

# NEWS FLASH

## By Christian Kiley

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## CHARACTERS

*(2 Males, 2 Females, 9 Either)*

MESSENGER	Brings signs that indicate the progress of the approaching meteor
CAPITAL	A student who compulsively lists the capitals of the world
PAINTER	Paints a picture of the meteor that is destined to hit Central High School
TEACHER	A teacher and coach who is tired of trying to know it all
ATHLETE	A student who tries to run from the meteor
KING	A student who is the prom king and still wears the crown and carries the scepter
QUEEN	A student who is the prom queen and also still wears the prom queen outfit
OPTIMIST #1	A member of a group that tries to be extremely positive
OPTIMIST #2	A member of a group that tries to be extremely positive
OPTIMIST #3	A member of a group that tries to be extremely positive
LOVESTRUCK	A student who has a huge crush on ATHLETE
VALEDICTORIAN	A student who is preparing an inspirational graduation speech
ACTOR	A student who is determined to act despite the pending doom

## SETTING

Any high school. The present. Feel free to change Central High School to the name of your school.

# PROP AND SET LIST

## SIGNS FOR MESSENGER

"The End is Near"  
"The End is Very Near"  
"The End is Very, Very Near"  
"The End is Very, Very, Very Near"  
"The End is Near Enough to Hear"  
"The End is Near Enough to See"  
"The End is Near Enough to Feel"  
"The End is Near Enough to Smell"  
"The End is Near Enough to Taste"  
"The Size of a Small Planet"  
"This Will Be a Looooong Intermission"  
"BOOM!"

## FOR PAINTER

Painting (*Meteor of Hope*)

## FOR ENSEMBLE

Backpacks and School Supplies  
Eleven chairs, stools, or blocks (for the classroom and bunker)

## FOR KING AND QUEEN

Crowns and Scepters

## FOR THE MULTIPLE-TURBO-ENDINGS

End #2: Camera, tourist stuff (maps, fanny packs, etc.)  
End #3: Baseball gloves, hats, etc.  
End #5: Cell phones, reading materials, etc.  
End #6: Dental floss  
End #7: The letters M-O-M-M-Y  
End #8: Bottle of water  
End #9: Prop food (optional)

## FOR CAST

"BOOM!" signs (end of the play)

## PRODUCTION NOTES

The set can be the empty stage and eleven chairs that are moved on for the classroom scene. These chairs can then be used to create the bunker built to try and protect the students from the meteor. The chairs (or stools or blocks) can be used throughout to establish a sense of formality in the classroom scene or a sense of panic in the countdown scene where the meteor is about to strike.

## AUTHOR'S NOTES

One of the exciting aspects of this play is that you can turn it into a "What If" play about your school. How would people react if a meteor were about to hit your school? The play addresses an issue that we see all the time in life. We tend to blow things way, way out of proportion and take relatively simple events and turn them into disasters. In life, we often take little problems and turn them into enormous, catastrophic disasters. In the end, it is not the meteor that will destroy us, it is our inability to cope with the simple problems we encounter on a day-to-day basis. Please feel free to use and enjoy the alternate endings. But if you need to cut one or more of them for the sake of time (for competitions or for an evening of one-acts) please feel free to do so.

## PRODUCTION HISTORY

*News Flash: A Meteor is on a Collision Course with Central High School* was produced at Etiwanda High School on December 13, 2011 and was directed by Savannah Carrillo. The playwright would like to thank Savannah and the cast and crew for their hard work, dedication, and creative input on this project.

MESSENGER .....	Savannah Carrillo
CAPITAL .....	Chloe Littleton
PAINTER .....	Bryan Lopez
TEACHER .....	Marykay Salvadora
ATHLETE .....	Joseph Bowman
KING .....	Tyler Reinhold
QUEEN .....	Lizbet Limon
OPTIMIST 1 .....	Faith Williams
OPTIMIST 2 .....	Jon Henderson
OPTIMIST 3 .....	Denia Moore
LOVESTRUCK .....	Araceli Olmos
VALEDICTORIAN .....	Arnulfo Sifuentes
ACTOR .....	Tanner Duffy

# NEWS FLASH: A METEOR IS ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

by  
Christian Kiley

*(When the lights come up MESSENGER stands center stage with a sign, "The End is Near." CAPITAL and PAINTER enter. MESSENGER stands for three or four seconds and then exits. MESSENGER for the most part is not acknowledged by the other characters during the play.)*

CAPITAL: Did you study for the geography test?

PAINTER: Not really. I made this. *(Holds up a painting with a large yellow dot in the middle of it.)* I call it *Meteor of Hope*.

CAPITAL: What does it mean?

PAINTER: What do you think it means? It can mean something different to each person.

CAPITAL: The only constant is change.

PAINTER: And . . .

CAPITAL: And I shouldn't be afraid of that.

PAINTER: You sound afraid.

CAPITAL: The capital of Greece is Athens.

PAINTER: Why did you change the subject?

CAPITAL: The capital of Canada is Ottawa.

PAINTER: Why did you change the subject so abruptly?

CAPITAL: The capital of Peru is Lima.

PAINTER: It is just an imperfect yellow circle.

CAPITAL: The capital of Norway is Oslo.

PAINTER: Stars are basically yellow dots and we make wishes on them.

CAPITAL: *(Starts to exit.)* The capital of New Zealand is Wellington.

*(PAINTER follows CAPITAL off stage.)*

The capital of Russia is Moscow.

PAINTER: What about the sun? It stimulates growth!

*(The MESSENGER enters with a new sign "The End is Very Near." Three members of THE OPTIMISTS Club enter. THEY are wearing bright colors or even smiley face t-shirts and can't stop smiling and gushing.)*

OPTIMIST #1: The world is bright.

OPTIMIST #2: And full of possibilities.

OPTIMIST #3: And everyday is sunshine and rainbows!

OPTIMIST #1: This meeting of the Optimists Club is now in session.

OPTIMIST #2: I have hope for you.

OPTIMIST #3: I have hope for us.

OPTIMIST #1: I have hope for everyone.

OPTIMIST #2: Time to recite the club credo.

OPTIMISTS: The rays of the sun are free for everyone, a ton of fun,  
brings love to many before the day is done.

OPTIMIST #1: First order of business . . . what do we do when someone  
says something negative to us?

OPTIMIST #2: Smile and say thank you. And mean it.

OPTIMIST #3: Sing a song so irresistibly positive that the other person  
has no choice but to join in.

OPTIMIST #1: I am currently conducting a survey to see if our positive  
attitudes can make the weather more pleasant.

OPTIMIST #2: I smiled all day and the temperature gradually increased.

OPTIMIST #3: Amazing! You are a genius!

OPTIMIST #1: Alright everyone, hug the air and show you care!

OPTIMIST #2: Yes!

*(THE OPTIMISTS hug the air.)*

OPTIMIST #3: Wonderful.

OPTIMIST #1: That will conclude our meeting for today. But really, they  
never end, there are just short breaks in between meetings to give  
us a chance to take part in the photosynthesis of optimism.

*(OPTIMISTS exit in a glow of positivity. MESSENGER enters with a new  
sign "The End is Very, Very Near" and exits. LOVESTRUCK and  
VALEDICTORIAN enter.)*

LOVESTRUCK: Should I ask him out?

VALEDICTORIAN: Of course you should.

LOVESTRUCK: He is always moving. I think he has little wings on his  
feet.

VALEDICTORIAN: I think you have little wings on your heart.

LOVESTRUCK: I do feel like I'm floating sometimes, when I see him.

VALEDICTORIAN: Do you really want to wake up ten years from now  
and wonder what could have been?

LOVESTRUCK: No. But in some ways being in this bear trap of love is  
so wonderful.

VALEDICTORIAN: Bear trap of love?

LOVESTRUCK: Yeah. I want to chew my leg off and be free but then I  
would be hopping around on one leg the rest of my life. So I choose  
to stay and live in this state of elated agony.

VALEDICTORIAN: I want you to listen to my valedictorian address and  
tell me what you think.

LOVESTRUCK: It's great.

VALEDICTORIAN: What's great? I haven't said anything yet.

LOVESTRUCK: Oh.

VALEDICTORIAN: I remember when you weren't in love and we could have actual conversations.

LOVESTRUCK: Yeah. Great.

VALEDICTORIAN: Alright here goes . . . My fellow graduates, it is my pleasure to stand before you, the future leaders, innovators, practitioners, mentors, and trailblazers of our future. We are like a brilliant meteor shooting through the night sky.

*(VALEDICTORIAN starts to exit. LOVESTRUCK follows along dreamily. VALEDICTORIAN trails off after exiting. LOVESTRUCK sighs while exiting. MESSENGER enters with a new sign, "The End is Very, Very, Very Near" and exits. KING and QUEEN enter.)*

KING: This is like a fairytale.

QUEEN: It is.

KING: We were born in the same hospital.

QUEEN: I remember how cute you were . . . only three hours old.

KING: You wore a pink beanie which meant you were a girl.

QUEEN: And you wore the powder blue beanie which meant you were a boy. But a sensitive boy, thusly the powder blue.

TOGETHER: Destiny.

KING: We always had the same lunch.

QUEEN: Crustless heart-shaped peanut butter and jelly.

KING: I cried the day I got squares of ham and cheese. Squares.

QUEEN: But we made it through that crisis.

KING: And the seating chart in Miss Youngren's fifth grade class.

QUEEN: One cruel row and Matthew Pillser separating us.

KING: I hoped a meteor would strike the school to take us out of our misery.

QUEEN: Yes.

KING: Do you think it's rude to wear the crowns and carry the scepters all the time?

QUEEN: Oh sweetie, you are always concerned about the common people.

KING: They're our people.

QUEEN: Such a kind leader.

KING: Let us go and purchase juice bars for the commoners!

QUEEN: Yes! And hand them out in celebration.

KING: Celebration of what my dear?

QUEEN: Of everything!

*(KING and QUEEN exit with a flourish. Calling off as THEY exit.)*

KING: Drink from the frozen juice of kindness.

QUEEN: Drink and never be thirsty again.

*(MESSENGER enters with a new sign, "The End is Near Enough to Hear" and exits. ACTOR enters.)*

ACTOR: "My lord, do you see these meteors?" *(ACTOR looks up in the sky, continues . . .)*

"O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!"

*(MESSENGER enters with a new sign "The End is Near Enough to See" and waits. ACTOR and MESSENGER move downstage and look at the same point together. In this instance ACTOR does see and acknowledge MESSENGER.)*

Yes! I see something. Tiny. Almost imperceptible. Thank you, thank you, my muse. Thank you. I found my muse! I found my muse! I found my muse!

*(ACTOR exits in celebration followed by MESSENGER. ATHLETE and TEACHER enter. ATHLETE is jogging and getting warmed up. TEACHER is in coach's gear.)*

TEACHER: You have to burst out of the blocks like a meteor. That's the key. Crush your opponents in the first two strides and all they will see the rest of the race is your back. Demoralizing. I used to imagine that I was the hand of the race starter, the index finger, the trigger finger, and I would not be anticipating the starting gun, guessing, like the other runners. I knew when it was going to fire. And I was off.

ATHLETE: How'd you do?

TEACHER: This isn't about me anymore. This is your time.

ATHLETE: Right. My time.

TEACHER: I wrote this little message on a piece of tape and I want you to wear it on your back.

ATHLETE: What does it say?

TEACHER: Catch me if you can.

ATHLETE: That's kind of arrogant.

TEACHER: Exactly. Winners are the most arrogant people I know. If you want to be a winner, walk, talk, and run like a winner.

ATHLETE: It's not my style, coach.

TEACHER: Is winning your *style*?

ATHLETE: Of course.

*(TEACHER pats ATHLETE on the back, putting the piece of tape there.)*

TEACHER: Time to what?

ATHLETE: Win.

TEACHER: I can't hear you.

ATHLETE: Win.

TEACHER: What was that, a whisper?

ATHLETE: Win!

TEACHER: There it is.

*(ATHLETE runs off with TEACHER following. ATHLETE repeating "Win!" as TEACHER encourages ATHLETE as THEY exit. MESSENGER enters with a new sign "The End is Near Enough to Feel" and exits. The STUDENTS all enter, each with a stool, chair, or small block. TEACHER enters last. The STUDENTS can create the classroom configuration as THEY enter.)*

Alright class, settle down, settle down. Everyone please take your seats.

*(TEACHER waits for the students to settle down.)*

Yesterday we discussed what we might do if there was a sudden ice age. Today we will discuss what we would do if a meteor were about to destroy our school.

ATHLETE: Run in a zigzag pattern, right coach?

TEACHER: Okay. Anyone else?

ACTOR: Write, direct, and produce a tragedy. A play that articulates the pathetic downfall of human civilization.

TEACHER: Would there be time for that?

ACTOR: Maybe not. But how ironic would it be if the play is never completed. Kind of like the play of our human civilization.

TEACHER: Any other thoughts?

KING: Protect the Royalty from harm!

VALEDICTORIAN: Why? What skills do you have that merit protecting?

KING: I have the scepter.

VALEDICTORIAN: Is it a magic wand? Because if it is, you should use it to destroy the approaching meteor.

KING: Well, no but-

VALEDICTORIAN: This is not a monarchy.

TEACHER: Anyone else?

LOVESTRUCK: Say the things you always wanted to say, but couldn't.

TEACHER: As creative and meaningful as all of your thoughts are, we would simply wait for instructions. Just sit and wait. Wait peacefully for a burning hunk of space rock to hit our planet and destroy our civilization. *(Beat.)* With that in mind, Miss Painter has something to share with us.

PAINTER: (*Stands up holding her picture from earlier in the play*) It is called *Meteor of Hope*.

TEACHER: What inspired the work?

PAINTER: Don't really know.

TEACHER: Well, you made it.

PAINTER: What do you think it means? It can mean something different to each person.

TEACHER: Is that a hypothetical question or are you really asking me?

PAINTER: Really.

TEACHER: Wow. That caught me off guard. I don't know. I'm not used to this. You want my real gut reaction to something? You want me to interpret how I feel about it?

CAPITAL: The capital of Spain is Madrid.

ATHLETE: Coach, could I outrun a bull?

TEACHER: My opinion. What I think. What I . . .

ATHLETE: A meteor, could I outrun a meteor.

TEACHER: This is glorious. What I think . . . my oh my.

ACTOR: But you can't outrun time.

ATHLETE: But I can bend time, which is close.

TEACHER: I think it means . . . to me . . . I think . . .

KING: Love.

QUEEN: Two souls knit together as one.

CAPITAL: The capital of Sweden is Stockholm.

LOVESTRUCK: Hope . . .

VALEDICTORIAN: I believe as we progress individually, we are still that collective meteor streaking across the night sky, our path marked in that celestial tail.

TEACHER: What if I don't know what it means? I'm supposed to know what things mean.

*(MESSENGER enters upstage with a new sign "The End is Near Enough to Smell" and stands in the background. No one notices MESSENGER.)*

ATHLETE: Does anyone smell that?

ACTOR: Yes. It smells like a campout.

ATHLETE: Yeah, like a marshmallow when you are trying to brown it . . .

ACTOR: . . . but it gets too hot and it bursts into flame . . .

ATHLETE: . . . and becomes . . .

ACTOR: . . . a charred inedible . . .

ATHLETE: . . . rock!

ACTOR: A giant burning marshmallow plummeting toward earth!

*(MESSENGER exits.)*

VALEDICTORIAN: What's wrong with you?

ATHLETE: Sorry.

ACTOR: We got a little carried away.

TEACHER: I don't know what it means. Is that okay?

PAINTER: Sometimes the things that seem simplest are in fact the most complicated.

*(A VOICE makes an announcement. This can be done offstage by the MESSENGER or with a pre-recorded sound cue.)*

VOICE: May I have your attention please. There is a meteor on a collision course with Central High School. This is not a drill, nor do we have standard procedures for a meteor, comet, or other large piece of space debris that might be on a collision course with our school. Please proceed with caution. To recap: Large space rock, coming soon, good luck.

OPTIMIST #1: The world is dark.

OPTIMIST #2: And devoid of possibilities.

OPTIMIST #3: And every day is a charred and burnt charcoal briquette.

OPTIMIST #1: This meeting of the Pessimists Club is now in session.

OPTIMIST #2: I have despair for you.

OPTIMIST #3: I have despair for us.

OPTIMIST #1: I have despair for everyone.

OPTIMIST #2: Time to recite the new club credo.

OPTIMISTS: The rays of the sun are gone, there is no hope or fun, the meteor will hit us before the day is done.

*(ACTOR looks out at the sky toward the approaching meteor.)*

ACTOR: *(Pointing at the approaching meteor.)* Look! "What light through yonder window breaks?" Here comes our destiny.

OPTIMIST #1: Or our doom!

ATHLETE: I can outrun it. Right, Coach? Catch me if you can!

*(ATHLETE starts warming up.)*

PAINTER: Exactly like my picture.

CAPITAL: The capital of Kenya is Nairobi.

KING: We should get married.

QUEEN: Really?

KING: Yes. This is likely the end of the world or at least most of Central High School.

QUEEN: I hope the gym is saved. I loved our King and Queen dance in the gym.

KING: Me too. *(Talking to the meteor)* Mighty Meteor, magnificently molded in the mature magic of Mother Nature, please spare us and if not us, the gym, where so many great moments have taken place.

You can do that at the very least. Leave us our sanctuary.

ATHLETE: Do we have an ETA?

TEACHER: I don't know. That is so liberating. I don't know!

VALEDICTORIAN: Do you honestly think we know when this thing is going to arrive? Well someone has to take charge in this world of fairy kings and queens and deranged spectators. Help me stack the desks, like a bunker. I know it is not the perfect idea, but something is better than nothing.

ATHLETE: Agreed.

*(VALEDICTORIAN and ATHLETE start moving the blocks or stools into position.)*

KING: You did not answer my question, my dear.

QUEEN: What question?

KING: The knitting of our souls.

QUEEN: What?

KING: Marriage.

ATHLETE: Help out, everyone.

*(QUEEN starts helping. As does LOVESTRUCK, though clearly preoccupied with ATHLETE. MESSENGER enters with a new sign "The End is Near Enough to Taste" and stands for a few seconds as the bunker is being completed. Exits.)*

PAINTER: The air tastes like burnt sweet potato fries.

ACTOR: Comedy and Tragedy merging together in sweet harmony.

VALEDICTORIAN: Everyone get behind the bunker!

ATHLETE: Should I run for help?

VALEDICTORIAN: Who will be able to help us? King Kong, all the fire fighters in the world, Superman?

LOVESTRUCK: *(Walks up to ATHLETE)* Hello.

ATHLETE: Who are you?

LOVESTRUCK: I am in all your classes and have gone to every basketball game and track meet you have ever been in since you were a freshman.

ATHLETE: Sorry, I don't know who you are.

LOVESTRUCK: In ceramics I made a statue of you and got an F because the unit was bowls, mugs, and cups. But it was worth it.

ATHLETE: Look, the world, or at least our part of the world is about to be destroyed and I just think you should get behind the bunker and hope the meteor does the same thing that I have done to you.

Ignore us, blow us off, find another high school to destroy.

LOVESTRUCK: Oh.

*(LOVESTRUCK intentionally moves to the downstage edge, away from the bunker and the OTHERS. EVERYONE is in the bunker except for TEACHER, who still seems happily befuddled, and LOVESTRUCK.)*

VALEDICTORIAN: Look at the size of that thing!

PAINTER: Marvelous! My work has come to life. Thank you Van Gogh, thank you Picasso, thank you Monet-Renoir-Dali-Goya! I am a mere speck but I can say I feel what you felt, at least for a moment, at least for a moment we are together!

ACTOR: Face your fears, face the enemy, and shout "long live Central High School!"

CAPITAL: The capital of Venus . . . what is the capital of Venus?

ACTOR: "The undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns, puzzles the will . . ."

ATHLETE: There is no capital of Venus!

PAINTER: How arrogant to assume we are the only ones in the universe.

ATHLETE: Then what is it? The capital of Venus, what is it?

PAINTER: Venus City!

CAPITAL: Venus City, yes!

ATHLETE: (*Looking at the approaching meteor.*) It is huge, enormous, gigantic!

(*MESSENGER enters with a new sign "The Size of a Small Planet." Exits.*)

ATHLETE: I will just run and try to get some help. (*ATHLETE starts to exit.*) Right, Coach? That is the right thing to do?

TEACHER: I think it is . . . I don't know. I don't know!

LOVESTRUCK: (*To ATHLETE*) You are a coward! I wish this had never happened. I built a shrine to you. It takes up almost my entire bedroom. I saved room for your State Championship pictures and notes and homework that you might discard haphazardly. But you are just another Hercules on the outside with the heart of a coward and the brain of a frozen pea. I hope this meteor takes an errant right turn and hits my bedroom and destroys everything I ever felt about you. So run, run you little coward. If you survive this, and I'm sure you will, you will be reliving your glory years for the rest of your life.

(*ATHLETE hesitates for a moment and then runs out. QUEEN moves downstage, KING follows.*)

KING: Why won't you answer me?

QUEEN: This was a fun game, King. It was. And I *think* I love you.

KING: Think?

QUEEN: Yes. But we are going to different colleges, halfway across the country from each other. We need to live our lives first.

KING: What was this?

QUEEN: Part of our lives.

KING: And that is all we get. This is the end.

QUEEN: Then so be it. This is what we get.

VALEDICTORIAN: This is what we get. Yes. As civilizations crumble, the pieces are saved for future generations, or cultures, or enlightened beings to reconstruct like a puzzle, and maybe do it better next time.

TEACHER: That may or may not be true. Who knows? Maybe no one. That is great!

OPTIMIST #1: This is the end.

OPTIMIST #2: Yes, the end. The final, final exam.

OPTIMIST #3: The longest summer break ever. But with no beaches, or amusement parks, or churros.

VALEDICTORIAN: Maybe we should leave a message for future generations.

OPTIMIST #1: You think the cockroaches care about our feelings?

OPTIMIST #2: Because that is who will be left.

OPTIMIST #3: And they will eat the paper our feelings are written on.

ACTOR: Perhaps a play, a stirring play might be the thing we need.

*(ACTOR prepares to perform a one-person show. ACTOR therefore plays all the parts.)*

ACTOR: I call this play *Meteor*, because a meteor is the star of our play and the agent of our destruction. A narrator enters somewhere in the middle of nowhere, which is really everywhere. *(As Narrator)* Central High School is at peace until . . . *(Student 1)* What is that flaming ball of destruction approaching? *(Student 2)* That looks like something that could destroy us? *(Student 1)* Yes, that is why I used the word *destruction*. *(Student 3)* Please stop fighting! Destruction is a good word to use here. Maybe even good enough to use two or three times. *(Student 1)* Run! Everyone run! *(As the Meteor)* Students, do not run. This is your destiny. *(Student 3)* Oh, in that case let us join hands and accept our fate as members of a wonderful cycle of the seasons, sun and moon, plants, animals, and that snail I pretended to accidentally step on this morning but I am actually addicted to the crunching sounds! *(Meteor singing)* A hunk-a-hunk burning love, a hunk-a-hunk a burning rock. *(Student 3)* Join hands with me, join hands for the last time. *(Student 1)* RUN! *(Student 2)* I am with you, lead the way. *(Student 3)* Well, it is just the two of us. *(Meteor)* Yes, I didn't like those other two anyway; they do not deserve something as explosive as this. *(Meteor and Student 3 laugh together. A very long and dramatic explosion sound is made, followed by a scream from Student 3. The Narrator speaks.)* Let this brave student be an example to us all. Our meteor will find us when it is ready. Maybe yours is on the way already?

*(MESSENGER enters with a new sign. "This Will Be a Looooong Intermission.")*

VALEDICTORIAN: Well, that was really depressing.

ACTOR: Thank you.

VALEDICTORIAN: That wasn't a compliment.

ACTOR: I am an instrument of truth.

VALEDICTORIAN: Well, I don't like the sounds coming out of you.

ACTOR: Yes, it is much better to give a speech riddled with clichés and promises of a rosy future which does not exist!

VALEDICTORIAN: Nothing wrong with false hope. It sells very well in bookstores, the frozen food section, and in a plastic surgeon's office.

*(KING steps in between ACTOR and VALEDICTORIAN.)*

KING: Royal subjects, we need to be united as one kingdom.

ACTOR and VALEDICTORIAN: Oh, stick a scepter in it.

VALEDICTORIAN: Good one.

ACTOR: Thanks. You too.

VALEDICTORIAN: Thanks. I like the alliteration.

ACTOR: Stick, scepter. Me too!

PAINTER: I, for one, am looking forward to this.

QUEEN: Me too.

PAINTER: So many possibilities.

KING: Like what? Darkness, blackness, finality.

QUEEN: Just something exciting.

CAPITAL: The capital of Enlightenment is New Thought.

QUEEN: I always wanted to do something new. Let go of the whole crown of popularity. Be in the school band, or a play, or write poems for that annual publication.

KING: Are you okay? Perhaps it is the gases from the meteor, poisoning your mind?

QUEEN: Perhaps you have lived too long on that high mountain top of popularity. The air is too thin.

KING: Usually the President or the Prime Minister, or the King and Queen get a special high quality hiding place, like a panic room. You can't cut off the head of the government and expect it to thrive.

QUEEN: What are you talking about? You are not Student Body President or the Principal, or anything.

KING: Maybe you are right. Without this crown and scepter I don't know who I am.

*(KING crosses downstage, takes off his crown, and sits alone. ATHLETE comes running in, out of breath.)*

ATHLETE: What? How could I be back here? I ran in a circle. A pathetic circle. Why not just put a giant X on me and I can be the landing area for the meteor. Here, meteor-meteor-meteor. I was just kidding!

*(The MESSENGER will enter with a "BOOM!" sign that is held up to indicate each ending. There will be ten possible endings to the play and the CAST will transition quickly from one to the next. Quick blackouts will help separate the various endings. End #1: Fear.)*

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