

BARBICANE: *(continuing)* I want each and every citizen of this great nation to know that we're going to the Moon!

*(The set begins to change. MASTON collects a stack of flyers and dashes about, handing them to random passersby. HE quickly pins one to a post and exits.)*

### SCENE 3

*PENROSE enters in a bit of a rush, pausing when SHE sees the flyer. After reading it quickly, SHE tears it down with excitement. The stage has now become the offices of the Baltimore Star, where PENROSE is employed: a few small desks with antique typewriters and a larger desk for the EDITOR. PENROSE turns and rushes into the office.*

**EDITOR:** *(grumpily)* Phoebe Penrose, you're two minutes late!

PENROSE: *(cheerily, unfazed)* I worked overtime last night! Besides, I was getting a scoop. Read this! *(SHE tosses the flyer on his desk.)*

**EDITOR:** *(reading the flyer)* The Moon? That's not a story. Certainly not one worthy of the *Baltimore Star!*

PENROSE: Not a story? These are all over town! Our readers are going to be curious.

**EDITOR:** About what?

PENROSE: This project, the Moon itself... there's so much to know! It's important that the public understands and they deserve a reputable source of information.

**EDITOR:** *(sarcastically)* And that's you?

PENROSE: Why not?

**EDITOR:** Penrose, I've told you a thousand times! I know you think you deserve the front page, but you write for the Women's Interest section. That's it.

PENROSE: *(firmly and with growing fervor)* This is important. This is progress! This is-

**EDITOR:** *(worn down)* Alright look, if you can get me a draft by noon... I'll let your article go on the Arts and Culture page.

PENROSE: *(aghast)* With the theater critics?!

**EDITOR:** *(growing frustrated)* Penrose...