

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Episode 101: "WHERE IS EVERYBODY?"

Written by
Rod Serling

ACT ONE

STANDARD ROAD OPENING

Shot of the sky... the various nebulae and planet bodies stand out in sharp, sparkling relief. As the camera begins a slow pan across the Heavens --

NARRATOR'S VOICE

There is a sixth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space, and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow -- between man's grasp and his reach; between science and superstition; between the pit of his fears and the sunlight of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area that might be called the Twilight Zone.

The camera has begun to pan down until it passes the horizon and is flush on the opening shot (each week the opening shot of the play). We are now looking down the small two-lane asphalt highway. It is dawn, the road is deserted save for a small diner on the left hand side. A broken neon light flashes on and off over the front door. From inside the sound of a rock-'n'-roll record lends a strange, raucous dissonance to the early morning silence. Then the camera sweeps right for a

LONG SHOT MIKE FERRIS

Who suddenly appears, walking down the road. His step is tentative, unsure. He's a tall man in his thirties. His dress is nondescript, his only identifiable garment being army pants. There's an indecisiveness, a puzzlement, in his features as he comes closer to the camera, sees the diner, stops, rubs his knuckles over the side of his face and feels his beard's stubble. He pats in his pocket, unsure, reaches in and pulls out a couple of dollar bills. For some reason this buoys him up. He looks a little more resolved as he walks up the steps and into the diner.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

We are looking at a male Caucasian, age approximately thirty-one, height approximately 5'11". As to his name, where he is, and what he's doing there -- this even he doesn't know. For the journey that this man will take is an excursion into the shadows, and all of you are invited to go along.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPENING BILLBOARD

INT. DINER

It is a small, nondescript, typical eatery with a row of small booths along the outside window, a counter, and a kitchen beyond. The room is empty.

PAN SHOT MIKE

As he walks over to a stool and sits down at the counter, reaches over, takes a menu, studies it for a moment, then turns and looks over toward the juke box.

MED. CLOSE SHOT JUKEBOX

Garish, multicolored, still blaring out the music.

MED. SHOT ROOM

He turns on his stool to look toward the opening to the kitchen.

CLOSE SHOT AN OVEN INSIDE KITCHEN

Through the glass we can see a row of six or seven pies baking and almost fully browned.

MED. SHOT ROOM

Mike calls out.

MIKE

(sardonically calling out)

Is this thing loud enough for you out here?
I mean, can you hear it all right?

He grins wryly, waits momentarily for an answer that never comes, turns and looks again at the juke box. He rises, gets off his stool, goes over the juke box, looks all around it, pushes it away from the wall a few inches, reaches back, fiddles with a knob. The music goes much lower. Then, satisfied, he pushes the machine back against the wall and goes back over to the counter.

MIKE

Kind of early for that kind of music, isn't it?

Still, silence.

MIKE

I noticed there's a town just up the road.
What's the name of it?

Again, silence. Mike puts the menu down, peers through the little opening to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

A small room with a couple of stoves, et cetera. He goes over to the stove, turns down the oven, and looks around the room. He goes over to a back door, tries it and it swings open. He steps back as it creaks open and reveals the diner's backyard.

MIKE

(calls out)

Hey? You got a customer out front! Hey!
Customer here!

Still no answer. Mike turns, retraces his steps to the lunch counter.

MED. SHOT ROOM

Mike still shows no real emotion beyond a puzzlement. He's neither frightened nor concerned as yet. Again he picks up the menu and studies it. He talks out loud, now.

MIKE

I think ham and eggs. Eggs up and soft.
Hash browns. Coffee. Black.

(looks up, calls out again)

Customer! Got a customer out front!

(he rises from the stool
again -- sticks his head in
the kitchen)

Ham and eggs. Hash browns. Coffee black.

He stands there by the open, swinging door staring into the empty kitchen. His eyes dart about now and for the first time we see something beyond puzzlement on his features. What supplants it is irritation, not acute, but definitely there. He reaches into his shirt pocket and takes out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, goes back to the lunch counter. Now he scratches his head, sits down on the stool for a long moment. Suddenly the music on the juke box stops. The sudden cessation of noise brings with it a silence even more obvious. Mike turns to stare at the juke box. He looks up at the clock.

CLOSE SHOT CLOCK

It is on the counter near the coffee urn, its face turned sideways so that Mike can't see it.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he goes over to the clock to turn it around and stare at it.

CLOSE SHOT CLOCK

It reads a quarter to six.

MED. SHOT MIKE

Mike turns away from it, but in doing so brushes against it and knocks it to the floor.

CLOSE SHOT CLOCK

On the floor as Mike bends over and picks it up. The face of it is broken. He puts it back on the counter, then goes back over to his seat.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

His fingers tap a nervous staccato on the counter top. The silence now begins to be oppressive and nerve-racking. Suddenly, as if an afterthought, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the money, looks at it in his hand, then reaches into all his other pockets. He finds nothing. He rubs at his face again. Mike speaks aloud but obviously to no one in an attempt to make noise or sound or just to end the stillness.

MIKE

Cash customer here. Hungry cash customer.

(he rubs his face again)

I got two dollars and eighty-five cents.

(he looks at the money very thoughtfully, almost questioningly)

Two dollars and eighty-five cents, American money.

(then he stops and looks off in obvious puzzlement)

American money.

(he throws it out into the air as if to reassure himself as to the meaning of the phrase)

Sure, American money.

He looks at the clock again, and into the opening to the kitchen and the swinging doors, at the silent juke box, and back at the money in his hand.

MIKE

Well, we got this much settled. I'm an American.

(he raises his voice a little now as if to wake someone in the next room)

There's a little question about my identity. Let me put it to you this way -- I'm not sure who I am.

(he holds up the money)

But I've got two dollars and eighty-five cents and I'm hungry.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

This much is established!

He gets up off the stool and suddenly slams both palms down hard on the counter, making all the salt shakers and catsup bottles quiver and rattle.

MIKE

(shouts)

I got two dollars and eighty-five cents and I'm hungry!

He stops dead now, listening to the silence that enfolds and surrounds him. Then he looks around. Again the sense of irritation. He takes a drag on his cigarette, then butts it out, rises, goes to the front door and stares out.

EXT. LUNCH ROOM

The long road that leads away from the lunch counter without a sign of traffic, people, or anything. He whirls around to look back into the lunchroom.

MIKE

(aloud)

I'm gonna wake up in a minute. I know I'm gonna wake up. I wish... I wish there'd be a noise or something to wake me up.

He suddenly sticks two fingers in his mouth and whistles, listens for a moment, then he whistles again, kind of grinning to himself.

MIKE

A little noise, please!

(now he sings at the top of his voice)

"Yes sir, that's my baby. No sir, don't mean maybe. Yes sir, that's my baby now!"

He laughs a little sheepishly, listens for a moment to the silence, then he turns and goes back to the lunch counter.

INT. LUNCH ROOM

Mike sits down, buries his face in his hands, rubbing his eyes, massaging his temples as if trying to force out with

his fingers some connective link... some reassurance of existence... some knowledge of where he is and what he's doing. Once again he looks around the room.

PAN SHOT WITH HIS EYES

Taking in the shots of the coffee urn, the menus, the salt and pepper shakers, all the simple, commonplace, terribly normal adjuncts to what should be a normal scene but somehow isn't. He rises now, looks around again, then walks to the door.

CLOSE SHOT THE 'OPEN' SIGN ON THE DOOR

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he slowly reaches down and turns the sign over to read CLOSED. Then he walks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOWN STREET MIKE'S P.O.V.

It's still early morning, and what we're looking at is the main drag of a small town, flanked by stores, a courthouse, a post office, et al. The most singularly overwhelming feature of this is the complete absence of motion and all noise.

LONG SHOT MIKE FERRIS

As he walks down the sidewalk looking from one side of the street to the other.

TRACK SHOT

Past stores as Mike goes by them. Drugstore, grocery, soda bar. Most of the doors are open and there are lights on inside, but there are no people. There's an odd, indefinable feeling that permeates the scene, a sense of activity and yet coming with no players, and no people, as if it was a place full of motion and movement suddenly stripped of the people performing it.

LONG SHOT DOWN THE STREET

From Mike's point of view. It is devoid of any kind of movement whatsoever. It is absolutely quiet. Over this

tableau we superimpose the title, "Where Is Everybody?" along with major credits.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he stops and looks around. He is suddenly startled by the sound of chimes. He whirls around and looks up.

LONG SHOT CHURCH STEEPLE BELL

As it rings.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

He shades his eyes to search out the church and then, in turning away from it, he stops abruptly, staring at something across the street.

LONG SHOT ACROSS THE STREET

A little clothing store and alongside of it an alley where a large delivery truck is parked. In the cab, in the passenger-seat, a human figure can be seen.

LONG ANGLE SHOT

Looking down as Mike goes to the curb, cranes his neck to look over to the truck.

MIKE

Hey, miss? Miss?

(he makes a gesture that is part a wave, part an attempt at reassurance)

Over here, miss. Look, I wonder if you could do me a favor? I don't want you to think I'm nuts or anything. I mean, it's nothing like that. It's just that --

(again he grins a little)

I don't seem to remember who I am. It's the craziest thing. I've looked all around and I haven't seen anybody around. I guess it's just early or something. Literally there hasn't been a soul.

(he takes a step off the curb, looks again toward the

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

cab of the truck, a little
puzzled. He smiles again.)
You know, it's a real oddball thing but...
well, I woke up this morning...
(he stops and rubs his jaw)
I didn't exactly wake up. I just sort of
found myself on the road walking.
(and then suddenly)
Amnesia, that's what they call it, isn't
it? Amnesia? Well that must be what I've
got. I just don't remember a thing... I
can't find anybody to ask...

TRACKING SHOT

As he starts to walk across the street.

MIKE

(as he walks)
You're the first person I've seen. Look, I
really don't want you to be frightened or
anything, but I was wondering if you could
just tell me if maybe there's a doctor or
something.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he stops dead in his tracks. He's about ten feet from
the truck.

MED. LONG SHOT THE TRUCK

The female figure is outlined in the passenger seat but
very much in the shadows.

MOVING SHOT MIKE

As he gets close to the cab.

CLOSE SHOT PROFILE FEMALE HEAD

FLASH CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S EYES

As they suddenly narrow in reaction.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S HANDS

On the door handle as he suddenly yanks the door open.

MED. CLOSE SHOT INSIDE THE CAB

The female figure suddenly slumps down in the seat, her head sticking out of the open door, the hair cascading down. The camera pans slowly across her body until it stops at what should be arms. There are no arms. Mike reaches over, grabs at the hair of the figure and pulls it up and around, to stare into the wooden face of a mannequin. He very slowly lets loose and the mannequin tumbles back onto the seat and then down to the floor of the cab.

CLOSE SHOT FLOOR

he mannequin staring up with glassy, manufactured eyes.

MED. SHOT MIKE

As he slowly backs away, then turns to read the lettering printed on the side of the truck.

CLOSE SHOT LETTERING

It reads, RESNICK'S STORE MANNEQUINS.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As his lips form the words that he's read. Then he turns to look through the window of the cab at the figure of the mannequin, He takes a few steps over to her and then very gently picks her up and sets her back on the seat.

MIKE

I'm very sorry, Madame. I can assure you that at no time did I mean to be so upsetting. As a matter of fact I've always had a kind of secret yen for quiet women.

(then he grins)

You get what I mean, Babe?

(he kisses his fingertips
and then plants them on the
mannequin's nose)

Now don't take any wooden boy friends.

Then he looks at her again for a more pensive moment as if

unspoken now were his earnest wish that this creature was alive and could be talked to. He turns away and walks back across the street.

LONG SHOT MIKE

As he walks.

SERIES OF SHOTS MIKE WALKING

In different sections and on different streets. The last scene ends with him stopping abruptly to stare at something down the street.

LONG SHOT GAS STATION

Out in front is a glass-enclosed public phone booth.

LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT MIKE

As he walks toward the gas station and goes into the phone booth.

MIKE

Look, I wonder if anyone there could tell me --

He stops abruptly, grins, shakes his head, slaps at the side of his head with an open palm, fishes in his pocket and takes out a coin, deposits it in the phone, then dials the operator. He listens to the dial tone that comes on and off with dull regularity. He jiggles the receiver impatiently.

MIKE

Operator. Operator. Will you listen to me?

He pounds on the phone and then just indiscriminately dials a bunch of numbers. He's about to throw down the phone in disgust when suddenly at the other end of the line he hears a dial tone ringing. He very slowly and very gratefully picks up the phone now and hears a voice filtered at the other end.

VOICE

(filtered)

This is the Special Operator.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

The number you have reached is not a working number. Please make sure you have the right number and are dialing it correctly.

Mike starts to shout into the phone.

MIKE

Is everybody asleep over there? What kind of operation do you people run?

Then she repeats all she's just said as Mike listens to her, excited beyond words that he has found someone alive. When she finishes repeating the message he grabs the phone and is about to speak when suddenly he hears the Operator's voice again.

VOICE

This is a recording.

There is a certain suggestion of tenseness that suddenly shows on Mike's face.

VOICE

(filtered)

This is the Special Operator. The number you have reached is not a working number. Please make sure you have the right number and are dialing it correctly.

MIKE

A recording?

(he pounds on the receiver hook and shouts)

Operator! Look, all I want to know is where I am. I just want to know the name of this place.

Then he slowly lets the receiver loose and it hangs down from the phone box. Mike's hand touches and then grasps a telephone book, a thin one that he grabs and looks at hungrily.

CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE COVER

On it is written OAKWOOD.

MED. SHOT MIKE

He rips open the cover, looks down at the first page.

MIKE

A. Abel. Ackerman. Adams. Allenby. Arnold.

All right, boys, where are you?

(his voice is a little
edgier now)

Where do you all live? Just in this book
here?

(he rips the page open)

Baker. Beldon. Biltmore. Botsford. Well,
look, gang -- who's watching the store?

He suddenly turns to look out at the street.

FULL SHOT THE STREET MIKE'S P.O.V.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

MIKE

Who's watching any of the stores?

He lets loose of the phone book now, lets it fall to the floor, and stands there motionless for a moment, deep in thought. Then he automatically reaches for the door handle, turns it, and pushes. Nothing happens. He tries again and it remains locked. He waits a moment, then puts all his weight against it. It does not yield. It is more than irritation that we see on Mike's face now. There's the first suggestion of a real concern. He looks around his strange, glass prison.

MIKE

All right. Who's the wise guy? Who locked
the door?

(he tries the door once
again)

It's a great gag.

He pounds again and then suddenly stops and looks all around.

PAN SHOT FROM MIKE'S P.O.V.

From inside the phone booth. The camera moves all the way

around the glass, almost in a three hundred and sixty-degree pan.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

He laughs softly, shakes his head.

MIKE

Trapped in a phone booth! Trapped in a glass phone booth, like a goldfish.

(then he suddenly calls out)

Well, here I am! You got me! Everybody come see! I'm right here on display!

LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT MIKE

In the phone booth, as once again he starts to pound on the glass.

MIKE

How about a hand, somebody? A little assistance -- how about it? This is an absolutely hysterical town, and I'm growing very fond of it, but I'd appreciate it if --

He stops abruptly.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S FACE

As he stares at something through the glass.

CLOSE SHOT A CIGAR

Half-smoked and still burning, lying on the sidewalk just outside the booth.

ANGLE SHOT

Looking into Mike's face through the glass. For the very first time there's a look of incipient fear.

MIKE

Look. Whoever's out there. This isn't funny any more. You understand? I don't like this jazz. It's getting dull.

(he looks around again)

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look, I know I can be heard. I know... I know somebody's watching me.

Immediately after he's said this he realizes he has suddenly given voice to his fear. He's labeled what is beginning to bother him. Simply a sense of being watched. He suddenly bends down, picks up the phone book, flings it against the glass of the door. The glass disintegrates. Mike sticks his hand through, opens the door from the outside, then kicks at it with his foot. It springs open and halfway off its hinges as he goes out onto the street. Then he looks down at his hand. It's cut; a rivulet of blood runs down through the fingers. He feels for a handkerchief, takes it and wraps it around the hand. He squeezes it a couple of times, trying to get more blood to flow. Then he starts down the street again.

LONG SHOT STREET MIKE'S P.O.V.

Once again the sense of emptiness and loneliness and that bizarre quality of activity with no actors.

TRACK SHOT WITH MIKE AS HE CONTINUES DOWN THE STREET

He pauses in front of a building and looks up.

CLOSE SHOT SIGN

Which reads, POLICE STATION.

TRACK SHOT

He walks up the steps and into the building.

INT. POLICE STATION

There's a small anteroom, and then an open, barred door which leads to a corridor lined with cells.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he enters and looks around. There is a police sergeant's desk, files, pictures of wanted men on the wall. A teletype machine hums in the corner. Mike goes to look at it. The light over it is on, but nothing is being written. He whirls around and stares toward the sergeant's desk, goes behind it, picks up a microphone, fingers it for a moment,

then talks into it.

MIKE

Calling all cars. Calling all cars. Unknown man walking around the police station. Suspicious looking character. Probably wanted by the FBI --

Then he stops, looks at the mike, chuckles softly for a moment and then stops abruptly, the smile gone. He flings the microphone away from him and looks slowly around the room.

MIKE

I wish I could shake that feeling...
(he looks around again)
That crazy feeling of being watched...
listened to...

He stares toward the cell doors then begins to walk slowly toward them.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he stands in the middle of the next room, looking from empty cell to empty cell. Then he whirls around at a bubbling sound. There, on a hot plate, is a pot of coffee perking. Behind him we see the barred door leading to the anteroom begin to close. Mike's eyes look wild, as if subconsciously he realizes he's in danger. He whirls around to see the cell door closing and then, with a shout, throws himself against it, pushing it away before it locks. He seems to hang on it now, breathing deeply.

MIKE

All right, time to wake up! Time to wake up now!

He whirls around, his face distorted, close up against the camera. He shouts.

MIKE

Time to wake up!

He stumbles through the anteroom and then back to the street.

EXT. STREET LONG ANGLE SHOT

Looking down at Mike as he stands in the middle of the empty street, the stores around him, the quiet. He suddenly screams.

MIKE

Where is everybody? Where is everybody!?

FADE TO BLACK:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE ON:

FILM CLIP A HOT AND HIGH AFTERNOON SUN

Shimmering in a sea of heatwaves. The camera sweeps down until it is level with the street and a

LONG SHOT MIKE FERRIS

As he sits on a curb, staring dully and numbly across at nothing. The church steeple clock sounds two. He looks up, listens to it, but is no longer shocked by it. He just lets the sound of the chimes play along the edges of his consciousness without really being aware of them. Now he rises and walks slowly, methodically, without much apparent purpose across the street. He looks up to see a sign reading DRUGSTORE. He enters.

INT. DRUGSTORE

It is light and cheerful inside. On the left hand side is the soda bar with a big mirror behind it full of stickers advertising various concoctions -- soft drinks, ice cream, sandwiches. Mike, as he enters, pauses by the cigarette and candy counter. He looks through the glass for a long moment, then reaches behind and takes out a couple of cigars. He unwraps one, sticks it in his mouth, lights it, takes a couple of draws, butts it out, reaches in another box, takes one of those, then looks in the box.

MIKE

Two for a dollar. Now that's more like it.
I always like an expensive cigar.

Then he turns with a smile and says to nobody.

MIKE

How about you guys -- any of you want a
cigar?

SERIES OF SHOTS OF EMPTY BOOTHS

MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he gets up on a stool.

MIKE

I'll take a chocolate soda with chocolate ice cream.

He starts to laugh, but the laugh is checked almost immediately as he sees his reflection in the mirror behind the counter. His fingers run exploringly across his face, taking in the beard stubble, the hollowness beneath the eyes, the strange, haunted, frightened look that is obvious there. He looks at himself again for a long moment.

MIKE

You'll forgive me, old pal, but I don't recollect the name. The face seems vaguely familiar... but it's the name that escapes me.

(a pause)

I'll tell you what my problem is. I'm in the middle of a nightmare that I can't wake up from.

(he points to the reflection)

You're part of it. You and the ice cream and the cigar. That police station and the phone booth. That little mannequin. This whole bloody town, wherever it is.

(a pause)

Whatever it is. I just remembered something. Scrooge said it. You remember Scrooge, old buddy? Ebenezer Scrooge? It's what he said to the ghost, Jacob Marley. he said, "You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an undone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you." You see? That's what you all are. You're what I had for dinner last night. You must be. But now I'd like to wake up. I've had it... I'd like to wake up now. And if I can't wake up, at least I'd like... I'd like to find somebody to talk to.

He rises now and goes behind the counter. He starts to fix himself a chocolate soda, experimenting with some of the cupboards until he finds the right ingredients, the ice cream, the milk, et cetera. Then he mixes himself a soda,

tall, frosty, delicious. He starts to sip it with a straw as he walks around the drugstore. He stops by a poster of a high school football schedule.

CLOSE SHOT CARDBOARD SIGN

IT READS, OAKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, 1958 SCHEDULE. A LIST OF TEAMS AND DATES TO BE PLAYED APPEARS BELOW.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he takes it in one hand and reads it as he sips the soda. But the normality of it suddenly points out the incongruity of what he's living through. He puts the poster back on the counter, shaking his head, staring at it.

MIKE

I must be a very imaginative guy. Very imaginative. Nobody in the whole world can have a dream as... as complete as mine. Right down to the last detail.
(he taps the poster)
Right down to the last detail.

He turns, stares across at a big magazine rack near the front window of the store. He crosses over to it, stares down at some of the magazines, then kneels down, interested. He begins to trace the dates on each one of the magazines. The majority of them say October 1958 and his mouth forms that phrase, "October 1958."

Then he bites his lips, shakes his head again, rises, looks down at the group of comic books, each with a lurid title having to do with horror themes, Spook themes, et cetera. Then suddenly he stops and looks down at one, the cover of which is peeping out from behind the others and whose title is visible. He reaches down and pulls it out just a few inches farther so that he can read the entire title.

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT COVER

The title: The Last Man on Earth.

MED. SHOT MIKE

He picks it up and stares at the cover, then flings it down on the floor. He turns rapidly away and heads back to the

counter where he puts the soda down. He is suddenly gripped by another spasm of such utter loneliness that it forces him out onto the street.

EXT. STREET

Camera follows him out of the store. As he gets out on the street he suddenly shouts, shrilly, illogically.

MIKE

(shouting)

Hey! Hey, anybody! Anybody hear me? Anybody hear me?

He almost lurches to the other side of the street where he buries his face against the window of a building. When his head goes back he sees the letters U.S. POST OFFICE and he starts to laugh again.

MIKE

Any mail for me? Anybody write me a letter? I don't know what my name is, but maybe you can tell me in there, huh? Will you tell me what my name is?

He pounds his fist against the glass and then suddenly has to stifle what obviously is a sob as he begins to give in to the loneliness and to the unknown and to the pulsating, gnawing fear that envelops him. Then he turns away from the window, struggling for composure.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

He looks at something across the street. Camera sweeps wide until it stops on --

LONG SHOT BUILDING

With a sign reading CITY BANK.

LONG SHOT MIKE

As he gets up off the bench, walks across the street, and into the bank.

INT. BANK

TRACK SHOT MIKE

As he walks past all the tellers' cages. He stops at the end of the line, presses his face against the bars.

CLOSE SHOT ROW AFTER ROW OF STACKED BILLS

MED. SHOT MIKE

MIKE

I'd like to borrow about eight hundred thousand dollars. How about it?

(then he nods and grins)

Thanks. I think that's generous of you. I think that's really generous.

He pulls the bars up, reaches in and takes two packages of money. Then he starts to retrace his steps toward the front door. He's about to leave when he looks toward the first teller's window.

MED. SHOT ROWS OF COINS ON TOP OF THE COUNTER

MED. SHOT MIKE

He takes some of the bills that he's crammed into his shirt pocket, throws them away.

MIKE

Gotta make room for some silver.

He goes behind the teller's window and starts to cram rolls of coins into his pockets. Then suddenly his eyes look wild again as he looks up, his eyes scanning the room. And again, illogically, the same mixture of wisdom and paranoia.

MIKE

Somebody watching me?

He goes out in front of the teller's cage again and looks around.

MIKE

Somebody watching me?

He looks up toward the ceiling and around as if expecting to see someone.

MIKE

Crazy feeling. Crazy, odd-ball feeling.
Like... like I knew someone was watching
me.

And then his eyes narrow again in an awareness of danger.

MIKE

Watching me... and trying to button me up
someplace. Trying to trap me.

He looks around wildly again.

CLOSE SHOT HIS LEGS

As he starts to run toward the door. He trips over some
sort of a lever close to the teller's cage.

FLASH SHOT ALARM BELL

On the wall as it begins to ring.

LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT MIKE

As he stops by the front door and whirls around as the
loud, dissonant clanging pierces the quiet. Then he whirls
around and tries the front door again. It's locked.

SERIES OF FLASH SHOTS

Bell. Teller's cage. Locked door. Mike's hand. Mike's face.

TRACK SHOT MIKE

As he races toward the alarm on the wall. He grabs the
wires that extend from it and suddenly yanks on them,
pulling them apart. The bell abruptly stops. Then he whirls
around and stares at the front door.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

It is now ajar.

MED. SHOT MIKE

As he goes back toward the teller's cage, grabs the coins
and bills, crams them back into his pocket. He walks toward
the open door, then out onto the street again, leaving a

trail of silver and bills behind him. He sits down on the curb, unwraps the handkerchief from around his hand, wipes his face with it. He reaches into his pocket, takes out a crumpled fistful of bills, takes one out, grins at it, takes out the remnants of a cigar, sticks the cigar in his mouth, takes the bill, lights it.

MIKE

Here's something I've always wanted to do.
Always wanted to do this.

He takes the lit bill and lights a cigar with it, then he lets loose of the burning bill and watches it flutter to the ground and disappear in ashes. Mike watches it burn, and then slowly his face looks tired, hopeless.

MIKE

Big deal. So what? Big deal.

He lets his head hang a moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE [NIGHT]

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT STREET LAMP

As it suddenly goes on. Camera then pans down for a

SHOT OF MIKE

On a bench looking up toward the light. Then he turns to look toward the street flanking the square. The lights have gone on in front of all the stores and in the windows.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

Reacting.

MED. LONG SHOT THEATER MARQUEE

As the lights go on around it.

TRACK SHOT MIKE

He walks across the street, stops by the ticket window, and then, almost dreamlike, speaks.

MIKE

I'd like one tick --

Then he stops, shakes his head, closes his eyes, realizing how ludicrous this is. He is about to go in when he suddenly stops and stares at a poster advertising the movie.

CLOSE SHOT POSTER

Which shows an air force pilot in his coveralls advertising the movie.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he suddenly feels his own outfit and gradually makes the connection that the uniform of the man in the picture is similar to that which he wears.

MIKE

Air force. Air force.

(then he whirls around,
looks up toward the sky)

Air force. I'm air force.

(he once again looks down at
his coveralls and feels
them, grabs at them)

Air force. I'm in the air force.

TRACK SHOT MIKE

As he walks from the outside of the theater, through the lobby, on into the interior.

MIKE

(shouting)

Hey, everybody. I'm in the air force. I
remember that much. I'm in the air force.
Does anybody hear me? I'm in the air force.

And then once again he rubs his eyes, runs a hand wildly across his face and then suddenly surveys the theater.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT THE THEATER

There are enough lights on to cast a soft orange glow

through the room. He looks around at the absolute, vast emptiness of the place. Then he sits down, checks his watch, looks up at the big white screen with nothing on it. He looks at his watch again and then settles down in the chair, his eyes closed, and he starts to succumb to the fatigue that sweeps over him.

MIKE

Air force. What does that mean? Was there a bomb or something? Is that what happened? That must have been it, a bomb. But if there was a bomb --
(he looks around the empty theater now)
It would have destroyed everything. And nothing is destroyed.

Suddenly he is aware of the lights lowering. He starts and his eyes open wide in time to see the last of the lights go down. A long beam of white light shines from the projection booth and suddenly on the screen appears a big introductory title, Cartoon Parade, with appropriate march music. Mike leaps to his feet, looks from the projection booth down to the screen. He suddenly starts to run down the aisle, shouting.

MIKE

Hey! Hey, somebody up there?

He stops in front of the projectionist's light so that we get an almost -- nightmarish picture of the cartoons partially showing on his face and body as he screams.

MIKE

Hey, somebody up there? Who's running the pictures? Can you see me? Can you see me up there? Hey!

Then he races back up the aisle, arriving at the rear of the theater. He looks wildly around, then he sees a door with a glass window, steps visible on the other side.

LONG ANGLE SHOT STAIRS

As he races up them.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

As he bursts inside. The picture is running from one of the two projectors, but the room is absolutely empty. Mike races over to the machine, bends down and peers at it as the film goes through and he hears the sound of the cartoon music and voices. This is too much for him. He throws himself against the wall, peering out of the small, circular hole that the picture shoots through.

LONG ANGLE SHOT THROUGH THE HOLE

Of the vast, empty theater.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

He turns away, goes out the door, stumbling down the steps.

ANGLE SHOT DOWN STAIRS

He continues down the steps and out into the lobby again.

INT. LOBBY

He stops for a moment and looks across the lobby.

MED. LONG SHOT POPCORN MACHINE

That is at this moment making popcorn.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he closes his eyes, shakes his head. Then he opens them. His eyes go wide. He starts to run toward the camera, coming up very close and almost at the point of impact we

CUT AWAY TO:

TIGHT TWO SHOT

Of Mike and a mirror as he smashes his face and hands against it and then recoils from the reflection, backs off a few feet, and then looks at the mirror on the opposite side of the room. The combination throws off reflections almost to infinity. He looks from left to right staring at the hundreds of Mike Ferrises who ape him in his every movement. Then he stops and looks across at the refreshment stand where the popcorn continues to pop in the big

container. This, too, is more than he can stand. His face screws up like a small child about to cry, and then he shouts.

MIKE

Oh my God. Oh my dear God!

He stumbles through the lobby and out into the street.

EXT. STREET

He stumbles down the street aimlessly now, intent only on moving, not finding. His footsteps start to drag and finally he stops, sits down on the curb, buries his face in his hands, rubs his eyes. Then he looks up to once again find himself looking through the drugstore window, the magazine that he'd been reading lies on the floor face up.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

Looking down through the window, distorting the cover of the magazine in such a manner as to make the lettering appear big and irregular. Once again the title slaps at him across the face. The Last Man on Earth. He rises slowly, backing away from the window, shaking his head. He turns and races across the street. Suddenly, then, he stops abruptly as the light on the corner changes to red and he instinctively comes to a halt. And then he stops dead, realizing once again the ludicrousness of it. He begins to laugh -- the laughter becomes convulsive, wild. All the way across the street he continues it.

TRACK SHOT

As he goes by all the stores that we've been introduced to. As he goes by each one a sound emanates from it, a sound way out of proportion to what it actually should be. When he passes the pool hall we hear the mammoth bowling alley sound echoing from it. From in front of the theater comes a cacophony of music and laughter. From the drug store there is a fizzling, bubbling sound of drinks. From the record store, the dissonant, blaring sound of music. As each noise joins in it becomes mumbled and part of a big morass of noise.

Gradually the very dimension of it so frightens and shocks Mike that he begins to back away from each store as he

passes -- it as if being assaulted on all sides. He stumbles against a street post, whirls around, frightened, stares at it, and then suddenly, almost supplicatingly, throws his arms around it, buries his face against it. He starts to sob.

MIKE

Won't somebody help me? Won't somebody
please help me?

Then his sobs subside and he stands there, breathing deeply. His eyes slowly open. Sweat stands out on his features. He looks haggard, desperate, close to cracking. The noise somehow, for no apparent reason, suddenly stops and there's a deep, dead, all-pervading silence again. Mike's eyes travel up the post, stare up toward the sky. He squints against the sun.

MIKE

Who's watching me? Who's looking at me?
(screaming)
Who's looking at me?

He looks down toward the street.

LONG SHOT THE STREET

He moves to the middle of the road again, still looking up toward the sky, and then as if suddenly seeing an adversary, begins to run.

CLOSE SHOT STORE WINDOW

As Mike backs into it, trying to get inside, reaching for the door and missing, and then slamming his face against the front pane.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S FACE AND EYES

Looking from inside the store outside toward him. His eyes go wide and he starts to scream.

CLOSE SHOT OVER MIKE'S SHOULDER

At a huge eye looking at him.

MED. SHOT MIKE

As he starts to run away from the store again. The camera takes in a shot of an optometrist's sign with a huge eye that Mike had seen.

TRACK SHOT MIKE

As he runs back toward the post. He grabs it and holds on tight, then he looks down. His hands have touched a button and he looks down at it.

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT A BUTTON

With a sign over it: PUSH TO TURN GREEN.

MED. SHOT MIKE

As he looks away toward the light.

CLOSE SHOT THE LIGHT

MED. SHOT

And then suddenly Mike slams the palm of his hand against the button and punches it over and over again.

MIKE

Somebody help me. Help me. Help me.

CLOSE SHOT THE LIGHT

As if flashes from red to green, from green to red, from red to green, over and over again.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE'S HAND

As he keeps pushing the button. His voice, sobbing, screeching, plaintive, frightened.

MIKE

Somebody help me. Please. Please, help me

--

DISSOLVE TO:

OUT OF FOCUS ON HIS HAND

CLOSE SHOT IN FOCUS HIS HAND

Pushing a button on an instrument panel. The camera dollies away until both the back of the panel and Mike's face are on a small television screen.

LONG ANGLE SHOT

Down a line of officers in a viewing room as they intently watch the screen. We hear Mike's voice as it coincides with a red light that flashes brilliantly on and off over the viewing screen.

MIKE'S VOICE

Please. Please help me. Help me.

A general, obviously in command, turns to his aide on his right.

GENERAL

Clock him!

(and then turning to his
left says to the officer
alongside)

Get him out of there, quick!

Officer two reaches over for a hand mike. Pushes the button.

OFFICER TWO

Release the subject! On the double!

INT. LARGE HANGARLIKE ROOM

In the center of it, illuminated by a couple of spots in an otherwise dark room, is a small, hermetically sealed metal box about six by five feet and about five feet high. A sliding panel is pushed back. Several air force men reach down and start unstrapping Mike and then carefully lift him through the hole. A white-clad medical officer begins to remove electrodes that have been taped to his body at various points. By this time Mike has stopped speaking. His eyes are half closed. He breathes deeply and irregularly, slumps forward in his seat.

CLOSE SHOT HIS RIGHT FIST

Smashed against the instrument panel.

EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE UP HIS FIST

And the broken glass covering a clock on the panel which reads six fifteen.

MED. GROUP SHOT THE AIR FORCE MEN

As they remove him.

AIR FORCE MAN ONE

Be careful. He's cut his hand on that clock glass there --

LONG SHOT GENERAL AND STAFF

As they hurriedly approach the scene, their footsteps ringing hollowly on the concrete floor.

MEDICAL OFFICER

He's all right, sir. Delusions of some sort. I guess that's it. He's coming out of it now.

GENERAL

(nods)

Fine. You get all your data recorded?

MEDICAL OFFICER

Yes, sir. Every bit of it.

GENERAL

(to Officer One who comes up from behind)

Did you get him clocked?

OFFICER ONE

Yes, sir. Four hundred and eighty four hours, thirty-six minutes.

GENERAL

Good. I'd like to get a look at all the data when they're compiled. I'd like the reaction chart on him, too.

OFFICER TWO

(sotto)

The press, sir?

He points toward the opposite side of the room.

LONG SHOT THREE OR FOUR MEMBERS OF THE PRESS

As they stand waiting expectantly.

GROUP SHOT GENERAL AND THE OTHERS

GENERAL

On the run, if they don't mind. I want to talk to Ferris.

OFFICER TWO

Yes, sir.

He motions toward the press, and beckons them over as the General, the medical officers, and the others start walking in the opposite direction toward Mike Ferris, who lies on a stretcher at the very far and opposite side of the room.

TRACK SHOT WITH THE GENERAL AND THE REPORTERS

As they join him and start to walk across the room toward Ferris.

REPORTER ONE

You consider it a success, sir?

GENERAL

Very much so. He's been alone in that box for something in the neighborhood of four hundred and eighty four hours, which is roughly equivalent to a trip to the moon, several orbits, and then back.

REPORTER ONE

And this then was a simulated trip to the moon? Is that right, General?

GENERAL

(nods)

For all intent and purpose.

REPORTER TWO

What about the wires attached to him?

GENERAL

Electrodes. All of his reactions have been charted and graphed. Respiration, heart action, blood pressure.

At this moment they reach a point some ten feet away from where Mike Ferris lies on a stretcher attended by a couple of medics. Their voices become low.

REPORTER THREE

What happened to him toward the end? Just before he pushed that button or whatever it is.

GENERAL

What happened to him was that he cracked. We assume delusions of some sort, but I'll tell you something, gentlemen -- you spend two and a half weeks all by your lonesome in a five foot square box without ever being able to hear a human voice other than your own... I'll give you especially good odds that your imagination would run away with you too, just as his obviously did.

One of the medics looks up, motions the general over. The general takes a few steps until he's very close to Mike.

GENERAL

How do you feel, son?

MIKE

(his voice is weak but he's obviously much improved now)
I feel much better, sir. I'm sorry about... toward the end.

MEDICAL OFFICER

(close by)
What was it like, Ferris? Where did you think you were?

MIKE

(looks from one to the other, wets his lips)
Some place I don't want to visit again. A town... a town without people. Without anybody.

MEDICAL OFFICER

And you had to get out of that town, didn't you?

MIKE

(nods)
I sure did.
(then he looks up toward the medical officer)
What was the matter with me? Just off my rocker, huh?

MEDICAL OFFICER

Just a kind of nightmare, Ferris, that your mind manufactured for you.

The reporters lean forward straining to overhear this conversation.

MEDICAL OFFICER

You see, Ferris, we can feed stomachs with concentrates. We can supply microfilm for recreation, reading, even movies of a sort. We can pump oxygen in, waste material out.

The camera now moves around so that it is shooting just over the heads of all the men assembled and is looking at the box in the background which is on the periphery of the light.

MEDICAL OFFICER

But there's one thing we can't simulate. That's a pretty basic need -- man's hunger for companionship, the barrier of loneliness. That's one we haven't licked yet.

At this moment the medics help Ferris to his feet. He stands there motionless for a moment as if testing newfound legs, and then he looks out toward the open hangar door at

the night sky.

MIKE

Next time though... it won't be just a box
and a hangar, will it?

GENERAL

(going to his side and
looking out toward the sky
with him)

No, Mike. Next time you'll really be alone.

There's a long, thoughtful silence as Mike takes a few steps toward the hangar door. He pauses for a moment near the box. A side has been removed so that he's staring directly into the control panel where the broken clock can be seen still reading six fifteen.

CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he reacts.

CLOSE SHOT COCKPIT

As the camera pans over the broken clock, a microphone which hangs by the cord, a small microfilm apparatus, et cetera.

MED. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

As he looks away and then continues to walk over to the hangar door. He slowly looks up toward the sky and the camera sweeps up for a long shot of the moon hanging bright and lustrous in the sky.

MIKE

(grins thoughtfully, stares
up toward the silver orb,
and then quietly)

Don't go away up there. Next time... next
time it won't be a nightmare or a dream.
Next time it'll be real. So don't go
away... We'll be there in a little while.

Then he starts to walk out in the night followed by the others. The camera begins a slow pan back into the room until it is shooting on the box, squatting empty and

impassive in the empty room.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

The barrier of loneliness. The palpable,
desperate need of the human animal to be
with his fellow man.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

NIGHT SKY

The moon and the stars.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Up there... up there is the vastness of
space, in the void that is sky... up there
is an enemy known as isolation. It sits
there in the stars waiting... waiting with
the patience of eons... forever waiting...
in the Twilight Zone.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END

