
Kickin' Sand and Tellin' Lies: The Play

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2012

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Kickin' Sand and Tellin' Lies

A Play in Two Acts

by
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and
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Department of Theatre and Communication Arts
McMinnville, Oregon

Kickin' Sand and Tellin' Lies

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Inquiries concerning the professional or amateur rights to produce *Kickin' Sand and Tellin' Lies*, or any part thereof, should be addressed to Jackson B. Miller (jmiller@linfield.edu) or the Department of Theatre and Communication Arts, Linfield College, 900 SE Baker St., McMinnville, OR 97128 (503-883-2802). The production information listed on page ii should be included in all production programs.

For more information about *Kickin' Sand and Tellin' Lies* and the *Launching through the Surf: The Dory Fleet of Pacific City* project visit <http://digitalcommons.linfield.edu/dory/>

Kickin' Sand and Tellin' Lies was created as part of the *Launching through the Surf: The Dory Fleet of Pacific City* project, which focused on the historical and contemporary role of dory fishers and dories in the life of the coastal village of Pacific City, Oregon. The Linfield College Department of Theatre and Communication Arts, the Jereld R. Nicholson Library, the Linfield Center for the Northwest, the Pacific City Arts Association, and the Pacific City Dorymen's Association joined forces to engage in this collaborative college and community venture. The project involved collecting oral histories from individuals associated with the Pacific City Dory Fleet. The results of the research culminated in an original multimedia theatrical script and production, a permanent digital archives for the fleet, scholarly papers, conference presentations and poster sessions, a traveling exhibit, and a visual art exhibit.

Inspired by stories from the *Launching through the Surf* project, *Kickin' Sand and Tellin' Lies* is a fictional work.

The world premiere of *Kickin' Sand and Tellin' Lies* was produced by the Linfield College Theatre Program in McMinnville, Oregon, opening on November 1, 2012, in the Marshall Theatre in Ford Hall. The play was presented at the Kiawanda Community Center in Pacific City, Oregon, on November 17, 2012. *Kickin' Sand and Tellin' Lies* was directed by Janet Gupton; the scenic and lighting designs were by Tyrone W. G. Marshall; the costume design was by Rebecca Meridith; the sound design was by Laura Haspel; technical direction was by Robert Vaughn; the stage manager was Jennifer Layton; and the project director was Brenda DeVore Marshall. The original cast was as follows:

Sam (The Kid) McBride	Nicholas Granato
Emily McBride/Jennifer Warner	Sadie Grastle
Master of Ceremonies/Tom Briggs	Chad Swan
Pastor/Committee Member #1	Meagan Gear
Barbara Jenkins	Sammi Palmer
Marilyn Hanford	Madison Sanchez
Celia Warner/Committee Chairperson	Amanda Wolf
Gwen	Angie Aguilar
Jack (Handy) Hanford	Daniel Bradley
Lester (Les) Moore	Travis McKenna
Ben (Gusty) Gustaveson	Colton Wright
Clint (Salty) Foley	Logan Mays
Mavis Harper	Caitlyn Olson
Fish & Wildlife Official/Committee Member #2	Alex Everakes
Danny (Logger)/Buzz	Cody Meadows
Phil (Logger)/Gary	Lukasz Augustine
Helen/Sharon	Pendrey Trammell
Lou (Logger)/Joe Anderson	JP Kloninger
Chelsea Phillips	Emily Meinel
Gretchen Reeves/Betty	Kristie Castanera

CHARACTERS
(in order of appearance)

THE KID (SAM McBRIDE): A young teacher from California who comes up to Pacific City to fish. His boat is called *Just Kid-ding*. Also plays himself as retired dory fisherman later in life in the “Blessing of the Fleet” scenes.

EMILY McBRIDE: A teenage granddaughter of THE KID. (possible double cast with JENNIFER WARNER)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Oversees the Blessing of the Fleet. Could be male or female. (possible double cast with TOM BRIGGS)

PASTOR: Clergy who delivers the blessing in the 2012 scenes. Could be male or female. (possible double cast with COMMITTEE MEMBER #1)

BARBARA JENKINS: A Doryman’s wife who spends time on the beach while her husband is at sea. Good friends with MARILYN and CELIA.

MARILYN HANFORD (CB handle HOMEPORT): HANDY’s wife. She occasionally goes out on the boats, but she always listens to the CB when the dories are out.

JENNIFER WARNER: CELIA’s young daughter who spends time on the beach with her mother and the other women who don’t go out fishing with their husbands. (possible double cast with EMILY McBRIDE)

CELIA WARNER: A Doryman’s wife who spends time on the beach while her husband is at sea. Good friends with MARILYN and BARBARA and the mother of JENNIFER. (possible double cast with COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSON)

GWEN: Woman in her early 40s who works as a bartender/waitress at the Sunset West restaurant.

HANDY (JACK HANFORD): An older curmudgeon. Quick to criticize, but always supportive of a fellow Doryman. He is one of the most experienced dory fishermen in the entire fleet. His boat is called the *Handliner*.

LESTER (LES) MOORE: A wily old skipper. More approachable and willing to teach greenhorns, but has a quick wit and will not hesitate to criticize through humor. His boat is called *Les Is More*.

BEN (GUSTY) GUSTAVESON: A Doryman in his late 40s. He is an energetic but accident-prone man who is universally loved by his fellow dorymen. He often shares stories of his many blunders on and off the ocean. His boat is called *Thar She Blows*.

CLINT FOLEY (SALTY): A 25-year veteran of the dory fleet who takes fishing very seriously. Also plays himself as a retired dory fisherman who reads the names of the dorymen at the Blessing of the Fleet in 2012. His boat is called *Salty Skipper*.

MAVIS HARPER: Woman in her 40s who has been fishing out of Pacific City for the past 20 years. One of the few female skippers in the entire Dory Fleet. She enjoys playing the piano and writing music when she is not out on the water. Her boat is called *Dory Maestro*.

FISH AND WILDLIFE OFFICIAL: Man in his late 20s who works for the State of Oregon. Disrespectful towards the dory fleet in general, particularly towards women. (possible double cast with COMMITTEE MEMBER #2)

DANNY: Ringleader of the cocky loggers from Willamina. (possible double cast with BUZZ)

PHIL: A sidekick in the group of Willamina loggers; often starts trouble. (possible double cast with GARY)

HELEN: Danny's female companion for the evening of the bar fight. (possible double cast with SHARON)

LOU: Very drunk and aggressive member of the group of loggers from Willamina. (possible double cast with JOE)

TOM BRIGGS: A dory veteran who travels with LES and MAVIS to the Federal Wildlife committee meetings in Sacramento. His boat is called *Flat Bottomed Girl*. (possible double cast with MASTER OF CEREMONIES)

COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSON: Chair of the environmental regulation meetings in Sacramento.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1: Member of the environmental regulation committee. (possible double cast with PASTOR)

COMMITTEE MEMBER #2: Member of the environmental regulation committee. (possible double cast with FISH AND WILDLIFE OFFICIAL)

CHELSEA PHILLIPS: Environmental lobbyist who strongly opposes the Dory fleet's request for exemption from the environmental fishing regulations.

GRETCHEN REEVES: Environmental lobbyist who is skeptical about the Dory fleet's claims of environmental safety. (possible double cast with BETTY)

BUZZ: A friend of THE KID from California. He is a middle school gym teacher.
(possible double cast with DANNY)

GARY: Another friend of THE KID from California. He is a high school science teacher.
(possible double cast with PHIL)

JOE ANDERSON: Male in his late 50s. A shrewd businessman who is struggling to make ends meet. Owns the fish company in Pacific City where most of the dory fleet sell their catch. (possible double cast with LOU)

BETTY: Another young woman who works at the fish company. (possible double cast with GRETCHEN REEVES)

SHARON: A young woman who works at the fish company. (possible double cast with HELEN)

SETTING

The play takes place primarily in Pacific City, Oregon, during the summers of 1978 and 1980, but several scenes also take place on the beach in 2012 in Pacific City. The story unfolds in various locations within the town, including the beach, restaurants and taverns, and a local fish company. Several of the scenes also involve action in and around dory fishing boats, both out on the open ocean and on land in areas such as the beach and garages. Finally, a few scenes take place at government meetings in Sacramento, California.

TIME

The summers of 1978, 1980, and 2012

SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1	Beach at Cape Kiwanda, 2012	Midmorning, a day in early June
Scene 2	Beach at Cape Kiwanda, 1978	An early summer day, 11 a.m.
Scene 3	Sunset West Restaurant, 1978	Same day, one hour later
Scene 4	Handy's Boat, 1978	The next day
Scene 5	Mavis' Boat, 1978	A few weeks later
Scene 6	Handy's Boat/Beach, 1978	A few months later near the end of the fishing season
Scene 7	Sunset West Restaurant, 1978	Later that day
Scene 8	Beach at Cape Kiwanda, 2012	Midmorning as the Blessing of the Fleet continues

ACT II

Scene 1	Les' Boat, 1980	Midmorning, a few weeks into the fishing season
Scene 2	Kid's Boat/Meeting Room, 1980	A few days later
Scene 3	Les' Boat, 1980	A few days later
Scene 4	Fish Buying Company, 1980	Later that day
Scene 5	Kid's Boat, 1980	The next day
Scene 6	Fish Buying Company, 1980	Later that day
Scene 7	Sunset West Restaurant, 1980	One week later
Scene 8	Fish Company/Meeting Room, 1980	The next day
Scene 9	Sunset West Restaurant, 1980	A few days later
Scene 10	Beach at Cape Kiwanda, 2012	Midmorning as the Blessing of the Fleet continues

ACT I**SCENE 1**

(This scene takes place during the 2012 Blessing of the Fleet in Pacific City, Oregon. As the lights come up on the stage, a faint sound of bagpipe music, ocean waves, and wind can be heard in the background. The stage is filled with dory fishermen and their families wandering around the space and making small talk with one another.)

THE KID

Well, Emily, we got a great day. I think the boats should be able to make it out to the rock to lay flowers this year.

EMILY

I like it better when it's a little wavy.

THE KID

(To EMILY.) You didn't like the waves quite so much your first time out on my boat. Didn't you get a little seasick?

EMILY

Oh, grandpa. That was so long ago. And I think you fed me a big crab omelet right before we left for the beach. That was a setup!

THE KID

You love those crab omelets. Besides, we had to find some way to eat all of that crab.

EMILY

Yeah, by stuffing a 5-year-old with it and sending her out in a dory. Good plan, there, grandpa.

THE KID

Anyway, I'm real proud of you. You've got more experience out on the water than I had when I was your age. I didn't start Dory fishing until my mid twenties.

EMILY

Yeah, but why do I have to do this whole "princess" thing? I'm a senior in high school. That's kind of old for this, don't you think?

THE KID

It's a great honor. Only the daughters of families that have been involved in dory fishing for a very long time are invited to serve as the dory princesses.

EMILY

So, what should I say up there?

THE KID

Just tell ‘em what you love about Dory fishing.

(The MASTER OF CEREMONIES approaches a microphone and begins to speak.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Welcome to the 2012 Blessing of the Fleet. We are so glad that all of you could join us today to help kick off our season. We’ve got the smallest boats, we launch and land right on the sand, we work the longest hours, we often fish out there all by ourselves, and we are truly blessed. Today we will hear from our dory princess and our clergy, and we will be reading the names of the individuals that have been added to the memorial wall. Currently the wall has the names of more than 800 boats that have fished out of this port, and if you haven’t seen it yet be sure to go down and find the names of the boats that belonged to your uncles, grandfathers, grandmothers, and fathers. In recent years, we have also added the names of individuals who have been particularly important to our dory community, and you will hear more about this later in our program. But now, it is my great pleasure to introduce Emily McBride, our senior dory princess.

EMILY

Hi, everybody. I’m so proud to be here at the 2012 Blessing of the Fleet. I am the senior princess this year, and dory fishing has been in my family for three generations. My grandpa, who is here with me today — Hi, Grandpa! — is a retired schoolteacher who started fishing here in Pacific City when he was just a young man. Dory fishing is really important in my family. I started fishing with my grandpa when I was just five years old. I was kinda scared at the time, but y’know, I went fishing again and again. ‘Cuz I love it! I love to be out there. I’m proud to be part of this fleet, proud of our fishing traditions, and proud to be your 2012 senior princess!

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Thank you. At this point in the program, we’ll hear from our clergy.

PASTOR

Good morning. I want to begin with a short reading from the scripture — Psalm 107 verses 23-29: “They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit’s end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.” Let us pray. Dear Lord, we ask for your blessing on the 2012 fishing season. We marvel as we stand before your creation, and, as we look at this beach and the boats that go in and out, we pray for safety. Father, please keep

watch over and offer your blessed protection to these shores, the majestic Haystack Rock, and all who fish these great waters. In the Lord's name, we pray. Amen.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Thank you, Pastor. And we are going to have a blessed year this year.

SCENE 2

(A summer morning in 1978, around 11 a.m. Lights up on the beach at Cape Kiwanda. Sounds of ocean waves, a sea breeze, people playing in the water. Several women and daughters sit in chairs around a CB radio, listening to the chatter and socializing. It is like any other day in Pacific City.)

BARBARA

Helluva day for fishing.

MARILYN

Couldn't've asked for much better. It was flatter'n a pancake at launch this morning.

BARBARA

How come you didn't go out with Handy this morning?

MARILYN

I would've, but he wanted to go out with Les. Time with "the guys" and all that.

(Bird calls erupt over the CB radio.)

JENNIFER

Mom, what's that?

CELIA

Oh, just some of the Hair Fleet raising cain like usual. Remember the first time we heard 'em makin' animal noises on the CB?

BARBARA

Sure do. Handy got to hollerin' about how "these long-haired hooligans oughta shut up and quit scarin' the fish." And the young guy says —

MARILYN

"Better long haired than no haired, old man!" *(Laughing.)* Called 'em the "Hair Fleet" ever since.

BARBARA

Speaking of that old salt, where is he? Can't still be sellin' his fish, he came back over an hour ago.

MARILYN

Naw, he got through 'em pretty quick and went for a cup of coffee at the Sunset West. He'll come down soon as I call up to him on the CB.

CELIA

There's really nothin' like this place. Five minutes from the beach and you're on the bite.

BARBARA

There's a good reason they've been goin' outta here for over fifty years.

JENNIFER

Fifty years, mom? In those little boats?

CELIA

Believe it or not, they used to be even smaller, sweetie. Back in the old days they'd take the double-ended dories out here. Without a motor, too. Had to row out through the surf.

BARBARA

Looked even riskier back then than it does now.

CELIA

I've seen boats come in through surf so high that I thought "well, that's the end of them!" Catchin' fish may be hard work, but in a lot of ways I think it's harder to be out here watchin'.

BARBARA

Don't we know that. My nerves get agitated just seein' 'em launch the boat. Marilyn's about the only one I've ever seen who doesn't get bent out of shape when it's rough.

MARILYN

Lots of fine men and women have come through this surf and they've done alright. Why should I worry? (*Sounds of a beat-up beach rig pulling up with a trailer in tow. After a moment, THE KID enters, fumbling with his rig and trying to figure out how to launch his boat.*) Now who the heck is this?

BARBARA

Nobody I've seen before. Must be a greenhorn.

MARILYN

Ooo, Jack's gonna want to see this. Les too, probably. (*Into the CB radio.*) This is Homeport to Sunset West. My husband still up there?

GWEN (*over CB*)

This is Sunset West, Homeport. He's up here, all right, with Les.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Tell him we got a greenhorn in the surf that he might wanna watch, okay?

GWEN (*over CB*)

(*After a pause.*) Done. He's heading down. I'm out.

BARBARA

Should I alert the paramedics?

MARILYN

Oh, give him a chance. He hasn't even gotten his boat off the trailer yet. May be pretty entertaining.

(*HANDY and LES come scurrying onstage from the direction of the Sunset West, looking around eagerly for the greenhorn. He spots THE KID struggling with his boat and points at him.*)

HANDY

Is that him?

MARILYN

That's him. Spent the last half hour trying to unhitch his trailer.

LES

There's nothin' like a greenhorn, eh heh.

HANDY

Damn flatlander don't got a lick of sense. Most everybody limited out and come back in already.

BARBARA

Catchin' 'em so quick today that Sharon got called in at 10 to start sortin' fish up at the company.

CELIA

Wouldn't know it lookin' at the surf now. How's your catch, Handy?

HANDY

Not bad, 'bout seven cups of coffee.

LES

We're not on the water, you old fart. (*To CELIA.*) He means seventy fish.

HANDY

Give or take. Did most on hand lines. Back's killin' me.

CELIA

You always did like it that way. Pretty fine work for a few hours.

(THE KID has succeeded in unhitching his boat and is in the process of scooting it into the water.)

LES

He's not really goin' out through this slop, is he? They're breakin' upwards of fifteen feet.

HANDY

Serves him right for tryin' to go out in this. Damn fool kid.

MARILYN

C'mon, Handy, you're not really gonna let this kid kill himself on your watch, are ya?

HANDY

Kid's gotta learn the hard way. That's how we learned, the hard way. Taught ourselves more or less.

LES

Well, I ain't about to let the kid punch a hole in his boat in the surf while I'm standin' here watchin'. Hey kid! Kid!

THE KID

What?

LES

You thinkin' about goin' out in this?

THE KID

What does it look like?

LES

You ever launched one of those before, Kid?

THE KID

Can't be that hard. I watched a few people do it earlier, I'll be fine.

LES

Look, you don't wanna go out in this.

HANDY

It's not very smart.

LES

It's gonna be a better day tomorrow. Just wait 'til tomorrow.

THE KID

Well, nobody's ever called me smart before.

(HANDY & LES exchange glances.)

LES

Ooo-kay.

(THE KID resumes his work, struggling to slide his boat into the water and begin his launch.)

HANDY

Well, let's watch a boat turn over.

LES

Mm-hmm.

HANDY

Tried to tell him. Damn flatlanders, go back to the valley.

LES

Mm-hmm.

HANDY

Let's see what steel britches over here can do.

(THE KID flounders in the surf, repeatedly turning his boat sideways, taking on water, grounding it, etc., while HANDY & LES narrate his mistakes to one another.)

LES

See, he's already made his first mistake. Got his prop down before he even got off his trailer. Gonna knock it around on the sand and break it.

HANDY

Can't even keep it straight.

MARILYN

He's takin' on water fast.

CELIA

Ocean's too lumpy — probably not much fish anyway.

BARBARA

God, look at him try to jump in from the side.

LES

He's drinkin' as much salt water as his boat!

HANDY

Totally sideways now. Probably gonna roll here in a few.

MARILYN

God, there's too damn many boats, I wish some o' these guys'd get rid of their boats.

LES

Any given day you can come down here and see people turn sideways, but this Kid's makin' it an art form.

HANDY

(Shaking his head, disappointed.) Damn.

LES

Huh?

HANDY

He ran aground. Damn! Felt like seein' a boat roll today. Oh well.

LES

If he's smart he'll try to tow it, but somethin' tells me street smarts he don't got.

HANDY

Hey Kid! Where'd you learn to launch a friggin boat?

(THE KID stalks over to HANDY & LES, sopping wet, sputtering and exhausted.)

LES

Clear the beach, there might be survivors—I mean injuries!

THE KID

Uh . . . help.

HANDY

What's that?

THE KID

Help. How do I get it out to sea?

HANDY

I don't know what you would do, but I'd get the pointy end facing west.

THE KID

Very funny. In case you missed it, my damn boat is stuck, and I spent a hell of a lot of money getting it ready to fish this summer. How do I launch it?

LES

It's simple. (*Rapidly.*) Back in as far as you dare, wait for a wave, gun it in reverse and sail out with the backwash. Don't take water over the stern and turn fast to meet the next wave. Easy.

THE KID

I — what?!

HANDY

Oh, for the love of — do you want me to help you tow this thing or not, Kid?

THE KID

Yes, for God's sake, I do!

LES

Come on, help me get it tied up to the trailer. You all right? Your ankles stingin'?

THE KID

Yeah, pretty bad.

LES

Tell you what we're gonna do. We're gonna get your boat bailed and trailered and get it outta here. Then we're gonna take you up to the Sunset West for a cup of coffee and a few pieces of advice.

THE KID

Yeah, sure, just help me get my damn boat before it falls apart.

HANDY

If you've got half a brain, you'll listen, 'cuz you damn near killed yourself just now. All right? You do understand that, don'tcha?

LES

Give him a break, Handy, the Kid's beat. Come on, I'll show you the table where all the old guys sit and tell lies.

(As the three men begin to tie up THE KID's boat for a tow, lights fade. Blackout.)

SCENE 3

(An hour later. Lights up on the Sunset West restaurant and bar. LES, HANDY, and THE KID all sit down at a long table to talk about fishing over coffee. After a moment, GWEN, a waitress and barmaid, enters.)

GWEN

Well, if it isn't Lester Moore! How are ya, baby?

LES

I'm doin' damn fine now that I can look into your two big beautiful blue eyes for a spell.

GWEN

Awww, ain't you the sweetest. But Les baby, you know my eyes are brown.

HANDY

You're wearin' a blue shirt, Gwen.

(She glances down and scowls.)

GWEN

Oooh, you dirty old bird! Your wife probably don't appreciate that kind of talk.

LES

Good thing she ain't here then.

GWEN

Who's the new guy?

THE KID

Hi, I'm —

HANDY

He's the Kid.

GWEN

Hey, Kid. Fellas, the usual?

LES

Yeah.

HANDY

Coffee. Black.

GWEN

(To THE KID) And you?

THE KID

Uh. Coffee with cream and sugar - lots of it.

GWEN

You got sugar on the table, sweetie. You can use as much as you like. But I'll bring ya the cream. You're awfully young to be hanging out with these old salts. And awfully wet, too. Are you the rescue case from the beach? Was that your boat out there bouncing around in the heavy surf?

THE KID

(Sheepishly.) Uh, yeah.

GWEN

Launchin' in stuff like this? *(Under her breath as she's walking away from the table.)* Crazy flatlander.

LES

Look, Kid, what you did out there was just stupid. But let me tell you somethin' — not a man out here fishin' who hasn't done his share of stupid things.

GUSTY

(Shouts from another table.) I ain't done nothin' stupid!

HANDY

Aw, shut up, Gusty. You're the goddamn king of stupid!

GUSTY

(Shouting.) You're goddamn right!

HANDY

Hell, I started dory fishing when I was 16, so just an overgrown kid. Talk about king of stupid.

LES

Where you from, Kid?

THE KID

Northern California.

HANDY

So what the hell you doin' fishing in PC? We don't like Californians comin' up here to catch our good Oregon salmon.

THE KID

Well, my father helped a fella in Salem build dory boats one summer a few years ago. My pop was a good carpenter, but he never liked the sea, so he never fished. When I was a kid, he'd tell me stories about the fleet in PC. Guess he filled me with so many of those stories that I got inspired to come up here.

LES

And your boat?

THE KID

One of my dad's old creations.

LES

Does it got a name?

THE KID

Not yet. My dad never took her out, just wanted to have one, so it sat in our garage for years. Had to have it re-fiberglassed and painted before coming up here for the summer. It's a good boat.

HANDY

Hell, yeah. It's a Salem boat. By the look of it, one of the first few square sterns.

THE KID

Yeah, and it's got some years on it.

HANDY

Nothin' wrong with that.

GUSTY

(Shouting from the other table.) Yeah, there's a few things around here with some years on 'em.

HANDY

Shut up, Gusty. We're tryin' to have a serious conversation here!

LES

(*To THE KID.*) If you wanna get some years on *you*, listen up. Chop like that when the tide is comin' in is no time to launch.

THE KID

Yeah, but I've got to make some money this summer. What are you supposed to do on a day like this?

LES

Well, when I think it's too rough I just take my boat down to the beach and kick sand with the rest of the guys, and then we come up here and try to drink it flat.

HANDY

But ya don't launch. Can't make money if you're dead.

GWEN

Amen to that. Here's your coffee, boys. Don't drink it all at once. (*To THE KID.*) And you, don't have too much coffee with your sugar.

THE KID

Uh, thanks.

LES

Listen, kid, I look back at times I went out there, it was just stupid. When I was young we'd go out when we shouldn't be out there, when it's too rough.

THE KID

This is the mighty Pacific. It's always rough.

LES

The point is, you gotta put respect for the power of the ocean above all else — especially dollars.

HANDY

I lost my dip net once tryin' to net a fish. It was so sloppy that I almost fell out of my boat. 'Bout lost my life for an eight-dollar dip net! Does that make sense?

THE KID

No.

LES

See, I guess we were kinda self-taught. But we don't see no sense in the younger generation makin' the same stupid mistakes we did.

THE KID

I get it, but I kind of want to make my own way. I mean, you guys are great at what you do now, but it's because you learned on the job. I like having my own boat, making my own decisions, and learning from my own mistakes.

HANDY

Well, take what happened on the beach today as lesson #1.

LES

And what would you have learned earlier today if we hadn't been there to help you out? What would've happened if you were on your own? You would've had a perfectly good Salem boat on your head and would've been lucky to escape without drowning.

HANDY

I get where you're coming from, Kid. When I first started commercialin', it kinda felt good to be an independent businessman. I mean, nobody tells you what to do. You know you can fish when you want to, and out of this port the Coast Guard can't even stop ya.

(LES pulls an Alka Seltzer tablet out of his pocket and opens the package.)

LES

But you can't get drunk with the power. That's when you get stupid. *(Calling to GWEN.)* Hey, sweetheart, can we get some more coffee over here?

THE KID

But, your cup is still full.

LES

Shhhh! Hey kid, watch this. *(He drops the Alka Seltzer in his coffee and puts his hand over the cup.)*

GWEN

More coffee, boys?

LES

Actually, I'm not sure that I do want more of your coffee. *(Takes his hand off the cup.)* What in the hell kind of brew are you servin' at this joint?

(The coffee bubbles over and makes a puddle on the table.)

GWEN

Oh my! Well, I . . . I'm not sure what happened. Maybe it's a little too hot?

THE KID

Or maybe someone dropped something in his cup of coffee.

LES

Damn it, Kid. You ruined my joke.

GUSTY

(Yelling from the other table.) You're a joke, Les!

HANDY

No, Gusty, you're a joke.

LES

Kid, you see, the neat part about living in Pacific City and working in the dory fleet is that this little town will take care of ya. So you can either kind of learn how to do this dory fishing thing on your own, or you can learn from us.

THE KID

Look, fellas. I appreciate the coffee and the conversation, but I don't want to interfere with your fishing. I've got some of my own to do.

HANDY

How exactly do you plan on doin' that without a boat?

THE KID

What do you mean?

LES

That little adventure in the surf smashed up your prop and probably flooded out your motor. Salt water and electrical equipment, they work great together.

HANDY

So unless you're sittin' on a few grand, you're short a motor.

THE KID

Son of a bitch! I don't have that kind of money. I spent damn near everything I had on gear before I came up here!

HANDY

Looks like you're headin' south for the winter a little early, son.

LES

Now wait a minute, Handy. There's gotta be somethin' we can do for the Kid.

HANDY

Ain't about to front some flatlander teacher a few grand, Les.

LES

Say . . . wasn't your back hurtin' you today? Already, this early in the season?

HANDY

Has been botherin' me.

LES

Why don't you take the Kid on and pay him to pull lines for you? Saves your back and gets him a few bucks to replace his motor.

THE KID

How long will it take me to earn what I need?

LES

At least a month, I'd wager. *(The KID groans.)* But that's a lot of quality learning time. Whaddya say, Handy? Kid?

HANDY

Well . . . don't see no harm in it.

THE KID

(Bleakly.) Sure.

LES

Hot damn, it's all settled then!

GUSTY

(From another table.) Hot damn!

HANDY

Be at my garage by 3:30 tomorrow, and that's in the A.M. You better be ready to listen and learn, Kid. Tomorrow you start workin' for me.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 4

(The next day aboard the Handliner, HANDY's boat, the two salts are struggling to show THE KID "the ropes." LES attempts to show him how to tie a hoochie to his line. CB chatter in background throughout; fishing spots, fish counts, etc.)

LES

No, no, you gotta tie the hoochie much tighter or you'll lose it on the first rip line we hit on.

THE KID

What's the damn difference? It's a lure, you can replace it.

HANDY

Kid, you're askin' for an ass-whuppin'. Those are my special red racer hoochies.

LES

These little red racers are magic, they see 'em floppin' around and it makes 'em crazy.

HANDY

I call 'em "Salmon Spanish fly." Eh heh heh.

THE KID

Well, whatever. Here, it's tied up. Look, we've been out here for two hours and haven't caught a single fish. What am I supposed to be learning? You won't even let me drive the boat —

HANDY

Learnin'? Respect, for one thing! Respect for the ocean and respect for your fellow Dorymen. Once you get some of that worked into your thick head, we can talk about you learnin' to drive.

THE KID

Yeah, I get it, it's an oversized lake and it can kill me.

LES

Actually, that's a little bit wrong, son. Listen, there's somethin' my father told me when I bought my first dory that you oughta hear. He told me that the ocean is the largest courtroom in the world, and all decisions are final. It's your judgment. You be right, you be wrong, you be dead if you don't do it right. This is for your benefit, Kid.

THE KID

Yeah . . . all right. I guess I just —

CLINT (*over CB*)

Damn, shoulda gone out of Garibaldi.

LES

Hold that thought — Handy, you got that?

CLINT (*over CB*)

Got a bite, hang on.

HANDY

(*Fiddling with the CB.*) Yep, I'm on it. Channel . . . what is it, 29?

THE KID

What the hell is going on?

HANDY

You'll see.

(They all listen to the CB conversation, with the old salts exchanging glances occasionally.)

CLINT *(over CB)*

Dory Maestro, you follow me up?

MAVIS *(over CB)*

I hear ya, *Salty Skipper*. Your boat stink?

CLINT *(over CB)*

Oh yeah, DM, it stinks.

MAVIS *(over CB)*

How bad?

CLINT *(over CB)*

Oh, 'bout a hump's worth.

HANDY

Ah, son of a bitch.

THE KID

He did what to his boat?!

LES

I knew we shoulda gone outta Gearhart.

HANDY

We shouldn'ta fished Chinook today, that's what! I wanted to run tuna, but you were too cheap to pitch in for gas!

LES

I told ya, you old tightwad, it's your boat, you pay for your own damn gas.

GUSTY *(over CB)*

BATTLE STATIONS!

HANDY

Dammit, even Gusty's got a bite!

THE KID

Mind explaining to me what the hell's going on?

HANDY

Even Gusty! He don't know shit from shinola half the time!

LES

(*To HANDY.*) Now hang on! I'll finish with *you* in a second. (*To THE KID.*) Look, Kid, out here we don't tend to share secrets: fishing spots, where the bite is, you know. Everybody's got their little code words they use to bop around on the CB channels. When *Salty Skipper* says he shoulda gone outta Garabaldi, he's hoppin' up to channel 29 and wants whoever he's talkin' to to follow him up. When he says he's got a hump, that's a hundred fish. Make sense?

THE KID

Not very secret if everybody knows.

LES

Well, you always got your TOP secret stuff, y'know. I mean, there's no doubt about that, stuff you keep in a brown bag and everything. All right, now you (*Pointing at HANDY.*), you gotta problem with salmon fishing?

HANDY

No problem, just hate it. Salmon, they kinda make noise when they hit, your boat rattles and so on and so forth. Salmon fishing is hard work, tuna fishing is *fun*. That's my favorite fishery, tuna. I remember one day when I was fishin' 'bout 55 miles out —

LES

Oh, here we go . . .

HANDY

(*He is noticeably more animated. THE KID notices the shift in him; he sees the stiff man in a new light.*) We were just catchin' the heck out of tuna. That was fish all day long, two and three on each wire, it was amazing. They'll bite anything out there that looks like food. I was the main radio operator, they could hear me from 55 miles out there, hollerin', "Yeah, we got tuna!" I tell you, there's nothin' like a fresh tuna, that's good eatin'. And the water. If you've never been out there where the tuna run, the water is azure blue. It's just incredible. It's not the green or grey water we get on the shore, it's just beautiful. Anyway, we come runnin' in with all them fish and slide up, and we just sunk right there. Two pickup loads of fish and then we could haul the boat up — two pickup loads! I was the highliner outta this port that day. Yes sir, I was the highliner.

THE KID

Wow. It sounds incredible.

LES

Ah, that sounds like a fish story to me, Handy. You probably got beat.

HANDY

No, I didn't, not on that day. I do love fishin' tuna, but I'd fish for salamanders if that's all that was out here. God, I'd hate to see it go away, at least in my lifetime.

THE KID

I'd love to run tuna like that. I mean, if you'd be willing to run out with me. Show me a few things.

LES

Well, whaddya know, Handy, the Kid's comin' around.

THE KID

Mind if I ask you something? Uh, Handy?

HANDY

Shoot.

THE KID

Your boat name . . . how'd you end up the *Handliner*?

HANDY

I been fishin' this beach for a long time, Kid. When I first started commercial fishin', there was hand gurdies. You actually cranked in your deep line by hand. They took aircraft antenna reels outta old planes, made real nice gurdies, had a break on 'em and everything. Cotton lines is all you had, no monofilament, no stainless wire, nothin'. You just pulled a line hand over hand to get fish in your boat. Well, eventually they started makin' electric gurdies—

LES

And this old fart refused to use 'em for months.

HANDY

Don't feel the same. Still don't.

LES

Well, after he got outfished for a while by those electrics, he came around.

HANDY

Folks got to callin' me the old Handliner in the meantime, and it just stuck. Well, that's enough of that. We got fish to catch. I ain't ever been skunked, and I don't plan on it today. Kid, pull the line and tie up another red hoochie.

THE KID

Right, sure.

HANDY

(Squinting over the bow.) Les, can you tell who that is out towards the Cape runnin' this way? He's headin' straight for our lines if he holds course.

LES

If I had to guess . . . Gusty. He's doin' the Gusty weave, all right.

HANDY

If he ties up my lines, I'll gut him.

LES

Hang on, Handy . . . I got an idea. Let's take the Kid for a ride.

(LES glances at THE KID, who is busy tying a hoochie, then grabs the CB.)

LES

Watch this. *(Into the CB.)* Gusty, goddammit, you're headin' for our gear!

GUSTY *(over CB)*

Nah, I'm fine, okay.

LES *(over CB)*

Gusty, I'm tellin' you you're gonna tie it up our gear. Change course!

GUSTY *(over CB)*

No, I'm not, I'm fine, okay?

LES *(over CB)*

Gusty, you keep holdin' this course, I'll put a slug in you!

THE KID

(Running to the bow.) Damn, is he gonna move?

LES

Don't look like it. All right, Handy, give me the rifle. I warned the son of a bitch.

THE KID

What?!

(Barely suppressing a grin, HANDY does so. As GUSTY draws near, LES sights him up.)

THE KID

Wait, you're not actually going to —

(BOOM! LES blasts the 22 caliber rifle well over the top and side of GUSTY's boat. GUSTY flops over his console and slumps there, playing dead. It all happens in an instant. HANDY bites his lip as GUSTY's boat cruises out of sight. THE KID has utterly bought it.)

THE KID

JESUS! You—you shot him! But he—Jesus! Oh my God, he's dead, you hit him right in the chest! Holy shit, what are we doing to do?! Shit, oh shit!! I'm going to prison—shit!

(Unable to hold it in, HANDY and LES erupt with laughter, slapping their knees and falling to the floor.)

THE KID

What the hell's so funny?! You just —

(GUSTY howls with laughter over the CB.)

GUSTY *(over CB)*

Oh, calm down, son, nobody's hurt.

LES *(over CB)*

(Slightly overlapping.) Oh God, you shoulda seen him, Gusty, his eyes were as big as dinner plates!

THE KID

You assholes.

LES

Let me tell ya somethin', son — never get two Dorymen out on the same boat. It's bad news.

HANDY

(Into CB.) Thanks Gusty, see ya at the Topside Lounge tonight. I'm out. *(To THE KID.)* Lesson number two, Kid — fishermen are not responsible.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 5

(Lights up on MAVIS. A few weeks later in the summer season. MAVIS is alone on her boat, putting her lines down into the water. She wears a float coat, long-sleeved shirt, hat, dark glasses, medical mask, and scarf; nearly all of her upper body is covered.)

MAVIS

(Speaking into the CB.) This is *Dory Maestro* calling *Handliner*. *Handliner*, you copy?

HANDY *(over CB)*

How you doin' today, cap? Gettin' a good suntan?

MAVIS *(over CB)*

Oh, yeah. I'm gonna be Bermuda brown by the end of the season. You know how much I love to soak up the rays.

HANDY *(over CB)*

So how many cups of coffee have you had?

MAVIS *(over CB)*

C'mon, Handy, you know that when the wind blows from the east, the bite is the least! But, let's just say that I'm not goin' thirsty over here. You still got that schoolteacher from California fishing with you?

HANDY *(over CB)*

Yeah, 'fraid I'm stuck with him. Repairs on his boat were a lot more expensive than he thought. He's gonna pull lines for me the rest of the season and save up money for the repairs.

MAVIS *(over CB)*

Awww, how cute. I ought to call you the teacher's pet. Problem is, you're doin' all of the teaching—he doesn't know a damn thing about dory fishing.

HANDY *(over CB)*

He's learnin'.

MAVIS *(over CB)*

Well, make sure he earns every penny this season. Hey, I saw an "F and W" boat makin' the rounds. Thought I oughta let you know.

HANDY *(over CB)*

Thanks, cap. I'll make the Kid put on a float vest for good measure. See you on the beach.

MAVIS *(over CB)*

Yep. *Dory Maestro* out.

(After a few moments of silence, a government boat carrying a state marine OFFICIAL chugs past, signaling for MAVIS to cut her motor and prepare to be boarded. She sighs and complies.)

OFFICIAL

Permission to come aboard?

MAVIS

Permission granted.

(The OFFICIAL steps on board. He is very self-important and is clearly surprised to see a woman.)

OFFICIAL

Do you have a license?

MAVIS

Yes, I have a license.

OFFICIAL

Well, then, I wanna see some fish.

MAVIS

(Pointing to the fish box.) There they are, right there in the fish box. Crawl in and look.

OFFICIAL

Oh, I will. *(He opens the fish box and sifts through, occasionally tossing fish into the bottom of the boat as he does.)* Looks clean. In case you didn't know, we're making efforts to curb the numbers of wild fish caught on the coast.

MAVIS

So I've heard. *(The OFFICIAL stands up straight, making no effort to pick up the fish he's tossed on the bottom of the boat.)* Excuse me. You can put those back where you found them now, thanks.

OFFICIAL

(Irritated, he haphazardly tosses fish back into the fish box.) I'm sorry, did you say you have a license?

MAVIS

(Firmer.) Yes, I have a license.

OFFICIAL

Hmm. *(The OFFICIAL pauses to think what he wants to examine next.)* Well, I wanna see some . . . ah . . . see the lines. We've gone to a mandatory barbless hook policy this season . . . I'm *sure* you're aware of that.

MAVIS

Yes, I *am*. Okay, I'll pull this—this line here, it's got a fish on it.

OFFICIAL
Are you *sure* you have a license?

MAVIS
Yes, I have a license!

OFFICIAL
Can I see it?

MAVIS
Well, sure. If you asked me if you could see it, I would have given it to ya the very first thing! Here.

(He examines the license and looks skeptically at her.)

OFFICIAL
Would you care to explain this . . . getup?

MAVIS
I get terrible sunburns if I don't cover up. And I mean every last inch. You ever had a third-degree sunburn?

OFFICIAL
No.

MAVIS
It ain't fun. If you don't mind?

(She begins to pull the line, the OFFICIAL reaches for the dip net and lifts it.)

MAVIS
You net it, you lose it, you'll swim for it!

(The OFFICIAL drops the net in surprise. MAVIS scoops it up, nets the fish like a pro and smacks it over the head with the butt end of her gaff hook before depositing it into the fish box.)

OFFICIAL
I've seen enough here. I'll be going.

MAVIS
No, you won't.

OFFICIAL

(Beginning to fume.) Well, I can leave this boat any time I want!

MAVIS

No, you can't. I have to put the gear back down first, 'cause when you have the one side up or anywhere the boat slides, it doesn't go forward. *Surely* you're aware of that.

OFFICIAL

I am an official for the State Marine Board, and I will —

MAVIS

And I am the captain of this *vessel*, and I will tell you when you can and cannot leave! *(She calmly lowers her gear down as the OFFICIAL stews, then gestures to his boat once the gear is down.)* Good day.

(The OFFICIAL leaves in a huff. MAVIS sighs and lifts the CB.)

MAVIS *(over CB)*

Dory Maestro to *Handliner*, you out there?

HANDY *(over CB)*

Copy, cap, this is *Handliner*.

MAVIS *(over CB)*

Just had our "F and W" guest come and go.

HANDY *(over CB)*

Eh heh, how'd it go? You make a friend?

MAVIS *(over CB)*

Hardly. I tell ya, these S.O.B's get pushier every season. I don't like it Handy, makes me nervous.

HANDY *(over CB)*

Ah, it'll be fine. Fish ain't goin' nowhere.

MAVIS *(over CB)*

I s'pose so. See you around. *Dory Maestro* out.

(MAVIS checks her lines, then looks out over the water with a troubled expression. Blackout.)

SCENE 6

(On HANDY's boat near the end of the 1978 fishing season. It is the end of a very long day of tuna fishing, and the sky is starting to grow dim. HANDY, LES, and THE KID have had an excellent day on the water, but they are all tired from the day's labors. As the scene opens, THE KID and LES are trying to gather up equipment and put the last few tuna in the fish box.)

MARILYN *(over CB)*

This is Homeport calling *Handliner*. Come in, *Handliner*.

HANDY *(over CB)*

Handliner here. Hello darlin', good to hear from you.

MARILYN *(over CB)*

Why don't you come home for a spell, okay?

HANDY *(over CB)*

Got it. *(He toggles the CB to their 'home' channel.)* I'm on the other channel now.

(Crossfade transition from the Handliner to the beach; several wives and daughters, as well as a few Dorymen, sit on the beach, nervously huddled around a CB radio in the possession of BARBARA. The daylight is starting to fade, and several rigs are gathered on the beach. Those gathered around are looking on with concern at an increasingly turbulent ocean.)

MARILYN *(over CB)*

How you doin'?

HANDY *(over CB)*

Well, catchin' a few.

MARILYN *(over CB)*

That's good. Where are you?

HANDY *(over CB)*

Oh, I think we're just south of the rock about three miles. Got a couple of crab pots to pull.

MARILYN *(over CB)*

So, when you comin' in?

HANDY *(over CB)*

Figure we'll pull 'em and come back.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

You can get ‘em tomorrow.

HANDY (*over CB*)

(*Sensing something is amiss.*) Okay, Marilyn, what’s up?

MARILYN (*over CB*)

You guys better get in. They’re breakin’ over the cape.

HANDY (*over CB*)

Well, what’s the tide doin’?

MARILYN (*over CB*)

It’s goin’ out.

HANDY (*over CB*)

Okay, then. See you soon, honey.

BARBARA

(*To MARILYN.*) Those breakers are huge.

MARILYN

Yeah, today’s a day when the ocean just isn’t quite as nice as it should be.

BARBARA

Where did they say they were?

MARILYN

‘Bout three miles south of the rock.

BARBARA

Where all that fog is comin’ from?

MARILYN

Yep.

JENNIFER

Did you see the size of that wave, Mommy? Did you see it?

CELIA

Yeah, I see it sweetie.

JENNIFER

Can I go climb the dune to look for the boat?

CELIA

I think it's best for us both to stay close to the radio right now, okay?

BARBARA

It's gettin' really bad out there. I've never seen waves so high.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

This is Homeport calling *Handliner*. (*Pause.*) *Handliner?* (*Pause.*) *Handliner*, do you copy?

(*Static over the CB.*)

MARILYN (*over CB*)

(*Slightly concerned.*) This is Homeport calling *Handliner*. *Handliner*, do you copy?

(*Static over the CB.*)

CELIA

Would you look at that comin' in from the south. It's just foggier than a son of a gun!

BARBARA

(*To CELIA, irritably.*) We can see the fog.

CELIA

I've just never in my life seen it quite so thick.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

(*More urgently.*) Homeport calling *Handliner*. Homeport to *Handliner*.

THE KID (*over CB*)

Uh, yeah. This is *Handliner*.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Who is this, okay?

THE KID (*over CB*)

This is Sam—I mean, the Kid.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

The greenhorn?

THE KID (*over CB*)

Uh, yeah.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Can you put Handy on the radio? No, wait, tell me what's happening on the boat.

THE KID (*over CB*)

Uh, well we caught quite a few this morning, but right now the ride is kind of bumpy.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Waves? Water?

THE KID (*over CB*)

We've got water in the boat.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

How much?

THE KID (*over CB*)

From where I'm standing in the middle of the boat all the way to the very back of the boat is solid water.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Handy and Les?

THE KID (*over CB*)

Handy is bailing and Les is at the helm.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Location?

THE KID (*over CB*)

No, it's certainly no vacation.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Nooo. (*With great vocal emphasis.*) Where are you? Okay!

THE KID (*over CB*)

I don't know, I dunno where we're at.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Listen carefully, Kid. Take over bailing for Handy and put him on the CB. Oh, and wait, you put a lifejacket on if you can find one.

THE KID (*over CB*)

Okay, copy that. Hang on . . .

HANDY (*over CB*)

Hello Homeport. We're a little busy right now for a conversation. Tryin' to get back on the beach and such.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Do you know your location?

HANDY (*over CB*)

I told you before, we're south of the rock.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

In this fog, how do you know for sure?

HANDY (*over CB*)

I got my compass and my lighter. I'll listen for the whistle buoy. What else do I need?

MARILYN (*over CB*)

In this fog, the rock will come right up on you. You'll be lucky to see the beach at all with the size of these breakers. You better have a damn good idea of where you're at.

HANDY (*over CB*)

I know right exactly where I'm at! I'm standing in six inches of water about halfway between the steering wheel and the motor of my boat.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Listen. I'm gonna put my lights on high to help guide you guys in. I'm going to ask all of the other rigs on the beach to do the same. I'm not sure how much you'll see, but hopefully it'll help.

HANDY (*over CB*)

Thanks. We'll look for the light in between the breakers.

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Now get your butt in and get in safe. I love you.

HANDY (*over CB*)

See you soon. *Handliner* out.

MARILYN

(*Shouting to everyone on the beach.*) Listen up, everyone. We have one dory still out on the water. With this fog advancing, the heavy seas, and dusk approaching, they need all the help they can get to navigate to the beach. I need all of you to angle your rigs due west and put your high beams on. We're trying to create a beacon to guide those boys in.

CLINT

With breakers like this they'll never see the beach 'till they slide up on it.

MARILYN

That's why we need the lights. We'll try to make the beach more visible to them.

CLINT

It probably won't help.

MARILYN

It probably won't hurt.

(Lights dim on the beach and we hear the three men in the boat from offstage.)

THE KID

They're breaking over the bow. Is that normal?

LES

Normal for today. Why don't ya put that float vest on, Kid.

THE KID

What about you guys?

HANDY

We don't normally wear lifejackets.

LES

Got that float vest on, Kid?

THE KID

Yeah, why?

LES

(Shouting.) Wave!

THE KID

Oh shit, Les! Oh, oh, ohhhhhh!

LES

I see Haystack Rock.

THE KID

Aren't you guys scared?

LES

I've been so scared before that God 'n me are the best of buddies. But not today.

HANDY

I don't think I've ever been smart enough to be scared.

LES

Hey, Kid. Brace yourself.

(Another wave breaks over the bow of the boat.)

THE KID

Ahhhhhhhhrrrrg! *(Silence.)* Les, am I gonna live?

HANDY

If you hold on tight and keep your ass in the boat you will. Long as the boat don't get swamped.

(Lights fade up on the beach once again. It is nearly dark. MARILYN and the other characters on the beach are seen watching the water and listening very carefully to the CB. They hear only static from the CB, and everyone has a deep look of concern. After 30-40 seconds, lights fade once again on the beach and the voices of the three men on the boat are heard once again from offstage.)

LES

(Shouting to Handy.) I'm not sure how much longer we can wait. This might be the best set coming up.

HANDY

Okay. Let's go.

(After 30 seconds, lights gradually fade up on the beach. A very faint sound of a dory coming in is heard in the distance.)

GUSTY

I think I hear something'

CLINT

Aw, Gusty. Unclog your ears. That's just the whistle buoy.

CELIA

I hate to admit it, but I think Gusty's right. That sounds to me like it could be a boat.

GUSTY

O! Salty here's the one with the clogged ears!

CLINT

Listen, I got more knowledge of boat motor sounds in my pinky than the two of you put together. Why I rebuilt my first motor when I was just a pimple-faced teenager, and . . . wait. Shh. I hear it. I hear it!

(The people on the beach hear the boat approaching and make preparations.)

MARILYN

They're coming in! They're coming in! Clear the way. Clint, grab the towline from my rig.

(We hear the boat land offstage. The three men enter. They all look a bit worn, and THE KID appears to be ill.)

MARILYN

Jack! *(She embraces HANDY warmly.)*

THE KID

Jack?

HANDY

Handy, to you, Kid.

THE KID

Wow, there's a whole beach full of people.

LES

When somebody goes out, Kid, we always make certain that they can come back in. Coast Guard's too far from this port, so we have to look out for our own.

MARILYN

(To LES and THE KID.) What was it like coming in? Are you guys okay? Is the boat okay?

LES

Yeah, we're a bit wet, but we're all okay. We oughta get this boat on the trailer.

MARILYN

(To THE KID.) You okay, greenhorn?

THE KID

Uugh, yeah. Just a little woozy. It's just, when you're down in that trough like that, you don't see anything fifteen feet in front of you or fifteen feet behind.

BARBARA

In a situation like that you just have to hope you *got* fifteen feet!

THE KID

Hell, I didn't even see the headlights until we were on the beach.

LES

Well, Kid, you learned another lesson today — how to get in when the ocean gets rough. I suppose you've earned a beer at the Somersault West tonight.

HANDY

Awww, Les! Whatta ya doin' invitin' the kid to the Sunset? I can't be seen with him. He smells like fish!

LES

You shouldn't go to Somersault in the evening smellin' like anything else.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 7

(Lights up on the second floor of the Sunset West. Many dorymen and their wives are seated or standing around the bar or at tables. Loud bar noises permeate the room: people talking, pool being played, the clinking of pint glasses, country music, etc. Dorymen trickle in throughout the scene, pounding the bar and shouting their fish count as they enter. After bar activity goes on for a moment, HANDY, LES, and THE KID enter.)

HANDY

C'mon, Kid, I said I'd buy you a beer, and I'm a man of my word.

(The three men sit down at the bar together. GWEN comes to greet them.)

GWEN

Hey, fellas, heard ya had a rough time of it.

LES

You have no idea, Gwen.

GWEN

All right, Kid, what'll it be?

THE KID

A Miller Lite sounds great.

GWEN

How 'bout you, Handy?

HANDY

Pitcher of Oly, same as always. Put the Kid on my tab. And don't forget to put me down for the old grey-haired man discount.

LES

Don't forget the asshole tax!

GWEN

(Teasing.) A pitcher and Miller Lite, plus the asshole tax—that comes to fifty bucks.

HANDY

Bah, just go get it, Gwen! Had a bad day.

GWEN

Aw, sorry to hear it, Handy. I'll be right back.

(She exits behind the bar to pour beer.)

THE KID

Hey, Handy, Les — I owe you guys.

HANDY

Don't owe us anything, Kid.

LES

But I wouldn't complain if you bought my beer tonight.

THE KID

No, I do. You saved my ass out there comin' in through that crap, and I owe you.

HANDY

You don't owe us, Kid, and I mean that. I did for you what I'd do for any other Doryman. This fleet is a brotherhood.

LES

Somethin' of a cross between a brotherhood and A.A., anyway. *(Gwen re-enters carrying a tray of drinks.)* Speak of the devil.

GWEN

I got a Miller Lite for the kid, a pitcher of Oly for the old guy, and a PBR for Les.

LES

You know me too well. Thanks, babe.

(GUSTY enters the bar in high spirits, favoring his right leg.)

GUSTY

(Banging the bar.) 79! *(Some dorymen cheer his count. He spies the three men at the bar.)* Hey, Handy, Les, you gotta come see what I just did!

LES

Here we go.

GUSTY

Well, I started out today goin' outta Gearhart and swamped the hell outta my boat. Not good. Took me a few hours to get all cleaned out and relaunch, and at that point it'd gotten pretty choppy, but I went out anyway for lingcod. Ended up tangling my cannonball lines on some rocks out there, had to just cut 'em. When I came back in, I followed a wave up to the beach, only I got ridin' it too high and it broke over the beach with me up thirteen feet on it — fell right down and slammed into the sand. Threw me into my console, and I just NAILED the front of my leg on the corner of my dash. Cut it open and smashed it and everything! It looks terrible. Here, take a look!

(He drops his pants. All react with general disgust.)

HANDY

Goddammit Gusty, put that away!

GWEN

Gusty, that's the third time tonight you've shown us. We've all seen it.

GUSTY

(Pulling his pants up, grinning.) Yeah, but they hadn't. So, Kid, how's your season?

THE KID

Pretty good. I think I've got enough in the bank to cover a new motor. I banged the prop up pretty bad, and some of my gear wasn't salvageable—hey, anybody got a pen? I gotta figure this out while I'm thinkin' about it.

GWEN

Here, sweetie.

(Gwen hands THE KID a pen and he begins to scribble figures down on a bar napkin. At the same time, three LOGGERS — DANNY, LOU and PHI L— swagger into the bar with girls in tow. LOU and PHIL are very drunk. The Dorymen eye them warily but don't interfere with them.)

HELEN
You buyin' a drink Danny?

DANNY
(*Grabbing at her hand.*) Yeah, with your money.

HELEN
Heyyyyy!

DANNY
C'mon, baby, buy us a round.

PHIL
Yeah, c'mon! (*The guys all egg her on, and she continues to protest.*)

THE KID
Who're these jackasses?

HANDY
Loggers. From Willamina, I'd wager. This town has a history with logging and fishing.

LES
And fights. Damn loggers. Loggers and fishermen, they're separate kind of people. Nothin' good ever come outta Willamina. (*Checking out the girls.*) 'Cept the women. Handy, you wanna walk across the way with me to buy another pack of Lucky Strikes?

HANDY
Sure. Been about fifteen since my last smoke — I'm gettin' withdrawals. Hold down the fort, Kid. (*They exit.*)

HELEN
Well, I guess I could buy a round. (*She hands DANNY money.*)

DANNY
Awriiiiiight, you're stayin' at my house tonight, baby. (*She giggles and leaves with the girls to get a table.*) Let's order some shots.

LOU
Hey, I — I wanna talk to a fisherman! (*Spies THE KID at the bar crunching expenses.*) What the hell is this? You come in here and do this?

THE KID
'Scuse me?

PHIL

You're in the wrong bar, buddy. This is the Topside Lounge at the Sunset West.

THE KID

Congrats, you can read. Wouldn't have guessed from lookin' at you.

PHIL

Oh, comedian! Funny guy! Writin' in Sunset, Jesus. Gimme that *(Grabs the pen and throws it.)*

THE KID

(To DANNY.) These assholes with you? You better tell 'em to shut up before I put 'em out the front door with their feet horizontal and put 'em on top of a car.

DANNY

Who the hell are you, the littlest Doryman?

THE KID

Yeah, I'm a Doryman, what's it to you?

DANNY

I just figured a long-haired hippie in a mosquito boat would know better than to mouth off to a logger.

THE KID

(Getting in DANNY's face.) Hey, big logger man, you wanna go home and tell your mother that this long-haired hippie took you into the parking lot and beat the crap out of you?

HANDY

(Re-entering with LES and carrying a gaff hook.) Kid, you havin' any trouble with this guy?

THE KID

Nope, no trouble at all. These *boys* were just leaving.

HANDY

That's what it looked like to me, too. Unless this big brush ape has somethin' he'd like to say?

DANNY

(Fuming.) Let's go, guys.

(The three loggers make to leave as HANDY and LES sit down at the bar. As soon as THE KID turns his back, DANNY grabs him and drags him into the parking lot, shouting

to his buddies to help. They proceed to gang up on THE KID, landing blows on him and eventually tossing him to the ground, kicking at him and jeering. HANDY and LES rush out of the bar and tear PHIL off THE KID, hitting him in the back with the butt end of a gaff hook and punching him in the gut for good measure. Within seconds, the bar empties and the Dorymen overwhelm the loggers, first separating them from THE KID and then kicking the tar out of them in groups of two or three. HANDY and LES help THE KID up as the beaten loggers stumble away, cursing and shouting.)

HANDY

Shit, Kid, you all right?

LES

Pickin' a fight with a group of loggers in your first season? Reminds me of Handy.

HANDY

(Breathing heavily from exertion.) 'Cept I never did pick 'em. Always took care of myself, though.

THE KID

Thanks, guys. That's another one I owe you, all of you.

GUSTY

Aw hell, Kid, it's no big thing. Everybody's got each other's backs. If you're pickin' on one person, you're pickin' on the other 30 sitting at the bar.

THE KID

Thanks, but I'm still buyin' the next round for everybody.

GUSTY

Who said you weren't?

(Everyone trickles back into the bar. HANDY still breathes heavily, and moves slower than usual.)

LES

You just had to piss off the loggers. Sheesh, I hit that big guy as hard as I could hit him and he didn't even flinch.

GUSTY

You're just gettin' weak in your old age, Les.

LES

Ah, put a cork in it Gusty.

(They return to their seats and things resume as if nothing has happened. HANDY sits a moment later, having lagged behind. He is still breathing heavily and does not look well.)

LES

'Bout time you old sea dog, what did you — *(He sees HANDY's condition and stops joking.)* Are you doin' all right, Handy? Jack, are you all right?

HANDY

Yeah, I'm fine, just winded. Need another beer.

(HANDY picks up his pitcher and tries to pour, but his hands are shaking so badly that he drops the pitcher, spilling beer everywhere. He clutches his chest and doubles over, falling from his bar stool and sprawling on the floor. LES, THE KID, and the other Dorymen fly out of their chairs and begin checking on him, motioning to call an ambulance, etc. After a time, LES checks his pulse to find he has passed. He and THE KID stand and stare at him. Blackout.)

SCENE 8

(As the scene opens, we have returned to the 2012 Blessing of the Fleet on the Beach. The ceremony continues with the reading of the names and the tolling of the bell.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

No other fishermen in the world enter and return into the Lord's greatest ocean like those of Pacific City. And now it is my honor to call up Clint Foley, who is going to lead the next part of our ceremony.

CLINT

Thank you. I'm going to read the names of the individuals who appear on the memorial wall and we will be tolling the bell. The Dory Fleet is the community. It's the people that fish, it's the schools, it's everybody in this town, and it's the people that visit this town. When we lose people here they may not be people that necessarily died fishing or in the ocean, but they mean a lot to us. After the reading of the names, we will have a brief moment of silence to remember these great people.

(As the names are read, the MASTER OF CEREMONIES chimes a bell twice between each name.)

CLINT (cont'd)

Leroy Bass, Jerry Buxton, Marlene Carter, Jim Coon Sr., Jack Crider Sr., Ernie Edmunds, Victor Farrington, Walter Fisher, Jack Gilman, Julio Gogas, Jack Hogevoll, Bob Holznagel, Jim Imlaw, Howard Kellow, Roger King perished at sea, Victor Learned, Carl Palmer, Lee Parks, Norman Reddekopp Sr., Harley C. Roberts perished at sea, David

“Shaker” Schlip, Archie Shank, Mose Vandell, Donald “Windy” Wenzinger, James Warden, Jack “Handy” Hanford.

(The MASTER OF CEREMONIES gives the bell one final double chime. Everyone gathered on the beach pauses for a moment of silence. Blackout.)

ACT II**SCENE 1**

(It is just a few weeks into the 1980 fishing season. As the scene opens, lights come up on LES, THE KID, and MARILYN in a dory out on the water.)

THE KID

Hard to believe it's been two years.

LES

Yep.

MARILYN

Well, we had to wait until the tuna run was just right. He always told me he wanted to be on the tuna trails.

LES

Yep.

MARILYN

Would you two like to say a few words?

THE KID

(After an awkward silence.) He was the epitome of a tuna fisherman. A cranky old salt at times, but such a good friend and mentor.

LES

Uh huh.

MARILYN

I'm glad we're doing this at sea. He'd like that.

THE KID

Almost as much as he liked to smoke his Lucky Strikes and drink Oly beer.

MARILYN

That's right. The first time we went out fishin' together his lunch was two Hershey bars and two cases of Oly. Les?

LES

I'm sorry Marilyn, I just can't. I'm more in the mood for a little quiet reverence.

MARILYN

I understand. I don't think the tuna much like all the talk either, since we've been skunked so far today.

THE KID

. . . sorry.

MARILYN

You're fine, Kid.

LES

I'll say this though: we're not gonna spread Handy's ashes until we get a fish on the boat.

THE KID

Got it.

(Several minutes pass in silence while they all focus intently on their lines. After a while, THE KID opens a can of Oly beer and pours it into the engine wash behind the boat.)

LES

Kid, what the hell are you doing?

THE KID

I figure, it was Handy's favorite, maybe the tuna like it, too.

LES

That's the dumbest thing you've said in two years of fishing out here. Fish do not like beer. Fact, whenever we float beer between the boats — unopened cans — it takes a good fifteen minutes 'til you can get one on the line.

MARILYN

I think it's fitting. *(She opens a can of beer and pours it in the engine wash as well.)*

LES

(Muttering.) Waste of beer.

(Another minute passes with no bites. THE KID puts his line down and grabs a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes. One by one, he starts dropping them into the water.)

LES

The fish are wantin' to smoke now, too?

MARILYN

Well, it was his favorite. Why not?

LES

I think the Kid's the one who's been smokin' somethin'. Waste of perfectly good cigarettes.

MARILYN

Oh Les, hush. Leave the Kid alone.

(THE KID picks up his line. 30 seconds pass with no action. Suddenly —)

THE KID

Fish on!

LES

All right, all right. Now go easy, Kid. These tuna can spit the hook faster'n a jackrabbit.

THE KID

I know, I know. I got it. I got it!

MARILYN

Nice and slow. Let's be sure to get this one on the boat.

THE KID

Yeah, yeah.

LES

Don't get cocky now, Kid, I — fish on!

MARILYN

Fish on! It's a big one!

THE KID

Whaddya think of my Oly and Lucky Strikes now?

LES

I think we get these fish on board, and then it's time to spread Handy's ashes.

MARILYN

(Aside, looking to the sky.) Damn good joke, Jack. Thanks. I love you.

TOM *(over CB)*

This is a call to all dories currently out on the fishing grounds. We just received word that the season is cut off at midnight tonight for silvers, no more season the rest of the year.

LES *(over CB)*

Is this Gusty? Are you pulling more of your shit again?

TOM (*over CB*)
No, this is Tom Briggs.

LES (*over CB*)
Who?

TOM (*over CB*)
My boat's *Flat Bottomed Girl*.

LES (*over CB*)
Aw hell FBG, why didn't you say so? So you're serious about this closin' of the grounds for silvers this season?

TOM (*over CB*)
'Fraid so. You can bring in what you get on the boat today, but that's it. Some new Fish and Wildlife regulations.

LES (*over CB*)
This is bullshit. We got a whole year's worth of bills to pay.

TOM (*over CB*)
Tell me about it. When you get in, pack your bags. We're goin' to Sacramento. See you on the beach.

(*Blackout.*)

SCENE 2

(As the scene opens, THE KID is seen preparing his boat for a day of fishing. He does a final check of his gear, he loads up extra equipment, and finally he places some lunch and beer on his boat. He gets into his beach rig, starts it up, and heads for the beach. Eventually, lights come up on the meeting room in Sacramento for the discussion about government regulations of the fishing grounds.)

CHAIRPERSON

Welcome to this open meeting of the Pacific Fishery Management Council. I know that many of you want to speak today. This council has always followed a bottom-up process, and I want to assure you that all of the representatives on the council are eager to receive your input.

LES

I've got a question for the Council. Why are you placin' a ban on silvers on the Oregon coast? We're barely a month into our season, and many of the people in my community depend on summer salmon fishing to support their families throughout the year.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1

Our data indicates a sharp decline in the populations of coho. A survey team from Oregon State did a count last fall, and the numbers indicate that, between river pollution and overfishing, this species is in serious danger.

MAVIS

How did they count? When did they count?

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1

We don't have all of the specifics of the study, but rest assured that the numbers the research team came up with are accurate.

MAVIS

I asked when because the time of day is important. In Pacific City we go for silvers in the early morning around daybreak because later in the day they're not as active.

CHAIRPERSON

We don't have information about time of day.

MAVIS

What about time of year? Silvers are more active during some months than others. What month was the study done in?

CHELSEA

If I can interject, please, I think what our friends here are trying to say is that the health of the fish populations is simply not as important as the health of their wallets.

LES

No, what we're tryin' to say is that it's hard to deplete a fishery when you use hook and line.

GRETCHEN

We know that gillnetting on the Oregon coast has had a negative impact on salmon populations.

LES

Yeah, and that's my point. The Dory Fleet of Pacific City doesn't use gillnets or trawl nets or any other kinds of nets other than dip nets to pull out the fish we have on our lines. We're probably the most environmentally-friendly fishing fleet on the West Coast.

CHELSEA

In my experience, there are no fishing fleets that are friendly to the environment.

MAVIS

Come to Pacific City and see how we do things. You might just find the first fishing fleet you like.

CHAIRPERSON

Okay, a little bit of order. The purpose of this meeting is to discuss proper fishery management practices.

(THE KID is seen out on the water fishing. He has action on several of his lines at once. He can also be seen prepping some of his other lines with bait.)

TOM

Madam Chairperson, if I may. One thing we ought to discuss about proper fishery management practices is the impact of international agreements. Soviet boats are out there reapin' and rapin' everything out in the international waters off the coast of Pacific City.

CHELSEA

All the more reason to enact the ban. The foreign vessels are just putting extra stress on already depleted fish populations.

MAVIS

The foreign vessels are also putting extra stress on the good people who are trying to make a living catching fish here in the U.S. This ban will just put a lot of good people out of a job. It won't put a stop to the massive drift nets that the Russians are using out there.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #2

What we are talking about is a ban to protect certain species of endangered salmon. We're not talking about putting everyone in the U.S. fishing industry out of business.

MAVIS

But what you don't understand is that in Pacific City salmon fishing is our business. Sure, we can go crabbing, sometimes get tuna, go for bottom fish, but the only way to make a decent wage is by bringin' in the salmon catch.

CHELSEA

And what will you do years from now when there are no salmon left to catch?

LES

We're doin' something to prevent this every day. Several Dorymen are very involved with the salmon hatcheries along the Oregon coast. We're trying to protect this resource so that everyone can enjoy it in the years ahead.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #2

Nonetheless, the Oregon State data indicates that your valiant efforts with the hatchery have not paid off. Obviously, the population is in decline.

LES

I'm just not convinced that it's so obvious. I've been fishin' the waters off of Pacific City for more than thirty years, and some years the salmon are runnin' and others they're not. A one-shot study is just not gonna tell you the whole story.

(THE KID is filleting his fish while he waits for more action on his lines. He appears to be happy with the day's catch so far, and he is intensely invested in his work on the boat.)

MAVIS

Your study might also be missin' the way the salmon travel on the Oregon coast. Dependin' on where the salmon go, the Dory Fleet might fish down near Newport or go all the way to Warrenton up off the Columbia river.

GRETCHEN

Poor fish just can't get away from them apparently.

MAVIS

Point is, did this study cover all of these fishin' grounds?

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1

Well, I know that the marine scientists from Oregon State use accurate and trusted methods for doing their fish counts. With migratory fish like salmon, I'm sure they have accounted for all of these variables.

TOM

It's overkill on preservation instead of conservation. There's tons of fish there.

LES

You're takin' everything away from us. We're the smallest vessels in the ocean with the least amount of negative impact on everything.

TOM

We got kids to feed, we got bills to pay.

MAVIS

We're not like the draggers and the longliners. We're catchin' one tenth of one percent of what's available in the ocean.

CHAIRPERSON

Look, the council recognizes that the fishery in Pacific City is unique, but unless you are able to get the support of the environmentalists, we cannot support your proposal to revoke the coho restriction. We need to move on. Next on the agenda is the proposed sardine regulations in Monterey Bay

*(THE KID is seen cleaning a fish and pulling in the rest of his gear for the day.
Blackout.)*

SCENE 3

(Lights up on the ocean. BUZZ & GARY are drinking beer in LES'S boat. GARY eats a banana. The lines are all up and some are tangled or in other states of mismanagement.)

BUZZ

I can't believe we're getting paid to do this. The waves, the water, the beer . . .

GARY

Yeah, and at \$2.25 a pound I figure we'll make some decent money with forty or fifty a day. But, we've got to actually catch something first.

BUZZ

Oh yeah. *(Pause.)* After this beer.

(GARY rolls his eyes and finishes his banana, tossing the peel overboard.)

THE KID *(over CB)*

Les Is More, this is *Just Kid-ding*.

BUZZ *(over CB)*

Hey, Sam! What's up, you salty schmuck?

THE KID *(over CB)*

It's *Just Kid-ding*. Use boat names out here, you sound like a weekender, man.

BUZZ *(over CB)*

A weekender? This is like one big weekend buddy. Thanks for suggesting this, Sam. I'm havin' a great time out here on your buddy's dory boat.

THE KID *(over CB)*

Look, you call it a dory or you call it a boat. You don't call it a dory boat. Anyway, have you guys limited out yet?

BUZZ (*over CB*)

Uh...

GARY (*over CB*)

(*Grabbing the CB.*) No. (*Pause.*)

THE KID (*over CB*)

So, how much longer do you need? It's getting close to noon and I'm closing in on my limit.

GARY (*over CB*)

So it took you about six hours to almost fill your boat. Now, theoretically speaking, with two of us we should be able to fill our boat in another three, right?

THE KID (*over CB*)

What are you saying, Gary? You mean you guys haven't caught anything?!

GARY (*over CB*)

Well, it's been a rough morning. We started out by having problems with the lines getting all tangled up, we got some of the gear stuck on a few rocks out here that we're pretty sure nobody knew existed, we lost some bait — (*He opens another banana and starts eating.*)

THE KID (*over CB*)

Do you guys have any idea how much money all that stuff costs to fix? Bait is expensive, gear is expensive, and if you punched a hole in Les's boat, I swear to God — (*Pause. He hears the eating sounds.*) Wait a minute. Gary, what are you eating?

GARY (*over CB*)

(*With a mouthful of banana.*) Uh—

THE KID (*over CB*)

Did . . . did you keep those bananas I told you to leave at the cabin?

GARY (*over CB*)

I — I — I have a potassium deficiency. Besides, I didn't think it'd be a big deal —

THE KID (*over CB*)

Dammit! C'mon guys, you're acting like you're still in college. That's the only thing I told you to leave behind! I let you keep your beer, your cigarettes —

CLINT (*over CB*)

Did they say bananas? Damn flatlander idiots, no wonder I ain't got a bite all day!

THE KID (*over CB*)

He's right, you two greenhorns might seriously have screwed all our catches. And you're paying for any repairs to Les's gear or boat out of your own pockets, so you better catch a few! Okay, listen up. Buzz, can you hear me?

BUZZ (*over CB*)

Yeah.

THE KID (*over CB*)

Take the rest of Gary's bananas and throw them overboard, got it?

(*BUZZ does as THE KID instructs.*)

GARY

(*To BUZZ.*) Hey!!

THE KID (*over CB*)

Now get your lines untangled and get that gear down!

CLINT (*over CB*)

You damn weekenders oughta just go back down to California. It takes a real man to dory fish.

BUZZ (*over CB*)

I'm more than enough of a man. I've done 80 pull-ups in a row before. I may not have the fishing skills that you old guys got, but I bet I could fill this boat in an hour, tops.

GARY

You can't even figure out how to get the line baited, man.

THE KID (*over CB*)

Buzz . . . you really need to cool it on the cocky tough-guy talk.

BUZZ (*over CB*)

Hell, don't they call you guys the "Fat Fleet"? (*Laughing.*) Hey, Fat Fleeter, I'm surprised your fat old ass can even fit in these little boats!

GARY

Buzz, you don't even know that guy.

CLINT (*over CB*)

Son . . . you listen here. My name is Clint Foley, and my boat is the *Salty Skipper*. Give me your boat name or your real name and we can meet on the beach and *talk this over*.

THE KID (*over CB*)

Buzz, I've seen Salty kick the tar out of guys a lot bigger than you. Best back off.

BUZZ (*over CB*)

(*Clearing his throat.*) Uh, I'd like to apologize, Mr. Foley, uh, sir —

CLINT (*over CB*)

Aw, save it, I'm only pullin' your leg. You oughta listen to the Kid, though, he's learned a thing or two since he's been fishin' this area. Try to catch a few, hear? You'll make us all look bad if you skunk it. See you on the inside.

GARY

Hey, Buzz . . . I think I need to go in, I'm not feelin' well.

BUZZ

Oh, you probably just had a few too many beers. Come on, help me untangle the gear. I wanna eat fresh salmon for dinner.

GARY

Ughhh, please don't talk about salmon.

BUZZ

Aw, wittle Gawy is a wittle sick. (*He cracks a beer and waves it at GARY.*) You want another one? You want it?

(*Suddenly, GARY bolts to the side of the boat and vomits everywhere. BUZZ laughs hysterically, as GUSTY'S boat comes into view.*)

GUSTY (*over CB*)

Ha ha, the greenhorn's chummin' in Les's boat! Hey rookie, what color is it?

THE KID (*over CB*)

It's gonna be a looooooong day.

(*Blackout.*)

SCENE 4

(*Lights up on the fish buying company. Inside, several girls rapidly pack and organize large quantities of fish in a streamlined routine: sort, weigh, pack, ice, seal, stack in truck. Outside in the line of boats, THE KID stands with his friends. They look miserable and exhausted.*)

THE KID

So, who wants a beer? (*The men groan.*) Thought so. Suit yourself. (*He cracks one open and sips it appreciatively.*) There's nothin' like your first beer off the water.

GARY

Sam . . . I might throw up on you if I smell that.

THE KID

(*Not changing expression but taking a step back anyway.*) That's what you get for screwin' around on Les's boat all day. I can't believe you were out there for eight hours and didn't catch a single fish.

BUZZ

At least we finally figured out how to get the gear down.

GARY

Just without bait or lures.

THE KID

Guys, this can't happen again. Les trusted me to take care of the *Les Is More* while he's down in Sacramento.

GARY

We'll be fine tomorrow. And hey, we didn't break anything.

THE KID

Not completely, but some of his lines and gear have to be replaced because of the way you misused it. And skunking a boat too many days in a row is bad luck. Les is gonna kick my ass if I give him back a boat like that.

BUZZ

Sam, this is all getting way more complicated than you made it sound over the phone. You promised us some easy money for fishing. I could be relaxing in California with my girl right now.

THE KID

It *is* easy, but you have to be willing to learn first instead of drinkin' beer, eatin' bananas, and makin' an ass of yourself.

GUSTY

(*Entering from offstage with a beer in his hand.*) Believe me, the Kid knows a thing or two about that. How's it going, boys? Say, which one of you two's the chummer? Didn't really get close enough to see. (*Gary meekly raises his hand.*) How ya feelin', son?

GARY

Been better, sir. Been better.

GUSTY

Sir? (*To THE KID.*) How old's he think I am? (*To GARY.*) It's Gusty.

GARY

Uh . . . nice to meet you.

GUSTY

So, the three school teacher fishermen from California. Three buddies up fishing the dories. You guys gotta have a name. (*Thinking*) I know a good name. You're the Ukranian Fleet.

THE KID

Wait a minute. The Ukraine is land-locked right smack in the middle of Eastern Europe.

GUSTY

Exactly! Ha ha!

BUZZ

So the Ukranian Fleet would just be a bunch of dories without an ocean . . . I guess?

GARY

Maybe the Caspian Sea.

GUSTY

I'll leave you three Einsteins to figure it out. Happy trails! (*He exits, sipping his beer.*)

BUZZ

What a strange guy.

GARY

He's onto something with that Ukranian Fleet name, though . . . I mean, do we really belong?

THE KID

Of course we do, same as anybody else. What kinda question is that? (*JOE ANDERSON, owner of the fish company, enters, examining the operation and chatting with the Dorymen.*) Hey, Joe, how's the catch today?

JOE

It's excellent, like usual. The Dorymen are very good to me in that regard. How are you, Kid? And your friends?

THE KID

Doin' fine. These two had a, uh, rough day. It'll be better tomorrow. They're comin' out with me on my boat.

BUZZ (*overlapping*)

News to me.

GARY (*overlapping*)

Are you serious?

JOE

Good, good. Teaching them like Les and Handy, God rest him, taught you. Well, I'd best get back. I tell you, it's hard to keep up with all these fish sometimes.

THE KID

With all the money comin' in from the Dorymen, it can't really be all that bad.

JOE

All that money has to come from somewhere, Kid. And that somewhere is me. Big catches mean big payouts.

THE KID

You're not in any trouble, are you Joe?

JOE

(*Smiling.*) I'll see you tomorrow, Kid. Good fishing.

THE KID

Now, what could he —

BUZZ

Are we really coming out with you tomorrow?

GARY

Sam, I don't know if I can keep lunch down, let alone keep up at your pace.

THE KID

Don't worry, fellas, maybe I'll take it easy on you.

BUZZ

Really?

THE KID

Doubt it. Pick you up at the cabin at 5:00, and that's in the A.M.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 5

(As the scene opens, THE KID, GARY, and BUZZ are out on the ocean fishing on his boat. After the disaster of an outing that the friends had the other day, THE KID is trying to show his friends how to actually use the gear effectively.)

THE KID

(To GARY.) No, no, no. We're not bottom fishing, we're going for Chinook. You don't want to use that cannonball.

BUZZ

But we gotta have some weight on the line, right?

THE KID

Yeah, but you're not trying to get the line to the sea floor. We're not going for rockfish right now, we want the Chinook.

BUZZ

Maybe I do want to go for rockfish.

THE KID

You can go for rockfish all you want on your boat, but you guys are deckhands for me today, and I'm fishing salmon. The Chinook fetch a better price, and I would like to be able to at least cover my fuel costs and a pitcher of beer at the Topside Lounge tonight. Now, bait up the lines and be sure to put a chunky on that hoochie.

GARY

(Sarcastically.) Okay, Sam McBride, the fishin' guide.

THE KID

How many did you assholes bring in yesterday? Oh yeah, none! Trust me, you need McBride the guide if you're gonna make any money out here this summer.

GARY

(To BUZZ.) Two years out on the water and he's already a cranky old pirate. *(To THE KID.)* Maybe if you didn't make us launch at 5:30 A.M. you'd be in a better mood.

THE KID

5:30 is a late launch, and I only did that because I knew that the two of you would be worthless at 4.

BUZZ

We've got nothing to do all day but fish, so what's the difference anyway?

THE KID

The difference is the entire fleet is out here early and some of the best fishing happens as the sun comes up. Plus, when you actually catch something, which I fully intend to do today, you need to factor in time to reset all of your gear for tomorrow, take your catch to the fish market, and do maintenance on the boat. To say nothing of gettin' on the beach before the weather turns. Limiting out by 10 A.M. does have its advantages.

GARY

(Peering into the water.) What's — what's that?

THE KID

I don't know. Probably a rock or something. Look at all of those barnacles.

GARY

Wait. I see an eye. Hey, it's a whale!

BUZZ

(Jumping up to try to get as far away as possible.) Ahhhhhhh!

THE KID

Buzz, get your butt down off the fish box. This whale isn't gonna hurt ya. He's just a curious creature. Hopefully, a curious creature that doesn't get hung up in all of our lines.

GARY

Whoa, that's somethin'. I think it is probably twenty-five, thirty feet.

THE KID

Yeah. The biggest one I've seen out here.

BUZZ

Would ya look at that — that goofy dang whale went right under the boat!

THE KID

Aw, shit. This is no good. Pull the lines in slowly. Let's hope that big S.O.B. doesn't get hung up in one of 'em.

BUZZ

Uh, we might have a problem.

THE KID

He's hung up?

BUZZ

Yeah. And it's bad too, because he's got a cannonball.

THE KID

How could he have a cannonball when I just told you *not* to put a cannonball on the line?

BUZZ

Well, I'm not sure how to tell you this, but I ignored you.

THE KID

Great. (*Gets on the CB.*) Can anybody hear me? This is *Just Kid-ding* and I'm about two miles north of the cape. Boy, I got somethin' goin' on out here. I got a whale, it's bigger than my boat, and it's hung up in some of my gear. What should I do?

CLINT (*over CB*)

Aw hell, bring him in. Bet the fish company'll give ya twenty cents a pound!

MARILYN (*over CB*)

Don't listen to that loon, Kid. You ain't stoppin' him. You either gotta cut the wires or let him tow ya around or turn ya over.

GARY

(*To THE KID.*) So, what do we do?

THE KID

Well, you have a choice. You can either leave it like it is and let the whale take us wherever he's goin', or you can cut the line and lose a fifty-pound cannonball and the other gear.

BUZZ

Let's see where the whale's goin'!

THE KID

Problem is, I don't think the whale's really interested in fishin' for Chinook today.

(*THE KID cuts the line.*)

THE KID

There. Now can we get back to fishing?

BUZZ

Bye bye, Mr Whale!

THE KID

(*To GARY.*) How much beer has he had today?

GARY

I lost count. But it's probably not the beer.

THE KID

Ah, we're naturally silly today. Oh well. Let's fish, boys!

GARY

That's what I call fishin'!

THE KID

Yeah, Gary, just keep pullin' 'em in for me. Maybe soon you'll be able to set your own lines and catch your own fish.

BUZZ

Uh, Sam, uh, can you come back here to the stern to take a look at something?

THE KID

Not now, Buzz. I've got a fish on my line, and I don't think the other greenhorn here is up to the task.

BUZZ

I'm serious, you need to come take a look.

THE KID

What is it, another whale?

BUZZ

Sssshhaaaaark! Oh, shit! He's headin' right straight for the boat!

THE KID

Buzz, cut it out. Get over here and keep an eye on my line. (*Looking out off the stern of the boat.*) Well, yeah, there's a shark out there. Probably a blue shark, but maybe a thrasher shark.

BUZZ

Oh, shit, shit, shit!

THE KID

Well, this is all your fault, Gary. It probably smells the bananas on you from yesterday. Pulls in the sharks all the time — they love that fruity scent.

GARY

But that's impossible. I'm wearing a different shirt!

THE KID

And the pants?

GARY

Aw, damn it!

BUZZ

He's just messin' with you, Gary. Sharks don't like bananas.

THE KID

The hell they don't. They can smell blood in the water from a quarter of a mile away. What makes you think they can't smell his banana pants?

BUZZ

Damn, Gary. Better take those pants off and throw 'em overboard.

GARY

(Undoing his pants.) Uh, well. Okay.

THE KID

Keep your pants on, greenhorn, and keep your eye on that line. Even with a 150-pound test line, a big Chinook can snap that, and if we lose him it's your ass.

GARY

What about the shark?

THE KID

We're not losing this Chinook on account of some shark. It's just on the scent of the blood we're trailin' outta the fish box. That scent weepin' out into the water is enough to get him interested.

BUZZ

Would ya look at that? That shark's got his nose right on up to your boat's fish hole.

GARY

Sam, let's pull our lines and get the hell outta here.

THE KID

No. We're not gonna pull these lines until we get rid of that thrasher shark. Buzz, get me the strike gaff. The big one.

Uh, where is it.
BUZZ

Behind the console. Hurry!
THE KID

Are you gonna gaff him and bring him in?
GARY

Nope. I'm gonna kill the son of a bitch.
THE KID

(THE KID grabs the gaff and strikes the shark violently in the side of the head.)

Ha ha! That's how you do it, greenhorns. Gaff 'em in the side of the head.
THE KID (cont'd)

He's goin'.
GARY

Yeah. He's saying, "I don't wanna follow that boat anymore. That hurt."
BUZZ

That's great, Buzz. I'm glad you can now speak shark. Okay, let's get this Chinook on the boat and head back to the beach.
THE KID

Just Kid-ding, you there? Hey Kid, I think I just ran into your whale!
GUSTY (over CB)

Gusty. You saw that whale?
THE KID (over CB)

See it? Hell, I hit it!
GUSTY (over CB)

What did you say? Sounded like you said you hit it.
THE KID (over CB)

I did! Ran right over it.
GUSTY (over CB)

Well, this is one heck of a day on the water. We just gaffed a thrasher shark. Hit him so hard I could hardly get the gaff out.
THE KID (over CB)

GUSTY (*over CB*)

Are you bringin' him in?

THE KID (*over CB*)

No. You bringin' in the whale?

GUSTY (*over CB*)

Hell no. Not for twenty cents a pound!

(Blackout.)

SCENE 6

(As the scene opens, several boats are lined up waiting to sell their catch at the local fish company. Most of the fishermen are standing outside of their rigs, talking, and sipping on beers as they wait for their turn in line).

BUZZ

(Flirting with SHARON and BETTY.) You ladies are looking at the highliner today. I almost brought in a whale and a shark.

BETTY

Almost don't count for much here.

SHARON

Yeah, like when it is an "almost," we don't have to count it.

THE KID

Well, there's some truth in what he is saying. His line was so high it was out of the water half the day. That's gotta count for something.

BUZZ

Hey, I may not have the most fish in my boat, but I am the HIGH-liner. You ladies know what I'm talking about? Wanna stop by my cabin in Woods later tonight?

THE KID

Ladies, believe me, this is an offer you should refuse.

SHARON

(To BUZZ.) Maybe we'll stop by. Maybe.

BETTY

But first we'll have to finish our work here counting and weighing the fish for all of the Dorymen who actually had a catch today.

BUZZ

Ouch. And I was hopin' one of you fine ladies would be my catch. I might not have the most fish, but I make up for it in other ways.

THE KID

(Sarcastically.) Yeah, like with his intelligence.

BUZZ

(Ignoring THE KID's comment.) Exactly. You know, I teach school with my man here down in California. Big time schoolteachers. Totally big time.

BETTY

(Underwhelmed.) Wow.

(BETTY and SHARON go back to work.)

THE KID

(To BUZZ.) Haven't figured out how to fish on the water *or* back on land.

BUZZ

Hey, let the record show that I did get a very clear "maybe." Anyway, what's with the holdup here?

THE KID

Maybe it's because you keep distracting the employees with your pathetic pick up lines.

BUZZ

Aw, I do that all the time, but we've never had to wait this long.

CLINT

(Shouting from offstage.) That's bullshit.

GARY

Did you hear that?

THE KID

Yeah.

CLINT

(Shouting from offstage.) \$1.75 a pound? \$1.75?!?

JOE

Fellas, look. I know we've been paying \$2.25 a pound, but the value of the product has simply dropped, and I gotta be able to make enough profit to pay my employees. I'm sorry, but for the rest of this season I will be paying \$1.75 a pound.

GUSTY

What's to keep us from taking our catch to one of the other buyers?

JOE

You're welcome to try, but this is an across-the-board cut. Even the guys up in Garibaldi and down in Newport are making the same sort of cut. It's \$1.75 up and down the coast.
(He exits.)

CLINT

These sound like trawler prices, but you know we ain't fishing trawlers. How are we supposed to pay for fuel, bait, boat repairs, and other expenses at \$1.75 a pound?

GUSTY

We might as well not go out at that price. It'll cost more to run the boat and buy the bait than we'll stand to make in a day. I'd have to be the highliner just to make enough to have beer money!

CLINT

Well, we've all got boatloads of fish, so we've got to sell it tonight. But I ain't fishin' tomorrow. Not at these prices!

THE KID

We all can't just stop fishin'. Too many people in this community depend on us bringin' in the catch to make ends meet.

CLINT

So, what do we do Kid?

THE KID

Let's keep goin' out there for the rest of the week. Maybe we'll be surprised at how much we're still makin'.

CLINT

Don't like it.

THE KID

Me neither. But I'm not sure we have a choice.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 7

(Lights up inside the Sunset West. One week later. Sitting at the long table and surrounding areas are THE KID, BUZZ, GARY, GUSTY, and many other Dorymen, wives, and children. They are all somberly silent. BUZZ & GARY are clearly not happy they aren't fishing. After a time, GUSTY breaks the silence.)

GUSTY

So, are we havin' a meeting or are we sittin' around sippin' coffee? 'Cause I can do that at home and my wife's much better to look at than y'all are.

BARBARA

Kid, you called the meeting, so let's hear what you have to say.

(The other people murmur their assent 'Yeah, c'mon, Kid,' 'Let's hear it,' 'Speech!,' etc.)

THE KID

I — I don't know what to say.

GUSTY

Get your ass up there and talk, Kid, they want you!

(GUSTY yanks him out of his chair and sticks him at the head of the group. THE KID is very uncomfortable but gradually grows more confident as he speaks.)

THE KID

Well . . . hello everyone. It's been a week and things just aren't workin' out like I hoped they would. We're not makin' any money, and we all love Joe, but we can't keep sellin' at this price. I see that the fleet is pretty well represented here today . . . that's good. That's good. Uh . . . we can't expect to stand up for our rights as fishermen and women if we don't stand up together.

(From behind the counter, a phone rings. GWEN answers it, then gestures to THE KID to come over.)

GWEN

Kid, it's for you. It's Les. I guess he's been callin' everywhere tryin' to find you.

THE KID *(over phone)*

Les, what's goin' on? Did you get into the regulation hearings?

LES *(over phone)*

Hang on just a damn minute, Kid, I wanna hear how my boat is first. Your two flatlander friends knock a hole in it yet?

THE KID (*over phone*)

Uh, no. They did have to replace a fair amount of line and bait after their first trip out, but it wasn't major. Brought bananas on board, though. How're —

LES (*over phone*)

Bananas? You tell 'em my boat better be scrubbed clean from top to bottom by the time I get back! Can't go havin' the banana stink jinx me. How's she runnin'?

THE KID (*over phone*)

Fine, but the meetings —

LES

All right, all right, for God's sake. Don't rush me, I'm old. (*He clears his throat.*) Well, Kid, I won't sugarcoat it for you. It's pretty bad.

THE KID (*over phone*)

Bad, how bad?

LES (*over phone*)

Well, let's just say if we can't get the environmentalist hippies on our side, there might not be a season for silvers any more.

THE KID (*over phone*)

Oh shit.

LES (*over phone*)

Yep. My thoughts, too. Tom, Mavis, and I've been talkin' to everybody we can and tryin' to tell 'em that we aren't like the big trawlers that come outta Depoe Bay and Newport, but it's slow goin'. I ain't cut out for this political bullshit. If I were you, I'd get to catchin' as much as I can in case we get completely shut down.

THE KID (*over phone*)

About that.

LES (*over phone*)

What, you sink your boat? That'd be impressive. Sinkin' a dory's like sinkin' an apple basket.

THE KID (*over phone*)

I wish. Joe dropped prices fifty cents a pound.

LES (*over phone*)

Fifty cents?! He knows how expensive these boats are to maintain! This is our livelihood we're talkin' about!

THE KID (*over phone*)

Yeah, I know. A bunch of us are here at the Sunset West right now to figure things out. I hate to say it, but we may have to strike.

LES (*over phone*)

Well, then what are you wastin' time on the phone with me for? Snap to!

THE KID (*over phone*)

Will do. Track me down again when you've got somethin' new to report.

LES (*over phone*)

All right, Kid, go get 'em.

(THE KID hangs up. The other people around the tables wait anxiously for news.)

CLINT

Well, Kid?

CELIA

That didn't sound too good.

THE KID

It's worse than we thought. We could lose silvers for the whole season.

(General uproar. Lines overlap as everyone struggles to talk at once.)

CELIA

The whole season?!

CLINT

Ain't got no other work in the summer season!

GUSTY

Sons of bitches! Sons of bitches!

BARBARA

How dare they! What gives them the right?

THE KID

Hey. Hey!

(They're all quiet.)

THE KID (cont'd)

We don't need that right now. We need to figure out what we can do, here, to protect ourselves and our right to fish.

GARY

Hey, Sam, before you get rollin' again, we gotta talk.

THE KID

This is a little important guys, can it wait?

GARY

No, man, it really can't.

BUZZ

Look, Sam, I'm gonna give it to you straight. We don't wanna be a part of this crap. Regulations, price changes, limits — this is all getting too complicated. We came up here to catch a few fish and make some money, so that's what we're gonna do.

MARILYN

What?

GUSTY

Like hell!

THE KID

You can't be serious. We're facin' two major threats to our fishery and our way of living and all you can think about is lining your pockets? We could make more money playin' pool than we could fishin' with these prices.

MARILYN

Some people'd go fishing even if it were twenty cents a pound. We call those people selfish.

GARY

Sam, you sound crazy. *We're facing? Our fishery?* This is only the third summer you've been fishing up here.

BUZZ

You act like you've been up here forever, but you're not even a real member of the community. You're just a flatlander like us.

GUSTY

Hey! The Kid is as much a part of this fleet as we all are.

BARBARA

When my husband and I broke down out at Cascade Head, he pulled his gear and ran from two miles north of the rock just to give us a tow. Now, what do you call that?

CLINT

That's right. He pulled me outta the surf when I got sideways. Boat damn near knocked me into the breakers — he mighta saved my life.

THE KID

You guys don't get it. It's not about livin' here. It's not about how long you've fished, or how many you catch, or even if you like a single person in this town. It's a brotherhood. We all understand there's somethin' when you get fishing, and the ocean it kind of gets in your blood, and . . . it doesn't go away. It's just somethin' that is so unique that it holds you. It means never hesitating to help another Doryman, even if it ends your day early and you don't catch a single fish. It's somethin' that you have to experience to understand. Now, are you guys really gonna blow this off to go make a few bucks?

BUZZ

(Looks at GARY to see if they are on the same page.) Yeah, Sam, we are. *(He exits.)*

GARY

I'm sorry, man. I can see how much this means to you and all, but we're just not in the same place. We gotta do what we gotta do. See you around, Sam. *(He runs after BUZZ, stops.)* Hey. Next summer I'm thinking I might need a boat of my own. Keep me in mind if you hear anything. Okay? *(He exits.)*

BARBARA

Hate to say it, Kid, but your friends are kind of jackasses.

THE KID

They're all right.

CLINT

Think they'll really be back?

THE KID

Oh yeah. Give 'em a few seasons and they'll get the itch, same as I did.

MARILYN

That's all well and good, but it don't get back that fifty cents a pound we lost.

BARBARA

Or keep Fish and Wildlife off our backs.

CLINT

Or keep 'em from shuttin' down the season!

THE KID

Slow down, slow down. Let's control what we can control. Les and the others are down in Sacramento fighting that fight for us, so let's trust them and put that out of our minds. Now, the way I see it, we've got two options: we can grin and bear it and prob'ly go broke, or we can strike until we get a fair price again.

GUSTY

I don't know about you folks, but I sure as hell ain't gonna fish another day for \$1.75 a pound.

(Everyone voices their agreement, 'Yeah!,' 'Not a damn chance!,' 'Hell no!,' etc.)

GUSTY (cont'd)

Sounds like we're in for a strike, fellas.

THE KID

Are you absolutely certain? We're talkin' days, maybe even weeks, of lost income. And Joe's been so good to us before.

CLINT

Kid, you're talkin' to a room full of Dorymen who need that price.

MARILYN

And their wives, thanks very much.

GUSTY

Damn right, we're in this together, and for the long haul.

THE KID

That settles it, then. Fish company opens at 6 tomorrow morning, right?

GUSTY

Yessir.

THE KID

I'll see you all there at 5:45. Bring signs, bring food, and be ready to be loud. We're not goin' under without a fight.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 8

(The lights come up on a group of protesters carrying signs in a picket line in front of the fish company. THE KID leads the protesters in chants as they move in a counterclockwise circle just outside the store front.)

THE KID
What do we want?

DORYMEN
Fair prices!

THE KID
When do we want them?

DORYMEN
Now!

THE KID
What do we want?

DORYMEN
\$2.25 a pound!

THE KID
When do we want it?

DORYMEN
Now!

(Lights dim on the protesters as they silently continue their picket line. Lights come up on a meeting room where LES, MAVIS, and TOM are negotiating with two of the ENVIRONMENTALISTS.)

LES
Thank you so much for agreeing to meet with us. I'm Lester Moore, and I have been fishing out of Pacific City for over thirty years.

MAVIS
I'm Mavis Harper, and I was one of the first women to go out commercial fishing starting in 1971. I was born and raised in Pacific City.

TOM
I'm Tom Briggs. My family's been fishin' outta P.C. since 1925.

CHELSEA

I'm Chelsea Phillips, and this is my associate, Gretchen Reeves. Listen, it's very nice to meet all of you, but with regard to the coho regulations, I'm not sure we have much to discuss. Why exactly did you want to meet with us today?

LES

Chelsea, I know we kind of got off on the wrong foot in the council meeting the other day. I'll be honest with you, the negative comments as well as just negative energies coming from both of us in that meeting made it difficult for us to understand one another.

MAVIS

And as a small, community fishery, we need all the help we can get from all the places we can get it.

GRETCHEN

That's fine, but you have to understand that we feel very strongly about our position in support of the coho ban. We're open to hearing more about your experiences, but we're not about to compromise our principles with regards to endangered fish populations.

LES

Y'know, I don't think you need to compromise any of your principles.

(Lights fade on the meeting with the ENVIRONMENTALISTS, and come up again on the protesters. The picket line has now stopped, and GUSTY is standing in front of the group making a speech.)

GUSTY

My great-great-grandfather, John Gustaveson, came over to Oregon from Tennessee as a scout for the wagon trains. He decided at that time that Pacific City was a good place for the family because it offered the best quality of life, and that's exactly what we're fightin' for now. Who wants to protect our quality of life?

DORYMEN

We do!

GUSTY

We get to have the rivers, which are full of fish. The ocean that's full of fish, the mountains, gardening. And we love it. And we try not to advertise too much, but it is really a paradise here. A fight to preserve our paradise is a worthy and just fight! Are you ready to fight?

DORYMEN

Yes!

GUSTY

But to protect paradise, we have to sacrifice. Fishin' is the backbone of this community. If we all just roll over and die as individual fisherman, takin' a measly \$1.75 a pound, it's not just one family that suffers — our whole community suffers. If we don't do anything, dory fishing in Pacific City will die. Do any of you wanna see that happen?

DORYMEN

No!

(Lights fade once again on the protest, and GUSTY continues to speak silently in the background. Lights come up on the meeting.)

MAVIS

After the meeting the other day, we read your mission statement. It says that you support small, sustainable fisheries.

LES

And preserving the fishery in Pacific City is pretty important, because it's one of the few places where we've found a good balance between people and the environment.

GRETCHEN

But why is coho so important to the fishery? With Chinook, tuna, rockfish, and crab, there are plenty of other options for the men and women in your fleet.

MAVIS

The thing is, Pacific City is a silver fishery. The Chinooks migrate from Cascade Head from the south and from the north they come down to Cape Lookout and are out in the deep, but we don't get many of 'em in P.C.

LES

And in our small boats, we can travel up and down the coast, but when you factor in the costs of fuel, plus the environmental impact of fuel and extra engine use on the water, it just makes more sense to stay within a few miles of the beach.

CHELSEA

You mean, you fish that close in?

MAVIS

Well, yeah. It's unusual to fish in the Pacific Ocean on a boat the size of the ones we do. They're only eighteen- to twenty-four-foot vessels.

CHELSEA

They're only eighteen to twenty-four feet?

TOM

Yeah. See, fishin' started in our area on the rivers, but a statewide initiative that passed in the 1920's shut down the river for commercial fishin'. That law forced the people fishin' the rivers to take their small boats out onto the open ocean, and we've been doin' it ever since.

GRETCHEN

That just proves that the fishery can adapt to new regulations. Clearly, you have done this successfully in the past.

MAVIS

But if you cut off the silvers in the ocean, then there's really no way to commercial fish in the area.

CHELSEA

What about the data on coho that we discussed in the council meeting? How will you continue to fish if the population is in such a serious decline?

LES

We looked a little more closely at that survey data yesterday. Did you realize that it was a ten- to-fifteen-knot trawl survey?

CHELSEA

A what?

TOM

A trawl survey. It means the team of researchers based their count on the number of fish brought up on their baited lines while drawing them through the water. In this case, most of their trawling was done at a speed of ten-to -ifteen knots.

CHELSEA

Okay, so what does that mean?

TOM

That's not a trawling speed that anyone should use when goin' for silvers.

MAVIS

Nine knots max for silvers. Your numbers are gonna be very low at a speed of ten-to-fifteen knots.

(Lights fade out on the meeting, and come back up on the protest. The protesters are back in a picket line.)

THE KID

(To the other protesters.) I don't know but I've been told . . .

DORYMEN

I don't know but I've been told . . .

THE KID

Dorymen will never fold!

DORYMEN

Dorymen will never fold!

THE KID

All I want is a fair price . . .

DORYMEN

All I want is a fair price . . .

THE KID

From the guy who puts my fish on ice!

DORYMEN

From the guy who puts my fish on ice!

(Lights fade on the protest and come back up on the meeting.)

CHELSEA

So if the trawl survey data is incorrect, then tell me what you have seen out there.

MAVIS

Well, there are some good years for silvers and some bad years. This year has been a great year so far, but there's no doubt that the development in and around rivers has affected the population. I'm sure that the trawl fleet and some of the bigger companies and businesses around the world are having an impact.

TOM

Heck, back in the 60s the Japanese, the Russians, and the Czechs were out there fishing their hake boats with large drag nets within three miles of our beach, taking everything they could take, and even then we had some of the highest salmon returns coming out of the rivers. With the worst commercial fishing practices ever.

GRETCHEN

That's precisely what we are trying to stop.

LES

And you have. The two hundred mile limit for foreign vessels is a smart and sustainable regulation. We're not opposed to all regulations.

MAVIS

But the fact is we are your alternative to the destructive fishing practices that the foreign vessels and the larger trawlers have practiced over the years.

LES

And you need us out there because, despite their best efforts, the marine scientists don't always have their fingers on the pulse of the ocean. We're out there every day, most days alone in our boats, catchin' everything on lines, and we know ocean ecology like nobody else.

CHELSEA

So what do you want us to do? Ban or limit coho for the larger vessels but not for the Pacific City dories?

LES

We just want your support for a Pacific City coho season. We can define the area in such a way as to limit the impact of the larger vessels while still allowing the dories to fish on their traditional grounds.

MAVIS

Our situation is unique. Cape Kiwanda is a totally different piece of real estate than any other beach on the West Coast. We launch right off the beach and through the surf.

TOM

And they can close other ports down because of the bar conditions, but we're out there almost every day because they don't close the surf. We can track the numbers in the salmon population with accuracy that no one else can match.

GRETCHEN

And you would be willing to share that data with us?

MAVIS

Yeah. We're just as invested in protecting the silver population as you are.

(The two women confer quickly while MAVIS, TOM, and LES look on nervously.)

CHELSEA

Well, we'll have to work out the details, since this is all going to be very tricky with the federal laws. But I'm ready to tell the council that my constituents 100% support Pacific City's request for their coho season.

(Lights fade out on the meeting and come backup on the protest. JOE steps out in front of the crowd.)

GUSTY

(To JOE.) Would ya look at that . . . Heeeeeere's Johnny!

DORYMEN

Booooooo!

JOE

Thanks for the intro, Gusty. Fellas, look. I've known many of you for most of my adult life.

CLINT

(Shouting.) Yeah, so why are you screwin' us?

JOE

This business and this community mean everything to me. I can't run my business without fish, and you can't run your business without a buyer.

GUSTY

(Shouting.) Well, we're sellin', but at a price of \$2.25 per pound.

JOE

Fellas, that's what I'm here to tell you. I thought I could make ends meet by catering to some of the larger operations out of Garibaldi, but it turns out you guys are catching more here on the coast than I gave you credit for.

THE KID

(Shouting.) Mosquito boat power!

DORYMEN

Yeah! Hear hear!

JOE

I don't know for sure how long I can sustain my business this way, but as of today, and for the rest of the season, we will be paying \$2.25 per pound.

CLINT, GUSTY, BARBARA, MARILYN, THE KID *(overlapping)*

Yeah! Long live the Dory Fleet! We did it! Tomorrow we fish! Etc.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 9

(Lights come up on the Sunset West. As the scene opens, LES and MAVIS are having a beer. Other Dorymen are sitting around the bar area enjoying some drinks after a long day of fishing. THE KID enters.)

THE KID

Les, Mavis, it's great to see you! I'd say we owe you guys a few beers!

LES

Good to see you, Kid. From what I hear, you earned a beer or two yourself.

THE KID

Yeah, it was good to get back on the water this morning.

LES

I don't like all of this politickin'.

MAVIS

Well, the strike's over and the ban on silvers lifted, now maybe we can just shut up and fish.

(LES pours the Kid a beer from the pitcher.)

LES

(To MAVIS.) Won't make ya any promises 'bout the shuttin' up part! Cheers, Kid *(Hands him the beer.)*

THE KID

(Raises his glass.) To our first day back on the water!

LES, MAVIS

To our first day back on the water!

GUSTY

(Shouts at THE KID from across the bar.) First day back for most of us!

THE KID

Yeah, some of the members of the Ukranian Fleet decided to fish during the strike.

LES

(Alarmed.) Ukranian Fleet?

THE KID

It's the name Gusty gave to us teachers from California.

MAVIS

Jesus, for a minute there you had me thinking that foreign vessels were fishin' off the coast again.

THE KID

No, no, no. Nothing that exciting.

LES

Strikes, Fishery Council meetings, Ukranians. Damn, we used to be a quiet little drinkin' village with a fishin' problem.

THE KID

Yeah. Somebody on the shore this afternoon had a pint of brandy. I don't remember his name, but I'm sure glad I met that person.

GUSTY

(Slamming his hand on the bar.) Twenty-two smilies!

THE KID

(To LES.) Smilies?

LES

Silvers. We call 'em smilies cuz they make you smile when you catch one.
(GUSTY walks right up to THE KID and shows off the proud and wide grin on his face.)

THE KID

Gusty, you're so happy, why don't you buy us all a round? Hey, Gwen, Gusty's treatin' us all to another round of beers!

(GWEN enters from the kitchen area behind the bar.)

GWEN

This true, Gus? Or is the Ukranian Kid tellin' lies again?

GUSTY

Nah, I'll buy. But these crusty salts are gonna have to hear about what I just did first!

BARBARA

Does it involve takin' your pants off?

GUSTY

As a matter of fact, it does! *(Pulls his pants down.)* Look here, Kid! Get a close look! That thar is a nasty ole steam burn on my thigh. Wanna know how that happened?

Oh my, that's really red!

MAVIS

(*To GUSTY.*) Do we have a choice?

LES

Nah. But if you're good sports 'bout it, there's beers to be had. Gwen, bring 'em the usual.

GUSTY

You got it, Gusty.

GWEN

All right, Gusty. So what did ya do this time?

CLINT

Got in early today. On the beach and smilin' from ear to ear at 10:30 A.M. So whaddaya do when you're in that early?

GUSTY

Sleep?

MARILYN

Prep the lines for tomorrow?

MAVIS

Go home to your wife?

CELIA

Pull your pants up?

BARBARA

Take a swig of bourbon?

THE KID

No, no, no, maybe, and yes. But after the bourbon ya make balls. Cannonballs.

GUSTY

Aw, Gusty. You poured your own cannonballs again? I did that once. Shortened my season by three days.

LES

Had to make 'em. Lost a couple of mine out on the water today 'cause they got all tangled up on some rocks. So, I needed somewhere to set my cannonball mold, and I put

GUSTY

it right on a big five-gallon bucket sittin' in the middle of my garage. Then I got the molten lead all heated up and poured all of it into the mold.

CLINT

Wait. On a plastic bucket?

GUSTY

Yeah, and I couldn't believe it. The damn bucket melted, and the mold just split open and lead got all over the place! All over the floor of the garage and even on the bottom of my boots!

THE KID

Well, Gusty, it's official. You have lead feet.

LES

Nothin' we didn't already know from sharin' the ocean with you all these years.

MAVIS

But what about the burn on your leg?

GUSTY

Well, I got set up again after the mold cooled down. This time, I set the mold up on a couple of cinder blocks out in my storage shed.

CLINT

Better choice.

GUSTY

Yeah. So I go to pour, and I got this big duck-billed hat that I wore out fishin' today, and I leaned over the bucket of molten lead to check to make sure it was ready to pour, and some water rolled right off the bill of that hat into the lead. It kicked up so much steam and lead that it blew a hole clear through the ceiling of my shed!

THE KID

Aw, shoot, Gusty. You're lucky to escape that alive.

GUSTY

Yeah, but my leg was a bit too close to the bucket. Shot some hot lead and steam right up onto my pants.

THE KID

Could've been worse.

MAVIS

How?

THE KID

Could've been a bit higher on his leg.

BARBARA

Worse for who?

(GWEN re-enters with the drinks.)

LES

Gusty, ya gotta be careful around molten metals. But at least ya got a new pick-up line.

GWEN

Pick-up line? What's that, Gusty?

(GWEN serves the drinks.)

GUSTY

Aaaa . . . Hey baby, you make me melt like a plastic bucket?

LES

No, dummy. *(To GWEN.)* It's, "Hey darlin', you seem to be runnin' on empty. Can I fill you up with leaded or unleaded?"

THE KID

(Toasting.) To pourin' lead in the shed!

LES, MAVIS, GUSTY

To pourin' lead in the shed!

MAVIS

To good friends and good stories!

LES, GUSTY, THE KID

To good friends and good stories!

GUSTY

To fishin' and livin' the good life!

MAVIS, LES, THE KID

To fishin' and livin' the good life!

(Blackout.)

SCENE 10

(Lights up on the 2012 Blessing of the Fleet ceremony. The participants are all as they were at the closing of Act I.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

That concludes our program. I know I've said it every single year at the end of this ceremony, but I'm gonna say it again. You cannot go into that ocean and not believe in a superior being of some sort. You sit out on that ocean alone in your dory, and you know there's something greater than you out there. I want everyone to be safe this season, and I thank you all for coming.

EMILY

That was really nice, Grandpa.

THE KID

I'm glad you enjoyed it, sweetie. You did a fine job with your presentation. Why don't you go help them break down the flower arrangement so we can put some on our vessel.

(They exit. LES and GUSTY, both much grayer, enter slowly.)

THE KID

Les! Gusty! I didn't expect you two fat fleters to make it up to P.C. this summer.

LES

Well, can't keep us away from here for too long. Besides, we heard your granddaughter was gonna be a princess this year. Wanted to make it out to show our support.

GUSTY

Thought this was an American port. What's this world comin' to, lettin' Ukrainians be princesses.

THE KID

You two look really good. That Arizona weather is treating you right. The desert air must be dryin' out your salty bones!

GUSTY

Yeah, it's a good place to retire, but the fishin' sucks there.

THE KID

God, it's good to see you guys. Hey Emily, come over here for a second.

(EMILY reenters carrying flowers.)

EMILY

What is it Grandpa?

THE KID

Emily, you probably haven't seen these guys since you were just a baby, but these are my good friends Les and Gusty. This guy (*Gesture to LES.*) pulled me outta the water my first day out and taught me everything I know about dory fishing. And this guy (*Gesture to GUSTY.*) taught me what NOT to do.

GUSTY

You're damn right I did!

EMILY

It is very nice to see both of you. I've heard so many great stories about you guys from my grandpa.

LES

Well, thank you sweetheart. And you did a great job with your speech up there.

GUSTY

You helpin' to lay the flowers this year?

EMILY

Yeah, and I think they're about ready to go.

LES

(*To THE KID.*) How's about takin' two old timers out with you?

THE KID

Of course, of course. But one condition — no guns on board!

GUSTY

Yeah. (*Looking at LES.*) I second that!

THE KID

All right you old salts, let's go say "hi" to Handy.

(*Stage to Black.*

*ON SCREEN: Video and images of flowers being loaded into or on boats, around the rock, and in the surf.
Final Blackout.)*