

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Season Three

"It's a Good Life"

Teleplay by

ROD SERLING

Air Date: November 3, 1961

1. Standard road opening With vehicle smashing into letters, propulsion into starry night then PAN DOWN TO OPENING SHOT OF PLAY.

2. Panoramic shot of Ohio countryside stock shot

Favoring several small, attractive farmhouses, and off in the distance, the small typical country town. There are wheat fields that shine golden in the sunlight, and off in the distance, in one of these fields, a farmer using horses, plows up a section of the acreage. The sense of this whole scene in its preliminary is that of an almost idyllic, ageless beauty and repose.

3. Different angle looking down a country road From the point of view of the front porch of the Fremont house. Playing on the front steps is a six-year-old child. This is Anthony and he is the story. But at the moment we get only an indefinite view of him and to all intent and purpose he is simply an ordinary six-year-old boy. Down the road we see a bicycle approach with a big basket strapped in front, carrying groceries. Bill Soames pedals it towards the Fremont house. Over this moving shot of the bicycle, we hear Serling's voice.

SERLING'S VOICE

This is Peaksville, Ohio, on a hot July afternoon.

At this moment an old woman, Aunt May, comes out onto the front porch and sits down, rocking herself slowly back and forth, fanning herself with an old, dilapidated fan.

SERLING'S VOICE (CONT'D)

At a first, perfunctionary glance, and on the surface, you may think this is a town like all other towns. And that little boy over there, Anthony by name, appears to be like any little boy.

We WHIP PAN OVER TO SERLING who stands near the porch.

SERLING

But actually none of you have ever seen Peaksville, Ohio. It's a place not to be found on a map. And those fields of grain and wheat and barley that you've seen growing - that isn't the only crop. Something else grows in Peaksville, and for want of a better term, we're forced to call it simply...horror. But let Anthony's father tell you about it. Everybody calls him just "Dad" Fremont. We'll let him tell the story. And we'll let him describe the horror.

WHIP PAN OVER TO DAD FREMONT working in one of the fields. He's a tall, granite-faced weather-beaten man in his fifties. He turns from hoeing and faces the camera, wipes the perspiration off his face.

DAD FREMONT

That's right...I'm Dad Fremont. I'm Anthony's father.

(he shakes his head)

Don't ask me how we got that boy. Or to explain why he is the way he is. He just got born one June six years ago and old Doc Baker - God rest him - took a look at him, screamed, dropped him and tried to kill him. Anthony, my...my son had whined then let out a cry...and then...then he done this thing.

(he looks away for a moment)

It's hard to explain. Real hard to explain what this thing is, but...but it appears that Anthony destroyed the world and left only this village in it or he'd taken the village someplace away from everything. We don't know exactly which. All we do know is that we're alone and there aren't any towns or villages or anything else left except this place. And Anthony...he controls it with his mind. He controls everything. That's right that...that little six-year-old boy on the porch over there. He can send people into a grave. Or he can turn them into a walking horror...anything he wants.

(then very thoughtfully)

That's right. Anything he wants. He just turns his mind against you and...

(he makes a tired gesture of resignation and accustomed horror)

So that's why when you walk down the street of the village or go past the house or any place...simply any place where Anthony might be...you got to keep smiling or laughing or you got to mumble something to keep your mind clear. Because Anthony...Anthony can tell what you're thinkin', and if it's a bad thought...if it's a bad thought...

(MORE)

5.

DAD FREMONT (CONT'D)

(the CAMERA MOVES IN
for a much tighter
shot of Dad Fremont
as the face is
suddenly a sunburned
mask of bare,
unadulterated naked
fear)

Anthony's mind will snap at you and
he'll do most anything. Most anything
at all.

CUT TO:

4. Long shot looking toward farmhouse Where Aunt Amy rocks
on the porch and the little boy sits a few feet away on the
steps.

DAD'S VOICE

Like with Aunt Amy sittin' on the
porch there. She had more control
over Anthony than almost anybody.
Certainly more than me and his mother,
but one day last winter she got angry
at him and for just one
instant...that's all it took...just
one instant...she forgot what he
could do and she yelled at him.

CUT TO:

5. Closer angle Aunt Amy Who sits there rocking with dull
lusterless, almost insane eyes.

DAD'S VOICE (CONT'D)

So Anthony...Anthony...he just looked
up at her and he...he turned her
into what she is now. Just a smiling,
vacant thing. And she was so pretty
once, too, and so bright. But when
Anthony's mind snapped at her - that
was the end of Aunt Amy's bright
eyes, and it was the end of Amy
Fremont as everyone had known her.

CUT TO:

6. Different shot Bill Soames As he pedals up to the front
porch and gets off the bike.

DAD'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And that's why...that's why everyone
smiles around Anthony now. Because
you can't take the risk of making
the little boy angry. You just can't
take that risk...

7. Moving shot Bill Soames Carrying the groceries toward the house. We see in his face a nightmarish fear that is beyond the telling. He forces a smile that is grotesque in every aspect as he walks over toward the little boy.

BILL

Howdy, Anthony. Mighty good to see you today. Mighty good. And it's such a good day. A real good day, isn't it, Anthony?

8. CLOSE SHOT LITTLE BOY

The first close shot we've had of him. On the surface it is a little boy's face, smudged with dirt, bright-eyed and not unattractive. But looking at it deeper we see that it is not really a normal face at all. Perhaps it's in the eyes or in the look, but whatever it is, the eyes tell that this is a monster. He looks up at Bill Soames and nods. PAN OVER TO AUNT AMY as she slowly turns her vacant eyes over to Soames.

AUNT AMY

(fanning herself)
It's a terrible hot day, though.
It's a terrible hot day.

9. Close shot Bill Who looks agonized at her.

BILL

((he almost cringes when he speaks)
Oh, I wouldn't say that...Aunt Amy.
No, sir, I wouldn't say that at all.
(with a sidelong look at Anthony)
It's fine. It's just fine. It's a real good day.

10. Different angle of him As he starts to carry the groceries up the steps, stops, looks off at something a few feet away, cringes, shakes, turns his head away.

BILL (CONT'D)

What you doin', Anthony? My, that's real good...whatever it is...I was just wonderin' what you were doin'.

11. Close shot Anthony

ANTHONY

I made a gopher with three heads. See him?

12. Angle shot looking up toward Bill's face

As his eyes look glazed.

BILL

Yeah. Yeah...he's a real fine one. I ain't never seen a gopher with three heads.

CUT TO:

13. Close shot Anthony

ANTHONY

I'll make him dead now. I'm tired of playing with him. Be dead. Gopher, you be dead.

CUT TO:

14. Close shot Bill's face

BILL

Now that's real fine, Anthony. That's real fine what you done. You made him dead. That's good that you done that. That's real good.

Aunt Amy rises and looks over the railing and makes a face.

AUNT AMY

Ain't he an ugly thing, though. Ain't he...

(searching for a word)

Ain't he grotesque looking. You better bury him, Anthony.

ANTHONY

I'll wish him into the corn field.

(he rises, looks down
at something close
to his feet)

Go into the corn field. Go be in the corn field.

CUT TO:

16. Close shot portion of ground Where obviously a living, digging creature had been.

17. Close shot Anthony As he turns back toward Bill.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You don't want me to wish you dead, do you?

BILL

(gulps, his face turns white)
Why...why no, Anthony. No, I don't.
But...but you do some real fine things. Real fine. You're a...you're
(MORE)

9.

BILL (CONT'D)

a good boy. Anthony. We all love you. Don't we, Aunt Amy? Don't we love Anthony? We sure do love him. We love that boy.

The CAMERA MOVES IN tight on his face as tears appear in his eyes, and in just one brief, sporadic moment a sob tears itself away from his throat. He whirls around and carries a bag of groceries into the house. THE CAMERA STARTS A SLOW PAN back away from the old woman, down to where Anthony sits and stares out across at the field.

SERLING'S VOICE

In just a moment we'll get even a closer look at Anthony Fremont and the people of the village and the village itself. Peaksville, Ohio, in a world in which nothing exists except Peaksville. A world that Anthony Fremont manufactured. A nightmare that lies at the center of...the Twilight Zone.

FADE TO BLACK--OPENING BILLBOARD--FIRST COMMERCIAL--FADE ON:

18. INT. FARM KITCHEN FREMONT HOUSE [DAY]

Anthony's mother is just checking a roast in the oven as Bill Soames brings in the grocery bag.

MRS. FREMONT

(smiles at him)
Howdy, Bill. Got everything?

BILL

Pretty much, Mrs. Fremont.
(he checks a list)
Didn't have any more laundry soap, though. All out of laundry soap.

MRS. FREMONT

Well, that's to be expected. Not even the bar soap though. huh? All out of that too?

BILL

Oh, we been out of that for a year, you know that Mrs. Fremont. We ain't had no bar soap for over a year. But I got a couple of cans of soup in there. Didn't even know we had them left. And Anthony loves tomato soup, don't he? So I brought that.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

(a pause and his voice
is suddenly strained)
You'll tell him. won't you, Mrs.
Fremont? Tell him I brought him the
tomato soup cause I heard he liked
it. Tell him I brought it, won't
you?

MRS. FREMONT

(smiles at him)
Why, of course, I will, Bill. I'll
tell him. Matter of fact I'll tell
him right now.

BILL

(his voice almost a gasp)
No, no, no, Mrs. Fremont. You don't
have to go to that trouble now. I
gotta...I gotta get goin'. I gotta
get back to the store.

19. Close shot Mrs. Fremont

MRS. FREMONT

You don't have to be frightened of
him, Bill. He likes you. He's told
me that several times. How much he
liked you.

20. Two shot

BILL

That's ...that's real nice to hear.
He's a...he's a clever boy, Mrs.
Fremont. You know what he was doing
out there?

MRS. FREMONT

Makin' something, I imagine. Yesterday
he made a...

(she looks away, makes
a gesture with her
hands)

Some kind of furry animal I never
did see the likes of it. But he
invented it all by himself. Had real
sharp teeth too. Tried to bite him.
Anthony wished it into the corn field.
I was kind of hoping that...

There's silence for a moment.

BILL

(in a strained voice)
I got to be going, Mrs. Fremont. But
I'm real glad...I mean it's real

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

fine that Anthony keeps making these things. Real fine indeed. Yes, ma'am...it's real fine.

He almost holds his breath as he turns away and starts out of the kitchen.

MRS. FREMONT

(calls after him)
See you tonight, won't we, Bill?

BILL

(at the door)
Tonight?

MRS. FREMONT

Why, sure. It's television night tonight. Anthony's going to put a picture on the television. And we're going to have the surprise party for Dan Hollis. A real nice surprise party.

BILL

Oh. I'll be there, Mrs. Fremont. I'll certainly be there.

He turns quickly and abruptly and starts out.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. HOUSE

As Bill comes out on the porch, nods at Aunt Amy, looks hurriedly around for a sight of Anthony, then walks stiff-legged over to the bicycle, again looks around, jumps on the bike, and pedals furiously away.

CUT TO:

22. Full shot the porch As Mrs. Fremont comes out.

MRS. FREMONT

Where's Anthony?

AUNT AMY

think he went into the barn. I kept telling him he shouldn't go in there, but-

23. Close shot Mrs. Fremont As her face turns grim.

MRS. FREMONT

AMY!

(MORE)

3.

MRS. FREMONT (CONT'D)

(then in a totally
different tone)

Why, it's a real good thing that
Anthony goes into the barn. A real
good thing.

AUNT AMY

(tries to fasten her vacant eyes on
her)

But Agnes...Agnes, he ain't even
around now. You don't have to say
that-

MRS. FREMONT

(the same grotesque smile)
But even so, Amy...even so...it's
nice that he goes into the barn.
It's real nice.

(then kneeling down
close to the old
woman)

We musn't think anything bad about
him, Amy.

AUNT AMY

But he isn't even around-

MRS. FREMONT

Amy, dear...you know as well as I
do...sometimes he can...he can hear
what we're thinking no matter where
he is. So you just think real nice
things, Amy. Real nice things about
how good it is that Anthony's going
into the barn. And tonight...tonight
we'll have Dan Hollis's birthday
party and we'll watch the nice
television that Anthony shows on the
screen for us and we'll just have a
delightful time, all of us. Just a
real nice, delightful time.

CAMERA PANS OVER for a closer shot of Aunt Amy, who looks up
at the hot summer sky.

AUNT AMY

But it's such a hot day. I hope it
cools off tonight.

24. Long shot across the porch of Anthony As he walks toward
them.

25. CLOSE SHOT MRS. FREMONT

Perspiration showing on her forehead.

MRS. FREMONT

Oh, I wouldn't say that it was hot, Amy. It's just right. It's a real good day. A real good day!

DISSOLVE TO:

26. INT. FREMONT BEDROOM [NIGHT]

Dad Fremont is washing his face out of a big pitcher and bowl that sits on the dresser. He reaches for a towel, dries himself off, then suddenly freezes, turns very slowly to see Anthony staring at him and once again on his face appears the manufactured smile that is standard for all the inhabitants of this weird place.

DAD FREMONT

Well, howdy, son. I was looking for you a bit ago. Your Mama said you was out in the barn.

ANTHONY

I was looking at the cow.

DAD FREMONT

Oh. that's good. That's real good, Anthony. That you were looking at the cow. Now you wasn't playing any tricks on your old Dad, were you? I mean...well, you remember a year ago...when we had the pigs?

ANTHONY

(nods unemotionally)
I turned them into monsters.

DAD FREMONT

(laughs loudly as if his son had just cracked a joke)
Doggone if you didn't. Real funny-lookin' things.
(then hurriedly)
But good things, Anthony. Real good things. And it's good that you did that. It's real good.

ANTHONY

Television night tonight. I'm gonna make television for everybody.

DAD FREMONT

You sure are. Everybody's lookin' forward to it too, just like they do every week when you make television. And we're going to have the surprise birthday party for Dan Hollis, too.

27. Close shot Anthony As he looks around the room.

28. CLOSE SHOT DAD FREMONT

As his eyes half-close in an anguished expectation of what new horror can be wrought here. Then breathing heavily and with the same gargoyle smile-

DAD FREMONT (CONT'D)

Was you looking for something, Anthony? Can I get you something, son?

ANTHONY

No kids came over to play with me today. Not a single one. And I wanted someone to play with.

Dad Fremont turns toward the mirror.

29. Angle shot Anthony's reflection in the mirror along with dad's

DAD FREMONT

Well now, Anthony...you remember the last time some children came over?
(he wets his lips and we see perspiration form)
The little Fredricks boy and his sister?

ANTHONY

I had a real good time.

DAD FREMONT

Oh, sure you did. Sure you had a real good time. And it's good that you have a good time. It's real good. It's just that...

ANTHONY

It's just that what?

DAD FREMONT

It's just that you...you wished them into the corn field. But their Mommy and Daddy were real upset.

ANTHONY

About what?

DAD FREMONT

((stumbling, perspiring, ripped to pieces by fear)
Oh, I didn't mean upset. It was real good that you wished them into the corn field. Real good. And everybody
(MORE)

DAD FREMONT (CONT'D)

was glad. But if you...if you wish people away like that...there won't be no one left.

(he turns away from
the mirror toward
his son)

Maybe next week, Anthony...we'll talk to some of the folks about having their children come over. We'll do that, won't we?

Anthony nods stoically, his face a mask.

DAD FREMONT (CONT'D)

And you can make some of those funny animals that you make. That's fun, isn't it? That's lots of fun.

Again Anthony nods. There's the sound of a dog barking from outside.

30. Close shot Anthony As he looks off, listening to the dog barking.

ANTHONY

That's Bill Soames's collie. That's that dog that comes around.

31. Two shot

DAD FREMONT

Yeah, that does sound like Bill Soames's dog.

(his mouth twists and
turns as again he
wets his lips and
tries to maintain
the smile)

Not many dogs left now, Anthony. You wished them all away.

ANTHONY

(turns, stares at his
father)

I don't like them. They didn't like me. I hate anybody like that. I hate anybody who doesn't like me.

DAD FREMONT

Why, everybody likes you, Anthony. They love you, son. You're everybody's favorite.

ANTHONY

I heard somebody think one time. I don't remember when...but

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

sometime...that I shouldn't have wished away all the automobiles and things and the 'lectricity. They said that it wasn't good that I did that. Somebody thought that one time.

(he stares off into space and turns to his father)

Who? Who thought that?

DAD FREMONT

(laughs jovially)

Why, that was Teddy Reynolds who thought that. He owned the farm up the road. Why, it's real good that you can remember that far back, Anthony. It's real good.

ANTHONY

(nods and smiles)

Yes, and I remember what I did to him too. I made him go on fire and he ran through his fields screaming. Screaming for the longest time. Yes, I remember that.

(he smiles happily.

then the smile fades)

He shouldn't have thought those bad thoughts. That's why I did that to him.

Again the dog barks from outside. The CAMERA MOVES IN for an extremely close shot of Anthony who turns and walks over to the window.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

That dog...that collie dog...he doesn't like me. He's a bad dog.

At this moment something happens to the child's eyes. They seem to burn fiercely. There's a piercing, screaming yelp of pain from the animal outside that fades off in a dissonant dying whisper and then there is silence.

32. Moving shot DAD FREMONT As he walks to his son's side.

DAD FREMONT

Well now, Anthony...did you do something to Bill Soames's dog? Did you?

As his eyes traverse the yard outside he suddenly stops, closes them and almost shakes. Then his lips tremble and he tries to form words and finally words come out.

DAD FREMONT (CONT'D)

Why...why, isn't that a good thing what you done, Anthony. A real good thing. But it would be another good thing if you...if you...

(he closes his eyes again and the voice comes out as a kind of hoarse whisper)

If you wished what was left of him into the corn field. It's a good thing what you did to him but...but...

The CAMERA MOVES OVER to Anthony, who nods, concentrates, then looks back at his father.

ANTHONY

I put him in the corn field. He isn't outside anymore.

33. Different angle Anthony As he turns and walks across the room and out. PAN BACK over for a medium close shot of Dad Fremont as he stands at the window, his head down, fingers clenching and unclenching. Footsteps approach and Mrs. Fremont enters the room.

34. Close shot Mrs. Fremont Her face is white and stricken.

MRS. FREMONT

Bill Soames's collie was out in the yard. I heard him barking and then he screamed. I didn't see it happen, but Aunt Amy said it looked like somebody had taken a torch and-

She stops abruptly and looks down at the floor.

35. Two shot

DAD FREMONT

(smiles, nods, chuckles and it all comes out like some kind of maniacal masquerade)

Why, Anthony done that. It was a real good thing that Anthony done it wasn't it honey? Wasn't it a real good thing?

MRS. FREMONT

(hurriedly, looking around)
Oh yes. Yes, indeed. It was a real good thing that Anthony done that. Well I've got to get back and get supper ready. Ethel's bringing over a cake for Dan. She found the last box of cane sugar that there was to be found. The very last box. And Dan

(MORE)

MRS. FREMONT (CONT'D)

hasn't got one single inkling that there's a surprise party for him. Not one.

DAD FREMONT

(staring out the window, softly)
That's good. That's real good.

MRS. FREMONT

And you know how much Dan likes music. Well, last week Thelma Dunn found a record in her attic.

DAD FREMONT

That a fact!

MRS. FREMONT

Yes! And she's going to give it to him tonight, isn't that a wonderful surprise?

DAD FREMONT

Well, now, it sure is. A record. imagine! That's a real nice thing to find! What record is it?

MRS. FREMONT

Perry Como singing, "You Are My Sunshine."

DAD FREMONT

Well, doggone it! I always liked that tune. How did Thelma happen to find it?

MRS. FREMONT

OH. You know. Just looking around for new things.

DAD FREMONT (CONT'D)

M'm. Say, who has that picture we found a while back? I kinda liked it - that old clipper sailing along-

MRS. FREMONT

The Smiths. Next week the Sipiches get it and they give the Smiths old MacIntyre's music box! And we give the Sipiches-

Her voice fades off as the CAMERA MOVES OVER to Dad Fremont who turns and looks out the window. We hear his voice.

DAD FREMONT'S VOICE

That's the way of things now. There's so little left. Everybody keeps a
(MORE)

DAD FREMONT'S VOICE (CONT'D)

few things for a while, then they trade off, There's about three books left and each family can keep it for a week, then trade it for something else, like with the stereoscope the Van Heusens found in their cellar or the can of beer that Bill Soames found wedged into an old icebox lying in the junk yard. You see the thing of it is, Anthony...Anthony fixed it so we're kind of all alone in the world. Nothing new ever gets built anymore. Nothing new at all.

CUT TO:

36. Close shot the door As Anthony enters. He stares across the room at his father.

37. Close shot Dad Fremont Whose face goes pale.

DAD FREMONT'S VOICE (CONT'D)

But it's good...it's good that it's turned out this way. It's real good. That's what it is - it's real good.

FADE TO BLACK--END ACT ONE--ACT TWO--FADE ON:

38. INT. FREMONT LIVING ROOM

There are perhaps six couples sitting around staring at the television set. The CAMERA PANS ACROSS the faces of these people. Each wears a fixed forced smile and at intervals they applaud as if by direction. But it's as if they were all robots with someone pushing a button somewhere directing them. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN over toward the television set. Hunched over on the floor is Anthony sitting directly in front of it and obviously manipulating it for on the screen are grotesque color patterns, weird formless lines and shadows. On occasion a passing face that is only partially humanoid appears, and at intervals there is a sound of some kind of strange, discordant music which Anthony also projects. The CAMERA NOW PULLS BACK still shooting across at the television set but favoring Dan Hollis and his wife Ethel. They sit close together holding hands tightly. Piled alongside of Hollis are his collection of "gifts," pitiful fragments of another time that everybody collected for this special occasion. A nondescript wooden carved box, a half a bottle of peach brandy, etc. At this moment Anthony jumps up. The television screen goes black. The entire room applauds.

ANTHONY

That's all the television there is.

17.

THELMA DUNN

(pats his cheek)
Oh it was wonderful, Anthony. Wasn't
it wonderful, everyone? Wasn't
Anthony's television wonderful
tonight?

There's a chorus of forced approval that comes from tight,
grim mouths.

THELMA

It was much better than the old
television.

The chorus of voices goes up in assent with sentence fragments
like, "Oh, it certainly was." "Much, much better." "It was
the best yet."

MRS. FREMONT

(rises from the couch)
And now the big surprise for Dan's
birthday. Go ahead, Ethel. Give your
hubby the big surprise.

Ethel goes over to a spot behind the sofa and takes a circular
wrapped package. She hands it to Hollis. He looks at it
grinning.

HOLLIS

What's this?
(he slowly opens the
package and removes
the phonograph record.
He holds it up)
Perry Como.
(his eyes mist)
Why, I haven't heard Perry Como in
years and years.

His wife hugs him.

ETHEL

Happy birthday, darling. Happy
birthday.

HOLLIS

(laughs, pulling his
wife's arm off of
him)
Hey, you better be careful. I'm
holding a priceless object.
(he looks down at the
record again)
Look...do you think we could play
it? Gosh what I'd give to hear some
new music...just the first part, the
orchestra part, before Como sings?

10.
There's a sober silence as everyone stares at him and then looks away.

DAD FREMONT

I don't think we'd better, Dan. After all, we don't know just where the singer comes in. It would be taking too much of a chance. Better wait till you get home.

39. Different angle Hollis As he reluctantly puts the record down on the table.

HOLLIS

(automatically)
It's good that I can't play it here.

THELMA

Oh yes, it's good. It's really good.

MRS. FREMONT

Now I think it's time for Pat Riley to play some piano for us. How about it, Pat?

RILEY

(a youngish farmer
laughs)
My pleasure.

He walks over to the piano, sits down and starts to play, suddenly conscious that Anthony is standing close to him, watching him.

40. Close shot his fingers on the keys PAN UP TO

ANGLE SHOT:

His face as the features twist. He forces a smile and hits a flat note. Then he whirls around hurriedly to Anthony.

RILEY (CONT'D)

It would be good if you told me what to play, Anthony. It would be real good if you tell me what music you like.

ANTHONY

Just play. Play anything.

RILEY

(forces the smile
again)
All right. All right. I'll play...I'll play "Night and Day." That's a nice old tune.

The people converge around the piano. There's a chorus of voices, "Yes, that's a good tune." "It's good that you're going to play that." "Oh, that's lovely tune."

41. Full shot the room As Riley continues to play, CAMERA PANS OVER for a shot of Dan Hollis, who's drinking the brandy in long, thirsty gulps. Every now and then he looks over at the record that he's placed on the table and once he reaches over to touch it in almost a caress.

42. Close shot Dad Fremont Watching Hollis.

43. Close shot Ethel His wife, as she too, with nervous fingers in her mouth, watches her husband drink.

44. Close shot Hollis As once again he puts the bottle to his mouth, takes another long, long swig, then puts the bottle down, and in doing so upsets a cup. The noise of it is a shattering intrusion on the music and all eyes turn toward him. The last face to turn in his direction is that of Anthony.

45. Med. close shot Anthony Who surveys the man coldly.

ANTHONY

Don't make any noise when the music is playing. I don't like noise when the music is playing.

46. Close shot Hollis As he blinks back the enveloping pressure of the alcohol, tosses a salute, smiles and reaches down for the bottle again.

47. Close shot Dad Fremont Who slowly turns back toward the piano, but in doing so throws a look at Anthony, then over to his wife who stands there, hands clenched together in front of her as Riley continues to play.

48. Close shot Hollis As he takes another drink, giggles a little bit, then looks down at his wife who has crossed over to stand close to him. Her face is a mask of fear.

ETHEL

(in a whisper)
Dan...Dan please...

HOLLIS

Please what? I'm not doing anything.
I'm just drinking this peach brandy.
I'm just drinking one of my birthday presents. That's all I'm doing.

There's a rustle and murmur in the room as eyes move from Hollis to Anthony, eyes that betray the cold, clammy nightmare that enfolds all of them.

49. Two shot Ethel and Hollis Again as she grabs the front of his coat.

ETHEL

(in an anguished
whisper)

Please, Dan. For the love of
heaven...please don't say anything.

HOLLIS

(now past the point
of realization, takes
another drink)

Who's saying anything? I'm not saying
anything. I'm not saying anything at
all.

50. Pan shot around the faces of the people

Winding up on a shot of Dad Fremont who touches Pat Riley's
arm.

DAD FREMONT

Go ahead, Pat. Play. Keep playing.

51. Different angle Hollis As he moves away from his wife
and carries the bottle to the center of the room. He looks
over toward the piano.

HOLLIS

This is real good brandy. Real good.
Do you people know something? There's
only five bottles of real whiskey
left in the whole village. Only five
bottles. One rye, two Scotch, one
after-dinner liqueur, and this here.
And when all that's gone - there
won't be any left at all. None at
all.

(he grins drunkenly)
No whiskey at all.

He stumbles as he turns and goes back over to the table where
the record is. He picks it up and stares at it.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Nuts.

(then shouting it
suddenly)

Nuts. Can't even play my record.
Can't even play Perry Como.

He suddenly takes the nearly empty bottle and throws it across
the room where it smashes against the wall.

52-55. Series of close-ups of the people in the room As each
look reflects their own personal horror.

56. Different angle Hollis As he walks over to Pat Riley at
the piano, puts his hand on his shoulder.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Don't play that, Pat. That's not
what I want you to play. Play this.

(he then sings in a
discordant, off-key
drunken voice)

Happy birthday to me...Happy birthday
to me...

ETHEL

(screaming)

Dan!

57. MOVING SHOT WITH HER

As she runs over to him and tries to grab his arm. She screams
again.

ETHEL (CONT'D)

Please stop-

58. Close shot Thelma Dunn Who half-whispers, half-shouts.

THELMA

Quiet...oh please. Ethel...be quiet-

59. Different angle the room As two of them grab Ethel and
pull her away. One of them covers her mouth with his hand.

60. CLOSE SHOT HOLLIS

As he continues to sing.

HOLLIS

Happy birthday, dear Danny, Happy
birthday to me.

(he stops abruptly
and looks down at
Riley)

Play it, Pat. Play it so I can sing
right. You know I can't carry a tune
unless somebody plays it.

61. Angle shot looking up at Pat Riley His face sweaty and
white, his hands shaking on the keys as he starts to play
something like "Lover" in a slow waltz tempo, but his hands
fumbling so badly over the keys that every other note is
flat and wrong.

62. Extremely tight close shot Hollis

As he turns very slowly away from the piano bench. He stares
across the room at Dad Fremont and Mrs. Fremont, who stands
close by. He suddenly whirls around and slams his own hand
on the keyboard, stopping all sound in one burst of discordant
chord. Then he straightens up and looks again toward the
Fremonts.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

You! You and her!
(tears gleam on his
cheeks, caught by
the candlelight in
the room)

You had him. You had to go have him.
(he shuts his eyes
tightly and squeezes
the tears out. Then
he suddenly throws
back his head and
sings again)

"You are my sunshine...my only
sunshine...you make me happy...when
I am blue..."

63. CLOSE SHOT ETHEL

Struggling in the embrace of the two men who hold her.

64. Close shot Hollis As he stops singing, looks down at the floor then looks up, A VERY SLOW PAN OVER to the other end of the room where Anthony stands there watching him, his cold eyes surveying him, the little face a mask.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

You monster you. You dirty little
monster. You murderer.
(he takes a step toward
the boy)

You go ahead, Anthony. You think
about me. You think bad thoughts
about me and maybe some man in this
room, some man with guts, somebody
who's so sick to death of living in
this kind of place and is willing to
take a chance...will sneak up behind
you and lay something across your
skull and end this once and for all-

65. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY

As his eyes widen.

ANTHONY

You're a bad man. You're a very bad
man.

66. Reverse angle looking toward Hollis Who stands there, half-swaying with the alcohol.

HOLLIS

You think that, Anthony. You go ahead.
I'm a very bad man. Keep thinking
that.

(MORE)

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

(then turning this
way and that way)
Somebody get behind him. Somebody
end this now. While he's thinking
about me - why doesn't somebody take
a lamp or a bottle or something and-

CUT TO:

67. Close shot Anthony As he slowly raises his arm and points to Hollis.

ANTHONY

You're a very bad man. And you keep
thinking bad thoughts about me.

68. Closer, tighter angle on Anthony As he eyes suddenly burn bright and fierce.

CUT TO:

69-72. Several extremely tight tilt close shots of the faces of the people

As their eyes widen. The women scream. The men turn their heads away. The last close-up is that of Ethel who suddenly breaks away from the two men holding her and lets out one long, vast shriek.

CUT TO:

73. Angle shot of the floor Where the shadow of what Dan Hollis is now plays on the wall. It is a wiggly, cobra-like thing which coils and uncoils. Dad Fremont takes a step toward his son.

DAD FREMONT

Anthony, wish it away. Wish it into
the corn field. Please, son. Wish it
into the corn field-

74. Close shot Anthony Who nods. looks down again, concentrating.

CUT TO:

75. Shadow on the wall As it disappears. In its aftermath there is absolute dead silence.

76. Close shot Anthony

ANTHONY

He was a bad man, so I turned him
into a snake. A snake that still had
his bad face.

He turns toward Ethel who looks at him with an expression that cannot be described, half horror, half fear, half a burgeoning hate.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You mustn't think bad thoughts either or I'll do the same thing to you.
(he slowly turns toward Pat Riley)
Play some more music.

77. Close shot Dad Fremont

DAD FREMONT

It's a...it's a good thing that you did that to Dan. It's a very good thing.

78. Close shot Pat Riley Who once again begins to play "Night and Day" on the piano, tears rolling down his face.

RILEY

Oh yes, it was swell. Just swell. A real good thing.

79. Different angle Anthony As he climbs up on top of the piano and sits there quietly with his hands in his lap.

80. CLOSE SHOT AUNT AMY

Who sighs, looks at the piano, then the television set.

AUNT AMY

(softly, with a sigh)
I kind of liked it a little bit better when there were cities outside and we could get real television and things like that.

MRS. FREMONT

Why, Amy - it's good for you to say such a thing. Very good. But how can you mean it? Why, Anthony's television is much better than anything we ever used to get.

81. Close shot Dad Fremont

DAD FREMONT

Oh yes. It's fine. Anthony's are the best shows we've ever seen.

Again the chorus of assent, hopeful voices in total agreement and gargyle smiles. The CAMERA PANS OVER to the window where suddenly we begin to see heavy drops of snow.

DAD FREMONT (CONT'D)
It's snowing outside. Anthony, are you making it snow?

82. **Close shot Anthony** Who nods.

ANTHONY
Yes. I'm making it snow.

83. **Close shot Dad Fremont** Who smiles.

DAD FREMONT
That'll kill off half the crops.
That's what that'll do, Anthony.
(then his lips tremble)
But it's good that you're making it snow. It's real good. And tomorrow...tomorrow will be a good day!

84. **Close shot Anthony again on the piano** As he looks down at Pat Riley playing. The CAMERA STARTS TO PULL AWAY FROM THE PIANO across the room toward the window. We hear Serling's voice.

SERLING'S VOICE
No comment here. No comment at all. We only wanted to introduce you to one of our very special citizens - little Anthony Fremont, age six, who lives in a village called Peaksville in a place that used to be Ohio. And if by some strange chance you should run across him...you had best think only good thoughts. Anything less than that is handled at your own risk. Because if you do meet Anthony...you can be sure of one thing. You have entered...the Twilight Zone.

FADE TO BLACK.