

GIVE ME AWAY—TRANSCRIPT
EPISODE 3: HOW TIME WORKS WHEN IT'S DARK

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GRAHAM (Sean Williams) (on the phone): So...

TRAVIS (Nat Cassidy) (on the phone): Yeah, no, I heard you.

GRAHAM: Well I guess what we can do is go ahead and end it there for now, and then maybe—

TRAVIS: Sounds good.

[Travis hangs up. After a pause, Graham's phone rings. Graham answers.]

GRAHAM: Hey Travis.

TRAVIS: You're full of shit.

[Travis hangs up. After a pause, Graham's phone rings. Graham answers.]

GRAHAM: Travis?

TRAVIS: You think you got me, you think you got me on the back foot, but you don't, you're full of shit.

[Travis hangs up. After a pause, Graham's phone rings. Graham answers.]

GRAHAM: Look, there's no reason we have to keep—

TRAVIS: See here's the thing:

GRAHAM: Yeah.

TRAVIS: You know how me n' Morgan's whole schtick is how someday I'm gonna get her to fuck me, but it'll never actually happen?

GRAHAM: Yeah.

TRAVIS: But then one night I tried to convince you that we actually had made out a little bit—

GRAHAM: I don't think I remember—

TRAVIS: ...she even gave me a partial handjob?

GRAHAM: (interrupting) Okay yeah, I remember the partial handj—did we ever clarify what a "partial handjob" is—

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TRAVIS: And you kept polite-laughing like “Oh I’m sure it’s a joke,” but I played it deadly serious and kept insisting that it really happened?

GRAHAM: Okay yeah, I remember that.

TRAVIS: Yeah, I wasn’t even apologizing, I-I-I was just letting you know, just so you had all the facts, and you could do with them as you saw fit?

GRAHAM: Yes, as you fill in the details, I’m definitely remembering—

TRAVIS: And do you remember how agitated you got?

GRAHAM: I did? Did I believe you?

TRAVIS: Of course you didn’t believe me, Morgan wouldn’t touch my dick with a rake, but you got agitated because I was committing to the bit and you didn’t understand why.

GRAHAM: Well I don’t remember clearly but it sounds like maybe I didn’t understand the purpose of the—

TRAVIS: EXACTLY. Exactly. You didn’t get what I was doing. Like-like-like, if it was a joke, what was the joke? Just that I was lying? Lying counts as a joke?

GRAHAM: Yeah, that does seem like how I’d feel—

TRAVIS: That’s how I know you’re not full of shit now.

GRAHAM: So I’m *not* full—

TRAVIS: Because it is completely beyond your baby-smooth brain to deploy something like this as a joke. So you either... mean it, or you think you mean it—

GRAHAM: Travis, I’m calling you from Nevada—

TRAVIS: ...and either way you have lost the fucking plot, you are wandering in the fucking moors in a nightshirt!

[Travis hangs up. After a pause, Graham’s phone rings. Graham answers.]

GRAHAM: Hi Travis.

TRAVIS: You know why you’re full of shit?

GRAHAM: (laughing) Now I’m back to being—

TRAVIS: Because while Morgan will never so much as shoot me a sultry look until the heat-death of my ballsack, she would absolutely betray your confidence in one second. If you went to her with this fuckery first, and implored her not to tell anyone else, she'd have texted me before you got all the words out. Which means... you're telling *me* before her.

GRAHAM: (sighs) If you don't mind just holding off until—

TRAVIS: Which means you want me to be the one to tell her.

GRAHAM: No, no. No. I just wanna... be able to—

TRAVIS: And I'm not going to. I would if you didn't want me to, but since you so clearly do, I'm not saying shit. I am not your way out of this one. I am gonna deeply respect your confidence while you turn on the fucking spit.

[As Travis hangs up, his final word “spit” echoes, 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 3: How Time Works When It's Dark.

[The theme fades into sounds of screams in an echo chamber. Then the screams abruptly cut off.]

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): Take your time, you were in there a while.

GRAHAM: Mm-hmm...

[The spaceship door slides open in the near-distance. Muted chatter as people come in.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Looks like the next shift's coming in, but don't feel hurried. Definitely don't stand until you feel ready.

GRAHAM: How do you know how long to leave me in?

LIZ/ROBIN: Supposedly a bunch of fancy indicators, but mainly heart rate and guessing.

GRAHAM: (weak laughter) What is the thinking behind the repeated visits?

LIZ/ROBIN: It's not about torturing you.

GRAHAM: I didn't think it was, it's just, it's clear right away how bad a situation it is.

LIZ/ROBIN: The first time tells you it's bad. Subsequent visits are about learning how it builds over time, the long-term experience of it. Your first couple weeks after Acceptance are gonna be hard. We're putting a whole person in your head, a person who's probably gonna be kinda difficult at first. You need to understand, deeply, what kind of life that person's coming from.

GRAHAM: Okay.

LIZ/ROBIN: We're in love now, but Liz and Robin had a rocky start. That first week post-Acceptance, we both thought we'd made the worst mistake of our lives, and with Robin that's out of hundreds of years of life.

GRAHAM: God.

LIZ/ROBIN: 'Cause think about it: getting out of just regular Earth prison is tough enough, people need a long time to adjust from that alone. Now picture getting out of prison and going directly into a situation where you're totally dependent on another person to do literally anything. You're both gonna need tons of patience, but mostly you, 'cause you're the one who moves the body. So being able to put yourself in your Second's shoes is crucial.

GRAHAM: Mm. You said—I'm sorry if this is—but since you said it—

LIZ/ROBIN: The thing about how we're in love?

GRAHAM: Yeah, is that standard way to speak about—

LIZ/ROBIN: Not at all. No, we're the only romantic pairing so far—but, c'mon, we're not gonna be the last.

GRAHAM: You and Robin.

LIZ/ROBIN: Liz and Robin both, we're both here.

GRAHAM: Right, yes, I'm sorry.

LIZ/ROBIN: Brooke hated it at first. (gently mocking imitation of Brooke/Deirdre) "Oh, no, that's not the, whatever, the ethical" —(Back to Liz/Robin's regular voice) but it's not about ethical, it's how we feel. If Liz was forcing it on Robin that'd be one thing, but it's, uh... let's just say, it is a very reciprocal situation.

GRAHAM: ...I feel like you're hinting that I should ask you—

LIZ/ROBIN: We have sex. Like, a lot of sex.

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GRAHAM: Oh. Well good.

LIZ/ROBIN: Like first-three-months-of-the-relationship sex.

GRAHAM: Do you mean via... uh, like masturbation, or—

LIZ/ROBIN: If it's Liz and Robin doing it, it's not masturbation.

GRAHAM: You mean Robin tells you—sorry—tells Liz what to, how to...

LIZ/ROBIN: If that's the game we're playing that night, sure, but most of the time we just do it together.

GRAHAM: Okay... lemme me preface this—I believe everything you're saying, just...

LIZ/ROBIN: You can probably just spit it out, we don't bruise easily.

GRAHAM: ...since only Liz can speak, we would only have Liz's word that the, um, romance was mutually...

LIZ/ROBIN: Ha!

GRAHAM: I'm not saying that's what I think is happening, I'm just saying in general—

LIZ/ROBIN: (laughing) Trust us, once you've been through Acceptance you'll understand: it's really hard to lie about what your Second wants.

BEATRIZ (Alba Ponce de León) (from across the room): ...Graham?

GRAHAM: ...B? Beatriz?

BEATRIZ: Holy shit, Graham, what are you doing here?

LIZ/ROBIN: You guys know each other?

GRAHAM: From... work.

[Transition music. Sounds of a cafeteria: a few other diners nearby, forks on plates.]

BEATRIZ: I would've eaten bland crap for years for an opportunity like this, but the food's actually kinda good here.

GRAHAM: Yeah. I like it too.

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BEATRIZ: God this is crazy you being here! I'm still trying to process it.

GRAHAM: I am too, sort of.

BEATRIZ: This wasn't... I mean, did this have anything to—

GRAHAM: Oh—no no no—nothing to do with you coming here, it was all—

BEATRIZ: And I wasn't assuming—

GRAHAM: It was basically... yes, you landing the job made me sort of more aware of this place than I might've been otherwise, but the... I guess the... series of thoughts that led to me coming here started a long time before that.

BEATRIZ: I don't even know if I could imagine that series of thoughts. I mean, I don't mean that in a bad way—

GRAHAM: No, I mean... if you asked me to write them down in order, I wouldn't even...

BEATRIZ: And you definitely feel like you're...?

GRAHAM: Going through with it? If they let me.

BEATRIZ: Wow, zero hesitation.

GRAHAM: I mean do you... presumably you're in favor of the whole—

BEATRIZ: I just wish there was proper training, that's all, I wish there was a standardized course of preparation.

GRAHAM: Supposedly they're working on that.

BEATRIZ: Sure, and I get that this is unprecedented, and I get that every day we wait...

GRAHAM: People suffer.

BEATRIZ: I just want you to be okay.

GRAHAM: I mean, Brooke and Deirdre make me play Simon Says every day, so...

BEATRIZ: You are kidding me.

GRAHAM: And it's Brooke and Deirdre, so they're deadly serious about it too. It's not the same thing, obviously, but... it does make you listen.

BEATRIZ: I bet.

GRAHAM: It actually never occurred to me that I'd see you here, I assumed your part was over.

BEATRIZ: Oh, with the storage consult stuff?

GRAHAM: Like once they knew even our biggest servers couldn't—

BEATRIZ: Yeah, but by then I'd kinda angled my way into supporting everybody, like I was doing bits and bobs for this team, that team, whoever.

GRAHAM: Same angle you worked in our old shop: quietly, patiently makin' sure no one can do without you.

BEATRIZ: You noticed that?

GRAHAM: I was supposed to.

BEATRIZ: Well I mean come on, I'm not getting rotated off the gig with the alien space ship, are you kidding me? (Laughs) I woulda done dumb stuff to stick around. But instead I got in tight with the team that was figuring out how to get our hardware to talk to theirs.

GRAHAM: That's the people I saw you with before?

BEATRIZ: God it was so amazing... just how much and how little we could learn at the same time. Like there was no avenue for direct communication, the linguistics were way too far apart for that. But we could figure out so much just watching the behavior.

GRAHAM: The behavior of what, the data?

BEATRIZ: I mean that's what the prisoners are, dissidents converted into information. Okay, we didn't know that they were dissidents then, we didn't even know they were discrete entities at first. But once we figured out how to perceive that data as individual files—this one ends here, the next one starts there—we could start to see how one file was somehow being... I guess foregrounded?

GRAHAM: Foregrounded for what? Oh, to be transferred! Like, "do this one first"?

BEATRIZ: That was our guess too. Turns out, we guessed right.

GRAHAM: So that file was Deirdre? Brooke's Deirdre?

BEATRIZ: Oh... no... uh...

GRAHAM: What's wrong?

BEATRIZ: No, the first one was...

GRAHAM: Oh shit—right.

BEATRIZ: The one we lost.

GRAHAM: I'm sorry.

BEATRIZ: I gotta get back. Wanna walk me?

[Transition. Walking through sand, nearby vehicles.]

BEATRIZ: Have you told the old shop yet?

GRAHAM: ...Yeah, that was...

BEATRIZ: I can't imagine anybody was mean about it.

GRAHAM: No, not at all, I just really felt like shit. I had sort of thought that I was out to pasture there, but—

BEATRIZ: No way, you were the old-school guy, everybody liked you.

GRAHAM: Really?

BEATRIZ: Why not? You put together solid working groups, you got back to requests fast, you were nice to be around, and if you were leering no one ever spotted it.

GRAHAM: The total package.

BEATRIZ: (laughs) And now I get all that to myself! I should call 'em to gloat.

GRAHAM: Well, for another couple weeks.

BEATRIZ: ...Right. I guess that's right.

[Transition. Sound of an internal phone-ringing.]

JAMIE (Diana Oh) (recorded voice on phone): This is Jamie Shapiro, leave a message.

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GRAHAM: Okay Jamie, I know we're doing the thing where it's gonna take a dozen calls, texts, whatever-kind-of-messages before you get back to me, and normally that's fine, but it's really urgent that I speak to you as soon as possible. I promise not to ask you about your life, I just—[A call-waiting beep sounds and continues under the following.] Uh...just call me. If I can't answer right that second I'll call back as fast as I can. Love you, bye. [Graham switches calls.] It really does say "Lieutenant."

RILEY (Ato Essandoh) (on phone): Picking right up. We're off to a good start.

[Transition music. Door opens as Riley enters the room.]

RILEY: Graham! Great to see you. No need to get up. Crazy how these perimeter checkpoints only have one chair, when there's two men assigned to each one.

GRAHAM: Do you—want the chair or—

RILEY: No, you sit, I'll stand, I think that works.

GRAHAM: Okay.

RILEY: So, the big four-week mark. How're you settling in?

GRAHAM: I'm fine, I'm, um, comfortable, I'm—

RILEY: You're comfortable?

GRAHAM: I'm fine. Everything has... been fine.

RILEY: Seems like you're spending a lot of time in places where your phone doesn't work.

GRAHAM: No—what? Not intentionally, it's just how the—

RILEY: I'm just saying you might wanna keep an eye on your time management, that's all. Maybe keep a diary: "How many minutes I spent here, how many there?," see if you start to notice any patterns.

GRAHAM: What are you even—

[Pause.]

RILEY: Was there gonna be any more there, buddy?

GRAHAM: I'm very confused by this.

RILEY: Really? I'm using pretty basic words.

GRAHAM: I don't understand why you're—it feels like you're trying to concoct some sort of...

RILEY: What? What am I concocting?

GRAHAM: Some kind of... illicit scenario... and it doesn't make any sense!

RILEY: Oh, you're getting kinda agitated there, Graham.

GRAHAM: There's nothing in the whole town I hadn't already seen on TV!

RILEY: Not even when they put that thing on your head every day at 11 a.m.?

GRAHAM: What—but that's—you can't show that on—(stammering) it's your brain, you can't take a camera with you—

RILEY: See a lot of people think breath control is some kind of frou-frou candle-store thing, but I honestly include it in training drills with my men. Maintaining a level tone helps maintain a level mind. That never came up in project management?

GRAHAM: I don't know what you want, and I don't know what you're threatening me with if I don't give it to you.

RILEY: How's Corey?

GRAHAM: Who?

RILEY: All those times you're out of signal range, how much of that are you spending with Corey?

GRAHAM: Who's Corey?

RILEY: Buddy...

GRAHAM: No, I really don't know who you mean. I swear, I don't know who that is, they've only let me meet like a couple people!

RILEY: (making a tsk-ing sound) Again, Graham, breath control, you're inventing things to be agitated about.

GRAHAM: I'm... (calming himself) I don't know a Corey. What other questions do you have?

RILEY: At some point in the near future, Brooke is gonna call you in and let you know if you cleared the final stage or not and if you did, are you sure you wanna go through with it? I wanna

know your answer before she does. And before you suck in air for any foolishness, I am once again referring to Brooke, the American, and not the un-vetted entity inside of her. You keeping up with me so far?

GRAHAM: Call you first.

RILEY: Children learn through play, I believe that. But there has to be a grownup nearby to make sure no one chokes on a Lego. Nobody likes that person, but you can be damn sure they like suffocating less.

[Transition music takes us into a phone call.]

TALIA (Dani Martineck) (on phone): Wow, uh... shit. (laughs) And you're literally there right now? You're actually in Red Camp while we're talking?

GRAHAM: And the last couple times too. When I said I was at the hotel I was lying. I'm sorry.

TALIA: No, Dad, I... I'm not even thinking about... God, I feel like I'm having to invent how to talk about this while I'm talking about it.

GRAHAM: That's kinda how it feels here all the time.

TALIA: There's like 15 things I wanna say first.

GRAHAM: They gave me coaching for how to do these calls. This whole thing about, "Allow loved one times to experience a full and complete reaction, don't force this to occur upon first disclosure..."

TALIA: Well that makes sense technically, but... (choking up) how long do I actually have?

GRAHAM: "How long" in terms of...

TALIA: To have my full and complete reaction? How much time do I have with you?

GRAHAM: Oh, shit, kid...

TALIA: Sorry, I'm...

GRAHAM: I'm not going anywhere, exactly...

TALIA: No, I know, just...

GRAHAM: And look, I'm—

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TALIA: It'll never be just you and me ever again. I don't mean that to... I want you to do what you...

GRAHAM: They're letting me travel to make arrangements for my stuff, sort out the hotel situations, et cetera, do you wanna hang out? We can—

TALIA: Yes, yes, I wanna do that!

GRAHAM: (laughing) Okay we'll do that.

TALIA: When are we doing that?

GRAHAM: Well hold on, I have to clear this last screening stage first, so it may not—

TALIA: Of course they'll take you, why wouldn't they take you?

GRAHAM: What, you're rooting for me now?

TALIA: I don't know if rooting is the right—no, yes, I'm rooting for you!

[Loud knocking at Graham's door.]

GRAHAM: Shit, sorry, hang on a second, somebody's—

TALIA: Yeh, jeez, I can hear it from here.

[Knocking continues. Graham opens the door.]

GRAHAM: Hi, um...

COREY/ISAIAH: We haven't met. We're Corey and Isaiah.

GRAHAM: *You're Corey!*

COREY/ISAIAH: What does that mean?

GRAHAM: And—sorry—Isaiah?

COREY/ISAIAH: You need to come with us now.

GRAHAM: Look I'm speaking with my kid, is there any way—

COREY/ISAIAH: This is part of your screening.

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TALIA: Who the hell is that? Give 'em the phone so I can yell at them.

GRAHAM: (laughing) I'm gonna call you back, okay kiddo?

TALIA: Are you okay?

COREY/ISAIAH: Graham.

GRAHAM: I'm fine, I'm gonna send you those dates and we're gonna figure something out. Love you.

TALIA: I love you too, please be careful.

GRAHAM: Yeah.

[Graham hangs up. He follows Corey/Isaiah outside.]

GRAHAM: Am I allowed to ask where—

COREY/ISAIAH: Get in.

GRAHAM: You want me to ride in the...

COREY/ISAIAH: We know you're getting your regular dose of gawking at the prisoners, but now you're gonna get a little taste of the real thing.

GRAHAM: Okay, I saw you with Brooke, I heard how you talked to each other, so I know you're legit...

COREY/ISAIAH: We cut a hole in the back seat so you'll be able to talk to us as we go.

GRAHAM: Is that meant to be reassuring, or—

COREY/ISAIAH: Just a fact.

[Graham starts to get in the trunk of Corey/Isaiah's car.]

GRAHAM: I really don't want to get in the trunk.

COREY/ISAIAH: Then don't.

GRAHAM: You're saying I don't have to?

COREY/ISAIAH: 'Course you don't have to.

GRAHAM: But you might—they might—not take me if I don't?

COREY/ISAIAH: Might not take you either way, Grandpa.

[Graham awkwardly climbs in the trunk over the following.]

GRAHAM: Okay just... gimme a second, it's sort of... just wait for me to tell you I'm all the way—

COREY/ISAIAH: Watch your head.

GRAHAM: That's what I'm saying, let me just—

[Corey/Isaiah close the trunk. From Graham's POV, we hear their footsteps as they walk up to the driver's side door, get inside, and close the door.]

GRAHAM: So... where are we going?

[The engine starts.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Don't worry about it.

GRAHAM: Can you at least tell me how far we're going?

[Corey/Isaiah start driving.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Can you breathe okay?

GRAHAM: Yeah, there's—like you said, the hole—

COREY/ISAIAH: Then don't worry about it.

[Eerie transition music. Corey/Isaiah's car drives down a road.]

GRAHAM (muffled in trunk): Are we just gonna ride, or are we supposed to talk or—

COREY/ISAIAH: Talk about what?

GRAHAM (muffled in trunk): I don't know, this is your—I don't even know what we're—

COREY/ISAIAH: Talk if you want, don't if you don't.

GRAHAM: Jesus...

[Eerie transition music, sounds of driving.]

GRAHAM: Look, can we... I'm just really getting uncomfortable, can we just stop so I can sit up, just for a second, and then we can—

COREY/ISAIAH (muffled outside trunk, from Graham's POV): Sorry to hear you're uncomfortable.

[The car drives on.]

GRAHAM: You know, Brooke and Deirdre already did this, they had me wearing a backpack full of barbells or something all over town, isn't that the same training or whatever?

COREY/ISAIAH (muffled outside trunk): When was that?

GRAHAM: The first day, the whole first day!

COREY/ISAIAH (muffled outside trunk): No kidding. Sounds rough.

[Transition music. The car drives on. Corey/Isaiah sigh.]

GRAHAM (muffled in trunk): Can you please let me out? Corey, Isaiah, can you let me out, I'm really—[Graham knocks on the side of the trunk.] Corey, let me out! Let me out! You can't keep me in here! Let me out!!

[Graham knocks some more. The car keeps driving. Time passes.]

GRAHAM (muffled in trunk): Corey? Isaiah?

COREY/ISAIAH: What's good, Graham?

GRAHAM (muffled in trunk): How...

COREY/ISAIAH: Yeah Graham? We're listening!

GRAHAM (muffled in trunk): How long have we been driving? How long have I been in here?

COREY/ISAIAH: (laughing wryly) See, this is what you don't get from poking your head in the prison for five minutes before lunch. This is what you don't get from the backpack. Time. The passage of time. Losing all sense of it. How it flips between dragging-on-for-eternity and your-life-running-out-between-your-fingers.

[Eerie music fades up.]

GRAHAM: I don't understand.

COREY/ISAIAH: Time is a prison too. As much as any room. Throwing you in a little room is one thing, the killer is... how long they leave you there. All those prisoners in there, stacked high, folded into eternal stress positions, ready to take any deal to get out, even the shitty deal they got from us: a prison of time. That's what our bodies are. Corey's is, we're not denying it. But not half as much as yours. You get that, right? (Laughs.) Your body, hunched up in that trunk back there, is a death sentence. Just waiting for whichever prisoner's fucked over enough to draw it.

GRAHAM (muffled in trunk): How old are... how old is Corey?

COREY/ISAIAH: Twenty-four. How old are you?

GRAHAM (muffled in trunk): Look, I... I believe that I still—I wouldn't be here if—I believe I still have significant life left, to... (Sighs.) I'm not dead yet, I can still do things, be things, there's still time for me.

COREY/ISAIAH: Were you keeping a count?

GRAHAM: Of what?

COREY/ISAIAH: Every time you said "I" just now. You know it's great you think 50 is the new 30. What's fucked is that you're forcing that on someone else.

GRAHAM: I don't know what you—

[Corey/Isaiah pound on their steering wheel.]

COREY/ISAIAH: What do they want you for? What the fuck do they see in you, you mediocre fucking... absence! Do you seriously think you have a fraction of what this takes?

GRAHAM: Does anyone know before they do it?

COREY/ISAIAH: Fuck...

[Transition music. The car slows, stops. Corey/Isaiah get out, walk to the back, and open the trunk.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Don't try to stand up yet. Let the feeling get back in your legs.

GRAHAM: We're... back at the Welcome Center? Already?

COREY/ISAIAH: Yeah, Graham. That's how time works when it's dark. Brooke and Deirdre'll be out in a second.

GRAHAM: Why did he ask me about you? Lieutenant Riley? Why specifically you?

COREY/ISAIAH: Why does that asshole do anything?

GRAHAM: All right, if you don't wanna—

[Under the following line we hear Brooke/Deirdre emerge from a nearby building, letting the door close behind them.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Might have something to do with the fact that up until four months ago, Corey served under his command. But that's just a guess.

GRAHAM: You...?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (calling from near-distance): Is there any of him left to recruit?

COREY/ISAIAH: We approve him for the next phase.

GRAHAM: (laughing incredulously) Wh—really?

COREY/ISAIAH: We still think it's a mistake, but we're not exactly drowning in applications, and... he genuinely wants it.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Thank you. May we have a moment?

COREY/ISAIAH: Just get him out of our car.

[Corey/Isaiah walks a short distance away.]

GRAHAM: So... wait... does that mean?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (now close by): As of Corey and Isaiah's approval just now, we have everything we need to move into the final phase.

GRAHAM: Hold on—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Assuming you don't raise any concerns between now and then, we'd like to set your Acceptance for three weeks from today, and we've identified a prisoner who we'd like to be your Second. Graham?

GRAHAM: Uh, can I get out of the trunk?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Please.

[Graham grunts painfully as he struggles out of the trunk and stands.]

GRAHAM: Three weeks?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Assuming you remain interested in completing this process?

GRAHAM: Yes.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You don't need to check with anyone first?

GRAHAM: No.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'll arrange a furlough for you to travel offsite and settle your ongoing affairs, specific dates pending security clearance.

GRAHAM: Thank you.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And then it will be time to select your witnesses.

GRAHAM: My...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Your witnesses. Two designated loved ones will need to visit Red Camp within 24 hours preceding your Acceptance, assess your mental state, and provide sworn testimony as to your mental fitness to take on a Second.

GRAHAM: W-W-Wait, what?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That number is a minimum and a maximum. Two people.

GRAHAM: Have to come here and...

COREY/ISAIAH (from slight distance): It's fuckin' bullshit!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're not happy about it either but it's the compromise we worked out.

GRAHAM: Just my family alone is—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Two people, max. It's chaos with more, and the Diaz Administration wouldn't agree to less. You have three weeks.

GRAHAM: Yeah but three weeks—I mean—people need to get off work, find flights—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Then start thinking now.

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GRAHAM: God, it's all so fast.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Given what the occupants of that prison suffer every day, this process is in fact unforgivably slow.

GRAHAM: And you actually want me? Even though I'm old?

[A little ways away, Corey/Isaiah laugh.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, Graham: how old do you feel?

[Transition music. Graham walks through sand.]

SOLDIER (Jorge Cordova): Sir, I'm gonna need you to remain well behind that line.

GRAHAM: It's okay. I think I'm expected.

[Riley opens a checkpoint door and comes outside.]

RILEY: You heard him, Graham: stay behind the line. [Closes checkpoint door behind him.] This is where you live now.

GRAHAM: Okay.

RILEY: I appreciate the personal touch. Most guys would've called.

GRAHAM: I just wanted to notify you—

RILEY: Oh come on, man, fuck off.

GRAHAM: All right.

RILEY: You know you're a joke, right? Mm? Sad uncle trying to hang with the kids. You know they're gonna give you some Class 3 nobody who can die in 10 years and no one will care, you do get that?

GRAHAM: Is there anything else?

RILEY: "Is there anything—" (Laughs heartily.) "Is there anything—" (to Soldier) Do you hear this shit?

SOLDIER: Yes, sir.

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RILEY: "Is there anything else." Graham Shapiro... (Laughs more.) You and I are gonna have a long and intimate relationship, but today I only need one more thing.

GRAHAM: Okay.

RILEY: When you answered Brooke's question outside the Welcome Center just now, did you know that was one of the places I can hear you?

GRAHAM: Don't you set the number of chairs?

RILEY: Excuse me?

GRAHAM: At the perimeter checkpoint. You mentioned how there's two men assigned, but only one chair. But aren't you in charge? Aren't you the one who apportions the chairs?

[Graham turns and walks away.]

RILEY: Just keep picking up when I call, buddy.

GRAHAM: Yep.

[Graham's phone rings. He answers.]

GRAHAM: Jamie? Jamie don't hang up, I'm here.

JAMIE (on phone): That's how you answer the phone?

GRAHAM: Thank you, Jamie, thank you for calling.

JAMIE (on phone): Whatever, thank Mom. What are you flipping out about that can't wait?

GRAHAM: Wait, what do you mean?

JAMIE (on phone): I know you think I don't call you back 'cause I'm sitting around failing at life, but I actually have a lot going on!

GRAHAM: No, what do you mean, "Mom"? What about Mom?

JAMIE (on phone): 'Cause she's being her nosey self, going through my phone like maybe I missed Google calling with a job offer, and she saw your 500 different—

GRAHAM: When did you see Mom?

JAMIE (on phone): She's literally—what do you care? She's literally downstairs right now!

GRAHAM You're at the house?

JAMIE (on phone): Fine, lemme go get her, since you obviously—

GRAHAM: No no no Jamie wait. Wait. Um...

JAMIE (on phone): What?

GRAHAM: Jamie if I... If I tell you something do you think you could... it's just that I'm not ready to—if I were to tell you something important...

JAMIE (on phone): Oh my god, spit it out.

GRAHAM: Put her on. Your mom. Put her on. Go downstairs, give her the phone, and uh... tell her it's me.

[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, Nat Cassidy, Rebecca Comtois, Alba Ponce de León, Diana Oh, Ato Essandoh, Dani Martineck, Hennessy Winkler, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, and Jorge Cordova.

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

END OF EPISODE 3