

[Graham paces.]

GRAHAM (Sean Williams): C'mon, c'mon, what the hell...?

[Three beeps as the door electronically unlocks. Brooke/Deirdre opens the door and comes in.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (Lori Elizabeth Parquet): Oh good, they gave you some water.

GRAHAM: Yeah, they...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'd asked them to have it waiting.

GRAHAM: They definitely did, basically the only thing they—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Just let us re-engage the lock, and we'll be right with you.

GRAHAM: Actually before you—

[Four beeps as the lock re-engages.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're sorry about this, but please understand that Red Camp is a secure area.

GRAHAM: That's fine, that's no problem, I was just hoping to—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: For now most of your movement will have to be supervised, but as you move through each stage of screening—

GRAHAM: No that's great, but is there any way—

[Brooke/Deirdre give Graham his phone.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Before we forget, here's your phone, it's been cleared. You're free to use it anywhere there's reception—which of course is only certain areas due to signal emanations from the Ghosthouse.

GRAHAM: Great, thank you—could I—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: But that does include your assigned trailer, so you'll have plenty of time to contact loved ones when we're finished up tonight.

GRAHAM: Thank you, thank you for all of that, I was just really wanting to use the restroom.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You need to use the restroom?

GRAHAM: Sorry—just—I’ve been in here with just wa—I’m not sure why I’m apologizing.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well Graham, the issue is that the restroom is outside of this room.

GRAHAM: Well yeah it—I’m not sure what you...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: On the other side of that door. Which is electronically locked.

GRAHAM: Sure, and if you don’t mind just—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We’d need to disengage that lock to let you visit the restroom.

GRAHAM: Okay look, I’m sorry to—I just really urgently need to—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: So convince us to do so.

GRAHAM: What?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Convince us to disengage the lock.

GRAHAM: I can’t tell if...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We’re not joking, Graham. Convince us to disengage the lock.

GRAHAM: You can’t... I mean you can’t just not let me...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: On what basis do you think that? What do you actually know about how the law functions here?

GRAHAM: Okay—look—if you don’t open this door—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Our authority may be unlimited, you wouldn’t know.

GRAHAM: You really need to open this door.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why?

GRAHAM: Because I need to get to a bathroom!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why?

GRAHAM: Because if I don’t... like very soon...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes?

GRAHAM: I'll piss my—I'll, I'll urinate in my pants!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: So urinate in your pants.

GRAHAM: What?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why would it be bad for you to urinate in your pants?

GRAHAM: Are you serious?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why would it be bad?

GRAHAM: Because it's... unsanitary—will you please open the—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What's wrong with unsanitary? Why is it bad?

GRAHAM: You're saying you don't know why it's bad to pee—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Don't worry about what we know, worry about convincing us.

GRAHAM: Because peeing your pants feels really bad!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Doesn't the urine feel warm? Isn't it a relief?

GRAHAM: Maybe if you're a little kid, but not if you're a grownup!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why not?

GRAHAM: Because it—Jesus Christ!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're not unlocking that door until you convince us.

GRAHAM: Because the pee goes down your fucking... are you really not... [rattling the door]
Can someone please let me out? It's urgent, please let me out!

[Graham bangs on the door.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No one's going to let you out but us, Graham.

[Graham continues banging on the door.]

GRAHAM: Someone open this door!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You're in a different life now.

GRAHAM: It's bad because it smells, okay? It's bad because it gets cold! Because if I can't change my pants, I'll get urine everywhere I walk, everywhere I sit!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why are those things bad?

[Rising musical tone.]

GRAHAM: Because the cold makes me feel bad and the smell makes everyone else feel bad! It makes everyone near me feel bad! If I pee my pants everyone loses!

[Four tones as Brooke/Deirdre unlocks door.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The bathroom is the door directly across the hall.

GRAHAM: Fuck!

[Graham runs out of the room, leading 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 2: Radical Hospitality.

[Sound of a jeep driving down a road. Transition to inside the jeep.]

RILEY (Ato Essandoh): You comfortable? Temperature good?

GRAHAM: Yeah, thank you. Never actually been inside one of these before.

RILEY: You've never been in a jeep?

GRAHAM: Well not a special... military...

RILEY: It has a fancy name and the price-tag would make you take up arms against the government, but it's just a jeep.

GRAHAM: Is Brooke in another jeep, or—

RILEY: Oh she's already inside. She didn't have to be cleared like you.

GRAHAM: Okay great, just wanted to... actually I'm not sure if "she"... if Brooke and Deirdre's sort of collective pronoun is...

RILEY: (chuckles) That's interesting, isn't it, Mr. Shapiro?

GRAHAM: Oh, you can call me Graham, it's just—

RILEY: I'm not sure you know who I am, Graham.

GRAHAM: I—I don't know who anyone is yet—

RILEY: Yeah, I'm not just the guy giving you a ride.

GRAHAM: Uh...

RILEY: Do you remember the rank I gave when I introduced myself?

GRAHAM: Oh... I'm sorry, I'm not familiar with the different—

RILEY: It was Lieutenant. Lieutenant Brian Riley.

GRAHAM: Sorry, okay, I got it now.

RILEY: And I oversee security pertaining to Red Camp, the Ghosthouse, and all personnel and facilities therein.

GRAHAM: Oh. Wow. Sorry, I didn't—

RILEY: No apologies necessary, I'm a public servant.

GRAHAM: And you're personally driving me to—

RILEY: Every time a new person comes to Red Camp, they ride with me. I like to take the first look.

GRAHAM: I see.

RILEY: And when I refer to Brooke Harris, I'm referring to the American civilian who is currently under my stewardship, and not the foreign consciousness that resides inside of her. Should the day come that I am informed by persons of appropriate standing that this entity does fall under my protection as a citizen of the United States, I will regard it as my duty to use the pronoun "they" in reference to this dual citizen. But today is not that day. You have a phone, right Graham?

[Riley turns on the turn signal and slows the vehicle.]

GRAHAM: A phone?

[Transition music—time has passed. Riley pulls over and stops, leaving the engine idling.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Hi Graham!

RILEY: He's all yours! No one else today, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Thank you, Lieutenant, no one else for today.

[Graham opens his door, gets out of the vehicle, closes it.]

RILEY: Nice to meet you, Graham!

GRAHAM: Yeah, uh... I'll...

[Riley drives away.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All good?

GRAHAM: Uh, yeah...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Then let's get you inside. We've asked them to set you up with some water.

[Transitional music leads into the sound of a toilet flushing. Muffled voices from outside the bathroom.]

COREY/ISAIAH (Hennessy Winkler, muffled through door): ...accept anyone over forty!

[Running water as Graham washes his hands in the sink.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (muffled through door): No, that was something you proposed in a meeting. Nothing was agreed.

COREY (muffled through door): So in the absence of consensus it's—Wait, Isaiah! ...it's just whatever you say?

[Graham turns off the sink.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (muffled through door): Corey if Isaiah wants to speak you have to let him.

COREY/ISAIAH (muffled through door): Isaiah speaking: who will he be accepting?

[Graham dries his hands on a paper towel.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (muffled through door): A Class Three, we're not sure which one yet.

COREY/ISAIAH (muffled through door): So this old man gets to skip multiple screening-stages straight to the on-site visit, you've already got his backpack ready, and now we're talking about pairing him?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (muffled through door): You'll get your chance. He won't pass without clearance from both of you, but right now we need to work!

[Graham throws away the paper towel, opens the bathroom door, and steps into the hall.]

SFX: Graham makes a conspicuous show of opening the door.

GRAHAM: (clearing throat) Oh, thank you, I feel a lot better now—hi.

[Corey/Isaiah snorts and walks off.]

GRAHAM: Um, who was—did I do something—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You'll meet them later.

GRAHAM: What's with the backpack, are we going hiking?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That was unpleasant. What you just went through.

GRAHAM: Well I mean... yeah.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It was intended to be. And there's more unpleasantness to come. But you need to know how to do this.

GRAHAM: ...not pee for a really long time?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Be able to persuade someone of the validity of an action whose value you've always taken for granted. Here, put this on.

[Brooke/Deirdre hands Graham a heavy backpack.]

GRAHAM: You want me to...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Put this on and don't take it off until we tell you to.

GRAHAM: Uh, okay... just lemme...

[Graham struggles into the backpack straps.]

GRAHAM: Oh my god. Jesus Christ, what is in this thing?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're going back in the conference room now. We won't be locking the door, you'll have free access to the restroom.

GRAHAM: Okay but is it possible to take anything out of this—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No.

[Transitional music. Time has passed. Brooke/Deirdre turn pages in a file.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And to be clear, divorce proceedings have not yet begun.

GRAHAM: Nothing formal yet, but we're both in, you know, accord.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Just know that if you complete this process successfully, you'll likely be finalizing your divorce post-Acceptance.

GRAHAM: Huh. Shit. I hadn't thought of... [Graham shifts uncomfortably.] Actually, is it okay if I take the backpack off while I'm sitting?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No.

GRAHAM: It's just if it's a fitness thing, I'm obviously not holding it up right now, it's just awkward.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's not a fitness thing, and it's supposed to be awkward. Is Morgan financially dependent on you?

GRAHAM: No, she has her own job, she has the house. She's not carefree or anything, but she gets along as well as anyone, I guess.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And your children, Jamie and Talia?

GRAHAM: What about them?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The same concern. Can they function financially without you?

GRAHAM: Well, hold on, I'm not actually gonna die, right? I can still—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You won't die, but post-Acceptance you won't be able to leave here for the foreseeable future. We do pay a salary for participation in this process, but—

GRAHAM: Oh my god. My job.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes, you'd have to resign.

GRAHAM: ...Shit, I was so focused on my family... I'm gonna have to talk to so many people there...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You think they'll have a hard time replacing you?

GRAHAM: I mean... probably not.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why not?

GRAHAM: The whole field's changing. Project management, workflow, it's a whole new thing now.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: In what way?

GRAHAM: So my job is to take a big projects, identify smaller projects within them, then put them together the teams for each one, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All right.

GRAHAM: And when I was coming up, that was all on paper: find the right batch of people with complementary skill-sets and you're golden.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: But not anymore?

GRAHAM: Now it's more abstract, it's more... team dynamics, the right energy matchups, personality matrices—this is so in the weeds, I'm sorry—it's about grouping people who... vibe off each other the best.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You sound like you think it's ridiculous.

GRAHAM: I mean... okay, is there eye-rolling, yeah, it can get a little... mystical. But... honestly... packaging teams based on how they're gonna bounce off each other instead of their on-paper qualifications isn't the dumbest thing ever. The truth is... I might just hate it 'cause I'm not any good at it. The truth is they might not even be all that mad when I...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Have you been afraid they'll let you go?

GRAHAM: Ehh, they'd probably let me run out the clock... [shifts uncomfortably]... I'm fifty, I'm affable... but that's almost...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Which brings us back to the question, then: can Jamie and Talia function without financial support from you?

GRAHAM: Look, we got out in front with the college thing. Talia's not working right now but their school is paid for, there's money from Morgan, there's whatever money from me, plus... it's Talia, everybody wants them around, they're gonna land somewhere.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham, we're obviously waiting for the rest of the answer.

GRAHAM: Jamie's a grownup, she works, she's fine.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: At a road-side ice cream stand. For twenty-five hours a week.

GRAHAM: And we send her what she needs to make up the difference. She's not on drugs or whatever, she's just—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: But to be clear, should you complete this process, your ability to support her would be significantly curtailed.

GRAHAM: Then maybe she starts supporting herself!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Do you anticipate that happening?

GRAHAM: I mean... at a certain point... even if I wasn't doing this, at some point... (sighs)... is this seriously a dealbreaker?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That's not how this works. None of this hinges on a single question. The committee will be making an assessment based on all of your answers put together.

GRAHAM: Wait, what committee?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Have you been thinking no one else was watching this? That we were conducting this session by ourselves?

GRAHAM: ...I guess not, I...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's just easier to have a conversation between three people than the entire group. If they have questions, they'll tell us and we'll ask them later.

GRAHAM: Well I just... whoever's watching... I just don't want anyone thinking I'm some guy who's looking to abandon his kid.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: On the contrary, you strike us as someone who very much doesn't want to abandon his kid. Which, in any other context, would be admirable.

[Transition. Music leads into Brooke/Deirdre and Graham walking down a road.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Sorry we parked so far down the road.

GRAHAM: (voice straining) No chance you did it on purpose so I'd have to lug this thing further?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'll never tell.

[Beep of Brooke/Deirdre's car unlocking.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Hop in. Just keep the backpack on.

[Graham opens the car door.]

GRAHAM: I'll be hunched half over.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We imagine so.

[Graham struggles into the car. Brooke/Deirdre starts the ignition. Graham tries to put on his seatbelt with difficulty.]

GRAHAM: Jesus... not sure about the seatbelt situation.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'll drive slowly.

[Brooke/Deirdre drives the car.]

GRAHAM: Where are we going?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The Ghosthouse.

GRAHAM: Already? Does this mean I'm doing well, or—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No, this is standard. [Graham shifts and chuckles.] What's up, Graham?

GRAHAM: I just realized, the backpack...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes?

GRAHAM: It's the egg they make you carry around in ninth grade so you know what it's like to have a baby.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (slight chuckle) With one slight distinction: even if you wanted to, this is an egg you can't drop.

[Transitional music fading into Brooke/Deirdre slowing the car and speaking to a soldier.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Harris. Screening visit.

[A gate opens.]

SOLDIER (Jorge Cordova): All good, drive on.

[Brooke/Deirdre closes the car window.]

GRAHAM: So this town was just... here? Next to the crash?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Most of the buildings are new, obviously.

GRAHAM: Sure, but that church, that saloon-looking thing—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Red Camp's a ghost town. Originally built for rail-workers, then dried up when they moved on. We took advantage of the fact that there was still some infrastructure in place. And it didn't crash.

GRAHAM: What?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The Ghosthouse. It didn't crash. [They stop the car.] You can see: it's not damaged in any way. It simply landed.

[They open the doors, get out, and close their doors. Faint sounds of screaming in the near-distance. Graham and Brooke/Deirdre walk over the following.]

GRAHAM: Oh right, I've seen that scaffolding on TV. People were complaining it breaks up the look of the ship.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes, we've heard that as well, but we've chosen to prioritize easy access to the door.

GRAHAM: Why is it so high?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (assuming a slightly quieter, more halting diction) Deirdre speaking: where I come from, when these ships would land, they would drop down into specially-constructed recesses in the... dock, roughly. When the capsule was fully embedded in the recess, the

entrance would be lined up with the floor. But obviously your desert doesn't have those recesses. (They resume their usual diction as Graham stops walking.) Are you all right, Graham?

GRAHAM: That was just... I mean that was just... Deirdre talking directly to me... about another planet.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Of course.

GRAHAM: Wait a second, though... if that's Deirdre saying that—hi Deirdre, I'm not trying to—has it just been Brooke talking this whole time?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No, normally we're in tandem. We decide together what to say, and then say it.

GRAHAM: Then you're... really fast.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We just started the earliest. Everyone will be like this in time. [They walk a little further.] As you can see, platform is accessible by stairs and elevator.

GRAHAM: Great, so we're taking the... [Brooke/Deirdre ascend scaffolding stairs. Exasperated:] You are shitting me.

[Transition. Brooke/Deirdre climbs scaffolding stairs. Graham follows, struggling, panting.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: One more flight to the door.

GRAHAM: (out of breath) Great, thank you...

[Graham keeps panting as he joins Brooke/Deirdre on the platform. The screens are a little louder.]

GRAHAM: So is there a code for the door or—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Remember the soldiers who tried to drill their way in?

GRAHAM: Oh right, the door just—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: For whatever reason, our captors left the outer door on what Brooke calls "Star Trek mode."

GRAHAM: Star Trek...?

[The outer door of the Ghosthouse opens automatically.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Star Trek Mode.

GRAHAM: And they just left it like that?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You don't have to lock the door if your prisoners don't have bodies. [The outer door slides closed behind them.] Now prepare yourself, we're about to open the inner door.

GRAHAM: Prepare myself for what?

[The inner door opens. The screams get much louder.]

GRAHAM: Shit. Right.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: There's nothing to be scared of.

GRAHAM: No sorry, it's just... up close...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You're about to get a lot closer.

[They walk into the spaceship.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You've seen this room on the livestream, right?

GRAHAM: Yeah, definitely, I recognize all this... even some of the scientists' faces...

[A new person approaches them.]

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): Is that Graham?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Indeed it is.

LIZ/ROBIN: Kinda silver-fox for our thing, isn't he?

GRAHAM: Is... that a problem?

BROOKE: No, Liz and Robin just aren't up on their manners.

GRAHAM: Who...?

LIZ/ROBIN: We're Liz and Robin.

GRAHAM: Oh! You're one of the—two of the—

LIZ/ROBIN: Nice to meet you Graham! And we're sorry.

GRAHAM: For what?

LIZ/ROBIN: Hook him up?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Please.

[Transition. Liz/Robin fit a device to Graham's head.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Is that fitting on your head okay?

GRAHAM: A little loose, but—

LIZ/ROBIN: Long as it's not falling off. Just watch the cables.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Brooke and Liz were part of the first Taskforce team to appraise this room. We couldn't even tell where the screams were coming from.

LIZ/ROBIN: All we had to go on were these weird-ass ports in the wall, but at least that was a starting place: we could use them to reverse-engineer adaptors and connect Brooke's snazzy virtual modeling program to the mainframe.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: At first we just used it to explore, to learn our way around the system, but then Liz had a brainstorm:

LIZ/ROBIN: Hook that same program directly into just the prison subsection, then funnel it through an immersive interface... which we just put on your head. Ever done one of those jail tours where they lock you in a cell to see what it feels like?

GRAHAM: Oh, uh, mo.

LIZ/ROBIN: You have now.

[Liz/Robin operate a switch.]

[Transitional beeping, then screams fade up beneath, then get very loud and nearly overwhelm the beeping. As the screams get louder and more intense, Graham starts whimpering and crying out in the foreground—then finally screaming himself. The screams reach a crescendo and then fade out, leaving just Graham screaming alone. Liz/Robin detach the device from Graham's head. Graham weeps.]

GRAHAM: Fuck... oh my god... I can't... I can't, oh my god...

LIZ/ROBIN: Do you think you're gonna throw up?

GRAHAM: Um... um... (panting) no...

LIZ/ROBIN: Lots of people throw up.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Give him a minute.

GRAHAM: It's... the worst thing I've ever... (panting)... what was...

LIZ/ROBIN: Graham? Robin would like to speak to you directly.

GRAHAM: (breathing heavily) Okay...

[Graham's breathing subsides.]

LIZ/ROBIN: (assumes a different, more delicate diction) Imagine you found your perfect home. The place you'd dreamed of living all your life. And you were finally able to live there. You walked through the doors, stood proudly in front of the view... and then someone shrank that dream house around you until it fit tightly to your skin, contoured to your body so that you could never quite stand and never quite sit, and while every muscle just shrieks forever. That's where you just were. That's the Ghosthouse. (They resume their previous diction.) It's okay, baby, you're out of there. You're with me and you're safe, you know that, right? You know I'll never let you go back.

GRAHAM: Are you... are you talking to...?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Robin. Liz is talking to Robin.

[Musical transition fades into Brooke/Deirdre pulling up their car outside and stopping.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Will you be all right?

GRAHAM: I just need to... (sighs)... I don't know.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You should have cell reception here. Call whoever you like.

GRAHAM: Is there anything I shouldn't say?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No. Everything's transparent here. [Graham opens his car door.] But Graham:

GRAHAM: Yeah?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Don't take the backpack off. Not even to sleep.

[Graham gets out, hauling the backpack, and closes the door. Brooke/Deirdre drives away. Graham hauls the backpack as he walks. A coyote howls. Crickets chirp.]

[Transition. The cricket chirps stop, and we're now inside. Graham talks on the phone.]

TALIA (Dani Martineck; on the phone): Wait, that's why you're calling?

GRAHAM: No, mainly I just wanted to talk, but, you know, you're my kid, this is a thing that's happening... I mean tell me if it's an offensive question, I'll drop—

TALIA (on the phone): Dad, Jesus, it's not "offensive," it's just... you know I'm not like the designated spokesperson for the nonbinary community—

GRAHAM: No, of course, you're right—

TALIA (on the phone): I don't mean to shut you down, I'm just not sure I understand where you're... coming from on this?

GRAHAM: It's just... it's on the news a lot, there's more of them now, the reporters are all saying "them" with no problem, because...

TALIA (on the phone): They're alien-human hybrids?

GRAHAM: It just makes me think about you.

TALIA (on the phone): Well look, it is sort of a thing, it has been talked about.

GRAHAM: In... in a good way, or...

TALIA (on the phone): Well it's like everything, it's mixed. You know from when I was growing up: if you're gender-nonconforming in any way, already you're in a minute-to-minute fight to get the people around you to relate to you as who you are.

GRAHAM: Right.

TALIA (on the phone): It gets to the point where you don't know who's worse: the people who just don't care, or the people who make an epic production out of every apology.

GRAHAM: Like I used to.

TALIA (on the phone): But sometimes the absolute worst people are the ones who probably think of themselves as really progressive who go around saying "I just don't get using plural pronouns to refer to singular people." Like they can't wrap their brains around doing something

they've already been doing their whole lives when they're talking about any person whose gender they're not sure of.

GRAHAM: Right.

TALIA (on the phone): So now there's these alien-human hybrids, two minds in one body, so of course you're gonna say they/them. Which is fine, in and of itself, but then it becomes like: are people gonna start using this as an excuse? Like, "Oh, it's just common grammatical sense for them... which maybe means it now makes less sense for you."

GRAHAM: Hmm.

TALIA (on the phone): Which, for people who've been fighting to be identified properly for so long... Yeah, sometimes I get freaked out and pissed off.

GRAHAM: Pissed off at the hybrid people?

TALIA (on the phone): Well that's the danger, right? That you get angry at the wrong people. It's not the aliens' fault if people try to use this in a shitty way. They're the newcomers, they're in this struggle too. So I have to watch out for that. The last thing I ever wanna do is shit on the newcomers, because I know what it's like to be on the receiving end of people who won't even do the bare minimum.

GRAHAM: Thank you. Thank you for that.

TALIA (on the phone): Okay, but... I still don't totally get why we're talking about this.

GRAHAM: It's just always meant the world to me that... there were people who knew how to talk to you about what you were feeling... because I didn't. And I sometimes think, like if it had been decades earlier, and some of the words and ideas weren't... like if a person had to try to... without any...

TALIA (on the phone): Dad how... worried to I need to—

GRAHAM: No. No. Don't worry about me.

TALIA (on the phone): Okay...

GRAHAM: I'm the last person you should ever—if you catch yourself worrying about me, call Jamie.

TALIA (on the phone): What, how did we jump to—

GRAHAM: I know it makes you crazy, I know I bring it up too much—

TALIA (on the phone): That's not what I'm—

GRAHAM: ...but don't spend one second on me that could go to your sister. I'm done, her life is just beginning.

TALIA (on the phone): What—Dad—you're not done— [Talia is cut off by a distant coyote howl.] Um... did you hear that too?

GRAHAM: Oh—yeah—I guess it was something—in the hall...

TALIA (on the phone): And you're still in the same hotel?

GRAHAM: Yeah, why?

TALIA (on the phone, dubious): I don't know, it sort of sounds...

GRAHAM: Nope, same hotel.

[Transition. Birds chirping. Graham's phone rings. He answers.]

GRAHAM: Uh... Graham Shapiro?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (on the phone): You're probably waiting for us to pick you up.

GRAHAM (struggling with backpack): Yeah...?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (on the phone): We're not. See you when you get here.

[Brooke/Deirdre hangs up.]

GRAHAM: Are you fucking... GOD!

[Graham trudges through sand.]

[Transition: Graham walks heavily into the conference room, panting.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: So: you're probably feeling pretty bad right now.

GRAHAM: (winded) Are you enjoying this?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That's your question, "Are we enjoying this?"

GRAHAM: Watching Grandpa Graham throw out his back?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why don't you answer that question: Are we enjoying this?

GRAHAM: No, you're fucking not!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And why not?

GRAHAM: Because you probably can't enjoy anything until you get them all out of there! I couldn't!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why do you think we showed you that?

GRAHAM: I don't know.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You don't?

GRAHAM: Because you're obviously trying to instill—and I find it pretty condescending, honestly, but—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why would you find it condescending?

GRAHAM: Because you're trying to make sure I know what a huge responsibility this is, like I'm not a grown man who's been handling responsibilities all his life!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Taking on a Second isn't therapy, Graham, it's a service.

GRAHAM: Who the hell brought up—wha—how is therapy coming into this?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why did your marriage fail?

GRAHAM: What?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why did your marriage to Morgan fail?

GRAHAM: I mean, "fail," we raised two kids, we built—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: At your wedding did you swear to stay together until you raised two kids?

GRAHAM: What the fuck is your problem?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why did your marriage fail?

GRAHAM: It didn't fail!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We picked you up in a hotel.

GRAHAM: A marriage is two people, two people didn't fail, it was just me! I left, it was just me!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why did you leave? [Beat.] Again, all of this is optional. You can go home any time you like.

GRAHAM: ...It went so far away.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Explain further.

GRAHAM: I can't explain! It's all things inside my head that don't... manifest as words.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Okay, you say Morgan didn't fail. When you subtract that, what's left?

GRAHAM: God, I wanna get up and pace but this fucking backpack!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: So get up and pace with the backpack.

GRAHAM: Every year the world inside my head got bigger.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All right.

GRAHAM: The world of my thoughts, or... fantasies, or hatreds, or conversations I imagined, or just grey silence... it just kept widening. The kids were gone, the house was... we weren't fighting, exactly, it was just... more and more of my life was happening inside my head. Which meant the inside of my head just kept getting bigger.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: So anyone who was on the outside of that expansion...

GRAHAM: Kept getting pushed further away. To the point where there was no way she could approach me about anything without me feeling like she was interrupting something. And she was interrupting something, she was interrupting what was happening in my head!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: So of course you think... if you could somehow have a companion within that world...

GRAHAM: You know what: fuck you.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Nothing in our appeal says, "Join the Nevada Project, be less lonely."

GRAHAM: Fuck you, this is total bullshit.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: This is a sacred order, dedicated to radical hospitality in the name of liberating the unjustly imprisoned. This isn't dropping out to follow the Dead, this is service, and that's who we're looking for.

GRAHAM: You're not gonna find anyone like that!

BROOKE: Excuse me?

GRAHAM: Whoa. What did you just say?

[Startled musical tone.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That was a lapse, and we apologize—

GRAHAM: Like hell that was a lapse, that was a disagreement.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You are in no way qualified to—

[Uneasy musical tone rises.]

GRAHAM: Because one of you knows I'm right. I don't know if it's Brooke or Deirdre, but one of you knows you're not gonna get some perfect cadre of warrior-monks to do this crazy shit! Maybe that's part of it—it is for me, I wanna get someone out of that thing—but the other part is everyone who shows up to do that is gonna be fucking broken or they wouldn't be here! Maybe you two soar above the rest of us, but if you think you're gonna hit your quota without a lot more fucked-up people like me you're out of your goddam minds!

[Musical tone subsides and stops.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Thank you Graham, we'd like to officially invite you to the final stage of the screening process.

GRAHAM: ...what?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What that involves specifically is spending a month with the community here in Red Camp, familiarizing yourself with people who've already completed the Acceptance process, and making regular visits to the Ghosthouse prison.

GRAHAM: H-hold on—hold on—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: If at the end of the month you've successfully earned the consent of the community, we will proceed to pair and then integrate you with a Second.

GRAHAM: We were just having a huge... wait, when did this happen, when did I pass?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, you haven't quite passed.

GRAHAM: What?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You still need to successfully complete this conversation.

GRAHAM: That we're having right now?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That's right.

GRAHAM: What do I have to do for that? [Brooke/Deirdre say nothing.] Brooke, Deirdre, what does that mean? What do I have to do? You're just gonna sit there? I just have to guess?

[After a silent moment, Graham takes something out his pocket and slides it across the table.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why are you giving us your phone?

GRAHAM: Because you said you cleared it. You haven't.

[Transition. A jeep is idling. We've returned to the earlier scene with Riley.]

RILEY: But today is not that day. [Turns on turn signal.] You have a phone, right Graham?

GRAHAM: A phone?

RILEY: Oh, you're not gonna tell me you didn't bring your phone with you?

GRAHAM: No, I... [Takes phone out.] ...yeah, it's here.

[Riley pulls the jeep over and parks it.]

RILEY: Give it to me.

GRAHAM: Whoa-

RILEY: You're in a military jurisdiction, Graham. You've been in one ever since you passed through processing. Now I'm not gonna say my word is law—there are actual laws here—but those laws, give me enormous discretionary command. And the latitude to implement sanctions when that command isn't respected. Give me your phone.

GRAHAM: ...okay, here.

[Graham hands Riley his phone. Riley attaches another device to it. A beep as a process occurs. Beeping continues as Riley talks.]

SFX: Graham gives Riley his phone. Over the following, Riley attaches another device to it and runs a program.

RILEY: Now it's only gonna take about sixty seconds to insert this sub-routine on your phone, so I'll make this quick: if it ever rings, and you see my name appear—what's my rank again?

GRAHAM: Lieutenant.

RILEY: If you ever see "Lieutenant Riley" appear on this phone, you pick up immediately, and you answer every question I ask. That's pretty clear, right?

GRAHAM: Yeah.

[Beeping continues.]

RILEY: Thanks, Graham, appreciate you making this efficient. Ah, on a related note: if you tell any civilian in Red Camp about this little moment we're having right now, well, I'd refer you again to this being a military jurisdiction.

GRAHAM: I understand.

[Beeps get faster, then stop.]

RILEY: Ah, you hear that? In and out, no muss, no fuss. [Riley starts the car and resumes driving.] Graham, I get that you and your friends are embarking on the Great Adventure of Life, but nothing's changed for me. I'm still a sentinel. And if something I can't clearly perceive is approaching American shores? Well, a great man once said "Trust, but verify."

[Musical transition brings us back to the previous scene with Brooke/Deirdre in the conference room.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Take your phone back.

GRAHAM: You don't need to... like...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Remove the sub-routine? That seems ill-advised.

GRAHAM: What does it do?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It lets the Lieutenant listen to us through your phone, we imagine.

GRAHAM: What?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Though of course as we said earlier, due to emanations from the Ghosthouse, only certain areas of Red Camp—none of which overlap with this room—have any signal at all.

GRAHAM: If he calls... what do you want me to tell him?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The truth, Graham. For at least the foreseeable future, we have nothing to hide. May we shake your hand?

[Closing theme fades up.]

GRAHAM: Uh, yeah...

[Graham hauls the backpack to stand and shakes hands with Brooke/Deirdre.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Welcome to the final stage.

[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, Ato Essandoh, Hennessy Winkler, Jorge Cordova, Rebecca Comtois, and Dani Martineck.

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

END OF EPISODE 2