

## HARPER SIDE

HARPER: I laughed when I first heard that this ship was named the S.S. Maine, since we're in California. No one else laughed though, so I shut up. Ugh, I hate it when I'm weird like that. I hope whoever is watching this isn't silently judging me. I mean, hopefully, the only person who will ever see this is my biology teacher, Mrs. Craig. I mean, Mrs. Craig has absolutely no excuse to judge *me*. I mean, what teacher, after their student flunks an ocean ecosystems test, tells them to go on a freaking scuba trip to, in her words, "Observe and understand our local oceanic ecosystems up close, through qualitative and quantitative observations?" And tells them to record all of their experiences in some stupid video diaries... at least I'm getting extra credit. Well, I guess I'll observe the ship in this entry, since there aren't any animals to observe right now. Except for the seagulls who tried to steal my hotdog at lunch today. Quantitative... that's numbers, right? Well, I guess time and day would count then. It's Friday, March 6th, 2020, at 10:30pm. This ship is honestly not that big, but it's not cramped either. Wait, that's qualitative. Woops. Well, qualitatively, there's a kitchen area on the ship with, like, 1950's booths. They're this cool, deep azure color. And a lot softer than you'd think when looking at them. Also, the bunks are the bottom of the boat. And when I was putting my stuff away, I probably bumped my head against the top bunk waaaaay too many times. Ouch. I hope I don't bonk my head while I'm asleep, because that would *suck* tomorrow morning. Captain Christopher told us that while we're asleep tonight, he's gonna get the ship to Catalina. Which *rules*. The only part of this trip that sucks are these video logs. The rest rules! I mean, swimming with a bunch of cool fish?! I'm gonna get SO much inspiration for my art! I'd be drawing everything right now, but my parents kept me from taking my art stuff. They said I would get distracted and just draw the whole time without talking to other people. That's not true... but it's not like there's anyone to talk to, anyways. I mean, I wouldn't know, since I'm filming this before talking to anyone, like I promised

my mom. But still, the other girls on this ship are probably lame. They're probably into dumb stuff, like makeup, and boys...

### **CAMILLE SIDE**

CAMILLE: Okay, um...I hope this is on. Uh, hi. Yeah, hi. I'm Camille. It's Wednesday, so halfway through the quarantine, I guess...This is kinda weird. I mean, I've never recorded a video diary before. Never had a diary, period. My parents said that diaries were a frivolous pastime for girls who would grow up to be real estate agents. But Harper...Harper said that this would be good for figuring things out. Y'know, processing feelings. So here I am. But what am I feeling...confusion, I guess. About Harper. About how to feel about her. She's so loud. And a little bit thickheaded. And overconfident. But she's also...really sweet. Kind. Always excited about life. This whole quarantine thing, it's stressful. Tensions are high right now. But Harper is still, well, Harper. Today, we had lunch on the boat, and she was about to take a bite out of her hot dog when this seagull just *swooped* down and snatched the whole thing, right out of her hands! Anyone else would've stood up and cursed that bird to hell and back. But instead, she laughed so hard she cried. Which made me laugh too. She's just, *totally* oblivious, and totally happy to just...spend time with me.

*We briefly see CAMILLE with a tender smile on her face, blush overtaking her cheeks. She shakes it off the way a dog would shake off water*

Ugh! I've never had a crush on someone. Having a crush on someone usually requires someone being open to having friends, let alone a significant other. But when she gets excited and her eyes light up...it's intoxicating. I feel like a moth, drawn to an open flame. Chances are

that the moth's gonna get burnt. Chances are that if I ever told Harper how I feel about her, she'd never look in my direction again. But still, the moth heads towards the flame. And still I go down this path, this path of...having feelings for her. Because we both believe that just maybe, there's something good waiting for us.

**CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER SIDE**

HARPER: Thanks! Wait, what's up with the hot tea? I mean, it's kinda the beginning of March, so it isn't cold anymore...

*Cut to the CAPTAIN*

CAPTAIN: The dry air in scuba tanks makes my throat scratch. Tea helps.

*Cut to HARPER*

HARPER: Huh, neat. How'd you learn that?

*Cut to CAPTAIN.*

CAPTAIN: (amused) Lots and lots of years of experiences. Wanna come and talk?

*Cut to HARPER*

HARPER: Okay! Sounds cool!

*Cut to CAPTAIN while HARPER gets up out of her booth and goes and sits with the CAPTAIN. We hear the scuffling of a chair and the patter of feet, and see CAPTAIN's amused face. In the rest of the scene, HARPER is sitting facing left, towards the table. POV still on CAPTAIN*

CAPTAIN: So Harper....I saw you really struggling this morning

*Cut to HARPER*

HARPER: No, I'm just conflicted about my feelings, ya know? I mean, Camille seems nice enou-

*Cut to CAPTAIN*

CAPTAIN: (deadpan) I was talking about your booties.

*Cut to HARPER*

HARPER: Ohhhh...

*Cut to CAPTAIN*

CAPTAIN: Would you like to switch diving buddies? If there's stuff going on with Camille, I'm sure Jackie wouldn't mind being your partner.

*Cut to HARPER. She leans back and scratches the back of her neck in embarrassment.*

HARPER: No, no! No, really, I'm fine. Besides, I kinda wanna get to know her, y'know? I've always loved a good mystery! But thanks for the offer!

*Cut to CAPTAIN. He looks clearly unconvinced, but decides to let it go.*

CAPTAIN: No prob. The night dive is happening soon, so go get ready. Maybe ask someone for help with your booties. Camille *is* your dive partner, so ask her for help.

**COAST GUARD SIDE**

COAST GUARD: Come in, S.S Maine, come in.

CAPTAIN: S.S. Maine, coming in. Currently at 33.578245 degrees north, -118.278006 degrees west.

COAST GUARD: (with an urgent tone) Do you have a thermometer on board your vessel?

CAPTAIN: (confused) Food thermometer?

COAST GUARD: No, a people, I mean...human, thermometer.

CAPTAIN: I will look when the ship's anchored

COAST GUARD: Please get back to us soon. Over and out.

CAPTAIN: Okay, roger that, we will get back to you. S.S Maine, over and out.