The Americans S02E07 2014 US c.3 min. 00:11:30 - 00:14:54 Matthew Rhys, Geoffrey Cantor:
• **grammar points:** present perfect, reflexive, let's, as...as,
• **phrasal verbs:** work on, fill in on, tie-up
• **idioms:** Well, the wattage, I thought it best, sort of like, unlike, our very own, in a manner of speaking, SNAFU

....

ROSENBLOOM:
So, this...this article that you're working on, Mr. Emery?

EMERY (PHILIP):
Yes. It's...it's about technology.

ROSENBLOOM:
Well, you've certainly come to the right place.
I'm sure that Charles has filled you in on what we do here.

CHARLES:
Don't have the wattage, Thane.
I thought it best to leave that to you.

ROSENBLOOM:
Oh, well, um...I work on advanced packet-switching data systems...
a single communications link that collects information into datagrams and then transmits them onto an attached network...sort of like a handshake that introduces distant computers to each other in virtual space.

EMERY (PHILIP):
Virtual space?

ROSENBLOOM:
You're familiar with the post office?

CHARLES:
Sure.

EMERY (PHILIP):
Yes.

ROSENBLOOM:
Okay, so, let's say that you have a friend in Japan named Hirohito.
And Hirohito lives in a tiny, remote fishing village in Japan and he wants to send you a postcard.
But Hirohito only knows Japanese, and, well, you don't read Japanese.
So, he sends his postcard to the Japanese post office, which translates the postcard into a universal post-office language.

EMERY (PHILIP):
A code.

ROSENBLOOM:
A code. Exactly.

EMERY (PHILIP):
And is the post office in Japan?

ROSENBLOOM:
Uh, Japan, Johannesburg, Bangkok, Rio, anywhere and everywhere.
It's sort of like, like God, you know, except without the, um, the big beard and the
flowing, white robes.
But, unlike the Japanese post office, which is of course in Japan, God resides...

CHARLES:
In Heaven.

ROSENBLOOM:
In Heaven. Exactly...and Heaven, as we all know, is...
The PDP-10 - or, as we affectionately refer to it as, The Beast - can run multiple
operating systems: Tenex, Tycom-X, ITS, Waits, Tops-20, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera,
simultaneously.

EMERY (PHILIP):
And that's where *what* happens?

ROSENBLOOM:
Creation. Okay, well, not quite.
Um, the information generated by The Beast still needs to be disseminated, okay, sort of
like, like pollen in the wind.
And that happens...well, in another room.
Think of The Beast as your disembodied brain.
The machine - that services your brain, that translates a postcard, written in any 1 of 116
languages known to man, into a universal code instantaneously, that allows it to share its
thoughts and feelings across a vast network as large as potentially the universe itself,
that keeps it communicative - lives here - the Interface Message Processor.
We have our very own IMP.
It is, in a manner of speaking, the interstate highway system through which all
information flows.

EMERY (PHILIP):
What kind of information?

ROSENBLOOM:
Anything and everything shared on the network.

EMERY (PHILIP):
And who's on the network?

ROSENBLOOM:
Scientists and mathematicians, universities, the military.

CHARLES:
The military and scientific community share the same network?

ROSENBLOOM:
For now.

EMERY (PHILIP):
So, the IMP is like a traffic cop?

ROSENBLOOM:
Traffic cop, facilitator, translator, keeping information moving with no SNAFUs, no tie-ups on an endless ribbon of virtual highway.

EMERY (PHILIP):
Going where?

ROSENBLOOM:
To the future.