

XAVIER

SCENE 1

Sarah, it turns out, is amazing at Pop-A-Shot. She sinks one shot after another. Xavier shakes his head.

XAVIER

I have a very serious question for you, Sarah: Are you now or have you ever been a member of the WNBA?

← **Start**

Sarah laughs.

SARAH

God, your life is so much fun.

XAVIER

Right?

SARAH

You must have a pretty good job...

XAVIER

Oh, I don't work.

SARAH

Really? So do you just like rob banks, or...?

XAVIER

I just don't think spending all day in a cubicle checking off boxes is the best way to live.

As this lands on Sarah...

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Plus, I gotta live it up while I can.

Sarah frowns.

SARAH
What does that mean?

Xavier sizes her up.

XAVIER
Well, there's no easy way to say
this.

SARAH
Oh, my god. Are you sick?

XAVIER
No, no, it's not that, it's...

SARAH
What? What is it?

XAVIER
The world is ending.

SARAH
(beat)
Excuse me?

XAVIER
Humankind only has eight months and
twelve days left on Earth.

SARAH
Are you... serious?

XAVIER
Yeah. The apocalypse is, you know,
nigh.

On Sarah, ALARM BELLS literally going off as the red light on
the Pop-A-Shot machine BLARES and FLASHES...

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Can I refresh your drink?

← **Stop**

END OF ACT I

SCENE 2

ACT II

INT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Xavier follows Sarah toward the front door.

SARAH
Well, it's certainly been
interesting.

← **Start**

XAVIER
Hold on! I get it, you think I'm
nuts.

SARAH
No, you're just not what I thought
you'd be.

XAVIER
What's that?

Beat.

SARAH
Not... nuts.

XAVIER
Look, I used to be just a regular
guy with khaki slacks and a job.

SARAH
Doing what?

XAVIER
Copy editing for a science
magazine.

INT. XAVIER'S CUBICLE - FLASHBACK

A clean-cut Xavier, with short, neatly trimmed hair and a pressed shirt and tie, sits at a plain white cubicle. There's even one sad succulent as decoration. It's uncannily similar to Sarah's current cube. As he peers closer, riveted by the article on his screen...

XAVIER (V.O.)
Then I read about an asteroid named
2000 WX 354.

INT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - BACK TO PRESENT

XAVIER
And how it's going to buzz right by
the Earth in 8 months and 12 days.
(MORE)

XAVIER (CONT'D)

But I believe, based on atmospheric expansion from global warming, that there's actually going to be an impact.

A beat.

SARAH

An asteroid? Is going to crash into Earth?

XAVIER

You got it.

SARAH

Then why hasn't NASA said anything about it?

XAVIER

Maybe they don't know about it. Or maybe they do. I don't know, they won't answer my emails.

SARAH

I think they'd tell us if an asteroid was going to hit us.

XAVIER

Would they?

SARAH

Yeah.

XAVIER

Unless they were afraid people would start freaking out.

Sarah pauses. This is crazy. Right?

SARAH

This... this is preposterous...

XAVIER

No, it totally checks out. I did the math.

Xavier pulls down a roll-up projection screen. Clicks on a Power Point presentation: Xavier Holliday's Apocalypse Theory. Slide 1 of 223.

SARAH

Oh, god.

Too much? XAVIER

Yep. SARAH

← **Stop**

SCENE 3

EXT. XAVIER'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP DECK - BACK TO PRESENT

Sarah looks at him, skeptical.

SARAH
So we're all doomed.

← **Start**

XAVIER
No. We've all been liberated. No more flossing. No more separating whites and colors. I'm racking up parking tickets that will never get paid. It's great. Living life on exactly my own terms.

SARAH
Are you the guy who keeps parking on the sidewalk in front of Starbucks?!

XAVIER
I don't have time to wait for a spot to open up. We're all doomed!
(then)
Aren't there things you wish you never had to do again?

SARAH
I mean... yeah.

XAVIER
Like what?

Sarah considers this.

SARAH
Wear a bra.

XAVIER
Love it. Lose it!

SARAH
Deal with my obnoxious boss.

XAVIER
Sure. Yuck.

SARAH
Go to a hospital. I mean, if
you're worried about your health
why would you ever go to the
epicenter of germs?

XAVIER
Fair enough. What else?

SARAH
And I'd stop waxing, definitely.
Eyebrows, vagina, moustache...

XAVIER
Great - Tom Selleck's 'stache made
him a sexual icon.
(off her laugh)
We need to stop doing the things we
feel obligated to do and spend that
time doing the things we want to
do.

He pulls a folded-up paper out of his pocket.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
That's why I made this.

She clocks the heading: APOCALYST.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
My Apocalyst: every fantasy I've
ever had, every regret I want to
fix, every last thing I want to do
before things go kaput.

SARAH

Like... get a tattoo?

Xavier rolls up his sleeve to reveal a TATTOO that reads:
~~#42: Get a tattoo.~~

XAVIER

Already crossed that one off. I
try to do one every day. Pick
something. We'll do it together.

Sarah looks over the list:

Run with the bulls.
Try psychedelics.
Touch the North Pole.

No, no, no. She scans down.

Sleep with taco truck girl.
~~Sleep with other taco truck girl (redhead).~~
Sleep with Andie MacDowell.
Sleep with hot rutabaga girl from farmer's market.

Sarah's eyes widen.

SARAH

Wait! I'm hot rutabaga girl!

Xavier smiles.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You remembered me.

XAVIER

You make an impression. I didn't
know how I was going to find you...
but then you showed up on my
doorstep. Almost like...

SARAH

A statistical anomaly?

XAVIER

I was going to say fate. But yours
is much more romantic.

(then)

So what do you say? Want to join
me?

She's conflicted. So drawn to his energy, his joie de vivre,
his face... and yet so worried he might be an absolute raving
lunatic.

End