

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

HOPPY

Maybe it's for the best, man.  
She was too rich for your blood.

Bobby speeds up suddenly, shooting out like a bullet and disappears in the tangle of boardwalk strollers. Hoppy shrugs and skates dejectedly back to the crowd

60 INT. THE ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

60

It's shuttered, deadly quiet -- somehow sad. There's a NOISE at a side door and Bobby enters, putting a plastic card in his pocket. He skates on the darkened floor, slowly at first, then faster and faster and faster, working off his angry frustration.

As he passes the dark D.J. booth, a small work light snaps on. Bumper peers against the glass, half-way through a bottle of scotch -- He lifts the mike.

BUMPER (V.O.)

(amplified)

Who's that? Get the hell offa  
my floor!

His head falls to the console and he passes out. Bobby skates around and goes inside, lifting Bumper's head and placing a seat pillow under it. Bumper mumbles apologies, seeing it's Bobby.

61 INT. THE BOOTH

61

as Bobby looks out on the dark arena, shaking his head.

BOBBY

They got everything. All the  
juice they need to get things  
done. Only, they don't understand  
when somethin' means more to a  
person than money...

He puts the bottle out of reach, folds the contract and sticks it in Bumper's pocket.

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