

GIVE ME AWAY—TRANSCRIPT
EPISODE 6: THIS IS MY HOME

1

[The Ghosthouse prisoners scream. Urgent music.]

COREY/ISAIAH (Hennessy Winkler): We have to reverse it right now!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (Lori Elizabeth Parquet): There is no reversing, what are you talking about—

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): SHUT! UP!

GRAHAM: What—reverse—reverse—what’s happening?

VOICE (inside Graham’s head): This isn’t right, where is this?

LIZ/ROBIN: Just hold still, Graham, we’re working on it...

VOICE (inside Graham’s head): This isn’t right. Why am I here?

GRAHAM: Why is everyone—what happened?

LIZ/ROBIN: Just try to calm down—

COREY/ISAIAH: Fuck!

VOICE (inside Graham’s head): I’M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

GRAHAM: Somebody talk to me!

LIZ/ROBIN: Just hold on, Graham!

VOICE (inside Graham’s head): HEY, WHOEVER YOU ARE, TELL THEM TO PUT ME BACK!

GRAHAM: SOMEBODY TELL ME WHAT’S WRONG!

VOICE (inside Graham’s head): I’LL KILL YOU! TELL THEM! I’LL KILL YOU IF THEY DON’T PUT ME BACK!

[The music builds to a crescendo, then cuts out. Transition. A new room.]

GRAHAM: Okay. Okay. It’s just us.

VOICE (inside Graham’s head): What does that mean?

GRAHAM: Look, I know it’s supposed to be rocky at first—

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VOICE (inside Graham's head): What does "just us" means, who are you, what does it mean to be alone with you?

GRAHAM: Can't you see into my mind?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Every wet wrinkle, and none of it tells me what you're going to do to me, there's no precedent in here for me!

GRAHAM: Then I'll just tell you, okay? Does that work?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (from next room): Graham?

GRAHAM: We're fine!

VOICE (inside Graham's head): I suppose it has to.

GRAHAM: Then what I'm gonna do now—what we're gonna do now—is pee. Urinate. Okay?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Urinate...

GRAHAM: Can you find it in my mind?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Of course I can find it.

GRAHAM: Does it make sense to you?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): I... think so.

GRAHAM: Then is it cool if I do it now?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): That's all you're doing, just that?

GRAHAM: Just that.

VOICE (inside Graham's head): All right.

[Graham unzips his pants. Urine flows into the toilet bowl. The Voice gasps inside Graham's head. Graham continues urinating under the following.]

GRAHAM: What, what's wrong?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Can you stop?

GRAHAM: I'd... rather not, is something—

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Are you sure this isn't hurting us?

GRAHAM: It's not, I promise it's not. Are you feeling pain?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Like I'm wounded, like I'm bleeding out.

GRAHAM: We're not, I promise.

VOICE (inside Graham's head): It's like I'm letting go of... life.

GRAHAM: Like you're... are you maybe feeling the relief?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Relief?

GRAHAM: Yeah, letting go of all the-the...

VOICE (inside Graham's head): What's the difference between this feeling and... death? Or surrender?

GRAHAM: A lot, I think. [Graham finishes urinating.] There's gonna be a loud noise, okay? I'm flushing the urine away. [Toilet flushing.] Okay now I'm going to wash my hands, you're gonna feel cold on the hands, but it's fine, it's normal, it's not dying.

VOICE (inside Graham's head): All right... (Sighs)

[Sink water runs. The Voice gasps inside Graham's head again.]

GRAHAM: You okay? Is it too cold?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Straight ahead, what is that?

GRAHAM: You mean the—

VOICE (inside Graham's head): That's not a screen, or a, a window, that's a reflective surface, yes?

GRAHAM: It's a mirror.

VOICE (inside Graham's head): That's you.

GRAHAM: Yeah.

VOICE (inside Graham's head): You look so much like us.

GRAHAM: Really?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Many differences of course, but... you look so much like us.

[The Give Me Away theme plays. It's mysterious and wistful, with an undercurrent of chatter/busyness and a driving percussive energy. It combines organic cello and piano parts with electronic synths and percussion.]

VOICEOVER (Jordana Williams): Give Me Away, Episode 6: This Is My Home.

[The theme fades into an auditorium door opening.]

TALIA (Dani Martineck): ...Jamie?

JAMIE (Diana Oh) (on the phone): What're you doing right now?

TALIA: I... stepped out of a lecture to take this call—Jamie—

JAMIE (on the phone): What are you doing tonight? What time do you get off?

TALIA: I don't "get off," it's not a—are you in town?

JAMIE (on the phone): Yeah, can I come over?

TALIA: Weren't you just—Mom said you were at Red Camp last night—

JAMIE (on the phone): Oh my god, I can't wait to tell you about it tonight, it was NUTS—

TALIA: After you said you didn't wanna go, she said you were there protesting?

JAMIE (on the phone): Oh shit, did he do it? Is Dad an alien now? Is he okay?

TALIA: They said we're not gonna hear anything for a while unless his health is—okay, you were literally just protesting him and now you wanna know if—

JAMIE (on the phone): Whatever, fuck those assholes, I'm not with them anymore.

TALIA: The ones you were with yesterday?

JAMIE (on the phone): Gimme your address, I'll tell you about it tonight!

TALIA: Okay—Jamie—I know you know my address, you've been to my place like half a dozen—

JAMIE (on the phone): Can you give it to me again?

TALIA: ...yeah, I'm texting it to you now—

JAMIE (on the phone): I still remember where you hide the key, that's something, right?

[Intrigue music leads into a new location.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: First, choose a name.

GRAHAM: What?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): I'm not "choosing a name," I've been waiting hours for answers!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (overlapping) Choose a name. And then we'll answer your questions.

GRAHAM: Look, I don't think this gnostic shit's gonna work, he's really mad—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Stop. Get yourself under control.

GRAHAM: Yeah, sorry...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You prepared for this.

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Don't condescend to me, who even are you?

GRAHAM: Uh, he wants to know who you are.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham...

GRAHAM: Right, right, uh, the Innovator speaking: "Who are you?"

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Choose a name, and we'll tell you.

VOICE (inside Graham's head): I'm asking for basic information on my own existence and you're setting conditions?

GRAHAM: Uh, the Innovator sp—sorry, can you say that again, maybe slower?

INNOVATOR (inside Graham's head): What?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Just do the best you can.

GRAHAM: The Innovator speaking: (neutral tone) “I’m asking about my own existence and you’re making conditions?”

INNOVATOR (inside Graham’s head): (overlapping) What did you just call me?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Is that really the tone he used?

INNOVATOR (inside Graham’s head): (overlapping) Why are you calling me “the Innovator,” that’s ridiculous, I have a name!

GRAHAM: Wait—I can’t—I’ve got both of you in my ear—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Just say what he’s saying now.

GRAHAM: (neutral tone) The Innovator speaking: “Why are you calling me the Innovator, that’s ridiculous, I have a name.”

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No, say it like he said it.

GRAHAM: Really?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Of course.

GRAHAM: ‘Cause he said it really... meanly.

INNOVATOR (inside Graham’s head): Oh, am I being mean?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That’s all right, he’s a person, he has a right to express himself through both words and tone.

GRAHAM: You want me to, what, do an impression of him?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We want you to amplify him. To say what he says, as he says it.

GRAHAM: I just, I wouldn’t speak to people like—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Are you prepared to honor this custodial responsibility or not?

INNOVATOR (inside Graham’s head): You sanctimonious prick, who do you think you are?

GRAHAM: The Innovator speaking... (neutral) “You sanctimonious prick, who do you think you are?”

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Again. As he said it.

GRAHAM: (sighs) (a halfhearted impression:) “You sanctimonious prick, who do you think you are?”

INNOVATOR (inside Graham’s head): Let me help: You sanctimonious prick, who do you think you are?

GRAHAM: (closer to the Innovator’s tone) You sanctimonious prick, who do you think you are?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It’s more than impersonation, live his words, you are his champion in this world.

INNOVATOR (inside Graham’s head): You sanctimonious prick...

GRAHAM: (matching the Innovator) You sanctimonious prick...

INNOVATOR (inside Graham’s head): ...who do you think you are?

GRAHAM: (matching the Innovator exactly) You sanctimonious prick, who do you think you are?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And we’ll answer your question as soon as you pick a name.

JOSHUA (inside Graham’s head): I have a name!

GRAHAM: The Innovator speaking—look, he’s loud, I’m sorry—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Don’t preface, just speak.

GRAHAM: The Innovator speaking: I have a name!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Then say it. Say it and have Graham repeat it to us.

INNOVATOR (inside Graham’s head): This is so stupid, if you’re one of us you know my name is... My name is... it’s... (Growls in frustration)

GRAHAM: Okay, okay, we’ll figure it out! Why can’t he say it?

[Low, building ominous music.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Listen to us, Innovator: Graham’s body cannot produce the sounds necessary for your previous name. He doesn’t have the opposing tongue, and his skull is too compact to generate internal echoes.

INNOVATOR (inside Graham’s head): I can’t even say it in his mind!

GRAHAM: Uh, the Innovator speaking: I can't even say it in his mind!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Of course not. Graham's mind can't render something that it has no basis for imagining.

INNOVATOR (inside Graham's head): But, but... this...

GRAHAM: I'm sorry, I wish I knew what to -

INNOVATOR (inside Graham's head): I can't live like this.

[Beat.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham? Did he say something?

GRAHAM: The Innovator speaking... I can't live like this.

[The ominous music reaches a crescendo.]

INNOVATOR (inside Graham's head): Joshua.

[The music cuts out.]

GRAHAM: What?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): If it'll get me some answers, tell her my name's Joshua.

GRAHAM: Where did you get "Joshua?"

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I looked in your mind and picked one. Does it have some significance to you?

GRAHAM: Uh... no.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Then until this is fixed, I'm Joshua.

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: Then until this is fixed, I'm Joshua.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Welcome, Joshua.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Don't get used to it. Now: normally when a prisoner is earmarked for release, they're notified via the pulse-code I helped create. I wasn't notified by pulse-code. So why am I here?

GRAHAM: Joshua sp—(sighs) We're gonna have to figure out a thing where you give me these in shorter chunks. Joshua speaking: Normally when—(sighs) Normally when a prisoner is gonna be released, you notify them with the, the—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Pulse code that I made.

GRAHAM: ...the pulse code that I made, that I helped make. But I wasn't notified. So why am I here?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We made a mistake. We extracted the wrong file. You weren't intended to be paired with Graham.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): How the hell does something like that happen?

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: How the hell does something like that happen?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's a constant risk. File extraction is delicate and our instruments are blunt. It's happened once before in a less sensitive case.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Yes, we'll come back to your "instruments" but more urgently: why wasn't I supposed to be paired with Graham? What's wrong with him? [Beat.] Graham? Ask her.

[Eerie music. Transition.]

JAMIE: ...and they kept saying it the whole ride back! "Your dad and his friends, your dad and his friends."

[Talía's keys jingle.]

TALIA: All right—Jamie—I haven't even put my stuff down, so—

JAMIE: Like, fuck you, my dad's the victim here! Evan was the only one who supported me.

TALIA: Who?

JAMIE: Evan! Everybody else was jumping down my fucking throat!

[Bag unzipping.]

TALIA: Okay, I'm just gonna do my normal coming-home stuff and you can talk at me while I do that, cool?

[Talia walks around the apartment putting stuff away.]

JAMIE: They were like, “If he signed up for it, he’s Deep-State just like the rest of them!”

TALIA: Well Jamie, who did you think these people were?

JAMIE: I thought they were gonna help me get him out of there!

TALIA: You thought these conspiracy nuts were gonna pull some kind of Mission Impossible—

JAMIE: They’re not conspiracy nuts!

TALIA: You were literally just shit-talking them!

JAMIE: I was with them! If you’re calling them conspiracy nuts, that means you’re calling me one!

TALIA: Okay look—do you want something to drink, do you want some Brita—

JAMIE: Do you have edibles?

TALIA: I... do, but I wasn’t gonna break those out on a Monday—

[Talia pours water.]

JAMIE: That’s cool, we can do that tomorrow, I think Evan has something too.

TALIA: Right, you keep saying the word “Evan,” which is starting to weird me out because—
[Toilet flushes.] Is someone in my bathroom?

[Bathroom door opens, and Evan comes out, turning off the bathroom fan.]

EVAN (Neimah Djourabchi): Oh... hey!

TALIA: Hello...?

EVAN: You’re...

JAMIE: Talia, asshole, I told you!

EVAN: They/them, right?

TALIA: Yeah—um...?

EVAN: Evan, he/him, thanks for letting us crash. Can I get online?

TALIA: ...it's on the fridge—sorry, who are you?

EVAN: Coolness.

JAMIE: I told you, Evan's the only one who took my side.

EVAN: Yeah those guys were being harsh. That ain't me.

[Evan walks to the fridge.]

TALIA: Evan's... one of the protestors.

EVAN: Sort of?

JAMIE: But he's different!

EVAN: My brother's way into that stuff, and I didn't have anything else going on... hey, password works!

TALIA: Mm. He just said, "Thanks for letting us crash."

[Transition music starts.]

JAMIE: Oh—yeah. About that.

TALIA: Just 'cause your apartment's what, 80 minutes from here?

JAMIE: About that too.

[Transition music fades up. Footsteps on sand. As music fades, we hear the distant sound of crickets.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Wait, stop!

GRAHAM: He wants to see the Ghosthouse, I don't—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Thirty years?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You can't just run out there like that.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): That's nothing!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Joshua needs time to acclimate!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): That's nothing, you might as well have strapped me to a bomb!

GRAHAM: It-it could be longer, it's complicat—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Wait wait wait. Stop. Stop!

GRAHAM: Okay, I'm stopping. Is it too much? Should I close my eyes, or—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Turn in a circle. Very slowly.

[Graham/Joshua's footsteps on sand continue under the following.]

GRAHAM: Okay, um...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham? Joshua?

GRAHAM: We're fine, just...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All right...

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): The whole planet doesn't look like this, right?

GRAHAM: The, no, this is just—there's all kinds of different... regions...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Let's go back inside.

GRAHAM: Let us just... Look, Joshua, I know this isn't the ideal situation, but as long as it's irreversible, maybe we should talk about how—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Nothing's irreversible. I'm here now.

GRAHAM: ...okay, um—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): That's it, yes? The carceral ship?

GRAHAM: Uh, yeah, that's the Ghosthouse.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Tell her I want to go in.

GRAHAM: You can just say it, and I'll repeat—I'll-I'll amplify it.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I want to go in. Right now.

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: I want to go in. Right now.

[Brooke/Deirdre's footsteps approach Graham/Joshua.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, Joshua, we can arrange that, but first you need to recognize that Graham's body is exhausted.

GRAHAM: It's okay, I'm good—we're good.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You're not. You haven't slept in almost three days. We'll allow you to inspect the Ghosthouse, but only after you have completed at least six hours of sleep.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Or, I walk in there right goddam now and you can go—wait. Wait.

[Revelatory music fades up. Graham/Joshua's footsteps on the sand as they approach Brooke/Deirdre.]

GRAHAM: You want me to say that, or—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Go closer to them. To their face.

GRAHAM: He wants a closer look at you.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That's fine.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I know you. Who are you?

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: I know you. Who are you?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well as we've already explained, Deirdre, like you, cannot speak her former name.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Of course. I should've known right away. That trademark pedantry is answer enough.

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: I should've known right away. That trademark pedantry is answer enough. (as Graham) Sorry.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Don't do that.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Let me guess: when I put my proposal to the conference, you were the one who mustered the voices against me.

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: Let me guess: when I put my proposal to the conference, you were the one who mustered the voices against me.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): And when they raided our school in the valley, you were the one who stayed my hand.

GRAHAM: And when they raided our school in the valley, you were the one who stayed my hand.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes. All that was Deirdre.

[Revelatory music fades out.]

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Of course it would be you! And now you're in charge? You get to tell me when to sleep?

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: Of course it would be you! And now you're in charge? You get to tell me when to sleep?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Six hours sleep. Or no Ghosthouse.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): But if you're in charge... what happened to the leader?

[Transition music. Jamie types on a laptop under the following.]

EVAN: Um... Jamie?

JAMIE: Two seconds.

EVAN: Are you... did you sleep at all?

JAMIE: I was going to, but then I had a plan.

EVAN: When did you get a laptop?

JAMIE: It's Talia's. Don't wake them up.

EVAN: Can't you use your phone? It's kinda bright.

JAMIE: It's hard to fill out the stupid form on the phone.

EVAN: What form?

JAMIE: I figured out how to rescue my dad.

EVAN: Rescue your... what?

JAMIE: I'm going undercover as one of them!

EVAN: One of who?

JAMIE: The aliens! I'm gonna go in like I wanna do the whole brainwashing thing, and then when they're not looking I'll grab my dad! What?

[More typing.]

EVAN: I don't know, seems kinda...

[Jamie hit a key hard.]

JAMIE: Boom! Submitted. Now we just need to hunker down here 'til they get back to me.

EVAN: Yeah? Just 'cause, Talia doesn't seem super-psyched that we're...

JAMIE: I can handle them, it's cool.

EVAN: I mean, I support you, so...

JAMIE: See? That's why I'm with you, nobody else says that to me, you're really special.

EVAN: Sweet.

JAMIE: You want a handjob or whatever?

EVAN: (grunts, tired) Actually kinda sleepy, so...

JAMIE: Yeah I gotta sneak back the laptop anyway.

[Transition music. Liz/Robin's footsteps on sand.]

LIZ/ROBIN: So... that's not just somebody with the same name, right? That's the Jamie Shapiro?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes. That's exactly who that is.

LIZ/ROBIN: So we should nuke it, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Mm...

LIZ/ROBIN: 'Cause she was, like literally three days ago—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Leave it with me.

LIZ/ROBIN: Really?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We can disable the Ghosthouse livestream remotely, correct?

LIZ/ROBIN: ...Sure, from the compound... why?

[Nearby bird chirping.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Because Graham won't sleep forever. And we're not ready for the world to meet Joshua.

[Transition music.]

JAMIE: You stopped looking at my story.

EVAN: What?

JAMIE: My Instagram story. You only watched the first two parts.

EVAN: You can tell that?

JAMIE: Yeah I can tell!

EVAN: What was the third thing?

TALIA (from next room): Jamie were you on my laptop?

JAMIE: What? Your laptop?

[Talia walks in from next room.]

TALIA: Looks like a couple days ago? Around 4 a.m.?

JAMIE: 4 a.m.... what?

TALIA: I don't care that you were using it—well I sort of do—but why does it look like you were filling out a Nevada Project application?

EVAN: (chuckling) Aha, man, you gotta clear that shit.

JAMIE: Dude!

EVAN: What?

TALIA: Right here in the history: “application received.”

JAMIE: Yeah? And?

TALIA: Oh, so we’re just skipping past the part where you admit you were—

JAMIE: What do you care?

TALIA: Dad made a decision. For himself. We have to respect that.

JAMIE: We have to respect that he joined an alien cult?

TALIA: So that’s what this is? Some kind of half-assed “rescue” mission?

JAMIE: Fuck you!

EVAN: Is it cool if I put my earbuds in?

JAMIE: You just don’t want me to have a good idea!

TALIA: What “good idea”? You’re gonna go to Nevada and sneak Dad out under your coat?

JAMIE: This is exactly what Eric said, you mock me to keep me from realizing my potential!

TALIA: Who’s Eric?

EVAN: My brother. He’s kind of intense.

TALIA: His brother the protestor, who you just had a big fight with, now you’re quoting him?

JAMIE: He’s right about this, none of you ever respect my ideas!

TALIA: None of who?

JAMIE: You and Mom and Dad! Every time I say stuff you either shoot it down right away, or you get all quiet and don’t say anything and then we never talk about it again!

EVAN: Should I like, uh, take a walk, or—

TALIA: You mean when we were kids?

JAMIE: Always! Even now! I heard you tell your friends not to come over!

TALIA: Because where would they sit? Your stuff is all over the—

JAMIE: Because you're embarrassed I'll say dumb stuff in front of them, but wait 'til I come back with Dad!

TALIA: Jamie, they're not gonna take you! You know that, right?

JAMIE: Why, 'cause I'm stupid?

TALIA: No, of course not—

JAMIE: 'Cause I didn't finish school? 'Cause I scoop ice cream? 'Cause I'm not Talia, Jesus of Everything?

TALIA: You were literally just there protesting them!

JAMIE: Everything you ever say, people love it: "Ooh I wanna play cello, ooh I'm nonbinary, ooh I wanna go to a super-expensive school"—

EVAN: (overlapping) Whoa, dude, come on, that's—

JAMIE: And everybody's like "Yay!" But when I say I wanna save Dad's life?

TALIA: Okay, Jamie... (Takes a deep breath.) I know you're making a conscious effort to say this in the most hurtful way possible because you feel like—

JAMIE: So you're just cool with all this? Mom and Dad broke up, he's in a cult, she's selling the house? We don't even have a home anymore!

TALIA: THIS IS MY HOME. This, this is where I live, this little place with your shit all over the floor!

JAMIE: Not anymore.

[Jamie hastily packs over the following. Bags unzipping.]

TALIA: For god's sake, come on—

JAMIE: This is your home, that's great, enjoy it, I'm out.

TALIA: Out where, Mom's?

JAMIE: Fuck her, fuck all of you, we have lots of places we can go, right Evan?

EVAN: Me?

[The apartment door squeaks as Jamie opens it.]

JAMIE: There's like a dozen places we can go, we have friends everywhere—come on Evan, get packed!

TALIA: This is so stupid, close the door—

JAMIE: You don't want me here, fine!

TALIA: I don't want you on the street!

JAMIE: Evan, come on!

EVAN: Yeah, um, Jamie, uh...?

JAMIE: Evan...?

EVAN: It's just kinda getting' weird, you know?

JAMIE: Fine. I get it. I get it.

TALIA: Jamie—

[Jamie slams the door.]

TALIA: Shit!

EVAN: I should uh... I should take off, right?

[Transition music fades into Graham gasping as he wakes up.]

GRAHAM: 7:30... when? How long was I...?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): A lot more than six hours.

GRAHAM: Oh shit—Joshua! Are you okay?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): How often do you have to do that?

[Transition. Shower water running under the following.]

GRAHAM: You okay so far?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I think... I actually like this. How the water feels.

GRAHAM: Do you not use... or, formerly, did you not use water for cleaning?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): We clean while we sleep. Or not sleep, it's more like... s-stretching. In the process we discard a layer of skin and hair.

GRAHAM: Wow...

[Graham turns off the shower and rolls back the shower curtain.]

GRAHAM: But wait, don't you just end up rolling around in the skin and hair while it's coming off?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Of course not. It falls on the ground.

GRAHAM: Are you not on the ground while you sleep, uh, stretch?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): How could we stretch on the ground? Where would we get the suspension?

[Graham opens medicine cabinet, gets something out.]

GRAHAM: What are you suspended from?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): From... branches?

GRAHAM: You sleep in trees?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Trees? No. (Chuckles.) The elites, maybe.

GRAHAM: You have elites?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Everyone else has to use the branches we make ourselves.
[Graham closes the medicine cabinet.] And there it is again.

GRAHAM: What?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): The mirror.

GRAHAM: Oh, yeah.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Keep looking at it. I want to see your body.

GRAHAM: Oh, uh... sure. [Beat. Graham sighs.] It's really only some of me, maybe I can find a full-length—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I can tell that it's an aged body. We deteriorate in similar ways.

GRAHAM: Great.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Have you collaborated on offspring?

GRAHAM: Oh. (Laughs), you make it sound so—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): What?

GRAHAM: Yes, I've collaborated, I've got two. Two offspring. My phone's in the other room if you wanna see—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): And you didn't gestate them, if I understand correctly.

GRAHAM: Yeah, no, I don't have the right kind of body for—although if you can see all this inside my head—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I could read everything in your mind within hours, but then what? Talking at least fills more time.

GRAHAM: Look, I know this is...

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): What?

GRAHAM: What about you? Gestate any offspring of your own?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): We haven't been able to do that in generations.

GRAHAM: Then... how are you still having generations?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): There's an animal.

GRAHAM: An animal?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): A... (Sighs.) Maritime? Marine. Marine animal. With a similar enough... natal system. We capture them. Keep them. Implant our... embryos. They gestate our offspring.

GRAHAM: That's... are you serious? That's-that's the most incredible thing I've ever—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): It's a horror. It's why I don't have children.

GRAHAM: Oh... uh...

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): It's why we started this whole thing in the first place.

GRAHAM: Look... I'm sorry about what happened to your leader, that must—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): They were a flashy idiot, we're probably better off. Deirdre's infuriating, but at least she's... you know what, get her.

GRAHAM: Right now?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Right now. I sat in your dormant brain for days, it's time she held up her end.

[Transition music fades into door opening.]

TRAVIS: Heh, wasn't actually sure I had an extra pillow, haven't had a guest since, uh, we don't need to go there. But what do you know?

JAMIE: Go Travis!

TRAVIS: (laughs nervously) So, uh, catch?

JAMIE: Why don't you bring it over here?

TRAVIS: Okay...

[Travis walks to Jamie, hands her a pillow.]

JAMIE: Thank you Travis. I really like your place.

TRAVIS: So, uh, do you sort of have your whole master plan mapped out for tomorrow?

JAMIE: What's tomorrow?

TRAVIS: Oh, just, since, this is obviously gonna be a short-term thing, so... (Chuckles nervously.)

JAMIE: Is that what we said?

TRAVIS: We'll figure it out in the morning, you've got everything you need, I'll head to bed, what time should I set my alarm—

JAMIE: You're like totally fixated on my mom, right?

TRAVIS: That's... that's kind of a weird thing to day.

JAMIE: You're the one fixated on my mom.

TRAVIS: No, Morgan and I, your mom and I, we have a friendship that—

JAMIE: 'Cause I feel like I kinda look like her.

TRAVIS: Uh, uh, sure, chip off the old—

JAMIE: Except younger.

TRAVIS: Uh, uh, mother—daughter, cycle of life—circle of life, I'm confusing my uh—

JAMIE: You don't have to talk to me like I'm a kid.

TRAVIS: Am I doing that?

JAMIE: I'm not a kid. You can talk to me like you talk to Mom.

TRAVIS: Um...

JAMIE: 'Cause I was thinking you could be fixated on me instead. It would be like my mom but better 'cause I'm younger. But 22, so not like call-the-cops younger.

TRAVIS: Okay, um—

JAMIE: And like maybe while you fixate, I could stay here for a while?

TRAVIS: Okay—okay—okay.

JAMIE: I really like your place.

TRAVIS: Okay look: I'm gonna go to bed. I'm gonna go to bed in my room, then—

JAMIE: What? What did I say?

TRAVIS: Then tomorrow I'll take you anywhere you wanna go.

JAMIE: Are you fucking kidding me?

TRAVIS: Just—just—goodnight.

JAMIE: What is everybody's problem?

[Transition music fades into sound of walking.]

GRAHAM: It's just a couple minute's walk from here.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): What are those lights?

GRAHAM: You mean in the distance, the security perimeter?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): The ones that are moving.

GRAHAM: Oh, that's—uh, you can't tell from here—the soldiers have lights on their guns, so at night it looks like—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Those are soldiers?

GRAHAM: Yeah.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Why are we surrounded by soldiers?

GRAHAM (chuckles): Do we have time for a long answer?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Tell me everything you can between here and the ship.

[Transition music fades into more walking.]

GRAHAM: Brooke, Deirdre, hi!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Seems like you got a good rest.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I don't want them there, I want to go in alone.

[Graham/Joshua enter the elevator.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: uh, I want to go in alone.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, that won't be possible, but we are willing to wait out of earshot.

[The elevator starts.]

GRAHAM: Is that...?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Fine.

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: Fine.

[The elevator continues ascending.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The research team is on at 7 a.m. We'll need to be out by then.

[The airlock inner door slides open. Low screams sound inside. Brooke/Deirdre and Graham/Joshua enter.]

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Amazing.

GRAHAM: What is?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): How reassuring even a prison can look when it's the only familiar place left. Why are the others so quiet?

GRAHAM: Oh, I think Liz and Robin figured out a thing about...

[Brooke/Deirdre walk closer.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: He's asking about the prisoners?

GRAHAM: Yeah, what was it, a "dampener"?

[Brooke/Deirdre touch a control that emits three beeps. The screams get much louder.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (talking over screams) We reduce the sound to make it easier to concentrate on freeing them. But we never forget it's happening.

[Brooke/Deirdre reduce the volume, producing three beeps again. The screams return to the previous level.]

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): That was me.

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: That was me.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And you really want to go back?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): If he's gonna die in 30 years I don't have much choice, do I?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham? It looks like he answered us.

GRAHAM: Yeah, yeah, I'm gonna, just give me...

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Show me the mapping device. That's why I'm here.

[Transition music fades into tinkering sounds that continue under the following.]

GRAHAM: Sorry, just: you definitely know how to put this all back together?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Of course I do, it's obvious.

GRAHAM: Right but it's gonna be my hands doing it, so it's gotta be obvious to me.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): This is... reasonably well done, this mapping device.

GRAHAM: Yeah, I mean, Brooke, Deirdre, Liz, Robin, the whole team, they're sharp people.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): But clumsy, too. Hideously imprecise. No wonder we're in this mess.

GRAHAM: Okay—look—this wasn't my first choice either, they said they were matching me with like some regular Joe type who would—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): There are no "regular Joes" in the movement.

GRAHAM: I'm just saying—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I see what they mean. At first glance this does look irreversible.

GRAHAM: Then shouldn't we try to make the best of—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): But it's not. I'll find a way. I'm seeing the beginnings of one already.

GRAHAM: You are?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Stage one of the mapping process is a form of preconditioning focused on the host mind. Teaching it to accept the foreign data, to not react to it like a disease. But: what if there's a way to reverse that, to get the mind to reject the extraneous graft?

GRAHAM: And that wouldn't kill you?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Yes, it would kill me, but I'll find a way that it won't!

GRAHAM: All right.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Thirty years? That's a fraction of the time I need!

GRAHAM: To do what?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): (sighs exasperatedly) Reinsert this component exactly as you took it out. It should latch on by itself.

[Graham reinserts the component.]

GRAHAM: No precedent....

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): What?

GRAHAM: The first time we were alone together. You said I had no precedent for you.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Open the next panel.

[Graham opens the panel with a click.]

GRAHAM: One of my offspring is named Jamie. When she was about 12 years old she talked about running away all the time.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Running away from what?

GRAHAM: The home we all lived in together.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Oh.

GRAHAM: Nobody liked her, nobody understood her, everyone liked Talia better—just the usual stuff.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Mm.

GRAHAM: So she started telling me, "One day I'm gonna just leave. Either hop a train on my way to school, or lose you at Six Flags, or slip out while you're all asleep." And of course I would tell her that if she left without saying where she was going I'd be really heartbroken and scared, thinking that would deter her, but also, you know, meaning it. It would've killed me dead.

[The machine emits clicks as Graham/Joshua adjust it.]

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Can you shift your body? There's a shadow.

[Tinkering sounds continue.]

GRAHAM: But it didn't work. Totally wrong approach for Jamie, tell her she's starting drama and she just blooms. So finally I just learned to say, "That's cool, I understand, but what do you wanna do until then? If you're not running away right this second... you wanna hang out?"

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Did that stop her from running away?

GRAHAM: ...Yeah, sort of.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Well it won't work on me. One way or another, I'm getting out.

GRAHAM: Sure, I hear that. I'm just saying, until then: how can I help?

[Transition music fades into door opening. Sheets are jostled.]

JAMIE: Travis.

TRAVIS: What's...

JAMIE: Wake up, Travis.

TRAVIS: Shit! Jesus Christ, you—

JAMIE: Guess what?

TRAVIS: Oh my god please don't get in the bed.

JAMIE: I wasn't going to! Wanna know why?

TRAVIS: Jesus—I can't read your phone if it's shoved right up in my—

JAMIE: See what it says?

TRAVIS: God's sakes, um... "Initial application accepted"... w-what did you apply for?

JAMIE: I just came in here to say: Fuck you, Travis, and fuck your shitty crib, I don't need it anymore!

[The Give Me Away theme slowly begins to fade up.]

TRAVIS: What are you talking about?

JAMIE: I'm gonna go be an ALIEN.

[The Give Me Away Theme plays under the final line and continues into the credits. The theme continues to play under the following voiceover.]

VOICEOVER: Gideon Media presents *Give Me Away* by Mac Rogers, directed by Jordana Williams.

Featuring Sean Williams, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, Hennessy Winkler, Rebecca Comtois, Dani Martineck, Diana Oh, Neimah Djourabchi, and Nat Cassidy.

Sound design by Bart Fasbender. Assistant directed by Marty McGuire. Music by Adam Blau. And produced by Cara Ehlenfeldt.

END OF EPISODE 2