

THE
MARVIN CHRONICLES
SERIES PROPOSAL

Chris Otsuki
9769 via pavia
Burbank CA 91504
818 767 8181 h.
chrisotsuki@ca.rr.com

WARNER BROTHERS ANIMATION INC.

THE MARVIN CHRONICLES

THE PEOPLE OF MARS

MARVIN 5 is the Martian we all know and love from Bugs Bunny's past. He's called 5 because he's been destroyed four times and he is now the fifth in the series. He's a robot, just like all his fellow Martians, and every time he's destroyed, the High Command simply stamps out a new Marvin from the Mechbot factory on the edge of NEWMARSCITY. The new Marvin picks up right where the old left off, minus any unMartian memories the state might want purged. So Marvin's essentially immortal.

MARVIN THE MISFIT

When he was manufactured at the NewMarsCity **Botworks**, he was exactly half the size of a regulation Martian. The **Imperial Emperor** nearly had him *rejected*; pulverized for scrap conduit and recycled. But Marvin pleaded. He begged. He got an audience with the Master of Mars himself, **Q5, the Perturbable**. And he was granted another chance. A chance to serve the hive, like all his fellow Martians.

Other Martians look like Marvin. But they're taller. More slender. And let's face it, they're a little more attractive. They're more capable too. And all exactly the same. They're all a bit non-plussed by their mini-sized Martian brother. He's a little embarrassment to NewMarsCity. But Marvin does his best. Like Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*, he's the little guy, caught in the machine, trying to fit in.

MARVIN AND HIS BELOVED MARS

Marvin takes profound pride in the thought that he is "a mindless cog in the midst of the mighty Martian machine." He loves Mars's equivalent of Big Brother, *Q-5 the Perturbable*. Marvin would never think of disobeying Q-5 or any other legally established authority in the Martian chain of command.

Marvin offers blind, unquestioning, total obedience to his superiors. As a corollary, he expects blind, unquestioning, total obedience from his inferiors, such as K-9. If he doesn't get it, we're looking at one very angry Martian indeed.

And since Martian rule is all-benevolent and all-good and all-reasonable, Marvin also expects aliens to *desire* capture. He expects seditious Martians to *desire* imprisonment. Resistance confounds him, or worse, brings on anger, which only his mighty arsenal of Martian high tech weapons can alleviate.

MARVIN'S TEMPRAMENT

Marvin is nice. He sees himself as reasonable. Everything is "lovely" "delightful" "interesting" "exciting" "pleasant" "exhilarating"--so long as things go according to plan.

But one smidge of defiance, one hint that things are less than peachy and Marvin blows his cool. But because he's so reasonable, Marvin never shouts his anger, or shows any other physical sign of anger. He only paces back and forth, huffing and puffing, giving vent to his frustration through his vast array of high tech weapons. When these fail, it's a blow to the core of Marvin's being, since the Mighty Martian Machine can't possibly be inadequate or wrong.

MARVIN'S JOB

All Mars is one gigantic bureaucracy. Marvin works in an office with a floor space sized like a football field, covered with desks--every desk manned by a Martian clerk loaded down with mountains of paperwork. They spend all day stamping forms so that they can be sent to the next desk for more stamping.

Marvin also gets sent on missions. An alarm rings and a teleporter comes out and ZAPS him into the *Martian Maggot*. Or a vacuum can drop from the ceiling and suck him up. Or any other gag.

Why Marvin? Why does he get all these lovely missions? Marvin gets sent on missions cause he's *expendable*. Like Uriah sent into battle by King David, there's somebody up there who doesn't like him.

MARVIN'S COMPU-GUIDE

Marvin carries a mini computer wristwatch that all Martian operatives carry. It tells him what to think and do in any situation. It tells him all about the strange habits of aliens he wants to capture. It tells him how to operate alien technology. It makes sure he's never taken at a loss. The guide allows Marvin to remain arrogant and confident, no matter how decisively outwitted by an alien prey or a Martian subversive.

Martians consider the guide infallible. It will always give an answer, even a wrong one, but it will never leave one of its faithful Martians hanging on the horny dilemma of indecision. When the Guide is caught in a mistake, which is pretty frequently, it quickly, and without apology, shrugs it off.

The guide has a different voice each time it's used. Sometimes it's droll and condescending and out to prove Marvin a buffoon. Other times it's indecisive and obsequious, saying anything to please. Sometimes the guide voice is in love with him. Sometimes it's carrying on a quarrel with him from a before the story begins. The guide's unpredictable, and almost never any practical use, but like a good Martian, Marvin depends on it for his very life.

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

With his guide and his weapons and his innate Martian sense of superiority, Marvin never doubts. Marvin never fears. He knows Martian Missions always succeed. Martian enemies always lose. All Martians are self-confident bordering on arrogance. Even if Marvin lost his weapons, his dog, his guide, his everything, nothing could make him fear,

because he knows that Mars is infallible, invincible, inexorable, and well... you get the idea.

That is, till the end of the cartoons, when it becomes clear that Marvin is defeated, usually when he's clinging to the last crumbs of a planet blown to bits. Marvin might then betray a lack of confidence. But he never learns his lesson. Next episode he's right back in there, certain that his Martianness will overcome all obstacles.

MARVIN catch phrases:

“Isn’t it delightful?”

“Isn’t that lovely?”

“Isn’t that a nice assignment?”

“Oh dear. Now I shall have to use force.”

“I’m a *bad* Martian.”¹

“Where’s the kaboom? There was supposed to be an earth-shattering Kaboom.”²

“Ooo. Mutiny makes me soooo angry.” (anything can make him angry: defiance, late charges, traffic citations, impolite saucer pilots, etc.)

“You have made me very angry. (pant pant) Very angry indeed.”

“This isn’t a bit nice!”

After administering an unusual punishment:

“Let that be a lesson to you, K-9.”

Remember to use Marvin’s mission log:

MARVIN

Mission log: 2134.4. Disintegrate Alpha Centuari, Conquer Ursa Minor, and pick up a quart of half and half from Altamira. Aren’t those nice assignments, K-9?

Or Marvin’s Orders:

CAPTION

ORDER 101:
PROCEED TO MARTIAN CANAL L-42 AND ELIMINATE
MISQUITO INFESTATION.

SIGNED,
Z-NON
Imperial Imperator

¹Almost *everyone* says this at some point. It’s the essence of their greatest fears.

²This sentence is key to understanding Marvin. He’s totally non-plussed when he calculates something to happen and it *doesn’t*.

K-9

All Martians perform interplanetary missions, and they all have specially trained dog companions like K-9 to aid them. The dog is the organic counterpart to the space explorer team, useful for his sense of smell and other doglike traits. But the most valued trait is *loyalty*. In a society as rigidly hierarchical as Mars, everyone needs someone to dump on. That someone is the dog.

A MARTIAN'S BEST FRIEND

K-9 is Marvin's ever faithful dog-companion. They are friends. Best friends. K-9 is Marvin's subordinate, helpmate, confidant, sounding board, his last anchor in the sea of unpredictability that is the Martian Operative's mission. They share food, they sleep in the same bunk, they laugh at the same videoshows. They're soulmates.

But trust on Mars is a one way street. The proper Martian loves only one thing: Mars. Not even your dog supplants that ultimate loyalty.

So not even your bosom buddy dog can be trusted. And Marvin is gullible. He can be turned against his K-9 by the slightest suspicion, as we saw in *the Hasty Hare*.

Not so K-9. He could no more turn against his master than Marvin could force himself to renounce his Martian citizenship. K-9 loves Marvin. He'd jump off a cliff for him. He'd retrieve a ten ton Venusian Gorilla if Marvin ordered him to. K-9 brings Marvin his pipe and slippers, he devotedly lays his chin on Marvin's knee, listening with rapt devotion to his master's curious little murmurings. But K-9 will jump from homestyle dog to military subordinate in the wag of a tail. K-9 always marches to Marvin's drum and always salutes him with his ear at every opportunity. He's the perfect underling.

K-9 isn't a doormat all the time. Carrying out Marvin's insanely dangerous orders? That's one thing. But what if Marvin turns against him? Ho-ho, that's quite another. K-9 can only be pushed so far in such a situation, before he turns on his Martian master. Then the "it's him or me now" situation rears it's ugly head. With hilariously treacherous results.

DOGS CAN SMELL FEAR

The only thing besides self-defense that makes K-9 turn against Marvin is self-doubt. Marvin's self-doubt, that is.

If the Martian says something like: "You know, K-9, sometimes I wonder if it's *right* to smash alien worlds into rubble--" Yeesh! K-9 will kick him in the duff, slap him around, toss him out the nearest airlock, he'll blast him with a disintegrator, he'll bite him on the ass--anything to interrupt this insidious turn of self doubt. He'll whip up a sign saying something like: "SIR! REMEMBER YOURSELF!" After all, K-9's universe revolves around Marvin's Mighty Martianess. If K-9's going to be utterly loyal, the one thing he demands is a leader who's utterly confident.

GARBO TALKS--*but does K-9?*

In *Hasty Hare*, K-9 didn't talk, but rather used notes. In another cartoon he did talk. The same goes for us now. The rule of thumb is, if it's easier and funnier for him to talk in a particular story, he will start out talking. If his dialogue adds nothing, then he uses signs. Very sparingly.

K-9 talks in that dumb, nasally voice he uses in *Haredevil Hare*. But he uses signs and notes in any cartoon where he needn't talk very much. When he does talk, he always starts sentences with "Daaah.... (rest of sentence)"

Things K-9 might say:

“Isn’t he smart? He’s my master!”

“Hmm... Never saw that in commando training.” (or skydiving class, or plasma physics 400, the Belgian Congo, etc.)

“Lucky for him I’m only a dumb dog.”

THE CENSOR SENSORS³

The Censor Sensors are Q5's mobile cameras--little black hovering spheroids, prowling for traces of independent thought and unauthorized behavior. And the corpus of Martian laws and regulations is so vast that it's impossible for a Martian to even *exist* without violating one law or another.

They follow Marvin (and all other Martians for that matter) everywhere. Censor Sensors units live in his house, on his ship, the Martian Maggot, at his grocery store, they never let him out of sight. Censor Sensors are carried on every Martian vehicle, they come packaged with most products, they can be dispatched from police call boxes on every street corner. They're the ever-present spies in Martian life.

In basic mode, they pop out a telescopic eye which can extend like a snake. They talk in a dry, mechanized, authoritarian voice, like the guy on *the Outer Limits*. They send all their information back to Q5, who watches all, and knows all, by constantly studying his wall of telescreens.

Censor Sensors can pop open and sprout a mech arm with almost anything mounted on it: a ray gun, a magnifying glass, a teleporter, a giant hammer, portable jailcell, a portable courtroom, The Imperial Emperor, Q-5 himself, literally anything the gag requires.

Censor Sensors don't have the motto *to protect and to serve*, however. They only guard Martians from their own unMartian actions. ie from *themselves*. So Marvin cannot use them to ask Q5 for help. Nor can he use them to communicate with his fellow Martians. They are only for control of the loyal populace.

This doesn't mean they are despised. Far from it. Not only can no Martian escape the ever vigilant eye of the Censor Sensors--no Martian would ever dare exist without them keeping his behavior Martial.

³I want another name for these guys.

If Marvin were to talk to someone without authorization, the Censor Sensors would be right there. For instance:

ON TUBES

Marvin arrives in the pneumatic trans-tube. Staggering out, he notes a MARTIAN FEMALE. She gives him a wink.

POV MARTIN

In a monochromatic TERMINATOR style computer screen image, Marvin's brain analyzes the girl. The display reads:

MARTIAN FEMALE
 VITAL STATISTICS
 wt. 53.2 kg.
 ht. 158.4 cm.
 fig. 36" 24" 36"
 IQ 107

EVALUATION: HOO HAH

The video screen WIPES on caption:

SUGGESTED ACTION:

GIVE COME ON LINE

WIDE ON MARVIN AND GIRL

Marvin leans over to the Martian Female.

MARVIN

Pardon me... do you--

Suddenly the CENSOR SENSORS fly into scene, surrounding Marvin, their threatening telescopes examining every part of him. The Martian female timidly slinks away.

CENSOR SENSORS
 MARVIN 5.332, YOU ARE ENGAGING IN
 UNAUTHORIZED CONVERSATION. EXPLAIN.

MARVIN

I... well... that is...

The telescope retracts. SFX: WHIRRS AND CLICKS can be heard as the spheres digest his answer.

CENSOR SENSORS
 EXPLANATION NOT SUFFICIENT. PLEASE
 ACCOMPANY US.

The sphere opens up. A mech arm with a DISINTEGRATOR RAY blasts Marvin into ashes. Another mech arm pops up, sweeping the debris into a dustpan.

WIDE ON CITY - FAVOR Q-HALL

The Censor Sensors flies through the air to the EXT. Q-HALL.

INT. CITY HALL - REINTEGRATION STATION

The Censor Sensors flies in and dumps Marvin's ashes into the REINTEGRATOR. ZAP! Marvin reappears, only slightly worse for wear.

MARTIA 6-THE TELEHOST is a female Martian, similar to the announcer in *the Prisoner*. **Martia's** plastered on telescreens all over the city. She wakes Martians up for breakfast, she coaches them through their exercises, she tells them their daily assignments, she tells them what groceries to buy, what movies to watch, what personal crises to have. She runs their lives.

She can see Marvin or any other Martian through his telescreen. She'll break out of her general routine to address him personally: "Come on, Marvin 5, stretchy-stretchy..." She gets him to stretch higher, to eat smarter, to invest more wisely. She gives him all kinds of personal advice. Of course when we cut away, we see she's giving the same advice to every other clone in the city.

The Telehost switches her environment and manner instantly to suit Marvin's need, a need she dictates to him. "Whoop. Marvin 5, you're 12.3 seconds late for an emotional crisis." She would then appear in a big leather chair with notepad, to match a psychotherapist. If he needed to exercise, she would appear jumping around in an exercise gym. And so on.

AIN'T SHE SWEET

The Telehost is sweet and cheerful. Always supportive. She's the good cop to the Imperial Emperor's bad. She always offers helpful advice, although much of it is erroneous or useless, since the Imperial Emperor knows more than she.

In one story, Marvin has a crush on the present TeleHost, Martia 6. "She's the one for me," he swoons, even though she's no different from Martia 5 any of the other Martias. But since she's only a video image, Marvin's love hopes are somewhat flat (2-D) to say the least. A story will feature their ill-starred but torrid affair.

A WONDERFUL DAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Martia often adopts a Mister Rodgers or a Sesame Street mode: eg:

MARTIA

Today is brought to you by the word *smile*.
Remember to keep smiling!

MARVIN

(trying to comply)
I wonder how you do that?

Think of her like the sweet, pretty young teacher that all the little boys have a crush on. All Martians are her little preschoolers.

Q5 *the Perturbable* is the High Commander of Mars. He's a giant floating Cue Ball. With oversized brain cavity, wizened old eyes, and a white walrus mustache he looks suitably wise. But he's an acid tempered, crotchety old coot, bored with his omnipotence, anxious to send his Martians on ever more difficult missions to seal their doom, in the blind hope that it might make life more interesting. As he watches his Martians get disintegrated in his wall of telescreens, he snorts a harsh laugh. With a growl to his lackey, the Imperial Emperor, he says "How empty. How meaningless. Send me more Martians." But there's no fun for him. Like Satan brooding at the center of the earth, it's lonely--and boring--at the top.

Posters of Q5 appear everywhere. Like Big Brother, he is always watching you, and like Big Brother, he is universally beloved by Marvin, Mifflin, Martia, and all the other Martians on Mars.

Q5 hovers over a fiery throne like the image in the Wizard of OZ. Like Oz, Q5 doesn't really exist; he's only generated by a computer. In one terrifying episode, Q5 stops giving out orders--in trying to restore him, Marvin discovers who runs their omnipotent leader--and for what purpose.

SO WHO RULES THE ROOST?

Behind Q5's throne room, there's a secret room filled with infinite rows of six armed, John-Carter-like monkeys pounding on analog computer keyboards. They don't know anything about Q5 or the power they wield over Mars. They just like the sounds the keys make. But they're the Users--the REAL rulers of Mars--and all their random tappings pound out the orders that control Q5 and the rest of Martian society.

So who's ruling the roost? *No one*. Thank goodness anyone who finds this out gets disintegrated--lest Mars fall.

THE IMPERIAL IMPERATOR is the government's working arm of authority. He's the right hand man of Q5, his spokesman and mouthpiece. But he's much more as we shall see.

He's slightly taller than your average Martian. Thin and gaunt, arrogant and severe, intellectual and urbane, the Imperial Emperor's like a Ronald Coleman from Hell.

The Imperial Emperor distrusts and persecutes everyone brought before him. He's something of a mix of FBI agent, district attorney, grand inquisitor, beancounter, schoolmarm, high priest, and insurance clerk. An all-purpose bureaucrat.

Nothing's more important to the Imperial Emperor than the paperwork on his desk. Worlds can collide, oceans can boil off into the ozone, whole Martian armies can disintegrate in nuclear fire, so long as the Imperial Emperor keeps his official records in order. All Mars follows his lead. The rules exist for Mars--but they've become a thing unto themselves. It doesn't matter if Mars is destroyed--so long as everyone obeys the rules.

When correcting Marvin's behavior, the Emperor'll slip into a condescending teacher mode, trying to instruct Marvin in the proper way of Martian-ness. This is something Marvin loves to live up to.

The camera often catches the Imperial Emperor in Hamlet-like poses of angst, posed tragically, hand thrown over his eyes in melodramatic pain. When he sees us, he might utter a droll "Oh. It's *you*. Well, back to reality." The Imperial Emperor loves to pose in ways that he likes to see himself; in his mind, he's sophisticated, magnificent, distinguished, omniscient. In reality, he's one royal pain the rump.

ONE GUY FITS ALL

The Imperial Emperor is all Government Officials. And since the Government owns everything, from the hot dog stand down the block to the words you spoke last Tuesday, the Imperial Emperor performs every service, from shoe-shine boy to tax accountant, to used rocket salesman. His job may change, but he never does. He's always urbane, male, arrogant, officious, the supreme red tape-ridden moron who makes your life a misery.

HE CALLS THE SHOTS

The Imperial Emperor decides everything by calculation. He checks his books and charts and computer records. He might even call a superior, who would also be an identical official. He calculates the effects of Marvin's requests to the last digit. And since everything is preordained and state-controlled on Mars, the Imperial Emperor will only allow so much illusion of personal autonomy before he dictates to Marvin what's going to happen in any transaction.

For instance: As a fast food clerk he would eventually end all negotiation with:

“According to these regulations, you must select the double venus burger with orion rings. And your dog-companion must consume a half cup of Ares 12 kibbles.”

“Duuuh, isat with gravy?” K-9 asks hopefully.

The Imperial Emperor checks his ledger and calculates a few quantum equations. “I think an ounce of aqua-gravy won’t upset the balance of the universe.”

The Imperial Emperor constantly sends Marvin on the runaround. And since no matter who Marvin is sent to, they all are the same Official, he never gets a sympathetic ear to his problems.

catch phrases

Whenever Marvin succeeds, survives, or does anything right.

“What a pity.”

The Emperor always refers to Marvin this way:

“.....(statement)... my boy.”

When he’s caught doing something he oughtn’t:

“Looks like I’m the proverbial *bad Martian*.”

other things the Imperial Emperor might say:

(but these are *not* catch phrases)

“You threat to the natural order of life.”

“I was manufactured for better things.”

“Does not compute, as the less evolved say.”

“Colossal blunder. Simply colossal.”

“Come, come. It’s the Martian thing to do.”

“You’re *irritating* me.”

“And I gave up being a mainframe for this.”

“Not very Martian of you.”

LIFESTYLES OF THE YOUNG AND MARTIAN

THE MARTIAN PEOPLE

Think of worker bees, all the same, all born to work themselves to death for the hive. These guys are like that, and they love it. They live to carry out orders. They never talk back, never disobey, never think to question.

Since they are worker bees, there are only boy Martians. Soldiers, workers, all slaving for the greater glory of Mars. Martia is the only girl, and she's nothing but a video image.

All Martian workers wear the same roman warrior armor. Most are built just like Marvin, only taller.

But using the REINTEGRATOR, their bodies can be made short, thin, fat, buffed, sexy, whatever the job requires. Their genders can also be changed for the job. when the job's over they can change back to whatever shape they were before.

Their billiard ball-shaped heads can change color according to mood: blue for sad, red for mad, yellow for chicken, green for nausea, etc. but they are all basically black.

MARTIAN NAMES

All Martian names are M-words: Melvin, Mervin, Martin, Marion, Marsha, Marta, Matilda, Mifflin, Muffin, Mattock, Moron, Mazola, Mayday, Mastodon and they always have a number after, *e.g.. Melvin 3, Marion 10.*

LIVING QUARTERS

Marvin lives in an apartment in NewMarsCity, a mid-sized forty thousand man government housing project. It's a domed glass and steel affair on stilts. Everything on Mars is built on stilts, or sprouting out of the rugged red peaks of Mars. Martians like their architecture in the sky; never build on the ground or underground--that's where the little known Omm-Birds live.

TRAVELLING

Everyone flies around on hoverdishes or zips from place to place on teleporters, lifts, conveyor belts, or little scooters. Try not to just make the Martians walk in Martian cities; convey them with interesting over-technology.

DAILY BUSINESS

Over-tech is the word for most Martian thinking on technology. Clean your dishes with a disintegrator. Your house blasts off to visit a neighbor, maybe crushing another guy's house in landing. Messages between arguing Martians can be bombs or robot weapons as easily as nasty messages.

ROBOTS

All the work on Mars is really done by machines or robots. These have about as much personality as the sugar bowl in *Sword in the Stone*. All the weapons and machines act alive, though most act in pantomime only.

Robots are used as spot gags for business. If Marvin gets disintegrated they might pop out, sweep him up and reintegrate him. If some weapon comes out of the box unassembled, they would charge in, building it in seconds, and then leaving Marvin a bill, or picking up a tip from him as an afterthought. They are basically an invisible texture making things work underneath our story action.

⁴**MARTIAN CROWDS** are often only for appearances. When a big event takes place, robots haul out flats of Martian crowds and then cart them off when the event is over. Sometimes Marvin actually catches himself talking to a flat. Then the CENSOR SENSORS zip out, interrogating him about why he's engaging in an unauthorized conversation.

CITIES FOR SHOW

Robots haul out flats and mannequins of crowds, they put up flats of cities and pull down screens depicting pleasant green skies. They do so much for Marvin's world that if he were capable of the independent thought, he might say, "you know, K-9, if I didn't know better, I'd wonder if there really is anyone else here on Mars besides us." Which is nearly the truth of the matter.

LIVING THE LIE

If you hadn't noticed, on Mars everything depicting normal life is fake. Everything is for show. *The Jetsons* and *The Flintstones* held the premise that nothing changes, just because technology changes. *Marvin Chronicles* will share some of that humor--but it adds the opposite notion too--that *nothing* is the same, even if it looks the same. The Martian state wants life to look normal. They want pleasant cities and crowds enjoying public events, and happy family lives. But all that bustle would be hard to control, so they don't have it. They only allow the semblance of it.

⁴The following three ideas are probably not going to be used in their present form, though it is true that Mars values propriety over practicality.

THE MARTIAN ANTHEM

(to the tune of "Bright College Years")

*Bright Martian Years
with flags unfurled
to plant on new and al'ien worlds
Oh, how delightful just to see
our Manifested Destiny!
We Martians come
We Martians go
But Mars goes on--
That's all we know
Hold, Martians, ever to this Martian Law:
We came and then We conquered all We saw!*

*Bright Martian Years
In hallowed halls
We hear Q5 when duty calls
See how each Martian falls in line
Succumbing to His grand design!
With canine friend
each Martian man
will live to love
Our Martian Plan
Sing, Martians, as you're stealing far off stars--
"For dog, Q5, our leader, and for Mars!*

MELVIN 1 is the new breed of Martian, a perfect machine that does everything right. Whatever Marvin is doing, Melvin does it better. Talks like Dudley Dooright, and he's even more good-hearted. He's the only Martian Marvin truly hates. He's friendly, courteous, always ready to help Marvin, showing him up badly in the process.

MIFFLIN 7 A rejected robot clone from the Botworks. Timid, obsequious, always trying to fit in, always nervously agreeing with the latest edict from the High Commander. He never achieves the easy peace of mind of a mindless cog in mighty megalithic machine that is Marvin. He's one of those guys who inevitably ends up in **THE THINKTANK**, a sort of Siberia for crimethinking criminals. Marvin pities him, but tries to help him to aid Mars. Mifflin often goes so far trying to make things just right that he'll defeat the mission by his twisted, overly literal understanding of the regulations--and in the end, he's the ultimate weasel, blaming Marvin for anything slightly amiss from his interpretation of the rules.

MASHA 9 is a gung ho Martian party member. She hates Marvin. Suspects him of thinking independant thoughts. She's the ultimate nosey neighbor--ever the all-slandering gossip, ever trying to catch Marvin out for the traitor to Mars that she assumes he is. She always using ever new and bizzare high tech weapons and surveillance devices to gather her evidence. She sometimes gets assigned to missions with Marvin. She talks like the nubile Duckette that goads Daffey Duck to his doom in *Muscle Tussle*. Masha likewise pushes Marvin into taking risks he would rather not, always dropping hints that she would love to see him get written up for failing his mission. "There are plenty of loyal young Martians who need a chance," she says, goading Marvin on to his doom.

NOONA 9 is the only Martian with a non-M name. She's also short, defective, like Marvin. But her similarity to him only make Marvin nervous. After all, she's not *normal*. Not the run-of-the-mill female Martianhood. Marvin dutifully trains her to be a true Martian. She harbors a font of unrequited love for him. The odd thing is that when Noona does achieve true Martianhood and the height of a regular Martian, she loses all interest in her beloved Marvin. But now that she looks like everyone else, Marvin, true Martian that he is, goes goo-goo with love for her.

THE KENNEL: POLARIS, THE DOG STAR

THE KENNEL, as dog insiders call it, is the place where K-9 and the dogs of Mars are trained. It's a sort of a gulag for canines where dogs are taught to serve their Martian Masters. It's rough and tough. Any dog graduate is justly proud of his **KENNEL COLLAR**. Kennel Dogs are trained and sold to planetary empires all over the galaxy.

Graduates from the Kennel are like Freemasons; No graduate may ever knowingly harm another. This causes a conflict with dogs like K-9, who must show loyalty both to master and to Kennel companions.

ARES 7 A typical dog from the kennel. He's a vicious Doberman pincher type. Macho, mean, as ready to bite you in half as soon as bark at ya.

The OMM-BIRDS

These are the birdlike Martians we've seen in *Hareway to the Stars*. They are the original, true inhabitants of Mars. They're totally into new age Hari Krishna type "Ommm" chanting. They built the Martians like Marvin to free themselves for more chanting. Eventually that's all they knew how to do. So they lost their dominance. Reduced to speechless imbecility, they're only able to chant the word "ommmm."

They plot to retake Mars from Marvin and the robotic race that spawned him. But they're dumb. Way too dumb to win, even pitted against Marvin and his brood.

The Omm-Birds have one advantage, however. The present rulers of Mars were once the slaves of the Omm-Birds. And there's a key word that triggers Martians to go into serving mode:

"please"

Say it and if you're a Oom-Bird, a Martian is yours to command. Of course the Omm-Birds are too dumb to either remember the word and often unable to say it, since most are mute.

WIDE WORLD OF SPATS

The solar system settles its disputes like a sports league, sending out single champion to conquer moons, claim stretches of outer space, mine moon dust, or other imperialistic aims. This means each planet has a peculiar champion to do battle for them, providing Marvin with eight or more alien adversaries. Here's a few:

VENUS Rumor has it that Venus always sends a seductress, someone like Minerva Mink. But these hopes are dashed as the actual champion acts more like the loud-mouthed bespectacled **Little Red Riding Hood** that Bugs Bunny has encountered in the past. But amorous as a true Venusian, she's hungry for any man, even a Marvin. Marvin spends all his time trying to elude her iron hugs and heartily shouted sweet nothings in his ear.

MERCURY sends a silver shaped blob that can form anything, like the mercury in a thermometer. He has the capability of the T1000 in *Terminator Two*. But he's

EARTH of course, sends one of our established characters, either **Bugs** or **Daffy** (ala Duck Dodgers, or maybe even as his *whoo-whoo-whooing* self) or even **Elmer Fudd**.

JUPITER as we've seen is populated by the same **Oom-Birds** that live on Mars. They are really Martians who once colonized Jupiter. Their champion is likely to want to stir up the native Oom-Birds of Mars, to reclaim the red planet for its rightful rulers.

PLUTO might have guys that look suspiciously like Mickey Mouse's Pluto. If so, he'd be the only alien that Marvin will consistently trash in gag after gag.

These battles would be handled like sports competitions, played in vast holographic arenas, with scoreboards, referees, roaring electronic crowds, etc. They might be pentathlon type competitions, games like Jai-Alai or twiddly winks, boxing matches, game shows like *Jeopardy*, or even plain old wargames, as we saw in *Duck Dodgers in the Twenty-Fourth and a Half Century*.

gag:

STANDARD EXPLORATION PROCEDURE CHECKLIST

✓ CAME TO NEW WORLD

✓ SAW NEW WORLD

✓ CONQUERED NEW WORLD

gag:

EXT. EVAPORATORS

Marvin scurries over to an Evaporator. He peers at a sign on the door.

CLOSE ON SIGN

It reads OUT OF ORDER.

WIDE ON MARVIN

MARVIN

Oh dear. Have to switch to manual.

He scurries over to a lectern shaped control.

CLOSE ON CONTROL BUTTON

It reads MANUAL OVERRIDE.

WIDER

Marvin presses the button. A HUGE FLYSWATTER whips up and SWATS him flat. Some mech hands pop up and fold him into a paper airplane and then toss him. He floats off to his destination.

WIDE ON NEWMARSCITY

Marvin floats overhead.

AT DESTINATION EVAPORATORS

Marvin floats into an evaporator. ZAPP! Marvin's reintegrated like an origami Marvin. He shakes himself back to normal.

DUCK DODGERS and BUGS BUNNY

The old characters will appear once in a while, in cameos (Bugs flying by in a satellite) and in stories. It's okay to pitch Duck Dodgers working with Marvin, or against him. Just remember this is Marvin's show and he must be featured and he predominates.

TALES OF MARS

SHOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Marvin meets his match when he attempts to capture an alien who can mimic any shape. When **K-9** finds there's two Marvin's on the Martian Maggot, he must hold a character trial to find out who's who.

TIME AFTER TIME AFTER TIME AFTER TIME AFTER...

When **Marvin** is ordered to seek and destroy a time travelling terrorist, he's shocked to learn the time renegade is actually none other than **himself**, just a step into the future.

APOCALYPSE WOW

When **Marvin** is sent to infiltrate and destroy *Astar*, a swinging, outer space pleasure center, he ends up getting corrupted by pleasure himself. With Marvin traitor to Mars and to himself, it falls to the loyal **K-9** to straighten his master out.

Q'LL STOP THE RAIN?

Inexplicably one day **Q5** stops giving out orders! All Mars grinds to a halt without orders from on high. Travelling to Planet Q in the hopes of restoring Q5, **Marvin** and **K-9** learn the awful truth about the mind that rules them all--that Q-5 is really a random generation caused by a big room full of monkeys and gorillas pounding thoughtlessly on computer keyboards.

IT'S THE THOUGHT (police) THAT COUNTS

Marvin and **K-9** find themselves marooned on a lifeless planet. But when the demands of survival contradict the code of the **Censor Sensors**, (environmental codes, dietary rules, fire hazards, noise pollution, transmission censor permits, etc.) Marvin must choose between his laws and his life.

BIG BROTHER KNOWS BEST

The typical Martian family is examined as **Marvin** spends an evening trying to dial up clone families on his computer to replace **K-9** for company. None live up to the specifications of the Censor Sensors, till Marvin dials up *a Martian's Best Family*, which is of course the same old K-9 he started with.

WORLD OF THE WARS

Marvin settles in for a peaceful picnic on Planet X, little knowing it's marked for attack by **Duck Dodgers**. Marvin fends the earthduck off without even realizing he's more than

a pest at a picnic. But Daffey can never admit defeat, especially not under the watchful eyes of the nubile duckette from *Muscle Tussle* as his worshipful assistant. But when Marvin proves the mightier man, she ends up going off with him instead. “I like ‘em small, dark, and faceless,” she says, taking Marvin’s arm, “like you.” Marvin gulps with a goofy grin as we FADE OUT.

WATTS ON YOUR MIND?

Marvin tests a device that gives his brain the power to harness lightning storms with mere thought--with uncontrollably self destructive and hilarious results.

YOU’RE A BOT-TER MAN THAN I

Marvin is ordered to combat test a new improved Martian robot clone named **Melvin 1**. When Marvin’s totally outclassed, he vows to replace his replacement with himself. Nobody else on Mars is sympathetic with Marvin’s defeat at the hands of Melvin 1--that is, till the newbot shows he’s superior to *all* existing Martians. They then willingly aid Marvin in sabotaging Melvin out of their hair and into the scrap-heap.

LOVE IS A MANY SQUANDERED THING

Marvin is ordered to train **Noona 9**, a misfit Martian newbot, as short and unfitted for Martian life as he is. Throughout the training, she’s so grateful she’s in love with him! Marvin of course can’t stand her, because she’s a misfit, a bit too *un-martian*. As far as Marvin’s concerned, it’s like that old Woody Allen quip: ‘I could never join a club low enough to admit me as a member.’ But eventually he’s so successful in Martianizing her that she literally outgrows him, becoming regulation Martian size and regulation Martian mentality. (she gets knocked silly and the chip in her head gets replaced frontwards instead of backwards) Able to join the mainstream of Mars, she dumps Marvin, who, seeing Noona in her new, tall, perfectly Martian mode, finds himself madly in love with her instead!

TWO’S A CROWD

Marvin is hired out by **Q5** as a mercenary to Jupiter to stop a particularly nasty alien invasion. But the alien turns out to be fellow Martian, **Melvin 1!** They dutifully attempt to destroy one another and end up getting sued by Q5 for damaging Government property--namely eachother.

IT’S A DOG’S STRIFE

When **Marvin** receives orders to disintegrate his partner **K-9**, the loyal dog thinks it must have been some faux pas he committed. It’s a comedy of manners as K-9 tries to ingratiate himself with his master at the same time Marvin is bent on disintegrating him! The brutal denouement comes when our heroes realize the orders ‘disintegrate your partner’ were addressed, not to Marvin, but to K-9!

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

A **Oom-Bird** has discovered how to enslave all Martians with the forbidden command trigger word: *please*. Like the Pied Piper, the Oom-Bird is leaping around saying “Please, please, please,” enslaving all Martians to his will. And **Marvin’s** got to stop him before he has all Mars hopping.

DUCKING DUTY

Duck Dodgers joins with **Marvin** in an officer exchange program. But when his ineptness threatens Marvin’s mission, the Martian’s ready to give him a duck disintegration.

UNEASY LIES THE HEAD

Helmet Crests on Mars denote status. **Marvin** surreptitiously tries on the **Imperial Emperor’s** crest of authority and finds to his horror he can’t get the damned thing off his head--and The Imperial Emperor’s returning for his privileged headwear! It’s either hats off, or heads off, as Marvin tries desperately to get the big guy’s helmet off his head.

LOVE, VIDEO STYLE

When Martia 5 goes on vacation, **Marvin** falls for the present TeleHost, **Martia 6**. Since Martia’s only a video image, Marvin steals her videotape from the NewMarsNetwork and edits himself in to meet her, face to face, as it were. But Marvin awakens Martia’s romantic side only to have her run off with a music video. Marvin’s sorrow knows no bounds--till he sees the new telehost--Martia 7! Marvin’s in love all over again!

MARS THE RED (FACED) PLANET

A **Plutonian** attacks Mars with the dreaded SHAME-O-TRON, a device that makes Martians blurt out embarrassing, un-Martian thoughts and disintegrate symbols of Martian authority, like the **Imperial Emperor**. **Marvin** must defeat the Plutonian and his dreaded shame-o-tron before he gets himself arrested by the censor sensors.

MARTIAN OF THE WEEK

When all his peers admire posters of **Morton 4**, *the Martian of the Week*, **Marvin** becomes obsessed with following and copying Morton’s every habit so that he too can be *Martian of the Week*--so obsessed that he makes Morton think some guy is out to get him.

HERE COMES THE SUN

When the *Martian Maggot* lacks the power to escape a sun’s gravitational pull, **Marvin** must jettison everything he can think of to lighten her--including a reluctant **K-9!** But in the end, who will jettison who?

YOU SAY YOU WANT AN EVOLUTION

When **Marvin** inadvertently slams into the monolith from 2001, his cranium and intelligence grow! The **Imperial Emperor’s** essence is rocked to think his underling is

smarter than he. Patterned after *King Sized Canary*, the boys race to see who can touch the monolith and gain the most intelligence--till the evolution switch is knocked to "de-evolve."

FOOL FOR FUEL

The *Maggot* gets sucked into a black hole and ends up drifting amidst a veritable graveyard of lost spaceships--thousands of them, all powerless. As if that weren't enough, **Marvin** ends up getting hoodwinked out of his fuel cells by the long marooned mallard, **Plucky Duck**.

CHARIOTS OF THE CLODS

When **Marvin** leaves his NEWMARS pocketknife/disintegrator/waterpick behind by accident he threatens to accidentally change a planet's destiny, and he must retrieve it from the unwilling inhabitants.

A PIECE OF THE ACTION

Marvin is ordered to be a pawn in the MMDCVIIth Mars Cup 6th Dimensional Chess Championships, a wargame using real Martians--and real hand to hand combat!

PITY FOR THE UNPERMITTED

When **Marvin's** existence permit expires, he needs a new one. But to ask, he needs a stop work permit, a hall permit, a tube permit, a walking permit, even a permit to ask for a permit! It's a race against his own self control as Marvin struggles from one **Imperial Imperator** to another to gather the needed permits before the Imperator can revoke his very existence!

GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION

X the Ungrown finds the gravitational field generator aboard the *Maggot* and manipulates it--with bizzare results.

MARTIA 5'S (*really polite*) GUIDE TO PLANETARY CONQUEST

Marvin conquers a new world according to the rules; **Martia's** rules of etiquette. The only trouble is, he finds himself pitted against the rudest, sleaziest alien in the galaxy. (sort of an interplanetary Tom Waits) Martia's rules get more and more in the way, and Marvin's resultant failures make him angrier and angrier. It's only a matter of time Marvin stops handling this alien with the kid gloves and starts handling him with the mailed fist.

SEALED WITH A CURSE

Marvin gets some sealed orders he can't open, no matter what high-tech weapons he uses.

and of course, we might have to do

the PILOT EPISODE

Marvin's origin... he gets created at the Botworks, rejected. He begs to stay on and be a loyal Martian... They try him out on many different jobs to find where he fits in with Martian society. This'll allow us to explore a wide gamut of Martian society. **Q5** eventually decides to send him on missions where he'll get killed so that Mars will be rid of him. So begins the tale of Marvin, the most expendable man on Mars.

BOMBS AWAY

When a bomb that could destroy the universe gets thrown out as trash by mistake, **Marvin** must pursue a trash rocket throughout the galaxy.

MASTER AND MORON

When **Marvin** comes to realize that **K-9** is smarter than he is, he vows to erase his loyal dog's mind to make him stupider.

IT'S DOG EAT DOG

Ares 7, a dog from Polaris, arrives to restore **K-9's** ferocious Kennel instincts. Not only is K-9 much happier reading his Plato and Proust, but **Marvin** comes to realize he can't stand the hot-tempered standard issue Polaris Dog.

PERISH THE THOUGHT

Marvin is called before **Q5** to answer charges of independent thought. Tried by video before a jury of his clones, Marvin realizes he is in fact guilty and disintegrates himself! The Q-5 is furious that he would dare take the law into his own hands, reintegrates and punishes him even further.

SCRAP-CAPER

When **Marvin** crashes on a moon, he calls for a pickup from the AAA towrocket he gets a sharper-type humanoid, **Nasty Canasta**, who secretly wants the *Maggot* for scrap metal.

X THE UN-GROWN

Marvin thinks he's got it made when the terrifying "X" alien he's been ordered to capture turns out to be a tiny midget. But the little X turns out to as disruptive as a gremlin while aboard the *Martian Maggot*.

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

K-9's loyalties are stretched to the limit when **Marvin's** ordered to capture a Betelguesian--and it's discovered that the Betelguesian's dog, **Ares 7**, is one of K-9's old

classmates from the Kennel. The loyal dog must decide whether to serve memory or master.

CRASH AND SQUIRM

Marvin backs into an alien rocket while maneuvering the *Maggot* and gets put on trial by the irate rocket pilots, **Buster and Babs**.

PREDATORS R US

Marvin and **K-9** bite off more than they can chew, on a routine alien capture mission when it becomes apparent the alien is smarter and more powerful... and is hunting them!

HIVES AND DAUGHTERS

The Martian BotWorks has a problem with an aberrant Martian, a singing robot named **Mimi 1**. **Marvin's** got to nip the little crooner in the old memory bank.

A-SQUIRMATIVE ACTION

Marvin is ordered to aid **Mifflin 7**, a robotic Martian clone not quite up to factory specs. Marvin finds his assignment more trouble than he can handle, especially when Mifflin turn in Marvin himself for non-ordered behavior in order to ingratiate himself with the **Imperial Imperator**.

WE AIM TO POLICE

The **Censor Sensors** are dogging **Marvin** all through NewMarsCity for keeping a diary. When he's finally caught, Marvin reveals he's only been writing hymns of praise to **Q5!** But far from saving him, this only gets him into deeper trouble! After all. Unauthorized thoughts are, well, *unauthorized*.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Marvin receives order 101 "execute **K-9** and then obey order 102." But order 102 says "deliver K-9 to Muffin 3" Marvin's torn how to follow both orders.

NOT NOW, VOYAGER!

Marvin finds the Voyager probe just when **Duck Dodgers** has been sent to retrieve it for Disunited Earth.

A SOUND OF BLUNDER

At a time machine amusement park, **Marvin** ends up changing history so that Mars never existed. Desperate to change it back, he alters history numerous times, to create numerous alternate Mars's--some of which seem a hell of a lot better than his own.

OF MICE AND MARS

Marvin finds an earth probe containing two lab rats, namely **Pinky and the Brain**. They want Marvin's technology to conquer the world. But which? Earth or Mars?

L'AMOUR L'MARS

Love knows no earthly bounds as **Pepe le Pew** pursues **Penelope** to Mars in a rocket. Trouble is, they've interrupted **Marvin** in his Saturday housekeeping.

DOG'S STAR PUPIL

Charlie the Dog infiltrates the Dog Star Kennel as a teacher in the hope of replacing **K-9** with himself. But as K-9's more intelligent persona asserts itself, it becomes a battle of wits who's actually going to replace who!

A HITCH IN TIME

Marvin must return a time travelling hitch-hiker to his own time.

HOW (*BLEEP*) IS YOUR LOVE?

When **Marvin** forgets to send the **Q5** a "Munificent Dictator Day" card, he's dragged before the **Imperial Emperor** to find out why. Using a hearts-and-minds scan, the Emperor learns that Marvin LOVES someone besides Q5--and that someone is none other than Marvin's faithful dog, **K-9!** K-9's ecstatic. His loyalty is redoubled as he rescues Marvin from the depths of the Martian Inquisition in an Indiana Jones style rescue.

GIMME THAT GOOD OL' MARTIAN MUSIC

Parody of *the Music Man*, as a musical alien, **Grok**, comes to NewMarsCity to spread his music. His songs are catchy--but they're so fun-loving, it threatens to destroy the perfect regimentation of Mars! That is, till **Marvin** and **K-9** put all Mars to the beat--the beat of a Martial Marching Band, that is. Will feature such blasphemies as:

BEING ON MARS

(to "Being in Love")

MARVIN:

Being on Mars

It's just my fa--

v'rite song!

Being on Mars

they tell you where you

belong.

My first thoughts?

They gave 'em to me

in the Botworks.

K-9:

*They taught him
“two plus two is five!”*

*Now they make him push
the paperworks--*

MARVIN:

*It's SO GREAT
being ALIVE--
as a Mar-tian!*

MARVIN/K-9:

*Being on Mars
They keep your steps
in line!
Being on Mars
They make you turn
out just fine!*

MARVIN:

*They say
that being obedient's
Martian
They say
how Martian a being can be--
Good thing that Mars is the place for me!*

K-9:

*Then came Grok
and he taught a song*

MARVIN:

*a simple song
an honest song*

K-9:

a sap happy zip-zappy song--

MARVIN:

*of a planet somewhere
in a part of the Milky Way*

K-9:

And he taught melodeeeeeee

MARVIN/K-9:

And he taught some harmoneeeeee

MARVIN:

Ulp!

*And it didn't sound much like Mars
to meeeeeeee...*

K-9:

*Being on Mars
He heard a brand-
new song!*

MARVIN:

*Could it be
on Mars
that they do things
all wrong?*

K-9:

*He still thinks
that being obedient's
Martian--*

MARVIN:

*And Mars is
where I wish I could be--But--*

MARVIN/K-9:

--Sometimes we wish we wuz be-ing free!