

GIVE ME AWAY—TRANSCRIPT
EPISODE 5: MY BODY IS YOUR BODY

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[Fade into the ambience of a troop carrier plane. There is muffled soldier chatter on the other end of the plane. Riley and Brooke have to yell a bit over the sound of the plane.]

RILEY (Ato Essandoh): Ma'am? Hi!

BROOKE (Lori Elizabeth Parquet): What?

RILEY: So sorry, ma'am, don't mean to disturb you.

BROOKE: What do you want?

RILEY: Okay, let's take a step back! Lieutenant Brian Riley.

BROOKE: You're saying that's you?

RILEY: Yes ma'am.

BROOKE: Brooke Harris. I don't have a rank.

RILEY: Oh, that's all right, lots of nice people don't. I just wanted to make sure my team wasn't bothering you at all.

BROOKE: Bothering me?

RILEY: You're under no obligation to socialize, I just... wanted to make sure you weren't sitting at the far end of the cabin because you were perturbed in any way.

BROOKE: Why would I be perturbed?

RILEY: Large group of men. Maybe a touch rowdy at times... I just wanted to make sure you know these are men of discipline and impeccable character.

BROOKE: What about that one over there? Is he perturbed?

RILEY: I wouldn't worry about Corey. He's having a rough time for completely unrelated reasons.

BROOKE: Then why shouldn't I worry about him?

RILEY: Because, Professor, where that young man is concerned I'm doing enough worrying for all of us.

BROOKE: I didn't tell you I was a professor.

[Beat. Riley sits down.]

RILEY: Thing is, they asked me, "Can this civilian catch a ride on your troop carrier to Red Camp?" And of course I said yes. I'm hospitable by nature. But I also took a minute to read up. Now if I were to ask you what "conceptual modeling" is, would I be too dumb to understand the answer?

BROOKE: Would you like the answer I use when they make me talk to donors?

RILEY: Please.

BROOKE: There are things in this world we want to act upon even though we can't see them. My job is to take all we know about those things, and invent a three-dimensional approximation of what they look like.

RILEY: Huh.

BROOKE: That probably sounds silly to you.

[The opening strains of the Give Me Away theme build under their conversation.]

RILEY: Not at all. Acting on things I can't see ahead of time is a big part of my job too.

[The Give Me Away theme plays. 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 5: My Body Is Your Body.

[Fade into footsteps across the desert with faint screaming of the Ghosthouse in the background.]

COREY (Hennessy Winkler): Permission to ask a question, sir?

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RILEY: Yes, Sergeant, we're actually going inside. Scaffolding's not completed, so we'll have to take the rope ladder up to the door.

COREY: Not a problem, sir.

[Brief transition. The inner "Star-Trek mode" door hisses open. Riley and Corey enter. The screams are somewhat muffled by insulation.]

RILEY: I'd tell you to take a moment to get used to it, but...

COREY: Already seen it all on TV.

RILEY: Not all. [door closes] The livestream shows the overall picture, but none of the nuances. You need eyes on site for that. Sharp eyes.

COREY: [lifts up a panel of insulation and the screams increase in volume] So that's why the screams aren't louder.

RILEY: It's a band-aid solution. Can't exactly study something you've covered with insulation. [Corey replaces the insulation panel.] Sergeant, you all right?

COREY: Sir?

RILEY: Climbing 50 feet on a rope ladder is no easy task. Do you feel all right?

COREY: Sir, I've climbed a lot of rope ladders, I'm not sure what you—

RILEY: Exactly.

COREY: Sir?

RILEY: You've climbed a lot of rope ladders. Probably most of them under my command.

COREY: Yes sir, we did 'em so many times in drills I probably—

RILEY: Don't have to think about it anymore, right? Getting your weight distribution just so, moving your opposite hand and foot in perfect tandem to ensure that the speed doesn't compromise balance.

COREY: Yes sir.

RILEY: That's what training is for. That's what training is: the accumulated wisdom of decades and centuries of combat, transmuted into instinct. So that your every hair-trigger response is profoundly informed by the whole history of tactical knowledge.

COREY: With respect, sir...

RILEY: Yes, Sergeant?

COREY: Why are we here?

RILEY: You saved lives, Corey. We'll never know whose lives, exactly, but some of those men who serve next to you every day are alive because your instinct—your split-second wisdom—kicked in when it counted.

COREY: I know, sir.

RILEY: Except that everything in your body and voice is telling me that you don't know. Now why is that?

COREY: Sir they... they were boys!

RILEY: Of course they were boys. That's who they send. Thinking you'll see that they're boys and not react. That you'll forget the training that lives in every inch of your body. But you didn't. The evil was in the sending of boys, not your reaction to it.

COREY: I'm trying, sir. I'll get there.

[Beat.]

RILEY: We're here because the only way I know to climb out of a hole is: start climbing. I'm not starting you on something small until you feel better, I'm putting you in a situation where you will simply have to be better. This is your post. Six a.m. to 6 p.m. Nothing happens here that you don't see. The rest of the world has the livestream. I have you. Is that clear, Sergeant?

[Suspended string notes begin under the end of Riley's speech.]

COREY: Yes sir.

[A musical transition brings us to a desert ambience. Brooke paces in the sand.]

LIZ (Rebecca Comtois): (calling from a distance) Room for one more?

BROOKE: What?

[Liz walks over.]

LIZ: Is this your private expanse of desert, or can I come in?

BROOKE: I'd prefer to be alone.

LIZ: And I'd prefer to bug you.

BROOKE: I'm serious.

LIZ: Whatever it's worth, I think you're right.

BROOKE: Of course I'm right! "Redundant security system"?

LIZ: Well, it's a natural thing to assume under the circumstances—

BROOKE: Not after you've given it any thought at all! The man's a fool!

LIZ: Well, he's not a fool, he's just not as smart as you, and... really bad at acknowledging it.

BROOKE: One wrong approach begets another! We're going to waste months if we keep treating the phenomena as barriers or firewalls rather than...

LIZ: What?

BROOKE: Individual files that have... some sort of...

LIZ: It's just you and me.

[Brooke paces intermittently.]

BROOKE: ...agency. Autonomy. They're not blocking us, that's not what the responses suggest, they're somehow... reaching out.

LIZ: Except that's nuts, why would files in a mainframe do that?

BROOKE: Do you not believe me, or are you goading me into an answer?

LIZ: I'm goading you into an answer!

BROOKE: The way we're thinking about the computer is entirely wrong. We're obsessed with the idea that it's withholding something from us because that's how we think about everything: infiltration, conquest.

LIZ: I mean we did have to get past some initial protocols when—

BROOKE: Yes! And I'm sure most kennels have a lock on the door. But if you unlock it and go inside, are the dogs unhappy to see you?

LIZ: Kind of a weird analogy there.

BROOKE: It is. I wonder why I thought of it.

LIZ: Look: Clive's already having to work off your virtual model, so just from that he's on the back foot. So when you call him a dumbass right in front of—

BROOKE: He is a dumbass!

LIZ: I'm just saying the next time you think so, tell me, and we'll figure out how to bring it up together.

BROOKE: Why?

LIZ: Because I can tell what you are. And I wanna be on the ground floor.

[Beatriz approaches over the following.]

BROOKE: ...what if you're wrong?

BEATRIZ (Alba Ponce de León): (from a distance) Hey! Hi!

LIZ: Uh, hi! Beatriz, right?

BEATRIZ: Yeah, I was just assigned, I was in the Ghosthouse just now... during the uh... drama?

LIZ: Okay...?

BEATRIZ: Look this is totally rude, but I would just about kill to know what you guys are talking about.

LIZ: (low, to Brooke) I'm not wrong.

[Under a musical transition, the ambience shifts to a passenger airplane. Inaudible chatter on the other end of a phone call overlaps with the audio playing on the laptop.]

BROOKE (over laptop speakers): [This is one of Brooke's public statements from Episode 1] It is our hypothesis that it functions as a sort of penitentiary mainframe...

GIL (Jorge Cordova): (speaking on the phone) Yes, Mr. President, I'm watching it now.

[The inaudible phone chatter responds.]

BROOKE (over laptop speakers): ...a prison inside a computer, which means....

GIL: Well she's certainly very clear, sir, it's just... there may be a bit of a charisma issue.

[The inaudible phone chatter responds.]

BROOKE (over laptop speakers): ...converted and uploaded into this mainframe as some form of non-transferable data. Effectively imprisoning them indefinitely.

REPORTER (Bart Fasbender) (over laptop speakers): Meaning they're trapped forever?

GIL: Yes, of course, understood sir. We'll be in Carson City in half an hour, and I'll head straight out from there.

[Brief transition. Beatriz carefully removes the headpiece from Brooke's head.]

BEATRIZ: And... you are disconnected. Take your time.

[Brooke gasps and breathes heavily.]

COREY: Ma'am, are you okay?

BEATRIZ: Give her a second.

BROOKE: You don't have to ask that every time, Sergeant.

COREY: Sorry, ma'am. I feel like I have to. You always look... not okay.

BEATRIZ: She's fine. (to Brooke) Or—well—are you? This was my first time supervising this without Liz, so I—

BROOKE: We have to go faster. We just have to go faster.

BEATRIZ: Well, I guess we'll go as fast as—

BROOKE: Sergeant?

COREY: Ma'am?

BROOKE: I'm not okay. If I ever answered yes to that question, I was lying.

COREY: ...Okay, um—

BROOKE: The reason I always look like this is because I've just returned from an ongoing atrocity.

BEATRIZ: All right, why don't we let you—

COREY: Yes, ma'am.

[The inner door hisses open. Footsteps approach.]

GIL: Wow, it really does look just like the... is this a bad time?

BEATRIZ: Um, it kind of is—

BROOKE: Who are you?

COREY: Sir, you are not on my roster so I'm gonna need you to identify yourself—

GIL: Gil Cortes. Deputy White House Chief of Staff. I was kinda hoping I could borrow Professor Harris?

BEATRIZ: Okay, you're gonna have to wait until—

BROOKE: No. I'm ready now.

[Brief transition to a cafeteria.]

GIL: (with mouth half full) Mmm, Jesus, this is government food? It's amazing.

BROOKE: We hired local people, a restaurant in Elko. What do you want?

GIL: [setting down his fork] Wow, Professor, you do not disappoint.

BROOKE: I don't know what that means.

GIL: "Of course they sent Harris, she's practically an alien already."

BROOKE: I only spoke at that briefing because of Professor Bauer's last-minute departure.

GIL: Yeah, I spent most of last weekend talking Clive down. He thinks you conspired with multiple parties to steal the Nevada Project right out from under him?

BROOKE: That's preposterous!

GIL: Is it?

BROOKE: "Conspire" and "steal" suggest secrecy. Professor Bauer's failures to adapt to the facts on the ground happened in public where everyone could see it.

GIL: (chuckles) I can see why Diaz likes you so much.

BROOKE: Is that good or bad?

GIL: [pushes his plate aside] Look, I'm devoted to that man. I've been with him since he was Arizona Attorney General, and when he loses reelection to some Christ-awful Republican, I'll be with him on his book tour. So I support his transparency fetish a hundred and ten percent even if I think it's misreading the room.

BROOKE: How so?

GIL: He thinks the problem with his predecessors was too much secrecy. Maybe sometimes it was. But the problem nowadays isn't cloak and dagger, it's that everyone's doing the most corrupt shit imaginable in broad daylight with a smirk on their face.

BROOKE: Mr. Cortes, my interest in Beltway scuttlebutt is very limited.

GIL: It shouldn't be. It affects *you* directly. The Republicans hate this project.

BROOKE: Why?

GIL: Because a Democratic president likes it. They're looking for any angle to undermine what you're doing here. So if you're the new face of Red Camp, I'm your new best friend. Anything you need: you call me first. Anybody bothering you: same. And whenever you're making a public statement, of any kind, I am your life partner. We build it together.

BROOKE: That's acceptable to me.

GIL: I... wasn't actually asking—

BROOKE: But now, I need to go back to work.

[Brief transition. The Ghosthouse screams in the distance. A coyote howls back and barks. The Ghosthouse screams unexpectedly peak, as if signaling distress, and we quickly shift to a lab ambience.]

RILEY: Explain it to me.

BROOKE: I couldn't if I wanted to.

RILEY: Find a way.

LIZ: Come on man, seriously?

BEATRIZ: Maybe if we get some sleep we can—

BROOKE: No one's "getting some sleep," this can't continue, this ends tonight!

RILEY: Okay, then make me understand.

BROOKE: Fuck. You.

RILEY: Excuse me?

LIZ: Okay, look: you know how when you have a really bad toothache, you can't think about anything except the toothache?

RILEY: I'm aware that's true for some people.

LIZ: Okay sure, I get it, you guys never crack, you stride out of the brush on two broken ankles or whatever—

RILEY: We're not inhuman, but we do cultivate a tolerance for pain.

LIZ: Okay, but while you're tolerating all that pain, how would you like to also be giving a toast at your kid's wedding?

RILEY: I don't have children but I take your point.

BROOKE: This is a waste of time.

BEATRIZ: Brooke, it's not your fault.

BROOKE: That expression is worthless, it's applicable to nothing.

[Brooke stalks past Riley and out of the room, closing the door.]

RILEY: Do I get the rest from you, or do I follow her?

LIZ: We knew the transferred consciousness would want to communicate with us once it got acclimatized inside the computer. So we created multiple interfaces: a text program, an illustrator, a virtual modeler, and... an audio output.

RILEY: Uh huh. Right...

LIZ: We successfully completed the transfer, then probably, what, a hundred seconds of silence?

BEATRIZ: And then every interface just started spitting out gibberish. The text, the drawing program, the modeler, just an incoherent spray. And the audio...

LIZ: I mean, no need to describe it.

[Liz operates a switch. A hideous static screech fills the room. Liz turns it off.]

RILEY: They were screaming before.

BEATRIZ: But they were also working with us. Giving us clues, guiding us along. But this...

LIZ: It's in so much pain it can't even put together a thought. We made it worse, I mean, we... we made it worse.

[In the hallway, beyond the door, Brooke howls.]

BEATRIZ: [moves to get up] I should...

LIZ: No, don't.

RILEY: What that sounds like to me... is that she knows she has to kill it.

BEATRIZ: Jesus.

LIZ: We can't save them, and every second we leave them alive—

RILEY: You don't have to explain. I've been exactly where you are.

[Brooke opens the door, mostly composed.]

BROOKE: I have to call the president first. Because of the radiation I'll have to do that at the far end of the building.

RILEY: I'll come with you.

[A musical condition shifts to the sound of men getting ready for bed in the barracks. Corey lies on his rack, watching Brooke's interview from Episode 1 on his tablet.]

BROOKE (over tablet speakers): ...it became almost immediately clear that it was a terrible mistake, that there was no—

RILEY (from down the hall): [opens door] Lights out, men! Up at 5:30 sharp! [closes door]

REPORTER (over tablet speakers): But a well-intentioned mistake, surely?

COREY: (quietly, to himself) Oh, man. Huh.

BROOKE (over tablet speakers): I'm not sure how much intentions matter when you've consigned a sentient being to a worse existence than the one you freed them from.

SOLDIER (Christopher Wilson): (from across the barracks) Corey, turn that shit off, man, I'm trying to sleep!

COREY: My bad, I'll put on my earbuds.

[Corey switches to earbuds as Brooke continues.]

BROOKE (over earbuds): ...by transferring it to what we thought was, in terabyte terms, a larger space, but in practice we've done quite the opposite.

COREY: (whispering) Fuck...

REPORTER (over earbuds): Is the process reversible?

BROOKE (over earbuds): We don't believe so, no...

[Corey shifts in bed and starts typing on his tablet. Brief transition Riley greets Gil outside to the main checkpoint office. Cars and trucks drive in and out in the background.]

RILEY: Mr. Cortes!

GIL: Jesus, this is where you work?

RILEY: Of course! Come on in!

[Riley brings Gil into the main checkpoint office, closing the door, and the outside noises become muffled.]

GIL: I mean you're in charge here, Lieutenant, if you wanted an office away from all the bustle you could probably make it happen.

[Gil sits down.]

RILEY: Well, Mr. Cortes, a great deal goes on here that I'm not in charge of. But I am in charge of security, and this is where most of that happens. [walks over and opens a minifridge] Bottle of water?

GIL: I'm good. [Riley closes the minifridge] Lieutenant, in about half an hour the President is gonna call you on that phone right there, and inform you that he's authorized Director Harris to proceed with the mapping test. Is he gonna have a problem?

RILEY: Mr. Cortes, the President of the United States is never going to hear anything from me other than "Yes sir, I understand, and will implement to the best of my ability."

GIL: Great, that's all I—

RILEY: Now I can't stop you from disrespecting me in the future, but I can tell you that no one ever needs to throw out a feeler to see if I'll respect the chain of command.

GIL: Okay whoa whoa whoa whoa, nobody's—

RILEY: To be clear, this is the mapping test the director will be performing on herself?

GIL: What? Y-yes, of, of course that's—and the President is in full support.

RILEY: Then there's nothing more to say.

GIL: Then, I'll... [gets up] leave you to it.

RILEY: Except, of course, to mull various outcomes. And their consequences.

GIL: [sits down] Excuse me?

RILEY: Setting aside the possibility that the President has authorized an elaborate suicide on my watch, the second-most interesting outcome is: what if she succeeds?

GIL: Then... that'll be great, right?

RILEY: It'll certainly suggest a way forward. One which, it seems to me, will require more volunteers. Which leads me to wonder where those volunteers are going to come from.

GIL: Are you... okay if you're implying the President is gonna ask American servicemen—

RILEY: I'm saying soldiers follow orders. Which makes giving orders a very grave responsibility indeed.

[A tense drone plays, transitioning to the Nevada desert. We hear the Ghosthouse screams and the coyotes. Then some kind of resounding, echoing pulse, and the coyotes begin to whine. Transition to inside the Ghosthouse mainframe, with the Ghosthouse screams in the background.]

LIZ: Well can you tell me anything?

BEATRIZ: Her vitals are fine, I don't know what else to say!

DEIRDRE (Lori Elizabeth Parquet) (inside Brooke's head): What is this?

[Brooke gasps.]

LIZ: This was stupid, we did this without any post-op protocols—

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): What is this? Where am I?

BROOKE: It's you...

BEATRIZ: Did she just—

LIZ: Brooke? Brooke are you awake?

BROOKE: Quiet...

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): Where am I?

BEATRIZ: How are you feeling, is there any pain, any—

BROOKE: (hushed) All of you, quiet!

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): Where am I?

BROOKE: (soothing) You're with me. I'm here. You're with me.

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): Where am I??

BEATRIZ: Wait, is she talking to—?

LIZ: Oh my god.

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM!

[A series of tense drones plays as a transition.]

GIL (on phone): (impatient) It's been two days, Liz, can you give me any kind of update?

BROOKE (in the other room, through the wall): Please, please, please!

LIZ: Shit, I have call you back, Gil, she's having another...

[Liz hangs up and opens the door into Brooke's room.]

LIZ: You gotta try to sleep, Brooke, this is insane!

BROOKE: [thrashes] I can't! She thinks it's death, she thinks I'm killing her!

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): Please stop, please! I'm scared!

LIZ: Well can't you—can't you—?

BROOKE: It's rest, it's normal, I promise!

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): This is death! You can't do this! This is death to me!

LIZ: What's she saying?

BROOKE: Listen to me, just please be quiet a minute and listen: if it's death to you, it's death to me. We're the same. And I don't want to die either.

LIZ: (hushed) Fuck...

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): Death to you...

BROOKE: Death to me. We're the same. What happens to you, happens to me. What happens to you, happens to me.

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): What happens to me...

BROOKE: Happens to me. My body *is* your body. Say it with me: my body...

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): My body...

BROOKE: Is your body. My body...

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): My body...

BROOKE: *...is your body.*

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): *...is your body.*

LIZ: Is it working?

BROOKE: My body is your body.

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): My body is your body.

BROOKE: My body is your body. My body...

[Their voices join in unison.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: *...is your body. My body...*

BROOKE: ...is your body.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (their merged voices ebb, grow sleepy) My body is your body. My body is your... my body is... my body...

[Inspirational music begins playing under the end of the scene, leading to a brief musical transition. Bird chirp outside. Brooke rolls over.]

BROOKE: I... is... are you still there? [Beat.] Please, are you still there?

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): I understand now.

BROOKE: (happy) You're still there!

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): I didn't before, but I do now.

BROOKE: Do you... not have sleep? Where you come from?

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): We... do, I think. But it's different. It's a sort of... stretching? Suspension? Until the muscles... they... realign.

[Liz begins to snore under their conversation.]

BROOKE: You're so fast! You're finding everything so fast.

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): You've laid it out perfectly.[Beat. Liz snores.] What's that sound she's making?

BROOKE: (chuckles) Can't you find it?

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): I can. [Beat.] But I want to learn it from you.

BROOKE: I can't wait to tell you everything. [Beat.] Listen... there is one thing...

DEIRDRE (inside Brooke's head): I already know.

[A musical transition plays.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (as Deirdre) ...they were the one who issued the proclamation. We never would have had the courage without—

[The door opens.]

BEATRIZ: Sorry I'm late! I've got water, some stuff from the cafeteria—

LIZ: Wait. Let her finish.

BEATRIZ: What's happening?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (as Brooke) Deirdre is telling us about their leader. The one who died.

BEATRIZ: Who's Deirdre?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (as Deirdre) Deirdre says: I know you, don't I? I know your face from Brooke.

BEATRIZ: Hold on... Deirdre is...

LIZ: Yep.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (as Brooke) She found the name in my mind. (as Deirdre) Beatriz! Hello Beatriz!

BEATRIZ: Oh my god. Oh my GOD.

[Beatriz sits down excitedly.]

LIZ: Sit down. Let her finish.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (as Deirdre) Without the Leader we never would have had the courage. But we followed them all the way to the great... hall? Court? Congress? And there, we told everyone—knowing they could strike us down—that we would not lie. We would not tell our... c-countrymen?... that no other life was possible.

BEATRIZ: Does she... I mean does she have some kind of control, or—

LIZ: Not... control.

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BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (as Brooke) It's hard to explain, I'm... telling you what she tells me... in the way she tells me? It's like I—(breaks off)

LIZ: What? What's she saying now?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (as Deirdre) Deirdre speaking: But now I need to tell you about the Innovator.

[Mysterious music begins.]

LIZ: Who's the Innovator?

[The mysterious music expands and transitions to an office ambience. Brook/Deirdre work with a TV on, playing their interview. The phone rings.]

NEWSCASTER (on TV): ...listening right now?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (on TV): She is, and she has a message.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (answering phone) Brooke and Deirdre.

LIZ (on phone): Did you see it?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're only just watching it now.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (on TV): (as Deirdre) Deirdre speaking...

LIZ (on phone): Turn it up, I wanna hear this again.

[Brooke/Deirdre increase the volume.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (on TV): (as Deirdre) ...I have so many things to say, but for now I'll restrict myself to this: thank you. Thank you for setting me free. Thank you for Brooke. Thank you for my new home.

LIZ (on phone): (exhaling deeply) Okay, so, look: I'm in.

[Brooke/Deirdre silence the TV.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Say that again?

LIZ (on phone): I'm in. I wanna be next.

[A musical transition brings us to the interior of the Ghosthouse, with the screams in the background. Corey takes shuddering breaths. The elevator doors open. A soldier comes forward.]

SOLDIER: (at a slight distance) Sir.

RILEY: (at a slight distance) Tell me.

SOLDIER: (at a slight distance) I've cleared everyone else out. It's just Sergeant Wheeler.

[Riley approaches Corey, who is still breathing and shuddering.]

RILEY: Sergeant?

COREY: Good. They sent you.

RILEY: (quietly) How we doing, Sergeant? [Beat.] Got a lot of people stirred up. Something about an unholstered sidearm.

COREY: That was right after. Couldn't think straight. It's holstered now.

RILEY: Right after what? [leans in] Right after what, Corey?

COREY: I must've watched 'em do it a hundred times.

RILEY: Put on the interface helmet, you mean?

COREY: For a while I thought it took two people: one to wear it, one to plug in the settings. But I kept watching, right? Like you said.

RILEY: Right.

COREY: See, once you put it on, there's only a couple settings left. You can't see 'em, but they're on, they're on top of your head, but the switches and knobs all feel different.

RILEY: How did you know that?

COREY: I'm the guy on guard. It doesn't look weird if I inspect stuff.

RILEY: So you learned how to operate the final settings... by touch?

COREY: And I got inside. All by myself.

RILEY: What did you see, Corey?

COREY: (growling) Enough.

RILEY: What does that mean?

COREY: It means I quit.

RILEY: Excuse me, Sergeant?

COREY: I quit, sir. I quit.

[A tense drone transitions to an office ambience. The door opens.]

RILEY: Director. Mr. Cortes.

GIL: Have a seat, Lieutenant.

RILEY: I'd prefer to stand.

[The door closes.]

GIL: Lieutenant Riley, after extensive consultation with Sergeant Wheeler, Sergeant Wheeler's family, Director Harris, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the President has determined to issue an executive order shielding Sergeant Wheeler from any military penalty connected with his expressed desire to—

RILEY: What?

GIL: ...his expressed desire to leave your command and his position in the United States Army—

RILEY: He didn't consult with me.

GIL: The President has further determined to grant Director Harris's application to enroll—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Director Harris and Deirdre.

GIL: Right, sorry. Director Harris and Deirdre's application to enroll—

RILEY: Jesus Christ.

GIL: To enroll Sergeant Wheeler as—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Now simply "Corey Wheeler."

GIL: ...as an acceptant in the Nevada Project Occupation Program.

RILEY: (growling) He didn't consult with me.

GIL: Lieutenant, the President—

RILEY: He didn't consult with me!

GIL: He doesn't have to consult with you! You serve at the pleasure—

RILEY: (furious) I raised that boy! He was a shell when they sent him to me! You are NOT taking—!

[A beat as Riley controls himself with extraordinary effort.]

GIL: Lieutenant?

RILEY: (calm) You are of course correct, sir. The President is under no obligation to seek my input.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We would further recommend discontinuing the posting of a sentry inside the Ghosthouse mainframe.

RILEY: Who is "we"?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We would suggest that placing additional servicemen in Corey's position would serve neither the Lieutenant's purposes, nor our own. Curiosity is inextricable from human nature.

GIL: Okay don't push your luck, there's no way the Pentagon will allow—

RILEY: No! I agree. (takes a shuddering breath) I agree.

[Brief transition.]

MCKILLOP (on phone): Did I catch you at a bad time, Lieutenant?

RILEY: Not at all, Senator, what can I do for you?

MCKILLOP (on phone): I know it's late, and I imagine the days are pretty long out there.

RILEY: I'm a public servant, sir. I always have time for a duly elected representative.

MCKILLOP (on phone): Well, speaking as one of those, I've found that it pays to maintain a, let's say, healthy backchannel with the Pentagon.

RILEY: Ah. I imagine that would be an asset, sir.

MCKILLOP (on phone): So it may be of interest to you to know that in the course of my unofficial communications with significant persons, that quite a few of those significant persons do not share the President's... enthusiasm for certain ongoing projects.

RILEY: Sir?

MCKILLOP(on phone): And in many cases these significant persons disagree with him—quite sharply, I might add—in reference to certain recent judgment calls.

RILEY: Senator McKillop, I will never act in any way against the directives of the Commander-in-Chief.

MCKILLOP (on phone): Yep! (laughs) That's almost verbatim what they told me you'd say.

RILEY: Will that be all, sir?

MCKILLOP (on phone): Yeah, that's about it. Just wanted to check in, really, let you know how much I appreciate what you do. And I guess just to remind you that the President's only ordered you not to do *some* things.

RILEY: Some things.

MCKILLOP (on phone): I mean if you think about it, there's a whole ocean of things he *hasn't* ordered you not to do.

RILEY: Yes sir.

MCKILLOP (on phone): And if the political climate were to adjust a little—midterms coming up and all—you might not even have to think that hard.

[A brief energetic musical transition brings us to a conference room ambience. A projector engine hums.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay, can we go to the next slide?

COREY/ISAIAH: Yes ma'am.

LIZ/ROBIN: You know you don't have to say that, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Who came up with this?

LIZ/ROBIN: Uh, we did. Liz and Robin. Based on everything we know about the Innovator, we put together this profile of the kind of host pairing we're looking for.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Thirty years of age?

LIZ/ROBIN: We're not married to it, but it seemed like the sweet spot? Young enough that we'll have access to their knowledge for a long time, but not so young that the Innovator could easily, y'know...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Overwhelm them?

LIZ/ROBIN: We were gonna say "ride roughshod."

COREY/ISAIAH: (as Isaiah) Isaiah speaking: I never had a problem with them.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Because you always agreed with them. The Innovator’s favorite quality in a person.

LIZ/ROBIN: Look, we need them, right? Plus, we’re not leaving anyone in there anyway, so...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Talk us through it.

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay, so, 30 years old, advanced degree in biochemistry or chemical engineering, strong-willed but not excessively so—you’d definitely want some aptitude for negotiation—and ideally some kind of background in activism.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Really?

LIZ/ROBIN: Well yeah, we want them to be able to meet the Innovator where they live, right? Speak their language?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Hmm.

LIZ/ROBIN: Should we leave it with you to think about?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes, thank you.

[They all get ready to leave.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Want us to clean up?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That would be lovely.

LIZ/ROBIN: See you at five?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We’ll be there.

[Liz/Robin open the door and leave.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Keep doing that “ma’am” thing, just habit. Doesn’t even make sense, there’s two ma’am’s, so—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Wait, what’s that?

COREY/ISAIAH: Oh—application. Just about to reject it.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Why?

COREY/ISAIAH: Some midlife-crisis guy. Way too old.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: May we see it?

[Suspenseful music plays.]

JOSHUA (Sean Williams) (inside Graham's head): I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE! I'LL KILL YOU IF THEY DON'T PUT ME BACK!

[The music peaks and then fades. Brooke/Deirdre pace outside. Birds chirp in the distance. Liz/Robin come running up.]

LIZ/ROBIN: (from a distance) Brooke, Deirdre!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (to quiet them) They're sleeping! They're sleeping.

LIZ/ROBIN: You got them to sleep?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Eventually.

LIZ/ROBIN: Shit, you look rough. You want us to take over?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Is that an application?

LIZ/ROBIN: Oh... yeah, about this...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You ran all the way here to show us an application?

LIZ/ROBIN: You'll understand when you see who it's—

[A jeep quickly approaches from the distance.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Shit. That's his jeep, isn't it?

LIZ/ROBIN: (looking around) Who? Oh fuck.

[The jeep pulls up sharply.]

RILEY: (angrily) Tell me.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Lieutenant, look—

RILEY: No cute prefacing, just tell me!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: There was an error in the mapping process. We transferred the wrong consciousness into Graham Shapiro.

RILEY: The most recent mapping procedure I have on my schedule was four days ago.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That's right.

RILEY: That's the procedure we're talking about.

LIZ/ROBIN: Look, there's been a lot of—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes.

RILEY: So you haven't told me for four days, in clear contravention of our standing agreement.

LIZ/ROBIN: Brooke and Deirdre's priority was tending to the—

RILEY: ...which leads me to wonder if you've informed the President.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We will, we can do that in the next hour, we just need to—

RILEY: That's not necessary, Director. [starts up the jeep] I can handle that myself.

[The jeep drives away. Brooke/Deirdre and Liz/Robin both groan.]

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay, um... how bad is that gonna be?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Who's the application from?

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LIZ/ROBIN: Take a look.

[Liz/Robin hand a file to Brooke/Deirdre.]

LIZ/ROBIN: So... that's not just somebody with the same name, right? That's *the* Jamie Shapiro?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes. That's exactly who that is.

[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 Ato Essandoh, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, Hennessy Winkler, Sean Williams, Rebecca Comtois, Alba Ponce de León, Jorge Cordova, Christopher Wilson, and Brian Silliman.

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

END OF EPISODE 5