

The Monsters Are Due on Maple Street

Twilight Zone: Episode 22

Written by Rod Serling

ACT I

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

[The CAMERA has begun to PAN DOWN until it passes the horizon and is flush on the OPENING SHOT] (EACH WEEK THE OPENING SHOT OF THE PLAY)

2. *[Ext. Residential street Day Med. Close shot sign which reads, "Maple Street." PAN DOWN until we are shooting down at an angle toward the street below. It's a tree-lined, quiet residential American street very typical of the small town. The houses have front porches on which people sit and swing on gliders, conversing across from house to house. STEVE BRAND polishes his car parked in front of his house. His neighbor, DON MARTIN, leans against the fender watching him. A Good Humor man rides a bicycle and is just in the process of stopping to sell some ice cream to a couple of kids. Two women gossip on the front lawn. Another man waters his lawn.]*

3. *[Camera takes a slow dolly down the street to pick up these various activities and we hear the Narrator's voice.]*

NARRATOR'S VOICE: Maple Street, U.S.A., late summer. A tree-lined little world of front porch gliders, hop scotch, the laughter of children, and the bell of an ice cream vendor.

[There is a pause and the CAMERA MOVES OVER to a shot of the Good Humor man and two small boys who are standing alongside, just buying ice cream.]

NARRATOR'S VOICE: At the sound of the roar and the flash of light it will be precisely 6:43 P.M. on Maple Street.

[At this moment one of the little boys, TOMMY, looks up to listen to a sound of a tremendous screeching roar from overhead. A flash of light plays on both their faces and then it moves down the street past lawns and porches and rooftops and then disappears.]

4. *[Long angle shot looking down on the street as various people leave their porches and stop what they're doing to stare up at the sky.]*

5. *[Med. close shot STEVE BRAND the man who's been polishing his car and now he stands there transfixed, staring upwards. He looks at DON MARTIN, his neighbor from across the street.]*

STEVE: What was that? A meteor?

DON: *[Nods]* That's what it looked like. I didn't hear any crash, though, did you?

STEVE: *[Shakes his head]* Nope. I didn't hear anything except a roar.

MRS. BRAND: *[From her porch]* Steve? What was that?

STEVE: *[Raising his voice and looking toward porch]* Guess it was a meteor, honey. Came awful close, didn't it?

MRS. BRAND: Too close for my money! Much too close.

6. *[The camera pans across the various porches to people who stand there watching and talking in low conversing tones.]*

NARRATOR'S VOICE: Maple Street. Six-forty-four P.M. on a late September evening. *[A pause]* Maple Street in the last calm and reflective moments... before the monsters came!

FADE TO BLACK:

OPENING BILLBOARD

FIRST COMMERCIAL

FADE ON:

7. *[Ext. Street Day Slow pan across the porches again Interspersed with MED. CLOSE SHOT, man screwing a light bulb on a front porch, then getting down off the stool to flick the switch and finding that nothing happens.]*

8. *[Med. shot Man Working on an electric power mower. He plugs in the plug, flicks on the switch of the power mower, off and on, with nothing happening.]*

9. *[Med. close shot through window of a front porch Woman on a porch pushing her finger back and forth on the dial hook. Her voice is indistinct and distant, but intelligible and repetitive.]*

WOMAN NEXT DOOR: Operator, operator, something's wrong on the phone, operator!

10. *[Med. close shot Mrs. Brand As she comes out on the porch and calls to STEVE.]*

MRS. BRAND: *[Calling]* Steve, the power's off. I had the soup on the stove and the stove just stopped working.

WOMAN NEXT DOOR: Same thing over here. I can't get anybody on the phone either. The phone seems to be dead.

11. *[Long angle shot looking down the street As we hear the voices creep up from down below, small, mildly disturbed voices, highlighting these kinds of phrases:]*

VOICES:

Electricity's off.

Phone won't work.

Can't get a thing on the radio.

My power motor won't move, won't work at all.

Radio's gone dead!

12. *[Med. close shot PETE VAN HORN a tall, thin man who is seen standing in front of his house.]*

VAN HORN: I'll cut through the backyard... See if the power's still on on Floral Street. I'll be right back!

13. *[Long shot VAN HORN as he walks past the side of his house and disappears into the backyard.]*

14. *[Insert very close, day. The hammer on VAN HORN'S hip as he walks.]*

15. *[Camera pans down slowly until we're looking at ten or eleven people standing around the street and overflowing to the curb and sidewalk. In the background is STEVE BRAND'S car.]*

STEVE: Doesn't make sense. Why should the power go off all of a sudden, and the phone line?

DON: Maybe some sort of an electrical storm or something.

CHARLIE: That don't seem likely. Sky's just as blue as anything. Not a cloud. No lightning. No thunder. No nothing. How could it be a storm?

WOMAN ONE: I can't get a thing on the radio. Not even the portable.

16. *[Med. group shot as the people again murmur softly in wonderment and question.]*

CHARLIE: Well, why don't you go downtown and check with the police, though they'll probably think we're crazy or something. A little power failure and right away we get all flustered and everything.

STEVE: It isn't just the power failure, Charlie. If it was, we'd still be able to get a broadcast on the portable.

[There's a murmur of reaction to this. STEVE looks from face to face and then over to his car.]

STEVE: I'll run downtown. We'll get this all straightened out.

17. *[Track shot with STEVE as he walks over to the car, gets in it, and turns the key.]*

18. *[Different angle looking through the open door. Beyond it we see the crowd watching him from the other side. STEVE starts the engine. It turns over sluggishly and then just stops dead. He tries it again and this time he can't get it to turn over. Then, very slowly and reflectively, he turns the key back to "off" and then slowly gets out of the car.]*

19. *[Group shot as they stare at STEVE. He stands for a moment by the car, then walks toward the group.]*

STEVE: I don't understand it. It was working fine before...

DON: Out of gas?

STEVE: *[Shakes his head]* I just had it filled up.

WOMAN ONE: What's it mean?

CHARLIE: It's just as if... as if everything had stopped... [*Then he turns toward STEVE*] We'd better walk downtown. [*Another murmur of assent at this.*]

STEVE: The two of us can go, Charlie. [*He turns to look back at the car*]
It couldn't be the meteor. A meteor couldn't do this. [*He and CHARLIE exchange a look then they start to walk away from the group.*]

20. [*Med. close shot TOMMY a serious-faced fourteen-year-old in spectacles who stands a few feet away from the group, halfway between them and the two men who start to walk down the sidewalk.*]

TOMMY: Mr. Brand... you better not!

21. [*Med. close shot the two men the boy can be seen beyond them.*]

STEVE: Why not?

TOMMY: They don't want you to. [*STEVE and CHARLIE exchange a grin, and STEVE looks back toward the boy.*]

STEVE: Who doesn't want us to?

TOMMY: [*Jerks his head in the general direction of the distant horizon*] Them!

STEVE: Them?

CHARLIE: Who are them?

TOMMY: [*Very intently*] Whoever was in that thing that came by overhead.

22. [*Close shot STEVE as he knits his brows for a moment, cocking his head questioningly. His voice is intense.*]

STEVE: What?

23. *[Two shot]*

TOMMY: Whoever was in the thing that came over. I don't think they want us to leave here.

24. *[Moving shot STEVE as he leaves CHARLIE and walks over to the boy. He kneels down in front of him. He forces his voice to remain gentle. He reaches out and holds the boy.]*

STEVE: What do you mean? What are you talking about?

TOMMY: They don't want us to leave. That's why they shut everything off.

STEVE: What makes you say that? Whatever gave you that idea?

WOMAN ONE: *[From the crowd]* Now isn't that the craziest thing you ever heard?

TOMMY: *[Persistently but a little intimidated by the crowd]* It's always that way, in every story I ever read about a ship landing from outer space.

WOMAN ONE: *[To the boy's mother, Sally, standing on the fringe of the crowd]*

From outer space, yet! Sally, you better get that boy of yours up to bed. He's been reading too many comic books or seeing too many movies or something.

SALLY: Tommy, come over here and stop that kind of talk.

STEVE: Go ahead, Tommy. We'll be right back. And you'll see. That wasn't any ship or anything like it. That was just a... a meteor or something. Likely as not-- *[He turns to the group, now trying to weight his words with an optimism he obviously doesn't feel but is desperately trying to instill in himself as well as the others]* No doubt it did have something to do with all this power failure and the rest of it. Meteors can do some crazy things. Like sunspots.

DON: *[Picking up the cue]* Sure. That's the kind of thing - like sunspots. They raise Cain with radio reception all over the world. And this thing being so close - why there's no telling the sort of stuff it can do. *[He wets his lips, smiles nervously]* Go ahead, Charlie. You and Steve go into town and see if that isn't what's causing it all.

25. *[Track shot STEVE and CHARLIE as they again continue to walk away from the group down the sidewalk.]*

26. *[Med. group shot the people as they watch silently.]*

27. *[Close shot TOMMY as he stares at them, biting his lips and finally calling out again.]*

TOMMY: Mr. Brand!

28. *[Long shot the two men as they stop again. TOMMY takes a step toward them.]*

TOMMY: Mr. Brand... Please don't leave here.

29. *[Different angle looking toward the people STEVE and CHARLIE can be seen beyond them. They stop once again and turn toward the boy. There's a murmur in the crowd, a murmur of irritation and concern as if the boy were bringing up fears that shouldn't be brought up; words which carried with them a strange kind of validity that came without logic but nonetheless registered and had meaning and effect. Again, the murmur of reaction from the crowd.]*

30. *[Med. close shot TOMMY Partly frightened and partly defiant as well.]*

TOMMY: You might not even be able to get to town. It was that way in the story. Nobody could leave. Nobody except--

STEVE: Except who?

TOMMY: Except the people they'd sent down ahead of them. They looked just like humans. And it wasn't until the ship landed that— *[The boy suddenly stops again, conscious of the parents staring at them and of the sudden hush of the crowd.]*

SALLY: *[In a whisper, sensing the antagonism of the crowd]* Tommy, please son... honey, don't talk that way--

MAN ONE: That kid shouldn't talk that way... and we shouldn't stand here listening to him. Why this is the craziest thing I ever heard of. The kid tells us a comic book plot and here we stand listenin—

31. *[Long shot STEVE as he walks toward the camera stops by the boy.]*

STEVE: Go ahead, Tommy. What kind of story was this? What about the people that they sent out ahead?

TOMMY: That was the way they prepared things for the landing. They sent four people. A mother and a father and two kids who looked just like humans... but they weren't. *[There's another silence as STEVE looks toward the crowd and then toward TOMMY. He wears a tight grin.]*

STEVE: Well, I guess what we'd better do then is to run a check on the neighborhood and see which ones of us are really human. *[There's laughter at this, but it's a laughter that comes from a desperate attempt to lighten the atmosphere. It's a release kind of laugh.]*

32. *[Close up CHARLIE as he laughs nervously, slightly forced.]*

33. *[Close up WOMAN ONE She laughs, too, but she's still unsatisfied and concerned.]*

34. *[Close up MAN ONE Maybe no more than a grin of release.]*

35. *[Group shot the people As they look at one another in the middle of their laughter.]*

CHARLIE: There must be somethin' better to do than stand around makin' bum jokes about it. *[Rubs his jaw nervously]* I wonder if Floral Street's got the same deal we got. *[He looks past the houses]* Where is Pete Van Horn anyway? Didn't he get back yet? *[Suddenly there's the sound of a car's engine starting to turn over.]*

36. *[Long shot looking across the street toward the driveway of Les GOODMAN's house He's at the wheel trying to start the car.]*

37. *[Reverse angle looking toward people]*

SALLY: Can you get it started, Les?

38. *[Long shot looking toward LES GOODMAN As he gets out of the car, shaking his head.]*

GOODMAN: No dice.

39. *[Track shot with him as he walks toward the group. He stops suddenly as behind him, inexplicably and with a noise that inserts itself into the silence, the car engine starts up all by itself. GOODMAN whirls around to stare toward it.]*

40. *[Different angle the car as it idles roughly, smoke coming from the exhaust, the frame shaking gently.]*

41. *[Close shot GOODMAN As his eyes go wide and he runs over to his car.]*

42. *[Different angle the people as they stare toward the car.]*

MAN ONE: He got the car started somehow. He got his car started!

43. *[Pan shot along the faces of the people as they stare, somehow caught up by this revelation and somehow, illogically, wildly, frightened.]*

WOMAN ONE: How come his car just up and started like that?

SALLY: All by itself. He wasn't anywhere near it. It started all by itself.

[DON approaches the group, stops a few feet away to look toward GOODMAN's car and then back toward the group.]

DON: And he never did come out to look at that thing that flew overhead. He wasn't even interested. *[He turns to the faces in the group, his face taut and serious]* Why? Why didn't he come out with the rest of us to look?

CHARLIE: He always was an oddball. Him and his whole family. Real oddball.

DON: What do you say we ask him?

44. *[Different angle the group as they suddenly start toward the house. In this brief fraction of a moment they take the first step toward performing a metamorphosis that changes people from a group into a mob. They begin to head purposefully across the street toward the house at the end. STEVE stands in front of them. For a moment their fear almost turns their walk into a wild stampede, but STEVE's voice, loud, incisive, and commanding, makes them stop.]*

STEVE: Wait a minute...wait a minute! Let's not be a mob! *[The people stop as a group, seem to pause for a moment, and then much more quietly and slowly start to walk across the street.]*

45. *[Full shot GOODMAN's house and driveway: He stands there alone facing the people.]*

GOODMAN: I just don't understand it. I tried to start it and it wouldn't start. You saw me. All of you saw me. *[And now, just as suddenly as the engine started, it stops and there's a long silence that is gradually intruded upon by the frightened murmuring of the people.]*

GOODMAN: I don't understand. I swear... I don't understand. What's happening?

46. *[Close shot DON]*

DON: Maybe you better tell us. Nothing's working on this street. Nothing. No lights, no power, no radio. *[And then meaningfully]* Nothing except one car - yours!

47. *[Med. group shot the people as they pick this up and now their murmuring becomes a loud chant filling the air with accusations and demands for action. Two of the men pass DON and head toward GOODMAN who backs away, backing into his car and now at bay.]*

GOODMAN: Wait a minute now. You keep your distance - all of you. So I've got a car that starts by itself - well that's a freak thing, I admit it. But does that make me some kind of criminal or something? I don't know why the car works - it just does!

[This stops the crowd momentarily, and now GOODMAN, still backing away, goes toward his front porch. He goes up the steps and then stops to stand facing the mob.]

48. *[Long shot STEVE As he comes through the crowd.]*

STEVE: *[Quietly]* We're all on a monster kick, Les. Seems that the general impression holds that maybe one family isn't what we think they are. Monsters from outer space or something. Different than us. Fifth columnists from the vast beyond. *[He chuckles]* You know anybody that might fit that description around here on Maple Street?

GOODMAN: What is this, a gag or something? This a practical joke or something?

49. *[Close shot spotlight on porch as it suddenly goes out. There's a murmur from the group.]*

50. *[Group shot as the people react.]*

GOODMAN: Now, I suppose that's supposed to incriminate me! The light goes on and off. That really does it, doesn't it? *[He looks around the faces of the people]*

I just don't understand this-- [*He wets his lips, looking from face to face*] Look, you all know me. We've lived here five years. Right in this house. We're no different than any of the rest of you! We're no different at all. Really... this whole thing is just... just weird--

51. [*Close shot WOMAN ONE*]

WOMAN ONE: Well, if that's the case, Les Goodman, explain why-- [*She stops suddenly, clamping her mouth shut.*]

GOODMAN: [*softly*] Explain what?

STEVE: [*interjecting*] Look, let's forget this—

CHARLIE: [*overlapping him*] Go ahead, let her talk. What about it? Explain what?

WOMAN ONE: [*a little reluctantly*] Well... Sometimes I go to bed late at night. A couple of times... A couple of times I'd come out on the porch and I'd see Mr. Goodman here in the wee hours of the morning standing out in front of his house... Looking up at the sky. [*She looks around the circle of faces*] That's right. Looking up at the sky as if... As if he were waiting for something. [*A pause*] As if he were looking for something.

[*There's a murmur of reaction from the crowd again.*]

[**ABRUPT CUT TO:**

52. *Group shot as GOODMAN starts toward them, they back away frightened.*]

GOODMAN: You know really... This is for laughs. You know what I'm guilty of? [*He laughs*] I'm guilty of insomnia. Now what's the penalty for insomnia? [*At this point the laugh, the humor, leaves his voice.*]

53. [*Close shot GOODMAN*]

GOODMAN: Did you hear what I said? I said it was insomnia. [*A pause as he looks around, then shouts*] I said it was insomnia! You fools. You scared, frightened rabbits, you. You're sick people, do you know that? You're sick people - all of you! And you don't even know what you're starting because let me tell you... let me tell you - this thing you're starting - that should frighten you. As God is my witness... you're letting something begin here that's a nightmare!

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT ONE

ACT II

FADE ON:

54. *[Medium shot GOODMAN entry hall at night. On the side table rests an unlit candle. MRS. GOODMAN walks into scene, a glass of milk in hand. She sets the milk down on the table, lights the candle with a match from a box on the table, picks up the glass of milk, and starts out of scene.]*

[CUT TO: The Production shot, as MRS. GOODMAN comes thru her porch door, glass of milk in hand. The entry hall, with table and lit candle, can be seen behind her.]

55. *[Ext. Street Night Camera takes slow pan down the sidewalk taking in little knots of people who stand around talking in low voices. At the end of each conversation they look toward Les GOODMAN'S house. From the various houses we can see candlelight but no electricity, and there's an all-pervading quiet that blankets the whole area, disturbed only by the almost whispered voices of the people as they stand around. The CAMERA PANS OVER to one group where CHARLIE stands. He stares across at GOODMAN'S house.]*

56. *[Long shot the house. Two men stand across the street in almost sentry-like poses.]*

57. *[Med. Group shot]*

SALLY: *[A little timorously]* It just doesn't seem right, though, keeping watch on them. Why... he was right when he said he was one of our neighbors. Why, I've known Ethel Goodman ever since they moved in. We've been good friends—

CHARLIE: That don't prove a thing. Any guy who'd spend his time lookin' up at the sky early in the morning - well there's something wrong with that kind of a person. There's something that ain't legitimate. Maybe under normal circumstances we could let it go by, but these aren't normal circumstances. Why, look at this street! Nothin' but candles. Why, it's like goin' back into the dark ages or somethin'!

58. *[Track shot STEVE From several yards down as he walks down the steps of his porch, walks down the street over to LES GOODMAN'S house, and then stops at the foot of the steps.]*

59. *[Reverse angle looking toward screen door. GOODMAN stands there, his wife behind him, very frightened.]*

GOODMAN: Just stay right where you are, Steve. We don't want any trouble, but this time if anybody sets foot on my porch, that's what they're going to get – trouble!

STEVE: Look, Les--

GOODMAN: I've already explained to you people. I don't sleep very well at night sometimes. I get up and I take a walk and I look up at the sky. I look at the stars!

MRS. GOODMAN: That's exactly what he does. Why this whole thing, it's...it's some kind of madness or something.

STEVE: [*nods grimly*] That's exactly what it is - some kind of madness.

CHARLIE'S VOICE: [*Shrill, from across the street*] You best watch who you're seen with Steve! Until we get this all straightened out, you ain't exactly above suspicion yourself.

STEVE: [*whirling around toward him*] Or you, Charlie. Or any of us, it seems. From age eight on up!

WOMAN ONE: What I'd like to know is, what are we gonna do? Just stand around here all night?

CHARLIE: There's nothin' else we can do! [*He turns back looking toward STEVE and GOODMAN again*] One of 'em'll tip their hand. They got to.

STEVE: [*Raising his voice*] There's something you can do, Charlie. You could go home and keep your mouth shut. You could quit strutting around like a self-appointed hanging judge and just climb into bed and forget it.

CHARLIE: You sound real anxious to have that happen, Steve. I think we better keep our eye on you too!

DON: [*As if he were taking the bit in his teeth, takes a hesitant step to the front*] I think everything might as well come out now. [*He turns toward STEVE*] Your wife's done plenty of talking, Steve, about how odd you are!

CHARLIE: [*Picking this up, his eyes widening*] Go ahead, tell us what she's said.

60. *[Long shot STEVE as he walks toward them from across the street.]*

STEVE: Go ahead, what's my wife said? Let's get it all out. Let's pick out every idiosyncrasy of every single man, woman, and child on the street. And then we might as well set up some kind of a kangaroo court. How about a firing squad at dawn, CHARLIE, so we can get rid of all the suspects? Narrow them down. Make it easier for you.

DON: There's no need gettin' so upset, Steve. It's just that...well...Myra's talked about how there's been plenty of nights you spend hours down in your basement workin' on some kind of radio of something. Well, none of us have ever seen that radio-- *[By this time STEVE has reached the group. He stands there defiantly close to them.]*

CHARLIE: Go ahead, Steve. What kind of "radio set" you workin' on? I never seen it. Neither has anyone else. Who you talk to on that radio set? And who talks to you?

STEVE: I'm surprised at you, Charlie. How come you're so dense all of a sudden? *[A pause]* Who do I talk to? I talk to monsters from outer space. I talk to three-headed green men who fly over here in what look like meteors.

61. *[Med. long shot STEVE'S house, his wife steps down from the porch, bites her lip, calls out.]*

MRS. BRAND: Steve! Steve, please. *[Then looking around frightened, she walks toward the group]* It's just a ham radio set, that's all. I bought him a book on it myself. It's just a ham radio set. A lot of people have them. I can show it to you. It's right down in the basement.

STEVE: *[Whirls around toward her]* Show them nothing! If they want to look inside our house – let them get a search warrant.

CHARLIE: Look, buddy, you can't afford to--

STEVE: *[Interrupting]* Charlie, don't tell me what I can afford! And stop telling me who's dangerous and who isn't and who's safe and who's a menace. *[He turns to the group and shouts]* And you're with him too - all of you! You're standing here all set to crucify - all set to find a scapegoat - all desperate to point some kind of a finger at a neighbor! Well now look, friends, the only thing that's gonna happen is that we'll eat each other up alive--

[The following is a CLOSE UP duplication of what has already been done in full shot.]

62. *[Close shot DON reacting to STEVE'S speech.]*

63. *[Close shot CHARLIE reacting.]*

64. *[Close shot MAN ONE reacting.]*

[He stops abruptly as CHARLIE suddenly grabs his arm.]

CHARLIE: *[In a hushed voice]* That's not the only thing that can happen to us.

[CUT TO:

65. *Long shot looking down the street, a figure has suddenly materialized in the gloom and in the silence we can hear the clickety-clack of slow, measured footsteps on concrete as the figure walks slowly toward them. One of the women lets out a stifled cry. The young mother grabs her boy as do a couple of others.]*

66., 67., 68. *[3 Close ups duplicating above as each man reacts to hearing offstage footsteps.]*

69. *[Close up STEVE He reacts to offstage footsteps.]*

70. *[Close shot VAN HORN'S feet walking along the street. Note: MATCH pace of production cut]*

TOMMY: *[shouting, frightened]* It's the monster! It's the monster!

[Another woman lets out a wail and the people fall back in a group, staring toward the darkness and the approaching figure.]

71. *[Med. Group shot the people as they stand in the shadows watching. DON MARTIN joins them, carrying a shotgun. He holds it up.]*

DON: We may need this.

STEVE: A shotgun? *[He pulls it out of DON'S hand]* Good Lord - will anybody think a thought around here? Will you people wise up? What good would a shotgun do against--

[Now CHARLIE pulls the gun from STEVE'S hand.]

CHARLIE: No more talk, Steve. You're going to talk us into a grave! You'd let whatever's out there walk right over us, wouldn't yuh? Well some of us won't! *[He swings the gun around to point it toward the sidewalk.]*

72. *[Long shot from behind the crowd looking toward the sidewalk as the dark figure continues to walk toward them.]*

73. *[Reverse angle looking toward the group as they stand there, fearful, apprehensive, mothers clutching children, men standing in front of wives. CHARLIE slowly raises the gun. As the figure gets closer and closer he suddenly pulls the trigger. The sound of it explodes in the stillness.]*

74. *[Long angle shot looking down at the figure who suddenly lets out a small cry, stumbles forward onto his knees and then falls forward on his face. DON, CHARLIE, and STEVE race forward over to him. STEVE is there first and turns the man over. Now the crowd gathers around them.]*

STEVE: *[Slowly looks up]* It's Pete Van Horn.

DON: *[In a hushed voice]* Pete Van Horn! He was just gonna go over to the next block to see if the power was on—

WOMAN ONE: You killed him, Charlie. You shot him dead!

CHARLIE: *[Looks around at the circle of faces, his eyes frightened, his face contorted]* But... but I didn't know who he was. I certainly didn't know who he was. He comes walkin' out of the darkness - how am I supposed to know who he was? *[He grabs STEVE]* Steve- you know why I shot! How was I supposed to know he wasn't a monster or something? *[He grabs DON now]* We're all scared of the same thing. I was just tryin' to... tryin' to protect my home, that's all! Look, all of you, that's all I was tryin' to do. *[He looks down wildly at the body]* I didn't know it was somebody we knew! I didn't know— *[There's a sudden hush and then an intake of breath.]*

75. *[Medium shot: Living Room window of CHARLIE'S house. The window is not lit, but suddenly the house lights come on behind it.]*

76. *[Close shot MAN ONE as he looks off towards CHARLIE'S house.]*

77. *[Close shot GOODMAN as he too looks off toward CHARLIE'S house.]*

78. *[Close shot CHARLIE He looks off toward his house, realizing the implications of the lights coming on in his house.]*

79. *[Close shot WOMAN ONE]*

WOMAN ONE: *[In a very hushed voice]* Charlie... Charlie... The lights just went on in your house. Why did the lights just go on?

80. *[Close shot DON]*

DON: What about it, Charlie? How come you're the only one with lights now?

81. *[Close shot GOODMAN]*

GOODMAN: That's what I'd like to know. *[A pause as they all stare toward CHARLIE.]*

82. *[Close shot CHARLIE reacting.]*

83. *[Close shot GOODMAN]*

GOODMAN: You were so quick to kill, Charlie, and you were so quick to tell us who we had to be careful of. Well, maybe you had to kill. Maybe Peter there was trying to tell us something. Maybe he'd found out something and came back to tell us who there was amongst us we should watch out for—

84. *[Different angle CHARLIE as he backs away from the group, his eyes wide with fright.]*

CHARLIE: No... No... It's nothing of the sort! I don't know why the lights are on. I swear I don't. Somebody's pulling a gag or something. *[He bumps against STEVE who grabs him and whirls him aground.]*

85. *[Close up in profile STEVE and CHARLIE]*

STEVE: A gag? A gag? Charlie, there's a dead man on the sidewalk and you killed him! Does this thing look like a gag to you?

[CHARLIE breaks away and screams as he runs toward his house.]

CHARLIE: No! No! Please!

[A man breaks away from the crowd to chase CHARLIE.]

86. *[Long angle shot looking down at them as the man tackles him and lands on top of him. The other people start to run toward them. CHARLIE is up on his feet, breaks away from the other man's grasp, and lands a couple of desperate punches that push the man aside. Then he forces his way, fighting, through the crowd to once again break free, jumps up on his front porch.]*

87. *[Med. close shot CHARLIE on the front porch as a rock thrown from the group smashes a window alongside of him, the broken glass flying past him. A couple of pieces cutting him. He stands there perspiring, ruffled, blood running down from a cut on the cheek. His wife breaks*

away from the group to throw herself into his arms. He buries his face against her. We can see the crowd converging on the porch now.]

VOICES:

It must have been him.

He's the one.

We got to get Charlie.

[Another rock lands on the porch. Now CHARLIE pushes his wife behind him, facing the group.]

CHARLIE: Look, look I swear to you... it isn't me... but I do know who it is... I swear to you, I do know who it is. I know who the monster is here. I know who it is that doesn't belong. I swear to you I know.

88. *[Close up GOODMAN]*

CHARLIE: *[Shouting]* What are you waiting for?

89. *[Close up WOMAN ONE]*

WOMAN ONE: *[Shouting]* Come on, Charlie, come on.

90. *[Close up MAN ONE]*

MAN ONE: *[Shouting]* Who is it, CHARLIE, tell us!

DON: *[Pushing his way to the front of the crowd]* All right, Charlie, let's hear it!

91. *[Close shot CHARLIE as his eyes dart around wildly.]*

CHARLIE: It's... it's...

MAN TWO: *[Screaming]* Go ahead, CHARLIE, tell us.

CHARLIE: It's...it's the kid. It's Tommy. He's the one.

[There's a gasp from the crowd as we CUT TO:

92. *Shot of mother holding little boy. The boy at first doesn't understand and then realizing the eyes are all on him, buries his face against his mother, SALLY. The following shots are for reactions to CHARLIE'S naming TOMMY as the monster.*]

93. *[Close shot DON registering fear, hate, and bewilderment.]*

SALLY: *[Backs away]* That's crazy. That's crazy. He's a little boy.

WOMAN ONE: But he knew! He was the only one who knew! He told us all about it. Well, how did he know? How could he have known? *[The various people take this up and repeat the questions aloud.]*

VOICES:

How could he know?

Who told him?

Make the kid answer.

95. *[Close shot WOMAN ONE registering fear, hate, and bewilderment.]*

96. *[Close shot MAN ONE]*

MAN ONE: What about GOODMAN's car?

97. *[Close shot DON]*

DON: It was Charlie who killed old man Van Horn.

98. *[Close shot WOMAN ONE]*

WOMAN ONE: But it was the kid here who knew what was going to happen all the time. He was the one who knew!

99. *[Close up STEVE]*

STEVE: *[He shouts at his hysterical neighbors.]* Are you all gone crazy? *[Pause as he looks about]* Stop.

[A fist crashes at STEVE'S face, staggering him back out of shot.]

100.- 104. [*Several close shots suggesting the coming of violence. A hand fires a rifle. A fist clenches. A hand grabs the hammer from VAN HORN'S body, etc.*]

Wild lines - FOR SOUND ONLY

DON: Charlie has to be the one - Where's my rifle--

WOMAN ONE: Les Goodman's the one. His car started! Let's wreck it.

MRS. GOODMAN: What about Steve's radio - He's the one that called them--

MR. GOODMAN: Smash the radio. Get me a hammer. Get me something.

STEVE: Stop-- Stop--

CHARLIE: Where's that kid - Let's get him.

MAN ONE: Get Steve - Get Charlie - They're working together.

[NOTE: While shooting above close ups get tighter CLOSE UPS of panic-stricken faces with lights coming off and on their faces for intercut during the panic scene which immediately follows scene above. The crowd starts to converge around the mother, who grabs the child and starts to run with him. The crowd starts to follow, at first, walking fast, and then running after him.

105. Full shot the street as suddenly CHARLIE'S lights go off and the lights in another house go on. They stay on for a moment, then from across the street other lights go on and then off again. CUT TO:

106.-109. Series of close shots people]

MAN ONE: [Shouting] It isn't the kid... it's Bob Weaver's house.

WOMAN ONE: It isn't Bob Weaver's house, it's Don Martin's place.

CHARLIE: I tell you, it's the kid.

DON: It's Charlie. He's the one.

110.-115. [Move into series of tilt close ups of various people as they shout, accuse, scream, interspersing with cuts of TILT SHOTS OF HOUSES as the lights go on and off, and then slowly in

the middle of this nightmarish morass of sight and sound the CAMERA STARTS TO PULL AWAY, until once again we've reached the opening shot looking at the Maple Street sign from high above. THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE AWAY until we DISSOLVE TO:

116. Ext. Field Night Angle shot looking toward metal side of space craft which sits shrouded in darkness. An open door throws out a beam of light from the illuminated interior. Two figures silhouetted against the bright lights appear. We get only a vague feeling of form, but nothing more explicit than that.]

FIGURE ONE: Understand the procedure now? Just stop a few of their machines and radios and telephones and lawn mowers...throw them into darkness for a few hours and then you just sit back and watch the pattern.

FIGURE TWO: And this pattern is always the same?

FIGURE ONE: With few variations. They pick the most dangerous enemy they can find... and it's themselves. And all we need do is sit back... and watch.

FIGURE TWO: Then I take it this place... this Maple Street...is not unique.

FIGURE ONE: [*Shaking his head*] By no means. Their world is full of Maple Streets. And we'll go from one to the other and let them destroy themselves. One to the other... one to the other... one to the other--

[*Now the CAMERA PANS UP for a shot of the starry sky and over this we hear the NARRATOR'S VOICE.*]

NARRATOR'S VOICE: The tools of conquest do not necessarily come with bombs and explosions and fallout. There are weapons that are simply thoughts, attitudes, prejudices - to be found only in the minds of men. For the record, prejudices can kill and suspicion can destroy, and a thoughtless, frightened search for a scapegoat has a fallout all of its own for the children... the children yet unborn. [A pause] And the pity of it is...that these things cannot be confined to... The Twilight Zone!

FADE TO BLACK