

S C R I P T B Y
CHARLES GUSSMAN

L I G H T S O U T
"One Day It Rained Blood"

VOICE: Lights Out - everybody!

BIZ: CHIMES - WIND TO REGISTER - GONG -

VOICE: One Day It Rained Blood!

(FADING IN)

BIZ: FIERCE MOUNTAIN-TOP WIND - FADE TO -

CRISS: I'm the last man in the world - last normal one, that is. At least I'm not one of thos - those monstrosities down there. Hear 'em? Some of 'em are still moanin' and carryin' on - but most of 'em have just given up. (GASP) If I could only get a breath of air - just one lungful. God! why am I the only one?! . . . I guess I'm lucky. I'm not one of those - those "things" down there. Yeah - I'm lucky. I'll die! - die like a human being. That's a break. I might even be the last guy in the world to die. Me! - Jimmy Crissman - the last guy in the world to die. (GASP FOR AIR) I - I wonder why me? I'm not a good man - not like a saint or anything like that. Just an ordinary guy. I believe in God - but I never did anything about it - didn't pray or save souls - nothing like that. I know - I'm just lucky - just got the breaks, just happened to do the right thing at the right time. (MUSING CHUCKLE) Me - Jimmy Crissman - the last really living man on the earth - and I'll be the last one to die. (THOUGHT) Yeah - and go to heaven, maybe.

CRISS: (CONTINUED)

I'm not going to kill myself yet. I'm going to stick around to see what happens - maybe I'll be in at the end. Lemme see - maybe I better make a record of some sort - maybe somebody will live on the earth again someday and they won't know about this. No t unless I make a record. . . ((FIGHTING TO REMEMBER) Oh - If I could only remember exactly. It's nineteen-forty-nine, I know that. Must be about April: the rain fell in March. Musta been about a month since the World War. It started in nineteen-forty - (BREAK) Gosh, I can't remember - either nineteen-forty-three or-four. The last world war - really the last world war - that's what it was. People said it'd never stop until everybody in the world was killed. They didn't know it'd end this way. I oughta remember the date of the rain - that's important. Lemme see - my leave was to start at four o'clock on Friday - and I was waiting for the scoutin' flight to land - (FADING) -and Burke and me had just heard the plane circlin' -

(OUT)

(FADING IN)

BURKE: (IMPATIENTLY) Hey - discard! Are ya playin' rummy or are

ya readin' the stars for yer horryscope or somethin'?

CRISS: Yeah-yeah. I just heard the planes -

BURKE: What of it? Huh? Discard!

CRISS: Okay - don't get excited. There.

BURKE: What'sa matter - are ya dopey er sumpin'? I'll just take these. Three queens on the board and you just let 'em lay.

CRISS: Burke -

BURKE: Yeah?

CRISS: Did you ever see a sky like that before? - red that way?

BURKE: I dunno. Maybe onc't when the paper warehouse boined near our house. Sky was like that then.

CRISS: No - not like that. The sky is kind of a bright red when there's a fire near.

BURKE: Yeah - it wasn't dark red like it is now. Wonder what causes it. . . The sun drawin' water, maybe?

CRISS: (NEGATIVELY) Uh-hn. - then it'd be red only in the west. Look over toward the east; it's the same color.

BURKE: (SOFTLY) Kinda creepy, ain't it? Like the sun is drawin' blood instead of water. I wonder - could that happen, Criss?

CRISS: Naw. . . Looks like it though..

BIZ: AIRPLANE CIRCLING OVERHEAD -

BURKE: There ain't enough blood in the world to make the whole sky red like-(SHAKILY) - is there, Criss?

CRISS: Huh? Oh - no - no. It's just - just some freak of nature, (REFLECTIVELY) There've been more than a million guys killed all ready in this lousy war, though..

BURKE: Th-that's why I feel so creepy- like.
(PAUSE)

CRISS: It's going to rain in a little while I'll bet. Feels like it; the air.

BURKE: Yeah. . . Look - the squadrons gonna land. They're coming in at the south end of the field.

CRISS: I can only see three of 'em. Do you see any more?

BURKE: Naw.

CRISS: Three of 'em. Two shot down - and they were just on a scoutin' flight - at five thousand feet.

BIZ: PLANE LANDING - AT DISTANCE -

CRISS: That's Lowry - he's all right.

BURKE: And he has the oldest crate in the service. He's just lucky.

CRISS: With a nineteen- forty-two plane in a nineteen- forty-nine war he is.

BIZ: ANOTHER PLANE LANDING -

BURKE: That's ~~Smiller~~ comin' in. He's another lucky bird if ever I saw one. It's your draw if you're still playing rummy.

CRISS: Let's chuck it. (CALLING) Hey, Lowry! - Lowry!. . .Over here! Commere!

BURKE: Hey! - he don't look so happy.

CRISS: Musta been dog-fightin'. (LOUDER) Who's down, Lowry?

LOWRY: (COMING IN) Bert and Shiller. Nearly got me, too.

CRISS: Run into a flock?

LOWRY: The bird guns - at five thousand feet they picked 'em off. Direct hits.

CRISS: Tough.

BURKE: How did the tomato soup look from up there?

LOWRY: The tomato - (BREAKS OFF) Yeah - I see what you mean. What do you think is goin' on? I never saw a sky like that. It's like blood - that red.

BIZ: RAIN STARTING - HITTING ROOF OF TIN -

BURKE: That's what we were sayin'. It looks like -

CRISS: (INTERRUPTING) There it is. The rain. Hear it? You guys got in just in time.

LOWRY: Yeah - we figured it was arain coming up. That's probably why the sky is that ~~shad~~ shade of red. I never saw it quite -

CRISS: (INTERRUPTING) Hey! that's funny lookin' rain. (GOING AWAY) Either it's the sky that's ~~making~~ it look that way or else - (BREAK) Say! look here -

LOWRY: (COMING IN) What's the matter, Criss? You look like you've seen a - (STOPS)

CRISS: Look at my hand. That's what fell in my hand.

LOWRY: Great Scott! - it's red! The rain is - (BREAK) Criss - it's blood!

BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

CARLON: (FADING IN) - I tell you I don't know what it is. I'm a weather observer - not a chemist -

CRISS: But you've studied weather. Y'ever come across a case like this?

CARLON: Ummm- there ~~was~~ a case of red rain up in one of the Dakotas once. Red clay particles caused it.

BURKE: This stuff ain't got no clay in it. It's just like blood - even smells like it.

CARLON: Okay- okay - it's blood then. (GOING AWAY) I can't niff-gnaw with yoy guys all evenin' - I gotta call weather h.q. -

CRISS: (UNEASILY) Burke -

BURKE: Huh?

CRISS: This - this red rain - it means something. I can feel it in my bones.

BIZ: TWO SHARP BUZZES FROM BUZZER - AWAY -

BURKE: What? What ~~do~~ ya think it means?

CRISS: Maybe it's a sign, Burke. Isn't there something in the Bible about "thou shall not fight".

BURKE: Yeah - in the ten amendments; I loined it in Sunday School.

CRISS: Maybe that's it, Burke - maybe God's getting tired of watchin' guys shootin' at each other. Look at the sky out there - still red - that - that "stuff" - it's still coming down.

BURKE: I don't like the looks of this.

CARLON: (FADING IN) Hello. Weather? This is Carlon, Le Maine station. Report on rain: started four-twelve, temperature 67, wind Southwest at fourteen m.p.h. Barometer falling from - (BREAK) Yeah? I was just going to report on that. Red - red as- as blood. How did you know?

CRISS: (COMING IN) What's the matter? Carlon? Has the rain -

CARLON: (TENSELY) Shut up, Criss. (TO PHONE) Yeah? All of 'em? . . . Good Lord! Are they sure? . . . What do you make of it? . . . Th-that means it must be world wide. . . Okay - and let merknow when y' hear something new, will ya? . . . Thanks. That's all.

BIZ: CLICK OF SWITCH-

CRISS: What is it, Carlon? - why all the excitement?

CARLON: God! -I don't know what to think. It - it's terrible.

BURKE: What's terrible?

CARLON: This red rain; headquarters has reports from every station on the continent.

CRISS: (SHAKILY) All of 'em.

CARLON: Yeah - all of 'em report the same. And Reuters News Service flashed from Ceylon and Honkong, There too.

CRISS: Then it must be world-wide.

CARLON: That's what the h.q. thinks.

(Grand Pause)

BURKE: It - it ain't blood, though - is it?

(PAUSE)

CARLON: That's the worst of it. Chemistry - they analyzed it - and they don't know what it is if it ain't blood.

CRISS: Good God! (LOSING CONTROL) It's a sign! I know it! Just like I said it was! The whole cock-eyed world is done for! He meant it when He said He didn't want killing. Murdering - that's what we've been doing - and this is His answer! (HYSTERICALLY) It'll never stop! - never! - it'll keep comin' down forever! That's how He's stoppin' the killing! (SOB)

CARLON (BARKS) Shut Up! Keep your mouth shut!

CRISS: It won't stop! It'll keep comin' down until we're all dead! (SCREAMS) Stop it! -stop that damnedrain!

BIZ: A SLAP IN THE FACE -

(A PAUSE)

CARLON: I'm sorry, Criss - but this ain't no time to lose your head.

BURKE: Naw-w it ain't nuthin', Criss.

CRISS: (VACANTLY) It's rainin' blood everywhere - it's pourin' down gutters - off roofs - drippin' off peoples faces - (FADING) - and nobody can stop it - nobody in the world - (OUT)

(FADING IN)

BIZ: RAIN BEATING ON ROOF - SUSTAINED -

(FADE OUT)

(FADING IN)

BIZ: TELEGRAPH BUZZER - CONTINUES BEHIND -

VOICE: (THRU FILTER

VOICE: (THRU FILTER) General Bulletin - United Forces Chief of Staff - to all branches of service. Warning! Continue using water from sheltered water supply for drinking purposes only. Under no condition shall any man drink water from wells, springs, or open bodies of water into which the rain might have fallen, or reached in any way. The chemistry service is working day and night to determine the cause of the malignant disease which is resulting from the drinking of water contaminated by the red rain. (FADING) All men are asked to keep calm and maintain order during this great crisis -

(OUT)

(FADING IN)

BIZ: ANGRY MOB - AT SHORT DISTANCE -

LOWRY: We can't hold them much longer. We've got to get some help!

CRISS: Yeah.

LOWRY: They'll rush us before long. You notice they're not so afraid of this gun as they were.

CRISS: This is a dirty job. They're dyin' of thirst. Why should they be afraid of guns? If I could only get thru that mob I'd desert. I didn't join up to keep a mob of poor people who are dyin' from thirst away from a water tower.

LOWRY: I don't like this business any better than ^{an} you do - but at least we have water to drink and that's ~~smore~~ ^{smore} than -

(BREAKS OFF) -- THEN YELLS) Stand back there! Another Step this way and we'll have to shoot!

VOICE: (YELLING FROM DISTANCE) Nous desire l'eau!

(ANGRY ASSENT FROM CROWD)

LOWRY: (YELLING) Stand back! We've got orders to guard this water tower and if you make a move toward us we'll have to shoot.

VOICE: (AGAIN FROM DISTANCE) Nous desire l'eau!

CRISS: What did he say?

LOWRY: The same thing - only in French - "We want water".

CRISS: God, Lowry - why are we keeping it away from them? They're dying of thirst - why are we keeping this away from them?

LOWRY: (BITTERLY) We're keeping it safe for the Brass Hats. They're not taking any chances.

CRISS: Lowry -

LOWRY: Yeah?

CRISS: Have you heard what happens to the people who drink the water that red stuff's in?

LOWRY: I - I've seen one guy. He's still swelling.

CRISS: Yeah? You saw him?

LOWRY: (AFFIRMATIVELY) Uh-huh. It's awful. He's over thirty feet tall - and as big around as ~~the~~ water tank.

CRISS: Lord! And alive too!

LOWRY: Yeah - alive - if you call being like that "living". He can't move a muscle - head's still normal size - but he's gettin' bigger and bigger.

CRISS: That's awful.

LOWRY: Carlon heard that there are five hundred people in London who drank it. (PAUSE) One of them is over sixty feet tall. Sixty!

CRISS: And they keep swellin' and swellin', huh?

LOWRY: Not one of them has stopped growing yet. They grow about eight feet taller a day.

CRISS: Lowry - it's the end of the world, isn't it?

LOWRY: If it doesn't stop - yeah. About every protected water supply in the world has given out and if they don't find something to kill the effect of the red rain - well, it won't be long before everybody will be swelling.

CRISS: Wh-what will we do when this water supply runs out?

LOWRY: How should I know? (CALLING) Stand back there. Hey, you - stand back there!

VOICE: (SCREAMING)* AWAY) Water - I've got to have water!

CRISS: (YELLING) Stand back!

LOWRY: Fire!

BIZ: RAT-A-TAT OF MACHINE GUN FIRE -

(CROWD HUSHES MOMENTARILY)

LOWRY: (EMOTIONALLY) Poor Guy! He went crazy. I feel like an executioner!

CRISS: You had to do it. (PAUSE) What are we doing here, Lowry? - we're just sittin' around waitin' to die - that's what! When the water's gone - the water in the tank - then we're goners too.

(MOR STARTS AGAIN - BUILD SLOWLY -)

LOWRY: Yeah - but we can't do anything about it. We'll just have to sit here. Maybe something will happen. A way to counteract the effects of it will be found soon. All the scientists in the world are working on it now.

CRISS: How do we know they'll find a way? We don't. They won't! - Lowry! - can't you see it! This is the way the world is ending. Somethings behind it all, Lowry - something we don't

CRISS: (CONTINUED)

-know about. It isn't just an accident!

LOWRY: Oh, shut up, Criss. You've been going on like that for a week now. Just save the silver bullet in your gun for yourself.

CRISS: I'm not afraid any more. I'm not the only guy in this boat.

LOWRY: Yeah. . . Look at that mob. They're going to rush us before long. (YELLING) Stand back! - all of you!

CRISS: We can't keep 'em back much longer. Poor devils!

LOWRY: What are those people doing over there by the pond? You don't think they're intending to drink out of - (BREAK) (THEN YELLING) - Stop! Don't drink that! For the love of God don't drink it!

(HUSH FALLS OVER MOB)

CRISS: (TENSE WHISPER) Good Lord! that kid - he's taken a drink of the red water.

LOWRY: (ALSO TENSELY) Get ready to run for it. When those people see what happens to the kid - well, they'll rush the tank. (A BOOMING SILENCE)

CRISS: (AGHAST) Lowry! - look at the kid!

LOWRY: I see - I see -

CRISS: (HORRIFIED) He's swelling - you can see him - swelling!

VOICE: (A SCREAM)

(THEN-PANDEMONIUM- SCREAMS, MOANS, SHRIEKS, - A CAPELLA)

BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

CRISS: (SOFTLY) Lowry. Y'asleep?

LOWRY: (SLIGHTLY AWAY)- ALSO SOFTLY) No. Just lying here - thinking. I've been thinking of the biggest drink of water I've ever had. I was a kid at the scout camp - we had a contest - to see who could drink the most the most water. Lord! - if I could only get in a contest like that again.

CRISS: Lowry - listen to me.

LOWRY: Yeah? What?

CRISS: I'm going to let you in on something.

LOWRY: If you've got anything more interesting than my sweet thoughts of great big cold glasses of water I'll listen.

CRISS: I want you in it with me. Just you and me - nobody else.

LOWRY: Sounds interesting. Anything to beguile the fleeting hours of our lives should be interesting.

CRISS: I'd like to take Burke in on it - but we gotta think about ourselves. Don't you think so?

LOWRY: I don't know what you're talking about - but I agree with you.

CRISS: (LOWERS VOICE TO WHISPER) I have some water.

LOWRY: (ALoud) You have what!

CRISS: (QUICKLY) Sshhhhhh! not so loud. . . Yes, I've got some water - nobody else knows where it is.

(PAUSE)

LOWRY: You've gone out of your head. Go to sleep.

CRISS: I'm not out of my head. I do have some water - I know where some is.

LOWRY: Where?

CRISS: Promise you'll come in it with me?

LOWRY: You serious?

CRISS: (IMPATIENTLY) Certainly I'm serious!

LOWRY: Sure - sure I'm in it, then.

CRISS: Just you and me. Here's what I did. You know the water tanks in LV-5 bombers -

LOWRY: Sure - hundred gallon - but they were all emptied a week ago when they knew there was going to be a shortage.

CRISS: Sure - sure - I know that - but - (LOWERS VOICE) I filled one up again the next day - on the q.t.

LOWRY: (STARTLED) And you've been -

CRISS: (INTERRUPTING) Yeah - I've been sneakin' in the hangar once a day to get a drink.

LOWRY: Why! - you lousy bum. Why didn't you tell me? - I'm dying of thirst and you -

CRISS: (INTERRUPTING) Shut up. I've let you in on it, haven't I?

LOWRY: I'm going to get out there now and -

CRISS: (BREAKS IN) Not now. Wait till I tell you something!

LOWRY: Make it snappy.

CRISS: There's enough water in it to last us two for a month.

LOWRY: What are we waiting for?

CRISS: Wait! . . . Here's my idea. I can't keep sneaking out to the hangar much longer without being caught - you know that. Well, - (PAUSE) -lets steal the plane.

LOWRY: Steal it! We can't do that. That'd be -

CRISS: Sure - it's treason or something. They'd shoot us if there was an army any more - but there isn't. There's no law, Lowry - not any longer. It's every man for himself now. We have our chance and we're going to take it.

LOWRY: I don't know whether I'm ready to declare a moral anarchy yet, Criss. We're going to die, Criss - everybody is going to die someday. We've got to peace to arrange with our Maker.

CRISS: You're talkin' crazy, Lowry. You want to live, don't you? Listen. We can steal the bomber - it's got a cruising range of nine thousand miles at three hundred miles an hour.

LOWRY: This is no time to talk specifications -

CRISS: Just listen. She takes off at a hundred miles an hour. That means that we could keep her in the air at eighty miles an hour if we're careful. We could cruise around for a hundred and twelve hours if we're careful.

LOWRY: You've got it all figured out, haven't you?

CRISS: (PUGNACIOUSLY) Sure I have! I'm not going to curl up and die. We're fighting for time. The water'll be back to normal soon - we can cruise around - maybe find some pure water someplace.

(PAUSE)

LOWRY: Okay. I'm in.

CRISS: Just you and me. I'd like to take Burke, too - but we can't take all our friends. We've got to look out for ourselves.

LOWRY: You're doing a first-flight job of that.

CRISS: Don't get smart. I'm lettin' you in on something.

LOWRY: Okay. Go ahead. My integrity's at low ebb. What first?

CRISS: We'll get dressed now - in the dark - get out to the hangar. We can get the - (BREAKS OFF) - Pssst! Somebody's comin'!

(PAUSE)

(PAUSE)

BIZ: DOOR OPEN - AWAY - HEAVY STEPS -

(PAUSE)

CRISS: (ALoud - BUT SHAKILY) That you, Burke?

BURKE: (AWAY) Yeah.

CRISS: Don't turn on the lights.

BURKE: I won't.

LOWRY: Where've you been all this time?

BURKE: Never mind. I want you to do me a favor.

LOWRY: Sure, Burke, - if I can.

BURKE: I want you to shoot me.

(PAUSE)

LOWRY: You're drunk.

BURKE: (ANGRILY) I said I want you to shoot me! Kill me!

LOWRY: (SOOTHINGLY) Take it easy, guy. Come over and sit down on the bed.

BURKE: I said I want you to shoot me! - don't you hear?! - shoot me! I'm goin' over! We're all goin' ~~suicide~~ - I want you to shoot me. I'm not goin' to die of thirst!

CRISS: (HOTLY) We're not goin' to do it, Burke! Do your own dirty work! If you can't stick it -

BURKE: (OVERSHADING HIM) I would!! - if I could. . . (THEN MORE SUBDUED) I drank some of the red water.

LOWRY: What!

CRISS: You fool!

BURKE: Sure I did it! We're all goin' to die, aren't we? Well I wanted to see how big I can be before I die!

CRISS: You cock-eyed crazy fool!

LOWRY: Don't you know, Burke? Haven't you heard?

(PAUSE)

BURKE: Haven't I heard what?

CRISS: You can't die. They've tried to -

LOWRY: (BREAKS IN) Let me tell him. . . Burke, you've gotten a lousy break - you didn't hear. The people who have drunk that water - they can't die, they can't be killed. It's been tried. The men at the front - the ones who drank the water - they even stood in front of canons - been blown full of holes - but they can't die.

BURKE: (SCREAMS) Good God! But you've gotta try! Lissen, Guys - please - you've gotta try! I can't get my hand up to my head with the gun - I've started to swell already! You've gotta help me!

LOWRY: (SOOTHINGLY) Sure, Burke - we'll try. If you'dve only waited. We could havedone - done something else.

BURKE: (SOFTLY) Wh-ehat do you mean?

LOWRY: Never mind now. . . You're sure you want me to do it, are ya?

BURKE: (PLEADINGLY) Please, Lowry - I've always been your friend. Just try - taht'sall I'm asking - just try.

LOWRY: Okay, Burke. Give me your pistol. (SHAKILY) You want me to pray or something?

BURKE: Just shoot. You pray for me - if I get over.

LOWRY: (SOFTLY) So long, old man.

CRISS: (TREMBLING) Good bye, Burke. H-happy landings.

(GRAND PAUSE)

BIZ: A SHOT -

BURKE: (SCREAMS) Again! Shoot Again!

CRISS: (MOANING) Ohhhh-

BIZ: FIVE MORE SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION -

(PAUSE)

BURKE: The pain's less - less -less - but I'm -I - I'm still
alive - (SOB) -

BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

(FADING IN)

BIZ: STEADY DRONE OF AIRPLANE MOTORS -

CRISS: Want me to take over for a while, Lowry?

LOWRY: (WEARILY) I don't care. . . Criss, why don't we just get it
get it over?

CRISS: Get it over? What d'ya mean?

LOWRY: You know what I mean. We can't go on like this forever.
We've got to land sometime - can't ^{just} fly around like
this. Let's - let's just put these silver bullets in the
brain while we can.

CRISS: Don't talk like a fool.

LOWRY: It's a lost world, Criss - it's doomed. We may be
the last normal men alive today - but there's no letting
up.

CRISS: We've ^{still} got enough water to last three weeks - something
may happen before it's gone.

LOWRY: Then what? No use living in a world like this.
Three billion people - now they're either dead or
they're swelled up to the size of - I don't know what.

CRISS: Something may happen!

LOWRY: (IRRITABLY) Quit saying that. Nothing's going to happen.
Those "things" that were once people will just go on d
gathering charge they're being pushed back into the crowd.
There's no place on the earth for the living.

CRISS: I'm going on. I'm going to be in at the end. I might kill myself when the water gives out - but I'm going to hang on till the last.

LOWRY: You're a fool.

(PAUSE - DRONING OF MOTORS UP A BIT)

LOWRY: I've made up my mind. I'm going to do it.

CRISS: Wait, Lowry - please. We're over India - look - down there.

LOWRY: What of it?

CRISS: Take her down to about five hundred feet. We can see what's going on.

LOWRY: We know what's going on. People are swelling and swelling .

LO Maybe the bodies are two deep by this time. I don't get any kick seeing that again.

CRISS: Let's just look around once more -

LOWRY: Okay. I'm going to see how fast we can dive, though. Got nothing to lose now. . . Set?

CRISS: Set.

BIZ GUNNING MOTORS - ROAR - THEN WHISTLING- HOLD -

CRISS: (YELLING OVER THE DIN) Pull ~~it~~ out! Pull 'er out!

BIZ: MOTORS EASE UP A BIT -

LOWRY: (YELLING) I can't - I can't pull - (EXERTION) I can't -

BIZ: CRACKING - THEN - LOUD CRASH - THE PLANE, OF COURSE -

(FADE OUT)

BIZ: GONG - REGISTER AND FADE -

(FADING IN)

BIZ: WIND ETC. AS AT FIRST -

CRISS: Yeah - I'm the last man in the world alive. Living like a human, that is. These "things" - they're still gettin' bigger and bigger. . . Lowry got killed when we crashed on the mountain peak - but he probably didn't care. I'm glad I didn't get killed though. It's quick a kick being the last man alive on a world that's had men on it for - oh, for millions of years at least. The water all spilled before we crashed - but I don't care. I've got my gun - so when I get thirsty - boom! - the last man in the world will be gone. (GASP) I wish I had brought a supply of oxygen. I didn't think air'd ever be scarce - but it is to me. Not much oxygen on a mountain peak - and those three billion monsters are still breathin' - the ones who are three hundred feet tall are probably takin' in five cubic feet of air at a breath. Bet the air is scarce down there in the valley - the ~~monsters~~ are piled at least three deep. . . It's funny - (I suppose you could call it funny) - that's why ~~the last man in the world wanted~~ - because some countries wanted territory to expand. They didn't know what it meant to ^{need to} really expand, did they? They didn't know that people - people three and four hundred feet tall - would be piled two and three deep because they haven't got the territory to - to "expand". I think it is funny - don't you? Wonder what's goin' to happen to those "things"? They can't be killed - Just go on breathing, fightin' for air now - only harder

GRISS: (CONTINUED)

I suppose - especially the ones with a couple other giants four hundred feet tall piled on top of 'em. . . Who'd ever have dreamed something like this could happen? I've had nightmares - some pretty terrible ones - but they weren't even one teeny bit as bad as this - and this is real. This is the end of the world!

(LONG PAUSE)

I - I'm gettin' thirsty. Really thirsty. I guess I've seen all there isto see - and it's getting pretty hard to breathe, too. . . I should write something on a rock about this - when the world ended and all that. Ummm - but what's the use? It'll be a million years before another thing like arman comes out of (e v what is it they call it?) the primordeal ooze? I guess it wouldn't make much difference to people a million years from now that we once lived here too.

(PAUSE)

Well - I kinda wish I had somebody to say Goodbye to.

(SIGH) But I haven't.

(PAUSE)

Gosh, I'm thirsty.

BIZ: A GUNSHOT - MOUNTAIN WIND UP AND HOLD FOR -

THE GONG - REGISTER, UP AND OUT -

ANNOUNCER: "ONE DAY IT RAINED BLOOD" - written for LIGHTS OUT by Charles Gussman, produced by Gordon T. Hughes - was presented from our Chicago studios.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)