine.

SOURCE MATERIAL

"The Hitchhiker"

Parody of the teleplay "The Hitch-Hiker" by Rod Serling based on the radio play "The Hitch-Hiker" by Lucille Fletcher

"Nightmare at 6,096 Meters"

Parody of the teleplay "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet" by Richard Matheson, based on his short story.

"Will the Real Visitor Please Stand Up?"

Parody of the teleplay "Will the Real Martian Please Stand Up?" written by Rod Serling

"The Four of Us Are in Agonizing Pain"

Parody of the teleplay "The Four of Us Are Dying" by Rod Serling, based on the short story "All of Us Are Dying" by George Clayton Johnson.

PROLOGUE

AT START: *In the darkness, “The Outer Limits Theme Song” plays. It’s interrupted by a record scratch and then in comes the iconic “Twilight Zone Theme”. Spotlight up on SERLING.*

SERLING: You’re traveling to another dimension, a dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind. However, a cell phone is not one of those sounds, so please put them on silent or turn them off. You’re about to take a journey into a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination... and a terrifyingly small budget. There’s the door up ahead. You unlock this door with the key of curiosity. It gets stuck sometimes, so you may have to jiggle the handle a little. If that doesn’t work, call the locksmith. But here the locksmith is an undead robot alien with keys for fingers that ironically don’t fit any locks. And once you’ve got that door open, you’ll cross over into... The Twilight Zone.

THE HITCHHIKER

SCENE 1: Country Road

AT START: *NANCY ADAMS stands by her car. Spotlight up on SERLING.*

SERLING: Her name is Nancy Adams. She’s 32—

NANCY clears her throat.

SERLING: 29—

NANCY clears her throat again.

SERLING: 24—

NANCY clears her throat yet again.

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SERLING: Her name is Nancy Adams, a woman in her 20s. *(He waits for a throat clearing. It doesn't happen)* Her occupation? Buyer at a New York department store, which is really just a fancy way of saying she works returns at Macy's. At present, she is driving cross country to Los Angeles from Manhattan to try her hand at the silver screen. Chances are, though, she'll end up doing community theatre for little to no pay and the promise of "backend profits" that never come.

Spotlight out. MECHANIC enters.

MECHANIC: How fast were you going?

NANCY: Oh, not that fast. Ninety or ninety-five.

MECHANIC: Whoa doggy, you are one lucky lady. I don't want to sound foreshadowin' or nothing, but with speeds like that you're lucky to be callin' a mechanic and not a hearse.

NANCY: What an odd thing to say.

MECHANIC: I fixed it up enough for you to follow me into town.

NANCY: Thank you ever so much.

Off to the side a spotlight comes up on THE HITCHHIKER. He sticks out his thumb and gives a foreboding smile as NANCY and MECHANIC exit. Lights out. Spotlight up on SERLING.

SERLING: Minor incident in rural Pennsylvania, an accident you walk away from some might say. But from this moment on, Nancy Adam's companion on a trip to California will be terror and its friend uncomfortableness; the road trip salty snack: fear with a side of corn nuts; the destination: *(Wait for it.)* Quite unknown.

Lights out.

SCENE 2: Mechanic's Shop

NANCY stands by her car with the MECHANIC.

MECHANIC: Alright, Miss, your total comes to twenty-three seventy.

NANCY scoffs at the price.

MECHANIC: Hey, it's cheaper than a funeral.

NANCY: *(Handing him money.)* What an odd thing to say.

MECHANIC walks away. NANCY takes out a pocket mirror and glances at it. She immediately turns around to find THE HITCHHIKER standing far behind her. MECHANIC returns.

MECHANIC: And here's a dollar thirty for your change.

NANCY: Thank you kindly. Say, do you see that hitchhiker over there?

MECHANIC looks, but all that is there is a bush... being held by THE HITCHHIKER.

MECHANIC: No, ma'am. There ain't no hitchhiker. Just one of them city bushes.

NANCY: How odd. Well, thank you. Thank you very much, indeed.

MECHANIC: You be careful on the road now.

NANCY: Oh, I shall, I very much shall.

Lights down.

SCENE 3: Nancy's Car

NANCY drives. NANCY'S INNER THOUGHTS (NIT) appears in the back seat. She is dressed identically to NANCY [NOTE: NIT can also be done as a pre-recorded voice over from the actress playing NANCY.]

NIT: I drove. And everywhere I went I would see him, the hitchhiker. I made it through Virginia.

PERSON appears with a sign that says “Now Leaving Virginia: Future Birthplace of Chris Pratt”.

NIT: I was struck by a feeling, a frightened feeling of fright. A kind of disquiet; a looming sense of dread and fright and disquiet all rolled into a ball of not-good feelings, like the feeling you get while watching a ventriloquist—you know the dummy isn't really talking, but the man's mouth isn't moving and it's truly terrifying. Why do you hear sound when the man's mouth doesn't move? It was that feeling, a vague feeling. Vague like the hitchhiker himself in his brown jacket, flimsy hat, and raggedy pants—his face the definition of uncertainty and anxiety and... vague-ety.

THE HITCHHIKER appears.

NIT: There he is again. He's following me, yet always seems to be leading like a bad tango partner.

Lights down.

SCENE 4: A Diner

NANCY stands with BOB, a kindly diner owner.

BOB: Driving cross country, I see.

NANCY: Oh, yes, trying at least. Trying to get to Los Angeles.

BOB: City of Angels. You'll get there. You'll be amongst the angels soon enough.

NANCY: What an odd thing to say.

BOB: Do you know what you want yet?

NANCY: Oh, I'm not hungry. Say, do you get many hitchhikers around here?

BOB: Hitchhikers? You kidding me? Lady, we're in the middle of nowhere. You see a hitchhiker, I recommend running him down because chances are he's a psycho murderer.

NANCY: Do you mean a man who murders psychos?

BOB: You know I didn't.

NANCY: Thank you ever so much for your time.

BOB: Thank you for not buying anything.

NANCY turns to leave. She hesitates.

NANCY: Sir?

BOB: Yeah?

NANCY: Oh, nothing.

NANCY starts to leave. She hesitates.

NANCY: Sir?

BOB: What, what is it?

NANCY: Never mind.

She does it again.

NANCY: Sir!?

BOB: For Pete's sake, lady, I got a diner to run. And if you hadn't noticed, I got a busload of people here with problems of their own. Apparently, there's one more of them now than there was on the bus and accusations of being an alien are flying around and I don't even know what.

NANCY: Oh, nothing.

She leaves.

BOB: *(To customers.)* Now, look, I don't care if one you is an alien or ain't, but you all better order some food.

WALDO approaches.

WALDO: I'll take one dish of edible objects for humans and a glass of Thyronian Melting Drink.

BOB: Dr. Pepper and flapjacks. Got it.

Lights out.

SCENE 5: Nancy's Car

NANCY sits in the driver's seat. THE HITCHHIKER slowly appears through the passenger side window. He sticks his thumb out.

HITCHHIKER: Going my way?

NANCY tries to ignore him.

HITCHHIKER: I said, going my way?

NANCY: No.

HITCHHIKER: Heading west?

NANCY: No, I'm not heading west, I'm sorry. I'm not heading west at all! No westerly direction do I head!

NANCY starts the car and speeds away.

HITCHHIKER: Huh. Should have told her that is West.

NANCY continues driving, The HITCHHIKER appears with a sign reading "GOING". She drives around the stage and passes him again. He holds a sign that reads "MY". She drives around the stage only to pass him again, this time with a sign that says "GOING". NANCY is confused and stops. He notices and quickly replaces it with the sign that says "WAY". NANCY freaks out and speeds off. PERSON appears with a "RAILROAD XING" sign. NANCY stops just before the train tracks. A warning bell rings out that a train is approaching. HITCHHIKER appears on the other side of the tracks. He waves for NANCY to proceed. She starts moving but gets stuck on the tracks. She desperately tries to start her car as the train gets closer, but to no avail. Just at the last minute, she puts her car in reverse and speeds

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off the tracks. The train whizzes by, which is really all the other actors making train noises, using a wooden train whistle, etc.

PERSON: Next stop: Willoughby!

The train is gone and so is HITCHHIKER. NIT appears in the back seat.

NIT: Now the fear isn't vague. The terror isn't formless. It has a form. He was beckoning me to cross those tracks. He wanted that train to hit me. He was trying to lead me to my death like a homicidal seeing eye dog. Exactly how my blind brother Terry died. I don't know what to do. I don't know if I should go back to New York or forge on ahead to California. I don't know if I should call the police or if they would even believe me. I don't know if I should have kids and risk ruining my figure or adopt a kid and risk it growing up ugly. I don't know. I am so overwhelmed with emotion that if this were a musical, I would surely sing about it.

NANCY: *(Singing.)* I DON'T KNOW WHAT DO TO. I—

Lights out quickly.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

SCENE 6: Nancy's Car / Leonard's Gas Station

NANCY continues driving as she finishes her song.

NANCY and NIT: *(Singing.)* SO SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT TO DO,
FOR I JUST DON'T KNOW... WHAT TO DO.

The sound of applause is heard.

NIT: Thank you, thank you.

NANCY: I didn't even realize I could harmonize with my own thoughts.

ANNOUNCER: *(Offstage or pre-recorded.)* And the Tony award for lead actress in a musical goes to... Nancy Adams!

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NIT: Oh, my goodness. Thank you. Thank you so much. I'd like to thank my parents, and all my friends and family for believing in me. I'd also like to thank—

HITCHHIKER appears again. He starts to run alongside the car.

NIT and NANCY: The hitchhiker!

HITCHHIKER: You are clearly heading west and going my way.

NANCY: No! No, I'm heading east, and I've been lost for days! Days!

HITCHHIKER can't keep up. Day turns to night and NANCY'S car runs out of gas.

NANCY: No, it can't be. It just can't!

NIT: I guess I shouldn't be surprised. I hadn't filled up since New York and through some miracle, I managed to drive for three days without a refill.

NANCY: But why now?

NIT: Because it's the most inconvenient time: middle of nowhere, late at night, creepy Hitchhiker following you. You're on your own! See ya!

NIT runs away. NANCY wanders around the stage, frightened by the sounds: crickets, cows, a horse, a lion's roar, elephant, creepy children singing a lullaby, etc. Finally, she notices a sign being held by PERSON that reads "Leonard's Gas – ten feet that way". Just past the sign is a window. NANCY hurries over and knocks on a window.

NANCY: Hello! Hello, is anybody there? I need your help oh so desperately!

The window opens. LEONARD sticks his head out.

LEONARD: What? What is it? Lil' Timmy end up in the barn with his cousin again?

NANCY: I ran out of gas, and I desperately need to get some more.

LEONARD: Oh. Come back in the morning and we'll get you taken care of.

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NANCY: I'm just down the road, just down there, about ten feet.
Please.

LEONARD: Geez lady, it must be near midnight.

NANCY: It's only seven p.m.

LEONARD: Well, shoot, station closes at six fifty-nine. Come back in the morning.

NANCY: Please, sir, there's a man. He's been following me.

LEONARD: What kind of man? A banker?

NANCY: No, just a man, sir. He's dressed in awful clothing, and he keeps sticking his thumb out at me.

LEONARD: Sounds like a hitchhiker to me. Just give him a ride. That's all he wants.

NANCY: But he frightens me so.

LEONARD: Sounds like you're judging a book by its cover, lady.

NANCY: You haven't seen him. He is frightfully awful.

LEONARD: Look, lady, there are only two things in this world that scare me: Bankers and giraffes, and they both scare me for the same reason. *(Beat.)* Now get! And come back in the morning.

LEONARD exits.

NANCY: *(Pleading.)* Please, don't leave me out here alone. Please!
Please, sir! *(Singing.)* PLEASE—

Suddenly, SAILOR enters and puts his hand on NANCY's shoulder, startling her.

SAILOR: Hey lady, what are you doing out here so late? It must be nearly midnight.

NANCY: It's just after 7. I ran out of gas. Just down the road.

SAILOR: *(Pointing at the car.)* Oh, you mean right there?

NANCY: Yes. I was trying to get some gas, but this guy won't help me.

SAILOR: Well, heck, I can help you get gas. Think I could catch a ride with you?

NANCY: If you can get the gas, I'll take you anywhere you want to go.

SAILOR: Well, jumpin' jelly beans, let's get us some gas!

Lights down.

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SCENE 7: Nancy's Car

Lights up on NANCY driving with SAILOR in the passenger seat.

NANCY: That was amazing. I've never seen anybody get gas from another car using just a rubber hose and his mouth.

SAILOR: It's an old sailor trick we learn on the ship. Frequently.

NANCY: Very impressive.

SAILOR: The other sailors think so too. You know, I keep expecting to wake up from a dream or something.

NANCY: What do you mean?

SAILOR: I'm out in the middle of nowhere and I find a ride with a gal who looks like a movie star.

NANCY: Actually, that's what I'm going to be. I'm heading to Los Angeles to become a star. You hitchhike much?

SAILOR: Back and forth from leave, mostly. Mostly with trucks. Most cars won't pick up hitchhikers. Especially in the dead of night—

NANCY: Again, just after 7.

SAILOR: —the middle of nowhere, where nobody can hear them scream.

NANCY: I suppose most people think hitchhikers are just psycho murderers.

SAILOR: Somebody who murders psychos?

NANCY: Something like that.

SAILOR: I suppose some hitchhikers are, preying on the naïve and helpful. Preying like a wolf hunting a helpless woodland creature; a squirrel maybe, or a gopher. A gopher with soft brown inviting eyes, dark hair like a wild horse of the Serengeti, and movie star good looks. *(He takes a long, awkward sniff of her hair and shudders. Then, suddenly:)* Hey, let's do a sing along!

NANCY: Oh, no, really, that's okay—

SAILOR: *(Singing.)* IT WAS A ONE EYED, ONE HORNED, FLYING PURPLE PEOPLE EATER. SURE LOOKS GOOD TO ME.

NIT appears in the back seat. SAILOR continues singing under the following line.

NIT: The talk about hitchhiker's got me thinking. Perhaps a man could get a ride in a fast car and then another and then another so that he was always one step ahead.

SAILOR reacts as if he can hear her voice over.

NIT: Perhaps that is possible. And the idea of him following me is all just in my head. I'm imagining things. Too long on the road. Too long away from home and people I love.

SAILOR'S VOICE OVER pops up in the back seat. They are dressed identically to SAILOR. [NOTE: SIT can also be done as a pre-recorded voice over from the actor playing SAILOR.]

SAILOR'S VOICE OVER (SIT): *(Singing.)* WELL, HE CAME DOWN TO EARTH AND HE LAID IN THE TREE. I SAID—

NIT: What are you doing?

SIT: You interrupted my song with voice over, so I'm just cutting in.

NIT: You can hear this?

SIT: Yeah, it isn't very subtle. I mean, it's voice over.

NIT: Well, if you want voice over, get your own episode! Until then, leave it to me.

SIT: I don't think so, lady.

NIT: I said, leave it to me!

NIT slaps SIT.

SIT: Ow!

THE HITCHHIKER appears. NANCY swerves the car to try to hit him, but the SAILOR quickly takes the wheel and swerves back onto the road. NANCY stops the car.

SAILOR: Jesus, lady, what are you doing?

NANCY: Did you see him?

SAILOR: See who?

NANCY: The hitchhiker. The terrible looking man on the side of the road.

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SAILOR looks over and all that's there is a bush... being held by THE HITCHHIKER.

SAILOR: That's just one of those creeping desert bushes.

HITCHHIKER creeps away while holding the bush in front of face.

NANCY: But you must have seen him, you just must have.

SAILOR: What were you trying to do?

NANCY: I was trying to hit him.

SAILOR: And people are worried that hitchhikers are the crazy ones.

NANCY: He's everywhere I go. It's frightening and strange, just like that old sci-fi TV series.

SAILOR: The Outer Limits?

NANCY: That's the one.

SAILOR scoots towards the door.

NANCY: Where are you going?

SAILOR: Nowhere in particular. But anywhere that puts distance between me and this death machine. And by death machine, I mean you, lady.

NANCY: (*Stern, almost frighteningly so.*) Stop! You can't go! You can't get out of this car or—or—

SAILOR: Or what?

NANCY: I'll run you down.

SAILOR: I believe that. That's why I'm heading straight into the bushes until you drive away.

NANCY: (*Seductively.*) Wait. I like you. I do. That's why I picked you up, because I like you.

SAILOR: Thanks, but no thanks. I prefer my gals to be just a little less homicidal.

NANCY: I'm not homicidal. I just want to kill that hitchhiker.

SAILOR gets out of the car. He hesitates and turns back towards NANCY. She looks hopeful.

SAILOR: Your voice over sucks.

SAILOR grabs a bush and places it in front of his face. He creeps away.

NANCY: *(Cries out.)* No! Don't go!

SIT: Uh, I'm with him, so I should probably... [cut this line if using pre-recorded voice over.]

SIT quickly leaves the car. NANCY drives off.

NIT: I had only been in Arizona for an hour and already I couldn't figure out why anyone would choose to live in Arizona.

PERSON who holds a sign reading "Welcome to Arizona". She flips it around and it reads "At least it's not Utah" NANCY steps out of her car and runs towards a payphone.

NIT: I needed to call home, speak to a friendly voice. My mother's voice.

NANCY picks up the phone.

NANCY: Operator, I would like to call home to New York. The name is Nancy Adams. The number is Stevens 01-22-60.

Lights up on MRS. KIDDLER with a phone.

MRS. KIDDLER: Hello?

NANCY: Hello, Mother.

MRS. KIDDLER: This is Mrs. Adams residence. Whom do you wish to speak to please?

NANCY: Who's this?

MRS. KIDDLER: This is Mrs. Kiddler.

NANCY: I don't know any Mrs. Kiddler. Where's my mother? Where's Mrs. Adams?

MRS. KIDDLER: She's still in the hospital after her nervous breakdown.

NANCY: Nervous breakdown?

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MRS. KIDDLER: Oh, it happened so suddenly after the death of her daughter.

NANCY: Death of her daughter?

MRS. KIDDLER: It's all been so sudden. Nancy was killed just three days ago in an automobile accident in Pennsylvania. A tire blew out and her car turned over.

NANCY: Car turned over?

MRS. KIDDLER: Are you going to repeat everything I say?

NANCY: Everything you—oh, sorry. Go on.

MRS. KIDDLER: You see, Nancy's body was thrown through the windshield, but didn't make it out before the vehicle overturned, crushing her legs.

NANCY: What?

MRS. KIDDLER: But that didn't kill her. She took a piece of glass from the broken window and started to cut through her thighs to free herself from the overturned car.

NANCY: That's awful.

MRS. KIDDLER: Oh yes, most awful. But not as awful as it must have been using her arms to pull her legless body up the hill, blood and flesh trailing behind her. Luckily, she managed to get to the road.

NANCY: I don't—

MRS. KIDDLER: Unluckily, that truck never saw her and squashed her half body like a bug, sending her insides flying out from the stumps where her legs used to be like two water balloons bursting with blood and bodily innards. It was all too much for her mother to bear. And when they showed her police sketches of the incident, it sent her right over the edge. (*Beat.*) Would you like to hear about my ailments?

NANCY hangs up the phone.

MRS. KIDDLER: Hello? Hello? Rude.

Lights down on MRS. KIDDLER. NANCY, in a state of combined shock and calm acceptance, slowly makes her way back to the car.

NIT: Very odd. The fear has left me. In fact, all feelings have left me. I'm completely numb. And not that kind of numb you get when you go skinning dipping in a frozen lake to prove how hip you are and end up with an unfortunate case of hypothermia, but rather numb on the inside. I suppose hypothermia might feel numb on the inside as well. But I felt nothing. I imagine this is what the citizens of Arizona must feel like. And somewhere out there I know he's waiting for me. Somewhere I'll find out who he is. But just now, looking out at the vast emptiness of an Arizona night, I think I know.

NANCY: He's death!

NIT: Thanks for killing the mood.

NANCY gets back into her car as NIT storms off. Sitting in the passenger seat is THE HITCHHIKER.

HITCHHIKER: I believe you're going my way.

NANCY drives off.

HITCHHIKER: West is the other way, lady. *(She ignores him.)* Lady? *(She ignores him.)* Lady! *(Beat.)* Eh, forget it. We'll get there eventually.

SERLING pops up in the backseat.

SERLING: Nancy Adams, 20-something. She was driving to California, to Los Angeles to become a star. She didn't make it. Rather, she's making movies with Elizabeth Short on a soundstage located in the dead center of a studio within... The Twilight Zone.

Thunder crashes. Lights down.

NIGHTMARE AT 6,096 METERS**SCENE 1: Airport**

AT START: *WILMA and BILL enter.*

WILMA: Oh, honey, don't be nervous.

BILL: I'm fine, dear, I'm fine.

WILMA: I know it's been a rough six months.

BILL: Yes, well, when one has had a nervous breakdown, one must deal with the consequences of a sanitarium.

TSA: Shoes off! Belts off! Bras off, ladies! Mansiers off, gentlemen! Necklaces, bracelets, anklets, earrings, toe rings, tongue rings, nipple rings, and Prince Alberts all come off!

BILL: Airport security sure has changed since my last flight six months ago; you know, the flight where I had my nervous breakdown.

TSA uses their metal detector rod to check BILL and WILMA. It goes off with BILL.

WILMA: The security is because of your last flight, dear.

TSA: *(Putting on a latex glove.)* Oh, we're definitely gonna have to check you, sir.

Lights down.

SCENE 2: Airplane

BILL and WILMA are finding their seats. They stop at an Emergency Exit.

WILMA: How's this, darling?

BILL: Fine, just fine.

WILMA sits by the window, BILL on the aisle.

WILMA: Do you want me to take the aisle?

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BILL: No, that's alright. I'll be fine.

WILMA: Are you sure now?

BILL: Yes, dear.

WILMA: Because I'm happy to take the aisle if you aren't comfortable sitting there.

BILL: I'll be alright.

WILMA: If you're unsure please don't hesitate to say something. I'm willing to—

BILL: It's fine! Do you want the aisle?

WILMA: Well, if you're going to offer.

BILL stands, allowing WILMA to slide over to the aisle seat. This forces BILL to awkwardly climb over her to get to the window seat.

WILMA: Breath, my little madman. You'll be fine.

BILL: An emergency exit. The same type of exit I sat next to when I had my nervous breakdown.

WILMA: Do you want to move?

BILL: No, what difference does it make. It's the plane, not the seat. I'm not acting much like a cured man, am I?

WILMA: Of course, you're cured. If not, then Dr. Kiddler wouldn't have released you to fly home. He wouldn't have let you get back on a plane after having a nervous breakdown six months ago to the day; a nervous breakdown that caused you to freak out and open the emergency exit door mid-flight leading to the deaths of those three nuns, six rosy-cheeked orphans being flown to their forever homes, four Special Olympic bronze medal winners determined this year they were getting the gold, and that litter of eight adorable puppies. Dr. Kiddler wouldn't let you fly if you weren't fine.

BILL: I suppose you're right. Six months of observation is more than enough to solve a lifetime's worth of issues.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT [FA] approaches.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: If you two are quite done with exposition could you please buckle your seat belts and prepare for takeoff.

WILMA: Yes, of course.

Lights down. Spotlight up on SERLING.

SERLING: Portrait of a nervous man.

SERLING holds up a portrait of BILL looking nervous.

SERLING: You may not know this, but Mr. William Williams is a man recently recovered from a nervous breakdown. An event that took place on a similar plane, on a night similar to this, with a woman similar to the one he's with tonight; so similar, in fact, it's the same woman. But now, Mr. Williams is back in the air and is about to be flown home. But unbeknownst to him, he has an unscheduled connection found hiding within the fatty folds of... The Twy—

TSA enters.

TSA: Sir, you did not get cleared by security. Please put out your arms.

TSA uses the rod. It beeps around SERLING'S waist.

SERLING: Excuse me, I'm in the middle of a narration.

TSA: Well, you can narrate your butt on over to the holding room. *(Putting on a latex glove.)* We're gonna have to do a very thorough search.

TSA starts to lead SERLING off stage.

SERLING: In the Twilight Zone?

TSA: Whatever you want to call it. I call mine my Night Gallery.

They exit. Lights down. Sounds of an airplane flying through a stormy night are accompanied by SERLING running across the stage carrying a small plane.

SCENE 3: Airplane

Lights up on plane. WILMA is asleep next to BILL. BILL is anxiously staring out the window. He sees something. Lights up on the wing of the plane. A GREMLIN is near the tip of the wing. It makes its way closer to the engine. BILL begins to panic.

BILL: Flight attendant! Flight attendant!

WILMA wakes up. Lights down on wing.

WILMA: Bill, what's going on?

FA approaches.

FA: Yes, Mr. Williams?

BILL: There's a thing out there! On the wing!

FA: A what?

BILL: A thing on the wing of the plane!

FA: A thing?

BILL: On the wing!

WILMA: Of the plane?

BILL: A thing!

FA: On wing?

BILL: Of plane!

WILMA: A thing?

BILL: Wing!

FA: Plane?

WILMA: A—

BILL: thing!

FA: On the—

BILL: Wing!

WILMA and FA: Of the—

BILL: Plane!

ALL THREE: A thing on the wing of the plane!

FA: Surely, you can't be serious.

BILL: I am serious. *(Looks to audience knowingly.)* And don't call me Shirley.

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They all look out the window, but the GREMLIN is gone.

BILL: He was—I mean, there was—I mean... it must have been—

WILMA: Love, it's over now.

FA: Can I get you anything? A drink? Roofie, perhaps?

BILL: A water, please.

FA starts to exit.

WILMA: Are you alright?

FA returns.

FA: Sparkling or still?

BILL: Oh, uh, still, please.

FA starts to exit.

WILMA: Dear, are you alright?

FA returns.

FA: Hot or cold?

BILL: ...room temperature?

FA starts to exit.

BILL: There was something—

FA returns.

FA: Wet or dry?

BILL: Wet!

FA: Just asking.

FA exits.

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BILL: There was something out there. On the wing.

WILMA: Something on the wing?

BILL: A thing—

WILMA: On the wing?

BILL: I'm not doing this schtick again.

WILMA: Oh, honey, but you love schtick. Darling, it's probably just a duck or something. And when has a duck ever harmed a plane.

They laugh.

BILL: A duck, yes, right.

WILMA: Right? A harmless little duck.

BILL: A harmless little duck.

WILMA: Quack, quack, quack, quack!

She laughs.

WILMA: Oh, darling, are you going to be okay?

BILL: Yes. Yes, just tired is all. Tired and thirsty. Tired and thirsty and a little horny is all.

WILMA: Oh, well...

BILL: It has been three months since I've had any intimate encounters.

WILMA: Well, we can't do anything right—wait, you were in the sanitarium for six months.

FA returns with a bottle of water.

FA: Here you go, Mr. Williams. One scolding hot sparkling dry water. Anything else? A blanket?

WILMA: Scotch.

FA: Scotch?

BILL: We're fine.

FA walks away.

BILL: I thought we were done with the scotch, honey.

WILMA: I thought we were done with being crazy, dear.

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They stare at each other.

WILMA: I'm going to see about that scotch.

WILMA exits. LITTLE GIRL pops her head up from behind the seats. She holds up her doll, JABBERY JUNE.

LITTLE GIRL: Hey Mister!

BILL: Oh, hello.

LITTLE GIRL: I heard you from my seat. Scared of flying?

BILL: Something like that.

LITTLE GIRL: Maybe my dolly can help. This is Jabbery June—she's the greatest, most smartest, most coolest doll in the whole wide world! She moves, she talks, she burbs, and she has the new finger-throat action where you put her finger down her throat and she throws up. Watch this!

LITTLE GIRL activates the talk feature on the doll.

JABBERY JUNE VOICE: My name is Jabbery June and I love you very much.

LITTLE GIRL: She helps me when I'm scared. She even helped me with my scary daddy.

BILL: No thanks.

BILL grabs the doll and tosses it off stage.

LITTLE GIRL: You dropped her, silly!

LITTLE GIRL goes to grab the doll, only now JABBERY JUNE is played by an actor. LITTLE GIRL sits JABBERY JUNE next to BILL.

LITTLE GIRL: I'll put Jabbery June here next to you to keep you safe while I find some snacks. Keep this scaredy cat safe, okay June?

BILL: I don't need your doll to—

JABBERY JUNE VOICE: My name is Jabbery June and I just ate a whole apple by myself! Where's the toilet?

LITTLE GIRL: Ha, ha, ha, you're so funny Jabbery June!

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LITTLE GIRL skips away.

BILL: That is one ugly doll.

JABBERY JUNE slowly turns her head towards BILL.

JABBERY JUNE VOICE: My name is Jabberly June and I don't like you.

BILL: Excuse me?

JABBERY JUNE VOICE: You're a jackass.

BILL: That's quite a mouth you got on you.

JABBERY JUNE VOICE: That's quite a receding hairline you've got on you.

BILL: You little—

JABBERY JUNE VOICE: My name is Jabberly June—

JABBERY JUNE: —and you're going to die!

BILL: Uh, little girl!

WILMA returns.

WILMA: Well, the back of the plane doesn't have any Scotch. (*Notices JUNE.*) Bill, what is this?

BILL: That doll said I was going to die and made fun of my hairline.

JABBERY JUNE VOICE: My name is Jabberly June and you're my best friend!

WILMA: Bill, are you sure you're okay?

BILL: Little girl!

LITTLE GIRL returns with snacks.

LITTLE GIRL: The flight attendant's going to bring us some snacks!

BILL: Get this thing away from me!

WILMA: The doll or the little girl?

BILL: Both!

LITTLE GIRL: Jeesh! Fine. Let's go Jabberly June. Let's go see if you can cheer up that woman with all the bandages on her face in the back row, remind her that beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder.

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LITTLE GIRL grabs JABBERY JUNE and carries her away. JABBERY JUNE makes the “I’m watching you” gesture to BILL as she is carried away.

WILMA: I think you need some pills to calm down.

WILMA sits down and starts taking pills out of her bag.

WILMA: Hemovel... Valtrex... Imodium... ah, here they are; Crazinex.

She hands the pills to BILL as the lights fade down. SERLING appears with the small plane and makes his way across the stage. He holds up a Star Wars TIE Fighter that chases the plane.

SERLING: Red five! Red five! Heavy fire, boss! Twenty degrees!

SERLING exits. Lights up on plane. WILMA is sleeping. BILL is tossing and turning, looking at the curtain and then back at WILMA.

BILL: Weird things on the wing... creepy dolls... anachronistic Star Wars references...

He pours himself a glass of water. After some overly dramatic contemplating, BILL pulls back the curtain. The GREMLIN'S face is up against the window peering in at BILL. A surprised BILL throws his cup of water into WILMA'S face, waking her up.

WILMA: My goodness!

BILL: Do you see it? Do you see it!?

The GREMLIN is gone.

WILMA: See what?

BILL: ...nothing. Just a joke. Ha ha ha ha ha.

WILMA: Well, next time you want to tell a joke try a different method of waking me up.

She closes the curtain and goes back to sleep.

BILL: It's not there. It's not there. It's not there.

With a shaky hand, BILL pours himself another glass of water. He slowly reaches for the curtain, grabs the fabric and quickly pulls it back. There's nothing there. A sigh of relief. He's about to take a sip of water when suddenly the GREMLIN appears in the window. BILL throws the water at WILMA, waking her up.

WILMA: Seriously!?

He presses the call button. FA approaches as the GREMLIN disappears from sight.

FA: Yes, Mr. Williams?

BILL looks out the window. Nothing there. He goes silent.

FA: Can I help you, Mr. Williams?

BILL: Are we going into a storm?

FA: Just a small one. It's nothing to be nervous about, but you may experience some slight turbulence.

Lights out on plane. A flash of lightening as SERLING runs across stage with the small model plane, flipping it around and around. Lights up on plane and GREMLIN. BILL takes a sip from his bottle of water as he watches. The GREMLIN holds a sign reading "Going My Way" and sticks its thumb out like a hitchhiker. GREMLIN discovers a loose panel on the wing. It lifts it up to reveal a series of important looking wires. With a grin, the GREMLIN looks at BILL and begins to yank the wires off the plane. BILL turns his head and spits the water into WILMA'S face. She immediately wakes up.

WILMA: Oh, come on!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

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Lights fade up on plane and wing. We've rewound a few seconds as BILL pours himself another water and takes a sip. The GREMLIN yanks a wire out, causing BILL to spit his water out into WILMA'S face. She instantly wakes up.

WILMA: Oh, come on!

Lights down on GREMLIN. BILL looks out the window.

WILMA: What are you looking at? Is it the storm? Does it bother you?
What are you, five years old?

BILL: What?

WILMA: Nothing. Oh, honey, look at you; you're sweating more than a fat kid at an all you can eat pancake social.

BILL: It wasn't because I was fat, it was because it was a hundred degrees out and there were no fans.

WILMA: Sure, dear.

BILL: Anyway, remember when I told you earlier there was something out on the wing?

WILMA: Yes, honey, and we concluded that it was a duck.

BILL: It's no duck, Wilma.

WILMA: Then it must be a goose, my little sweat stain.

BILL: It's no goose.

WILMA: An albatross, perhaps, or a meandering chicken.

BILL: Darn it, Wilma, whatever's on the wing isn't avian, but it certainly is foul. It's a man or—or—or rather not a man, but a—a... I don't know. A gremlin. Yes! A gremlin on the wing of the plane and he's trying to destroy it. *(He looks towards her.)* Honey, don't look at me that way.

She's giving him a "look". She tries to adjust her face with disastrous results.

BILL: Um, perhaps the first way was better. No, more like... well, that's good, but how about you lose the smug... that's about right. Perhaps if we move the right eyebrow and adjust the lip—

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BILL starts to re-arrange her face. She slaps him away.

WILMA: Oh, Bill, what's the use. I can't make a face like I believe you. You're acting crazier than that time you got obsessed by that devil-headed fortune teller at that diner.

BILL: Yes, yes, I remember. We got out of there just in the Nick of Time. *(Beat.)* But this time is different. I am not imagining this. He's out there.

WILMA tries to look out the window.

BILL: Not right now! He jumps away whenever somebody might see him, except me. He's like my own hellish Michigan J. Frog.

BILL looks out the window. GREMLIN is there with top hat and cane and does the Michigan J. Frog dance.

BILL: He's driving me crazy! But I'm not crazy. Do I look insane?

WILMA: Oh boy. Uh, of course not. You just need some shut eye.

BILL: And you need some shut mouth!

WILMA: Bill!

BILL: I'm sorry, Wilma. But this thing... that thing out there is fiddling with one of the engines and I need you to tell the pilot.

WILMA: I can't just walk up to the pilot and say, "hey pilot, there's a gremlin on the wing of the plane, can I get a free bottle of scotch!" That sounds crazy.

BILL: Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. But I need you to tell him. And if you tell him and he see's nothing and we land safely, I'll go right back to that looney bin. But if this plane crashes and we all die you must admit I was right and that there was a gremlin on the side of the plane.

WILMA: Sounds like a win-win for me.

WILMA stands up and heads towards the cock pit. She knocks on the door. The PILOT enters.

PILOT: Yes, what is it?

WILMA: Can I speak to you? It's ever so important.

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PILOT: Why, heck, this is the nineteen sixties. I don't see the harm in letting a random person into the cockpit.

PILOT and WILMA exit into the cockpit. BILL looks out the window. Lights up on wing. GREMLIN is eating from a popcorn bag. BILL knocks on the window and gets the GREMLIN'S attention. GREMLIN tosses the popcorn off stage and gives BILL a "tsk tsk" finger motion before revealing it has a power drill. The GREMLIN begins to drill the wing. TSA AGENT enters onto the wing of the plane.

TSA: Excuse me! You did not get cleared by security before boarding this wing. I'm gonna need you to drop those plane pieces and stick out your arms.

She uses the metal detector rod on the GREMLIN.

BILL: Hurry! He's there! Please hurry!

TSA finds the power drill.

TSA: Alright, Mr...

GREMLIN grunts.

TSA: Alright, Mr. (*Imitates grunt.*), this power drill? Not allowed. We're going to have to do a full check, I'm afraid.

TSA puts on a latex glove as GREMLIN holds up a sign that says "HELP ME" for BILL to see. Lights down on wing.

BILL: Hurry! For Pete's sake, hurry!

FA approaches with a syringe in hand.

FA: Sir, if you don't stop screeching like a banshee, I'm going to have to tranquilize you. You're frightening the other passengers.

BILL: I don't mean to frighten anybody

BILL looks out window. Lights up on wing. GREMLIN is holding the severed hand of TSA and the metal detector rod. Lights down on wing.

BILL: We're all gonna die!

PILOT and WILMA enter.

PILOT: What's going on? What's the problem?

BILL: It's going to crash the plane!

PILOT: It?

BILL: Didn't my wife tell you?

PILOT: She told me about the lack of scotch onboard, which is unacceptable.

WILMA: It's a serious problem.

BILL: This is a serious problem! That thing on the wing is going to crash the plane!

PILOT: *(Looks out window.)* Oh, yes! I do see something!

BILL: Finally!

PILOT: If you'll look out the right side of the plane, you'll see a friendly duck.

Lights up on wing. GREMLIN holds a fake duck in front of its face. Lights down on wing.

BILL: *(Not convinced.)* You're right. Must have been that. Thank you, you can go now.

PILOT: *(To WILMA.)* I can whack him over the head, knock him unconscious if you'd like.

WILMA: That's a nice offer, but no, not yet. He's just stressed is all. I'm sorry for the bizarre behavior.

PILOT: Oh, bizarre is nothing new. I was the pilot during the Odyssey of Flight 33. Nothing will ever be as bizarre as that time travel trip. Brought back a dinosaur, though. Kids loved it. Until the dinosaur grew up and ate the kids.

PILOT walks away. WILMA sits back down next to BILL.

WILMA: Are you happy? I'm completely embarrassed. I told you it was probably just a duck.

BILL: I'm sorry, dear. I'll be good.

WILMA: Would you like some more pills?

BILL: A few more of those may cause an overdose, don't you think?

WILMA: We wouldn't want that.

Lights down on plane. A beat. Lights up. WILMA is asleep. FA enters holding a gun.

FA: Excuse me, did somebody drop their gun? Anybody? I have a gun here. It might have slipped out of somebody's pocket or carry-on luggage. *(She checks to see if it's loaded.)* It's loaded with... 3, 4, 5... 6 rounds in it. A fully loaded gun sitting in the aisle. Looks like it would be good for shooting moving objects under terrible circumstances. Anybody?

LITTLE GIRL approaches.

LITTLE GIRL: Oopsie daisy! That's mine. I must have dropped it. Jabberly June got it for me because I didn't pass a background check.

LITTLE GIRL takes the gun, sits down, and closes her eyes. FA walks away. Lights up on wing. GREMLIN stands holding the TSA metal detector rod still attached to the TSA's hand. It tosses it off to the side and continues with its destruction of the plane. BILL looks at the gun. He stands up and tries to climb over WILMA without waking her up. Once in the aisle, he looks around to make sure nobody is watching. He takes a bottle of pills out of his pocket. Much like Indiana Jones trying to retrieve the idol, he tests the weight of the pills. In a quick move, he exchanges the gun for the pills. He returns to his seat. BILL opens the emergency exit door and the plane erupts into chaos: FA and PILOT enter, LITTLE GIRL and WILMA wake up. Chaos. BILL fires the gun multiple times at GREMLIN. GREMLIN is hit and starts to die. BILL laughs maniacally as the lights fade down. In the darkness, BILL'S laugh fades down to a muffled chuckle. Lights up on plane. Everyone

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is gone except for BILL. He is asleep on the plane, dreaming. He mumbles in his sleep.

BILL: Take that, Gremlin. You're next, Little Girl.

FA enters.

FA: Ladies and gentlemen, the captain has turned on the fasten seat belt sign as we prepare for our descent into Omaha.

BILL wakes up.

BILL: A dream. It was all a dream. Excuse me, have you seen my wife?

FA: I believe she went to the rest room. Are you feeling better, Mr. Williams? You made quite a fuss since the moment you arrived. You were sweating more than Robert Wagner after a midnight boat ride.

BILL: I don't fly well.

FA: We are almost to Omaha, and you have nothing to worry about.

FA walks away.

GREMLIN: (*Offstage.*) Finally, you're awake!

WILMA returns to her seat. But now WILMA looks different... she's the GREMLIN.

GREMLIN: You were screaming in your sleep again!

BILL: Was I?

GREMLIN: Yes! And it's so embarrassing. What were you dreaming about?

BILL: Nothing important.

GREMLIN: Come on, Bill, what was it? Were you dreaming about shooting me again? You disgust me, Bill.

BILL: Honey, I—

GREMLIN: Don't "honey" me. You talk in your sleep, Bill. You kept saying there's a gremlin on the wing of the plane. Well, baby, take a good look, 'cause that gremlin isn't on the wing; she's right here and you're married to her.

BILL: It was all just a beautiful dream... *(He closes his eyes.)*

GREMLIN: Don't you dare fall asleep again! I don't want you dreaming up new ways to kill me. You hear me, Bill? Bill!?

Lights fade down except for a single spotlight on SERLING.

SERLING: Submitted for your approval, Bill Williams and his gremlin of a wife, Wilma. An unhappy couple traveling to an unhappy place: Omaha, Nebraska. But along the way, Bill took a nap and dreamed of a better world. A beautiful vision he could only see... in The Twilight Zone.

Thunder crashes. Lights down.

WILL THE REAL VISITOR PLEASE STAND UP?**SCENE 1: Moorehead Pond**

AT START: *A serious of sound effects: duck quacking, a flying saucer, loud crashing noise, trees falling, and a huge splash. Lights up. A COP enters the scene. He talks on his radio.*

COP: Yeah, Officer Kiddler, the crash happened right about where I'm standing. The tops of some trees have been knocked down and whatever it is seems to have landed in Moorehead Pond. Man, it's colder than my ex-wife's shoulder on kid exchange day *(Pause.)* Because it's snowing, Kiddler *(Pause.)* Because it's snowing *(Pause.)* Snowing!

STAGEHAND enters with fake snow and throws it on COP before exiting.

COP: I see some tracks in the snow. They seem to come out of the pond and head towards that diner over there. Looks like little webbed feet. Perhaps an alien! *(Pause.)* What's that, Kiddler? *(Pause.)* Oh, yeah, I guess it could be a duck *(Pause.)* But what of these shoeprints? I should follow them, see if they go to that diner over there.

The COP exits. Spotlight on SERLING.

SERLING: A cold, snowy February—present. Well, my present, not yours, which is in reality your past while your present is my future and you and I have a shared past, except for the parts that are my future and future present but still your past. But cold and snowy nonetheless.

SERLING clears his throat. The STAGEHAND returns with more snow.

SERLING: Order of events: big bang leads to the Universe, dinosaurs roam the Earth, dinosaurs develop advanced technology and leave for another planet, Tom Cruise is born, and then a whole lot of nothing. Until now. A police officer spots unidentified flying object followed by the moment you just witnessed, but with nothing more enlightening to add except some footprints and perhaps a duck's involvement. You've heard of trying to find a needle in a haystack? Here the investigator must find a Martian in a diner. So, put on your Deerstalker and hold on to your Watson because you've just entered a hefty haystack halfway betwixt and between... The Twilight Zone.

Lights out.

SCENE 2: To Serve Man Diner

Lights up. The diner includes a few tables with chairs, a bar/counter and a couple of stools. "TO SERVE MAN DINER" hangs on a wall. A jukebox rests against one of the walls. BOB, the diner owner, stands behind the counter. Sitting at one table is WALTER, an older businessman, and YVETTE, a woman smoking a cigarette. DANNY, the bus driver, sits at another table. Sitting at the counter with his back towards the audience is WALDO. COP enters.

BOB: Evenin', Officer.

COP: Who's the driver of that bus out there?

DANNY: I am. Is there a problem, Officer?

COP: As of now there's no way across the bridge up ahead.

DANNY: The bridge? What is it?

COP: A structure built to span physical obstacles, but that's not important right now. What's important is that this bridge has an ice pile up. One more pound and it could be driftwood. So, right now it's temporarily unpassable.

DANNY: Impassible.

COP: No, it's true.

DANNY: Well, shoot. Can't go back, either. Mud slides up there at the turnoff.

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COP: Seems you're stuck until morning.

WALTER: 'Til morning? But I have to be in Boston by 9 a.m.

DANNY: What's so important in Boston?

WALTER: Business.

DANNY: Mister, if you gotta get to Boston by 9 a.m. I hope you brought some snowshoes.

WALTER: Well, that's just fine and dandy. That's a nice bus line you're working for. I could've used Greyhound but I chose your company: United Northern Reliable.

DANNY: Hey, as the U.N. Reliable slogan says: "we'll get you there when we get you there".

WALTER: Damn your bus line. And damn this cold.

DANNY: What's the trouble, Officer? You lookin' for somebody?

COP: You got a passenger manifest?

DANNY: Passenger manifest? You think I'm flying a plane out there?

We already did that episode. That bus is older than dirt. It's got three tires, a steering wheel made of licorice, and it runs on the abandoned dreams of those too poor to afford a flight. *(To group.)*

No offense. I don't ask for names; I just welcome them aboard, kiss them gently, and thank the patron saint of travel we've got business.

COP: You kiss them gently?

DANNY: Figuratively.

YVETTE: Not with me.

COP: Do you know how many people were on the bus?

DANNY: Six.

COP: Well, I count seven.

DANNY: *(Looks around.)* Hey, you're right. Well, ain't that funny, eh?

Let's see, you got the businessman.

WALTER: Damn this cold.

DANNY: The smoking gal.

YVETTE: Yvette.

DANNY: The weird drifter.

WALDO: Hehehe!

DANNY: The older couple.

WALTER and YVETTE move to other chairs and become MONA and LLOYD.

MONA and LLOYD: Greetings!

DANNY: The younger couple in love and running away together.

BOB and WALDO move to other chairs and become CHIP and GALE.

CHIP: Hi, we're young and running away from our families.

GALE: Because that's the only way we can be together.

COP: *(To BOB.)* Was anybody else here before the bus arrived?

BOB: No, sir.

COP: So, how do you account for the extra body?

DANNY: That one beats me. *(Ponders.)* One of you didn't get off the bus.

WALTER: How observant of you.

COP: Alright, which one of you wasn't on the bus?

WALTER: Might as well provide us with some cheese and bread if we're going take this kind of grilling.

WALDO: A grilled cheese! I get it! Hehehe!

WALTER: I don't remember seeing you on the bus.

WALDO: That's funny, I don't remember seeing you neither! That makes one of us a liar now, don't it?

WALTER: What does it matter how many were on the bus? Will knowing that get us to Boston any faster!?

BOB: Calm down, calm down, Mister. Look, Officer, what is this all about?

COP: You hear a sound earlier, like something flying overhead?

BOB: No, I didn't hear anything. Oh, except there was this extremely loud crash noise that happened about an hour ago, but I just assumed it was a low flying duck hitting a power line. That happens a lot around here. Poor things.

COP: Well, I got reports that an unidentified flying object was seen crashing into Moorehead Pond. And there were footprints leading from the pond right over to this diner.

WALDO: An UFO!? *(Pronounced: "ooo-foe").*

COP: A what?

WALDO: An UFO! *(Beat.)* You know, flying around with little Martians and stuff.

COP: Are you trying to say U.F.O.?

WALDO: Is that how it's said?

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WALTER: Are you implying, sir, that one of us may be an alien?

COP: I don't want to jump to any conclusions, but that is absolutely, one hundred percent what I'm saying. We must figure out which of you was on the bus and which of you is a visitor hellbent on destroying mankind.

DANNY: What are you talking about, alien? Who's an alien? What's an alien? I mean, that's crazy, eh? Right?

WALTER: Or, perhaps more logically, the bus driver is simply incorrect on the count.

DANNY: Hey, there were six. I might not know the faces, but I counted heads.

WALDO: Well, hot dog! Looks like we're dealing with a monster! An alien in our midst! Who could it be? Could it be the businessman?

WALTER: Damn this cold.

WALDO: The smoking lady?

YVETTE: Yvette.

WALDO: The older couple?

MONA and LLOYD: Greetings!

WALDO: The younger couple in love and running away together.

GALE: Chip is my first love. And I'm his.

CHIP: Yeah... "first" love...

GALE: And nobody can tell us we can't be together.

COP: Or the weird drifter?

WALDO: Hehehe!

YVETTE: We can rule out the couples since they got on the bus together.

GALE: That's right. We do everything together. We get on buses together, we cuddle together, we use rest rooms together.

CHIP: Honey, we talked about bringing that up in public.

LLOYD: But the inappropriately dressed lady is right; the couples can be ruled out.

YVETTE: Inappropriately dressed?

LLOYD: Does the cleavage have to be so revealing? Perhaps a nice cover up is in order.

MONA: Careful, Lloyd, you don't want to upset her. She could be...
(*Loud whisper.*) the alien.

YVETTE: Maybe you're the alien.

MONA: Why, I am no alien.

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YVETTE: Maybe it's your husband then.

MONA: Lloyd's no alien. He's a Capricorn!

YVETTE: You sure you were on the bus?

MONA: Of course, I was. Were you on the bus?

YVETTE: Yes, I was.

DANNY: She certainly was.

COP: I thought you only counted heads and didn't notice faces.

DANNY: I noticed her.

CHIP: We all noticed them, uh, her.

DANNY, COP, CHIP, and WALTER: Oh yes.

GALE: So, you noticed her, huh, Chip?

CHIP: I just mean—

GALE: Perhaps I never noticed that you went to the bathroom for an awfully long time without me as soon as we got to the diner. Perhaps I noticed you've been acting strange. Perhaps I could have sworn you had a mole on your neck. What are you, some kind of alien?

CHIP: Honey, baby, you know me. I've never had a mole on my neck.

LLOYD: We can't just start accusing each other.

MONA: That's right. Especially us couples. We're family. Lloyd and I have been married for forty-six years and I think I would recognize my own...

MONA stares suspiciously at LLOYD.

LLOYD: Now don't you look at me like that. Don't look at me like I'm wearing some human face.

WALDO: Ha ha ha! Now everybody thinks anybody is somebody they ain't!

COP: What about you, old man?

WALDO: I was there. Seat 15A, right by the window.

MONA: And I was there, too. Row 20.

LLOYD: And I was next to her.

CHIP: Seat 7D.

GALE: 7C.

WALTER: 10A.

COP: (To YVETTE.) What do you say?

The music for "Your Fault" from Into the Woods starts up.

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YVETTE:

I WAS ON THAT BUS, IN THE SEAT 2B
I WAS SEATED ON THE BUS WITH NO ONE NEXT TO ME
BUT I DON'T RECALL, AND I DID NOT SEE
THAT THERE BUSINESSMAN RIDING IN THE FIRST PLACE!

WALTER:

EXCUSE ME, MISS! I WAS THERE, SEATED IN 9A.
RIGHT BY A WINDOW SO I HAD A VIEW, I'LL SAY.

YVETTE:

WERE YOU REALLY THERE? WERE YOU ON THAT BUS?
NO, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE BEEN TRAVELLING WITH US!

WALDO:

SO, IT'S YOU THEN!

WALTER:

NO!

GALE:

IS IT YOU THEN?

WALDO:

NO!

YVETTE:

YES, IT IS!

WALDO:

IT'S NOT! NO WAY!

DANNY:

WAIT A MINUTE, SO I COUNTED SIX HEADS AND NOW
THERE'S SEVEN.

LLOYD:

I SAY!

GALE:

(To LLOYD.) SO, IT'S YOU THEN!

WALDO:

YES!

LLOYD:

NO, IT ISN'T!

I WAS ON THAT BUS, WITH MY WIFE MONA.

WE'RE TRAVELLING TO BOSTON FROM ARIZONA.

MONA:

AND WE WOULD HAVE FLOWN, BUT LAST TIME YOU SEE
WAS ODYSSEY OF FLIGHT THIRTY-THREE.

GALE:

OH, THEN IT'S YOU THEN.

CHIP:

HUH?

WALTER:

YES, IT'S HIM THEM.

CHIP:

WHAT?

YVETTE:

YES, IT IS, IT'S HIM.

WALTER:

YEAH, SURE!

CHIP:

WAIT A MINUTE, THOUGH—

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GALE:

I DON'T SEE YOUR NECK MOLE, CHIP. THAT'S WEIRD.

CHIP:

I NEVER HAD A MOLE, I TOLD YOU DEAR.

BOB:

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR MOLE? DID IT DISAPPEAR?

CHIP:

THERE WAS NO MOLE! NO NECK MOLE!

WALTER:

SURE.

YVETTE:

RIGHT.

DANNY:

HMMM.

WELL, WHO DIDN'T HAVE A SEAT?

BOB:

HAVE A SEAT?

YVETTE:

HAVE A SEAT?

WALTER:

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T HAVE A SEAT!

WALDO:

I DIDN'T? YES, I DID!

YVETTE:

SO, IT'S YOU!

WALDO:

NO, IT ISN'T, 'CAUSE I ALWAYS RIDE THE BUS.

YVETTE:

SO, IT'S YOU!

DANNY:

NO, IT ISN'T!

BOB:

WELL, WHO IS IT?

DANNY:

WAIT A MINUTE!

I'M THE BUS DRIVER, SO I MUST BE THERE

(*Pointing to BOB.*) BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T PAY
THEIR FARE

BOB:

YEAH, I PAID NO FARE 'CAUSE I DIDN'T RIDE

I'VE BEEN WORKING AT THIS DINER, NOTHING TO HIDE!

CHIP:

(*To COP.*) SO, IT'S YOU THEN!

COP: What?

GALE:

YES, IT'S YOU THEN!

COP: What?

WALTER:

DAMN THIS NIGHT AND DAMN THIS COLD!

COP fires his gun into the air.

COP: Enough! We are not about to turn this night into a bad Sondheim parody, you got it? The next person to sing, hint at singing, talk with a beat, or rhyme is going to jail.

WALDO: Can they post bail?

COP: I said no rhyming.

WALDO: Sorry, bad timing.

COP: You sonofa—

“Purple People Eater” suddenly starts playing from the jukebox and the lights flicker. Everybody does a spit take and looks at each other. Lights down.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

SCENE 3: To Serve Man Diner

Lights up. The COP and DANNY are gone. NANCY stands at the counter with BOB.

NANCY: Say, do you get many hitchhikers around here?

BOB: Hitchhikers? You kidding me? Lady, we're in the middle of nowhere. You see a hitchhiker, I recommend running him down because chances are he's a psycho murderer.

NANCY: Do you mean a man who murders psychos?

BOB: You know I didn't.

NANCY: Thank you ever so much for your time.

BOB: Thank you for not buying anything.

NANCY turns to leave. She hesitates.

NANCY: Sir?

BOB: Yeah?

NANCY: Oh, nothing.

She starts to leave. She hesitates.

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NANCY: Sir?

BOB: No! Not this again! Go on, get out of here.

NANCY hurries away. WALDO approaches the counter.

WALDO: So, that juke box a parlor trick or something?

BOB: Buddy, this is a diner, not a parlor and I deal in treats not tricks.

WALTER: Where did the cop go?

BOB: He took the bus driver to go check the bridge, see if it was safe.

WALTER: This is ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous. I have business in Boston at 9 a.m.!

BOB: What kind of business you in, anyway?

WALTER: Nunya.

BOB: Nunya business? (*Beat.*) Oh, I see what you did there.

WALTER: Damn this diner. And damn this cold.

YVETTE: Oh, pipe down, buddy. You aren't the only one with places to go. I need to get to my late Uncle Simon's house. Got to look after his robot if I want my inheritance.

BOB: And I'm sure the nice older couple has places to be.

MONA and LLOYD: Greetings!

MONA: Our granddaughter disappeared, but my daughter can hear her calling out.

LLOYD: Poor thing.

MONA: She's just a Little Girl Lost.

BOB: And that young couple very much in love and running away.

CHIP: We have to get away from our families. I would've driven, but it's the darndest thing; whenever I drive my car I have this inability to lie. I had to tell the truth.

GALE: The Whole Truth.

CHIP: And nothing but the truth.

BOB: And I'm sure the quirky drifter's got business to attend to as well.

WALDO: Hehehe! I tell you what, I just love to travel the roads, bus to bus like a railway man rides the rails, but with buses. I've been everywhere man, I've been everywhere. Oh, let's see, I've been to Reno, Chicago, Fargo, Minnesota, Buffalo, Toronto, Winslow, Sarasota, Wichita, Tulsa, Ottawa, Oklahoma, Tampa, Panama, Mattawa, La Paloma, Bangor, Baltimore, Salvador, Amar—

The jukebox turns on and the lights flicker. COP and DANNY enter. Jukebox stops.

COP: Brrr. It's colder than a witches gangrened left foot out there. Because it's snowing. *(To DANNY.)* Because it's snowing!

DANNY: Oh, right.

DANNY takes out some fake snow and throws it on COP.

COP: Seems to be a diner on the other side of the bridge and it looks like they also have a stranded bus load of passengers.

DANNY: We also found some stopwatch sitting in the snow.

BOB: What stopwatch?

COP takes out stopwatch and looks at it.

COP: I don't know... A Kind of Stopwatch.

WALTER: Oh, really now! Do we have time for this kind of nonse—

COP presses a button on the stopwatch. Time freezes.

COP: Whoa.

COP presses button on stopwatch. WALTER continues.

WALTER: —nse? Here's this cop messing with some stupid stopwatch and—

COP presses button. Everybody freezes.

COP: A stopwatch that freezes time?

COP gets behind WALTER and presses the button.

WALTER: —we are stuck—hey, where'd he go?

COP: O.M.G, you guys!

YVETTE: O.M.G?

COP: One magical gadget! This stopwatch can freeze time! And I have an idea of how it can help you cross the bridge. Each of you can stop time, walk across the bridge, hand the watch to a person at that diner and they can do the same thing until everybody is on the right side.

DANNY: What about the bus?

COP: They have a bus. Bus swap!

WALTER: This is absurd. Let me see that thing.

WALTER takes the watch from the COP.

WALTER: What brand is this? (*Reading brand name.*) “Deus ex machina”. Huh, must be Italian.

COP: (*Taking back the watch.*) Give me that back!

DANNY: I don’t care if it’s made in China with lead paint, if it can get us out of here it’s good enough for me.

WALDO: But what of the alien!?

COP: And there’s the dilemma. If one of you is the alien, I can’t let anybody leave.

LLOYD: (*Standing up.*) I’m the alien.

MONA: Lloyd!?

LLOYD: If this gets you out of here, I’ll admit to it.

MONA: (*Standing up.*) I’m the alien.

COP: Alright, sit down you two.

WALDO: I’m the alien! Hehehe!

WALTER: Oh, for Pete’s sake, I’m the alien.

YVETTE: No Earth woman could look this good, so I must be the alien!

COP: That’s enough.

WALTER: Seriously, I’m the alien.

CHIP and GALE: We’re the alien!

COP: You’re not all the alien.

BOB: I’m the alien!

WALTER: I *am* the alien!

DANNY: I’m the alien, eh!

COP fires his gun into the air.

COP: Knock it off! This isn't Spartacus. The next person to say they're the alien will be shot.

WALTER: So, if the real alien admits it, they'll be shot?

COP: Not if they're telling the truth.

BOB: But how will you know if they're telling the truth or not?

COP: Oh my God, you know what? Forget it. You all want some blood-thirsty alien running free? Fine. Not my job to stop it from happening. Let's just take this weird stopwatch and get you weird people across that bridge and we can all forget this weird night ever happened.

DANNY: Sounds good to me.

Everybody starts to gather their things as COP exits. The bus passengers start to leave.

BOB: Whose gonna take care of the two bullet holes in my ceiling!?

Lights fade down.

SCENE 4: To Serve Man Diner

Series of sound effects: a bridge creaking then breaking apart and collapsing into water. Lights fade up. BOB cleans the counter. WALTER walks in.

BOB: Well, hey, Mister. I thought you were crossing the bridge.

WALTER: I was going to. It was the darndest thing. We were driving toward the bridge to use that stopwatch when the breaks cut out. The bus smashed into the cop car and both vehicles slid onto the bridge. It collapsed under the weight.

BOB: But you're not wet.

WALTER: Excuse me?

BOB: If you were on the bus and the bus was on the bridge and the bridge is in the water... you'd be wet.

WALTER: Huh. Wet. Oops. How about some music?

WALTER snaps his fingers and the jukebox turns on.

WALTER: How's that for a parlor trick? Perhaps you should give me a hand.

A third arm holding a cigarette appears on WALTER [this is best achieved with SERLING providing the third arm.]

WALTER: You see when I crashed here it wasn't by mistake. I'm on a scouting mission. This is a nice place. I think my fellow Martians will like it here on, what do you call it? Earth? Cute. We call it Blorgismorgisburgia. At this very moment, my people are loading up their trailers and flying across space to take over this planet of yours.

BOB: You're right. This is a nice place. But you're wrong about your fellow Martians. You see, us folks from Venus have been here for quite some time. And all your friends are being stopped by my friends.

BOB removes his diner hat to reveal a third eye on his forehead.

WALTER: You're also an alien!?

COP enters.

COP: And he's not the only one. And I've come back to kick you out of here.

COP reveals a third leg [again, provided by SERLING.]

COP: You see, us folks from Mercury have been here so long, we gave the dinosaurs the technology to leave this planet.

MONA enters.

MONA: Alright, this has gone too far. You Martians, Venusians, and Mercurians need to go away!

WALTER: You too?

MONA: We came here on the asteroid Thetania centuries ago. You really think Tom Cruise was an Earthling? With those teeth? Ha!

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BOB: So, what, you got three extra teeth or something?

MONA: Oh, no. We're just very, very rich.

DANNY enters.

DANNY: Alright, I'm an alien!

WALTER: Oh, come on!

BOB: And where are you from?

DANNY: Canada, eh!

Dramatic music plays as the aliens stare at each other. SERLING steps into a spotlight.

SERLING: Incident at a small diner where beings from many different places have converged by some strange twist of fate. If a surly man by the name of Walter happens across you one day; or a kindly diner employee named Bob stops to say hello; or a Sondheim-hating officer pulls you over; or an older couple asks if you'd like an audit; you better take hold of his hands, all three of them; or look her in the eyes, all three of them; or try to play footsie with his feet, all three of them; or check to see if the older couple is part of a cult disguised as a religion, because they might be aliens coming to dominate Blorgismorgisburgia via a stop thru... The Twilight Zone.

Thunder crashes. Lights down.

THE FOUR OF US ARE IN AGONIZING PAIN**SCENE 1: Street/Hotel**

Lights fade up on ARCHIE CALAHAN carrying a suitcase. He looks around at the different hotel signs. The one that catches his eye: Hollywood Tower Hotel. Spotlight up on SERLING.

SERLING: His name is Archie Calahan. He's been a salesman, a fireman, a policeman, a dispatcher, a plumber, a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn, and a king. This is a cheap man. Got cheap taste, a cheap mind, and a conscious so cheap you'd only find it hiding at the bottom of a dollar store discount barrel. This man's so cheap he spells it C-H-E-P. I'm talking cheap.

ARCHIE: Alright already! I'm cheap, we get it.

SERLING: But Mr. Calahan does have a rare gift; not a gift like some flowers, or a bottle of wine, or that sports car your Daddy got you when you turned sixteen and the next night you took Susie Hawkes to Lover's Lane for some 1940's style over-the-clothes heavy petting and on the way home there was a stalled car in the road straight ahead but you couldn't stop so you swerved to the right and now every evening as you lay in bed all you can hear are the sounds from that night: screaming tires, busting glass, the painful scream that you heard last. God, I miss you, Susie Hawkes. But rather a gift that's a talent.

During the following line ARCHIE looks in a mirror. As SERLING mentions his ability, ARCHIE turns into JIMMY and then back into ARCHIE.

SERLING: Mr. Calahan has the unique ability to change his face. A rare talent he has used on more than one occasion to further his own needs. Archie Calahan just checked into a hotel with one bag, a handful of newspaper clippings, a lock of Greta Garbo's hair, and a master plan to destroy some lives tonight... in The Twilight Zone.

Spotlight out on SERLING. ARCHIE goes to his suitcase and takes out a newspaper clipping.

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ARCHIE: “Musician Jimmy Reed dies in automobile accident on Maple Street. He is survived by his fiancé, lounge singer Maggie Millerman, and their hound dog, Rip.” Looks like somebody needs to comfort his dame.

ARCHIE exits.

SCENE 2: Night Club

MAGGIE stands center stage. ARCHIE watches from his job behind the bar. Sitting at the bar is DRUNK DINO. GALE and CHIP sit at a table. MAGGIE sings:

MAGGIE: *(To the tune of Marilyn Monroe’s “I’m Through with Love”).*

IT WAS A ONE-EYED, ONE-HORNED,
FLYIN’ PURPLE PEOPLE EATER
ONE-EYED, ONE-HORNED, FLYIN’ PURPLE PEOPLE EATER
ONE-EYED, ONE-HORNED, FLYIN’ PURPLE PEOPLE EATER
SURE LOOKS STRANGE TO ME

WELL, HE CAME DOWN TO EARTH AND HE LAID IN THE TREE
I SAID “MR. PURPLE PEOPLE EATER, DON’T EAT ME”
I HEARD HIM SAY IN A VOICE SO GRUFF
“I WOULDN’T EAT YOU ‘CAUSE YOU’RE SO TOUGH”

HE SWUNG FROM THE TREE AND HE LAID ON THE GROUND
STARTING ROCKING ALL AROUND
IT WAS A CRAZY DITTY WITH A SWINGIN’ TUNE
SING A BOP-BOP ABOOPA-LOPA LOOM BAM-BOOM”

BLESS MY SOUL, ROCK AND ROLL,
FLYIN’ PURPLE PEOPLE EATER
PIGEON-TOED, UNDERGROWED,
FLYIN’ PURPLE PEOPLE EATER
ONE-EYED, ONE-HORNED,
FLYIN’ PURPLE PEOPLE EATER

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SURE LOOKS STRANGE TO ME

The crowd applauds. MAGGIE heads towards the bar for a drink.

DRUNK DINO: Real nice, Maggie, real nice. You's such a great singer.

MAGGIE: Thanks, Drunk Dino.

DRUNK DINO: I mean it, I mean it. And that song—wowza, I say, wowza! It's like it came from the heart. How's about I get you a drink, huh, a drink?

MAGGIE: No thanks, Drunk Dino. I got a mind full of guilt, a heart full of sorrow, and a kitty full of fleas. Drinkin' alone is all I deserve.

DRUNK DINO: Alright, Maggie, alright. Even a drunk can take a hint.

MAGGIE grabs her drink and sits down alone.

DRUNK DINO: What a doll, eh, what a doll.

ARCHIE: Yeah, what a doll.

DRUNK DINO: Another sidecar, barkeep.

ARCHIE: Yeah, sure.

ARCHIE lowers down behind the bar but comes back up as JIMMY. He hands a drink to DRUNK DINO.

JIMMY: Excuse me.

JIMMY walks away. DRUNK DINO isn't sure what he just saw. He looks behind the bar—nothing. He looks at the drink, shrugs his shoulders, and takes a big sip.

GALE: Oh, Chip, I can't wait to run away with you.

CHIP: Oh yes, Gale. We'll be so happy in Boston.

GALE: Nothing can stop us!

CHIP: Nothing! Not our parents, not aliens, not an icy bridge. Nothing!

GALE: Let's go catch our bus. I hope we get to stop at a diner.

GALE and CHIP exit. JIMMY approaches MAGGIE. She takes a sip.

JIMMY: Hi, Maggie.

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MAGGIE looks up and does a spit take.

MAGGIE: I must be seeing things. Last time I saw you, you was face up in a casket catching the D-Line to the afterlife.

JIMMY: I guess my ticket wasn't valid.

MAGGIE: If only that were true. Oh, Jimmy. If only you were really here. If only you were alive.

JIMMY takes her drink and throws it in her face.

JIMMY: Alive enough for ya?

MAGGIE: Oh, Jimmy! What are you—how are you—You were dead, Jimmy. I saw you. You were dead with shards of glass diggin' into your face like meat netting on a rolled roast.

JIMMY: Well, cancel dinner, Maggie, this rolled roast isn't ready.

MAGGIE: But the accident. The terrible car crash that left that poor woman legless and squashed by a truck and it left you dead.

JIMMY: It wasn't me, Mag. My car was stolen by some lookalike. The poor kid crashed and burned up faster than a eunuch with a U.T.I.

MAGGIE: Oh, Jimmy. I was so scared I'd lost you.

JIMMY: I'm no puppy, Maggie. You'll never lose me 'cause I ain't gonna chase no tail out the backyard. You're my gal, Maggie, and from the moment I saw you I was like a kid at a comic bookstore; I just wanted to take you home and flip you open to the splash page.

MAGGIE: Oh, Jimmy, I love when you talk sweet to me. I thought you were gone. Everything changed that night I got the news; my repertoire—only blues; songs for heartache and bourbon. My eating—only blues inspired food; gumbo with cigarette butts and bourbon. Even baths changed for me—blues inspired bubble baths with a tub filled with bourbon.

JIMMY: Oh, my little Magpie, you don't have to take bluesy bourbon bubble baths anymore. I'm gonna take you away from here.

MAGGIE: I got no money, Jimmy. I spent all my savings on bourbon.

JIMMY: Don't worry, Magpie. I got money comin' in; enough to get us out of here faster than a speeding bullet.

MAGGIE: Oh, Jimmy, you always were my Superman. But where's the money coming—

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JIMMY: Shhhhhhh. Don't ask no questions and I won't tell you no lies.
Just believe me when I say I love you.

MAGGIE: Oh, Jimmy, I love you, too.

They embrace.

JIMMY: Tonight, the only thing I ain't gonna take off you are my eyes.
Meet me at Whitaker station at midnight. We'll hop on the 12:05 bus
to anywhere and ride the paved railways.

MAGGIE: Oh, Jimmy.

They embrace. She lets out a deep sigh.

JIMMY: Oh, Maggie.

He lets out a deep sigh.

JIMMY and MAGGIE: Oh, Maggie / Oh, Jimmy!

DRUNK DINO: Oh, Drunk Dino.

DRUNK DINO embraces them both.

DRUNK DINO: Somebody has to say my name.

DRUNK DINO hangs his head and walks away.

JIMMY: (To MAGGIE.) Midnight, Whitaker station. Be there or be—

MAGGIE: Not there. Right, Jimmy

JIMMY hurries away. DINO approaches MAGGIE.

DRUNK DINO: You know, he may be your Superman, but I could be
your Green Hornet. Sting!

Lights down.

SCENE 3: Hotel Room

Lights up. JIMMY enters the room.

JIMMY: Why not a beautiful dame? Why not? I deserve this. I ain't never not had no dish like that before.

JIMMY looks in the mirror. He turns into ARCHIE.

ARCHIE: Sure, I've had some nice fettuccine and the occasional Tagliatelle al Tartufo, but I've also had more than enough dry noodles and raw fish. It's time for something better, something tasty like Magpie. But I need some bread. *(He looks at a newspaper clipping. Reading.)* "Martha Blanc missing after elaborate robbery of Owl Creek Bank. Last seen heading for Bradbury's Department Store's ninth floor." Must be where she stashed the dough.

ARCHIE looks in the mirror. His reflection becomes MARTHA. Then MARTHA replaces ARCHIE.

MARTHA: Alright, babe, let's go get that cheddar.

She leaves. Lights down.

SCENE 4: Department Store

Lights up. MANNEQUINS are scattered around [these include MANNEQUIN, JEREMY, MANNY, and QUINN]. A basket labeled "Bounty Bin" is in the corner. MARTHA enters.

MARTHA: Oh, great. Creepy mannequins.

She starts snooping around.

MARTHA: Now, if I were a pile of stolen bacon, where would I hide?

As she passes the mannequins, they turn their heads to follow her. She notices the Bounty Bin.

MARTHA: Ah ha!

She starts searching the bin. While she does this the MANNEQUINS begin to move towards her. MARTHA turns, the MANNEQUINS freeze.

MARTHA: Have those mannequins moved?

She turns back towards the bin. A game of “red light/green light” starts to take place until MARTHA catches one of the MANNEQUINS moving.

MARTHA: Ah! I saw that!

MANNEQUIN: Ah, shoot. You got me!

MARTHA: You're out! You're out of the game!

MANNEQUIN hangs their head and exits.

MARTHA: Wait a minute, mannequins don't move!

MARTHA starts to run out but bumps into another mannequin, ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH: Hello, Martha. Welcome back.

MARTHA: What is this, some kind of cult?

ELIZABETH: Great. Another forgetful one. I'll make this quick. I'm Elizabeth, the head of the Mannequin Mafia. You're a mannequin, just like all of us. And every month, one of us goes and lives among the fleshies. Lately you mannequins have been forgetting who you really are during your time out.

MARTHA: You're kidding me, right?

ELIZABETH: Seriously? I just went over this with you last week when you dropped off your bounty and then ran off.

MARTHA: My bounty? The stolen money? (*Indicating to the bin.*) Did I leave it there?

ELIZABETH: Of course. Every mannequin must bring back a bounty to be used by the next mannequin.

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MARTHA: Great! I'll just collect that and be on my way.

ELIZABETH: Your time is up, Martha. That bounty is now for Jeremy.
Poor guy, he's already a week late because of you.

JEREMY: I have a family. Haven't seen them in a year now. Little Billy is growing up so fast, his one mannequin arm is almost as fully adjustable as his human arm.

MARTHA: Look, guys, whatever "worship the plastic prophet" thing this is, I don't want any part. I'm just gonna grab the cash and go.

MARTHA grabs a big bag of money out of the bin. We know it's money because it has a giant dollar sign on it.

ELIZABETH: You don't have a choice. You're one of us.

ALL MANNEQUINS: One of us. One of us. Gobble gobble!

ELIZABETH: You're not going anywhere. So says the plastic ones!

ALL MANNEQUINS: Deus Plasticus!

MARTHA: This got real weird, real quick. See ya!

MARTHA pushes past the MANNEQUINS and exits.

ELIZABETH: Oh, no. You're not getting away from us again, Martha Blanc. Manny! Quinn! Get after her!

MANNY and QUINN: Yes, boss!

MANNY and QUINN chase after her. Lights down.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

SCENE 5: Streets

Lights up. MARTHA runs around dramatically. She exits. MANNY and QUINN enter, look around, exit. Feel free to include a Benny Hill/Scooby Doo chase scene here that ends with MARTHA on stage.

MARTHA: Gotta change my face! Gotta change my face! Think of a face, Archie, come on! (*Looks off stage.*) Oh, look, a giant poster of a boxer is right over here. What luck!

MARTHA exits and ANDY returns. MANNY and QUINN enter and approach.

MANNY: End of the line, Martha.

ANDY: What's this all about?

MANNY: Sorry, guy. We thought you were someone else.

ANDY: Well, I ain't.

QUINN: Yeah. Sorry.

ANDY: You've been chasing me for a while. I should knock your blocks off for that.

MANNY: If you knew we was chasing you then why did you run?

ANDY: I thought we was playing stranger danger tag.

MANNY: Playing what?

ANDY: A game us kids used to play in my old neighborhood. You just picked somebody at random and started chasing them. When you caught them, they were 'it' and it was their turn to chase a different stranger. Game usually ended in an arrest, but we sure had fun. Better than Kick the Can. So, if we're playing, I guess I'm 'it'. Now you're 'it'! Weeeeeee!

ANDY tags QUINN and exits. QUINN looks around, tags an audience member.

QUINN: You're it!

MANNY and QUINN exit. Lights down.

SCENE 6: News Stand

BURGESS stands at the news stand. ANDY enters. BURGESS tries to hand him a gun.

BURGESS: Candy bar, Mister?

ANDY: Sir, that's no candy bar. That's a gun.

BURGESS: Oh my! *(Puts on glasses and looks at gun.)* You're absolutely right. I'm sorry. I can't see a thing without my glasses. Good thing I didn't think I was handing you a Chinese finger trap! That could have been bad for me, I tell you, that could have—*(Looks at ANDY.)* Andy? Is that you?

ANDY: Uh, right, right. Andy. How ya doin', old man?

BURGESS: I thought we had an agreement. I wouldn't come to your part of town, and you'd stay out of mine.

ANDY: Look, mister, I don't know who you are, but—

BURGESS: Oh, real nice thing to say to your father.

ANDY: You have got to be kidding me. What are the odds? In New York City, with millions of people, what are the odds I'd pick this face and then run into you.

BURGESS: What are you talking about?

ANDY: Just—nothing. My luck today has been unbelievable.

BURGESS: Sounds like my luck every day. Your mother and I have been sleeping in that news stand ever since that Fremont boy sent our entire neighborhood to the cornfield with just his mind.

MEREDITH stands up from behind the news stand.

MEREDITH: Who are you talking to, Burgess?

BURGESS: You remember your mother. Of course, you may not recognize her because the last time you saw her face she was in tears!

ANDY: Hey, Mom.

MEREDITH: You've got some nerve coming back to this side of town.

ANDY: Yeah, I'm getting that sense.

MEREDITH: And you haven't even asked about your siblings, who also must live in the news stand with us. Brittany and Elmer—say hello to your older brother.

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BRITTANY and ELMER'S heads pop up from behind the news stand.

BRITTANY and ELMER: Hi, brother!

ANDY: This is ridiculous. Look, I gotta go.

BURGESS: Don't you want to say hello to Lucky?

ANDY: Who's Lucky?

LUCKY, a dog, pops his head up.

LUCKY: Woof!

BURGESS: And I see you forgot all about Hoppers, your favorite rabbit.

ANDY: I have a rabbit?

BURGESS: Not anymore! We needed some stew... and the luck.

One of the kids holds up a bunch of lucky rabbits' feet.

MEREDITH: And what about the Howling Man? It's hard to keep him locked up when we don't have a home, but we manage.

ANDY: What are you talking about?

HOWLING MAN pops up. He's got a cage over his head.

HOWLING MAN: 'Sup, Andy. Long time no see. Can you, uh, help me out of here?

ANDY: Oh my God, get him out of that thing!

BURGESS: Are you crazy? That's the devil! We got him trapped. We got him trapped good.

ANDY: You're insane.

HOWLING MAN: No, no, he's right. I am the devil. But, uh, I really don't like living like this. It just smells... just so bad in here. I'd like to go home.

ANDY: I'm not getting involved in any of this.

BURGESS: That's right! Walk away.

MEREDITH gathers the KIDS, LUCKY, and HOWLING MAN and goes back into the news stand.

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BURGESS: Walk away like you always do when things get tough. Walk away like you did when your mother and I kicked you out of the house but really, we wanted you to stay. You're a coward! I hate your guts! I hate your guts and your face! I hate your guts and your face and your chiseled abs! Your gluts are pretty good, though. But I hate your guts!

ANDY starts to walk away. BURGESS grabs him.

BURGESS: I'm sorry, son, I'm sorry. We love you! Come back home. We need you, my boy.

ANDY: I ain't your son.

BURGESS: That's right. Disown us! Disown us like you did when you found out your mother's mother and my father are brother and sister! You disgust me! I hate your guts! Especially your large intestine because, just like you, it's full of crap! So go!

ANDY starts to walk away. BURGESS grabs him.

BURGESS: Oh, my son! I've missed you! Please don't walk away again. I know it's not much of a house, but the news stand has everything we need. We bath in Coca-Cola and have Hershey bars wrapped in pre-chewed Dubble Bubble for breakfast. We can be a family again!

ANDY: I don't know what happened in your family, but you've got issues I can't help with.

BURGESS: That's right! You never want to help! So go! Go run away like that time you caught your mother and me in the throes of furry passion and you couldn't understand why Yogi Bear and Ranger Smith were making those strange noises. So run away! I hate your guts! But I may need your liver someday. This new housing situation has led to an increase in my drinking.

ANDY starts to walk away. BURGESS grabs him.

BURGESS: Oh, my son!

ANDY: Get off me!

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ANDY pushes BURGESS to the ground and hurries off. BURGESS searches for his glasses and finds them broken on the ground.

BURGESS: My glasses... broken? It's not fair. It's not fair!

Lights fade down.

SCENE 7: Hotel

Lights up. ARCHIE enters. He takes off his jacket and places the bag of money in his suitcase.

ARCHIE: Jeesh, this sure is a lot of work to run off with some dame. But after all this is done, I'm done. No more changing my face, no more living cheap. I'm just gonna live a classy life, maybe even study abroad. A broad named Maggie.

He laughs. There's a Knock. DETECTIVE enters.

ARCHIE: Come on in.

DETECTIVE: I already did. Archie Calahan?

ARCHIE: Who's asking?

DETECTIVE: I'm Detective.

ARCHIE: Detective... got a name?

DETECTIVE: Nope. Not a big enough part for a name. I gotta take you in for a B and E and T.

ARCHIE: What's the T?

DETECTIVE: A drink with jam and bread. You'll get two calls at the station.

ARCHIE: Can I grab my coat?

DETECTIVE: "May" I grab my coat.

ARCHIE: Whatever.

DETECTIVE: Ain't a crime to use proper grammar.

ARCHIE grabs his jacket and the two leave. Lights fade down.

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SCENE 8: Street

DETECTIVE and ARCHIE exit the hotel.

DETECTIVE: I'm hoping for a bigger part in a future episode, but for now I'll take what I can get.

ARCHIE hurries back into the hotel. DETECTIVE notices and chases after him.

DETECTIVE: Hey, get back here!

ANDY walks out of the hotel and bumps into DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE: Hey, what do you think you're doing?

ANDY: Excuse me?

DETECTIVE: Oh, I'm sorry. Did you see another guy come out of there?

ANDY: No.

DETECTIVE: That's weird. How did Archie disappear, and you appear? Unless you can change your face...

Beat. DETECTIVE laughs. ANDY laughs.

DETECTIVE: But that would be impossible! That would be like something out of that strange sci-fi show. You know the one I mean, right?

ANDY: One Step Beyond.

DETECTIVE: That's the one! Alright, have a nice day, Mister. I gotta find me a criminal.

DETECTIVE goes back inside the hotel. ANDY starts to walk away when BURGESS enters.

BURGESS: Andy, my boy! Is that you? I followed you here.

ANDY: Leave it alone, old man.

BURGESS: I brought you something. A peace offering.

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BURGESS takes out a gun.

BURGESS: A candy bar. Hershey, your favorite.

ANDY: Mister, that ain't a candy bar and I ain't your son.

BURGESS: Nonsense! Just take the chocolate.

ANDY: I'm not your son! I can prove it. I just need to concentrate. I have to concentrate!

BURGESS: Just take the candy bar! Here, I'll unwrap it for you.

He goes to "unwrap" the "candy bar" and the gun goes off. ANDY groans, winces, really sells his pain as he falls to the ground. Lights dim as a spotlight comes up on SERLING. As SERLING lists the character names, ANDY holds up a face on a stick of that character.

SERLING: He was Archie Calahan, a cheap low life criminal. He was Jimmy Reed, a much-loved musician who really wanted a nice dish. She was Martha Blanc, a forgetful member of the mannequin mafia. He was Andy, a bad son who will forever remember to take the candy bar next time it's offered. Archie, Jimmy, Martha, and Andy. All of them in agonizing pain on the sidewalk. And all four of them are dying in... The Twy—

Lights quickly come up. BURGESS is walking towards SERLING.

BURGESS: Andy, I'm so sorry, I thought it was a candy bar, my boy.

SERLING: I'm not your son.

BURGESS: Now stop saying that and have some chocolate.

SERLING: I'm trying to end the show here.

BURGESS: Get over here and give your papa a hug!

BURGESS goes to hug SERLING. The gun goes off and SERLING is shot. BURGESS looks around, wipes the gun clean of his prints, places it in ANDY'S hand, and hurries off stage.

SERLING: One blind old man who only wants to hand out candy bars but keeps shooting people he thinks are his son. He'll return to his newsstand mansion and act as if nothing happened while the five of us here are dying. Tell my wife that I want to be buried in a cemetery found within... The Twilight Zone.

SERLING dies. Thunder crashes. Lights down.

THE END

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

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THE TWYLIGHT ZONE: THE 6th DIMENSION

A Parody in Four Episodes

BY DAVID GALLIC

Type: Full Length Play

Genre: Comedy, Farce, Science Fiction

Duration: 90 minutes

Cast: 3-14 females, 3-17 males, 0-18 either (6-49 total)

You're about to enter into another dimension; a dimension of spine-tingling, bladder-tickling twisted stories filled with secretive Martians, high-flying gremlins, ominous hitchhikers, and more terrifying tenants taking residence in... The Twilight Zone. *The Hitchhiker*: Nancy Adams is traveling cross-country, but everywhere she goes she sees the same creepy Hitchhiker. *Nightmare at 6,096 Meters*: Bill Williams is about to take a flight he'll never forget. Is there really something on the wing of the plane or has he merely left the sanitarium too soon? *Will the Real Visitor Please Stand Up?*: After a mysterious crash, a cop must deduce whether or not an alien is hiding amongst a group of bus passengers on a cold and snowy night. *The Four of Us Are in Agonizing Pain*: Archie is a cheap con man with a rare talent; he can change his face. But this talent could lead down a path of danger. Enjoy a comedic ride through four classic Twilight Zone episodes. Whether you're a die-hard fan of the original series or you've never heard the name Rod Serling in your life, there's fun and laughs for everyone in the 6th Dimension.

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