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1971 products have been bad for us

In 1971 two products offering instant gratification were offered to the general public: high fructose corn syrup and computers.

Since 1971, the general public has become dehydrated, inactive and malnourished.

Isn't there a cause-and-effect relationship there?

Fred Denney

Springfield

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

"A Fatal Error" (alt. "A Sticky End") (alt. "Cause and Effect")

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[Enter Rod Serling with customary éclat.]

Rod Serling:

"The brilliance of mankind rests in his ability to [*dramatic_pause*] create, to breathe life into the inanimate. However, this ability offers no safeguard against the [*dramatic_pause*] strange or abnormal. It is at the intersection between ingenuity and the freakish where we find the new and [*dramatic_pause*] unexpected. Regular Everyman Fred Denney, a first-century man in a twenty first-century world, who finds himself skeptical of [*dramatic_pause*] instant gratification, is on an express visit to this intersection. What will he find there—A Fatal Error perhaps? Or possibly a Sticky End? Whatever the case, there will be no avoiding the inescapable dimension known only as [*supremely_dramatic_pause*] THE TWILIGHT ZONE..."

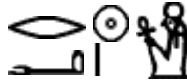
[Fade into a close-up of a chalice of water and papyrus script—signifying the veritable grace and divinity of the traditional ways of the world. Try not to hammer in the point too much.]

[Pan up to bed made of straw and baked mud, in which we see a good-looking, well-toned man begin to wake up in response not to a mechanical clock, but rather a rooster's call. Again, try not to overemphasize Fred's antiquated ways.]

F. Denney:

"Praise Gilgamesh! I do so love the earthy smell of the early morn. How it dances with the jubilant sparkle of the sun. Thanks be to

[Pronounced Ra]! Forsooth! Off to work...



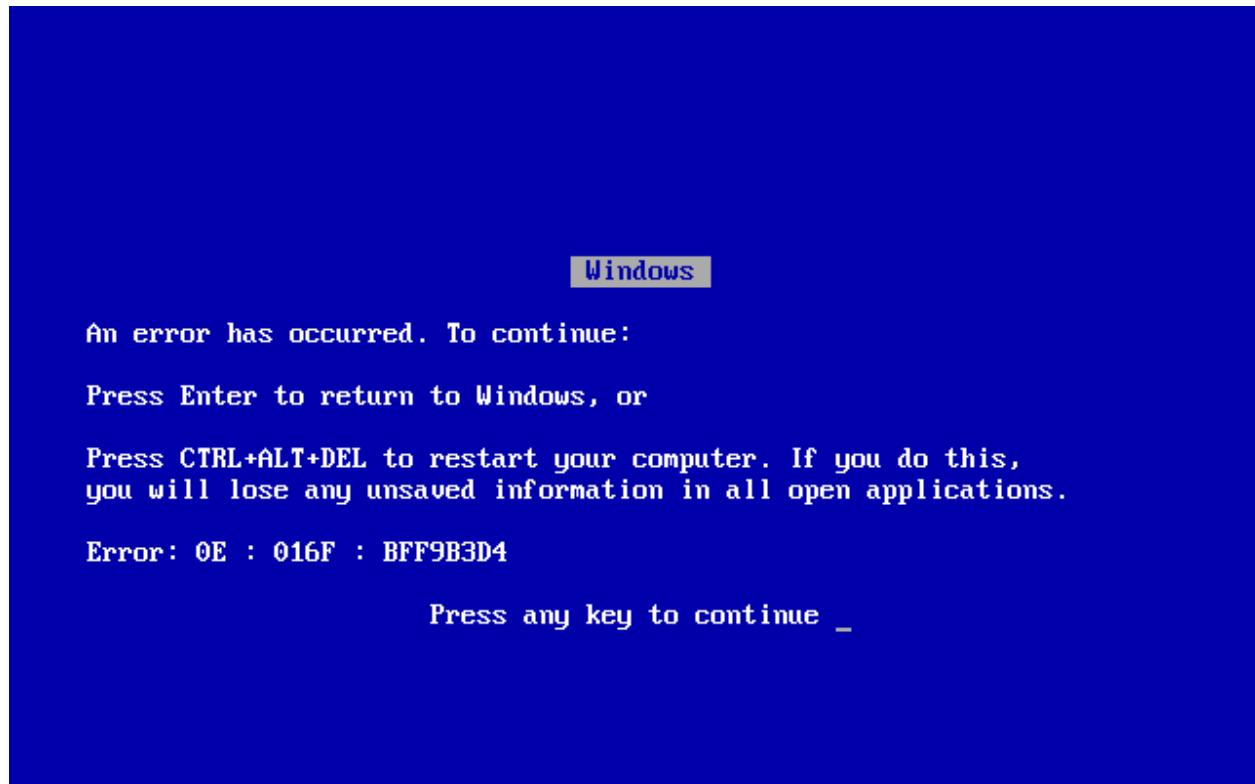
[Cut to montage of Fred in his backyard putting forth an inspiring effort tending fields of wheat, reflecting upon Hammurabi's Code, and fighting off strange, wild beasts, all to the chagrin of Fred's more sensible minded (read: 21st-century) neighbors. Again, please have some subtlety regarding the presentation of our main character].

[Fade out montage and cut to night-time sweeping shot of Fred's agricultural domain contrasted with the more sensible minded (read: 21st-century) homes surrounding him. It is of the utmost importance we emphasize Fred's tragically isolated, yet personally heroic figure. He is a man with a heart and soul burning hotter and stronger than entire galaxies of stars, of which he now marvels at as he lays upon the naked Earth; naked too is his toned personage (alt. primordial form), much to the delight of the neighborhood's bachelorettes (or bachelors, who are we to judge...)]

[Close up frame of Fred's countenance (Please take care not to reveal any unseemly body parts, censor if necessary). In his inky, fertile soil-colored eyes we see man's instinctive awe in the wonder of the cosmos. Constellations of painted magnificence strewn across the coal-blackness of the Earth's nightly crown. Lo! Truly, Fred Denney is witnessing the face of God!!!]

[As Fred slowly falls asleep, tired from his long day of toil, an echo of a smile plays across his lips. With a wildflower in his feathery hair, he is awash in a hushed chorus of happiness. Sweet dreams Fred, sweet, sweet dreams.]

[With Hero Fred soundly and happily aslumber, the stars he witnessed earlier slowly, yet unnaturally, move toward one another, imperceptibly forming shapes that resemble letters. Concurrently, the raven-colored night sky begins to take on an unearthly blue hue...resembling...resembling...No!...NO! NO! NO! Could it be?! The stars take on more and more definition and resolution until what remains is the following nightmarish message against a nightmarish blue:



[Full frame shot of messaged sky/Blue Screen of Death. Pan out from same Blue Screen of Death to a family's desktop computer covered with a heavily-sugared (what's the sugar you ask? Why, it can be only high fructose corn syrup!) soda beverage—a victim of a child's careless mistake.]

[Enter a father running from the kitchen with an armful of paper towels, with a son trailing just behind with a slightly smaller armful of the same.]

Father:

"Oh dear oh dear oh dear!" [Read: FUCK!]

Son:

(Verging on tears of guilt and shame).

(In a hurried and breathless manner): "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!!!"

[Father and Son both throwing towels toward the rapidly departing computer]

Father:

"No it's OK it's OK don't worry!" [Read: FUCKING FUCK!!!]

Son:

(Among a cascade of panicky tears and sniffles): "I killed it! I'm a computer killer!!!"

[The Father, accepting the futile situation, sighs and takes a measured step back from the scene of the crime, and, with his son's eyes upon him, raises a salute to the almost lifeless computer. The son, stifles his tears a little and, still sniffing, leans on his Father and raises a shaky salute to the same.]

[The computer, it's circuit boards giving way to the rapidly creeping sugar, flickers on and off, chaotically running one final, sugar-induced glitch of a program, centered on a heroic man from a heroic time:

```
def Frank_Denney(aslumber)
    for final_rest in aslumber:
        x[final_rest] = x[final_rest] + "under_the_stars" * "forever"
    return x
print Frank_Denney(aslumber)]
```

[As the computer finally dies, the printer spits out one final message from the one final program, reading:

```

      ✧
    ☆*.*°°.*.*°°.*☆
  ☆*.*°°.*☆*.*°°.*.*°°.*☆
    ☆*.*°°.*.*°°.*☆
  ☆*.*°°.*(◡◡☘)*.*°°.*☆

```

[Fade Out. Fade into shot of Rod Serling as before. That is, beautifully...]

Rod:

Thus ends the epic of one Mr. Fred Denney, a man-out-of-time or a man in a computer? Was his life merely a digital hallucination or a *[dramatic_pause]* miraculous creation? Ought we follow his example and forge an age of the past, or *[dramatic_pause]* embrace the furtherance of technology? Is man a species dehydrated, inactive, and malnourished from the onslaught of contemporary progress, or one embolden by the constellations of intellectual thought and inauguration *[dramatic_pause]* crafted throughout his life? For now, the answers are nebulous, for they exist in that strange program known only as ***[dramatic_pause_to_end_all_dramatic_pauses]*** THE TWILIGHT ZONE!!!

END