

[Jamie runs across the desert to Graham. The Ghosthouse faintly screams in the distance.]

GRAHAM (Sean Williams): ...Jamie?

JAMIE (Diana Oh): It's okay, it's all good now. I'm getting you out of here.

GRAHAM: Jamie oh my god!

[Graham/Joshua embrace Jamie.]

JOSHUA (Sean Williams) (inside Graham's head): (overlapping with Graham) Wait—your child?

GRAHAM: (overlapping with Joshua) What are you doing here?

JAMIE: (hushed) Keep hugging me, that way we can make a plan without them reading our lips.

[A car approaches them.]

GRAHAM: (overlapping with Joshua) How did you even get here?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): (overlapping with Graham) Why is your child here?

JAMIE: I signed up! They fell for it!

GRAHAM: Signed up?

[The car door opens, setting off the open-door alert ding. They close the car door.]

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): Is she okay? She jumped out of the car while we were driving!

GRAHAM: (overlapping with Jamie) Jesus, Jamie, are you cut, are you bleeding?

JAMIE: (overlapping with Graham) They think I really wanna be an alien, but as soon as I see an opening, I am getting you out!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): She knows I'm here, right?

JAMIE: We just need to get past security. I think the main soldier's horny for me so maybe we can use that...

GRAHAM: (to Liz/Robin) Hold on, how long have you known she was here?

LIZ/ROBIN: (yelling past them) Brooke, Deirdre, you wanna tell us how to handle this?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (Lori Elizabeth Parquet): (yelling from a distance) What? (seeing the situation) Shit!

LIZ/ROBIN: Yeah!

GRAHAM: They knew too?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We can't deal with this right now, we're trying to reach Gil.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): This might be the most tedious thing I have ever lived through.

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay but—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Please just—handle it!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Graham I really need to get to the ship...

LIZ/ROBIN: Jamie, why don't you get back in—

JAMIE: (still whispering) What if we pretend like you need to go to the hospital—

GRAHAM: Okay, enough, enough! I'm taking Jamie back to my trailer!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): What, no! I need to work!

LIZ/ROBIN: She's in the middle of her screening, you can't just—

GRAHAM: She's not in the middle of anything, I never agreed to this!

LIZ/ROBIN: (overlapping with Joshua and Jamie) First of all, it's 'we.' Secondly—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): (overlapping with Jamie and Liz/Robin) We agreed if I did that ridiculous interview I could go back to work!

JAMIE: (overlapping with Joshua and Liz/Robin) You don't have to agree, I'm an adult, I can make my own decisions!

GRAHAM: And you fucked up that interview! You fucked your part of the bargain, so I'm taking my kid home and making sure she's okay!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): (overlapping with Jamie) She's obviously okay, but I'm not, I need to be free of you!

JAMIE: (overlapping with Joshua) Whoa, are you talking to your alien right now?

GRAHAM: Shut up, Joshua!

LIZ/ROBIN: You can't say that, Graham! This is why we delay meeting family after, you need time to integrate before—

[Low ambient drones begin in the background.]

GRAHAM: I don't give a shit! My kid's here. I don't know why, but I'm getting her out!

JOSHUA: I'm not your prisoner, Graham. You can't just take me somewhere I don't wanna go!

GRAHAM: (starting to walk away) Come on, Jamie! Now!

[The drones lead into the Give Me Away theme. The theme is 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 8: The Audit.

[Jamie and Graham/Joshua walk along a path through the desert.]

JAMIE: ...and it's like "You're firing me for that? Anybody would yell at this guy! He kept changing his mind *after* I put the scoop in the cone!"

GRAHAM: Okay can we maybe just skip to—

JAMIE: Cut to like a week later, my housemates are all up in my face for utilities, and it's like, "what am I supposed to do?"

GRAHAM: (tired) No, Joshua, I have to deal with this.

JAMIE: What's he saying?

GRAHAM: Does your mom know you're here?

JAMIE: Mom? What does Mom have to do with—

GIVE ME AWAY—TRANSCRIPT
EPISODE 8: THE AUDIT

4

GRAHAM: (checking phone) Still too close to the ship for signal, but as soon as we get to the trailer I'm calling Mom and—

JAMIE: Why would you call Mom?

GRAHAM: (to Joshua, snapping) Don't act like you suddenly care about the rules, all you care about is working me 'round the clock so you can cut and run!

JAMIE: Okay, you've *got* to tell me what he's saying. Don't you have to?

GRAHAM: Have to what?

JAMIE: Say what he's saying? That's what Brooke and Deirdre said in the interview.

GRAHAM: They've really been screening you?

JAMIE: Yes! I already told you!

GRAHAM: Like... the bathroom? The, the backpack, going to the—

JAMIE: Yah, I ditched that shit when I jumped out of the car, fuck that.

GRAHAM: Joshua, can you please give me two goddamn minutes?

JAMIE: Just say what he's saying, I wanna hear it! Isn't that how this works?

GRAHAM: He's saying... uh, (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: So, your *ridiculous* child shows up out of nowhere and you *immediately* betray our consensus-based coexistence?

[Beat.]

JAMIE: That was nuts! Do it again!

GRAHAM: Sure, that would make sense coming from Robin to Liz or Isaiah to Corey, but you don't give a shit about those rules until you don't get what you want for five minutes! (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: Are you person of your word or not?

JAMIE: It's like having Gollum for a dad! This is crazier than that prison shit!

GRAHAM: Wh-what prison shit—did they put you in the prison?

JAMIE: Yes, I told you, I'm screening!

GRAHAM: They actually put the interface on your head—

JAMIE: Whatever, it's bullshit, the point is *it got me in!*

GRAHAM: Well—hold on—it's not bullshit.

JAMIE: C'mon! Screaming nonstop, who does that?

GRAHAM: Jamie—Joshua was *just there*. (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: You think I care what this termite thinks?

JAMIE: The fuck did you just say?

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: All right, Jamie, look: you want me out of your father's head, yes? Because I want that too. We want the same thing.

JAMIE: So?

GRAHAM: Uhh, okay where is this going? (as Joshua, to Jamie) Joshua speaking: But I can't do anything about that from Graham's trailer. I need to be in the Ghosthouse.

JAMIE: Somehow you're bullshitting but I can't tell how.

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: As soon as we get out of range of the Ghosthouse radiation, two things will happen: the soldiers will be able to listen in on your "escape plan," and Graham will be able to call your mother. So forget what I want, where do you want to be right now? If we both tell your dad the same thing, maybe he'll listen.

[Brief musical transition with slow electronic beats, to an office ambience.]

ELDER (Kevin R. Free) (on speakerphone): I am still in the air, Lieutenant! I left Red Camp just over an hour ago, and I've already seen bootleg footage of my *exclusive interview* from three different angles!

RILEY (Ato Essandoh): All I can say, Mr. Elder, is that we—

ELDER (on speakerphone): All of it somehow magically focused on that one quote!

RILEY: All I can do is offer my apologies and assure you that a full investigation is underway to determine—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: An investigation by you of your own team!

RILEY: —to determine who recorded and leaked the footage, and to fully sanction any servicemen who might have—

ELDER (on speakerphone): I assume this will be a public investigation? And that I'll have access to the results?

RILEY: No, Mr. Elder, you will not.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That quote is now everywhere, entirely out of context, and now—

RILEY: Out of curiosity, what do you see as the exculpatory context for “alter your minds and bodies,” hm?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It was you, wasn't it? Your orders... you told them to record it!

RILEY: Director Harris, if you have a formal complaint you'd like to make regarding my conduct there are obviously channels.

ELDER (on speakerphone): All right, look: I will not allow these leaks to be the public's impression of my team's work for an entire week. This call is for the purpose of letting you know that we are expediting an early edit of our interviews with Corey, Isaiah, Graham, and Joshua. We'll be posting that edit online well ahead of Sunday's broadcast, maybe even by tomorrow morning.

RILEY: Of course you should do as you see fit.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (tentative) In that case, Terry, given how widely it's already been disseminated, maybe you don't need to include that Joshua quote...

ELDER (on speakerphone): I'll be including anything I deem newsworthy, period. At least this way we can salvage some modicum of balance and professionalism from this shitshow. I'll be in touch if I need anything else.

[An energetic musical transition to Graham/Joshua and Jamie walking across the desert.]

JAMIE: Come on, guys, let's get there!

GRAHAM: We don't need to run!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I'm with her, let's run, I've lost enough time as it is.

JAMIE: There's not like a liquor store here, right?

GRAHAM: A... liquor...?

JAMIE: Yeah, that's what I thought, this place sucks, come on!

[Jamie moves ahead.]

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): What exactly is the plan here, Graham?

GRAHAM: The... plan is we get Brooke and Deirdre to... whatever, reject her from the program, then we put her on a bus or—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Then why didn't you approach them the moment she appeared?

GRAHAM: Because they were running around trying to clean up your mess!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): What is Jamie's value?

GRAHAM: What did you say?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): One second in her presence and you're a different person. Ready to wreck everything over this *organism* that can't provide for itself, that alienates everyone it comes in contact with... what purpose does she serve? What do you... love her *for*?

[A tense drone begins.]

GRAHAM: (cold steel) We're getting her out of this camp, we're getting her back home, and then you and I will *never* talk about this again!

[The drone leads into a musical transition, which gives way to an office ambience. Corey/Isaiah throw open the door. They are furious.]

COREY/ISAIAH (Hennessy Winkler): What's the fuckin' endgame Riley?

[The door closes.]

RILEY: [turns abruptly in his chair] (with forced calm) Sergeant. Been a while.

COREY/ISAIAH: We know you leaked that interview, we know you got everyone riled up against us, so what're you hoping'll happen to us now?

RILEY: Sergeant, if you are accusing me—

COREY/ISAIAH: We're not your goddam sergeant! We'll never be your sergeant again!

RILEY: Yes. I can see that that's true.

COREY/ISAIAH: You don't believe we're real, do you? You think you can hurt us and still be a good man because you never once looked at that mainframe and saw living people!

RILEY: Corey! Corey, think about all the people I ordered you to fire upon in your last life! You think I didn't know that would result in the deaths of real, complex people, children of God? I don't have to subtract from my enemies to engage with them. I just have to adhere to my simple conviction that *this is the greatest country in the world*, and that the people who reside within her take precedence.

COREY/ISAIAH: So, we're not children of God, is that how you got it figured?

RILEY: (laughs) Oh, Corey. That is above my pay grade. But I do believe they're sentient and intelligent. And like many sentient, intelligent agents, they see an opportunity. The decision that remains to be made is if *we let them seize it*.

COREY/ISAIAH: Fuckin' amazing to think this used to have Corey fooled, this high-flyin' "after you, ma'am, I'm just a public servant" *bullshit* that somehow always lands on murder.

RILEY: (holding back emotion) I don't think I ever tried to explain myself to anyone the way I tried with you.

COREY/ISAIAH: Why?! Why Corey specifically?

RILEY: (quietly erupting) Because he could've been the best! Hah, Corey, that wreck of a boy, lost and reeling, he could've been the best ever! (laughs to himself) "He." Got me using your goddam language now.

COREY/ISAIAH: Do you even know why you hate us so much?

RILEY: Nothing in this world is as beautiful as a group of trained bodies working in concert to achieve an objective. It's the highest state man can achieve. I know most Americans forsake this ideal in favor of indolence, but right now, they could always change their minds. But if we let you out, that is over. I can't imagine anything more... weakening, more offensive, than single bodies divided against themselves. A huddled conference before every breath, all civilian chaos doubled, an entire nation reduced to a PTA meeting. [Beat.] I don't seek to kill you. Corey, that's not my objective. But there is very little I wouldn't authorize to protect my country from *that*.

COREY/ISAIAH: (as Isaiah, more even-tempered) Isaiah would like to speak to you.

RILEY: Excuse me?

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah would like to speak directly to you now.

RILEY: And say what?

[A drone begins.]

COREY/ISAIAH: That “wreck of a boy,” my Corey, he’d never admit it, but... you made him the man you’re looking at right now. The man who could open his body feely to someone in need. The man who’s gonna put that same body between our captive people and anything you’ve got coming.

[The drones develop into a pensive musical transition. The ‘Star Trek mode’ airlock doors slide open and Graham/Joshua and Jamie enter the Ghosthouse.]

JAMIE: What’s the point in this whole airlock thing if it just opens like a grocery store?

[The doors close.]

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: That’s just how our captors left them. A kind of sneer: “You think you can live without bodies? Try opening this door.”

[Another set of airlock doors open. The screams are faint in the background.]

JAMIE: Why did they hate you so much?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Well, Jamie, what if I told you it was in your power to fix your miserable life but that every day you choose not to?

JAMIE: Eat my ass!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: That’s why they hated us. Help us with the drape.

[They remove the drape.]

JAMIE: Why is only one of the mapping things covered?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Because this one’s not a “mapping thing,” this is the Extractor. This is what’s going to get me out of your father. (as Graham) Okay we don’t actually know that, we don’t actually know it works.

JAMIE: It puts you back in the computer?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: It extracts selected material from a human body, anything extraneous to this planet's biosphere. (as Graham) If it ever works. (as Joshua) It already works, Graham, just not well enough!

JAMIE: (emotional) But it will!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Graham) Okay, kiddo, it's really important that you understand something: even if Joshua can extract himself?

JAMIE: Right, then we start figuring out—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: I will go straight back to Brooke and Deirdre and ask them to put someone else in.

JAMIE: What? Why?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (to Joshua) In a minute, Joshua!

JAMIE: You're just saying that 'cause you're deep in the cult shit here, but if you go home it'll go away!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What home, baby, what are you talking about?

JAMIE: Home! Where we all live!

GRAHAM: That's not where we live, only your mom lives there! Of course you can go there any time you need to, but it's just your mom's house now!

JAMIE: It's not even that, she's selling it, you asshole!

GRAHAM: She is?

JAMIE: But there's still time to talk her out of it!

GRAHAM: I mean it's her house, she can do whatever—

JAMIE: I can't. But you could!

GRAHAM: Sweetheart, did you think...

JAMIE: I'm not saying "get back together," I'm not stupid. I'm just saying if I could get you out of here in time... maybe at least the house...

GRAHAM: You thought...

JAMIE: How can you not wanna go home?

GRAHAM: Jamie... okay, uh... have you noticed that you've forgotten about the screams even though you can still hear them?

JAMIE: What?

GRAHAM: Just listen for a second. [The screams, low.] Liz and Robin found a way to muffle them but not silence them altogether, so we wouldn't forget. But you *did* forget, right?

JAMIE: I had other shit on my mind.

GRAHAM: I don't blame you, it happens to everyone. Anything in the world that keeps happening, we *just get used to it* so we can function.

JAMIE: So?

GRAHAM: So whether Joshua leaves me or not, I want my life to be the life of a guy who doesn't get used to it. One way or another, I'm getting *someone* out of there. (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: That's... decently said, Graham. (as Graham, to Joshua) Wait, you're in my head, how have you not understood that's how I feel?

JAMIE: But they're faking it, Dad! Nobody just screams all the time, you'd get tired!

GRAHAM: God, Jamie! Stop saying that!

JAMIE: It's like when you wanna get off work: "Ohhhh, my scooping arm!" or "Ugghh my lady stuff!" or whatever—nobody just screams.

GRAHAM: How do you think Joshua feels hearing you—

JAMIE: They want you to throw your life away over bullshit!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Do you really want to know why they keep screaming? I was just in there, I should know. (as Graham) I-I think she just needs to go home—(as Joshua) Joshua speaking: Now I don't care in the slightest what you think, but your father apparently does, so, for him, I'll tell you.

JAMIE: Why would I believe you?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Because I can show you, but it would mean putting you in the prison interface.(as Graham) Okay that's not happening. If she's not doing the program there's no point to subjecting her to that. (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: That's not really your call, is it? Jamie: do you want to know or not?

JAMIE: Fuck you. Yes.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Joshua) Can we just assume for the next few minutes that it's Joshua speaking unless otherwise specified?

JAMIE: Fine.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Then let's get you in that chair.

[Over the following, Graham/Joshua lead Jamie to the interface chair and set up the interface helmet on her head, clicking and adjusting equipment, straps, etc.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: In the world I come from, my species—like yours here—is the dominant one. Not the smartest, maybe, but the one best equipped to bend the biosphere to its will.

JAMIE: You're not putting an alien in my head now, right?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Different chair. I promise.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: So we started finding ways to make that biosphere do the things we didn't want to do or couldn't do any longer. We made one animal carry our babies, forced another to circulate our blood, drained the root-systems of plants to power our cities. Our subjugated world wailed all around us, but, like your father just said...

JAMIE: You can get used to anything.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Except that some of us didn't. But what could we do? By then the exploitation was wired into our lives, we couldn't live without it. So a few of us—me, Robin, Deirdre, some others—formed a sort of... school to study possible solutions, to reach for some kind of life... that wasn't fundamentally theft. Duck your head a little.

[Graham/Joshua put the helmet on Jamie's head.]

JAMIE: Wait wait, you're catching my hair—okay, I'm good.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Now hold still, I need to apply the connections.

[With clicking, Graham/Joshua connect the helmet to Jamie's head.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Now the problem with Deirdre and Robin and the others is they were flat thinkers. "If we upload our minds onto computers our bodies won't be using resources anymore! Problem solved!" And then there was me, off to one side, the only one to say, "How is this anything other than abdication: lounging in our digital palaces, leaving the world to rot? And meanwhile all of this does need to be *powered*, doesn't it, where's that coming from?"

JAMIE: Did you have a better idea, or were you just bitching?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You can't fix corruption using the tools of the corrupt system. The answer isn't fleeing to another plane, it's finding a more efficient way to exist in this one. Letting go of our individual bodies and identities and reaching for some new form of physical existence where we simply *need less*.

JAMIE: You don't want to be an individual?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Individuals have to be fed. Every "me" is an open mouth. *There has to be a better way to live.*

JAMIE: Guess that didn't go over great since you ended up on computers anyway.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You're right. We overplayed our hand and they came at us in droves. I could've stopped them, decisively, but Deirdre wouldn't let me. So that mainframe over there, once our City on the Hill, became the only place we could run. And once they had us cornered in our virtual fiefdoms, they sent in their engineers. (sighs) Are you ready?

JAMIE: For what?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: This.

[With two low beeps, we're back in the prison, the screams everywhere.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (echoey, as if from a distance): Jamie? Can you hear me?

JAMIE (distorted) : Okay I get it, you've made your point, let me out.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (still from a distance): Now I just need to get you close to one prisoner, any prisoner...

[One wailing scream begins to grow closer.]

JAMIE (distorted): What is this, what are you doing?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (from a distance): It's like what your father was saying, only in reverse.

JAMIE (distorted): What are you talking about?

[The prisoner wails.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (from a distance): Wait for it...

[The foregrounded prisoner lets out a piercing SHRIEK. The entire soundscape reverberates with the sound.]

JAMIE (distorted): FUCK!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (from a distance, more echoey): Did you feel that? That shift?

JAMIE (distorted): Yeah I did, it sucks, let me out!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (from a distance, with more of an echo delay): Our captors didn't settle for shrinking our digital world around us like a vice. They programmed the sonic and spatial stressors of our environments to adjust, slightly but tangibly, every time we scream.

[The prisoner SCREAMS again. Rapid musical flourishes play.]

JAMIE: I can't take it, make it stop!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (from a distance): Of course you'd stop screaming at the same pain; everything goes numb eventually. But they made sure we'd have ever-shifting pain, triggered by our own agonized reactions. Each scream begets the next. And they can never, ever get used to it.

JAMIE: Let me the fuck out!!

[We're back in the Ghosthouse. Graham/Joshua remove the helmet from Jamie's head. Jamie is sobbing and sniffing.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Graham) It's Dad, sweetheart, I've got you, it's Dad, you're okay, you're okay.

JAMIE: Dad...

GRAHAM: I've got you.

JAMIE: (breathing heavily) It was—fuck—it was...

GRAHAM: It's over, it's over, you never have to do that again. (to Joshua) We're done for the night, you understand me, Joshua? We're done.

JAMIE: I wanna go home.

GRAHAM: I know, baby.

[Beat.]

JAMIE: But I can't.

[A somber musical transition gives way to an office ambience.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Is it up?

LIZ/ROBIN (on phone): It's on the network website now. Elder did a great job, it's a really full picture.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The Joshua quote?

LIZ/ROBIN (on phone): Okay yeah, it's there. But, a lot of good stuff too! Corey and Isaiah were great, Graham was great! Pull it up and see.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: [clicking on their computer] Thank you.

LIZ/ROBIN (on phone): So, not to be these bitches, but is there any chance Joshua was planning to say that all along?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's occurred to us.

LIZ/ROBIN (on phone): You sound... have you been home?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We spent the night here at the compound. Better reception if Gil calls.

LIZ/ROBIN (on phone): Okay... Brooke's body needs sleep, you get that, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Jamie's interview is here tomorrow. We'll likely stay through then.

LIZ/ROBIN (on phone): You're still doing that?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why?

LIZ/ROBIN (on phone): If you'd seen her on the livestream with Joshua...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You turned it off, right?

LIZ/ROBIN (on phone): Sure, but *we* watched.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What happened?

[A slow, pensive musical transition plays and a clicking clock fades in. Jamie leans over Graham/Joshua, shaking them awake.]

JAMIE: Dad? Are you up?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Mmm... Yeah, yeah, I'm...

JAMIE: Is Joshua there?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: I was *already* up.

JAMIE: Can I ask you a question?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Graham) Have you been crying? (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: What question?

JAMIE: My final interview tomorrow. With Brooke and Deirdre. What if I did it for real?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Graham) What?

JAMIE: I kept waking up all night... thinking about what you... what if I tried to do this for real?

[A slow, wandering musical transition plays.]

RILEY: Tell me.

MCKILLOP (Brian Silliman) (on phone): Okay, look, it's mixed.

RILEY: How could it be “mixed”?

MCKILLOP (on phone): We thought we owned the story through Sunday, nobody thought Elder would rush out his version like that.

RILEY: Does the broadcast version not have the “alter your minds and bodies” quote?

MCKILLOP (on phone): Oh sure, but... it also has everything else. That “love your neighbor” crap, all that “I’m saving lives just like when I was a soldier boy!” Our message got through! And it’s working, believe me, my whole caucus’ phones are blowing up, but... so did theirs.

RILEY: (sighs) How are you quantifying that? Is there already polling?

MCKILLOP (on phone): Nope, I’m just going off the 3000 percent increase in applications through the Nevada Project website just today.

RILEY: How is that...

MCKILLOP (on phone): One hell of a shit sandwich, right?

RILEY: I’ve always taught my men: “It’s not our place to understand the citizenry we protect.” But this... how are so many people...

MCKILLOP (on phone): It’s what we’ve always said: take faith out of the public square, take community out of the public square, replace it with isolation, porn, debased entertainment, all of it sent straight to your house... a lot of people are gonna be lost forever. But the ones who aren’t...

RILEY: Eventually they’ll feel the call to service again.

MCKILLOP (on phone): And these people know that, and they’re exploiting it. Everyone’s talking about aliens like they’re some game-changer, but they’re really just the same old shit: the latest sparkly fad people can latch onto and avoid admitting for another 10 minutes that Jesus Christ and America were the answers all along. The stodgy, uncool, old reliables who will *still* be there for you after the bullshit disperses!

RILEY: Senator, at this moment the Nevada Project is just about manageable. But if they start putting thousands of people through an irreversible process—

MCKILLOP (on phone): I hear ya, Lieutenant.

RILEY: At a certain point we hit a threshold where I'm operating a mass prison camp for American citizens who've committed no crime. At which point the decision becomes: order an unconscionable massacre... (whispering) or let them out.

MCKILLOP (on phone): So we don't let it come to that.

RILEY: Your majority doesn't get sworn in for two months.

MCKILLOP (on phone): But they're gonna be. And Diaz wants to go accomplish literally anything before he's up for reelection.

RILEY: You think he'd abandon the project? After staking so much on it?

MCKILLOP (on phone): Not if you phrased it like that. This weakling needs it presented to him like a nice, friendly exploratory step, even if he can smell the finality wafting out from under the words.

RILEY: Hm. Meaning I'd clear the camp...

MCKILLOP (on phone): And we'd conduct, y'know, an audit. An independent review of the Ghosthouse mainframe. "We'll use an outside company, Mr. President, unaffiliated, look, we have a list right here. It's just an audit. If no one's guilty, no one's got anything to worry about."

RILEY: And then in the process...

MCKILLOP (on phone): Well sure, I mean, big brawny men walking around, sensitive equipment...

[Beat.]

RILEY: All I ever wanted to do was protect this country. I've given it my whole life on this Earth.

MCKILLOP (on phone): I know, Lieutenant.

RILEY: But I won't move without the President.

MCKILLOP (on phone): Then let's make sure you don't have to.

[A drone with ticking sounds under it plays. Graham/Joshua and Jamie walk across the desert. Birds chirp. Jamie's wearing the backpack.]

JAMIE: God this backpack blows.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (laughing) It does, doesn't it?

JAMIE: I hope they saw I wore it all day yesterday. I want points for that.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Well, Brooke and Deirdre are pretty stressed right now, they probably—

JAMIE: So, give me tips!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Tips?

JAMIE: How did you get in, what did you say?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Just... answer honestly. They're deciding if someone's gonna live with you, they need to know who you are.

JAMIE: But... that's it?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (sighs) C'mere.

[Graham/Joshua hugs Jamie, kisses top of her head.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Just show them who you are.

JAMIE: (childlike) Are you coming in?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We'll wait for you right here.

JAMIE: Okay...

[Jamie opens the door, walks into the building, and closes the door. Graham/Joshua get out their phone.]

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): "Show them who you are?"

GRAHAM: Fuck you.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Are you making a phone call?

GRAHAM: Our first one together. Think you can behave yourself?

[A musical transition plays. Jamie enters a laboratory.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Hello, Jamie.

JAMIE: I'm wearing the backpack! I wore it all day yesterday.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Thank you for meeting us in this lab, we know it's unusual.

JAMIE: No problem, I'm up for anything!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why don't we get started?

[Shift to the interior of a driving car. Morgan's phone rings.]

MORGAN (Hanna Cheek): Shit, can you...

TALIA (Dani Martineck): Yeah, I got it.

MORGAN: I'm sure it's some bullshit, I told everyone I'm—

TALIA: Mom.

MORGAN: What?

TALIA: It's not bullshit.

[Shift back to the lab ambience.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: So normally at this point we turn the conversation to your ongoing professional obligations, specifically—

JAMIE: Right! I don't have any. That's why I'm perfect for this.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: ...Well, the concern that raises is—

JAMIE: Clean slate! Nobody's out there waiting for me, I can focus 100 percent on my alien.

[Shift to the outdoor Nevada desert ambience.]

MORGAN (on phone): ...Graham?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Jesus. Um—yeah, this is... Graham and Joshua, uh...

MORGAN (on phone): Graham and Joshua...

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sorry, this is weird to do on the phone, first family contact is usually handled more—so... Joshua is Graham's Second, meaning—

MORGAN (on phone): Yeah, I saw the video.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What video?

[Shift back to the lab ambience.]

JAMIE: What's the problem? I'm saying I'm free and clear.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, your ability to maintain relationships is obviously going to factor into whether we place you into a *permanent* one, so—

JAMIE: Is it really permanent, though? 'Cause Joshua doesn't think so.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Okay—what Joshua says isn't—

JAMIE: 'Cause if he gets that thing working, then maybe it's more like... fostering a cat?

[Shift back to the interior car ambience.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): This wasn't Elder's show, this was just some video?

MORGAN: It's you, talking about changing everybody's bodies or something.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): Just that by itself, nothing else?!

MORGAN: I don't know, Talia had it on their phone, but I was driving!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): Talia's with you?

TALIA: What's going on, Dad?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): Wait, wait! Where are you driving?

TALIA: Is it Jamie?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): ...how did you know?

[Shift back to the lab ambience.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You understand nothing in your life would be private anymore, yes? Your thoughts, your biological functions—

JAMIE: Yeah. I get it!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Your every action would be subject to consent: your words, your schedule... your sexuality, even—

JAMIE: Okay, whoa whoa whoa—I fuck who I want. My body my choice, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, it wouldn't be just *your* body—

JAMIE: Sure, I get it, but I gotta have *some* me time, right? Even scooping ice cream you get days off.

[Shift back to the car interior ambience.]

MORGAN: She's doing what?!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): It's just an interview, they're—

MORGAN: Well, get her out of there!

TALIA: He can't.

MORGAN: Where is she, is she nearby?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): Yeah, we're right outside, but—

MORGAN: So go in there and get her out!

TALIA: Mom: he can't! Jamie's 22!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): Exactly, we can't just order her to—

MORGAN: Do you seriously believe she is in any mental state to take on something like this?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: All right look, this is asinine.

MORGAN: W... what?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on phone): (as Joshua) Morgan, right? Relax. Your child is preposterously unqualified for this. They wouldn't take her if she was the last living member of your species. Now can we please stop having this ridiculous conversation?

[A tense drone begins.]

TALIA: Oh my god.

[The drone plays and then fades back into the lab ambience.]

JAMIE: (disbelief) You... what?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're grateful for your interest, Jamie—

JAMIE: No...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: But our decision is final.

JAMIE: What did I say?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: These decisions don't come down to a single statement—

JAMIE: I said I'm all in, I said I'll give up everything! That's not good enough for you?

[Shift back to the Nevada desert outdoor ambience.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Graham) I'm sorry about that, Joshua is just—

MORGAN (on phone): Just don't let them do anything to her 'til we get there!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: 'Til you—what?

TALIA (on phone): We'll explain later, just—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Wait, are you driving here?

TALIA (on phone): If they don't take Jamie, we'll pick her up, okay?

MORGAN (on phone): Nobody's taking her! Graham, you—

[Soldiers shouting, baffled responses, buses moving in slowly become more prominent.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Wait a second... there's...

MORGAN (on phone): What?

[An unintelligible echoey announcement voice begins playing over outdoor speakers.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Oh my god.

TALIA: Are you okay?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: It looks like they're... (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: It looks like that because that's what they're doing!

MORGAN (on phone): What? What's happening?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: SHIT! I have to go!

[Shift back to the lab ambience.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're sorry, but we have a lot of other obligations today—

JAMIE: I answered everything honestly! Just like Dad said!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'll be in touch about your transportation but right now—

JAMIE: Where? I have nowhere to go, this was my last thing!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Jamie...

[Liz/Robin burst through the door.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Shit, we've been calling you!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: There's no reception at this end of—

LIZ/ROBIN: Have you talked to Gil?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Not yet—why?

LIZ/ROBIN: They're rounding up the whole fucking camp!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (from down the hall): Jamie? Where are you?

JAMIE: Dad?

[Graham/Joshua appear in the doorway.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What the hell's happening?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Wait here. Liz, Robin, come on!

JAMIE: Wait for what?

[Brooke/Deirdre and Liz/Robin run out and the door closes. Brooke/Deirdre run to the far end of the corridor, Liz/Robin close behind. Sounds of commotion outside.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Is he picking up?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No reception yet, just a little further—[phone beeps] okay got it!

[Ringing on Brooke/Deirdre's phone. Gil answers.]

GIL (on phone): Ah, christ...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Gil!

GIL (on phone): No, it's good you called, there's a difficult subject we need to—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What is this? What's happening?

GIL (on phone): What do you mean—Jesus, did somebody leak, was it Riley—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Leak? They're putting people on buses!

GIL (on phone): Buses, what?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: They're rounding up the whole camp! We're watching it now!

GIL (on phone): No—what—shit! It's too early! (to an assistant) Shay, get the President! Get the President!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Too early?

LIZ/ROBIN: What, what's too early?

[A nearby door opens and Corey/Isaiah run in.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Come on, we gotta go!

GIL (on phone): They're not supposed to—the President only agreed in principle, they were supposed to give us time!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Time for what?

COREY/ISAIAH: I got a ride outside but we gotta go before they spot us!

LIZ/ROBIN: Hold on.

GIL (on phone): We were gonna work it out so you could leave under your own power—
goddammit! It's happening now?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What's happening now?

LIZ/ROBIN: Gil, we're trying to find out—

GIL (on phone): They're treating our handshake agreement like a green light, but that's not how we do things!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: GIL. What did the President shake hands and agree to?

[A helicopter flies by overhead as the commotion continues.]

GIL (on phone): It's an audit, that's all it is, it's just an audit.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: An audit of what?

LIZ/ROBIN: An *audit*?

GIL: Everything. The Ghosthouse. The compound. They're clearing the comp so an independent team can do an audit, that's all it is.

[A door at the end of the hall opens, and Graham/Joshua and Jamie approach.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What are they auditing? We've been totally transparent!

GIL (on phone): No you haven't!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sorry, should we be—

JAMIE: Yeah, what's up?

COREY/ISAIAH: Just stay with us!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (responding to Gil) ...what?

GIL (on phone): You keep turning off the livestream, and when you turn it back on there's some *thing* in there with a drape over it! And now that guy Joshua's all over the internet basically announcing that the Martian commies are gonna drink our brains! How the fuck do you expect *me* to work with this?

[Shouts and commotion grow louder from the other end of the compound.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Shit, they're inside!

COREY/ISAIAH: We gotta move!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Gil, nothing that's happened—

GIL (on phone): Ever since that Joshua guy showed up you've been undermining me at every turn, and now the President's out of options! (to assistant) Shay, where is he?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: He's ending the program?

LIZ/ROBIN: They're ending the program?

COREY/ISAIAH: We got one of their vehicles outside, but we gotta go before they realize!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Okay seriously, my kid is here, if we're about to—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Everyone QUIET!

GIL (on phone): It's just a couple of days. You'll stay in a hotel, eat in some diner, they'll audit the mainframe, then they'll bring you back in. All you have to do is hang tight. (to assistant) Shay—what—he won't talk to *me*?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Gil, you need to listen to us now: that "mainframe" is our family.

GIL (on phone): Nobody's gonna—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Would you let someone take your child for “a couple of days”? These are our people, Gil, you can’t take us away from our own people!

JAMIE: Dad?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We’ll, we’ll, we’ll figure it out—

GIL (on phone): Brooke, Deirdre, look, I... I get what you’re... you’ve gotta understand, this is the best deal we could possibly—

[Brooke/Deirdre hang up.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: GODDAMMIT!

LIZ/ROBIN: He can’t stop it?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: EVERYONE IS WEAK, EVERYONE IS A FOOL!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: This was always going to happen.

LIZ/ROBIN: Shut the fuck up, Joshua!

[Glass breaks nearby.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Hear that? We gotta go!

LIZ/ROBIN: Go where?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: You know Star Trek’s not the only mode, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: On the ship. The doors don’t have to just open. Am I the only one here who studied penal-class carriers?

LIZ/ROBIN: It doesn’t matter! There’s like 40 soldiers between us and the Ghosthouse!

COREY/ISAIAH: The jeep’s right through that door.

LIZ/ROBIN: They can still shoot us in a jeep, right?

COREY/ISAIAH: Sure can. Which means we gotta gamble it all on a hunch.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What hunch?

COREY/ISAIAH: That even after everything, Riley won't let them kill Corey.

[A dark, tense drone plays in a musical transition. The jeep doors slam.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Everybody in!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Is this one of their vehicles?!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Jamie, sit in the middle.

LIZ/ROBIN: How the hell did you get your hands on—

COREY/ISAIAH: Don't worry about it. Just keep your heads down.

JAMIE: This is so fucked.

[Corey/Isaiah start the jeep and drive.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Riley must have the whole unit out here kicking in trailer doors.

COREY/ISAIAH: Good news for us, means there's not enough guys left over for a decent perimeter around the Ghosthouse.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That won't last long.

COREY/ISAIAH: Only needs to last 'til we get there.

[Another tense drone plays, leading into the desert ambience. The Ghosthouse screams in the distance. Boot footsteps run across the sand. Suspenseful music plays.]

SERGEANT (Matthew Trumbull): Sorry, sir, we couldn't call you, the radiation—

RILEY: Tell me!

[In the distance, the elevator ascends to the Ghosthouse.]

SERGEANT: They drove right up to the elevator!

SOLDIER 3 (Bart Fasbender): They're going up now!

RILEY: Who?

SERGEANT: Not sure who they all are but definitely the director... and definitely Sergeant Wheeler.

SOLDIER 1 (Christopher Wilson): Do we fire, sir?

RILEY: Fire?

SOLDIER 1: I have a shot!

SOLDIER 2 (Maya Armstrong): So do I!

SERGEANT: Sir, at this point it's the only way to stop them from getting inside.

RILEY: But the door doesn't lock, right?

SERGEANT: We don't... think so.

SOLDIER 1: Sir I have a shot for like another 10 seconds.

[Beat. The music reaches a climax.]

SERGEANT: Lieutenant?

RILEY: Stand down.

SOLDIER 1: Sir?

RILEY: Stand down!

[Shift to the interior of the Ghosthouse with faint screams. The 'Star Trek mode' airlock door slides open. Brooke/Deirdre, Liz/Robin, Graham/Joshua, Jamie, and Corey/Isaiah run inside, and the door hisses shut. Graham/Joshua go to the door panel.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Disabling Star Trek mode now!

[A control panel buzzes and chirps, then emits a brief whine.]

LIZ/ROBIN: (running to another panel) We should turn off the livestream, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Oh. Yes. Thank you.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: And... Star Trek mode... [The electronic whine concludes.]...is no more.

LIZ/ROBIN (from across the room): Livestream's out!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: So they can't get in, and they can't see us.

LIZ/ROBIN: But we can't see them, and we can't get out.

[The Give Me Away theme opening notes plays.]

JAMIE: Well shit! Now what?

[The Give Me Away 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, Diana Oh, Rebecca Comtois, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, Kevin R. Free, Ato Essandoh, Hennessy Winkler, Brian Silliman, Dani Martineck, Hanna Cheek, Jorge Cordova, Matthew Trumbull, Christopher Wilson, and Maya Armstrong.

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

END OF EPSIODE 8