

EXT. WATERMAN RESIDENCE - TWILIGHT

Blood-red horizon and an old weathered cape. Gray cedar clapboards, some missing, stolen by Atlantic gales. Lobster traps and a Ford F-150 filled with buoys, parked on the lawn.

Taurus pulls in. Kyle emerges.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERMAN RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Oak table. Frozen dinners. MAYNARD WATERMAN, late forties, exhausted from a long day at sea, flips through a backlog of mail with a jaded look of indifference.

But then, pupils lock-up hard on something:

"Harvard."

It's addressed to his son, Kyle.

Respiration ceases. Brows twitch. Symptoms of fear and intimidation.

KYLE'S VOICE

(out of nowhere)

Hi dad.

Maynard peers up, startled, flipping the envelope face down, sliding another on top.

MAYNARD

Where you been? Had to make my own dinner.

KYLE

We were up at the sand pit.

MAYNARD

Who's we?

KYLE

Trent. Trent and I.

MAYNARD

Look at me when I'm talking to you.

Maynard probes his eyes -- an indictment looming.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

And Donny?

KYLE
Haven't seen him.

MAYNARD
He didn't show up at the docks this
mornin'. Rusty went ballistic.
Had to go short-handed.

KYLE
Probably sick or something.

Maynard leans back, dubious sigh.

MAYNARD
Yeah. I'll bet.
(nods)
Grab yourself a frozen dinner and
pull up a chair.

KYLE
No time. Busing tables tonight.

MAYNARD
Two jobs is too much. I need you
on the boat. You'll make twice --

KYLE
Dad --

Eyes meet. Something tense. Something taboo.

KYLE (CONT'D)
It's not for me and you know that.

Kyle goes to leave, looks back, having noticed the envelopes.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Any mail for me? Been waiting for
something important.

His father stares at him for a very good moment, then:

MAYNARD
Just bills.

EXT. ROCKTIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Modern building over saltwater pilings. Ocean beneath.
Luxury cars and non-resident plates.

Kyle dashes INTO FRAME and disappears into a side door.

CUT TO: