

“A Sunday Drive”

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Opening Narration

The pair of legs hanging out from under the hood of that car belong to Winston Thurman. He has been working on that coveted, vintage auto for a year much to the consternation of his wife. It has not run a single day, and she has told him it is destined for the junk yard. But today, it will run, and Mr. and Mrs. Thurman will be taking a Sunday drive on a one way, dead end street straight into...*The Twilight Zone*.

Closing Narration

If someone tells you that an automobile is just a bunch of nuts and bolts without a mind of its own, the proof to dissuade them of such a simple notion can be found around the next curve in the road in...*The Twilight Zone*.