

(TRIONA resumes her work with extra intensity .
LUCAS watches for a moment, torn between anger and
guilt. LIGHTS OUT.)

(LIGHTS UP. TRIONA has finished hanging the last of
the plastic sheeting. Her space is now limited to the
mattress, the desk, and the ERGO. Now she's curled up
on the mattress with one laptop, recording a series of
messages.)

START HERE →

TRIONA

Dr. Sanderson? This is Triona. If you get this, please call me. I'm stuck in the Upham Mission Control and never quite did figure out all of these bugs. Anyway . I could use any help you can give. Call me. (She hangs up and dials another.) Naomi? Naomi is that you? It's Triona! I'm so glad to reach you. Oh. Ok. Just a minute. (She pulls up a screen and connects to a call with NAOMI HALL, who appears with tent canvas in the background.)

NAOMI

Triona! Can you hear me?

TRIONA

Naomi, I'm so glad to reach someone. I'm so glad you're ok. How's everyone at the camp?

NAOMI

We're managing. But I haven't heard from anyone outside the camp in days. Just rumors. What's going on out there?

TRIONA

I don't know. I got called in by the ISA. I'm at their Mission Control. Really I'm running their Mission Control. Alone.

NAOMI

I told you you'd never really get away from them. Is he there?

TRIONA

No. It's not like that. They needed me.

NAOMI

We need you. It's getting bad-

TRIONA

But it's not all bad news, me being here. I still think maybe with these resources...such as they are, I don't know. Maybe I can figure something out. Something we can use. In the camps. Everywhere.

NAOMI

You need something, don't you?

TRIONA

If you have any engineers or scientists who know anything about wind or solar or optimizing electric grids, could you send them my way?

NAOMI

Girl. If I had them, do you think I'd share them?

TRIONA

If I can figure this out, I could make a major breakthrough. I could share that knowledge. I could -

NAOMI

Always the dream. You were about the only person we had on that. But I'll keep my ear to the ground for you. Just don't expect much. We're just trying to keep people alive. We've got waves and waves of people -

(A PING from Triona's system.)

TRIONA

Sorry. Duty's calling. If I find anything that'll help, you'll be the first to know. Stay strong.

NAOMI

Stay safe.

<—END HERE

(TRIONA hangs up the call, then gets up and dashes to the console.)

LUCAS

You just keep saving our bacon. I've received the next two charts. I hope you're getting a break at some point down there.