

FROM "CHOPS"

PHILLY

Hey, we gotta go back there one of these days. Be a nice place to retire. I been thinking about that. Just walk away. I love what I'm doing. I love the action. Last four five months have been just about the most exciting of my life. But I'm getting too old for this. You know what I got my eye on? A Cape Dory. Forty-eight footer. Guy in St. Pete is selling it. Seventy-two G's. I'm thinking maybe buying it. Get out of all this. Start a little business. Sailing classes or something. A box lunch sailing adventure! How does that sound? Couple hundred bucks a head. Four or five people at a time. Go out for what? Ten to two? Few days a week? Shit. Make three, four grand easy. Nice town, St. Pete. A lot of old money down there. They got this incredible hotel! Straight out of the twenties! It's been boarded up for years, but there's these guys who want to re-open it. They want me as a partner. Reminds me of the old Edgewater Beach Hotel. A real palace! They got this ballroom. Stars on the ceiling. Like the Aragon. Can you imagine that, huh, if they re-opened it? Ballroom dancing! And it's right near the water. (*He sways, dancing a few steps with an imaginary partner.*) Ocean breezes through the windows. Sounds of the surf mixing with the sounds of the orchestra