

Plan X

MUSIC: SUSPENSE THEME

ANNOUNCER: Auto-Lite and its ninety-eight thousand dealers bring you Mr. Jack Benny in tonight's presentation of ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense! Tonight Auto-Lite, following a popular trend, anticipates the strange disappearance of Experimental Rocket Ship Y-Two-Seven-Two-B. The time -- the year Two Thousand and Fifty-Three. The place -- the planet Mars. The star -- Mr. Jack Benny.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

HARLOW WILCOX: Say, Hap, that was quite a speech you made last night. You were as dynamic as an Auto-Lite Stay-Full Battery.

HAP: Well, that's flattery, Harlow.

HARLOW WILCOX: And what a battery it is, Hap. The Auto-Lite Stay-Full is the power-packed pepster that needs water only three times a year in normal car use.

HAP: I really don't deserve such praise, Harlow.

HARLOW WILCOX: Why not? That's the battery with the fiberglass retaining mat protecting every positive plate -- to reduce shedding and flaking, and give the Auto-Lite Stay-Full longer life, as proved by tests conducted according to accepted life cycle standards.

HAP: I was really good, eh, Harlow?

HARLOW WILCOX: Aw, no one could do any better -- than to visit his nearest Auto-Lite battery dealer, who services all makes of batteries. To quickly locate him, just call Western Union by number.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) And ask for Operator Twenty-Five! I'll tell you the name of your nearest Auto-Lite battery dealer where you can get an Auto-Lite Stay-Full--

HARLOW WILCOX: The battery that needs water only three times a year in normal car use. And, remember, from bumper to tail light, you're always right with Auto-Lite.

MUSIC: SUSPENSE THEME

ANNOUNCER: And now, Auto-Lite presents, transcribed, "Plan X," starring Mr. Jack Benny, hoping once again to keep you in ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense!

MUSIC: QUIRKY FUTURISTIC INTRODUCTION, THEN OUT

MARTIAN 1: The card. Do you have the card yet?

MARTIAN 2: Uh, one more run through the machine.

MARTIAN 1: Turid, when do you think the Earth rocket is arriving?

MARTIAN 2: Tomorrow. But if the Grand Council wanted the card before now, they should have asked me before now.

SOUND: COMPUTER NOISILY WHIRS AND SPITS OUT CARD

MARTIAN 1: Is that it? Let me see it.

MARTIAN 2: Mm, here.

SOUND: THEY HANDLE THE CARD

MARTIAN 1: (READS, MILDLY SURPRISED) One-Three-Seven-Five-Six. Xeno. Assembly line worker. Atomic escalator factory.

MARTIAN 2: Mm.

MARTIAN 1: Turid! THIS is the man for the job?

MARTIAN 2: He has the specifications called for.

MARTIAN 1: An assembly line worker. Why, it's incredible. Incredible.

MUSIC: QUIRKY FUTURISTIC TRANSITION, THEN OUT

SOUND: SWITCH CLICKS

RECEPTIONIST: Yes? ... Yes. ... Right away.

SOUND: SWITCH CLICKS

RECEPTIONIST: You may go in now, Xeno. The Grand Council is ready for you.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, THROUGH DOOR, INTO COUNCIL ROOM ... THEN STOP

VOICE: One-Three-Seven-Five-Six called Xeno, come forward.

XENO: Yes, sir.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

VOICE: Xeno, the Grand Council of Mars has a mission for you to perform.

XENO: Me? A mission?

VOICE: You have been selected because of the qualities shown on your Work and Identity Card, Form Forty-Two-Dash-A. Set habit patterns, attention to detail, no strong emotional or biological drives, and complete suppression of imagination.

XENO: Well, I always pride myself that I--

VOICE: Do not speak unless questioned, Xeno. The Grand Council has other important matters of state.

XENO: Oh, of course, of course.

VOICE: You have heard the Tele-Perform broadcast that an armed rocket from the planet Earth is approaching Mars?

XENO: Hm? Oh - oh, I DID hear something about it, yes.

VOICE: Their course has been plotted as bringing them to a landing on the plain outside the city at ten-fourteen tomorrow morning.

XENO: Ten-fourteen? You know, I wouldn't mind seeing that.

VOICE: You will see it, Citizen Xeno.

XENO: Me?

VOICE: You.

XENO: Well, I'd certainly like to but - I'm due in the atomic escalator factory at eight. I'm on stair treads, you know. And, uh--

VOICE: We've arranged a leave from your job.

XENO: Leave? Well, I'm not arguing with the Grand Council but I've got a pretty important job there and, uh--

VOICE: One-Three-Seven-Five-Six, you've been selected to meet and deal with the Earth rocket.

XENO: Me?

VOICE: You will put Plan X into operation.

XENO: Plan X?

VOICE: Citizen Xeno, every Martian for the last fifty years has been thoroughly grounded in Plan X, if and when a rocket should come from the Earth.

XENO: Oh. Oh-oh, Plan X! Oh, you see, I thought you said-- Plan X. Of course.

VOICE: Then you understand and accept the responsibility?

XENO: Oh, anything to help out.

VOICE: Those assisting you on the mission will be in contact with you.

XENO: Good, good.

VOICE: Have the other Council members any questions?

COUNCIL: (MURMURS) No. No, I don't believe so.

VOICE: One-Three-Seven-Five-Six called Xeno, you are now officially operating under the provisions of ... Plan X.

XENO: Well. Thank you.

MUSIC: QUIRKY FUTURISTIC TRANSITION, THEN IN BG

XENO: (NARRATES) I took the Aerial Transmission Belt directly home. Let them get along without me at the escalator factory if they could. Besides, it was almost quitting time. I went to bed early that night; er, tomorrow was going to be a big day.

(PLEASED AND PROUD) Plan X. Out of the whole population of Mars, *I* was picked to carry out Plan X.

Oh, I'll admit I had my criticisms of the Grand Council in the past but - this restored my confidence in them.

Yes, sir. They couldn't have picked a better Martian.

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN OUT

XENO: I think I'll have a second cup of Ostreek, Mother.

MOTHER: Xeno, you haven't time. You'll be late for the factory as it is.

XENO: As I told you, Mother, I'm on leave. Orders of the Grand Council.

MOTHER: Oh, yes, of course. Plan X. But will the Grand Council care if you don't get your job back?

XENO: There won't be any trouble. They couldn't replace me in stair treads and they know it. Pass the Gore-Rot, will you, Mother?

MOTHER: Here. But it's fattening, Xeno.

XENO: I got a hard task coming up, Mother. I owe it to myself.

SOUND: POURS A DRINK

MOTHER: And you will be careful, Xeno?

XENO: Oh, Mother, if I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times. It's just an invasion rocket from that stupid planet Earth. So will you stop worrying?

MOTHER: Ah, you're just like your father was, Xeno. Too brave for your own good.

XENO: (PLEASED) I am? Well, it's nothing, really.

MUSIC: BRIEF, OMINOUS TRANSITION, THEN IN BG

XENO: (NARRATES) I took my time going over to the field where the Earth rocket was to land. I got there at ten - with not another soul around.

Another few minutes and I had my Pocket Radar Screen working.

Yup. The Rocket was coming in, right on time.

SOUND: ROCKET ENGINE APPROACHES IN BG

XENO: (NARRATES) Then I could hear it out in space, and soon after that I could see it. Bearing our first visitors from Earth.

Gee, I was thinking, they MUST be a brave crew.

I almost felt sorry for them.

SOUND: ROCKET LANDS

XENO: (NARRATES) It wasn't a bad landing. Not the greatest, but not bad. After another ten minutes, a port in the side of the rocket started to swing open and I walked over. If I do say it myself, I made quite an impression.

MUSIC: OUT

FIELDING: Commander! Commander, look!

COMMANDER: Great Scott! What is it?

FIELDING: Commander, I - I think we've met our first Martian.

COMMANDER: (TO OTHERS) All right, keep back, everybody! Dr. Fielding and I will deal with it -- him -- whatever it is. (TO PARKER) Hand me the Martian kit, Parker.

PARKER: All ready, sir.

COMMANDER: Come on, Fielding. And be ready for anything.

FIELDING: Right, Commander.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN SAND

FIELDING: Incredible. Absolutely incredible.

COMMANDER: I'll try to talk to him. (TO XENO, SLOWLY) We - Earth people! We - friends! Friends? We come - from - out there! From-- (EXHALES, QUIETLY) Er... Oh, blast it, Fielding. I feel like a fool.

FIELDING: Er, let me try, Commander. (CLEARS THROAT, TO XENO, AS IF TALKING TO A CHILD) We bring you - presents! Here! We bring you - BEADS! Cloths of many colors! Take - them.

SOUND: HANDLING BEADS AND CLOTHS

XENO: You wouldn't have something a little more - conservative?

COMMANDER: Fielding! He speaks Esperanto!

FIELDING: Incredible. Incredible.

XENO: Gentlemen, welcome to Mars.

COMMANDER: It's - it's almost as if he was expecting us.

XENO: Oh, yes. For some days now. Ever since you left Earth, as a matter of fact.

COMMANDER: You hear that, Fielding?

FIELDING: Commander, we may very well be in the presence of a superior race.

XENO: Well, thank you.

COMMANDER: You - you say you expected us? Everyone expected us?

XENO: Oh, certainly.

COMMANDER: But you're here alone.

XENO: Yes. Well, unfortunately, all other adult Martians are - shall we say, unavailable.

COMMANDER: For how long?

XENO: Not wishing to pry, but how long are you staying?

COMMANDER: Well-- They've taken to the hills, have they? Huh. No need to be afraid of us. No need at all.

FIELDING: There's, uh, no one in your city, over there?

XENO: Mainly unavailable. But I'll be glad to show you around. Martian hospitality, you know. (PLEASANT LAUGH)

FIELDING: (RELIEVED) Amazing. Can we go right away, Commander? I'll get Connie.

COMMANDER: You can call her, Fielding, but we don't want to blunder into a trap. (CALLS) All right, men! Fall in! (TO PARKER) Parker, take three men and stay here for rocket guard.

PARKER: Yes, sir.

COMMANDER: Ready, Fielding?

FIELDING: (APPROACHES) All set, Commander. Er, Connie, I want you to meet our first Martian.

CONNIE: Dr. Fielding, I don't believe it!

FIELDING: Miss Morrison, this is, er, er--

XENO: Uh, One-Three-Seven-Five-Six. Called Xeno.

FIELDING: Uh, Miss Morrison, this is - Xeno.

CONNIE: (IMPRESSED, NERVOUS LAUGHTER) How do you do?

XENO: (EQUALLY IMPRESSED) Well ... how do YOU do?

CONNIE: (AMAZED, TO COMMANDER) Incredible! But he's almost handsome in a - strange way. And he speaks our language.

COMMANDER: (UNDER HIS BREATH, TO CONNIE) May be a trick of some kind. (CALLS, POMPOUSLY) Expedition Force! On to--! To--?!

XENO: (HELPFULLY) It's a little difficult to pronounce.

COMMANDER: (CALLS) On to -- the city!

MUSIC: FUTURISTIC MARCH, FOR TRANSITION, THEN IN BG

XENO: (NARRATES) We marched into the city which, of course, appeared quite deserted. Plan X. I showed them a few of the sights -- the canals, the Ogg factory, and the Hall of the Grand Council. I was walking alongside of Connie -- Miss Morrison -- who was most unlike the women of Mars. (AMUSED) I caught myself showing off -- riding the Aerial Transmission Belt with one hand. Finally, I took them all to the art museum.

MUSIC: OUT

FIELDING: Oh, Commander! This place! This civilization! It's fantastic, fantastic.

CONNIE: Look at this sculpture, Dr. Fielding. The line, the detail -- I've never seen anything so beautiful.

XENO: Oh, it's nothing really.

CONNIE: Xeno, you don't mean that you--?

XENO: Well, no. No, no, you see, I work at an atomic escalator factory. I'm in stair treads.

COMMANDER: (OFF) Everybody! Over here! Look at this!

SOUND: GROUP WALKS OVER

THE GROUP: Eh? Oh? What is it? Why, isn't that--?

COMMANDER: Xeno! Is - is this what I think it is?

XENO: Hmm? I - I'll have to read the nameplate. ... Oh, yes. Yes, a flying saucer. From Nineteen Fifty-Two, your calendar. One hundred years old.

FIELDING: Nineteen Fifty-Two! The Year of the Flying Saucers! Then they DID come from Mars!

XENO: Oh, yes.

COMMANDER: But none of them ever landed on Earth. Why?

XENO: Mm, it just didn't seem worthwhile. Nothing personal, of course.

CONNIE: I just can't get over this planet. It's so different from anything we imagined.

XENO: Now, here's something you might be interested in. Uh, right over here.

SOUND: GROUP WALKS OVER

COMMANDER: Why-- Looks like a weapon of some kind.

FIELDING: Why, yes.

XENO: Yeah, you see it's a, uh, paralyzer ray. Three hundred years old.

CONNIE: But why do you have it in the museum?

COMMANDER: You don't mean that weapons like this are three hundred years obsolete?

XENO: Well, you might say that, yes. You see, no adult Martian has carried a weapon for hundreds of years.

FIELDING: Well, why not?

XENO: Why should we?

CONNIE: But to defend yourself?

XENO: Well, we just have no aggressive impulses, that's all.

COMMANDER: Well, if someone struck you, wouldn't you strike back?

XENO: Mm, I couldn't. But it doesn't matter. No one could strike me.

COMMANDER: No Martian, that is.

XENO: Yes. We've never had any trouble.

COMMANDER: Er, Xeno, you're in the diplomatic service?

XENO: The escalator game.

COMMANDER: Yet you were delegated to meet us.

XENO: Yes, by the Grand Council. You see, we stopped having diplomats handle our important missions years ago. Again, nothing personal, of course.

(PLEASANT LAUGH)

COMMANDER: I see. But you ARE empowered to deal with us?

XENO: Deal with you? I certainly am.

COMMANDER: Ah, good. Now, it seems logical to me that we should work out a mutual defense pact. Not right now, of course--

ORMY: Mr. Xeno! Mr. Xeno!

COMMANDER: Who's that?

CONNIE: It looks like children!

ORMY: We have to see you, Mr. Xeno!

XENO: Ah, just some little friends of mine.

CONNIE: Oh, they're darling!

XENO: What's the problem, Ormy?

ORMY: We're building something and we're all out of uranium. We need some right away and--

FIELDING: Xeno! Does he mean REAL uranium?

XENO: Oh, of course, Dr. Fielding. Oh, it won't hurt them a bit.

ORMY: We have to have it right away, Mr. Xeno. We just HAVE to have it!

COMMANDER: This - this city was deserted. Where did these children come from?

XENO: Oh, you know how it is with kids when they get to playing.

ORMY: You'll get the uranium for us, won't you, Mr. Xeno? Will ya?

FIELDING: Fascinating. What are they playing, Xeno?

COMMANDER: Yes. What's the game?

XENO: I - don't think you've heard of it, Commander. It's called ... Plan X.

MUSIC: FUTURISTIC, FOR AN ENDING, THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Auto-Lite is bringing you Mr. Jack Benny in "Plan X," tonight's presentation in Radio's Outstanding Theatre of Thrills, Suspense!

MUSIC: A SUSPENSE ACCENT ... AND OUT

HAP: Say, Harlow, do you like to make speeches?

HARLOW WILCOX: Sure, Hap, especially about the Auto-Lite Stay-Full Battery. Friends, Romans, Motorists! Lend me your ears while I praise the greatest of the great -- the incomparable Auto-Lite Stay-Full. The battery that needs water only three times a year in normal car use. The battery that gives longer life, as proved by tests conducted according to accepted life cycle standards. The famous Auto-Lite Stay-Full has over three times the liquid reserve of ordinary batteries. And because every positive plate is protected by fiberglass retaining mats to reduce shedding and flaking, the Auto-Lite Stay-Full just naturally gives longer life than ordinary batteries.

HAP: And where can one get this glorious battery?

HARLOW WILCOX: From your nearest Auto-Lite battery dealer who services all makes of batteries. To quickly locate him, just phone Western Union and ask for Operator Twenty-Five.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) And I'll tell you where you can get an Auto-Lite Stay-Full -- the battery that needs water only three times a year in normal car use.

HARLOW WILCOX: And, remember, from bumper to tail light, you're always right with Auto-Lite.

MUSIC: SUSPENSE THEME

ANNOUNCER: And now, Auto-Lite brings back to our Hollywood soundstage Mr. Jack Benny in Elliot Lewis' production of "Plan X," a tale well-calculated to keep you in ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense!

MUSIC: QUIRKY FUTURISTIC INTRODUCTION, THEN IN BG

XENO: (NARRATES) For the next week, I showed the Earth expedition around the city, signed a few treaties, and had several long conversations with Miss Morrison. Well, not too long, but I felt we were building a solid friendship. It was too bad it was coming to an end.

MUSIC: OUT

MOTHER: You're not going out again this evening, Xeno?

XENO: Mother! So I've been out two evenings in a row. Doesn't have to be fatal, you know.

MOTHER: This is that time of year you always get that chest cold.

XENO: (DISMISSIVE) Oh, chest cold, chest cold. Anyway, Mother, I have to go over to the rocket.

MOTHER: Don't they plan to go back to Earth tomorrow?

XENO: They plan to, yes. Miss Morrison promised to take a little farewell walk with me this evening.

MOTHER: Mm, don't let her keep you out in the moonlight too long, Xeno.

XENO: Mother! Why, that's the most ridiculous thing I-- (LAUGHS)

MOTHER: You just don't know how attractive you are.

XENO: Now, Mother, Miss Morrison and I are merely friends. And to think of anything beyond that is just--

ORMY: Mr. Xeno! Mr. Xeno! We're almost finished the game, Mr. Xeno!

XENO: Good, good! All finished, Ormy?

ORMY: Just about. It's tomorrow morning at eight forty-five, isn't it?

XENO: Eight forty-five. Anything else you need, Ormy? I mean, any more uranium?

ORMY: No. I just wanted to make sure it was eight forty-five. (MOVING OFF)
Well, see you in the morning, Mr. Xeno! Goodbye, Mrs. Xeno!

XENO: See you in the morning, Ormy!

MOTHER: (CHUCKLES) Such a cute little fellow, Xeno. And smart!

XENO: Is he. Mother, you have NO idea.

MUSIC: FUTURISTIC TRANSITION, THEN IN BG

XENO: (NARRATES) The Earth expedition was camped beside their rocket, getting ready for take-off the next day. Connie -- er, Miss Morrison -- waved when she saw me coming. I waved back and -- then she smiled at me and -- I smiled back. It was a beautiful evening. We walked out over the plain, Connie and I, and then we sat down quite close. Connie lit a cigarette and I opened up a package of Gur-Kog.

MUSIC: OUT

CONNIE: Xeno?

XENO: Yes, Connie? Miss Morrison?

CONNIE: (CHUCKLES) Connie. How is it you're not married, Xeno? Don't Martians believe in it?

XENO: Oh, definitely. But there's Mother and ...

CONNIE: And what?

XENO: Connie ... you don't find me -- a little bit strange?

CONNIE: You mean because you're a Martian?

XENO: Not exactly. You see, even to Martian girls, I'm a little bit strange.

CONNIE: I find you very attractive, Xeno.

XENO: Really?

CONNIE: You're from a superior race.

XENO: Well ...

CONNIE: The commander may not see it but Dr. Fielding does and I do. Your civilization, your culture -- and you.

XENO: Actually, I'm--

CONNIE: What are the other Martians like? You know, I seem to feel there are people all around -- watching, waiting -- and yet, we've seen only you.

XENO: And the children, of course.

CONNIE: Yes. And the children. They've been playing around the rocket all day.

XENO: Yes. Yes.

CONNIE: Xeno, what'll happen to this planet - this beautiful planet - when the next Earth rocket comes? And the next one?

XENO: Connie--

CONNIE: I'd almost like to stay here. Or I wish we'd never come. None of us.

XENO: Connie, there's something I-- I--

CONNIE: What, Xeno? What is it?

XENO: It's just that-- It's getting cold. Maybe we'd better go back.

MUSIC: SOMBER TRANSITION, THEN IN BG

XENO: (NARRATES) I walked with Connie back to the rocket and then I went home. There was a message on the Auto-Phone-a-Pad. The Grand Council wanted to see me. At once.

MUSIC: OUT

XENO: You sent for me, gentlemen?

VOICE: One-Three-Seven-Five-Six called Xeno, you are nearing the completion of Plan X?

XENO: I hope my work has been satisfactory.

VOICE: You were selected for certain qualifications, Xeno. Set habit patterns, attention to detail, no strong emotional drives.

XENO: I remember, yes.

VOICE: You have assumed a responsibility based on those qualifications.

XENO: I suppose you might put it that way.

VOICE: Are you still prepared to discharge that responsibility?

XENO: Well, I-- I think you might as well know that it's been my criticism in the past, as well as that of a lot of other taxpayers, that the Grand Council interferes entirely too much in the private lives of-- Well-- Well, what I mean to say is--

VOICE: Are you prepared to discharge your responsibility?

XENO: What about Connie? I mean, Miss Morrison. Isn't there SOME way--?

VOICE: You know that there is not.

XENO: Well, I-- I suppose not, no.

VOICE: Plan X will then be completed?

XENO: I assure the Grand Council, at eight forty-five tomorrow morning, Plan X will be completed.

MUSIC: QUIRKY FUTURISTIC TRANSITION, THEN IN BG

XENO: (NARRATES) I didn't sleep well that night and Mother was worried when I hadn't any appetite in the morning. She thought it was the start of one of my chest colds. Purposely, I didn't go out to the rocket until almost eight-forty. They were blasting the motors, getting ready to take off.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: ROCKET ENGINE

CONNIE: (RELIEVED TO SEE HIM) Xeno, I thought you weren't coming!

XENO: I - I overslept, Connie. That is, I didn't really oversleep but, uh--

CONNIE: The children have been here for an hour.

ORMY: We're just about finished playing, Mr. Xeno!

XENO: Oh, good, Ormy. Did you win the game? Plan X?

ORMY: I think so. We'll know in a minute, Mr. Xeno.

CONNIE: They're so intense. Are the children on Mars always that way, Xeno?

XENO: Well, not always, no.

COMMANDER: (APPROACHES) Ah, come to see us off, did you, Xeno? Good boy. We counted on you.

XENO: Well, thank you.

COMMANDER: Come over here, Fielding!

FIELDING: Yes, Commander.

COMMANDER: Connie, Fielding -- Xeno here has been so helpful to us that I've come to a decision.

XENO: That's very nice of you but I'm pretty well stocked up on beads right now.

COMMANDER: A different kind of a present. Xeno, I've decided to invite you to come with us - to Earth.

XENO: To - Earth?!

COMMANDER: How 'bout it, Xeno? We're taking off in, er, sixteen minutes - at nine o'clock. How 'bout it?

XENO: Well, it's not that I don't appreciate your thinking of me but Mother would worry and, uh--

COMMANDER: You see, we need you, Xeno.

CONNIE: That's not true!

COMMANDER: Well, I'm afraid it is. You see, I think Xeno is a much more important man than a worker in an elevator factory.

XENO: Escalator. I'm in stair treads.

COMMANDER: And if we have Xeno along the next time we come back to Mars, we'd be much less likely to run into-- Well, an ambush.

FIELDING: I'm afraid he's right, Connie.

CONNIE: He's not right!

COMMANDER: How 'bout it, Xeno?

XENO: Thanks, but no.

PARKER: (OFF) Commander! Those kids! They've got some sort of a - ray gun set up!

COMMANDER: Fielding? Is it real, Fielding?

FIELDING: Why, it - it looks like it, Commander.

COMMANDER: Get Xeno over in front of us, quick! Now they can't shoot without hitting him. (TO PARKER) Get your gun out, Parker!

PARKER: You mean - the kids, Commander?!

COMMANDER: If we have to, yes! (TO XENO) Tell them not to fire on us, Xeno!

XENO: I'm sorry, Connie. Really sorry.

CONNIE: Oh, it's all right, Xeno. Do what you have to do.

ORMY: Shall we shoot, Mr. Xeno?

COMMANDER: Have your gun ready, Parker!

XENO: It wouldn't do any good, Commander. (TO ORMY) All right, Ormy. Plan X.

SOUND: CRACKLE AND BUZZ OF RAY GUN ... ROCKET ENGINE POWERS DOWN AND SHUTS OFF

COMMANDER: Did you - did you fire, Parker?

PARKER: Me, sir? Fire a gun? Why, I - I couldn't. I couldn't do a thing like that.

COMMANDER: No. No, of course you couldn't. I - I don't know what made me ask.

FIELDING: Uh, the rocket -- its motors have stopped. Its motors have stopped, Commander.

COMMANDER: Well, we aren't going anywhere. Are we?

CONNIE: Someone said something about going back to Earth.

COMMANDER & FIELDING: (AS IF IT WERE UNTHINKABLE) Back to Earth?!

CONNIE: Oh, no. Course not. Course not.

XENO: Everybody - all right?

CONNIE: What happened, Commander? What happened?

XENO: Nothing really. It's just that Ormy and his little friends built a Maturity Ray. It takes people who are, shall we say, less advanced and increases their I. Q. by several thousand years.

FIELDING: Ah, it's amazing.

XENO: Child's play.

COMMANDER: Xeno, do you mean to say--?

XENO: Commander, Dr. Fielding, Parker, Connie -- permit me to congratulate you -- as fellow Martians.

FIELDING: (CHUCKLES HAPPILY) Utterly amazing.

XENO: Connie--

CONNIE: Look! Here come the Martians!

COMMANDER: Our fellow Martians! Thousands of them! They're coming to welcome us!

XENO: Connie--

CONNIE: Oh, look at them! (BREATHLESS) Oh, they look so handsome! So intelligent--! So--!

XENO: Connie--

CONNIE: (HASTILY BRUSHES HIM OFF) Yeah, uh, excuse me, Xeno. (RUSHING OFF) I'll be back, Commander! I have to go to them! I'll be back!

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

XENO: (NARRATES, A LITTLE SADLY) Well ... she DID like me. For a while. ... Before Plan X. ... But she DID like me. Even just for a while. That's something, isn't it?

MUSIC: FOR A FINISH

ANNOUNCER: Suspense!

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: Presented by Auto-Lite! Tonight's star, Mr. Jack Benny!

MUSIC: OUT

HARLOW WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox again speaking for Auto-Lite, world's largest independent manufacturer of automotive electrical equipment. Auto-Lite is proud to serve the greatest names in the industry. That's why, during the early months of 1953, as we did last year, the Auto-Lite family will join in saluting the leading car manufacturers who install Auto-Lite products as original equipment. Our Auto-Lite family is a worldwide family and numbers among its members some thirty thousand men and women in Auto-Lite plants in the United States, Canada and many foreign countries; and the eighteen thousand people who have invested a portion of their savings in Auto-Lite; as well as thousands of Auto-Lite distributors and dealers; and the many leading manufacturers who use Auto-Lite products as original equipment. Our Auto-Lite family will salute the Dodge division of Chrysler Corporation on the next

Auto-Lite "Suspense" program on television. If you live in a television area, check the day and time of "Suspense" so that you'll be sure to see this program.

MUSIC: A BRIEF BRIDGE, IN AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Next week, the dramatic report of a man's desperate race for freedom. A true story, with names and places changed in order to protect the lives of the principals. The story is called, "The Man Who Cried Wolf." Our star -- Mr. Jeff Chandler. That's next week on ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense!

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME, IN BG

ANNOUNCER: "Suspense" is transcribed and directed by Elliott Lewis, with music composed by Lucien Moraweck and conducted by Lud Gluskin. "Plan X" was written for "Suspense" by Richard Powell. Featured in tonight's cast were Mary Jane Croft, Norma Varden, John McIntire, Truda Marson, Howard McNear, William Conrad, Jack Kruschen, Joseph Kearns and Stuffy Singer.

HARLOW WILCOX: "The Jack Benny Show" may be heard every Sunday on the CBS Radio Network.

ANNOUNCER: And remember, next week, Mr. Jeff Chandler in "The Man Who Cried Wolf."

MUSIC: OUT

HARLOW WILCOX: The 1953 March of Dimes has nearly passed by. If you haven't given your dime or dollar to help in the crusade against polio, why not do it now? Send your contribution to your local March of Dimes headquarters.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME, IN BG

ANNOUNCER: This is the CBS Radio Network.

MUSIC: OUT

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Broadcast: 2 February 1953

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