

[The *Give Me Away* opening theme plays, somber piano and strings over ticking percussion. It ends on a wailing note, and fades into the sound of a crowded cafeteria: voices conversing, clattering plates and cutlery, and footsteps. Then a door opens and shuts with a metallic clank, and there are crickets chirping and footsteps crunching over the sandy ground.]

MIKE (Jordan Tierney): You're not supposed to be back here.

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): Relax, it's us.

MIKE: Who's with you?

LIZ/ROBIN: [footsteps pause] Oh my god, every time, Mike. It's *us*—Liz and Robin.

MIKE: [inaudible] Right. Got it.

LIZ/ROBIN: [step] Whatcha got for us?

MIKE: I got gin, vodka, [rustling] edibles—[rustling] this is cookies from Amanda.

LIZ/ROBIN: Amanda makes cookies?

MIKE: Yeah she makes cookies, she's not just a—[rustling]

LIZ/ROBIN: You want her full academic title? Letters at the end and everything?

MIKE: I'd just forget it later. Point is she also made cookies.

LIZ/ROBIN: Multidisciplinary, we love it.

MIKE: And here, [rustling plastic bag and clinking glass] I've got three bottles of—

LIZ/ROBIN: Holy shit.

MIKE: Don't say I never did anything for you. [clinking]

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay we don't really know anything about scotch, but we're guessing [clinking] that "aged 21 years" means expensive. How did you afford this?

MIKE: I don't pay for this, what are you, [step] kidding?

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay. [peeping frogs join the crickets in the background]

MIKE: You've got a couple friends on the outside [rustling] I guess. They know Amanda gets stuff to you.

LIZ/ROBIN: Wait, how many people know she—

MIKE: “A couple friends.” She’s not telling anyone. It’s two, three people, tops.

LIZ/ROBIN: And your husband?

MIKE: He doesn’t know about this.

LIZ/ROBIN: Alright. [rustling] Well, tell Amanda thank you.

MIKE: Yup.

LIZ/ROBIN: How is she?

MIKE: She’s—w-why?

LIZ/ROBIN: Just like—it’s all working out, right? They’re being good to her and everything?

MIKE: (interrupting) She’s fine.

LIZ/ROBIN: [rustling] Okay. Well. Thanks for all this.

MIKE: Yep.

LIZ/ROBIN: How soon can we—

MIKE: For fuck’s sake. You’re already talking about next time?

LIZ/ROBIN: [rustling] Keep your voice down!

MIKE: You’re lucky there was a *this* time! Do you even know what I’m doing right now?

LIZ/ROBIN: Y-yeah, you’re doing something completely harmless for a group of completely harmless people.

MIKE: Bullshit. I’m helping my sister-in-law by giving snacks to a group of anti-American schizos.

LIZ/ROBIN: (muffled, like they’re covering their face) [rustling] Oh my god.

MIKE: What?

LIZ/ROBIN: Lemme ask you something: if we’re making all this up, where are the screams are coming from?

MIKE: It's dead easy to make those noises up, anyone with a laptop can do it.

LIZ/ROBIN: You seriously think the government would be spending millions of dollars if this was all a big—

MIKE: I think the government spends millions of dollars on a lot of things.

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay, (sigh) we'll give you that one.

MIKE: I don't want to debate this with you, I just want to make sure I'm doing my end of the deal.

LIZ/ROBIN: Well technically, Mike, the only reason we even have this little side-arrangement is your team *isn't* keeping your end of the deal. [beat] The way this is supposed to work is we get our actual authorized shipment on time with all our food and correspondence and everything, but instead—

MIKE: And then Amanda loses her job, [crinkling] right?

LIZ/ROBIN: What?

MIKE: It's quid pro quo, right? [crinkling] Your recommendation gets Amanda into Cal Tech and I bring you booze, but if you can get it through the regular channels—

LIZ/ROBIN: Oh my god. Mike! Do you think we can—like—C'mon, man! She's a tenure-track professor! She actually *can't* just be fired.

MIKE: Okay.

LIZ/ROBIN: Mike, seriously. If you think we would do something like that, you really don't know who we are.

MIKE: Alright, I get it. [crinkling]

LIZ/ROBIN: You guys are all so fucking intense! Like, we're actually doing what we say we're doing and we're exactly who we say we are.

MIKE: Doesn't matter, I'm just doing my part.

LIZ/ROBIN: Alright, fine, whatever. Amanda's not gonna get fired, we're not gonna do anything to fucking—[deep breath] whatever. Nobody here is gonna stab you in the back.

MIKE: HA.

LIZ/ROBIN: What is your deal, Mike? [rustling]

MIKE: You don't even know who you're protecting in there.

LIZ/ROBIN: It—We—we're nerds! It's just a group of big-hearted nerds trying to do something deeply nerdy! How could you possibly think we're the aggressors here? [crinkling and rustling]

MIKE: WHAT? [inaudible] First of all, you've got a bioweapon expert trying to kill all of us—

LIZ/ROBIN: Joshua isn't—okay, yeah, that's—

MIKE: And I'm pretty sure I didn't imagine being locked up for two weeks!

LIZ/ROBIN: [rustling] We let you out the second we could.

MIKE: But more than any of that? Not all of you are [beat] what you describe.

LIZ/ROBIN: [shifts weight] Are you talking about Corey/Isaiah?

MIKE: No.

LIZ/ROBIN: Oh. [beat] 'Cuz—

MIKE: I'm talking about Corey. You don't know him like I know him.

LIZ/ROBIN: We get it, it felt like a betrayal when he left the military.

MIKE: He was a piece of shit long before that.

LIZ/ROBIN: Wait just a fucking minute. You don't know what kind of sacrifice most of us are making in order [crinkling and rustling] to do this.

MIKE: Until you've served, you can't say anything about sacrifice.

LIZ/ROBIN: Well, actually we can, we can say anything we want.

MIKE: You don't know what I know. [cicadas join the night chorus]

LIZ/ROBIN: That is probably true of anyone.

MIKE: I'm saying, you don't know what I know about Corey.

LIZ/ROBIN: We've been locked in this camp together for—(deep breath) okay. Robin speaking: Mike?

MIKE: Oh my god. [crunching dirt]

LIZ/ROBIN: Robin speaking: You knew Corey. You don't know Corey/Isaiah. Corey/Isaiah is not who either of them were alone.

MIKE: Look, you can't join a cult and then decide that means everything you were before doesn't count.

LIZ/ROBIN: Robin speaking: On my planet, I was a neurologist. We studied the brains of people on our planet.

MIKE: I know what a neurologist is, Liz.

LIZ/ROBIN: *Robin* speaking: We had something like booze on our planet. Almost identical, we made it from plants. And when we take it in, it blocks off parts of the brain, lights up other parts. You follow?

MIKE: Sure.

LIZ/ROBIN: (back to Liz/Robin) Have you ever known anyone who was a completely different person when they are drinking booze?

MIKE: Sure.

LIZ/ROBIN: But that's just small change. That's a tiny neurological shift, compared to taking on a second. (Back to Liz/Robin) We remember Liz, we remember Robin (deep breath) but we're a new person now. [beat] Corey/Isaiah is a new person.

MIKE: That's fine. Doesn't change the past.

LIZ/ROBIN: Sure. We're just saying, it could change the future, if you gave them a shot. [crunching dirt]

MIKE: Any requests [rustling] for your next care package? I'm seeing Amanda Wednesday.

LIZ/ROBIN: Yeah. [crinkling and rustling] How 'bout some decent scotch next time? Just 'cause we live in a cage [music creeps in] doesn't mean we're animals.

MIKE: (smiling) I'll see what I can do.

LIZ/ROBIN: Give Amanda my best.

MIKE: I will. She'll appreciate it. [rustling and footsteps]

[The theme music plays again for a beat, then credits]

VOICEOVER (Jordana Williams): *Give Me Away*, created by Mac Rogers, written by Sean Williams, directed by Jordana Williams. Featuring Jordan Tierney and Rebecca Comtois. Music by Adam Blau, production manager Katie Kosma. Produced, edited, and designed by Sean Williams.

[The music ends on a wailing note]

END OF EPISODE