

PLANET B

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WE OPEN ON PLANET EARTH, as seen from outer space.

The blue marble view. Serene, silent, and spinning slowly.

SUPER: Earth, 2055

and hold here just long enough to wonder if Earth's colors look a little off - the blues less bright, its patchy browns spreading like a rash - before we DROP INTO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The SITUATION ROOM.

Where this situation apparently calls for PANIC.

OFFICIALS in dark suits cluster with small groups of MILITARY GENERALS around that classic wooden table with the black leather chairs - but everyone's on their feet, animated.

A nervous AIDE approaches POTUS's Chief of Staff, SARITA ARYA (43, Indian American, steady demeanor and short, spiky hair).

The Aide whispers in Sarita's ear - but we can't hear it - it's too loud in here, swallowed by competing crosstalk.

Listen closely though and you might pick out a few words. Planet. Congress. China. But it's the tone that matters most.

Concern.

Sarita scans the room, frustrated. There's a lot of heavy hitters present, but she's the one to watch. She opens wide and puts TWO FINGERS in her mouth to HAND WHISTLE--

--and it works. Everyone shuts the fuck up.

SARITA

Ma'am. First images are in.

PRESIDENT KEIKO PEARL (42, Japanese American, shoulder-length hair and youthful skin) freezes. She's been waiting for this.

Sarita clicks a remote and a LARGE MONITOR near Pearl shows an IMAGE OF A PLANET. It looks a lot like Earth.

That same blue marble view - but brighter. More alive.

PRESIDENT PEARL

God. Looks just like Earth used to.

(then, irritated)

Why didn't we have this sooner?

Science Advisor ANNE REISS (54, always on defense) responds.

ANNE REISS
Ma'am, NASA ID'd the planet hours--

PRESIDENT PEARL
No, what took so long to find it?

General BRIAN DALE (59, Black, Army uniform, bald) steps in.
He's a stroke survivor and a cane user, soft-spoken but firm.

GENERAL DALE
Telemetry breakthrough, ma'am. It
was there, but invisible to us.

PRESIDENT PEARL
Does China have this? Russia? Korea?

GENERAL DALE
SIGINT says not yet. But it's
fluid. I can have my team ready in--

ANNE REISS
Soldiers?
(off his "obviously" look)
We should be sending astronauts,
physicists, geographers...maybe even
a goddam poet makes more sense--

SARITA
Anne. Please. What else do we know?

Anne recalibrates - a less hostile tone. But only slightly.

ANNE REISS
It's a Goldilocks. Not too hot, not
too cold. We can fly there in
weeks, not years. There's water.
And the atmosphere is 19.5% O-2.

GENERAL DALE
In English, please.

SARITA
It means humans can breathe.

And off that we can feel the room breathe, a collective
exhale before Pearl shoots Sarita a quick, smug glance.

PRESIDENT PEARL
Hmmp. I wonder what your brother
says about this now.

A sensitive subject. Sarita sits with it a moment, then:

SARITA

We've prepped for this. We can have the first settlers there in weeks.

PRESIDENT PEARL

Do it. Close hold, but anything you need. Get them all on the ship, soldiers, scientists, chefs, we're all going there eventually anyways.

Sarita nods - orders accepted - and understanding the meeting's over, Pearl's cabinet resumes its buzzy chatter.

But BEAR "GRIZZ" NORRIS (64, White), the EPA Administrator, clears his throat. He's an outdoorsman - shaggy haired and bearded - and uncomfortable in his suit.

GRIZZ

Excuse me, Madam President. Now, uh, I read Anne's report, I saw the chances. But someone's still got to ask the question, right? About life? This situation being fluid and all.

The idea catches Pearl off guard. She hits him with an annoyed, unsympathetic look before Sarita fills the silence.

SARITA

Aliens? Tell you what, Grizz, we find E.T. up there I'll take him to drinks for you. That fluid enough?

The room breaks - laughter, Pearl included - as tension gives way to release, and even Grizz squeezes out a shaky smile.

EXT. ROCKY TERRAIN - DUSK

We're over the shoulder of a HUGE CREATURE as it thrashes the surface of a barren expanse. Dust hangs hazy in the air.

There isn't much out there to destroy, but of what there is, nothing can escape its beastly path.

The creature staggers on two legs around the field, knocking over piles of rocks - seemingly at random - and bending down to GRAB and SMASH fistfuls of dirt with both hands.

Pull back gradually to reveal the creature is a HUMAN TODDLER.

This is two-year-old NOWELL ARYA (biracial Indian/White).

His father, RYAN ARYA (38, Indian American, athletic) stands to the side, a slight grin as he watches Nowell wreak havoc.