THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Season One

"The After Hours"

by

ROD SERLING
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 rockcroppings 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?
U.N.R.S.E.A.
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.

    SALES GIRL
    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 wakens 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 DOLIES 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.