

**ACT 1, SCENE 6**

1959. A sandwich shop inside the Pentagon,  
Washington, D.C.

CAPTAIN JANET PEARSON, the first female  
officer in the U.S. Army, and GENERAL  
FRANCIS DELACHAMPS, the male director  
of engineering for the U.S. Army, are together at  
a small table. DELACHAMPS has a sandwich  
in his hand and is glaring at PEARSON,  
incredulous over what she has just said.  
PEARSON has leaned in slightly, straight-faced.

DELACHAMPS

You're joking.

PEARSON

I'm not.

DELACHAMPS

No. No! That's impossible. What the hell are you thinking?

PEARSON

We're *doing this* now. It's *happening*.

DELACHAMPS

Yes, through a series of miracles, and my leadership.

PEARSON

(Sitting back)

You.

DELACHAMPS

Yes, me.

(Pause)

PEARSON

What about my contributions?

DELACHAMPS

What about them?

PEARSON

You can't be serious. I designed this program. One by one, I've removed every obstacle. I've done everything you asked. *Everything*.

DELACHAMPS

I'm *not* sending a woman to the goddamned moon. I'll be laughed off this fucking planet.

PEARSON

What are you afraid of? That I'll distract the boys? Pass out in launch? The brass saw my prowess on the Korean battlefield. It's all captured on that film you won't--

DELACHAMPS

I destroyed it myself.

PEARSON

(Pause)

Nonetheless. You saw what I could do against the best the enemy could offer. And now, with Horizon, I've proven the strength of my mind. How can you still doubt me?

DELACHAMPS

You're moving too fast.

PEARSON

Not if I'm going to break free from gravity.

(DELACHAMPS makes a dismissive gesture with his hand, and returns to his sandwich. PEARSON watches him closely.)

DELACHAMPS

(Casually, with food in his mouth)

I can't have a woman up there. It's that simple. Not if Congress and the president are going to support Space Command.

PEARSON

What about the support of American women? We vote, you know.

(DELACHAMPS looks up at her. She goes on, passionately.)

(MORE)

PEARSON (CONT'D)

How do you think little girls will feel when they find out that the first female officer in the regular Army will be one of the first humans on the moon?

DELACHAMPS

I really don't--.

PEARSON

--They'll throw away their Barbies and start building rockets.

DELACHAMPS

Oh boy.

PEARSON

They'll take calculus and physics and metal shop, and stop fretting over what boys think. *(Pause)* Is that what you're afraid of?

DELACHAMPS

I don't have time for the feminist revolution, Pearson. *(Beat)* Have you noticed these sandwiches? They cut them into Pentagon shapes.

*(Silence as PEARSON stares at him, deciding. Then, seeming resigned, she reaches down into her briefcase and pulls out large, sealed envelope.)*

PEARSON

*(Straight)*

I have some photos that might interest you.

DELACHAMPS

Some what?

PEARSON

Photographs.

DELACHAMPS

Oh, the landing sites!

PEARSON

Nope. These are photos of you.

DELACHAMPS

Huh?

PEARSON

Yeah.

DELACHAMPS

What are you--

PEARSON

(Makes eye contact)

They're candid.

(Pause)

*Extremely* candid.

DELACHAMPS

(Pause. Looks to see who is listening.)

Are you fucking kidding me?

PEARSON

(Leaning in, smiling.)

That's some really kinky shit.

(DELACHAMPS tries to say something, but he can't form the words. He looks at her, surprised and beaten.)

PEARSON (CONT'D)

Well what do you know? *(Pause)* I've finally reached escape velocity.

## ACT 1, SCENE 10

1959. A Washington, D.C. police station.

JUNE PORTER, a waitress at a local pie shop, is at a table, alone.

DETECTIVE LINDA WOMBLE enters with  
JUNE's purse, smiling kindly.

JUNE

Well, lookie who?

WOMBLE

It's been a long night, huh? Thanks for cooperating with the swabs.

JUNE

I really thought that would be more fun.

WOMBLE

Sorry. Police work is dull.

(WOMBLE passes her the purse, and  
JUNE looks in it to see that everything  
is there.)

JUNE

No one even tried to feel me up. The whole thing was done by an old woman with a wart.  
Where's Detective Tanner?

WOMBLE

Running down leads. You partial to him? Not so excited about a female detective?

JUNE

Let's just do what you need me to do here. *(Still looking in the purse)* My feet are tired,  
and I need sleep.

WOMBLE

Are you looking for something, June?

JUNE

No, just tired. So who killed this guy?

WOMBLE

One of two people. First, maybe it was you.

(Pause)

WOMBLE (CONT'D)

*You* killed space guy, you poisoned him, and we're going to get you for it.

JUNE

Is that what you believe?

WOMBLE

Nah, I don't think murder's your thing. Second, it's someone working for the Soviets.

JUNE

A spy? Why would they want him dead?

WOMBLE

Think about it. A guy gets a high-profile job trying to catch up with Sputnik, has an affair with a woman, and ends up dead.

JUNE

Damn. A murdering Soviet bitch, in my pie shop. *(Beat)* Am I being detained?

WOMBLE

Just a moment longer, if you don't mind. *(Pause)* Do you sell anything besides pie at the pie shop?

JUNE

Coffee, toast. Eggs.

WOMBLE

Uh huh. Anything else?

JUNE

Bacon? Where are we going with this?

WOMBLE

We've been at the pie shop for the last three hours ... and we couldn't help noticing the heavy flow of bureaucrats.

JUNE

Like I said, "Gimme The Bomb."

WOMBLE

*Male* bureaucrats.

JUNE

They aren't making female ones, last I checked.

WOMBLE

Highly paid men, even *famous* men, with their work numbers scribbled in your little address book.

(WOMBLE sets the address book on the table. It's what JUNE has been looking for. June drops it in her purse. )

For a waitress, you also have a lot of large bills.

JUNE

(*Pause*) They *really* like the pie.

(Smiles)

WOMBLE

(Touching her arm)

Does Hans *make you* do this?

JUNE

(Silence. Eye contact. Discomfort.)

You aren't going to keep the book?

WOMBLE

Oh, we photographed it. In case anyone else dies of poison pie.

(WOMBLE smiles)

JUNE

Will my name be in the paper?

WOMBLE

No, you aren't being arrested.

(Beat)

WOMBLE (CONT'D)

You're a sharp woman, confident in yourself. It's a shame you choose to hustle.

(Beat)

June, are you in some sort of trouble? Do you owe money?

JUNE

Just slinging pie and making a name for myself, you know?

WOMBLE

What was wrong with the name you had?

JUNE

I'm sorry?

WOMBLE

You know. "Marie Griffin."

(Pause)

JUNE

(Seriously)

Have you ever had ... a fantasy life, detective?

WOMBLE

(Chuckling)

What do *you* think?

WOMBLE pulls JUNE's driver's license out of her pocket and places it on the table.

WOMBLE (CONT'D)

What can you tell me about the lady on this driver's license?

JUNE

My family? Will they find --

WOMBLE

What about them?

JUNE

This is ... bad police work, detective.

WOMBLE

I ask myself, what if this was my sister? June ... *Marie* ... there are other ways to find worth.

JUNE

Are there? For me? Are you sure?

WOMBLE

I'm sure.

(Silence)

JUNE

(Seriously)

How did you do it? Rise to authority, and responsibility, *in a police station*. In a man's job.

WOMBLE

I'm not as far along as you think.

JUNE

Don't be modest. You could be *in charge* here. What did you have to do?

(Pause)

WOMBLE

I guess there is always some cost.

JUNE

Yeah? Spill.

WOMBLE

This is not appropriate.

JUNE

I'm sorry.

(Silence. Beat.)

WOMBLE

People hate me here.

JUNE

I bet.

WOMBLE

I have no relationships. Men don't like women who know choke holds.

JUNE

I bet they like the handcuffs, though ...

WOMBLE

Choosing this life, is choosing the truth. Truth hurts.

(Pause)

WOMBLE (CONT'D)

What about you? How do you have the guts to do ... this?

JUNE

Simple. If I stay in that other life, I'll die.

WOMBLE

What's wrong with the other life?

JUNE

(Considers carefully)

It's about everything else but me.

(Pause, they regard each other)

I'm a terrible person. I know what this sounds like.

WOMBLE

All I know is this. If you're going to live, be the real you. You won't be held down. I lift a glass to you.

JUNE

Well. Detective Womble. It's an honor to be your suspect.

WOMBLE

(She slides the driver's license across the table, but keeps her finger on it.)

You won't make me regret this, will you?

JUNE

I'll go straight home, I promise. And never misbehave again.

(JUNE smiles sardonically)

WOMBLE

Go on. Get out of here.