

**THE TWILIGHT ZONE**

Episode 107: "THE LONELY"

Written by

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## ACT ONE

### **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.

We are now looking at an empty patch of desert, an arid, dull nondescript piece of land, its monotony broken only by an occasional scrubby, dying cactus, and a few sand dunes that shift nervously and sporadically in a wind that provides the only motion and the only sound to an otherwise stagnant scene. The CAMERA PANS LEFT very slowly until it is on a --

#### LONG SHOT A COTTAGE

That sits alone in the desert. This is a ramshackle, two-room affair made of corrugated steel, driftwood and other nondescript material. Alongside is a beat-up vintage 1930's sedan. Beyond and behind this is a tiny tool shed that houses a small generator. A limp wire extends from the shed to the shack.

#### NARRATOR'S VOICE

(over the pan)

Witness, if you will, a dungeon, made out of mountains, salt flats, and sand that stretch to infinity. The dungeon has an inmate, James A. Corry. And this is his residence, a metal shack.

(MORE)

NARRATOR'S VOICE (CONT'D)

An old touring car that squats in the sun and goes nowhere -- for there is nowhere to go.

At this point we see Corry come out of the house. He's dressed in jeans and a threadbare shirt. He looks up toward the pale sky and the strange, sick, white gleam of the sun, shades his eyes, walks over toward the car and stops, looks at it, touches it with his hand, then leans against it and stares once again toward the horizon.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Across the car looking at Corry. He's a man in his early forties of medium height, perhaps a little more muscular than most men. His face was once a strong face; it is no longer. There is no will left and no resolve. What we see on it now is resignation; a sense of dull, pervading hopelessness. He rather aimlessly opens the car door and leaving it open, slides in to sit in the driver's seat and look out the front windshield. The CAMERA MOVES AROUND so that it's shooting through the front windshield toward him.

CLOSE SHOT CORRY

As he gets out of the car and stares across toward the horizon.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

For the record let it be known that James A. Corry is a convicted criminal placed in solitary confinement. Confinement in this case stretches as far as the eye can see, because this particular dungeon is on an asteroid nine million miles from the Earth.

The CAMERA PANS slowly up toward the sky to where we see a shot of the earth.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Now witness, if you will, a man's mind and body shriveling in the sun, a man dying of loneliness.

MED. SHOT CORRY

Corry, shoulders slumped walking in a kind of draggy, aimless shuffle, goes back toward the shack and walks inside.

CUT TO:

**INT. SHACK FULL SHOT THE ROOM**

The inside, like the exterior, is makeshift and looks temporary. The furniture is made out of packing cases. There's an aged wind-up Victrola, an icebox. The bed is disheveled and dirty. He walks over to a small rickety table, takes out a dog-eared ledger, opens it and rifles through the pages slowly and rather aimlessly. Then he takes a pencil, sits down, and starts to write. The CAMERA MOVES IN very slowly as he voices aloud that which he is writing.

CORRY'S VOICE

Entry, fifteenth day, sixth month... the year four. And all the days and the months and the years the same.

(a pause. Now he sits as he writes)

There'll be a supply ship coming in soon. I think. They're either due or overdue, and I hope it's Allenby's ship because he's a decent man and he brings things for me.

(he stops writing for a moment, looks down at the ledger, then continues to write)

Like he brought in the parts to that antique automobile. I was a year putting that thing together -- such as it is. A whole year putting an old car together.

(a pause)

But thank God for that car and for the hours it used up and the days and the weeks. I can look at it out there and I know it's real and reality is what I need. Because what is there left that I can believe in? The desert and the wind? The silence?

(MORE)

CORRY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Or myself -- can I believe in myself anymore?

(another pause)

Disjointed thought... a little crazy... but maybe I'll become like that car. Inanimate. Just an item sitting in the sand -- and then would I feel loneliness? Would I feel misery? I wonder...

He slowly lets the pencil drop out of his fingers, looks down at the book. His eyes close, then he slumps forward burying his face in his arms, leaning against the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SHACK [DAY]**

Through the window we can see Corry sleeping, still by the table. There's the distant roaring sound of engines, a flash of light that shines against the side of the shack and enters the window. We see Corry start, and rise and race to the door, flinging it open, peering out over the landscape.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT LONG SHOT A GROUP OF THREE MEN**

Dressed in simple uniforms not unlike pilots of today. The CAMERA STAYS directly on them as they approach. Into the frame from behind the camera comes Corry, who is racing out to meet them. His fingers clench and unclench at his side. He takes a few fast stumbling steps toward them, then thinking better of it stops and then, giving in again, runs toward them again.

CLOSE SHOT

As they suddenly meet a few feet from one another. The head of the space group stops. This is Allenby, a man in his fifties. He nods a little curtly.

ALLENBY

How are you, Corry?

CORRY

All right.

There's a silence now. Adams, one of the other two spacemen, looks around.

ADAMS

Quite a place you got here, Corry.

CORRY

I'm so glad you like it.

ADAMS

I didn't say I liked it. I think it stinks.

CORRY

You don't have to live here now, do you?

ADAMS

No, but I've got to come back here four times a year. And that's eight months out of twelve, Corry, away from earth. Sometimes my kids don't even recognize me when I come home.

CORRY

(very simply)

I'm sorry.

ADAMS

(with a look)

I'll bet you are! But you've got it made, don't you. Corry? Makes for simple living, doesn't it?

(he bends down and picks up  
a handful of sand)

This is Corry's kingdom.

(he lets the sand run  
through his fingers)

Right here. Six thousand miles north to south. Four thousand miles east to west -- and all of its just like this!

The CAMERA is on Corry's face now. He wets his lips. He wants to say something with desperate urgency. Allenby sees the look, looks away a little uncomfortably for a moment.

ALLENBY

We've only got a fifteen-minute layover,  
Corry.

Corry wets his lips and tries to keep the supplication out  
of his voice.

CORRY

Nobody's checking your schedule out here.  
Why don't we have a game of cards or  
something?

ALLENBY

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry, Corry. This isn't an arbitrary  
decision. If we delay our time of departure  
any more than fifteen minutes, that places  
us in a different orbital position. We'd  
never make it back to earth. We'd have to  
stay here at least fourteen days before  
this place was in position again.

CORRY

So, fourteen days? Why not have us a ball?  
I've got some beer I've saved. We could  
play some cards, tell me what's going on  
back there --

ALLENBY

(with an embarrassed look at  
the others)

I wish we could Corry, but like I said --  
we've only got fifteen minutes...

CORRY

(his voice rising and  
getting shaky as if losing  
control)

Well... well what's a few lousy days to  
you? Couple of card games.

(he nods toward the others)

How about you guys? You think I'll murder  
you or something over a bad hand?

ALLENBY

(quietly and firmly)

I'm sorry, Corry.

(he starts to take Corry's  
arm)

Let's go to the shack --

Corry flings off his arm, not in anger, but in desperation.

CORRY

All right. Two minutes are gone now. You've  
got thirteen minutes left. I wouldn't want  
to foul up your schedule, Allenby. Not for  
a...

(he looks away)

Not for a lousy game of cards. Not for a  
few bottles of crummy beer.

Then he looks up slowly, turns to lock eyes with Allenby.  
He seems to catch his breath for a moment.

CORRY

Allenby... what about the pardon?

ADAMS

(squinting up toward the  
sky, his voice very matter  
of fact)

You're out of luck, Corry. Sentence reads  
fifty years and they're not even reviewing  
cases of homicide. You've been here four  
now. That makes forty-six to go, so get  
comfortable, dad huh?

He laughs until his eyes reach Allenby's. Allenby stares at  
him, then wets his lips and looks away. Adams's laugh dies  
out.

TRACK SHOT

As the three men head toward the shack. Corry's eyes are  
down, staring at the sand where his feet make crunchy  
sounds as they sink down over the crust of the top layer.  
Allenby, alongside of him as they walk, looks at him  
intermittently.

## DIFFERENT ANGLE

As they reach a small knoll. Over their shoulder we see the shack and car sitting here in mute, ugly loneliness. Corry stops instinctively to stare at them. Allenby touches his arm compassionately with an instinctive gentleness.

ALLENBY

(quietly)

I'm sorry, Corry. Unfortunately, we don't make the rules. All we do is deliver your supplies and pass on information. I told you last time there's been a lot of pressure back home about this kind of punishment. There are a whole lot of people who think it is unnecessarily cruel. Well who knows what the next couple of years will bring? They may change their minds, alter the law, imprison you on earth like the old days.

CORRY

(turns to stare intently  
into the older man's face)

Allenby, I have to tell you something. Every morning... every morning when I get up I tell myself that this is my last day of sanity. I won't be able to live another day of loneliness. Not another day, and by noon when I can't keep my fingers still and the inside of my mouth feels like gun powder and burnt copper and deep inside my gut I've got an ache that won't go away and seems to be crawling all over the inside of my body, prickling at me, tearing little chunks out of me -- and then I think I've got to hold out for another day, just another day.

(then he turns to stare down  
at the shack)

But I can't keep doing that day after day for the next forty-six years. I'll lose my mind, Allenby.

ADAMS

You're breakin' my heart --

Corry whirls around to stare at him. His features contort. There's an animal-like growl that shouts out deep from his throat and suddenly, losing all control he lunges at Adams, hitting him twice, crunching, desperate blows that smash against Adams's face and propel him backwards to sprawl face- first in the sand. Allenby and the other officer grab Corry's arms.

ALLENBY

(shouting)

Easy, Corry, easy!

Gradually Corry lets his body relax, going the route from a trembling, shaking ague to a heavy, tired motionlessness.

MED. CLOSE SHOT ADAMS

As he rises from the sand, gingerly touches the bruise on his face.

ADAMS

I wouldn't worry about going off my rocker, Corry. It's already happened. Stir crazy, they used to call it. Well, that's what you are now. Stir crazy.

ALLENBY

(taking a step toward him to  
keep him back)

Back off, Adams. You and Carstairs go back and get the supplies. Bring them over to the shack.

ADAMS

(bridling)

Mr. Corry has a broken leg or something?

He points to Corry.

ALLENBY

Go ahead, do as I tell you. And the big crate with the red tag -- handle that one

(MORE)

ALLENBY (CONT'D)

gently.

CARSTAIRS

How about the use of his buggy there? Some of the stuff's heavy.

CORRY

(as if shaken out of a dream  
softly)

It isn't running today.

ADAMS

(laughs)

It isn't running today! What's the matter, Corry -- use it too much, do you?

(to Carstairs)

You know, there's so many places a guy can go out here. There's the country club over the mound there and the seashore over that way, and the drive-in theater, that's someplace around here, isn't it, Corry?

ALLENBY

Knock it off, Adams, and go get the stuff.

Adams and Carstairs turn with another look toward Corry and start back across the desert. Allenby takes Corry's arm and the two men walk toward the shack.

LONG SHOT CORRY AND ALLENBY

As they walk past the car and the shed and into the shack.

**INT. SHACK FULL SHOT THE ROOM**

Corry goes over to sit on the bed to stare numbly across the room at nothing. Allenby crosses over to the icebox, takes out a jug of water, looks around the room and then over to Corry.

ALLENBY

Glasses?

CORRY

(motions)

Paper Cups. On the shelf there.

Allenby unscrews the jar and sniffs, makes a face, then pours some water into a cup, takes it in a quick gulp.

ALLENBY

We've got some fresh on board. They'll be bringing it over.

Corry nods numbly. Allenby pulls up a chair so that he's sitting directly opposite Corry.

ALLENBY

Brought you some magazines, too. Strictly on my own.

CORRY

(nods)

Thanks.

ALLENBY

And some old vintage movies. Science-fiction stuff. You'll get a kick out of it.

CORRY

(nods, looks up unsmiling)

I'm sure I will.

Allenby bites his lip and looks at Corry for a long, silent moment, then he rises and crosses to the window.

ALLENBY

I brought you something else, Corry. It would mean my job if they suspected.

(then he turns toward Corry)

It would be my neck if they found out for sure.

CORRY

Look, Allenby, I don't want gifts now. I don't want tidbits. It makes me feel like an animal in a cage and there's a nice old lady out there who wants to throw peanuts at me.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

(he suddenly lashes out and  
grabs Allenby)

A pardon, Allenby, that's the only gift I  
want. I'm not a murderer, I killed in self-  
defense. A lot of people believe me and it  
happens to be the truth. I killed in self-  
defense --

ALLENBY

(gently takes Corry's hands  
off of him)

I know, Corry. I know all about it.

(he retraces his steps back  
over the chair and sits  
down)

I doubt if it'll be much consolation to  
you, but it's not easy handling this kind  
of assignment. Stopping here four times a  
year and having to look at a man's agony.

CORRY

You're quite right. That's precious little  
consolation.

There's a long, long silence. Allenby rises.

ALLENBY

Well, I can't bring you freedom, Corry. All  
I can do... all I can do is to try to bring  
you things to help keep your sanity.

(a pause)

Something... anything so you can fight  
loneliness.

He looks across the room and out the window.

LONG SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW

Adams and Carstairs are both lugging a small metal cart  
loaded down with crates and supplies. They enter the area  
of the shack to bring the cart up close to the front door.  
The two of them take a heavy crate off the top of the pile,  
a red tag fluttering from one end. They lay it down in the  
sand.

CARSTAIRS

(calls)

You want this big crate opened up, Captain?

MED. CLOSE SHOT ALLENBY

ALLENBY

(calls out)

Not yet. Stay out there. I'll be right out.

TWO SHOT CORRY AND ALLENBY

CORRY

I'll bite, Captain. What's the present?

(he looks briefly through  
the window)

What is it?

He rises, goes over to the window to stare out at the long, rectangular box.

MED. LONG SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW

Of the box as it lies in the sand.

MED. CLOSE SHOT CORRY

As he turns back toward the room.

CORRY

If it's a twenty-year supply of puzzles,  
I'll have to decline with thanks. I don't  
need any puzzles, Allenby. If I want to try  
to probe any mysteries -- I can look in the  
mirror and try to figure out my own.

ALLENBY

(crosses over to the door,  
opens it, turns back to  
Corry)

We've got to go now. We'll be back in three  
months.

(a pause)

Are you listening to me, Corry? This is  
important.

Corry stares at him.

ALLENBY

When you open up the crate there's nothing you need do. The... item has been vacuum-packed. It needs no activator of any kind. The air will do that. There'll be a booklet inside, too, that can answer any of your questions.

CORRY

You're mysterious as hell.

ALLENBY

I don't mean to be. It's just like I told you, though -- I'm risking a lot to have brought this here.

(he points to the door)

They don't know what it is I brought. I'd appreciate your waiting until we get out of sight.

CORRY

(unemotionally)

All right. Have a good trip back... Give my regards to...

(he wets his lips)

...to Broadway. And every place else while you're at it.

ALLENBY

Sure, Corry. I'll see you.

He goes out the door, motions to the other two men. They start to follow him.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT CORRY

Standing at the door.

CORRY

Allenby!

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE ALLENBY AND THE OTHER TWO CORRY'S P.O.V.

The three men pause to look toward the shack. In the

foreground in front of them we see the long crate lying all by itself in the sand.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT CORRY

He walks down the step and stands near the box, points to it.

CORRY

I don't much care what it is. For the thought, Allenby, for the... for the decency of it... I thank you.

MED. SHOT ALLENBY

ALLENBY

You're quite welcome, Corry.

He turns and the other two follow him.

LONG ANGLE SHOT

Looking down at them as they slowly tramp across the sand and disappear over the line of dunes.

MED. CLOSE SHOT CORRY

He watches them go, shading his eyes again at the sun, then very slowly he looks down at the box. He stares at it for a long moment, then he kneels down to feel its sides and finally finds the two release catches. His hands go out to touch them simultaneously. He pushes them, and very slowly the top of the box opens.

TIGHT CLOSE ANGLE SHOT

Looking up as from inside the box toward Corry's face as he stares into it. His eyes suddenly widen with astonishment.

CUT ABRUPTLY TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT INSERT SECTION OF A SPACE CRAFT

What we are seeing is just part of a hatch and a metal ladder. Carstairs is just clambering up them to disappear inside this ship. Adams starts to follow him. He pauses

halfway up to look toward Allenby, who in turn is staring off into the distance.

ADAMS

Captain -- just man to man, huh?

ALLENBY

What?

ADAMS

What did you bring him? What was in the box?

MED. CLOSE SHOT ALLENBY

As he slowly scratches the beard stubble of his square jaw.

ALLENBY

(very softly as if to no one in particular)

I'm not sure really. Maybe just an illusion -- or maybe salvation.

Then he turns, motions Adams up the ladder, and then follows him up.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. THE SHACK**

The top of the box has been opened and as the CAMERA PANS over it toward the shack we see that it is empty. The CAMERA continues to PAN over to the shack.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

**INT. SHACK**

Corry stands at the far end of the room staring off beyond the camera. He has a book in his hand which he suddenly seems to remember. He looks down at it, stares at the cover for a long moment, then opens it with both his hands. He studies it perplexed for a long moment; then he looks up again. Then he looks down at the book again and slowly he reads aloud.

CORRY

You are now the proud owner of a robot built in the form of a woman. To all intent and purpose this creature is a woman. Physiologically and psychologically she is a human being with a set of emotions, a memory track, the ability to reason, to think, and to speak. She is beyond illness and under normal circumstances should have a life span similar to that of a comparable human being. Her name is Alicia.

Very slowly Corry's head rises. SLOW PAN SHOT ACROSS the room to a shot of Alicia who sits in a chair looking back at him. While she looks human, there is something too immobile, too emotionless about her features. There is a deadness to the eyes when they look back at him, showing neither resignation nor interest and only bare awareness. She's dressed in a simple loose, flowing garment that neither adds to nor detracts from her femininity. Corry takes a few hesitant steps toward her, his eyes wide, a fright working its way out. His mouth moves but nothing comes.

CLOSE SHOT THE GIRL

ALICIA

That's my name -- Alicia. What's yours?

CLOSE SHOT CORRY

He stops dead in his tracks and suddenly he looks horrified, sick with distaste. He shakes his head from side to side and backs away.

CORRY

(in a very low voice)

Get out of here.

(now a shout)

Get out of here! I don't want any machine in here! Go on, get out of here!

With an effort he grabs the girl and propels her out the door and slams it behind her. Then he leans against the door, eyes closed, breathing heavily and gradually his composure comes back. He takes a few steps back toward the center of the room. In the process he looks toward the

window.

LONG SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW

The girl stands there in the yard staring at him.

FADE TO BLACK:

**END ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE ON:

**EXT. DESERT CORRY'S SHACK IN FOREGROUND**

**INT. SHACK**

Corry is in the process of putting up a shelf. He stands on a small aluminum ladder, pounding with hammer and nails. The sweat pours down his face. He tests the shelf, then gets down off the ladder, picks up a towel and wipes his face, suddenly looks down at his feet.

CLOSE SHOT BUCKET OF WATER

CAMERA PULLS BACK for shot of Alicia standing there.

CORRY

Well?

ALICIA

I brought you some water. Where shall I put it?

CORRY

Just leave it there and get out.

ALICIA

It will get warm just sitting there.

CORRY

(takes a glass, dips it in the water)

You'd know, huh?

He takes a drink.

ALICIA

I can feel thirst.

Corry wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and looks at her intensely.

CLOSE SHOT CORRY

As he stares at her. The same look of abhorrence as if clinically examining some foreign object.

CLOSE SHOT THE GIRL

Her eyes go down and she turns away.

TWO SHOT

CORRY

What else can you feel?

ALICIA

I don't understand --

CORRY

I suppose you can feel heat and cold? How about pain? Can you feel pain?

ALICIA

(nods softly)

That too.

Corry takes a step over toward her, looking down at her.

CORRY

How? How can you? You're a machine, aren't you?

ALICIA

(whispering)

Yes.

CORRY

Of course you are. So why didn't they build you to look like a machine? Why aren't you made out of metal with nuts and bolts sticking out of you? With wires and electrodes and things like that?

(his face contorts now and his voice rises)

Why do they turn you into a lie? Why do they cover you with what looks like flesh? Why do they give you a face? A face that if I look at long enough makes me think... makes me believe that...

His hands grab her shoulders and go up past her neck to cup her face in a hard, painful grasp. Alicia closes her eyes against the pain.

ALICIA

Corry --

He releases her, strides past her and out the door.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE SHACK**

Corry stands halfway to the car, his back to the shack.

CORRY

You mock me, you know that? When you look at me. When you talk to me -- I'm being mocked.

ALICIA

I'm sorry.

(then she slowly reaches up,  
feels of her neck and  
shoulders)

You hurt me, Corry.

CORRY

(turns to her, walks over  
very close to her)

Hurt you? How could I hurt you?  
(he grabs her again)

This isn't flesh. There aren't any nerves under there. There aren't any tendons or muscles.

He suddenly pushes her bodily away.

CUT TO:

FLASH SHOT

As she sprawls head first into the sand.

TWO SHOT

Then in the same fury that knows neither logic nor understanding, he searches wildly around and then picks up a shovel. He holds it by the handle and brandishes it up high. He shouts at her.

CORRY

You know what you are? You're like that broken-down heap I've got sitting in the yard. You're a hunk of metal with arms and legs instead of wheels. But that heap doesn't mock me like you do. It doesn't look at me with make-believe eyes and talk to me with a make-believe voice.

(he takes a step toward her,  
now the shovel up high)

Well listen you... listen machine, I'm sick at being mocked by a ghost. By a memory of women. And that's all you are. You're a reminder to me that I'm so lonely I'm about to lose my mind.

And now his face is completely contorted, wild-eyed. He raises the shovel and is about to bring it down on her.

ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT HER

She looks up at him and then her eyes close and tears appear. Then when she opens her eyes again we look at her as from a new and fresh perspective. The face is no longer inanimate, no longer immobile. It now has depth, emotion. It is filled with the nuances and mysteries of the woman and there is a beauty now that shines out.

REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING UP AT CORRY

As he reacts. He hesitates and then lets the shovel drop out of his hand onto the sand. Very, very slowly he kneels down to crouch very close to her. His hand reaches out and touches the tears on her face and now his voice is gentle.

CORRY

You can cry too, can't you?

ALICIA

(nods)

With reason. And I can feel loneliness,  
too.

Corry takes her arm and helps her to her feet, then stands very close to her, looking down at her face.

CORRY

We'll go back inside now. We'll eat our dinner.

ALICIA

All right.

She starts to walk on ahead of him.

CORRY

Alicia.

She turns to look at him.

CORRY

I don't care... I don't care how you were born... or made. You're flesh and blood to me. You're a woman.

(a pause)

You're my companion, Alicia. I need you desperately.

CLOSE SHOT ALICIA

She smiles.

ALICIA

And I need you, Corry.

He goes up to walk alongside of her.

LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON THEM

As they walk toward the shack.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SHACK PORCH [DAY]**

MED. CLOSE SHOT CORRY

As he sits in the homemade rocker. He looks off toward the horizon and then slowly begins to write as we hear his voice.

CORRY'S VOICE

Alicia has been with me now for eleven months. Twice when Allenby has brought the ship in with supplies I've hidden her so that the others wouldn't see her and I've seen the question in Allenby's eyes each time. It's a question I have myself. It's difficult to write down what has been the sum total of this very strange and bizarre relationship. It is man and woman, man and machine, and there are times even when I know that Alicia is simply an extension of me. I hear my words coming from her. My emotions. The things that she has learned to love are those things that I've loved.

He stops abruptly as he listens to Alicia singing from inside the shack, He smiles and then continues to write again.

CORRY'S VOICE

But I think I've reached the point now where I shall not analyze Alicia any longer. I shall accept her here simply as a part of my life -- an integral part.

He continues to write silently now, turning the page to continue on the other side, and then he stops, puts the book and pencil down, rises, goes to the door and stands there looking at Alicia, She turns to smile at him and he enters the room. The CAMERA MOVES BACK so that it is shooting at them through the open door and across the ledger book which lies face up. We hear Corry's voice.

CORRY'S VOICE

Because I'm not lonely any longer. Each day can now be lived with...

(a pause)

I love Alicia. Nothing else matters.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. DESERT [NIGHT]**

LONG SHOT LOOKING UP TOWARD A MOUND OF SAND

As hand in hand Alicia and Corry race down toward the

camera. He stops her abruptly and points to the sky.

CORRY

Alicia, look. That's the star, Betelgeuse. It's in the constellation of Orion. And there's the "Great Bear" with its pointer stars in line with the Northern Star. And there's the constellation Hercules. You see, Alicia?

He traces a path across the sky with his upraised hand and her eyes follow it. Then he turns to look down at her face upturned in the half-light.

ALICIA

(softly)  
God's beauty.

CORRY

(nods)  
That's right, Alicia. God's beauty.

Suddenly the girl's eyes stop as they traverse the sky. She points.

ALICIA

That star, Corry? What's that star?

CLOSE SHOT CORRY

As he stares at something in the sky.

CORRY

That's not a star. That's a ship, Alicia.

ALICIA

A ship?

Very slowly there's a ray of light that plays on both their faces and gets brighter and larger. Alicia moves closer to him.

ALICIA

There's no ship due here now, Corry. You said not for another three months. You said after the last time it wouldn't be for

(MORE)

ALICIA (CONT'D)

another --

CORRY

(thoughtfully)

It must be Allenby's ship. It's the only one that ever comes close. They stop at other asteroids, then come here.

(he looks away again,  
pensively)

That means they'll probably be here in the morning.

(another pause)

I wonder why.

ALICIA

(takes a few steps toward  
him, concerned)

Corry -- what's it mean?

CORRY

(turns to her and smiles)

In the morning... we'll find out. Come on,  
let's go back to the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. DESERT [DAY]**

LONG SHOT TOP OF DUNES

Three space-suited figures appear. Allenby's in the foreground. He suddenly stops and looks toward the camera as Corry steps in front of it and into the frame.

ALLENBY

Hello, Corry. We wondered where you were.

CORRY

You have trouble?

ALLENBY

No, we had no trouble.

He motions the others to follow him and they walk down the dune to stand close to Corry.

ALLENBY

This is a scheduled stop.

ADAMS

We've got good news for you, Corry.

CORRY

(looks from face to face)

I'm not interested.

The others exchange looks of surprise.

ALLENBY

You better hear what it is.

CORRY

You heard me, Allenby. I'm not interested.

ALLENBY

You will be. This I guarantee!

Corry takes a few backward steps looking paranoically from one to the other.

CORRY

Allenby, give me a break, will you? I don't want trouble.

ALLENBY

We don't either.

ADAMS

(to one of the others)

He gets worse! If we'd come a month later he'd have been eating sand or something.

Corry now turns and starts to walk away from them, occasionally looking over his shoulder.

ALLENBY

(calls out to him)

Corry!

TRACK SHOT CORRY AS HE WALKS

Faster and faster and is about to break into a dead run.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT OVER CORRY'S SHOULDER LOOKING AT ALLENBY

Who now shouts.

ALLENBY

Corry!

He runs, crunching on the hard sand, to come up close to Corry, He grabs him, whirls him around.

ALLENBY

It's this way, Corry, All the sentences have been reviewed. They've given you a pardon, We're to take you back home on the ship, But we've got to take off from here in exactly twenty minutes, We can't wait any longer. We've been dodging meteor storms all the way out. We're almost out of fuel. Any longer than twenty minutes we'll have passed the point of departure and then I don't think we'd ever make it.

Corry stares at him and then at the other men who have come down the dune behind him.

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT CORRY

His eyes dart about, going wide as the sense of what's been said to him seeps in. He tries to speak, but for a moment nothing comes out.

CORRY

Wait a minute, Allenby. Wait just a minute.  
(he closes his eyes tightly,  
then opens them)  
What did you just say? What did you just say about a --

ALLENBY

(filling it in)  
A pardon.

ADAMS

(coming up alongside)  
But it won't do any of us any good unless you get your stuff together and get ready  
(MORE)

ADAMS (CONT'D)

to move, Corry. We've picked up seven other men off asteroids and we've only got room for about fifteen pounds of stuff, so you'd better pick up what you need in a hurry and leave the rest of it behind.

(then with a grin, looking off in the direction of the shack)

Such as it is.

CORRY

(struggling to keep his voice firm but already it begins to shake with joy and excitement)

Stuff? My stuff? I don't even have fifteen pounds of stuff!

He laughs uproaringly, turns, and again starts to walk toward the shack.

TRACK SHOT ALL OF THEM AS THEY WALK

Corry's voice goes up and down in uncontrollable laughter, a combination of nerves, relief and almost unbeatable excitement. The words spew out as he walks.

CORRY

I've got a shirt, a pencil and a ledger book. A pair of shoes.

(then he throws back his head and laughs again)

The car you can keep here. That'll be for the next poor devil.

ALLENBY

(evenly)

There won't be any next poor devil. There won't be any more exiles, Corry. This was the last time.

CORRY

Good! Wonderful! Thank God for that!

They continue to walk again.

CORRY

We'll let it rest here then. The farthest auto graveyard in the universe! And Alicia and I will wave to it as we leave. We'll just look out of a porthole and throw it a kiss goodbye. The car, the shack, the salt lakes, the range. The whole works! Alicia and I will just --

He stops abruptly, suddenly conscious of the silence and the looks.

PAN SHOT ACROSS THE FACES OF THE OTHER MEN

As they stare at him.

ADAMS

(his eyes narrow)  
Who? Who, Corry?

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT ALLENBY

His eyes close for a moment.

ALLENBY

(sotto)  
Oh my dear God, I forgot her!

GROUP SHOT

Corry's eyes move around from face to face.

CORRY

Allenby --  
(and then accusative)  
Allenby, it's Alicia --

CARSTAIRS

(whispers under his breath  
to Adams)  
He's out of his mind, isn't he?

ADAMS

Who's Alicia, Corry?

CORRY

(laughs uproariously)

Who's Alicia? Adams, you idiot! Who's Alicia! You brought her! You brought her here in a box! She's a woman --

(and then he stops, looks away for a moment, softly, then looks toward Allenby)

A robot.

(and then once again looks at Allenby)

But closer to a woman. She's kept me alive, Allenby. I swear to you -- if it weren't for her --

He looks around again at the circle of silent faces that stare at him.

CLOSE SHOT CORRY

CORRY

What's the matter? You worried about Alicia?

(he shakes his head)

You needn't be. Alicia's harmless. I tell you she's like a woman. And she's gentle and kind and without her, Allenby, I tell you without her I'd have been finished. I'd have given up.

(a long pause and then very quietly)

You would have only had to come back to bury me!

GROUP SHOT

ADAMS

(to Allenby)

That's what you wouldn't let us look at, huh? The crate with the red tag --

CORRY

(to Allenby)

Sorry, Captain, but I had to let it out --

ALLENBY

That's all right, Corry. That's all over with, but unfortunately that's not the problem --

CORRY

(again with a high uncontrollable laugh)

Problem? There aren't any problems! There are no more problems left on heaven or earth! We'll pack up fifteen pounds of stuff and we'll climb in that ship of yours and when we get back to that beautiful green earth --

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT CORRY

CORRY

(he whispers it)

Fifteen pounds.

(and then he shouts it)

Fifteen pounds?

(he looks from face to face again)

You've got to have room for more than that. Throw out stuff. Throw out equipment. Alicia weighs more than fifteen pounds.

GROUP SHOT

ALLENBY

(quietly)

That's the point, Corry. We're stripped now. We've got room for you and nothing else except that ledger of yours and the pencil.

(he shakes his head)

You'll have to leave the robot here.

CORRY

(shouting)

She's not just a robot, Allenby. You don't understand. You leave her behind -- that's murder.

ALLENBY

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry, Corry -- I don't have any choice

--

CORRY

(backing away, his voice  
desperate)

No, Allenby. You don't understand. You  
can't leave her behind.

(and then he screams)

Alicia, come here!

(then he turns to them)

You'll see. You'll see why you can't leave  
her behind.

(then he shouts again)

Alicia!

LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN

As Corry races toward the shack followed by the others.

CUT ABRUPTLY TO:

**INT. SHACK**

As Corry smashes open the door and races inside only to  
find the room empty. He stands in the middle of the room  
looking around and then over toward the door as Allenby  
enters followed by the other men.

ALLENBY

Where is she, Corry?

CORRY

I don't know. But when you see her you'll  
know why you can't leave her behind.

ADAMS

Look, Corry. We just want you to get your  
gear packed and get out of here.

(he looks at his watch,  
nervously to Allenby)

We've only got about ten minutes. How about  
it, Captain?

ALLENBY

(gently)

Come on, Corry.

CORRY

(backs further into the  
room)

No! I'm not leaving, Allenby. I told you  
that. I can't leave.

ALLENBY

You don't understand. This is our last trip  
here. This is anybody's last trip. This is  
off the route now. That means no supplies,  
no nothing. That means if you stay here you  
die here. And that way, there'd be a day,  
Corry, when you'd pray for that death to  
come quicker than it's bargained for --

CORRY

(illogically, half- wildly)

I can't help it Allenby. I can't leave her  
behind. And you won't take her. So that  
means I stay.

(and then looking over his  
shoulder wildly, he screams)

Alicia! Come here, Alicia! Let them see  
you. Don't be afraid --

CLOSE SHOT ALLENBY

ALLENBY

Corry, listen to me. I saw this... this  
thing get crated, shoved into a box.

CORRY

(shakes his head)

I don't care.

ALLENBY

She's a machine, Corry. She's a motor with  
wires and tubes and batteries.

CORRY  
(screaming)  
She's a woman!

Allenby wets his lips, bites his lip for a moment standing there unsure, not knowing what to do. Through the window, outside in the yard, we see another member of the crew walk through the yard, pause near the shack.

CREWMAN  
Captain? Captain Allenby?

ALLENBY  
What?

CREWMAN  
Captain, we've got just four minutes left. We've got to take off! If we wait longer than that, sir, we'll have moved to a point too far out. I don't think we'll make it, sir.

ADAMS  
(his voice frightened)  
How about it, Captain Allenby, leave him here!

ALLENBY  
We can't leave him here. Sick mad, or half-alive, we've got to bring him back. Those are the orders.

He takes another step toward Corry who backs against the wall.

ALLENBY  
Corry, now it isn't just you. Now it's all of us. So that means we can't talk any more and we can't argue with you. We simply just have to take you!

He makes a quick motion with one hand. Adams and Carstairs take a step into the room to flank Allenby and to converge on Corry. Corry, with a kind of animal shout bulls his way past them pushing Adams out of the way and bolts out of the door.

CUT TO:

LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON THE DESERT

At the figure of Corry as he races, stumbling, falling, picking himself up again. His voice can be heard shouting over and over again.

CORRY  
(shouting)  
Alicia! Alicia!

DIFFERENT ANGLES OF HIM RUNNING

The others in pursuit.

LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP TOWARD A DUNE

As he suddenly appears at the top and stares down. CAMERA SWEEPS to the left and down for a shot of Alicia standing alone down in the depression of the sand.

FULL SHOT THE PLACE

CORRY  
Alicia!

Behind him Allenby and the others appear, Corry starts toward the girl, Carstairs tackles him and then Adams pounces on him, They hold him tight as he shouts.

CORRY  
Alicia, talk to them. Tell them you're a woman --

Allenby takes a few steps down the dune and stops halfway down. He looks back at Corry.

ALLENBY  
I'm sorry, Corry, I don't have any choice.  
(a pause. His voice is quiet)  
I have no choice at all.

CLOSE SHOT HIS HAND

As it unbuckles the gun holster on his belt.

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT CORRY

His eyes go wide.

CORRY

(screams)

No, Allenby! No! She's a human being!

FLASH SHOT BEHIND ALICIA

Looking straight up at the dune at Allenby, who takes the gun out and fires directly into her face.

ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP TOWARD THE BACK OF ALICIA

As very slowly she crumples to the sand blotting out the camera momentarily.

CLOSE SHOT CORRY

His fingers convulsively move away from his face and fall to his side. He takes three slow steps down the dune toward the crumpled figure. Then he looks down. PAN SHOT with his eyes to a close shot of Alicia's hand clenched tightly. A further PAN shot across her arm and shoulder to the back of her head. Then a very SLOW PAN shot two or three feet across the ground to a shot of the remnants of a broken machine, twisted and bent wires, a cracked eye, a couple of fragments of plastic, all the remains of a face.

GROUP SHOT THE MEN

With Corry in the foreground. A few feet behind him is Allenby, and then on the dune are the others. Crewman comes into the frame in the background.

CREWMAN

It's got to be now, Captain Allenby!

ALLENBY

(nods, softly)

It will be now!

(then he turns to Corry)

Come on, Corry. It's time to go home.

Now numbly, without direction, Corry allows himself to be led up the dune and across the desert.

LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON THEM

As they walk. The light from the ship gets brighter and brighter as they approach it.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT AS THEY PAUSE

For a moment, Corry looks back at the crumpled figure in the distance, then again turns and begins to walk.

TRACK SHOT WITH THEM

As their feet crunch on the sand past the shed, the car and all the rest of it.

ALLENBY

(alongside Corry)

It's all behind you now, Corry. All behind you. Like a bad dream. A nightmare... and when you wake up you'll be on earth. You'll be home.

CORRY

Home?

ALLENBY

That's right.

(a long pause, putting his hand on Corry's arm)

All you're leaving behind Corry, is loneliness.

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT CORRY'S FACE

As the tears roll down his cheeks. His eyes move down to the sand by his feet and for a moment his face is impassive and immobile. He nods slowly.

CORRY

I must remember to... I must remember to keep that in mind!

Then he turns to walk ahead of the others.

LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT THE LITTLE GROUP OF MEN

As they pass the shack and then move away into the night toward the distant light that flickers on them, beckons

them away. The CAMERA PANS them and up into the starry night sky.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Down below, on a microscopic piece of sand that floats through space, is a fragment of a man's life. Left to rust is the place he lived in and the machines he used. Without use they will disintegrate from the wind and the sand and the years that act upon them. All of Mr. Corry's machines... including the one made in his image, kept alive by love, but now... obsolete... in the Twilight Zone!

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END