

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Will the Real Martian Please Stand Up?

Written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN on a brief montage of snow-covered mountains and woods on an ISLAND somewhere in the northeastern United States, accompanied by some odd noises -- what sounds like it could be an alien spaceship FLYING overhead and CRASHING into an ice-covered pond. Snow falls throughout.

WIPE TO

Two state troopers, PADGETT, the veteran, and PERRY, a younger man, flashlights in hand as they peer into the darkness of the WOODS. The snow continues to fall.

TROOPER PADGETT

See anything?

TROOPER PERRY

The tops of some trees have been knocked down. Looks like something hit that pond. Whatever it is, it'll be under the ice till next spring.

TROOPER PADGETT

A meteor or something, probably. I'd better check in. That woman who phoned said something about calling out the National Guard.

He opens the door to their patrol car and grabs the radio mike.

TROOPER PADGETT

(into the mike)

This is one-one-eight-three-A, one-one-eight-three-A, reporting a check out.

DISPATCHER

Go ahead.

TROOPER PADGETT

(to the dispatcher)

Checking out a report on an unidentified flying object. Supposed to have landed in the area of Hook's Landing. Appears something cut off the tops of some trees.

(MORE)

TROOPER PADGETT (CONT'D)

Came down in the ice at Tracy's Pond and we can't see it now.

As Padgett talks, Perry discovers TRACKS in the snow.

TROOPER PERRY

Bill?

TROOPER PADGETT

(to the dispatcher)

Hold on a second.

(to Perry)

Yeah?

TROOPER PERRY

There're footprints up here. They come up from the pond. Looks like they got out of whatever landed.

TROOPER PADGETT

(to the dispatcher)

There appears to be some evidence that -- Well, we'll call you back.

DISPATCHER

What's it all about?

TROOPER PADGETT

We don't know yet.

DISPATCHER

How's that?

TROOPER PADGETT

We'll, uh -- we'll call you back in a little bit.

DISPATCHER

All right, Padgett. But there's some talk of a bridge going out up there. When you can, you better take a look and make sure she's posted and blocked off. Enough ice jammed up against it to cool the Congo.

TROOPER PADGETT

Roger and out.

Padgett shuts the car door and joins Perry by the tracks. Light from a roadside diner glows in the distance.

TROOPER PERRY

No question about it. Something left that pond and went over to the diner.

TROOPER PADGETT

Looks like a bus in front of that diner. You don't suppose it came out of that pond, do you?

TROOPER PERRY

Very funny.

TROOPER PADGETT

Sorry. Let's leave the car and follow these tracks. I want to be sure they lead to the diner.

The troopers walk through the woods, following the tracks with their flashlights, oblivious to the omniscient NARRATOR they pass along the way. The narrator wears a stylish overcoat, carries a lit cigarette, and speaks directly to the audience.

NARRATOR

Wintry February night, the present. Order of events: a phone call from a frightened woman notating the arrival of an unidentified flying object, and the check-out you've just witnessed with two state troopers verifying the event, but with nothing more enlightening to add beyond evidence of some tracks leading across the highway to a diner. You've heard of trying to find a needle in a haystack? Well, stay with us now and you'll be part of an investigating team whose mission is not to find that proverbial needle. No, their task is even harder. They've got to find a Martian in a diner, and in just a moment you'll search with them, because you've

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
just landed... in the Twilight Zone.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

ON THE EMPTY OLD BUS (marked "CAYUGA BUS COMPANY") parked just OUTSIDE THE DINER. We PAN TO the front of the bus to include a view of the diner's large front window ("HI-WAY CAFE") through which we can see that the place is filled with customers. The troopers arrive, look over the bus, and enter the diner.

Perry and Padgett walk INSIDE THE DINER, brush the snow off their uniforms, and scan the customers: a middle-aged married couple, smoking cigarettes; the bus DRIVER, drinking coffee; a young married couple, rubbing noses; a no-nonsense BUSINESSMAN with his coat draped over his shoulders; all seated at tables. Seated at the counter, hunched over a bowl of chili so that his face can't be seen, is an old man we'll call GRANDPA. Opposite Grandpa is the diner's COUNTERMAN who looks at the troopers with concern.

COUNTERMAN
(to the troopers)
Trouble?

Padgett glances over at another customer, seated at a corner table, an extremely attractive BLONDE, blowing cigarette smoke. The troopers exchange looks with one another and then address the crowd.

TROOPER PERRY
Who's bus is this out here?

DRIVER
(putting on his cap)
That's mine, officer. What's the problem?

TROOPER PERRY
The bridge up ahead has been declared temporarily impassable. Ice floe stacked up against it.

(MORE)

TROOPER PERRY (CONT'D)

Another pound of weight and it could be driftwood.

DRIVER

That's rough. Can't turn around and go back. There's a slide up there at the turn-off. Blocked the whole road.

COUNTERMAN

(takes toothpick from his mouth)

Looks like you're kind o' marooned.

TROOPER PERRY

Till morning anyway.

BUSINESSMAN

Till morning? I've got to be in Boston at nine a.m.

DRIVER

(to the businessman)

Then you better start walking, mister, 'cause that bus stays out there till they fix the bridge. Either that, or have 'em drop some snowshoes.

TROOPER PERRY

So, you might as well get comfortable and get a little hot food in ya.

BUSINESSMAN

Oh, that's just great. That's fine, isn't it? Get comfortable and get a little hot food in you. That's precious little consolation for missing my meeting in Boston.

(rises, laughs, crosses to the driver, and sits at his table)

That's a fine little bus line you work for, isn't it? They care so much about their schedules, don't they?

DRIVER

I wouldn't be too hard on 'em, mister. They have no control over the snow, bridges, the sides of hills that decide to come down. That's pretty much out of their hands.

The troopers scan the customers again.

TROOPER PERRY

(quietly, to Padgett)

What do you think?

TROOPER PADGETT

They were all on that bus, weren't they?

COUNTERMAN

(to the troopers)

What's the trouble? You looking for somebody?

TROOPER PADGETT

(crosses to the driver)

Driver, um, have you got a passenger manifest?

DRIVER

Passenger manifest? What do you think I got parked out there? A 707? Mister, that's a fourteen year old bus and business is lousy. My boss'd run rum across the border if there was a profit in it. I don't ask passengers their names. We kiss 'em gently and help 'em in. We're that glad to have 'em, with or without names.

TROOPER PERRY

Know how many you had?

DRIVER

Six. Unless one of 'em fell out the window when we hit a bump. I picked up six and I'm supposed to deliver six.

TROOPER PADGETT

(glances around)

Nobody fell out.

(MORE)

TROOPER PADGETT (CONT'D)

Somebody must've jumped in. There're seven here now.

DRIVER

(rises, silently counts the customers)

That's funny. I know I had six people.

Padgett crosses to the counter, where the counterman sets down a cup of coffee for him.

TROOPER PADGETT

(to the counterman)

Thanks. Now, tell me, was there anybody in here before the bus stopped?

COUNTERMAN

No, I haven't served anybody since eleven o'clock this morning. I figured this whole bunch got off the bus.

DRIVER

We did. There was no one in here when we came in.

TROOPER PERRY

Then how do you account for seven people?

DRIVER

That one beats me.

(it dawns on him)

One of them didn't get off the bus.

(sits back down)

TROOPER PERRY

Which one of you wasn't on the bus?

BUSINESSMAN

(annoyed)

We were all on the bus. What kind of interrogation is this, anyway? If we're going to be grilled, I want to talk to a lawyer.

The old man at the counter cackles and turns around, his wild-eyed face visible for the first time.

GRANDPA

That's a good one. First, he wants snowshoes, then he wants a lawyer.

BUSINESSMAN

(pointedly, to Grandpa)

I don't remember seeing you on the bus.

GRANDPA

(to the businessman)

That's quite funny, 'cause I don't remember seeing you neither.

(winks at the driver)

Makes one of us a liar, don't it?

Grandpa and the driver laugh at this.

BUSINESSMAN

This is preposterous. What difference does it make who was on the bus or who wasn't or whether there were six or seven or a hundred and twenty? Is this a diner or Gestapo headquarters?

COUNTERMAN

(to the businessman)

Aw, now take it easy, mister.

(to the troopers)

What's it all about?

TROOPER PERRY

(to the counterman)

Did you hear anything flying over here tonight?

HALEY

Flying over here? No, I didn't hear anything.

TROOPER PERRY

We got a call about two hours ago. Woman said she heard something fly over and then come down.

COUNTERMAN

Fly over here? From where?

TROOPER PADGETT

From up there.

(rolls his eyes heavenward)

An unidentified flying object.

COUNTERMAN

Unidentified flying object?

(chuckles)

Nothing's come down from up there 'cept snow. That's all I've seen for the past fourteen hours, snow. Where'd she say it came down?

TROOPER PERRY

Close to here.

TROOPER PADGETT

Look, something did land in Tracy's Pond. Left a trail of broken branches before it hit. We found tracks leading away from it.

COUNTERMAN

To where?

TROOPER PADGETT

To here.

COUNTERMAN

(amused)

You mean something landed in Tracy's Pond and then came in here? That's crazy. Nothing's come in here since eleven this morning. Nothing, except...

DRIVER

Except me and my passengers. Me and six people. That means that one person here...

Now it's the driver's turn to look heavenward. It's an unsettling thought.

YOUNG WIFE
(quietly, to her husband)
George, I don't like this.

YOUNG HUSBAND
Easy, honey, easy.

OLD HUSBAND
(to the troopers)
Now, let me get this straight. You're trying to tell us that there's one person in here who landed in some kind of a saucer or something and then came in here?

BLONDE
Came in here with us?

Padgett nods.

BUSINESSMAN
Well, that's just not possible. We'd've seen them.

OLD HUSBAND
Not necessarily. It's snowing and dark. We climbed off of that bus with our eyes closed to get out of the snow. Anyone could've come in with us and we wouldn't've noticed.

TROOPER PADGETT
You were all on the bus together. You would have known who the other passengers were.

DRIVER
Well, that don't cut any ice. They loaded in the snow at Hook's Landing. Tell you the truth, I don't know who got on.

GRANDPA
She's just like a science fiction, that's what she is! A regular Ray Bradbury! Six humans and one monster from outer space.

(to the businessman)
You wouldn't happen to have an eye in the

(MORE)

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
back of your head, would you?

The driver cracks up.

BUSINESSMAN
(to Grandpa)
Look, I find you offensive, you know that?

Grandpa winks at the driver.

BLONDE
(to Padgett)
What do you do now, officer?

TROOPER PADGETT
(to the blonde)
Look, lady, this isn't exactly par for our
courses either. We go off on a lot of nutty
assignments, but this one -- wow!

BLONDE
Well, I know how you begin. You pair off
the couples. Since it's just one person who
doesn't belong here, you... you eliminate
the couples.

The older couple smile and nod their heads.

OLD HUSBAND
(a little smugly)
We're exonerated. Cross us off. We're two
of the humans.

YOUNG HUSBAND
Us, too. My wife and I. We're in the clear.

He clutches his wife's hand with its ringed finger. But his
wife looks at him doubtfully.

YOUNG HUSBAND
(to his wife)
What's the matter?

YOUNG WIFE

I-I could have sworn you had a mole on your chin.

YOUNG HUSBAND

A mole on my chin? Connie, I never had a mole on my chin.

OLD HUSBAND

(rises)

I can tell you what's going to happen. We're all going to get so panicky that everyone and his brother will start picking up invisible clues from everybody else. This is nonsense.

(sits)

OLD WIFE

Well, of course, it's nonsense. If a husband and wife suddenly start wondering whether the husband is really the husband and the wife... is ...really...

Now, this wife looks doubtfully at her own husband.

OLD HUSBAND

(indignant, to his wife)

Now, wait a minute! I think twenty-three years is long enough for a woman to know who she's married to -- so, I'll thank you to stop looking at me as if I just put on this face as part of a costume.

Not entirely reassured, the old wife puffs on her cigarette nervously.

GRANDPA

(laughs)

I love this. She don't know who he is. He don't know who she is. We don't know who she is. And this lemon-sucker here

(points to the businessman)

-- he's the most suspicious of the bunch.

Again, the driver can't help but laugh at Grandpa. The businessman shakes his head in disgust.

TROOPER PERRY
(to the counterman)
Have you got a back door to this place?

COUNTERMAN
Sure. Why?

TROOPER PADGETT
Go back there and lock it.

COUNTERMAN
Well, it's already locked. If that certain
somebody really is from outer space,
they'll just go through the wall anyway.

GRANDPA
(waves his hat, to the
troopers)
Check 'em for wings! Check 'em for wings!
Look under their coats!

The driver busts out laughing again. Perry is getting a
little fed up with Grandpa's outbursts.

TROOPER PERRY
(crosses to Grandpa)
You got identification, grandpa?

GRANDPA
(pauses and squints at
Perry)
Left it down in the pond in my spaceship.

TROOPER PERRY
(to Grandpa)
Who won the World Series race last year?

BUSINESSMAN
What is this, a sort of prolonged practical
joke?

GRANDPA
(to all)
I get it! I get it!
(to Perry)
Pittsburgh Pirates won it -- took four out
(MORE)

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
of seven from the Yankees.
(to all)
Sharp boys, real sharp boys!
(to Perry)
Didn't figure us Martians would know
nothin' about the great American pastime,
did ya? Huh? Huh?

Grandpa cackles. The blonde laughs at him.

TROOPER PADGETT
(crosses to the blonde)
You got identification, miss?

BLONDE
Well, no, as a matter of fact, I don't. I
left my wallet -- I left it in my suitcase.
It was shipped on ahead.

TROOPER PADGETT
What's your name, miss?

BLONDE
Ethel McConnell. I'm a... professional
dancer.

GRANDPA
How many legs? How many legs?

BLONDE
I'm gonna belt you, grandpa.

DRIVER
(grinning, to the troopers,
with certainty)
She was on the bus.

TROOPER PADGETT
How do you know?

DRIVER
(looking her over)
She's the only one I noticed.

BLONDE
(smiling, to the driver)
Well, thank you.

GRANDPA
But who noticed him?

The driver laughs again, but stops -- realizing the joke's on him.

GRANDPA
(to the driver)
How do we know you're the same one driving the bus? Huh?
(to all)
Ain't nobody been exonerated yet, that's for sure!

BUSINESSMAN
Look, let's cut this farce out right now. We'll all show our identifications and put a stop to it. The whole thing's ridiculous.

OLD HUSBAND
(arms folded, to the businessman)
Then, how do you explain the extra person in here?

OLD WIFE
Yes, how about that?

BUSINESSMAN
Very simple. The driver is mistaken. Seven people got on the bus and he thought there were only six.

TROOPER PADGETT
(crosses to the driver)
Is that possible?

DRIVER
Not a chance in the world. I counted heads before we took off.

(pointedly, to the
businessman)

There were six people.

TROOPER PADGETT
(crosses to the blonde)
Miss...?

The jukebox suddenly lights up and starts BLASTING a record. All eyes turn to it. Just as suddenly, the music grinds to a halt. The lights in the rest of the diner begin to flicker on and off. Padgett puts a hand on his holstered gun, ready for anything. After a moment, things return to normal. But everyone is slightly spooked.

COUNTERMAN
What caused that?

Perry inspects the jukebox.

TROOPER PADGETT
(to all)
We, er, we may get a laugh out of all this in the morning. In the meantime, everyone stay right where they are.

The blonde, Grandpa, and the driver glance nervously overhead. The businessman looks discouraged. The older married couple look around at the others. The younger couple looks at one another. And the counterman can't believe this is happening.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

on the INSIDE OF THE DINER, later that night, as the counterman emerges from the back, wiping his hand. He sees the driver now seated with the blonde at her table. They seem to be enjoying one another's company.

COUNTERMAN

(to the driver)

Where're the troopers?

DRIVER

Hm? Oh, stepped outside.

(peers out the window)

Snow stopped.

(to the counterman)

Say, Haley...

(points to the jukebox)

That wasn't your gag, was it? I mean, the business about the jukebox starting like that.

COUNTERMAN

(puts up his hands, retreats
to behind the counter)

Not me! I'm strictly short orders and "pay your taxes" -- I don't know anything about science fiction. A jukebox is a jukebox and if that thing wants to start up all on its own, you'll check with an electrical engineer.

Grandpa gets a fiendish glint in his eye, rises from his stool at the counter, and approaches the jukebox. Abruptly, he straightens up and salutes it.

GRANDPA

(to the jukebox)

Take me to your leader!

(laughs, to all)

Take me to your leader!

Grandpa calms down a little as the troopers enter the diner. The two married couples, quietly napping at their

tables, awaken. Padgett sits at the counter across from the counterman.

COUNTERMAN
(to the troopers)
Find anything?

TROOPER PERRY
No. Took a look at the bridge.

TROOPER PADGETT
Holding up pretty well.

DRIVER
I know that bridge, and what's more, I don't trust it.

BUSINESSMAN
(to the driver)
Well, thank goodness we needn't concern ourselves with your judgment. If the bridge gets a clean bill of health, you'll drive that bus right across it.

DRIVER
(to the businessman)
Listen, mister. You may be a big shot in Boston, but when it comes to bridges and busses, I got seniority. And I tell you, that bridge is so old that at any --

The lights go out. Everyone looks around nervously.

BLONDE
Hey, what is this?
(the lights come back on)
Why did the lights go out like that?

COUNTERMAN
We may be losing power.

The JUKEBOX starts up again, startling Grandpa and Trooper Perry who stand beside it.

COUNTERMAN
This is weird. This is just plain weird.

The jukebox dies again. The tension in the room thickens.

BLONDE

Well, I wish whoever it is would play his cards right now.

YOUNG WIFE

(agitated)

Why don't they do something? What's the point of us all staying cooped up in here like this and....

The young husband comforts her.

TROOPER PERRY

(to the young wife)

The point is this, miss. We're all kids in a closet here. Nobody understands what's going on. If there was some kind of a saucer that landed in that pond, and he did come in here, I think it'd be a real healthy idea if we pinpointed that particular somebody and kept him from leaving.

COUNTERMAN

Makes sense. Maybe whoever it is, is invisible. Maybe they're just playin' around. Cat and mouse.

BUSINESSMAN

That is childish nonsense.

OLD HUSBAND

It's as good an explanation as any I've heard. But what if the... the thing doesn't show itself? Do we just sit here holding our breath?

OLD WIFE

Yeah, how 'bout that?

GRANDPA

Well, if somebody was to ask me--

BUSINESSMAN
(interrupts, sharply)
Well, no one did ask you. No one will.

Grandpa stops short, mouth open.

BLONDE
(offended, to the
businessman)
Why don't you leave the old man alone?

BUSINESSMAN
Who invited you into this?

BLONDE
Well, I didn't realize we were waiting for
invitations, but you've got this big thing
about bossing everybody around.

Grandpa nods in agreement.

OLD HUSBAND
Look, it's tough enough just sitting here
without--

Abruptly, the lights flicker off and on, off and on, for a long, eerie moment. As soon as the lights come back on, the sugar bowls on the two married couples' tables suddenly flip over. The wives scream. Padgett and Perry draw their guns and cover the doors.

TROOPER PADGETT
(to Grandpa)
Get over there and sit down, gramps.

Grandpa sits at the counter. The businessman glances at the diner's pay PHONE just as it RINGS. Padgett answers it on the second ring.

TROOPER PADGETT
(into the phone)
Yeah? ... What's that? It's okay? ... All
right, thanks.
(hanging up, to all)
The bridge is okay.

BUSINESSMAN

Well. It's about time. Shall we go?

The troopers re-holster their guns and confer.

TROOPER PADGETT

What do you think, Perry?

TROOPER PERRY

Can't hold 'em.

GRANDPA

(to Perry)

You're making a big mistake, officer. Big mistake. You're lettin' the monster out.

TROOPER PERRY

That may well be, old man. May well be. You can't hold somebody on suspicion of being a monster.

(to the driver)

You can roll 'em anytime.

DRIVER

(to Padgett)

All right. Are they sure about that bridge? I don't like that sucker. She swings in the wind and she's not a suspension.

TROOPER PADGETT

(jerks a thumb at the phone)

That was the county engineer. The bridge has been checked out and declared passable. We'll go on ahead, cross the bridge first.

Some of the customers begin rising to leave.

COUNTERMAN

(relieved, moves to the cash register)

All right. You can pay your checks right over here, ladies and gentlemen. Godspeed and safe trip. And y'all come back and see us again, y'hear?

(MORE)

COUNTERMAN (CONT'D)

That is, all but one of ya.

Everyone begins to rise, collect their things, and move to the cash register.

COUNTERMAN

(to Grandpa)

You had the chili, right? That's ninety cents. Thank you.

(to the businessman)

And you had, what? Fourteen cups o' coffee, that was a dollar forty...

DISSOLVE TO

OUTSIDE THE DINER, Trooper Padgett and the driver stand on either side of the bus door as the travelers board the bus. Grandpa is already seated up front as the older married couple board, followed by the blonde.

BLONDE

(to Padgett)

Goodbye, officer.

TROOPER PADGETT

(casually salutes her)

Miss McConnell.

Padgett and the driver watch with much interest as the blonde boards the bus, keeping a close watch on her shapely legs. Once she's safely aboard, Padgett and the driver exchange satisfied glances.

DRIVER

(to Padgett)

Well, I counted seven.

TROOPER PADGETT

That's right, seven.

GRANDPA

Betcha by the time we get to Boston, there'll be seventeen!

Grandpa laughs as we DISSOLVE TO

INSIDE THE DINER, some time later. The jukebox cues up a

record and begins to PLAY.

CUT TO the OUTSIDE OF THE DINER. Through the front window, we see that the place is empty except for the counterman. The businessman, his coat still draped over his shoulders, trudges through the snow, stops to peer at the counterman through the window, then walks INSIDE THE DINER, and sits at the counter. The counterman, doing some bookkeeping, is surprised to see him.

COUNTERMAN

Something for ya?

BUSINESSMAN

Coffee. Black.

COUNTERMAN

One coffee, black.

(pours coffee)

Hey, uh, didn't you, uh, what I mean is...

Didn't you go out on that bus?

(serves the coffee)

BUSINESSMAN

I did indeed. Oh, yes, I went out on that bus. And you know something? That bridge wasn't safe. It collapsed. The state police car, the bus, everything -- kerplunk -- right into the river. It was a terrible scene. No one got out.

COUNTERMAN

(incredulous)

Except you.

BUSINESSMAN

Except me. Lucky, I guess, huh?

COUNTERMAN

Very lucky. But... but...

BUSINESSMAN

But what?

COUNTERMAN

You're not even wet.

BUSINESSMAN

Wet? What's "wet"?

COUNTERMAN

What do you mean "what's wet"? You landed in the river but you're clothes are all dry.

BUSINESSMAN

An illusion, that's all. Just an illusion. Like that jukebox playing in the corner. That's an illusion, too.

The counterman looks at the JUKEBOX and it abruptly stops playing. Silence.

BUSINESSMAN

Or that telephone ringing.

The phone RINGS.

BUSINESSMAN

That's an illusion. Just a parlor trick.

COUNTERMAN

What are ya, some kind of magician?

A third arm emerges from under the businessman's coat. Using his three hands, he takes from his pockets a box of cigarettes and a book of matches.

BUSINESSMAN

Who, me? Oh, hardly.

The counterman stares in amazement as the three-handed businessman lights a cigarette.

BUSINESSMAN

Now, uh, before you, uh, faint dead away, I ought to explain that the name isn't really Ross. And I wasn't really going to Boston. No, I was sent as a kind of advanced scout. You know these, uh, cigarettes, do you call them? They taste wonderful.

(MORE)

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

We haven't got a thing like this on Mars. That's, incidentally, where I come from. We're beginning to colonize. My friends will be arriving very shortly. I think they're going to like it here. Lovely area, so... so remote, so pleasant, so off-the-beaten track. Just the perfect spot for a colony, don't you think, Mr. Haley? While we're waiting, how about a little what you call music?

COUNTERMAN

I don't mind. I have to do a little waiting myself. You see, Mr. Ross, my name isn't Haley. And I do agree with you, this is an extraordinary place to colonize. We folks on Venus had the same idea. We got it several years ago. And I think I really ought to tell you now that your friends are not coming. They've been intercepted. Oh, a colony is coming. But it's from Venus. And if you're still alive, I think you'll see how we differ.

The counterman removes his cap, revealing a third eye in the middle of his forehead. The businessman's face sours at this.

COUNTERMAN

And I agree with you about what they call music. Why don't you play some?

The counterman busts out laughing.

NARRATOR

(voice over)

Incident on a small island, to be believed or disbelieved. However, if a sour-faced dandy named Ross or a big, good-natured counterman who handles a spatula as if he'd been born with one in his mouth, if either of these two entities walks onto your premises, you'd better hold their hands -- all three of them -- or check the color of their eyes -- all three of them.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The gentlemen in question might try to pull
you into... the Twilight Zone.

PAN UP from the OUTSIDE OF THE DINER, DISSOLVE TO a starry
sky, and FADE OUT.