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65. EXT. WATER. DAY.

Trish activates the sprinkler system along the exposed racks of oysters at high tide.

Across the way, Brownie, Mumbles and Jack watch while they mend nets.

MUMBLES

She's got the sprinklers on.

BROWNIE

I can see that.

MUMBLES

They're going to die if you leave them out here for much longer.

BROWNIE

They're insulated.

MUMBLES

That's four years work sitting out there baking in that heat. Four years hard slog. You think I like standing by? Watching you lose your crop because you're too bloody stubborn to admit she's got a good idea for once.

BROWNIE

They've got a good layer of mud.

MUMBLES.

They're getting stressed son. They're going to die.

BROWNIE

That's not what you said yesterday.

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MUMBLES

It wasn't forty odd degrees
yesterday was it?

BROWNIE

Listen to me, once we decide we
start watering them, there's no
going back, you know that.

MUMBLES

I simply think we should follow
her lead.

BROWNIE

No.

MUMBLES

She's got a good nose for it.

BROWNIE

I make the decisions round here.
Not you. Not her.

MUMBLES

Then you're a bloody fool.

BROWNIE

And you're a fucking fruitcake.
So leave it alone.

Brownie storms off down the boat.

LATER

The sun beats down.

They wait.

Jack takes Disprin and slaps suncream on his nose and
shoulders. He offers Mumbles some but the old man shakes his
head in disgust.

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The oysters appear to be drying up. The tension builds.

JACK

Who's she working for again?

MUMBLES

Old man Peterson. He wanted out
but couldn't sell up. Everyone
said it was bad ground.

Suddenly Brownie snaps.

BROWNIE

Well, don't just sit there you
two fanning your balls, give me a
hand!