

**THE TWILIGHT ZONE**

**Season One**

**"Walking Distance"**

**by**

**ROD SERLING**

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THE TWILIGHT ZONE - WALKING DISTANCE

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EXT. SKY [NIGHT]

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 (O.S.)

There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow -- between science and superstition, and it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area which we call 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)

EXT. SMALL TWO PUMP GAS STATION [DAY]

Long shot looking beyond it up the road A small red foreign car approaches toward the CAMERA, slows down, then pulls into the gas station. At the wheel is Martin Sloan, a man in his middle thirties. He shuts off the ignition after stopping the car by one of the pumps, closes his eyes for a moment, then looks at the attendant who's working on an engine part in front of the station. Martin presses down on the horn two or three times, angry, impatient calls for service. The ATTENDANT looks up at him, very slowly and deliberately puts the engine part down. Martin honks once more.

ATTENDANT

Whenever you're finished, mister.

MARTIN

What about some service?

ATTENDANT

What about some quiet?

3. Close shot Martin As he suddenly unbends. His features sag, he bites his lip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN  
 (softly)  
 I'm sorry.  
 (as the attendant )  
 (approaches him)  
 Would you fill it up, please?

ATTENDANT  
 Sure.

MARTIN  
 (still rather softly)  
 I said I was sorry.

ATTENDANT  
 (looks over his )  
 shoulder)  
 I heard you.

4. Close shot Martin As he looks at himself in the rear view mirror of the car. Over this we hear the Narrator's voice.

NARRATOR'S VOICE  
 The mirror image of Martin Sloan. Age thirty-six. Occupation-- vice president, ad agency, in charge of media. This is not just a Sunday drive for Martin Sloan. He perhaps doesn't know it at the time... but it's an exodus. Somewhere up the road he's looking for sanity.  
 (a pause)  
 And somewhere up the road -- he'll find something else.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPENING BILLBOARD

FADE ON:

EXT. GAS STATION [DAY] FULL SHOT

Martin gets out of the car and walks over to the pump.

6. Two Shot Martin and the Attendant

ATTENDANT  
 (turns to him)  
 Oil change and lube job -- is that what you want?

Martin nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT

It'll take about an hour.

MARTIN

All right.

(he turns to look toward the road)

That's Homewood up ahead, isn't it?

ATTENDANT

Yep. A mile and a quarter.

MARTIN

I used to live there. Grew up there as a matter of fact. I haven't been back in twenty -- twenty-five years.

7. Track shot Martin As he takes a few steps away from the pump, half way to the road, his back to the attendant.

MARTIN

Twenty -- twenty-five years. And then yesterday afternoon I... I just got in the car and drove. Reached a point where I, well... I had to get out of New York. One more board meeting, phone call, report, problem--

(he laughs but the laugh comes out in a strained, sick kind of way)

I'd have probably jumped out of a window.

8. Close shot Martin He lets his face relax, embarrassed by the intensity of the tone. He turns to look at the attendant again.

MARTIN

Walking distance, is it?

MED. CLOSE SHOT ATTENDANT

ATTENDANT

About a mile and a half.

CLOSE SHOT MARTIN

MARTIN

(softly)

That's walking distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

11. Pan shot over to mirror over the cigarette machine We see Martin's reflection on the road in the middle of a long walk off into the distance.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

12. Reflection of Martin in drugstore mirror As he's just entering.

INT. DRUGSTORE FULL SHOT THE ROOM

A soda jerk named Charlie sits on a stool behind the fountain reading a magazine, occasionally taking a drag of a cigar which he puts back into an ashtray under the counter. The subtle suggestion of the room is that it's old-fashioned. The equipment is from twenty years ago. The ads are not flamboyantly old, but as a part of a whole -- they look different in a subtle way. Martin walks into the store, looks around briefly, smiles at what he sees, goes over to the counter, nods at the soda jerk who puts the cigar down and rises, walks to a point opposite him behind the fountain counter.

CHARLIE

What'll it be?

MARTIN

(pushing down a kind of excitement that comes from being back in this place)  
You still make great chocolate sodas?  
Three scoops?

CHARLIE

(looking at him a little fish-eyed)  
How's that?

MARTIN

(laughs softly, and a little apologetically)  
I used to spend half my life in this drugstore. I grew up here. The one thing I remember always ordering -- that was a chocolate ice cream soda with three scoops and it was ten cents too.

The soda jerk looks at him a little quizzically then shrugs, turns, starts to fix the soda. Every now and then he looks at the reflection of Martin in the mirror. Martin is looking around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTIN

You know, you look familiar to me,  
as if I'd seen you before.

CHARLIE

(shrugs)  
I got that kind of a face.

MARTIN

It's been a long time. Twenty years.  
That's when I left here.  
(then he laughs at  
some collection of  
secret thoughts)  
I wish I had a buck for every hour I  
sat at this fountain though, from  
grammar school right through third  
year high.  
(then he turns and  
looks toward the  
front door)  
The town looks the same, too.  
(he turns back to  
Charlie)  
Really amazing, you know? In twenty  
years to look so exactly the same.

The soda jerk stirs the soda, carries it over to him, puts  
it down in front of him, takes a paper napkin, lays it  
alongside.

CHARLIE

That'll be a dime.

Martin starts to fish in his pocket, then stops abruptly,  
then incredulously--

MARTIN

A dime?  
(he holds the soda up)  
Three scoops?

CHARLIE

That's the way we make them.

MARTIN

(laughs)  
You're gonna lose your shirt. Nobody  
sells sodas for a dime anymore.

CHARLIE

They don't? Where you from?

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

New York.  
(he takes a sip of  
the soda, spoons  
down some ice cream)  
You make a great soda.

He takes another swig from the soda.

CHARLIE

Taste okay?

MARTIN

Wonderful.

There's a few slurping sounds from the bottom of the glass as the last of the soda disappears. Martin puts the glass back on the counter, looks around again.

MARTIN

Funny. How many memories you connect with a place. I always thought if I ever came back here -- it'd probably be all changed.

(he looks around the  
store)

But it's just as if I'd left yesterday.

(he rises and goes to  
the front door, stares  
out at the street)

Just as if I'd been away over night.

(he turns back, smiles  
toward the soda jerk)

I'd almost expect Mr. Wilson to be sitting in the stock room and sleeping just like he always did before he died. That's one of the images I have. Old Man Wilson sleeping in his big comfortable chair in the other room.

(he points to the far door at  
the other end of the room, then  
reaches in his pocket, takes  
out a dollar bill, takes it  
over to the counter, puts it  
down)

Thanks very much.

CONTINUED: (5)

CHARLIE  
(stares at the bill)  
That's a buck!

MARTIN  
(smiles, taps the  
glass then makes a  
motion to include  
the whole room)  
That.. and this, it's worth it.

He turns, walks back to the door and goes outside. The soda jerk shakes his head as if just not understanding the complexity of that man, takes the glass, puts it in the sink. In doing so he notices a couple of open syrup containers, checks them, then walks over toward the door at the far end of the room. THE CAMERA BEHIND HIM now, looks toward the room where a white haired man sits dozing in a big old-fashioned chair.

CHARLIE  
Mr. Wilson?

The old man opens his eyes, takes a deep breath, smacks his lips, rubs his jaw -- part of a ritual of waking up.

WILSON  
Yup, Charlie?

CHARLIE  
We're gonna need some more chocolate  
syrup, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON  
(nods)  
I'll order some this afternoon.

Then he winks, grins, closes his eyes and goes back to sleep as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET LONG SHOT LOOKING DOWN THE STREET

Martin comes into the frame, his back to the camera. He stops, then turns profile to camera to look from house to house. There's a smile on his face as if this too were part of a memory that all fitted into place.

15. Track shot with him As he walks down the street studying the houses, nodding occasionally.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

16. Track shot closer on Martin As he calls off the names of the houses.

MARTIN  
 Van Buren. Wilcox.  
 (then looking across  
 the street)  
 Over there Dr. Bradbury. Mulroony.

Then he looks back on his side of the street again and stops.

17. Med. long shot small boy Kneeling down in his front yard playing marbles by himself. Martin comes into the frame.

18. Close profile shot Martin He smiles and then laughs softly.

19. Two shot Martin and the boy As the boy looks up at him.

BOY  
 Hi.

MARTIN  
 (points to marbles)  
 You pretty good?

BOY  
 At aggies? Not bad.

MARTIN  
 I used to shoot marbles too. We gave them special names.

(he holds up his  
 fingers to form a  
 circle)  
 The steel kind... the ball bearings we got off streetcars -- we called them steelies. And the ones you could see through -- they were clearies. Still call them names like that?

The boy slowly rises, studying Martin with great interest but with a hint of trepidation. He nods.

BOY  
 Sure.

MARTIN  
 (points to the telephone pole)  
 And over there we used to play hide and seek.  
 (he smiles again.)  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MARTIN (cont'd)

It's almost as if he were  
dredging up these memories for  
himself and putting them out  
into the  
air)

Draw a circle around the old man's back  
and who's to punch it.

(then he laughs, shakes his  
head, looks down at the boy  
again)

Right on this street, too. Right  
over there. And I used to live in  
that corner house down there.

(he points)

The big white one.

BOY

The Sloan house?

MARTIN

(a little wide eyed)

That's right! You still call it that?

BOY

Still call it what?

MARTIN

The Sloan house. My name's Sloan. I'm  
Martin Sloan. What's your name?

He holds out a hand. The boy backs away, frightened.

BOY

You're not Marty Sloan. I know Marty  
Sloan and you're not him.

MARTIN

I'm not, huh?

(he reaches into his coat  
pocket, takes out a wallet)

Let's see what the driver's license  
says, huh?

20. Close shot his hands Opening the wallet.

21. Med. close shot Martin As he looks down at it and then  
holds it out.

MARTIN

See?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

22. Med. close shot spot on sidewalk Where the boy was. He's no longer there. Martin looks off in the direction of the boy's exit. His face is suddenly thoughtful, then he turns and looks down the street and he starts to walk.

23. Long shot Martin As he approaches the camera. He's now at the corner and he stops and studies the house in front of him, a big white two story Victorian. A white fence surrounds it. He slowly reaches down and unlatches the front gate, walks up the front walk up the steps, stands by the front door.

24. Close shot his hand As it very slowly reaches for the bell. He pushes the button. There's the sound of footsteps from inside. The door opens. A middle aged man stands there. He smiles warmly.

MAN

Yes?

25. Close shot Martin His eyes wide, his face goes white, and he just stands there, stock still, silently.

TWO SHOT

MAN

(his smile fading a little)

Yes? Who did you want to see?

MARTIN

(his voice almost a whisper)

Dad. Dad.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(from inside the house)

Who is it, Robert?

MARTIN

(questioningly)

Mom? Is that Mom?

ROBERT

Who are you? What do you want here?

MARTIN

(shaking his head with disbelief and yet emotionally torn by the sight of loved ones he's not seen in so many years)

Why are you both here? How can you be here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

27. Med. long shot looking through the door As a woman appears behind Robert. She looks questioningly from Robert to Martin.

WOMAN

Who is it? What do you want, young man?

Martin takes a step toward them. His nervously shaking hands extend outward as if to embrace them.

MARTIN

Mom, don't you know me? It's Martin.

WOMAN

Martin?  
(and then wide-eyes,  
frightened, to her  
husband in a stage  
whisper)  
He's a lunatic or something.

Robert is about to close the door and Martin sticks a foot against it.

MARTIN

Wait a moment. Mom, you mustn't be frightened of me. This is Martin. I grew up here.

(and then unable to understand  
the enormity of the mystery)  
What's the matter with you both? Don't  
you know your own son?

Robert starts to push the door closed and Martin struggles with him, trying to keep it open.

MARTIN

Dad, please. Mom, look at me. Dad...

But the door is closed tight in his face now and he stands there staring at it. He takes a step back away from the door, turns to face the street, his face a mask now, totally unable to comprehend. Then very slowly his eyes go down toward the porch floor and the newspaper.

28. Track shot As he slowly walks down the steps of the porch to the sidewalk.

29. Long shot a 1934 Roadster Sitting at the curb. A big sign is pasted on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

"This brand new 1934 Roadster to be given away free at the legion hall, Thursday night. Buy your chances now at the high school!"

30. Close shot Martin Reacting.

31. Close shot lettering "1934" On the sign.

32. Close shot Martin As he slowly turns away to look back toward his house, staring at it with a strange mixture of hunger and disbelief.

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE ON:

EXT. PARK [DAY] A LONG SHOT DOWN A TREE-LINED PATH

It's warm and summery and occasionally kids flit by carrying cotton candy, ice cream cones, et al. Turning the bend and becoming visible facing the camera is Martin. He walks slowly, drinking in the sights and sounds as he does so. Off in the distance is the sound of a calliope, its tinny, rag time dissonance so rich in nostalgia that Martin has to pause momentarily and listen.

34. Track shot with him As he walks down the path taking in passing sights like an organ grinder, a cotton candy vendor, a Good Humor man and children -- always children. The path branches off and at this fork Martin stops and looks across at a clearing.

CUT TO:

35. Reverse angle looking toward the clearing In the middle is a large band stand and pavilion set up with chairs in preparation for the night concert. Several boys play around its steps.

36. Track shot Martin As he walks toward the pavilion. He stands down at the foot of the steps and looks up at it. A young woman wheeling a baby carriage pauses close by. They exchange a look and the woman smiles.

MARTIN

Wonderful place, isn't it?

WOMAN

The park? It certainly is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martin listens for a moment as the calliope music can still be heard. Martin jerks his thumb in the direction of the music.

MARTIN

That's a part of summer, isn't it?  
The music from the merry-go-round.  
The calliope.

WOMAN

(laughing)  
And the cotton candy. And the ice  
cream. And the band concert.

MARTIN

(a little disjointed, unable to  
put into words the nostalgia  
he's feeling now)  
There isn't anything quite as good  
ever. Nothing quite as good as summer  
and being a kid.

WOMAN

Are you from around here?

MARTIN

No -- what I mean is -- I used to be. I  
lived just a couple of blocks away. I  
remember this band stand. I used to sneak  
away at night, lie over there on the  
grass staring up at the stars, listening  
to the music.

(the recollection of  
this feeds his memory  
and makes him become  
voluble and excited)

I played ball in that field over there.

(he points)

And that merry-go-round. Oh my goodness --  
I grew up with that merry-go-round.

(then his eyes darting around,  
he points up to one of the  
posts of the pavilion)

I carved my name on that post one summer.  
I was eleven years old and I carved my  
name right on that--

37. Flash shot a small boy About eleven. He has a pen knife out and is in the process of carving something on the post.

38. Track shot Martin As he runs toward the post. The boy looks up frightened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He flings the knife away and backs off. MARTIN reaches the post, grabs it and stares down at it. CUT TO:

39. Extremely tight close shot the post In a boyish scrawl carved in the wood is the name "MARTIN SLOAN."

40. Med. shot Martin whirls around to look down at the boy.

MARTIN

Martin Sloan? You're Martin Sloan?

The boy takes another step backwards, frightened by the intensity of Martin's look and voice.

BOY

Yes, sir. But I didn't mean nothin', honest. Lots of kids carve their names here. No kiddin'. I'm not the first--

MARTIN

(interrupts, taking a step toward the boy)

You're Martin Sloan. Sure, that's who you are. That's the way I looked--  
The boy is at this moment terribly frightened by the intensity on Martin's face.

He backs away down the steps and suddenly breaks into a run. MARTIN, his face contorted with excitement and discovery, calls after the boy.

MARTIN

Martin! Martin, don't be frightened --  
Hey, Martin--

He starts to take a few running steps after the boy and then stops just a few feet away from the pavilion.

41. Long angle shot looking down He turns very slowly to see the woman staring at him. There's a curiosity on the woman's face and almost an accusation. Martin's voice is hesitant now. He points in the direction of where the boy has run and disappeared.

MARTIN

I didn't want to hurt him. I just wanted to talk to him... ask him some questions. I was going to tell him what would happen to him.

(now he closes his eyes tightly and runs a hand over his forehead)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTIN (cont'd)  
 I don't know. I really don't know.  
 (now he opens his eyes)  
 If it's a dream... I suppose I'll wake  
 up.

42. Extremely tight close shot Martin's face As he looks off,  
 listens to the sound of the music.

MARTIN  
 (softly, but with and  
 intensity)  
 But I don't want it to be a dream.  
 (he looks at the woman now and  
 there are tears in his eyes)  
 I don't want time to pass now.

The woman, very, very ill at ease, with an attempt at  
 nonchalance, starts to wheel the carriage away.

MARTIN  
 You don't understand, do you? Please.  
 Let me tell you what's happened to  
 me...

(he takes a step after  
 her)  
 Please...

The woman continues to wheel the carriage away from him.

43. Long shot the woman She gets to one of the paths leading  
 to the pavilion. She stops, turns and looks at him again. At  
 this point Martin walks hurriedly out of the pavilion area.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET [NIGHT] MED LONG SHOT

Looking toward the front porch of the Sloan house. Robert  
 sits on the porch on a glider. There is the sound of the  
 creak of the swinging back and forth and other night sounds  
 of crickets, a distant bull frog, the soft rustle of a July  
 wind.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN for a closer shot of Robert on the porch.  
 He suddenly inches forward on the glider, listening. There  
 is the sound of footsteps on the sidewalk beyond, then Robert  
 rises and moves to the top of the porch steps. The light  
 from the lamp post shines on his face.

45. Pan shot over to the front of the house and front path  
 MARTIN stands there looking up toward the house. His foot  
 touches something. |He looks down.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

46. Close shot baseball mitt He bends down and picks it up.

47. Med. close shot Martin He puts the glove on his hand, pats out a pocket, smiles as he does so. Then he takes a few steps toward the house. A bike is parked close to the steps. |Martin walks over to it, touches it, rings the bell on the handlebar. Then he looks up at his father who is staring at

48. Close shot Robert He's interested now but not frightened.

ROBERT

Back again, huh?

TWO SHOT BOTH MEN

MARTIN

(nods)

I had to come back. This is my house.

(he looks down at the  
glove in his hand)

This is mine, too. You bought it for me  
on my eleventh birthday.

(then he looks up toward his  
father)

What about the baseball that Lou Gehrig  
autographed? Where's that?

50. Close shot Robert As he reacts. He takes the pipe out of his mouth, looks intensely at the younger man.

ROBERT

(softly)

Who are you? What do you want here?

51. Med. shot He strikes a match and in the brief flare he studies Martin's face.

MARTIN

I just want to rest. I just want to  
stop running for a while. I belong  
here. Don't you understand, Pop? I  
belong here.

ROBERT

(his voice very gentle)

Look, son, you're probably sick.  
You've got delusions or something.  
And I don't want to hurt you and I  
don't want you to get into any trouble  
either. But you better get out of  
here or there will be trouble.

At this moment Mrs. Sloan comes out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MRS. SLOAN  
Who you talking to, Rob--

She stops abruptly, eyes wide, when she sees Martin standing at the foot of the steps. She hurriedly goes over to her husband.

MARTIN  
Mom, won't you look at me? Look into my face. You can tell, can't you?

He takes a step up the porch. The woman shrinks back against her husband. MARTIN's face is in the light of the street lamp.

MARTIN  
Mom, just look at me. Please. Who am I? Tell me who I am.

MRS. SLOAN  
You're a stranger. I've never seen you before. Robert, tell him to go away.

MARTIN  
You've got a son named Martin, haven't you? He goes to Emerson Public School.

The month of August he spends at his aunt's farm near Buffalo, and a couple of summers you've gone up to Saratoga Lake and rented a cottage there. And once I had a sister and she died when she was a year old.

MRS. SLOAN  
(frightened, to her husband)  
Where's Martin now?

Martin grabs her. He's beyond logic now, beyond caring. He has one single preoccupation and this is to prove who he is. He grabs his mother.

MARTIN  
I'm Martin! I'm your son! You've got to believe me. I'm your son Martin.  
(with one free hand he grabs at his wallet and pulls it out and starts tearing into the cards and identification inside)  
See? See? All my cards are in here. All my identification. Read them. Go  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MARTIN (cont'd)  
 ahead, read them.  
 (he tries to force  
 them on her)  
 Please. They'll show you--

The woman, desperately frightened, struggling to get away, suddenly hauls off and slaps Martin across the face. The wallet slips out of his hand and there's a dead silence. MARTIN slowly looks up to look from one to the other.

CUT TO:

52. Close shot of each As they stare back at him.

53. Med. group shot He slowly turns away, walks back to the top of the steps, looks down at the baseball glove that he's laid there.

54. Track shot of him As he walks down the steps, down the front path to the gate. He pauses, looks back toward the house.

55. Long shot the house His father and mother standing there watching him. He opens the gate, steps out, stands there aimlessly for a moment.

56. Close shot Martin As his head jerks up when he hears the sound of the distant calliope. It grows louder and louder until it is way out of proportion, discordant, loud, shrieking, and he starts to run, shouting as he does.

MARTIN  
 Martin! Martin, I've got to talk to  
 you. Martin.

57. Long angle shot As he runs toward the park.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK [NIGHT] LONG SHOT DOWN THE PATH

It is now lit by street lamps. Off on the right is the light of the calliope and the music. On the left is the sound of the band in the pavilion and over this are a thousand voices and sounds of laughter, soda pop, popcorn popping -- the sounds of summer.

59. Med. close shot Martin As he steps out of the shadows and comes into the periphery of light thrown by one of the lamp posts. He looks tired now and yet compelled. His face is tense, nervous, but gradually softens, as all the sounds and the music penetrate his consciousness and once again he succumbs to the poignance that comes with nostalgia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

He walks down the path and pauses near the clearing to the pavilion listening to the music.

60. Close shot his profile As he listens and then smiles. He takes a few steps into the clearing, leans on a tree for a moment and slowly lets himself sink to the ground. He lies there with his hands behind his head staring up at the sky, listening to the band music. Pretty soon quite unconsciously he begins to hum the tune that the band is playing and he is suddenly aware of someone else humming the tune in a boyish tone. Startled, he bolts upright to a sitting position, looks to his right and there he sees Martin the boy. The boy jumps up with a hushed, frightened cry and begins to run.

61. Long shot looking down the path As the boy races down it and disappears around the bend. There is a beat and then MARTIN appears behind him running after him.

62. Moving shot through the crowd Near the calliope as the boy pushes his way through people. A few feet behind him is MARTIN. The boy reaches the ticket taker stand and tries to force his way through.

TICKET TAKER

Nope, son. Not without a ticket, you don't.

The boy whirls around staring at Martin who has almost reached him now. He ducks under the turnstile and jumps on the merry-go-round. The ticket taker starts to shout and point toward him when suddenly he's pushed aside by Martin.

63. Angle shot looking down on the merry-go-round As the man and boy thread their way past the horses that go up and down.

64-67. Closer shots in between the horses First the boy's face and then Martin's, first covered by the horses as they go up, then revealed as the horses go down. Each time the boy's face looks more and more petrified and frozen with fear and each time they appear and reappear Martin is closer until suddenly we

CUT TO:

68. Flash shot In this brief moment they are now face to face with nothing between them. MARTIN holds out his hands pleadingly -- supplicatingly.

MARTIN

Marty, I don't want to hurt you, son. I just want to tell you something -- Martin! Please. Let me talk to you. Let me tell you something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

69. Close shot the boy As he looks over his shoulder. We see the machinery of the merry-go-round from the moving platform on which the boy stands. Martin takes a step toward him now.

MARTIN

Marty, please son--

At this point the boy, frantic, jumps toward the machinery. We hear his scream as we

CUT TO:

70. Flash shot Martin As he too screams in pain and grabs his leg.

71. Tight close shot the merry-go-round operator's face His eyes dilate with horror. A woman screams.

72. Close shot operator's hand on the level As he pulls it back with a giant squeaking sound.

73. Angle shot looking up toward the horses as people race toward the center of the merry-go-round. Ad lib voices can be heard over the din.

74. Long angle shot looking down toward the area around the merry-go-round As the little boy is gently carried out.

75. Close shot profile of the little boy's body As he's carried past. One leg looks misshapen under the torn, oily trouser leg. Across this leg we see Martin who has pushed his way to the front of the crowd and looks horror struck toward the figure of the boy.

CUT TO:

76. Long angle shot looking down on the area Pretty soon the place becomes deserted and only Martin stands there. The merry-go-round slows down and keeps slowing down until finally it stops. The lights go out leaving the place in shadows. MARTIN walks through the turnstile over to one of the wooden horses. He sees the boy's cap lying there and he picks it up.

MARTIN

(very softly and gently)

I only wanted to tell you. I only wanted to tell you this is the wonderful time for you. Don't let any of it go by without... without enjoying it. There won't be any more merry-go-rounds. No more cotton candy. No more band concerts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

MARTIN (cont'd)

I only wanted to tell you that this is the wonderful time -- now -- here! That's all, MARTIN. That's all I wanted to tell you. God help me, that's all I wanted to tell you.

SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

77-80. Different angles The immobile, silent wooden horses. The calliope, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MERRY-GO-ROUND [NIGHT]

It's now very late. The CAMERA PANS over for a shot of Martin sitting on the edge of the merry-go-round. One leg is stretched out stiffly in front of him.

He looks up at the sound of footsteps.

82. Long shot looking toward the turnstile As his father comes into the frame and walks toward him, stopping just a few feet from him.

TWO SHOT THE TWO MEN

ROBERT

I thought you'd want to know the boy will be all right. He may limp some the doctor says, but he'll be all right.

MARTIN

I thank God for that.

Robert takes Martin's wallet out of his pocket, hands it to him, then he takes a pipe out and lights it. And once again in the glare of the match the two men look at one another.

ROBERT

You dropped this by the house. I looked inside.

MARTIN

And?

ROBERT

It told quite a few things about you. Driver's license, cards, the money in it. It seems that you're Martin Sloan. You're thirty-six years old. You have an apartment in New York.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

ROBERT (cont'd)

(a pause)

And it says your license expires in 1960. That's twenty-five years from now. The dates on the bills. Those dates haven't come yet either.

84. Close shot Martin As he stares at his father.

MARTIN

You know now then, don't you?

85. TWO SHOT

ROBERT

(looks at him for a long moment, softly)

Yes, I know. I know who you are and I know you've come from a long ways from here. A long ways and... and a long time. I don't know why or how -- do you?

Martin shakes his head.

ROBERT

But you know other things, don't you, Martin? Things that will happen.

MARTIN

(nods)

Yes, I do.

ROBERT

You also know when your month and I... when we'll...

MARTIN

(in a whisper)

Yes, I know that too.

ROBERT

(takes the pipe out of his mouth, studies it for a moment)

Don't tell me. There's a saying. "Every man is put on earth condemned to die. Time and method of execution unknown." That's a part of the mystery we live with. It must always be a mystery.

(then he rises)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

MARTIN.

Martin?  
(looks up at him)  
Yes, Dad?

ROBERT  
(puts his hand on  
Martin's shoulder)  
You have to leave here. There's no  
room for you... and there's no place.  
Do you understand?

MARTIN  
(nods, slowly)  
I see that now. But I don't  
understand. Why not?

ROBERT  
(softly)  
I guess because we only get one  
chance.  
(a crooked smile)  
Maybe there's only one summer to a  
customer.  
(and then with great  
compassion)  
The little boy... the one I know.  
The one who belongs here. This is  
his summer, Martin. Just as it was  
yours one time. Don't make him share  
it.

Martin rises. He walks slowly down the steps, pauses at the  
foot and stares off into the night.

ROBERT  
Is it... is it so bad -- where you're  
from?

MARTIN  
I thought so. I've been living...  
I've been living at a dead run, Dad.  
I was so tired. And then... one day...  
I knew I had to come back. I had to  
come back to get on a merry-go-round  
and listen to a band concert and eat  
cotton candy. I had to stop and  
breathe and close my eyes and smell  
and listen.

ROBERT  
(very softly)  
I guess we all want that. But, Martin,  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (12)

ROBERT (cont'd)  
 when you go back... maybe you'll  
 find that there are merry-go-rounds  
 and band concerts where you are.  
 Maybe you haven't looked in the right  
 place. You've been looking behind  
 you, Martin. Try looking ahead.

MARTIN  
 Maybe. Goodbye, Dad.

Robert nods and starts to walk away. He stops by the  
 turnstile

and turns.

ROBERT  
 (gently)  
 Goodbye... son.

86. Close shot Martin As he stands there. He looks down at  
 the wallet, taps at it thoughtfully with a finger and then  
 slowly puts it inside his coat. Then he turns and looks at  
 the merry-go-round.

87. Med. long shot his p.o.v.

Of the horses. The lights go on suddenly, and there is the  
 creak as the merry-go-round starts to turn. He climbs up on  
 the platform and stands holding one of the posts that go up  
 and down with the horses and starts to go around with it.

88. Pan shot with him as he moves 89. Pan shot of the  
 calliope

Where the music's coming from.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

90. Med close shot a juke box As it blares out rock-n-roll.

PULL BACK FOR

INT. DRUGSTORE [DAY]

It's the same drugstore we've seen except now it's done in  
 chrome, leather and flash. It's plastered with advertising  
 signs, suggesting the purchase of everything from filtered  
 cigarettes to reducing pills and tranquilizers. The soda  
 jerk is no longer Charlie. Martin comes in through the front  
 door. He walks with a stiff gait and goes over to the soda  
 fountain.

SODA JERK  
 Hi. Something for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

The music now stops and the two young couples go to a booth laughing and talking. Martin looks over at them for a moment, then turns back to the soda jerk.

MARTIN

Maybe a chocolate soda, huh? Three dips?

SODA JERK

Three? I can make one with three dips for you. It'll be extra. Thirty-five cents. Okay?

MARTIN

(smiles at him)  
Thirty-five cents, huh?  
(his eyes scan the room)  
How about old Mr. Wilson? Used to own this place.

SODA JERK

Oh, he died. Long time ago. Must be fifteen -- twenty years. What kind of ice cream you want? Chocolate? Vanilla?

MARTIN

(looks at him for moment)  
I've changed my mind. Guess I'll pass on the soda.  
(he rises off the stool, doing so with difficulty, his stiff leg getting in the way)  
These stools weren't built for bum legs, were they?

SODA JERK

Guess not. Get it in the war?

MARTIN

No. No, as a matter of fact I got it falling off the merry-go-round when I was a kid. Freak thing. Fell into the machinery.

SODA JERK

The merry-go-round? Oh, yeah, I do remember. They tore that down a few years ago. Condemned it.  
(then with a smile)  
A little late I guess, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

MARTIN

How's that?

SODA JERK

A little late for you I mean.

MARTIN

(looks away, very  
softly)

Very late. Very late for me.

He starts to walk slowly across the room and out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD [DAY] LONG SHOT MARTIN WALKING

EXT. GAS STATION [DAY]

As Martin enters and we can see him talking to the attendant.

DISSOLVE TO:

94. The red car With Martin in it as it pulls onto the highway from the gas station, pauses there.

95. Med. close shot Martin As he looks in both directions and in doing so lets his gaze fall on a road sign.

96. Close shot road sign It reads "Homewood -- 1 1/2 miles."

97. Close shot Martin As he reacts. Just the briefest moment of thought, then he puts the car into low gear.

98. Long angle shot looking down As the car slowly starts onto the highway. Over the disappearing car we hear the

Narrator's Voice.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Martin Sloan, age thirty-six. Vice president in charge of media. Successful in most things -- but not in the one effort that all men try at some time in their lives -- trying to go home again. (a pause) And also like all men perhaps there'll be an occasion... maybe a summer night some time... when he'll look up from what he's doing and listen to the distant music of a calliope -- and hear the voices and the laughter of the people and the places of his past. And perhaps across his mind there'll flit a little errant wish... that a man might not have to become old -- never outgrow the parks and the merry-go-rounds of his youth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

(a pause) And he'll smile then too because he'll know it is just an errant wish. Some wisp of memory not too important really. Some laughing ghosts that cross a man's mind... that are a part of The Twilight Zone.

Now the CAMERA PANS back down the road to the sign that reads "Homewood -- 1 1/2 miles."

FADE TO BLACK.