

GIVE ME AWAY—TRANSCRIPT
EPISODE 4: THE PEOPLE WHO ARE IN YOUR HOUSE

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[The episode begins with an outdoor café ambience. Dishes and silverware clink in the distance. A car zooms by. Birds chirp.]

GRAHAM (Sean Williams): Why does it always take so long for the check? They do want money, right?

TALIA (Dani Martineck): Are we in a hurry?

GRAHAM: I sort of feel like I should do a bunch of... city things.

TALIA: Is there a particular city thing you wanna do?

GRAHAM: But I hardly did city things when I actually...

TALIA: We'll do whatever you want.

GRAHAM: I guess I just mainly wanna be with you.

TALIA: That works. [Beat.] When are Mom and Trav meeting you?

GRAHAM: Saturday afternoon.

TALIA: God, this Saturday...

GRAHAM: Are we... definitely cool about...

TALIA: Hey—I get an exclusive weekend with you. I'm the winner out of the whole family.

GRAHAM: Sure, okay, but—

TALIA: They need it the most.

(Beat.)

GRAHAM: It would be Mom and Jamie if uh...

TALIA: Yeah.

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GRAHAM: And of course: I've promised that I won't bug you about Jamie.

TALIA: So keep that promise. [Beat, then unsteadily:] Is this saying goodbye? It's not exactly, right?

GRAHAM: (tenderly) Of course not. I'll still exist, you can still talk to me whenever you want.

TALIA: (voice quivering) But not just you.

GRAHAM: Right.

TALIA: No more exclusive weekends.

GRAHAM: C'mon, how many weekends do you wanna spend with your dad?

TALIA: Maybe a lot, you don't know my life.

[They both chuckle.]

GRAHAM: Fair enough.

[Talia sniffles.]

TALIA: I hope the check never comes.

[Three wistful chords slowly ring out, then transition 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 4: The People Who Are in Your House.

PROTESTORS (chanting in the distance, with one protestor on a megaphone): What! Are! You Hiding!? What! Are! You Hiding!? What! Are! You Hiding!? What! Are! You Hiding!?

[The protestors continue chanting under the following conversation.]

TRAVIS (Nat Cassidy): Oh, shit... okay.

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MORGAN (Hanna Cheek): Oh, Jesus.

[A car door slams and Riley approaches.]

RILEY (Ato Essandoh): (yelling over protestors) Travis Maple, Morgan Shapiro, right?!

MORGAN: That's right!

RILEY: Lieutenant Riley! Why don't we step in this office here? Little quieter!

TRAVIS: Thank Christ!

[Morgan and Travis follow Riley inside. The ambience shifts to an interior where the shouting is only somewhat muted. Riley hands Morgan and Travis some forms.]

RILEY: We oughta be able to knock this out fast. Let me get you to go ahead and fill these out.

TRAVIS: Forms! My favorite!

MORGAN: Lieutenant—that's pretty high, right?

RILEY: Well, depends on the day. Lots of folks do what I say, I do what a lot of other folks say.

MORGAN: And you're handing out forms at the gate?

TRAVIS: (nervously) I always start to write my PIN for my Social, do you do that?

RILEY: (to Morgan) Well, why would I ask my people to do anything I wouldn't do myself?

[Travis fills out the paperwork as Morgan and Riley talk.]

MORGAN: "My people"—does that mean you're in charge here?

RILEY: To an extent. I can't control—or even monitor—what happens in there, but I do get to say who goes in or out.

MORGAN: So, you're in charge of both directions? In and out?

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RILEY: Prisons filter in both directions, don't they?

MORGAN: Is this a prison?

[Travis clicks his pen.]

TRAVIS: All done, now I need some other way to ignore this tense conversation.

RILEY: Call it... a "carefully administered point of passage."

MORGAN: Administered by you?

[Travis walks over to the side of the room.]

TRAVIS: I'll just look out the window, shall I?

RILEY: (to Morgan) This isn't unusual. If a bunch of folks from North Korea wanted to settle in the United States, we wouldn't necessarily turn them away, but we sure would love to sit down and talk to them for a minute. And that's North Korea—a place we know literally anything about.

TRAVIS: (seeing something outside) Wait, that's not... is that...?

RILEY: Impressive. How loud they are with that small a crowd.

TRAVIS: Jesus—Morgan—is that—?

MORGAN: Sit down, Travis.

TRAVIS: No but right at the front, am I losing my mind, isn't that—

MORGAN: Travis: sit down.

TRAVIS: You knew.

MORGAN: Don't tell Graham.

TRAVIS: You knew she'd be there!

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MORGAN: [gives Riley forms] I'm finished. Can we go in now?

RILEY: Just let me just clear this with Central. Then, I'll drive you in myself. Welcome to Red Camp.

[Transition from the muffled chants of protestors to a quieter outdoor area. A jeep pulls up.]

RILEY: Special delivery!

[The jeep doors open.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (Lori Elizabeth Parquet): Thank you, Lieutenant.

[A jeep door closes.]

RILEY: My pleasure.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Particularly for driving them yourself.

[A second jeep door closes. Morgan and Travis approach.]

GRAHAM: Hi.

MORGAN: Hi...

GRAHAM: Do you have bags—

MORGAN: Nice... spot.

TRAVIS: Really, 'cause I think it looks like a dump.

RILEY: Bags are in the back. [pops trunk] I'd get them myself, but—

GRAHAM: No problem, I know you're very...

TRAVIS: Even the spaceship looks like a dump.

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GRAHAM: [pulling bags out of trunk] This is Brooke and Deirdre, they're sort of... the boss? I just realized I don't know your title—

[The trunk closes.]

TRAVIS: Wait, who? Is somebody else...?

MORGAN: Travis.

TRAVIS: ...Riiiiight.

MORGAN: I'm Morgan. This is Travis.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're pleased to meet you.

TRAVIS: Hey, I'm just glad to meet everybody.

[A string and synth musical transition plays. The ambience shifts to a quiet indoor space.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Make yourselves comfortable. Once you're settled in we'll go to the Ghosthouse.

[A door opens with a keycard.]

TRAVIS (from across the room): Fuck, this is nice. This is how you're living now?

GRAHAM: Just tonight.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: This suite is specifically for people about to undergo Acceptance. Plenty of space for the Acceptant and their witnesses to spend a comfortable evening.

MORGAN: And that's us, we're the witnesses?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That's right.

MORGAN: By virtue of what, somehow vouching that...

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BROOKE/DEIRDRE: These are the documents here, [pulls out papers] one set for each of you. We'll need you to review and sign them before we can begin the Acceptance process.

MORGAN: Oh, so if we don't sign them he... can't do it?

GRAHAM: All right.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (suppressed alarm) If that's something you're considering then we need to—

MORGAN: Jesus, relax.

TRAVIS: Wait, did you just say we're going to the Ghosthouse?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: As soon as you're settled in.

TRAVIS: Like, inside?

[A musical transition plays. Four sets of footsteps—Brooke/Deirdre, Graham, Morgan, and Travis—walk along a desert path.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: This is the route you'll be taking tomorrow. Obviously it's fairly straightforward.

TRAVIS: Just go towards the big spaceship.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes.

GRAHAM: (to Morgan) Are you all right?

MORGAN: Well, I'm not totally sure what that question means in context, but I feel fine.

GRAHAM: Okay.

[Brief transition to an elevator ambience with the hum of machinery.]

GRAHAM: Brooke and Deirdre wouldn't let me take the elevator the first time, they made me take the stairs. It was a... it was a whole thing.

MORGAN: (uncomfortable) Sounds like it.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Tomorrow morning when you arrive here, we'll be waiting inside. We'll collect the signed witness statements and then take Graham in for the mapping process. You won't be able to accompany him at that point, so we wanted to show you the inside today.

MORGAN: We all have to come back here in the morning?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No, if Graham has the executed documents, he can come alone. Think of it like an airport: do you prefer to say goodbye at home, or at the gate?

[The elevator reaches the top; the outer door opens with a rattle. They walk across a landing and the "Star Trek Mode" door swooshes open.]

TRAVIS: Even the door makes a dumb sound. This spaceship is crap.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We think so too.

[The "Star Trek Mode" door swooshes closed. They are in the same mainframe room as previous episodes. The screams are at a low background level.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: This is the mainframe interface room, which is the bulk of the ship's interior. We're sure you've seen it on the livestream.

MORGAN: Yes.

GRAHAM: A lot of new gear, is this for me?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Liz and Robin keep the component parts on site, then assemble it before each mapping process.

TRAVIS: Oh, looks like you're going to the space dentist.

MORGAN: (faltering) So Graham will be in this, sort of, chair during the uh...?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Mapping process, yes. It allows us to adjust the positioning of his body throughout the procedure. A lot like a dentist, actually.

TRAVIS: See! I'm not wrong about everything.

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GRAHAM: Can I sit in it now? Just to see what it'll feel like?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: If you like. Just, be careful of the—

MORGAN: Don't.

GRAHAM: What?

MORGAN: Please don't.

[Beat. The screams continue beneath the awkward silence.]

TRAVIS: The legendary Ghosthouse screams. What, did you find the volume knob?

GRAHAM: Travis!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We found ways of dampening the sound, just so we can work while—

GRAHAM: That's people!

TRAVIS: Jesus, man, okay.

MORGAN: It doesn't even smell alien. It's like being anywhere.

[A higher-tempo electronic musical transition plays. The four walk back along the desert path, with Brooke/Deirdre close to Graham and Morgan and Travis farther behind.]

GRAHAM: Well this is going great.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Don't try to make tonight some kind of perfect goodbye. Just let it be what it is.

GRAHAM: And get them to sign the papers.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, yes.

[Graham chuckles.]

[Brief transition. The door to a mini fridge opens over the fridge's hum. The bottles in it rattle.]

TRAVIS: Look at this marvelous mini-bar, from which I can avail myself of nothing.

GRAHAM: When did you stop drinking?

TRAVIS: [shuts mini-fridge] Oh, where to begin?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'll leave you alone. That phone goes directly to the welcome desk if you need anything. Spend the evening in any way you wish, but Graham: we would strongly suggest you get at least some sleep before tomorrow's procedure.

MORGAN: Heh. Orgy's off, Trav.

TRAVIS: Oh, just as well, I rubbed one out in the spaceship, and I'm not a young man anymore.

GRAHAM: And uh, I need to be there *at six*?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Six a.m. exactly. It was lovely to meet you both.

MORGAN: Probably we feel the same.

GRAHAM: We're good.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All right.

[Brooke/Deirdre leaves, closing the door behind them.]

TRAVIS: Great! Who's ready for the worst one-act play ever?

MORGAN: I told Talia I'd let them know we got here.

GRAHAM: You haven't heard from—

MORGAN: No.

[A calmer, even musical transition plays.]

TALIA (over FaceTime): Swing your phone around, show me the room a little bit!

MORGAN: (to Talia) This is basically it, plus there's bedrooms for everyone.

TRAVIS (from across the room): No! Sleep! 'Til brainwash!!

TALIA (over FaceTime): Hi, Travis.

MORGAN: Do you want me to put Dad on?

TALIA (over FaceTime): Nope, we're squared away. This is your night.

GRAHAM: Love you kiddo!

TALIA (over FaceTime): Love you too! Crush it tomorrow!

GRAHAM: (laughs) Yep!

TRAVIS: "Crush it..." (chuckles)

MORGAN: Bye, love.

TALIA (over FaceTime): Bye!

[Morgan hangs up.]

TRAVIS: What would that involve, crushing it? What would constitute you doing a great job tomorrow?

GRAHAM: It's just a thing kids say.

TRAVIS: Huh. [Beat.] I want you to know, I have my marching orders.

GRAHAM: Your what?

TRAVIS: At some point this evening I am to plead exhaustion, quietly retire into one of the adjacent bedrooms, and pretend I don't hear you guys' final... whatever it is.

GRAHAM: That's the plan?

MORGAN: That's his plan. I think we should all just... have an evening.

[Graham flips through the paperwork.]

GRAHAM: Should we go ahead and sign the papers just to knock that out?

MORGAN: (sarcastically) Oh, should we just knock that out?

GRAHAM: Just so we don't—

MORGAN: Just, just get that out of the way?

GRAHAM: (giving up) All right.

MORGAN: (half to herself) Why am I mad? I- (frustrated sigh) I wasn't going to be mad!

GRAHAM: Y-do you want me to make you a—

MORGAN: I think I just... I really hate being handled.

GRAHAM: Yeah, I know. Brooke and Deirdre can be... sort of—

MORGAN: Does that ever get old, the two names for everyone?

TRAVIS: I'll make you a drink, I can pretend it's for me.

[Travis walks back to the mini fridge.]

GRAHAM: Yeah what's the deal with that?

TRAVIS: My health, man! Self-care! (to Morgan) Usual?

MORGAN: What's the usual?

TRAVIS: I'll just pick then.

GRAHAM: Do you feel like you're an alcoholic?

[Travis begins to fix a drink.]

TRAVIS: (nervous laugh) Mainly it's that every time I drink Morgan gets mad at me.

MORGAN: (scoffs) Because you get entitled! Because you act like a—

TRAVIS: She always kicks me out, so I have to take a Lyft, and then another one to get my car the next day, it's a whole thing...

GRAHAM: So you guys are fighting?

MORGAN: (irritated) He just, he stumbles off to Jamie's old room like it's college again. It's just, "Sure, everybody crash, livin' that commune—shithole life, yay!"

TRAVIS: I sleep over so many nights, I don't understand why I can't—

MORGAN: Because it's getting expected, and I don't want it to be expected! I don't want it to lapse into habit! I, I-I want you to ask me, afresh, every time, with the understanding that I might say no because it's weird!

TRAVIS: You never minded, right Graham?

MORGAN: Oh sure, ask Mr. Buoyed-On-An-Eddy-Through-Life, why would he object, when he can default to just letting it all wash over him. (takes a breath) Although apparently not anymore.

GRAHAM: (to Travis) I didn't object, exactly, but I-I think I never understood it. Why sleep in someone else's house when you have a house?

TRAVIS: I mean... fellowship? I don't know, fraternal... I mean didn't both of you love it back then?

GRAHAM: You mean college?

TRAVIS: Not even college! Those, the years after, whatever it was, four or five years, we all... we all just kind of rotated around each other's places.

GRAHAM: Well, sure that was fun all the way back in—I mean, what was it—

MORGAN: (flatly) It wasn't even fun back then.

TRAVIS: Bullshit! Okay, you got tired of it first, sure, but you had a lot of good times before that!

GRAHAM: Oh, it's just, as people get older—

TRAVIS: Happiest I ever was! Happiest I ever fuckin' was! Something was always happening, somebody was always awake, there was always some joke going—the cereal bet! Remember, how long could Webb go just eating cereal?

[Graham laughs, and Morgan chuckles lightly.]

MORGAN: Jesus, Trav, Webb was sneaking so many regular meals!

GRAHAM: I did wonder why you were taking his word—

MORGAN: He was eating huge salads, like “Don't tell Travis!”

TRAVIS: But that's part of it! (deepening his voice) “Travis, that mug,” (resuming normal tone) but that's fine! That was my *role* in the *mosaic*, my *spot* on the *tapestry*—at least I had a spot, now there's nothing! They just moved on! They just went to their lives. I didn't even feel it happen, it was like, I woke up from a nap and everyone had kids.

MORGAN: So you thought, what, once our kids were grown, maybe it's game-on again?

GRAHAM: Plus if you're carrying a torch for Morgan—

MORGAN: He's not carrying a torch for me.

GRAHAM: I'm not trying to—it's just the joke we tell—

MORGAN: He's not carrying a torch for me.

TRAVIS: It's that I'm hiding it in my pants, that's the confusion—

MORGAN: Then—then prove it!

TRAVIS: What?

[Morgan gets up and goes to the door of Travis's bedroom.]

MORGAN: This one's your bedroom, right? Come on in, we'll close the door behind us, and *you* can prove it.

TRAVIS: Don't fuck with me, I will.

MORGAN: I will fuck with you if you walk over here and join me in this bedroom, right now.

TRAVIS: I don't know, walking seems like a lot, I have injuries from the war.

MORGAN: (seductively, taking a step closer) You wanna tell jokes or you wanna fulfill the dream of a lifetime?

[Travis scoffs.]

GRAHAM: Guys, come on—

TRAVIS: All right, whatever—

MORGAN: (growing upset) I've never been romantically interested in you for a second, but if you join me in this room right now I will fake it so good they'll give me an Emmy.

GRAHAM: Guys, this is really not how I want to spend this night—

MORGAN: Travis?

TRAVIS: If you don't want me to come over to your house anymore, I won't. Just say so, and I'm gone.

MORGAN: See?

GRAHAM: Look, I feel like this is sort of spiraling, and... we can pick up some of these conversations later, so let's go ahead and get the papers signed so *that* at least—

MORGAN: What do you mean, "later"? After tomorrow?

GRAHAM: Well I'm not actually dying, so—

MORGAN: Haha, isn't it funny? For all our talk of Travis the perpetual undergrad, it's actually Graham who's moving into a dorm. It's *Graham* who's taking on a roommate for life.

GRAHAM: (unamused) I think there's a few differences.

MORGAN: Well 'cause I can always tell Travis to get his shit out of Jamie's room and never come back, but *you*...

GRAHAM: Actually maybe we should figure out another room for you, Trav. Maybe I can convert my old office or—

MORGAN: This is how you change the subject, making plans to alter my house?

TRAVIS: It's not like I put Jamie's stuff on the curb—

GRAHAM: Or even Talia's room—but we'd have to check with them first.

MORGAN: Why?

GRAHAM: Sorry?

MORGAN: (confrontational) Why is Talia's room better than Jamie's?

GRAHAM: (as if they both know) Because...

MORGAN: Because there's no danger of Talia moving back home. Right? Which, if Jamie does do that, now that's on me. They're, they're not gonna let her crash with you in Bargain Roswell.

GRAHAM: Obviously we can have a longer conversation about this—

MORGAN: When? When? Next week? You, me, and the alien in your brain?

GRAHAM: (growing upset) I'll still be alive, they're paying me a salary, I'm not gonna neglect my responsibilities, but at a certain point, Jamie's an adult.

MORGAN: An adult whose backup plan you're hatching right now!

GRAHAM: Just if she had nowhere to—no, you know what, you’re right! It’s your house, that’s what we agreed, and we can’t build our lives around protecting her anymore!

MORGAN: You wanna go out there and tell her that?

[Beat.]

GRAHAM: What?

TRAVIS: Oops.

GRAHAM: Go out where?

MORGAN: (backpedaling) No, I’m saying, you really wanna call her right now and... shit.

GRAHAM: Is Jamie here?

TRAVIS: I can’t believe it wasn’t me who fucked that up.

GRAHAM: Jamie’s here?!

MORGAN: She’s not *in* Red Camp, okay, she’s—

GRAHAM: They, they only allow two! So if you’re both here...

MORGAN: Look, Graham, this is your night—

GRAHAM: (upset) Is she waiting outside? You brought *Travis* and left Jamie outside?

MORGAN: No, it’s not like that—

TRAVIS: I forgive you, by the way.

GRAHAM: She’s outside right fucking now and—

MORGAN: Graham. Graham! She doesn’t want to come in!

[Beat.]

GRAHAM: Goddammit!

[Graham bolts from the suite.]

MORGAN: Graham, what're you— (makes a frustrated sound) god's sake!

[Morgan runs after him. Higher-energy synth music begins under the end of the scene.]

TRAVIS: Should I come... too? No, yeah, I'd be intruding.

[The music transitions from the suite to the area with the protestors. The protestors are fainter than before.]

PROTESTORS: What! Are! You Hiding?! What! Are! You Hiding?!

SOLDIER (Jorge Cordova): Everyone back! Alright folks, everyone needs to take two steps back!

[The protests continue under the conversation. Graham runs toward the area where the protestors are.]

GRAHAM: Jamie!

[Morgan runs up behind Graham.]

MORGAN: Graham, wait!

SOLDIER (to Graham): Hey! Hey! Stop! Stop there!

PROTESTORS: Show your-self! Show your-self! Show your-self!

GRAHAM: Jamie!

MORGAN: Graham—this is stupid—

SOLDIER: Sir? You need to stop! Sir!

GRAHAM: N-I'm with the camp, I'm one of the—

SOLDIER: Sir, you need to stop right now!

GRAHAM: No, no, I'm-I'm with the Ghosthouse, I'm getting Accepted tomorrow—

SOLDIER: I don't care who you are, if you take one more move toward the perimeter fence—

GRAHAM: I-I'm supposed to be here!

SOLDIER: Not at the perimeter, you're not!

MORGAN: Graham, just stay where you are, there's no point to—

JAMIE (Diana Oh) (from a distance): Dad!

GRAHAM: Jamie!

[Graham takes a step forward.]

SOLDIER: Sir, I am not gonna tell you again!

GRAHAM: No, listen, I need to—

MORGAN: Graham, he is about to blow your face off! Shut up and stop moving!

[A door opens behind them.]

GRAHAM: She's right there!

[Footsteps approach from behind.]

SOLDIER: If you don't turn around and walk away right this second—

RILEY: Anything I can help with?

SOLDIER: Sir!

JAMIE (from a distance): Let me through!

RILEY: Some night, huh?

SOLDIER: Sir, these two civilians were approaching the perimeter fence. I've given them in excess of the three mandated warnings.

MORGAN: Wait, there's "three mandated"—

RILEY: Evening, Graham. Rumspringa gettin' a little out of hand?

GRAHAM: That's my daughter. I wanna talk to her.

MORGAN: What happens after the third—

RILEY: That's... your daughter... in the front line of the protest?

GRAHAM: Can we bring her in? J-just for—

RILEY: No.

GRAHAM: Or just talk to her through the fence, I-I can totally—

RILEY: We keep the perimeter fence clear for good reasons, chief amongst them is the safety of the people on both sides of it.

MORGAN: Can we talk to her or not?

RILEY: Both of you now?

MORGAN: If that's a problem, just him.

RILEY: (calling across) Let that girl approach! I'll tell you when to take her back!

SOLDIER 2 (Ian Williams): Sir!

RILEY: (to Graham) Two minutes.

GRAHAM: Two?

RILEY: Whatever state your family's in, that's on you. I run a secure facility.

GRAHAM: Yeah.

[Graham and Jamie approach each other.]

GRAHAM: Hi, sweetheart.

JAMIE: I don't know what you wanna talk to me for.

GRAHAM: Didn't you just call out to me?

JAMIE: I've chosen my side.

GRAHAM: At least it got you here tonight.

JAMIE: It... what?

GRAHAM: I thought I wasn't gonna see you.

JAMIE: That's not why I—you don't take anything I do seriously, do you?

GRAHAM: When you don't talk to me for weeks, I take that seriously.

JAMIE: That's my fault now?

GRAHAM: When I tell you something important, and you respond by not talking to me—

JAMIE: It's my fault that you're polluting your own brain and leaving me without a father?

GRAHAM: That's not what's happening. I'm still gonna be here, I'm-I'm still—

JAMIE: Don't lie to me! They told me all about it!

GRAHAM: Who? These people?

JAMIE: All of it! Everything you and your friends are hiding. It's all gonna come out.

GRAHAM: This is crazy, there's nothing to—how did you even *find* these people?

JAMIE: I searched them right after you told me. I went online that day.

[Beat.]

GRAHAM: Do you need a ride back? I'm sure your mom can—

JAMIE: I'm riding back with my friends.

GRAHAM: And you feel... safe with—

JAMIE: *You're asking me* that question?

GRAHAM: I'm still gonna be here, part of me's still gonna be your dad—

JAMIE: "Part of you"—do you hear the words you're saying right now?

GRAHAM: Sweetheart!

JAMIE: Don't do it, Dad!

RILEY (from a distance): Time, Graham!

GRAHAM: Baby, you're grown... we both have to figure out our own—

RILEY: (calling across) Pull her back!

SOLDIER 2: Sir!

JAMIE: (to Graham) Fuck you.

SOLDIER 2: This way, ma'am!

GRAHAM: Call your mom if your ride doesn't...

[Riley walks up to Graham.]

RILEY: Graham. Let's go.

[A musical transition with long synths over a rapid beat.]

[Graham and Morgan walk across the desert paths.]

MORGAN: You got a lot of sky out here, don't you?

GRAHAM: (laughs) I guess.

MORGAN: I, uh, wasn't in the right mood to notice when we came in.

GRAHAM: Yeah, actually... you think Travis can amuse himself a little longer?

MORGAN: (laughs) What did you have in mind?

[A calmer musical transition of extended synth notes plays.]

[Graham and Morgan lie looking up at the night sky.]

MORGAN: You weren't kidding, this is bizarrely flat.

GRAHAM: Right? It's almost more like a really firm bed than a rock.

MORGAN: This is, what, your spot?

GRAHAM: No one else in camp seems to have claimed it. [Beat.] God... I don't know what I expected.

MORGAN: Look: she's an asshole.

GRAHAM: (covering face) Jesus, Morgan—

MORGAN: She is! She's an asshole.

GRAHAM: Fuck you, I know Jamie has a lot of—

MORGAN: She just treated you like utter shit, and you're mad at me.

GRAHAM: What, like you've been giving me the royal treatment all night?

MORGAN: Well exactly! If I'm being an asshole, you'll see it, 'cause when you look at me you see a person.

[Graham twists to face Morgan.]

GRAHAM: You think I don't see Jamie as—

MORGAN: Not if you can't see she's an asshole, no. You're not letting her be a grownup human like you!

GRAHAM: She just immediately goes to the most extreme... she just, she skips right past *talking* to me and goes right to...

MORGAN: What if she had talked to you? What could you have said to make her understand?
[Beat. They both settle back.] This really is a comfortable rock.

GRAHAM: It really is.

MORGAN: I actually thought maybe this was your nookie spot.

GRAHAM: My what?

MORGAN: (laughs lightly) I thought maybe you were bringing me out here for...

GRAHAM: Did you... want me to?

MORGAN: Ehh, I think we've pretty well established...

GRAHAM: Wait, you think I've been here a couple months, and I already have a nookie spot?

MORGAN: Just the whole furtive way you were... but... obviously not.

GRAHAM: What does that mean?

MORGAN: We can talk about this, right? We're not trying to save anything, we can be clinical?

GRAHAM: The sex, or the whole entire—

MORGAN: ‘Cause I understood what was happening on my end, but I *never* understood yours.

GRAHAM: Which part?

MORGAN: I went through something normal. Every long-term couple ever, one or the other goes through stretches where they’re not interested.

GRAHAM: I don’t think I ever blamed you for—

MORGAN: That’s the thing, though! All I asked for was patience, but you somehow took that to mean “withdraw altogether.”

GRAHAM: Is that what you thought?

MORGAN: My friends would be like, “my husband is whining,” “my wife is whining,” and (sighs) all I could think was “I wish Graham would whine.”

GRAHAM: (makes a surprised sound) You actually wanted me to—

MORGAN: I wanted to know you were waiting for me on the other end! Some sort of something, some indication that, that... maybe after the kids had gone, I didn’t... have an exact idea—

GRAHAM: I wanted to respect your wishes—

MORGAN: Oh, bullshit! The way you went whole-hog, that’s what somebody does when they’ve been waiting for an excuse!

GRAHAM: I did resent it for a while. Or I thought I did.

MORGAN: Is this still the sex, or—

GRAHAM: I would actually look in the calendar to see how long it had been. “The last time was at the cabin, that was, you know, X number of days ago!”

MORGAN: I can’t even imagine you thinking this.

GRAHAM: But then when you wanted to, I'd just be grumpy, or tired, like... I want it until I can have it...

MORGAN: This completely blowing my mind—

GRAHAM: Until it just sort of hit me one day that I didn't want it at all. I thought I did, like some residual—

MORGAN: Like you weren't enjoying it, or—

GRAHAM: No, no, I did, when it happened, but it was like... remember getting funnel cakes at the state fair? We'd get like two and split 'em the kids?

MORGAN: (laughing) I hated those.

GRAHAM: I really liked them—for that one day. "What a delicious funnel cake. I look forward to the one I'll eat next year."

MORGAN: Hah! But you weren't always like that. Early on...

GRAHAM: No, yeah, I can't pinpoint exactly—

MORGAN: Do you, uh, do you feel like I somehow... did that to you, like—

GRAHAM: No, no, sweetheart, no. This was from deep inside me. This was counting down for a long time.

[Beat. Morgan laughs quietly.]

GRAHAM: What?

MORGAN: I hate that this makes you attractive.

GRAHAM: (laughing) What does?

MORGAN: That you finally want something for yourself this bad. [Beat.] Like what was it? Was it seeing the spaceship for the first t—was it love at first sight?

GRAHAM: It was no one thing, or moment but... that first interview, Brooke and Deirdre together the first time? That's when I couldn't lie to myself anymore.

MORGAN: See I don't—I don't get that!

GRAHAM: What?

MORGAN: I... I get being gay, straight, trans, nonbinary, what, celibate, poly, a nun, a shut-in—any number of things because, because, because that's all human stuff that has always existed, but... why the fuck would there be people for this?

GRAHAM: I don't know. I just know I'm one of them.

[Beat.]

MORGAN: Call Travis.

GRAHAM: Why?

MORGAN: Have him bring my papers to the front door of the Welcome Center. I'll sign 'em there.

[A slow, calm musical transition plays.]

[Graham and Morgan walk back. The protest chants are no longer there.]

GRAHAM: I guess the protestors got tired.

MORGAN: Mmm.

GRAHAM: I hope Jamie's—

MORGAN: I was gonna leave you first.

GRAHAM: What?

MORGAN: I was actually planning it, like, searching places. Even when I was going on about that dumb couples camp, I was thinking "He's wrong for me, for who I am now, in every way."

GRAHAM: Why didn't you?

MORGAN: Because you don't love the people who are right for you. You love the people who are in your house.

[The door opens and Travis emerges.]

TRAVIS: (sarcastic) So hey, guys, thanks for all the quality alone time, I read a book.

GRAHAM: Sorry, Trav.

TRAVIS: Got your...[rustles] stupid papers.

MORGAN: Give 'em here.

[A musical transitions brings us to back to the suite. Graham and Travis walk into the room.]

TRAVIS: I signed your bullshit too, it's over there.

GRAHAM: Thank you.

[Graham collects the papers as Travis sits down on a sofa.]

TRAVIS: Nice place to barely use.

GRAHAM: They're gonna be pissed I didn't sleep.

TRAVIS: You could grab, what, an hour?

GRAHAM: Unh, I feel like that'd be worse.

TRAVIS: Where's she going?

GRAHAM: Motel. Little ways down the interstate. She's gonna call Jamie, and see if—

TRAVIS: You fucked me, you know.

GRAHAM: What?

TRAVIS: You leaving. Completely fucked me.

GRAHAM: I thought it would, y’know, uh, leave you wide open for—

TRAVIS: (wry laugh) She knows she can live without you now, how long before she...

GRAHAM: Hey, man...

TRAVIS: (voice quavering) She’s all I...

GRAHAM: Trav... man... you should...

TRAVIS: What, find a nice girl who loves me back?

GRAHAM: You can’t live like this.

TRAVIS: You’re about to get an alien brain-enema, dickweed, I don’t think you’re winning the life-choices contest.

GRAHAM: Yeah.

TRAVIS: (quietly) You’ll still, uh... talk to me, you’ll still be my...

GRAHAM: Yeah. Of course I will.

TRAVIS: I hope your parasite likes poop jokes.

GRAHAM: So I guess we better...

TRAVIS: (standing) Yeah, yeah, I’m up. Only father of the bride left, I suppose.

GRAHAM: Then give me away.

[A musical transition fades into footsteps in the desert.]

TRAVIS: Just go towards the big spaceship.

GRAHAM: Yeah.

[The star-trek-mode doors open. The screams echo faintly in the background as Graham and Travis cross the room.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham. Travis. Is Morgan...?

TRAVIS: I have her papers. And mine. Here.

[The papers rustle as Travis hands them to Brooke/Deirdre.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And you believe that Graham is entering into this compact of his own accord, and with sound mind?

TRAVIS: I do.

[Graham and Travis embrace.]

TRAVIS: Fuck off.

GRAHAM: Yeah.

[Brief transition. Graham reclines in the operating chair as machines beep and whir.]

GRAHAM: Wow, it's really...

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): More comfy than it looks, right? The chair?

[Velcro straps are opened and fastened.]

GRAHAM: Astronomically.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (low, to Liz/Robin) The first set of preliminaries are...?

LIZ/ROBIN: Hooked in and humming. Gonna start at a low simmer.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Sounds good.

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay, Graham? Lemme get you to count backwards from 10.

GRAHAM: (drowsily) Oh, yeah I remember counting... from... um... tonsils...

[The machine sounds fade. Everything fades. Suddenly, Graham is screaming inside his own head. Suspenseful music bursts in, with the frantic beeping of machines. All the voices are from Graham's point of view, distorted and echoey.]

COREY/ISAIAH (Hennessy Winkler): How the fuck did this happen?!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: WE DON'T KNOW!

GRAHAM: (panicking) What's... what's...?

LIZ/ROBIN: Can you both shut the fuck up, we need to FUCKING WORK!

VOICE (Sean Williams) (inside Graham's head): Where am I?

GRAHAM: Is that...?

VOICE (inside Graham's head): Where am I??

GRAHAM: I hear him...

COREY/ISAIAH: We have to reverse it right now!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: There is no reversing, what are you talking about—

LIZ/ROBIN: SHUT! UP!

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

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

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

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

GRAHAM: Why is everyone—what happened?

LIZ/ROBIN: Just try to calm down—

COREY/ISAIAH: Fuck!

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

GRAHAM: Somebody talk to me!

LIZ/ROBIN: Just hold on, Graham!

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

GRAHAM: SOMEBODY TELL ME WHAT’S WRONG!

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

[The music builds in a crescendo that abruptly moves into The Give Me Away Theme. The 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, Dani Martineck, Ato Essandoh, Hanna Cheek, Nat Cassidy, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, Jorge Cordova, Diana Oh, Ian Williams, Rebecca Comtois, and Hennessy Winkler.

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

END OF EPISODE 4