(RILEY awkwardly extends her hand.)

What are you doing?

JASON

This is how people on the outside greet each other...right?

RILEY

The outside?

JASON

Outside the woods. In the city.

RILEY

Oh. I’m Jason.

(He tentatively shakes RILEY’s hand. She yanks it back.)

You...live in the woods?

RILEY

Yes.

JASON

You don’t go to school?

RILEY

I’m homeschooled. You can’t trust public schools, right? I mean, that’s what they’re telling us—

JASON

They?

RILEY

The rest of the colony. We’re off the grid.

(Then:)

So much for OPSEC.

JASON

Can...can I see—

RILEY

No!

(Remembering:)

I have to ask you something. I’ve never asked anyone this but you’re the first person I’ve met from the outside so does Y2K exist?

JASON

...What?
RILEY
Do the sheeple—I mean, people from society, who I’m sure are smart and unique and not brainwashed—know about Y2K? Like if it’s real? ‘Cause if it is, why are we the only ones prepping for it? And if it’s not, how do we know? Where’s the proof? Stop me if I’m going to fast—

What’s Y2K?

JASON
What’s Y2K?

RILEY
The apocalypse? Armageddon? TEOTWAWKI?
(Beat.)
The End of the World As We Know It?

JASON
You think the apocalypse is coming?

RILEY
I don’t know what to think.
(Beat.)

JASON
I could Google it. If my phone wasn’t broken.

Google?

RILEY
It’s a search engine. For the Internet.

JASON
Internet! Dad’s always talking about that. That definitely has something to do with it. Is there any other way we can do a Google?

Just “Google.” And my friends have phones—

RILEY
Let’s go, then! Let’s find them—

JASON
Sorry, Riley. You seem nice, but this is too weird. Besides, I’m trying to earn the Wilderness Survival badge tonight. Which means I’ve got to spend the night on my own. And that means I have to build a shelter and set up camp—