

[Breaking news sting]

ELDER (Kevin R. Free): Breaking news out of Washington this hour as President Samuel Diaz issues an executive order reopening the controversial Nevada Project to applicants interested in hosting—or “Accepting”—digitally imprisoned extraterrestrials inside their own minds.

[the sounds of a press conference: murmuring journos and clicking camera shutters]

GIL (Jorge Cordova): The simple fact is the people of Red Camp passed a rigorous, transparent audit with flying colors. No regulations broken, no nefarious plans uncovered, no combative actions taken except in their own perceived defense. Every American serviceman was returned unharmed, [Gil’s voice is now coming through a TV in a bar. Clinking glasses and patrons talking quietly in the background] and in four months no lingering ill-effects have been observed.

TRAVIS (Nat Cassidy): Mm! Hey, that’s my friend!

BAR PATRON (Ian Williams): Cool.

GIL (on TV): The President has reached the only conclusion supported by the facts: that the hybrid people of Red Camp have been as good as their word.

TRAVIS: No seriously, [clink] in the-in the Red Camp footage, that-that [beat] that’s my friend. [Elder’s line begins here] I’m adjacent-to-famous. Heh. Uh-which makes you adjacent-to-adjacent-to—

ELDER (on TV): But leading Republicans pushed back on the Administration’s view, including Senator and longtime Nevada Project opponent Joseph McKillop.

BAR PATRON: Really just trying to have a drink here, guy.

MCKILLOP (Brian Silliman)(on TV): The President’s history of, (scornful chuckle) shall we say, warm feelings toward immigrants aside, [Travis’s line begins here] the American people aren’t fooled by today’s shocking and undemocratic action.

TRAVIS: Eh-sss. That’s sort-of [beat] my friend. [inaudible] (heavy sigh)

MCKILLOP (amplified): [outside, faint wind, a distant chopper, cars passing, the sound of a quiet crowd] They saw the same thing I did. A legitimate, unbiased audit stopped in its tracks by the kidnapping of American soldiers, and then replaced by a deep state pageant. [back to newsroom—no background sound at all]

ELDER: Nevada Project directors Brooke Harris and Deirdre responded to the Senator’s comments.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE (Lori Elizabeth Parquet)(amplified): [back to press conference ambiance—clicking camera shutters, murmurs, and ruffling papers] If it’s a “pageant,” it’s one for which the Senator was present in person. We find it odd he would describe himself as so easily deceived. We think it’s more likely he saw what was plainly there to see; that the people of the Nevada Project are exactly who we say we are. [back to newsroom—no background sound at all]

ELDER: Submissions to the Nevada Project reopen at midnight Pacific Time on Thursday October 1st. [music creeps in] What remains to be seen, given the dramatic events of the past five months, is how many Americans will ultimately choose to apply.

[Opening theme music, synth and strings over ticking percussion, fades down for—]

VOICEOVER (Jordana Williams): *Give Me Away* Episode 2: “Divorced Guy Energy.”

[Theme fades back up, then ends on a wailing note. The sound of a crowd moving around.]

JAMIE (Diana Oh): Coming through! Important papers! Watch out people, important papers! Coming through! [a vehicle passes by, and as its sound fades we transition inside. It’s quiet. Faint electrical humming. Some shuffling papers and the occasional footstep.]

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): Okay, two more for the R’s.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And that’s all the R’s?

LIZ/ROBIN: Maybe not? Jamie’s bringing a few more. [a door opens]

JAMIE: New apps! I got new apps!

LIZ/ROBIN: (laughing) Jesus, [door closes] okay. [clunking and thumping]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: (laughing) Thank you Jamie. [plop] We’re putting them in piles by last name.

JAMIE: [paper wrinkling] You know, you could do this on like a spreadsheet, right?

LIZ/ROBIN: That’s what we’ve been saying.

JAMIE: It’s so much paper, aren’t you guys like super-environmental?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Hard copies make full-team discussions easier. It’s simpler to pass folders back and forth. [paper rattles] Is there any more coffee?

LIZ/ROBIN: Oh, uh, technically there is, but—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Then there won’t be any tomorrow.

LIZ/ROBIN: Supply chain. Sorry.

JAMIE: How’s it looking, anybody good, anybody hot? Obviously I’m kidding except I’m not.

LIZ/ROBIN: (laugh) Starting to think that’s as good a standard as any other.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We just need to stick with the core criteria that have served us well this far.

LIZ/ROBIN: Core criteria? We’ve got a table full of face-tats here!

JAMIE: What’s wrong with face-tats?

LIZ/ROBIN: Well not literal face-tats—though, I mean, some of them actually *do* have—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We will not be discriminating on the basis of tattoos or any kind of—

LIZ/ROBIN: “Face-tats” is just a code for a certain kind of profile.

JAMIE: What, like Wiccans, or?

LIZ/ROBIN: A lot of these applicants have arrests for civil disobedience, campus protests, (breath) disciplinary problems, cyber-crimes.

JAMIE: I thought you guys would love that rebel shit.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Deirdre speaking: We’ve never thought of ourselves as rebels. [creak] We’re remakers.

JAMIE: Remakers?

LIZ/ROBIN: Basically since our stand-off with the army, most people are too scared to apply. Of those who do apply, we’re seeing a lot of “fuck the Man” types.

JAMIE: And you don’t like that?

LIZ/ROBIN: (sigh) “Fuck the Man” is kindergarten. The hard part is figuring out what you want to replace the Man with. We want people at *that* stage. Ideally.

JAMIE: So what do you want to replace the—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Hearing you put it like that, do we really have anyone here who meets that standard?

LIZ/ROBIN: So, we were kinda thinking the opposite.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Meaning what?

LIZ/ROBIN: There’s lot of people screaming in that prison right now. Maybe better candidates will come along when things settle down, or maybe they won’t. Meanwhile every second that passes—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes.

LIZ/ROBIN: Maybe we need to lower our standards?

JAMIE: (laughing) Yeah, like you could even take me. (a deep breath)

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: [creak] You haven’t brought that up since your recovery, Jamie.

JAMIE: Whatever, I’m just—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: [door opens] Do you still want it?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (Sean Williams): Hey kiddo.

JAMIE: [a bag rustling] So if you're not taking these people you want me to print more?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No. We'll discuss these with the full selection team.

JAMIE: Good, 'cause I'm pretty sure I burned the last of the toner on 'em. [a zipper]

LIZ/ROBIN: Okay, when the fuck are we getting our supplies? This is ridiculous.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Uh, Corey and Isaiah are on their way to the Colonel as we speak.

LIZ/ROBIN: Wait, why them? Don't the soldiers hate Corey?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: They hate Joshua more.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And Corey did save a lot of their lives overseas. Maybe some of them remember.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You got a second? [music creeps in]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Our office.

[music, urgent percussion with sustained string notes, transitions into the checkpoint with a snare drum roll. A little echoey, with the clicking and hissing of a two-way radio]

SOLDIER MIKE (Jordan Tierney): Control, I have an RCR approaching the checkpoint.

SOLDIER (Ian Williams)(through radio): Shouldn't be, I'm not seeing any furloughs on the schedule, look sharp.

SOLDIER MIKE: [creak] Oh shit, it's the traitor.

SOLDIER (through radio): Don't you mean *traitors*?

SOLDIER MIKE: [clinking] Let me see what this asshole wants. [a squeak, a door opening, footsteps, and outside. A faint breeze and the sound of people in the distance.] You can stop right there.

COREY/ISAIAH (Hennessy Winkler): Hey Mike, we've got an appointment

SOLDIER MIKE: [unholstering his weapon] I said stop right there, deserter. [clink]

COREY/ISAIAH: Like we were saying, an appointment to see Colonel Semler?

SOLDIER MIKE: Mind if I confirm that, deserter?

COREY/ISAIAH: Corey speaking: Please do. And for what it's worth: [music creeps in] yeah, I deserted. I'd do it again.

[a reprise of the theme, transitions into Semler's office.]

SEMLER (Jason Howard): Great. Okay. [creak and click as he hangs up the phone] Now, you are [beat, in which he flips some pages of a file] Corey Wheeler, formerly of the 71st Light Division, currently containing the entity designated Isaiah?

COREY/ISAIAH: [footsteps, creaking] That's correct, sir. Very much appreciate your time today.

SEMLER: You know you don't have to call me sir, right? Given that you're no longer in service to this country?

COREY/ISAIAH: Is Colonel okay?

SEMLER: How may I help you, Mr. Wheeler?

COREY/ISAIAH: [creaking] Notice you're using Lieutenant Riley's old office at the checkpoint.

SEMLER: Why wouldn't I emulate a great man?

COREY/ISAIAH: If we may: are you his permanent replacement, or, uh?

SEMLER: Riley's not coming back here.

COREY/ISAIAH: So it's punishment.

SEMLER: Not at all. His request.

COREY/ISAIAH: His request?

SEMLER: A man can dust himself off after failure; it's betrayal you never really get over.

COREY/ISAIAH: (heavy sigh) Okay, we're doing this. [paper rustling]

SEMLER: My time is limited, Mr. Wheeler.

COREY/ISAIAH: Respectfully, Colonel, so is our food and water.

SEMLER: Are you saying there are insufficient provisions to sustain the personnel currently residing in Red Camp?

COREY/ISAIAH: Not yet, Colonel, but—

SEMLER: (interrupting) So there are sufficient provisions for every person currently residing in Red Camp.

COREY/ISAIAH: But that won't be true in a few days.

SEMLER: But it is true at present.

COREY/ISAIAH: (deep breath) Permission to speak freely, sir?

SEMLER: You don't need my permission, Mr. Wheeler, you're a civilian. And nothing more.

COREY/ISAIAH: Colonel, you've got an enormous shipment [paper rustling]—food, perishables, beverages, medicine, office supplies, correspondence from loved ones—that's been sittin' in your clearance facility for almost two weeks now. [creaking]

SEMLER: And as I'm sure you know, all material entering Red Camp is subject to a thorough security review.

COREY/ISAIAH: And we respect that, sir. But two weeks goes way beyond "thorough."

SEMLER: This may come as a surprise to you, Mr. Wheeler, but I don't actually answer to you. My mandate from the President is to ensure that there are sufficient provisions to sustain the personnel currently residing in Red Camp. And as you've just acknowledged, there are. [faint sound of people talking in the background]

COREY/ISAIAH: It's just—this has happened every time since you got here.

SEMLER: I'm not sure what you're implying.

COREY/ISAIAH: Seems like you wanna scare us into thinking you're gonna let us starve. Your version of blasting heavy metal outside Noriega's palace. Like you wanna break us.

SEMLER: Mr. Wheeler, if at any point there are not sufficient provisions to sustain the current residents of Red Camp, let me know and I will rectify that situation immediately.

COREY/ISAIAH: Colonel, every human host in Red Camp has people somewhere worrying about them. We're asking you to think how you'd want your own kids treated in a situation like this.

SEMLER: I have three children, Mr. Wheeler. Not one of them is a designated security risk to this country, and the way they were raised, I don't expect they ever will be.

[bass and percussion with tinkling synth and strings to transition to Brooke/Deirdre's office. A door closes and footsteps.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We can save you time at the top, Joshua. If you're about to propose another weapons system—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Relax. [creaking] I couldn't if I wanted to. Your buddy Gil must've put out the word to leave my requests out of our re-supplies.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We wouldn't call him our "buddy."

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: When those supplies arrive at all, of course. Can't your buddy do anything about that?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: He says "the President needs to pick his battles."

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sounds like he's barely suppressing open mutiny. Which we're sure is great for us.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: But you're not here to pitch a weapon.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [creak and metallic clink] Joshua speaking: I'm bored. And it's too early for [beat] other projects.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Agreed. So?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We need a better way to communicate with the prisoners. The pulse language is too slow to teach, too slow to use, and too vague in what it communicates. [clink and creak] Graham speaking: Sorry, I— (sigh) I know that's your invention.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The best you can hope for with any achievement is that one day, it will be superseded. What do you propose?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: a proper translation program. Let the prisoners use their words.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: These bodies can't speak our home language.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: But we can hear it. We know what the sounds mean. There's thousands of horrific entreaties emanating from every cell in that hellhole, more than enough to put together a decent translation algorithm of basic words and phrases.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We could talk to them properly. We could tell them help is on the way.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (scoffs) If it is. [music creeps in]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We'll get past this stage, Joshua. We just can't *force* our way past it. Give it a shot. Your project is approved.

[sustained synth and strings over accent percussion to transition to the coffee shop/bar. A squeaky door opens and closes with a thud. High-heel footsteps. The music fades down, but continues throughout. Clinking glassware, low conversations.]

TRAVIS: Oo! Hi! Hazel?

HAZEL (Kelley Rae O'Donnell): Are you Travis?

TRAVIS: Ah! (laughs) How'd ya guess, do I stand out in some way?

HAZEL: Oh, I thought that's how you spotted me. We're definitely the only two here over [beat] a certain age.

TRAVIS: Ha. [beat] Um, I don't know if it's like "hug" or "handshake" or the cheek thing—

HAZEL: Hug's fine, we can—

TRAVIS: Cool! Uh—hey! Haha! [awkward hugging sounds] Sorry, (nervous laugh) uh, it's [creaking and shuffling] been a while since—

HAZEL: Ah, I-I wasn't sure from your—i-if you're coming out of a marriage or—

TRAVIS: Oh, no no! No marriage, or uh-uh not in the, uh, conventional— [liquid swishing]

HAZEL: Oh, looks like I need to catch up.

TRAVIS: Mm! (nervous laugh) Sorry, [clink of bottle hitting the table] uh, I-I've been here a while.

HAZEL: I'm not late, am I?

TRAVIS: No no no! No, no, this is just sort of [beat] my place, sometimes I'll-I'll spend all afternoon—oh, [inaudible] nuh-not-not 'cause of all the—y'know, the young—

HAZEL: No, I didn't think—

TRAVIS: (relieved laugh) More 'cause uh, thi-this [tapping the table] was where we used to—thi-this was our spot, our-our-our“ local,” as it were.

HAZEL: Oh, you went to school here!

TRAVIS: Yeah sort of, not exactly a [scrape of glass on table] regular feature in the Alumni Review.

HAZEL: Like grad school, or? [swishing liquid]

TRAVIS: Mm! Undergrad. [puts bottle down] It's changed a lot since then.

HAZEL: I imagine.

TRAVIS: You order on your phone now.

HAZEL: Oh! Okay, [purse zipper] I was wondering.

TRAVIS: Plus some kind of [beat] updated gender thing with the bathrooms—

HAZEL: [tapping on her phone sounds] Oh, I see, you-so you click on—

TRAVIS: But, ye-nuh-the same basic setup: mostly coffeeshop by day, mostly bar by night, but both aspects available at all times.

HAZEL: As evidenced by—

TRAVIS: Hmm! Exactly. [puts bottle down]

HAZEL: Who's we?

TRAVIS: What's that?

HAZEL: You said “we used to come here.”

TRAVIS: Yeah, uh, Morgan.

HAZEL: Morgan?



TRAVIS: And my other friends. Back then you-you could order one thing and sit for hours, now they start clearing their throats if you haven't—

HAZEL: Oh, I guess I'd better pick. [tapping again]

TRAVIS: Morgan could make a single seltzer last all day.

HAZEL: So, was Morgan your—

TRAVIS: Oh, god, no, stric-strictly—mawrrrr. Married a friend of mine, in fact.

HAZEL: Oh?

TRAVIS: Anyw-we've stayed in touch. Or we *had* stayed in touch.

HAZEL: You and Morgan and the friend she married?

TRAVIS: But since they separated, since they stopped speaking to—

HAZEL: Sorry, who separated? Morgan and your friend?

TRAVIS: [bottle scrapes, liquid swishes] That's them.

HAZEL: Just because it seems like—if I came in cold and didn't know anything, I'd assume you were the one who—

TRAVIS: Mm! Mmhmm. Divorced Guy Energy without the divorce. [bottle down] It's at least novel, right? Hey, le-let's get you a drink, I know I'm due for a re-up.

HAZEL: I already clicked on something.

TRAVIS: Oh, [inaudible] sorry, Uh, I-I-I wou-I would've—

HAZEL: It's fine, this is just a casual—

TRAVIS: Should be quick, they bring 'em out pretty fast, especially for a—mm! [tapping table rapidly]—local fixture such as myself.

HAZEL: Wait, this can't be the same table you used to—

TRAVIS: Oh, god, no, no, all the tables are different now. Smaller, fewer carved initials. But it w-it was roughly here, give or take some interior remodeling. [creaking] We used to camp out all day, just—

HAZEL: The same table every time?

TRAVIS: Got here bright and early every morning to grab it.

HAZEL: Right. [zipper, tapping on her phone]

TRAVIS: I was sort of the anchor, and everyone else would-would float in and out: Morgan, Webb, Graham, Connie. [creaking] It was sort of like this-this one fluid mega-conversation that got passed on like a baton all day.

HAZEL: And this is still [zipper] undergrad you're talking about?

TRAVIS: Yeah, this would've started uhhh, halfway through my sophomore—

HAZEL: And you're about my age.

TRAVIS: Well, that would require ungentlemanly speculation on my part. [creak]

HAZEL: Travis, I need to ask you sort of a rude question.

TRAVIS: Oh. Okay, now it's a party.

HAZEL: Have you been here drinking all day?

TRAVIS: (laughing that almost sounds like crying) Well now I'm really nostalgic, Morgan used to ask me the same question in this very—

HAZEL: Morgan.

TRAVIS: Though in-in mmmore of a lighthearted—

HAZEL: The thing is, Travis—just given the situation that I'm coming out of, I have to make sure I'm [clink] taking care of myself.

TRAVIS: Ummm, sorry? I'm-I'm not totally—

HAZEL: And I hope—it's none of my business—but I hope you can take care of yourself too.

TRAVIS: Okay (nervous laugh) I'm a little lost. [swishing fabric]

HAZEL: I already paid, right?

TRAVIS: Paid?

HAZEL: [music creeps in] On the phone thing, I ge-had to put my card in—I assume that means I already paid?

[somber strings and the screaming Ghost House. Coyotes howling back. Ends on a reverb and we're back in the office. Shuffling papers. Soft electrical hums.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And your divorce was finalized?

DANA (Kristen Vaughan)(on the computer): Mmm. God, could it be six years?

LIZ/ROBIN: Looks like. Yeah, just about.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: And in terms of current relationships?

DANA (on the computer): None.

LIZ/ROBIN: How do you feel about that?

DANA (on the computer): (sigh) Wh-I've-I've had some wonderful times. And [beat] some other times that were less so. I-I wouldn't take any of it back, I just came away thinking—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Go on.

DANA: It's such a frayed connection, isn't it? It sparks, it shorts out. Surely there's something better.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Dana, we appreciate the time that you've taken today, and your willingness to have such an intimate conversation over video.

DANA (on the computer): Of course, I know you can't [beat] really make personal visits right now.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You understand the predicament we face.

DANA (on the computer): I think I do.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Your personal profile, your professional responsibilities, your lack of partners, dependents, aging parents—all of it is ideal. And you've demonstrated a keen understanding of the commitment.

LIZ/ROBIN: No one totally gets it before it happens, but, you're close.

DANA (on the computer): But?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Our core principle is that we liberate these prisoners into the longest life we can possibly offer them.

DANA (on the computer): And I'm 55.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We mean no disrespect.

DANA (on the computer): Can I just talk for a minute?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Of course.

DANA (on the computer): The fact that you even took this call means I'm not completely out of the running.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Not completely, no.

DANA (on the computer): You mentioned my professional responsibilities.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: They're intense. Indicative of a high level of trust.

DANA (on the computer): And for almost no credit. Every day the partners pass off work I do as their own.

LIZ/ROBIN: (laugh) If it's any comfort, that shit doesn't just happen on this planet.

DANA (on the computer): Well that's what I'm saying. My whole life, everywhere I've ever been employed, almost all the work was being done by some woman who was over 45. Every job, she was there, picking up everything that was getting dropped. Everyone just sort of accepted it, no one ever asked "How is this happening, how do the reports keep getting filed every week, is it ninjas?" It took me so many jobs before I even noticed that woman, then years went by and one day I sat up at my desk like "Wait, now I *am* that woman? When did that happen?"

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Yes.

DANA (on the computer): Doctor Harris, Deirdre, I get it. I wouldn't want to start my life at 55. I'm just saying, maybe there's someone in that prison would like living with that woman.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Thank you, Dana. We'll follow up.

DANA (on the computer): Nice to meet you, Liz and Robin.

LIZ/ROBIN: Very much so. [call ends, laptop clicks shut] She's not [beat] one thousand percent wrong.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We liked her too, but how do you tell someone fresh out of prison "this is how much life you get?"

LIZ/ROBIN: [swishing fabric] No one knows how much life they're gonna get. And the apps aren't exactly pouring in. Graham and Joshua seem to be okay.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That was special circumstances.

LIZ/ROBIN: Special circumstances like "we fucked up," right? [click]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Your furlough's coming up, isn't it? Liz's furlough, we mean.

LIZ/ROBIN: Honestly, it's more Robin's furlough, she's the one who really pushed for it.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Even if it's hard, even if it's—

LIZ/ROBIN: It's worth it, we know, it's just—Liz's sister's a lot at the best of times.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Maybe she'll be happy that Liz is in love.

LIZ/ROBIN: (disbelieving laugh) Yeah, no, that's not gonna happen.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Our families need to see us, they need to see that we're healthy and happy. It's crucial: individually and to the whole project.

LIZ/ROBIN: We're doing it, okay? We're [beat] just gonna enjoy the ride back better than the ride there.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All right.

LIZ/ROBIN: We should think about older people. We should give it a real look. Thirty years versus endless torture?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're aware of the options.

LIZ/ROBIN: Plus, we all got to be young, right? Here or back home? Maybe not everyone wants to do that again.

[Music, something very 90's psych-rock, plays in the bowling alley. Conversations, the rattle and smash of bowling pins falling, the low scrape of balls over the alleys, the clunk and rattle of the ball return.]

KYLE (Paco Tolson): Hi! Are you Travis?

TRAVIS: Yeah, are-are you with the meetup?

KYLE: The Thursday Squad!

TRAVIS: Right, yeah, the-the Thursday...

KYLE: In full effect, my man! Lemme introduce you to everybody. You got your shoes?

TRAVIS: Yeah I got a drink, I already—

KYLE: No, shoes! For bowling!

TRAVIS: Oh, right (laughs), the special shoes, it-it's-it's been a long—over there?

KYLE: Yeah, they'll take care of you! Get your shoes and I'll introduce you to everyone. You're single, right?

TRAVIS: Uh, yes, yes I am presently—

KYLE: Great! There's def some folks you should meet.

TRAVIS: Over there, that's the Thursday?

KYLE: Yep, that's the Squadron!

TRAVIS: Oh, good, now it's a squadron!

KYLE: Definitely wanna intro you to Steph, but go easy, she's rolling lot of gutter balls tonight.

TRAVIS: Eh, then I'll be sure to offer her a gutter ball of my own, heh.

KYLE: That's kind of a weird joke, guy.

TRAVIS: Is it?

KYLE: We don't tell jokes like that.

TRAVIS: Oh, (nervous chuckle) sure, just—really?

KYLE: It's a respectful meetup, just folks getting to know each other, probably wanna stay away from the raunchy stuff?

TRAVIS: Sure, it-it's ju—[inaudible] my friends, we always we sort of like one-up each other, it-it-it's like a—

KYLE: Okay but they're not here, right? Those friends?

TRAVIS: I'll go get my shoes.

[Bowling alley fades out into Jaunty xylophone ringtone. Footsteps on a thin hotel carpet, empty hotel drawer opening. Ringtone cuts off.]

MORGAN (Hanna Cheek): Really not a good time, Trav. [footsteps]

TRAVIS (over the phone): You know what I picture?

MORGAN: [footsteps] I'm coming off a shitty work call—

TRAVIS (over the phone): A winnebago. [another drawer. A crinkling plastic bag.] You're behind the wheel of a winnebago, [drawer slides shut] just like—

MORGAN: [footsteps, the sound of fabric moving like she's pulling the bedspread back] There's no winneb—I'm driving a normal car, I'm staying in hotels—

TRAVIS (over the phone): —traversing the heartland, the highways and by-ways.

MORGAN: So you're drinking again. [clunking]

TRAVIS (over the phone): Well if you recall I stopped drinking for a very pacific—(forcing the enunciation)—spehh-siffic reason.

MORGAN: Look, I can't—

TRAVIS (over the phone): That I was using it as an excuse to stay overnight at your place, crash in Jamie's old room. But (sighing) that's not an option now.

MORGAN: I'm begging you, man, I just need to sleep—

TRAVIS: (over the phone) There's someone in there now. [switch to Travis's POV: the creak of a leather car seat, crickets chirping outside.] Can't really make 'em out, but—

MORGAN (over the phone): Wait—where are you?

TRAVIS: Just a silhouette, but it's moving.

MORGAN (over the phone): Travis please tell me you're not—

TRAVIS: So even if they were inclined to let me crash, that bed's occupied [knocking] whoa!

NEW HOMEOWNER (Kevin R. Free)(muffled through glass): Excuse me! Excuse me, sir?

MORGAN (over the phone): What's happening? Is it the cops?

TRAVIS: Gimme a sec, I can barely— [automatic car window rolling down, the crickets get louder]

MORGAN (over the phone): If it's the cops just do whatever they say.

TRAVIS: May I help you?

NEW HOMEOWNER: Yeah, hi—you can't park here.

MORGAN (over the phone): Just put down the phone and put your hands on the—

TRAVIS: Is that really true?

NEW HOMEOWNER: You can't just park in front of my house, you're freaking out my kids.

TRAVIS: Public thoroughfare and all.

MORGAN (over the phone): [creaking and rustling] Jesus, Trav, is that the guy who lives there now?

NEW HOMEOWNER: Sir, if you don't leave I'm going to have to—Jesus, what is that—

TRAVIS: (chuckle) Yeah, that would be urine.

NEW HOMEOWNER: [liquid sloshing in a glass] Okay, this is—you really need to go.

TRAVIS: I can't.

NEW HOMEOWNER: What?

MORGAN (over the phone): Travis, give him your phone.

TRAVIS: I can't drive. I can barely walk. What do you want me to do?

MORGAN (over the phone): Okay listen to me very carefully, Travis, as carefully as you can right now.

TRAVIS: Oh—one sec, this sounds important.

NEW HOMEOWNER: Excuse me?

MORGAN (over the phone): We're done. Don't call anymore. I'm sorry, I've helped you for decades now—

TRAVIS: [swishing fabric] Wait, hold on—

MORGAN (over the phone): —and I'm done. I'm finished. I've raised my last kid. Now put your phone in the man's hand.

TRAVIS: I uh, I guess, it's for you.

NEW HOMEOWNER: Hello? Are you someone who's connected to—

MORGAN (over the phone): Mr. Silas, right? I can't remember your first name. [shuffling footsteps]

NEW HOMEOWNER: Bob.

MORGAN (over the phone): We wouldn't have met, I wasn't at the closing, I handled it through my, you know, guy.

NEW HOMEOWNER: Wait, are you?

MORGAN (over the phone): Can you help him? I'm so sorry, it's the last thing [a car passes in the distance] you wanna do tonight, I wouldn't in your place, but [music creeps in] can you help my friend?

[somber strings and eerie synth transition to Red Camp. The crickets are chirping, a light wind, footsteps over gravel]

JAMIE: Dad! Joshua!

LIZ/ROBIN: Joshua! Graham!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sorry, what's happening?

JAMIE: Up here! On your make-out rock!

LIZ/ROBIN: Come drink with us!

JOSHUA: Yeah, we're not doing that.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: are you giving my kid booze?

JAMIE: Again, twenty-two years of age!

JOSHUA: Your body needs to sleep, we need to make real progress on the translator tomorrow. [footsteps]

GRAHAM: C'mon, let's be sociable.

JOSHUA: If you're not sharp, I'm not sharp.

GRAHA: I've worked for you all day, now I wanna do this. Consensus?

JOSHUA: (sigh) Fine, just get it over with. [rustling grass, climbing sounds, Graham/Joshua grunting, footsteps]



GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (clears throat) Graham speaking: you know I never actually did any making out on that rock, right? That was your mom's joke.

COREY/ISAIAH: Should call it the sleeping rock, it's so comfortable.

JAMIE: I know, it's not like anyone has a sex life here.

LIZ/ROBIN: [rustling] Speak for literally all of yourselves.

COREY/ISAIAH: [a cork from a bottle] Haven't even thought about sex for a long time. That's weird, right?

JAMIE: You guys could be having the [liquid sloshing in glass] kinkiest orgies in history but you'd rather just walk around being concerned all the time.

LIZ/ROBIN: (laughing) Hey, we're keepin 'the flame alive, sorry for y'all. [recorking the bottle] Graham, Joshua, catch! [liquid sloshing in glass]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [a smack as he catches it] Oh! Where is there bourbon in Red Camp?

LIZ/ROBIN: Bourbon's all there is until they let that shipment through.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yeah, we gotta talk about that. [uncorking and sloshing]

LIZ/ROBIN: Hold up Graham—get Joshua's permission before you chug.

GRAHAM: Oh, huh.

LIZ/ROBIN: Alcohol intake, requires consent.

JAMIE: Not for me, I just tell my brain cells to eat a dick.

GRAHAM: Joshua, is it—

JOSHUA: I've been curious about this. But drink slowly, I need to monitor the effect. [sloshing]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What's the occasion?

COREY/ISAIAH: Emotional support. Liz and Robin's furlough's comin 'up. [recorking]

JAMIE: You get furloughs?

LIZ/ROBIN: (deep breath) To see a designated loved one.

COREY/ISAIAH: They're real short. And very escorted.

LIZ/ROBIN: Can we get that bottle back? [footsteps]

COREY/ISAIAH: Honestly, it might not be so bad.

LIZ/ROBIN: Wasn't yours bad? [uncorking]

COREY/ISAIAH: Not all of it. Your family can surprise you.

JAMIE: Do you get a furlough, Dad?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: You're here, I get my furlough every day. [shuffling footsteps]

JAMIE: [recorking] I don't count as your furlough, you get me for free, make them let you go visit Mom.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Did your mom say she wants me to—

LIZ/ROBIN: Liz speaking: I know it's ridiculous compared to the cyber-prison—

COREY/ISAIAH: It's not like that.

LIZ/ROBIN: Robin speaking: We're not comparing traumatic pasts, baby. Your suffering is legitimate. (as Liz) Yeah but my suffering is "my family was kinda shitty," yours was prison. Like, two different kinds of prison. [shuffling throughout the rest of the scene]

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah speaking: What do y'all think was worse, cyber-prison or regular prison?

LIZ/ROBIN: Oh, cyber. Cyber for sure.

COREY/ISAIAH: Yeah?

LIZ/ROBIN: You don't think so?

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah speaking: Cyber was like just suffering nonstop.

LIZ/ROBIN: Yeah, hence my answer.

COREY/ISAIAH: But at least they weren't there. The people with the instruments. At least nobody was making us give each other up.

LIZ/ROBIN: Shit, that's a good point.

JAMIE: Instruments?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Of torture.

COREY/ISAIAH: Isaiah speaking: [cloth rustling] They'd come in every night, wake you up, wanting names, other people from the School. There were two of them who were really bad—

LIZ/ROBIN: Robin speaking: I think we just have to let each other off the hook, I mean—we all did it.

JAMIE: You guys gave each other up?

LIZ/ROBIN: [rattle] Not like I gave up Isaiah, but [beat] there's people in the prison [beat] I'm gonna have a hard time looking in the eye when they get out.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Everybody talks. They bring in the instruments, they work on you long enough—

JAMIE: Even you?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Everybody talks.

LIZ/ROBIN: [brushing off cloth] Old times, huh?

COREY/ISAIAH: Yeah. How did we get on this shit?

LIZ/ROBIN: Eh yuh, you! It was you!

JAMIE: I think it's cool—not cool, um definitely not cool, just—cool to hear you talk about stuff from before I met you. [jaunty xylophone ringtone]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Excuse us. [crunching and footsteps, Graham/Joshua's voice fades as he walks away] Uh, hi, gimme a second.

LIZ/ROBIN: At some point we need to properly chronicle it all on paper, [music creeps in] it's just [beat] you know—bigger shit first.

[somber synth transitions to Graham/Joshua's private moment—the ambiance remains the same. Lots of crunchy shuffling footsteps as they talk.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (artificially cheerful) How are you?

MORGAN (on phone): We're gonna keep this short, got it?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Okay, um—

MORGAN (over the phone): Tell Jamie to call me back. That's it.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Right, just—uh, Graham speaking: sorry, I'm just catching up.

MORGAN (over the phone): She's not returning my calls so I'm reduced to going through you.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Jamie isn't calling you back?

MORGAN (over the phone): And she's surrounded by fucking soldiers and I don't know what else so she needs to check in. Ju-tell her.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Well it's just—we haven't talked in a while—

MORGAN (over the phone): And we're not talking now.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Look, can we just keep—

MORGAN (over the phone): Don't. Do not. Just make her call me back. Can you do that?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [a low drone, scraping electrical machinery] Joshua speaking: We'll tell her you called and then she'll do whatever she wants. Satisfactory?

MORGAN (over the phone): God, that is weird.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Satisfactory?

MORGAN (over the phone): No, but it sounds like the best I can get. Do it. [phone beeps three times as Morgan disconnects. Graham sighs. Footsteps become purposeful.]

JOSHUA: You left her. Why do you care if she likes you?

COREY/ISAIAH: Sir!

GRAHAM: Read my mind; I don't feel like talking.

COREY/ISAIAH: Sir!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Think we're done drinking, guys.

COREY/ISAIAH: No, sir, look! [footsteps stop] The shipment's in! They're dropping it now!

[Ticking percussion and sustained synth to transition to the drop point, music fades as a large vehicle engine revs and recedes. Footsteps.]

COREY/ISAIAH: They just dropped it and left? Didn't tell anyone?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Of course.

COREY/ISAIAH: We'll start with this one, [clank] it's got perishables. [The squeak and creak of the crate being opened] Can't see shit, why would they deliver it at night?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Because we can't see shit. It's a taunt.

COREY/ISAIAH: [creaking and cracking] Just about got it. [a crack, Corey/Isaiah grunts, a metal pry bar hits the ground, then the almost-electronic sound of masses of buzzing flies.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What the hell is that?

COREY/ISAIAH: That's our vegetables sir. That's all of 'em.

[Flies fade into footsteps on indoor floor. Brooke/Deirdre's office. Low electronic humming and clicking.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We have to talk. Right now. [clicking]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Oh, good, Graham, there's something you need to see—

COREY/ISAIAH: They let our food go bad!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Sorry? What food?

COREY/ISAIAH: Anything not in a can! The veggies, the milk—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: They just left it under the sun.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Everything?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Hope you like soup.

COREY/ISAIAH: We can't just let this stand!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: They're all apologies, of course, but quick to point out that they haven't actually failed in their remit; we won't starve without vegetables, we won't die without milk. And they've assured us a replacement shipment is already on order.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Which will take how long to arrive?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Well, exactly.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All right, obviously we need a full-team meeting, but first—

COREY/ISAIAH: A meeting?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: {paper rattling} Graham, there's something we specifically need to show you.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Are you seriously handing us an application right now? [rustling papers intermittently for the rest of the scene.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You know this man, yes? He's been to Red Camp before?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Wait—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: He had different hair then, he was clean-shaven—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Wait, hold on—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: —but wasn't this man at your acceptance?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: He—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: He accompanied you to the Ghosthouse. Embraced you before you came inside.

GRAHAM: Yeah, he—sorry, Graham speaking, [music creeps in] that was him.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Travis Mears.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Yyyyyeah, he's [beat] my friend.

[Theme music plays for a moment, then fades down for]

VOICEOVER: Gideon Media presents *Give Me Away*, written by Mac Rogers. Directed by Jordana Williams, sound design by Bart Fasbender. Featuring Kevin R. Free, Jorge Cordova, Nat Cassidy, Ian Williams, Brian Silliman, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, Diana Oh, Rebecca Comtois, Sean Williams, Jordan Tierney, Hennessy Winkler, Jason Howard, Kelley Rae O'Donnell, Kristen Vaughan, Paco Tolson, and Hanna Cheek. Music by Adam Blau, production manager Katie Cosma, produced and edited by Sean Williams.

[music fades back up just in time for that final wailing note]

END OF EPISODE 2