

MAGGIE: Captain Margaret Kincaid, aboard the Space Shuttle Resolution, November 12, 2043. 327 million miles from Earth. (PAUSE) Go.

CLAIRE: What?

MAGGIE: Now you go. State your name.

CLAIRE: Claire?

MAGGIE: No, for the record. For posterity. This is history.

CLAIRE: (sigh) Lieutenant Claire Jacqueme, ground control.

MAGGIE: Kennedy Space Center.

CLAIRE: Kennedy Space Center.

MAGGIE: Who else is there?

CLAIRE: Doug.

DOUG:: Hey.

MAGGIE: Doug? That's it?

CLAIRE: What do you want? It's third shift, and Dreyfuss has that thing.

MAGGIE: Yeah, but this is a historical event. I'm about to cross the Perot line.

CLAIRE: Uh huh.

MAGGIE: (mocking) "Uh-huh?" It's kind of a big deal. Further-from-Earth-than-any-human-in-history big.

CLAIRE: If it makes you feel better I can call Jacobsen over.

MAGGIE: Who's Jacobsen? Is he press?

CLAIRE: He's a janitor. I think he's cleaning Dreyfuss's office.

(PAUSE)

CLAIRE: Look, Captain, what do you want? The whole administrative staff is at that summit in New York. We're running skeleton crews on all shifts. We can't throw you a party for every little milestone.

MAGGIE: You know, **Claire**, I think that you of all people would understand that the peak of human exploration is a little more important than some economics summit.

DOUG: Guys?

CLAIRE: Not for next year's budget, it isn't. But hey, we're recording this, and you're almost at the Perot line. Do you really want your your public historical record to be full of bickering over departmental policy and whining about how nobody's here to celebrate your big moment?

MAGGIE: (pouting) I'm not whining.

DOUG: Guys?

CLAIRE: Everybody's going to hear about it in their newsfeeds on their way to work tomorrow anyway, so I don't know what you're being so pouty about.

(PAUSE)

MAGGIE: Can we start the recording over?

DOUG: You just passed the perot line.