

[Low background screams.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (Lori Elizabeth Parquet): So they can't get in, and they can't see us.

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

JAMIE (Diana Oh): Well shit! Now what?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (Sean Williams): Sweetheart, it's gonna be all right, one way or another—

JAMIE: No it's not, we're gonna end up eating each other or some shit!

LIZ/ROBIN: How do you go straight to "eating"—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We control the livestream, yes?

LIZ/ROBIN: Assuming they keep it active. I mean it's a hard cable to the utility station outside the radiation field where the actual "streaming" starts. They could disable it from there if they want, but our guess is they'll keep it open in case we turn it back on.

COREY/ISAIAH (Hennessy Winkler): Why would we do that?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: To negotiate.

COREY/ISAIAH: With what fuckin' leverage?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: If they want to be able to access the mainframe they'll need to—

COREY/ISAIAH: They don't have to have access to it! Keepin' us sealed in here forever is just as good as trashing it! Shit, we didn't think this through!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Corey, Isaiah, without your quick thinking they'd already be in here.

COREY/ISAIAH: Can hear that sonofabitch now: "What good is quick thinking if it's not tactical?"

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: They won't just let us die. Too many of us are well-known by now, there'd be too many questions.

LIZ/ROBIN: Pretty sure they can weather some "questions."

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'll use the livestream to let Riley and whoever's behind him know we're willing to agree to a supervised audit, yes? Overseen at every step by project members—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Or we can just kill them.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: This really isn't a problem. We can just kill them.

LIZ/ROBIN: Jesus Christ—

COREY/ISAIAH: You got something?

[A low menacing music tone fades up.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No, hold on, we're not—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Of course I've "got something," I had it two seconds after we walked in: we kill them. I can do it right now.

[Menacing tone transitions into the Give Me Away theme. 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 9: A Bug and a Feature.

[Same location. Low background screams.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: The Ghosthouse emits a radiation field that disables remote communication in parts of Red Camp—we all know this. We also know it's harmless. Except that, like anything else, it doesn't have to be.

LIZ/ROBIN: Already with this shit?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Right now it's emitting slowly and omni-directionally as the central drive continues to cool. But it would be the work of minutes to disable the fuel recycler's purifying function, restart the drive, then vent the now very dirty radiation out of the thrusters.

COREY/ISAIAH: Goddamn.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Killing everyone in Red Camp.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Given that they've forcibly relocated all of our people, "everyone in Red Camp" now means "a bunch of soldiers who want to kill us." I'm modestly suggesting that we kill them first.

JAMIE: Yes! Do it!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Jamie hold on, we need to—

LIZ/ROBIN: You rigged this shit! You had this in mind from the minute we brought up the interview!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: This was always going to happen! My statement accelerated this by maybe a month!

COREY/ISAIAH: (sighs) When he's right he's right.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Deirdre speaking: So, Joshua, here we are again.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: "Again" suggests an exact repeat of last time. But maybe you've had an experience-or-two since then?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Deirdre speaking: So the thinking is, I've been kicked a few times and now I'm a mass-murderer too?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: I'd settle for a selective murderer. (As Graham:) All right, both of you—before this goes any further we need to figure out surrendering Jamie.

JAMIE: Surrendering me?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Just so you're safe, then (sighs) we can—

JAMIE: Won't they kill me?

COREY/ISAIAH: Nah, you're not one of us, you don't know anything. Probably hold you a couple hours then kick you out.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: And by then Mom'll be outside so maybe we can coordinate—

JAMIE: What?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (sighs): Oh shit, sorry, we were gonna—

JAMIE: Why would Mom be outside?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: can we go back to the important conversation?

JAMIE: Why would she be outside now?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: She wanted to—(sighs) she’s worried about—

JAMIE: You just assumed they wouldn’t take me.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Liz, Robin: is it possible to export the prison-interface experience to the livestream?

LIZ/ROBIN: Export as in...?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Obviously not the full immersive experience, but perhaps a, a cross-section of it that we could broadcast on the—

COREY/ISAIAH: Why?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You should know the answer to that better than anyone.

LIZ/ROBIN: You built that interface, you know it’s not designed to be looked at in 2D.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Obviously there would be a certain loss of impact, but if it were—

LIZ/ROBIN: “Loss of impact,” it would be gibberish!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: If it were possible to give them some sense that they’re endangering vulnerable, captive people—

LIZ/ROBIN: You know it wouldn’t be the public watching, right? It would just be Riley and the assholes backing him.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All of whom are sentient creatures capable of empathy.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: At some level you know this is flailing.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It’s harder to kill people you can see!

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey speaking: It won’t work.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It worked on you! All we need are a few allies in the—

COREY/ISAIAH: You know how many people Corey had to kill before he broke? Most people don’t break at all, but those that do, it takes a lot of time and a lot of hits. You’re not gonna make it happen today.

LIZ/ROBIN: And definitely not with a jerry-rigged 2D garble-fest.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You want us to let him kill them?

LIZ/ROBIN: No we fucking don't, it would be a disaster, and they'd send everything they have!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: They're gonna do that anyway! Either today or in a few months when everyone in this glorified prison camp demands the same freedom of movement Deirdre has! We're not deciding what, we're deciding when.

COREY/ISAIAH: They have to know we can hit back. Only way they'll ever respect us.

LIZ/ROBIN: Or it greenlights them to bomb us into cinders!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We need to think.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Sure, take your time, you have until we starve.

JAMIE: This is so stupid, just do it!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Joshua...

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: just hand me the baton.

[An anticipatory music cue fades up.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Can you open the outer door a few millimeters without it reverting to Star Trek mode?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: ...Why?

[Transition music. Sound of Riley running up stairs.]

RILEY (Ato Essandoh): I'm coming up, don't do anything!

SOLDIER 1 (Christopher Wilson): Yes, sir!

RILEY: Open how wide?

SOLDIER 1: Less than an inch. A couple of us tried pulling it wider, but—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (near distance, through door): Didn't work, did it?

RILEY: Director Harris! (Low, to Soldier 1) Pull everyone out of her eyeline.

SOLDIER 1: Sir.

[Riley's footsteps approach the door.]

RILEY: Director. And, Deirdre.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Lieutenant.

[Riley's footsteps stop.]

RILEY: Something, huh?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Quite something.

RILEY: Ever imagine all those months ago on my troop carrier that it would end like this?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Is this how it's ending?

RILEY: We're all adults. Let's talk.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: "We assure you a full investigation is under way."

RILEY: What's that now?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The other day when we were talking to Elder about the leaks: you promised him a full investigation was under way.

RILEY: Are you... asking for names?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It was interesting because it might have been true. You might very well have gone back to the barracks, asked which men got the best angles, enjoyed a hearty round of high-fives, and called that an investigation.

RILEY: "High-fives"?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What you didn't say was, "I never ordered my men to do this." You may have omitted the truth, but you never directly lied.

RILEY: Well now that sounds an awful lot like you're impugning my honor.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're not interested in your honor—

RILEY: Because it seems to me that a person concerned with honor wouldn't choose to exploit a traumatized young man for her own gain. A person or persons who prioritized honor wouldn't spit in the faces of those who stand watch over them every day and every night. And a person or persons who did do that? Well at some point maybe they would stop deserving honor in return.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The point is we don't think you've ever told us a direct lie. You may work for men with no limits, but you're not a man with no limits.

RILEY: Certainly my patience has limits.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Then make us a promise on your honor and we'll come out.

RILEY: Let's have it.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Swear to us that you won't allow any harm to come to the Ghosthouse mainframe in our absence.

RILEY: All right, look—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That you will in fact dedicate yourself to ensuring that the prison mainframe emerges from this audit completely intact.

RILEY: You know perfectly well I'm not empowered to—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Promise that on your honor and we'll bring everyone out right now.

RILEY: None of the plans for this audit include damage to the mainframe.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Lieutenant.

RILEY: No one has spoken to me about damaging the mainframe.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Lieutenant.

RILEY: If anyone, anyone has threatened you with any kind of—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: On your honor. That you, day and night, will protect our people.

RILEY: You can't ask me to prioritize strangers over Americans, you cannot ask me for that!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Joshua! Close it up!

[The spaceship door slides shut. Transition music fades up. Low background screams.]

RILEY: Hold on—Director—

[Transition music. The inner Ghosthouse door slides open. Brooke/Deirdre's footsteps return.]

LIZ/ROBIN: You okay?

COREY/ISAIAH: That motherfucker...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Liz, Robin... they're going to kill us.

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay we need to take a second here.

COREY/ISAIAH: For what?

LIZ/ROBIN: They will put those boys' faces on TV 24/7. They'll put their families in front of every camera. This world will never forgive us.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: If we don't act there won't be any of us left to forgive. Fifty thousand lives lost at the stroke of a crowbar.

COREY/ISAIAH: You think Corey wants to hurt men he served with? But they made this move, and protecting innocents has gotta come first.

JAMIE: I can't believe you're all still talking!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Every life in that prison, every defenseless life, is in our hands.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: All I need to hear is yes.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Joshua...

LIZ/ROBIN: Oh my god...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Can you—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Stop.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: Stop. It doesn't matter what you say. Because I won't do it.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): What?

GRAHAM: I won't do it. I won't kill them.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Are you joking?

GRAHAM: I won't use this body to help you kill kids.

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay, should we –

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): "Kids"?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Wait.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I don't want you to kill kids, I want you to kill heavily armed soldiers to protect thousands of helpless people!

GRAHAM: Consensus, right? Well, I don't consent. Try something else.

COREY/ISAIAH: You just gonna let this–

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Wait.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): There's no consensus between "kill them" and "don't kill them"!

GRAHAM: I think there is, and I think you can find it.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): You fucking infant, you've been with me for weeks and you think you know me?

GRAHAM: "Weeks," I-I sized you up in a day, I've managed guys like you my whole life! Brilliant lazy guys who fall in love with their first idea every time. You said yourself, you thought it up in two seconds, well I'm saying you have to work harder than that!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): You pompous fucking cretin–

COREY/ISAIAH: We gotta step in here!

GRAHAM: You want this body to move? I want your second idea!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Second idea is we all die, your idiot child included!

GRAHAM: Not good enough.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): You think I can't make you do it? I can turn your head into a warzone!

GRAHAM: I want your second idea.

[Joshua yells inside Graham's head, creating an upsetting echoing effect with a staticky undertone.]

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): GRAHAM! GRAHAM! GRAHAM! GRAHAM!

GRAHAM: God, STOP!

JAMIE: Dad!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Joshua, this is accomplishing nothing.

GRAHAM: Fuck, oh god, it hurts...

JAMIE: Somebody do something!

COREY/ISAIAH: Just do what he wants, we have to!

[Graham grunts in pain. The echoing effect and static undertone get louder, more intense.]

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Graham?

GRAHAM: I want... your second idea...

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head) (with echoing): My "SECOND IDEA"?

GRAHAM: Fuck...

JOSHUA (echoing): My second idea is you hook me up to the Extractor right now so I don't have to die inside a GUTLESS FOOL!

GRAHAM: God...

[The echoing effect and static undertone subside.]

JOSHUA: Wait a minute.... the Extractor.

JAMIE: What? What's happening?

GRAHAM: Tell me. What-what do you have? (as Joshua) Joshua speaking: A second idea. But you're not gonna like it.

[Transition music fades into the sound of Morgan's car on the highway.]

MORGAN: How can there be nothing? My phone pings every time someone there scratches their ass!

TALIA: There's stuff about the livestream going off again, but that's been happening for a few weeks.

MORGAN: Graham seemed... like actually scared, right?

TALIA: Dad and Joshua definitely thought something was happening, but..

MORGAN: (groans) So we just, what, drive?

TALIA: It's fine, we're, what, twenty-eight minutes out, we'll be—

MORGAN: You know how driving always seems like you should be doing that plus one other thing, like you're just sitting there (chuckles bitterly)—goddammit!

TALIA: So you're selling the house?

MORGAN: What?

TALIA: The house. How far along is that whole process?

MORGAN: Does it make you feel...?

TALIA: I mean a pang, sure, but...

MORGAN: I don't know how to explain.

TALIA: You're not obligated to.

MORGAN: I don't wanna... host anymore.

TALIA: Travis?

MORGAN: Anybody. I mean there's always a bed for you kids, obviously, but... I wanna live someplace smaller where nobody wants to go. A place that makes me wanna go outside.

TALIA: Huh.

MORGAN: Seeing Graham out there the night before, he was just so... clear about it, right? Like: a person can just do a new thing. Even if you're old and tired you can still do a new thing.

TALIA: Of course.

MORGAN: I liked being home-base for a long time. I don't like it anymore.

[An inaudible bullhorn announcement fades up outside the car.]

TALIA: What is that?

MORGAN: Is that a roadblock?

TALIA: Do they use soldiers for roadblocks?

[Morgan slows the car.]

MORGAN: Okay... looks like they're turning that first car around...

TALIA: Shit.

MORGAN: Which gives us... eight cars to think of something charming to say.

[Transition music fades into the Ghosthouse. Low screams in the background.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham are you all right?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: The Extractor!

[Graham/Joshua leap to their feet and runs across the room.]

LIZ/ROBIN: How is pulling you out of Graham—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: The Extractor removes all material from a human body that's extraneous to Earth's biosphere, yes?

COREY/ISAIAH: But you said it doesn't work yet.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Right, we can't extract the material safely, Joshua would die on his way out, but...

LIZ/ROBIN: Holy shit—the radiation! It's just as extraneous as we are!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Precisely.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You're saying we could irradiate the soldiers... but then remove the radiation before they die?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Theoretically. Only...

COREY/ISAIAH: Guessing this is the part we won't like?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We can't do it airborne. Too chaotic, too many variables. We need to dilute the intensity of the radiation, make it slower-acting so there's time to save the people affected. Which means a custom modification of the recycler in record time, but whatever, we're a genius, that's not the problem.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's what you're modifying it to do.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We need to convert the radiation into a form we can control. Something more like a contagion.

LIZ/ROBIN: But then how do you deploy it? Once it's biological, won't you...

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Need a vector? Yes.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: A human body. One of ours.

COREY/ISAIAH: Shit.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Seal them off in the airlock, irradiate them, then send them out to touch as many soldiers as they can. As they collapse, their fellows come to check on them, and it spreads from there.

LIZ/ROBIN: But whoever volunteers, if you use the Extractor to save them later...

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: The host is saved. The Second dies. [Beat.] Interesting problem, isn't it? You all want to step forward bravely, but it means deciding for two.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's us.

COREY/ISAIAH: What?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All responsibilities end with us. So must this one.

COREY/ISAIAH: The hell it does, this is what we trained for!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You have to stop thinking of your lives like that, you're not soldiers anymore!

COREY/ISAIAH: Sure about that?

LIZ/ROBIN: We'll do it on one condition.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What, no, you can't—

LIZ/ROBIN: Don't save Liz after. She can't live without Robin.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You can't. If we're gone, they'll need you.

LIZ/ROBIN: You're not going anywhere!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What if we did it? (as Joshua:) Joshua speaking: That's ridiculous, I can't die.

JAMIE: Jesus, you dicks, what about me?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sorry sweetheart, we're gonna get you out of here before any of this—

JAMIE: If it's me nobody dies, right?

LIZ/ROBIN: Well, Jamie, you could die.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's irrelevant, we're not risking an innocent child's life for our—

JAMIE: Do you mean me?

COREY/ISAIAH: You didn't sign up for this.

JAMIE: I tried to sign up for it! You fucks wouldn't let me!

LIZ/ROBIN: We're not going for this, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Of course not.

COREY/ISAIAH: We're wasting time, we need to—

JAMIE: What's he saying, Dad? [Beat.] Dad? What's happening over there, you guys look like shit.

COREY/ISAIAH: They do look like shit.

JAMIE: He's talking about me, right?

GRAHAM: No...

JAMIE: Really? The biggest big-mouth on this spaceship just stopped talking? What's he saying?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham you know we need Joshua to—

JAMIE: What's he saying, Dad?

GRAHAM: I can't... (Sighs.)

JAMIE: You can't say "I," it's the rules!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Baby I can't...

JAMIE: You have to, dickhead, he's a person just like me!

[Beat.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: It's genius.

JAMIE: What is?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Sending you. Not because you don't have a Second, but because they'll never see you coming.

JAMIE: Why, 'cause everyone thinks I'm a fuckup?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (laughing) YES!! It's your secret weapon! (as Graham) All right, Joshua, I let you say your shit, now it's over! We'll give her to the soldiers, they can—

JAMIE: No one's "giving me" to shit, I'm an adult!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Why do you keep saying that?

JAMIE: 'Cause you keep not believing it! You don't think I can be anything, you don't think I can be good!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: I don't care if you're good!

JAMIE: What?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: All I ever wanted was for you to have friends and a house and stuff you like to do and... a-a life. I don't care if you're good, I just want you to be happy.

JAMIE: But that's not what I picked for myself! You blew up your whole LIFE to be good! What's wrong with ME?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Fuck!!

COREY/ISAIAH: Folks, one way or another...

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Graham, your body and mind are my whole world. I know what that world will become if she dies. Know that I will do everything in my considerable power not to live in that world. (as Graham) We, no, this, we have to call your mom, she-she needs to—

JAMIE: Why? It's not about her!

GRAHAM: Jamie...

JAMIE: If you don't want me to save fifty thousand people, what do you want for me?

[Beat. Then a tense musical cue fades up.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Deirdre, Robin... Brooke, Liz.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're here.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: It'll take too long to bring the soldiers up here, they'll die. The Extractor is structurally identical to the mapping device you built, so—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Make it portable?

LIZ/ROBIN: We're on it.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Corey, Isaiah: we need to extract and modify the recycler, put it back, and then start up the drive.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes sir.

JAMIE: What about me?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Talk to us while we work.

JAMIE: About what?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Anything.

[Music cue fades all the way up, transitioning us into Riley descending scaffolding stairs.]

RILEY: Anything from Command?

SERGEANT (Matthew Trumbull): Not yet, sir. My man knows to send up a signal flare if they want you back at HQ.

RILEY: A signal flare?

SERGEANT: Unique situation sir.

RILEY: Isn't it just?

[The Ghosthouse spaceship engine starts. It continues to play low over the next few scenes.]

SERGEANT: Did that thing just... turn on?

RILEY: Spread the word: high alert. I don't think it can fly but we need to be ready to scramble just in—

[Soldier 2 approaches them at a run.]

SOLDIER 2 (Maya Armstrong): Sir! SIR!

SERGEANT: Why didn't you signal?

SOLDIER 2: They want you to stay on site, sir!

RILEY: What's happening?

SOLDIER 2: (out of breath) The livestream came back on. It's Harris. She says they're sending someone out.

[Transition music fades into inner airlock door opening. Faint background screams.]

JAMIE: So just... hang out in here?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Yeah, we need to run the recycler a bunch of times to get the radiation right. We'll check in again just before we...

JAMIE: Cool... what, like, yell through the door?

GRAHAM: Actually—do you have your phone?

JAMIE: Yeah, but it doesn't—whoa, bars!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: The radiation's all back in the system, none left over to emit.

JAMIE: Shit, I should post something. Kidding!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: It's okay to be scared.

JAMIE: Genius, guys, never heard that one before. Can I make a quick call?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: A... call?

JAMIE: I'll click over when you call, okay?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Calling who?

JAMIE: Whoever.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Make it fast. If the soldiers realize coms are back up they might try to hack in.

JAMIE: Fine.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Jamie, god...

[Graham/Joshua grab and hug Jamie.]

JAMIE: Jesus, don't hug me like I'm gonna die! Are you gonna let me die?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: ...no.

JAMIE: Then fuck off.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Yeah...

[Transition music fades up. Graham/Joshua leave the airlock. The inner door slides shut. Transition music fades to highway sounds.]

MORGAN: (yelling from a distance) We don't have to move!

TALIA: What?

MORGAN: (closer, quieter) They'll let us stay here 'til there's news.

TALIA: How did you talk them into that?

MORGAN: I mean it was that or shoot me, so—

TALIA: They might've shot you! [Morgan's phone rings.] What? Mom, what? Is it Dad?

[Transition to airlock.]

MORGAN (on the phone): Jamie?

JAMIE: I can't believe you were coming to pick me up!

MORGAN (on the phone): What—Jamie where are you?

JAMIE: What if I passed? You didn't know. What if I got in and you drove all that way?

[Transition to highway.]

MORGAN: Literally where are you right now—

JAMIE (on the phone): You'd look pretty stupid!

TALIA: Is she okay?

MORGAN: Are you in the camp, or—we've been seeing buses go by—

JAMIE (on the phone): I can't tell you, it's secret!

MORGAN: Are you on one of the buses or not?

[Transition to airlock.]

JAMIE: I just called to tell you that I'm better than you think I am, and I'm gonna prove it!

MORGAN (on the phone): Jamie, what does that mean?

JAMIE: You'll see!

MORGAN (on the phone): All right—whatever you're doing right now, you need to stop.

JAMIE: I knew you would say that! I know you don't want me to be as good as Talia, but I am and I'm proving it!

[Transition to highway.]

MORGAN: Nobody's proving anything, you need to stop whatever bullshit you're—

TALIA: Did she just say my name?

JAMIE (on the phone): Fuck you, I make my own choices!

MORGAN: Where's Dad right now, is he with you? Put him on!

TALIA: Mom...

JAMIE (on the phone): It's top secret!

MORGAN: Put your dad on right now!

[Transition to airlock.]

JAMIE: What're you gonna do if I don't? Yell louder?

MORGAN (on the phone): All right listen to me very carefully: I want you to find one of the soldiers—

JAMIE: Go to hell!

[Transition to highway. Sounds of vehicles idling nearby.]

MORGAN: ...and I want you to surrender. Hold your hands up so they can see you're not armed—

JAMIE (on the phone): Fuck you, no surrender!

MORGAN: ...then do whatever they say and we'll figure out the rest later—

TALIA: Mom give me the phone.

JAMIE (on the phone): I'll never surrender!

MORGAN: ...but right now you have to STOP THIS BULLSHIT!

TALIA: Mom, give me that!

[Struggling sounds between Talia and Morgan.]

MORGAN: What the hell are you doing?

TALIA: I've got this.

JAMIE (on the phone): I know you think I'm nothing but I'm not nothing!

TALIA: Jamie?

[Transition to airlock.]

JAMIE: (quieter) Talia?

TALIA (on the phone): Please don't hang up.

JAMIE: I have to go. They might hack in.

TALIA (on the phone): Stay on for one minute, can you stay on for one minute?

MORGAN (on the phone in the background): Tell her to give herself up!

JAMIE: Tell her to fuck herself!

[Transition to highway.]

TALIA: Are you both done? [Beat.] Jamie, I've been dying every day since you left my place.

JAMIE (on the phone): Good, you should've let me crash!

TALIA: You were wrong, but I was wrong too.

MORGAN: We don't have time for this, you have to tell her to—

JAMIE (on the phone): Me? What was I wrong about?

TALIA: I know you're a grownup. I know you can make your own decisions.

JAMIE (on the phone): Damn right!

MORGAN: What are you doing?

TALIA: And I want you to be amazing, and show us all you're amazing.

[Transition to airlock.]

JAMIE: Well too late, you should've said that before!

TALIA (on the phone): I know I can't tell you to do things. But I can ask, right?

JAMIE: For what? [Call waiting sound.] Spit it out, I gotta take this call!

[The call-waiting beep continues under Talia's words.]

TALIA (on the phone): I wanna ask... that when you make your own decisions... that you make the decisions that mean I'll get to see you again. (Tearing up) Because there's nothing in the world I want more than to see you again.

JAMIE: Fine, you'll see me again. Bye.

TALIA (on the phone): Wait, Jamie—

[Jamie switches calls, cutting Talia off.]

JAMIE: Dad? Joshua?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on the phone): We think it's ready.

JAMIE: Shit, you better know!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on the phone): Are you ready?

JAMIE: You won't wait too long, right?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on the phone): We won't.

JAMIE: And you'll come to me first?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (on the phone): Always.

JAMIE: Then let's do it.

[Transition music fades into men loading sandbags. Spaceship engine sound continues in background.]

SOLDIER 1: Sandbags coming up now sir!

RILEY: Get 'em in position. Okay everybody listen up! The girl coming out is not a hybrid!

SOLDIER 1: Threat assessment?

RILEY: Negligible: she's a handful but not more than that. Obviously check her and secure her phone, but our main objective is to clear her from that airlock so we can sandbag the outer door. I'll debrief her after. Is that understood?

VARIOUS SOLDIERS: Yes sir!

[The outer airlock door opens.]

SOLDIER 1: Sir, look!

JAMIE: Thank god, are you here to save me?

SOLDIER 1: Show us your hands!

JAMIE: I was so scared!

RILEY: Get her out of there!

SOLDIER 1: Sandbags! Now!

[Some soldiers pull Jamie from airlock, while others load sandbags in the doorway.]

JAMIE: (wailing) I was so scared, thank you for saving me! Can I have a hug?

SOLDIER 1: Sir?

RILEY: She's, it's fine—is it working?

[Jamie hugs the soldier. The outer airlock door slides halfway down but is stopped by the sandbags.]

SOLDIER 2: It's holding, sir!

[Cheers from soldiers.]

RILEY: All right, one down.

JAMIE: (sobbing and hiccupping) Can I have a hug? I need solace. [Hugs soldier, addresses the next one.] Hi, I need solace, I was really scared! [Hugs that soldier as well.]

RILEY: Okay, Ms. Shapiro, let's get you somewhere safe.

JAMIE: Please hug me, I need comfort.

[Jamie hugs Riley.]

RILEY: Great, let's take the elevator.

[Transition music fades into Riley and Jamie emerging from the elevator. Jamie melodramatically sobs over the following.]

SERGEANT: Sir, we have the mobile unit set up if you want to debrief her there—

JAMIE: (continues sobbing and hiccupping) I was so scared, I need comfort!

[Jamie hugs the Sergeant.]

RILEY: All right, Ms. Shapiro, I think you'll feel better once we—

SERGEANT: Also, sir? We think we have communication back.

RILEY: What?

JAMIE (in the background, to a soldier): Do you mind? I need comfort and solace.

[Jamie hugs that soldier, who vocalizes in surprise.]

SERGEANT: No one knows why but our comms, our phones—look. Good news, right?

JAMIE (in the background, to another soldier): Can you comfort me? I need solace.

[Jamie hugs that soldier.]

RILEY: Except that it's coinciding with that engine noise...

JAMIE (in the background, to another soldier): Hey, guy! I need comfort, I was scared!

[Jamie hugs that soldier.]

RILEY: Is there any way that ship could have armaments we somehow missed?

JAMIE: (sick, panting, to Soldier 2) Can you... please... solace...

[Unsettling drone. Jamie hugs Soldier 2, then passes out in her arms.]

RILEY: Hey! What happened to her?

SOLDIER 2: I don't know, she was hugging me and she just—

RILEY: Medic! Move, let me look at—[Unsettling drone again. Riley collapses.] ...what... what's...

SERGEANT: Sir?

SOLDIER 1 (calling from platform above): We need a medic up here on the platform! We... got a...

[The unsettling drone again. Soldier 1 collapses on the platform above.]

RILEY (whispering) : Wait... wait, the girl, she...

SERGEANT: Medic over here, now!

RILEY: (fading until he's barely audible) No, don't... no one... no one come near...

SERGEANT: Guys get over here, the Lieutenant's down!

[Soldiers run over from all directions. Ominous transition music fades into Ghosthouse spaceship interior, with its faint background screams.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: No, fuck that, we're not waiting any longer!

COREY/ISAIAH: If even one of them's still up, we're unarmed!

[Something heavy is rolled up to Graham/Joshua.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We can check, right, we can at least check?

[Rolling object stops.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay, it sure isn't pretty but it oughta be mobile—at least to the ground plus a bit more?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: This is... quite good.

LIZ/ROBIN: That shocked tone, always a fave.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Okay, opening the inner door now.

[The inner airlock door slides open.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Lemme go first!

[Corey/Isaiah step slowly and carefully through the airlock.]

COREY/ISAIAH: (quietly) Hold up, they got something jammed in the outer door, lemme...

[Outer airlock door opens. Corey/Isaiah step through cautiously.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Okay everyone on the platform is down, gonna sneak a look over...

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (slightly distant): Come on, Jesus!

COREY/ISAIAH: They're all down, far as we can see, everyone's down! You got the Extractor?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Grab the other end, let's go!

[Graham/Joshua and Corey/Isaiah pick up the heavy device. Corey/Isaiah grunt with effort as they carry it down the scaffolding stairs.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Feels wrong to step over all these—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Jamie. First.

[Their feet on the scaffolding stairs fade into transitional music, which fades into Liz/Robin setting up a device inside the Ghosthouse spaceship. Faint background screams.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay Brooke and Deirdre, ready when you are!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Switch it on.

[Beeping sound as Liz/Robin switch on the livestream. A chord fades up over the following.]

LIZ/ROBIN: (turning on livestream) You're live.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Once again we are Director Brooke Harris and Deirdre, addressing any persons monitoring this livestream.

[Transition to scaffolding outside, Corey/Isaiah's grunt with effort while carrying the device.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (voiceover): The people of the Ghosthouse have never pursued aggression against this planet or this country. We've been grateful for your warm welcome and kind accommodations.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Come on come on come ON!

[Transition to inside the Ghosthouse.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: But your attempt to forcibly separate us from our fellow captives with no assurances made for their safety is one we cannot tolerate. So, as you can likely now see from your satellites, we have neutralized your soldiers with a contagion from our home planet.

[Transition to outside the Ghosthouse. Graham/Joshua and Corey/Isaiah haul the heavy device over sand.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: She's there, she's over there!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (voiceover): Your soldiers are alive, and will remain so because we know how to treat this contagion. But you don't. And left untreated, it is highly infectious and rapidly lethal.

[Graham/Joshua and Corey/Isaiah run over.]

COREY/ISAIAH: God, look at them all—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: COME ON!

[Transition to inside the Ghosthouse.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: If anyone approaches the Ghosthouse—if we see any military presence at all—we will release the contagion outside Red Camp where it will rapidly spread throughout Nevada resulting in catastrophic loss of life. Any airstrike against the Ghosthouse will similarly release the contagion.

[Transition to outside the Ghosthouse. Graham/Joshua attach the Extractor to Jamie.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (voiceover): We can resolve this without loss of life. But that is entirely contingent upon your non-aggression over the next few days.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Okay six more to attach, don't switch it on 'til we say.

COREY/ISAIAH: Copy that!

[Transition to inside the Ghosthouse.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Once we've secured your soldiers, we'll be in touch with conditions for their release. That is all.

[Beeping sounds as Liz/Robin turn off the livestream.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay, it's off.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Let's get out there.

LIZ/ROBIN: You know we can't back any of that up, right? We're burned through all our radiation already.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: They don't know that.

[Transition music fades into sound of the Extractor clicking and humming.]

GRAHAM: What the fuck, come ON!!

COREY/ISAIAH: The readout says it's working!

GRAHAM: Does it look like it's working?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): It's a biochemical process, Graham, not a magic spell!

GRAHAM: Come on, Jamie, Jamie, come on—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Give me the readout!

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: Give me the readout!

COREY/ISAIAH: Here!

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): See, Graham, look, at that level she can metabolize it, her body can—

GRAHAM: Look at her goddam skin!

[Jamie awakens, groans.]

JAMIE: ...the fuck...?

GRAHAM: Jamie, Jamie?

JAMIE: (groggy) ...gimme a fuckin...

GRAHAM: Jamie, Jamie, sit up! Try to, try to sit—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Why do you want her to sit up? She needs to sleep for two days! Graham: It worked.

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: it worked.

COREY/ISAIAH: It worked?

GRAHAM: It worked!

COREY/ISAIAH: Be right back!

[Corey/Isaiah run a short distance away.]

GRAHAM: God, Jamie...

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I was... I was so scared.

GRAHAM: What were you scared of?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Fear is biochemical. I'm scared when you are.

[Corey/Isaiah drag something over to Graham/Joshua, panting.]

GRAHAM: I gotta text Morgan, she's gonna—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I built my whole life around never being that scared.

COREY/ISAIAH: Him next. Please, Joshua.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What?

[Corey/Isaiah drag a body closer.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Riley next. Please.

[The Ghosthouse screams fade. Transition. Jamie awakens in a bed, shifts.]

JAMIE: What am I... what...?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: How're you feeling, kiddo?

JAMIE: Like shit... [Graham/Joshua laugh.] Where is this?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The Research Compound. You're safe.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You're getting the deluxe treatment; the soldiers are sleeping it off in the Ghosthouse.

JAMIE: Mom... Talia...

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: They knows you're safe. We'll tell them the rest in a little bit.

JAMIE: Whatever... oh, fuck, man...

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We're sorry, it's gonna feel like that for a while.

JAMIE: But I'm in, right? They won't make me go?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No, Jamie. You can stay.

[Transition music fades into Graham/Joshua and Brooke/Deirdre walking down a hallway.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: It's amazing, just a couple months ago Graham was in some hotel room having the world's slowest breakdown.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Is he glad those days are over, or does he wish he had them back?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Neither exactly, it's more like... (sighs) He understands now that a breakdown isn't something you have by yourself. [Brooke/Deirdre chuckle.] What is it?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Old habits. We're walking to the far end of the building to make a call... but we don't have to do that anymore.

[They slow their walk to a stop.]

GRAHAM: The President?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Or whoever answers.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Why didn't you tell him that day? About the Graham-Joshua pairing accident?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: There were other priorities.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: It wasn't that you felt guilty?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: About what?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: That it wasn't an accident at all?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Of course it was.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: 'Cause Joshua keeps thinking about that day back home. In the Valley, when they came for our school, and Deirdre wouldn't let him strike back.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Deirdre speaking: I remember.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: It's not that you didn't want him to stop them. It's that you couldn't trust him to do it your way. Now look at today: Riley's neutralized, our hosts got a useful scare, but... no one ended up dead.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You think we planned this?

GRAHAM: Not this exactly, but you knew something like it was coming. The soldiers were only half your problem: the second you let Joshua out of that prison, you'd be on the clock. If it wasn't the interview it would've been something else.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We won't argue with that.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: This planet on one side, Joshua on the other... somewhere in the middle you're gonna need a shock-absorber. [Beat.] The prison did change you. You were always the quiet one but you never would've cooked up something like this.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Or perhaps you're giving the prison credit that belongs to Brooke Harris.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: All through those interviews, you must've thought you struck gold: A manager by profession, a peacemaker at work and at home. Conditioned by his own child to withstand tremendous arrogance without walking away, but driven by regret over that same child, forever seeking a second chance. Your dream scenario: Joshua's vision wrapped safely inside the soft, cushiony insulation of Graham Shapiro. So perfect that you were willing to risk placing your greatest asset in the body of a 50-year-old man.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Very interesting.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Isn't it?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Limited only by Joshua's typical failure to distinguish between a bug and a feature.

[Beat.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You wanted a 50-year-old body.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Joshua's vision is just as crucial as it ever was. It's also just as dangerous. Thirty years, give or take: enough time to rebuild your work from scratch, and then teach it to others who will take it further and maybe one day save these people who saved us. But not enough time for you to turn those ideas to monstrosity. Not enough time for you to build your own movement. Just as we need Joshua, Joshua needs a limit.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Meaning Graham's body. And the irreversible course it has to take.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: As we said: very interesting.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Maybe I'm faster now.

[A musical chord fades up.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Maybe you are. But we can't help noticing that Graham didn't join you in saying so.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: If the others knew...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: They'd replace us immediately. Maybe even with you. So ask yourselves: is what we do—our responsibility—something you actually want? [Beat. A slow version of the "Give Me Away" theme begins to play.] While you're deciding, wanna stick around while we call? It's likely to be a stressful conversation.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (laughs) It's nothing compared to our next one. Do you know what you're gonna say?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Mostly. But why don't we put it on speaker?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Four heads are better than two?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Let's find out.

[The Give Me Away Theme plays after 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, Diana Oh, Rebecca Comtois, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, Hennessy Winkler, Ato Essandoh, Dani Martineck, Hanna Cheek, 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 EPISODE 9