

[Fade into the brief buzzing of an insect, then the ambience of a jeep driving through the desert.]

RILEY (Ato Essandoh): I know you, don't I?

JAMIE (Diana Oh): What? No.

RILEY: Sure about that?

JAMIE: Well, I don't know you, so how could you know me? It doesn't make sense.

RILEY: I don't know, I can't shake this feeling like I've seen you before.

JAMIE: Well shake it, 'cause you haven't.

RILEY: Never visited Red Camp before? In your whole life?

JAMIE: Yes "in my whole life," quit being weird!

RILEY: 'Cause I have this incredibly vivid memory of someone who looks just like you at the front of a line of protestors at that stretch of fence up ahead about two weeks ago.

JAMIE: Well then your memory sucks.

RILEY: What makes this particularly vivid is how it's backed up by hours of high-quality surveillance footage.

JAMIE: That doesn't count, I was outside.

RILEY: Excuse me?

JAMIE: You said, 'have I visited Red Camp before,' but visiting means coming inside and I was outside, so checkmate on you, that doesn't count.

RILEY: Yeah, okay.

[A turn signal. Riley pulls over and stops the car.]

JAMIE: What's happening, why're you stopping?

RILEY: Now Ms. Shapiro, I assume—

JAMIE: This isn't the place, there's nothing here, what is your deal?

RILEY: I assume you have a phone, right?

JAMIE: Fuck you, I'm not taking pics for you!

RILEY: What?

JAMIE: Why is everybody a perv?

RILEY: You think I'm—

JAMIE: If I ever decide to do that I'm starting my own thing, no fucking freebies, now take me where you're supposed to!

RILEY: Ms. Shapiro, I can assure you—

[Jamie bangs on the dashboard.]

JAMIE: HELP! HELLLL!

RILEY: Okay, okay. Who do you think you're yelling to?

JAMIE: Stay back, I'm warning you.

RILEY: (mostly to himself) What do they want with you?

JAMIE: What do you want, perv?!

[Beat. Transition music comes in under their conversation.]

RILEY: You're right. We're done here.

JAMIE: Prolly gonna be late now...

[Transition to a new room, with television news playing in the background.]

TV PUNDIT (Alba Ponce de León): ...but looking at these returns now, I don't see how you call tonight anything other than a disaster for the Democrats across both chambers of Congress...

[The television is abruptly turned off.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (Lori Elizabeth Parquet): What does it mean?

GIL (Jorge Cordova) (on the phone): You don't wanna console me on the bad night I'm having?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: If you're having a bad night that means we're having a worse one. Just tell us what it means.

GIL (on the phone): Not sure yet. Depends how much they hate the project just 'cause they hate Diaz, versus how much they just straight up hate it.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Gil, if the President might abandon us, we need to know that right now.

GIL (on the phone): And I'm saying I can't tell you right now! I need to feel things out! You haven't exactly been helping, hiding a botched Acceptance and randomly turning off the livestream!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: There were reasons for all of that.

[A door opens in Brooke/Deirdre's office.]

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): Hey, we're gonna need you downstairs—oh shit, sorry.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (to Liz/Robin) Be right there.

GIL (on the phone): I mean if you're worried, maybe you wanna help me get out in front of this?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: How?

GIL: Got a few minutes?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE One moment, Gil. (to Liz/Robin) Is it Jamie?

LIZ/ROBIN: Yeah, she kinda flipped out when we gave her the bathroom test—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Everyone flips out.

LIZ/ROBIN: ...and peed on the floor. So.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Five minutes.

LIZ/ROBIN: Yeah.

[The door closes as Liz/Robin leaves.]

GIL: Look I got about a hundred more calls to make tonight, so—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Just tell us what you have in mind.

[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 7: What Neighbors Do.

[We transition to a new room.]

RILEY: (shuffling papers) All right, Mr. Cortes, you're on speaker. Director Harris has been filling me in on your idea. I assume you're calling to tell me the President is in full support?

GIL (over speakerphone): That's right, Lieutenant.

RILEY: To be clear: in full support of this reporter and his team going anywhere they like and asking any question they wish?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Terry Elder has been reporting on this community since the Ghosthouse arrived. Viewers around the world are—

RILEY: Mr. Elder's credentials aren't the issue. The question, again, is what are we showing him and what are we telling him?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You seem to have trouble grasping the concept that nothing is classified here, Lieutenant!

RILEY: I'm sorry, who is speaking to me right now?

GIL (over speakerphone): Okay, folks, please—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Both of us! Brooke and Deirdre are in accord: we don't have to worry about revealing secrets because we aren't keeping secrets.

RILEY: Then why bring in the media at all? Why are the livestreams suddenly not enough?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We have an opportunity here to give—

RILEY: Unless this has more to do with public relations than actually keeping the public informed?

GIL (over speakerphone): Look, Lieutenant, Elder's office is prepping a list of crew and staff as we speak so that you can start on security clearances. This thing is harmless, it's one day, and it's happening, okay?

RILEY: Mm. Then I suppose there's only one question left to ask: who exactly will Mr. Elder be interviewing?

[Transition music brings us into the Ghosthouse, with the screams heavily muted. A tool cranks in the background under the following conversation]

COREY/ISAIAH (Hennessy Winkler): What kind of interview?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Very straightforward: Mr. Elder will ask your human hosts about their decision to join the project, and then all four of you about your life post-Acceptance.

COREY/ISAIAH: But... what's the angle?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No angle, we want you to answer honestly.

LIZ/ROBIN: Well...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We do!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (Sean Williams): (continuing to work) Joshua speaking: I suspect what Robin's hinting at is that they'd like us to tell a selected portion of the truth.

LIZ/ROBIN: Well, Joshua, Liz and Robin are both hinting at that.

COREY/ISAIAH: Put it another way: what's the objective here?

GRAHAM: (to Joshua) Look, can we stop working? I wanna hear this. [The tool sounds top. To all:] Sorry, uh, talking to...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The Republican party is about to have a veto-proof majority in both houses. President Diaz will have to make costly trades to get anything done.

LIZ/ROBIN: And we don't wanna be one of those trades.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: What could these people do to us?

LIZ/ROBIN: If you spent half the time you're on that pointless gizmo actually learning about the world around you—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Excuse me? [as Graham] Yeah, I hear y-uh, Graham hears you.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The Nevada Project exists at the discretion of the federal government of the United States. Should that discretion be removed...

COREY/ISAIAH: What?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's... difficult to predict.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Of course, Deirdre, of course you've gotten us right back in this exact same position. This is what you do best.

LIZ/ROBIN: Brooke and Deirdre gave us everything we have in this world, you wanna show some respect?

COREY/ISAIAH: How does being interviewed help with any of this?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Gil thinks there's still time for this project to avoid being a polarizing issue. That we could be seen as a common, apolitical good.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Joshua) Ha! (as Graham) Uh, sorry, I forgot, that was Joshua—

COREY/ISAIAH: Then why aren't they talking to you? You're the ones who sold 'em on this thing in the first place.

[The cranking tool sounds resume and continue under the following conversation.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Gil's feeling is that Brooke and Deirdre present a... perhaps aloof, cerebral manner that could be perceived as—

LIZ/ROBIN: Corey's a war hero and Graham's a suburban dad.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes.

LIZ/ROBIN: Both of your human hosts appeal to exactly the people we're trying to win over.

COREY/ISAIAH: White people.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (overlapping with Liz/Robin) Predominantly, yes.

LIZ/ROBIN: (overlapping with Brooke/Deirdre) Basically, yeah.

COREY/ISAIAH: How will those people feel about Corey ditching out on the service?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, perhaps we deemphasize that aspect.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: And there it is.

LIZ/ROBIN: Do you want this to work or not? 'Cause if we're fucked, you're fucked, right?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: You know there are much faster ways to compel respect, right? [Beat. Graham to Joshua:] Uh, what does that mean, exactly?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're not discussing that.

GRAHAM: Yeah but what does he mean by—

COREY/ISAIAH: He's right.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're not discussing that! These people took us in!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: These people have us surrounded by soldiers and begging door-to-door for our own existence.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: They need time to get comfortable with us. Anyone facing an unprecedented—

LIZ/ROBIN: Hey, do you maybe wanna look at Brooke and Deirdre when they're talking to you?

GRAHAM: Sorry, he wanted a closer look at the circuit that—wait, aren't I supposed to—

LIZ/ROBIN: They're trying to save all our asses, do you wanna be in this room or not?

[The tool sounds stop.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Joshua, explosively angry) HAVE YOU LOST YOUR GODDAMN MIND? DON'T EVER PRESUME TO SPEAK LIKE THAT TO ME! [Tense beat. As Graham:] Sorry, sorry, I forgot—we forgot to say the—uh—“Joshua speaking” part, it just, he's so—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Let it go, Graham. [Beat. The tool sounds resume.] You would have to do almost nothing, Joshua. We would want you to do almost nothing. It's Graham's quality we want to exhibit.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Then I want my own proper biochem setup right here in the Ghosthouse. A cycler, a disruptor, a spectrophotometer—

LIZ/ROBIN: Now you're making conditions?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: —a centrifuge, the full suite.

LIZ/ROBIN: You're already taking up too much space as it is!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Liz, Robin—

LIZ/ROBIN: No this is a problem! We've got people coming in here for prison visits, mapping prep, or just regular research, and every time they have to deal with you clanking around like it's your personal garage!

[The tool sounds stop.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: That's the price. Or you don't get your coveted Everyman. (as Graham) Well hold on, Joshua I want to do the interview. I wanna do it.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'll arrange for your biochem lab, but in a separate facility. You may bring selected equipment here on an as-needed basis.

LIZ/ROBIN: Really?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: That's acceptable.

COREY/ISAIAH: If Joshua's in, we're in.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Mr. Elder will arrive at 3 p.m. tomorrow. Gill will coach the four of you over videoconference tomorrow morning at our office.

GRAHAM: No, Joshua, you just agreed you would do it, so we're gonna be there. You can take the morning off. [To Brooke/Deirdre:] Just—uh—can I ask—uh, can Graham ask for one thing? It would just be great if Graham could speak to his family before this thing broadcasts. We know we've been holding off on that, just to see how things... um, but just so the first time they hear from him isn't on...

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: How about the day after tomorrow? The interview won't broadcast for a week.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Perfect, thank you.

[Footsteps walking away. The cranking tool sounds resume.]

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): Now that's finally over, I need to teach you to assemble the calibrator coil for the—

GRAHAM: What the hell was that?

JOSHUA: What are you talking about?



GRAHAM: You, just now! I mean it's... it's startling when people yell, sure, but they were scared shitless!

JOSHUA: You understand that if I'm losing the whole morning tomorrow I need to get extra work done now, right?

[The footsteps of Corey/Isaiah approach.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Joshua?

GRAHAM: What? Oh—hey—sorry—

COREY/ISAIAH: We just wanna say that it's an honor to work with you on this.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): For fuck's sake...

COREY/ISAIAH: You probably wouldn't remember Isaiah from home, he was just one of the whole flock from the school—

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): (uninterested) Just say, uh... "I remember that Isaiah was invaluable to me, and I'm, I'm thrilled that we're resuming our partnership."

GRAHAM: (guiltily, more politely) Joshua speaking: I remember that Isaiah was invaluable to me, and I'm thrilled that we're resuming our partnership.

COREY/ISAIAH: Thank you sir.

GRAHAM: Did you just call Joshua—

COREY/ISAIAH: Second mapping device is coming along great, looks like. Two dentist chairs in a row!

JOSHUA: It's not a "second mapping device," it just mimics the structure to the opposite effect.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: It's not a second mapping device, it just mimics the structure to the opposite effect.

COREY/ISAIAH: You think it'll work?

JOSHUA: What, does he want out too?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: why, are you also interested in—

COREY/ISAIAH: No sir, no complaints here, we're pair-bonded for life. But you gotta get out of this old guy, Joshua, like... you've got to. We need you. We're always gonna need you.

[Transition music into the ambience of the Ghosthouse elevator.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Are you all right?

LIZ/ROBIN: Ugh. We forgot what he's like. How he gets.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's just anger. He can't back it up like he used to.

LIZ/ROBIN: (scoffs) For now, but you're giving him a chem lab!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: At least we know they won't be here tomorrow morning. Bring Jamie then.

LIZ/ROBIN: Brooke, Deirdre... we've got to tell Graham she's here.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Not until after the interview.

LIZ/ROBIN: Why is she here? Seriously: why are we doing this?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: She was with the protestors. [The elevator reaches the ground, and the doors creak open.] She's potentially an invaluable source on their upcoming—

[They exit the elevator and begin to walk away from the Ghosthouse.]

LIZ/ROBIN: The "protestors" are a scraggly bunch of morons who couldn't remember to buy a megaphone. Why would we let her into our process over something pissant like that? [Beat. They stop walking.] We've always told each other the truth.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: She's Graham's weakness.

LIZ/ROBIN: She's... everyone who comes here has family shit, why should—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Not everyone has Joshua. Look, he's never going to extract himself from Graham, he's not that brilliant. We're stuck with this.

LIZ/ROBIN: We screwed up.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: *We* screwed up, Brooke and Deirdre. We were the ones operating the selector, it's not on you. But if there's any chance, any chance at all that Jamie qualifies, that we can keep her here, and, somehow, stabilized...

LIZ/ROBIN: What, that she stabilizes Graham? And then by extension...?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Just don't tell them before the interview. Please.

[Transition music takes us into a new room. We hear the rustling of bags being packed.]

TALIA (Dani Martineck): (lightly knocking on the door) Uh... Mom...?

MORGAN (Hanna Cheek): Shit—hey, kiddo, I didn't hear you come in.

TALIA: What's with all the—

MORGAN: Wait, did I know you were coming?

TALIA: Sort of an impulse trip... um...

MORGAN: Well... I obviously can't mock impulse trips when I'm surrounded by luggage.

TALIA: Is this because—what is this for?

MORGAN: Oh, nothing, I'm being ridiculous.

TALIA: I thought maybe—

MORGAN: I got a call from Travis that put me in a stupid tailspin—you know what, I deserve this, (laughs) you seeing me like this, just don't put me in a home, okay?

TALIA: What could Travis have possibly said—

MORGAN: Apparently Jamie crashed with him about a week ago.

TALIA: Oh shit—Mom—look—

MORGAN: Just the one night—not even the whole night, apparently.

TALIA: I didn't kick her out, I asked her to stay, but she—

MORGAN: Wait, what? Jamie was staying with you?

TALIA: Just a couple days, she had some lump of a boyfriend in tow, started picking a fight right off—

MORGAN: So just regular stuff?

TALIA: Yeah—is some not regular stuff happening?

MORGAN: Apparently she offered to be Travis's kept mistress if he let her live there—

TALIA: Wait, for real?

MORGAN: ...and then woke him up in the middle of the night to say she was joining the Nevada Project.

TALIA: She what?

MORGAN: So of course I'm worried about Jamie, but that's standard, that's clockwork. But that Nevada Project shit, that's what really got me, and I haven't heard anything from Graham ever since he...

TALIA: Hold on, Travis said Jamie—

MORGAN: ...and I know they said there's no set timetable for notification, but still, two weeks, what the hell? And I've always worried about Graham, of course I have, I worried about his health, his job, whatever—but I never had to wonder where he was or if the people he was with were...

TALIA: You've never had to worry about him Jamie-style.

MORGAN: Fucking exactly.

TALIA: Did you try contacting them?

MORGAN: There's no way to do that, there's just the goddam application form! So, I don't know, I started thinking I was gonna—god, saying this out loud is—like I was gonna drive the five hours to... and then what? Ram through the checkpoint at top speed! I can't even pick out a suitcase without melting down.

TALIA: I thought it was for packing up the house.

MORGAN: What?

TALIA: Jamie said you were selling. That's why I came.

MORGAN: Shit. Shit. I was gonna tell you the next time we—I wasn't gonna do it without your—

TALIA: Sorry, can we go back to—Travis said Jamie was joining the Nevada Project?

MORGAN: He said that's what she said, I'm sure it's either some delusion, or somebody's scamming her, or—

TALIA: 'Cause she used my laptop to apply for the Nevada Project.

MORGAN: Are you kidding me?

TALIA: She had some plan to go in undercover and sneak Dad out in a picnic basket or something, I didn't take it seriously, but—

MORGAN: Wait, so, hold on, she actually applied?

TALIA: I think so. It was the real website in my browser history, but...

MORGAN: But... they wouldn't take her, right?

TALIA: (getting out phone) I'm calling her right now.

[Talia's phone rings.]

MORGAN: I mean I'm an asshole for saying it, but—

[Talia's call goes to voicemail.]

JAMIE (Diana Oh) (over the phone): This is Jamie Shapiro. Leave a mess—

[Talia hangs up.]

TALIA: Straight to voicemail. For like the 20th time since I last...

MORGAN: All right, let's just, okay: right now we can't get in touch with half our nuclear family. And in both cases...

TALIA: ...the Nevada Project.

MORGAN: You couldn't go on a road trip right now, could you? School?

[A tense tone comes in over the following and builds to the transition music.]

TALIA: I could work out school for a couple days, what're you thinking?

MORGAN: That I hate being frozen out.

TALIA: Lemme make some calls.

[Transition music with some military-style percussion in the mix. Fade into light tropical ambiance—birds, the occasional sway of a hammock—and the sounds of a drink being mixed.]

MCKILLOP: An interview? That is hilarious.

RILEY (on the phone): I don't think so.

MCKILLOP: The full 60-Minutes treatment, walking around and everything? I'm sorry, that is funny. "And this is my half-alien living room, where I sit on half-alien couch!"

RILEY (on the phone): They're talking to Corey!

MCKILLOP: This is good news, Lieutenant!

RILEY (on the phone): They want to use his service laurels to normalize their activities!

MCKILLOP: Of course, obvious move.

RILEY (on the phone): Laurels he earned because men like me inculcated him with sharp instincts and tactical expertise. That is our service being siphoned off to promote this lunacy!

MCKILLOP: "I'm an action hero every dad can love, and even I have a brain-alien!"

RILEY (on the phone): It's stolen valor, Senator, and it is not amusing!

MCKILLOP: Lieutenant, has it ever crossed your mind that your unit is kind of a weird choice to be working a security gig on American soil?

RILEY (on the phone): Sir?

MCKILLOP: Given that your deployment history is predominantly in hostile overseas arenas with more of a, let's say, proactive mandate?

RILEY (on the phone): My team goes where we are directed, Senator. Questions like that are beyond our scope.

MCKILLOP: But not beyond your curiosity, right? Because the truth is: you weren't selected by Diaz. You were selected by the Joint Chiefs with an eye toward any number of... emerging contingencies.

RILEY (on the phone): You're saying someone thought they might need us...

MCKILLOP: ...to implement your more usual areas of expertise? Yeah. That.

RILEY (on the phone): Neutralizing hostiles.

MCKILLOP: If it comes up, sure. But I think they were a little more focused on your gift for relocating populations away from tactically desirable sites.

RILEY (on the phone): The President would never approve.

MCKILLOP: The President just got his hippie ass handed to him by patriotic mid-term voters. He's a much more pliable man than he was thirty-six hours ago. But we'd still need a pretext.

RILEY (on the phone): ...the interview?

MCKILLOP: Gil's playing this wrong. The more they talk, the more chances they have to screw up. And we only need one.

RILEY (on the phone): It doesn't broadcast for a week. And we don't control the edit.

MCKILLOP: And since the news crew's cameras will be literally the only recording devices present in all of Red Camp, I guess there's nothing we can do.

[Silence on the line. Transition music comes in.]

RILEY (on the phone): I'll be in touch.

MCKILLOP: I'd like that.

[Transition music takes us into a new room.]

GIL (over videoconference): Okay, I can see you folks, can you see me okay? Can you hear me?

COREY/ISAIAH: Loud n' clear, Mr. Cortes.

GIL (over videoconference): Gil's fine. Corey and Isaiah, right? We've met once before.

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey met you in the Ghosthouse. In a... different capacity.

GIL (over videoconference): Right, I remember. And Graham and Joshua, right?

GRAHAM: Uh, that's right, thanks, Gil.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I don't have to pay attention to this, do I?

COREY/ISAIAH: Very much appreciate what you and the President did for Corey, sir.

GIL (over videoconference): Yeah, we're gonna wanna talk about that a little—how 'bout we jump right into it? As you might imagine, my schedule's a little tight these days.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Yeah, I'm sor—uh, we're sorry to hear about—it sounds tough.

GIL (over videoconference): At least you guys voted for us, right?

COREY/ISAIAH: We can't vote.

GIL (over videoconference): Bad joke, sorry, look: on paper, both of you—all four of you—you're great: war hero, retired suburban dad.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Well—uh, Graham wasn't all the way retired—

GIL (over videoconference): So normally I'd say, "Just be yourselves, the truth is the easiest thing to remember." Except with each of you—all of you—it's not that simple.

COREY/ISAIAH: You mean this reporter guy's gonna call Corey a deserter.

GIL (over videoconference): Well I don't think Terry Elder is gonna say "deserter," but yeah, the issue of how you left the military service is gonna come up. And with Graham it's gonna be, "Didn't this guy just have a midlife crisis and leave his wife for an alien?"

GRAHAM: Well, I mean, that chronology is—

GIL (over videoconference): That's not coming from me. That's what Terry knows his viewers will be thinking.

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): (overlapping with Gil) This is so unbelievably tedious.

GIL (over videoconference): So, that's where he's gonna push.

GRAHAM: So what do we do?

GIL (over videoconference): You put those same viewers in your shoes. Get them to imagine how they might've done the same thing. Maybe not joined the Nevada Project necessarily, but a lot of people wish they could make a big change in their lives. Our goal is to find that exact spot between their spiritual shoulder blades, and massage it just right.

[Transition music is gradually superseded by the Ghosthouse screams. These are intense and at close proximity. Jamie's yells overlap with the screams.]

JAMIE: Turn it off, fucking turn it off, I DON'T WANT THIS, I DON'T WANNA SEE THIS, TURN IT OFF!!



[Rustling, clicks, and velcro sounds as Jamie is disconnected from the Ghosthouse mainframe.]

LIZ/ROBIN: You gotta stay calm, you're gonna hurt yourself!

JAMIE: Get me out of here, asshole, what's taking so long?!

LIZ/ROBIN: Your brain'll hemorrhage if we go any faster—

JAMIE: Hurry!

SFX: Liz/Robin completes the disconnection process. Sound winding down. Jamie scrambles to remove the interface helmet.

LIZ/ROBIN: Don't take it off, we'll take it off! Jesus Christ.

JAMIE: What is wrong with you? Why would you show me that?

LIZ/ROBIN: Can you quit yelling? People are trying to work in here!

JAMIE: That's the worst thing I've ever seen!

LIZ/ROBIN: That's the point, now will you please keep your goddamn voice down?

JAMIE: Bitch.

LIZ/ROBIN: Bitches, actually, get it right.

JAMIE: I'm not doing that shit again, you can forget it.

LIZ/ROBIN: Why are you here? What did you think this was?

JAMIE: I know you think I'm stupid but I'm not stupid, you're just hazing me!

LIZ/ROBIN: Those are real people in there! Robin—who you're talking to right now—that's where she used to live! The whole point is to give some empathy for what they're—

[The sound of the inner doors opening and closing. Footsteps approaching.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Liz, Robin—you need to go.

JAMIE: You know what they just did to me?

LIZ/ROBIN: What's happening?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: They're on their way back. Now.

LIZ/ROBIN: So how do we—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Our car's outside.

[Music comes in under the following.]

JAMIE: Who? Who's on their way back?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Come on!

[Transition music takes us to an outdoors space. Footsteps on a desert road.]

GRAHAM: Are you nervous?

COREY/ISAIAH: Don't know about "nervous." We got the objective, we got the training, now we do the job.

GRAHAM: Is that both of you saying that?

COREY/ISAIAH: What does that mean?

GRAHAM: Just sounds... soldier-y.

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah was kind a of a footsoldier too, back in the day, right Joshua?

JOSHUA: Can we please just get back to the ship?

COREY/ISAIAH: (more deferential tone) Isaiah speaking: And ready to be one again, Joshua. Just say the word.

[A car zooms by quickly and at close proximity.]

COREY/ISAIAH: Whoa!

GRAHAM: Is that—that's Brooke and Deirdre's car, right?

COREY/ISAIAH: Damn near took us out. Wonder what's going on?

GRAHAM: Maybe it's the news people? They're supposed to be getting here soon, right?

JOSHUA: Then hurry! I want to work for at least an hour before I lose the rest of my day to this nonsense.

[Transition music takes us to a new room. There is a low hum of chatter in the background.]

RILEY: Looks like just about showtime.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Thank you for getting everyone cleared so quickly.

RILEY: All part of the service we provide.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes, we noticed there's an awful lot of service on hand.

[Footsteps approach.]

ELDER (Kevin R. Free): Hi, sorry—Lieutenant Riley, right?

RILEY: How can I help the news media?

ELDER: Is it definitely necessary to have this much security for, you know, an interview? It's gonna be hard to keep them out of the shot.

RILEY: (to Brooke/Deirdre) Is that a problem, Director Harris? If my men are in the shot?

ELDER: And, Deirdre, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's not a problem.

[Transition music into a new space. There are occasional footsteps under the following.]

ELDER: Now, Corey, Isaiah, up until the last five months, these barracks were where you would sleep, yes? As an enlisted member of the unit that guards Red Camp and the Nevada Project?

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey would, that's right.

ELDER: But not anymore, correct?

COREY/ISAIAH: Due to special dispensation from President Diaz—for which we're very grateful—Corey was allowed to resign from his unit, join the Nevada Project, and eventually take on Isaiah.

ELDER: Made quite a stir, I recall.

COREY/ISAIAH: We believe so.

ELDER: So what do you say to people who might think, “Well, he took up one oath by abandoning another.”

COREY/ISAIAH: Well, that’s not how we think about it. To us it’s the same oath. We’ll be honest, Corey was a wreck before he enlisted, a real mess. Only way he could find his balance in life was when he was helping someone else.

ELDER: And you found that for a time in the military?

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey enlisted to save lives. That’s what got him through a lot of tough deployments. Whenever he got scared he would tell himself: “If I can save one life—my buddies, civilians—I can face anything if it means I can save even one life.”

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: That’s amazing.

ELDER: Mm. So, when you had the opportunity to look inside the Ghosthouse prison...

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey couldn’t look away. He couldn’t let it go. We know a lot of folks in the military –and probably a lot of folks watching this at home—feel differently. But to Corey, not taking that chance to help, that chance to save a life, that would mean betraying his oath. He couldn’t do that, sir.

ELDER: Does Corey miss military life at all?

COREY/ISAIAH: You know what’s funny? Lookin’ at the barracks now, remembering being all bunched up like that? Or on deployments together with the same guys for months, nowhere to go, you just got to work it out? It’s like it was preparing Corey for this.

[Graham laughs.]

ELDER: Graham, Joshua? Sounds like something’s resonating.

GRAHAM: Well not the same stakes, obviously, but when you have two kids pretty close together? There’s a stretch of years where kind of nobody in the house has any privacy. Like, you’re giving baths, wiping mouths, reading stories... in a lot of ways, this isn’t as strange as you’d think.

[Transition music into a new space.]

RILEY: (whispering) It’s a disaster.

MCKILLOP (on the phone): Just keep ‘em talking. Trust me.

RILEY: I'll have to go dark for a while. They want to shoot outside the ship, and we don't—we can't get phone signal there.

MCKILLOP (on the phone): But you don't need signal to record video, right?

RILEY: Not at all.

MCKILLOP: Then I'll look forward to good news later.

[The beep of the call being disconnected. Transition music takes us into the Ghosthouse, with the screams at a low level.]

ELDER: And these are your kids?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Uh, Graham's kids—well, adults now: Talia's 20, and Jamie's 22. They're great, great people, just... having their lives.

ELDER: But you haven't seen either of them, or your—Graham's wife, since the Acceptance process was completed?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Well, bear in mind, Graham and Joshua are a new pairing, and we've found it's a good idea to wait until... the personalities have... sort of settled, found their level...

ELDER: Let the new roommates get used to each other?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Exactly, exactly.

ELDER: And Graham is... how old?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Oh, uh, 50, uh, five-oh... the, the big—

ELDER: And you don't find it strange to be taking on a change like this so comparatively late in life?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (laughing nervously) Well, you're only as old as you feel, right?

ELDER: No, but seriously: here's Graham at age 50. His marriage was over, his children grown. Was he at all concerned that he was perhaps taking on this irreversible commitment as a way of—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: It's not irreversible.

ELDER: Excuse me?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (as Graham) Well—as—as far as we know it’s irreversible. And whether it is or not, Graham is fully committed to this choice, to this community. It’s not about a midlife crisis or needing a reason to get out of the house. It’s all about these people, the ones we can hear screaming right now, unjustly imprisoned for their beliefs, and how someone totally ordinary like Graham or like someone watching this right now can help put that right.

ELDER: But how do you—how do both of you respond to someone who says, “People already needed help in this country before the Ghosthouse came.” There’s already people in prisons who shouldn’t be there, already immigrants being mistreated, already plenty of Americans who could use the help being extended to these extraterrestrials. Why help them and not someone who was already here and already needed it?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: No reason.

ELDER: Sorry, did you say—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: There’s no reason to pick one worthy cause over another. All we’re saying is: at least pick one. Graham had neighbors his whole life. Sometimes they helped him, sometimes he helped them. That’s what neighbors do, they help each other. We’re not saying you must help these particular neighbors, all we’re saying is help someone. Find some neighbor who’s crying out, and see what you can do.

ELDER: Well, Graham and Joshua, that is lovely.

[Beat. Tense underscoring begins to build.]

GRAHAM: (to Joshua) You—what? No, I don’t think I should—

ELDER: Are you all right?

GRAHAM: Yeah yeah yeah, we’re—um—(to Joshua) Okay maybe that’s not the right—

ELDER: Graham are you speaking to your Second, to Joshua, right now?

GRAHAM: Yeah, sorry, one second—

ELDER: Does Joshua have something he wants to say?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: If Graham and Joshua are tired, maybe we can—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: And if you do choose to help us, maybe we can offer you something in return.

ELDER: Offer? You mean America? The human race?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Anyone who's ready to live differently.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All right, why don't we—

ELDER: What do you mean, "live differently"?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Literally those words: "live differently." Look around you, read anything, and it's blatantly clear: you're headed down the exact same path we were!

ELDER: By "path" you mean—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (still Joshua) But just like anything else in this life, it's not irreversible. Your self-destruction isn't predestined, it's a choice! You could always make the other choice. If you're prepared to alter your minds and your bodies, to live differently in the way our own people never were, then you have a chance of reversing the irreversible! What better way to repay your hospitality than that?

[Transition music takes us to a new room. Underscoring throughout. A door closes.]

RILEY: (out of breath) I ran all the way back to tell you.

MCKILLOP (on the phone): "Live differently, alter your bodies"? That's better than my wildest dreams!

RILEY: I'm sending it now. See for yourself.

MCKILLOP (on the phone): Brilliant work, Lieutenant. I'll take it from here.

[Transition to a new space. Footsteps. Elder's team is packing up and talking in the background.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Mr. Elder? Mr. Elder, can we speak to you for a second?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Brooke, Deirdre, I'm sorry, I'm—I have to say what he says, don't I? I can't just ignore him.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: A moment, please. Mr. Elder?

ELDER: Brooke, Deirdre! This was great. We've got incredible stuff here.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Listen, would it be- would it be possible...

ELDER: What's up?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Would it be possible to not use the Joshua quote? In your broadcast?

ELDER: Are you kidding?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (an awkward, forced laugh) We just thought... Graham's answer before that was so perfect, and...

ELDER: You know that's not how this works, right?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We just thought...

ELDER: Even if it wasn't a fantastic quote and eminently in the public interest... (laughs) you don't have veto power over my show. I've interviewed you so many times, surely you must know that by now.

[Footsteps. Now Graham and Joshua are alone.]

GRAHAM: What the fuck was that?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): I need to get back in the ship.

JAMIE (from far away): Daaaaad!

GRAHAM: "Alter our minds and our bodies"?

JOSHUA (inside Graham's head): We can talk about it in the Ghosthouse, come on.

[A tense tone begins to build.]

GRAHAM: "Live differently," how do you want us to live?

JAMIE (closer): Daaaaaaad!

[Running footsteps as Jamie approaches.]

GRAHAM: Who the hell are you, Joshua?

JAMIE (close now): DAD!

GRAHAM: ...Jamie?

JAMIE: It's okay, Dad, it's all good now. I'm getting you out of here.

[The Give Me Away 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, Diana Oh, Alba Ponce de León, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, Jorge Cordova, Rebecca Comtois, Hennessy Winkler, Sean Williams, Dani Martineck, Hanna Cheek, Brian Silliman, and Kevin R. Free.

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

END OF EPISODE 7