

THE TWILIGHT ZONE
"The Nick of Time"

Written by

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ACT ONE

INT. MAIN STREET - RIDGEVIEW, OHIO - DAY

FADE IN and PAN DOWN from a sunny sky to a young married couple, DON and PAT CARTER, who look a little bored. They ride in a CONVERTIBLE that's being towed through the streets of a small town. Pat shakes her head in disbelief that this is happening. The tow truck pulls into a GARAGE and parks. Don, glances at Pat, gets out of the driver's seat, stretches his stiff back, looks around at the little town -- which is Dullsville. He crosses to the MECHANIC who has just emerged from the truck.

DON

(to the mechanic)

How long is this gonna take?

MECHANIC

Like I told you, nobody stocks fuel pumps around town. I'll have to send in to Dayton for it.

DON

How long will that take?

MECHANIC

(unhooking the car)

Oh, three, four hours. Better figure on four to play safe.

A disappointed Don leaves the mechanic and helps Pat out of the car.

PAT

(to Don)

Four hours? Crazy.

DON

Let's get some lunch.

PAT

Lunch? We can homestead.

They start walking down the sidewalk hand in hand, searching for a place

to eat. Don and Pat are in their twenties -- casually dressed, a nice-looking couple.

PAT
(playfully)
June, prune, honeymoon.

DON
(smiling)
Quiet.

PAT
(mocking him)
Quiet.

DON
Don't think I should phone the office again, huh?

PAT
You are going to lose that promotion if you keep pestering them, lover.

DON
I'm gonna lose it anyway.

PAT
Ah, that's a fine way to talk. And I thought I married a man with confidence. And who is the best man for the job?

DON
Me. But...

PAT
But?

DON
But Thompson has seniority.

PAT
Ah. Doesn't mean a thing.

DON
Little miss sunshine, hm?

PAT
(all smiles)
That's me.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek. They approach a lamp post. For a moment, it looks as if they will pass it on opposite sides, but Don grabs Pat's hand and pulls her around to his side of the post, to avoid getting "bad luck."

DON
Bread and butter.

PAT
(gently mocking him)
Yes, dear.

DON
Just trying to save your life.

They step off the curb and cross the street. Pat points out a diner and the couple hurries to it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Moments later, Don and Pat enter a little DINER called the "Busy Bee Cafe." Shrimp: 85 cents. Bacon, eggs and hot cakes: 70 cents. Don gestures that they could sit at the diner's counter.

DON
Shall we?

But Pat wants to put some money in the jukebox first.

PAT
Let's have some music, shall we?

DON
Great.

They cross to the jukebox. Pat deposits her coin and makes a selection while Don kisses the back of her neck. The MUSIC begins, a romantic tune. Don takes Pat in his arms and they dance. A slow dance. Cheek to cheek. They are very much in love.

PAT

I thought we came in here to eat.

DON

Guess we did.

Don looks back at the counter, but sees that they have danced over to an empty table.

DON

(gestures to the table)

Shall we sit here?

As they sit side by side, Don's attention is immediately drawn to the table's odd napkin holder, which doubles as a penny fortune machine: insert a penny, ask a "yes-or-no" question, pull a lever, and the machine dispenses a small card with an answer to the question. Sort of a 1960 version of the Magic 8-Ball. Every table in the diner has one of these machines whose brand name is "Mystic Seer". Atop each machine is the bobbing, plastic head of a horned devil, its face winking and grinning mischievously.

DON

Well, what have we got here? The mystic seer.

PAT

The what? Let's try it, shall we?

DON

Have you got a penny, honey?

PAT

I think so.

DON

What'll we ask it?

PAT

I don't know.

DON

I got it.

PAT

What?

Don deposits a penny.

DON

(to the seer)

Does anything exciting ever happen around here?

He pulls the lever and a card pops out. Smiling at Pat, Don reads the card in his HAND.

DON

(reads aloud)

"It is quite possible."

NARRATOR (v.o.)

The hand belongs to Mr. Don S. Carter, male member of a honeymoon team en route across the Ohio countryside to New York City.

FAST PAN to a table opposite, where the omniscient NARRATOR sits, gently touching the devil's head on another Mystic Seer. He wears a dark business suit, carries a lit cigarette, and speaks directly to the audience.

NARRATOR

In one moment, they will be subjected to a gift most humans never receive in a lifetime. For one penny, they will be able to look into the future. The time is now, the place is a little diner in Ridgeview, Ohio, and what this young couple doesn't realize is that this town happens to lie on the outskirts of the Twilight Zone.

FADE OUT

INT. DINER - DAY

FADE IN on Don and Pat seated at the table, studying a menu. The diner's weird old COUNTERMAN sets a couple of glasses of water in front of them.

COUNTERMAN

Howdy.

PAT

Hello.

DON

Hi.

COUNTERMAN

What'll it be?

PAT

I think I'll have a tomato and lettuce on whole wheat and some iced coffee, please.

DON

I'll have the same.

COUNTERMAN

I've got some very good chicken-fried steak out there.

DON

No, thank you.

COUNTERMAN

No?

DON

No.

COUNTERMAN

(nods, off the menu)

Uh, you finished with that?

DON

Yes.

The counterman takes the menu and departs. Off the counterman, Don and Pat exchange glances. Don takes a sip of his water and winces.

DON

(off the water)

Ohh.

PAT

Good, hm?

DON

Great. He must've siphoned it out of a swamp.

As Pat digs through her purse for some make-up, Don empties his pockets, putting his key ring and some coins on the table.

PAT

What are you doing?

DON

Getting some pennies.

PAT

(off the seer)

What're you gonna ask it now?

DON

What else?

As Pat applies her make-up, Don puts a finger under the devil's chin, turns its head toward him, causing it to bob.

DON

(to the seer)

Am I gonna be promoted, for Pete's sake?

He deposits a penny, pulls the lever, takes the card, and reads it.

DON

Hey.

(to Pat)

Look.

PAT

What?

He shows her the card.

DON
(reads aloud)
"It has been decided in your favor."

PAT
Ah. You see? Your worries are over.

Don looks around and sees a pay phone.

DON
I think I'll phone.

PAT
Honey!

DON
Well, I was gonna anyway. Wasn't I?

They both grin. Don picks up his spare change, crosses to the pay phone, inserts a coin, and dials the operator. Pat continues to smile at Don's behavior. She picks up his KEY RING from the table and looks at the rabbit's foot and four leaf clover on it.

DON
(into the phone)
Hello, operator? Give me Maine one-eight-nine-nine-seven in St. Louis, please.
That's right. How much? Seventy-five cents?
(to Pat)
Honey, you got another quarter on you?

She nods, smiles, digs in her pocketbook for her change purse and brings him the money.

PAT
(teasing him)
Is this call necessary?

DON
(into the phone)
Here you are, operator.

He deposits the necessary amount. A moment of tension follows, and then:

DON

(into the phone)

Hello? Connect me with Mr. Weldon's secretary, please.

(to Pat)

Keep your fingers crossed.

PAT

(points to her head)

I'm doing it up here.

DON

(into the phone)

Hello? Hello, Pauline? It's Don. Fine. Fine. And you?

(getting to the point)

What's the secret word, Pauline? I did?

(to Pat, as he hugs her)

I made it.

(into the phone)

Thank you, Pauline. Yes, we'll send you a post card from New York. As soon as we arrive. Bye-bye. Same to you. Goodbye.

(hangs up, to Pat)

I made it.

PAT

Darling, I'm so proud of you.

They hug, return to the table, and sit.

DON

You're now looking at the world's youngest office manager.

PAT

And, I'm happy to say, I told you so.

DON

(off the seer)

So did he.

PAT

Yeah? Well, I told you first. I think we ought to celebrate.

(dips into her change purse)

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)
Here's a dime for the jukebox.

She hands Don the dime.

DON
Some success music.

Don rises and goes to the jukebox.

PAT
Or the "Triumphal March".

DON
Don't know whether I can find it here.

He selects a jaunty, generic version of "American Patrol" and, doing a goofy little strut in time to the music, rejoins Pat at the table.

PAT
Crazy.

The counterwoman arrives with their sandwiches.

DON
(to the counterwoman)
Oh. Thank you.

COUNTERMAN
You ain't gonna like this as much as you would that chicken fried steak.

DON
(affably)
We'll bear up.

The counterwoman shrugs and departs. Don and Pat are about to dig in. Pat hands Don a napkin.

PAT
Ah, office manager. I think it's wonderful.

DON
(off the seer)
Let's ask him something else.
(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)

He really came through on that one.

PAT

(off her sandwich)

Hmmm... why don't you ask him why he didn't warn us the whole wheat bread is stale?

Printed on the front of the Mystic Seer are some suggested questions which Don now studies.

DON

(reads aloud)

"Does he/she love me?"

(kisses Pat's cheek)

I know the answer to that one, hm?

(reads aloud)

"Will I become rich?"

(to Pat)

I know the answer to that one, too. I'm gonna be the world's first millionaire accountant.

PAT

(corrects him)

Office manager.

DON

Right.

(to the seer)

Is it really gonna be four hours before we get out of here?

Don deposits a penny, pulls the lever and takes the card.

DON

(reads aloud)

"You may never know."

(to Pat)

What does that mean?

PAT

Who knows?

DON
(off the seer)
He does.

The DEVIL'S HEAD seems to be grinning right at Don.

PAT
Um hmm. But it'll cost you another penny.

Don snaps his fingers, a gesture of unconcern.

DON
I'm an officer manager now.

He deposits a penny.

DON
(to the seer)
What do you mean, we may never know? No,
that's not a yes-or-no question. You mean,
something will keep us from knowing?
Something will happen to us?

Don pulls the lever and takes the card.

DON
(reads aloud)
"If you move soon."
(laughs quietly, to Pat)
What does that mean?

PAT
Well, he's a mystic. What do you expect?

Don starts to deposit another penny.

PAT
I can see I'm going to have to be the
frugal one in our family.

DON
(to Pat)
Just one more.
(to the seer)
You mean that we're not supposed to move?
We're supposed to stay here?

PAT
(imitates a phone operator)
Just one question per penny, please.

But Don is taking this seriously. A little too seriously for Pat who grows visibly uncomfortable over the next few minutes. Don deposits a penny, pulls the lever and takes the card.

DON
(reads aloud)
"That makes a good deal of sense."
(to the seer)
How long sh-- No, uh...

Don checks his watch. It's almost 2:15.

DON
(to the seer)
Should we stay here until two-thirty?

Don deposits a penny, pulls the lever and takes the card.

DON
(reads aloud)
"Try again."

Don deposits a penny.

DON
(to the seer)
Should we stay in here until three o'clock?

Don pulls the lever and takes the card.

DON
(reads aloud)
"There's no question about it."

Pat doesn't like where this is leading.

PAT
Don. Let's take a look around the town, hm?

DON
Every answer seems to fit.

PAT

You're joking, aren't you? I mean --

Don starts to deposit another penny, but Pat stops him.

PAT

Don, no more.

But Don gives her a look and deposits the penny anyway.

DON

(to the seer)

If we don't stay in here until three
o'clock... something bad will happen to us?

Don pulls the lever, takes the card, and reads it to himself.

PAT

Oh, Don, for heaven's sakes.

DON

(hands Pat the card)

Read it.

PAT

(reads aloud)

"Do you dare risk finding out?"

(to Don)

Don, let's go.

But, clearly, Don does not want to leave. He quickly turns to his lunch.

DON

I haven't finished my sandwich yet.

(starts to eat)

Don't you want some ice cream?

An awkward silence follows. Don checks his watch. It's still a little before 2:15.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

The diner's CLOCK now reads four minutes to three. Pat buys a pack of cigarettes from the diner's vending machine. She

smiles weakly at the counterman who seems to be wondering why she and Don are loitering. In fact, she seems to be wondering the same thing herself. She crosses to Don at the booth as he dawdles over a half-finished bowl of ice cream.

PAT
(to Don)
Can we go now?

DON
Don't you want something cold to drink?

PAT
Please, let's go.

Don looks first at the clock and then at the devil's head, winking and grinning at him.

DON
(to Pat)
All right.

Don kisses the rabbit's foot on his key ring as he rises and goes to the counter.

DON
(to the counterman)
Say, can I have my check?

COUNTERMAN
You don't need a check, I know what you had. Two sandwiches, eighty cents. Iced coffee, a dollar ten. Two ice creams, a dollar sixty. With three cents tax.

DON
(hands over some bills)
Here, keep the change.

COUNTERMAN
Thanks! And come on back now.

Don joins Pat at the door. They exit the diner.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Moments later, Don and Pat cross the street, walking hand in hand. Don wipes his brow.

PAT
Hot, hot, hot.

DON
Yeah.

PAT
Maybe it won't take them four hours to fix the car, think?

DON
Maybe.

PAT
Don, you didn't really want to stay in there, did you?

DON
(unconvincingly)
No.

PAT
Honest?

DON
Well, why was it so specific?

PAT
Specific? Sweetie...

They both stop, having crossed the street.

DON
"If you move soon." "That makes a good deal of sense." "Try again." "There's no question about it." "You may never know." "Do you dare risk finding out?"

PAT
Don, it's just a napkin holder in a little cafe in Ridgeview, Ohio.

DON

Oh, I know. I know... All right. What about my promotion, then? Didn't it tell me "It has been decided in your favor"? Isn't that...? Oh, forget it. I suppose I'm just being stupid.

PAT

No, you're not. You're just--

DON

Don't say it. Superstitious. It's like you married an alcoholic, isn't it? Only instead of bottles in the chandelier, it's rabbit's feet and four leaf clovers in my pockets, in the car...

PAT

And.. and you're all mine.

Pat gives him a kiss. He puts his arm around her and again they stroll down the sidewalk hand in hand. For a moment, everything seems back to normal. Until Don looks around nervously.

PAT

What are you doing?

DON

What?

PAT

Well, you keep looking around as if--

DON

Do I?

PAT

You are worried. You're worried about that -- Oh, Don, I-I wonder when you act like this.

DON

I'm sorry. I'm not trying to upset you.

PAT
I know you're not.

DON
Doesn't change the facts, though.

PAT
What facts?

DON
Six straight answers.

PAT
Oh, Don, please.

DON
Oh, stop treating me like a retarded child
or something. I didn't make those answers
up.

A large TRUCK is rolling slowly down the next street as Don and Pat step off the curb to cross. Don pulls Pat into the STREET figuring they can easily get across.

PAT
Oh, Don, wait.

DON
We can make it.

But a speeding car suddenly passes the truck and nearly runs the couple down. Don pulls Pat to safety at the last moment. They fall against a parked car. On the sidewalk, townspeople MURMUR about the near accident. Shaken, a relieved Don and Pat hug one another as Don looks at the large CLOCK over the Main Street Jewelers: it's exactly three.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Don and Pat regroup on a nearby park BENCH, moments later.

DON
You all right? Quite a moment.

PAT

If you hadn't pulled me out of the way of that car -- one squashed honeymoon.

DON

Come on.

They rise and Don leads her by the hand down the STREET.

PAT

Well, where're we going now?

Pat freezes when she sees they are heading back to the diner.

PAT

We're not going back to that--

DON

Why not?

PAT

All right. I admit it was a... strange coincidence.

DON

If it was a coincidence, well, what are you worrying about us going back, then?

PAT

I'm not.

DON

So, stop worrying. Just the same, you will admit that for a coincidence it was pretty far-fetched?

PAT

Maybe.

The honeymoon couple walk toward the diner, no longer hand in hand.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DINER - DAY

Don and Pat enter and head toward the table with the seer on it -- but stop dead in their tracks at the sight of something before them. Pat seems quietly pleased but Don looks pretty grim. Two little old ladies sit at the table sipping sodas.

PAT
(ironic, to Don)
Well! Someone's sitting in front of our
Mystic Seer.

Don's in no mood for irony. Pat turns and walks over to the counter. She looks up to see that Don still stares at the little old ladies.

PAT
Don?

A frustrated Don turns to her stiffly.

PAT
Why don't you try this one? Or one of the
others? I'm sure that--

Don joins her at the counter but keeps his eyes on the little old ladies. Don and Pat sit at the counter. Don tries unsuccessfully to contain his frustration.

PAT
Don?

DON
(still staring)
What?

PAT
Well, look at me.

Don looks at her.

PAT

Well, you-you really don't think that...
that gizmo can foretell the future, do you?

DON

It foretold ours.

PAT

How? How did it?

The counterman arrives and brings them a couple of glasses
of water.

COUNTERMAN

Oh, back already. What'll you have?

DON

(to Pat)

Honey?

PAT

Oh, I'll have some iced coffee, please.

COUNTERMAN

(to Don)

How 'bout you?

DON

Same.

The counterman goes to fetch the drinks. Pat turns to Don.

PAT

All right. How?

DON

When that car almost hit us it was three
o'clock. Exactly when that machine said.

PAT

Don. You said three o'clock. Not the
machine. You decided to sit in here as long
as we did. You. Oh, this is ridiculous.
Can't you see that you made up all the
details -- and all that-that thing did was
give back generalities?

DON

What are you getting so upset about?

PAT

You. That you could even consider the possibility that--

DON

Will you listen--?

Don and Pat quiet down as the counterman arrives with the drinks.

DON

(quietly, to Pat)

Will you listen--?

Don suddenly sees that the little old ladies are getting up to leave.

DON

(to the counterman)

Excuse me.

COUNTERMAN

Yes?

DON

Can you give me some pennies?

COUNTERMAN

Oh, sure. How many?

DON

Ten.

The counterman grabs a huge jar of pennies and counts them out as the little old ladies leave the table.

DON

(to Pat)

Come on.

Don rises from the counter and hurries to the now-vacated table. One of the old ladies pays the counterman and they exit the diner. Pat brings the drinks from the counter to the table where Don sits, having already deposited a penny, with his finger under the devil's chin. Unlike

earlier, Pat sits on the opposite side of the table from Don.

DON
(to the seer)
Did you know about the car almost hitting us?

Don pulls the lever and takes the card.

DON
(reads aloud)
"What do you think?"

Don looks at Pat who looks away. Don deposits another penny.

DON
(to the seer)
Will we reach New York all right now?

Don pulls the lever and takes the card. He reads it silently, sighs, and smiles at Pat.

DON
(reads aloud)
"Your chances are good."

PAT
(ironic)
Very precise.

DON
Honey, what do you expect? A slip should come out and say "Hiya, Donsy and Patsy, so how's by you?"

The counterman arrives and clears the table of the little old ladies' soda glasses.

COUNTERMAN
Excuse me.

The counterman leaves with the dirty glasses.

DON

(quietly, to Pat)

I never said these slips were made for us personally. I only said--

PAT

I heard.

(tries to reason with him)

Don. Don't you realize that you could get the same kind of answers from any one of these machines in here? Try and see.

DON

The same kind, maybe, but not the same answers.

Don deposits a penny.

DON

(to the seer)

Will it still take four hours before the car is ready?

Don pulls the lever and takes the card. He reads it silently, breaks into a broad grin, and shows it to Pat.

DON

Hey. "It has already been taken care of."

PAT

(icily)

Swell. Let's go then.

A MAN'S VOICE

(to Don)

Mister?

Don and Pat turn to see the mechanic approaching them. As the mechanic speaks, Don looks first at Pat, who averts her eyes, and then the devil's head, which merely grins at him.

MECHANIC

(to Don)

Your car's ready. Got a lucky break. Found a fuel pump right here in town. Last one they had, too.

(MORE)

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Figured you'd be walking around a couple hours before you finally came to the garage so I come lookin' for ya.

DON

(to the mechanic)

Thank you. We appreciate it. We'll be right over.

MECHANIC

Okey doke.

The mechanic departs.

DON

(pointedly, to Pat)

Coincidence?

PAT

Yes.

DON

All right, then. You ask it some questions. Or are you afraid to?

PAT

(gets an idea)

All right.

Pat deposits a penny.

PAT

(to the seer)

Will we reach Columbus by tomorrow?

DON

(to Pat)

We're not going through Colum--

But Pat knows this and figures she can stump the machine. She pulls the lever. Don takes the card.

DON

(reads aloud)

"If that's what you really want."

Only a little discouraged, Pat deposits a penny.

PAT
(to the seer)
Will I ever be married?

Pat pulls the lever. Don takes the card.

DON
(reads aloud)
"The answer to that is obvious."

Pat deposits a penny. She's a little fazed.

PAT
(to the seer)
It's not possible to foretell the future,
is it?

Don pulls the lever and takes the card.

DON
(reads aloud)
"That's up to you to find out."

Pat deposits a penny. She's almost hysterical now.

PAT
(to the seer)
You're just a stupid piece of junk, aren't
you?

Pat pulls the lever. Don takes the card.

DON
(almost gloating, reads
aloud)
"It all depends upon your point of view."

PAT
I don't want to stay here anymore, Don.

Pat rises abruptly and starts to leave. Don grabs her arm.

DON
Even if it's true?

PAT
Especially if it's true.

DON
What are you talking about? I think you are
afraid of it.

PAT
Not of it.

DON
Of what then?

PAT
Don't you know?

But Don doesn't know. Pat turns and starts to walk away. Don doesn't follow. He stays at the table and fanatically starts asking a series of questions, rapidly depositing pennies, pulling the lever and reading the cards to himself. Pat watches in horror.

DON
(to the seer)
Are we always gonna live in St. Louis? Are
we going to live in the east? Are we going
to live in the west? Are we going to live
in this country?

PAT
Don. Don.

DON
What?

PAT
Let's go.

DON
(stares at the seer)
No.

PAT
Are you just gonna stay here?

DON
I... don't know.

PAT
(crosses to him)
Oh, sweetheart. Listen to me. Please, if
you love me, just listen to me...

Don cradles her face in his hands.

DON
No, you listen to me. This machine is
predicting our future. Do you think I could
just walk away from it?

Don cradles the seer.

PAT
I'm not talking about that machine anymore.
I'm talking about you.

Don is stung by this.

PAT
Are you just going to sit here and let
that... that... that thing run your life?

Pat stalks away and turns her back on Don.

DON
Run my life?

Don stares at the seer for a long moment, then rises and
crosses to Pat.

DON
Run my life?

PAT
(turns to face him)
Isn't that exactly what you're letting it
do? Don, it made you call the office
before. It made you stay here instead of
leave. It made you afraid to walk down the
street. And now it's telling you where
you're going to live. Why, it's as if every
superstitious feeling you ever had is

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)

wrapped up in that one machine. It doesn't matter whether it can foretell the future. What matters is whether you believe more in luck and in fortune than you do in yourself. Well, you can decide your own life.

(reaches out to him)

You have a mind, a wonderful mind. Don't destroy it trying to justify that cheap penny fortune machine to yourself.

DON

Pat...

PAT

(seems dazed)

We can have a wonderful life together, if we make it wonderful... ourselves. I...

Pat buries her face in Don's chest. He embraces her.

DON

Pat...

PAT

(sobs)

I don't want to know what's going to happen. I want us to make it happen.

DON

Don't cry, darling. Don't cry.

The counterman approaches, concerned.

COUNTERMAN

(to Don)

Is there something wrong?

DON

(to the counterman)

No. No, no, it's all right.

The counterman withdraws.

DON

(to Pat)

Don't cry. We'll go. We'll go. You're right, I'm a jerk.

PAT

No, you're not. You're wonderful.

DON

Yes, yes, I am. I'm the world's biggest jerk. Come on. Let's go get our car.

(more to the seer than to Pat)

Yes, that's right. Let's go get our car, we'll drive out of this town and go where we want to go... anytime we please.

PAT

Oh, Don, I love you.

DON

I love you, too, baby.

Don kisses her on the mouth and leads her toward the door, stopping only to pay off the counterman.

DON

(to the counterman)

Keep the change.

COUNTERMAN

(to Don)

Thanks! Come on back now.

Don and Pat exit. The door hasn't even shut behind them when another couple, older and rather desperate looking, enter the diner, and move directly to the table where Don and Pat have spent much of the afternoon. The man places a handful of pennies on the table as they sit. An awkward pause follows.

DESPERATE WOMAN

(resignedly, to the man)

Go ahead.

The man deposits a penny in the Mystic Seer.

DESPERATE MAN
(to the seer)
Can we ask some more questions now?

The man pulls the lever and takes the card. He and the woman silently read it. She sighs in relief. He deposits a penny.

DESPERATE MAN
(to the seer)
Do you think we might leave Ridgeview today?

The man pulls the lever and takes the card. He and the woman silently read it. She sighs again, this time in despair. He deposits a penny.

DESPERATE MAN
(to the seer)
Is there any way out? Any way at all?

Under the narration, the man pulls the lever and takes the card. The woman can't bear to look. He reads the card silently and puts his hand to his mouth. He deposits a penny, asks a question and pulls the lever.

NARRATOR (v.o.)
Counterbalance in the little town of Ridgeview, Ohio. Two people permanently enslaved by the tyranny of fear and superstition, facing the future with a kind of helpless dread...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Don and Pat in their CONVERTIBLE as they leave town via Main Street.

NARRATOR (v.o.)
Two others facing the future with confidence, having escaped one of the darker places of the Twilight Zone.

Don and Pat turn a corner and disappear from view. The Main Street clock reads a little after 3:20.

PAN UP to the sunny sky, DISSOLVE TO a starry night sky and
FADE OUT.