

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Season Two

"The Eye of the Beholder"

Teleplay by

ROD SERLING

Air Date: November 11, 1960

**1. Standard opening** With human eye changing into setting sun. PAN DOWN TO OPENING SCENE OF PLAY.

**2. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM NIGHT**

(Production note: Throughout the play until otherwise indicated, all characters with the exception of Janet are played either in the shadows or the camera is on their back, but never are actually seen face first.) The CAMERA STARTS A SLOW DOLLY in over toward a bed which, besides a bedstand, is the only furniture in an otherwise bare and antiseptic-looking room. CAMERA STOPS on an ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN at Janet Tyler, whose face is entirely swathed in a bandaged mask, with only a little slit left open for the mouth. She remains motionless. Even her hands are limp, unprotesting extensions of herself, as if they too were resigned to a life of silent darkness. There's the noise of a door swinging open and then the very slight sound of glass medicine bottles rattling on a tray. The bandaged face turns toward the sound:

CUT TO:

**3. Med. long shot across the room** A nurse has just entered and is placing the tray down near the door. The position of the bedlight throws the far end of the room in shadows, so that all we can see of the nurse is that of angular, tall silhouette, her face invisible. Her voice, when she speaks, has a brittle and professional quality, unemotional and with a suggestion of boredom.

**JANET**

Nurse?

**NURSE**

Brought you your sleeping medicine, honey.

**JANET**

Is it night already?

**NURSE**

It's nine-thirty.

**4. Different angle Janet** As her head turns to look up toward the ceiling.

**JANET**

What about the day?

**NURSE**

What about it?

**JANET**

Was it a beautiful day? Was the sun out? Was it warm?

**5. Moving shot the nurse** As seen from behind her as she walks over to the bed, administers to the bandaged woman. The camera remains on her back.

**NURSE**

Kinda warm.

**JANET**

Clouds? Were there clouds in the sky?

We can see the nurse shrug. Her voice becomes even duller.

**NURSE**

I suppose there were. I never was much for staring up at the sky all the time.

Now the nurse screws back the top on a medicine bottle, puts it in her pocket, shakes down a thermometer.

**JANET**

I used to look up at clouds a lot. If you stare at them long enough they become "things." Do you know what I mean? Ships, people, pastoral scenes...anything you want, really, if you stare at them long enough.

**NURSE**

Time to take your temperature now.

She moves the thermometer toward Janet's mouth.

**JANET**

Just one other thing...?

**NURSE**

Well?

**JANET**

When...when will they take the bandages off?

**6. Close shot thermometer** It stops, poised in mid-air, then travels in an arc back toward the nurse's side.

**7. DIFFERENT LONG ANGLE**

As seen from above. The nurse has turned away, obviously reacting to the question. Janet's head follows her.

**JANET (CONT'D)**

How long?

**NURSE**

Until...until they decide whether they can fix up your face or not.

**JANET** (very softly)

Oh. I guess it's...I guess it's pretty bad, isn't it?

**8. Different angle shooting over the nurse's shoulder toward Janet**

**NURSE**

I've seen worse.

**JANET**

But it's pretty bad, isn't it? I know it's pretty bad. Ever since I can remember...ever since I was a little girl...people have turned away from me. The very first thing I can remember is a little child screaming when she looked at me.

**9. Extremely tight profile shot of her bandaged face** As she once again turns away. Her voice is soft, but there is a sense of desperation, of misery, of anguish that creeps in.

**JANET** (CONT'D)

I never wanted to be beautiful. I never wanted to look like a painting. I never even wanted to be loved.

(a pause)

I just wanted...I just wanted people not to scream when they looked at me.

(now the bandaged face turns once again toward the nurse)

When, nurse? When will they take the bandages off this time?

**10. Different angle the back of the nurse** As she once again leans over, puts the thermometer in Janet's mouth, then turns, but so close to the camera that we are shooting her body below the face. She passes the camera and moves again to the opposite side of the room and into the shadows. The camera remains on this shot.

**NURSE**

Maybe tomorrow. Maybe the next day. You've been waiting so long now...it really doesn't make too much difference whether it's two days or weeks now, does it?

**11. Reverse angle looking back over to the bed**

Janet's head moves from side to side, shaking her head "no." The nurse looks down at her watch then once again moves away from the camera over to the bed, takes the thermometer out,

shakes it, then in identical fashion to before, passes the camera and goes out of the room.

CUT TO:

**12. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR NIGHT**

This is a long, bare, almost cavernous, tunnel-like hallway. The lights are dim and, once again, the people who pass under them - a doctor, another nurse, a patient - are in shadows and we cannot see their faces. A few doors down from Janet's room is a kind of reception desk. A nurse sits there, her back to camera.

**13. Long shot down the corridor looking toward reception desk** As Janet's nurse comes from behind the camera and starts walking toward the desk.

**14. MED. LONG SHOT INTERCOM**

On the reception desk as the CAMERA MOVES TOWARD IT, staying on the back of Janet's nurse.

**15. Close shot nurse's hand** As she flicks a button on the intercom.

**NURSE**

Dr. Bernardi. Evening report on Patient 307. Resting comfortably. No temperature change.

**DOCTOR'S VOICE**

(over intercom)

Thank you, nurse. I'll be down later.

The nurse flicks off the button.

**NURSE TWO**

Ever see her face? 307?

**NURSE**

Indeed I have. If it were mine, I'd bury myself in a grave someplace. Poor thing. Some people want to live no matter what!

(a pause)

Got a cigarette?

A pack of cigarettes passes in front of the camera. Janet's nurse's hand moves toward the pack and takes out a cigarette, then moves out of the frame. There's the sound of a match being struck o.c., then a cloud of smoke exhaled into the air. The CAMERA MOVES AROUND so that it is SHOOTING THROUGH THE SMOKE across the desk, down toward the corridor and Janet's room. At this moment we FREEZE FRAME. Two nurses walking down the corridor away from the camera stop and become immobile, and over this tableau we hear Serling's voice.

5.

**SERLING'S VOICE**

Suspended in time and space for a moment.

Out of Janet Tyler's room now walks Serling. Behind him we still see the stationary figures of the nurses.

**SERLING**

You have been introduced to Miss Janet Tyler, who lives in a very private world of darkness; a universe whose dimensions are the size, thickness, length of a swathe of bandages that cover her face. In a moment we'll go back into this room, and also in a moment we'll look under the bandages.

(a pause)

Keeping in mind, of course, that we're not to be surprised by what we see, because this isn't just a hospital. And this Patient 307 is not just a woman. This happens to be The Twilight Zone...and Miss Janet Tyler, Patient number 307...with you, is about to enter it!

FADE TO BLACK--OPENING BILLBOARD--FIRST COMMERCIAL--FADE ON:

**16. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM [NIGHT] EXTREMELY TIGHT PROFILE SHOT  
BANDAGED FACE OF JANET TYLER**

Beyond, at the far end of the room, are the shadowy figures of the doctor and the nurse. We hear them indistinctly and muffled. Occasionally words like "temperature," "pressure," "thyroid," "injection" can be heard above the general indistinct rumble of their voices. Finally the doctor takes a step toward the camera and the bed, his face still in the shadows.

**DOCTOR**

(over his shoulder)

Come back about eleven, nurse. Give her the usual sedative then.

**NURSE**

All right, doctor.

The CAMERA ARCS AROUND so that it is shooting behind the doctor as he approaches the bed. He reaches it, picks up Janet's arm, briefly checks her pulse while he looks down at her.

**DOCTOR**

Warm this evening, Miss Tyler.

**JANET**

I thought it was. I couldn't be sure, though.

**DOCTOR**

(running a hand through his collar)  
Very warm. You can take my word for it. We'll have those bandages off you very shortly. I expect you're uncomfortable.

**JANET**

I'm used to bandages on my face.

**DOCTOR**

I've no doubt. This is your...ninth visit here? Is it the ninth?

**JANET**

The eleventh.

(a pause as she turns  
her bandaged face  
toward him)

Sometimes I think I've lived my whole life inside a dark cave. The walls are gauze. And the wind that blows in from the mouth of the cave always smells of ether and disinfectant.

(a pause)

There's a kind of a comfort though, doctor, to living in this cave. It's so wonderfully private.

(she turns her head  
away)

No one can ever see me.

(another pause)

It's hopeless, isn't it, doctor?  
I'll never look any different.

**DOCTOR**

(putting her wrist  
down)

That's hard to say. Up to now you haven't responded to the medication or to the shots or any of the proven techniques. Frankly, you've stumped us, Miss Tyler. Nothing we've done so far has made any difference at all. But we're hopeful of what this last treatment may have accomplished. There's no telling, of course - not till we get the bandages off. Unfortunately your case is one that can't be handled with plastic surgery. Bone structure, flesh type...many factors prohibit this kind of approach.

He turns away. The CAMERA ARCS AROUND with him so that he's never full on camera.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**  
Your eleventh visit.

A pause. He moves over to the table, taps on it tentatively.

**17. Close shot his fingers** As they tap.

**18. Angle shot looking across Janet toward the slouched figure of the doctor** There's a silence and finally Janet breaks it.

**JANET**  
No more after this, are there? No more tries.

**DOCTOR**  
Eleven is the mandatory number of experiments.  
(he shrugs)  
No more are permitted after eleven.

**JANET**  
Now what?

**DOCTOR**  
Well you're kind of jumping the gun, Miss Tyler. You may very well have responded to these last injections. There's no way of telling till we get those bandages off.

**JANET**  
But if I haven't responded - then what?

**DOCTOR**  
There are alternatives.

**JANET**  
Like?

The doctor starts to turn. WE CUT ABRUPTLY BEFORE HE GETS TO FACE THE CAMERA TO:

**DOCTOR**  
Don't you know?

**JANET**  
(very softly)  
I know.

**DOCTOR**  
(approaching the bed)  
You realize, of course, Miss Tyler, why these rules are in effect?  
(MORE)



C.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Each of us is afforded as much opportunity as possible to fit in with society. In your case, think of the time and money and effort expended to make you look-

He stops abruptly. His head goes down as if searching for a word.

**JANET**

To make me look like what?

**DOCTOR**

Normal. The way you'd like to look.

**20. Different angle Janet** As she rises in bed, supporting herself on her elbows.

**JANET**

Doctor? May I walk outdoors? May I sit out on the lawn? Just for a little while. Just to smell the flowers. Just to...just to feel the air. Just for...just for...

(she bolts upright in bed now. Her voice takes on a different tone, a strained, tight, close-to-breaking harshness)

To make believe, doctor! To make believe that I am normal. If I sit outside in the darkness, then I know the whole world is dark. I'm more a part of it that way. Not just one grotesque, ugly, deformed woman with a bandage around her face...with a special darkness that belongs to her.

The CAMERA MOVES IN for a VERY CLOSE SHOT of her bandaged face and now her voice is high, shrill, and unsteady.

**JANET (CONT'D)**

I want to belong! I want to be like other people. Please help me, doctor.

(now her voice catches in a sob)

Please help me.

The CAMERA MOVES AROUND so that it is SHOOTING TOWARD THE DOCTOR who stands in the shadows. He is silent for a moment and then his voice is soft.

2.

**DOCTOR**

You're not alone, Miss Tyler. You realize that, don't you? You're hardly alone. There are many others who share your misfortune. People who look much as you do. One of the alternatives...should this last treatment prove unsuccessful...well, this is simply to allow you to move into a special area in which people of your own kind have been congregated.

**JANET**

People of my own kind!

(a pause)

Congregated, doctor? You don't mean congregated, you mean segregated. You mean imprisoned. You're talking about a ghetto now.

(and then plaintive,  
anguished, and more  
as a cry, she shrieks  
this out)

A ghetto designed for freaks!

**DOCTOR**

(shouting)

Miss Tyler! The State is not unsympathetic. Your presence here in this hospital attests to this. It's doing all it can for you. But you're not being rational, Miss Tyler. You can't expect to live any kind of life amongst...

(again he gropes, but  
picks it up quickly)

Amongst normal people.

CUT TO:

**21. Close shot Janet** The bandages twitch as if, underneath, her face were contorting.

**JANET**

I could try. I could wear a mask or this bandage. I wouldn't bother anyone. I'd just go my own way. I'd take a job. Any job.

(her voice breaks  
again)

Who are you people anyway? What is this State? Who makes up all the rules and the statutes and the traditions? The people who are different have to stay away from other people who are normal. The State isn't God, doctor.

**DOCTOR**

(firmly and obviously concerned)  
Miss Tyler, please!

**JANET**

The State is not God. It hasn't the right to penalize people for an accident of birth. It hasn't the right to make ugliness a crime-

**DOCTOR**

(shouting)  
Miss Tyler, I must ask you to stop this kind of talk immediately! Now, Miss Tyler, now!

The CAMERA MOVES BACK over to a SHOT OF JANET, who gets out of bed and stands there for a moment motionless with her head down, then very slowly, a hand out in front of her, she moves across the room over to a window. She touches it, then puts her bandaged cheek against it.

CUT TO:

**22. Reverse angle looking at her through the glass** One hand moves down the pane until it reaches the open section at the bottom. She moves her hand back and forth.

**JANET**

(softly)  
I feel the night out there. I feel the air. I can smell the flowers.  
(she turns slowly to face the doctor.  
Both hands go up to touch the bandage, in a very small, still voice)  
Please take this off me. Please take this off me.  
(then screaming)  
Take this off me!

She starts to clutch and scrabble at the bandage, screaming as she does so.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

**23. INT. CORRIDOR ROOM INDICATOR ON WALL OVER RECEPTION DESK**

A light "307" flashes over and over again. In the b.g. we hear Janet's screaming voice pleading for the removal of the bandage. The nurse passes the camera hurriedly. CAMERA PANS AROUND SO THAT IT IS LOOKING at her as she races down the corridor toward Janet's room.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

**24. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AS SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE**

The doctor is holding a fighting, squirming Janet as the nurse barges in, takes her other arm and the two of them move her back over to the bed. The scene is played in pantomime and finally Janet quiets down. We then see the nurse walk back over to the door and exit.

CUT TO:

**25. INT. CORRIDOR MED. SHOT RECEPTION NURSE**

Reading a magazine that covers up her face. Janet's nurse walks in front of camera so that we see most of her back and part of the nurse sitting behind the magazine.

**JANET'S NURSE**

The doctor's decided to remove the bandages in 307. He wants to have the anesthetist stand by.

**26. Different angle the reception nurse** She turns just at the moment of the CAMERA CUT so that we actually don't see her face.

**NURSE TWO**

Of course, it's not for me to say, but I think they spend an awful lot of time and trouble on some of these face cases - these throwbacks: Why not ship them out in the beginning?

She reaches for her magazine again and starts to turn in her chair, at which point

THE CAMERA AGAIN CUTS TO:

**27. SHOT OF HER BACK**

Looking over her shoulder.

**JANET'S NURSE**

Is that what you'd want? If it were you?

The second nurse flicks the intercom impatiently.

**NURSE TWO**

Anesthesia, please. Wanted for 307.  
Yes. She may get violent.

FADE TO BLACK--END ACT ONE--ACT TWO--FADE ON:

**28. INT. CORRIDOR RECEPTION DESK [NIGHT]**

A nurse and an orderly lounge around, backs to camera. The orderly looks at his watch, then across at a large television

set perched on the far end of the counter which fronts the reception desk.

#### **ORDERLY**

Leader's speaking tonight. Goes on in just a few minutes.

He rises, flicks on the set, then lights a cigarette.

**29. Top hat shot the match** As it goes into the ashtray. Directly across on a direct line is the front of the television set which shows an extremely long shot of a desk with an official seal behind it. A man sits behind it, too far off to distinguish clearly beyond a general outline. An off-camera voice announces portentously.

#### **ANNOUNCER**

And now, ladies and gentlemen, our Leader.

There is cheering and offstage applause, and we now hear the stentorian tones of the gentleman just announced.

#### **LEADER'S VOICE**

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight I shall talk to you about glorious conformity...about the delight and the ultimate pleasure of our unified society. You recall, of course, that directionless, unproductive, over-sentimentalized era of man's history when it was assumed that dissent was some kind of natural and healthy adjunct to society. We also recall that during this period of time there was a strange over-sentimentalized concept that it mattered not that people were different, that ideas were at variance with one another, that a world could exist in some kind of crazy, patchwork kind of makeup, with foreign elements glued together in a crazy quilt. We realize, of course, now, that...

His voice continues underneath as the CAMERA MOVES AWAY from him and SHOOTs DOWN THE HALL. The LEADER'S VOICE continues through the bandage-removal scene.

**30. Different angle the door of Janet's room**

DISSOLVE TO:

**31. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM NIGHT**

Janet now sits in a chair in the center of the room. A single overhead light has been turned on so that she alone is

illuminated almost as if by a spotlight. There's a low murmur of voices underneath as other shadowy figures in the room walk back and forth in front of her, their shadows playing briefly on her bandaged face as they move. Behind this scene, intermittently, we can hear the voice of the Leader on the television set outside. Then the voices of the doctor and the people in the room die off. The doctor's body steps in front of the camera. CAMERA PANS DOWN to a SHOT OF HIS RIGHT HAND. It holds a scissors.

**DOCTOR**

Now I have to ask you once again, Miss Tyler. I must insist that you promise to remain rational. No tantrums. No temperament. And no violence. You understand?

Janet nods.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Now I'll tell you precisely what I'm going to do. I'm going to cut the bandage at a point on the left side of your head. I'll start to unwind the bandage very gradually. The process has to be slow so that you can become accustomed to the light. As you know, the injections may have had an effect on your vision. Now as I unwrap, I want you to keep your eyes open and I want you to describe to me the different shading of light as you perceive it as each layer of bandage comes off.

**JANET**

(softly)  
All right.

**32. Different angle profile shot Janet** We see the doctor's body from the neck down, the scissors now held in front of him.

**DOCTOR**

Now if you make any movement or if you start getting emotional on us, Miss Tyler, I'm going to have to have the nurses hold you down and have the anesthetist put you under sedation. Is that understood?

**JANET**

(falteringly)  
I promise...I won't.

**DOCTOR**

All right then.

The scissors come out in front of him and move toward the camera. From this angle they are disproportionately large and almost fill the screen. We see them perform some movement and the bandages start to move in sections across the screen as if being unwound from a head.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Do you see any light now, Miss Tyler?

**JANET**

Just a little. It looks...it looks gray.

**DOCTOR**

All right now, just be very quiet.

Again bandage swirls across the screen and then stops.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Now, Miss Tyler?

**JANET**

Much brighter. Very bright.

**DOCTOR**

Look up toward the light.

CUT TO:

**33. Angle shot looking up toward light** A diffuse sun as seen through layers of bandage.

**34. Reverse angle over the doctor's shoulder looking down toward Janet's face** As once again he starts to unwrap bandage.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

How about now, Miss Tyler?

**JANET**

It's bright. It's very bright.

**DOCTOR**

Good.

(he continues to unwrap  
then stops)

I'm at the last layer now, Miss Tyler.

Janet's face goes up.

**JANET**

I can...I can just distinguish your outline. Just vaguely...but I can see you.

**DOCTOR**

Now I'm going to remove the last bandage, Miss Tyler. Now do you want a mirror?

There's a silence.

**JANET**

No. No, thank you. No mirror.

Again she looks up as if trying to scan the faces of the others in the room.

**35. Pan shot past the faces** Of the anesthetist, and two nurses in the shadows as they watch motionlessly and tensely.

**36. Different angle Janet** As seen from the back of her head. The doctor once again reaches for the last of the bandages.

**DOCTOR**

Now I'm going to remove the last bandage, Miss Tyler. And I want you to remember this please. Miss Tyler? Are you listening?

**JANET**

Yes, I'm listening.

**DOCTOR**

We have done all we could. If we were successful - all well and good. There are no problems. If, however, this final treatment has not achieved the desired results, keep in mind that you can still live a long and fruitful life among people of your own kind. As soon as we discover these results, we'll either release you...or...

He pauses for a moment.

**37. Another pan shot past the shadowy faces** Of the other people in the room, winding up on a SHOT OF JANET'S thinly bandaged face through which we can now see the outline of her features, eyes, nose, mouth, but no definitive portrait of a face.

**JANET**

Doctor?

**DOCTOR**

Yes.

**JANET**

If I'm still...if I'm still terribly ugly, is there any other alternative? Could I...could I be put away?

**DOCTOR**

Under certain circumstances, Miss Tyler...the State does provide for  
(MORE)



**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

extermination of undesirables. There are many factors to be considered, though, that bear on the decision. Under the circumstances, considering your age...your general physical condition...I doubt very much if we could permit anything but your transfer to a communal group of people with your...your disability.

**JANET**

You'll make me go then?

**DOCTOR**

That will probably be the case. All right, Miss Tyler. Remain very quiet please. Keep your eyes open.

**38. Different angle from behind the doctor** As he reaches forward and starts to unwind the last bandage. The first strip of bandage comes off the top of her forehead, another layer revealing her forehead, another layer uncovering just the upper part of her eyebrows and eyes.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

All right, Miss Tyler. Now here comes the last of it. I wish you every good luck!

Again he reaches over and starts to unwind as we

CUT TO:

**39. Shadowy faces of the other people in the room**

There's a moment's absolute silence, then one of the nurses lets out a gasp. Another involuntarily throws a hand and arm across her face to blot out what is obviously an incredible spectacle.

**40. Flash close shot doctor's hand** As he drops the scissors and they land on the floor. He then steps back into the shadows to stand close to the others.

**DOCTOR'S VOICE**

No change! No change at all!

**41. Closeup Janet** She raises her head. If she is not startlingly beautiful, we have missed our point entirely.

**42. Different angle from behind Janet**

As she slowly rises. Her hands come up from her side to touch her face, then remain there as her head bends over and she buries her face in her hands. In the silence we hear one rasping sob that is finally and painfully controlled. Then she looks up, scanning the faces that confront her, then

suddenly she breaks away and races toward the door. The doctor hurriedly and expertly steps in front of her way and grabs her.

**DOCTOR**

(curtly to the other man in the room)  
Needle, please. I was afraid of this.

(then to the nurse)  
Turn on the lights!

The shadowy form of the nurse moves over to the light switch.

**43. Close shot her hand** As she turns on the switch.

**44.-47. Abrupt flash closeups of the two nurses, the anesthetist, and then the doctor** Each face is more grotesque than the other. Noses, eyes, mouths, ears, everything, almost as if they were cartoons; almost as if they were caricature drawings come to life.

**48. Med. close shot the anesthetist** A syringe in his hand, as he walks slowly toward the struggling girl whose face is buried against the doctor. He holds up the needle and at this moment Janet breaks free, opens the door wildly and races out into the corridor.

**49. Long shot as she races down the corridor** Past amazed nurses and doctors, each of whom has the same odd ugliness of those we have already seen.

**50. Close shot door of Janet's room** As the doctor barges out.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

(shouts)  
Stop that patient! Stop her!

**51.-53. Series of shots of Janet** As she races down empty corridors.

**54. Close shot elevator operator** He opens the doors to the elevator just as Janet passes. He, like all the others, is a cartoon-looking character.

**55. Close shot doctor** Coming out of operating room, removing his mask just as Janet runs by him. His face is like that of the elevator operator.

(The following covers Janet's running through the corridor.)

**LEADER'S VOICE**

I say to you now...I say to you now  
that there is no such thing as a  
permissive society, because such a  
society cannot exist!

(MORE)

**LEADER'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

They will scream at you and rant and rave and conjure up some dead and decadent picture of an ancient time when they said that all men are created equal! But to them equality was an equality of opportunity, an equality of status, an equality of aspiration! And then, in what must surely be the pinnacle of insanity, the absolute in inconsistency, they would have had us believe that this equality did not apply to form, to creed. They permitted a polyglot, accident-bred, mongrel-like mass of diversification to blanket the earth, to infiltrate and weaken!

(now he shrieks)

Well, we know now that there must be a single purpose! A single norm! A single approach! A single entity of peoples! A single virtue! A single morality! A single frame of reference! A single philosophy of government!

(shrieking again)

We cannot permit...we must not permit the encroaching sentimentality of a past age to weaken our resolve. We must cut out all that is different like a cancerous growth!

**56. Running shot Janet** As she races down the corridor.

**57.-59. Different angles television screens** As she runs by them. Each with a different angle of the face of the Leader as he continues to speak, his voice droning, unintelligible, but persistent and gradually taking on a build of excitement.

**60. Different angle Janet** As she stops in the middle of an empty hall and looks left, right, in front and then back.

CUT TO:

**61.-63. Interspersed shots of the television screen**

As each shot shows it in larger and larger perspective. The face of the Leader is incredibly ugly as it shouts down at her.

**64. Zoom in to close shot Janet's back** As her hands go to the sides of her head, as if trying to shut out the noises.

**65. Long angle shot looking down** As she races down the last corridor and turns a corner then stops dead. WHIP PAN UP TO GIANT TELEVISION SCREEN. The Leader's face fills it up entirely, screaming, ranting, contorting.

**66. Close shot Janet's hand** As she instinctively reaches for an ashtray near a bench which is against one wall.

**67. DIFFERENT ANGLE**

As she picks it up and flings it across the corridor.

**68. Extremely tight close shot television screen** The ashtray hits the face of the Leader head on and splinters the set, and from the broken, smoking remnant of the machine, we hear the voice of the Leader.

**LEADER'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

It is essential in this society that we not only have a norm, but that we conform to that norm. Differences weaken us. Variations destroy us. An incredible permissiveness to deviation from this norm is what has ended nations and brought them to their knees. Conformity we must worship and hold sacred. Conformity is the key to survival.

The voice persists as we

CUT TO:

**69. Different angle Janet** As she races down the corridor past the screen.

**70. Close shot double doors** Unlabeled, as Janet runs in and smashes through them.

**71. INT. ROOM MED. SHOT**

Janet bursts in and recoils in shock and horror at something she sees o.s. She shrieks and slides slowly down to the ground in a huddled heap and begins to cry. The CAMERA MOVES DOWN. The legs and feet of whatever monstrosity she has seen move into f.g. Janet is terrified. Then the doctor enters from another direction and bends down to her soothingly.

**DOCTOR**

Don't be afraid, Miss Tyler. This is a representative of the group you're to live with. Oddly enough, you've come right to him. Come on now - he won't hurt you.

He lifts the terrified girl to her feet.

**72. CLOSEUP JANET**

Forces herself to look at the newcomer, her face full of revulsion.

**73. Full shot** Walter Smith steps into the light. We see a youthful, tremendously attractive young man, dressed plainly in simple trousers and shirt.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

This is Mr. Smith, Janet. Walter Smith. He's in charge of the village group in the north. He'll take you there tonight. You can live among your own kind now.

**74. Different angle Smith** As he walks over to Janet. We're looking across her back and up into Smith's face. In addition to being attractive, it's a gentle face, a compassionate face, an infinitely kind face. He smiles, his voice is gentle and soft.

**SMITH**

Miss Tyler?

The girl's head is raised.

**SMITH (CONT'D)**

We have a lovely village and wonderful people. I think you'll like it where I'm going to take you. You'll be with your own kind, and after a little while - you'd be amazed how little a while - you'll feel a sense of great belonging. You'll feel a sense of being loved. And you will be loved, Miss Tyler.

The girl remains motionless now. Smith looks up and gestures with his head.

**75. Different angle the room** As the doctor leaves and shuts the door behind him.

**76. CLOSE SHOT SMITH**

**SMITH (CONT'D)**

Miss Tyler? Would you get your things now? We can leave any time.

The CAMERA STARTS A VERY, VERY SLOW ARC until finally it is shooting directly into the face of Janet Tyler. She's like a beautiful living portrait. A face carved into the mold of all things woman. Gentle, beautiful, feminine, and young.

**JANET**

Mr. Smith?

**SMITH**

Yes?

**JANET**

Why...why are some of us born so ugly?

**SMITH**

(smiles sadly)

I don't know, Miss Tyler. I really don't know.

(a pause)

But do you know something? It doesn't really matter. There's an old saying...a very, very old saying. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. When we leave here...when we go to the village...keep that in mind. Try, Miss Tyler. Say it over and over in your mind. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

(a pause as he takes her hand)

Come on, now. We'll get your things and we'll leave.

The two of them walk to the double doors. He opens them for her and they walk out into the corridor, a vast empty passageway that stretches out almost to infinity. The CAMERA REMAINS STATIONARY as they walk away from it down the corridor.

**SERLING'S VOICE**

Now the questions that come to mind: Where is this place and when is it? What kind of world, where ugliness is the norm and beauty the deviation from that norm? You want an answer? The answer is...it doesn't make any difference. Because the old saying happens to be true. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. In this year or a hundred years hence.

(a pause)

On this planet...or wherever there is human life, perhaps out amongst the stars.

(a pause)

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Lesson to be learned...in The Twilight Zone.

FADE TO BLACK.