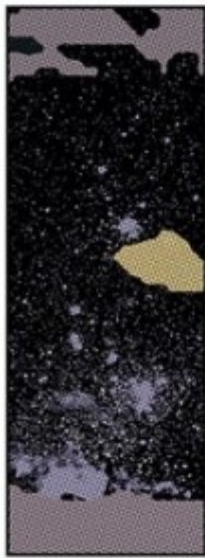
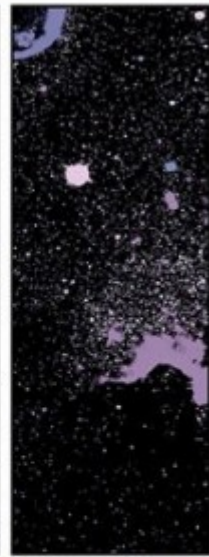
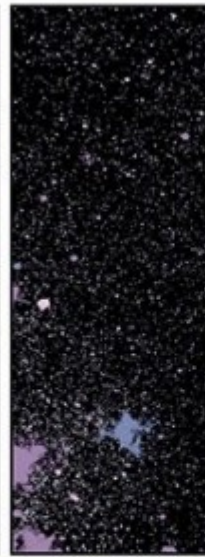
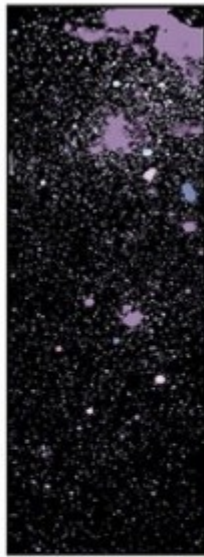




1959



P



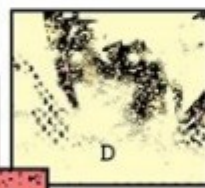
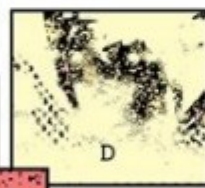
R



I



C

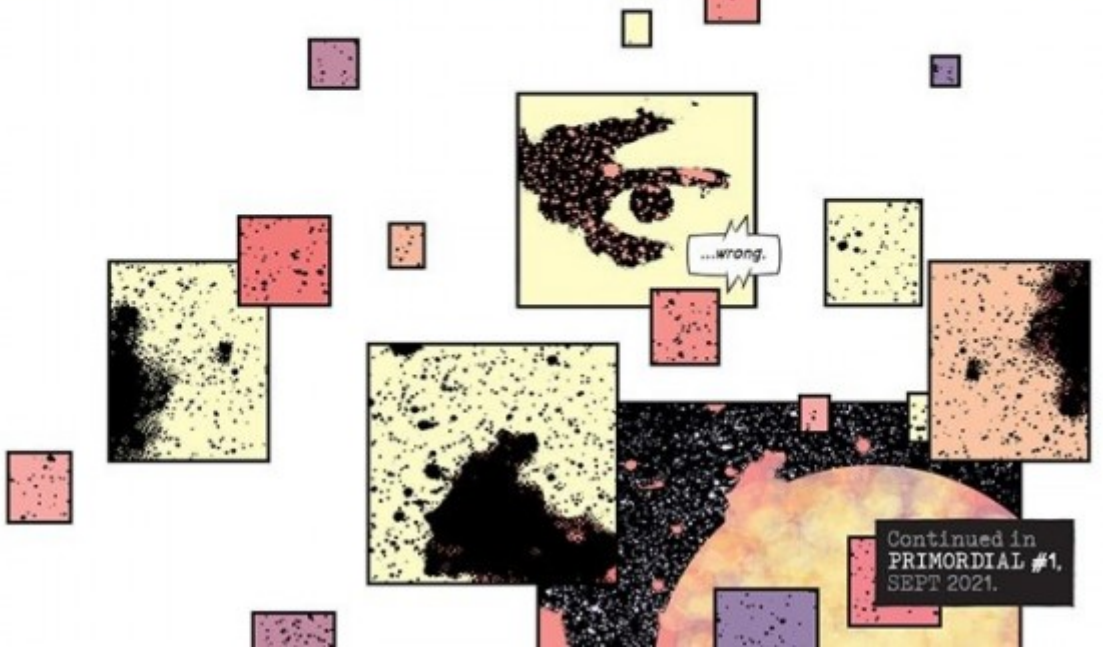


D

I

A

L





Oh, shit. Sorry, Doc. I didn't--

Well, I didn't think that was you.



Right.

So, where should I check in? Will there be a debriefing or--?



Debrief?

Uh, what is it exactly is it you think we're *doing here*, Doctor Pembroke?



Well, when they told me it was a top secret operation at Cape Canaveral...I thought--



Well, I thought maybe they were starting the *space program* back up.

Ha! Shit, I'm sorry, Pembroke. We aren't starting *anything* here. We're *taking it apart*. For good.

Space race is as dead as *our careers*, pal.



Sorry, Doc. Project Pen Cap is just a *clean-up job*. We need to strip this place of any equipment that may still have military application.

Then Uncle Sam is selling the land off to the private sector.



But I--I have my *PhD in electrical engineering* from MIT. I led the *digital computation department* there for the last two years.



Which is what qualifies you to identify anything we can still use in the *nation's defense*.



Good luck. You have *three days* to get as much junk out of here as you can. After that it all goes to the *scrapheap*.

# 1961

CAPE CANAVERAL

