

MR. PRESIDENT, THERE'S AN ASTEROID HEADED DIRECTLY FOR THE
EARTH: THE MUSICAL

Story and Script by Rick Lax, Music and Lyrics by Rob Cantor
Music can be found at AsteroidMusical.com The password is
"calvert"

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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. Nice try, though.

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.

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.

VICE PRESIDENT
Gentlemen.

RAJESH
Mr. Vice President.

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

RAJESH
All done. I was just going...

(CONTINUED)

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-

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-

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

HOPWOOD
Are you leaving?

The mini spotlights move to Kayla.

KAYLA
(flustered)
I was..

HOPWOOD
Incredibly distracting. Just
incredible.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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!

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 Cavlert'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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAJESH (cont'd)
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.

(Music can be found at AsteroidMusical.com. Password is
"calvert".)