

THE FIRST LIGHT ZONE

EPISODE 1: "THE UNBRIDLED TONGUE"

A Skit By

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LIGHTS UP:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Two WOMEN, JANE and LOUISE are sitting at a table in a restaurant. Another WOMAN, THELMA, ENTERS and takes a seat at a nearby table.

JANE

Is that Thelma?

LOUISE

Yes. I think it is.

JANE

That little tramp. Did you hear she's leaving Tom for some other guy that works in her office?

LOUISE

You're kidding. That's terrible!

JANE

In fact, I heard she's been seeing that guy for over two years. Tom had no idea. When he found out, he went ballistic. I heard Tom took the kids, moved out of the house and left the state. He doesn't want to see her again -- EVER!

A MAN ENTERS and joins Thelma at her table.

LOUISE

Wait a minute. Isn't that -- TOM?!

JANE

What?!

Jane turns around and sees TOM and Thelma EMBRACE and sit down together at the table. They seem to be as much in love as they were, perhaps, when they were first married.

Jane and Louise STARE at them for a moment. Thelma sees them and WAVES happily. They turn back around, embarrassed.

LOUISE

That must have been the shortest divorce in history.

JANE

Oh, I know what happened.

LOUISE

What?

JANE

They're probably BOTH having affairs and now they're remaining together for the sake of the children.

Tom and Thelma suddenly seem CONFUSED as if they've both contracted a sudden disease.

LOUISE

Jane, come on. The only affair they're having is with each other.

JANE

No, no. I know it must be true. They each have a string of others they're carrying on with. I tell you it's absolutely disgusting and immoral!

Tom and Thelma both begin to CHOKE, mysteriously.

LOUISE

Jane!

JANE

No Louise, it's TRUE! In fact, I think Thelma's selling herself

down on the street corner, that TRAMP! And Tom's the one who's arranging her "DATES"! It's a whole operation, IF you know what I mean.

Tom and Thelma suddenly GASP and grab their THROATS. They fall over DEAD. Louise NOTICES.

LOUISE

Oh my goodness, Jane. I think they're -- they're -- DEAD!

Jane is STARTLED as:

WE HEAR "THE TWILIGHT ZONE THEME"

NARRATOR

(Rod Serling
impersonation)

You're traveling in another dimension. A dimension not only of sight and sound, but of mind. A journey into a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination. That's the signpost up ahead -- you're next stop -- the First Light Zone!

The NARRATOR ENTERS and moves in front of Jane and Louise.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Submitted for your approval. One Jane Tabloid. A woman whose tongue is not just unbridled, it's a wild stampede. As it stands, she's someone whose bite is worse than her bark and, as she's about to find, hers' is a bite that's fatal. Unfortunately for Jane, teeth that sharp inevitably bite their own tongue and what goes around will certainly come around. It's a principle firmly grounded in antiquity and one that finds new

meaning -- in the First Light
Zone.

PHYLLIS ENTERS and STEPS over the dead bodies, taking her
place at their table.

JANE
(noticing Phyllis)
Oh, I don't believe she can show
her face over here!

LOUISE
Who're you talking about? Isn't
that Phyllis? The school
teacher?

JANE
That's her all right! Did you
hear she's teaching her class
that "New Math"! Can you believe
it?!

LOUISE
What's wrong with that?

JANE
Louise! New math is code for New
Age mumbo jumbo!

LOUISE
You don't actually believe that,
do you?

JANE
Yes I do. In fact, I heard she's
a card-carrying member of the
New Age temple. She's using her
position as a teacher to recruit
our children into her pagan
voodoo!

Phyllis is suddenly CONFUSED.

LOUISE
Come on, Jane! That's just a
bunch of baloney!

JANE

It is not! She's a practicing wiccan, maybe even a satanist. I think she's related to Anton LaVey!

Phyllis GRABS her throat. Louise NOTICES.

LOUISE

I don't think you should be saying those things.

JANE

I'm just speaking the truth, that's all. Hey, if she is an agent of satan, don't you think people want to know if their children are being preyed upon by an avowed WITCH?!

Phyllis GASPS and FALLS over dead.

LOUISE

Jane? I think you're hurting people. You've got to stop gossiping about them.

JANE

I'm NOT a gossip. If they're dying, then it's because they have something to hide, right? They're doing it to themselves.

LOUISE

But, YOU'RE the one that's killing them.

JANE

It's not MY fault that THEY'RE evil.

A MAN ENTERS and steps over the bodies. He looks at them, at first concerned, then SHRUGS and SITS down. Jane and Louise WATCH him. Jane slowly SHAKES her head.

LOUISE

(quickly)

Jane? No. That's Pastor Jones.
You CAN'T say anything about
him.

JANE

I'm not gonna say anything.

(pause)

It just amazes me he can show
his face in public after what I
heard.

LOUISE

Oh no.

JANE

How can a PASTOR, a man
entrusted with the spiritual
well being of his congregation,
resort to embezzling church
funds?

LOUISE

What are you talking about?

JANE

I heard he was at the bank,
withdrawing church FUNDS. Over
two hundred THOUSAND dollars. I
bet he's planning a sudden
"trip" to Jamaica!

Pastor Jones appears suddenly CONFUSED.

LOUISE

No that's where you're wrong,
Jane. I happen to KNOW, Pastor
Jones was withdrawing that money
to place into a fund to help
some of the families in the
church that are struggling
financially.

JANE

Oh. Really?

LOUISE

Yes. In fact, he allowed his
salary to be cut in half, just

so more church funds could be routed into that account. He was willing to sacrifice his own well being to HELP the members of his congregation, not HURT them.

JANE

Oh. I guess I was wrong.

Pastor Jones SIGHS heavily, and goes back to normal. Jane and Louise SMILE and pause momentarily. Then Jane THINKS:

JANE (CONT'D)

But if he was willing to have his salary cut in half, maybe that means he already had absconded with church funds to cover things.

Pastor Jones COUGHS.

JANE (CONT'D)

I mean, he's got three kids, a mortgage, two cars -- how can he afford all that unless he has money stashed away. To think he thought he could get away with it.

Pastor Jones GRABS his THROAT.

LOUISE

Jane! Stop! You're killing him!

JANE

He's a CROOK, Louise! A criminal! I bet you could find his face plastered on a wanted poster in the Post Office!

LOUISE

No!

JANE

With all his secrets, it wouldn't surprise me if he were a serial killer!

Pastor Jones GASPS and FALLS to the ground dead. Louise is OUTRAGED.

LOUISE

Look what you've done! You've
KILLED an innocent man with your
malicious gossip and character
assassination! You've GOT to
stop, Jane! Look at the trail of
bodies left in your wake!

JANE

How can you accuse ME?
Especially if I know I'm right!
Maybe you're not as good a
friend as I thought you were!

Jane GETS UP from the table and EXITS angrily. Louise SHAKES her head.

HELGA ENTERS and sees Louise.

HELGA

Hi Louise! What's the matter?

LOUISE

Oh hi. It's Jane. I don't know
what to do about her.

HELGA

(sits down)

Jane? Your friend? What
happened?

LOUISE

You see all the bodies?

HELGA

You mean Jane did that? I just
thought it was SARS.

LOUISE

No. Not SARS. Jane is such a
raging gossip. There's no
stopping her!

HELGA

(excitedly)

Do tell.

LOUISE

Well first it was Tom and
Thelma. Then Phyllis. Then,
Pastor Jones of all people. She
was telling stories about them
that were completely untrue!

HELGA

No!

LOUISE

I tell you though. People in
glass houses should not throw
stones. I happen to know a few
things about Jane that she
wouldn't want other people to
know about.

HELGA

Don't keep me in suspense,
Louise. Dish!

Pause.

LOUISE

Well --

Louise leans over and starts WHISPERING to Helga who
GIGGLES and LAUGHS at the info. Suddenly:

JANE (O.S.)

Stoooooop!

Jane ENTERS rushing in.

JANE (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

She STOPS, GRABS her THROAT, GASPS and FALLS over dead.
Helga and Louise STARE at her.

Narrator ENTERS.

NARRATOR

Exit one Jane Tabloid. Teller of
tall tales. Spinner of white
lies. Gossip extraordinaire --

murderer. It's been said the tongue is a fire. If so, it is imperative we act as our own fire marshal. For if we allow that fire to rage unchecked, we run the risk of ultimately consuming ourselves as well as our friends, relatives and loved ones. And there's no insurance policy covering gossip. The only compensation for losses incurred will be remitted -- in the First Light Zone.

LIGHTS OUT

END