

Iron Maven: Ruthless, Ruthless, Ruthless.

Bliss Cavendar: [*hesitatingly*] Maven, Maven, Maven?

Iron Maven: Hey, guess how old I am.

Bliss Cavendar: [*guessing*] 27?

Iron Maven: [*not at all touched*] Oh, that's sweet. I'm 36. Guess when I started skating. I was 31. 'Cause it took me that long to find one thing that I was really good at.

[*Iron Maven stands, staring intently at Bliss*]

Iron Maven: And you know what? I worked my ass off to get it.

Bliss Cavendar: [*nervously*] Yeah, me too.

Iron Maven: [*smirks briefly*] It's too bad you're only 17.

[*Bliss stares in shock*]

Iron Maven: What do you think the league is gonna say when they find that out? Or your teammates, when they find out you've been lying? That's gonna be rough.

Bliss Cavendar: [*pleading desperately*] Maven, please, look...

Iron Maven: [*cutting her off*] No, you look. One day it will be your time, Ruthless, but it's not your time now. And if I was you, I wouldn't even bother lacing up those skates.

[*Iron Maven walks away, and Bliss hangs her head and cries*]

Bliss Cavendar: Fuck.