

DR. GREEN: We are about to make astronomical history, and you are here to witness it.
INTERN BOWEN: I want a commemorative mug. Or one of those rolled-out pennies.
The four of you are clustered around the viewscreen of a rusty, dented telescope held together with duct tape, Popsicle sticks, and a combination of prayer and black magic.

Are we sure the old telescope is up to it? Let's do this!

ENGINEER FARAWAY: It should work. Just don't rotate it too fast. Or move it more than 48 degrees to starboard. Or breathe on it.

Dr. Green is practically vibrating with excitement.
DR. GREEN: It took me weeks to work out the calculations, but I'm finally going to get a sighting of that uncharted meteor! Is it too soon to decide what to name it? I'm gonna name it after my dog.

Name it after me! Well, let's get started! (triggered by an earlier scene) All that from a cookbook?

DR. GREEN: Meteor (player name)? I don't know.
INTERN BOWEN: She's right. It just doesn't have a ring to it.

DR. GREEN: You'd be amazed what you can learn from a good cookbook!
INTERN BOWEN: Yeah, but usually it's a risotto recipe.
DR. GREEN: Creamy Italian rice dishes *and* astronomical discoveries? What more could you ask for?

Agonizingly slowly, the telescope swings around with a groan of stressed metal.
DR. GREEN: See anything yet?
INTERN BOWEN: Just stars.
DR. GREEN: How about now?
INTERN BOWEN: Still stars.
DR. GREEN: Now?
INTERN BOWEN: Wait, hang on, there's something. Is your meteor red?
DR. GREEN: I don't...think so?
The telescope screen comes into focus. A red sports car is floating in the middle of open space.
INTERN BOWEN: Aaaaaand it's Elon Musk's space Tesla.
ENGINEER FARAWAY: Predictable, really.
DR. GREEN: I don't understand. I did the calculations three times!

DR. GREEN: What else can I try?

Try adjusting the plane of focus. Try checking the calibration. Try reversing the polarity. No. ...Maybe.

DR. GREEN: Oh--of course! The comet is millions of miles behind the Tesla. It's just blocking the view!
She adjusts the focus.

INTERN BOWEN: I'll check. Oh, I see the problem. Who installed Telescope for IOS on here? This is an Android station!
He punches a few keys.
INTERN BOWEN: Try it now.

ENGINEER FARAWAY: Are you just repeating something you heard on Doctor Who?

With a painful creak of metal on metal, the car on the viewscreen goes out of focus and another shape begins to appear.
DR. GREEN: I think I see something! No, wait. No, yes! There's something there! It's a--
CLUNK. *The telescope console goes static.*
ENGINEER FARAWAY: What did you do??
DR. GREEN: I didn't do anything!

Kick it! Plead with it! Swear at it!

Still static. Faraway looks out the window.
ENGINEER FARAWAY: Oh, wow. Yeah, it is definitely not supposed to bend like that. That is one broke telescope.

Nice one, Green.

Nice one, Bowen.

Nice one, Faraway.

It's nobody's fault. It was about to break anyway.

DR. GREEN: I didn't do anything! I wasn't even near it!

INTERN BOWEN: Don't look at me! I'm only an intern. I just follow instructions!

ENGINEER FARAWAY: Oh sure, blame the engineer. And after I spent weeks fixing it. Typical.

ENGINEER FARAWAY: Hardly matters. I'm gonna have to send away for parts from Earth. Again. And spend a million hours fixing it. Again. And that's assuming it isn't worse than it looks. And it's always worse than it looks.
INTERN BOWEN: If anyone asks, I was in the bio lab the whole time.

Hurry up and get on that.

I know that everyone here is sincerely committed to this station's mission and we will all diligently work to find a solution to this problem.

Faraway rolls her eyes.

The scientists look at each other. Then Faraway bursts out laughing. At least they're amused?

Whatever. I'm going back to my office to catch up on TikTok.

You head back to your office.