A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE CAPITAL

BY MADISON PRESS, MARIANA FERGUSON, AND VERONICA MEDEROS

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"202"

INT. — Kennedy's Space Center, Florida — Dusk

Scene fades from opening credits and exposition through imagery, to a group of men in suits walking down a sterile-looking hallway. In the middle is Jamie (25), light brown hair, gray eyes, pale skin with many freckles. His walk has more of a performative walk, like he's trying to fit in but failing. The two men sandwich-ing him have a more squared build, indicating their air of professionalism. They look more refined; the angles emphasized. Compared to them, **Jamie** looks like a twig sanded at the edges, nervously playing with his fingers. The tour guide ahead of him and the agents is a woman with a bubbly aura to her. Her hair is short and bouncy, and her dress is a crimson red color in contrast to her blonde hair.

(Storyboarder note: Bolded letters are for main characters, italics are for side characters.)

The guide brings them towards an observation deck overlooking large engines being tinkered with by a multitude of engineers. Alongside them are others writing and calculating where things should go.

(Editor notes) In the corner of the screen, the date and time is typed in. December 3rd, 1958. 6:37pm.
(*Tour Guide (F)*)
Welcome to the observation deck! The work we are doing here is integral. Our genius engineers work around the clock to make rockets for the new government funded program to send our brave American astronauts to the stars! (She exclaims with pride and patriotism, her personality a stark contrast to the intense aura of the workplace.)

The agents on the tour clap politely. The camera focuses on Jaime, and the sounds begin to fizzle around as if his mind is wandering someplace else.)

(The tour guide continues; she walks down the hallway and disappears around the corner, the agents following, all except for Jaime. His eyes stare down past the ledge of the deck in awe. As he finally snaps back into reality, shaking his head to set his brain straight, he turns to leave. Someone hits his shoulder, and he falls to the side. A box of complex metal contraptions falls from the box, and across from him is the man who dropped it—Sebastian (24). He has shaggy but soft, black hair that reaches to about the base of his neck. It seemed slightly unkempt, probably due to a little bit of stress. He had olive-ish skin and a large, grizzly scar that extended from his cheeks across the bridge of his nose.)

(Jaime)
Oh..shoot. Sorry, sir...er... Lemme help you with all of this...
(Panicked, scrambling, trying to pick up as many metal pieces as he could, putting them back in the box, looking between the box and the scientist.)

(Sebastian)
(He seemed to not want to speak. He grabs the rest of the pieces in a hurry and speeds off in the other direction, not getting a good look at Jaime.)

(Jaime)
Hey! Wait! You forgot- (He examines the one left over piece in his hand. It looks strange. He has no experience with electronics so he has no idea what this even is.)
(Beat)

(Jaime)
Maybe I'll see him later. After the tour... (Jaime looks around for the tour group, which has fully disappeared by now. He speed walks with his hands firmly shoved in his pants pockets to go find them.)
(Jaime catches up to the group and tries to fall back in line with them while also trying to find the man— Sebastian— with the box he had bumped into.)
(Tour Guide (F))
And over here are our tireless engineers who work day and night to put all this fancy machinery together. Give them a big hand, folks!
(With this same peppy, overly patriotic tone as before.)
(All of the tour group claps, including some peer pressured mathematicians near the engineers. Camera slowly zooms in on Jamie's
face from below, before cutting to him staring at the piece of technology in his hand. Cut to black.)
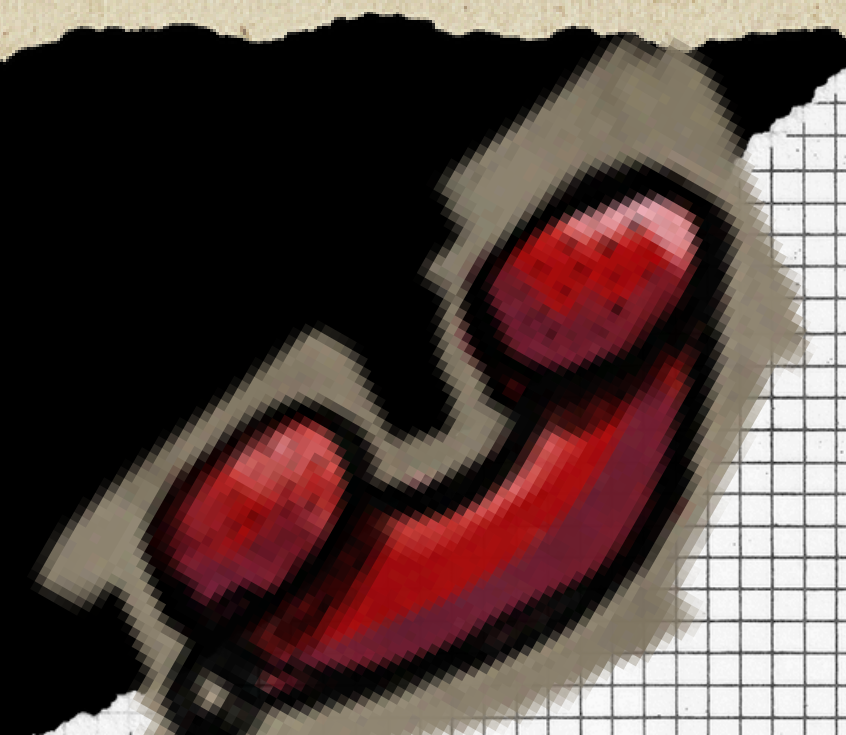
Colophon

Space Mono and Copperplate Gothic 32 BC was used for body text. Pinot Noir was used for the title text. Design elements have been made by Canva and placed by Madison Press, Mariana Ferguson, and Veronica Mederos. Illustrations of phone, classified file, and briefcase done by Madison Press.