

A Young Man/Woman approaches Herbert and Ron/Juan.

YOUNG MAN

This storm is awful! I rarely complain but this is unsafe! I refuse to pull in any more oysters or clams until the storm passes!

HERBERT

Oy, my boy! Yoi's an oystah hoistah, moistah! We employed ya to complay with the joyb, no mattah how moist the coist is. So aloign ya behoind with the rest of the loin before we're foiced to foiyah you oise!

YOUNG MAN

You can't make us work in these conditions!

RON / JUAN

Ain't no woalk in the poahk to woahk the hwabahs o Bwoaston, we twald ya when we stwahted.

YOUNG MAN

I refuse!

RON / JUAN

If we don't hwaul awall the mwoalluscs befwoah tomwowah, it'll cwoase the mwoakats to fwaltah! We'll be in a whoale lwoata trwoable and it'll be aoall owah fwaults.

YOUNG MAN

Fuck the markets!

RON / JUAN

Fwuack the mwackets?

YOUNG MAN

It's not right Ron! Wait, is your name Ron or Juan?

RON / JUAN

Wan.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG MAN

Right... But how much do you think
a HUMAN life is worth, huh?

RON / JUAN

Out here abwout fowah hundred and
fwo-rtty fwoar dwollahs a jwob."

YOUNG MAN

Jeez!!

HERBERT

Oy! Listen wise goy, ya stwoting
to be a big ol' boil on my oise. Ya
gonna make me shout til my voice is
hoise? Woydya decoyde to join the
oystah hoistah in foist place?

YOUNG MAN

So I could become a fisherman! So I
could do things the RIGHT WAY! So I
could make the fishing industry
safe for everyone!

HERBERT

Hold ya hoises, Moises. Foist and
Foimoist, don't loi tah yerself
like ya some croicodile in the
Noil, in denoil, for the love of
Croiminy. The woyld is a big
cloistah-fuck and I won't be
disjointed by some hoity-toity
boisterous boy from Joisey.

YOUNG MAN

How do you know?

RON / JUAN

Because that's how life woahks. For
instance, Herbert and I were bwoth
boahn without a pwaht of ouwah
vwocal cwoahds in our eswophagus
and can't pronounce owah owas.

YOUNG MAN

Pronounce your what?

RON / JUAN

Owah owas.

YOUNG MAN

What?

(CONTINUED)

RON / JUAN

Owah owas!

YOUNG MAN

I'm not....

HERBERT

Oy! Oy ois!

YOUNG MAN

Huh?

HERBERT

Oy ois!!

The Young Man still isn't getting it.

HERBERT

Joimpin jehoisafoints! OY OIS!

YOUNG MAN

Your Rs?

HERBERT & RON/JUAN

RWOIGHT!!

HERBERT

Oi wointed be a foicloisah lowyah:
Hoiboit Parkah. Attoiney at Loi.

RON / JUAN

And I wanted tah be a fwoiya
fwoiytah. My fwihst day on the jwob
I twoid ta wahn the othah
fwoya-fwoytahs there was a fwoyah
in the fwoya-house!! I mwusta
hwollahed for swolid quahtah of an
hwouah. "Fwoya! Fwoya!" I hwollahed
and hwollahed. Fwoinally they
realized I wasn't twalking about a
"Foiyah" -- the fwont lwobby of a
building. By then it was too late
and they all swoffocwated and
dwoid.

HERBERT

I was oistracoised for not being
able to foim woids. I couldn't take
the toytchah and loightah any
loingah. Oivah and oivah, doy after
doy. Of coise, without recoise, I
choise tah move my oise to the only
ploice on the coist where I'd fit
in:

(CONTINUED)

HERBERT & RON/JUAN
BOISTON.

RON / JUAN
The land of the vvocally retwahded.
Developmentally, too. This is where
we belwong awll awlong.

YOUNG MAN
Really? You weren't able to change?
To overcome?

RON / JUAN
The world is a wicked whiley ol'
whowah.

The Young Man sighs and looks away.

HERBERT
We don't mean to spoil yah joy of
the woild, but it's a tough woild
full of toil and turmoil and aoill
koinds of doisappointmoint. But,
boy, ya employed to go hoist
oystahs and loybstahs, moistcha or
no moistcha. We ain't gonna
extoiytcha or foice yah to hoista
'em if it ain'tcha choice tah.

YOUNG MAN
Okay, I'll get back to work...

RON / JUAN
Hward to understand, that one.