

MY
FAVORITE MARTIAN

"THE MEMORY PILL"

Written

by

Benedict Freedman

Prod. #6242

May 25, 1964

JACK CHERTOK TELEVISION, INC.

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CAST

UNCLE MARTIN

TIM O'HARA

MRS. BROWN

DR. NICHOLS

SETS

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM

INT. MRS. BROWN'S LIVING ROOM

EXT. PORCH - TIM'S APARTMENT

EXT. TIM'S GARAGE & DRIVEWAY

INT. TIM'S GARAGE

INT. TIM'S KITCHEN

MY FAVORITE MARTIAN

"THE MEMORY PILL"

FADE IN:

1 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM - UNCLE MARTIN 1

at desk in living room, working, Martian-fashion. That is, UNCLE MARTIN leans back in comfort, hands clasped behind his head, while the PENCIL RACES of its own accord across a pad of legal-size paper. The SOUND of Tim whistling comes over scene and distracts Uncle Martin. He wrinkles his brow. The pencil STOPS, REVERSES itself and ERASES the last word. More WHISTLING, o.s. Uncle Martin looks off with annoyance.

2 ANOTHER ANGLE

2

taking in TIM perched on the back of the couch, phone in hand, dialing a number and whistling away.

TIM

(into phone)

Hi, Cynthia -- I mean Joanie --
this is Tim.

(pause)

No, honest, I wasn't thinking
of another girl...

(pause)

Cynthia, I don't even know a
Joanie -- I mean, Joanie, I
don't even know a --

He doesn't get to finish. There is a CLICK as Joanie hangs up.

TIM

(continuing;
into phone)

Joanie... Joanie!

(hangs up)

I don't know what's the matter
with me. I must have Cynthia
on the brain.

MARTIN

Typical.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

I suppose you never have a memory lapse?

MARTIN

Of course not. The Martian memory is orderly and efficient. Your mind is --

(reads Tim's mind;
winces)

-- like Mrs. Brown's attic!

TIM

What do you mean?!

MARTIN

It's cluttered with all kinds of useless odds and ends.

(reads Tim's mind)

The discontinued phone numbers of the last three places you've lived. The six highest mountains in the world. Who won the World Series in 1952. Your memory is so crowded with stuff you don't need, you can't remember what you want to know.

TIM

On Mars they've got a better way?

MARTIN

Naturally. Watch.

He takes a machine out of the desk. It resembles a tape recorder with a control panel of buttons and lights. Attached to it by wires is the "clearing cone", something like an x-ray cone and mounted on a swivel.

MARTIN

(continuing)

A quantatronic memory transducer, table model size. A Martian keeps in his head only those memories he wants. The rest are recorded and filed away.

TIM

Can you get them back?

MARTIN

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Well, I wouldn't mind filing Cynthia away. Just temporarily, while I concentrated on other matters -- like Joanie.

MARTIN

Nothing to it. Sit down.

TIM

(sits at desk)

Sure this is safe, Uncle Martin? I mean, I have an Earth brain --

MARTIN

No problem. We adjust it to your capacity.

(twiddles dials)

I.Q. low. Imagination feeble. Concentration nil.

TIM

Now, wait a minute --

MARTIN

By Martian standards, that's all. Now before we clear Cynthia out of your memory, we enter her name on this index... so you can bring her back when you want.

(writes on list
taped to machine)

Number A-110274, Tim's Memory of Cynthia.

(points clearing
cone at Tim's
head)

Ready?

TIM

Shoot.

MARTIN

(reads Tim's mind)

No, Tim. This machine works like a cream separator. Whatever is on the top of your brain it skims off. You've got to bring Cynthia to the top.

Tim makes a face of intense concentration.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

(continuing)

Harder, Tim, much harder. Picture her in all her smoldering beauty... keep saying, "Cynthia." Bring her to the top!

TIM

Cynthia... Cynthia... Cynthia...

Uncle Martin presses a button on the machine marked CLEAR. Lights FLASH, electricity HUMS and SIZZLES, and SPARKS fly through the air from the cone to Tim's head.

TIM

(continuing)

Cynthia... Who's Cynthia?

With a clucking SOUND the machine deposits a dime-sized pill in its tray.

TIM

(continuing)

I think your machine just laid an egg, Uncle Martin.

MARTIN

(picks up pill)

No, Tim. This is your memory of Cynthia, Number A-110274. Warm, vibrant, vital. The tones of her voice, the fire in her eyes, every line, every curve -- they're all here.

TIM

(takes pill)

This... is Cynthia!!

Tim looks at pill with wonder.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM

3

Uncle Martin and Tim stand next to the memory machine. Tim examines the little pill in his hand.

TIM

If you didn't tell me I once
knew a girl named Cynthia --
(shrugs)

MARTIN

She's out of your mind, but
she's on that pill.

(takes pill from
Tim)

Every detail of your memory of
Cynthia is engraved on the mole-
cules of this tiny silicon wafer.

TIM

Amazing. But suppose I want
her back?

MARTIN

Simple. You just swallow this.
The silicon molecules will bring
her back so vividly you'll be
programmed into acting as if she
were right here. Like this --

(swallows pill;
whistles)

What did you want to get rid of
this memory for?

(programmed by the
memory)

Cynthia! You great big beauti-
ful doll! Mmmmm!

Uncle Martin grabs the floor lamp and caresses the lamp-
shade, holding it cheek to cheek and making a series of
smooching noises. However, before the memory carries him
too far, he feels with one hand for the clearing cone and
points it at his head, then depresses the CLEAR button.
The machine HUMS and SPARKS fly from the cone to his head.

MARTIN

(continuing)

Whew! I'm worn out. I have a
feeling that was a rather potent
memory.

(CONTINUED)

The machine gives its little clucking SOUND and out rolls a memory pill.

TIM

What do you do with it now?

MARTIN

(opens pill box)

File it away with the other memories.

(puts pill in box)

Cynthia, A-110274. She happens to be right next to A-110273, my memory program for landing on Mars when I return... and A-110272, my memory of orbiting in a one-man satellite...

TIM

(sits at machine)

Well, this is just what I need. Cynthia is safely filed away and with Joanie being a lost cause for today... I'll clear her off and I can go after Suzy. Then tomorrow I'll file Suzy and give Anita the pleasure of my undivided attention. By that time I can bring Joanie back, and maybe have a touch of Cynthia for the weekend.

He focuses the cone at his head and adjusts the dials, but Uncle Martin reaches over and switches the machine off.

MARTIN

No, Tim. No-o-o! This machine represents five thousand years of Martian progress. It wasn't built to make a playboy's life easy. That's why I took it away from King Solomon.

He opens the desk drawer and starts to put the machine away.

TIM

Okay, okay. I'll use it for serious things. For my work. For research. Boy, with a complete file of memories like that I could be famous, have my own by-line --

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED (2):

3

MARTIN

Sorry, Tim. Neither you nor
the rest of the human race are
ready for these things.

(locks machine in
drawer)

Maybe in another thousand years.

TIM

A lot of good it'll do me then.

MARTIN

(going toward door)

Well, see you later. I'm off
to the supermarket.

TIM

Got the shopping list?

MARTIN

(shows pill)

Right on this pill. I'll swallow
it when I get there. So long.

He exits through front door. Tim gives the locked desk a
dirty look, goes to phone, and starts dialing a number.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - 4
LIST OF GIRLS' NAMES

on phone table. About eight names: Suzy, Anita, Debby,
Pam, Marla, Carol Ann, Stacy, Sharon -- all but the last
one crossed out. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Tim on phone,
hair ruffled, a desperate look on his face.

TIM

(into phone)

But, Sharon baby, I didn't mean
to call you Joanie. The name
just popped out by accident.

(pause)

Yes, yes, you're right. For
some reason Joanie is on my
mind. But that's because --
Sharon!

But Sharon has hung up on him. Slowly Tim puts the re-
ceiver back in place.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

(continuing)

No one lets me finish a sentence.

He picks up list of girls' names, looks at it, crumples it up and throws it away. He then fishes a little black book out of his pocket and thumbs through it.

TIM

(continuing)

Cheryl Davis... last chance!

(drilling himself)

Now it's Cheryl... Cheryl...

Forget Joanie!... Cheryl...

He starts to dial, trying to keep his mind on Cheryl, not Joanie. But apparently it doesn't work, because he slams the receiver down and crosses to the desk, where he tugs at the drawer containing the memory machine. The drawer is locked, but this doesn't stop Tim. He goes to side of desk and delivers a hard blow with the side of his hand to a particular spot. There is a CLICK and this time the drawer opens. As Tim starts to take out the memory machine:

FLIP OVER TO:

The memory machine is all set up on the desk and Tim is seated in front of it with the clearing cone focused on his head.

TIM

Now bring her to the top and
get rid of her...

(concentrates)

Joanie... Joanie... Joanie...

He presses the CLEAR button. The machine HUMS and SPARKS fly. A clucking SOUND and the silicon wafer is deposited in the tray. Tim looks quite pleased with himself. He picks up the pill with a "that's that!" expression. But unexpectedly he hears the SOUND of the front door opening. His eyes dart apprehensively toward the door.

opens as Uncle Martin backs into room, his arms piled high with bags of groceries.

7 TIM 9.
7
reacting guiltily to being caught out.

TIM
Uncle Martin!
(clutches machine)
Uncle Martin!!!

8 CLOSE SHOT - TIM'S FINGER 8
unconsciously depressing the CLEAR button.

9 TIM 9
as the machine HUMS and SPARKS fly from the cone to his head.

10 ANOTHER ANGLE 10
taking in Tim, who rises from his chair and looks at Uncle Martin as at a total stranger come to the wrong place; and Uncle Martin backing in through door and closing it with his foot.

TIM
(continuing)
Can I help you, sir?

MARTIN
Thanks. Take some of these groceries.

TIM
If you're from the market, I didn't order any. Maybe Mrs. Brown downstairs...

MARTIN
Well, if you're going to stand there making jokes I'll have to do it myself.

He taps the bags and one by one they go FLYING through the air to the kitchen, directed by the levitating finger.

TIM
(petrified)
Who -- who -- who are you?

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Quit clowning, Tim. A little harmless Martian levitation beats your sweat-of-the-brow Earth approach any time.

TIM

Martian?

(edges toward door)

No! There aren't any Martians!
There can't be!

Uncle Martin gives Tim a peculiar look, then notices the memory machine on the desk.

MARTIN

Oh, so that's what you did!
Now, Tim, this could be serious.
Listen to me...

TIM

(retreating)

No, you can't be a Martian.
You can't! You can't!

He turns and bolts for the door. Martin blocks him with a force field barrier. Tim reacts, prods invisible wall with his finger, pushes it, then finally gives up and looks fearfully at Martin.

TIM

(continuing)

You are a Martian!

MARTIN

Correct, Tim.

TIM

What are you going to do with me?

MARTIN

Tim, relax.

(as to a child)

I know your name, right? And
I know you, correct?

Tim is like a bird watching a snake. Each time Martin says "right" Tim nods.

MARTIN

(continuing)

Now, you'll have to take my word
for this -- you know me.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED (2):

10

Tim starts to nod, then shakes his head "no".

MARTIN

(continuing)

Yes, you do, Tim. We're old friends.

TIM

You're a Martian!

MARTIN

But a friendly Martian. Good and kind. We are all good and kind. We can't help it. Our heredity is programmed that way. So you must believe me when I tell you I have been like an uncle to you.

TIM

No...

MARTIN

Yes. In fact, you call me Uncle Martin. Come on, now. Say it... "Uncle Martin".

TIM

Uncle Martin.

During following speech, Uncle Martin fills paper cup with water from carafe on desk and gets pill from tray of memory machine.

MARTIN

Wonderful!... Now, your Uncle Martin is going to give you this little pill and then your memory of me will come right back.

He offers Tim the pill and cup of water but Tim dashes the cup to the floor and backs away.

TIM

I'm not taking any Martian pill! If it's an invasion, you're not going to make me turn against my own people. I'm an Earthman, do you understand, an Earthman!

Tim makes a dash for the phone and dials Operator.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED (3):

10

TIM
 (continuing;
 into phone)
 Operator! Operator!

Uncle Martin points his finger at the telephone wire attached to the wall. It comes out of the wall and like a crawling snake, WORMS its way to Tim's side and like the old Indian rope trick, STANDS UP and WAVES its frayed end in Tim's face. Frustrated, Tim hangs up.

MARTIN
 Sorry, Tim, but I can't afford
 to let you notify the author-
 ities.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

MARTIN
 (continuing)
 We're busy.

TIM
 No, we're not. Come in! Come
 in!

MRS. BROWN enters, carrying a large leaf.

MRS. BROWN
 (to Uncle Martin)
 Mr. O'Hara, I found this peculiar-
 looking bug on my cup-of-gold
 vine.

TIM
 He's a Martian, Mrs. Brown!
 He's a Martian!

MRS. BROWN
 (examining leaf)
 Oh, don't be silly, Tim. He is
 green with long silky feelers,
 but he's not a Martian.

TIM
 (points to Uncle
 Martin)
 No, I mean him! He's from Mars.
 They've landed. It's an invasion.

MRS. BROWN
 (to Uncle Martin)
 Is he sick?

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Don't talk to him. Call the police.

MRS. BROWN

Don't talk to your Uncle Martin?

TIM

He's not my Uncle Martin. How could he be? I don't have an Uncle Martin.

MRS. BROWN

(in an undertone to Uncle Martin)

What happened? He's raving.

MARTIN

Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Brown. A little bump on the head. He ran into a cupboard door. This sometimes produces temporary amnesia along with hallucinations.

MRS. BROWN

Oh, dear. It must have been a nasty blow.

MARTIN

Oh, it was.

TIM

Mrs. Brown! How can you stand there chatting? Doesn't every human instinct in you tell you: this is not a man!

MRS. BROWN

(giggling in Uncle Martin's direction)

Just the opposite!

Uncle Martin smiles and takes Mrs. Brown toward the door.

MARTIN

All he needs is a little rest. I'll look after him.
(points to leaf)
And this little fellow is an Ephemeroptera. See you later.

TIM

Mrs. Brown, don't go! He's a Martian!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED (5):

10

MRS. BROWN

(worried)

I think I'd better call a doctor,
Mr. O'Hara. Tim needs help.

(exits)

TIM

(calls after her)

That's right. Call a doctor!
Call two doctors! And let 'em
come armed!

MARTIN

You're making things worse, Tim.
I'll have to clear all this out
of her mind now.

He picks up memory machine and clearing cone and crosses
to door.

TIM

(a wild hope)

You're going?

(catches himself)

I mean, goodbye. Have a good
time.

MARTIN

(at door)

Oh, don't try to escape.

(makes a pass with
right hand)

Force fields, you know.

Uncle Martin exits with machine, leaving door ajar. Tim
follows but can't get through door. He runs to window
but bounces back. An attempt to escape into kitchen
brings him up against another force field. He rubs a
bruised nose. He tests the force field by prodding it
with his fingers and discovers it leaves off at the floor.
This gives him an idea. He hunts in the closet and finds
a small saw. With this he goes to work cutting a hole in
the floor near the wall.

WIPE TO:

11 INT. MRS. BROWN'S HOUSE - DAY - LIVING ROOM

11

Mrs. Brown is speaking on phone.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BROWN

(into phone)

Well, would you ask Dr. Nichols
to please visit Mr. Tim O'Hara
right away. It's very important.

(hangs up)

Martin enters with memory machine. She sees him.

MRS. BROWN

(continuing)

Oh, Martin, I'm so worried about
Tim.

MARTIN

Tim will be all right. Just
relax.

MRS. BROWN

(sinks into chair)

Oh, I hope so.

(sees machine)

What's that? Some new kind of
stereo?

MARTIN

More or less.

(puts it on end
table next to
her)

It'll help you forget -- your
troubles.

(points cone at
her head)

MRS. BROWN

You're so thoughtful. But
shouldn't you be with Tim?

MARTIN

(adjusting dials)

That's right. Think about Tim.
Concentrate on Tim.

MRS. BROWN

Poor boy, that's all I can think
of... and that funny little
beetle he called a Martian.

Uncle Martin presses the CLEAR button just as Mrs. Brown
switches her thoughts from Tim to the beetle. SPARKS fly
as always and a pill lands in the tray. Mrs. Brown, lost
in her own thoughts, notices nothing.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

No, no, Mrs. Brown. Concentrate on Tim, not on beetles.

MRS. BROWN

What beetle? I don't remember any beetle.

MARTIN

(takes pill from tray)

I know.

(throws it in wastebasket)

Let's try again. Think about Tim.

MRS. BROWN

Yes, why are we sitting here talking when Tim is sick?

(jumps to her feet)

I've got to help him. Poor Tim!

As Mrs. Brown leaps up with her mind full of Tim, Uncle Martin sees his chance. He swivels the clearing cone, aims quickly and fires. SPARKS fly to Mrs. Brown's head, blanking her of Tim. She stops, puzzled.

MRS. BROWN

(continuing)

Where was I going?

MARTIN

Don't you know?

MRS. BROWN

I can't remember. Now, isn't that silly!

(thinking hard)

It was about somebody... his name began with a -- with a --

MARTIN

(testing)

Did it have anything to do with my nephew Tim?

MRS. BROWN

Do you have a nephew, Mr. O'Hara?

MARTIN

Well, yes --

(takes pill from tray and pockets it)

You'll meet him some day. Good-bye now...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED (3):

11

As Uncle Martin approaches the door, the doorbell RINGS. Uncle Martin opens the door and there stands DR. NICHOLS, carrying his doctor's bag.

DR. NICHOLS

Is Mrs. Brown here? I'm Dr. Nichols.

MRS. BROWN

(coming up)

Oh, yes, doctor. How are you?

DR. NICHOLS

I'm fine. My office called me on my car phone and said it was urgent.

MARTIN

Must be some mistake. Sorry, doctor...

DR. NICHOLS

Mistake? But you said Mr. Tim O'Hara was very sick.

MRS. BROWN

I don't know a Tim O'Hara. Mr. Martin O'Hara lives over the garage.

Suddenly Tim's voice yelling for help is heard o.s.

TIM'S VOICE (o.s.)

Help, doctor! Help! Help!

The doctor reacts and runs out towards Tim's apartment, followed by a surprised Mrs. Brown. Uncle Martin grimaces wryly and looks at the memory machine.

MARTIN

(to machine)

I hope all your little transistors are in good shape. We've got a big afternoon ahead of us!

He hurries off after the doctor and Mrs. Brown.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. PORCH OF TIM'S APARTMENT - DAY 12

Mrs. Brown has passed the doctor and is the first to cross the porch, followed by Dr. Nichols and Uncle Martin, while Tim's shouts for help continue, o.s.

TIM'S VOICE (o.s.)

Hurry, doctor! Mrs. Brown!
I'm in here!

Mrs. Brown reaches the doorway and looks in. She stops short, horrified.

13 HER P.O.V. - TIM 13

His head is sticking up through the floor at the spot where he started to saw his way to freedom before.

TIM

Help!

14 SHOT - MRS. BROWN 14

staring, terrified.

MRS. BROWN

There's a head on the floor!
And it's talking! Ohhhh!

She buries her face in her hands. Dr. Nichols and Uncle Martin enter shot.

UNCLE MARTIN

Calm yourself, Mrs. Brown.
(looks in)

It's only my nephew Tim climbing up from the garage.

He snaps his fingers to remove the force field barrier and enters the room.

DR. NICHOLS

So there is a Tim O'Hara.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MRS. BROWN

He kept him hidden in the
garage!

(shocked)

What people won't do to avoid
paying rent! Martin! I'm
surprised at you!

Dr. Nichols and Mrs. Brown enter apartment.

15 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM

15

as Mrs. Brown and Dr. Nichols enter, Uncle Martin
finishes hauling Tim back into the room. The moment
he is on his feet Tim jerks his hand free of Uncle
Martin's grasp.

TIM

(to Mrs. Brown
and Dr. Nichols)

Thank heaven you got here!

DR. NICHOLS

One moment. First, young man,
are you Tim O'Hara?

TIM

Of course! Ask Mrs. Brown.

MRS. BROWN

He's a complete stranger to me.

TIM

What??!!

UNCLE MARTIN

He's my nephew.

TIM

I never saw that man before!
He's a Martian!

DR. NICHOLS

Let me get this straight. You --
(indicates Mrs.
Brown)

-- don't know him.
(indicates Tim)

And he --
(indicates Tim
again)

-- doesn't know you.
(indicates Uncle
Martin)

And you --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Indicates Martin again and gives up.

UNCLE MARTIN

Let me explain. My nephew ran into a cupboard door and lost his memory. Mrs. Brown was checking on that same cupboard door, and unfortunately suffered the same accident -- a partial loss of memory...

TIM

Don't let him trick you, doctor. He's a Martian.
(points to hole
in floor)
He's got a space ship down there!

DR. NICHOLS

Mm-hm! A space ship, eh?
(sharply)
Tell me, when did you hit your head on the cupboard door?

TIM

Okay, don't believe me. But look for yourself.
(points to hole)
Look! Look!

The doctor and Mrs. Brown hesitate, then go toward hole in floor to look. Uncle Martin acts fast. He goes to the window and puts his levitation digit into high gear.

16 EXT. TIM'S GARAGE - DAY

16

We see the lock on the garage door unlock and remove itself. The garage door opens and the space ship scoots out, hiding itself behind Dr. Nichols's car in the driveway. Garage doors close.

17 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM

17

Mrs. Brown and Dr. Nichols, on their hands and knees, peer through the hole in the floor. Tim watches them expectantly. Martin is at the window manipulating his space ship.

DR. NICHOLS

I don't see a thing.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MRS. BROWN
There's nothing in the garage.

Tim rushes over.

TIM
There's got to be. I just saw
it! I cut my way down to the
garage, and there was this --
this thing!

He looks through hole into garage.

18 HIS P.O.V. - GARAGE - VIEW FROM ABOVE

18

The garage is indeed empty.

19 BACK TO SCENE

19

Tim rises, incredulous. The doctor regards him with an
expression meaning: diagnosis confirmed.

UNCLE MARTIN
Satisfied, doctor?

TIM
(points to Uncle
Martin)
He! He did something. He made
it disappear.
(rushes to window)
There! Down there in the drive-
way. The flying saucer!

As Mrs. Brown and the doctor come over, Uncle Martin
manipulates his finger.

20 EXT. TIM'S GARAGE - DAY

20

The garage doors open and the space ship sails back from
driveway and into garage. Garage doors close and the
lock goes back on.

21 BACK TO SCENE

21

Mrs. Brown and Dr. Nichols look out the window. Tim has
stepped aside to give them room.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

TIM

Well? Do you see it? The
flying saucer?

Dr. Nichols cranes his head, looking.

22 HIS P.O.V. - DRIVEWAY

22

Only Dr. Nichols' car is there, nothing else.

23 BACK TO SCENE

23

The doctor has had enough of this nonsense.

DR. NICHOLS

Young man, that is my car. It
is two years old, eats gas, and
needs a ring job. I only wish
it were a flying saucer!

(commandingly)

Sit down.

Uncle Martin puts his hand on Tim's shoulder and forces
him into a chair. Tim is too bewildered to protest.

UNCLE MARTIN

Come, Tim.

DR. NICHOLS

Mrs. Brown, bring a glass of
water, please.

MRS. BROWN

Yes, doctor.

She exits into kitchen.

DR. NICHOLS

(to Tim)

Son, you need a specialist in
mental disorders, but until we
can get you to one I'm going
to give you a mild tranquilizer
to calm you down.

(takes out pill
box)

It'll make you relax.

During above speech, Uncle Martin got an idea. Very
carefully he operates his levitating finger.

- 24 ANOTHER ANGLE 24
 Uncle Martin's box of memory pills come flying over from the memory machine into Martin's hand.
- 25 SHOT - DR. NICHOLS 25
 as he puts down his box of pills on coffee table and goes to take Tim's pulse.
 DR. NICHOLS
 Let me take your pulse...
- 26 SHOT - UNCLE MARTIN 26
 He goes through his own box of pills and locates the one with Tim's memory on it. Cautiously he starts to slip this into the doctor's box of pills on the coffee table.
- 27 SHOT - TIM AND DR. NICHOLS 27
 Tim, having his pulse taken by the doctor, spots Uncle Martin, o.s., manipulating the pill boxes.
 TIM
 Oh no, you don't!
 He leaps up from his chair, brushing the doctor aside.
- 28 ANOTHER ANGLE 28
 Tim makes a dive at Uncle Martin. He knocks the coffee table over, scattering both boxes of pills all over the floor, and struggles with Uncle Martin.
 TIM
 (continuing)
 Trying to switch the pills, huh?
 UNCLE MARTIN
 Just to give you your memory back...
 The doctor comes over and helps Uncle Martin restrain Tim. Mrs. Brown appears at the door with carafe of water and glass.
 MRS. BROWN
 Oh, dear. He's become violent.

(CONTINUED)

Tim breaks away from Uncle Martin and the doctor and heads for the door. They catch him and lead him back to armchair, where he finally gives up and quits fighting. Meanwhile, Mrs. Brown puts down the water carafe and glass and picks up the pills from the floor, and also rights coffee table.

DR. NICHOLS

Now take it easy, Tim. We're all your friends.

UNCLE MARTIN

We're trying to help you.

DR. NICHOLS

Shocking what a blow on the head will do. It's a good thing you sent for me, Mrs. Brown.

MRS. BROWN

I already told you, doctor, I didn't send for you. No one sent for you.

DR. NICHOLS

Mrs. Brown, you're a little overwrought yourself. Take one of those tranquilizers. They're harmless.

MRS. BROWN

Yes, doctor.

UNCLE MARTIN

No!

He is too late. Mrs. Brown pops a pill in her mouth and swallows it down with a little water. Unfortunately the pill is not a tranquilizer but one of Uncle Martin's Martian memories, the one with the program for a landing on Mars. Purposefully, Mrs. Brown climbs onto the couch and speaks into the top of the floor lamp. The others watch dumbfounded.

MRS. BROWN

Space Ship X-703 calling Red Planet. X-703 calling Red Planet. Commencing landing cycle according to computer instructions. Per Martian second...

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE MARTIN
 (aloud to self)
 Oh, good heavens! She swallowed
 A-110273!

DR. NICHOLS
 (whispers to
 Uncle Martin)
 What's she doing?

UNCLE MARTIN
 (proudly)
 I'd say she was making a pretty
 darn good approach landing on
 Mars.

DR. NICHOLS
 Contagious hysteria! She's caught
 it from your nephew. Another
 tranquilizer will put her right.
 (goes to get pill)

UNCLE MARTIN
 Don't touch those pills!

DR. NICHOLS
 Please, Mr. O'Hara. Don't you
 lose control. These are per-
 fectly innocuous tranquilizers.
 In fact, right now I could use
 one myself.

He swallows a pill, which also happens to be of the
 Martian variety. It immediately programs him into the
 proper actions of a person experiencing weightlessness
 while orbiting Mars in a satellite. This means that
 the doctor has to clutch the furniture to keep from
 floating away and walks around the room with exaggerated
 knee-bending steps.

UNCLE MARTIN
 Oh-oh. There goes A-110272!

MRS. BROWN
 (teeters on the
 edge of couch)
 X-703 entering flight path.
 Touchdown imminent.

She jumps off the couch and makes a beautiful three-
 point landing on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

DR. NICHOLS
 (clutching furniture)
 Experiencing severe weightless-
 ness. Gravity almost completely
 gone...

TIM
I am getting out of here!

He bolts for the door.

UNCLE MARTIN
 Tim, wait! I need you!

Uncle Martin throws out his hand arresting Tim in full flight. Then, while Mrs. Brown climbs back on the couch to make another landing and the doctor crab-walks around the room, Uncle Martin shoots out his antennas and becomes invisible.

TIM
 Where'd you go? What are you
 trying to pull now?

As Tim hunts around, looking for the vanished Martian, a large unabridged dictionary lifts itself off the desk, floats over, and drops heavily on Tim's toe.

TIM
 (continuing)
 Owww!

While Tim's mouth is open a pill appears and floats into it. Tim closes his mouth on the pill. Immediately an invisible hand thumps him on the back. Tim chokes, and swallows the pill. Uncle Martin reappears.

TIM
 (continuing; his
 memory restored)
 Uncle Martin, what's going on
 here?

UNCLE MARTIN
 Remember the memory machine?
 The silicon wafers?

TIM
 Yes.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE MARTIN

You cleared yourself, and I've just managed to bring you back to normal. Mrs. Brown and the doctor swallowed two of my pills and think they're in orbit around Mars.

TIM

Then we've got to clear them.

UNCLE MARTIN

Precisely!

They both go to the memory machine. Uncle Martin turns up the power. The machine starts to hum and lights flash on and off on the control panel.

UNCLE MARTIN

(continuing)

You aim the cone. I'll maneuver them into range.

TIM

Roger.

Tim stations himself at the clearing cone, swiveling it around to focus it on the two programmed victims. Mrs. Brown is once again on the couch. Dr. Nichols lies on his back on the floor and tries to walk up the wall.

UNCLE MARTIN

(speaks into
fruit bowl on
end-table)

This is Ground Control calling
Space Ship X-703. Come in,
X-703.

MRS. BROWN

(on couch; speaks
into top of
floor lamp)

X-703 requesting permission to
land. Lateral correction point-
oh-three percent, deviation zero.

UNCLE MARTIN

Change of orders, X-703. Emer-
gency pick-up of stranded
scientist. Do you scindel me?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BROWN
 (into lamp)
 I scindel you loud and clear!

UNCLE MARTIN
 (into fruit bowl)
 Set route indicator at gamma.
 Bearing 176-point-5, velocity
 8,700 moglugs...

Uncle Martin directs Mrs. Brown with gentle movements of his finger. She leaves her roost on the couch and descends to the floor, where she proceeds in a half-squat, as if sitting in a pilot's seat and working imaginary controls, until she reaches the doctor. He has stopped climbing the wall with his feet and is trying to scratch his way up it with his fingernails.

UNCLE MARTIN
 (continuing; to
 Mrs. Brown)
 Hover.

MRS. BROWN
 (stops near
 Dr. Nichols)
 Hovering.

UNCLE MARTIN
 Open escape hatch.

Mrs. Brown pulls back imaginary lever.

UNCLE MARTIN
 (continuing)
 Dr. Nichols, follow subprogram
 2W53 and leave your asteroid.
 Do you scindel me?

DR. NICHOLS
 I scindel you. Over.

Dr. Nichols moves into position behind Mrs. Brown.

UNCLE MARTIN
 Enter space vehicle.

Dr. Nichols crouches down behind Mrs. Brown as if sitting in space ship.

UNCLE MARTIN
 (continuing)
 Proceed on course. Prepare to
 orbit.

(CONTINUED)

Guided by Uncle Martin's finger, Mrs. Brown and Dr. Nichols move in a synchronized waddle into range of the clearing cone. Tim follows them with the cone, aiming carefully.

UNCLE MARTIN
(continuing)

Tim!

TIM
I scindel you. Over.

UNCLE MARTIN
(gives him an
impatient look)
Forget the scindelung! Fire!!

Tim presses the button and SPARKS fly out of the cone in the direction of Mrs. Brown. But she chooses that moment to rise up out of her crouch, and the blast misses. Dr. Nichols, behind her, also rises.

MRS. BROWN
Clearing mountain range.

UNCLE MARTIN
(to Tim)
You missed her. Get the doctor.

Tim aims at Dr. Nichols. But when he fires this time, both Mrs. Brown and Dr. Nichols duck back into their crouch, making Tim miss again. Disgusted, Tim swivels the cone around and keeps firing as Mrs. Brown and Dr. Nichols go their separate ways.

TIM
I'll get 'em!

UNCLE MARTIN
Watch it! You're overheating
the mechanism.

Sure enough, SMOKE and SPARKS fly out of the machine. Tim retreats, but the clearing cone whirls around of its own accord, spraying the room with memory-clearing rays. Martin rushes over to stop machine but has to first throw out force fields to block Mrs. Brown and Dr. Nichols from escaping respectively by the window and the door. Meanwhile the machine is going crazy.

UNCLE MARTIN
(to self)
Don't panic, Martin. Remember
you're a Martian!

(CONTINUED)

He flings himself on the machine and turns off the switch but is hit by a blast from the spinning clearing cone. Uncle Martin staggers back, dazed, having lost his memory of being a Martian. The machine, however, quiets down. Smoke and sparks cease.

MARTIN

(continuing; rubs
head)

Tim! I feel strange. Like I just forgot something important.

MRS. BROWN

X-703 requesting permission to land on Mars.

DR. NICHOLS

Satellite orbiting in third Martian zone. Come in, Mars.

MARTIN

Let's get out of here, Tim. We're shut up with a bunch of Martians!

TIM

Have you flipped? You're a Martian yourself.

MARTIN

What are you talking about? I'm your uncle.

TIM

(realizes)

Oh, for heavens sake! You too?!!

Uncle Martin backs away, keeping a wary eye on the "Martians". Tim picks up the same large dictionary Uncle Martin dropped on his toe earlier.

TIM

(continuing)

Your turn.

He drops volume on Uncle Martin's toe.

MARTIN

Owww!!!

Following the same procedure Uncle Martin used on him, Tim takes the latest pill out of the machine and chucks it into Uncle Martin's open mouth. A whack on the back and Martin has swallowed it.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED (8):

28

TIM
(whispers)
Now, who are you?

MARTIN
Uncle Martin, the friendly Mar-
tian. Thanks, Tim.
(grins at Tim;
then, suddenly)
Watch out! It's going to blow
up!

He indicates machine, which has started to SMOKE and
throw out SPARKS again. He grabs Tim by the arm and
rushes him to kitchen. Meanwhile Mrs. Brown and the doc-
tor continue to orbit.

MARTIN
(continuing)
Run!

He and Tim race into kitchen.

29 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

29

Uncle Martin and Tim rush in and throw themselves on the
floor. There is a FLASH of light and puff of SMOKE from
the living room.

TIM
(getting to his
feet)
It blew up.

MARTIN
(standing)
And if we're lucky, it sprayed
them both with memory-clearing
rays. They'll be back to normal.

TIM
Are you sure?

MARTIN
That's the way it should work
out logically.

He lifts his hands to his eyes to "see through walls",
but his faith in logic wavers for a moment.

MARTIN
(continuing)
Tim, you look!

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Tim peeks into the living room through partly open door.
His face lights up with relief.

TIM

Uncle Martin, come here.

Uncle Martin joins him.

30 INT. LIVING ROOM - THEIR P.O.V.

30

Mrs. Brown and Dr. Nichols are seated quite decorously at
the coffee table, chatting normally.

MRS. BROWN

Thank you, doctor. That tran-
quilizer calmed me right down.

DR. NICHOLS

Yes, they're quite effective.
I feel better myself.

31 INT. KITCHEN - BACK TO SCENE

31

Uncle Martin and Tim watch, pleased.

TIM

Then that takes care of every-
thing.

MARTIN

Not quite. I've got to give
Mrs. Brown back her memory of
you. We've got to rebuild my
machine, recover all the silicon
wafers, fix the hole in the floor
and give you back your recollec-
tions of Cynthia and Joanie.
We've got our work cut out for us.

TIM

Yeah. How did we get into this
mess?

MARTIN

We decided to use a labor-saving
device.

TIM

(looks at him)

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MARTIN

Yup. It can happen to Martians
as well as Earthlings!

(beat)

Let's go in and pick up the
pieces.

Uncle Martin, followed by Tim, marches into living room,
in military fashion, to do what must be done.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

32 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

32

The room is fairly neat. A throw rug covers the hole in the floor. The debris of the memory machine has been removed. Mrs. Brown sits on couch at coffee table. Uncle Martin and Tim are saying goodbye to Dr. Nichols near front door.

DR. NICHOLS

(to Tim)

No more hallucinations, young man?

TIM

I'm completely recovered, sir.

DR. NICHOLS

(indicates Uncle Martin)

You no longer think he's a Martian?

TIM

(reacts)

Him?... Oh, no! Not my Uncle Martin!

DR. NICHOLS

(to Mrs. Brown)

And you, Mrs. Brown, you now remember Tim?

MRS. BROWN

Of course! I don't remember that I ever forgot him!

MARTIN

Everybody seems back to normal, Doctor. Thanks to your tranquilizers.

DR. NICHOLS

Yes, an excellent remedy. Well, goodbye.

ALL

Goodbye, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Dr. Nichols exits. Mrs. Brown idly picks up a pill from the table and pops it into her mouth.

MARTIN
(horrified)
What are you doing?

MRS. BROWN
Just taking another tranquilizer. The doctor said they were harmless.

She pours herself some water and swallows it down.

33 UNCLE MARTIN AND TIM

33

as they look at each other in consternation.

TIM
This is awful. She'll be rocketing off into outer space again! How quick can you fix your machine?

MARTIN
(calming him)
Tim... Tim...
(points)
Look.

34 THEIR P.O.V. - MRS. BROWN

34

on couch, sitting, but fast asleep.

35 UNCLE MARTIN AND TIM

35

They exchange smiles.

MARTIN
(continuing)
It really was a tranquilizer.

TIM
Whew!

They breathe sighs of relief, as we:

FADE OUT.