WAYNE
  How's it goin Gord?
GORDON
  Hey, Wayne, surprised to see you here.
JAMIE
  Great, you made it.
GORDON
  (looking from JAMIE to WAYNE) What, are we havin a
  party and nobody told me?
WAYNE
  Yessir, just waitin for the women to jump out of the cake.
GORDON
  (looking in fridge) Any beer?
ELLEN
  Porch.
GORDON
  You two want one?
ELLEN
  /No.
WAYNE
  /Sure.
JAMIE
  I'll get em.
GORDON
  Grab yerself one.
ELLEN
  Aren't you gonna offer Carrie one?
CARRIE
  Okay.
ELLEN
  Forget it.
WAYNE
  Good price on lobsters.
GORDON
  Yuh.
WAYNE
Gettin many?

GORDON
A few.

JAMIE
(entering) Only eighty pounds today. Unbelievable. Only thing we’re catchin out there is tinkers and catfish. Too bad we don’t live up in Pictou. Tinkers ain’t illegal there.

CARRIE
Those are canners.

JAMIE
Same thing, different name. The buoys are so thick along the shore we could hardly get the boat in to get at ours.

ELLEN
Why don’t you move your traps?

GORDON
Wouldn’t make no difference.

WAYNE
(beat) How’s Beecher’s well doin?

GORDON
They got her all cleaned out.

CARRIE
What was wrong with it?

GORDON
He landed at Harley Stanton’s the other night after a week a rain askin to borrow some water cause his well was dry. Turned out Harley’s boy and that little Tidd feller filled her chock full a firewood.

WAYNE
Yessir, there’s Beecher, middle a the night, pourin down rain, tappin at Harley’s window and holdin a bucket, askin to borrow water.

ELLEN
Poor Beecher. Oh, he called a while ago. Said his new microwave isn’t working. I guess he put some foil in and the sparks were flying all over the place. Don’t know what he expects you to do about it.

GORDON
Yeah, I’ll call him. What are ya doin slummin Wayne? Too much time on yer hands?

WAYNE
Just felt like talkin up a good lookin woman.
ELLEN
  Gimme a break.
WAYNE
  (laughing) No, I was just workin on some business and thought I'd run it by ya.
GORDON nods slowly.
JAMIE
  You'll love this-- (He is silenced by look from WAYNE.)
WAYNE
  I'm gettin in to a racket that could be pretty lucrative down the road. Only thing is I need a workin partner. Someone who can take care of the day to day stuff.
GORDON looks at JAMIE and ELLEN. CARRIE's interest has been piqued.
GORDON
  What kinda business?
WAYNE
  Fish farmin. (looking at GORDON) I'm trying for a permit along the coast here.
GORDON
  (smiling) Yer pissin in the wind boy. Too rough along these shores for fish cages.
WAYNE
  You'd be surprised.
JAMIE
  Dad, they're even farming fish off the coast of Newfoundland.
CARRIE
  Only in protected places like they're doing up in Digby.
JAMIE
  There's plenty of good spots along the bay.
CARRIE
  Not that many.
ELLEN
  Oh for God's sake…
GORDON
  Anyway, there ain't enough room for lobster traps let alone cages.
CARRIE
  Lots of times they take the cages out in winter.
GORDON
  Since when are you an expert?
CARRIE
I’ve been reading about it for my project.

WAYNE
Any interest?

GORDON
In what? Yer dreamin.

WAYNE
No sir. I got good reason to believe they’ll give me a
permit for the bay.

GORDON
You got good…. All I hear is it’ll never happen in the bay.
Too rough, too many people against it.

JAMIE
Those people can’t stop it. There’s big money in fish
farmin. It’s the future.

GORDON
The future, huh?

WAYNE
Okay, Jame. The thing is I’m 95% sure I’ll have the
permit to start buildin cages come spring. And since I’ll
have my hands full with the business end of things and
the plant, I’m lookin for somebody, maybe a couple of
people to run the day to day. Feed the fish, check the
lines and cages, take care of any problems that come up,
that kinda thing.

GORDON
You offerin me a job?

WAYNE
Shares. You’d be a minor partner – and Jamie too if he’s
interested.

JAMIE
I’m interested.

WAYNE
Now, I’ll be square with ya. It’ll probably be a year or two
before we see any cash out of it. But it shouldn’t interfere
with yer other fishin. Maybe we could put Jamie on a
wage to start and he can start workin toward shares later.

Silence. GORDON goes for an ashtray and lights a cigarette.

JAMIE
You wouldn’t have to put up any money, right Wayne?
WAYNE
Just let me do the talkin here, okay. You'd work off the
shares. I’ll pay Jamie’s wages til we get the first lot of fish
processed.

GORDON
Can’t do it. Too busy.

WAYNE
I can hire an extra hand to help gear up the site until
lobster season closes.

GORDON
I gotta get the weir geared up as soon as it closes.

JAMIE
Dad, that weir is useless. What’s the point of wasting
more money on that thing? There’s no herring.

GORDON
If there’s no herring it’s because him and the rest of the
draggers cleaned em out!

WAYNE
Here we go.

GORDON
I don’t need any handouts.

WAYNE
This ain’t a handout. It’s a business proposition.

GORDON
Thanks for the offer, Wayne. Jamie and I ain’t interested.
Afraid we’ll have to turn it down.

WAYNE
Think it over. Don’t say no right off the bat.

GORDON
Yuh, okay. (goes to turn on TV) Gotta catch some of this
game.

WAYNE
Well, I guess that’s it then.

JAMIE
Dad–

ELLEN
Just leave it. Give us a few days to think about it, Wayne.

WAYNE
Guess I’ll be heading out. See ya Gord.

GORDON gestures good-bye still looking at set. ELLEN makes way
to door with WAYNE.

ELLEN
We appreciate it.
WAYNE

He ain’t gonna say yes.

ELLEN

I know. G’night.

He exits and silence descends. Only the hockey game can be heard as CARRIE clears up papers, JAMIE glowers from dining room table, and ELLEN clears up cans and cups.

JAMIE

(low) You bastard.

GORDON

What? (silence) Whad you say?

JAMIE

I said you’re a bastard.

GORDON

(fixing JAMIE in his sights) You better go for a walk or somethin… cool off.

JAMIE

No. You think you’re the only one who works or does anything right.

ELLEN

Jamie.

GORDON

(quietly) Get goin.

JAMIE

I’m goin, no problem (races for boots and door) Ya ever think how Mom feels – in debt up to her eyeballs? Ya ever think about me havin no chance at a future?

GORDON

(deadly quiet) GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE.

JAMIE

(halfway out door) All you think about is how perfect you are! Yer nothin but a failure.

He is gone. Silence.

CARRIE

Those two deserve each other.

GORDON

Do yer homework upstairs, okay? I wanna watch the game.

CARRIE

Dad–

ELLEN

Go on.
CARRIE exits. ELLEN comes and sits on sofa. They watch the game.

He didn't mean that. He's just upset.

GORDON

Don’t talk to Wayne about our problems again.

ELLEN

I didn't say a word to him. And his offer has nothing to do with our problems.

GORDON

He sucked you and Jamie in good. I could see you there, schemin.

ELLEN

I had no more idea than you did.

GORDON

I ain’t his or anybody else’s charity case. You got that?

ELLEN

Oh, yeah, I got it.

Lights down.

✨