

THE BEAST FROM PLANET 7734

by

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FADE IN:

TITLE SEQUENCE

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Welcome, my friends. How often have we looked into the infinite velvety blackness of the night sky? How often have we wondered if we, the minute denizens of this tiny blue marble in the vast ether of space, are alone? Would we be ready to find out if we were not? Would we be ready to face the cold reality that there exists other, more intelligent, and yet possibly even more fearsome races amongst the millions of planets out there? Well, my friends, I am here to tell you that I believe. I believe that we are not alone. I say this not from my own personal feelings, but from the knowledge I have gained based on the testimony of the few witnesses who barely escaped with their lives from . . . The Beast from planet Seven Seven Three Four!

EXT. BACK PATIO OF A SMALL RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

JACK and MARY BENDER, 20s and looking like apple pie was invented just for them, stand together by a grill with hamburgers cooking, each tending to different tasks.

JACK

It sure is a beautiful night, huh Mary?

MARY

It sure is, Jack. I'm so proud of you for getting that new job with the government. I can't wait for you to start tomorrow. I just wish you could tell me what it was about.

JACK

(Giving her a playful squeeze)

Aw Mary, I told you I was sworn to secrecy about my new job.

MARY

But surely a wife doesn't count . .
.

JACK

You little scamp! Of course even a wife counts. Besides, I'm not 100% sure of what it is yet myself. Now go get us something to drink. These burgers are ready.

He gives her a playful swat on the behind as she heads into the house to get the drinks.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The sidewalk is full of people as Jack comes up to the front of the building and pauses.

POV - Jack looks up at the front of the many-storied stone building. Flags are fluttering in the breeze on the front.

ANGLE ON as Jack takes a deep breath, gathers himself, and heads inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

GENERAL MASON, 50, broad shouldered and tough as nails, sits at his desk signing papers. His phone rings and he picks it up.

GENERAL MASON

He is? Excellent. Send him right in.

Jack enters and stops just inside the door to give a salute. The General gives a half-hearted salute back.

GENERAL MASON

No need for those kinds of formalities, Mr. Bender, you are still a civilian even though you will be working for me. Now, have a seat and lets get down to it. Time is of the essence!

Jack takes a seat, but just on the edge, due to the urgency in the General's voice.

JACK

What's the problem, General? You sound very worried.

GENERAL MASON

I'm more than worried, Jack. More than worried. Our military astronomers have discovered a new planet. They call it planet 7734.

JACK

Planet 7734, eh? What's so special about it?

GENERAL MASON

Well, it's more than special Jack. It's a danger to every living creature on Earth!

JACK

Good Lord, General. How can that be?

GENERAL MASON

I figure it's probably safe to assume you've seen a lot of things as a commercial pilot, Jack. So you're open to wild possibilities.

JACK

That's true, General, but what does this have to do with Planet 7734?

GENERAL MASON

Well, I have a hard time believing this myself, but I've seen the evidence myself. Jack, Planet 7734 is inhabited!

JACK

Inhabited? But General, I . . .

GENERAL MASON

Yes, inhabited, and not by humans. We don't know who they are, but it gets even worse, and that is where you come in. Planet 7734's orbit was observed to be heading on a collision course with Earth. Our scientists have observed this planet for some time, and it

(MORE)

GENERAL MASON (cont'd)
eventually became apparent that the
so-called orbit of this planet is
not 'natural'.

JACK
Not natural? Why, that would mean .
. .but that's impossible!

GENERAL MASON
To our known science, yes, it is
impossible. However, someone on
that planet is not only controlling
it's movements . . .they're
steering it straight towards the
Earth!

JACK
Dear God, General, when is this
planet supposed to hit Earth?

GENERAL MASON
Tonight!

FADE TO:

INT. RANCH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary is sitting on the couch looking tense, and Jack is
gathering equipment. A flashlight, a knife, and finally, a
gun, which he checks to see if it's loaded and then tucks it
into a shoulder holster.

MARY
Oh Jack, I don't like this at all.
It's scaring me so badly that you
won't tell me what this is all
about.

JACK
(Taking her face in his
hands.)
Mary, this is part of my new job,
and I can't tell what's happening
because it's a matter of national
security.

MARY

(Buries her head in his
shoulder)

Oh Jack. I'm just so worried about
you. If I was ever to lose you, I
don't know what I'd . . .

JACK

Don't worry Mary. I'll be just
fine, I promise! I just want you to
stay inside tonight. Lock the doors
and pull the curtains. We'll take
care of things, and I'll come home
and tell you when it's okay. He
gives her a deep passionate kiss
and strides out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MILITARY SPACE OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Several scientists are standing around looking at reports,
scanning computers and marking star charts.

General Mason, along with PROFESSOR THEODORE, another
scientist in the vein of Carl Sagan, are taking turns
looking through a huge telescope out the open roof.

Jack enters from the far door and makes his way down the
steps into the sunken room. The General notices him.

GENERAL MASON

Jack, Jack! Come over here. You
have to see what we're dealing
with.

Jack nods and heads over to the telescope.

GENERAL MASON

Jack, this is Professor Theodore.
He's the man who discovered Planet
7734, and along with his team here,
eventually figured what's going on.

Jack and the Professor shake hands.

JACK

It's an honour, Professor. Now, how
can I help?

PROFESSOR THEODORE

First, you need to take a look at
Planet 7734.

Jack bends down to look in the eyepiece of the telescope.

The screen becomes a full sized shot from the POV of the telescope. A large mostly rock-like sphere fills the circular shape.

A few small objects can be seen moving about and above the surface of the planet.

JACK (V.O.)

How far away is this thing,
Professor?

PROFESSOR THEODORE (V.O.)

Not more than 450,000 kilometres,
Jack. That puts it just outside the
orbit of the moon.

JACK (V.O.)

Is it going to ram us? Jack stands
back up from the telescope to hear
the Professor's answer.

PROFESSOR THEODORE

That's just it, Jack. Until a few
hours ago, we thought it was on a
collision course, but it has
changed its trajectory and started
acting as though it's going to
orbit Earth.

GENERAL MASON

Or it's pulling along side us like
a pirate ship. Either way, we have
to assume it hostile. And that's
why you're here, Jack.

JACK

I'll gladly help any way I can,
General, but what can I do?

GENERAL MASON

We need you to fly a specially
equipped fighter jet as high into
the atmosphere as you can, and give
them a warning shot across their
bough.

JACK

But Sir, you have highly trained fighter pilots. I'm just a commercial jet liner pilot.

GENERAL MASON

No you're not, Jack. You don't think we hired you for this job without knowing your full background, do you?

JACK

But General, I . . .

GENERAL MASON

Jack, I know your wife isn't even aware of your piloting history, but your secret is safe with me, and the legality of the amazing piloting you have done 'on the sly', will be totally forgotten if you do what any red-blooded American would do with your abilities, and help us save this planet! You are the only pilot alive who can complete this mission, Jack. Now, are you gonna get up there?

JACK

General, I hadn't pictured you as a blackmailer, but at least you choose noble causes to blackmail for. Get me to the airfield!

Suddenly, one of the scientists cries out.

SCIENTIST

Professor Theodore, it's too late! Something has launched from Planet 7734 and is moving at such a rapid rate, will contact the Earth in no more than two minutes.

GENERAL MASON

Do have a fix on where it will land?

SCIENTIST

We're working that out right now.
(Beat) Here, Sir, I have the best
(MORE)

SCIENTIST (cont'd)
guess coordinates for impact. It
looks to be a medium sized rocket,
but it's moving so fast, it's hard
to tell.

The scientist brings a computer printout up to the General.

GENERAL MASON
Come on, Jack, Professor, we'll
mobilize everyone on the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

The General, Jack and Professor Theodore pull up to a clearing in the woods in a military jeep.

Other jeeps and trucks follow them, and a few tanks are running down trees to circle the clearing.

Inside the clearing we see a fairly large crater with a great deal of smoke pouring from it. Within the smoke we see the faint mass of a giant cylinder jutting into the air.

All the men pile out of their vehicle; rifles, bazookas and RPGs at the ready. One of the men hands Jack a semi-automatic rifle. The General is armed with a pair of binoculars, and starts to examine the craft.

GENERAL MASON
No sign of life. Could be a remote bomb. We've got to blast that thing sky high!

PROFESSOR THEODORE
No, General. Wait! If that thing IS a bomb, then what may you be triggering? We have to stop and think about how to contain this explosion if that's what it is.

GENERAL MASON
I know you're a scientist, Theodore, and you're used to sitting around hypothesizing, but we have to take action. The whole human race may depend on how swiftly we act . . . right now!

JACK

General, I understand how you feel, but I believe Professor Theodore has the right idea. Maybe we should get a team together to check out that thing a little closer. See if it's radioactive, at least.

GENERAL MASON

Con-sarn it! Jenson! Bring me that Geiger counter. Jack, Professor, come with me.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT

General Mason, Jack and the Professor approach the side of the crashed spaceship with great stealth. The General is clutching a Geiger counter, which is making normal Geiger counter noises.

GENERAL MASON

You see guys; this thing isn't radioactive at all. Let's just blow it to kingdom come, before it's too late.

JACK

Well General, I can't say I disagree with you.

PROFESSOR THEODORE

But the chance to study . . .

GENERAL MASON

Study! I knew it, Theodore, I . . .

Just then the ship lets out a huge blast of steam, and a concealed door pops open.

GENERAL MASON

That's it, guys, get out off here!

They run for the trees.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

As they reach the other troops, the General calls out.

GENERAL MASON

Men, get the big guns ready and fire on my command!

EXT. DEEP WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT

The big door on the side of the ship swings down to the ground and then there is a slight pause before a huge, hulking shadow fills the opening. It stops for a moment, a menacing silhouette in the door.

Then it comes out into the open, a huge, grey monster with bulging muscles and a low Neanderthal type brow. It has skin-like a dinosaur. Thick and rough, with bright green eyes that glow in the darkness.

It's breathing is rough and deep and it groans as it moves. The crowd of onlookers, highly trained though they are, collectively gasp and steel themselves against the confrontation to come.

The General doesn't hesitate.

GENERAL MASON

Fire, men! Give that monster all
you've got.

The soldiers open fire with all the weapons they have on hand. Tanks, RPGs, bazookas, rifles and even a few pistols.

Jack is firing his rifle. The monster and the ship are bombarded with explosives and ammo.

After a few minutes of firing, the whole area is consumed in smoke. Neither the monster nor the ship can be seen.

GENERAL MASON

Cease-fire men. That ought to do
it.

The firing stops and after a few moments, the smoke clears. The monster and the ship are both unharmed.

The monster lets out huge roar and starts moving towards the troops.

JACK

Oh my God, General, that thing
can't be killed!

GENERAL MASON

Anything can be killed, Bender, we
just have to find a way. I'll call
in to evacuate the city, and get
some bombers mobilized.

JACK

I have to get home to Mary to make sure she gets out okay.

GENERAL MASON

Go ahead, man, we'll try to have this thing stopped before it reaches the city, though.

PROFESSOR THEODORE

I hope so General. I hope so.

CUT TO:

INT. BENDER RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary is pacing frantically in the living room as an air raid siren sounds in the distance. Jack bursts through the door.

MARY

Jack! Oh, Jack. What's going on?

JACK

Honey, I don't have time to tell you everything, but we have to get you out of here. Everyone in the city could be in great danger.

MARY

But what happened, Jack? What are we in danger from? Are the Japanese attacking?

JACK

I wish it was that simple, honey. It's a monster. A monster unlike anything we've ever seen. I have to get you to your mom's house.

MARY

Let me grab my sweater. It's on the chase out back.

After Mary steps outside, there is a loud crashing noise, and Mary let's out a blood-curdling scream.

Jack rushes outside to find their back fence destroyed and the monster moving slowly towards Mary.

Mary frantically picks up the closest thing she can find, which is a pitcher of lemonade and hurls it at the beast:

JACK

Honey, No!

Jack steps in front of Mary as the pitcher shatters on the beast's head.

The beast wails, clutching at it's head, as Jack picks up a lawn chair, preparing to defend Mary to the death.

General Mason and his men reach the yard to see the strange scene. Jack is standing ready with the chair, but the beast is wailing in pain as it clutches it's head.

GENERAL MASON

Get inside, you two. It looks like we've almost finished him off. Come on, men!

But the beast has started to collapse against the lawn table, wailing louder than ever.

MARY

My God, Jack! He's in agony!

JACK

Just stay behind me, Mary. The brute may be trying to trick us.

The beast has fallen to the ground now, in obvious mortal pain.

INSET: THE BEAST'S FOREHEAD IS ACTUALLY 'STEAMING'

GENERAL MASON

Good Lord! It's looks as though the brute is melting!

Mary buries her head in Jack's shoulder.

MARY

Jack, it's too horrible!

Just then the professor makes his way into the backyard, and spots the beast.

PROFESSOR THEODORE

Mason, you finally got him?

GENERAL MASON

I thought we did, professor, but now I'm not sure what's happened to him.

JACK
Professor, the beast went crazy
right after Mary threw a pitcher of
lemonade at him.

PROFESSOR THEODORE
Lemonade, eh?

The professor produces a box from inside his lab coat, and
pulls a small microscope and a syringe from it.

Slowly he approaches the beast, which is lying inert on the
ground, head still steaming and panting heavily.

GENERAL MASON
I wouldn't get too close,
professor.

PROFESSOR THEODORE
I don't think the brute poses much
of a threat now, General. Just be
prepared to cover me, should he
move.

GENERAL MASON
Stand ready, men!

Carefully the professor bends down beside the beast, and
starts to take a blood sample. Just as he's finishing the
beast gives one last quick 'gasp', startling everyone, then
falls silent.

MARY
(buries her head deeper)
Oh, Jack!

JACK
It's okay, Mary. It's all over now,
I think.

The professor checks the beast's pulse before standing up:

PROFESSOR THEODORE
Yes, he's dead all right.

The professor put a drop of blood on a slide and places it
on the microscope.

GENERAL MASON
But what killed him, then? His skin
hasn't shed a bit of blood from my
bullets or shells!

JACK

Yes, professor, he looks as he did
when he came out of the spaceship!

Mary turns toward the monster.

MARY

Spaceship! Jack, what is this
thing?

The professor looks up from his microscope. His jaw set in a
strange way.

PROFESSOR THEODORE

It's incredible.

GENERAL MASON

What is it, professor?!

PROFESSOR THEODORE

The acidic level of this monster's
bloodstream is through the roof!

JACK

Acidic level?

PROFESSOR THEODORE

Yes Jack. Acid. The simple kind
that comes from a garden-variety
lemon.

MARY

You mean, my...lemonade?

PROFESSOR THEODORE

Yes. It appears the acid in the
lemonade, with the sugar acting as
a catalyst, caused such a caustic
corrosive, that it actually ate
into the beasts body, causing it's
brain to quite literally 'fry
itself'!

GENERAL MASON

Dear God!

JACK

No God caused this, General. Nor
anything of this Earth. The
creatures who created this super
being only made him to withstand
(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
the weapons of our time, but know
nothing of our flora and fauna.

Just then one of the soldiers comes running up with a field
radio.

SOLDIER
General Mason, sir, call from the
observatory.

GENERAL MASON
(Into the phone.)
Mason here. What? Are you sure?
Okay, but don't just stop watching.
I want reports every hour to make
sure it's really gone.

The general lowers the field phone antenna, and turns to the
others.

GENERAL MASON
Well, it seems our little green
friends in space have been watching
their heroes' progress and decided
to get while they still can.

JACK
They're gone for sure, General?

GENERAL MASON
Well, we can't say for sure, son,
but let's hope so. Let's hope so.

FADE OUT:

THE END