

[A crowded room, lots of conversations blurring together in the background.]

AVI (Jordan Tierney): –absolutely does that.

TALIA (Dani Martineck): Right?

AVI: (chuckle) For Marcus, “office hours” means “telling weird personal stories from the 1970s to a captive audience.”

TALIA: (laughs) Which is the last thing I want in a thesis advisor where I’m gonna be spending hours in this dude’s office!

AVI: No, totally, the only defense I would make is when the ‘70s stories finally peter out, he starts (a laugh from nearby)—starts actually focusing (more laughing)—at least for me—he has some genuinely (more laughing) insightful—Hi, (Avi chuckles nervously) um?

REESE (Paco Tolson): Sorry, no, it’s just funny.

AVI: I don’t?

REESE: It’s nothing bad, man, it’s just, “peter out,” it’s funny.

TALIA: Sorry, we’re having a private conversation, so.

REESE: I get it, no problem.

AVI: Anyway, I totally get that you might not wanna wait ‘til he chills out on the Me Generation stuff.

TALIA: (laughs) Just not if there’s an alternative. I know it’s a narrow field, I did it to myself, but really—

REESE: I’m sorry I bothered you guys.

AVI: All good. No, that completely makes sense—

REESE: It’s just when I recognized you it kinda blew my mind, so.

AVI: (sigh) Maybe we should uh—

TALIA: What do you mean, recognized me?

AVI: You mean from class? Or like you’re affiliated with the department or uh? [creaking]

REESE: Are you asking if I go here?

AVI: I'm just trying to clarify—

REESE: Do I look like I don't go here?

AVI: No, w-what, I-I'm not—

TALIA: Where do you recognize me from?

REESE: From TV. From your famous Dad.

TALIA: Okay [chair scrapes against the floor] yeah, I think we should—

REESE: Whoa, hey, I'm not trying to scare you guys off. A person can't help staring at someone famous, [crumpling paper] it's natural.

TALIA: I'm not famous. The media doesn't even cover the relatives of the hybrid people.

REESE: Yeah, but anybody can find out, it takes like two seconds. [rustling fabric]

TALIA: (in a low voice) Let's go.

REESE: [more rustling fabric and clinking, like Talia and Avi are collecting their things] I don't get it, did I threaten you guys? I'm pretty sure I just said you were funny.

AVI: This lounge is just for students.

TALIA: Forget it, Avi.

REESE: So you're saying I don't look like I go here. [footsteps]

TALIA: Avi. Come on.

REESE: I'm just saying it must be wild to have a Dad like that. [music creeps in]

TALIA: Avi.

AVI: Yeah.

REESE: Dad from outer space!

[The theme music plays, somber piano and strings over ticking percussion. Fades down for opening]

VOICEOVER (Jordana Williams): *Give Me Away*, episode 3: "Smoke-Filled Room."

[The music fades away on a wailing note. Footsteps crunching over the ground outside. Big vehicles in the distance, faint inaudible voices, faint screams from the Ghost House.]

JAMIE (Diana Oh): Why do they always wait so long to let people in?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (Sean Williams): [shuffling footsteps] Joshua speaking: It's a flex. The point is to make us stand here and wait. G-Graham speaking: It's standard security protocols, not everything's a flex.

JAMIE: I bet it's a flex.

SOLDIER (Jordan Tierney)(near distance): Cleared to proceed! [clanking, rattling, and mechanical grinding]

JAMIE: So we're really doing this.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Well, we're screening him, that doesn't mean—

JAMIE: Fucking Travis. You know he kicked me out of his place, right?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Eh—after turning down your unsolicited offer of sex-for-lodgings, right?

JAMIE: Exactly, he's inhospitable. Is that what you want in a host?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (sigh) We have to consider everyone credible, [a loud engine and tires slowly crunching over gravel, getting closer] we're low on applicants.

JAMIE: Meaning I'm not credible, I guess?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Do you—s-still wanna do it?

JAMIE: Why is that everyone's question?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Travis! Hi! [vehicle stops, loud engine running] Let us grab your bag. [clanking, rustling of fabric]

TRAVIS (Nat Cassidy): Didn't the uh, main guy drive me in last time? [swishing of gravel] The Major-General or whatever?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Yeah, that was [clunk] Riley's style, not so much the new boss. [footsteps]

TRAVIS: This driver's just some guy.

JAMIE: (like a customer service robot) Welcome to Red Camp and the Nevada Project, please let me know how I can be of assistance.

TRAVIS: She's—fucking with me (nervous chuckle), right?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [tap tap] Thanks, we got it from here.

DRIVER (Jordan Tierney): Sir.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Jamie's become kind of a, [vehicle leaves, engine and tires fade away] I guess, administrative assistant?

JAMIE: Please let me know if you have any questions about our facilities.

TRAVIS: [shuffling footsteps] Just—*deeply* unnerving.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (belly laugh) [footsteps begin with purpose, the screams from the Ghost House get a little louder] Why don't we get you inside and get you some water?

TRAVIS: Ooh, sounds good, ye-uh definitely thirsty.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: One thing, [footsteps pause] you won't be able to use your phone for a while, so if you need to call anyone—

TRAVIS: Nope! [footsteps resume, a little slower]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Morgan's not really talking to Graham right now, but there's no reason you—

TRAVIS: I'm not talking to her either.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What happened?

TRAVIS: We-after she sold the house I-I kinda decided-d if—I'm [beat] ever gonna move on—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Really?

TRAVIS: Yeah! You know, it-it's uh (forces a tone change) [inaudible] So come on man, uh, m-mans, uh, gimme the [beat] pointers, gimme the inside info, I-I need an unfair advantage here!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (chuckles) Honestly? [music creeps in] If you can annoy Brooke and Deirdre less than the current applicant you'll probably be fine.

[Music, tolling synth over ticking percussion, fades into the interview room: electronics humming quietly in the background.]

NOA (Lauren Shippen): Like, okay, take the pee-test for example.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We understand it was uncomfortable, but the urination—

NOA: (scoffs) Uncomfortable.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: —test is a standard part of our procedure.

NOA: I'm not saying it constitutes harassment, but it clearly fosters a hostile work environment.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Respectfully, Noa, you don't work here yet, you're still in the evaluation process.

NOA: (interrupting) But there's a good chance I'm going to, and you should know now that I come with ideas, that's part of the bundle. Like, eh, take the livestream.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You want to turn the livestream back on? [rattling]

NOA: No, no, the livestream wasn't working, but replacing it with nothing was the wrong call. [huff] You're in a propaganda war here, you can't let the other side do all the shooting!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We have a number of media outreaches in progress.

NOA: But you can't control that. My channel has seventy thousand subscribers, that's a megaphone you can use to showcase Red Camp.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: How on earth do you have seventy thousand [rustling] subscribers?

NOA: It's low, sure, but if my channel becomes the place people go to learn the truth about the Nevada Project, I really think we can build on that.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Which is interesting, but has nothing to do with the main reason you're here. [rattling]

NOA: So screen me. See if I'm right for it. If I'm not, I'll walk away. [music creeps in] If I am, just know up front, I'm going to have input.

[Music, tolling synth and some string accents over ticking percussion, fades with a wailing note into slow footsteps on a sidewalk, a breeze blowing, birds chirping]

TALIA: No, it all sounds great, it sounds like exactly the kind of program I'm—Sorry? Okay, uh, I am potentially open to relocation next semester. I don't currently have a partner, my family's kinda scattered, so it's [Reese's line starts here] not a dealbreaker.

REESE: Hey! Hey! [an engine running, getting closer]

TALIA: I just have a few questions about the concentration of the program—

REESE: Hey! Talia, right? Talia?

TALIA: -'cause I'm already down the road a ways on what I want to focus on.

REESE: Am I saying that right? Talia?

TALIA: No, it's just some—Can I call you back in five? Thanks Shay. Bye.

REESE: [engine is louder] Or is it more like Ta-LEE-yah? I just wanna make sure I'm saying your name right, I just wanna be respectful, I wasn't trying to interrupt your call.

TALIA: What do you mean you "weren't trying to?"

REESE: I just saw you walking and I remembered you from last week and I just wanted to say I'm sorry if I came on a little strong.

TALIA: Thank you, have a great day.

REESE: With you and the little guy.

TALIA: I have somewhere to be.

REESE: How would you feel about getting some coffee?

TALIA: [footsteps pause] I can't, I have to—

REESE: I'd just love to talk to you, I'd love to hear your perspective on your Dad and the whole—

TALIA: I'm meeting someone, goodbye. [footsteps resume]

REESE: Like your perspective on what they're really doing, stuff like—

TALIA: "Really doing?"

REESE: We could go to that place a block back, what's it called—

TALIA: What, all four of us?

REESE: What, these assholes? They can do their own thing.

TALIA: The answer is no, goodbye.

REESE: Is this your neighborhood?

TALIA: [footsteps pause] What?

REESE: Just [step] 'cause you're walking, like if you were going to a different neighborhood you'd be driving.

TALIA: Would you like my street address?

REESE: [step] What?

TALIA: And my apartment number? And the time I usually come home at night?

REESE: What, no, it's not like that!

TALIA: Why don't you drive really slowly behind me and follow me to my house and write down the address after I go inside?

REESE: I don't get why you're being like this, [Talía's line starts here] I'm just—

TALIA: [footsteps resume] I'll start walking. You follow. 'Cause you're just "interested," right? Follow me to where I live. [footsteps start speeding up over Reese's line and his voice grows fainter as Talia moves away from him.]

REESE: I don't know, that seems pretty weird. That seems like a weird way to talk to a person! A person who hasn't [music creeps in] done anything! Pretty weird!

[Music, driving bass with reverb percussion and synth accents, fades into the interview room: low electronic hums. A door opens.]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Welcome back, Travis. [footsteps]

TRAVIS: Glad to be back, fifty fluid ounces [door closes, more footsteps] lighter.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We know the urination test is [creak] unpleasant, but it [creak, rustle] illustrates—

TRAVIS: It's all good, there's always some kind of hazing, [clunk] I know how to keep my head down.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Well, it's not hazing, you'll need to be able to explain these bodily functions to your Second. [creak]

TRAVIS: And now I know how! Boy do I know how. [tapping, creaking, rustling]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: So let's talk a little bit about why you're here. Many of the applicants—

TRAVIS: (interrupting) Look, can I [beat] just be honest?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Please. [rustling, clunking, that carries on intermittently through the rest of the scene]

TRAVIS: Nothing in my life is working. (haltingly) No part of my adult life is working, or has ever worked.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: All right.

TRAVIS: I know you're gonna give me a whole spiel about what a hard road this is, and-and I guess I wanna say, [beat] compared to what? "There's no going back." Back to what? [music creeps in] "No more privacy ever—" I-I've had privacy, I'm buried in privacy. I'm ready to dig out. Just tell me what to do.

[Music, floaty synth over accent percussion, fades into footsteps crunching outside, a little breeze, birds chirping.]

NOA: Travis!

TRAVIS (at some distance): Wha—what?

DANA (Kristen Vaughan): (a little breathless) Mr. Mears?

NOA: Wait up!

TRAVIS: (sigh) Uh, just—getting some breakfast!

NOA: Us too!

DANA: Mr. Mears, right?

TRAVIS: Yeah, uh, "Travis" is fine.

DANA: Almost there. Jesus, this backpack!

TRAVIS: Are you—[heavy rustling] ruh-recording yourself?

NOA: For my channel! I'm posting daily video diaries, wanted to get a shot of me panting and sweating with the endless desert behind me.

DANA: See how she can just walk and rattle off long sentences? That's youth for you.

NOA: I'm Noa, N-O-A without the H. [footsteps pause]

TRAVIS: Oh! O-o-okay, is that a [beat, grunting and rustling] particular, uh, nationality, as it were? [footsteps resume, but much more intermittent than before]



NOA: I picked it out myself.

TRAVIS: You—

NOA: I sued for emancipation at age 17, changed my whole name.

TRAVIS: Oh.

DANA: I'm Dana. Also no H. I don't know why I said that.

TRAVIS: No, I approve.

NOA: I figured we could be The Backpack Three, suffer together. [heavy rustling, zippers rattling]

TRAVIS: Cool, uh—

NOA: You know what would a great vignette for the video? Put your backpack down, then pick it back up so people can see how heavy it is.

TRAVIS: Oh, uh, I—

NOA: I think it's important to show people what this is like. Like, to really de-exoticize it.

TRAVIS: I guess—I'd—just rather—

NOA: You don't wanna be filmed?

TRAVIS: Sorry, it's just—

NOA: You don't have to apologize. If you don't wanna be filmed that's the end of it.

DANA: You want me to do it?

NOA: Is that cool? [heavy rustling] I know I've filmed you a lot.

DANA: Wait, am I gonna be disqualified if—

NOA: Not if you put it right back on I don't think. [Dana takes a deep breath, then clicking and clinking and rustling as she takes off her backpack.]

TRAVIS: Are we sure they definitely want this, like, publicized?

NOA: (chuckle) I'll talk Brooke and Deirdre [thump] into it.

DANA: Do you have me in a—is this a good angle? [footsteps crunching]

NOA: Actually I'm gonna back up to about [beat] here: [camera beeps] Hi Dana!

DANA: Hi Noa!

NOA: Whatcha got there, Dana? [more footsteps, rustling]

DANA: Okay, this is a backpack, they make us all wear them for a couple days to get used to the idea of the permanent responsibility we'll have to, I guess, *shoulder*, and—

NOA: But not just any backpack [steps]—show them what's inside, Dana! [rustling]

DANA: Sorry, let me just [beat, zipper unzipping, then rustling] okay, can you see inside?

NOA: Definitely, [clinking, scraping] I'm seeing barbells, I'm seeing—are those?

DANA: Cans of soup, [scraping and a goopy sloshing sound] yes indeed, just for that extra bit of—I'm supposed to turn them back in for eating after this. [rustling as items are re-packed]

NOA: Okay, can you show us picking it up and putting it on?

DANA: Let's hope! [zipping up, rustling, clinking] I sort of [beat] get my, mm, arms in (grunting) while I'm still crouched down.

NOA: You can do it!

DANA: And then the waist string. [click click, rustling] And now the fun part.

NOA: I believe in you! [rustling, clinking, the sound of the pack getting hefted, Dana grunting and groaning and sighing] Yay Dana!

DANA: (laughing) Well, don't yay me yet, two more days to go.

NOA: [camera beeps] That's great, Dana, thanks. [rustling, clanking, rattling, crunching footsteps, a zipper]

TRAVIS: So was that like “cut,” or—

NOA: Yeah. I stopped filming. [zipper]

DANA: [clank] So, breakfast? [step]

TRAVIS: Ne-eh-I-I was gonna suggest—(nervous chuckle) [footsteps resume]

DANA: (heavy sighs) You know what's funny? I both desperately want water, and—

TRAVIS: Never wanna drink water again? (laughs)

DANA: Exactly!

NOA: Look, he's smiling, Mr. Bleak Travis is smiling!

TRAVIS: (sigh) Sorry. [beat] Yeah, it's uh—it-it's my day for—

NOA: First visit to the prison?

TRAVIS: Yeah, I'm a little, uh—

NOA: Whatever you're picturing, it's worse. [footsteps stop, rustling now]

DANA: Well, come on, you don't have to—

NOA: I'm not saying it to make you feel bad, it made me feel better. [music creeps in] Thanks to us, three of those people won't have to be there anymore.

[Music, synth over pulsing percussion, fades into the sharp drag of a large metal object, the screams of the Ghost House, and the rustling, scraping sounds of Travis climbing, breathing heavily. Another dragging metal object.]

TRAVIS: (heavy sigh) Oh right, I forgot, world's drabest spaceship. [footsteps]

JAMIE: Hey Travis! Ready to get mind-fucked?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Jesus, Jamie—

JAMIE: What? It's sad but it's still a mind-fuck. [Joshua laughs, the tapping and beeping of a keyboard intermittently now] That was Joshua laughing, you can tell.

TRAVIS: [rustle] Shit, you *can* tell. [rustle]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Oh right, you must be in the-the—

TRAVIS: Ah, yep! [rustling, clinking] Squarely in the backpack phase. I took the stairs, like they told me.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sucks, right?

TRAVIS: I would give it something short of “strong recommend.”

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: I'm sorry I haven't seen you more often.

TRAVIS: Uh, yeah, no, I-I-I knew this wasn't Boys Trip [footsteps] or whatever, and [beat] I've certainly had enough to do. [rustling]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: And we've been tied up on this translator project, so—

TRAVIS: Translator?

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: my consolation prize for not being allowed to defend this camp. G-Graham speaking: We're working on a translation program for the prisoners. It's not working yet, so you'll just be hearing—

TRAVIS: Screams.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Yeah. Anyway, it's more fun than making viruses. Joshua speaking: Not a consensus [footsteps] statement, I assure you.

JAMIE: Would you care to have a seat in this chair, sir? [rustling]

TRAVIS: (grunts) Never gonna get used to [footsteps] Hostess Jamie. [creaking]

JAMIE: You may adjust the height of the chair to your [clinking] comfort, but we do require you to sit upright for the duration for your own safety.

TRAVIS: Uh, nah-the height's fine. [rustling]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Are you cool to handle the Interface Helmet?

JAMIE: [creaking] Oh no, all by myself? I've only watched you guys do it like five billion times.

TRAVIS: You'll, uh [beat, clink] you'll fix it if she, like, attaches something wrong or uh—

JAMIE: Please remain still, sir. [rapid beeping]

TRAVIS: (suddenly terrified) Graham. [footsteps] Is it—is it gonna be—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We'll take you to the gate right now if you want. They'll get you home. [beeping]

TRAVIS: Eh, no, no. I'm (clears throat)[long beat] No, I'm—I'm okay.

JAMIE: Here comes the helmet. [crunching, rustling, and an electric buzz. Metallic clicks and more beeps, regular, like a heart monitor.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You're phasing him in slowly?

JAMIE: No, I'm doing it wrong.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Thank you.

JAMIE: Can't believe he got this far.

[Over this next line, we shift into Travis's POV. Graham/Joshua's voice gets quieter, the electric buzz louder and with a bass drone, and Travis begins to intermittently moan. Music creeps in too, eerie and unsettled.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: He's not optimal but with our current reputation we're not getting optimal any time soon. Graham speaking: What do you think making weapons does to our reputation? Joshua speaking: This country makes more weapons than any other. Are people trying to leave or get in?

[Travis's moaning gets louder and more frequent, and the chair is creaking as he moves]

JAMIE: We gotta be able to do better than the guy who wasted half his life drooling over Mom.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: He'll get the same process as everyone else.

JAMIE: The process I totally fucked, you mean.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Okay, can we talk about this?

JAMIE: Forget it, forget I said anything.

TRAVIS: Uh, uh, uh, I-I-I can't, I can't, uh, please, uh, I-I-I, I-I-I can't hear this—

JAMIE: Should I—

TRAVIS: Please.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Another minute.

TRAVIS: Please! (He's now wailing) I CAN'T TAKE IT, [inaudible] LET ME OUT, LET ME OUT!

[Travis's scream crossfades into a coyote howling and crickets chirping as the music continues, then everything begins to fade and ends with a whoosh and the sound of an interior door clicking open.]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [inaudible] Look at you four, you look awful. [the door closes, crinkling, like a wrapper of some kind, carries on for awhile.]

LIZ/ROBIN (Rebecca Comtois): [footsteps] Hey Graham, hey Josh. [creaking]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Where's everyone else?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We sent the rest of the selection group home.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [footsteps] Joshua speaking: so this is the smoke-filled room where the real decisions are made?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No decisions will be made tonight. We just want your input. [creaking and squeaking]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: About Travis or all three?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: We're leaning toward approving the other two, even with my reservations about Noa. [clinking]

LIZ/ROBIN: Why do you have more reservations about the younger one? [rattle] Is it just 'cause she annoys you?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Her lack of humility is a real concern. It speaks to how she would handle the relationship.

LIZ/ROBIN: But otherwise she's The Template, right? Young, engaged, fearless, did her homework, knows the whole project, handled every challenge right.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: are you pairing her with the Street Captain?

LIZ/ROBIN: [squeak] See? He thinks so too!

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: That's a big decision.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: Do I know who the Street Captain is? Joshua speaking: They're virtuous and irritating, you'll like them.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: But yes, we asked you here to talk about Travis.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: We've tried to keep our thumb off the scales. Both ways.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You've been admirably impartial. But now we want you to advocate. Or not.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: How's he doing so far?

LIZ/ROBIN: Solid B-plus down the line.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Maybe not plus, but he's given us no reason to disqualify other than age.

LIZ/ROBIN: Which, if we're letting Dana through, and, y'know, you.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Ratio of self-interest to altruism?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Leaning toward the former, but within acceptable bounds.

LIZ/ROBIN: Basically this is where we say: "Is there anything we need to know?"

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (sigh) Look, he was a wreck for a lot of years, but so was Graham. [creak]

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: A wreck as in—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Emotionally. He drank, but never to the point of—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Be specific. We're contemplating a shared body, substance abuse is a dealbreaker.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: He didn't fall down, black out, make unwanted passes, i—and then a few months before Graham's acceptance, he just quit, no apparent difficulty, and as far as we know he hasn't had a drink since.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What made him quit?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Uh, Morgan.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Graham's wife.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Ha, if you're gonna take orders from anyone.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: The woman for whom he harbored unrequited feelings for decades.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Is that what we're talking about?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Previous attachments are important.

LIZ/ROBIN: And we haven't been able to get in touch with her.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: Yeah, she's not gonna return a call from the Nevada Project. Or me. (heavy sigh) Neither of you—Brooke, Liz—neither of you got divorced in your human—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: No.

LIZ/ROBIN: Wouldn't call it divorced.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You know it'll suck, of course, but one aspect you don't anticipate is losing your, I guess, co-decision maker.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: You think that's how Travis feels?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: No, it's different for him, it was never just about Morgan, she was more like [beat] the symbol, or the nexus.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Of what?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: The life he wanted, the life that [beat] slipped past him: college, friends, a bunch of people in one house, up all night, no silence in the small hours. It's not just that he loved her, it's *when* he loved her. He loved her when he was happy.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Interesting.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Oh shit, I just realized.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: His Acceptance night. Morgan's gonna be here. God, that's gonna be weird to—

LIZ/ROBIN: Actually no, you're good.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What?

LIZ/ROBIN: Morgan won't be there. He's already submitted his Witness names, she's not on it.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: So he's really (huffs)—he's serious, he's moved on. Well shit, good for him. Do you have a pairing in mind?

LIZ/ROBIN: We're looking at Prisoner 378.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Who was that?

LIZ/ROBIN: (scoffs) Like you'd remember.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Deirdre speaking: They were—this is so difficult without our language.

LIZ/ROBIN: Right? When it's not someone everyone knows like the Street Captain or you guys.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Prisoner 378 was still new to the movement when we were rounded up. A beginner, a—what's the term, Brooke? (as Brooke) A wallflower?



GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: None of us were wallflowers. Graham speaking: A wallflower. [inaudible] hate to say it, but that could work.

[Music, tapping synth lines over a slow brush snare, fades into a door opening.]

TRAVIS: Oh, they sent you!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: I figured we'd walk you there ourselves. Return the favor.

TRAVIS: Well come on in, you're just in time, we're signing papers.

WEBB (barely audible): Just lemme make sure I'm giving you the right—here.

SHEILA (barely audible): I just want to get it over with.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You're remarkably bright-eyed this morning.

TRAVIS: Oh that's right, we stayed up all night (laughing) before yours. [soft footsteps]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: But not you?

TRAVIS: Nah, [door closes] we uh, turned in early, the conversation kinda—I can't remember, uh, have you met my sister, Sheila?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: Jesus, [footsteps] I-I think we actually did, I think it was—

SHEILA (Jordana Williams): Do we give you the papers? [rustling]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sure, but take your time, it's a lot of—

SHEILA: They're signed, please take them. [rustling]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Great.

SHEILA: I just want Travis to be taken care of, you know?

WEBB (Mac Rogers): Holy shit, is that Graham?

TRAVIS: [scraping, like a chair pushing back] Not sure if you remember our mutual friend. [Graham laughs]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Webb?!

WEBB: I know I look a little different.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Hey, so do we, good to see you!

WEBB: “We?” Oh, right.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Webb of the “how long can one man eat only cereal” dare?

WEBB (overlapping slightly): Cereal, yeah, that was the first thing Trav brought up too.

TRAVIS: Webb is apparently no longer funny.

WEBB: I mean I still tell jokes, or I laugh at jokes, but I don’t like wake up in the morning thinking up jokes anymore.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Guessing instead it’s [beat] kids?

WEBB: (on a sigh) Three. And work. Sort of both together, like, can I ever work enough to send all three to—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Yeah.

TRAVIS: Funny stuff.

WEBB: How did you do it?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: One of ‘em got a dozen scholarships, the other didn’t go.

WEBB: Guess I can’t really apply either of, uh [beat] Oh! Ah, so, papers to you? [footsteps]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sure. [rustling, continuous]

SHEILA: And then you’ll take care of him?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Well—it’s more like he’ll become a participant in—

SHEILA: Because I can’t do it. [music creeps in]

TRAVIS: Okay, Sheils, they got it.

SHEILA: You have to understand, my life is—I can’t do it.

[Music, piano and shivery strings and synth over percussive strings, fades into footsteps crunching over the ground, birds chirping, a light breeze, and the faint sound of the Ghost House in the distance. The footsteps keep going through the scene, and the Ghost House gets progressively louder.]

TRAVIS: Just go towards the big spaceship.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Yeah. You know if there's any, whatever, final business that you wanna—

TRAVIS: Like what?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Joshua speaking: Graham's dancing around saying he feels guilty doing this without Morgan.

TRAVIS: Should try doing something without Morgan, right?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: It's just—we were such a—

TRAVIS: Threesome?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (chuckle) Sure, jokes, but—we *were* a threesome. For a lot of years.

TRAVIS: Everything ends, man. [music creeps in] If we don't know that by now—

[Music, tapping synth over big bass whooshes, fades into rustling sheets.]

TALIA: Do you have enough room?

AVI: Totally.

TALIA: I wanted a queen-size, it just didn't make sense with this room.

AVI: (laughing) No, this is great, I have plenty of [beat] room.

TALIA: So, you really can just say stuff, I'm not fragile.

AVI: Oh my god, what do you think (laughing) I'm gonna say?

TALIA: I think you're gonna say that was nice.

AVI: Okay, it's true.

TALIA: And that it was worth trying.

AVI: Oh no, [Talia laughs]" worth trying?" [rustling]

TALIA: 'Cause we click in every other way.

AVI: We do, right?

TALIA: But you're still figuring things out.

AVI: (laughing) Hold up, not fair, let me-let me do you.

TALIA: Go for it. [rustling]

AVI: You also thought it was nice.

TALIA: (sing-song) I did.

AVI: You didn't hate it, did you?

TALIA: I absolutely did not, it was a very pleasurable experience.

AVI: But not quite a thunderbolt, right?

TALIA: Well—[rustling and creaking] but was it a thunderbolt for you?

AVI: Goddammit! No. I wanted it to be!

TALIA: Right?

AVI: 'Cause it would be so perfect if it was! 'Cause in every other way. [rustling]

TALIA: I think maybe you're trying to expedite figuring out all your stuff—

AVI: (groan) No doubt.

TALIA: —and I think you just have to let things happen at the pace they're gonna happen.

AVI: Yeah. [rustling, patting, creaking]

TALIA: But it was nice. I'm glad we did it. I just think we're not [beat] *this*.

AVI: Did we just pre-break up? Is that a thing? [they both laugh.]

TALIA: (sigh) Let's say we acted prudently to save the best of what we have.

AVI: Ooh, that's good. I'm stealing that. [Talia laughs a little, then the sound of breaking glass and a low whoosh, then a faint humming rumble and crinkly sound ongoing.]

TALIA: Whoa.

AVI: Was that?

TALIA: Hang on, I'm just gonna put on a—[footsteps]

AVI: Was that in this apartment?

TALIA: I'm just gonna check.

AVI: Wait, are you sure you should—

TALIA: Actually, throw me my phone just in case.

AVI: One sec. [rustling and flapping]

TALIA: It kinda sounds like—

AVI: Here. [a door opens, the rumble and crackle is much louder now]

TALIA: [music creeps in] Shit!

AVI: What's that noise? [door closes]

TALIA: Get dressed, we gotta get out! [rustling]

AVI: Wait—what's—

TALIA: We gotta go! [scraping]

911 VOICE (Bart Fasneder)(on Talia's phone): 911, what is your emergency?

TALIA: I'm at 21 Equinox, I'm in 5C, *my apartment's on fire!*

[Music, a bass drone, mingles with the fire sounds, fades up to a peak and then disappears into crickets chirping and the faint sounds of the Ghost House. Footsteps approach.]

JAMIE: So, Travis. [footsteps stop, a plastic chair creaks and squeaks]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: They're working on him now. There's more beach chairs stacked there if you—

JAMIE: Maybe I wanna stand.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [creaking] Okay, look. We either need to discuss this or—

JAMIE: There's nothing to discuss, Travis passed and I flunked, so. [step]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What do you actually want here? Do you wanna see if you can re-submit? There's no precedent for that, but you did save all our lives, so—

JAMIE: I don't know, okay? [steps]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: But you keep bringing it up, all these pointed barbs or whatever.

JAMIE: Can I fucking stay or not?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [steps] What?

JAMIE: I don't need it if I can stay. If I can keep being a part of this, if I can keep—

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Brooke and Deirdre said you could stay.

JAMIE: I was on my fuckin' deathbed, they would've said anything.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: You think they didn't—

JAMIE: Brooke and Deirdre have me doing shit they could do with their eyes closed. [step] Printing, making files, alphabetizing. I'm not a hybrid, I'm not a scientist, I'm not staff, there's no budget for me. The whole audit I had to keep being somewhere else. I know what the last week at the ice cream stand feels like.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Graham speaking: [step] Sweetheart, I love having you here, it's like bonus time I never thought I'd get, but [beat, step] at a certain point don't you want your own life?

JAMIE: Why are you saying that? [step] Do you want me to leave?

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: [step] I want you to have a life and friends not surrounded by soldiers—

JAMIE: What about what I want?

GRAHAM: Joshua speaking: [step] You're not going anywhere. If you're out in the world, Graham will worry. When he can see you every day, he stays focused on work. But [beat, step] all that pales in comparison to the fact that you amuse me. [step] I'll never let them kick you out.

JAMIE: See? That's all I wanted to hear! [a metal door scrapes open]

LIZ/ROBIN: Graham, Joshua? We're done. They're waking up.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: No problems?

LIZ/ROBIN: Nothing apparent. [a jaunty phone ringtone]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: Sorry, gotta take this, we'll be right up! (to Jamie) It's Talia.

LIZ/ROBIN: No problem, we'll wait!

JAMIE: Tell them I said hey!

GRAHAM/JOSHUA (answering phone): Hey kiddo, we're so sorry, is there any way we can call you back in—

TALIA (over the phone): (crying, breathing heavily) Dad? [music creeps in, bass thuds and drones]

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: What happened? Are you all right?

JAMIE: Wha-what's—

TALIA (over the phone): (losing it) Dad?

JAMIE: Dad.

GRAHAM/JOSHUA: (mostly Joshua but not totally) Tell us everything.

[Music, keening electric guitar notes and faint Ghost House screams over the bass drones, carries us inside to Travis's POV. Travis gasps. Creaking bed, beeping monitors. Travis groans.]

LIAM (Nat Cassidy): Hello?

TRAVIS: Mm, what?

LIAM: Hello? Where am I?

TRAVIS: Oh-oh my god, wha—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: What happened? Are they coming up or not?

TRAVIS: You're the—

LIZ/ROBIN: Something's happened, they-they got a call.

LIAM: Can someone help me?

TRAVIS: Uh-uh, ye-ye-yeah, ye-ye-yeah, uh-uh-uh that's-that's me, Uh, I, I-I-I'm supposed to—

LIZ/ROBIN: It looks bad?

LIAM: Is that you?

LIZ/ROBIN: Want us to go find out?

LIAM: Are you my—

TRAVIS: Yeah, I'm your—

LIAM: Are you my body?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Wait, no, he's awake.

TRAVIS: I-I-I think so?

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Let's focus on him.

TRAVIS: I think that's me.

LIAM: You're my body?

PARKER (Nat Cassidy): Correction: *our* body. [a hissing, screeching static sound takes over]

TRAVIS: Oh wha-whe-what?

LIAM: Oh! You're here!

PARKER: Of course I'm here.

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: Worry about the rest later.

TRAVIS: Wait—

LIZ/ROBIN: Checking vitals now.

TRAVIS: Something's—

BROOKE/DEIRDRE: It's all right, relax.

TRAVIS: No no no, something's, uh [beat] something's w-wrong...

PARKER: Find his name. Fast.

LIZ/ROBIN: It always feels like that, you're fine.



TRAVIS: No, n-n-no—

LIAM: Travis! He's called Travis.

TRAVIS: [static builds to a peak over this line] Something's, uh, something's wrong, i-i-it sounds like there's a-another—

PARKER: Stop, Travis. [a loud screech and static, then it drops to the hum with some faint screeching, and the room is much farther away.] Not one more word.

LIZ/ROBIN (from a distance): His vitals look fine.

LIAM: You can tell them about me—

PARKER: —but not me. Say nothing [music creeps in] about me.

TRAVIS: But—

PARKER: Don't you dare tell them I'm here.

[The static gives way to the theme music, which plays for a while and then fades for end credits]

VOICEOVER: Gideon Media presents *Give Me Away* by Mac Rogers. Directed by Jordana Williams, sound design by Bart Fasbender. Featuring Jordan Tierney, Dani Martineck, Paco Tolson, Diana Oh, Sean Williams, Nat Cassidy, Lauren Shipper, Lori Elizabeth Parquet, Kristen Vaughan, and Rebecca Comtois. Music by Adam Blau, production manager Katie Kosma, produced and edited by Sean Williams.

[Music fades up and plays out, ending on a wailing note.]

END OF EPISODE 3