

X Minus One

"Mars is Heaven"

Original Broadcast Date: May 8, 1955 Transcribed by Ben

Adapted from the transcription the Generic Radio Workshop

CAST: 1-3 women, 6-9 men

Announcer - Ben
Captain- Don
Dr. Horst – Lars
Kingston – Aaron
Lustig – Evan
Masters- John Gould
Old Woman –Joy
Grandma- Pam
Grandpa - Ben
Edward – Craig
Mom - Joy
Dad - John Gould
Credits Announcer - Ben

SFX:

Electronic hum
Rocket ship taking off.
Beeping
Bosun's whistle
Alarm bell
Buzzer
Landing rockets
Craft landing (rattling)
Battle stations Alarm
Airlock sound open and close
Footsteps on metal
Switch click
Footsteps on dirt
Rooster crow
Machine gun fire
Hollow metal knocking
Machine gun loading
Footsteps on grass
Doorbell
Door open & close
Telephone rings
Crickets
Two bell chimes
Door creak

F/X: ELECTRONIC HIGH PITCH HUM

COUNTDOWN VOICE Countdown for blastoff. X minus five, minus four, minus three, minus two, X minus one, fire.

F/X: ROCKETSHIP TAKING OFF

MUSIC UP AND UNDER

ANNOUNCER: From the far horizons of the unknown come transcribed tales of new dimensions in time and space. These are stories of the future. Adventures in which you'll live, in a million could-be years, on a thousand may-be worlds. The National Broadcasting Company presents (ECHOING) X--- Minus--- One.

MUSIC CRESCENDOS

ANNOUNCER: Tonight's story, Mars is Heaven.

MUSIC UNDER SPEECH

ANNOUNCER: When the first space rocket lands on Mars, what will we find? Only the ruins of a dead and deserted planet? Or will there be life? Intelligent life in some strange form that we can only imagine.

Will we be welcomed with open arms? Or will the Martians treat us as invaders? Only one thing is certain. Some day a giant metal ship will take off from earth to travel through the black velocities, the silent gulfs of space, to descend at last into the darkness of the upper Martian atmospheres. And on that day, man will finally know the answers, the day we first land on Mars.

MUSIC UP AND OUT to STING

F/X: CONSTANT BEEPING and BOSUN'S WHISTLE

[BEEP continues under the following]

MASTERS: (ANNOUNCING) Now hear this. Now hear this. Approaching critical deceleration. Fasten gravity suits. Stand by to land.

LUSTIG: There it is. We've intersected the course vector, sir.

CAPTAIN: All right, Mr. Lustig. Over to manual control.

LUSTIG: Aye, sir.

CAPTAIN: Masters, sound general quarters.

MASTERS: Aye, sir.

F/X: ALARM for General Quarters

CAPTAIN: Mr. Lustig, what do you make of the terrain?

LUSTIG: There seems to be a heavy ground mist, Captain. We won't be able to use the infrared lights.

CAPTAIN: Then we'll have to come in on radar.

LUSTIG: Isn't that a little risky, sir? Landing in the dark.

CAPTAIN: I'd rather run the danger of a blind landing, Lieutenant, than come in without the cover of darkness. Remember we don't know what kind of reception is waiting for us down there.

MASTERS: Air speed, five hundred. Altitude now, four thousand.

F/X: BUZZER

CAPTAIN: Bridge to engine room. Stand by for deceleration. Fire forward tubes one and three.

F/X: LANDING ROCKETS under following

CAPTAIN: Steady as she goes, Mr. Lustig.

LUSTIG: As she goes, sir.

MASTERS: Air speed, one hundred. Altitude, one thousand

LUSTIG: Radar indicates a level stretch dead ahead, sir.

CAPTAIN: Skids down.

LUSTIG: Skids check.

MASTERS: Altitude five hundred, four, three fifty, three.

CAPTAIN: Up a point now. All right. Let's set her down.

F/X: CRAFT LANDING

CREW: (CHEERING) Yeah, we made it! Etc.

CAPTAIN: Cut the power. Masters, pipe battle stations.

MASTERS: Aye, sir. All secure sir.

F/X: BATTLE STATIONS ALARM

CAPTAIN: Well, gentlemen, gentlemen we're now on Mars. April 20, 1987. Four thirty-three, Greenwich time. Enter that in the log, Masters.

MASTERS: Aye, sir.

CAPTAIN: Well gentlemen it's less than two hours till dawn. As soon as it's light, we'll send out a landing party. Masters, get me an all-over hookup.

F/X: COM BUZZER

MASTERS: We're all set, Captain.

F/X: BOSUN'S WHISTLE

CAPTAIN: (ANNOUNCING with ECHO) Now hear this. All right men. The smoking lamp is lit. Well, we're on Mars. The first manned ship from earth to land here. We don't know what we're going to find. Or what dangers we may face. We're seventeen men on an alien world. And it's up to us whether we ever get home again. The next few hours should tell the story. And I want instant obedience to all commands. I'll court marshal the first man who doesn't jump to what he's ordered. And one other thing. We may be on Mars, but this is still a United States Navel vessel. Officers will conduct a personnel and weapons inspection in one hour. That's all.

LUSTIG: An inspection, Captain, now?

CAPTAIN: Mr. Lustig, we've got an hour and a half to sweat out, before we find out what's outside that airlock. I'd rather have a man worried about his stripes, than about what's waiting outside, on Mars.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: BOSUN'S WHISTLE

MASTERS: (ANNOUNCING with ECHO) Now hear this. Landing party report to forward airlock. Captain Black, Lieutenant Kingston, Lieutenant Lustig and Doctor Horst -- Report immediately to forward airlock. It's now landing time, minus five.

LUSTIG: Well, they're paging us. You ready, Doctor Horst?

HORST: Yes, Mr. Lustig. As ready as I will ever be.

LUSTIG: Come on, let's get in the lock.

KINGSTON: Kingston, Lustig and Mr. Horst reporting in the air lock.

MASTERS: Very well, sir, the Captain will join you.

F/X: AIRLOCK OPENS, CLOSES and AIR SOUND

LUSTIG: Four minutes to go. I wish the Captain would get here.

HORST: What difference does it make?

LUSTIG: I just want to get it over with that's all. Anybody got a cigarette?

HORST: Yeah, I think you're smoking too much Lieutenant Lustig. Are you nervous?

LUSTIG: Lay off, will you, Horst.

HORST: Wondering what's hidden outside underneath that ground mist. I've been giving it some thought. It would be very interesting to find out, a very unusual planet, Mars.

LUSTIG: Why?

HORST: It has an atmosphere. A wonderful thing, an atmosphere. Where you find one, you ah, find life.

LUSTIG: You mean Martians?

KINGSTON: What do you think they'll look like?

HORST: Who knows? Intelligent life can take many forms.

LUSTIG: You mean they have green skin and eyes on stalks or something?

HORST: The comic book conception is possible, of course. Or they may have developed far beyond us. Perhaps they have a science that can produce weapons far more dangerous than our atomic missiles.

LUSTIG: You think we may have to fight our way out?

HORST: After all, we are invaders.

F/X: BOSUN's WHISTLE

MASTERS: (ANNOUNCING) Now hear this. Landing time minus two.

KINGSTON: All right, all right we heard this. You know what I'd like to find outside that airlock? Good ol' Illinois. Ever been there, Lustig.

LUSTIG: Uh, only Chicago.

KINGSTON: You oughtta see my hometown. Green lawns, big white houses.

LUSTIG: Sounds like my hometown.

KINGSTON: My grandmother used to have one of those iron deer on the lawn. Every Halloween we'd paint it another color. One time we painted it black and white like a Holstein cow.

LUSTIG: Where does your family live, Dr. Horst?

HORST: I have no family. When I was a child they were gassed to death in the Dachau concentration camp.

LUSTIG: Tough.

HORST: No, it has its advantages. I have no ties on earth. Nothing to lose now. I imagine I'm the only one on board who is free to enjoy our present, peculiar position.

CAPTAIN: All right, Masters, you can button it up now.

MASTERS: Aye, sir.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS on METAL then sound of AIRLOCK DOOR CLOSING

CAPTAIN: Well, gentlemen, check your side arms. In one minute we'll be the first men to set foot on Mars. Quite an honor, eh?

HORST: As long as the medals are not awarded posthumously.

CAPTAIN: Still uneasy, Dr. Horst?

HORST: Captain Black, I've been uneasy ever since I can remember. On earth and on Mars.

CAPTAIN: Well, thirty seconds. Give me the intercom phone, Lustig.

LUSTIG: Yes, sir.

F/X: SWITCH CLICK ON

CAPTAIN: Masters.

MASTERS: Aye, sir.

CAPTAIN: Battle stations are to be manned until we return. If we're not back in two hours, I want no rescue party sent out. Blast off and save the ship, you understand?

MASTERS: Aye, sir.

F/X: SWITCH CLICK OFF

CAPTAIN: All right. Five seconds, four, three, two, one. Lustig, open the outer airlock.

LUSTIG: Aye, sir.

F/X: AIR LOCK OPENING

LUSTIG: (SNIFFING) It's fresh air!

CAPTAIN: Let's go.

F/X: CREW FOOTSTEPS ON METAL

CAPTAIN: All right now, take it easy. It's too dark to move fast.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS on DIRT

LUSTIG: Quiet isn't it. Not even a wind. Can't see anything through this ground mist.

CAPTAIN: Quiet. You don't now what's out here. All right come on.

F/X: ROOSTER CROW

LUSTIG: What the . . . ?

CAPTAIN: Quiet.

LUSTIG: Captain I could swear that, that sounds like a rooster.

CAPTAIN: I don't hear it anymore.

HORST: Very homely but unlikely sound. A rooster crowing on Mars?

CAPTAIN: Kingston.

KINGSTON: Aye, sir.

CAPTAIN: Set that machine gun twenty-five yards to the flank. We'll stay here till the ground mist lifts.

KINGSTON: Aye, sir.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS on DIRT running off.

CAPTAIN: What do you make of the ground, Horst?

HORST: Grass, plain grass. You can see some large foliage there where the mist's thinned down.

KINGSTON: What the!

F/X: MACHINE GUN FIRE

CAPTAIN: Kingston, hold your fire you fool!

F/X: Many FOOTSTEPS running on DIRT

KINGSTON: I hit it Captain!

CAPTAIN: What?

KINGSTON: Some kind of wild animal, I hit it. I can see the traces, but it's still standing.

CAPTAIN: Come on, Horst. Doctor where are you?

HORST: (off mic) Up ahead, admiring the wild animal.

CAPTAIN: Careful, Horst. Wait for us.

F/X: More FOOTSTEPS running on DIRT

HORST: Don't worry Captain. (LAUGHING) It's an iron deer, a lawn ornament.

CAPTAIN: Well that, that's impossible.

F/X: HOLLOW METAL KNOCKING

HORST: It's hollow. Interesting isn't it. A white washed Victorian iron deer sitting on a lawn in the middle of Mars.

CAPTAIN: I don't understand.

HORST: Look around, the mist's lifting.

LUSTIG: Hey, Captain, look there. It's a house! A regular old fashion house.

KINGSTON: But, sir, on Mars?

CAPTAIN: Good Lord. I haven't seen carved scrolls and gingerbread like that in years. Look at that porch swing. The geraniums.

F/X: ROOSTER CROW

LUSTIG: There, I told you it was a rooster captain.

CAPTAIN: Give me the glasses, Lustig. I want to take a look through that front window. Well, there's an upright piano. Some sheet MUSIC on it. Lustig, it's "Beautiful Ohio."

LUSTIG: It can't be, sir.

CAPTAIN: Horst, do you think that civilization of two planets could be identical?

HORST: I don't know. That specific variety of geraniums is only fifty years old on earth.

CAPTAIN: Is it logical that they should develop in Mars? How about that porch swing, and that piano, and "Beautiful Ohio." Why, it's impossible!

KINGSTON: Captain Black, this looks like the town I was born in.

CAPTAIN: Well, it, it looks like my hometown too.

LUSTIG: I thought of something, sir! It's the only solution. Maybe... maybe we're not the first ship to reach Mars from earth.

CAPTAIN: Don't be ridiculous, Lustig.

LUSTIG: Well how else can you explain it? Suppose some scientists got together, they, they invented some spaceship and planted a colony here. That's the only answer.

CAPTAIN: That's impossible, Lustig. Men's space travel, it couldn't be secret. Do you have any idea what ships cost? What industrialized power's needed? No, there's got to be some logical reason.

HORST: I think perhaps we might find out, Captain. A light went on in the house.

CAPTAIN: Kingston, cover that door with the machine gun.

KINGSTON: Aye, sir.

F/X: MACHINE GUN LOADING

CAPTAIN: Come on, Horst. Where're going to ring that doorbell.

F/X: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRASS

CAPTAIN: There's got to be a scientific answer to all this.

F/X: DOOR BELL

HORST: There's something moving in there.

CAPTAIN: Stand back, Horst. Give me a clear shot.

HORST: You sure a bullet can stop a Martian?

CAPTAIN: Steady now.

F/X: DOOR OPENING

OLD WOMAN: Can I help you?

CAPTAIN: I, well we . . .

OLD WOMAN: If you're selling anything, it's much too early.

CAPTAIN: No, no wait just a minute. What town is this?

OLD WOMAN: What do you mean, are you census takers?

HORST: No, no, we're strangers here. We want to know how this town got here.

OLD WOMAN: Is this a game?

HORST: No, no it's not a game. We're from Earth.

OLD WOMAN: From where?

HORST: From Earth.

OLD WOMAN: Do you mean out of the ground. Are you sure you're feeling well?

CAPTAIN: Madam, we came in a flying ship across space. We're from the third planet Earth, this is Mars, now do you understand? Mars.

OLD WOMAN: You go away now, you hear. I'll call my husband from upstairs, and he'll chase you, go on.

HORST: But this is Mars, isn't it?

OLD WOMAN: This is Greenlake, Wisconsin in the United States of America. Bounded on the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the Pacific, now go away, goodbye.

F/X: DOOR SLAMS SHUT

CAPTAIN: Horst! Do you suppose it's really possible? I've gotta find out more about this.

F/X: BANGS ON DOOR

F/X: DOOR OPENING

OLD WOMAN: I told you I'd call my husband, now you go away!

CAPTAIN: You've gotta tell me one thing first. What year is this?

OLD WOMAN: Year? 1928, of course, for goodness sake.

F/X: DOOR SLAMS SHUT

CAPTAIN: You hear that, Horst? And we know it's 1987, and we know this is Mars.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

CAPTAIN: Horst, is it possible that we got fouled up? Made some tremendous blunder and circled around and landed back on earth?

HORST: In 1928?

CAPTAIN: Well, maybe some switch in time or dimension. Could we have shifted somehow, gone backward in time? Oh, Horst, this won't hold water. It's not logical. We, we checked every mile, we went past the moon out into space we're... we're on Mars. (calling) Lustig, out at point! Kingston, in the rear.! Keep that gun at half load!

KINGSTON: Aye, sir.

CAPTAIN: Horst, there's got to be some cold, logical solution.

LUSTIG: Captain!

CAPTAIN: What?

LUSTIG: That, that house down the street. The white one with the green shutters.

CAPTAIN: Lustig, what's the matter?

F/X: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

LUSTIG: (fading off mic) I never thought I'd, I never thought I'd. Thank God!

CAPTAIN: Lustig! Lustig! Come back here!

HORST: He's running for that house.

CAPTAIN: That crazy fool, after him quick!

F/X: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AFTER HIM

HORST: Lustig stop!

CAPTAIN: Come down off of that porch!

F/X: BANGING ON DOOR

LUSTIG: Grampa! Grampa, Grandma!

F/X: DOOR OPENING

CAPTAIN: Lustig, what the devil do you think you're doing?

GRANDMA: Albert!

LUSTIG: Grandma! Grandpa it is you!

CAPTAIN: Lustig what is going on here?

GRANDPA: Albert, it's been so many years.

GRANDMA: How you've grown, boy.

LUSTIG: It's so good to see you.

CAPTAIN: Lieutenant Lustig! Oh!

LUSTIG: Captain. Grandma, I want you to meet my friends. This is Captain Black. Captain, I want you to meet my Grandfolks.

GRANDPA: Howdy. Any friend of Albert's is a friend of ours.

LUSTIG: How long have you been here, Grandma?

GRANDMA: Oh, a good many years. Ever since we died.

CAPTAIN: Ever since you what?

LUSTIG: Yes sir. They've been dead thirty years.

CAPTAIN: What?

GRANDMA: Oh, now don't you trouble yourself, it's all right. We're alive again, that's all.

CAPTAIN: You mean to tell me that Mars is Heaven?

GRANDPA: Oh, nonsense, no. All we know is, here we're alive again. And who are we to question God's infinite ways?

CAPTAIN: Lustig, we're going back to the ship.

LUSTIG: But, Captain, I-I want to talk to my Grandfolks.

CAPTAIN: Lieutenant Lustig. I don't like any part of this. You'll come back with us if I have to club you and carry you.

LUSTIG: Aye, sir.

CAPTAIN: Now let's go! Heaven only knows what they've run up against back at the ship.

MUSIC AND OUT

MUSIC PLAYING IN BACKGROUND: J.P. Sousa march

F/X: SHIP CREW CELEBRATING

CAPTAIN: Horst, look at that crowd around the ship!

HORST: It looks like we're being welcomed with a celebration, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Celebration! They've abandoned ship! Every port is open, no guards set! You! You, Masters!

MASTERS: Hiya, Captain. Meet my old dad! Dad, that's Captain Black. He's not a bad guy for an officer.

CAPTAIN: Kingston!

KINGSTON: What, sir?

CAPTAIN: Bring that man back. Use force if you have to.

KINGSTON: Aye, aye... oh, excuse me sir that's my Uncle George.

CAPTAIN: Kingston!

KINGSTON: I'll be right back Captain. Uncle George! Uncle George!

CAPTAIN: What the devil is going on here?

LUSTIG: Don't you understand, sir? They've all found friends and relatives. They're all here.

HORST: You're right, Captain, I've found them. The whole crew's out in the crowd.

CAPTAIN: Well, I gave orders, definite orders!

LUSTIG: You don't understand, Captain.

CAPTAIN: I understand mutiny. I don't care how many relatives show up, I'll have discipline.

EDWARD: John! Johnny! Johnny you old son of a gun.

CAPTAIN: It's you. Edward.

EDWARD: Yes.

CAPTAIN: It can't be!

EDWARD: Oh, of course it is. Johnny! Johnny you old. (LAUGHING)

CAPTAIN: Ed! Ed! Dr. Horst, this is my brother, Edward.

HORST: How do you do.

EDWARD: Hello, sir.

CAPTAIN: It's wonderful to see you, Edward. Look I've... I've gotta get back to my ship.

EDWARD: Johnny wait! I almost forgot. Mom's waiting at home.

CAPTAIN: Mom?

EDWARD: Yeah and Dad, too.

CAPTAIN: Mom and Dad are alive? Then, then you're real, Ed!

EDWARD: Well, of course, don't I feel real? How's that huh?

CAPTAIN: Why Ed! Ed!

EDWARD: We've got lunch for you, Johnny. Mom's making corn fritters.

CAPTAIN: Dr. Horst, haven't you found anybody?

HORST: Oh, no, Captain. I have nobody.

CAPTAIN: Then you come on home with me. Right, Ed?

EDWARD: Why... sure!

CAPTAIN: Horst, Horst you wouldn't believe it. But it's been thirty-five years since I've had mom's corn fritters. By George! Thirty-five years.

VIOLIN MUSIC UP AND OUTF/X: FAMILY LAUGHING

MOM: And there's plenty more in the kitchen, so don't hold back Johnny. You too, Dr. Horst.

DAD: Well, Johnny, you're still in the Navy, huh?

CAPTAIN: That's right, Dad. I'm in command of the ship.

DAD: We're a whole Navy family, Dr. Horst. All three of our boys in the service.

CAPTAIN: Ed was the best pilot in the Pacific till . . . What did happen, Ed?

EDWARD: Oh... What's the difference? I'm here now.

CAPTAIN: Yeah, but...

MOM: You know it's almost perfect. All we're missing is your brother Will. Then the whole family could be together.

CAPTAIN: That won't be long mom. Will's in charge of the XR-54. The next rocket coming out to Mars.

DAD: Well, little Will. When does he leave Johnny?

CAPTAIN: Well, the take off's scheduled for September.

DAD: Uh huh.

CAPTAIN: But it depends on what we report.

ALL THREE: Oh. Oh yeah.

CAPTAIN: There's no question about that now huh.

(ALL LAUGHING)

EDWARD: No.

CAPTAIN: Christmas together again. That'll be something.

DAD: It sure will. Yes sir-ree. Well, um, this calls for a celebration. How about a little of the old Dandelion wine, eh, Johnny?

MOM: Now, Father don't you go giving Johnny too much wine.

(ALL LAUGHING)

F/X: HAPPY FAMILY MUSIC BEGINS

EDWARD: He's a big boy now mother.

DAD: Yes sir. Isn't everything just fine? Just fine.

MUSIC OUT

MUSIC: Piano playing in livingroom.

EDWARD: (SINGING) Oh, I'll be melancholy, too.

(ALL LAUGHING)

CAPTAIN: Play that one again! Will you Ed?

EDWARD: Oh, sure.

MUSIC: PIANO in B/G

MOM: Well, Dr. Horst, what are you doing sitting over here alone? What do you think of my little family?

HORST: Very nice.

MOM: You know I can't understand why you didn't find any folks here, Dr. Horst? It's just a shame everybody else is so happy.

HORST: Well, I never remembered my family Mrs. Black, all I know is they were gassed at Dachau during the Second World War. When I was liberated I was in delirium for three months. I cannot remember anything before then. A psychiatric phenomenon.

MOM: Oh, that's terrible. Isn't there anything anybody can do?

HORST: I don't want to remember. I haven't had a pleasant life. I prefer to be free of emotional entanglements. They interfere with a scientific approach.

MOM: I'm sorry, Dr. Horst.

F/X: TELEPHONE RINGS LONG THEN THREE SHORTS

MOM: What?

EDWARD: Oh, I'll get it.

CAPTAIN: That's our ring. Long and three shorts. I remember that.

MOM: Well maybe we better call it a night. You must be getting tired, Johnny.

HORST: I better be going back to the ship.

DAD: Nonsense. You stay the night, we insist.

MOM: I just couldn't rest thinking of you all alone on that ship.

HORST: Why, I'll be all right. Well, good night.

EDWARD: Oh, oh wait a minute, Dr. Horst. That phone message was for you.

HORST: Me?

EDWARD: Yes, that's right. A message from Anna.

HORST: Anna? I don't . . .

MOM: Well there. She must be an old friend, isn't that nice?

HORST: I don't... you sure it's for me? I don't remember any Anna.

EDWARD: Well, she asked if you were better.

MOM: Perhaps she's someone who knew you at Dachau.

HORST: Anna?

EDWARD: She said she's coming over here first thing in the morning. So, you'll have to stay over.

HORST: Yes, but . . .

CAPTAIN: Well, that settles it, you stay here Horst. You can bunk with me in my old room.

DAD: Yeah, but Johnny, we thought you'd like to be with Edward.

MOM: So you could talk the way you used to.

CAPTAIN: Well we can't put Dr. Horst on the day bed. I think we'd better share the room tonight. Be plenty of time for talking Ed.

EDWARD: Yes, I guess so.

CAPTAIN: I suppose I better drop back to the ship, you know Ed, security check.

MOM: But, why do you have to do that here?

CAPTAIN: I, I don't know Mom. There's no good reason I guess. Suppose we skip it tonight, huh? Well, good night everybody.

MUSIC BEGINS

MOM: Oh, it's good to have you home, Johnny.

CAPTAIN: It's good to be home, Mom.

MUSIC ENDS

F/X: CRICKETS under next Scene

F/X: TWO BELLS

HORST: Captain Black?

CAPTAIN: Hm?

HORST: You asleep?

CAPTAIN: No, no, I've been thinking about what we were expecting.
(LAUGHING) Green skinned Martians, when all the time it was only Mom and Dad and Edward waiting. It's funny what tricks your imagination can play on you. Well, I guess Mars *is* Heaven, Horst.

HORST: You know, I've been thinking about Martians, too.

CAPTAIN: Hm.

HORST: Captain, just suppose... suppose there were Martians, and they saw us land, and suppose they thought of us as invaders. What would be the best weapon they could use against our atom bombs, huh?

CAPTAIN: I don't see what you're getting at?

HORST: They would want to disarm us first, huh? To wipe out all suspicion, to make us feel at home. Captain.

CAPTAIN: Hm?

HORST: Suppose this house isn't real. Suppose the people are just images. Stolen from our own memories by Martians. Created for us by telepathy, hypnotism.

CAPTAIN: (LAUGHING) That's the craziest theory I've ever heard.

HORST: Maybe that's why there was no one for me. Because in all my life, there is no happy memory. No real loved person, not even my mother, I don't remember her. Only the piles of rotten corpses at Dachau. There was no happy emotion for these people to -- recreate.

CAPTAIN: How about that phone call? Anna?

HORST: Yes, Anna. I didn't remember who she was, but I do now. I just remembered. When I was freed from Dachau, sick, delirious, I raved about a wonderful kind nurse named Anna who took care of me.

CAPTAIN: Well, there you are, it's logical she's coming to see you tomorrow.

HORST: But there was no Anna, I'd been nursed by a man.

CAPTAIN: What?

HORST: Anna was only a dream. And there was only one way they could have learned about her. By reading my subconscious mind.

CAPTAIN: That's impossible, Horst.

HORST: Why? The whole crew was thinking of home. Suppose the Martians read our minds.

CAPTAIN: Yes, but if there are Martians . . . ?

HORST: If there are, they have us separated, each man in a different house. Sleeping. Trusting. No one at the guns.

CAPTAIN: I left my pistol downstairs. Do you think there's something to this, Horst?

HORST: It's a perfect trap, Captain. Who would suspect his own mother? His grandparents? How easy. Just a knife in the heart of each sleeping man.

F/X: CRICKETS STOP

CAPTAIN: That's impossible Horst, but we've got to get back to the ship.

HORST: Listen. The crickets have stopped. Come on. We don't know when they change back to ... whatever they really are.

CAPTAIN: Careful.

F/X: DOOR CREAKING OPEN

EDWARD: (his voice has changed to something very ominous.) Where are you going John?

MUSIC UNDER

CAPTAIN: Ed. We, uh, we wanted a drink of water, that's, that's all Ed.

EDWARD: (More change) You're not thirsty, John. You don't want a drink.

HORST: Look out!

EDWARD: (Even more) You don't want a drink!

HORST: His face! It's changing. He's a Martian!

CAPTAIN: Run, Horst, run!

EDWARD: (Still more) You can't get away, John!

CAPTAIN: This way Horst! Horst where are you?

HORST: Ahhhhhh!

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: COMSTAT BEEPING

CAPTAIN: Hello! Hello! Can you hear me, Earth! This is Captain John Black. The XR-53 calling from Mars. I've locked myself in the ship, but they've crippled it. I can't take off or fire the guns, and they're coming for me now, the Martians. I'm all alone here, all the rest are dead. Kingston, Lustig, Dr. Horst, poor Horst he didn't even reach the door.

F/X: BANGING ON METAL DOOR

CAPTAIN: Listen! Listen! They're trying to break through the hall. Edward and Mom and Dad and all the folks, but they're changing now. They're melting and changing back into... they're Martians! Can you understand? Martians, not men! They made us think that Mars was

heaven, and we fell into the trap. Can you hear me earth? You've got to stop the next rocket! Listen, tell my brother, Will, tell my brother not to come, they'll trap him too. They'll kill them all! Hello! Hello! Can you hear me earth? This is John Black on Mars! Hello Earth! This is John Black on Mars! Hello Earth!! Hello Earth!! Hello Earth!!

(FADE OUT)

MUSIC UP AND UNDER

CREDITS ANNOUNCER: Tonight X Minus One has brought you the science fiction classic, Mars is Heaven. Written by Ray Bradbury, and adapted for radio by Ernest Kinnoy.

MUSIC UP AND UNDER

CREDITS ANNOUNCER: Featured in the cast were Wendell Holmes as Captain Black and Peter Capell as Doctor Horst. With Bill Zuckert as Masters, Bill Lipton as Hingston, Margaret Berlin as the old lady, Bill Griffis as Edward, Ken Williams as Lustig, Ethel Everett as Mom, and Edwin Jerome as Dad. Your Announcer, Fred Collins. X Minus One was directed by Fred Weihe, a transcribed NBC radio network production.

MUSIC:

X-1 ANNOUNCER: (ECHOING) X--- Minus--- One---

MUSIC OUT