

The Man Who Rode Into Nowhere: A Twilight Zone Tale of Asphalt, Identity, and Oblivion

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In *The Man Who Rode Into Nowhere*, the Twilight Zone returns to its roots: metaphysical parable disguised as desert noir. A nameless Harley rider, untethered from society, family, and destination, cruises an empty highway that loops not through geography, but through psyche. Gas stations barter memory. Diners serve repetition. Mirrors speak truths the mouth dares not. The road tightens. The past echoes. And when the final turn comes, it does not lead outward—but inward. This 12-part narrative unfolds in cinematic beats, each scene peeling back a layer of the rider's detachment until nothing remains but a fading self confronting its own absence. It is *Easy Rider* by way of Camus, *Sartre on two wheels*, with Rod Serling as our metaphysical guide. The tale builds to a stunning epilogue in which motion, freedom, and identity collapse into the terrifying possibility that the self was always the only road—and the only rider. For readers drawn to existential fiction, symbolic landscapes, and stories that haunt long after the engine dies, this episode stands among the most psychologically potent journeys ever told in Serling's haunted corridor of consciousness: *The Twilight Zone*.

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1: Prologue – Rod Serling’s Entrance

Black screen. The low, guttural rumble of a motorcycle engine fades in—slowly at first, then rising like a storm approaching from far across the desert. A single headlight emerges from the darkness, casting sharp, skeletal shadows across the broken asphalt.

Fade in: a long, two-lane highway cutting through a barren American nowhere. No signs. No towns. No traffic. Just emptiness.

Rod Serling steps into frame, stage-left, impeccably dressed in his dark suit, eyes like coals that see too much. The wind moves his lapel slightly. He stands still as the motorcycle approaches behind him in the distance.

Rod Serling (to camera):

"Meet a man with no address, no clock, and no destination.

He answers to no name, not because it’s hidden—but because he’s long forgotten it.

His only companion is the machine beneath him, a creation of steel, rubber, and combustion...

but what drives him is neither oil nor gasoline—it’s something far less stable."

Cut to the rider now, pulling his helmet off slowly. He’s in his late 40s—face worn not by time, but by thought. Eyes like dried rivers. He lights a cigarette. Says nothing. The world seems to wait for him to move.

Rod Serling (voice continuing):

"Some men ride to feel free. Some to forget.

But this one rides because there’s nowhere left to be.

What he’s left behind, he’s burned. What’s ahead, he does not care to know.

You might call him a philosopher... if philosophers left skid marks."

The rider revs the engine once, then stares down the endless highway. Mirage heat shimmers in the distance. Time stands still.

Rod Serling (now back on camera):

"Tonight, he will ride across a landscape not found on any map—
A place where signs don't point to towns, but to truths.
Where the road does not lead to salvation or damnation,
but to the quiet horror of self-recognition."

"He is not lost.

He is the destination.

And he's about to arrive...

in the Twilight Zone."

Cue eerie theme. Fade to black. Then: thunder. The journey begins.

2: The Endless Horizon

Fade in:

A cracked, sun-bleached stretch of highway unfolds into the infinite—no billboards, no exit signs, no landmarks. Just two worn yellow lines snaking forward like veins through the desert's ribcage. Heat waves shimmer above the surface, warping reality into a mirage of itself.

The Harley-Davidson growls like an ancient predator. The rider sits still atop it—back straight, face unreadable, eyes hidden behind dark lenses that reflect only the emptiness before him.

There is no music, no wind but the one generated by movement. The only sound is engine, tire, and the occasional hiss of hot rubber kissing dust.

He passes a road sign—rusted, bullet-pocked, half-collapsed. The paint is faded to illegibility. The numbers "121" flicker into view... and then vanish. Two miles later, another sign: "Mile 121" again. Identical.

He glances at his handlebar GPS, mounted but cracked. The screen glitches, flickering nonsense:
LOADING...

RECALCULATING...

ERROR: NO NETWORK.

Then it freezes on a single line:

“DESTINATION UNKNOWN.”

The rider doesn't flinch. He doesn't question the repetition. He doesn't speed up or slow down. He simply shifts gears and continues forward as though caught between duty and apathy.

His odometer ticks upward. But the world does not change.

A jackrabbit darts across the road, only to vanish halfway through its leap—cut out of reality like a missing frame of film. The rider sees it, but he gives no reaction.

He passes another road sign: again, “Mile 121.”

This time, it's hanging upside down.

The sky above is an unmoving canvas—blue without gradient, cloudless, static. Like the background of a set too large to comprehend. The sun sits motionless, locked in a late-afternoon paralysis.

He opens the throttle a little more—not to reach anything, but because he wants to hear the engine scream.

Time has become scenery.

Distance has become ritual.

Meaning has become road noise.

The camera pans out, pulling back to show him as a tiny dot in a massive void of scrub brush and dust.

And then—quietly—the horizon ahead of him bends, not naturally, but like an optical loop. He doesn't notice it yet. But we do.

He rides into it.

Cut to black.

3: The Station Without Time

Fade in:

The road bends without a curve. The Harley slows—not from the rider’s will, but from some unspoken decision in the machine itself. Ahead: a lone gas station, standing like a relic from a dream—half-abandoned, half-preserved, with peeling white siding, a single working pump, and a fluorescent sign that hums but bears no name.

There is no brand. No price board. No logos. No clock.

The rider pulls in.

The air is perfectly still, as if time has been paused in a glass bottle. No insects. No birds. No breeze. Only the soft ticking of the cooling engine and the faint buzz of the overhead light, flickering in a slow Morse code that means nothing.

The gas pump clicks on by itself—the nozzle lifting with quiet grace, inserting into the tank with a kind of eerie automation. No buttons are pressed. No card is swiped.

Gas flows.

The rider steps away from the bike, lights a cigarette, and surveys the small office of the station. Inside, beyond the dusty window, sits a man—thin, gray-stubbed, wearing a faded mechanic's shirt with a name patch that has been scratched out.

He’s reading a book. A thick one. Sartre’s *Being and Nothingness*.

The rider pushes open the door. A soft chime rings overhead, but the sound is dull, like it’s been traveling a long time to arrive here.

Clerk (without looking up):

“You’re early. Or maybe the road’s late. Either way, you’re here.”

The rider says nothing. Just watches him turn a page.

Clerk:

“Don’t worry about the pump. It knows what you need. It always does.”

Rider (quietly):

“How much?”

Clerk (smiles faintly):

“We don’t take cash. We take something more... precise.”

He reaches under the counter and slides across a small glass vial, the size of a baby tooth container. Inside: a swirling, smoky image. A memory.

It’s a child’s drawing—crayons on cheap paper. A motorcycle. A figure with wild hair. The word “DAD” scribbled underneath.

The rider sees it and flinches slightly—a hairline fracture in his stoicism. But he doesn’t protest.

Rider:

“That wasn’t part of the deal.”

Clerk (shrugs):

“There was never a deal. Just the ride. The payment is up to the pump.”

Outside, the nozzle retracts, the gas cap closes, and the Harley roars softly—as if rejuvenated, or perhaps, sated.

Clerk (leaning in):

“You’ll pass the diner next. Same pie. Same waitress. Same question.

Answer how you like. It won’t matter.”

(He pauses, then adds)

“But don’t skip the loop. That’s where the mirror waits.”

The rider walks out. Doesn’t look back.

The chime above the door rings again, this time in reverse.

He mounts the Harley and rides off. The vial remains on the counter, slowly evaporating into nothing.

The clerk marks a tally on a notepad beneath the counter.

Camera lingers on the Sartre book, now open to a page with a single underlined line:

“Man is nothing else but what he makes of himself.”

Fade to black.

4: The Diner of Repetition

Fade in:

The Harley pulls up in front of "Mae's Diner", its neon sign flickering with uncertain electricity—M and R blink out intermittently, leaving "AE'S DINE" to glow dimly against the coming dusk.

The rider dismounts and steps inside.

A small bell over the door rings—not joyfully, but like the toll of a minor sin. Inside: the exact kind of diner memory would invent—checkered floor, cracked red vinyl booths, yellowing menus laminated so many times they've become cloudy. A lone ceiling fan rotates in slow protest overhead.

And in the corner, near the window, sits a jukebox.

It's playing Patsy Cline's "I Fall to Pieces"—softly, warbled, and warped at the same point every time: the word "*pieces*" stretches unnaturally, as if recorded in a loop inside a dream that regrets itself.

There are no customers except for one silent man in a tan suit who stares into a cup of black coffee that never steams.

The rider sits at the counter.

Waitress:

A woman in her mid-50s appears from the back, wearing a nametag that says "June". Her lipstick is perfect. Her hair is untouched by time. She smiles, exactly the same as always.

June:

“Still searching?”

Rider (flatly):

“No.”

He never hesitates. He’s said this before.

She nods like clockwork and pours him a cup of coffee he didn’t ask for.

Steam rises. The only heat in the place.

June:

“You’ll want the pie. You always do.”

She sets down a slice of pecan pie before he can answer.

He cuts into it—slowly, precisely—but doesn’t eat.

Camera cuts to his fork—hovering—then cuts to the jukebox, which now stutters the word “*pieces*” three times in a row before continuing. The repetition is no longer subtle.

He glances toward the man in the tan suit. This time, the man looks up—his eyes are the rider’s own, but filled with fear instead of indifference.

Man in Tan Suit (quietly):

“You said no. That’s why we’re still here.”

The rider blinks. The man is gone.

The jukebox stops mid-song. Silence.

Then the opening chords begin again: “I Fall to Pieces.”

June:

“Everything okay, hon?”

Rider:

“How long have I been coming here?”

June (with practiced warmth):

“Long enough to forget.”

He gets up, leaves a few coins—unnecessary—and walks out. The bell rings behind him.

As he mounts the Harley, the jukebox can still be faintly heard through the glass:
“I fall to pieces...”

The diner flickers behind him—not as light, but as memory decaying. He rides on.
But the pie stays untouched.

Fade to black.

5: The Mirror Rider

Fade in:

The Harley slices through a flat desert scape where even mirages dare not appear. No shadows. No signs. No sounds but the engine and the slow, cyclic rhythm of wind brushing the sand like a broom sweeping away names.

It’s the golden hour, but the sun refuses to set—trapped just above the horizon, casting long, cinematic shadows that refuse to stretch farther.

Up ahead, a figure appears—distant at first, then resolving into another rider. Alone. Upright. Coming toward him.

Identical bike.

Identical leathers.

Identical rhythm.

They approach each other in eerie synchrony, neither swerving, neither slowing, until the gap between them narrows to only a few yards.

Then, instinctively, both brake at the same moment.

The two bikes idle face to face in the center of the road, engines rumbling in perfect counterpoint.

The other rider removes his helmet first.

It's him.

Younger.

Cleaner.

Eyes still bright with the fire of unfinished rebellion.

Lips set, not in grim resolve, but in something closer to hope disguised as anger.

The present rider doesn't speak.

The younger version doesn't either.

They stare at each other.

Long enough for silence to become its own language.

Long enough for a crow to land on a road sign that says nothing.

Finally, the younger man raises a single finger—not pointing, not accusing, but more like drawing a line through the air. A line between past and present. A gesture that means:

I became you.

And the unspoken reply:

I remember.

The older rider nods. Not in approval. Not in sorrow. In recognition.

The engines rev—simultaneously.

They pass each other, riding in opposite directions.

The camera lingers on the empty road after they're gone.

But their shadows remain. Still visible. Still facing each other.

Even when the men are miles away.

Off-screen, the faint echo of Rod Serling's voice—not narration, just a whisper:

"He meets himself... not to remember, but to forgive."

Cut to black.

6: The Motel of Blank Pages

Fade in:

The sky has shifted. Not darkened—emptied. No stars. No moon. Just a chalky firmament overhead, as if someone erased the heavens and forgot to redraw them.

The Harley glides into the lot of a roadside motel with no neon sign, no office, and no cars. Just ten identical doors, each numbered in fading brass—Room 1 through Room 10—all closed, all unwelcoming.

He parks in front of Room 6.

There is no key. The door opens as he approaches, like a film cue waiting for its actor.

The room is clean, generic, drained of specificity—the kind of room that hosts breakdowns and bad dreams.

One bed. One chair. A small television bolted to the wall. A nightstand with a drawer.

He sets his helmet down on the chair and opens the drawer.

Inside: a Gideon Bible.

He picks it up. Black cover. Gold letters. Familiar weight.

But when he opens it—

Blank pages.

Every one. Crisp and empty.

He flips quickly, expecting a trap or message, but no: the silence of the void transcribed into paper.

No Genesis. No Exodus. No hope. No warning.

He places it down.

The television turns on by itself.

Static.

Not the kind that crackles, but the kind that stares.

He watches it for a moment, as if it might resolve into an image.

It doesn't.

He looks to the mirror above the dresser.

At first, it behaves.

Reflects the room. Reflects him.

But then—

The image of himself smiles.

His real face does not.

The reflection speaks, though its lips do not move. The voice is clear, quiet, and inside the room without echo.

Reflection (calmly):

"You've arrived."

Rider (not speaking aloud):

"There's no place left to go."

Reflection:

"There never was. Only routes. Only repetitions.

The pie. The gas. The music. The girl with the same question.

All pieces. All pages."

Rider (softly, aloud):

"What do you want?"

Reflection:

"To be known."

He steps closer to the mirror.

The reflection leans in—until their faces are nearly touching across the glass.

His breath fogs the surface. The reflection does not.

Reflection (final line):

“You wrote this story. You just forgot you were reading it.”

The screen on the TV goes dark.

The static ends.

The Bible bursts into flames without heat or smoke, disintegrating into silent ash that dissolves before hitting the floor.

The rider doesn’t move.

Cut to:

He lies in bed, fully clothed, eyes open, staring at the ceiling.

The room is utterly still.

And then:

Outside, the motorcycle roars to life—on its own.

He rises, calmly, mechanically.

Walks outside.

The door closes behind him.

The brass number “6” falls off the door as he walks away.

Fade to black.

7: The Dream Without a Dreamer

Fade in:

Blackness—total, undisturbed.

Then, without transition, the sound of breathing—deep, ragged, human.

Not panic. Not exhaustion.

Endurance.

The frame opens to a wide shot:

An infinite two-lane highway, vanishing into an unreachable horizon, lined with

nothing—no trees, no signs, not even dust.
Just the bare geometry of direction.

He is running.

Barefoot.

Wearing the same clothes from the motel, but now torn, ragged at the edges.

His feet bleed quietly with every slap against the hot asphalt.

But he does not stop. He does not know how.

The Harley is gone.

There is no roar.

Only the soft rhythmic *thwack* of skin against pavement.

And behind him—

A sound.

Not constant. Not clear.

But undeniable:

An engine. Somewhere behind.

It revs. Stops.

Revs again.

Each time, closer.

But never arriving.

He glances back.

Nothing there.

Just the road—clean and cruel, like time itself.

He runs harder.

Above, the sky flickers, as if the atmosphere were an old film reel—frames missing, time skipping.

Sunlight breaks into stutters, shadows jerk like broken puppets.

His breathing grows louder.

So does the engine.

Then, the lines on the road begin to change.

They bend inward, not with curve, but with intention.

They start to spiral—slowly at first, then violently, becoming a vortex of asphalt, sucking in space itself.

He runs straight but gets nowhere.

The horizon contracts—pulling into itself like a punctured lung.

The engine behind him finally screams.

He turns to face it—

And sees nothing but himself, riding, on foot, in slow motion.

His own image chasing him, impossible, unreal, but completely certain.

He stops.

Not from fear. From recognition.

He opens his mouth to speak—

—but has no voice.

His lips form a single word:

“Why?”

And then—

A mirror shatters overhead.

Its shards fall, suspended in mid-air, reflecting not him, but other versions of him—in diner booths, in gas stations, in motel beds, all caught in the same cycle, the same absence of choice dressed up as travel.

The engine behind him cuts off.

Silence.

Complete.

Atomic.

Then:

A whisper.

His own voice, from everywhere and nowhere at once:

“You’re not dreaming me.

I’m dreaming you.”

He falls backward into the road, but the road vanishes beneath him.

He falls—

—through the sky, through memories, through sound—

—and wakes up in the motel bed.

Mouth dry. Eyes wide.

The ceiling above is blank.

His boots are on the floor.

His helmet waits in the chair.

But his feet are bleeding.

Cut to black.

8: The Mechanic of the Abyss

Fade in:

A pale dawn bleeds slowly across the desert sky—not rising, but leaking, like a light that doesn't want to be born.

The Harley cruises along a stretch of highway that seems different—narrower, more eroded, as though the road itself is tiring. The center line is cracked, fading into a kind of fractured Morse code, signaling some cosmic distress call.

Then—the engine coughs.

Once.

Again.

Then stops.

Silence.

The rider coasts to a stop and dismounts.

No smoke. No oil leak. No flat tire.

But something is wrong—not mechanical, but elemental.

He kneels, touches the ground.

The pavement is warm, but soft, like memory. He stands and looks around.

Nothing.

And then—

A man appears.

Not walks up. Not drives in.

Appears.

He stands about twenty feet away.

Tall. Thin.

Wearing a long black coat that dust doesn't touch, and a wide-brimmed hat that casts a shadow even though the sun is weak and directionless.

He approaches with no sound, no footprints, no dust trail.

He stops beside the bike and stares at it for a long time.

Rider:

“You got tools?”

Mechanic (softly):

“Not the kind you’d recognize.”

He crouches beside the Harley and places one hand on the fuel tank, the other on the exhaust pipe—bare-handed, no burn.

He closes his eyes.

A low hum begins to rise from the machine—not engine noise, but something deeper, like a tuning fork vibrating through time.

The headlight flickers. The odometer rolls back—slowly, hesitantly. The mirrors tremble.

Then it stops.

The mechanic rises, wipes his hands on nothing, and looks at the rider.

Mechanic:

“It’s not the bike that’s broken.”

(pause)

“It’s the rider’s route.”

Rider:

“I don’t have a route.”

Mechanic (smiling faintly):

“Exactly.”

The rider stares at him, uncertain if he's hearing a reprimand or a compliment.

Mechanic:

“You’re circling a place you’ve never seen. You’ll find it again when you forget to look.”

Rider:

“I don’t believe in destiny.”

Mechanic:

“Good. Destiny doesn’t believe in you either.”

He begins to walk away, but with each step, he fades—not into distance, but into nonexistence.

By the third step, he’s half-there.

By the fifth, he’s gone.

The rider looks at the Harley. The engine is purring now—idling calmly, as if nothing had ever gone wrong.

He mounts it.

And for the first time in this strange journey, he looks behind him.

There's no road back.

Only sand.

The pavement begins at his tires, and only forward.

He rides.

Cut to overhead shot: the bike shrinking into the distance, swallowed by horizonless desert. But from above, we see the road isn't straight anymore. It's coiling, curling in like a spiral.

Fade to black.

9: The Road That Curves Inward

Fade in:

The engine hums beneath him—obedient, almost contemplative.

The rider moves forward on the now narrowing road, flanked by sand on both sides. But something is subtly, irrevocably wrong.

He passes a dead coyote on the shoulder. Eyes glazed, ribs protruding, a single fly orbiting like a planet with nowhere to land.

He rides on.

A few hundred yards ahead, a crushed beer can lies just beside the centerline—its silver gleam oddly bright against the muted earth tones. He notes it, but doesn't slow.

He rides on.

A minute later—the same dead coyote.

Same position. Same orbiting fly.

Another few seconds—the same beer can.

He lifts one hand from the bars, briefly rubs his eyes beneath the sunglasses, then rides on.

Again—coyote. Can.

The road's gentle curve, which once felt like an incidental bend, now feels like a spiral, tightening with every loop.

No signposts. No turnoffs.

Only forward.

Only inward.

The Harley responds to the turn as though trained, leaning into the curve that never ends, as though the machine knows the ritual even if the rider doesn't.

He slows.

The engine's purr becomes a question.

Coyote. Can. Again.

Now he stops.

Parks the bike. Walks up to the coyote. Bends down.

It isn't decaying. Not fresh, not rotted. Just... stuck in time.

He picks up the beer can. It's warm—not from the sun, but from handling, as though he's already touched it.

His initials are scratched faintly into the aluminum.

He drops it.

Looks around.

The desert feels closer now—not geographically, but psychically, like the sand is pressing in from all directions, erasing the concept of "next."

He walks back to the Harley. Stares down the looping road.

Then looks up.

Above him, the sky has taken on a strange geometry: clouds arranged in concentric rings, like ripples from a stone tossed into eternity.

And in the center of those ripples, directly overhead, is a black dot.

It doesn't move.

He starts the bike.

Camera pulls back slowly as he rides again, the loops tightening visibly. Each revolution takes less time.

And the scenery, once flat and impassive, now seems to fold into itself, like pages of a book turning back toward the beginning.

And suddenly, a realization—not loud, not dramatic, but crystalline:

"I'm not traveling through anything.

I'm traveling within."

The road is not a path.

It is a structure.

An echo chamber.

And he is the sound bouncing inside it.

He hits the throttle.

The Harley roars—not in defiance, but in acceleration toward the truth.

Ahead, a sign emerges.

Not in the distance, but from within the loop itself, like an object rising from deep water.

It says only:

"YOU."

Cut to black.

10: The Signpost That Reads “You”

Fade in:

The road is now a tight spiral, nearly a circle—each revolution shorter, more urgent. The horizon has collapsed into a mere suggestion; what lies beyond the next bend no longer promises change, only return.

The Harley slows, not because the rider commands it, but because the road seems to inhale—drawing everything inward, suspending motion in a pause so profound it feels predestined.

Then—a sign.

Standing crooked in the sand like an ancient mile-marker.

Its wood is dark and cracked, the metal bolts rusted to near dissolution.

On it, a single word, painted in black strokes that look fresh, even wet:

“YOU”

Just that. No arrow. No distance. No interpretation.

The rider stops.

The engine dies with an exhale, like a sigh of recognition.

He dismounts.

Walks toward the sign.

The air changes—thickens.

Dust begins to rise around him—not blown by wind, but lifted, as if stirred by unseen memory.

It swirls at his feet, in small spirals that echo the road behind him.

Time itself seems to still—not freeze, but wait.

No sound. Not even the wind.

He stands before the sign.

His own name flickers across it, faintly, briefly—then vanishes.

It doesn't want to be remembered.

Or perhaps, it only appears to those who already know it.

He reaches out—

But does not touch it.

He understands that if he does, the illusion will become fact, and he is not yet ready to be fact.

Around him, the road is gone.

The spiral has collapsed into a perfect circle around the sign, a closed loop with him at the center.

He looks down.

The dust that swirled at his feet has now formed letters, shifting and reforming in real time, as though spelling out every thought he's never spoken aloud.

Words like:

"Father."

"Flight."

"Forget."

"Freedom."

"Fall."

Then the words scatter, blown away by a wind that has no origin.

He turns his back to the sign.

Looks at the Harley.

But now, the motorcycle appears smaller, as if reduced in scale.

It waits, but it no longer leads.

He knows—riding away would only bring him back here.

He removes his gloves.

Then his jacket.

He feels the air for the first time—not the temperature, but the weight of it. The presence.

Then, for the first time since the journey began, he sits down—cross-legged, right there before the sign, in the dust.

He does not pray.

He does not cry.

He just breathes.

And the world breathes with him.

Camera pans slowly upward—past the figure, past the sign, into the sky above.

The black dot at the center of the cloud-ripples is now pulsing—not light, not shadow.

Something else.

The camera lingers.

The sign remains.

So does the rider.

Cut to black.

11: The Final Turn

Fade in:

He stands again.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

The dust no longer swirls. It simply falls, like exhausted ash.

He walks to the Harley—still waiting, still faithful.

He mounts without hesitation. No gloves. No jacket. No helmet.

Just the man, the machine, and the moment.

He kicks the engine once.

It starts.

But not with the usual roar.

A quieter sound. Deeper. Final.

As though the motorcycle knows: this is not a continuation.

This is the exit cue.

The spiral road is gone.

Only one path lies ahead now: a straight line into a sky that no longer holds shape.

He rides.

The front wheel bites the sand-covered pavement, and suddenly the road appears beneath him again—not built, but unveiled, piece by piece, just enough to carry him forward.

But now—behind him—the world begins to vanish.

Trees disintegrate into lines of code and float upward like undone constellations.

Mountains flatten. Skies unravel. The clouds fold back into blank canvas.

He glances in the rearview mirror.

Nothing.

Then—less than nothing.

Unbeing.

A rolling absence eats the landscape from the back of his gaze.

His taillight is the last red point in a dying dream.

He rides faster.

But not in fear.

Not even in escape.

He rides because there is no more place to be but the end of the line.

The mirror shows only him now.
No road. No desert.
Only his own image, flickering, degrading at the edges.
The fuel gauge reads ∞ .
He grips the handlebars tighter.
Then, the speedometer dissolves.
The handlebars begin to fade. The grips turn to smoke in his palms.
He keeps riding, though the bike is no longer there.
His body still leans forward into the wind.
But even the wind is evaporating.
Now—only a frame of the man remains, streaking forward into a space with no dimensions.
And finally, even he begins to go—first the boots, then the legs, torso, arms...
Until only his eyes remain, still looking forward, wide open, impossibly still.
Then:
A beat of silence.
And the eyes blink once—
—and vanish.
The screen lingers on empty space.
Then a final flash:
A single word, written in dust across blackness:
“You.”
Fade to black.

12: Epilogue – Rod Serling’s Closing Words

Fade in:

Black screen.

A soft wind returns—the first true sound we’ve heard since the collapse.
It brushes through emptiness like a whisper trying to remember its own voice.

From stage left, Rod Serling steps into frame, his black suit untouched by dust, his presence crisp and absolute, as if he alone survived the narrative collapse.

He stands not in a landscape, but in a void shaped like a memory—the trace of the desert road behind him, now just a sketch in negative space.

He looks directly into the camera.

Rod Serling:

“Some journeys take you somewhere.
Others take you away from something.
But once in a while, a journey reveals that the road itself...
never truly existed.”

“Tonight, we followed a man with no destination, no map, and no name.
He wasn’t running from the law.
He wasn’t chasing a dream.
He was riding the only vehicle still left to him: his own consciousness.”

Serling walks slowly forward, his shoes making no sound on the invisible floor.

“He passed gas stations that asked for memory.
Diners that served repetition.
Mirrors that told the truth without permission.
And a final signpost that pointed not to a town or a city,
but to the only thing he’d been trying to escape—himself.”

He pauses. The silence behind him is alive, as if waiting to judge.

“We tell ourselves that freedom lies in motion.
That forward is progress.
That the open road leads away from pain.
But sometimes—just sometimes—forward is just a tighter circle.
And the only thing waiting at the center...
is the self we refused to become.”

He turns once to glance at the space where the sign once stood.

Nothing.

He turns back.

“This wasn’t a tale about motorcycles or highways.
It was a parable about freedom without meaning,
motion without direction,
selfhood without center.”

“And if you find yourself on such a road—
circling signs that say ‘You’
and asking questions that answer only with silence—
take care.”

“Because you may not be traveling through space...
but through that tightest of corridors—the one between your ears.”

He steps backward now, into the dark.

“And when the dust settles, and the road ends,
if there’s anything left at all—
it may only be a question:
Was I ever really moving?
Or was I just the ghost of my own intent?”

His face fades into shadow.

His voice remains one final moment:

“Our rider has disappeared.

But then again, maybe he never was.

He was just the final echo...

on a highway found only in the Twilight Zone.”

Cue iconic Twilight Zone theme.

Fade to black.

Roll credits.

End of episode.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

