

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Season One

"A Stop at Willoughby"

Teleplay by

ROD SERLING

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1. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM [DAY]

This is a big, sumptuous, paneled room with a long, low slung table in the center surrounded by ad agency execs.

2. HIGH ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN

At the men around the table. SLOW PAN DOWN until we're looking across and down the table at eye level of the men around it.

3. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE HEAD OF TABLE

At Misrell, the president of the ad agency, a fat and overpowering man of giant stature with small piggish eyes, a perpetually angry and dour face, a challenging look that never leaves. PAN DOWN THE TABLE at the faces of the men sitting there quietly and finally winding up on Gart Williams, a tall, attractive man in a Brooks Brothers suit who drums on the table nervously, checks an expensive looking watch, then rises.

4. TRACK SHOT OVER WITH HIM

To a telephone which he picks up, seems to cup in his hand to keep the others from overhearing his conversation. He's obviously distraught beyond any kind of description now. His face looks pinched and strained. He talks quietly into the phone.

WILLIAMS

I want Jake Ross's secretary!
(he waits impatiently, conscious of
Misrell staring at him)

MISRELL'S VOICE

(from opposite side of room)
Williams, we're still waiting for your
Mr. Ross!

WILLIAMS

(with a forced smile, over his
shoulder))
I'm trying to get him now, sir.
(then into phone)
This Jake Ross's secretary? Joanie! Where
is he? I know he's out to lunch. But
there was a conference called here at two
o'clock. It is now two-thirty, now where
is he!
(he wets his lips, forces his
voice down an octave)
All right, check around.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMS (cont'd)

Call Sardi's East or the Colony and tell him to get his keister back here in a hurry!

He slams down the receiver then fixes his face into a smiling, nonchalant mask and returns to the table.

5. TRACK SHOT WITH HIM

As he walks over to the table, sits down, again smiling toward Mr. Misrell.

6. CLOSE SHOT MISRELL

Who stares back at him, totally unsmiling.

MISRELL

Well? Where is your protege with the three-million-dollar automobile account?

WILLIAMS

He's due at any moment, sir. Probably a big lunch crowd or something-

MISRELL

Don't be an idiot. More likely a big martini, or three or four of 'em. He was too young to put on this account - I told you that, Williams. He's much too young to put on this large and important an account-

There's a knock on the door.

7. MOVING SHOT WITH WILLIAMS

As he springs to his feet and hurries over to the big, double conference room doors. He opens it up. A young secretary hands him an envelope which he literally pulls out of her hand, slams the door behind him, rips open the envelope, and starts to read.

8. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS' FACE

As suddenly he looks white, stares up over the letter briefly toward Misrell.

9. CLOSE SHOT MISRELL

Reacting.

10. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As his eyes slowly go downward and the letter in his hand drops to his side. He carries it very slowly over to the table and stands there at the far end.

11. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER

Down the length of the table at Misrell who very slowly drums on the table in a methodical, tapping that permeates the silence of the room.

MISRELL

Well? We have now been here thirty-four minutes, Mr. Williams.

WILLIAMS

(looks up from the letter,
takes a deep breath)
This is a communication from Jake Ross.

MISRELL

Would you be so kind as to share its contents with us?

12. MED. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As he looks down at the letter, spreads it out on the top of the table, then looks up from it.

WILLIAMS

I can tell you the sense of it very quickly, Mr. Misrell. This is Jake Ross's resignation. He's moving over to another agency.

13. CLOSE SHOT MISRELL

As his face seems to freeze.

MISRELL

And?

14. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As his face seems to freeze.

WILLIAMS

And he's taking the automobile account with him.

15. PAN SHOT DOWN THE FACES OF THE MEN

At the table as each seems to catch his breath and then look from Misrell and with great compassion and concern over toward Williams.

MISRELL

Did you hear what I said, Williams? That account represented a gross billing of something in the neighborhood of three million dollars a year. And how many times have you promised it to me?

WILLIAMS

(clears his throat and for a moment can't get a word out)
This is as much of a shock to me as it is to you, Mr. Misrell.

MISRELL

(roaring)
Don't con me, Williams! It was your pet project! Your pet project! Then it was your idea to give it to that little college greeny! Now get with it, Williams. Get with it, boy!

He rises from his seat and goes to the window, his jowled, fleshy face screwed up like a little baby about to cry; now he whirls around toward Williams, points a finger at him.

MISRELL (cont'd)

So what's left, Williams? Not only has your pet project backfired but it's sprouted wings and left the premises! I'll tell you what's left to us in my view! A deep and abiding concern about your judgment in men!

16. PAN SHOT DOWN THE FACES OF THE MEN

Each of whom look down at their hands in a vast, biting embarrassment.

17. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As he closes his eyes for a moment, feels the sweat on his forehead and then unconsciously massages his stomach as an ulcer deep inside lights a match to his insides.

18. CLOSE SHOT MISRELL

As he returns to the table, pounds the flats of his hands down on it.

MISRELL

This is a push business, Williams! A push, push, push business. Push and drive, but personally. You don't delegate responsibilities to little boys.

19. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As he looks sick.

MISRELL'S VOICE

You should know it more than anyone else.

The CAMERA DOLLIES in for an EXTREMELY TIGHT, TIGHT CLOSE SHOT of MISRELL'S FACE shooting at just the NOSE and LITTLE OVAL MOUTH that goes up and down and up and down.

MISRELL

A push, push, push business, Williams. It's push, push, push all the way. All the time. Right on down the line-

20. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As suddenly he can't stand it any longer and shouts out.

WILLIAMS

Fat boy, why don't you shut your mouth!

21.-25. SERIES OF ABRUPT CUTS FROM FACE TO FACE

Of the men at the table, then Misrell, then Williams who suddenly exhales and realizes that the voice that suddenly exploded in the room like shrapnel was his own!

25A. INSERT COFFEE CUP

Drops to floor.

26. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS

As he closes his eyes for a moment, grabs at his stomach very tightly as once again the ulcer makes an assault on him, then he turns and walks quietly out of the room.

CUT TO:

27. EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM A LINE OF DESKS

TWO SECRETARIES WHISPER TO ONE ANOTHER AS HE GOES PAST THEM.

28. TRACK SHOT WILLIAMS

AS HE CONTINUES TO WALK THROUGH THE OFFICE.

CUT TO:

29. INT. DIFFERENT OFFICE AREA

Williams's secretary, Helen, sits at a desk and looks up as Williams approaches. She forces a smile.

HELEN

Messages on the desk, boss. And hot coffee out here. Can I bring you some?

He shakes his head and starts toward the door.

HELEN

Want anything at all?

He turns from the door and stares at her.

WILLIAMS

Yeah. A sharp razor and a chart of the human anatomy showing where all the arteries are!

He goes into the office and slams the door behind him.

30. INT. WILLIAMS'S OFFICE

Fluorescent tube lighting is on all around the room and the first thing he does is flick off the switch putting the room into a semi-darkness. Then he walks over to a big, modern, expensive-looking desk, looks briefly at the picture of a beautiful woman on it, then sits down behind the desk and stares down at nothing. Over this tableau we hear the Narrator's voice.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

This is Gart Williams, age thirty-eight, a man protected by a suit of armor all held together by one bolt. Just a moment ago, someone removed the bolt and Mr. Williams's protection fell away from him and left him a naked target. He's been cannonaded this afternoon by all the enemies of his life. His insecurity has shelled him;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR'S VOICE (cont'd)
 his sensitivity has straddled him with
 humiliation; his deep-rooted disquiet
 about his own worth has zeroed in on him,
 landed on target, and blown him apart.
 Mr. Gart Williams, ad agency exec, who in
 just a moment will move into the Twilight
 Zone in a desperate search for survival!

FADE TO BLACK

OPENING BILLBOARD

FIRST COMMERCIAL

FADE ON:

31. INT. COMMUTER TRAIN [NIGHT] LONG SHOT DOWN LENGTH OF ONE
 OF CARS

A conductor comes into the frame from behind the camera
 collecting the tickets of the few passengers who remain.
 DOLLY IN with him toward Williams who sits by himself at the
 far end of the car. Conductor takes his ticket, punches it.

32. TWO SHOT THE TWO MEN

CONDUCTOR ONE
 How are you tonight, Mr. Williams?

WILLIAMS
 (looks up, tiredly, with a wry
 grin)
 In the absolute pink!

He turns and looks out toward the wintry, dark landscape.

CONDUCTOR ONE
 Cold winter this year. Seems to get
 darker earlier than it ever has.

WILLIAMS
 (nods)
 That's the way of the world. The rich get
 richer and the days get shorter!

The conductor chuckles, sticks the ticket into the slot in
 the back of the seat facing Williams, then continues out of
 the car.

33. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As he leans back in the chair. His face looks tired and wan.
 He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In his subconscious he heard the voice first of Misrell and then other voices that spring up from his subconscious. Over the tight, close shot of his face the voices come in filtered, discordantly loud, real and yet somehow a step beyond reality.

MISRELL'S VOICE

It's a push, push, push business, Williams. It's an absolutely push, push, push business. It's a push, push, push business. You got to get with it, boy. It's a push, push, push business. You got to get with it, boy. It's a push, push, push business. You got to get with it, boy.

34. DIFFERENT TIGHT ANGLE WILLIAMS'S FACE

As his eyes go open and he shouts out.

WILLIAMS

That's enough!

35. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER AT WOMAN IN FRONT OF HIM

Who turns around, wide-eyed, and stares at him.

36. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS

As he turns away from her to stare out the window of the train.

37. ANGLE SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER

At the wintry landscape outside in the darkness. His eyes close as he leans his head out the window and after a moment lets his head rest on the back of the seat, his eyes closed. The sound of the train comes up to provide a humming clickety clack sound as the CAMERA MOVES IN for an angle shot looking down from over the head of Williams as he falls asleep. Gradually the sound of the train takes on a different tone. It's imperceptible at first and then very obvious, almost as if the train were going through a tunnel and there was an echo effect. Lights shoot by playing on Williams's face and on the interior of the train. The CAMERA STARTS A SLOW PAN DOWN until it's directly in front of Williams, shooting on him. Then the CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal an absolutely empty car and suddenly the entire car is suffused by sunlight and then the train is suddenly coming to a stop. DOLLY IN FOR CLOSE SHOT OF WILLIAMS as his eyes open and suddenly blink. He takes a deep breath, looks at his watch, then looks out the window.

38. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS'S FACE

As he suddenly starts in amazement. SLOW PAN SHOT up from him to a SHOT OUT THE WINDOW. Outside it is suddenly bright and sunny and obviously summer. The train has stopped in front of a small railroad station with a big sign which reads "Willoughby."

39. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

AS AGAIN HE STARTS AND STARES.

40. LONG SHOT LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW

Of the train station. There are horse-drawn carriages. Women with parasols and long dresses. Men in obvious nineteenth-century costume. Little boys with knickers run back and forth. One carries a fishing pole.

41. DIFFERENT ANGLE LOOKING DOWN THE STREET

As seen from the train car. A bandstand, carriages, all the accoutrements to a quiet summer day of almost a century ago.

42. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As his eyes scan the scene. He shakes his head in bewilderment, amazement.

43. DIFFERENT ANGLE OF HIM INSIDE TRAIN

As he rises, walks halfway down the car, staring out of the windows as he walks.

44. LONG SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER

As the far door of the car opens. A conductor comes in, this one in old-fashioned dress. He smiles at Williams and calls out in a trainman's voice.

CONDUCTOR TWO

Willoughby. This stop is Willoughby!

He starts to walk past Williams who grabs him.

WILLIAMS

What do you mean, Willoughby? Where's Willoughby?

CONDUCTOR TWO

(grins and winks)

Willoughby? That's Willoughby right outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Williams whirls around to stare out the window again, then turns toward the conductor.

WILLIAMS

Wait a minute...wait a minute, what's going on? There's no place called Willoughby on this line. And look at it outside. The sun is out. It's...it's summer.

CONDUCTOR TWO

(smiles)

That's what she is, mid-July! And a real warm one, too.

He starts to walk past and again Williams has to grab him and stop him.

WILLIAMS

Wait a minute...it's November. What's going on anyway? It's November! What is this place? Where are we? What's happened?

45. DIFFERENT ANGLE THE CONDUCTOR

As he releases himself and continues to walk down the car.

46. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER

Toward Williams who stands there staring after him.

47. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD CONDUCTOR WILLIAMS'S P.O.V.

WILLIAMS

Please...please, what's going on? Where is Willoughby?

48. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE CONDUCTOR

As he smiles again but this time with a touch of seriousness on his face and a kind of mysterious tilt of his head. He winks.

CONDUCTOR TWO

Willoughby, sir? That's Willoughby right outside. Willoughby. July. Summer. It's 1888. It's a lovely little village.

(and then the smile fades and there's something intense in his voice)

You ought to try it sometime!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONDUCTOR TWO (cont'd)
Peaceful, restful, where a man can slow
down to a walk and live his life full
measure!

(then he turns and calls out
again)
Willoughby. This stop is Willoughby.

He continues out the opposite door.

49. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS

As he races down the length of the car to follow the
conductor. He yanks open the door.

CUT TO:

50. SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER OF THE PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS

Which is empty, and beyond it a window leading to the next
car which is also empty of anyone.

51. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As he turns around and is tight on camera. His face is
twisted and torn with confusion. His mouth opens as if to
protest or question or plead for someone to give him
understanding and clarity. Suddenly the train lurches and he
falls against the side of the door, clutching it for support.
Then very slowly he turns and walks back to his seat.

52. TRACK SHOT WITH HIM AS HE WALKS

And sits down. He looks out of the window.

53. MOVING SHOT FROM INSIDE THE TRAIN

As the train moves and leaves the town and station behind.
The CAMERA DOLLIES IN FOR EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT OF
WILLIAMS as he stares out the window and then suddenly the
light pattern changes. The interior lights of the train take
over and it is now dark and wintry and there are other people
in the car. The conductor that we've seen in the beginning
comes by.

CONDUCTOR ONE
Westport-Saugatuck next stop.
(he pauses by Williams)
Have a good sleep, Mr. Williams?

WILLIAMS
(starts and looks up at him)
Yeah.
(after a pause, quietly)
Yeah, I had a good sleep.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMS (cont'd)
 A good sleep with an idiotic dream.
 Idiotic.
 (he turns to stare out the
 window)
 At least...at least I guess it's idiotic.
 (then he turns to look up
 toward conductor)
 Ever hear of a town named Willoughby?

CONDUCTOR ONE
 (screws up his face
 thoughtfully)
 Willoughby? Willoughby where?

WILLIAMS
 Willoughby, Connecticut, I guess. Or
 Willoughby, New York.

CONDUCTOR ONE
 (shakes his head thoughtfully)
 No, not on this run.
 (he moves)
 There's no Willoughby on the line.
 (then he continues on, yelling)
 Westport-Saugatuck next stop. Westport-
 Saugatuck.

He disappears through the car door as the CAMERA PANS OVER to Williams. He rises very slowly to his feet, picks up his briefcase, starts out the car as we [] DISSOLVE TO:

54. EXT. SUBURBAN RANCH HOME [NIGHT] SPRAWLING VERY
 PRETENTIOUS LOOKING MODERN HOME

DISSOLVE TO:

55. INT. LIVING ROOM-DEN

Williams stands by a small bar pouring himself a large highball. He stirs the ice and very reflectively takes a sip of it. He turns as the light from the hall outside is suddenly ushered into the room with the door opening.

56. MED. CLOSE SHOT MIRROR BEHIND THE BAR

Framed there is the reflection of Williams's wife, Jane. She stands there frozen in place in the doorway looking across at him, accusing. This is a beautiful woman. But beautiful like alabaster - just as cold, just as brittle, just as lacking in emotion. She walks slowly across the room toward him.

57. DIFFERENT ANGLE THE TWO OF THEM

JANE

And what are your plans this evening? To get quietly plastered and then sing old college songs?

WILLIAMS

(smiles at her a little wanly)
It's been one of those days-

JANE

I know all about it. Bob Blair's wife called me. She said he'd been in the meeting with you. You got...you got hysterical or something. She called to find out how you were.

58. MED. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As he turns away, smiles.

WILLIAMS

They were all very solicitous - all the boys at the meeting.

(he looks down into his glass
and jiggles the ice)

That free-flowing compassion that is actually relief! I'm the victim - not them! They've mistaken an intake of breath for an outpouring of sympathy!

He starts to pour himself another drink. She crosses over and grabs his arm, looking straight into his face, her own face white and taut.

JANE

Would you spare me your little homilies now and just give me a little simple and frank and honest answer. Did you wreck a career this afternoon? Did you throw away a job?

WILLIAMS

It appears not. Mr. Misrell phoned before I left the office. He has found it in that giant, oversized heart of his to forgive. This somewhat obese, gracious gentleman will allow me to continue in his employ simply because he's such a human-type fellow-

(a pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMS (cont'd)

With a small, insignificant, parenthetical additional reason - that if I were to go to competitive agency, I might possibly take a lot of business with me!

JANE

Go on.

WILLIAMS

(shrugs)

That's it. That's all of it.

(he carries his drink across the room and sits down in a chair)

I'm tired, Janie. I'm tired, and I'm sick.

JANE

(from across the room)

Then you're in the right ward! We specialize in people who are sick and tired too, Gart. I'm sick and tired of a husband who lives in a kind of permanent self-pity! A husband with a heart bleeding sensitivity he unfurls like a flag whenever he decides that the competition is too rough for him.

59. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As his head goes up and he stares across the room at her.

WILLIAMS

Some people aren't built for competition, Janie.

(he rises and walks halfway over to her)

Or big pretentious houses that they can't afford. Or rich communities they don't feel comfortable in. Or country clubs that they wear around their necks like a badge of status-

JANE

(on her feet, shouts at him)

And you would prefer-

WILLIAMS

(outshouting her now)

I would prefer, though never asked before, a job, any job - any job at all where I could be myself!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMS (cont'd)

Where I wouldn't have to climb on a stage and go through a masquerade every morning at nine and mouth all the dialogue and play the executive and make believe I'm the bright young man on his way up. Because I'm not that person, Janie. You've tried to make me that person, but that isn't me.

(now his voice is quieter as he turns away from her)

That isn't me at all. I'm...I'm a not very young, soon to be old, very uncompetitive, rather dull, quite uninspired, average type of guy-
(he whirls around toward her)
With a wife who has an appetite!

JANE

And where would you be if it weren't for my appetite?

60. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As his eyes drop. He walks over to the chair and sits down.

WILLIAMS

I know where I'd like to be.

JANE

(challenging, her voice brittle and shrill)

And where would that be?

He looks up at her. The CAMERA MOVES IN VERY CLOSE TO HIS FACE.

WILLIAMS

A place called Willoughby. A little town that I chartered inside my head. A place I manufactured in a dream.

(he looks away from her now, speaks softly and reflectively, almost as if to himself)

An odd dream. A very odd dream. Willoughby. It was summer. Very warm. The kids were barefooted. One of them carried a fishing pole. And the main street looked like...looked like a Currier and Ives painting. Bandstand, old-fashioned stores, bicycles, wagons.

(he looks toward her again)

I've never seen such a...such a serenity.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMS (cont'd)

It was the way people must have lived a hundred years ago.

(a pause as he looks away again)

Crazy dream.

61. MOVING SHOT JANE

As she walks over to him.

62. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP AT HER

Her face is distorted with an impatience, a frustration, a deep-rooted and abiding lack of respect for the man, in addition to the sense of impotence on her part. She turns and starts out of the room.

63. DIFFERENT ANGLE THE ROOM

As Williams rises.

WILLIAMS

Janie-

She stops at the door, her back to him.

64. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER

Toward him. His voice is soft and with a strange quality of hunger and yearning.

WILLIAMS

You should have seen this place...this...this Willoughby. Janie, it wasn't just a place...or a time...

(a pause)

It was like...a doorway that leads to sanity. A soundproof world where shouts and cries can't be heard.

65. CLOSE SHOT JANE

JANE

(her words like pieces of ice)
Nothing serious, Gart. It's just that you were born too late. That's the problem. You were born too late. And your taste is a little cheap! You're the kind of man who could be satisfied with a summer afternoon and an ice wagon pulled by a horse. My mistake, pal. My error. My miserable tragic error.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE (cont'd)
 To get married to a man whose big dream
 in life is to be Huckleberry Finn! That
 is what you want, isn't it?

66. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS
 Something like that. A place...a
 time...where a man can live his life full
 measure.
 (he turns away thoughtfully,
 softly)
 That's what he said. That's what
 that...that conductor said. A place where
 a man can live his life full measure!

DISSOLVE TO:

67. INT. TRAIN [NIGHT] CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

Sitting in his customary seat. Over his shoulder we see the
 landscape outside cloaked by wintry night, occasional lights
 flashing by. He stirs when he hears the conductor's voice.

CONDUCTOR ONE'S VOICE
 Willoughby?

CAMERA PULLS BACK FOR TWO SHOT

WILLIAMS
 What?

CONDUCTOR ONE
 Last week you asked me about a town
 called Willoughby, Mr. Williams.
 (he scratches his jaw)
 I looked it up. Every old timetable I
 could find.
 (he shakes his head)
 No such place as far as I could see.

WILLIAMS
 (forcing a smile)
 Thanks. It was a dream, that's all.

CONDUCTOR ONE
 (continuing on down the car)
 Probably was.
 (calling out)
 Next stop, Stamford. Stamford, next stop.

68. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS

As he puts his head back, sighs deeply, looks out the window briefly and closes his eyes. In the background we hear the conductor's voice once again calling out.

CONDUCTOR ONE'S VOICE
Stamford next stop. Stamford.

69. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS'S FACE [DAY]

As once again the conductor's voice segues into that of the other conductor and gradually gets louder.

CONDUCTOR TWO'S VOICE
Willoughby. Next stop, Willoughby.

Once again Williams's eyes open wide. He springs to his feet and stares out the window. Once again the car is of an old-fashioned variety and empty save for the conductor who approaches him walking down the aisle.

CONDUCTOR TWO
Willoughby, sir.

70. DIFFERENT ANGLE

WILLIAMS
Willoughby?

He turns to stare out the window again.

71. LONG SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER OF RAILROAD STATION AND TOWN BEYOND

This time a band plays in the bandstand at the far end of the street and there's the sound of laughter, horses, an organ grinder - all of them fusing together to provide a kind of soft symphony.

72. MOVING SHOT WILLIAMS

As he goes out of the car to the train platform.

73. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING UP AT HIM

From outside as he stops there. The conductor passes behind him heading for the next car.

CONDUCTOR TWO
Willoughby. All out for Willoughby.

74. ZOOMAR INTO WILLIAMS'S FACE

As he stands there transfixed, obviously on a thin line now between disbelief and resolve. He makes a motion as if to get off the train, then stops, looks down to the ground, then he's thrown off balance by the sudden jerk of the train starting.

75. MOVING SHOT THE TRAIN

With Williams standing on the platform. The moment of decision has passed and he has obviously retreated.

76. DIFFERENT ANGLE THE TRAIN PLATFORM

As Williams turns away, stands there for a moment as the train picks up speed, slowly raises his head to look into the train car from which he's come.

77. LONG SHOT HIS P.O.V. [NIGHT]

Once again it is filled with people and is no longer old-fashioned.

78. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS

As he whirls around to stare out from the platform to the outside.

79. SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER

Of the landscape going by. Once again it is wintry and dark.

80. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As he closes his eyes, swallows and is beset not only by bewilderment, but by an odd, haunting sense of having lost another chance.

81. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

As he goes into the car and to his seat. He looks out at the passing landscape and then at the reflection of himself in the glass. His lips move and after a moment we can hear what he's saying.

WILLIAMS

(softly, to himself))

Willoughby. Next time...next time...I'm going to get off!

(he turns to face the camera,
his face determined and grim)

I'm going to get off at Willoughby!

FADE TO BLACK

ACT TWO

FADE ON:

82. INT. WILLIAMS'S OFFICE [DAY] EXTREMELY TIGHT ANGLE SHOT
OF A TELEPHONE RECEIVER

In front of Williams's face. We hear the filtered but
strident voice of Misrell.

MISRELL

What we need here, Williams, is a show
with zazz! An entertainer with moxie!
We've got to take the audience by the
ears and give 'em a yank! Jar 'em! Rock
'em! Give them the old push, push, push!

WILLIAMS

(closing his eyes))
I understand, Mr. Misrell.

83. PAN SHOT DOWN WILLIAMS'S BODY

After first seeing his face convulse in sudden agonizing
pain. Now his right hand moves inside his shirt to touch his
stomach as the ulcer once again rakes over his inside.

MISRELL'S VOICE

Now it's got to be bright, Williams.
Bright with patter. Dancing. Comedy. And
everything push, push, push, push. That's
the kind of show the client'll like.

84. MED. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS

I understand, Mr. Misrell. I understand-

MISRELL'S VOICE

Tomorrow morning, Williams! Understand? I
want at least a preliminary idea for the
show. You know what I want - just a rough
format with some specifics as to how we
integrate the commercials within the body
of the show.

85. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS

I'll do what I can.

86. CLOSE SHOT PHONE RECEIVER

MISRELL'S VOICE

Do more than you can. With me, Williams?
 Aspire! Dream big and then get behind it.
 Push, push, push, push.

Williams moves the phone away from him during the speech so that we are on the telephone listening to "push, push, push, push."

87. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS

As he lays down the receiver and once again his hand massages his stomach. He looks pale and sick and inundated by pain. The phone rings. He picks it up. We hear a filtered voice blabbering at him. The words unintelligible, but the sense of the urgency very much in evidence.

WILLIAMS

(trying to interject at odd moments))

Well, I haven't seen the ratings on the show...no...no...well it was the time slot the sponsor wanted-

Another phone rings.

WILLIAMS

(into the first phone))

Hold on just a second, will you.

(he pushes a button and talks into the other line)

Yes? They were what? Wait a second.

(he shouts out)

Helen?

88. LONG SHOT THE DOOR

As the secretary appears.

WILLIAMS

What film outfit did the commercials on the Bradbury account? The negatives are all scratched. They're screaming bloody murder at me.

HELEN

I'll have to check it, sir. Mr. Misrell would like to see you.

The voice on the phone suddenly comes in loud and strident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMS

I'm going to have to check it out for you here-

HELEN

Mr. Misrell, sir.

The voice continues on the line.

HELEN

Mr. Williams, Mr. Misrell seemed rather insistent-

89. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As his face suddenly seems very pale. The voices continue to probe at him.

90. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

As he crosses the room almost like some kind of automaton, walks into the small private bathroom adjoining the office, stands in front of the mirror. The camera moves up for a shot of the reflection of his office over his shoulder. The phones on the desk jabber and ring, jabber and ring.

91. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD WILLIAMS'S FACE

As he stares at himself. All the time the phones and voices seem to reach a crescendo and screech at him.

CUT TO:

92. SHOT OF MISRELL'S FACE IN THE MIRROR

The fleshy jowled features, the piggish eyes, the lips that move up and down, up and down.

MISRELL

(in the mirror)

Push, push, push, Williams. Push, push, push, Williams. Push, push, push, Williams.

93. PROFILE SHOT WILLIAMS

As his features contort and suddenly he takes the flats of both hands and smashes the mirror, breaking it into a hundred pieces. At this moment all noise stops and there is dead and utter silence.

94. MED. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

As he turns to face the camera, his mouth twitching, his eyes shut.

WILLIAMS

No more! No more - in God's name...no more!

95. TRACK SHOT WILLIAMS

As he runs across the room, flicks off the lights, leans against the wall for a moment. Then he turns and retraces his steps back to the desk, picks up the phone, dials a number.

WILLIAMS

I'd like Westport, Connecticut, please.
Capital 7-9899. Yes, please.

(he waits for a moment)

Janie, this is Gart, honey. Stay there, will you please? I just want you to stay there. I'm coming home.

(a pause as he listens to her obviously arguing)

Janie...Janie, please listen...

(then shouting)

Janie! I've had it. Understand? I've had it. I can't go on for another day. I can't go on for another hour. This is it right now. I've got to get out of here.

(another pause)

Janie.

(close to tears)

Janie, help me, will you. Please...please help me. Janie?

(a pause)

Janie?

He clicks the receiver then listens to what is obviously a dead line. He slowly replaces the receiver and, massaging his stomach, he stares at the telephone.

DISSOLVE TO:

96. INT. TRAIN [NIGHT] MED. CLOSE SHOT

Williams in his seat. The conductor passes him, punches his ticket.

CONDUCTOR ONE

You're going home early tonight, huh, Mr. Williams?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Williams nods and doesn't say anything. The conductor continues on down the aisle, punching tickets. Williams moves in his seat, stares out through the window, impatiently, nervously checks his watch, then looks out the window again, rises to peer more closely out of the glass, then sits down again. His fingers twitch convulsively. He starts to take out a cigarette then looks up at a sign over the door.

97. CLOSE SHOT THE SIGN

"No Smoking"

98. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN FROM THE SIGN TOWARD WILLIAMS

Who starts to put the cigarettes away in his pocket then drops them.

99. TOP HAT SHOT FROM ACROSS THE AISLE LOOKING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE FLOOR BY WILLIAMS

As he bends down to pick up the cigarettes. The conductor's voice is heard.

CONDUCTOR ONE'S VOICE
Stamford next stop. Stamford.

100. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT CIGARETTES

Suddenly bathed in sunlight. PAN SHOT UP until we're on a LONG ANGLE LOOKING UP at Williams's face as suddenly it is bathed in sunlight. He has a smile that is almost ethereal.

CONDUCTOR TWO'S VOICE
Willoughby next stop. Willoughby!

101. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS

As he jumps to his feet and shouts.

WILLIAMS
Willoughby! That's where I get off.
Willoughby! That's my station!

CONDUCTOR TWO
(just coming alongside, smiles
and winks))
Yes, sir. That's your station,
Willoughby.

102. EXT. TRAIN STATION

Looking toward the car that Williams is in as we can see him walking through the doors to the platform then down the steps and toward the camera. Two boys pass carrying fishing rods.

BOY ONE
Hi, Mr. Williams.

BOY TWO
Hi, Mr. Williams.

103. CLOSE SHOT WILLIAMS

First, mystified, then overjoyed.

WILLIAMS
Hi, boys. Catch some big ones today, huh?
I think tomorrow I'll join you.

BOY ONE
Plenty of room! And lotsa fish.

They continue on.

104. LONG SHOT MAN ON A WAGON

As he waves.

MAN
Hi, Mr. Williams. Welcome!

WILLIAMS
Thank you. Thank you...I'm...I'm glad to
be here.

105. MOVING SHOT WILLIAMS

As he goes beyond the station, heading toward the main street. We can see and hear people greeting him and welcoming him.

106. DIFFERENT ANGLE WILLIAMS

As he walks toward the camera and is suddenly surrounded by people, all in period dress, who walk with him.

107. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING AT CLOCK IN STORE WINDOW

As Williams passes. There in the window is a grandfather clock. The CAMERA MOVES IN VERY TIGHT on it until we see the pendulum going back and forth. CAMERA CONTINUES TO DOLLY in on the pendulum.

108. DIFFERENT ANGLE THE PENDULUM

As it swings.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

109. EXT. FIELD [NIGHT] CLOSE ON LANTERN

That swings back and forth in the same cadence as the grandfather clock. The CAMERA MOVES until it is shooting down on the body of Gart Williams who lies face up in the snow, a white coated intern leaning over him and beyond the intern two trainmen, one of whom holds the lantern. The intern rises, motions to another attendant. They lift the body of Williams to a stretcher and start to carry it out of the scene.

TRAINMAN ONE

Just jumped off the train, did he?

CONDUCTOR

Shouted somethin' about Willoughby, ran out to the platform and that's the last I seen him. Doctor said he musta died instantly. They're gonna take him into town for an autopsy. Funeral parlor there sent the ambulance.

TRAINMAN ONE

Poor fellah.

110. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON THE INTERN AND THE ATTENDANT

Carrying the body over to a waiting ambulance.

111. DIFFERENT ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE REAR END OF THE AMBULANCE

Its back door is wide open. The stretcher is lifted gently and through into the back. Then the attendant closes both the doors and the CAMERA ZOOMS IN for a CLOSE SHOT of the lettering on the back of the doors which reads, "WILLOUGHBY AND SON, FUNERAL HOME." CAMERA STAYS on this shot for a long, long moment, then the ambulance's engine is started, thrown into gear and it moves and it moves off into the darkness. The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP toward the sky as we hear the Narrator's Voice.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Mr. Gart Williams, who sought respite from torment under a gravestone; who climbed on a world that went by too fast and then...jumped off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR'S VOICE (cont'd)
Mr. Gart Williams, who might now tell us
what awaits us in the beyond...because
this, too, is a part of...The Twilight
Zone!

FADE TO BLACK.