

MR. PRESIDENT, THERE'S AN ASTEROID HEADED DIRECTLY FOR THE  
EARTH: THE MUSICAL (Part 1 of 4)

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ACT I

INT. PSYCHIC SHOP

A smiling FORTUNE TELLER shuffles a deck of Tarot cards. She cuts the cards and deals the top one. It's the DEATH CARD. Her face goes cold and she sings:

FORTUNE TELLER  
YOU'RE ALL GONNA DIE  
THE WORLD'S GONNA END  
YOU'LL BE PLEADING FOR MERCY  
YOU'LL BE BLEEDING AND BURNING UP  
  
YOU'RE ALL GONNA DIE  
AND YOUR GRANDMA WILL DIE IN HER  
BED  
EVERYTHING LIVING  
WILL CEASE TO BE LIVING INSTEAD

Men in tuxedos and girls in sparkly dresses rip off the Fortune Teller's outfit. Under it, she too is wearing a sparkly dress.

The camera pulls back, revealing that we're actually on a...

INT. DINNER THEATER STAGE

The Chorus breaks into an ol' fashioned Broadway dance number.

CHORUS  
BUT FIRST IT'S A MUSICAL  
IT'S ASTRONOMICAL  
WE'VE ALL BEEN PRACTICING  
WE'RE SO PREPARED

Choreographic collision.

CHORUS  
YOU'RE IN FOR A MUSICAL  
FOR IT JUST BEGAN  
IT'S LIKE ARMAGEDDON  
HAD A CHILD BY THE MUSIC MAN

The Fortune Teller peers into a crystal ball. She sees...

EXT. A POST-APOCALYPTIC METROPOLIS

Rubble and human carnage fill the streets.

FORTUNE TELLER (V.O.)  
 YOUR WIFE AND YOUR KIDS  
 THEY'RE NOT FEELING WELL  
 BECAUSE THEY'RE MELTED IN PUDDLES  
 ON THE GROUND  
 BURNT BITS OF BABY STREWN AROUND

THE WORLD'S GONNA END  
 DEFINITELY YOU WILL DIE  
 WATCH AS YOUR LIFE  
 FLASHES BEFORE YOUR EYES

Twenty of the bodies spring up and sing:

CHORUS  
 WE'LL STILL BE SINGING AND DANCING  
 AND HAVING A BALL  
 WE'VE GOT DRAMA AND TENSION  
 AND ASTEROIDS

The animated bodies are joined by the Chorus, as well as CHIMNEY SWEEPS, FRENCH SOLDIERS, POOR BRITISH CHILDREN, NUNS, a MARCHING BAND HORN SECTION, a BARBERSHOP QUARTET, a GREASER and a RABBI.

CHORUS  
 EMOTION, ADVENTURE  
 WE'VE GOT IT ALL  
 AND YOU CAN WATCH IT EVERY SINGLE  
 NIGHT  
  
 BECAUSE IT'S A MUSICAL  
 ON YOUR COMPUTER SCREEN  
 TIME TO BEGIN  
 LET'S CUT TO THE TITULAR SCENE

INT. OVAL OFFICE

CALVERT, a geeky thirtysomething astronomer, bursts through the Oval Office door.

CALVERT  
 (melodramatic)  
 Mr. President, there's an asteroid  
 headed directly for the earth!

(CONTINUED)

Turns out, Calvert's not actually talking to the President; he's talking to RAJESH, a thirtysomething Indian guy eating a bag of microwave popcorn. And it's not the Oval Office; it's a desk with cheap plastic flags on it. Basically, this is a run-through.

RAJESH

Maybe bring it down a notch.

Calvert nods, walks out the door and closes it. Then he knocks. Then a pause. Then he opens the door, politely, and enters.

CALVERT

(casual)

Hey man. There's this...asteroid thing, and it's...you know.

RAJESH

I'm thinking you overcompensated.

A loud alarm sounds. Red and blue lights swirl. We see that Calvert and Rajesh are actually in the...

INT. WHITE HOUSE OBSERVATORY

The room is filled with computer terminals and telescopes. Calvert rushes to the biggest one and adjusts its knobs.

Four NASA SCIENTISTS, including RITA the office sexpot, burst in.

NASA SCIENTIST 1

What is it?

CALVERT

It's an asteroid.

Hysteria.

Calvert clicks a button on a nearby keyboard.

CALVERT

(reading the monitor)

And it's going to miss us by  
328,000 miles.

The NASA scientists regain their composure and leave. But Rajesh stops Rita before she can escape:

(CONTINUED)

RAJESH

Rita! Wait up. I've got a pickup line I want to try on you.

RITA

(unenthused)

Go.

RAJESH

Go what? That was the line. It's self-referential. Get it?

RITA

Nope, and I'm a literally a rocket scientist, so I'm thinking it's a bad line.

RAJESH

Let's go to the club and road test it together.

RITA

At the risk of sounding cliché: I'd only go out with you if we were the last two people on earth.

RAJESH

When you say that, you don't risk sounding cliché; you pretty much guarantee it--and that's just office banter; can you *imagine* the repartee we'd have on a date?

RITA

Nice try.

Rita walks out.

RAJESH

(to Calvert)

You'll come to the club with me, right?

CALVERT

Tonight's the Rod Hopwood lecture.

RAJESH

Rod Hopwood? The guy's been in space *once*. And I heard he spent the whole time vomiting. And he's an asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CALVERT

...who happens to be NASA's  
spokesman, so, one: We can't call  
him an asshole and two: We have to  
go to his talk.

RAJESH

Let's see, we could do that...or we  
could go to the club and get laid.

CALVERT

(dubious)

Could we now?

INT. THE CLUB

CHORUS

AT THE CLUB!

RAJESH

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WHO DON'T HAVE A  
DATE

Rajesh approaches a woman, says, "Hello," gets rejected.

CHORUS

AT THE CLUB!

RAJESH

THEIR STANDARDS GET LOWER THE  
LONGER YOU WAIT

Rajesh approaches the same woman, says, "Hello again," and  
this time finds success. He leads the woman to the dance  
floor.

RAJESH

MUSIC IS BLARING, SO NO  
CONVERSATION  
PASSION IS FLARING WITHOUT  
HESITATION PRESSED UP SO CLOSE  
THERE'S A GENERAL GENITAL RUB...

INT. WHITE HOUSE OBSERVATORY

RAJESH

AT THE CLUB!

Rajesh doesn't notice the VICE PRESIDENT (red tie, American  
flag pin) standing right behind him.

(CONTINUED)

VICE PRESIDENT  
Gentlemen.

RAJESH  
Mr. Vice President.

VICE PRESIDENT  
I don't mean to interrupt your  
*interlude...*

RAJESH  
All done. I was just going...

VICE PRESIDENT  
To the club, yes, I heard.

RAJESH  
(extending his hand for a fist  
bump)  
*This guy gets it.*

The Vice President doesn't bump back, so Rajesh completes the gesture with his other hand. Then he leaves.

VICE PRESIDENT  
The alarm?

CALVERT  
False positive.

VICE PRESIDENT  
That makes 83. 83 false alarms,  
zero real ones.

CALVERT  
Which is good. Because a real alarm  
would mean...

VICE PRESIDENT  
I got NASA an extra 200 million  
dollars for your little asteroid  
observation program.

CALVERT  
Which I appreciate.

VICE PRESIDENT  
*Armageddon* and *Deep Impact* freaked  
everyone out, and 200 million to  
squash a freakout is a bargain. But  
nobody remembers those movies any  
more, so now-

(CONTINUED)

CALVERT  
(defensive)  
People love those movies.

VICE PRESIDENT  
...so now, spending all that money  
to check for space debris doesn't  
seem like such a bargain. The  
taxpayers...  
(noticing Calvert has  
something to say)  
What is it?

CALVERT  
A debris particle is a meteor.  
Those things aren't the issue. The  
issue is asteroids, which-

VICE PRESIDENT  
Couldn't care less. You know what I  
care about?

CALVERT  
The election?

VICE PRESIDENT  
Damn straight I do. And giving back  
200 million dollars back to the  
taxpayers is a good move for me.  
And it's a good move for the  
country. Especially me--really good  
move for me. So, here's my advice  
for you: Polish up your resume. You  
might need it soon.

CALVERT  
(resigned)  
Great.

The Vice President's phone rings. He checks the caller ID.

VICE PRESIDENT  
(paralyzed with fear)  
League of Women Voters.

Rings again.

VICE PRESIDENT  
(to Calvert)  
These bitches are crazy.

Rings again.



VICE PRESIDENT  
 (answering the phone, exiting  
 the room)  
 Marcybaby! How we doing?

Calvert sighs, looks to the camera and sings:

CALVERT  
 SIGHING, STARING  
 LATELY I HAVE STOPPED CARING  
 I'M STUCK IN A RUT  
 WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO COME

INT. PACKED D.C. METRO CAR

CALVERT, eyes locked on the camera, is oblivious to the joy around him: The girls playing pat-a-cake, the laughing elderly couple.

CALVERT  
 I DON'T WANT TO BORE YOU BEING  
 SAPPY  
 BUT I FIND IT HARD TO BE HAPPY  
 I'M NOT OUT HAVING FUN  
 I'M WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO COME

EXT. GEORGETOWN CAMPUS

Street musicians join in Calvert's song as he walks by.

CALVERT  
 BEST CASE SCENARIO  
 MY JOB IS TOTALLY POINTLESS  
 I SPEND MY LIFE LOOKING UP  
 BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE  
  
 WORST CASE SCENARIO  
 SOME GIANT DEATH ROCK  
 IS FLYING THROUGH SPACE TO DESTROY  
 US  
 EITHER WAY  
 IT'S NOT A GREAT OUTLOOK FOR ME

Calvert begins to cross the street, toward the lecture hall.

SO I'M GETTING LISTLESS WITH THE  
 SKY LIFE  
 SOMETHING'S MISSING FROM MY LIFE  
 MY HEART'S GOING NUMB  
 WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO-

(CONTINUED)

Calvert fails to notice the Vespa speeding toward him. So he gets hit. The driver removes her helmet. It's KAYLA, a really hot twentysomething girl.

KAYLA  
Are you okay?

Calvert stands up and realizes he got exactly what he needed: A shake-up and a new prospect.

CALVERT  
Actually, yeah. I think I am.

KAYLA  
Uh...okay...

Kayla parks her Vespa by the lecture hall entrance. Calvert, feeling hopeful, breaks into a little dance. Kayla looks back. Calvert freezes, mid-move. It's awkward. Kayla gives him a quizzical smile before walking in.

CALVERT  
SOMETHING IS COMING  
I MAINTAIN

INT. GEORGETOWN LECTURE HALL HALLWAY

CALVERT passes a "FREE ASTRONOMY LECTURE WITH NASA SPOKESMAN ROD HOPWOOD!" poster, which features Hopwood wearing a leather motorcycle jacket. Behind Hopwood are two women in bikinis. Behind the women: A wall of flames.

CALVERT  
ALL OF THIS WAITING  
IS NOT IN VAIN

INT. GEORGETOWN LECTURE HALL CLASSROOM

CALVERT  
I'LL KEEP ON WAITING  
'TIL SOMETHING COMES  
OR MAYBE I'M WAITING FOR SOMEONE  
MAYBE I'M WAITING FOR SOMEONE  
MAYBE I'M WAITING FOR SOMEONE

Calvert realizes all the lecture attendants are staring at him.

CALVERT  
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

## LECTURE ATTENDANT 1

I heard NASA's delaying the Mars Exploration Program so Hopwood can compete in the 2014 Olympics.

## LECTURE ATTENDANT 2

I heard Richard Branson tapped Hopwood to head up Virgin Galactic.

## LECTURE ATTENDANT 3

I heard Hopwood just signed a \$4,500 sponsorship deal with Astronaut Ice Cream.

## LECTURE ATTENDANT 2

Who'd you hear that from?

## LECTURE ATTENDANT 3

(springing up from his chair, ripping off his glasses and tossing them to the floor)

I heard it from me!

Everybody gasps. Lecture Attendant 3 tears off his white dress shirt, revealing a leather motorcycle jacket beneath. It's Rod Hopwood--the guy from the poster. Hopwood pulls out a pack of Astronaut Ice Cream, winks, and tosses the pack to Lecture Attendant 2. It hits him in the face.

The audience gleefully applaud as Hopwood takes the stage.

The lights dim. Synthesized music plays. Mini-spotlights cross. The lecture has begun.

Hopwood uses PowerPoint slides to punctuate each of his speech's first five words. The Attendants "ooh" and "ahh."

## HOPWOOD

Science. Exploration. Space.  
Spaceships. Spacepeople. For many of you, astronomy is a profession. For me, it's way of life. Sound glamorous? Ha! Flying in and out of the earth's orbit at the drop of Uncle Sam's top hat, navigating through meteor showers...

Something at the back of the auditorium catches Hopwood's eye. It's Kayla. She's leaving.

## HOPWOOD

Excuse me.

Kayla turns around.

(CONTINUED)

HOPWOOD

Are you leaving?

The mini spotlights move to Kayla.

KAYLA

(flustered)

I was..

HOPWOOD

Incredibly distracting. Just incredible.

KAYLA

I thought this was going to be an astrology lecture.

The attendants snicker.

HOPWOOD

Close, and yet so far. It's an *astronomy* lecture. Astronomy--you know: The science of celestial bodies. As opposed to *astrology*, the belief, held by brain perverts like you, that the planets' positions control our lives here on earth. Still confused, or did that clear things up?

The Geeks laugh Kayla out of the room. Calvert goes after her.

INT. GEORGETOWN LECTURE HALL HALLWAY

CALVERT

I'm so sorry about that.

KAYLA

You didn't do anything.

CALVERT

I know. That's my point: I should have said something.

KAYLA

I'm not an idiot. I know the difference between astronomy and astrology. I just- I drove by one of those flyers on my scooter, and obviously I didn't read it carefully.

(CONTINUED)

CALVERT

The guy's an asshole.

KAYLA

It wasn't just him. *Everybody* was laughing at me.

CALVERT

Don't take that personally. We're bitter around all attractive women because you guys turned us down in high school. And college. And grad school...and currently.

KAYLA

That was a compliment?

CALVERT

Huh? Oh, calling you attractive--yes. Inadvertent compliment. A superficial one.

KAYLA

It's fine; I'm used to it; I've got a superficial job...*which* is why I came to the lecture. I can feel my brain rusting and wanted to learn something.

(to herself)

That didn't work out so well.

(to Calvert)

What do you do?

CALVERT

You know that scene in disaster movies where the guy bursts into the Oval Office and goes, "Mr. President, there's an asteroid headed directly for the earth"?

KAYLA

Of course. *Armageddon* and *Deep Impact* are like my two favorite movies.

CALVERT

(finally someone gets it)

*Thank you.*

KAYLA

And number three is that direct-to-video biopic about John Wayne Gacy.

(CONTINUED)

Calvert's not sure how to react to that one.

KAYLA

So wait, are you the "Mr.  
President, there's an asteroid  
headed directly for the earth" guy?

CALVERT

That's what it says on my card.

Calvert hands Kayla a card.

KAYLA

(reading the card)  
Buy 9 frozen yogurts and get the  
10th free.

Calvert realizes his mistake.

KAYLA

You've got eight. Impressive.

CALVERT

When I commit to someone, I really  
commit.

Kayla's puzzled.

CALVERT

Something. Commit to something.  
Like getting a yogurt.  
(realizing that he can do  
better)  
Or bigger things. Like marriage.  
(realizing that he crossed a  
line)  
But you shouldn't talk about  
marriage when you first meet  
someone. Even though, technically,  
this is our second meeting, so-

KAYLA

You can just ask me out. I'll say  
yes.

CALVERT

Will you go out with me?  
(light bulb)  
We could get frozen yogurt. For  
free. Well, one of us. It can be  
you!

(CONTINUED)

KAYLA

What's your name?

CALVERT

Calvert. But I go by "Cal."  
Actually that's not true; I go by  
"Calvert." But you can call me  
"Cal" if you want.

Calvert and Kayla share a moment.

RAJESH

(bursting from the building,  
fiercely pointing at Calvert's  
chest)

Back to our original plan: We're  
going to the club and getting laid!  
(noticing Kayla)

I mean, *I'm* going to the club and  
getting laid. You're going to the  
orphanage, to help the orphans,  
with their orphan stuff. Like we  
planned.

Rajesh fist bumps himself and walks away.

KAYLA

I'm Kayla. And I'm going to call  
you "Calvert."

CALVERT

Going to...when we go out on our  
date?

KAYLA

Yes.

INT. PSYCHIC SHOP

FORTUNE TELLER

(throwing her hands to the  
sky)

Nooooooo!

Blackout.

INT. THE CLUB

Disheveled and defeated, Rajesh sits alone at the bar.  
Things didn't go as planned.

RAJESH  
I BOUGHT YOU A DRINK  
BUT YOU GAVE IT AWAY  
YOU LAUGHED IN MY FACE  
SAID YOU THOUGHT I WAS GAY

NO BOOTY TAPPING  
NO MAKE-OUT SESH  
NOBODY WANTS TO BE  
RUBBING RAJESH

EVEN MY SISTER JAYANTHI GAVE ME A  
SNUB...

From behind the bar and behind the DJ booth...up pops the  
Chorus.

CHORUS:  
SURPRISE IT'S US AGAIN  
RAJESH: What the fuck?  
THE PEOPLE FROM BEFORE  
CHORUS: Surprise!  
WE'RE BACK TO SAY GOODBYE  
AND SING TO YOU ONCE MORE  
RAJESH (to Chorus Girl):  
Hello.

WE HOPE THAT YOU ENJOYED PART ONE  
WE TRULY DO  
BUT IF YOU DIDN'T  
YOU'RE GONNA REALLY HATE PART TWO

The Chorus Girls rip off Rajesh's outfit. Under it, he's  
wearing a sparkly dress.

RAJESH AND CHORUS  
AT THE CLUB!

THE END of ACT I.