# **XAVIER**

## **SCENE 1**

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

She sinks one



XAVIER

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

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

**←** Start

Well, it's certainly been interesting.

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: <u>Xavier Holliday's Apocalypse</u> Theory. Slide 1 of 223.

SARAH

Oh, god.

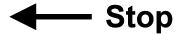
NO TOMORROW Rev. Network Draft 2-4-16 16.

XAVIER

Too much?

SARAH

Yep.



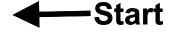
# **SCENE 3**

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

Sarah looks at him, skeptical.

SARAH

So we're all doomed.



#### 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?!

#### XAVTER

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.