

"ROLLER BOOGIE"

by

Barry Schneider

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2nd Revision
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

1

It appears to be very early morning. Papers blow in the breeze. A lone dog wanders past. The stores are shuttered. Not a soul is in sight.

The MUSIC comes UP, almost monochromatic. Then, a DRUM BEAT behind, as if ready to explode. Suddenly...

A SKATER

zooms INTO the CAMERA, from out of nowhere -- spins, boogies to the CRASH of MUSIC, beginning the TITLE CREDITS -- perhaps the first letter "R" moving in sync to the skater as he boogies...

TWO MORE SKATERS

zoom in, twirling, stepping to the beat, which is becoming livelier. More letters of the TITLE flash in pulsing rhythm.

NOW THREE SKATERS

spin INTO the CAMERA -- do their thing. More TITLES flash. All the skaters dance to the building rhythm...

ANOTHER SKATER

then another, and another, and finally a MAN in an outrageous bear suit advertising the BIG BOOGIE CONTEST. PULL BACK to take in the crowd of skaters as the TITLES flash in rhythm above them. The MUSIC BUILDS. WE PULL BACK more to take in the...

BOARDWALK

coming alive. Stores are opening. Skaters, bicyclists, kids, dogs, blacks, whites, browns emerging from the alleys, the beach...filling the boardwalk with rocking people moving to the big beat, and, as CREDITS END, WE go to...

2 A BLACK SCREEN - NO SOUND

2

Then the CLICK of a CLOCK RADIO and a D.J. comes on:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Hello, L.A. It's nine o'clock in
the bee-ut-ti-full morning!
Whattya gonna do today -- hmmm?
Go to the park, lie on the grass?
Stay home and smoke it, hmmm?
Look at the wall and do noth-ing?
Is that your day, people?

As the radio VOICE continues OVER the actions, the black
screen becomes a...

3 MIRRORED CLOSET DOOR

3

swinging open. TERRY LYN BARKLEY stands in her night-
gown, deciding. She pulls down a few outrageous skating
outfits from the very well stocked closet, trying to make
up her mind...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

I know what I'd do if I wasn't
chained to this here sweat box,
people... I'd jump in my wheels...
jive onto the Santa Monica
Freeway...jam off at Lincoln
Bool-e-ward...tool on down Ocean
Park, yeah... Turn myself right
at Washington...put on my ve-ry
heav-y wide wheel skates... And
boogie on down boardwalk! Yeah!

The MUSIC HITS, and as Terry selects her outfit, moving
to the beat, WE MOVE IN and...

STAY TIGHT

as she puts on her skating clothes: The gleam of satin
shorts, the cut of the halter top...everything slick and
shiny. The make-up, eyes, mouth, face...the hair; per-
fect, a knockout.

Now the check of the elaborate \$300 wide wheel skates.
Everything just so... And, as WE PULL BACK to...

TERRY

standing full figure in the mirror, posing, moving to
the beat, she stops, satisfied; a real fox. She shuts
the mirror door -- shuts the radio and and WE PICK her
UP in the...

4 HALLWAY

4

pulling on a pair of levi cutoffs over the satin briefs, zipping her skate case -- stopping to primp for a beat. A deep breath, a more lady-like posture, and she goes down the stairs easy and graceful. The maid, Ada, is on the way up with clean linen.

TERRY

Good morning, Ada.

ADA

Miss Terry.

TERRY

Everybody up?

ADA

In the dining room.

As the maid passes, Terry jumps the steps four at a time, careening down to the bottom and into the...

5 DINING ROOM

5

where she once more walks, lady-like, into the luxurious room overlooking the garden and pool.

ROGER BARKLEY, her father, sits in his three piece suit and tie, very proper, very distinguished, very attorney-looking, reading the Wall Street Journal. LILLIAN BARKLEY, open-faced, smiling, butters Roger's toast, shoving it under the paper.

LILLIAN

Toast coming under, Roger.
(to Terry)

Good morning, lovey...juice?

Terry stands drinking the juice. Roger never looks up from his Journal; Lillian resumes reading the New York Times fashion section. Terry watches them both, so absorbed in their own world.

TERRY

(matter-of-factly)

I thought I'd go down to the beach and commit suicide.

LILLIAN

That's nice, Lovey. Have a good day.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

She turns pages; Roger turns pages. Terry waits a beat, shrugs, finishes her juice, kisses her mother's cheek, moves the Journal aside to kiss her father's cheek.

Both kiss the air where she no longer is. WE FOLLOW Terry out of the dining room, where passes the same maid entering with a coffee pot.

TERRY

(cont'd; to Ada)

If anybody's looking for me, I'll
be at the city morgue.

She exits, leaving the maid with a perplexed expression.

ADA

Kids... Humph!

The maid goes in and pours for the oblivious Barkleys.

6 EXT. THE GARAGE - DAY

6

A Mercedes is parked next to a Rolls Royce. Terry enters the carport, and it appears as if she will get into one of the cars. She seems to disappear below the window line and all is quiet.

Then the CLICK of a RADIO and the same announcer's voice:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Yeah, yeah, yeah -- I got what
you want! It's a brand new day,
so get on your way... This is
Southern California and there is
nothing like it in the world!!
All right!

OVER the MUSIC, we hear the ROAR of twin glasspack MUFFLERS.

ANGLE ON THE DRIVEWAY

Terry peels out in a gleaming, candy appled, pearlescent Excalibur convertible, top down, hair blowing, MUSIC on.

7 INT. THE EXCALIBUR - TRAVELLING SHOT - DAY

7

Looking through the windshield as Terry taps the receiver of a car telephone to the beat, WE SEE JUDY BLOOMGARDEN standing on the curb, waving wildly as if she has to go to the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Terry pulls over. Judy throws her skates in back and climbs over the door, smiling brightly -- a boy crazy, lovable klutz. Judy bounces to the beat and turns it up.

JUDY

All right!

Terry guns it and they take off, music blasting.

8 EXT. A BEVERLY HILLS STREET - DAY

8

LANA ELWOOD impatiently checks her watch and hefts her custom made skate case.

Terry pulls up and Lana rolls her eyes affectedly.

LANA

It's about time.

She goes to step in the car with her queenly manner. Terry smiles at Judy and takes off, dumping Lana in the back seat. They laugh and the beat goes on.

9 EXT. VENICE BEACH - WASHINGTON BLVD. PARKING LOT - DAY

9

The Excalibur enters the lot and "aces out" a tourist for a space. The girls jump out, leaning on the car to put on their skates -- happy, excited to be young, free and into the scene.

A skater passes with a BLASTING RADIO that picks up the music, and as they finish tying their skates, they all head for the...

10 BOARDWALK - SMASH CUT

10

MUSIC comes UP like a pile driver in this insanely joyous, totally California experience. Nothing else in the world is like Venice Boardwalk on a summer day -- two thousand or more people, skating, dancing, bicycling, acrobats, clowns, surfers, beautiful girls...and overshadowing everything are the...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

DISCO SKATERS

weaving, floating, twirling, whirling -- in pairs, groups, doing their thing to the big beat. It's an overwhelming scenario, an incredibly infectious, rhythmic high. As WE PAN the crowd, WE PICK UP ON...

TERRY, JUDY AND LANA

skating through, getting hit on by guys. Terry's attitude is polite smiles; Judy could love them all; Lana is "above" the whole thing.

As WE TRACK them through the crowd, and the MUSIC FADES, WE PICK UP ON and FOLLOW...

PHONES

a young black who skates like he's on anti-gravity pills. Phones wears these earphones which are connected to a monstrous radio/tape machine. So long has Phones worn these earphones, he no longer hears with his ears, but has become an accomplished lip reader.

WE STAY WITH Phones as he boogies his way to...

~~MAD MARVIN'S SKATE RENTAL EMPORIUM~~ → *CHERRY SKATE*

where a bunch of kids and tourists crowd around. Big Boogie posters are plastered on the walls. Phones skates to the side door, leaning in over the edge.

11 INT. MAD MARVIN'S

11

BOBBY JAMES works, getting sizes, handing out wheels to the customers.

PHONES

Hey, hey -- Bobby J.

BOBBY

What's shakin', Phones?

Bobby thumb/palm shakes with Phones. Phones holds up a cassette tape with a hand lettered title.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

PHONES

Only the latest sound goin'
around, baby.

BOBBY

(as he works)

Where'd you get it? That hasn't
even been released.

Phones concentrates on reading Bobby's lips, then grins
and holds up the microphone from the monster machine.

PHONES

Delivered sandwiches to a
recordin' session. You want an
earfull?

Bobby nods, but goes on working the customers, most of
whom are girls ogling his dark good looks. Bobby remains
cool about it all, doing his job, getting skates, etc.

While Phones fiddles with his machine, putting in the tape,
a Latino girl skates up. CHIQUIE is all dressed in yel-
low...yellow skates, yellow jersey. Around her waist is
a girdle of bananas, a skirt of fruit. She slaps Phones
on the back, friendly like.

CHIQUIE

'Ey, Phones, how jou doin'?

Chiquie leans over the counter and pulls on Bobby's shirt.

CHIQUIE

(cont'd)

Booby, baby -- len' me a wrench.
My nuts are loose.

Bobby tosses her a wrench. She tightens her skate wheel
as Phones hits the tape button and the MUSIC BLASTS.
Chiquie begins moving while bent over...a dark haired
"Charro."

CHIQUIE

(cont'd)

Ayyyyyyy! Dance with me, Booby!

Bobby grins, shakes his head.

BOBBY

Gotta work, Chiquie.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

CHIQUIE

C'mon, Booby, a little chica boom,
chica boom-boom!

She taunts him to come out and dance. Everybody applauds. Even Mad Marvin nods for him to go on. Bobby nods and the girls squeal as he leaps over the counter, gracefully, landing...

12 OUTSIDE MAD MARVIN'S

12

Chiquie moves back, boogieing to the beat. Bobby moves to her, really getting into the dance. Chiquie screams with delight. The crowd encircles them, clapping, whistling.

TERRY, LANA AND JUDY

move into the circle, watching Bobby dance. Judy is gaga as she is over any good looking guy. Lana is cool, but attentive. But, Terry, WE can SEE, is fascinated with Bobby and his moves; though when Judy notices, Terry shakes it off as disinterest.

Chiquie drops out, laughing too hard. Bobby grabs another girl -- a quick dance and he spins her out for another... Then he grabs Judy, who could actually die, he's so handsome.

When Bobby reaches for Terry, she pulls back. The crowd eggs her on to dance, but Terry refuses... Bobby takes her hand again.

BOBBY

(over the music)

C'mon, it's easy --

Terry backs off, almost angry, pulling from Bobby's hand. Their eyes lock for that moment...then the MUSIC ENDS. Everyone groans. Terry looks at Bobby, and skates off across the boardwalk. Judy and Lana follow.

BOBBY

stands watching Terry cross the boardwalk, then stop to talk with a few collegiate types. Bobby's staring is interrupted when he's grabbed from behind in a headlock by a big bruiser of a guy on skates. We've seen "GORDO" GORDON in the crowd.

GORDO

Your money or your life, punk.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Another kid skates around as Bobby is being headlocked. HOPPY KASSADAY pulls out a switchblade and holds it to Bobby's throat, then flicks it... It opens into a comb.

HOPPY

How'd you like your neck permanent waved?

He flicks the comb teeth under Bobby's neck. Bobby ignores them and looks across the boardwalk, talking while being choked by Gordo:

BOBBY

You guys know that chick?

Hoppy and Gordo both turn to look at...

TERRY

who steals a glance at them, then looks quickly away.

BACK TO BOBBY

as Gordo still holds him around the neck. Hoppy is looking at Terry as is Bobby.

HOPPY

You mean -- "Don't touch me, you brute?" I saw her pull up before in a nine million dollar car over at the parking lot...

GORDO

(still headlocking)

Yeah, must be a rink skater from Beverly Hills...

HOPPY

No rinks in Beverly Hills, only minks.

Bobby is trying to signal Gordo to let go as he chokes him. Phones taps Gordo's arm.

PHONES

He's turning blue, man.

GORDON

Huh? Oh, yeah... Sorry, Bobby.

He lets go and Bobby sinks to the ground, then gets up and punches Gordo in the stomach, very hard.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Gordo hardly blinks, pulls a hero sandwich from his pocket and begins eating happily. Bobby shakes his hand in pain and climbs back into Mad Marvin's to work.

13 INT. MAD MARVIN'S

13

Bobby pulls down skates for customers, but looks across the boardwalk to Terry. Hoppy leans on the counter trying to interest some young thing in skating when he notices Bobby's staring. He turns to look at Terry.

HOPPY

C'mon, forget it, Bobby -- she's out of your league...

PHONES

(leaning nearby)

Only league she's in is Ivy League.

Bobby nods, but something about Terry's face will not let him go. And as WE CLOSE in ON...

TERRY

still talking to the collegiate types, she glances at Bobby, laughs animatedly for the boys she's with and as the loud ROCK MUSIC from the boardwalk FADES, Terry's features seem to blend into...

TERRY AGAIN

as if coming out of a dream. The rock music has FADED to a BACH FUGUE. WE PULL BACK on Terry as she lifts a flute to her mouth and begins playing, quite magnificently.

14 EXT. THE GARDEN - TERRY'S HOME - DAY

14

WE'RE PANNING the grounds. Three MEN and Roger rehearse in the garden, in shirt sleeves and ties, playing bass, violin, viola. And Terry, in the lead, flouting.

LILLIAN BARKLEY

presides over the small circle of WIVES sitting on the veranda near the pool. The baroque music drifts over them pleasantly as they sip cocktails served by the maid.

Sitting nearby, but closer to Terry is...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FRANKLIN POTTER

college age son of one of the wives; the long time "social match between the mothers" arranged for Terry. He's snob-bishly handsome, with a roving eye; which is now roving to Terry's legs, neatly crossed as she plays.

TERRY

almost feels Franklin's eyes and pulls down her skirt, missing a musical beat, to Roger's annoyance.

THE GUESTS

sip and talk over the music. Franklin walks to his MOTHER, standing behind her chair. She takes his hand.

MRS. POTTER

My Franklin and your Theresa.
Our two geniuses.

Franklin smiles, squeezing his mother's hand. Everyone turns adoringly to...

TERRY

who waits her cue. WE can SEE the matrons smiling. Terry smiles back weakly. Franklin leers lasciviously. She's being viewed like meat in a window and knows it. Her cue comes up and she begins playing.

15 EXT. THE GARDEN - LATER

15

The musicians walk with Roger by the pool, talking. Terry sits primly in her dress, a bit antsy with the matrons. Franklin is now behind her chair, his hand on her shoulder, sneaking down for a quick grab of boob. Terry smiles bravely and lifts his hand up higher, trying to concentrate on the gossipy chatter.

ROGER

walks into the circle of women with the men, very involved in conversation:

MUSICIAN #1

The London School -- definitely.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

MUSICIAN #2

For her brand of genius, Roger,
there's only the Paris Conservatory.

ROGER

We've decided to accept the
Julliard scholarship...
(they congratulate him)
Lillian and I can pop over, stay
in the Hamptons -- pick up a few
things in Manhattan, see Theresa
and be back here in a jiffy.

Terry appears distinctly uncomfortable being discussed
in third person anonymous. She smiles bravely as Franklin
pops around getting chairs set for three men, making sure
his is pressed against Terry's.

FRANKLIN

Father -- Mister Barkley.

The men nod and sit. Franklin sits next to Terry, who
tries to avoid his pressing thigh against hers. Lillian
leans to Roger, interrupting his conversation.

LILLIAN

(whispers)
Don't they make a wonderful couple?

ROGER

Lillian -- I'm talking!
(back to musicians)
...Had this stradivarius -- only
seventy thousand -- A steal...

Lillian looks at her daughter and Franklin together, just
sensing the wedding bells.

FAVOR FRANKLIN AND TERRY

as the maid offers them a tray of french pastries to go
with the coffee being handed out by Lillian. As the
maid turns, Franklin's hand snakes up Terry's thigh like
quicksilver. Terry yelps, goes straight up into the pastry
tray and leaves Franklin with a lap full of hot coffee,
gooey cream puff and and eclair quivering on his crotch.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

TERRY

Oh!... Oh, I'm...I'm sorry...
He...grabbed my...

Franklin is dancing with pastry between his legs.
Terry reaches to brush him off. Flustered by the strategic location of the quiche, she hesitates and backs out of the circle.

TERRY

(cont'd; backing out)

Excuse me... He... He put his
hand on... It was an accident.

She turns and walks quickly into the house.

16 INT. THE HOUSE - LATER DAY

16

Terry carries her skate bag extra quietly through the hall. As she passes the outside door, we hear muffled conversation of the guests. Terry exits and into the...

17 GARAGE

17

under the shadowed carport, ever so quietly shutting the door, then turns, directly into the arms of...

FRANKLIN POTTER

who grabs her suddenly in a strong embrace. Terry lets out a short scream which is covered by him forcing a kiss on her lips...which she stops by dropping a twenty pound skate case on his bare foot, which causes him to hop around in pain. WE can SEE now, he wears a towel around his waist, under his blue blazer jacket and shirt.

TERRY

(controlled anger)

Would you just knock it off,
Franklin -- you've got more hands
than a poker championship.

Terry starts to walk to her car. He steps in her way, wincing from his foot.

FRANKLIN

Going slumming to the beach again?

She tries to ignore him by sidestepping. He moves with her.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

FRANKLIN

(cont'd)

Your mother thinks you're going
out with me tonight.

Terry moves again. He reaches for her. She slides under
his arm.

TERRY

Franklin, I'm not in the mood for
the octopus rally.

FRANKLIN

Terry, I need you... Your body
drives me crazy...

He corners her against the Rolls Royce.

TERRY

Barbie dolls drive you crazy --
Franklin, you're oversexed...
Stop it! Franklin!

In desperation, she grabs his towel, pulling it off.
Franklin goes into a deep crouch, covering his sex.
Shocked at first, Terry realizes she has not only the
towel, but the advantage. She tries not to laugh, but
he looks so dumb trying to hid himself.

FRANKLIN

Terry -- give me the towel...

Terry!

(no deal)

Terry, please -- my mother is
here.

TERRY

So what? It's no big thing.

Terry giggles and runs to her car, jumps in with her skate
case, starts up and drives out, waving the towel.

TERRY

Byeeeeeeee!

Halfway down the driveway, she lets go of the towel and
screeches off down the street.

FRANKLIN

leans out of the garage to see if anyone is around --
then pulling his blazer as low over his bare ass as pos-
sible, he runs down the drive to retrieve the towel.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

But, not fast enough to beat the family dog, who skids past, grabs the towel and takes off across the garden with Franklin in pursuit, trying to hide his shining posterior.

18 EXT. VENICE ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

18

Cars fill the lot. Kids walk, skate outside, meet, make-out, shoot the breeze, etc. MUSIC filters from inside. WE can SEE Bobby J., Hoppy and Gordo hitting on some girls.

Terry, Lana and Judy pull up in the Excalibur, glasspacks roaring. Everyone, including the boys, turns to them. Gordo saunters over to open the door with a mock, deep bow.

Judy giggles and gets out. Lana gives him the cold look. Gordo walks directly behind her on his skates, imitating Lana's stuck up walk. Bobby grabs Terry's skate case, and with as sincere a smile as he can muster, he hands it to her.

Terry nods politely, takes it and walks inside. Bobby watches after her until Hoppy nudges him hard in the ribs.

BOBBY

C'mon -- leave me alone, okay?

HOPPY

Bobby -- look at this car.

(Bobby looks)

Now, look at yourself.

(Bobby looks in mirror)

Three things that don't match...
you, that chick and these wheels.

BOBBY

(takes out a bill)

Five bucks says I skate with her
tonight.

Hoppy pulls out his wallet, opening the bill section, shuffling around.

HOPPY

You're on, sucker!

He slaps a piece of paper into Bobby's hand. Bobby looks at it.

BOBBY

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

HOPPY

My I.O.U. -- I'm good for it!

Bobby wads it up and bounces it off of Hoppy's forehead. He skates into the rink, ignoring the smiles and "helloes" of several girls coming out. Hoppy follows, trying to pick up on Bobby's cast-offs, not doing well. He shrugs and goes inside the rink after Bobby.

A DARK SEDAN

pulls into a parking slot. Two MEN get out, look around as if they are casing the place, talk into a car telephone (MOS) then head for the rink, looking unhappy. No matter how they disguise themselves with Hawaiian shirts and bermuda shorts, they still look like two goons, which they are. One of them, we can tell, is settling a shoulder holster under his loud print shirt.

They enter the rink, looking around suspiciously.

19 INT. VENICE RINK - NIGHT

19

Like out of a fantasy: Disco lighting, skaters whizzing around, incredible MUSIC over huge speakers. A whirling wonderland of dancing disco madness as the skaters really get down and do their numbers under the huge banners declaring the "BIG BOOGIE CONTEST."

DANCING BEAR

gets applause as he skates through with his Big Boogie flag. WE FOLLOW him to:

TERRY, JUDY AND LANA

sitting on the benches tying on their skates. Bear sits next to them, clowning around. They laugh with him and he gets up, skating off, doing spin turns after Terry kisses him.

From Terry's P.O.V., WE can SEE the rental booth and Phone's working, servicing the customers, boogieing to the music from his headset and his monster radio. Bobby leans on the counter, watching Terry, though she is unaware of him.

As the MUSIC ENDS, WE CUT AWAY to...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

THE D.J. BOOTH

where J.D. the D.J. weaves musical magic behind glass.
Skaters whiz by, waiting for the next set. J.D. jives on:

J.D.
(over loudspeakers)
Okay, my children! I know what
you want! You want to boogie!
Am I right!?

Every time J.D. shouts, "Am I right!?" everyone responds
from the rink with more enthusiasm. J.D. grins...

J.D.
(cont'd)
Then-leave-us-wind-it-up and-let-
it-go!

He hits the switch and the MUSIC POUNDS. The skaters go
wild, doing incredible routines.

BACK AT THE RENTAL BOOTH

Bobby watches Terry, although smiling at the girls who
pass, giving him the eye. The two goons have put on
their rental skates and are falling, skidding, holding
on, when one falls right into Bobby's arms. Bobby smiles
and helps him -- the goon sneers and pushes him off, like
skaters had a disease. Bobby shrugs and goes back to
watching Terry.

Phones notices Bobby staring at Terry and shakes his head
in dismay.

WE can SEE from this angle, a crowd of skaters who sud-
denly are falling like ten pins... Hoppy and Gordo zoom
by.

HOPPY
(shouting)
Clear the way -- Complete Control
is comin' through...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

ANGLE ON COMPLETE CONTROL CONWAY

A red-headed kid wearing a tee shirt that says "Complete Control Conway" is flailing the air, knocking over everything and everybody in his way as he skates like a windmill on the warpath. He's heading directly for Terry, who is now bent over, tying her laces.

BOBBY

takes off like a shot as "CC" Conway spins, flails, hits tables, poles, Dancing Bear, and is about to slam head on into...

TERRY

as she straightens up, unaware. Bobby streaks past, grabbing her around the waist. C.C. crashes into a railing, up and over and on top of a table full of hamburgers and cokes and into the lap of the two very unhappy goons.

CLOSER SHOT

Terry and Bobby wind up on a couch, she in his lap, he grinning, holding onto her waist.

TERRY

(shaken up)

What was that?

BOBBY

(still holding on)

That's not a what -- that's a who.
Complete Control Conway -- the one
man destruction derby.

Bobby relaxes, enjoying holding onto her. Terry looks at his arms.

TERRY

I'm fine.

BOBBY

You sure are.

TERRY

You can let go now.

BOBBY

I know.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

TERRY

Well, would you do it?

BOBBY

Not until you say you'll dance
with me.

Terry tries to get up. He holds on tight, smiling.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

I saved your life.

TERRY

(struggling to
get up)

I'll send you a check.

BOBBY

Yeah. You could probably afford it.

Giving up, she plops back down, on his stomach, knocking
out his wind. She sits there, defiantly uncomfortable,
on his belly.

BOBBY

(cont'd; gasping)

You're on my stomach.

TERRY

(now she grins)

I know.

BOBBY

Well, would you get off?

TERRY

Not until you say you'll dance
with me...

Bobby stops, blinks and looks up at her. She smiles.

BOBBY

You some kinda nut?

She gets up and offers him her hand. He takes it cau-
tiously as if she may bite him. Terry is still smiling
as they skate towards the rink railing.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

TERRY

You're the best skater on the boardwalk, true?

BOBBY

I don't know. I do okay.

TERRY

I want someone to teach me to disco skate. I'll pay five dollars an hour.

She reaches in her pocket, and takes out a five. Bobby stares at her in disbelief. She puts the five dollar bill in his hand and turns to go.

TERRY

(cont'd)

I'm going to freshen up. You wait here.

Bobby stands with the bill in his outstretched hand, dumbstruck. Hoppy skates by, takes the fiver on the run and calls back:

HOPPY

You ain't skatin' with her yet.

Bobby shakes it off and goes after Terry.

BOBBY

Say, look you...

Terry flashes him a winning smile as he skates alongside.

TERRY

Yes?

BOBBY

(stops short)

Something about this ain't right, y'know...?

She shrugs and goes into the Ladies Room. Bobby follows.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

Hey, wait a minute...

He disappears inside. A beat of silence.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (5)

19

Then, GIRLS' SCREAMS. Bobby is pushed out backwards on his skates by a very large GIRL. He leans against the wall, waiting, grumbling to himself. Terry skates out a moment later.

TERRY

Ready?

She holds out her hand to him.

BOBBY

This is all screwed up. I'm supposed to ask you if you wanna skate or somethin'...

TERRY

Okay. Ask.

BOBBY

(looks around)

You wanna skate or somethin'?

TERRY

(in mimic)

Sure -- I wanna skate or somethin'.

She takes his hand, leading him onto the floor. Bobby is still unsure who is doing what to whom and how.

TERRY AND BOBBY

wait with the other skaters for the music to begin. WE can SEE C.C. Conway knocking over girls as he tries to make it onto the floor.

J.D. (V.O.)

(from the booth)

Okay, children -- let's get down!

The MUSIC hits like a solid wall. The skaters go wild. Bobby skates backwards, doing some moves for Terry to perform. She holds back, not understanding the attention she's getting from being with Bobby. He's pantomiming for her to let go -- let it happen.

CLOSE IN AND FAVOR TERRY AND BOBBY

He takes her around, skating style. She stiffens

BOBBY

Relax.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (6)

19

She does, a little.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

Okay, when I say ready...just
unweight.

They skate around, and in a sudden move, Bobby reaches back and lifts Terry up and on his shoulders like a flying windmill. Terry is shocked for a beat, screams, then realizes she is spinning, perfectly controlled and poised. She begins laughing, enjoying the sensation as Bobby flips her upside down and back to the floor. Everyone passing applauds.

WIDER SHOTS

Terry loosens up as Bobby provides the incentive for more, until they are skating and doing moves that even surprise Terry -- which surprises, Bobby, because she is better than he had expected.

Hoppy skates by, handing off the same fiver to Bobby, then catching up to Gordo, who is trying to put the make on Lana and Judy. Judy keeps smiling at them both and getting Lana's elbow in her ribs for encouraging them.

WE FOLLOW Terry and Bobby through the musical number then as they skate off when the MUSIC ENDS. Hoppy and Gordo are still going after Lana and Judy, getting nowhere.

AT THE SKATE RENTAL BOOTH

Phones still bops and works behind the counter next to a heavy set, bulky man, BUMPER DELANY, the rink owner. He has plugs of cotton sticking from his ears as he counts money from the cash box.

Bobby skates up with Terry. His rubber stopper is loose.

BOBBY

Gimme a screw driver, Phones.

(to Terry)

What's your name, kid?

TERRY

(smiles)

Theresa...Terry Barkley.

Bobby grabs Bumper around the neck affectionately and pulls out a cotton plug. Bumper winces from the sudden noise, but keeps on counting.

BUMPER

Sixty-eight, sixty-nine...Bobby you know what that music does to my poor ears.

BOBBY

Terry Barkley -- Bumper Delany.

(Bumper nods, counts)

She needs anything, In'm good for it.

Bumper shakes Terry's hand like a mixmaster. Bobby lifts Terry's leg and fixes her stopper, admiring her leg.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

(cont'd)

This one's as nice as the other.

(beat)

This old man here was eight times national champion — fastest man through the pack on skates...

BUMPER

"Til they took my kneecap apart in six places. Skating has changed since I was a top jammer... ~~Couldn't follow you kids... anyway...~~

He sticks the cotton back in, shakes his head smiling and goes back to counting. Terry looks quizzically at Bobby.

19 CONTINUED: (9)

19

TERRY

Top jammer?

BOBBY

Y' know, roller derby.

TERRY

(big oh yeah)

Ohhh! Sure. My folks watch it every night.

Bobby smiles confidently, sure of his moves. Terry takes her leg down.

Bobby leans over the counter to replace the screw driver and when he looks up, Terry has skated across the aisle towards Judy and Lana.

BOBBY

Hey, Terry...wait up.

TERRY

stops and turns.

TERRY

Thanks for the dance, "kid."

She turns and goes to skate off. Bobby is muddled for a beat, then calls her again.

BOBBY

You still got forty-five minutes left.

She smiles at him.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

And my name ain't kid -- it's Bobby -- Bobby James!

TERRY

(over her shoulder)

Keep the change, Bobby James.

BOBBY

Stands watching her, his shoulders slumped. He looks miffed and disappointed. Hoppy skates up with Gordo, who drapes himself on Bobby's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (10)

19

Everyone watches Terry, who is now with Lana and Judy, talking to some tall, clean cut types wearing Westwood outfits.

GORDO

It just goes to show ya...

(primps his hair
with Hoppy's comb)

Good looks don' stand for nuthin'
any more.

Hoppy grabs his switchblade comb from Gordo's hand and cleans it on his jeans, making a face. Bobby watches Terry, shakes his head and takes out the fiver, holding it up for Hoppy.

HOPPY

What's this for -- you made it
with her.

BOBBY

No way -- I didn't earn my full
hour.

He stuffs the money in Hoppy's shirt and skates off. The two boys look at each other in confusion. Gordo grabs the fiver from Hoppy's pocket and skates fast towards the snack stand, shouting:

GORDO

Four burgers -- hurry up!

Hoppy chases after him, fighting for the money.

WE STAY WITH the skaters, Dancing Bear and C.C. Conway, and their routines and the loud music in the rink as WE FADE BACK TO...

20 EXT. TERRY'S HOME - SWIMMING POOL AREA - DAY

20

The MUSIC picks UP over an outdoor stereo system. In the pool, Judy Bloomgarden floats on a tube-like affair, feet straight up, insane sunglasses on, sipping a drink. Lana, looking positively voluptuous in a bikini, does her toenails by the pool edge.

Terry lies on the lounge in a bikini, staring at the clouds, daydreaming. Ada, the maid, comes from the house.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

ADA

Anything else, Miss Terry?

TERRY

(rolling over)

Nothing, Ada, thanks. My folks
get home yet?

Ada looks at Terry with hurt eyes, and cleans up the lunch
dishes.

ADA

Child, didn't they tell you?
They left for the Palm Springs
house for the weekend?

Terry's expression saddens -- she forces a smile.

TERRY

Oh, sure -- I forgot, Ada. It's
okay.

ADA

I can stay over the weekend if
you don't want to be alone.

TERRY

(sitting up)

No, you go on home. I'll be
all right.

Ada shakes her head, gathers the dishes and goes inside.
Terry's shoulders drop in disappointment. It's obviously
not the first time this has happened.

LANA

understands Terry's feelings and does a number, clowning
around...

LANA

(in parody)

Last time Ma-ma went to the Springs,
she came home with my new Pa-pa.
Now, she's in Mexico, dear thing...

JUDY

(picking it up)

Pray tell, for what, dah-ling?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

LANA

Getting rid of my new Pa-pa.
Then, back to the Springs for
another try. Such is life in
HollyWeird.

Judy sighs theatrically and falls back on the raft.

WIDER SHOT

Terry sits cross-legged on the lounge, her depressed expression changing to a determined anger.

TERRY

(getting up)

Well, if my parents don't have to
tell me where they're going... I
don't have to tell them where I'm
going...right?

Judy bounces up and down in the water as Terry gets up.

JUDY

Where are you going?

TERRY

I'm going crazy! Anybody want
to come?

Terry walks off towards the house, her every move displaying frustrated anger. Judy paddles furiously towards the edge, getting Lana all wet.

JUDY

I'll bet she's going to the beach
to look for that gorgeous hunk
she danced with at the rink.

(climbing out)

God, I wouldn't throw him out
of my bed.

LANA

You wouldn't throw Godzilla out
of your bed.

JUDY

Funny, funny...

She hits Lana with a pillow and runs towards the house.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

Lana throws the pillow back and gets up, hopping after on cottoned toes, shouting at Judy:

LANA

You ruined my nails, Bloomgarden,
you nurd!

21 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - THE PLAYGROUND AREA - DAY

21

Bobby, Gordo, Hoppy and Phones sit on stone playground animals on the sand, in their socks; skates off. Bobby has a few sheets of music paper with lyrics scribbled on them. Everyone leans over reading, making humming sounds, "da-da-da" sounds, etc. Bobby claps...

BOBBY

Okay -- you got it? Let's do the
medley again -- ready?

Everyone nods, licks lips, gets ready. Bobby nods three times in rhythm and punches the recorder button...

BOBBY

(cont'd)

Now...!

They all begin humming or da-dumming into the tape recorder, doing a sound effect of a drum or chung-a-chung-ing. It sounds good, catchy.

When it's over, Bobby punches the stop button. Everyone slaps palms all around, grinning and grabbing each other.

PHONES

All right! All right!

HOPPY

Man, that was hot!

They grab their skates, walking off happily towards the boardwalk.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

GORDO

Hey, Bobby -- when're you gonna
show it to a record company?

Bobby folds up the tattered music note paper in his pocket.

BOBBY

Takes time to write the music.
I'm workin' on it.

HOPPY

We been polishin' the melody now
for three months. Ain't it time
to go on to step two?

Bobby stops walking, his temper flaring suddenly.

BOBBY

Look -- did I get you guys this
far?

(everyone mumbles, nods)

Okay! So don't rush me! I'm
workin' on it.

(pulls out music paper)

Unless one of you guys thinks he
can do it better.

No one wants to accept the music sheet he offers around.

PHONES

You're the main man.

HOPPY

Sure, Bobby. It takes time.

Gordo hits Bobby a lusty shot on the shoulder and they
all walk away, leaving him alone. Bobby looks at the
music sheet, self-doubt written all over his face.

22 EXT. VENICE PARKING LOT - DAY

22

The Excalibur pulls in; Terry pays the fee and screeches
to a parking spot, parking the car. She gets out, slam-
ming the door, walking in her socks; skates over her
shoulder. She's wearing her lowest cut outfit and her
sexiest make-up. Even her walk has a sexual determination.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Judy and Lana get out of the car, without skates, and catch up to Terry.

CLOSER ANGLE

as Terry walks -- an almost evil glint in her eye. Judy looks at Lana, both flanking Terry.

JUDY

C'mon, Ter' -- you know you always hate yourself when you act like this...

LANA

They're just your parents, Terry.
They're not supposed to understand.

Terry stops walking and faces her friends squarely.

TERRY

Look, I really don't give a damn if they don't have time for me anymore... I'm a big girl. I mean, who needs all this -- information on where they're going and when they'll be back... They don't owe me anything...right?

LANA

Terry, don't...

TERRY

(to Lana)

When your mother comes home, she brings you a new father. That's something, at least!

JUDY

Terry, that's cruel! You're acting childish!

TERRY

Ohh -- the little genius is throwing a tantrum! So what?

(walks off)

I'll be back when I get here!

Terry runs off before the girls can see her emotion.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

JUDY

Boy...if only we could be born
without parents... Jeez.

Lana looks at her, rolls her eyes and walks off. Judy follows as they head for the grass area where a group of street musicians are warming up before a gathering crowd.

23 EXT. BOARDWALK - NEAR MUSCLE BEACH AREA - DAY

23

Bobby sits on a bench working on the blank music sheets, looking totally frustrated as he punches a tape recorder on and off. He slams down the pencil, disgusted.

Chiquita Banana skates up, seeing his dark mood. She shakes her bananas.

CHIQUIE

'Ey -- you look like you need a
banana pick-you-up... On my
house, okay?

She hands him a banana.

BOBBY

(takes drink)

Chiquie, you know anything about
music?

She does a twirl on her skates and shimmies.

CHIQUIE

I know what I like -- jou know?

BOBBY

(despondent)

Yeah. Thanks for the banana.

She can't do anything about his mood, shrugs and skates off, backwards, doing turns.

CHIQUIE

(to crowd)

Hey -- get jou big banana here!

Bobby goes back to staring at the staff lines.

24 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE BOARDWALK - DAY

24

Terry skates, wiping her eyes, working off the anger in physical activity. She shoots past the bench where Bobby labors over the sheet music, looking as angry and frustrated as she.

Terry does a skid turn and skates back, passing Bobby quite casually. He doesn't notice.

She tries again, moving more alluringly this time. He stares at the sky, thinking.

Terry is determined -- she skates past again, really giving him backside english, guaranteed to melt the eyeballs. Bobby still doesn't notice as he becomes more frustrated with the tape recorder and the sheet music.

Terry skates up practically in front of Bobby, then bends over to tie her laces, exposing enough cleavage to stun an elephant.

Bobby definitely notices, losing his breath for a beat.

TERRY
(feigning surprise)
Oh... Hi. Bobby, wasn't it?

Bobby snaps from being pinned to her cleavage.

BOBBY
Yeah...Booby... Uh, Bobby,
right. Terry, wasn't it?

TERRY
Um-hum. Mind if I sit?

He moves over. She sits next to him. There's a few moments of silence between them. Then, both talk at once:

TERRY AND BOBBY
So, what're you doing out here?

They both laugh. Terry gestures for him to go first.

BOBBY
Skating, huh?

TERRY
Yep, skating. You dictating a
letter?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BOBBY

Huh -- ? Oh, no -- kind of a song
me and the guys've been working
on. I'm getting it whipped into
shape to take it to some guys I
know in the business.

Terry notices the sheet music on the bench.

TERRY

Oh, you're scoring it, too. Can
I look at it...?

He grabs it up.

BOBBY

It's kinda rough, y'know. Needs
to be smoothed out...

She can see that it's blank.

TERRY

Yeah, a little rough, I see.

Bobby is embarrassed, then angry.

BOBBY

What the hell -- all we got is a
bunch of jerks humming on a tape
recorder.

TERRY

(picks up music sheet)
Play it for me.

BOBBY

You don't wanna hear hummin'.

TERRY

I have an excellent ear
-- please play it.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

Reluctantly, he clicks on the recorder. The tune is catchy, even with the humming. Terry takes the music sheet and his pencil, gets up, skating around, humming it to herself.

TERRY

Keep playing it...

She skates, writing on the music paper, then back, showing the notes to Bobby.

BOBBY

You understand all this?

TERRY

(nods)

I've understood it since I was three years old -- I don't know how I do it. It's scary, sometimes.

Bobby takes the sheet, staring at it, amazed.

BOBBY

That's it? The whole song is right here?

TERRY

Enough for good musicians to sight read and get the melody...

He's stupified by her ability.

25 EXT. THE BOARDWALK - DAY

25

Musicians do freestyle music for the crowd which includes Judy and Lana. On the outskirts are Hoppy and Gordo. Gordo waves to Lana -- she ignores him. Phones is recording the sounds. Skaters are dancing to the beat.

BOBBY AND TERRY

skate up. He grabs Hoppy, Gordo and Phones, showing them the music on the sheet. They congratulate Bobby, who pantomimes that it was Terry who wrote it. They all beat Terry on the back, much to her dismay as Lana and Judy go over to see what was happening.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Phones skates around with the sheet music as if in a dream -- he can't believe it.

In his elation, Bobby grabs Terry and kisses her. At first, she's taken aback, then joins his kiss all the harder. And as WE STAY ON them kissing, WE PICK it UP...

26 EXT. UNDER SANTA MONICA PIER - DUSK

It appears as if it is a continuation of the same kiss. However, it's Bobby who comes off the kiss, out of breath...

BOBBY

Whoa -- Wow... Lemme catch my breath, okay?

She looks at him; seductive, tousled, warm. He stares at her, trying to understand.

TERRY

What's wrong?

BOBBY

Wrong? Uh -- nothin's wrong. You're great -- I mean, really great! Only...

TERRY

(leans up more)

Only what?

BOBBY

Only -- I don't figure you. First, you were kinda, y' know...cold. Then offering me money to teach you --

(pause)

Now, you're different.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

TERRY

Different? I thought boys still
liked to kiss girls...

BOBBY

Oh, yeah! I mean, sure I do!
I'm not funny or anything. Just...
you come on kinda strong. I can't
figure out what you want.

A bit of Terry's anguish is coming back.

TERRY

That's a strange thing to say. What
does any girl want from a boy --
a man from a woman?

Bobby is getting her meaning. He's a bit flustered by
her directness.

BOBBY

Uh -- sure. But -- look, isn't
this kinda sudden...for a girl
like you.

TERRY

What do you mean, a girl like me?

BOBBY

Y'know -- you're not some bimbo
from the boardwalk. You sure you
don't want to think about it?
Before we do it, I mean?

TERRY

(incredulous)

I don't believe you said that!

BOBBY

(incredulous himself)

Yeah, neither do I. I must be
comin' down with something...

(long pause)

You ain't figuring on paying me
for this, too, are you?

She turns and slaps him very hard on the face. Bobby
stares at her. Terry is angry.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

TERRY

I just wanted someone to hold me --
is that too damned much to ask!?

She grabs her skates, goes over the rail and jumps down
to the sand, running off towards the boardwalk.

BOBBY

sits for a moment, trying to understand women in general,
gets up, grabs his skates, his shirt and runs after her.

BOBBY

(shouts)

Hey, Terry -- wait up -- c'mon!

WE can SEE him running after her, dropping things. She has
a good head start, running like hell.

27 EXT. VENICE PARKING LOT - DUSK

27

Lana and Judy lean on Terry's car talking to Franklin
Potter and two of his upper class FRIENDS.

WE can SEE Terry angrily running towards the car, lug-
ging her skates.

And further behind, Bobby, hopping on his stocking feet,
prying a rock from his toes, dropping his skates, curs-
ing. Terry reaches the car and gets in,
slamming the door, looking for her keys, dropping things,
cursing. Franklin leans on the door.

FRANKLIN

The maid said you probably went
to the beach -- When are you
going to give up this tacky scene
and come to your senses, Terry?
I mean, really...?

She pushes his arm from the car door, still searching for
her keys, sniffing, not talking. Bobby runs in, falling
against the car door like it's his last breath.

BOBBY

(between gasps)

Christ...you can...run like...
hell... Look, what...did...I do...?

Franklin puts his arm on Bobby's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

FRANKLIN

Look, fella -- I don't know who you are -- or what you are, for that matter. But, I don't like the looks of this...understand?

Bobby looks at Franklin's hand on his shoulder.

BOBBY

Hands off...okay?

(to Terry)

Terry... Talk to me... I mean, I really like you... That's why...

She cries the harder.

FRANKLIN

(pursuing)

Look, fella -- I said...

Bobby has had it with him and comes up from the floor, catching Franklin smack on the button -- then immediately turns back to Terry, who starts the engine, gunning up, screeching off, spinning Bobby around. Franklin dances around holding his nose.

FRANKLIN

(cont'd; shouting)

By doze! By doze! He broke by doze!

Terry is gone in a cloud of dust. Hoppy and Gordo run in as Franklin's friends go at Bobby. When they see Gordo, everything calms down. Judy has her hand raised, then drops it in a loud sigh.

Franklin's buddies lead him off, a handkerchief to his bloody nose.

LANA

Just marvelous -- now how are we gonna get home?

Gordo makes a deep bow.

GORDO

My humble chariot, at your service, ladies.

Lana looks like she'll die. Judy is looking for a car. Hoppy pulls open the door to an ancient open-sided vegetable truck. GORDON & SON is emblazoned on the side.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

HOPPY

May I recommend the passion fruit?

Reluctantly, Judy and Lana get in the truck. Hoppy and Gordo squeeze in around them. Hoppy leans out the window.

HOPPY

(cont'd)

Hey, Bobby, you wanna come and see how the other half lives?

Bobby shakes his head. Gordo tosses Bobby an orange, starts the truck, and pulls out, leaving Bobby alone in the parking lot.

28 INT. TERRY'S MUSIC ROOM - DAY

28

She sits in the sunlit room, wearing pajamas, legs crossed, playing scales on the flute with incredible speed and precision. WE can SEE the double rows of music trophies and tons of awards.

Terry abruptly stops playing, drops her flute and goes out, slamming the door on her way to the...

29 KITCHEN

29

where she enters, really on a bummer. The maid putters around. Terry grabs the milk from where Ada is cooking and slugs from the container. Ada grabs it away, pours a glass.

ADA

You want to do that, buy your own milk.

Terry stares sadly. Ada shakes her head, pulls Terry close to her breast for a moment. Terry pulls away and then walks out with the milk.

29A INT. FOYER - GRAND STAIRCASE

29A

Lillian bounds down, dressed for shopping on Rodeo Drive, and notices Terry slumped like the last rose of summer on the bottom step.

LILLIAN

What is it, lovey?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

When Terry doesn't respond, Lillian sits down, looking worried. Terry stares at her mother as if seeing her for the first time -- the overly made-up face, the dyed red hair.

TERRY

Do you love me?

LILLIAN

What a question to ask --

TERRY

What about Daddy?

LILLIAN

Lovey -- where is all this going?

TERRY

At the end of summer it's off to school. When I come back I'll be a woman...

LILLIAN

Well, yes...but...

TERRY

I never had a chance to be a child.

LILLIAN

Lovey -- you were different. I mean, even your father doesn't understand how you do those things with music.

TERRY

(sarcastic)

I know... I'm a musical genius. What a bummer -- what an absolute drag.

LILLIAN

Drag -- bummer...? Lovey, this is giving mother a migraine...

Terry gets up, pacing around the foyer, thinking. Lillian dumps her purse on the table, frantically searching through a mound of pill bottles...

LILLIAN

(cont'd; mumbling)

Diet pills...sleeping pills...
Diuretics...vitamin C...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

LILLIAN
(cont'd)
Quaaludes...
(puts them away slyly)
Valium... There you are.

She pops some Vals. Terry leans on the table, expression determined.

TERRY
If I'm old enough to spend my
life alone, I'm old enough to
make my own decisions...
(takes deep breath)
I don't want to play the lousy
flute! I do not want to go to
Julliard! I do not want to be
paired off with Franklin Potter
-- he is a lecherous jackass!
And, I never want to hear a string
quartet again in my life!

Lillian blinks, takes several more Vals, gulping some of
Terry's milk, making a terrible face.

LILLIAN
(finding her voice)
Well, lovey -- now that we know
what you don't want... What is
it that you do?

Lillian girds herself for the worst.

TERRY
For now, my goal is to win the
roller boogie contest at the
beach. I'm not sure about
anything past that.

That's it. Lillian goes into a catatonic state! She
gets up very slowly, sidling past Terry as if her daughter
is ready for a rubber room.

LILLIAN
(speaking carefully)
Roller boogie contest... Of
course... I'm sure you'll
accomplish whatever it is you've
set your mind to, lovey. You
always do...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

LILLIAN

(cont'd)

I'm...going to have lunch with
your father at the Bistro...
We'll talk... We'll see...

*she can't be in the
sc - m. too -
shy to
k. Ada
entry*

Lillian squeezes past Ada, the maid, pantomiming "Roller Boogie." Ada shrugs as Lillian exits.

TERRY

(frustrated)

She didn't understand anything
I said!

Terry storms past Ada, who really doesn't understand.

30 EXT. THE GARAGE - DAY

30

Terry bangs out of the house, fully dressed. Her car is the only one in the garage. She throws her skate case and a large valise into the back, grumbles a lot, grabs the family dog around the neck, kisses him, gets in the car and zooms off. It's definitely the final move -- she's running away.

31 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DUSK

31

Exceeding the speed limit, Terry zooms past a road sign indicating mileage to San Francisco, then screeches off the highway onto the shoulder and just sits, looking sadly into the sunset, tears rolling down her cheeks. She puts the car in gear and does a u-turn, heading back to L.A.

OMIT

32 EXT. VENICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

32

Only one or two vehicles are there when Terry rolls in slowly to a parking spot. She shuts off the lights, pulls a blanket from the back, over her body, up to her chin and simply sits, totally dragged...a real bummer.

33 EXT. BOARDWALK - MORNING

33

WE can SEE Terry's car, but she's not in it. The lot is still almost empty, but for two luxury sedans far at the end, and what looks like a meeting between the goons and THATCHER, their boss.

one limo + sedan

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

They then head out of the parking lot on foot, passing Terry returning from a walk on the beach.

PANNING down the almost empty boardwalk -- an occasional jogger, a bicyclist, one or two skaters, WE can SEE Bobby appear on his apartment window ledge, bare chested, eating cereal, watching the ocean.

WE can also SEE that Terry spots Bobby in the window. She gets in her car and lifts the dashboard telephone.

BOBBY

is oblivious to Terry or anyone. Below his window, a BICYCLIST stops to adjust his pedals next to a public phone. While he does, the PHONE RINGS. The bicyclist looks around, embarrassed -- then answers the pay phone...

BICYCLIST

Hello?

(listens)

This is a pay phone, lady...

Look where?

(listens)

Just a minute...

He looks up to Bobby's window, hesitant.

BICYCLIST

(cont'd)

Hey...you Bobby James?

BOBBY

(looking down)

Yeah.

BICYCLIST

It's for you.

The bicyclist smiles in a weird way, looks at the phone, leaves it to dangle and pedals off, shaking his head. Bobby, in the meantime, has disappeared and now reappears on the street, going to the phone, hesitant.

BOBBY

Hello -- ?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

INTERCUT:

34 EXT. THE VENICE PARKING LOT - DAY

34

Terry sits hunched under the blanket talking on the car phone.

TERRY

Good morning.

BOBBY

Yeah, good morning yourself. Who is this?

TERRY

Terry Barkley...remember me?

Bobby's face lights up.

BOBBY

Damn right I remember you. Why'd you run away?

(beat)

How'd that guy know I was in the window? How'd you get this number?

TERRY

Operator gave me the number. I love your outfit -- centerfold of Playgirl.

He looks around -- it's making him crazy.

BOBBY

C'mon, Terry -- this is really weird.

TERRY

(smiling)

Blue shorts -- how cute.

He looks over his shoulder quickly, then tucks his blue shorts deeper into his ~~levis~~.

TERRY

(cont'd)

The parking lot...

Bobby turns to look down the strand, spotting...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

TERRY

waving from her car, some distance away.

TERRY

(cont'd)

How about some breakfast? On me...

When Terry hangs up the car phone, WE STAY on her for a moment; her expression appears to be happier -- then RACK FOCUS ON...

35 THE TWO GOONS AND THATCHER

35

rounding a corner down the street, and WE CUT INTO...

36 INT. VENICE RINK - DAY

36

A POUNDING on the DOOR shatters the silence of the empty rink. Bumper Delany comes out of his office and down the stairs, grumbling.

BUMPER

Hold your horses... I'm comin'...
I'm comin!

He goes to the door, looks through the small glass port-hole, sees Thatcher and the goons, shakes his head in disgust and opens the door a crack.

BUMPER

(cont'd)

Look, I thought I told you guys...

The door is shoved hard by the goons, throwing Delany backwards. The goons come in, followed by Thatcher, immaculate in his custom tailoring. Delany recovers his balance and moves threateningly towards them. The goons put their hands inside their jackets...

Thatcher stops everything with a raise of his hand.

THATCHER

Mister Delany, for a simple business arrangement, you're making this extremely complicated.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

BUMPER

I told your lawyer an' I'm tellin' you... I'm not sellin'! They don't need another shoppin' hall down here...

THATCHER

Mall, Mister Delany, shopping mall. You're the last merchant to hold out -- it's getting very difficult for us to continue on a reasonable basis...

Thatcher snaps his fingers. A goon stuffs a set of contracts into Bumper Delany's shirt pocket.

THATCHER

(cont'd)

There, now -- no more sending these contracts back.

(pats Delany's cheek)

We'll stop by tonight and pick them up...signed, of course.

He motions to the goons and they all turn and leave. The door slams with an echo, leaving Bumper in the shadowy dark, wondering what to do. Bumper pulls a pint of scotch from his back pocket and takes a long, worrisome pull.

37 EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

37

The entire incredible Venice scene passes before Terry and Bobby as they sit near the railing. The WAITER takes the breakfast dishes. Terry spins her spoon in her coffee cup. Bobby leans back, looking at her.

TERRY

Why are you looking at me like that?

BOBBY

Like what?

TERRY

Like you're trying to read my mind.

BOBBY

I wish I could.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

She smiles, but he's serious.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

You're trying to deal with something heavy...right?

TERRY

I'm a big girl. I can handle it.

Bobby studies her for a beat. She tries to outstare him, but then avoids his steady gaze, nervously tapping her credit card on the table top, looking for the waiter. He puts his hand over hers, stopping the card.

BOBBY

Running away from home like you ran away from me... Yeah, you're handling it just great.

She stiffens slightly as he closes in on her emotions. Terry pulls her hand from under his and gives the credit card to the passing waiter. She smiles, but it's false.

TERRY

Okay -- I apologize for slapping you and running away -- I was being a real bitch and you were handy.

(brightens)

I still want you to teach me to disco skate. Same rate as before.

Bobby leans back, looks at her hard, then shakes his head.

BOBBY

Ten bucks an hour.

TERRY

(taken aback)

Okay... If that's...

He leans forward.

BOBBY

Fifteen...

TERRY

Bobby, I'm...

BOBBY

Twenty!

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

The waiter brings the credit card and check. Terry nervously signs it.

TERRY

Never mind -- I'm sorry I asked.

She gets up, taking her card and purse. Bobby grabs her hand, pulling her down.

BOBBY

If I teach you, it's because I want to...get it?

She nods.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

Now, I call the shots -- you do what I say, when I say -- right?

she nods, smiling.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

And no more offering me money...

TERRY

Okay.

BOBBY

(extends his hand)

Deal !

TERRY

(she shakes it)

Deal !

They shake and he leans over and kisses her. They both get into the kiss, which breaks up only when a crowd gathers and applauds. They get up and skate off, embarrassed.

38 INT. ROGER BARKLEY'S STUDY - DAY

He sits at his desk, head in hands, very distraught. Nervously, he checks his watch. The Phone rings. He snaps it up.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

ROGER

Hello -- Lillian ! Where the Hell are you ?
 Were suppose to be at the Police Station.

(beat)

Having your hair done ?

(in calm disbelief)

Of course, you don't want to look frightful
 for the interview... Lillian, I understand
 totally.

(now frantic)

Lillian ! I am a basket case and your having
 a touch up!

(she cries)

Lillian, shut up !

(calms down)

I'm sorry, Lillian.

Don't worry --

If Perry is still in Los Angeles we'll find her.

(pause)

Now tip Mr. John or whomever, and come home.
 Yes, Lillian ...I love her, too. Talk to you
 later...Stop crying, Lillian.

39

EXT. THE BOARDWALK - NEAR THE SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

A SERIES OF ANGLES:

Bobby teaches Terry the moves, carefully guiding her.

Terry picking up the routines, working diligently.

Terry dancing with the bear, laughing with Bobby as they
 form a threesome.

Terry falling, getting angry. Bobby soothing her, taking
 her around and talking about it.

Terry's elation at being able to complete a maneuver with-
 out falling and she and Bobby hugging, getting closer
 than ever.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

As they skate to the end of the pier, he stops and takes her around for a kiss.

BOBBY

(coming off the kiss)

Terry -- you know how I feel...

She stops him from saying anything more by putting her hand on his mouth, then kissing his lips under her hand, quickly.

TERRY

There's no need to say the words...

They continue kissing into the sunset.

40 OMITTED

OMITTED

40

41 EXT. THE VENICE ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

41

Kids jam the parking lot full of cars. The MUSIC pounds from inside.

WE can SEE Hoppy and Gordo near the entrance talking with some girls. While they stand, Lana pulls up in an El Dorado convertible, top down -- Judy is next to her.

HOPPY

whistles and leans on the door. Gordo ogles Lana and she turns to Hoppy.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

LANA

Have you seen Terry?

HOPPY

Nope.

(to Judy)

Whattya say, doll face, you wanna
go in and get it on?

JUDY

(excited)

Get what on, Hoppy?

Hoppy looks at Gordo for help.

LANA

(anxious)

Look, Terry had a real bad scene
at home and we think she might've...
She didn't come home and her folks
are calling out the Marines.

JUDY

We've checked the airports --

HOPPY

What about the bus station?

LANA

(aghast)

Please! The bus station!Gordo swings himself over the door and into the back seat,
pulling out a sandwich, chomping a big bite.

GORDO

We'll scour the beach until she's
found.Hoppy climbs over the door next to Judy, putting his arm
over her shoulder, to Judy's delight.

HOPPY

Until she's safe in the arms of —
her loved ones, we won't sleep...
we won't eat.

GORDO

(horrified)

We won't eat?

HOPPY

(grabbing the sandwich)
Onward!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

Lana drives out as Hoppy stands up like Washington crossing the Delaware, pointing them on with the sandwich.

From the opposite driveway, Terry pulls in, with Bobby next to her. They both get out, grab their skates and walk towards the rink, hand in hand.

42 INT. 'THE RINK' - NIGHT

42

Bobby walks past Phones in the rental booth. They slap palms and Bobby catches up to Terry as she sits putting on her skates. He sits and puts his on, lacing up; kisses her.

BOBBY

That's for nothin'.

TERRY

Thank you.

BOBBY

Oh, you like that, huh? Here's another...

He kisses her again, quickly. She puts her hand to his cheek, looking at him.

TERRY

Things are beginning to make sense. I can't put it into words, but you had a great deal to do with it...

Terry kisses him, stands up, goes up high on her rubber stoppers in a ballet pose, Swan Lake style, fooling around.

BOBBY

You learn fast. How long have you been skating?

TERRY

Three weeks.

BOBBY

C'mon, really...

TERRY

Really. I was an ice skater for years. I won medals...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

She gets into a classic ice skater pose, spins and falls flat on her posterior, legs spread-eagled, looking very silly. Bobby applauds, then helps her up.

TERRY

(cont'd)

Well, when I was six years old...

He holds out his hand to her as the MUSIC STARTS from the rink.

BOBBY

Ready to show off what you learned?

TERRY

If you're not too exhausted from teaching...

He starts to skate, then goes completely rubber-legged into a falling down routine that breaks Terry up. She grabs him under the arms as he skates on his back wheels, legs out stiff.

ANGLES ON THE RINK

as Terry and Bobby get out, really hitting on what they've been practicing all day, getting admiring glances from the skaters.

WE FOLLOW the skaters doing their thing -- the "Lockers," the fancy movers, the acrobatic skaters, etc., all jamming to the big beat sounds from J.D.'s booth.

FAVOR PHONES

as he stops outside J.D.'s booth, bopping to the beat. J.D. leans over and taps on the glass to get Phones' attention. He gestures for Phones to read his lips. Phones gives him the high sign and concentrates.

42A INT. J.D.'S BOOTH

42A

as Phones looks through the glass reading his lips.

J.D.

That piece of music you gave me?

Phones nods.

(CONTINUED)

42A CONTINUED:

42A

J.D.

(cont'd)

In thehands of the powers in the
towers.

WE SEE Phones pantomime "all right" and give J.D. a raised
fist high-sign.

J.D.

(cont'd)

Que sera, sera, my man.

J.D. sits back down and goes on with his tapes. Phones
skates off, elated.

J.D.

(cont'd; over mike)

All right, all right -- do you
want to boogie?

He switches to another number and the skaters continue.

TERRY AND BOBBY

skate, doing their moves, when Terry suddenly falters.
She and Bobby skate towards an exit onto the carpet.
He picks up her skate, looking at the wheel -- there's
a problem. WE FOLLOW them across the waiting area as
they head for Phones and the rental booth...

And as they cross...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

THATCHER AND THE TWO GOONS

walk by, looking annoyed at the skaters zooming around them. The three go up the stairs to Bumper Delany's office, completely ignored by everyone.

ANGLE ON THE RENTAL BOOTH

Terry has her leg up. Phones examines the rear wheel.

PHONES

Lost the locking nut. Got one here somewhere...

He looks under the counter, coming up empty. Jiving for a moment to the beat in his headset, he snaps his fingers, puts out the "Back in Five" sign.

PHONES

(cont'd)

Bumper's probably got some upstairs, c'mon.

Phones skates to the stairs. Bobby and Terry follow. Phones still wears his headset, bopping to the big beat on his monster machine.

43 INT. BUMPER DELANY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

43

Bumper sits behind his desk repairing a fan with a screwdriver. He's surrounded by roller derby trophies, posters, Big Boogie flyers, etc. The two goons stand by the door, arms folded, silent, menacing.

Thatcher sits, calm, leg crossed on a knife edge crease, tapping the unsigned contract on his thigh.

THATCHER

At great inconvenience, you force me to make certain facts perfectly clear...

Bumper is busy ignoring them. One of the goons moves at Thatcher's signal, and pulls the screwdriver from his hand. The goon bends it deftly in half, grinning.

THATCHER

(cont'd)

Am I making myself perfectly clear?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

Bumper stares at the two goons, anger building.

44 INT. THE OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

44

Bobby, Phones and Terry enter. MUFFLED VOICES
come from the next office over the not fully partitioned
ceiling. Phones drags a ladder over, noisily. Bobby
grabs his arm.

BOBBY
(loud whisper)
Keep it down. Bump's got people
in there.

Phones carefully lays the ladder against the open shelves of
part boxes and old skates and quietly climbs up,
wearing skates, hauling his huge radio.

CLOSE ON PHONES

as he puts down the radio and unplugs the headset. Care-
fully, he takes boxes down, looking inside, setting things
on top of his radio, and knocks the microphone against the
wall. WE can SEE the "record" needle jump with the noise.

45 P.O.V. FROM DELANY'S OFFICE

45

Thatcher leans over the desk holding the contract under
Bumper's nose. WE can SEE the top of the wall where it
does not meet the ceiling -- and then the protruding tip
of Phone's headset poking up, followed by the top of
Phones' face, his eyes, nose...like "Kilroy was here."
His eyes move, looking around.

THATCHER
A lot of important money is at
stake down here. Big money means
big investors. You can't stop
progress.

Bumper pushes aside the contract, bored.

BUMPER
Get outta my office!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

The goons move in threateningly, putting their hands on Bumper's shoulders.

THATCHER

Look, this place is a fire trap.
Two years, it'll fall down on its
own. Some good advice -- take
the money and run.

WE can SEE Phones taking it all in, his eyes frightened
by what he understands.

46 INT. THE OUTER OFFICE

Phones nearly topples down the ladder.

BOBBY

(too loud)

What's the matter, Pho...

Phones grabs Bobby's mouth.

PHONES

(whispers)

Somethin' very heavy goin' down
in there, Bobby.

Bobby, Terry and Phones squeeze up the ladder.

47 P.O.V. FROM BUMPER'S OFFICE

47

Bumper is pushing his chair back slowly, his temper about
to explode. Suddenly, he grabs a heavy trophy and slams
the goon's hand -- but, too late to prevent the other goon
from pulling out a monstrous magnum pistol with a silencer.
Bumper sits down hard, helped by the other goon, who nurses
his hand.

THATCHER

Personally, I abhor violence, but
it's so hard to get good help
these days.

WE can SEE the top of the wall; Bobby, Terry and Phones'
head and eyes poke around, watching the scenario. That-
cher paces, then stops. The first goon has the magnum
plugged into Bumper's ear.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

THATCHER

(cont'd)

Anything could happen, Delany.
Your insurance rating is already
in the danger zone -- This place
could go up in smoke any time --
might even be full of kids...
One can never tell about accidents.

Thatcher nods for the goon to put the gun away, then adjusts his clothes, cool, under control.

THATCHER

(cont'd)

Consider my offer. You've
got forty-eight hours.

48 INT. THE OUTER OFFICE

It's a mad scramble to get down the ladder and...

OUT THE STAIRCASE DOOR

Phones skids down the carpeted steps on his heels; Terry and Bobby are not doing much better in their skates, hitting the bottom at the moment Thatcher and the goons come out upstairs.

Bobby, Terry and Phones straighten up, looking very weird at the bottom of the steps -- especially Phones, whose headset is twisted around and resting on his forehead. Terry spins it correctly.

As Thatcher and the goons pass, getting a very good look at them, Bobby, Terry and Phones give them huge smiles. They look at the kids like they're a bunch of freaks and go on to the door and exit.

TERRY

collapses in Bobby's arms. Phones falls to the stairs.

TERRY

God, I've never been so scared in
my life...

PHONES

The piece that dude had gotta
been two feet long.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Bobby tears back up the stairs to the...

OUTER OFFICE DOOR

Bobby rattles the knob. It's locked. He leans close, looking inside, trying to see. Bumper pulls the shade down in his face. Bobby bangs on the door again.

BOBBY

C'mon, Bumper -- open up!
(no response)

Damn!

Bobby goes back down the stairs, looking worried, upset.

PHONES

Whatta we gonna do, Bobby?

BOBBY

I'm thinkin', I'm thinkin'!

TERRY

Maybe we ought to find the others
and put our heads together?

Bobby holds his hand out to her.

BOBBY

Let's go!

They all skate out of the rink.

49 INT. BUMPER'S OFFICE

49

He sits at his desk, staring, rigid with anger, then slugs back a water glass of scotch, pouring another.

50 INT. THE ROLLER RINK - AS A PASSAGE OF TIME - NIGHT

50

The beat goes on; skaters dance and boogie oblivious to the problem.

BUMPER

staggers out of his office, stumbling down the stairs. Kids are piled up at the closed skate rental booth. He pushes them off, weaving across the floor towards the D.J. booth and goes inside.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

ANGLE FROM THE RINK

WE can SEE Bumper arguing with J.D., then hits some switches and grab J.D.'s microphone. The MUSIC GROANS down pitifully. Everyone in the rink stops, looking at the booth.

BUMPER (V.O.)

(filtered)

Awright! I'm closin' down --
everybody out!

Lots of protests, mostly pleading -- Bumper was a friend.

BUMPER (V.O.)

(cont'd; angrier)

I said out! It's over, damnit!
I'm shuttin' down --

WE PAN the skaters, who look confused, hurt, upset.

VARIOUS SKATERS

What's he talkin' about? What
about the Boogie Contest? Hey --
Bumper, what's goin' on? Etc...

When the skaters crowd around the booth, Bumper waves them angrily away, then shuts the rink lights, pushing J.D. out of the booth. Everybody "awww's" a lot, but they drift out of the rink.

Bumper falls to the chair, head in his hands.

51 EXT. WINDWARD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

WE can SEE Lana, Judy, Hoppy and Gordo sitting in the convertible, obviously having had no luck. From out of the alleys, large groups of skaters are heading onto the street. WE SEE Phones spot them as he skates against the flow towards the El Dorado.

CLOSER SHOT - THE EL DORADO

as Phones skates up.

HOPPY

What's goin' on?

PHONES

(reading his lips)

Been lookin' for you guys.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

PHONES

(cont'd)

Bumper's got big trouble.

(looks around)

Damn, he musta closed the rink
already.

HOPPY

Closed the rink? What the hell
for...?

Judy jumps up in the front seat as she spots Terry and
Bobby skating across the parking lot entrance.

JUDY

There she is! Terry -- over here!

Terry and Bobby skate up to the El Dorado, looking at the
steady stream of depressed skaters. Even Dancing Bear
has his head hanging low. As he passes, he tears up the
"Big Boogie" sign that was pinned to his back and throws it
up in the air.

Judy and Lana grab Terry in a tearful hug.

JUDY

(cont'd)

We were so worried about you!

LANA

Your father is calling out the
Army!

GORDO

You said it was the Marines...

She gives him a look that would melt steel. Gordo shrugs,
looking confused. Everyone begins talking at once:

HOPPY

What's goin' on with Bumper?

LANA

What about your parents? Terry,
we told them we had no idea where
you went...

PHONES

Oh, man -- forget about her, whatta
we gonna do about the rink...?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

GORDO

Yeah -- no rink, no boogie
contest, no nothin'!

LANA

I think Terry should call her
parents and let them...

Bobby jumps up, angry:

BOBBY

Okay! Everybody just shut up!

The chatter stops.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

Here's the deal... We got two
goons and this twerpy guy in a
six hundred dollar suit who wants
Bumper to sign a contract or
they torch the place.

GORDO

I'll go up an' take care of 'em...

TERRY

(to everyone)

And they had guns!

GORDO

(quickly)

Right after I eat...

Gordo sits down with his sandwich. Everyone absorbs the
information, thinking.

HOPPY

How about Sergeant Danner -- He's
always been square with the
boardwalk scene.

BOBBY

No cop is gonna arrest a guy in
a six hundred dollar suit --
Besides, by the time they did
the paperwork, there wouldn't
be enough left of the rink to
put in a shoe box.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

BOBBY

(cont'd)

Bumper shut it down so no one
would get hurt.

They sit on the car, lost in thought. Phones fiddles
with the knobs on his monster machine, his expression
very pained. Terry notices and puts her arms around Phones'
shoulder.

TERRY

It'll be okay, Phones, we'll think
of something.

PHONES

You wanna really know how bad I'm
feelin'...?

Phones flicks on the sound and we hear the "bubble pop"
MUSIC of LAWRENCE WELK.

GORDO

Jeez, what a bummer.

Bobby is lost in thought.

BOBBY

Business deals... Contracts...
Papers... Banks...

HOPPY

Bumper needs a good shyster! I
got a cousin in the Bronx...

JUDY

(brightly)

Terry's father is a shyster...
(catches herself)
I mean...a lawyer!

Judy could sink into the ground. Lana would like to
strangle her. The boys turn to Terry who suddenly looks
trapped.

TERRY

You don't know my father...
(they look more pitiful)
I'm a runaway... I haven't been
home since...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4)

51

More pity.

TERRY

(cont'd)

C'mon, you guys -- he'll skin me
alive as it is.

Terry sighs loudly and slumps down.

52 INT. TERRY'S HOME - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

52

Lillian sits at the piano, in her nightdress, nervously tapping long fingernails on the keys. Ada, the maid, slips a cup of coffee under Lillian's tapping fingers.

LILLIAN

I can't stand it any longer!

ADA

She'll come along -- kids do that sometimes, blow off steam.

From outside, in the garage, we hear TERRY's CAR pull up, then shut off. Ada gives Lillian a sign like she knew all along, then looks to heaven and says, "Thanks." Lillian sits like a stone, staring anxiously at the door.

The knob turns and Terry comes in, carrying her skate case and valise. She looks at them, trying to gauge the anger.

TERRY

Hi -- remember me?

Lillian bursts into tears and grabs Terry in a huge hug. Then, Ada bursts into tears and grabs them all around. Lillian lets go suddenly,

LILLIAN

(deep breath)

Before you talk to your father -- is there anything I should know?

Terry cocks her head, looking blank. Lillian makes a "preggy" sign in front of her belly. Terry is aghast.

TERRY

Mom! I've only been gone overnight.

LILLIAN

Well -- how long does it take these days?

Terry and Ada laugh -- Lillian unfreezes and laughs in relief.

53 INT. ROGER'S STUDY - NIGHT

He sits in his bathrobe, disheveled, hair tousled, worried looking. He dials the phone.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ROGER

Yes, Roger Barkley again, Captain.
I know it's late, but, have you
heard anything? Anything at all?

(pause)

Thank you...

He looks totally lost, then hangs up, turning his chair
away from the door, becoming emotional.

There's a small KNOCK and Terry enters quietly. Roger
is still turned away.

ROGER

(cont'd)

Not now, Lillian -- please.

TERRY (O.S.)

Hi, Daddy.

Roger reacts to Terry's voice with great emotion, but
changes his expression before he turns around.

ANGLE ON TERRY AND ROGER

as he faces his daughter, trying to hold his composure.

ROGER

Well -- you finally remembered
your address...

Terry prepares herself for the worst.

TERRY

Daddy -- I know this is a bad
time, but I really have to talk
to you...

ROGER

(nervous)

I have been worried
sick, young lady! All this
nonsense about no one loving you?
We've left you alone since you
were ten years old. You wrote
two symphonettes and a string
piece the last time we went to
Mexico!

(gets up, paces)

It's this skating, isn't it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

ROGER

(cont'd)

That whole insane disco music
thing!

(hits his stride)

You're an artist! A musical genius
of the first calibre and I'm not
going to stand for my daughter...

He sputters to a halt, realizing that he has been going on.

Terry and he look at each other and he grabs her around,
both becoming emotional.

ROGER

(cont'd)

You ever do that again -- I'll...

She hugs him tighter. Lillian enters, cautiously at first,
sees them embracing and smiles, relieved. Roger walks
Terry to the door.

ROGER

(cont'd)

Get some sleep -- Tomorrow is
your big day. Everybody will be
here from the Music Society, the
Philharmonic Club...

Terry stops, her eyes widening.

TERRY

Omigod! Daddy, I need a favor
desperately!

LILLIAN

As long as it has nothing to do
with skates or rock music.

ROGER

Lillian -- shut up. Anything,
Theresa. Name it.

TERRY

Some friends have this humongous
problem. They need legal advice,
right now!

Roger kisses her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

ROGER

Have them call my office on
Monday.

TERRY

(knows she's pushing)
Couldn't they call you tomorrow?
Please! Oh, Daddy, I'll never
ask anything again!

LILLIAN

Why don't you just invite them?
I'm sure your father will find
time after the recital.

ROGER

For once, you're right, Lillian.

He kisses Terry before she can object.

TERRY

(as they go)
But, Daddy...

ROGER

(in parting)
Any friends of yours is a friend
of mine, Theresa... Sweet dreams.

They walk out, leaving Terry by the door. She looks rather
ill over the whole affair.

54 OMITTED

OMITTED

54

55 INT. GORDON'S FRUIT DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

55

as it wends it's way past million dollar mansions. Gordo
drives with Phones, Hoppy, and Bobby crowded into the back
of the cab area.

HOPPY

Jeez -- at least you coulda
cleaned it out.

Gordo reaches back for an apple, munching happily.

GORDO

Gotta keep up my strength.

They are dressed in an array of put together clothes that
are half beach, half scrounged. Phones looks unhappy.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

PHONES

I feel naked without my skates.

HOPPY

Yeah, so whatta they gonna say
about those ear muffs on your
head?

Phones reaches protectively for his portable phones with
built-in radio.

PHONES

Nobody touches my noise, man.

GORDO

Tell 'em you had an ear operation
an' this is therapy.

Bobby is strangely quiet. Hoppy understands and puts
his arm over Bobby's shoulder.

HOPPY

Terry's all right. She'll
come through.

Bobby smiles weakly, feeling out of place in his sport
jacket and shirt, collar out.

WE can SEE they are approaching several red jacketed
parking ATTENDENTS by the mansion who hold up their hands
for the truck to stop.

HOPPY

(cont'd)

What's that? British soldiers?

BOBBY

Parking attendents.

They stop. An attendant leans in the window, eyebrows
raised.

ATTENDENT

(snotty)

Deliveries around the rear.

Gordo grabs him in by the tie. The guy goes white.

GORDO

How about I deliver you?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

Everybody fights to get Gordo to let him go.

BOBBY

(calming down)

We're invited guests. Check your
list...Robert James and friends.

The attendant, to his shock, finds their names and hands
over invitations to them. Everyone gets out, walking
to the door. The astonished attendant watches.

HOPPY

An' don't scratch the paint, my
man.

He turns and walks on, a jaunt to his step.

56 EXT. MAIN ARCHWAY - DAY

56

The troupe enter. A SERVANT waits, ready to take wraps
or whatever. He almost faints watching Gordo munching
an apple.

SERVANT

(to Hoppy)

Take your wrap, sir?

HOPPY

Got no time to rap, chief.
Catch me later.

Gordo hands the servant the apple core and walks after the
others, leaving the servant completely perplexed.

57 EXT. THE GARDEN - DAY

A large group of elegant people are eating dainties being
offered by SERVANTS. Some are sitting in a semi-circle
of chairs before the music set-up, now vacant.

THE BOYS

stand in awe of the party scene. Bobby primps his lapels.

BOBBY

(false confidence)

Act like you belong.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

They all assume absurdly confident postures and walk into the party area. A maid passes with a tray of finger sandwiches, stopping at Gordo.

GORDO
Don't mind if I do.

He relieves her of the entire tray and walks off, eating. When a matronly WOMAN tries to take a sandwich from the tray, Gordo slaps her hand.

GORDO
(cont'd)
Go get your own, lady.

He walks off towards the others near the huge hors d'oeuvre table. The guests give them wide berth.

THE BOYS AT THE FOOD TABLE

eat happily. From this angle, WE can SEE the garden entry door. Thatcher enters accompanied by the two goons, whom he gestures to go off somewhere. Thatcher is greeted profusely by several guests and Lillian Barkley.

BOBBY

almost chokes on his deviled egg when he sees Thatcher. He grabs Hoppy's arm as he talks with Judy.

HOPPY
Hey -- you almost made me drop my
"whore's ovaries."

Bobby whispers in his ear, pointing out the two goons. Hoppy grabs Gordo, gesturing.

THE TWO GOONS

spot Phones and Bobby, then lean to each other, then to Thatcher, whispering. Thatcher looks over his shoulder, obviously recognizing Bobby and Phones.

THATCHER
(whispering)
Don't make any trouble -- just
find what they're doing here.

THE BOYS

stand by the food table trying to blend with the guests, doing badly.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

Bobby grabs the headphones off Phones' head, leaving his hair dented in the middle.

PHONES
(grabbing out)
Hey, man -- my noise!

Bobby tries to shove Phones back behind Lana and Judy.

BOBBY
(to Phones and
the girls)
These are the dudes from Bumper's
office. What are they doing here?
Judy and Lana don't know.
They all sidle past the guests, bumping people into the
food. WE can SEE the goons moving closer, trying to be
inconspicuous.

LANA
(gangster mimic)
I think they made you, Rico.

BOBBY
I think you're right...

WIDER SHOT - THE PARTY

There are rows of connected folding chairs arranged before the music stands. A last row backs directly up to the edge of the swimming pool. Most of the guests are taking their seats as Lillian walks up to the podium, tapping for attention.

WE can SEE the boys edging around the last row, on the brink of going into the pool.

LILLIAN
Thank you all for coming to the
final assembly of the Barkley
Baroque Society. This will be
our last formal recital for our
daughter, Theresa -- she has been
accepted to Julliard School, as
an honor student...

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the crowd applauds. WE can SEE the boys' heads popping up and down in the audience, each one from a different spot, as the goons go down the aisle looking for them.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

58

GORDO

crawls between an aisle, then gets up, sitting down in the same chair with Lana. She pushes him off and he crawls on.

LILLIAN

(continuing)

Now, without further ado... The Barkley String Ensemble, with floutist, Theresa Barkley...

Everyone applauds again and the string group comes out of the house onto the lawn to their seats. Terry is stunning in a formal dress; her hair up.

ANGLE ON FRANKLIN POTTER

his nose bandaged like a toucan in heat. He's showing his mother to a chair in the front row, not far from Thatcher, who is looking around, trying to smile.

THE TWO GOONS

shrug at Thatcher, not knowing how collar the kids. Thatcher gives them the "cut" sign and the goons fall back near the last row.

PHONES AND BOBBY

are in the last row, at the edge of the pool, hiding behind the chairs. Bobby pokes up his head, seeing Terry.

PHONES

(seeing the goons)

Bobby, c'mon!

BOBBY

(staring)

Man, look at her, Phones -- she's outta sight...

TERRY

sits with the quartet, looking quite angelic. She takes up her flute and begins playing, joined by the quartet. BAROQUE MUSIC fills the air.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (4)

58

BACK TO BOBBY AND PHONES

Phones is anxiously watching the goons, who are watching him, but not moving. Bobby still is transfixed on Terry.

PHONES
Bobby J.! Let's go!

BOBBY
You ever see anything so beautiful?

Phones drags Bobby off down the aisle. The goons edge around slowly, tracking them.

TERRY

is into the music, but when she looks up to turn a page, she spots...

THATCHER

who listens calmly to the music, then all at once, recognizing Terry as their eyes lock. His eyes go wide and he looks around for his goons.

TERRY

looks around desperately, spotting...

BOBBY AND PHONES

crawling around the edge of the audience. Then the...

TWO GOONS moving slowly to the rear aisle by the pool, and across the audience.

TERRY

gulps and misses a beat, to the annoyance of the lead bass player who hits the violinist with his bow, who elbows Roger out of reflex.

ANGLE DOWN THE FRONT ROW

as Bobby and Phones crawl past, trying to get Terry's attention. WE can SEE Terry, looking in the wrong direction. Bobby's loud "psssting" is drawing glances from everyone, not the least among them...

FRANKLIN POTTER

who, when he spots Bobby, jumps up in the middle of a pizzacato and points -- his nose standing up like Cyrano in white plaster...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (5)

57

FRANKLIN

It's him! He's the one who brogue
by doze! He brogue by doze!

TERRY

could sink into the ground. Everyone is looking at Franklin pointing to Bobby and Phones crawling on the lawn.

PHONES

stands up, smiling. Bobby gives a sickly wave.

The music is grinding down. Phones is first to break, followed by Bobby, who is chased by Franklin, who gets tripped by Terry.

THATCHER

signals his goons to move into the confusion and get the kids.

THE GOONS

are in the last aisle by the pool and as they head out, hands going inside their jackets, Gordo and Hoppy stand up in the last row before a surprised row of guests.

GORDO

(to a shocked matron)

Don't worry. It's heated.

They both lift the row of chairs from the bottom and tilt the whole shooting match of connected chairs backwards.

WIDER SHOT

as the entire row of people go over into the pool, taking the goons with them. All hell is breaking loose as people rush to pull guests out of the water and get pulled in themselves...

SUGGESTED WILD SHOTS: —→

The string quartet getting trampled in the melee that breaks out as Franklin tries to get at Bobby, and Phones trips him, re-doing the nose job.

Various pool shots as people are pulled in and out, the well dressed guests deciding "what the hell" and jumping in the pool.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (6)

57

Lillian trying to help Franklin's overweight mother after she slipped in a dish of jello mold frappe -- then Lillian going down herself, being helped by Roger, who is trying to calm his guests.

Gordo eating his way around the food table and kicking the goons back in the pool each time they try to get out. Hoppy drags Gordo across the mayhem to get Bobby and Phones.

Gordo turns on the sprinkler valve, showering everyone.

Bobby and Terry, splattered with food and water from the sprinklers. She's so frustrated that she can't talk. He's trying to explain.

Thatcher is taking in the whole scene, above it all, high and dry, still immaculately attired.

Bobby grabs Terry and kisses her, then grabs Phones out of hiding, then Gordo and Hoppy and they run for the wall and over the top.

58 INT. ROGER'S STUDY - SAME DAY

58

Still wearing sticky clothes, Roger paces, muttering, waving his arms. Lillian cries in a corner.

Thatcher is by the window, remaining stubbornly clean and unruffled. Roger stops pacing and glares at Terry, standing by the other window, wearing a bathrobe, her face recently scrubbed of goop.

TERRY

Daddy... I...

LILLIAN

Roger... She...

ROGER

Shut up, Lillian. This...this lunacy! Those people...in my home!

TERRY

(tearful defense)

It's my home, too! And you invited them!

Roger is not listening, pacing more.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

ROGER

(ranting on)

And Mister Thatcher -- !
Our client-attorney relationship
nearly ruined by your incredible
accusations! To say nothing of a
ten million dollar redevelopment
investment in dire jeopardy
because of my daughter's hare
brained scheme to assist the great
unwashed of the world!

(pointed)

You are never...never to see those
people again, Theresa -- Do you
hear me?

Terry holds back the tears only because her anger is
building to massive proportions... She looks directly
at Thatcher.

TERRY

I heard him threaten to burn down
the roller rink if Mister Delany
wouldn't sell -- My friends
heard him, too!

Thatcher shakes his head sadly, not the least fazed by
her accusations.

THATCHER

Impossible to raise children
these days, Barkley -- impossible.

Roger agrees, then steps closer to Terry, whose jaw quivers,
but, she's resolute, staring at Thatcher.

ROGER

I want an immediate apology to
Mister Thatcher, young lady --

Terry stares at her father in disbelief.

TERRY

You're taking his word over mine!?

ROGER

This is not a game! Your apology,
Theresa, this instant!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

TERRY

No! I'm not a child to be ordered
to apologize to a thief and a liar!

With that, Roger slaps her resoundingly. Terry stares at him, tears stinging from her eyes -- But, anger holds her together. She turns calmly and walks out of the room, ignoring Lillian's outstretched hand. Roger stands stunned by his own action. Thatcher puts a consoling arm over his shoulder.

59 EXT. THE VENICE BOARDWALK - LATE AFTERNOON

59

Still wearing the filthy, food stained clothes from the party, Hoppy, Gordo, Phones, Lana and Judy sit dejectedly on the benches. A bunch of skaters float around them, also depressed. WE FOCUS ON Bobby and...

A POLICEMAN

as they hold a conference nearby. SERGEANT DANNER, dressed in the beach patrol outfit of tee shirt and shorts, with complete police gear, shakes his head sadly.

SGT. DANNER

Sorry, kid. I went over to
Bumper's myself -- He's not
preferring charges, and he says
the deal was legal. He signed
those contracts this afternoon.

Bobby nods, not knowing what to say.

BOBBY

Look, thanks, Danner. It
was really straight of you.

SGT. DANNER

(turns, then back)

Oh, yeah -- it looked like the
Bump was greasing the old wagon
for a trip -- must've made a
bundle. That's progress, kid.

BOBBY

(waves)

Yeah, progress is our most
important product.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

Bobby walks dejectedly back to the group. Chiquie skates up and along with Bobby. She looks totally disgusted, takes off her banana skirt and throws it down in front of the group.

CHIQUIE

Man -- so that's a fine how do you are! All those weeks luggin' my bananas, and for what? Got me enough money for a new boogie outfit and no place to boogie -- No contest... No nothin'!

GORDO

Can't we have the contest on the boardwalk?

HOPPY

The city owns the concrete and the six hundred dollars suits owns the city...

JUDY

At least, this Bumper fellow will do okay...

HOPPY

C'mon, the man copped out...

BOBBY

(angry)

Hey -- just shut your mouth, okay? You don't know what the hell you're sayin'! None of you do!

Bobby angrily skates off. Hoppy goes after him.

CLOSER ON HOPPY AND BOBBY

HOPPY

Hey, Bobby -- gimme some slack, okay?

(Bobby nods)

You get a hold of Terry?

BOBBY

Even the maid won't talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

BOBBY
(cont'd)
You were the best, Bump'.

He touches Bumper's shoulder, then lets go and exits.
WE STAY inside the booth and SEE Bobby come skating
around on the dark floor, twirling in the shadows, know-
ing it's the last time on this floor...gliding with in-
credible grace, like a specter in the shadows.

62 AT THE RINK ENTRANCE

62

Terry enters through the half-opened door. She watches
Bobby skate for a while, then steps from the shadows. He
sees her and stops short.

BOBBY
How'd you know I was here?

TERRY
(moving closer)
I saw the guys on the boardwalk.
Hoppy said you skated off, really
feeling bad. I figured you'd come here.

Bobby shrugs, skates around a bit, half-heartedly.

BOBBY
It's all over. Bumper signed
the contract --
(pause; he skates)

Guess you won't be around -- You
don't have to learn any more moves
since there won't be a contest.
(skates more)
You can tell your old man he doesn't
have to worry about me messin' up
his daughter's life...

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

TERRY

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

BOBBY

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

What a pair, huh? The princess — *one week*
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 cotton sticking from his ears.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Bobby and Terry frantically try to shut things off, hitting buttons, which only makes matters worse. Everything is now going strobe-crazy.

66 EXT. THE ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

66

The parking lot lights blink insanely -- the rink sign flashes on and off -- MUSIC BLASTS into the air. Skaters come into the lot, shouting for others to come on.

SKATER

(screaming)

The Big Boogie lives! One more
time!

Hoppy, Gordo, the girls, Chiquie and Dancing Bear follow the crowd heading for the rink. Phones skates by, all plugged in. C.C. Conway whirlwinds past, taking everything with him.

67 INT. THE RINK - NIGHT

67

It's total insanity: Lights strobe all over -- MUSIC is incredibly loud. Skaters pour onto the floor looking like old-time movies in the strobe lights.

WE FOLLOW several routines in this madness:

Dancing Bear and C.C. Conway trying to dance together.

Chiquie shaking her bananas, really getting it on.

Other skaters dancing in a line, looking freaky in the flashing light, etc.

68 INT. THE BOOTH

68

Bobby grabs up J.D.'s microphone, trying to tell everyone that the rink is closed -- it was all an accident. They wave to him through the glass, shouting for him to come out. Even Hoppy and the others are having a ball on the floor. Bobby and Terry are at a total loss in the booth.

WE can SEE at the entrance several beach patrol COPS enter, led by Sgt. Danner, all on ten-speed bicycles. They stop, staring at the mayhem, until Danner orders them onto the floor, gesturing to sweep everyone off.

69 ON THE RINK FLOOR

69

the police on bikes try to get skaters swept off. It's a crazy game of tag as they grab for skaters, circle and fall, slide after ricocheting acrobats, etc.

ANGLE TO THE BOOTH

and Danner entering, hitting the main switch. Everything comes to an abrupt halt -- lights, music, everything. Lots of moans from the floor. Danner picks up the mike; it doesn't work, of course. He puts it down, and goes out.

SGT. DANNER

(shouting)

All right -- the fun's over.
Everyone go home. This is private
property...go on home, now.

Skaters and cops begin moving off the floor. Bobby has Terry around the waist as they head for the door, followed by Hoppy and the others.

70 EXT. THE RINK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

70

as Bobby and Terry exit. Waiting outside by his Rolls Royce is Roger Barkley, accompanied by a grinning, nose-still-bandaged, Franklin Potter. Roger holds out his hand, looking grim.

ROGER

Your car keys, young lady.

Terry hands them over. Roger hands them to Franklin who nods with a military move and opens the rear door to the Rolls Royce.

ROGER

(cont'd)

Inside!

Terry looks at Bobby.

ROGER

(cont'd)

Right now!

Bobby nods for her to go on. Terry gets in, looking up at them. Roger steps closer to Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

ROGER

(cont'd)

If I catch you around my daughter again, I'll have you brought up on charges -- and don't you doubt that I can do it, young man -- because I can!

Roger gets in the Rolls Royce, slams the door and drives off. Terry looks out the rear window, sad. Franklin happily tosses the keys to Terry's car in the air and grins at Bobby.

FRANKLIN

(through his nose)

Tove lug, fella...

Everyone heads out. As Gordo passes the smug Franklin, he twangs his nose. Franklin pales and sinks to the ground in pain.

71 INT. THATCHER'S LIMO - NIGHT

71

Grumbling, watching from across the street as everyone leaves the rink lot. The boogie banner across the lot tears loose and falls symbolically.

THATCHER

I want total surveillance on those punks. In two days this place will be so much rubble -- 'til then, I want full reports. Put as many people on it as you need.

Both goons make notes and nod. Thatcher gestures to drive on.

72 EXT. A LIFEGUARD STATION - DAY

72

Bobby leans over the rail looking out at the ocean. Some fishermen are nearby on the beach. It's a lonely scene.

WE can SEE Gordo and Hoppy walking down the beach, then point to Bobby and run over and look up at him.

GORDO

How about we go into Hollywood and take in a show?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

BOBBY
You guys go ahead. I told Bump
I'd help him pack.

HOPPY
Great. We'll all go help Bumper,
then we'll go see a show.

Bobby jumps off the station and walks off, head down.

BOBBY
I'll see you guys later.

Hoppy and Gordo look at each other forlornly and walk away. One of the fishermen, Goon #1, speaks into a band radio as he watches them leave.

73 INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

73

She sits by the window looking out -- sighs, gets up, walks around...tries the knob on her door. It's locked. She sighs again, walks around, bumping into walls. She falls on the bed, picks up the phone...dead. Hangs it up, drapes herself on the bed, going nuts.

She pulls out paper and pen, begins writing.

TERRY
(narrating what
she writes)
Dear Bobby... My parents have
decided to send me away early.
I'll be staying back East with an
aunt, then starting my first year
at Julliard... I couldn't leave
without saying good-bye, and tell
you that you were something
special...

SERIES OF SHOTS - NARRATION OVER

74 EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

74

Bobby walks alone under the pier. Then, onto the beach.

75 INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

75

She's packing her skates, twirling the wheels, sadly.

76 EXT. THE BOARDWALK - DAY

Bobby is walking onto the strand from the beach. A lot of skaters pass, hitting him on the shoulder, everyone kind of down...the life has gone out of the people.

HOPPY

skates up, carrying Phone's huge radio. Gordo skates in from the other side with a sandwich, goes to take a bite -- has no appetite. He puts it away. Bobby falls a bench. Behind them, a family is having a picnic.

HOPPY

How're you doin'?

BOBBY

(shrugs, then notices Phones' radio)

What happened to Phones?

GORDO

He took off his skates and headset forever, man. Gave Hoppy his music machine and said the whole world stinks...

HOPPY

He ain't gonna skate or listen to rock music again...

Coming down the boardwalk, WE SEE a black guy in orange robes. His long 'fro is dented in the middle. The "new" Phones passes them, sandals clopping.

PHONES

(in passing)

Hare Krishna, brothers... I'm goin' to join the cause.

Nobody tries to stop him. They just watch him disappear. Hoppy forlornly punches the tape button. We hear some MUSIC that Phones taped...some "rap" with J.D. the D.J.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

The sound of PALMS SLAPPING and the tape goes back to MUSIC.

HOPPY

Crazy Phones, always recording.
Might as well erase it -- use the
tape.

He goes to shut it off when we hear the VOICES of BUMPER
and THATCHER. Bobby grabs Hoppy's hand.

BOBBY

Wait a minute -- what's that?

They all listen, hearing the story of the insurance deal
and the threat. Bobby is wide-eyed.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

We got 'em! Damn! We got 'em!
Phones had his machine on and
didn't know it.

GORDO

What've we got?

BOBBY

Evidence. We can kill the deal!
Don't you get it?

They both look sort of dense.

HOPPY

Nobody's gonna believe us, Bobby.
Those guys got all the money in
the world...

BOBBY

Gordo, gimme the keys to your old
man's truck.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

Gordo gives Bobby the keys.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

Okay... Go get Phones, tell him to throw away the robes. Then, round up a bunch of the guys -- spread the word... The Big Boogie is on! Tonight! I'm gonna get Terry if I have to break into her house...

He flips the tape in the air, catches it, and runs off happily. Gordo and Hoppy start grabbing bodies, telling them the news. The reaction is obvious...

ANGLE ON THE PICKNICKING FAMILY

The 2nd good watches Bobby run. When the others move away, the goon, wearing a disguise, takes a band radio from his basket and puts it to his mouth. The woman is packing up, as are the kids, all like robots now.

GOON #2

This is surveillance team nine.
We have some action on this end.
Put me through to Thatcher.

77 EXT. BARKLEY HOME - DAY

77

Bobby rolls up quietly in the vegetable truck, gets out, and climbs over the bushes to the back.

78 INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

78

Judy and Lana sadly help Terry do final packing.

LANA

God, I hate these scenes.
(she snuffles)
Give me a tissue, Bloomgarden.

Everybody blows noses and wipes eyes.

Judy shuts the last suitcase and sits on it. Everybody stares into space.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

JUDY

I'm gonna miss Hoppy. He was kinda cute.

TERRY

You can always see him.

JUDY

Only if he comes to France. We're leaving next week for Cannes.
Boooooorrr-ing!

They all go back to being dejected, staring. A loud CLUNK outside Terry's window makes them jump.

JUDY

(cont'd)

It's a burgler! He'll rape me!

LANA

In the middle of the day? You should be so lucky.

Bobby's face appears at the window at the tip of a ladder rung. Terry runs to open it.

TERRY

Bobby...?

He grabs her and kisses her.

BOBBY

Let's go!

(waves the tape)

I've got evidence on Phones' tape.
All we gotta do is get the cops
to listen and we're home free!

The girls look at each other, making an instant decision. Terry grabs her skate bag and scoots out the window, followed by Judy and Lana.

JUDY

(climbing over Bobby)

Isn't this exciting -- like
eloping with three girls...

Bobby gives her a disbelieving look and shuts the window after Lana gets out.

79 EXT. BUMPER'S HOME - ON THE VENICE CANALS - DAY

Bumper is loading an ancient station wagon with his belongings, trophies, etc. Bobby, Terry, the girls, Hoppy, Gordo, Phones, Chiquie and other skaters follow him around, pleading:

TERRY

Bumper, the tape can prove they threatened you...

BOBBY

If I can get Sergeant Danner to listen...

GORDO

Yeah -- it was erosion...

Everyone looks blankly at Gordo.

CHIQUE

I think you mean -- coercion, don' you?

BOBBY

She's right, Bump.

HOPPY

What's one more night gonna hurt? Then, you go and do what you want!

Bumper goes on packing his stuff, trying not to listen.

CHIQUE

Everybody's been working all year to get their acts together. C'mon, Bumper...

BUMPER

(stops, angry)

You think I could live with one kid being hurt because some people are greedy? Not me...! I ain't gonna be responsible!

(packs)

I'm goin' to Arizona and watch cactus grow.

Everybody pleads at once and Bumper is overwhelmed.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

BUMPER

(cont'd)

No! No! No! Damnit! I ain't
takin' a chance on someone gettin'
arrested or hurt. Just forget it.

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

They all quiet down, sulking, moving away. Terry steps in, grabs Bumper's arm.

TERRY

Whatever happened to Bumper
Delany, fastest man on skates?
Twenty-three straight passes
through the pack -- ready to take
on all comers?

(picks up trophy)

What's all this stuff -- a bunch
of scrap iron?

Bumper looks at Terry, then all the kids, shakes his head with finality and gets into the station wagon. Everybody's shoulder's drop with a last hope slump. Bumper starts the motor, looks again at the long faces... He turns off the motor and sits for a beat, angry.

BUMPER

All right! Stop lookin' at me
like that!

They literally pull him from the car and lift him on their shoulders, cheering.

WE FOCUS on a nearby alleyway and...

THE DARK SEDAN

Goon #2 lifts a radio telephone to his mouth.

GOON #2

It's going sour down here.
Better tell Mister Thatcher we'll
have to grab the kids with the
tape.

80 INT. THATCHER'S LIMO - DAY

80

He snaps off the speaker, angrier than a hornet. Goon #1 and a driver are in the car awaiting his instructions. WE can SEE Bumper's house across the canal.

THATCHER

Let's go!

GOON #1

Barkley's daughter is with them,
sir.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

THATCHER
I want that tape, you idiots,
understand?!

Everyone nods quickly, shying from his wrath. The limo speeds off over the old arch bridges, followed by a second limo full of the other surveillance people.

81 EXT. THE STREET - BUMPER'S HOUSE

81

Skaters are doing bits, talking, unloading Bumper's wagon. Gordo leans on the vegetable truck, tossing fruit to some of the passing skaters, juggling, fooling around, etc.

ANGLE ON THE LIMOS

as they screech into the narrow street. It's full panic as the skaters jump onto railings, onto walls, onto the vegetable truck, onto each other.

Thatcher's limo is bearing down on Gordo and Phones at the vegetable truck. Phones picks up a tomato and tosses it in desperation. It splatters on the windshield, causing the limo to swerve off. It only takes a moment before everyone gets the idea.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Skaters zoom past as fruit is tossed to them and, like Indians circling wagons, throw fruit at both limos -- melon, tomatoes, apples, everything. The limo DRIVER and the goons have to open the windows to see, and get completely splattered with fruit. The other car goes into the crowd.

A BUNCH OF GOONS

jump out of the battered limo. Guns are pulled and everyone scatters again as the befuddled goons turn in circles.

Skaters zoom at the goons like gnats, poking at them until Bobby and Terry skate down the street, tossing the tape to Hoppy, who tosses it to Phones, who skates like hell with goons in pursuit as they climb out of the mucky canal, their guns dripping with goop.

82 SUGGESTED SHOTS FOR CHASE SCENES - CHOOSE WHICHEVER

82

A construction site would lend credibility to this.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

A bunch of skaters shoot down the street, chased by the goons, tossing the tape in a game, zig-zagging in and out of each other... Or between cars in the middle of traffic.

A goon standing by an alley holding his gun up, waiting for Bobby to skate by. Dancing Bear shoots past and relieves him of the pistol and skates off, tossing it to another skater with a flourish.

On a construction site (in an alley or a drive), is a huge sewer pipe, eight feet high. As one of the skaters grabs the tape in a flying pass-by, a goon draws a bead on him as he skates through the tube, upside down and on the sides and out on a wood ramp.

Establish two GUYS carrying a large couch into an apartment building... Gordo, or whoever...skating like hell from the goons, doesn't see a ramp...a kid's surf board on an incline, whatever...hits the ramp, flips in the air and lands on the couch sitting up as the guys carry him into the lobby of the building.

Thatcher, passing his limo, shouting at his men to get the damned tape...and the skater with the tape grinning, holding onto Thatcher's rear door, being pulled along... switching cars when a goon grabs out for him.

A MAN laying cement for a walk...and as each goon runs through it, he throws a fit and re-cements. Then, Phones, laughing after outwitting a goon, doesn't see the cement. He's coming like a bat out of hell...until he hits the wet cement; stops short and sinks in up to his wheel nuts.

Chiquie, peeling bananas, tossing the peels behind so the goons slip. She throws the banana-parts to Gordo, who eats as fast as she throws them...

C.C. Conway, skating as badly as ever, suddenly finds himself the possessor of the tape. He flits over an open drainage ditch, disappears and the flying tape is grabbed by Bobby in a fly-by.

Eventually, the whole menagerie of skaters, goons and Thatcher wind up back in the...

83 EXT. RINK PARKING LOT

83

as skaters fight to get inside the rink.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83.

The exhausted goons stumble into the parking lot, shouted at and threatened by Thatcher, who gets out of his limo, shoving his men towards the rink doors...

THATCHER
Get in there! Push that open...
(shoves the ex-
hausted men)
If I don't have that tape, you
don't have your jobs.

The goons push against the doors with new enthusiasm.

84 INT. THE RINK

84

Terry, Bobby and a bunch of (principal characters) try and hold back the goons, not doing well in the traction department since everyone is on skates. J.D., the D.J., struts up, being cool.

J.D.
Check it out! You called and I
am here. What's the scene, Gene?

Everyone struggles to keep the doors shut. J.D. looks at them...

J.D.
(cont'd)
Must be some new dance.

The doors burst in. All the skaters are rolled backwards. J.D. watches calmly as the goons crash in running after the skaters in a frenzy...

J.D.
(cont'd)
Weird, baby... Weird...!

He bops off to his booth, unimpressed.

ON THE RINK FLOOR

everyone is scattering. The goons are slipping and sliding after them, primarily Bobby and Terry, as the tape is tossed back and forth again in a continuing game of hot potato.

One of the goons is tripped by C.C. Conway and his GUN GOES OFF, nearly parting...

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

J.D.'S HAIR

as he sits in his booth and the bullet comes through the glass, through his elaborate hairdo. He touches his locks.

J.D.

(he's cool)

Man -- I just wanted a little
off the sides...

IN THE RINK

the goons close in, herding the skaters to the center,
guns drawn. Everyone backs up.

Thatcher steps forward.

THATCHER

Just slide the tape over and no
one will get hurt...

Terry hugs the tape to her breast, frightened. Then, a flood of courage, and she stands up straight and slips the tape down her bodice.

TERRY

You want it -- come and get it.

Everyone braces for a fight. The goons move in -- and it's a free-for-all, a tangle of assholes and elbows, skates, goons and guns in a mess of writhing bodies. In the booth, J.D. is cheering, having a ball.

As Thatcher struggles with Bobby, trying to get his hands on Terry's bosom...a new set of feet appears by their heads. Everyone looks up into the face of...

SERGEANT DANNER

and several beach patrol police on their 10-speed bikes.

SGT. DANNER

Don't tell me -- you're playing
hide-and-go-seek and this is
home-free-all.

85 INT. THE RINK - LATER THAT DAY

85

Everyone is in the center of the rink. A cordon of beach patrol police is circled around the skaters, goons, Thatcher and our "central cast." A lot of garbled accusations fly back and forth:

THATCHER

(shouting)

I want them arrested for trespassing
and violations against my person...

Gordo lunges for him, but is held back by Danner.

GORDO

Lemme violate his person!

Everyone begins yelling at once, and Danner is in the middle. On a table in the middle of everyone are the guns from the goons and the tape from Phones' machine and Bumper's contracts. Thatcher folds his arms confidently.

THATCHER

(firmly)

Look, Sergeant -- all my employees
have permits for those weapons.
These people are on private
property and I have the signed
contracts to prove it... Now,
I want you to do your job!

Danner nods, looking fed up.

DANNER

Any of you guys want to prefer
charges?

Everybody yells at once. Danner holds up his hand.

BOBBY

How about attempted murder?

TERRY

Assault to commit bodily harm!

HOPPY

Extortion!

JUDY

They ruined my new outfit!

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

Everyone looks at her. She smiles sheepishly.

JUDY
(cont'd)
Well, they did...

BOBBY
Play the tape!

Lots of "Yeah, play the tape," come from the crowd.

DANNER
Tapes are inadmissable evidence.
This isn't a court of law. I'm
just trying to decide who the
heck I should take downtown...

More shouts of "take them...they're the crooks," etc.

DANNER
(cont'd)
Okay, shut up! Or, I'll pile the
lot of you into the slammer and
toss the key.
(silence)
We'll play the tape.

Loud cheers from the skaters. Thatcher objects over their shouting. The goons move to protect him, but are stopped by the cops.

THATCHER
(shouting)
I want my lawyer! This is an
infringement of my legal rights!

From o.s., ROGER BARKLEY's VOICE rings out:

BARKLEY (O.S.)
It's all right, Mister Thatcher,
I'm here...

ROGER

comes in hurriedly onto the floor with his attache case, wearing his tennis clothes, followed by a nervous Lillian, also in a tennis outfit.

ROGER
(to Thatcher)
I was just notified by your office.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

Roger looks at Terry:

ROGER

(cont'd)

We'll discuss this later, young lady.

Roger hands his card to Danner. Lillian moves to Terry's side and holds her around.

ROGER

(cont'd; opening his case)

I demand that my client be released from this travesty of justice...

(big moans from the skaters)

This is an illegal kangaroo court and has no jurisdiction or standing in this contractual dispute... Thatcher Industries is the sole owner of this property, registered and recorded...in and for the County of...

Bobby grabs the tape while everyone is listening to Barkley's lament and tosses it over the heads of the skaters to Phones, who hands it to J.D., who stands by the D.J. booth.

BOBBY

(shouts)

Put it on, J.D.!

J.D. goes into his booth and locks the door. The cops go after, rattling the heavy, sound proof booth.

ROGER

I must protest this! No one is to listen! It's illegal evidence!

LILLIAN

(final disgust)

Oh, Roger -- shut up!

He looks at her in amazement and makes like a clam. Lillian grins smugly.

DANNER

Someone open that booth!

The skaters applaud and cheer.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

85

From the big speakers comes a rumble of static, then the brief MUSIC of Phones' interlude, then the complete transcript of the tape from Bumper's office.

DANNER (OVER TRANSCRIPT)

looks at Thatcher in disbelief.

THATCHER (OVER TRANSCRIPT)

grumbles and looks away, arms folded defiantly.

ROGER (OVER TRANSCRIPT)

listens intently, his eyes wide in shock.

LILLIAN (OVER TRANSCRIPT)

holds onto Terry, her mouth open...giving Roger dirty looks.

The tape stops abruptly. J.D. grins widely. The cops stop trying to break in. Everyone stands so still, one could hear a pin drop.

Roger clears his throat nervously -- looks around at the accusing faces.

THATCHER

Well, Barkley -- what the hell do I pay you for? Say something!

ROGER

(firmly)

I think we have a clear cut case here, without a doubt...

Thatcher smiles confidently.

ROGER

(cont'd)

...There is every reason to believe that the contract between Mister Delany and Thatcher Industries is perfectly...that is to say... as my professional opinion is conceived...

Everyone hangs on his words.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (4)

85

ROGER
 (cont'd)
 ...Unequivocally and totally...
invalid!

Everyone cheers and moves to Roger to pound him on the back. Lillian and Terry hug him. The skaters are going crazy.

Danner motions to his men to take the guns and Thatcher and company out of the rink as everyone applauds.

86 J.D. IN THE BOOTH

86

begins waving his arms.

J.D. THE D.J.
 Okay, my children -- are you
 ready...?
 (all respond with
 loud "yeahs")
 Are you ready?
 (response again)
 I ask...are you ready?
 (louder response)
 Well, okay -- I didn't hear you
 the first time... It's Big
Boogieeeeeeee!

He hits the MUSIC which literally lifts everyone off their feet. Roger and Lillian stand in the rink, dazed as skaters go around them -- grabbing the table, clearing the rink.

87 THE FOLLOWING SHOTS WILL BE THE CONTEST AS LONG AS IT TAKES 87

VARIOUS DANCERS

doing their thing to the music; skating for the Big Boogie trophy and going all out.

LILLIAN AND ROGER

at a table with Bumper, Sgt. Danner and the trophies, watching the skaters, rocking to the rhythm.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

SPECIALITY SKATERS

Lockers, acrobatics, gymnastics, skating in a group, skating in unison, etc. all to the big beat sound.

SHOT OF J.D. THE D.J.

doing his number in the booth, announcing the skaters.

SHOTS OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Judy and Hoppy, Lana and Gordo, Phones, Chiquita Banana, anyone else of primary interest, doing their numbers, either alone or in a group.

TERRY AND BOBBY

Come out to wild applause. WE can SEE J.D. readying a specialty number, then waving for attention.

J.D. THE D.J.

All right, all right -- this one is for my man, Phones, who knows what I mean. A little piece of special business that yours truly, J.D., would like to say has done a superior job of amp-li-fying to the ultimate degree so delightfully cool that he sent it up to his friends at Casa-blanca-rec-ord-comp-any... Yessss, he did, children! The coming big noise from the Boardwalk and it's called... "Terry's Tune"... Yeah!

J.D. hits the tape and the MUSIC BLASTS out. It's incredible. Everyone begins to rock. Terry and Bobby are stupefied.

HOPPY AND GORDO

jump on Phones, kissing him all over, hugging. The beat is fantastic; everyone is moving.

TERRY AND BOBBY

get into the dance. They're spectacular, though there are other skaters definitely better. The music is terrific. Everyone knows it's going to be an unqualified hit.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

WE FOLLOW their dance to the end of the music. Everyone crowds in to congratulate them.

J.D. THE D.J.

applauds, then leans to his mike.

J.D. THE D.J.

Okay, children -- That was
phee-nom-in-nal! Are the judges
ready?

THE JUDGING TABLE

is in heavy conference. A lot of skaters skate over to lean in, joined by more and more, until the table is invisible. All the skaters around the table applaud and move back, smiling.

Lillian, Bumper, Roger and Danner all wave to J.D.

J.D. (V.O.)

All right! No more calls. We
have a winner.

THE AWARDS AS A SERIES OF ANGLES

several trophies are awarded for the best "acrobatic"... the most original, group, singles, locking, funniest, etc. (We should have performers for this.) And the biggest trophy as best skaters in the Big Boogie.

Roger stands up, taking the large trophy in his arms.

ROGER

(affected voice)

Unaccustomed as I am to public
speaking...

(everyone laughs)

By unanimous decision of practically
everyone here... For being more
than the best dancers, for
bringing inspiration and the
true spirit of music, and finally,
for making this contest possible...

LILLIAN

(with a smile)

Shut up, Roger...dear.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2A)

87

ROGER
The first annual Big Boogie Award
goes to...Bobby James and Theresa
Barkley!

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3)

87

The place comes unglued! Terry and Bobby skate up, embarrassed. Terry hugs her father and mother; Bobby shakes hands, hugs her mother, etc. They raise the trophy between them, then hug each other.

J.D. THE D.J.

winds up more sounds, waving his arms.

J.D. THE D.J.

All right, children! That is a righteous choice, amen! Now, bring that hammer down with Sister Sledge and Fam-i-ly!

The beat rings out. Everybody gets shaking. And on this scene of general joy and rhythm, WE FADE BACK TO...

88 EXT. THE VENICE BOARDWALK - EARLY MORNING

88

The MUSIC FADES BACK so only the sound of the SURF is heard. The strand is practically empty; it seems colder somehow, and many of the stores are boarded up. An "end of the summer" feeling.

Bobby comes out of his apartment building, jacket on, hunched against the chill, skates over his shoulder. He stands, looking up at the morning sky, then sits down to put on his skates. After tying them, he limbers up, touching his toes, doing a twirl -- then he stops, looking across the strand to...

TERRY

as she rises from a bench, the trophy in her arms. Slowly, she walks across the strand towards Bobby. She looks different, more mature.

BOBBY

stands stock still, watching her cross to him. When she is a few feet away, she stops.

BOBBY

That time already, huh?

She nods and smiles. So does he.

TERRY

I wanted you to have this.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

BOBBY

Ah, my place is so small... You keep it.

TERRY

(small laugh)

No room in the suitcase.

She moves closer, putting down the trophy between them. Tenderly, she kisses him on the lips. He takes the kiss, wanting to put his arms around her, but hesitating. The kiss ends for both.

TERRY

(cont'd; shaken,
emotional)

You have my address back East?

BOBBY

(pats his breast
pocket)

Right here, near my heart. You got mine!

TERRY

(tearfully, she
laughs)

Inside my flute case, so I'll see it every day.

(pause)

I understand the record company is really interested. I hope you get what you want.

BOBBY

Sure -- it all looks great. Might even get to New York on a promotional tour. Y' never know.

TERRY

Y' never know.

He nods -- she nods. What's left to say? She steps back, holding his hand.

BOBBY

(almost crying)

I'll never forget you, Terry.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

One last, quick, hard embrace -- She kisses his cheek, his mouth, then pulls away. He doesn't want to let her go, but, his hand slips slowly out of hers and she steps back.

A small wave, Terry turns and walks down the boardwalk.

WIDER SHOT - OVERVIEW

Bobby stands, the trophy in front of him. Terry walks down the empty strand -- papers blowing in the cool wind.

She turns for a last time and waves to him. He waves back.

Bobby looks at the trophy, picks it up and turns and skates away, doing several fancy turns.

AS WE STAY ON BOBBY

skating off, getting OUT OF FOCUS, the big beat sound of "TERRY'S TUNE" comes UP -- then FADES BACK as WE GO TO...

89 EXT. THE FREEWAY - DAY

89

Terry drives the Excalibur convertible, by herself. And as the big BEAT FADES LOWER, the BAROQUE MUSIC COMES UP.

It's time to put away childish things..

ENDING CREDITS

FADE OUT.