

JAKE Hello, Delijah. Greetings from the Dry Valleys. This is Jake. I'm the beaker you met working on algae. We've been super crazy busy down here – over here – the last couple of months. I hope it's not weird that I looked up your email address on the directory, but I – all this time – I've just been hoping you're alright. With all that happened that day. So I thought I'd write. That's it. That's all I wanted to say. On the off chance you're still reading, here's my haps. The haps from the field. Every day in the Dry Valleys, something blows my mind. Like – even though we're fifty miles inland from the Sound – there are dead seals on the tops of mountains. Dead, mummified Weddell seals. They've been there hundreds of years. And it's not like these seals crawled over the land. It's just that the ocean used to be here. Hike to the top of a mountain, no water in sight – and boom – bam – there's a dead seal. And I know we just met for a few minutes, but that's how you make me feel.

(to himself) I can't write that.

(he continues to type) You make me feel like a dead seal. It's like I was in the ocean, swimming around just fine and dandy and boom – bam – Delijah from the sea happens – and suddenly I'm up on a mountaintop, no water, and I'm dead. And mummified. It sucks. I've looked forward to coming to the Dry Valleys for so long and now I'm here and I just want to be back at McMurdo to see you. And I'm just gonna send this before I think better of it.

(JAKE hits send) Oh, crap –

No, no, no, no, no, no, I didn't. (JAKE checks his sent mail)

Yes, I did. I just sent that. Dammit!