

THE MARVIN CHRONICLES

'Pity for the Unpermitted'

Written by

chris otsuki

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

WARNER BROTHERS ANIMATION

THE MARVIN CHRONICLES
"PITY FOR THE UNPERMITTED"
ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Mars in all her crimson glory. MARTIAN ANTHEM MUSIC INTRO.
TRUCK IN:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEWMARSCITY - DAY

Typical hustle and bustle in the Martian Metropolis. TRUCK IN
ON the Martian PAPERWORKS, a huge bureaucratic ministry.
MARTIAN ANTHEM INTRO.

MARTIAN CHORUS
*Bright Martian Years!
Well ordered life...*

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIAN PAPERWORKS

We see Martian hands coming up with rubber stamps, stamping
papers OK. Up and down, up and down.

MARTIAN CHORUS
*...is how we keep our world from
strife...*

At bank after bank of desks, like a gigantic bureaucratic
Busby Berkely chorus, Martians happily rubber-stamp forms and
shove piles of papers into bins of robot PAPERPUSHERS
puttering from desk to desk, collecting piles of paperwork.

MARTIAN CHORUS (CONT'D)
*We shuf-fle papers to and fro...
Cause that's what makes
the whole thing go...*

We see the entire PAPERWORKS, a vast football field sized
office sporting an endless field of desks of rubberstamping
Martians. At the center of the field, the IMPERIAL EMPERATOR
stands at a lectern control station, conducting the action as
if he were Leonard Bernstein. Behind him is a huge bay
window, through which we can see the whole panorama of
NewMarsCity.

MARTIAN CHORUS (CONT'D)

*...it's paperwork
that makes our day!
Bureaucracy
is A-OK!*

And in the midst of this great mass of Mars sits MARVIN, happily rubber stamping away with the rest. His loyal dog K-9 holds a rubberstamp with his tail. Marvin holds out a paper for him to stamp, which he does with great enthusiasm. There's a photo of K-9 on Marvin's desk.

MARTIAN CHORUS (VO) (CONT'D)

*Mar-tians, don't dare forget this
Rule of State...*

MARVIN

(joining in)
*Don't fold, don't spin-dle, and
don't mu-ti-late!*

K-9

(tuneful howling)

MARVIN

Ooo. Isn't that lovely, K-9?

K-9 nods happily. HAPPY PANTING SFX. Marvin holds up one of the papers he's stamping.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Permit #450077-A. Very important
form, K-9... very important indeed!

K-9 happily stamps it for him. A ROBOT PAPER PUSHER motors up, with a bin extended. K-9 shoves a pile of permits to the bin. But before he can get them in, a WARNING LIGHT goes off on the console. SFX: RED ALERT.

A huge hanging EYEBALL that dominates the center of the high domed ceiling turns and looks at MARVIN, a searchlight peering out from the pupil of the great eye.

Marvin looks up, bewildered. The entire room FLASHES RED with alarms. SFX: ALARM!

Three CENSOR SENSORS, floating black spheroids with telescope eyes, emerge from the pupil of the giant eye. They hover down to Marvin. Sprouting mech hands, they seize him by the helmet brush, unceremoniously hauling him away.

CENSOR SENSORS

VIOLATION... VIOLATION...
VIOLATION...

A pair of Censor Sensors hoist K-9 up too. In the scuffle the suddenly abandoned pile of paperwork teeters on the desk.

The pile of papers falls to the floor. The Paperpusher robot motors off without them, bin still empty. TRUCK IN on the papers, strewn over the floor. OMINOUS MUSIC.

The Censor Sensors drop Marvin and K-9 in a heap before Marvin's ever stern and unsympathetic immediate superior, THE IMPERIAL EMPEROR.

The emperor consults a punch card. He speaks a magnificently droll aristocratic voice that couldn't care whether you live or die, rather like Christopher Lee enhanced with a snooty english accent.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR

Well, well... Marvin 5.43221. Do you realize your permit to exist expires today?

Shocked, Marvin pulls out his ID folder. A Jacob's Ladder of ID cards unfolds, reading things like WORK PERMIT, TRAVEL PERMIT, VOTING PERMIT etc.

We see the EXISTENCE PERMIT. It's a plastic electronic card showing a photo of Marvin. It reads:

PERMIT TO EXIST

MARVIN 5.43221

And flashing across the card in neon red:

EXPIRES TODAY

EXPIRES TODAY

EXPIRES TODAY

MUSIC STING! Nearby Martians edge away from Marvin as if he was plague-ridden. The Martians throw up instant cubical walls, shielding themselves from the leprous little misfit. Posted on the walls are signs:

GO AWAY! BEAT IT! SORRY--CLOSED, UNPERMITTED PERSONS NOT PERMITTED, etc.

MARTIANS

(ad-lib shocked gasps)

Not permitted? The nerve of some Martians! I knew there was something alien about him, etc.

K-9's giving him a funny look. Marvin's sweating bullets.

MARVIN

Oh dear... I'm a *bad* Martian!

Horrified, K-9 glares at his master. After a BEAT, the once loyal dog haughtily sticks his tongue out at Marvin in a snide RASPBERRY.

Turning on his heels, the dog marches out a side door and SLAMS it, affronted to have ever been in Marvin's unpermitted company. Marvin is devastated.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

(weeping)

Et tu, K-9?

Tragically, he pulls open his chest, revealing the robotic mechanics inside. He switches a POWER switch to OFF. SFX: POWER SHUTTING OFF. Marvin falls over with a hollow tin can CLANG.

The Imperial Emperor reaches down with his staff and flicks Marvin back on. Our little Martian looks around, momentarily confused.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR

No unauthorized shutdowns, my boy.
Your expiration won't take effect
till...

(peering at the expired
permit)

...midnight, Eastern Martian Time.

He reaches over and opens the brush-hatch in Marvin's helmet.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR (CONT'D)

At that time, of course...

Inside the helmet we see an ACME-VAC battery. It GLOWS RED.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR (CONT) (CONT'D)

...your Acme-Vac is rigged to self-
destruct.

The Emperor closes Marvin's helmet back up.

MARVIN

But, your Imperialness. Can't I get
a new permit to exist?

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR

My boy, only the Powers that Be can
issue a NEW permit.

(MORE)

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

To reach them you must go there...

(points)

The Towers of Oppression.

He points out the huge panoramic window behind him. We see past the bustle of NewMarsCity, past the labyrinth of the Martian Canals, to a foreboding BLACK TOWER. This is the Towers of Oppression, home to the Powers that Be.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

Hopeless, isn't it?

Marvin salutes. Determined MARTIAL MUSIC.

MARVIN

I'll do my best, sir.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR

You mean to say you're not *giving up*?

(sotto)

What a pity.

(to Marvin)

Well, remember. The last stroke of Midnight... and no more Marvin!

He presses a button on his lectern and salutes. Marvin returns the salute. The floor opens up beneath and Marvin falls OS.

MARVIN (VO)

(trailing off)

Whooooohooohoooy!!!!

OS CRASH! The Emperor dusts his hands off, Marvin already dismissed from his memory.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR

I do so hate a bad Martian.

At Marvin's desk, another MARTIAN is already taking his place. He distastefully picks up Marvin's MARVIN 5.43221 nameplate and photo of K-9. He tosses them down a pneumatic tube labeled TRASH. Effetely dusting the desk off, he places his own nameplate down: MELVIN 7. He places a photo of his own K-9 unit, a doberman pincher who looks like he could use K-9 for a chew toy.

CUT TO:

INT. TUBES

These are the millions of pneumatic tubes that form the inner workings of the Paperworks.

Papers zip up and down these glass tubes like electrons. We follow Marvin as down he tumbles. A side tube joins him with his discarded nameplate and photo of K-9. Down, down, down he tumbles... all the way to...

CUT TO:

EXT. PAPERWORKS - DAY

A trash bin appropriately labeled TRASH. Marvin pops out a pneumatic tube and lands in a heap. His photo of K-9 BONKS him on the head. Shaking his head clear, he looks at it. Tears form. SAPPY VIOLINS.

MARVIN

(sniffles)

Oh, the shame. The Pity. The absolute depths of despair! What's one unpermitted martian to do? I don't deserve to live!

He opens up his chest cavity. His finger poises over the ON/OFF switch. DRAMATIC MUSIC! Is this it? The end of Marvin????

Before he can flick himself off for good, his nameplate dumps out of the garbage chute and BONKS him on the head. He looks at it. A bit tarnished. And slimy with garbage. But it reads proudly: MARVIN 5.43221.

ON MARVIN

MARVIN...

(rising hysterical triumph)

That's who I am... I'm Marvin 5! The Forty-three thousandth, two hundred and twenty-first Marvin in the 5 series! I'm unique! I'm an individual!

Marvin leaps to his feet, shaking his nameplate at the distant Black Tower. The MUSIC SOARS!

MARVIN

You hear me, O Towers of Oppression? Marvin 5.43221 is coming to renew his proper permit to exist--no matter what bureaucratic labyrinth the Powers that Be may put in his way!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MARTIAN CANALS - DAY

THE PROPER CHANNELS

MARTIAN CANALS SECTOR 1

Marvin overlooking the section of the Martian Canals designated the PROPER CHANNELS. It's the most incredible maze of waterways you've ever seen.

At the horizon beyond lies the place Marvin seeks, THE TOWERS OF OPPRESSION. It looks like it'll take a million years to reach the towers, if they can ever be reached.

On the other side is an open field, containing only one short canal leading directly to the distant Black tower. A smaller street sign proclaims this route: THE INSIDE TRACK. It looks only a mile or so to the tower from this direction.

A telescreen stands beside Marvin at the bottom of the signpost. The slender and lovely MARTIA 2 sits pictured demurely on the screen.

MARTIA 2

Information. This is Martia 2. How may I help you?

MARVIN

Martia 2... Ooo. Isn't she lovely?

MARTIA 2

May I help you, citizen of Mars?

MARVIN

Oh, Martia 2. Pardonez-mois . Can't I take the Inside Track to the Towers of Oppression?

MARTIA

I'm very sorry citizen Marvin. But everyone must go through the Proper Channels. They won't let you in otherwise.

MARVIN

But I self destruct in two hours...

Martia 2 looks at a teletype readout clicking out notes.

MARTIA 2

1 hour 59 minutes and 27 seconds.

MARVIN

Oh dear. But taking the proper channels, doesn't it look like it could take *days* to get there?

MARTIA

Silly sweet little Marvin. The Proper Channels are specifically designed so you'll *never* get there.

MARVIN

Oh, dear.

MARTIA 2

(brightening)

Delighted to be of assistance, citizen. Have a nice day!

She disappears to be replaced by a CALLSIGN featuring a HAPPY FACE.

MARVIN

(to CAMERA)

You know... you have to admire such perfectly realized indifference.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROPER CHANNELS

Marvin energetically pushes himself along in a Martian GONDOLA. Ahead we can see Marvin is coming toward an Imperial Checkpoint, a tollbooth on the side of the canal. The sign reads:

PROPER CHANNELS IMPERIAL CHECKPOINT

PLEASE HAVE PASSAGE PERMIT

(or else)

The Imperial Emperor pops up in the booth. He's the toll taker. Robotic arms reach up out from behind his desk, replacing his imperial helmet with a conductor's ticket taker cap. We see the canal behind him is shut by huge IRON DOORS. They read: NO ENTRY.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR

Well, Marvin? 1.5 hours to midnight
and you're not even through the
Proper Channels yet.

He throws the lever and the big iron doors part. He shoves Marvin through the gate with his staff, clapping him on the back.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

Scoot along, my boy. I'm pulling
for you, you know.

Marvin proceeds on his way down the canal.

MARVIN

(to CAMERA)

Pulling for me. Ooo. Isn't that
lovely?

Suddenly a mechanical hand reaches out from the booth and drags him all the way back to the Imperial Emperor. The iron doors SLAM shut.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR

Of course, you do have a passage
permit?

Marvin hands him his travel permit. The doors reopen and the hand scoots Marvin along his way. The Emperor throws the lever again and the hand pulls him back with the hook.

SLAM go the iron doors.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

...and a Navigation permit, of
course?

Marvin hands him his navigation permit. The doors reopen and the hand scoots Marvin along his way.

The Emperor throws the lever again and the hand pulls him back like a stage hook. SLAM go the iron doors. This process repeats for every permit, going faster and faster until...

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

...Water permit? Power permit?
(marvin hands him this)
...travel to the Tower Permit?
(marvin hands him this)
Early permit, late permit, of
course you have your
State permit...
(marvin hands him these)

(MORE)

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

And the last thing we must for ask
is *your stand around and wait*
permit!

Oops. As Marvin fishes around for the last permit--WHAM!!!!!!
He's flattened in the SLAMMING doors. All we see is his hand
sticking out the doors, triumphantly holding the *stand around*
and wait permit.

The Emperor throws the switch. The doors slide open and
Marvin falls to the deck. The Emperor catches the
fluttering permit.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

These all seem to be in order...
What a pity.

The Emperor shoves all the permits back onto Marvin,
burying him in papers. He points to a fork in the canals. A
street sign identifies them.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

You have your choice of these two
channels.

One sign reads: BLIND ALLEY. The other reads: WILD GOOSE
CHASE.

MARVIN

I think I'll go down the Blind
Alley.
(bowing)
Ooo. Thank you, Imperial Emperor.
You've been most delightful.

Marvin proceeds down Blind alley.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR

(calling)
After all, Marvin. I'm the
Government. Every step of the
way... I'm on your side!

Marvin hastily pushes his gondola along the Blind Alley.
Things are getting darker and darker. Marvin looks a little
nervous.

The face of Marvin's watch looks like a complex digital
watch. Then the liquid crystal face DISSOLVES into a picture
of MARTIA.

MARTIA

At the tone the time will be... one hour till Marvin's self-destruction... Have a nice day!

MARVIN

Oh dear!

We see the sign: BLIND ALLEY. PAN DOWN to Marvin scooting his gondola along the twists and turns in the Blind Alley. It's dark and it's getting darker...

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Ooo. You certainly feel blind in Blind Alley.

Shrugging, he continues his way down the canal. It's getting darker and darker. Finally all we see is Marvin's eyes in the blackness. His eyes look around a bit. PADDLING.

Oops! He bumps into something.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Oops! I'll go back this way...

The eyes turn the other way. PADDLING. Oops! He bumps into something again.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Ooo. This isn't a bit nice!

He strikes a match, illuminating where he is. Somehow he's found his way into a tiny little sealed off concrete cell. There's no way in or out.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Oh, dear! Delays, delays!

We PAN right through a CROSS SECTION of the walls of the little concrete cell of the Blind Alley, all made of bricks, until we come to...

EXT. BLIND ALLEY CANALS - NIGHT

The outside of the bricked up cell. We see the Imperial Emperor WHISTLING tunefully as he bricks Marvin up in the Blind Alley, sort of a *Martian Cask of Amontillado*.

The Emperor wears a work apron and carries a trowel full of cement. A wheel barrow of cement and a pile of bricks are behind him. A roadblock flashes: MARTIANS WORKING.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR
(singing-from Witch Hazel)
Another hour and Marvin is through-
oo!

The Emperor is just cementing a dedicatory plaque in place:

HERE LIES MARVIN 5.43221

"Don't let him happen again."

INT. BLIND ALLEY TUNNEL CELL

Marvin stares at the wall.

MARVIN
Now I suppose I shall have to use
force.

He whips out his laser pistol and OBLITERATES an entire wall
of the cell. Oops!

Behind the wall of course is the Imperial Emperor--and now
Marvin's blasted a hole right through him! TRUCK IN on the
Emperor as his eyes frown at his sudden misfortune. GRIM
MUSIC.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR
Marvin, Marvin. This isn't helping
your case any.

MARVIN
Oh dear.

Marvin cringes at what he's done, waving sheepishly. MUSIC WA-
WAAAAAAS as we...

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT I

"PITY FOR THE UNPERMITTED"

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. BLIND ALLEY -- NIGHT

The Emperor frowns down at the hole Marvin's just blasted in him.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR
Open Sedition. This doesn't bode
well for you, my boy.

Marvin scurries in, dusting the Emperor off. He takes the trowel and tries to spackle in the hole he's just blasted in him.

MARVIN
Sorry, your Imperialness.

There! He's got the hole filled perfectly. A BEAT. Then the spackling spills right out again onto the ground. The Emperor glowers at Marvin.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR
Marvin, Marvin, Marvin... Would you
like your punishment now... or
shall we simply file felony charges
with the Powers that Be?

MARVIN
Oooooo, I think I'd rather take
care of it now, please.

The Emperor blows a BOBBY WHISTLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROPER CHANNELS -- NIGHT

We see a section of the martian canal maze just outside the blind alley, that is the proper channels, and the still smoldering hole Marvin's just blown right through the maze wall. The Emperor walks out, dusting himself off. A squad of Sensor Sensors hover into scene, brandishing, drill bits, hammers, bazookas, laser beams, battleaxes, all manner of awful weapons.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR
(reading the charges off
his watch)
(MORE)

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

Violation of Martian Code 34236-711A; inadvertent vandalism of Government Property. Namely yours truly. Take him, boys.

They charge into the tunnel. SCREEN SHAKE! We hear POUNDING, EXPLOSIONS, MACHINE GUNS, LASER BEAMS, PUNCHING, etc.

After a BEAT, the Sensor Censors emerge, each saluting the Emperor as it exits.

Marvin's head rolls out last, dinged and cracked. His battered body follows, groping around for it.

The Emperor taps the body on the shoulder and points out Marvin's head. The body salutes and picks up the frowning head. Tapping the helmet, the Emperor strolls OS.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (CONT'D)

Off you go, Marvin. Remember... I'm still the Government. And the Government is always on your side.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENNELS - NIGHT

These are high tech doghouses with cage front doors, with satellite dishes on them. A yard sign reads:

MIFFLIN 4'S

pre-owned

K-9 BIOLOGICAL UNITS

Rent Lease Purchase

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEL

K-9 broods in a dog basket, watching the telescreen. This being a dwelling interior, there are quite a few telescreens spread around, all playing the same video of Martia 2.

K-9 turns from the telescreen to a framed diploma he holds in his paws.

MARTIA

And stay tuned for Martia 2 with the 11 O'Clock news...

POV - ON DIPLOMA

We see a diploma picturing a chummy photo of K-9 and Marvin.
It reads proudly:

DIPLOMA

NEWMARSCITY SCHOOL OF

ALIEN WORLD CONQUEST

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (VO)

(echoing)

Marvin 5 and K-9... I hereby
declare you a Martian/Biological
Unit team... Do it for Mars, my
boys.

The tears well up in K-9's eyes.

K-9

(blubbering)

Master...

MARTIA (VO)

In other news... Marvin 5, a
rubberstamper from the NewMarsCity
Paperworks is scheduled for self
destruction...

K-9 bolts upright! He stares at the TV. On the telescreen,
Martia's pleasant form is replaced with a Black and White
playback of K-9 walking out on Marvin earlier:

K-9

(RASPBERRY!)

The onscreen K-9 marches out a side door and SLAMS it.

MARVIN

(weeping)

Et tu, K-9?

Tragically, we see Marvin open his chest, switching off his
own POWER switch to OFF. Marvin falls over with a loud
metallic CLUNK.

MARTIA 2

Marvin 5 leaves behind K-9, a
biological unit now available for
rent, lease, or purchase. In other
news...

(MORE)

MARTIA 2 (CONT'D)
 (fades away to white
 noise)

K-9 cries his eyes out! This shouldn't happen to a dog!

K-9
 (sobbing!)
 Waaaaah! My poor master...

Suddenly his face hardens... he jumps up. He's determined. He GROWLS at the telescreen.

K-9 (CONT'D)
 (GROWL!!!!)

He SMASHES right through his kennel cage door.

K-9 (CONT'D)
 I'm coming, Master!

On the telescreen, someone hands Martia a teletype.

MARTIA
 This just in... K-9, a product at
 Mifflin 4's PreOwned K-9 biological
 units has just escaped--

Through the frayed hole of the torn out cage door, we see K-9 charging off against the bright full moon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARTIAN CANALS - PROPER CHANNELS - NIGHT - ON MOON

One of Mars's two moons matches to prior shot. Below we see a canal sign: WILD GOOSE CHASE.

We see Marvin staggering along the shallow canal. He's covered with goose feathers and looks as if he's been through a war waged in an aviary.

MARVIN
 (dizzy)
 Those wild geese were certainly
 wild. Ooo. I feel very weary...
 very weary indeed.

His watch flashes.

MARTIA
 At the tone the time will be...
 twenty minutes to your self
 destruction... Have a nice day!

Just then, the Imperial Emperor floats overhead in a little hovercraft. He brushes the feathers off Marvin.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR

Hello Brother Martian. I'm your Union Representative. Don't let them peck away at you like this, my boy.

MARVIN

What can I do, your Union Labeled Imperialness?

We see an archway labeled: NEGOTIATIONS. The Emperor shuffles Marvin through it.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR

Enter into Negotiations. Then you can invoke your Escape Clause.

MARVIN

Escape clause... Ooo. Isn't that delightful?

The Emperor throws a wall switch. Instantly iron doors SLAM down, trapping Marvin in Negotiations.

CUT TO:

INT. NEGOTIATIONS

Negotiations looks like a huge maze, with Marvin as the wandering mouse. Marvin walks along, noting a sign that reads: WATCH YOUR STEP. Oops! He nearly falls down a hole in the floor. It's numbered 1. He wipes his brow as he looks into it.

INSIDE THE HOLE

We're in the shaft. At the top of the hole, we see Marvin peering nervously down. A pebble ECHOES as it falls down the hole.

MARVIN

Ooo. Negotiations certainly has its little pitfalls--

Suddenly the whole floor tilts wildly. Marvin barely keeps from falling down the hole.

EXT. NEGOTIATIONS MAZE

Marvin stumbles and staggers along the maze of corridors, dancing around several other numbered holes, as the floor tilts this way and that.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Ooo! Oh! Ooooo!

Much wider, we can see all of Negotiations now. It's one of those tiltable mazes filled with holes that you try to roll a marble through. Only in this maze, the marble is Marvin.

Pulling wider, we are watching all this on a telescreen. In the FG, the Imperial Emperor kicks back, his feet lazily nudging a console flywheel that controls the maze below. He reads a pulp magazine: MARS NEEDS WOMEN.

IN NEGOTIATIONS - FOLLOWING MARVIN

Marvin dances around hole after hole after hole. Finally the maze stops tilting, just before Marvin teeters down a huge hole. Marvin wipes his brow as he looks down the hole.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
I wonder how you evoke your escape clause?

PAN with him as he turns the other way and walks right into an unseen hole behind him.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Well... I suppose I'd better get--
(trailing off)
--gooooiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!

CUT TO:

INT. AGREEMENTS

Marvin falls in a heap. THUD! It's a cramped hallway, silent as a tomb. Echoing footsteps. Marvin looks over to a door marked AGREEMENTS. His watch flashes.

MARTIA (VO)
At the tone the time will be... ten minutes to your self destruction. Have a nice day!

MARVIN
Oh dear!

Marvin impatiently presses the button to the first door.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (VO)
Welcome to Negotiations. Would you
like to hammer out an agreement?

MARVIN
Oh yes. And hurry, please, your
Imperialness.

The door slides open and a massive HAMMER slams down on
Marvin's head.

WHAMWHAMWHAM!!!! It knocks him right through the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. ARBITRATION

Marvin lands in front of another door, this one marked
ARBITRATION.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (VO)
Perhaps you'd like to submit to
Binding Arbitration?

MARTIA (VO)
At the tone the time will be...
nine minutes to your self
destruction. Have a nice day!

MARVIN
Ooooo, anything, just hurry please,
your Imperialness!

The Emperor presses the button. The door flips open. Two
mech hands reach in and shackle Marvin with ankle cuffs, hand
cuffs, and stainless steel cable, hanging him upside down
from the ceiling. He's helpless.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Ooo. Binding arbitration is
certainly binding.
(calling out)
Your Imperialness?

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (VO)
Yes?

MARVIN
I think I'd like to invoke my
escape clause.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (VO)
Marvin, Marvin, Marvin. Are you
quite sure?

MARVIN

Mmmmmmm, yes... I *think* so, sir.

The wall slides open, revealing a huge crablike mech claws projecting through and snapping angrily at Marvin.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR (VO)

After all, Marvin... you did invoke your *Escape Claws*.

(apologetic chuckle)

I'm sorry for the bad pun, my boy.

MARVIN

Oooo. A little matter of misspelling.

SNAP! SNAP! Marvin wiggles. He dodges heroically. With one last CLACK, the claws inadvertently cut Marvin's shackles off. He falls OS.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

(trailing off)

Hooohooohoooooooy!

We see a big hole open in the floor. Marvin plummets through.

WALL CROSS SECTION

Marvin falls down through the tubing in the wall. The tube forms a loop that loop-de-loops around and empties out the side of the tunnel.

We pull back to see the Imperial Emperor is watching Marvin on a video monitor, inadvertently escaping.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR

Drat. Might have known he'd find a loophole.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTIAN CANALS - NIGHT

K-9 is running through the canal, looking for Marvin. Suddenly he looks up to hear...

MARVIN (VO)

Auuuuuuugh!

In the far distance, K-9 sees the looming Negotiations Building. And he sees Marvin falls out a drainpipe running halfway down the structure.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Auuuuugh!

Marvin plummets, down, down, down...

Marvin falls into a racetrack stadium, the RUNAROUND. At last K-9 has found him! He bolts off to the stadium.

EXT. RUNAROUND TRACK AND FIELD STADIUM

PAF! Marvin SLAMS into the ground. He gets up, shaking his head clear. A gun SOUNDS.

ANNOUNCER (OS)

And they're off!

We see the Runaround is like a race track, with checkered striping and racing flags all over. Grandstands hold an enthusiastic crowd of Martian spectators.

MARTIANS

(ROAR of approval)

Marvin looks up as a pack of MARTIANS in athletic garb tear past him, fast as the Road Runner. They spin Marvin this way and that as they charge past.

MARTIANS (CONT'D)

(ad lib wallas)

Oh! Ahhh! Ooooo!

MARTIAN 1 pauses to warn him.

MARTIAN 1

Oooooo, don't stop here! This is the Runaround, ya crazy!

(looking back in terror)

He's coming!

Martian 1 runs ahead OS. Suddenly the ground is shaking!
SCREEN SHAKE! SFX

STAMPING! Marvin looks back as a shadow covers him. YIKES!

As Marvin turns and runs, TRUCK BACK to reveal the Imperial Emperor piloting a huge STAMPING MACHINE. It's built sort of like a flamingo: a small cockpit, long spindly legs ending in huge Martian tennis shoes. STAMP! STAMP! STAMP!

IMPERIAL EMPEROR

(through loudspeaker)

Keep running around, my boy!

MARVIN

Are you still... (pant) ...on my side, your Imperialness?

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR

Of course, Marvin! I'm giving you the stamp of approval!

Marvin narrowly misses getting STAMPED by the towering stamping machine. He runs past several Martians as they get STAMPED flat! Yeech! They're crunched into a mashed smear of metal, crushed conduit, and tennis shoe. The crater is shaped into the letters: OK.

A panel slides open from the canal wall, and a FIRST AID ROBOT marked with a red cross, motors out, SIRENS HOWLING. (All Martian robots are faceless stick figures. They're as human as the brooms in Sorcerer's Apprentice.)

The first aid robot motors in, sweeps up the smashed-to-pieces Martians and carries the remains off.

The first aid robot motors over to a dust bin and dumps the remains, scurrying off. TRUCK IN on the trash can's label:

KEEP MARS BEAUTIFUL.

In the grandstands, MARTIANS enjoy the action. Bursting through a gateway is K-9, breathlessly looking around for Marvin. He spots him down on the track. He gasps to see...

Marvin's struggling to keep up as a pack of high powered Martians pass him by. He trips. He falls heavily into the dust!

MARTIANS

Ooooooh!

The shadow of the Stamper looms over Marvin. He cowers. He cringes. He's given up. The Stamper's OK foot raises over him.

IMPERIAL IMPERATOR

As I promised you, my boy. You are A-OK.

Suddenly Marvin hears an OS WHISTLE. He looks back.

Charging down the stairs, and over railings, K-9 hurtles down the stands toward him. WHISTLING, he waves a sign: DON'T GIVE UP, MASTER! He flips it around: GO MARVIN 5!!!!

K-9

(ear splitting WHISTLE)

The screen goes SEPIA TONED. SLOW MOTION. Marvin looks back at K-9, his pupils forming into hearts. A Martian's best friend *is* his dog after all!

SEPIA TONED. In slow motion K-9 charges down the stairs. He's waving a sign: I LOVE YOU MASTER! Encouraged by his loyal dog, Marvin's face screws up with determination. TRIUMPHANT MUSIC...

Back to color, Marvin starts racing down the track like a bullet. The MUSIC SOARS!

Marvin rockets past a pack of Martians so fast their clothes tear off, revealing their funny boxer shorts. The STOMPER, still in hot pursuit, stomps them OK a second later. A sign flips out of the smashed debris of mangled Martian: I'M OK, YOU'RE OK.

We see the finish line. A thin gleam of RED TAPE stretches between Marvin and the finish line.

ANNOUNCER (OS)

And it's Marvin, all alone in the home stretch!

MARTIANS

(cheers)

Marvin! Marvin!

Marvin charges toward his triumph, chest out, set to break the tape. But as he crosses the finish line, the red tape just stretches out with him!

PAN with Marvin as the tape plays out further and further as he runs.

We see the red tape dispenser, red tape spinning out of it like fishing line. Finally the end of the roll is reached...

Marvin's strains against the end of the red tape. The tension stretches. It strains. It becomes unbearable... and suddenly the Red Tape SNAPS, hurling MARVIN right into the track wall, landing in a tangled heap of red tape.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Uh oh! Looks like he's tangled in red tape!

Marvin pokes his head out of the tape. Over Marvin's shoulder we see the STAMPER fast approaching. He tugs against his bonds, helpless.

MARVIN

Oh dear!

MUSIC STING! As Marvin struggles helplessly, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

EXT. RUNAROUND FINISH LINE - NIGHT

Marvin struggles, tangled in the mass of red tape.

The robot Stamper charges toward him, STAMPING the ground like thunder.

Horrified, K-9 leaps over the railing toward Marvin.

The loyal dog charges up to the entangled Marvin, the Stamper fast approaching in the BG. K-9 grabs the red tape in his teeth and starts whirling Marvin hammer throw style. Just before the Stamper can stamp, K-9 hurls them both OS. The Stamper's foot misses them. STAMP!

K-9 and Marvin sail right over the top of the upper grandstands.

MARTIANS

Oooooo!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWER OF OPPRESSION

The Tower of Oppression looms, black and foreboding against the moon. Marvin and K-9 sail to the top penthouse, an elegant glass tower.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER OF OPPRESSION - THE PENTHOUSE

It's a board room dominated by a long table. Seated around it are the POWERS THAT BE, a stuffy looking bunch of Martians in robes. Through the window, we can see K-9 and Marvin flying at the window and...

CRASH!!!! K-9 and Marvin smash right through the window in a shower of safety glass.

They slide right along the table, sliding all the way along to the head of the table, where a vacant chair sits.

Just as they reach it, and perfectly timed, the chair quickly lowers through a hole in the ground, and rises again with the Imperial Emperor sitting comfortably awaiting them.

He stops them with his palm. Marvin's watch flashes.

MARTIA (VO)

At the tone the time will be...
five minutes to your self
destruction. Have a nice day!

MARVIN

(sheepish)
Hello, your Imperialness...

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR

Marvin, you made it!
(sotto)
What a pity.
(to Marvin)
Tell me, my boy, how did you ever
get through the Proper Channels...
with five actual minutes to spare?

Marvin hugs his dog. K-9 is pleased as Punch.

MARVIN

Well... K-9 hurled me off the
Runaround--We sort of... dropped
in, your Imperialness.

The Emperor rears back in shock.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR

You mean to say... you went outside
the PROPER CHANNELS???

The POWERS THAT BE all shake their heads. They're a grim
bunch.

MARVIN

Ooo. Does this mean... you're not
on my side anymore, your
Imperialness?

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR

(SNAPPING his fingers)
Marvin, you subversive little
twerp... you're under arrest!!!

A squad of Censor Sensors appears, saluting the Emperor. He
SNAPS his fingers. The Censor Sensors seize Marvin and K-9
and haul them away. MUSIC STING!

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

It's sort of a black limbo, with the furniture suspended only
by the zig-zagging walkways.

(see sketch) There's a jury box, with Sensor Censors as jurors, a dock for Marvin the prisoner, and a witness box for K-9. Dominating the courtroom is the bench, a towering perch for the Imperial Emperor.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR
Marvin 5.43221. You are hereby
charged with the following high
crimes...

Marvin sinks further and further into his chair with shame as each crime is read out.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR (VO) (CONT'D)
Enlightening the Blind Alley...
finding a Loophole in
Negotiations...

IMPERIAL EMPEROR (VO) (CONT'D)
...unauthorized friendship with
your K-9 biological unit--

K-9
Grrrrr...

IMPERIAL EMPEROR
...with intent to corrupt, I might
add...
(reading)
And worst of all... going outside
the Proper Channels!

MARVIN
Do I enter a plea now, your
Imperialness?

Shaking his head, the Emperor scribbles a new charge on the roll.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR
--And Ignorance of the Law. Marvin,
Marvin. You know there's only one
plea in a Martian court... guilty.

MARVIN
Oh dear!

IMPERIAL EMPEROR
Marvin 5.43221... I hereby declare
you irredeemably... unMartian!

Censor Sensors 1 and 2 grab Marvin with mech arms, hoisting him into the air. Censor Sensors 3 and 4 play the DEATH MARCH on mech DRUMS and trumpet.

PAN with Marvin as he's carried past K-9. The loyal dog stands at attention. The Censor Sensors mercifully pause. K-9 hands Marvin a note and salutes. Marvin reads it.

MARVIN
(sniffling)
Good bye to you too, K-9.

They carry him over to a huge file hatch marked MISTAKES. The hatch slides open, revealing a huge piston style smashing Machine, labeled: MARTIAN MASHER. Censor Sensor 4 plays TAPS on a mech trumpet.

Saluting. CENSOR SENSOR 5 comes in.

CENSOR SENSOR
Imperial Emperor 2.468.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR
Mmmm... Yess?

CENSOR SENSOR 5
You have declared Marvin 5.43221 an
unMartian?

Glancing at Marvin, the Emperor taps the Sensor with his staff, assuming an easy familiarity.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR
Stunning observation by the state,
wouldn't you say, Marvin?

CENSOR SENSOR 5
Emperor, you will refrain from
tampering with Government Property.

The Emperor apologetically wipes Censor Sensor 5 with the sleeve of his gown.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR
Oh. So sorry, old boy.

CENSOR SENSOR 5
Emperor, you will submit Permit
#450077-A. Permit for the state
declaration of unMartians.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR
(smugly)
Of course...

He smugly turns to his desk, reaching for the appropriate drawer.

We see a vast array of drawers, each labeled with a different permit form: e.g. READING PERMIT, WRITING PERMIT, ARITHMETIC PERMIT, HALL PERMIT, ELEVATOR PERMIT, DRINK OF WATER PERMIT, BAD PUN PERMIT, etc. The Imperial Emperor runs his finger all along the drawers down to the UNMARTIANS PERMIT.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR (VO) (CONT'D)
Ah, here we are... UnMartians,
state declaration of...

Marvin looks up horrified, as if he just remembered leaving the front door unlocked.

MARVIN
Oh, dear! Your Imperialness!

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR
Not now, Marvin. I'm about to
consign you to eternal oblivion.

MARVIN
But Your Imperialness---

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR
Don't take it so hard, my boy. We
all have to come to it, sooner or
later.

The Emperor reaches into the drawer... He roots around... for the drawer seems empty. He finally pulls up a small pink SLIP.

IMPERIAL EMPERATOR (CONT'D)
(reading)
Item out of stock. To reorder,
refer to clerk number 5.43221...
(seething)
Maaaarviiin!

MARVIN
Oh dear! That's the form I was
OK'ing, your Imperialness... when
you advised me to renew my
existence permit...
(sheepish)
Sorry, sir...

The Censor Sensors surround the Imperial Emperor.

CENSOR SENSORS

Imperial Emperor 2.468...You have violated statute 2234.32; declaring an Imperial Judgement without a permit.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR

Dear, dear. Looks like I'm the proverbial bad Martian.

The Sensors sprout their ever present GIANT MALLETS. The Emperor snaps to attention, ready to accept his punishment like a true Martian.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR (CONT'D)

Gentlemen... do your duty.

Marvin and K-9 cringe. SCREEN SHAKES as the OS POUNDING begins. Marvin and K-9 wince as the Censor Sensors WHOP the living hell out of the Emperor. Mechanical bits of him skitter into frame as the OS punishment goes on and on and on.

Marvin looks OS in deepest admiration.

MARVIN

Such calm... Such devotion to duty... Such self-sacrificial deference to Mars...

K-9

(nodding)
SNIFFLES.

MARVIN

(sniffle)
K-9... He just breaks me up!

The imperial emperor's round black head rolls into scene.

IMPERIAL EMPEROR

You're telling me.

A censor sensor hovers in, mallet raised and SMASH SMASH SMASHES the emperor's head flat.

BAMM!!! BAMMMMM!!!! CRASH! SLAMM!!! Some bits of Emperor gears and transistors bounce into scene at their feet. K-9 and Marvin are swooning with respect. All they can do is salute their heroic comrade as he gets what's coming to him.

SWEEPING METAL AND GLASS SFX. After a BEAT, the Censor Sensors hover through with the Imperator all smashed to pieces and piled on dust pans. They sweep up the debris in the scene and exit.

MARVIN

K-9... there goes a great Martian!

Marvin sits, chin on his knees, dejected as all get out.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

No wonder he was Imperial
Imperator.

(sniff!)

I'll never be the Martian he was!

K-9 looks sympathetically at his master. SYMPATHETIC VIOLINS.
SFX ALARM!

Marvin flips open his helmet to reveal his battery running down.

His wristwatch flashes. The telescreen with Martia pipes in.

MARTIA

And this just in... Marvin 5 will
self destruct in ten seconds...

MARVIN

I'm a failure, K-9. That makes me
very unhappy... very unhappy
indeed.

(sniffles)

Goodbye, K-9. I hope you get a
worthier master.

SFX: BEEEEEP! Marvin EXPLODES! K-9 WEEPS over the pieces of
his belated master. TRUCK INTO Marvin's wristwatch
telescreen.

MARTIA (VO)

Remember Martians... renew those
existence permits early. Have a
nice day!

K-9 shakes off his tears. He ponders. He's mad. Frustrated.
Then he gets an idea. He leans over to Sensor Censor 5,
pointing to the shattered bits of Marvin. He flips up a sign:

YOU FORGOT TO PUNISH HIM.

CENSOR SENSOR 5

Impossible. Forgot to Punish?

K-9 flips the sign around: HE'S STILL GUILTY. He flips it again: AIN'TCHYA GONNA PUNISH HIM?

The Sensor glares its telescopic eye at Marvin with shock. It flourishes a RED ALARM.

A whole battalion of Censor Sensors flood the air from all directions. Censor Sensor 5 communicates with them in WHIRRING MECHANICAL CLICKS.

They respond with similar WHIRRING MECHANICAL CLICKS. Some of them actually sound like shocked gasps of disapproval. They zip OS.

We see the smashed remains of Marvin. TRUCK BACK to reveal the army of Censor Sensors staring down at him. One sweeps him up and carry him OS.

We see a futuristic tube, the REINTEGRATOR. The Censor Sensor tosses Marvin in. He REINTEGRATES. The Censor Sensor yanks him out again and OS.

We see the crowd of censor sensors. One of them whips up a permit and hands it to Marvin. It is the same as we saw earlier. But now it flashes: RENEWED. RENEWED. RENEWED.

CENSOR SENSOR 5 (CONT'D)

Marvin 5.43221! You have self-destructed without paying your debt to society.

CENSOR SENSORS

How dare you?

MARVIN

I know... I'm a bad Martian.
(realizing)
You mean... you've reprieved me...
to punish me?

CENSOR SENSORS

Your Permit to Exist is hereby renewed.

CENSOR SENSOR 5

The sentence of the court must be carried out.

MARVIN

(delighted)
Oh goody! You have made me very happy... very happy indeed!

SENSOR CENSORS

Marvin 5. You are displaying
unauthorized gratitude. For shame.

Marvin jumps up to attention! Saluting the Censor Sensors, he proclaims his guilt, determined to show that he too can take it like a Martian.

MARVIN

Censor Sensors... I am ashamed...
but I'll show all the empire...
that I can take it like a Martian!

The Censor Sensors raise their MALLETS in unison! They start WHOPPING him right into the ground like a railway spike. BAMM! SLAM! ZAMM!

K-9 cringes as he watches his master take an OS POUNDING. After a BEAT the Censor Sensors carry bits of Marvin through on a dustpan.

His arm sticks up from the debris that is Marvin, flashing a sign: THANKS, K-9.

K-9 whumps his tail, happy for his master at last. Turning to us, K-9 winks to CAMERA as he whips up a sign:

I LOVE MY MASTER!

Ye gods! Before the bludgeoning gets any worse, we mercifully...

IRIS OUT!

THE END