

MALLOMAR

(Entering. She is mom to Emmanemar and Brunomar. She carries a tray of pill bottles.)
Children! Emmanemar and Brunomar, time for your snack pills. What would you like today? A Pop-Tart pill, glazed doughnut tablet or a Sizzlin' Green Cheetos soft-gel?

EMMANEMAR

(Glumly) Soft-gel

BRUNOMAR

(Glumly) Glazed.

MALLOMAR

Speaking of glazed, I am going to have a snack too. *(She pours a bottle of pills into her mouth and looks frantically for something to wash it down with. She motions for Brunomar to bring her the coffee pot, which is in the nearby kitchen area. He brings it, Emmanemar fetches a mug, but Mallomar grabs the coffee pot and guzzles coffee directly out of it.)* Oh, dear, that was close. I forgot to pour a glass of...snack juice. Good thing we have Marbucks. Okay, children, what did you learn in school today?

EMMANEMAR

I learned about the history of tyrannical orange leader on the planet Covfefe, who conspired with the tiny melon-shaped underlings of the—

BRUNOMAR

Five, four, three, two, one...she's out.

(Mallomar is now seated, in a sort of catatonic state, nodding and smiling, but clearly not really present.)

EMMANEMAR

I learned that my teacher is wanted for embezzlement, the kid behind me can't spell at all and the lunch lady has a strange rash on her hands.

BRUNOMAR

A malfunction at a particle accelerator could suck the entire planet into a black hole. And Scientists found ten new commandments that will change your life forever.

EMMANEMAR

And I don't think she should be handling food, though I hate to throw it away because there are starving children on Neptune.

BRUNOMAR

I learned that criminals aren't punished on Mars, they are sent to Earth to become life coaches and thought-leaders.

EMMANEMAR

We swallow, on average, eight spiders per year while sleeping.

MALLOMAR

(Suddenly awaking from her trance/stupor) Say, what's in this drink?

BRUNOMAR/EMMANEMAR

Baby, it's cold outside.

MALLOMAR

I am so proud of you both.

(The sound of a Mars vehicle is heard outside.)

EMMANEMAR

Father is home.

(Alagomar enters. He's a stern-looking Martian family man. The kids remain seated and their reaction to him is somewhat distant.)

BRUNOMAR

Hello, father.

MALLOMAR

Alagomar, my dear.

EMMANEMAR

I hope you had a pleasant day, father.

ALAGOMAR

To what do I owe this effusive and demonstrative welcoming? Is it a special occasion?

BRUNOMAR

No, of course not, father. We are just happy to see you.

EMMANEMAR

Yes, like every day, so happy to greet you when you return home from work.

BRUNOMAR

No special occasion.

EMMANEMAR

(Starting to cry) No special occasion. It's just like always. No special occasions ever. ***(She exits, crying. Brunomar follows her out.)***

ALAGOMAR

What's got into them? On the surface they appear joyful, but something is missing.

MALLOMAR

Have a drink and we'll talk about it.

ALAGOMAR

Have a drink? Is that your solution for everything?

MALLOMAR

Ha! It's a special occasion!

ALAGOMAR

We don't have special occasions on Mars. That's what makes us the mightiest planet, the strongest, the envy of the universe.

MALLOMAR

Alagomar, you ever notice how they aren't so tall? Do you ever find that strange? You know, I mean they are living, breathing Martians, they aren't lawn ornaments and they are bigger than a cat or a woodchuck, but they only come up to here you know, they are diminutive. You ever wonder why, Alagomar?

ALAGOMAR

What are you—

MALLOMAR

I'll tell you why they are so short, it's because they are children. Children, Alagomar, children! They aren't like you. They don't care about which planet is the mightiest or who is the envy of the universe. They envy...you know what they envy?

ALAGOMAR

Tallness?

MALLOMAR

No, they envy those who are happy, they wish they could be like kids who are kids. ***(Pouring herself another drink)*** You know the kind who have special ***(guzzles drink)*** occasions.

ALAGOMAR

Martian children are exceptional. They are advanced beyond all others. But perhaps you are correct. Perhaps their happiness quotient is insufficient. If only there was a way to simulate happiness. ***(eyes Mallomar as she takes another drink)*** If only it could be bottled and delivered daily...hourly. No, there must be a way through scientific means. What on Mars would make someone crave happiness? Oh, what the jupiter, I am tired and hungry. I will consult with my team in the morning and we'll crack this foolish happiness riddle.

(He sits down. Mallomar brings him a pill.)

MALLOMAR

I made your favorite