

The Farmer & The Asteroid

By Nathan Hartwick

KID ASTEROID, Young meteorite

DR. DARN, Eccentric scientist

FARMER JOCELYN, Tough farmer

MOLLY, Sad cow

IZZY, Fancy chicken

(KID ASTEROID hurtles through space.)

KID ASTEROID *(to audience)*: My name is X924. I'm an asteroid, just like my mom. I broke off from her a billion years ago, but she's like 4.5 billion years old, so I'm just a kid. Going 90 million miles an hour through the icy blackness of space can get pretty boring. Sometimes I wave to a planet or a moon, but most of the time it's pretty lonely out here.

(Meanwhile... morning on the farm. JOCELYN greets the animals.)

JOCELYN: Good morning, Molly! How did you sleep?

MOLLY: The barn was cold. Can I sleep in the farmhouse tonight?

JOCELYN: I don't think you'll fit, Molly.

IZZY: I slept terribly, too! That chicken coop is for the birds!

JOCELYN: I suppose you want to sleep in the house too, Izzy?

IZZY: Pfft! Your modest farmhouse is no place for the great and glamorous Izzy the chicken! I need a mansion, darling.

(Suddenly DR. DARN appears. He is out of breath.)

DR. DARN: *(to JOCELYN)* Excuse me, are you in charge here?

JOCELYN: I suppose so. Farmer Jocelyn, at your service.

DR. DARN: I'm Dr. Denzel P. Darn, scientist-at-large, and I've made a disastrous discovery. An asteroid... a giant space rock... is headed directly for this area. If we don't do something, it could vaporize the entire town!

JOCELYN: Hm, a giant space rock, you say?

DR. DARN: That's right, and we have to do something about it!

JOCELYN: Do we have time for a cup of tea? We usually have tea in the mornings.

DR. DARN: Definitely not!

IZZY: No tea? How uncivilized.

(Meanwhile, in space...)

KID ASTEROID: *(singing to HIMSELF)* ...flying through space... dust on my face... *(HE notices Earth)* Wait, what's THAT? It looks like I'm headed right for that blue-green planet! Oh no, I can't steer out of the way! I hope I'm not going too fast. I don't wanna crash into it and hurt somebody!

(Back on the farm...)

DR. DARN: Quick! What could absorb the impact of the asteroid?

JOCELYN: Molly, Izzy; what have we got that's real soft?

MOLLY: I've got plenty of milk.

IZZY: Milk is wet, not soft!

MOLLY: Hm, I always get those two confused.

IZZY: I suppose I could sacrifice my amazing speckled eggs. They're eggs-xceptional.

JOCELYN: Those are too fragile, Izzy, they'll break!

DR. DARN: Say, what're all those lumps in the field?

JOCELYN: Lumps? Oh, that's just hay. We store it in bales, so Molly has something to eat over the winter.

MOLLY: I'd rather eat fresh grass, but hay is better than nothing.

(DR. DARN has an idea.)

DR. DARN: You're right, cow - hay IS better than nothing! Are you all thinking what I'm thinking?

MOLLY: Probably not.

JOCELYN: We ain't the scientists, Doc.

IZZY: You're thinking I should win the blue ribbon at the county fair this year. I agree! Look at this plumage!

DR. DARN: No, no -- hay bales are soft!

JOCELYN: Oh, I smell what you're steppin' in. If we can get the asteroid to hit the hay bales --

DR. DARN: They will absorb the impact of the crash! But we need to stack them into a very big tower, and place them in the EXACT spot the asteroid will land.

JOCELYN: Let's get to work! Come on Molly and Izzy, gather up these bales!

(They work together to make a giant vertical tower of hay bales. Then they pick it up by the bottom and start moving it around.)

JOCELYN: Careful now --

DR. DARN: Move it over here --

MOLLY: I'm mooooving, I'm mooooving!

IZZY: I better not break a claw! I just painted these!

JOCELYN: I hope this works!

(Meanwhile, back in space...)

KID ASTEROID: Oh no! It looks like I'm headed right for that brown part of the planet! Here I come! Everybody out of the way! Out of the wayyyyy!

(Back on the farm...)

DR. DARN: I can see it in the sky! Here comes the asteroid! Move the hay bales to the left!

JOCELYN: Like this?

DR. DARN: Too far! Back to the right!

MOLLY: I can't hold on much longer --

IZZY: My wings hurt!

JOCELYN: Hang on, everybody!

(The ASTEROID comes careening down, the tower of haybales breaking its fall. ALL are splayed out on the ground, safe.)

KID ASTEROID: Hi everybody! I'm X924.

DR. DARN: Welcome to Earth, X924. Why, you're just a kid!

KID ASTEROID: That's right. I'm only a billion years old.

DR. DARN: Dr. Denzel P. Darn, scientist-at-large. A great honor to meet you. And these are my friends --

JOCELYN: I'm Farmer Jocelyn. The cow over there is Molly --

MOLLY: Is this space boy going to be mooooving in, Jocelyn?

JOCELYN: -- and the chicken's Izzy.

IZZY: Humph! He won't be staying in MY coop. The second bed is for all my jewels!

KID ASTEROID: Nice to meet you all. Sorry I smashed into your planet. I tried to get out of the way, but I couldn't steer.

DR. DARN: No problem at all. You can't help your trajectory.

KID ASTEROID: This is so nice! I haven't stood still in an eon. Feels good to rest. I hope I'm not imposing.

DR. DARN: Not at all!

IZZY: Speak for yourself, science man.

JOCELYN: Izzy, behave. Would you like some tea, Kid Asteroid?

KID ASTEROID: Yes please! Thanks, Farmer Jocelyn!

MOLLY: Milk?

KID ASTEROID: Sure! (to DR. DARN) What is tea? And what's milk?

DR. DARN: Well, X924, tea is something we make here on Earth. First you take water - that's hydrogen and oxygen - and heat it to a boiling point. Then, we take leaves of these dried up plants...

JOCELYN: I'll put the kettle on.

IZZY: Two lumps of sugar, darling!

MOLLY: Whew. What a day.

THE END