

62 CONTINUED:

62

TERRY

Bobby, don't...please...

BOBBY

Ah, what the hell -- you and me...

What a pair, huh? The princess — *over much*
and the pauper...

She skates to him, reaching out. He backs up a step. She moves closer and takes him in her arms and holds on tightly.

TERRY

I love you, Bobby -- even if it's
just for a little while.

He skates with her, easy, moving slowly around the rink in the dark, arms around each other.

63 INT. THE D.J. BOOTH

63

Bumper grumbles drunkenly and shifts position. His hand falls, flicking a switch on the keyboard. In the rink, WE can SEE the mirrored globe begin turning -- and a spot light clicking on, sprinkling balls of light over the floor like magical images. Terry and Bobby glide by, oblivious to everything but each other.

Bumper's hand drops further, falling on the recording levers. A tape plugs in automatically. DREAMLIKE MUSIC fills the rink.

64 TERRY AND BOBBY

64

glide in a fantasy world of lights and music in the empty rink, alone in their own world. WE FOLLOW their dance, suspended from reality, and when it's over, they embrace in a lingering kiss...that is suddenly interrupted by a loud blast of ROCK MUSIC.

Both skate to the booth, hands over their ears. —

65 INT. THE BOOTH

65

Bumper sleeps soundly, the cotten sticking from his ears.

(CONTINUED)