

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Season One

"The After Hours"

by

ROD SERLING

Air Date: June 10, 1960

1. Shot (Art) of an odd-looking sky

Strange clouds drift across the sky. PAN DOWN for LONG ANGLE SHOT of a road that stretches out across a barren landscape punctuated by odd rock croppings and an occasional gnarled-branched tree. The CAMERA STARTS MOVING DOWN this road at a fast clip heading toward a far-out horizon. Over this we hear a Narrator's Voice.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

This highway leads to the shadowy
tip of reality. A through-route to
the land of the different, the
bizarre, the unexplainable.

(a pause)

You go as far as you like on this
road. Its limits are only those of
the mind itself. Ladies and gentlemen,
you're entering the wondrous dimension
of imagination. Next stop-

At this moment we've reached the end of the road and are just a moment away from what appears to be a precipice leading out into nothingness. Concurrent with the next line of narration, the lettering springs up in front of the camera almost as if on a hinge.

NARRATOR'S VOICE (CONT'D)

The Twilight Zone!

CAMERA MOVES through into the lettering, smashing it into bits and then continuing on through until we are suspended in night sky. A SLOW PAN DOWN to opening shot of the play.

2. INT. DEPARTMENT STORE MAIN FLOOR [DAY] LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN

A humdrum of activity. Customers going to and fro. The occasional gong, gong, gong of a floorwalkers' signal. The constant opening and shutting of elevator doors, etc. CAMERA PANS DOWN SLOWLY until it is eye level with the customers who move toward the elevators and the others that come out from behind it, moving away from it. PAN LEFT for MED. LONG SHOT of Marsha White as she stops hesitantly in front of the tier of elevators, finding them all closed.

3. Med. close shot Marsha As she looks down the line of elevators.

4. Reverse angle looking toward last elevator on left Its door just opening as she looks at it. A young operator sticks his head out, beckons to her.

OPERATOR

Going up, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

5. Track shot Marsha As she approaches the elevator and then steps inside.

MARSHA

Housewares?

OPERATOR

That would be mezzanine, ma'am. What in particular were you looking for?

MARSHA

Thimbles. Gold thimbles. You had them advertised.

OPERATOR

That would be Specialties, ma'am. Ninth floor.

6. Different angle Marsha As seen from outside looking in toward elevator. The operator's hand raises preparatory to closing the door.

7. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING OUTSIDE-FROM ELEVATOR MARSHA' P.O.V.

There are long lines of people gathered, waiting for the elevators, but none of them even come close to the one she's in.

8. Reverse angle looking toward her As she looks puzzled for a moment, a look that is shut off by the closing doors.

9. INT. ELEVATOR TWO SHOT MARSHA AND OPERATOR

She studies the back of his head as the elevator goes up slowly and almost noiselessly.

MARSHA

(smiling)

I'm not accustomed to such service.

OPERATOR

(without turning)

Ma'am?

MARSHA

There were a lot of people waiting for elevators. I seem to have a private one.

OPERATOR

(now turns to her)

This is the express, ma'am, to the ninth floor. The others are locals at this time of day.

With this he abruptly turns his back again. The CAMERA MOVES UP to Marsha's face. The smile persists, but she feels a

(CONTINUED)

sense of oddness in the attitude of the operator and a feeling of disquiet. There's nothing very concrete in her concerns. Nothing that could be articulated. CAMERA PANS over to the floor indicator with the little red and green lights that pop on and off as the car makes its ascent. Over this shot we hear the Narrator's Voice.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Express elevator to the ninth floor
of a department store carrying Miss
Marsha White on a most prosaic,
ordinary, run-of-the-mill errand.

Now the light hits number nine on the indicator. The elevator slows to a stop. The door slides open. ABRUPT CUT TO:

10. Marsha's face As she stares out at the floor.

11. Reverse angle looking out Toward an absolutely empty and quiet department. Empty display cases, empty aisles, devoid of movement or sound or people.

OPERATOR

Ninth floor.

Marsha walks out tentatively, stands looking around, then whirls around, speaking as she does.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

There must be some mistake. There's
no one up-

CUT TO:

12. ELEVATOR DOORS

Just as they close. Then a QUICK PAN UP to the floor indicator above the elevator doors as it starts its descent. PAN BACK to MARSHA'S FACE as she looks around, now very disquieted.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Miss Marsha White on the ninth floor,
Specialties department, looking for
a gold thimble.

(a pause)

The odds are that she'll find it,
but there are even better odds that
she'll find something else because
this isn't just a department store.
This happens to be...the Twilight
Zone!

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

(CONTINUED)

13. INT. DEPARTMENT STORE NINTH FLOOR TRACK SHOT

Marsha as she walks down a lonesome aisle, looking left and right, occasionally stopping to whirl around and stare behind her.

14. Different angle As she stops by one counter and looks down.

15. Slow pan across the glass Nothing is in it. PAN BACK UP to Marsha's face as she looks off in bewilderment. She turns and moves across toward the counters on the other side of the aisle.

16. Med. long shot the counters These too have no merchandise in them whatsoever.

17. Angle shot looking down on Marsha

As she pauses for a moment as if trying to make a decision, then turns and walks back toward the elevators.

18. Med. close shot the elevators As she pushes the button, then steps back, waits for a moment, pushes the button again, this time with more persistence. She looks up toward the floor indicator. The arrow remains pointed to "G".

19. Close shot Marsha As a look of concern crosses her face, nothing akin yet to panic, nothing that could be construed as even a fear. Just a carry-over of the disquiet of before and a suggestion of a growing irritation. Suddenly smashing into the silence is a woman's voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Was someone helping you?

20. Different angle Marsha As she whirls around, wide-eyed. Standing a few feet beyond her, alongside one of the empty counters, is a strikingly attractive woman in her early forties, her hair tied severely back in a bun, chic and tasteful in her dress, her voice modulated and pleasant. She looks a little amused at Marsha now.

WOMAN

Can I show you something?

MARSHA

((taking step toward
her, a little
flustered))

Why...why, yes. I was looking for a
gold thimble. A gift for my mother.

21. Close shot on the woman

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

A gold thimble? I think we have something you'd like. This way, please.

She turns and walks to the other end of the counter. Marsha follows her.

22. Two shot at the end of the counter As the woman reaches down behind the counter.

23. Close shot Marsha As her eyes follow her.

24. Close shot through the glass Of a single gold thimble resting inside a small velvet box that is all by itself. There isn't another thing on display. We see the woman's hand lift it out and then put it on top of the counter.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How about this? It's fourteen-carat gold and quite distinctive-looking I think, don't you?

25. Two shot As Marsha picks up the small box and studies it, then looks up at the woman.

MARSHA

Yes. I think this will do.

WOMAN

((taking out an order book and a pencil))
This is a charge?

A silence as Marsha studies her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(repeating, gently)
Is this a charge, miss?

26. Close shot Marsha Suddenly shaken out of her day dreaming.

MARSHA

I beg your pardon? A charge? No...no, I'll pay for it.

27. Two shot

WOMAN

Do you want it gift wrapped?

MARSHA

Yes, please.
(then hurriedly correcting)
On second thought, no...I'll wrap it myself.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

(scratches on pad)

Twenty-two eighty, plus tax. Twenty-five dollars even.

Marsha hurriedly takes out two bills from her wallet, hands them to the woman who immediately sticks them inside an order book.

28. Close shot Marsha As her eyes go down to look once again through the glass.

MARSHA

That's odd.

29. Angle shot looking up through the glass at the woman

As she writes out the ticket.

30. Same angle moving over to Marsha's face through glass

WOMAN

What is, Marsha?

MARSHA

You don't have any merchandise here at all...except the thimble. Except the very thing I needed. The whole floor looks so empty and-

She stops abruptly.

CUT TO:

31. Two shot the two of them

MARSHA (CONT'D)

You called me Marsha.

WOMAN

(with half-smile)

Did I? I'm sorry. That was forward of me. I apologize.

She takes a paper bag from a shelf behind and starts to put the small box into it.

MARSHA

How did you know my name?

WOMAN

I've probably seen you around the store-

(CONTINUED)

MARSHA

(persistently)

No you haven't. I've never seen you.
 Look...I don't want to make a thing
 of this, but...what kind of a place
 is this? I mean...I want just one
 small item - a gold thimble - and I
 come up on a floor where there isn't
 a single thing in evidence except
 the very thing I'm looking for. Now
 you may be a little more sophisticated
 than I am, but this I call odd!

The woman keeps her back to her for a moment, then closes up
 the bag, turns to her, puts it on the counter.

WOMAN

Please come again.

(a pause)

Any time.

32. Extremely tight close shot Marsha As she studies the
 woman.

33. Extremely tight close shot woman

34. Two shot

MARSHA

((now just in a hurry
 to get away and
 nothing else, murmurs)

Thank you.

She turns, walking toward the elevator.

35. Different angle As she arrives at the elevator and pushes
 the button. QUICK PAN UP to the floor indicator. This time
 the arrow starts to head toward the ninth floor.

36. Long angle shot looking over Marsha's shoulder The woman
 standing behind the counter.

WOMAN

Miss White.

Marsha turns to her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

((with great
 simplicity, very
 matter of factly, as
 if commenting on the
 weather)

Are you happy?

(CONTINUED)

MARSHA

I beg your pardon?

(a pause)

Am I what? Am I happy?

(she shakes her head,
smiling at the strange
non sequitur)

You'll forgive me, but...it's really
none of your business.

37. Med. close shot woman Who throws back her head and laughs.

WOMAN

Really? It's none of my business?

All right, Miss White. Suit yourself.

It's none of my business.

There's the sound of the elevator doors opening and they cause Marsha to whirl around to face them. The same young operator is at the controls.

OPERATOR

Going down.

Marsha hurriedly steps inside the elevator.

38. LONG SHOT WOMAN BY THE COUNTER MARSHA'S P.O.V.

She stands there, with an enigmatic smile on her face which is shut off by closing doors.

39. INT. ELEVATOR

As it goes down. Marsha keeps studying the young man.

OPERATOR

Find what you were looking for?

MARSHA

((reaches into the
bag and takes out
the small box))

As a matter of fact, I did. Also as
a matter of fact, that's the only
thing for sale on that floor. Somebody
better latch onto an efficiency expert
or something. One entire department
devoted to the sale of a single gold
thimble. And an extremely oddball
saleslady who somebody ought to look
into!

40. Close shot the box In Marsha's hand as she opens it and takes out the thimble.

(CONTINUED)

MARSHA (CONT'D)

This is scratched! I didn't notice that before. I can't send this to my mother. It's terribly scratched. And it's dented too! See here?

She proffers it to the operator. He keeps his back turned.

OPERATOR

Main floor.

MARSHA

Look at this thing. It's scratched and it looks like someone stepped on it or something.

OPERATOR

(noncommittally)

Main floor.

The doors open and Marsha, seeing that he refuses to even look at the thimble, shoves it back in the bag and flounces out of the elevator.

CUT TO:

41. INT. MR. SLOAN'S OFFICE (THE STORE MANAGER) FULL SHOT OF THE ROOM

As he sits behind the desk. In front of him stands the floorwalker, Mr. Armbruster, a Franklin Pangborn type ultra-serious little man whose well-ordered life encloses nothing but the department store, a fresh boutonniere, and a well-pressed suit. He's in the middle of a long explanation.

ARMBRUSTER

well I distinctly told her that all the gold thimbles we have would be in Gifts. And that if the item were damaged we would certainly make it good either by replacement or refund. I distinctly told her that, Mr. Sloan-

SLOAN

(very, very bored)

Then what's the problem, Mr. Armbruster?

ARMBRUSTER

The problem is that the customer claims she didn't get the item in Gifts. She got it in another department.

(CONTINUED)

SLOAN

((lighting a cigarette,
shakes his head back
and forth with
strained patience))

Then, Mr. Armbruster...have her go
to the department where she purchased
the item.

ARMBRUSTER

That's the point, Mr. Sloan. She has
some idiotic story about having
purchased the gold thimble on the
ninth floor.

SLOAN

The ninth floor? I trust you explained
to her, Mr. Armbruster, that this
store doesn't have a ninth floor?

ARMBRUSTER

Mr. Sloan, believe me, sir, I have
tried desperately - I really mean
desperately - to acquaint her with
this fact, but she insists she was
taken up to the ninth floor, waited
on by a rather odd woman-

((then stopping abruptly
and looking
ceilingward))

An odd woman, yet. A personality
trait she would be particularly
knowledgeable about! Well, anyway,
this woman who allegedly waited on
her-

SLOAN

((rising, tiredly))

Never mind, Armbruster, I'll talk to
her.

ARMBRUSTER

((opening the door
for him))

She's right outside, sir.

42. Track shot with him As they walk through to anteroom and
out into the store.

43. Group shot As they approach Marsha, standing there
waiting.

ARMBRUSTER (CONT'D)

Miss White, this is our manager, Mr.
Sloan.

(CONTINUED)

SLOAN

(smiles perfunctorily)
Perhaps I can help you, Miss White?

MARSHA

Perhaps you can. The thimble is dented
and scratched-

SLOAN

((takes it from her,
examines it)
It most assuredly is. Now if you'll
take it back to the Gift department-

MARSHA

((shaking her head
from side to side)
Mr. Sloan, I've already explained to
Mr. Armbruster here, I did not
purchase this in the Gift department.
I was taken up to the ninth floor.

44. Close shot Armbruster As he gives Sloan a "see what I'm
up against" kind of look.

45. Group shot

SLOAN

That's what so difficult to
understand, Miss White. You see, we
don't have a ninth floor.

46. Close shot Marsha

MARSHA

((firmly)
I was taken up to the ninth floor. I
was waited on by a very odd woman. I
paid cash.

ARMBRUSTER

Your receipt?

MARSHA

My recei-
(she bites her lip,
quietly)
I didn't get a receipt, but I paid
cash. I gave the woman a twenty-dollar
bill and a five-dollar bill.
(pointing to a package
now in Sloan's hand)
I was given that thimble and I-

She stops abruptly, her eyes going wide. CAMERA SWEEPS right
toward the object of Marsha's look.

(CONTINUED)

47. Med. close shot The back of a saleslady's head, the hair tied back in a bun just as before.

48. Flash shot Marsha

MARSHA (CONT'D)

There she is. It's the woman who waited on me.

(calling loudly)

Miss! Miss, I wonder if you'd-

49-51. Series of close shots Sloan, Armbruster, and then Marsha As they look and react. SLOW PAN OVER to the back of the woman as she is suddenly lifted into the arms of a window dresser who turns with her and starts toward the camera. The woman is a mannequin. The face is a perfect replica of the woman we've seen, but is nonetheless a mannequin.

52. Track shot As the window dresser carries her past Marsha and the others t then ZOOMS into a close shot of Marsha as her mouth half opens as if to scream.

53. Moving close shot mannequin As it is carried toward the window, the face wooden, immobile with a painted smile

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

54. INT. DEPARTMENT STORE GROUND FLOOR DAY (EARLY EVENING)

MED. CLOSE SHOT THE FACE OF THE MANNEQUIN

Who was the saleslady. It's been set up in a ladies wear section which is directly across from the ladies lounge. PAN SHOT from the face over to the door of the lounge. Mr. Armbruster paces fretfully back and forth in front of the door. A young salesgirl comes out.

ARMBRUSTER

Well, well, well? How is she?

SALESGIRL

She'll be all right, Mr. Armbruster. She was just frightened, that's all.

ARMBRUSTER

((with a surreptitious look left and right, inches closer to the girl, almost sotto))

What about this...this delusion of hers?

SALESGIRL

I don't know. I didn't talk to her, but she's resting now. I think she may have gone to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

A gong rings and Armbruster looks up toward a large clock on the wall.

55. Close shot clock It reads six o'clock.

56. Two shot Armbruster takes out a pocket watch and checks it.

ARMBRUSTER

Well, tell her we're closing now.
And tell her to come back tomorrow
and we'll get a replacement on her
merchandise...or a refund...or
anything she wants.

(then wiggling a finger
to someone across
the room)

All right, Miss Pettigrew!
(he claps his hands
together)

Closing up time.
(another look at the
salesgirl)

What I'd like to give her is a bus
ticket, a one way bus ticket to any
department store west of Cleveland,
preferably Chicago, Los Angeles or
Honolulu!

(then he moves away,
calls out)

Miss Pettigrew, did you hear me?
Closing time.

The salesgirl turns and starts toward the door, to the ladies lounge, has her hand on the knob ready to open it.

VOICE (Off)

Miss Keevers, you have a customer.
Hurry please.

The salesgirl once again puts her hand on the knob, then looks up at the clock, then turns away from the door and moves off left.

SALESGIRL

I'm coming.

The CAMERA PANS UP to the clock.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

57. Close shot clock It reads 6:35. The lights have been turned off in the store and only a few night lights remain. PAN DOWN for MED. CLOSE SHOT, the door.

CUT TO:

58. INT. LOUNGE

Marsha lies on a couch sound asleep. She awakens abruptly, blinks her eyes, then bolts upright. A small night light is on, providing the only illumination in the room. It outlines the door.

59. Moving shot with her As she jumps up and runs toward the door, opening it wide.

60. Reverse angle looking toward her from the store As she stands in the doorway and is gradually aware that she's left alone in the store.

61. Moving shot with her As she walks down the center aisle leading toward the front door. She stops abruptly at the sound of gongs which are immediately intruded upon by the chimes of a clock. She reaches the front doors, yanks on them, then knocks, then calls out to no one in particular.

MARSHA

Please...someone? I'm locked in here!

(she pounds on the
door again)

Anyone? Could I have some help please?

She waits a moment in silence, then turns and studies the room, looking for another exit.

62. Track shot with her As she walks back down the aisle slowly looking down at her feet.

63. CLOSE SHOT HER FEET

They send out a sharp click, click, click of high heels on wood. Then they stop. PAN UP TO HER FACE as her eyes move left and right, listening intently. She starts to walk again.

64. Extremely tight close shot her feet As they continue to click, click, click along the floor and once again they stop.

65. Different angle Marsha As she stands stock still and then very, very slowly turns to stare at something behind her.

66. Reverse angle looking toward mannequin It remains in its position, one hand on hip, the other spread out in typical model form. Around the wrist of the extended arm is a small handbag.

67. Extremely tight close shot Marsha As her eyes go wide.

68. Extremely tight close shot handbag Very slowly, almost imperceptibly, it seems to swing back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

69. Different angle Marsha As she whirls around and runs down the aisle, continually looking over her shoulder to see if she's being pursued.

70. Different angle of her As she runs.

71. Pan shot up to sign Which reads: Men's Department

CUT TO:

72. Med. long shot of her As she races toward the camera, veering slowly to the left as she gets closer.

CUT TO:

73. Different angle As a figure of a man seems to loom onto the screen from the right. Marsha hits it head on, knocking him over.

74. Flash shot mannequin As it lands stiffly on the ground, hitting the back of its head.

75. Extremely tight close shot Marsha Reacting.

76. Extremely tight close shot mannequin This is the face of the young elevator operator who took her up to the ninth floor.

77. Different close angle Marsha As her hands go to the sides of her head and involuntarily she shakes her head back and forth as if rejecting everything she's looking at.

78. Close shot her feet As once again she runs in the opposite direction, then the feet suddenly stop.

79. Angle shot looking up at her face As like some frightened child, her head jerks to various different positions of listening and watching. From someplace far off, unintelligible is the sound of a giant whisper.

VOICE (Off)

Marsha...

80. Tight close shot As she turns in that direction.

VOICE (CONT'D)

(Off, from opposite
side)

Marsha...

81. Close shot Marsha She whirls around toward this direction.

SEVERAL VOICES

((with the same
whispery quality)

Marsha?

(CONTINUED)

82. Close shot Marsha As she turns this way and that way.

VOICES

Marsha.

CUT TO:

83. Tilt shot woman mannequin

84. Close shot Marsha As she recoils.

85-88. Series of tilt shots of various of the mannequins
Each shot coinciding with a whispered voice.

VOICES (CONT'D)

Marsha? Who do you think you're
fooling, Marsha? Come on,
dear...climb off it. You remember,
Marsha? You know who you are.

89. Angle shot looking down at Marsha

As she backs away from the voices of the mannequins.

90. Close shot As she backs into the saleswoman mannequin.

91. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP TOWARD MANNEQUIN MARSHA'S P.O.V.

92. Reverse angle looking down on Marsha's horrified face
She continues to back away.

CUT TO:

93. Shot through glass phone booth Of Marsha as she backs into it, lets out a little gasp, turns, sees the phone, enters the booth, picks up the receiver.

94. Close shot coin slots

95. Extremely tight close shot Marsha As her eyes close. She suddenly realizes she has no coins. Wildly, illogically, she jiggles the hook up and down. Over her shoulder we see the saleswoman mannequin in the same place.

96. Different angle Marsha Very close to the phone as she replaces the receiver. She looks up slowly and her eyes go wide again.

97. Angle shot over her shoulder The spot where the saleswoman mannequin was in no longer occupied.

98. Zoom through the glass of the phone booth To where the mannequin was.

(CONTINUED)

99. REVERSE ANGLE MARSHA

As she pushes the phone booth door open and rushes out, pushed and prodded by a directionless fear. She winds up alongside the elevator doors and almost concurrent with her arrival there, the doors of one elevator slide open. Without thinking, she runs inside.

100. INT. ELEVATOR

Marsha has moved to the opposite side of the elevator and stands in the corner, her face buried against the wall, eyes closed tightly.

101. Extremely tight close shot side of her face Her hand covering her eye. Suddenly she hears the sound of the door behind her slide shut and the low, steady hum of the elevator as it ascends. Very slowly she turns as if expecting to see someone operating it.

102. Reverse angle looking toward the button panel Alongside the door where the operator usually stands. No one is operating the elevator.

103. Extremely tight close shot the panel As the light flashes at each floor. Six, seven, eight, and on up.

104. Extremely tight close shot Marsha As she stares at the board intently.

105. Extremely tight close shot the board The lights go past eight and on up to nine, then stop.

106. Reverse angle looking toward Marsha As she slowly looks up, her face white, tense.

107. Reverse angle the doors As they very slowly slide open. The floor beyond the open door is a vast dark emptiness. Marsha steps into the frame from behind the camera and out of the elevator. Almost immediately lights go on and she's looking into a semicircle of faces of men and women, each dressed in specialized fashion, sportswear, skiing, bathing, etc. In the front stands the saleswoman, now as flesh and blood as we first saw her. They look at Marsha with a kind of collective pitying smile, not unfriendly or menacing, but hardly a welcome smile either.

WOMAN

Well, Marsha dear, you'll forgive an observation...but you're acting like a silly child.

108. Close shot Marsha Her eyes dart around, looking at each of the faces.

MARSHA

What...what are you...why am I...?

(CONTINUED)

109. Reverse angle looking toward saleswoman**WOMAN**

Come now, Marsha, think now.

Concentrate.

(a pause)

Remember now? All of us will try and help you. We'll help you concentrate.

110. Pan shot past the faces of the people Each nods. The PAN ENDS ON MARSHA as she shakes her head from side to side and on the last motion stops abruptly. Her eyes go up, then look away.

111. GROUP SHOT**WOMAN (CONT'D)**

Remember now? Coming back to you?

The people behind her nod encouragement.

112. Med. close shot Marsha As she slowly nods along with them.

MARSHA

Why...that's odd. That's really odd.

But suddenly I do seem to-

WOMAN((filling it in for
her))

Remember? Coming back now, is it?

114. Close shot Marsha This information is said more to herself.

MARSHA

Why, I'm...I'm a mannequin. That's what I am. I'm a mannequin. And it was my turn to-

115. Close shot the woman Smiling very contentedly now.

WOMAN

Your turn to leave us for a month. Becoming much clearer now, isn't it? You left us for a month and lived with the outsiders. But you were due back yesterday and you didn't show up.

(gently reproving now)

And you know, Marsha, that's selfish, my dear. All of us wait our turn and we simply do not over-stay it. It was my turn starting last night. I'm one day delayed already.

(CONTINUED)

MARSHA

((softly))
Of course. Of course, I'm sorry. I forgot. When you're on the outside everything seems so...so normal, as if-

ELEVATOR OPERATOR

As if what, Marsha?

116. Close shot Marsha**MARSHA**

As if we were...like the others.
Like the outsiders.
(a pause)
Like the real people.

117. Group shot The woman steps forward and puts an arm around Marsha.**WOMAN**

Well, my dear...no serious harm done.
(she pats her arm
gently and crosses
in front of her over
to the elevator door)
I'll see you all in a month. Take
care of yourselves.

CHORUS OF VOICES

Have a nice time. Enjoy yourself.
See you in a month.

118. Med. long shot elevator doors As they open. The woman smiles and waves and walks inside. Then the elevator doors close and we hear the hum as it descends. CAMERA DOLLIES BACK in for a MED. CLOSE SHOT MARSHA as she stares toward the elevator.**ELEVATOR OPERATOR**

Enjoy it, Marsha? Was it fun?

MARSHA

((nods slowly, in
almost a whisper))
Ever so much fun.
(a pause, then her
eyes go down)
Ever so much fun!

119. Pan shot over and up to the floor indicator Over the elevator doors as the arrow reaches G.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

120. The same indicator PULL BACK for LONG ANGLE SHOT of the department store's first floor and the hustle and bustle of mid-morning. We see Mr. Armbruster walking up and down the aisles, snapping fingers, giving orders, finding faults.

121. Different angle eye level Down one aisle as he walks toward the camera. The CAMERA PULLS BACK as he walks toward it until just a part of a female mannequin from the back can be seen on one side of the screen.

122. Closer moving shot Armbruster As he walks full face into camera, stops, looks thoughtful for a moment, then turns to look behind him.

123. Close shot Marsha's face in mannequin form She is in the place formerly occupied by the saleswoman mannequin, dressed identically, with her hair in the same bun.

124. FULL SHOT THE AREA

As Armbruster turns back to face the camera. Still the little quizzical, thoughtful look, then he shrugs and makes a face and continues to walk down the aisle. The CAMERA STARTS A SLOW PULL UP from the shot until we're looking down on Marsha as a focal point in the room.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Marsha White, in her normal and natural state. A wooden lady with a painted face, who, one month out of the year, takes on the characteristics of someone as normal and as flesh and blood as you and I.

(a pause)

But it makes you wonder, doesn't it? Just how normal are we? Just who are the people we nod our hellos to as we pass on the street. A rather good question to ask...particularly in The Twilight Zone!

FADE TO BLACK.