

[Screaming and wailing that fades into crickets, a coyote howling, the crunching of footsteps over sand or gravel. People milling around, a chopper flying over, occasional sirens.]

GRAHAM (Sean Williams): Here he comes.

JOSHUA (Sean Williams): Wasn't he meant to be alone?

GRAHAM: He's the only one we're letting in. That's the deal.

JOSHUA: Let's hope they honor it. That heavily armed, they don't have to.

GRAHAM: They've seen what we can do.

JOSHUA: Could do. Past tense.

GRAHAM: This is gonna work. [more footsteps]

JOSHUA: The thing about bluffing is it's better when you can back it up.

JAMIE (Diana Oh): What's gonna work?

GRAHAM: (to Joshua) Then it's not bluffing.

JAMIE: Oh, you're talking to Joshua.

JOSHUA: That's true, isn't it? Perhaps what I mean to say is: bluffing is bad.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (Lori Parquet): Graham. Joshua. [more footsteps]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Fearless leaders.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Beautiful morning. [the sound of a big engine running close by]

GRAHAM: Heh. We'll see.

COREY/ISAIAH (Hennessy Winkler): Soldiers are in the back, ma'ams. They've had water, [engine stops] they're comfortable.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Thank you Corey, thank you Isaiah. Did you speak to Riley?

COREY/ISAIAH: [beat] He doesn't want to speak to us.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Understood.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: you ready, kiddo? [shuffling footsteps]

JAMIE: To get yelled at by Mom all day? Sure.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Your Mom's not gonna—she's been incredibly worried about you.

JAMIE: I thought you guys weren't talking.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: I don't have to talk to her to know that. You got everything? You got your pass?

JAMIE: [fabric flapping] Oh no, my pass, I totally left it in my other bra!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Jamie—

JAMIE: It's here, I'm not a complete fuck-up. This'll definitely get me back in?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: if they betray any part of our deal I'll make them pay for it in blood.

JAMIE: Thanks Uncle Joshua! [fabric flaps again]

COREY/ISAIAH: [engine fires up] Better get going, Jamie!

JAMIE: Coming! [footsteps]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [music creeps in] Wait, hold up, Graham speaking: what did you call him?

JAMIE: [door opens] Real food here I come! [door closes]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: There's no "Uncle Joshua!"

[Theme music plays, somber piano and strings over ticking percussion. Fades for title.]

VOICEOVER (Jordana Williams): *Give Me Away*, Episode 1: "Fifty Thousand People."

[Music swells, then fades on a wailing note into a car engine, wheels on gravel, people milling around and talking, a radio broadcast]

NEWS ANNOUNCER (TKTK)(through radio): "...as families continue to wait outside Red Camp, the site of the Nevada Project, for the promised return of their loved ones..."

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 2 (Deborah Alexander): Hey what's this guy's deal?

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 1 (Steve Alexander): Have you seen that car before?

TRAVIS (Nat Cassidy): Uh, hi? Sorry. Hi? [footsteps]

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 1: Uh, can I help you?

TRAVIS: Thanks, yeah, um, [car shifts into park and idles] uh-uh my-uh, my name's Travis, uh—

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 1: Is one of your people inside?

TRAVIS: Oh, uh, d-uh-ye-uh-uh, sort of! Uh, do you know (slow and deliberate) Morgan Shapiro? She's my, uh—

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 2: What division is she with?

TRAVIS: D-uh-yeh, di-vision?

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 2: What's her rank?

TRAVIS: Oh! (nervous laugh) oh, I see. Um—

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 2: Like our Danny's a Corporal, what's her rank?

TRAVIS: Yeah, I-I-I see the confusion, um—

MORGAN (Hanna Cheek): Travis?

TRAVIS: Oh! That's her! That's-that's my— [the engine shuts off, keys clink, a door opens] (to Morgan) Hey! Morgan! Uh, oh, wait there, I'll—

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 1: [footsteps] Can't park here. Park over there.

TRAVIS: [door creaks] What?

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 1: They're bringing our boys out soon. [music begins, ticking cymbals] You can't block the road.

[Strings swell, the door creaks again and the keys clink as they engine turns over and starts. The music fades up for a moment, all cymbals, synth, and gated reverb, then fades away into footsteps and the sounds of the crowd of waiting people.]

MORGAN: (nervous laugh) Travis what the hell? [car door closes]

TRAVIS: Are you okay?

MORGAN: Am I? Uh—I mean, as much as—what are you doing here?

TRAVIS: Well, I-I'd like to say "I-I came as soon as I heard," but that wouldn't really jibe with the linear passage of, th-whe-beh-eh, more like [cars are driving by]" as soon as I could get time off." (nervous laugh)

MORGAN: I told you not to come. There's nothing you can do, it's mostly waiting, and it's just families.

TRAVIS: But I'm—you know—I'm sorta like [beat] [footsteps] Ey, I-I brought snacks. Uh, I brought [trunk opens, bags rustling] some snacks you might like, uh, I don't know what Talia likes, uh—where is Talia? [trunk closes]

MORGAN: Up front watching my car.

TRAVIS: You're at the front?

MORGAN: We were the first ones here.

TRAVIS: Like—just outside Red Camp?

MORGAN: I wish, more like "outside the roadblock that's some mysterious distance from Red Camp"—look I gotta get back there, I don't wanna leave Talia alone for too long.

TRAVIS: Why? [footstep]

MORGAN: [music starts] The neighbors aren't friendly.

[a quick music break to transition scenes]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: [clanking, then footsteps, still on the gravel] Liz, Robin, what's the story?

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): We're all set. Gil's waiting for you in the conference room.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And he's had food and water?

LIZ/ROBIN: If you mean did we give him a power bar, the only kind of food we have in the whole camp, then y-yes.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (sighs) Thank you.

LIZ/ROBIN: Go get 'em. [footsteps]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: what's up?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: When we go in there, give Joshua free reign.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sorry, by "free reign"—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It-let him say what he wants.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: I mean [beat] I would do that anyway, why specifically—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: [music starts] It-Just saying.

[a quick music break to transition scenes]

MORGAN: [footsteps and the sound of the waiting crowd] You can just barely see; that's me at the front.

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 4 (Jordana Williams): —supplies coming *out*?

TRAVIS: Whew! You've been living on this highway for two weeks?

MORGAN: We have a room in a lodge off the next exit; we take turns watching the car.

TRAVIS: Seems like they should have a better system for this.

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 4: Sure lady! Bring all your friends to the front of—

MORGAN: I mean if we're making a list of everything that's fucked about this situation, parking's way down the—

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 3 (Dan Kois): Hey! Are you with her?

TRAVIS: Sorry?

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 3: Are you with her?

MORGAN: Hey, do you maybe wanna fuck off?

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 3: 'Cause she's not with us, d'you know that? She's not waitin' for one of the hostages.

TRAVIS: [crunch] Okay, um, I don't want any—

WAITING FAMILY MEMBER 3: She's friends with the aliens. That's who she is. Ask her.

MORGAN: Hey! I said fuck off! [footsteps]

TRAVIS: Jesus, that's just, happening?

MORGAN: Mostly it's just side-eye, but— [a squeal of feedback]

TRAVIS: Whoa, that's definitely loud enough.

PA VOICE (Jordan Tierney)(over the loudspeaker): ATTENTION! ATTENTION! EVERYONE RETURN TO YOUR VEHICLES! RETURN TO YOUR VEHICLES IMMEDIATELY! [footsteps]

TRAVIS: Oh—should I go back to my—

MORGAN: Do what you want, I gotta get to Talia. [music starts] Something's happening.

[a quick music break to transition scenes—inside. The sound of something running, like electronics, in the background. ]

GIL (Jorge Cordova): [creak] So! Hell of a fortnight, huh? [swish of papers]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (wry chuckle) As you say, Gil. Hell of a fortnight.

GIL: I'll be honest, I kinda thought I'd just be talking to you?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (scoffs) The situation's changed. You and your colleagues changed it.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We have a list of requests.

GIL: Right, Zero Banter Brooke, guess some things don't change.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We can take them one at a time—

GIL: Yes, it's just the word "request" is-is kind of funny when it's paired with "or we'll attack Nevada with a weaponized virus."

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We just safely released every one of your soldiers. Our good faith isn't in question.

GIL: [creak] The President was backed into a corner.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: How terrible for him, to be "backed into a corner." He must've been prepared to do anything to fight his way out.

GIL: [creak] So. (sigh) You mentioned [music starts] requests?

[a quick music break to transition scenes—fades into outside again, people milling around and running footsteps over gravel and dirt. A ringing, glockenspiel-like sound.]

MORGAN: Talia! We're coming!

PA VOICE: YOU WILL BE CALLED UP ONE AT A TIME, BUT YOU MUST REMAIN WITH YOUR CARS UNTIL PROCESSING IS FINISHED. [running footsteps slow to a stop]

TALIA (Dani Martineck): Thank god, I was about to come looking for—Travis?

TRAVIS: Everyone's so incredulous! Yeah! Hi! [Travis is huffing and puffing from their run under the next few lines]

MORGAN: What's happening?

TALIA: I think it's good news. See that vehicle past the roadblock? Like a ways down the—

MORGAN: You think Jamie's in there?

TALIA: It's not confirmed, but when I asked the roadblock guys about it and I said I was with Jamie, they said something like "debrief is shorter for civilians."

MORGAN: Meaning they'll let her out faster?

TALIA: Maybe? I'm sorry, Travis, how are you [beat] why are you—

TRAVIS: [footsteps and crinkling bags] Snacks?

MORGAN: Look, Travis—

TRAVIS: We-it's no problem, don't worry about me.

MORGAN: It's fine that you're here as long as you understand—

TRAVIS: I'm not expecting you to do anything for me, I just wanna—

MORGAN: This is about Jamie, I have to focus on—like [beat] like I don't have food for you, or water.

TRAVIS: I'm a grown man, I can get my own—

MORGAN: Well, but, really? [a car door opening in the distance]

TRAVIS: What—[crinkle] what do you—

JAMIE (from a distance): Mom! [car door slams]

TALIA: There she is!

MORGAN: Oh my god. [running footsteps] Oh my god.

JAMIE: They let me out, it was easy!

MORGAN: Jamie, Jamie, Jamie!

JAMIE: I didn't even tell them any secrets! [Travis is breathing heavy] I didn't tell them shit and they let me go anyway! [footsteps stop]

MORGAN: Jamie. Oh my god!

JAMIE: I'm okay, Mom, I'm fine, I'm totally—you don't have to— [Jamie and Morgan grunt as Morgan squeezes them together in a hug, jogging footsteps approach]

TALIA: She's all right, [Travis puffs] she's just happy, I'm happy too.

TRAVIS: (out of breath) [footsteps coming to an erratic stop] Hey this is uh—this is nice, isn't it?

JAMIE: All right, stop, I can't [music starts] do a double hug, it's too hot.

MORGAN: Are you hungry?

[a quick music break to transition scenes—fades into inside, with the humming electronics, creaking chairs, and shuffling papers]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: First request: we ask that all hybrid people, scientists, and staffers be returned to Red Camp immediately to resume their roles in the Nevada Project.

GIL: We were already gonna do that. We can bus them back in tomorrow morning. See this is gonna be easy! [thump]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Anyone who doesn't wish to return doesn't have to, that needs to be clear.

GIL: Okay, that can apply to scientists and staff, but hybrid folks need to come back.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That's acceptable.

GIL: [swishing fabric] Hybrid people going anywhere but Red Camp is its own conversation.



BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Then let's have that conversation. Our human hosts haven't seen their loved ones for a long time, some for over a year.

GIL: And th-that's tough, but we're not talking about re-integration at this meeting.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're not asking for that. We're requesting supervised furloughs for human hosts to visit their families or friends. We're willing to start with afternoon visits, and if those are successful [Gil laughs in disbelief] we move to overnights.

GIL: [tap] Adding a huge line-item to this program's budget just in time for Congress to turn very Republican.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And we want to turn off the livestream.

GIL: [tap] Excuse me?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Every livestream camera in the camp. In the Ghosthouse, in the Research Center—

GIL: You're saying right when the American public trusts you the least, you want to make this whole project [thump] less transparent?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'll still allow regular media coverage.

GIL: Oh, you'll allow that?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: But now we know we're in the firing line. We can't keep putting our faces out there, providing *hours* of free footage for our enemies to distort into propaganda.

GIL: Okay you gotta know you're asking for the moon here.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're asking for what's necessary.

GIL: [creak] You have to give me something.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: No they don't.

GIL: Excuse me?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: What do you wanna trade for our safety? What do you think is a fair exchange for "innocent Americans getting to visit their own families."

GIL: You're not Americans anymore!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: There it is.

GIL: [creak] Eh-okay, Brooke [thump], Deirdre, what exactly is the dynamic here, 'cause I basically just met this guy a month ago and now he's at the table?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: [creak] Suppose we allowed the audit to proceed.

GIL: Are—you serious?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: [slight creaking under their whole speech] Not under previous conditions, of course. No soldiers ransacking unstaffed facilities. Instead, a proper audit of a fully functioning program with all staff in place, streamed to the public with total transparency. Senator McKillop and his whole caucus may attend in person. We'll treat them with deference, they'll have free reign to stage all the triumphant photo ops their hearts desire. Everyone gets to save face. In return, our people get to see their people.

GIL: [thump] Yeah, yeah, okay. Now that I can sell.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We feel sure that you can, a man of your talents.

GIL: Great, terrific, that wasn't so bad, few bumps here and there but, you know!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And [beat] we want to reopen applications for host bodies.

GIL: Are you out [thump] of your fucking minds?

[The sound of a car driving down the highway, other cars passing by, rhythmic squeaking]

JAMIE: Do they have waffles?

TALIA: Probably? It's just a normal diner.

TRAVIS: Oh! And that was my car—

JAMIE: I could fucking annihilate some waffles.

TRAVIS: Hope nobody tries to—

JAMIE: I've been living off power bars and astronaut food since I woke up.

TALIA: W-well even if they don't have waffles, I'm sure—

MORGAN: (interrupting, but attempting nonchalance) What do you mean "since you woke up?"

JAMIE: I'm saying power bars is all the food we have 'cause of the siege—

MORGAN: No, I mean "woke up" from what?

JAMIE: Uhhhh, from being unconscious?

MORGAN: Why were you unconscious?

JAMIE: I can't tell you, Mom, it's top secret.

MORGAN: It's not top-secret from me.

TALIA: Let's maybe save this for when we have food in our stomachs?

JAMIE: All I'm cleared to tell you is I got sick when I was saving the day, and then Joshua cured me.

MORGAN: WHAT THE FUCK.

TRAVIS: She's fine now, right? Whatever happened, now she's—

MORGAN: All right. All right. Okay. Jamie? Why were you sick?

JAMIE: I can't tell you!

MORGAN: What specifically made you sick?

JAMIE: Sorry, Mom, that's classified.

MORGAN: NOTHING'S FUCKING CLASSIFIED, YOU'RE NOT A SECRET AGENT YOU'RE A KID!

JAMIE: I'm 22 years old!

TRAVIS: She really does seem very healthy—

MORGAN: You know what? It's fine. It's fine. We will have (a breath) plenty of time to talk about this at home.

JAMIE: What do you mean "at home?"

TALIA: Yeah, aren't you selling the—

MORGAN: You can have your old room, I'll take a few more days off—

JAMIE: My old room?

MORGAN: Then once you get the cloak and dagger out of your system maybe—

JAMIE: I-I'm not going home with you, Mom!

MORGAN: Of course you are, where else are you gonna go?

JAMIE: No, Mom, I—

MORGAN: Didn't you lose your place, and then everyone else in this car gave you the boot?

TALIA: I feel terrible about that, Jamie—

TRAVIS: I don't think I exactly gave her "the boot."

MORGAN: So, you'll stay with me.

JAMIE: No—Mom—you're not getting it. I'm going back to Red Camp.

MORGAN: If you'd rather stay with Talia, fine, the main thing is to get you—

JAMIE: (interrupting) Like, tonight. I'm going back tonight. This is just a visit.

TALIA: Wait—really?

MORGAN: No, not really, she's just—

TRAVIS: (interrupting) I-Sorry, how much further was the exit again?

MORGAN: She's obviously coming home with us, this is just—

JAMIE: I'm obviously not going home with you, I live at Red Camp now. I'm a hero there!

MORGAN: Okay, whatever Graham recruited you into believing—

JAMIE: I saved thousands of lives! I can't tell you how, that's top-secret classified, but—

TRAVIS: (interrupting) It's just you said "three miles" a little bit ago and it feels like—

TALIA: He's right, Mom, this is the exit.

JAMIE: I'm gonna eat my waffles then I'm going back to Red Camp where I live now. [a big vehicle passing, like a semi]

TALIA: Mom that's the—this exit right here—Mom!

MORGAN: We're not going to the diner. [clunk]

TALIA: Did you seriously just child-lock the—

MORGAN: We're going home. Right now.

[Cut to inside again, electronics humming, motherboard fans spinning, and creaky chairs]

GIL: In what fucking universe do you think we'd let you just reopen for business?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: There are, at this moment, thousands of innocent people in a state of permanent agony.

GIL: Yeah, I've heard this one before, but the fact remains—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (interrupting) Well we certainly don't wish to bore you.

GIL: You used a bio-weapon against American servicemen and then held them prisoner for weeks! Can we please remember the facts on the ground here?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: They were treated well and released unharmed. Could our comrades in the cyber-prison say as much if your "audit" had gone off as planned?

GIL: Okay that's a paranoid fantasy you invented in your minds to justify—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Oh shut the fuck up, you ludicrous toady.

GIL: (laughing in disbelief) Are you serious right now?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: How remarkable, just what I was gonna ask you.

GIL: [thump] You think *I'm* not serious?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: The people of this camp live our lives in the shadow of a burning building! We eat and sleep as our loved ones scream for rescue from the highest windows. If you don't get that, leave this room now and send in someone empowered to actually deal. You've gotten used to gentle parlay from Brooke and Deirdre, but I'm here now.

GIL: [tap, tap] Kinda sounds like you're threatening me Joshua.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: I'm unquestionably threatening you. The virus we used against your soldiers is a fraction of what I'm capable of. There's nothing I can't do with biochemistry. I can carbonate your blood, I can deploy the parasites in your stool against your heart.

GIL: [creaking and swishing] You seriously think anything you cook up in that tiny lab could stand up against—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: No, you would win. In the end [tap] you would win. [swish] But I'm here to tell you it would cost you [tap] dearly. And every time you looked in the mirror thereafter you'd see the disfiguring scars of your victory.

GIL: Okay, that sure sounds bad, but the thing is, Joshua, [tap] if you really can do all that stuff, [tap] why would we ever, [tap] *ever* let you out?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You said it yourself. Because then I'd be an American. I'd be in the tent pissing out. Which is the only place you want me to be.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: [swishing paper and creaking] Let's have some clarity here, Gil. Are you saying "never?"

GIL: No—Brooke, Deirdre—it's not—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: [creaking] If that's your position we will thank you for your time, return you to your colleagues, and consider how to respond.

GIL: It's not "never." If you let the soldiers back in, if you let the military resume control of Red Camp—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Under Riley?

GIL: [thump] Or someone like him.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And then?

GIL: [thump] If you allow the audit as discussed, and maintain Red Camp without incident for a to-be-determined period of time? [creaking] The President will consider reopening the application process.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (heavy sigh) When?

GIL: I literally just said "[tap]to-be-[tap]determined."

GRAHAM: A month? Two months? Three?

GIL: [thump] Jesus Christ.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Thank you, Gil. We accept. [clinking] As soon as all of our people are returned and accounted for, the soldiers may resume their posts.

GIL: [swish] Without reprisal?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Without reprisal.

GIL: Yeah, [thump] I wanna hear Joshua say it. [thump]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Graham Shapiro is a decent man. As long as you keep your word, he won't allow me to move against you. But should your treatment of us ever cause [music creeps in] this decent man to let me off the leash again, [creak] anything is possible. Remember that.

[ticking percussion, synth with heavy reverb, and high sustained notes, continues as we go back to the highway, the swish of tires on the road and the sound of cars passing by outside]

JAMIE: Mom what the hell are you doing, turn around!

MORGAN: You can yell all you want, this is happening.

TRAVIS: Actually, before we go too far—

TALIA: Okay we're not actually driving all the way back to—

JAMIE: Stop the car!

MORGAN: Tell you what. Sleep in a real bed in a real house for, say, two nights, with no soldiers and no one making you sick—

TRAVIS: It's just my-my actual car is still—

MORGAN: —and then if you want to come back I will drive you myself!

JAMIE: This is kidnapping!

MORGAN: For god's sake, "kidnapping," relax.

TALIA: No, Mom, it literally is kidnapping. [a car horn as they pass]

MORGAN: It's a highway, asshole, drive like it!

TRAVIS: Okay, Morgan—

TALIA: Mom, slow down!

MORGAN: I have to get her away from here, Talia. You understand that, right?

TRAVIS: Just—y-you're [passing a big vehicle, like a semi] getting too close to—

JAMIE: Not supposed to pass on the right, Mom!

TALIA: All right, you're in a, [Travis moans] I don't know, like a manic state—

TRAVIS: If we could just go back for my car—

JAMIE: You can't take me away from there, Mom, that's where I live!

MORGAN: That's where you're crashing, there's only one place you live!

JAMIE: They actually like me there, I [truck horn] saved the day!

TALIA: Mom, the truck! [Morgan grunts, tires screech as they swerve, Talia, Jamie and Travis breathe heavily]

MORGAN: Lemme tell you about cults, Jamie, it's amazing one hasn't gotten to you before, but lemme just tell [car horn] you how it works.

TALIA: Mom, pull over.

MORGAN: When you first join a cult they make you feel like the most important person in the world, like you're the center of the universe, so [car horn stops] that later when they have you cleaning toilets and bearing the guru's babies you think it means something. [seatbelt being pulled out, Travis taking panicked breaths]

JAMIE: I saved fifty thousand lives!

TALIA: Mom pull onto the shoulder!

MORGAN: "Fifty thousand," listen to yourself, [seatbelt buckle clicks] less than three hundred people even work there! [car horn dopplering away]

JAMIE: Oh, wow, Mom, you—that's really wrong. [rubbing sounds]

TRAVIS: Please please [car horn] just focus on the—aaah! [low rumbling]



TALIA: Mom, fuck! Okay, okay, you know what? You're not taking her back home. You know how I know?

MORGAN: That's exactly where I'm—

TALIA: Because [car horn] how's that gonna work, Mom? How long can you keep Jamie in a house even you're not planning to live in?

TRAVIS: Wait, what?

TALIA: What's the plan once you get a buyer? You're gonna lock her in your-your RV?

TRAVIS: Wh-what are you talking about?

JAMIE: You didn't know? I thought you told each other everything.

TRAVIS: You're selling the house? You're [car horn] moving?

TALIA: Jesus, LOOK OUT! [Travis screams, Morgan grunts, Talia moans and Jamie blows out her lips]

MORGAN: Ohmygodohmygod!

TALIA: Okay, listen to me very carefully, Mom: the way you are driving right now is endangering the children you're trying to protect.

MORGAN: Yeah.

TALIA: You understand me, Mom?

MORGAN: Yeah.

TALIA: You need to slow down, and pull onto the shoulder.

MORGAN: Yeah, uh-huh. [a crunch of sandy road as the car pulls off and stops]

TALIA: Let's um, park, yeah, [clunk] and let's do the—

MORGAN: Parking brake. [a ratcheting sound]

TALIA: Yep, good! And now just the— [a clunk, and the clink of keys. The engine stops. The sound of cars passing is a little clearer now.]

MORGAN: (heavy sigh) [creaking seat] Oh my god.

TALIA: We're okay, we're all okay.

MORGAN: [fabric swish] Jamie.

JAMIE: Mom.

MORGAN: We've been out here for weeks, we didn't know if you were—

JAMIE: I was fine, Dad and Joshua.

MORGAN: [swishing and creaking] You're both grown! I'm supposed to be done!

TALIA: Run the numbers, Mom. You can't hold onto her. She's either running around out here in the world, who knows where, or with who, or she's with Dad.

JAMIE: Don't talk about me like I'm not here.

TALIA: Sorry, Jamie, sorry.

JAMIE: I saved the day, I saved fifty thou—

MORGAN: Please stop saying that, it makes me insane.

JAMIE: You think I don't know I'm a fuckup?

TALIA: You're not a fuckup, Jamie.

JAMIE: Then why did you kick me out?

TALIA: I am so sorry for—

JAMIE: Because I fucked up, that's why. Because I ruin everything.

MORGAN: [swishing] Baby, come on, don't—

JAMIE: Red Camp is the one place in the whole world I didn't ruin everything. I was good there, I did it right, [music creeps in] I saved fifty thousand people, there's fifty thousand people in that computer, Mom, I know you don't believe it but they're in there and I saved them.

TRAVIS: [swish] Where are you moving?

[A big whoosh, then music fades into the diner—lots of conversations, plates and glasses and silverware clinking, and faint rock music]

SERVER (Lyra Kois): —which just leaves the waffles, which must be for you? [a plate is set down, and scrapes across the table]

JAMIE: Hell yeah! [silverware sliding against itself]

SERVER: I like your attitude. [clinking]

JAMIE: Talia, syrup!

TALIA: [creaking leather] Yep.

JAMIE: (a chuckle of pure gastronomical anticipation) [glass hitting the tabletop]

SERVER: I'll check back on y'all in a minute. [silverware scraping against a plate]

JAMIE: Fuckin 'waffles y'all! [a crisp crunch, Jamie moans]

TALIA: Happy ending. [clinking]

TRAVIS: You're not hungry?

MORGAN: I'm just—

TALIA: So, Jamie? [another crunch]

JAMIE (mouth full): Uh-uh. Can't talk.

TALIA: What's Dad like now?

JAMIE (mouth full): Dad and Joshua.

TALIA: Dad and Joshua.

JAMIE (mouth full): Oh my god they're so much better. [clinking]

TRAVIS: Better? Than—

JAMIE: Than Dad by himself.

MORGAN: What do you mean by that, honey? [clinking]

JAMIE: [beat] You know how Dad was like [beat] fading away, like (swallows) he was basically the same color of whatever wall he was in front of?

MORGAN: I don't think your father was *fading*—

TALIA: I know what you mean.

JAMIE: Well not anymore, bitches, they're so much cooler now. [silverware scraping]

MORGAN: Cooler how?

JAMIE: Like, Dad is still Dad, but he has to be Faster Dad now to keep up with Joshua. And Joshua—

TALIA: What?

TRAVIS: What?

JAMIE: When Dad is mostly Joshua, it's like you're standing right next to The Place To Be. It's like getting to hang out with Tomorrow. Mm. [clinking] Fuckin 'WAFFLES!

TRAVIS: Must be [beat] nice.

[Music break, fades into crickets and the screams of the Ghost House. A door opens and closes, footsteps]

GRAHAM: Do the screams sound different tonight?

JOSHUA: No. But I know what you mean.

GRAHAM: The thought of just pausing, of leaving them marinating in—

JOSHUA: So what are you prepared to do about it? [a distant car approaches]

GRAHAM: Personnel carrier's back.

JOSHUA: How will you feel if she's not on it?

GRAHAM: As relieved [mechanical groaning] and as lonely as I've ever been.

JOSHUA: And if she *is* on it?

GRAHAM: So happy my heart will burst, and so scared I'll wanna [footsteps] puke on my shoes.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Do they sound different tonight?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Hadn't occurred to us.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Good work today. Both of you. [rustling]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Really? He seemed distinctly unmoved to us.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: In the room, sure. He had to be. When he's back on the plane to DC mulling it over—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You think so?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We were never going to get permission today. The goal is to get the all-clear in a few months time when it can seem like their idea. [shifting footsteps]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: So we're a double-act now, is that it? A quadruple-act? You stir their conscience and we're the jump scare that gets them over the line?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, ideally we can phase out the jump-scare part.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: you know bluffing's not gonna work forever, right? This country does. They dropped their super-bomb on one city and that could have been enough, but [beat] then they dropped a second to prove they hadn't exhausted themselves with the first. That they could be That Enemy forever. So, now we know that's what they respect. That's what they need to know about us.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: *We* don't do that.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [swishing] *We* may have to.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Fortunately, Joshua, *you* don't get to make that decision alone.

GRAHAM: Graham speaking: thanks for that. [mechanical groaning]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Don't lose sight of the real crisis here. When they give us the green light, we'll need hosts. [an engine revving up, then idling] Good people, (Graham/Joshua let out a breath) generous, committed, strong—and we'll need them fast. You don't get those people to volunteer by scaring them. [a door slams]

JAMIE: WHAT'S UP BUTTHOOOOOLES! [footsteps]

JOSHUA: Called it.

JAMIE: (laughing) [rustling plastic bag] I brought leftovers!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Not so loud, Jamie! Everyone here's been living on granola, that takeout's gonna make you a target!

JAMIE: [rattling paper] Then we better eat fast. (laughing)

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: thank god you're back.

JAMIE: [rustling plastic bag] Yeah?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You can't imagine how tedious Red Camp is without you, especially these three.

JAMIE: [shifting footsteps] You ever had waffles?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: never.

JAMIE: [rattling paper] Then I'm about to fuck you up.

[music break, fades into a car engine and cicadas humming. The car stops, a door opens and slams shut. Footsteps.]

MORGAN: Give us a sec?

TALIA: Take your time. [another door slams, more footsteps]

TRAVIS: I mean I-I guess I don't wanna be [beat] melodramatic.

MORGAN: It's not about you. It's what I need for [a car passes] my life now. [they stop walking, and the footsteps switch to shifting weight]

TRAVIS: Okay, but it's a little bit about me, right?

MORGAN: It's something that's been in me for a long time.

TRAVIS: It's Morgan's Big No-Travis Adventure. [beat] You don't even know where you're moving to?

MORGAN: Not yet. I need to move around for a while.

TRAVIS: If you could just [beat] help me understand—

MORGAN: Graham and his fucking friends, right? [a car passes] So lonely they need a second person in their heads? I don't get it. I've always had like fifty people in my head, just going all the time. I thought everyone was like that.

TRAVIS: No. Wi-Will you send me your new address? You-when you have one?

MORGAN: Trav— (Travis huffs, hurt) At our age—

TRAVIS: Eh, forget it.

MORGAN: C'mon, we'll caravan back, we can stop off for some beers on the—

TRAVIS: What am I supposed to do?

MORGAN: What do you mean?

TRAVIS: With the rest of my life? [music creeps in] Ha-h-how do I even start? What's the first thing I'm supposed to do now?

[The theme plays, then fades down for the credits]

VOICEOVER: Gideon Media presents *Give Me Away* by Mac Rogers. Directed by Jordana Williams, sound design by Bart Fasbender. Featuring Sean Williams, Diana Oh, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, Hennessy Winkler, Nat Cassidy, Hanna Cheek, Rebecca Comtois, Jordan Tierney, Jorge Cordova, Dani Martineck, Deborah Alexander, Steve Alexander, Dan Kois, and Lyra Kois. Music by Adam Blau, production manager Katie Cosma, produced and edited by Sean Williams.

[music fades up, then ends on a wailing note.]

END OF EPISODE 1