

## MELISSA MULLEN

### ROUGH WATERS

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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.*

