



1 EXT. NORTHEASTERN INDUSTRIAL CITY - DAY

CAMERA PANS a modern cityscape on a fall afternoon in 1981. A rejuvenated downtown core, all glass and steel, eventually reveals a faded garment district, a warehouse area in decline and finally an old city market. The colorful marketplace, bustling with commerce, is the heart of a working class neighborhood created by the melting pot.

2 EXT. OLD CITY MARKET - INDUSTRIAL CITY - DAY

As the CAMERA TRAVELS we see a young MODERN PRIEST engaging two HASSIDIC RABBINICAL STUDENTS in animated conversation beside an aging synagogue. A Roman Catholic church, younger than the synagogue by two decades, stands directly across the street. Immigration cycles have shaped this distinctly American neighborhood; a Kosher poultry market sits beside a Portuguese fresh fish stand; an Italian groceteria beside a Greek bakery. In a nearby park, widows in black socialize on benches while watching their grandchildren at play. Homes built for cold climates but painted tropical colors surround the park. CAMERA HOLDS on a three-story brick house under renovation.

3 EXT. RENOVATED HOUSE - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An air compressor is pumping air through a sand pot. Three blast hoses snake up to three sandblasters on hydraulic decks at the third-floor level of the house. Other members of the renovation crew surround the machinery. CLOSE on one sandblaster working on the brick facade. JUNIOR JEAN, 18, an electrician's helper, is below the sandblaster, sitting on the ledge of a second-floor window. She takes a drill from her toolbelt and starts drilling. FRANK, 24, her boyfriend and boss, is standing beside his van -- "United Electrical Systems." He shouts over the noise toward JUNIOR JEAN.

FRANK

Hey, Jean!...Don't forget  
the ionizer...Okay?

JEAN nods. Puts down her drill as the hydraulic deck above her begins to descend. The sandblaster is wearing a protective suit and helmet visor. CLOSE on helmet as it's removed. Long, black hair tumbles out. RAVEN, a remarkably beautiful girl of 19, descends, passing in front of JEAN, who is drilling again. RAVEN waves at JEAN as the platform heads toward the ground.

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EXT. RENOVATED HOUSE - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

RAVEN walks toward the crew trailer parked in the driveway. Slips out of her protective suit to reveal a tight pair of painter's overalls. She has a bell-boy on her hip. Sits on the steps of the trailer and takes her work boots off. She's slipping into a pair of high-fashion stiletto boots as FRANK approaches.

RAVEN  
You like my new boots?

FRANK  
Real nice.

RAVEN  
Seventy bucks. They're  
Quinto's.

FRANK  
You going to be around later?

Moment when RAVEN looks up at JUNIOR JEAN drilling. FRANK glances up toward JEAN and back to RAVEN. RAVEN stands, grabs a large pink tote bag that's packed with personal belongings and admires her boots.

RAVEN  
I dunno Frankie...Supercute  
boots, aren't they?

RAVEN in a rush starts to leave, waves up to JUNIOR JEAN.

FRANK  
I guess me and Junior Jean will  
see you over at the bar later.

RAVEN nods, beams. Waves and walks out of frame.

5

EXT. SIDESTREET - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

RAVEN has taken a bowler hat with a feather on it out of her tote bag. Puts it on her head. Bops down the street to the sound of her own internal music. A heavy housewife in her fifties waves with her broom to the passing girl. RAVEN'S obviously known in the neighborhood. At the end of the street, a short, intense Italian man in his sixties is finishing a bright, primitive mural that all but covers the house. It's as if the house is in itself, an illustration.

6 EXT. ILLUSTRATED HOUSE - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

As RAVEN passes she shouts up to the artist.

RAVEN

So, Mr. Corelli...You got  
permission from the city?

ARTIST

Don't care from city! City  
cannot tell me how to paint!  
I paint story of...

RAVEN

...Of your family, I know.  
Good luck, Mr. Corelli.

RAVEN laughs, passes on as the artist earnestly  
returns to mural.

6a EXT. PASICH BAKERY - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

MRS. PASICH, an elderly woman, dressed in the old  
country manner and wearing a baker's apron rushes  
out of the timeworn bakery. She's carrying an elabor-  
ate pastry. We see RAVEN embracing her, taking the  
pastry, biting into it. HOWARD PASICH, about 30,  
short-cropped hair, moustache,  
wearing a baker's apron and a tight T-shirt that  
reads: "Fly Aeroflot", walks from the old oven room,  
into the shop and out of his mother's bakery. He's  
covered in flour.

HOWARD

Well?

RAVEN  
(shrugs)

It's okay. I like the  
chocolate thing better.

MRS. PASICH  
(Central-European  
accent)

See. I tell you.

HOWARD  
(glares at  
Raven)

Mama. You have the taste  
of a peasant.

RAVEN laughs. HOWARD walks back into the bakery.  
Stops. Turns.

CONTINUED

HOWARD  
(sarcasm)  
I suppose I'll have to pick  
up the new makeup tonight.

RAVEN  
What a guy!

HOWARD, irritated, walks off.

RAVEN  
Howard? Don't be late  
tonight.  
(shouts)  
I'll kill you...

RAMOS MARTINEZ, 25, dressed much like HOWARD.  
(he lives at the top of the bakery with  
him), waves at RAVEN from an upstairs  
window.

7 EXT. MAIN STREET - GARMENT FACTORY - DAY

RAVEN continues her route. She crosses the street  
and heads toward one particular building -- "Modern:  
Modes Factory Annex."

8 INT. MODERN MODES FACTORY ANNEX - GARMENT DISTRICT - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS down row upon row of men and women,  
all manner of race and ethnic persuasions, at their  
machines in this vast sewing room. A radio is  
tuned to a Portuguese music program. Thread and  
pieces of material are piled everywhere on the floor,  
as are paper patterns. CAMERA HOLDS on VERA in  
her middle forties, decidedly overweight. She's  
eating a burger. VERA, FRANK'S mother, is staring  
out of the large floor-to-ceiling windows. Catches  
sight of RAVEN crossing the street. Grabs a parcel,  
puts down her burger and rushes toward a door.  
A Chinese floor supervisor in his thirties calls  
after her.

SUPERVISOR  
Vera...How we doin' on  
Sample 741?

VERA  
I'm going to bring in  
more fabric.

VERA hurries out the door.

EXT. MODERN MODES FACTORY ANNEX - GARMENT DISTRICT - DAY

VERA hands RAVEN the parcel. RAVEN is having trouble fitting the parcel in her bag.

VERA  
You've got your whole  
life in there, Raven.

RAVEN  
I know. I'm a mess.

VERA  
There isn't a guy in  
town who wouldn't die  
to take care of your  
mess.

RAVEN

(pause)  
Was it hard to make  
this time?

VERA  
Sort of. I ended up  
knocking off Italian  
Vogue.

RAVEN  
You coming tonight?

VERA  
(nods)  
Howard and I got to check  
out some spaces  
uptown, but I'll make it.  
Hell, I always make it...

RAVEN  
Thanks, Vera. You're the  
best...I'll wear it till  
it doesn't quit.

VERA hurries back upstairs. RAVEN moves quickly  
down the street. Vivacious. Imperturbable. Heads  
never stop turning.

RAVEN is slipping out of a pair of parachute pants to reveal a brief and sexily thrown together dancer's warm-up costume. Body builders, both male and female, are pumping up as the CAMERA PANS. RAVEN waves across the room to what are obviously close friends -- four dramatically attractive girls in their late teens -- NADIA, LORRAINE, SOLITARY and TINA TECH. The girls bodies glisten with sweat as they work out on exercise machines. RAVEN poses in front of a mirror in an elegantly exaggerated move that projects both deep concentration and deep sexuality. She keeps tensing her calf muscles and seems to be examining them. She walks over to the Standing Calf Raises Machine and puts on a heavy shoulder press. She starts working the inside of her calf, then the outside. MUSICAL SEQUENCE: MONTAGE of flexing torsos and muscles as the entire gym appears to be building to a vein-popping pump. TONY, the instructor-owner wanders past RAVEN.

TONY

I wouldn't do a burn on those calves...You'll get too much definition...

RAVEN

They're only 12 inches.

TONY

But that's great...

RAVEN

They won't be right until they're 12 and a half.

TONY

(laughs)

You're something else girl.

TONY passes and stops by a huge male builder dead lifting. RAVEN leaves the machine and walks toward her friends. She stops in front of TINA TECH, whose short hair is oiled and slicked back as are her eyebrows. Her warm-up costume is skin tight and made of a sliver metallic material. TINA looks positively pneumatic as she wrist curls two bell weights.

RAVEN

Tina, you're crazy. Look at those bicep cuts...

CONTINUED

TINA

And check the deltoids...  
I want to look hard.

RAVEN

You've got to keep  
your look female.

TINA

God Raven. What's female? I'm  
into Hi-Tech. That's  
me. Tina Tech...

RAVEN

Hi-Tack is more like it.

TINA

Look. See these wrist  
curls. One at a time.  
Fifteen pounds. I do  
ninety percent angle work  
with my arms and shoulders.  
After seven times I wait for  
the burn. Then when I'm  
aching I do 21 sets of  
seven moves...The last ones  
are really ball busting.

RAVEN

You're getting way too muscley,  
Tina.

TINA

Don't you want to look  
perfect?

RAVEN

Sure. But like  
one of those illus-  
trations in a magazine.  
Kind of air-brushed.  
Not hard.

TINA

Ex-cuse me, Little Annie Fannie.  
Look...I was born with big  
lats...

(shows her  
back)

I'm into muscles. What can  
I say? I want to get  
so I look real industrial.

CONTINUED

RAVEN  
It'll screw up your  
dancing.

TINA  
I doubt it...

The two friends stop talking and pose unselfconsciously in the wall-mirror, striking strange, physical attitudes one after the other. LORRAINE, NADIA and SOLITARY, noticing this, break off from the machines and approach them. RAVEN arches backward, undulates, trails her long, black hair on the floor and lifts her head up between her legs and out again in what appears to be the world's most suggestive dance move.

SOLITARY  
That's hot...

NADIA  
Real nasty.

LORRAINE  
Do you learn those steps? Or  
do you make them up?

RAVEN  
They're not steps. They're  
hot poses that move.  
(does two  
moves)  
See that...That's the Conga  
Press...and that...that's  
the Bugagku...Now those  
are steps...

LORRAINE  
How do you know about stuff  
like that?

RAVEN  
From library books. Anyway  
it's better when you make it  
up..

TINA TECH  
(jokingly)  
Easy for you to say, bitch.

RAVEN walks over to a big portable radio-cassette  
player sitting by the mirror. Pushes in tape;  
MUSIC.

CONTINUED

RAVEN

Okay, you guys. Two half-hour stretch and move routines.

NADIA

Bullshit! You were late...

The five dancers fall into individual concentrations and move to their images in the mirrors. MUSIC BUILDS. They are extraordinary to look at. Unique. Before long the whole gym is rocking..

11 EXT. STREET - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Six bikers, late teens and early twenties, in leather but no club insignia are recklessly driving the market streets. They're behaving uproariously with each other, obviously high. As they wheel onto MARKET STREET, one points out a forties delivery truck painted an unlikely color -- "PASICH'S BAKERY." They gun their new Yamahas and race toward the truck.

12 INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - MARKET STREET - DAY

HOWARD is driving. VERA next to him.

VERA

Where are we going to get money like that? Maybe we should forget about opening uptown...

HOWARD

Do me a favor...Don't you prick my little balloon.

HOWARD sees the bikers in his rear-view mirror.

HOWARD

Shit!

13 EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY

The bikers draw up on either side, dangerously close to the truck, and make goading gestures. HOWARD is livid.

CONTINUED

HOWARD  
(screams)

Assholes!

Suddenly the bikers get into formation and criss-cross in front of him. Almost running into one, HOWARD swerves. His truck hits the sidewalk, narrowly missing a fruit stall. Frantically he gains control of the truck. The bikers, laughing, pull up in front of a nearby 24-hour coffee shop attached to the Greyhound Bus Depot, a local hangout. Shaking with rage, HOWARD drives the truck to the HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL.

14 EXT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET STREET - DAY

The Hard Hat is a three-story building directly across from the bus depot. HOWARD and VERA get out, the bikers surround the truck, chatting with each other aimlessly as if nothing happened.

VERA  
(under her  
breath)

Ignore these doorknobs  
will you?

HOWARD has to squeeze past two bikers to get to the bar. At one point he stops, squeezes back to the truck and takes out a handmade, cedar makeup case. ~~[An atmosphere of extreme menace. -c.]~~

FIRST BIKER  
What's the matter, Howard?

SECOND BIKER  
...Did your soufflé fall?

HOWARD gives them a finger as he enters the bar with VERA.

15 INT. DRESSING ROOM - HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS across the dressing room slowly. A long counter and mirror with makeup lights. Behind five stools are five plexiglas platforms with gates.

We are introduced to five flashdancers in final stages of preparation. First we see NADIA, a gymnast dancer. She's wearing a high-fashion black and white Harlequin costume with three costume changes underneath. Her look is almost operatic, half her face in black greasepaint and half in

CONTINUED

white pancake makeup, her lips a slash of scarlet. She's applying eyeliner. Next to her is SOLITARY, an Ultra Wave dancer. She wears a pink cape over a black silk balloon-like outfit that is all one piece. She's strapping on pink high heels with pink ties that wrap around her calves. LORRAINE, is wearing a shaped one-piece leopard outfit, lizard stilettos, high-fashion jewelry knock-offs and multi-colored makeup giving her a feline look. Next is TINA TECH wearing a hard hat that has been cut down to look like a skull cap. On the front of the hat is a worker's hammer crossed with a lightening bolt. She's wearing a see-through plastic overall. Inside we can see other costumes in plastic and in various primary colors. She's wrapped, snake-like, in hi-tech electrical extension cords in various pastel colors. On her feet are a pair of plexiglas high heels with live goldfish swimmi.g in the heels. TINA is feeding other goldfish in a small aquarium in front of her. Finally we see RAVEN, unquestionably the star here. She's not completely dressed yet. RAMOS, who lives with HOWARD, is a hair-dresser whose work is too extreme for the uptown salons. He's blow-drying RAVEN'S hair. RAVEN reaches for a bottle of Amaretto nearby and pours it over a piece of cheesecake. Eats a forkful.

RAMOS

You know what they used  
to say about Marilyn Monroe?

RAVEN

(preoccupied)

That she always wore her  
bra to bed.

RAMOS

How did you know? It must  
be true.

RAVEN

You told me...

(turns)

Tina, don't you feel weird  
about killing those goldfish  
everynight?

TINA

They're just goldfish...  
Anyway, they're cheap.

An angry HOWARD enters in a rush.

HOWARD  
(flustered)  
They've all got motorcycles  
for dicks! Little bastards!

SOLITARY  
Jesus. Not them again.

RAVEN  
Did you bring the Rhoplex?

HOWARD  
The only place that had  
it was an art supply shop...  
Do you like my hazelnut  
cheesecake?

RAVEN  
(smiles)  
Fabulous.

HOWARD  
Isn't it to die?

RAMOS  
(sarcasm)  
He put his secret ingredient  
in it this week.

TINA  
Did you mix my nailpolish,  
Howard?

HOWARD opens his kit and shows TINA a pot of mixed  
nailpolish.

TINA  
That's not industrial grey!

HOWARD  
It's gunboat grey. It'll  
have to do.

As HOWARD begins to coat RAVEN'S face with the creamy Rhoplex  
substance, VERA rushes in carrying a black and silver  
jump suit that looks like a space costume. RAMOS  
sprinkles silver stars and glitter on the wild hair-  
style then passes the blower over her face.  
The substance hardens into a translucent, second,  
plastic skin. RAVEN looks air-brushed, more magazine

CONTINUED

illustration than human -- larger than life. She's wearing a satin black and silver bra, mauve leotards with fish net stockings rolled over the leotards, all this with mauve high heels.

VERA

It's ready.

RAVEN steps into the costume. HOWARD puts finishing touches on her makeup. He takes a can of mineral spray and sprays her face until she glistens. She looks sensational. Raven steps into the center plexiglas cylindrical platform. Closes the gates and presses a button. The plexiglas fills with aquamarine smoke. MUSIC is building. Presses the button on a speaker behind the platform. RAMOS finishing her hair. HOWARD making the makeup precise. VERA fussing with the costume.

VOICE FROM SPEAKER

Ready Raven?

RAVEN closes her eyes, poses her head up. Legs spread. Body filling with the building MUSIC. The other dancers step into their cylindrical platforms.

RAVEN

(to speaker)

Okay. Now...

The sound of a motor humming. RAVEN begins her descent through the dressing room floor.

16 INT. HARD HAT SHOWBAR - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

First impression describes the kind of bar you'd expect in a working class neighborhood; Budweisers, bourbon and the inevitable Steelers game on a color television set above the bar. Bus drivers, blue-collar workers, some Oriental regulars from a nearby Chinatown, a few men in suits. At the far end is an unusual proscenium created for the "live entertainment." A sky with clouds is painted on the ceiling above the stage. The audience itself is divided by a translucent, aquamarine glass room where tapes are played and the lighting is organized. As the MUSIC builds, RAVEN, her back to the audience, descends from the ceiling in her cylindrical platform.

CONTINUED

She stands rigid, legs spread and lifts her hands high above her as if she were being tied up. Her body is hit by lime green laser beams that give the visual effect of being tied up. The four other platforms and four other dancers descend dancing to the music. Almost as quickly as they arrive they ascend and finally disappear. The music shifts in mood and momentum. RAVEN breaks her laser bonds, steps out of her platform and moves into an astonishing dance, precisely choreographed to the music and the lyrics. The dance defies physical endurance at one moment and is cool and graceful the next. The audience shows a certain kind of awe. CAMERA introduces PAUL POTOKER, a young 38, a man attractive for both his looks and success. A dynamic businessman and crusading citizen, he looks out of place here, sitting with a friend, stealing time before a squash game. He can't take his eyes off RAVEN.

## 17 INT. HARD HAT SHOWBAR - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

As the production number continues, RAVEN does a stylish peeling of costumes and putting them back on again. More flash than strip, the flashdancer does not like burlesque. Her roots are in the fashion photograph, magazine illustration, goddess-like notions of ideal womanliness.

RAVEN almost ignores the audience, creating her own narcissistic theatre. She is more interested in seeing herself move in the mirrored wall behind the stage. She mouths the lyrics to the production piece as if the song is directly about her life, her fantasies. In the audience we see FRANK holding JUNIOR JEAN'S hand. He is staring at RAVEN with no small amount of wonder. Takes his hand away from JEAN, sips a beer. JEAN looks closely at FRANK, at the appreciation and excitement revealed on his face. VERA, HOWARD and RAMOS enter the bar from upstairs and sit at a table. The six principle WAITRESSES, all wearing VERA'S high-fashion imitations, stop serving to watch RAVEN. Their dream is to one day make it as a flashdancer. The waitresses, all in their late teens, know the music so well that they're mouthing the lyrics too, trying to strike RAVEN'S ultimate attitude, rocking on their feet, as if they were part of the dance. The production number ends with a triumphant ascent into the dressing room. The showbar is jumping with applause, cheers and beers being slammed on the table. PAUL POTOKER and FRIEND make their way to the exit.

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JUNIOR JEAN  
I can't believe her.

FRANK  
Un-believable.

VERA  
Never mind her. That costume!  
Italian Vogue eat your  
heart out!

(turns to  
Howard who's  
staring at  
Potoker)  
Isn't the costume too perfect?  
Hey, Howard...

HOWARD  
Isn't that Paul Potoker?

VERA  
Who?

HOWARD  
Potoker. A real powerful  
guy. Always raising shit in  
the papers about something.

POTOKER finally exits.

18 EXT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET STREET - NIGHT

PAUL POTOKER and FRIEND exit the bar and walk toward  
POTOKER'S Porsche. They're carrying squash equipment.

PAUL  
Fred, who are they?

FRED  
Local kids. Very serious  
about what they do. They  
call themselves flashdancers.

PAUL  
(arrives at  
the car)  
That creature with the long  
black hair. I wonder if she  
has any idea how good she is?  
Man, has this neighborhood  
changed.

CONTINUED

Both get in. Drive off. CAMERA HOLDS on HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL.

19 INT. VERA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - MARKET AREA - DAY

Two bedroom doors are closed to a hallway and bathroom. One door opens and FRANK walks out in his underwear, seriously hung over. The second door opens. It's JUNIOR JEAN in a bath robe. JEAN looks at him. She's hurt. He's silent, sheepish. Her hurt turns to an angry glare. She walks away. He makes his way into the bathroom.

20 INT. VERA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MARKET AREA - DAY

VERA is at breakfast in a large but cluttered kitchen. A sewing table against the wall is covered with fashion magazines and illustrator's annuals. Beside the magazines, laid out neatly is an unusually stylish figure skater's costume, so high-fashion it's unlike any seen before. VERA, dressed for work, is pouring ketchup over her French Toast. JEAN arrives and winces at the sight of the ketchup.

JUNIOR JEAN

What is it with you?  
Ketchup and French Toast?

VERA

M-m-mmmmm. M-m-mmmmm.

VERA tears hungrily into the French Toast. JEAN takes a piece of French Toast from a plate. Opens the refrigerator and takes out pancake syrup. Sits down.

JUNIOR JEAN

Are you going to let me pay  
room and board or not? I  
really want to know...

VERA

Jean, I dunno. It's not  
necessary. You're family  
to me.

JUNIOR JEAN

Don't the dancers pay for  
your seamstress work?

CONTINUED

VERA

They cover the cost of the material. Hey, anyway, it's an opportunity to build up my line. I can't go on doing piece work at the factory forever. If me and Howard can ever get our shop together, I'll have some sort of inventory.

JUNIOR JEAN

That's a fantasy...it's been years now, Vera.

VERA

No more fantasy than your figure skating. I didn't spend half the night finishing that costume...

(points)

thinking all that's a fantasy, did I?

Damn it, girl. If you work hard it might come to you. That's all we can hope for in this goddamn world.

JUNIOR JEAN

I'd just feel better if you'd take some money.

VERA

You should work it out with Frank. It's between you and Frank.

JUNIOR JEAN

I've got to start thinking there's more to life than Frank.

FRANK walks tenderly into the kitchen. An obvious tension between JUNIOR JEAN and FRANK

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JEAN gets up to leave. Moist eyes.

JUNIOR JEAN  
I better get ready for work.

JUNIOR JEAN exits. VERA goes to the stove. FRANK  
sits down, head in hands.

FRANK  
Just juice and coffee.  
I can't eat.

VERA bringing over coffee and juice.

VERA  
You were a real shit last night.  
Jean and I had to come home  
alone. Where did you go?

FRANK  
(holding his  
head)  
Please, Ma. Not now.

VERA  
If your father was alive he'd  
give you a swift kick in  
the ass.

FRANK groans. Sips his coffee shakily.

VERA  
I hate it when you get into  
the juice like that. Why don't  
you smoke dope or  
something?

FRANK  
I like beer.

VERA  
I can't stand the way you're  
treating your girlfriend  
lately.

FRANK  
I don't do nothing to Junior  
Jean.

VERA  
Exactly right. You don't  
do nothing.

CONTINUED

FRANK  
Give me a break.

VERA  
She wakes up alone in  
her room every morning.  
The only time it's really  
good with you two is  
when she wakes up in  
your room...

FRANK  
(shrugging  
it off)  
We've been working our  
asses off.

VERA  
What's wrong? You can't  
get it up?

Sound of the back door shutting. HOWARD enters.

FRANK  
Do we have to talk about  
this at breakfast?

HOWARD  
Good morning fellow  
capitalists!

VERA  
Hi...I'm nearly ready.  
(turns to  
Frank)  
You should have a man-to-  
man talk with Howard,  
here. I'm sure he can  
get it up.

FRANK winces. VERA turns back to HOWARD.

HOWARD  
Our kind rub noses.

FRANK  
(laughs)  
Nose jobs!

CONTINUED

VERA  
Oh, shut up, Frank.

HOWARD  
Hurry...I'm telling you...  
I think I found our shop...

VERA  
And the Pope eats  
kreplach.

HOWARD exits. VERA makes to follow.

HOWARD (O.S.)  
Let's go Big Mac!

FRANK  
Hey, Ma. Why does Howard  
call you Big Mac?

VERA  
(embarrassed)  
Because it's my favorite  
lunch...Who knows....

FRANK finds this hysterical. He can't stop laughing.  
VERA, conscious of her weight, throws a magazine  
at him.

VERA  
It's not funny!

21 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

CAMERA PANS a loft with much space and light. Exotic plants hang over the large windows. The brick walls have been sandblasted by RAVEN herself. Equipment for stripping and blanching the wood floors is sitting at the middle of the loft. The painstaking job is only partially done. On the walls are turn-of-the-century anatomical drawings of horses in flight, and a layout of risque underwear from Penthouse magazine. What little furniture there is here is art deco. An art deco vase filled with tulips sits on an art deco table beside a mattress on the floor; a bed left unmade. Two half empty wine glasses sit on the floor beside the mattress. On a homemade chair are discarded leotards, a picture book called, Modern Dance From Ballet to Rock and Roll, a self-help primer on how to do your own taxes, a pair of purple pumps, marijuana bong, and a jacket that announces both "Frank" and "United Electrical Systems."

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CAMERA passes a Chinese screen and HOLDS on RAVEN in front of a mirror and a sink. She's wearing a forties red silk suit bought from a thrift shop. A pill box hat and veil, seamed nylons and black high heels covered with red glitter spray. RAVEN'S putting on the final touches of her elaborate makeup job. Car HONK from outside. She rushes to window and sees a rusted out, powder-blue Comet parked below. Waves. Rushes to door.

22 EXT. VACANT BUILDING - UPTOWN BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY

VERA steps out of the Pasich's Bakery truck while HOWARD excitedly opens the front door of a neglected frame garage turned storage building. The building looks disreputable beside an expensive antique shop and VERA shows her disappointment. It's the one sad structure on a street otherwise populated by boutiques, posh shops, an outdoor cafe and, THE CONSERVATORY FOR CONTEMPORARY DANCE.

VERA

You've got to be joking?

23 INT. VACANT BUILDING - UPTOWN BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY

VERA follows HOWARD. It's worse inside.

HOWARD

What do you expect for  
\$450.00 a month?  
Bloomingdales?

VERA

More than a garage.

HOWARD

Coach house...please.  
Best location we've  
seen.

VERA

Your free-lance pastry money.  
My piece work. That covers the  
rent, my materials, your  
cosmetics. But this place?  
Whose going to renovate?  
Certainly not the landlord.

HOWARD

We'll do it...

VERA

When the Pope eats kreplach.  
That's when I'll do it.

CONTINUED

HOWARD  
We'll do it!

24 EXT. UPTOWN STREET - BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY

The eccentric blue Comet, carrying NADIA, SOLITARY, TINA TECH in the back seat, RAVEN in the front, LORRAINE driving, turns onto the street and heads toward the bakery truck. The car and the girls, all wearing outrageous street fashions, cause shoppers' heads to turn.

25 INT. LORRAINE'S CAR - UPTOWN STREET - DAY

The girls are having a great time flaunting themselves to the uptown crowd. TINA TECH parodies one of the well-heeled shoppers, a middle-aged man obviously gay.

TINA TECH  
Check out the bum-burgler.

NADIA  
Lah-de-dah.

RAVEN  
There it is. There's the truck.

26 EXT. UPTOWN STREET - BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY

The car slows. As it does it passes THE CONSERVATORY OF CONTEMPORARY DANCE. Two, sleek, confident, upper middle-class girls in their late teens are walking down the steps wearing leg warmers. It's a private school for exceptional students: originally influenced by the Martha Graham and Merce Cunningham schools. The car passes the girls. Mutual stares. Mutual fascination.

NADIA  
(sarcastic)  
Pah-dee-doo.

RAVEN  
Ah, calm down, Nadia. I'm hung over.

The car finally pulls up behind the truck.

TINA TECH  
Not that shithouse?

CONTINUED

LORRAINE  
I think it's cute.

27 INT. VACANT BUILDING - UPTOWN BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY  
The GIRLS walk in led by RAVEN.

HOWARD  
Well. Look what the  
eighties dragged in...

VERA  
Would you girls talk to  
this man? \$450 a month...

TINA TECH  
It costs that to park  
your car around here.

HOWARD  
If you all pitched in  
how long would it take  
to fix?

LORRAINE  
Not that long. It's  
real cute...

RAVEN is pulling up a piece of linoleum. The rest  
of the girls despite being stylishly turned out,  
move around the place like laborers, shifting  
boxes, checking walls.

RAVEN  
There's a pine floor under this.  
It'd look great stripped.  
Hell of a job though.

HOWARD  
How long?

RAVEN  
We only got Sundays off...  
I'd say, maybe four Sundays,  
double shifts.

NADIA and SOLITARY grimace at each other.

SOLITARY  
C'mon, you guys. We're the  
only two with boyfriends.

CONTINUED

TINA TECH  
Trust Solitary to try to  
weenie out...

RAVEN  
I'll do the roof and floor  
work.

LORRAINE  
Tina is a great carpenter.  
I'll paint.

VERA  
(warily)  
I guess Frank and Jean  
could do the extra wiring...

HOWARD  
Great! Great! Gr...  
(turns to  
Vera)  
Let's go do the lease...

RAVEN  
She has to come with  
us! Jean's competing  
in the regionals.

VERA walks nervously. Ponders. Turns to RAVEN. Now excited.

VERA  
It's okay. I'll have  
Howard take me to the  
arena. We're  
uptown now anyways.

HOWARD rushes over and embraces VERA. A mood of  
exultation.

TINA  
By the way I borrowed  
some makeup from your case...  
for Jean...

HOWARD  
Not my electric red?

TINA  
Not your own  
stuff...Just some  
Madelaine Mono...

CONTINUED

HOWARD

Just because I do your  
makeup for peanuts doesn't  
mean I'm a patron of the  
arts. It'll cost someone  
eight bucks.

RAVEN

We'll chip in. Don't  
worry.

HOWARD

(gleefully look-  
ing around)

I don't care..Take it all.  
Take it all...

28 EXT. GAS STATION - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The old Comet pulls into a gas station. The driver, LORRAINE, gets out walks over to a self-serve gas pump. Macho in the extreme she shoves the nozzle into her tank. A wind blows her dress high, exposing red stilettos and pink seamed stockings. She ignores stares from blue collar workers. Doesn't bother holding the dress down. RAVEN leans out of the window.

RAVEN

Hurry up!

LORRAINE

Don't get your tits in a  
knot.

29 INT. KITCHEN - VERA'S HOUSE - DAY

JUNIOR JEAN is nervously searching through the cabinet above the kitchen sink. She takes out a container of prescribed pills. They're VERA'S diet pills. She pops two and pockets two more. She's wearing a long cloak. Starts to pace frantically. She's beside herself with anxiety. Car HONK from outside. She picks up her equipment bag and races toward the door.

30 INT. LORRAINE'S CAR - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The car is speeding along the streets. An atmosphere of tension and anticipation. Finally JEAN breaks the silence.

CONTINUED

JUNIOR JEAN  
Turn here...

LORRAINE  
How come?

JUNIOR JEAN  
I've gotta stop by the  
church a sec...

TINA TECH  
Jesus! What for?

JEAN turns to TINA. She's frantic.

JUNIOR JEAN  
I want to see the priest.

LORRAINE  
We don't have time!

JUNIOR JEAN  
I just have to...for luck.

The girls don't laugh. They understand completely.  
RAVEN puts a comforting arm around JUNIOR JEAN.

RAVEN  
I'll go in with her...

31 EXT. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - MARKET DISTRICT - DAY

Comet in background as RAVEN and JEAN mount the  
stairs of the church, approaching the main door.

RAVEN  
Why are you so jumpy?

JUNIOR JEAN  
Nothing.

32 INT. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

RAVEN walks with JEAN down the aisle toward the  
confession box, talking quietly, striking an almost  
maternal pose.

RAVEN  
Those uptown girls are real  
snobs. Pretend they don't  
exist. Don't let them  
get to you...

CONTINUED

JUNIOR JEAN  
I just have to make it.

RAVEN  
You don't understand, Jean.  
Do you know how much it costs  
for Tai and Randy just to  
train for a year?

JUNIOR JEAN  
(not listening)  
How come you gave up  
skating, Raven. Tina told  
me you were good.

JEAN pulls the chord to ring for the priest. She's  
trembling.

RAVEN  
The uptown kids had a big  
advantage. They could  
pay for private club  
memberships; they had  
club pros anytime they  
needed them...You trained at  
the St. John's  
rink, right?

JUNIOR JEAN  
Right.

RAVEN  
So did I. That's for  
poor people.

JUNIOR JEAN  
It's okay. I  
copy jumps and stuff from TV.

RAVEN blanches. JEAN pulls the chord again. The  
YOUNG MODERN PRIEST, seen in the market earlier,  
walks slowly to the confessional box from the rear  
of the church. He's circling stocks in the Wall  
Street Journal.

33 INT. CONFESSION BOX - CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

The PRIEST is still circling stocks. He doesn't  
bother to open the grate in front of him.

PRIEST  
Welcome.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

JEAN'S portion of the confession box. She performs the sign of the cross.

JEAN  
The Father..the Son...  
and the Holy Ghost...

CUT TO:

PRIEST'S portion of the confession box. Distracted.

PRIEST  
It won't be necessary to read the scripture. I'd rather you read God's word on your own time...When was your last confession?

CUT TO:

JEAN'S side of the confession box.

JEAN  
(frenetic, rapid-fire delivery)

Look, Father...  
I gotta get this over with because I'm in a real hurry. I'm Jean Cavastani...I live with Frank Rosenberg and his Ma but I guess you wouldn't know them. Anyway, I want to confess my sins because I can't afford to have anyone coming down on me today. Especially God. And especially today. Today is the biggest day of my life, Father. I'm competing in the figure skating regionals and it's terribly, terribly important for me to place. If I don't, I'll just die. Me and Vera spent weeks getting the costume together which is fantastic. And all my spare time (which isn't much because of my job)...all my spare time went on my jumps. Anyway, here's what I think my sins are...I jerk... I mean, I masturbate a lot because Frank is off me these days and I've never been with another boy.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

JEAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I don't think sex is a sin, but I thought I should tell you just in case. What I'm really freaked about is that I steal these diet pills, these deximils from Vera who's kind of chubby and doesn't miss them yet. Like today...I think it's the pills that make me so nervous.

CUT TO:

PRIEST'S portion of the confession box. Pushes the grate open and stares at wonder at this creature giving her speed-rap confessional. From PRIEST'S POV.

PRIEST

(under his  
breath)

Jesus Christ...

JUNIOR JEAN

It's not that I'm an addict or anything. It's just what with my work and skating I need high energy...I'm smaller than my friends...I'm the only one who skates and it's real important for me to be good at something. My friends are real fantastic and Raven, (you don't know Raven) is beyond fantastic. Anyways, I know popping is a mortal sin because in school they used to say taking drugs breaks the Fifth Commandment..."Thou shalt not kill..." because it's like killing your own body. I work hard and I'm really healthy so, maybe, just maybe, that makes up for it. You know what I mean?

35 INT. RACQUET AND SKATING CLUB - UPTOWN - DAY

JILL POTOKER, 15, an attractive but haughty blonde, aristocratic in a pale blue figure skating costume, is in the middle of her free-style. The MUSIC, classical in theme, is appropriately

CONTINUED

suiting for her moves which have, about them, a cold but exquisite refinement. Her father, PAUL, and her mother, ELAINE, 36, dark, black hair, impeccably dressed, very attractive, are watching on one side of the arena. Other uptown parents with politely turned out children, various coaches and judges and cultivated contestants are on the same side of the arena. CAMERA PANS to the opposite side of the arena from PAUL'S POV. Dwarfed in the empty bleachers are RAVEN, TINA, SOLITARY, LORRAINE and NADIA looking decidedly out of place in their street high-fashion plumage. VERA is fussing with the long cloak wrapped around JUNIOR JEAN. JILL'S routine is moving toward a spirited culmination.

JUNIOR JEAN  
(to Raven)

She's good. The best  
so far.

RAVEN nods. As JILL finishes, applause rings across the arena. PAUL, and ELAINE, delighted and proud, embrace JILL as she skates off. The judges, heads down in the judge's box, are conferring.

36 INT. RACQUET AND SKATING CLUB - UPTOWN - DAY

JILL POTOKER'S marks are held up high by the judges. Mostly five/sixes and five/sevens for artistic interpretation. They're the best marks of the day. JILL takes the accomplishment in a matter-of-fact manner. FRANK, late, comes rushing in.

JUNIOR JEAN  
Why do I have to skate  
after her?

NADIA  
I thought she was corny.

LORRAINE  
Yeah. She moves like she  
has a pickle up her ass.

RAVEN  
She was good. But you can't  
think about it. You're the best.

SOLITARY  
Just be yourself.

The P/A system announces JEAN'S name.

CONTINUED

FRANK.  
(out of breath)  
Blow 'em away, Jeanie!

VERA takes the cloak. JEAN moves toward the gate. She skates slowly to the spotlight at center ice. Polite applause from the polite side. Cheering from her friends.

37 INT. RACQUET AND SKATING CLUB - UPTOWN - DAY

JEAN stands in the spotlight, her head down, striking an almost religious pose. Performs the sign of the cross. Her music begins. A slow jazz saxophone presents an unlikely musical beginning: but stirring in it's freshness. She moves forward; slowly, eloquently, and suddenly stops, gripped with stage fright. She seems forlorn, almost lost in her grand costume, overdressed for the occasion: her body hidden away in what now was only a good idea at the time.

VERA  
(under her  
breath)  
Move, Jean, move.

The MUSIC abruptly changes into hard surface rock. JUNIOR JEAN springs to life in a circular step, sequence. She's immediately electric. The FLASHDANCERS beside the boards, led by RAVEN, start an extraordinary dance, mouthing the lyrics. PAUL POTOKEK can't take his eyes off RAVEN, who he recognizes. JUNIOR JEAN does a number of unorthodox moves that are quite stunning. She flies into a double loop jump. She's very good. Still, most eyes in the audience turn to RAVEN who has become the star here. JEAN looks toward RAVEN, and unconsciously begins to follow her momentum, competing with her. It's too much for her. In the midst of a double lutz jump she crashes to the ice. Groans from the audience. FRANK shakes his head.

RAVEN  
(shouts)  
Get up!

JEAN struggles to her feet. Her eyes again on RAVEN, who, suddenly appears to her as a vision; abstracted, larger than life. She pushes into another double lutz jump. Crashes to the ice again. Tears roll down her face.

RAVEN  
(strangely angry)  
Get up! Get up!

CONTINUED

JEAN struggles to her feet again. The MUSIC BUILDS. JEAN can't move. She stands at center ice staring at RAVEN still moving superbly to the music. MUSIC stops. RAVEN stops. Silence. JEAN and RAVEN are left staring at each other, not yet comprehending what has happened between them. FRANK steps on ice. JEAN skates over. He embraces her.

38 INT. PASICH'S BAKERY - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

HOWARD, covered in flour, is before a large open oven shoveling loaves of bread onto cooling racks. He's running with perspiration, surrounded by racks of bread. As he works he does a comical Julia Child routine under his breath.

RAMOS (O.S.)

Is today your plum or  
watermelon day?

HOWARD thinks. Puts down his wood baking pallate. Yells back.

HOWARD

Watermelon!

HOWARD walks toward a staircase just outside the oven room. Walks up.

39 INT. THE PASICH APARTMENT - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The five-room apartment above the bakery is a curious mix of old world and designer decors. RAMOS is cutting a slice of watermelon and putting it on a plate. HOWARD arrives.

RAMOS

This is a dumb diet.

HOWARD

Bette Midler lost 15  
pounds on it.

HOWARD takes the plate. Joins his MOTHER at the kitchen table. She's studying the bakery's accounts.

HOWARD

What's the story Mama?

MRS. PASICH

We can spare maybe 300  
more dollars. Not more.  
Even a penny.

CONTINUED

RAMOS

I collected from Clos Normand  
...The freelance pastry  
is down \$72 this month...

HOWARD

It's so trendy uptown.  
One minute they want  
creams, the next?  
(eating  
watermelon)  
Anyway, we match Vera's  
money. The shop will  
open on time.

RAMOS

You're driving yourself  
too hard, Howard. It's  
ridiculous. Up at five  
in the morning every day...

MRS. PASICH

You're no chicken no more.

RAMOS

(laughs)

Don't tell him that  
Mama Pasich...

HOWARD

Me and Vera are going to  
give our customers a  
complete new look, This  
is our break. You watch.  
There's nothing around like  
what we do...

MRS. PASICH

Ramos. Tell him to be  
happy with bakery. Was  
good enough for Mr. Pasich...

HOWARD gets up and opens a series of pastry boxes.  
Ignores MOTHER.

HOWARD

(angry)

You know? Bastards! I'm missing two  
fresh fruit tortes! I  
have a good idea of  
what little bastards  
are thieving my tortes...  
Bastards!

## EXT. RENOVATED HOUSE - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

CLOSE ON one of three sandblasters blasting the third-story facade of the previously-seen house under renovation. Out of the corner of her headgear, RAVEN sees the forlorn figure of JUNIOR JEAN walking toward the house. RAVEN turns off her blast hose. Struggles out of headgear. Waves to renovation crew foreman. Her hydraulic deck begins to descend.

TINA TECH working as a carpenter's helper walks up to RAVEN. JUNIOR JEAN approaches.

RAVEN

I hope you're feeling better.

JUNIOR JEAN half smiles, nods. There's a noticeable tension between them.

RAVEN

I'm late. I'll see you two later...

JUNIOR JEAN and TINA TECH watch RAVEN walk off. They begin to walk with each other.

## EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

JUNIOR JEAN and TINA TECH are walking silently together. TINA puts a sisterly arm around her friend as they walk. TINA is wearing her work clothes, JUNIOR JEAN, a bomber jacket and jeans.

JUNIOR JEAN

(blood-shot eyes)

The judges didn't even get to hold up the cards.

TINA

You had some great moments. You'll get another shot...

JUNIOR JEAN

I'm better than that Tina. A lot better. Something happened...

TINA

You lost concentration. I saw it...

CONTINUED

They walk together silently for awhile.

JUNIOR JEAN  
What do you really  
think of Raven?

TINA  
She's a fabulous dancer.

JUNIOR JEAN  
I mean really.

TINA  
She's one of those people  
who don't need things.  
Don't need cards held up  
to know she's perfect  
sixes.

JUNIOR JEAN  
Sometimes she scares me...

TINA  
I think she scares all of us  
sometimes...

They face each other as if they're sharing a secret.  
Shouting from across the street breaks mood.

42 EXT. ILLUSTRATED HOUSE - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A city official standing in front of his official car is listening to loud complaints from a heavy-set housewife, the next door neighbor to the ILLUSTRATED HOUSE. The earnest Italian muralist has added one more episode to his view of the world. A topless blessed virgin suckling a Christchild. The housewife is screaming about the obscenity of it all. Peering through a windowed curtain is a red-faced MR. CORRELLI. JUNIOR JEAN and TINA burst into laughter.

43 EXT. UPTOWN SHOP - BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY

RAVEN, looking statuesque in work clothes, is standing on the roof of the dilapidated building HOWARD and VERA have decided to rent. She's ripping up and throwing rotting shingles to the ground. Below her, LORRAINE is painting an outside wall. RAVEN stops for a minute to watch a sophisticated group of young DANCERS enter the CONSERVATORY down the street.

CONTINUED

HOWARD, holding a sketch book, rushes out. Yells up to RAVEN.

HOWARD  
Two To Tango!

RAVEN  
What?

HOWARD  
The name of the shop!

RAVEN  
(beams)  
Terrific...

LORRIANE  
I don't get it?

HOWARD  
(turns to Lorraine)  
It takes...two to...  
(gestures)

LORRAINE doesn't understand at all. HOWARD shakes his head, rushes back inside to confer with VERA as RAVEN climbs down ladder. LORRIANE moves inside too. RAVEN heads off in the direction of the CONSERVATORY.

44 EXT. CONSERVATORY OF CONTEMPORARY DANCE - DAY

RAVEN starts up the steps of the reconverted brownstone. The ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR, an imposing woman in her fifties, is standing behind the glass door talking to an INSTRUCTOR. RAVEN slows, intimidated and returns to the bottom of the stairs. She wanders to the rear of the building and finds a fire escape. On the second floor she sees a door open to the air. Hears MUSIC. Climbs up.

45 INT. CONSERVATORY OF CONTEMPORARY DANCE - DAY

TWELVE DANCERS of the Junior Ensemble are moving to a classic Twyla Twarp piece at the same time responding to the didactic shouts of a severe FEMALE INSTRUCTOR in her thirties. RAVEN steps behind the door and watches. She's never seen this type of dancing before. She's impressed. C/U moments: her fingers stretching, legs, feet imitating the choreographed gestures.

## EXT. STREET - HARD HAT BAR &amp; GRILL - NIGHT

HOWARD'S delivery truck pulls up in front of the bar. He slams the door in a rage and moves toward the depot coffee shop where the BIKERS and a few GROUPIES, who taunted him earlier are standing in front of their Yamahas. HOWARD, when angry, has a fearful physical presence. TINA TECH has just arrived at the door of the bar. Looks on.

HOWARD

You're stealing my tortes,  
aren't you?

FIRST BIKER

(turns to second)

Hey, Lenny. Did you steal  
his tits?

HOWARD

It's my livelihood!

SECOND BIKER

(grabs breast of  
Girl next to him)

I gave 'em to Norma here.  
C'mon, Howard. Come get  
your tits.

General laughter. HOWARD lunges at the SECOND BIKER, grabs him, totally dominating.

TINA TECH

Howard!

She runs toward him as two other BIKERS attack. SECOND BIKER struggles free. As FIRST BIKER moves in TINA, surprisingly strong, stops him. NORMA comes at her. TINA grabs her by sweatshirt.

TINA TECH

Touch me, bitch and  
I'll rip your lungs  
out.

TINA pulls HOWARD back. BIKERS move toward them. A police car down the street brings action to a halt. TINA glares at the BIKERS.

TINA TECH

Fuckin' Palookas!

HOWARD and TINA walk cautiously back to the bar.

47

INT. HARD HAT BAR & GRILL - MARKET NEIGHROOOD - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS the bar, bus drivers, workers, the regulars, NICK, the owner, standing behind the bar. The SIX PRINCIPLE WAITRESSES are rocking to the music while carrying trays of draft beer. Occasionally they will put the trays down to do some impromptu flashdancing between tables. CAMERA HOLDS on PAUL POTOKER, dressed in an expensive suit, sipping a scotch, watching RAVEN dance. Her look is more sophisticated this time. We see C/U choreographed gesture seen earlier at the CONSERVATORY. She's halfway through her dance, moving her costume around. The MUSIC takes a turn from jazz to rock and roll. PAUL astonished as RAVEN starts to literally rip the dress she's wearing to shreds exposing a silver-sequined tank top. The dress is made of a particular kind of disposable material. RAVEN moves into what appears to be balletic twirls and twists and we finally see the move seen previously in Olitski's Gym. Her hair trails across the ground and her face moves up between her legs, undulates, swoops into another series of moves. The bar goes wild when RAVEN ascends to the dressing room. PAUL is stunned. HOWARD approaches PAUL.

HOWARD

Mr. Potoker?

48

INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

RAMOS, busy doing TINA'S MAKEUP, hands RAVEN a towel.

RAMOS

(checking nails)

You should use tips instead of fits.

TINA

Fits are better. When I get some extra money I'm going to get some Living Nails.

RAMOS

Not that acrylic garbage?

The other DANCERS are busily preparing for the next number. VERA is bringing in pieces of RAVEN'S next costume. RAVEN notices TINA'S shoes.

CONTINUED

RAVEN  
Fast shoes you got there..

TINA  
They're Louis Jourdan.

VERA  
Charles Jourdan...six bucks  
at the thrift shop. A  
steal...

49 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GILL - NIGHT

HOWARD is sitting with PAUL POTOKEK, just finishing  
writing his phone numbers down on a match box cover.

HOWARD  
That's my home, that's  
the bakery number, the  
bar's on the front there...

PAUL  
I'll see what I can do Howard..

HOWARD  
I'd be so grateful. If  
my pastries could sell at  
Les Copain I'd feel I'd  
made the big time.

RAVEN enters the bar looking particularly sexy. She  
stops to talk to one of the PRINCIPLE WAITRESSES.  
We see her from PAUL'S POV...The WAITRESS, pleased  
about something RAVEN has said, puts her tray  
down and rushes toward the dressing room stairs.  
HOWARD notices PAUL staring at RAVEN.

HOWARD  
That's Raven. She's the  
regular diva, around here.

PAUL  
Beautiful...

HOWARD  
You should meet her...  
(shouts;  
beckons)

Raven!

RAVEN, waves back, walks to the bar where there's a  
large frothy white drink waiting for her. Starts to  
stride towards HOWARD'S table. Stops enroute at

CONTINUED

FRANK'S table, whose drinking with other blue-collar workers. Bends down and drags on his cigarette while it's still in his hand, her eyes still fixed on PAUL POTOKEK'S stare. Every bend, every move appears as if it's meant for a camera. Conscious that her performance continues off stage, RAVEN moves toward PAUL. There is, about her, an air of unobtainability. HOWARD stands, steps toward her.

HOWARD

(under his  
breath)

Be nice...he might  
get me work.

(turns;  
normal voice)

Paul Potoker. This  
is Raven.

PAUL

How do you do...

RAVEN

Hi.

MUSIC BUILDS. Next dancer is about to come on.

HOWARD

Jesus...Gotta scoot...back in a sec...

HOWARD rushes off towards the dressing room stairs. PAUL stands, extends his hand to RAVEN. For a second she doesn't understand.

RAVEN

Oh...

Shakes his hand, sits down. Sips her drink voraciously through a straw.

PAUL

What is that?

RAVEN

A Jellybean...

PAUL

Jellybean?

RAVEN

One ounce of Vodka, one  
ounce Kahula, one ounce  
banana liquer, blended with  
cream and crushed ice in a  
blender...

CONTINUED

PAUL

Good God.

RAVEN

Taste it.

PAUL

Tastes like a milkshake...

(pause)

You're a  
wonderful dancer, Raven...

RAVEN

(shrugs)

I'll be better next set...  
Potoker? I know that name.  
Do you have anything to do  
with Potoker Developers?

PAUL

The family business.

RAVEN

Yeah. I see your signs  
on a lot of new construc-  
tion...Aren't you the guy  
always trashing the other  
developers?

PAUL

(laughs)

I like to give them  
a hard time. I paid  
dues in architectural  
school and somewhere along  
the line learned there's  
more to building than  
making money.

RAVEN

You don't look like  
you're starving to death.

MUSIC shifts. LIGHTS up. The podiums descend featur-  
ing LORRAINE in her high-style leopard costume.  
The previously seen young WAITRESS is dancing on  
RAVEN'S podium. The podiums ascend leaving  
LORRAINE moving to rhythmic Brazilian MUSIC. She  
has about her a jungle scent. RAVEN starts to bop in  
her chair furiously sipping her drink. PAUL can't  
stop looking at her. Total fascination. They both  
sit silently watching LORRAINE'S performance.

CONTINUED

PAUL  
You drink like a  
stevedore.

RAVEN  
I lose a lot of water...

FRANK catches RAVEN'S eye. A tension between them.  
PAUL notices it. VERA joins FRANK'S table.

RAVEN  
(getting up)  
Nice meeting you...I  
have to get back to my  
friends...

PAUL  
(surprised  
at himself)  
Look. Raven. I...

RAVEN  
(defensive)  
Uh...I don't date customers...

PAUL  
Is that house policy?

RAVEN  
It's my policy.

PAUL  
(smooth smile)  
I'm harmless.

RAVEN  
Funny. You don't look  
harmless.

PAUL  
I'm married. And have a  
daughter not that much  
younger than you...that's  
harmless...

RAVEN  
When did you get married?  
When you were twelve?

RAVEN makes to leave. Impulsively turns back...

RAVEN  
Do you know where the Donwood  
Golf Course is?

CONTINUED

PAUL  
I think so...

RAVEN  
You can meet me at the tenth  
hole Wednesday at six  
in the morning.

PAUL  
Are you nuts?

RAVEN  
That's the only time  
I have free...

PAUL  
You're putting me on right?

RAVEN  
(sincerity)  
Nope...Tenth hole, six in  
the morning.

RAVEN walks to FRANKS' table and sits down. PAUL stares  
at her, shakes his head, finally turns to LORRAINE'S  
performance.

50 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

RAVEN, in painter's overalls, is on her hands and  
knees stripping the hardwood floor of her loft.  
The loft, having just been cleaned, is pristine.  
Great pride is behind the care in this home.  
Knock at the door.

RAVEN  
It's open!

FRANK walks in fresh from work. He still has his  
work clothes on.

RAVEN  
Hi.

FRANK  
Don't you ever stop working?

RAVEN stands, examines her work.

RAVEN  
You in a bad mood?

CONTINUED

FRANK

These contractors. They  
never pay their bills  
on time.

RAVEN

You're telling me? Want  
a drink?

As RAVEN walks toward the kitchen area she's slipping  
off her overalls.

FRANK

Let's have a couple of  
colds...

RAVEN takes two beers out of the fridge. Drops her  
overalls. Puts on a pair of high heels. She's only  
wearing bikini pants. As she pours the beers,  
FRANK is discarding all his clothing. He lays back  
on the bed and watches the vision of RAVEN moving  
toward him. She puts the beers on a sidetable.  
Matter-of-factly she climbs on top of him. Stares down  
into his eyes.

RAVEN

You steam me up, Frankie.

FRANK pulls her roughly toward him. They kiss.  
Deeply sexual, deeply physical. A scene all about appetite.

51

INT. JUNIOR JEAN'S ROOM - VERA'S HOUSE - DAY

JUNIOR JEAN closes the door behind her. Her room is  
a self-created version of a tropical paradise complete  
with a plastic palm tree and escapist posters of  
Caribbean Islands. On one wall is a big poster of  
Peggy Fleming. She pushes a sound sleeping device.  
We hear surf crashing against a beach. She throws  
her bomber jacket and tool belt on the bed. A sen-  
timental, almost forties, musical atmosphere is evoked.  
JEAN undresses straightforwardly. Walks over to a  
wall mirror and examines her body academically.  
She pushes her breasts up thinking that they sag  
a little. Examines her profile. Changes her hair-  
style with her hands. She's actually quite beautiful.  
In work clothes she appears short, tom-boyish. But  
without clothes her body is revealed to be full and  
attractive. Slowly she walks to the window ledge  
and sits by the window like a Manet figure. She stares  
thoughtfully out at the old neighborhood.

PAUL POTOKER, driving his Porsche, pulls up beside the dark golf links which are below him. PORTUGUESE WORKERS are picking dew worms at a frantic pace below. It's not quite apparent to PAUL what's going on. A surrealistic long shot shows lamp-lighted mining hats, bobbing up and down in precision.

PAUL  
What is this?

PAUL gets out. Stares for awhile then honks his horn. CLOSE on RAVEN, in line with the workers, plucking worms and putting them in a basket, keeping up with the best of them. She looks up and sees his headlights. WALKS quickly toward the car. The sun is just about to come up. RAVEN still holding her basket of worms, approaches.

RAVEN  
You came...I'm surprised.

PAUL  
You're surprised? I must  
be out of my mind...

RAVEN  
(looking at  
car)  
Like I said, you're not  
exactly starving.

PAUL  
What do you do here?

RAVEN  
I pick dew worms with the  
Portuguese before work.

PAUL  
Before work?

RAVEN  
Yeah. I work for a  
renovation crew.

PAUL  
Of course you do.

RAVEN  
I'm a sandblaster.

CONTINUED

PAUL  
(incredulous)  
What galaxy are you  
from?...  
(pause)  
What do we do now?

RAVEN  
(turning)  
I've got to check out  
my baskets. Be right back.

PAUL is bewildered by all this, watches her run  
down toward the workers.

53 EXT. DRIVE-IN COFFEE SHOP--INT: PAUL'S PORSCHE--DAY

The Porsche is parked beside a speaker and RAVEN is  
leaning over PAUL shouting her order...

RAVEN  
BLT down...keep off  
the grass...easy on the mayo...  
One black on black...

SPEAKER VOICE  
...Got it!

PAUL  
Translate please.

RAVEN  
What?

PAUL  
Your order...

RAVEN  
Oh...BLT --bacon, lettuce,  
tomato sandwich--down--  
toasted--keep off the  
grass --not too much lettuce  
--easy on the mayo..

PAUL  
I know easy on the mayo.

RAVEN  
...And a chocolate milkshake  
made with chocolate ice cream...  
I hate it when they use vanilla.

PAUL smiles at her. Thoughtful.

CONTINUED

PAUL

Why did you put me through  
this way? Bringing me  
out at the crack of dawn...

RAVEN

I wanted to see if I was  
worth the bother. I mean  
guys like you, who have  
everything, and who are...  
you know...

PAUL

Older?

RAVEN

No. God. I wish you  
were older...I mean you're  
still a real piece...You  
make me nervous...

PAUL laughs at her candidness.

RAVEN

I don't know what a man  
like you wants from some-  
one like me...except the  
obvious...I just don't want  
to be ripped off.

54 EXT. MARKET STREETS - INT. PAUL'S PORSCHE - DAY

The car turns into the market area, highly noticeable  
to the street merchants and shoppers.

PAUL

That was the best breakfast  
I've had in years.

RAVEN

Thanks a lot, Mr. Potoker.

PAUL

For Christ's sake..Paul.

RAVEN

Okay...Paul...Listen.  
I think you made a wrong  
turn.

PAUL

I want to show you something.

CONTINUED

EXT. CHARLES STREET - MARKET AREA - DAY

Car pulls up in front of a neglected three-story clapboard house, painted a bright azure blue. PAUL and RAVEN get out.

PAUL

I can't believe the color...

RAVEN

What is it?

PAUL

My father was born in that house.

RAVEN

(delighted)

You're from the neighborhood? No kidding?

PAUL, nostalgic, looking around.

PAUL

My parents used to sit on the stoop and entertain the neighbors most nights...I used to play stickball on the street there...Thought I was another Drysdale...

PAUL has gone up in RAVEN'S estimation.

RAVEN

Why did you move?

PAUL

My mother wanted to move up in the world. But my father never really adjusted to moving uptown...even after he sold his carpet business and bought buildings...It confused him...Missed his cronies...He died just last year...Dropped dead in his office...Like that...They found a hundred dollar bill pinned in his coat...

CONTINUED

RAVEN

Why....?

PAUL

An old country habit...Logic  
is if you get sick somewhere,  
someone will find you and  
realize you're not poor.

Contemplative moment. RAVEN touched by this intimacy.

PAUL

You'll eventually leave the  
neighborhood too.  
Everybody does.

RAVEN

I dunno...I know everybody...  
Even the birds on the wires.

PAUL and RAVEN walk slowly back to the car. Get in.  
PAUL turns to her.

PAUL

You'll see. One day you'll  
want to move to a city  
like New York or L.A...

PAUL starts the car.

RAVEN

Those cities. They're  
like faces passing in a  
train...I'd never move there...

Car drives off. PAUL stares at RAVEN, confused by  
her attitude. She checks her watch.

RAVEN

I'm late for work.

PAUL

I'm sorry...

RAVEN

Don't be sorry.  
I loved it...

56 EXT. RENOVATED HOUSE - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

RENOVATION FOREMAN, about 60, watches RAVEN get  
out of the Porsche. PAUL drives off. RAVEN waves  
cheerfully and approaches the FOREMAN.

CONTINUED

FOREMAN  
(sarcasm)  
My, my, my...

RAVEN  
(fake English  
accent)  
Daddy took me to a little  
breakfast at the Plaza.

FOREMAN  
The turkey who bought this  
joint is coming here later  
today. I want you to finish  
the cornice work.

RAVEN heads toward the sand pots.

RAVEN  
What's he do?

FOREMAN  
Who?

RAVEN  
The turkey...

FOREMAN  
Orthodontist...

RAVEN  
What's that?

FOREMAN  
Fixes teeth...

56 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

RAVEN, wearing her tight painter's overalls, is again on her hands and knees stripping and blanching the hardwood floor. Knock on door. She's surprised. Gets up and walks to the door. Unlocks, opens it.

JUNIOR JEAN, wearing her work clothes, stands there. RAVEN is taken aback.

JUNIOR JEAN  
You were probably expecting  
Frank.

RAVEN  
Not really. C'mon in...

CONTINUED

JEAN walks into the loft. She's impressed by it. Appears intimidated. There's great tension between them.

RAVEN  
You want to punch me out,  
right?

JUNIOR JEAN  
No.

RAVEN  
I wouldn't blame you.

JUNIOR JEAN  
I didn't come here about  
Frank. I would have come  
a lot sooner...

RAVEN  
You knew...?

JUNIOR JEAN  
One thing about Frank.  
He's real honest...

RAVEN  
What we have...It'll play  
out...

JUNIOR JEAN  
(resenting herself)  
I know. He's not good  
enough for you..

JUNIOR JEAN pauses. Eyes the loft.

JUNIOR JEAN  
I came to ask you to help  
me out...I want to be a  
dancer...

RAVEN taken aback. Searching moment.

RAVEN  
Want a drink?

JUNIOR JEAN  
I'd rather have a joint.  
I'm kind of nervous.

CONTINUED

JUNIOR JEAN starts wandering around the loft examining it. RAVEN goes to prepare a joint.

JUNIOR JEAN  
It's amazing what you've done  
to this place since we put  
the wiring in...

RAVEN  
(holds up hands)  
All with these.

RAVEN has taken some papers from a hand-painted box and is sorting out a joint at a homemade plexiglass table. Signals JEAN to sit down.

RAVEN  
About Frank...I...

JUNIOR JEAN  
Stop..please...Don't get  
me wrong...I love Frankie...  
But we've been living together  
for four years...Since I'm  
fourteen. He's getting tired  
of me...I already had my  
cry over that. And you know  
what? I'm getting tired  
of me too...tired of just being  
an electrician's helper...  
There's got to be more to  
me than that...

RAVEN  
  
About the dancing, Jean.  
If you're doing it for  
Frank, I can't help you.  
Only because you'll only be  
good if you do it for yourself.

JUNIOR JEAN  
(tough)  
It is for myself...It was  
Frank who was nuts for  
Peggy Fleming...

RAVEN smiles. Passes the joint.

JUNIOR JEAN  
(looking around)  
I'd give anything to have  
my own space.

CONTINUED

RAVEN

This place means more to me than anything. When I came back to the neighborhood -- I was about sixteen, I guess -- I had no money, no friends, no support. I had to live out of a baggage locker in the bus depot. Wash and change in the ladies john...

JUNIOR JEAN

But you were born around here, right?

RAVEN

We moved when I was twelve.

JUNIOR JEAN

How come?

RAVEN

My Mom took me with her to a bible school in Virginia after my Dad left us.

JUNIOR JEAN

Your dad left?

RAVEN

I don't blame him. He was a neat man. A saxophone player. My Mom's another story. One of those Janis Joplin hippies who got born again after the Sixties didn't work out. She got pious and he couldn't hack it. Went on a road trip with a band and never came back. Last I heard he was in Sweden some place. I miss him a lot...

JUNIOR JEAN

I can't imagine you at bible school.

RAVEN

Hell. I was top of the class. A proper little virgin. That's why I ran out on my Mom, I think...She wouldn't let me anywhere near men..Ah, it's not as simple as that. You know what I mean...

CONTINUED

JUNIOR JEAN  
I remember. You had a  
boyfriend...A Greek kid?

RAVEN  
Nicos. Did I love that guy.  
After not having a Dad  
around, him being the first  
and all. He just disappeared  
one day. Went to New York  
to study Kendo or  
something.

(laughs)  
He took a guitar my Dad  
gave me. An old Martin.  
Worth at least \$800 today.  
If I ever see him I'm  
going to stick one of those  
Kendo poles up his ass.

LAUGHTER. They pass the joint. RAVEN stands.  
Thoughtful.

RAVEN  
Do you mind taking  
your clothes off? I can't  
tell anything until  
I see your body.

JEAN gets up and begins to peel off her clothes  
self-consciously.

JUNIOR JEAN  
When you're up on the  
stage is there any  
one thing you want  
to look like. You know,  
I mean, aside from yourself?

RAVEN smiles. Walks over to her anatomical  
drawings of horses.

CONTINUED

RAVEN

That's a smart question...  
I've always wanted to look  
like a horse running.

JUNIOR JEAN

I would have thought a Cheetah.

RAVEN

No, that's Lorraine.

RAVEN takes JUNIOR JEAN'S hand now that she's only  
wearing panties. Guides her to a window.

RAVEN

One thing I know for sure.  
A girl's naked body is her  
best costume...

(pause)

Breasts need some firming.  
Put your hands behind your  
neck. Flex. That's it...  
No problem...You got  
strong pecs...Your legs  
are kind of short...We'll  
fix that with the right  
shoes...Something extreme...  
Stilletos, maybe...

RAVEN slips off her overalls. She's wearing nothing  
but heels. Her body is so perfect, she appears  
dressed.

RAVEN

Now look at me. See where  
these muscles show but don't  
look too hard.

(flexes muscles  
around her navel  
and rib cage.

They ripple, a  
startling sight)

The secret is showing that  
kind of development only  
under certain lighting..  
So it looks exciting  
but not masculine.

JUNIOR JEAN

You're so beautiful.

RAVEN

So are you.

CONTINUED

JUNIOR JEAN  
I'd like to keep  
this a secret until I  
know if I'm good enough.  
At least from Frank.

RAVEN  
Your secret's safe...

JUNIOR JEAN  
Do you think I'll be any good?

RAVEN  
(laughs)  
Na-aw...Not a chance...

Pause. JUNIOR JEAN staring out the window. Turns to RAVEN.

JUNIOR JEAN  
Did Frank ever tell you  
why I live at Vera's house?

RAVEN  
No. We don't exactly  
chat...Oh, I'm sorry.

JUNIOR JEAN  
(shrugs)  
I lived in the east end. He  
came to our house on a job.  
He was six years older --  
I mean 20!--but I was crazy  
for him. He kept coming  
around. We were making out.  
Just making out. My parents  
caught us...

RAVEN  
(laughs)  
They must have been really  
pissed.

JUNIOR JEAN  
You don't understand. My  
Dad's a real violent alcoholic.  
Beat me regular. He put  
Frank and me in the hospital  
for three days...

RAVEN  
Shit...

JUNIOR JEAN  
Said he never wanted to see my  
face again...A week after I  
got out of the hospital I  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

JUNIOR JEAN (CONT'D)  
came home to make-up.  
Frank waited for me at  
the corner...

(chokes up)  
...the thing that got me was  
they were having a party...  
Just having a great old  
time! Shut the door in  
my face...

(pause)  
I don't know for sure...  
But I don't think I was  
my Dad's real kid...I used  
to hear him say things to  
my Ma.

RAVEN, completely moved, walks over to JUNIOR JEAN.  
Embraces her. Two female figures framed by the  
window. Break embrace. RAVEN looks into JUNIOR  
JEAN'S eyes.

RAVEN  
Well...we got a hell  
of a lot of work  
to do.

57 INT. LES COPAINS - UPTOWN - NIGHT

At a table beside a fireplace in this elegantly  
appointed French restaurant, PAUL POTOKER, wearing  
a pinstripe suit is dining with RAVEN. She's  
wearing a red forties suit jacket with nothing underneath.

A pair of mauve leotards, purple high heels  
and a black bolwer hat. Through the leotard it's  
possible to see a pair of black French silk  
panties. Hostile glances from conservative matrons  
are directed towards PAUL'S table. Disapproval  
of RAVEN'S dress and general deportment. RAVEN is  
playing with some brocolli with her fork.

RAVEN  
Do I eat these little trees?

PAUL  
If you want. It's brocolli.

RAVEN  
Oh, right...I think I'll  
have another Jellybean.

PAUL summons the WAITER.

CONTINUED

PAUL  
When did you start having  
these fantasies about  
looking different?

RAVEN  
When I was in third grade.

PAUL  
When was that?

RAVEN  
Uh...1970.

PAUL  
(choking on  
his Jellybean)  
1970!

RAVEN  
Right. I used to  
daydream that in assembly,  
I'd wear a black leather  
outfit and ride a big Harley  
into the auditorium.

PAUL  
Third grade? Where would  
you get fantasies like that  
in third grade?

RAVEN  
From watching reruns of  
"The Monkees" on TV. Vera  
and Howard were the first  
people I met who understood  
all that. They loved my  
ideas. I guess they were the  
first people to take me  
seriously. I love them for  
that. I really love those  
guys...

PAUL responds to the stares. Uncomfortable.

PAUL  
Why did I bring you here?

RAVEN  
'Cause I wanted to see  
what it was like. Forget  
them. We're getting high...

CONTINUED

PAUL  
(tipsy)  
Look at them...  
Silly bourgeois, cows.  
Fuck 'em.

RAVEN  
You fuck 'em.

LAUGHS. The WAITER arrives.

PAUL  
Look, Camillo. We want two  
more Jellybeans but you're  
not getting it right. One  
ounce of Vodka, one ounce  
of Kahlua, one ounce of banana  
liqueur. Then really blended  
strongly together with  
cream and crushed ice. It  
should be like a milkshake.

WAITER  
Like a milkshake. Yes, sir.

WAITER walks wearily away.

RAVEN  
What's wrong with this place?  
They've never heard of Kammakazies,  
Jellybeans? I can't believe  
it.

PAUL  
Howard and Vera are right to  
take you seriously. You're  
very talented. There's no  
one like you, Raven. But  
I don't understand something.  
Where's the dream? To get  
out there, go to the big  
city. To make it...

RAVEN  
I got a dream...Who  
says I have to go anywhere  
with it?

PAUL  
But every dancer has to  
study, learn technique ..

CONTINUED

RAVEN

I got my own technique.

PAUL

So what do you want then?

The WAITER arrives with the Jellybeans. Leaves.  
RAVEN gulps a large part of hers down.

RAVEN

MM-mmm-mmm...Much better.

(pause)

What do I want? You  
mean fantasies?

PAUL

Dreams...whatever...

RAVEN

I always wanted to be driven  
around in a big limo like a  
rock star.

PAUL

What else?

RAVEN

Go to a party on a  
Lear Jet.

PAUL laughs out loud. More unpleasant glances.

RAVEN

I don't like this place.  
These people are  
from Mars!

RAVEN downs most of her Jellybean.

PAUL

They think you're from  
Mars. Let's get out  
of here.

RAVEN

Where's the ladies?

PAUL points to a corner door. RAVEN is stared at  
as she strides to the bathroom PAUL summons the  
check. He wonders what it is he's doing. People  
keep staring his way. Discomfort.

58

INT. BATHROOM - LES COPAINS - UPTOWN - DAY

CLOSE on RAVEN'S hand dropping her underwear into her big, pink tote bag. Walks out of the toilet area into the powder room section. Throws her bag on the counter. Fishes into it. Finds a pair of mirror contact lenses. A fastidious WOMAN in her forties is washing her hands next to RAVEN. She looks in the mirror and realizes she can see RAVEN'S pubic hair beneath the leotards. Her mouth drops as she watches RAVEN pop in mirror contact lenses. She looks like a space creature. The WOMAN hurries out.

RAVEN

(to mirror)

The Empire Strikes Back!

59

INT. LES COPAINS - UPTOWN - DAY

The entire restaurant double-takes at the exotic sight of RAVEN moving toward PAUL'S table.

PAUL

Jes-us Christ!

He needs to get her out of there. Takes her arm and rushes toward the exit. As he approaches the door he bumps into FRED, his squash partner.

FRED

Paul...How are you?

FRED sees RAVEN. Nods. Tries to be nonchalant.

PAUL

Hello, Fred...Just leaving...

FRED

(giving Raven  
the once over)

How about some squash next  
week?

PAUL

That's right...Fred...  
Call me next week, will  
you?

RAVEN and PAUL exit hurriedly.

60 EXT. UPTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

PAUL'S Porsche stops at a light. PAUL can't stop laughing at RAVEN and the situation. A dark sedan pulls up beside the Porsche. Inside, a CONSERVATIVE COUPLE, gawk. RAVEN turns, opens her jacket, exposes her breasts to the couple and stares solemnly back behind her mirrored-contact lenses. Mouths drop. Porsche speeds on.

61 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

C/U of an electric blender making Jellybeans. Pull back to see RAVEN pouring the drinks. PAUL checking out the loft in the background. Both happily drunk.

PAUL  
You did all this yourself?

RAVEN  
I've had to make over \$650  
a week for over a year to get  
it like this.

Brings him his drink. Gulps hers.

RAVEN  
If you think I'm getting high...  
well...I am..If you think you can  
take advantage of me. Forget it. I  
can drink any guy under the table.

PAUL  
(woozy)  
I believe it...

RAVEN takes him by the hand and walks him to the back of the loft. Behind a Chinese screen is a factory garment rack, with striking high-fashions; costume after costume.

RAVEN  
Vera made all these. Aren't  
they sensational? Howard  
and her are going to open  
up a shop.

PAUL  
...Not exactly Lord &  
Taylor's is it?

RAVEN grabs one of the more revealing costumes. Throws off her jacket. She's just wearing her bowler hat with

CONTINUED

feather, purple leotards and purple pumps. She catches his eye on her breasts as she heads toward the Chinese screen. Shakes her head disapprovingly.

RAVEN  
What is it with you  
guys? You think in  
your pants.

RAVEN stops behind the screen.

PAUL  
With you around, who could  
help it?

RAVEN (O.S.)  
Let me be natural, okay?  
Like I'm with my friends.  
I don't want to have to  
worry that you're going  
to jump on my bones...

PAUL  
(laughs)  
I'm not a jumper...

PAUL walks over to wall and looks at the various  
magazine illustrations of goddess-like women.

PUAL  
It's a compliment.

RAVEN  
I'm not trying to tease  
or anything. I hate that.  
I think it's a corny way  
to dance and a corny way  
to be....Whoops...  
(giggles)

PAUL  
What happened?

RAVEN(O.S.)  
Put it on backwards!  
(giggles)

Moments pass. Finally RAVEN steps from behind  
the screen. She looks great. Striking a sophisticated  
pose, she imitates moves seen previously at the  
CONSERVATORY. A pirouette turns into a tour jeté.  
She spins toward him across the hardwood floor.  
His eyes focus on every movement,

CONTINUED

the precise way she uses her body. Obsessively, he perceives her graceful approach. For a flash, as she twirls toward him, he sees his wife ELAINE, much younger. RAVEN dances past, almost touching him. He's shaken. A desire both confused and excited by his memory's image of ELAINE.

RAVEN

Isn't it something else?

PAUL puts his drink down. Half smiles. Nods his head.

PAUL

I have to get home before  
I pass out...

62 INT. JUNIOR JEAN'S ROOM - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

JEAN has cleared away the Peggy Fleming poster. Taped up in its place are paintings of voluptuous she-creatures, pages ripped from an inexpensive art book series: "The Fantastic Art of Frank Frazetta." CAMERA PANS the paintings, various costume details have been circled and numbered with a magic marker.

VERA

(v.o. paintings)

"The Frazetta female is  
small of stature but  
lush...She is a sorceress,  
a child, a woman; she is  
erotic, powerful, improbable,  
lovely and very much alive."

We see VERA, reading from an art book introduction, standing with JUNIOR JEAN. Closes the book.

VERA

I've stolen ideas before, but  
this is ridiculous...

JUNIOR JEAN

I look dumb in high-fashion.  
I'm too short.

VERA

What are you calling this  
look? Heavy metal?

CONTINUED

JUNIOR JEAN  
Nordic space goddess.

They walk over to the paintings to examine them further. VERA looks closely at a scantily-clad girl wearing wings.

VERA  
Wings are a good idea...  
the feathers will soften the  
look...I'm supposed to  
hide all this from  
Frank?

JUNIOR JEAN nods.

63 INT. MAUDE FRIZON - SHOE SHOP - UPTOWN - DAY

PAUL has just bought six pairs of expensive French high heels. As the SALESLADY packs them in boxes, PAUL is holding one up, admiring it closely. Hands it to SALESLADY reluctantly. She packs it.

SALESLADY  
That will be \$923.50, sir.

PAUL  
(handing card)  
I assume you take  
American Express.

SALESLADY  
Your wife will just adore  
these shoes...

PAUL smiles sheepishly.

64 INT. COSTUME HOUSE - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS down row upon row of theatrical costumes in this vast space. HOLDS on one row. VERA, using a poloid camera is taking shots of various items that resemble those items circled in the previously seen paintings. VERA gestures to JUNIOR JEAN.

VERA  
(snapping item)  
Turn it over.

JUNIOR JEAN turns the item over. VERA snaps it. At a distance VERA sees fake-Roman breastplate and war helmets.

CONTINUED

VERA  
Look...Over there.

They both hurridly walk over to the armour section. VERA puts her camera in a huge canvas bag she's carrying. Grabs a helmet that looks very much like the one seen in the paintings and starts stuffing it in her bag.

JUNIOR JEAN  
(hushed)  
You out of your head? "

VERA and JUNIOR JEAN walk boldly down the aisle into the reception area and past a clerk in his fifties. TINA TECH is flirting with the clerk.

TINA TECH  
Thanks again, Billy.

CLERK  
Anytime, Tina. Bye Vera.

65 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

RAVEN, wearing her painter's overalls, is sitting at her plexiglas table. On the table are the six pairs of Maude Frizon shoes from PAUL. Between her feet is a piece of newspaper with various cans of spray paint, bottles of nail polish. She's painting a realistic girl's foot on the outside of one shoe. The second shoe, completed, below explains: The shoe appears like an illustrated, naked foot, toenails, polished bright red. FRANK enters frame. Faces. He's dressed to leave.

RAVEN  
C'mon...It's not the  
end of the world.

FRANK  
But what's changed?

RAVEN  
I don't feel right  
anymore...It's doing a  
game on me.

FRANK  
(angry)  
Who are you, Raven?  
What's going on in  
there?

CONTINUED

RAVEN  
I never made no promises.

FRANK  
No. You definitely  
did not. Fuck!

RAVEN  
Don't you love the  
Junior Jean?

FRANK  
I guess...but...that's not...

RAVEN  
I think you're lucky  
to have a girl like  
Junior Jean, Frankie.

FRANK  
(emotional)  
I gotta go...

Walks out of frame.

66 INT. JUNIOR JEAN'S ROOM - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

JUNIOR JEAN is drilling a series of holes over the eye-slit in the stolen war helmet. She screws on a pink, plastic visor that covers the eye-slit. A soldering iron is plugged in and on a nearby chair. She's made an opening at the back of the helmet. Inside are a series of electrical wires and gadgets. She solders one last wire in place. Turns off the soldering iron. Blows on the connection to cool it. Waves the helmet to cool it further. It's finished. Turns the face of the helmet toward her. Turns on a switch at the back. A light beam flashes across the pink visor -- A "Star Wars" affect. JUNIOR JEAN is triumphant. Hears FRANK climbing stairs. Puts helmet away. Rushes to close door. FRANK angry, walks past her to his door.

JUNIOR JEAN  
Hi...

FRANK mutters. Slams door.

67 INT. OLITSKI'S GYM - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

RAVEN, wearing her warm-up costume, and JUNIOR JEAN, wearing hers, are working out together. JUNIOR JEAN

CONTINUED

carefully listening to RAVEN'S advice, as various body builders pump up in the background. The two girls are in front of wall mirrors. MUSIC from cassette player.

RAVEN  
Remember...Hot poses  
that move...

RAVEN shoots out one hand, arches her back, throws out a hip, then flexes a calf. Moves her fingers gracefully.

RAVEN  
The moves should answer each  
other. See my fingers moving?  
Then look at the calf. It  
answers my fingers. Try it...

JUNIOR JEAN strikes a similar pose. Starts to dance. RAVEN studies her. Stops her at one point, corrects a particular step. TONY, the instructor-owner, stands by a wall, Looks on approvingly.

68 INT. MODERN MODES FACTORY ANNEX - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Alone at night in this vast sewing factory, VERA is surrounded by huge, white and silver feathers. Under the only lamp that's on in the factory, VERA has pinned her schematic for the wing-costume. Wearily she sews on into the night.

69 EXT. UPTOWN SHOP - BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY

LORRAINE continues to paint the building. It's beginning to take on a sprightly new life. NADIA and SOLITARY are on the roof tarring down new shingles JUNIOR JEAN is putting wire through a window and securing it with a staple gun. A haggard VERA pulls up in the bakery truck. Gets out. Brings in cans of paint.

70 INT. UPTOWN SHOP - BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY

VERA enters. HOWARD is examining his sketch book against some newly made shelves. TINA TECH is cutting lumber on a stationary power saw. FRANK is drilling holes in a baseboard where he's installing an electrical device. Attaches the wire that leads to JUNIOR JEAN. Something's wrong.

CONTINUED

FRANK  
(yells to Jean)  
I told you we should  
have used number four  
wire!

JEAN makes a face in the window. Enters building.

HOWARD  
I can't make up my mind...  
Where's Raven? I need  
Raven.

FRANK  
She went over to that  
asshole school.

JEAN walks up to VERA takes an envelope out of her  
pocket and gives it to her.

VERA  
What's this?

JUNIOR JEAN  
My room money.

VERA  
(shakes her  
head)  
Have you discussed this with...  
(looks at  
Frank).

JUNIOR JEAN  
I don't have to...It's  
my business.

JEAN walks away. VERA pockets envelope.

71 INT. CONSERVATORY OF CONTEMPORARY DANCE - DAY

RAVEN, wearing paint-splattered work clothes, is  
standing beside the open doorway to a rehearsal hall.  
The same severe INSTRUCTOR is putting the Junior class  
through it's paces to the MUSIC of another modern  
dance. The ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR is walking hurriedly  
down the hall. Notices RAVEN in her overalls.

ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR  
I thought they finished painting  
the third floor?

CONTINUED

RAVEN  
(startled)  
Uh...not yet...

ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR shakes her head and walks off.  
RAVEN continues to watch the cultivated dancers.  
Before long she can't help furtively imitating some  
finger and hand stretches. One pretty young dancer  
leaps in front of the doorway and catches her doing  
a little half-step in her Kodiak boots. The DANCER  
laughs. RAVEN totally embarrassed. The DANCER is very  
cheerful. Continues to stretch to the MUSIC, but talks  
to RAVEN.

DANCER  
That wasn't bad...You  
a dancer?

RAVEN  
(mortified)  
Oh, no. I'm a sandblaster.

DANCER  
(makes face as  
she stretches)  
A what?

RAVEN  
(stutters)  
Painter...I paint houses...

DANCER  
Really?

RAVEN  
(still embarrassed)  
Yeah...the pay's good..

DANCER  
(stretch, step)  
I'm Glynnis. What's  
your name?

RAVEN  
(defensive)  
Raven...

DANCER  
What a great name!  
(whispers)  
Hey, Stephanie...

Another dancer, dances over, smiles at RAVEN.

CONTINUED

DANCER  
(laughs)  
Catch this funky  
entrechat....Show  
her, Raven....

RAVEN, thinking they're laughing at her, rushes, upset  
toward the door.

STEPHANIE  
(stretch)  
What's wrong with her?

DANCER  
(step)  
I don't know..She was good...

72 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

As the platforms ascend, TINA TECH is the dancer performing alone this time. She is wearing her Hi-Tech extension cord outfit previously seen in the dressing room. The goldfish swimming in the heels of her plexiglas high heels are slapping frantically around as she moves electrically to the music. She's holding a plexiglas dagger that keeps changing color in the light. She places the dagger blade under the extension cord as if she were trying to free herself from the clutches of a snake. At one point the cords appears to be cut in half. She grabs the cords and twirls out of the snake's clutches in one long balletic move. CAMERA travels back revealing the audience regulars and HOLDS on one table. At the table PAUL, RAVEN, and HOWARD, sipping Jellybeans, watch TINA'S performance. VERA, FRANK and JUNIOR JEAN watch from the next table. FRANK stares resentfully at PAUL, from time to time. RAMOS, near the door leading to the dressing room stairs, waves to get RAVEN'S attention. He's standing with ANGELENE, a very shapely blonde in her early twenties. RAVEN walks over to them as TINA'S performance continues.

RAMOS  
This is Angelene. She's  
going to be trying-out  
tonight.

RAVEN  
Hi...

ANGELENE  
(Texas drawl)  
Hi...

CONTINUED

RAVEN  
I hear you strip for Jesus?

ANGELENE  
It's the way I pass His  
Word.

(holds up a gold  
cross that's around  
her neck)

RAVEN  
We don't think of ourselves  
as strippers here. We're  
dancer's....

SOLITARY approaches from the dressing room stairs.

ANGELENE  
I never take off my bottoms.  
There I draw the line.  
There's no damn reason in the  
world why perfect strangers  
should get to see my sacred  
reproductive organs.

RAVEN  
Right. Well, good luck Angelene..  
You'll be taking my spot  
tonight...

ANGELENE  
Thanks heaps...

RAMOS and ANGELENE exit toward the dressing room stairs.

SOLITARY  
She wears garter belts. Yechhh!

RAVEN  
Give her a chance.

TINA'S performance continues in the background.

73 EXT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET DISTRICT - NIGHT

The perviously seen FIRST BIKER is standing in the shadows beside the door of the bar smoking a joint while the SECOND BIKER is picking the back lock of HOWARD'S delivery truck. Gets the door open. Grabs a full box of pastries. Gestures to FIRST BIKER. They both rush for the dark alley beside the bar. Sit hidden behind the garbage pails. They have a partial view of the truck and bar front. PAUL'S Porsche is parked behind the truck.

CONTINUED

SECOND BIKER

Man, have I got the munchies.

The BIKERS pull back into the shadows as a Volkswagon convertible pulls up behind the Porsche. JILL POTOKER steps out of her FRIEND'S car. Her friend, LYNN, was previously seen in the arena during the skating regionals. JILL walks back to the car. The unseen BIKERS bite voraciously into pastries and leer at the girls.

JILL

It's my father's car alright...

FRIEND

What's he doing here?

JILL

If I don't find out I'll die...

LYNN steps out of car. They head toward the HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL; pick up pace when they hear suggestive whistles from the darkness of the alley.

74 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GIRLL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

TINA TECH finishes her routine and is carried up into the dressing room to applause and cheers. RAVEN is standing at the next table, bending over VERA chatting about ANGELENE.

PAUL

(laughing)

Wasn't that marvelous?

HOWARD

Tina's got more balls than the Pittsburg Steelers.

They return to their drinks. Pause.

PAUL

How did you do at Les Copains, Howard?

HOWARD

Turns out they don't take freelance desserts...Got their own pastry chef...He tasted my work, though. Wanted to know the secret ingredient. I don't tell nobody; my secret ingredient...

CONTINUED

PAUL  
Sorry it didn't work out.

HOWARD  
Thanks for making the call.  
I know you're very busy.

75 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

JILL and LYNN approach the interior door of the showbar.  
JILL presses against the wall. LYNN stands at the doorway.

JILL  
Is he there?

LYNN searches the room. A WAITRESS passes with a tray of beer. LYNN admires her outfit.

LYNN  
Look at that super dress!

JILL  
Is he there?

LYNN  
I don't think so...Yes!...  
There he is!

JILL chances a look. She sees RAVEN walk back to her father's table, touch his hair affectionately and sit down.

LYNN  
Let's get out of here...

JILL  
(staring at  
Raven)  
I know that girl. She was  
at the regionals. Remember?

LYNN  
You're right!

JILL  
He couldn't keep his eyes off  
her.

The WAITRESS approaches the girls at the door.

WAITRESS  
You want a table girls?

LYNN locks at JILL nervously.

CONTINUED

WAITRESS  
Do you have ID's?

JILL  
(bitchy)  
We're as old as you are.

LYNN  
I don't want to go in anyway.

JILL  
(points to Raven)  
Do you know that girl?

WAITRESS  
Raven? She's not dancing  
tonight.

JILL and LYNN turn to leave.

WAITRESS  
Next time you girls come  
slumming, bring some fake  
ID's.

JILL and LYNN head for the exit. JILL stops. Gestures  
her friend to go ahead.

JILL  
I'll be out in a minute.

JILL heads back to the showbar. Hiding behind a  
corner, she stares voyeuristically at RAVEN and her  
FATHER. Her eyes move from RAVEN to her FATHER and  
back again. Transfixed. Reluctantly she leaves.

76 EXT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

JILL and LYNN rush back to the car.

LYNN  
How wierd?

JILL  
Tacky!

As they jump into the convertible, the two BIKERS step  
out of the alleyway.

SECOND BIKER  
Hey girls? Wanna toke?

A frightened LYNN starts up the car and takes off.  
The two BIKERS run after the car trying to grab a  
door handle. the BIKERS laugh, jeer, as the car speeds  
away.

CONTINUED

## INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

The lights dim, signaling a new show. RAVEN and PAUL drink their Jellybeans as the strains of gospel music build. The platforms descend. At the center, holding a Bible, is ANGELENE. She's wearing a multi-colored skirt, G-string, bra, cowboy jacket and hat. The outfit is covered in micro-dot lights that flash images of angels with halos and Christian symbols. She's also wearing painted cowboy boots with a black garter belt. As the podiums ascend, TINA, NADIA, LORRAINE, and SOLITARY dance satirically to what they consider dumb music. As ANGELENE strips, she bends down to touch her cowboy boots revealing a G-string the shape of a cross. With her rear pointing to the audience, she flashes a view of the crucifixion in micro-dots.

VERA

Obscene!

HOWARD

Praise the Lord!

RAVEN shakes her head in dismay. She and PAUL watch in disbelief. After awhile they look at each other and can't stop laughing.

RAVEN

Let's get out of here...

## EXT. CITY AIRPORT - DOCKING AREA - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS past various small planes and hangars. We see PAUL'S Porsche parked beside a LEAR JET. The jet's interior lights are on. Door open. Sound of laughter.

## INT. LEAR JET - CITY AIRPORT - NIGHT

RAVEN is at the controls of the jet. PAUL is in the luxurious main cabin opening a bottle of expensive champagne. He fills two glasses and staggers, tipsily, toward RAVEN, who is wearing the same outfit she wore at Les Copains. RAVEN is pushing buttons and speaking into a mike.

RAVEN

You can beam me up, Scotty...

RAVEN sees a key. Turns it. A high whining sound.

CONTINUED

PAUL  
What are you doing?

PAUL rushes over, spilling champagne. He almost trips as he turns the key off. She laughs and sways into the cabin area. PAUL, smiling, walks back toward her. She fills up his half-empty glass.

PAUL  
Crazy kid. You're going to be the death of me.

RAVEN  
I'm going to be the life of you.

THEY toast each other.

RAVEN  
To the life of you.

Down the champagne.

RAVEN  
Isn't this just fabulous?

PAUL  
You're fabulous..

RAVEN  
Your friend must be really rich to own a Lear Jet.

PAUL  
His company leases it...

RAVEN notices an elaborate tape, sound system.

RAVEN  
Look at that fan-tastic sound system...

(plays with the knobs, turns it on)

Not too shabby..I'm going to try my new music.

RAVEN fishes in her pink tote bag. Puts on her new show tape. MUSIC starts slowly, almost melodic. PAUL sits in a swivel chair as RAVEN begins her impromptu dance. As the MUSIC builds she moves with an implicit grace, immediatly creating a theatrical atmosphere. She throws off her bowler hat. Snaps off her forties jacket revealing her breasts. She's also wearing long,

CONTINUED

black silk gloves with the fingers cut off. Fingernail polish sparkles in the light. She's wearing no underwear beneath the mauve leotards. MUSIC shifts its momentum to hard rock. RAVEN turns the volume up full blast. The music is deafening. She dances out the door of the jet. PAUL, broken from his reverie, follows her.

80 EXT. LEAR JET - DOCKING AREA - CITY AIRPORT - NIGHT

RAVEN is now rocking topless and in extremely high heels on the wing of the LEAR JET. From the tarmac, PAUL stares at this creature abandoning herself to the music.

81 EXT. NEARBY HANGAR - CITY AIRPORT - NIGHT

A black SECURITY GUARD in his sixties turns his head toward the sound of the music as do THREE JANITORS who are cleaning up. One JANITOR recognizes where the music is coming from. Turns to SECURITY GUARD.

JANITOR

It's from dock area 21!

The SECURITY GUARD presses button 21 of a lighting switchboard mounted on the hangar wall. The LEAR JET is hit by a spotlight. The JANITORS and SECURITY GUARD are amazed at the sight of a girl dancing wildly on the wing of the plane. They move toward the plane in a rush. A MAN driving a fork lift loading vehicle also catches the sight, as does an AIRPLANE MECHANIC carrying a large wrench in his hand, dressed in greasy overalls. They all move toward the plane providing an audience suspending disbelief. The group circles the front of the plane. RAVEN ignores them and pushes her extreme dance even further, moving up to the roof of the jet. PAUL, the FORK LIFT OPERATOR, AIRPLANE MECHANIC, SECURITY GUARD and THREE JANITORS gradually get into the spirit of the music, moving their own bodies to the beat. They love it. A 747 JUMBO JET is starting to taxi down the nearby take off strip. The huge jet passes RAVEN in the spotlight on the smaller plane. CAMERA PANS past the long line of portholes on the 747 as it passes RAVEN. FACES pressed to the windows of the 747 show a whole range of emotions as they stare down at the girl and her audience. The 747 passes by, speeds toward takeoff. The MUSIC moves to another mood and RAVEN dances down the wing to the entrance steps and into the jet. PAUL, obsessed, rushes after her and slams the door. Looks of disappointment on the faces of the new audience.

RAVEN poses to the last beats of the music. Her body is running with perspiration. Her last theatrical gesture is to place her hand between her legs as her head shoots upward. PAUL moves slowly toward her. Places his hands on her face. Tenderly touches her features. Moves his hands down her neck slowly, falls to his knees, moves down, across her breasts, even more slowly down toward her navel. He's trembling. Begins to pull down the leotards slowly. RAVEN opens her eyes. Looks down at PAUL. A moment of indecision. Finally reaches down and holds his hand.

RAVEN  
Paul...don't...

PAUL pulls RAVEN to her knees. Kisses her roughly on the mouth. She reponds. They roll together on the floor. Frantic passion. Finally RAVEN wrestles free. Both are breathing heavily, quickly. Both on their knees a few feet away from each other.

RAVEN  
I...can't...I'm scared...

PAUL  
(shaking)  
Goddamn it! I'm not  
sixteen. I'm 38-years  
old!

RAVEN  
I'm sorry...I...

PAUL stands. Angry despite himself. RAVEN hit by emotion is still on her knees. For the first time we see her losing control over him.

PAUL  
Get up for Christ's sake!

RAVEN  
(quavering;  
no confidence)  
Do you want me, Paul?

PAUL turns. His face full of yearning. RAVEN stands. Suddenly angry.

RAVEN  
(finger pounding  
her chest)  
But-do-you-want-me!

CONTINUED

RAVEN hurls herself at PAUL. Her fists pummeling him. He's so surprised by her attack that he bounces off a wall and falls to the floor. Furious she straddles him and pushes his face between her legs.

RAVEN  
Is that what you want?  
Is that it!?

RAVEN bursts into tears. Gets up. Grabs her things. Rushes out of the plane, PAUL, stunned, remorseful.

PAUL  
Raven! I'm sorry...

83 EXT. DOCKING AREA - CITY AIRPORT - NIGHT

RAVEN runs, weeping, across the tarmac. PAUL in pursuit. The SECURITY GUARD and JANITORS look on, heads shaking. PAUL almost has to tackle her. Embraces her. She holds on for dear life.

84 INT. POTOKER HOUSE - UPTOWN - NIGHT

The modern Potoker house might be from the pages of Architectural Forum -- poured concrete and glass in a neighborhood still known for the traditional residences of old money. ELAINE and JILL are finishing dinner. PAUL is noticeably absent.

JILL  
He knew the committee was going to announce the division list today. I think he's a pig!

ELAINE  
You were a shoe in...  
Your father knew that.

JILL  
Oh, Mommy. Don't make excuses for him. Don't you ever wonder where he is?

ELAINE  
He works late. He's busy...

JILL shakes her head in disgust. ELAINE notices it.

ELAINE  
What does that mean?

CONTINUED

JILL  
Did you ever think he  
might be out with other  
women?

ELAINE plays with her food, puts fork down, sips glass  
of wine.

ELAINE  
I'm sure your father...

JILL  
...fucks around.

ELAINE  
Alright, Jill. If you've  
got something to tell  
me, let's hear it...

JILL  
Lynn said she saw him hanging  
out in a creepy bar downtown.

ELAINE  
So what?

JILL  
Remember those wild girls  
who were dancing by the  
boards at the regionals?

ELAINE  
(laughs)  
They were outrageous...

JILL  
Lynn said he was with one  
of them. She's some kind  
of dancer.

ELAINE  
They're just kids...

JILL  
Jailbait...

ELAINE  
...I'm  
sure he had his reasons for  
being there...

JILL  
Don't be stupid, mother...

CONTINUED

ELAINE  
Anyway, I think you're a  
genuine shit for gossiping  
about him like that.

Defensive moment as they quietly go back to meal.

JILL  
Back when you danced with  
Martha Graham in New York...

ELAINE  
What about it?

JILL  
Did you ever dance for  
Daddy....alone.

ELAINE  
What do you mean?

JILL  
You know...

ELAINE  
Don't be ridiculous.

JILL sees her embarrassment. Realizes she did dance  
for him alone.

JILL  
(giggling)  
Ooooh, Mommy. How gross!

ELAINE laughs at her own embarrassment.

ELAINE  
There was nothing gross  
about it. He could make  
me do anything.

JILL  
You mean you don't do it  
anymore?

ELAINE  
Things like that change  
when you've been together  
a long time.

JILL  
Why do they?

CONTINUED

ELAINE

Well, you came along...  
Somehow when you're a  
mother, you get promoted  
to a position above...

JILL

Sex?

ELAINE

No. Not sex. Passion.

JILL

Some promotion.

ELAINE finishes her wine. Silence between them.

85 INT. THE POTOKER BEDROOM - UPTOWN - NIGHT

ELAINE, dressed for bed, is pacing the bedroom she shares with PAUL. Decides to phone. Dials.

86 INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - UPTOWN - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS the dark sumptuous office of PAUL POTOKER past photographs of a younger ELAINE dancing on the professional stage, and JILL in figure skating costume. HOLDS on desk telephone. RINGS. No one is there.

87 EXT. UPTOWN SHOP - BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY

The shop is very close to being completed: a bright stylish metamorphosis. LORRAINE is painting the trim. FRANK is up by the chimney checking electrical terminals. In front of the building, TINA TECH and SOLITARY are hand-lettering a sign that reads "TWO TO TANGO". RAVEN and JUNIOR JEAN are standing discussing the sign.

RAVEN

Did Howard fix that blue?

SOLITARY

That's what Vera says.

TINA TECH

There's not enough yellow  
in it..

JUNIOR JEAN

I think it's pretty.

FRANK looks down from roof.

CONTINUED

FRANK

Hey, Jean. Throw that coil.  
up will you?

JEAN moves for it. RAVEN gets to it first. Throws it  
up quickly It catches Frank in the crotch. JEAN  
and RAVEN giggle. FRANK ignores them. RAVEN puts  
her arm around JEAN. Feels the pressure of her biceps.

RAVEN

What an improvement?

JUNIOR JEAN

Compliments of Olitski's gym.

RAVEN

I'm proud of you. You've  
really worked your ass off.

88 EXT. UPTOWN SHOP - BOUTIQUE DISTRICT - DAY

A long black limousine pulls up in front of the shop.  
A uniformed driver gets out, approaches. Everyone turns  
around. VERA wanders out the front door, wiping her  
hands on a towel. NADIA follows.

DRIVER

Is there a Miss Raven here?

RAVEN

I'm Raven...

DRIVER

How do you do?  
(shakes her  
hand)

George from Metropolitan  
Livery. The car's been hired  
on your behalf, for the day...

RAVEN

(dismay)

You putting me on?

DRIVER

Not at all. Limousine ser-  
vice for the day.

RAVEN

(laughs; delighted)

Paul, you're looney tunes...!

CONTINUED

SOLITARY  
La-de-dah

VERA  
Ain't that just great!

FRANK  
(from roof)  
Pure unadulterated bull-shit!

The girls start fighting about who's going to ride in it first.

VERA  
Relax girls. Joy rides later...  
Me and Raven got to get over  
to Howards...

As DRIVER opens door for RAVEN and VERA, the other girls bow and curtsy.

VERA  
(opening  
back window)  
Keep hustling. We're  
opening in a week!

89 INT. LIMOUSINE - UPTOWN STREETS - DAY

RAVEN and VERA in the back seat of the limo.

VERA  
This is the life...

RAVEN  
Maybe the shop'll make  
you famous, Vera.

VERA  
Our money's so tight  
we could be bankrupt in  
two months.

RAVEN opens a cabinet door in front of her. It's a stocked bar.

RAVEN  
Check this?

90 INT. LIMOUSINE - UPTOWN STREETS - DAY

RAVEN and VERA are drinking. The car slowly passes an expensive boutique. In the window, on display is an exquisite white satin and lace dress. It might

CONTINUED

almost be a short, period wedding dress. Displayed beside it are various accessories, including a pair of white silk stockings.

RAVEN

Wow! Will you look at that dress!

VERA

Forget it. An arm and a leg.

RAVEN

George. Stop for a sec. Okay?

RAVEN jumps out of the car holding a glass of Southern Comfort. Once-overs from shoppers as she examines the dress.

VERA

(from car window)

I'm late!

91 INT. KITCHEN - APARTMENT ABOVE PASICH BAKERY - DAY

HOWARD is busily mixing ingredients in bowls. Under his breath he's doing a diabolical Julia Child imitation. He's putting crushed chiles, cayenne peppers and tabasco sauce in the cake mix. HOWARD'S MOTHER, packing pastries, is scolding him in POLISH. HOWARD ignores her. RAMOS is packing can after can of Carnation Condensed Milk into a cupboard.

RAMOS

You're crazy to bait those bozos. Why can't you just ignore them?

HOWARD

They want a fight. They got a fight. I was born in this neighborhood!

MRS. PASICH

So, big deal....

VERA and RAVEN come up the stairs from the bakery.

VERA

I'm here....

Before RAMOS can slam the cupboard door RAVEN sees the Carnation cans and smiles knowingly.

CONTINUED

RAMOS

You're late! We'll never make  
the bank...

RAVEN

Damn right you will!  
Look outside...

RAVEN guides MRS. PASICH and RAMOS over to the window  
where they see the waiting limo. Impressed, excited.

HOWARD

You got anymore pills?

VERA

(fishing in pocket)  
You're doing too many...

VERA hands over a container of diet pills. HOWARD  
pops one. RAVEN grabs his hand as he swallows.  
Pulls him toward the window.

RAVEN

Lay off the speed will you?

HOWARD

Who else is going to  
do what I do...you tell  
me!

HOWARD looks down at the waiting limo.

HOWARD

It's getting  
serious...

RAVEN

I got to talk to you...

HOWARD

(concern)  
Obviously...How you  
bearin' up, babe?

RAVEN

No good...

92 EXT. UPTOWN RESIDENTIAL STREETS - LATE DAY

We see the PASICH Bakery truck slowly making it's way  
down a fine street in an upper-middle class residential  
district. The truck slows as it comes to the previously  
seen POTOKER residence.

93

INT. HOWARD'S DELIVERY TRUCK - UPTOWN - LATE DAY

HOWARD and RAVEN looking at house numbers.

RAVEN

The phone book says 2210.

HOWARD

There it is....

We see the POTOKER residence. RAVEN is impressed, intimidated.

RAVEN

God. Give me a break...

HOWARD

He don't need a tag  
day. I'll tell you...

HOWARD pulls over. They look at the POTOKER house  
from a distance.

94

INT. HOWARD'S DELIVERY TRUCK - UPTOWN - LATE DAY

HOWARD puts his arm around RAVEN, who's upset.

RAVEN

See. He's too good for  
me.

HOWARD

Did I hear right.  
Someone's too good  
for you? ...Doesn't sound  
right.

RAVEN

Out of reach. Somewhere  
else...

HOWARD

He frightens you doesn't he.  
He could hurt you, couldn't  
he?

RAVEN

Yes...

HOWARD

But you want him...

CONTINUED

RAVEN

I'm afraid if..I

HOWARD

Make love to him...

RAVEN

I'll lose him...

HOWARD

So what if you do?

RAVEN

It hurts too much...

HOWARD

If you lose him it's not your problem. Not if you're honest to your heart... I had someone once.. before Ramos....

RAVEN

He hurt you?

HOWARD

Terribly...

RAVEN

See.

HOWARD

But I am glad I went with how I felt. He made me take a chance. If I hadn't..maybe I wouldn't be putting my whole life on the line with this shop...

RAVEN

Does it have to hurt so much?

HOWARD

You and me. We have to take the risk. People like us. All we got is today..

RAVEN

I want more than that.

HOWARD

That's all they gave us.

RAVEN

It's so hard....What does he want from me?

HOWARD

Your secret

RAVEN

(Laughs)  
Like your secret ingredient!

HOWARD

You've heard of Albert Einstein, right?

RAVEN

Who hasn't

HOWARD

O.K. Big shot. What did he do?

RAVEN

He was some kind of genius.

HOWARD

There's maybe twelve people in the world who really understand, Albert Einstein... That's why he's famous

RAVEN

So?

HOWARD

(serious)

You got the edge. There's only three or four who understand you...

RAVEN embraces HOWARD. Feeling of deep friendship.

HOWARD

I've been watching. Junior Jean.

RAVEN

Isn't she doing great?

HOWARD

Too great.

RAVEN  
What do you mean?

HOWARD  
She's got that look in  
her eye. The same look  
you had when I first met  
you.

RAVEN  
We're friends.

HOWARD  
Maybe. But there's nothing  
better she'd like but to  
dance you into the background music.

- Thoughtful moment between them.

HOWARD  
Raven. All we got is  
today.

MUSIC SEQUENCE BEGINS

95 INT. PAUL POTOKER'S OFFICE - UPTOWN - DAY

PAUL is at the top of the conference table. Several executives are explaining details of one of the new POTOKER developments. He appears distracted. The jargon continues. He's really not there.

96 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

We see RAVEN spraying a previously seen black pill box hat, white. She attaches a white veil to the hat. Puts it on her white bed, where she appears to have created some kind of canopy. Also white.

97 INT. POTOKER RESIDENCE - UPTOWN - DAY

PAUL is seen walking through the living room past his den towards the door.

98 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

RAVEN is seen putting on make-up in a portable make-up mirror. Finishes. Lights a candle. Stands and walks in a light created by dozens of lighted candles.

99 EXT. RAVEN'S LOFT - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

PAUL POTOKER'S Porsche pulls up in front of the building. PAUL gets out and enters.

100 INT. RAVEN'S BUILDING - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Candles line the staircase to the second floor. Surprised, he climbs to the second floor. Door to RAVEN'S loft is ajar.

101 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

PAUL walks in. Under a white canopy on a white bed RAVEN'S reclined on white pillows, wearing the white period-dress seen earlier in the shop window, a white pillbox hat, white veil, (scarlet lips beneath), white silk stockings, white dancer's slippers wrapped to the calf. A sensational performance. As PAUL undresses she crosses her legs to reveal white see-through panties. An extended scene of lovemaking. Mutual care. Mutual passion. But the conquest is hers.

PAUL

I love you...I love you...  
I love....

MUSIC SEQUENCE ENDS

102 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

The bed is a shambles. The home-made canopy has been pulled down. The candles guttered. Early morning light is pouring into the room. RAVEN is asleep. PAUL is looking out the window, finishing dressing. He walks over to the bed and kisses RAVEN on the cheek. She stirs. Begins to walk towards the door. She gets up as he stands at the door. From a chair nearby she picks up a pair of silk tap underpants. She puts the pants into his jacket pocket. Kisses him on the cheek.

RAVEN

They cost me forty dollars.  
Do you know how many dew worms  
that is?

He holds on to her tightly.

103 EXT. CHARLES STREET - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

It's dawn. Paul, his Porsche in the background, is walking thoughtfully, dishevelled, near the house where his father was born. Moment of painful self-examination, in this melancholy neighborhood.

104 INT. POTOKER RESIDENCE - UPTOWN - DAY

PAUL, most of his clothes still on, is asleep on a couch in his study. There are papers scattered on a desk. A yawning ELAINE walks into the room. Sees him there. Puts a blanket over him. Leaves.

The MODERN PRIEST and JUNIOR JEAN are sitting casually in a pew at the front of the church. CAMERA HOLDS on RAVEN, TINA, HOWARD, and RAMOS who are waiting for JEAN to finish her session. They're talking quietly.

HOWARD

What's she doing?

TINA

She's asking him if it's a sin to take her clothes off in a bar...Not too cool...

RAVEN

The main thing is to keep her so busy she doesn't get nervous...what's the problem with her make-up?

HOWARD

My dear, she thinks she's Helena Rubenstein...She had the nerve to reject my High Voltage Pink.

RAMOS

I think she was right about that.

HOWARD

Thank you, Helena Rubenstein!

JUNIOR JEAN walks to the back of the church and joins RAVEN. The YOUNG PRIEST, walks behind her. HOWARD opens up a make-up case. RAMOS, a portable mirror with lights. JEAN sits down. The PRIEST looks on, perplexed. JEAN turns to RAMOS.

JUNIOR JEAN

Maybe we shouldn't do this in a church?

HOWARD

Why not? We haven't got time...

PRIEST, hesitates. Finds it all bizarre.

PRIEST

Uh...That's all right...  
(leaves)

CONTINUED

105 (cont'd)

RAMOS takes JEAN'S hair in his hands.

RAMOS  
I'll use bi-level wiring. Create wings that go up and back this way... Should I change color, Howard?

HOWARD  
Only on the wings...But use food coloring...  
(Howard checks her nails)  
Honey, who massacred your cuticles!

106 EXT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The two stoned BIKERS seen stealing pastries earlier are back at HOWARD'S delivery truck. They're surprised to see the door isn't locked. They grab two boxes. Close the door. Sneak quickly into the nearby alley. Settle behind a row of garbage cans. Open the boxes. One BIKER throws away a small roach.

FIRST BIKER  
Far out...Chocolate again...

The BIKERS bite hungrily into the cake. Since they're both stoned, they eat for awhile before their tongue and stomach feel blowtorched. One brings up violently. The other screams at the top of his lungs, running around in circles. The pain is agonizing. Finally they run, screaming for water, toward the Bus Depot Coffee Shop.

107 INT. THE POTOKER BEDROOM - POTOKER HOUSE - UPTOWN - NIGHT

ELAINE POTOKER is going through clothes in the clothes closet. From time to time, she'll throw a dress or a pair of PAUL'S slacks on the bed where a dry cleaner's pick-up bag is sitting. Seeing a crumpled sports jacket on a hook, she grabs it and is about to throw it on the bed when she sees a pair of panties in the pocket. At first she laughs when she sees the silk tap pants. Finally, angry, she walks toward the phone. Dials.

108 INT. PAUL POTOKER'S OFFICE - UPTOWN - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS the office, past the picture of ELAINE and JILL in her figure skating costume. Phone RINGS. PAUL, in shirtsleeves, working, picks up phone.

CONTINUED

108 (cont'd)

PAUL  
Hello?...Oh, hello  
darling.

109 INT. POTOKER BEDROOM - POTOKER HOUSE - NIGHT

ELAINE, looking down at the panties in her hand,  
speaks calmly.

ELAINE  
I was wondering when you'd  
be home?

110 INT. PAUL POTOKER'S OFFICE - UPTOWN - NIGHT

PAUL, sidetracked with work, a little curt.

PAUL  
God knows. With this  
truckload of work...

111 INT. POTOKER BEDROOM - POTOKER HOUSE - NIGHT

ELAINE stands.

ELAINE  
Just curious. No problem.  
I'll see you when you get  
home...Bye..

ELAINE puts phone down. Paces awhile. Looks down at  
panties having made some kind of decision.

112 INT. RACQUET AND SKATING CLUB - UPTOWN - NIGHT

JILL POTOKER and her COACH, an attractive woman in  
her forties, are at center ice. The coach skates over  
to the boards to turn on the MUSIC. Jill starts  
her grateful moves.

COACH  
Keep that right leg parallel!

ELAINE POTOKER walks into the arena and takes a seat  
by the boards. JILL, surprised, waves to her and  
continues on with her skating. JILL performs a  
couple of Lutz jumps. Stops. Calls to COACH.

JILL  
I'll only be a sec, Mrs.  
Ferguson.

CONTINUED

112 (cont'd)

JILL skates over to her Mother.

ELAINE  
The Lutz jumps are much  
sharper, dear.

JILL  
(nods)  
What's up?

ELAINE hesitates.

ELAINE  
What's the name of the bar  
your father goes to?

JILL  
Ah, C'mon. I can't.

ELAINE  
I want to know...

JILL  
(shrugs)  
The Hard Hat.

ELAINE  
Where is it?

JILL  
Right on Market Street...  
You're not going there  
are you...I wouldn't  
go there, Mommy. It's  
too weird....

ELAINE  
I'm sure you'd know.  
....What was the girl's  
name?

JILL  
What girl?

ELAINE  
Jill!

JILL  
(sheepish)  
Raven.

ELAINE gets up to leave. JILL is unsettled, upset.  
Skates back to center ice.

The five podiums are descending to the applause of the packed bar. In the center podium is SOLITARY, the New Wave dancer wearing a costume first seen in the dressing room earlier. She breaks into her highly stylized dance as the podiums ascend. SOLITARY moves almost robot-like to the New Wave music, mouthing the lyrics as if they were orders. The MUSIC BUILDS and tells a story of social contempt. Even the audience is abused by the song. But they love it. The WAITRESSES rock along to the routine, flashing occasionally. ELAINE POTOKEK, enters, Taken aback. A WAITRESS shows her to a table.

ELAINE

A double scotch, please...  
...with ice.

WAITRESS leaves. ELAINE watches the dancer. Eventually she scans the room: Bus drivers, blue-collar workers, Oriental regulars, FRANK and NICK, the owner. The WAITRESS brings ELAINE her scotch.

WAITRESS

Four dollars, please.

ELAINE

Is Raven working tonight?

WAITRESS

She'll be on next.

ELAINE watches SOLITARY move across the stage hurling abuse at the world. Finally, her podium arrives. She ascends to decent applause and much whistling.

The atmosphere in the dressing room is electric. Tonight's the debut of JUNIOR JEAN. SOLITARY emerges. HOWARD'S hands her a towel. RAMOS is busily wiring JEAN'S Hair, creating the winged look. VERA walks in from the small costume room nearby carrying the war helmet. HOWARD is just finishing RAVEN'S makeup. RAVEN'S look tonight is that of an Amazon Jungle Queen. It is by far her most brief outfit. Her body is painted with pop lightening bolts. She's wearing the Maude Frizon shoes painted in the manner of naked feet. HOWARD moves over to JUNIOR JEAN who is wearing a robe. We can't see her costume.

CONTINUED

114 (cont'd)

HOWARD

Your makeup's still too sharp.  
I'll have to soften it.

RAVEN

I'll do it, Howard. Jean  
and I have an idea.

HOWARD

(in a huff)

By all means. This is  
the price one pays when  
one works with artistes.  
Soon you'll tell me how  
to bake! Reveal my  
secret ingredient to the  
world!

LORRIANE

Not the secret ingredient  
routine again.

SOLITARY

What is it for Christ's  
sake?

NADIA

Even the Pillsbury Dough  
Boy hasn't the vaguest...

VERA, holding the war helmet appears concerned.  
Turns to RAMOS.

VERA

Will the helmet fit over the  
hairstyle?

RAMOS

I've measured everything.  
Don't worry .

115 INT. POTOKER HOUSE - UPTOWN - NIGHT

An exhausted PAUL POTOKER walks into the entrance hall  
and throws his briefcase on a table. He picks up  
a note from ELAINE that reads: "Thought it was time  
I went out. Won't be late. Love, Elaine." The  
note is pinned to RAVEN'S panties. PAUL is beside  
himself. Kushes off into the living room.

CONTINUED

115 (cont'd)

PAUL

Jill?

JILL is sitting reading a magazine. She looks up.  
Nervous.

PAUL

Where did your mother go?

JILL

(repentant,  
upset)

I think you know...

116 INT. HARD HAT BAR &amp; GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

ELAINE POTOKER is feeling her drinks. The MUSIC BUILDS and the podium descends. ELAINE'S WAITRESS points to the center podium indicating RAVEN, her back to the audience. The other dancers ascend leaving RAVEN performing to a strikingly rhythmic piece. ELAINE is intimidated by RAVEN'S force and beauty on the stage.

117 EXT. HARD HAT BAR &amp; GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

PAUL'S Porsche pulls up behind HOWARD'S delivery truck. As he gets out he sees that all of the tires on the truck have been slashed. The panel sign has been crudely changed with paint. The sign now reads, "FAG'S BAKERY". White paint has been thrown on the windshield. PAUL rushes into the bar.

118 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

ELAINE continues to watch RAVEN dance. Her act is so choreographed she appears to perspire on cue. When a lyric announces why a woman has to be an Amazon if she hopes to get a man, her entire body cascades with perspiration. She looks utterly primitive. PAUL rushes through the back door. He watches ELAINE watch RAVEN ascend to thundering applause. PAUL seems confused. ELAINE stands, talks to a WAITRESS.

ELAINE

Is the dressing room up  
there?

WAITRESS nods.

119 INT. DRESSING ROOM - HARD HAT BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

RAVEN enters dressing room. HOWARD passes her a towel.  
RAVEN rushes over to JUNIOR JEAN.

RAVEN  
I'll do your makeup now.

VERA walks in with a pair of high heels that  
have small feathered wings sewed on to them. She  
kneels before JUNIOR JEAN. Puts the shoes on.

VERA  
I've put bandaids inside  
so they won't slip. How  
does that feel?

JUNIOR JEAN  
Much tighter. Thanks.

RAVEN is gathering together various makeup pots.  
LORRAINE comes over to RAVEN.

LORRAINE  
There's somebody here for you?

RAVEN  
(glancing at door)  
Who?

LORRAINE  
Some fancy lady.

RAVEN strides over to the door.

120 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DRESSING ROOM - HARD HAT BAR  
AND GRILL - NIGHT

RAVEN, with very little on, confronts ELAINE POTOKER,  
looking very dressed and uptown.

ELAINE  
Raven?

RAVEN  
(smiling)  
That's right.

CONTINUED

120 (cont'd)

ELAINE  
I've been watching.  
I've never seen anything  
like you before...

RAVEN  
I'm not sure if I should  
say thank you or not.

ELAINE  
My name is Elaine Potoker...

RAVEN shocked. PAUL arrives at top of stairs.  
Tense moment. They, all three, confront each other.

RAVEN  
Oh, God. Paul...

ELAINE [quickly]  
I didn't come here to make  
a scene. I came to tell you  
that you're a very gifted  
dancer...You have a respons-  
ibility to continue to dance,  
I know, I was a  
professional. I made a  
choice not to continue...  
(looks back  
at Paul)  
I think I made the wrong  
choice.  
(turns back to  
Raven)  
You're not properly trained.  
If you don't develop appropriate  
techniques soon, you're going  
to develop serious back  
trouble. You're an  
absolute natural. (Fighting emotion)  
I'm getting out of here!

ELAINE rushes past PAUL. Tears come to RAVEN'S eyes.  
PAUL walks up to her.

RAVEN  
Oh, God. Paul...

PAUL  
I'm sorry...I...

PAUL walks quickly away in pursuit of his wife.

121 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

RAVEN, devastated, shuts the door behind her. Fights back tears. The anticipatory atmosphere builds. RAVEN fixes her own make-up. Deep breath of resolution. She must be strong for JUNIOR JEAN. She sees a new woman, full of confidence and attitude. Vera is standing, sewing something on the finished pair of wings. RAMOS is spraying the hair creation. RAVEN, steels herself and moves over to put on the final touches of JUNIOR JEAN'S makeup.

122 INT. HALLWAY - HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

PAUL has stopped ELAINE. He's pressing both hands against the wall so she can't move.

ELAINE  
(deflated)

Let me go.

PAUL  
(desperate)

I don't know what to say...  
Please, understand...

ELAINE  
I've seen her...I think I  
understand...

PAUL  
Listen to me...

ELAINE  
What really hurts, Paul...  
and it really hurts, is that  
I look at her, I see something I  
lost in myself...  
(chokes up)  
The killer is..I don't even know  
how long it's been gone.

PAUL  
Don't let this ruin us, Elaine.

ELAINE  
Let me alone for awhile...

122 (cont'd)

ELAINE pushes his arm away and runs down the stairs.  
PAUL pursues her through the bar and out the door.

123 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

The audience is getting impatient. They're starting to whistle and slam their beers on the table. NICK leaves FRANK'S table and walks towards the dressing room stairs.

124 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

HOWARD  
(to Raven)  
Tone down that eyeliner!

RAVEN  
How?

HOWARD puts his thumbs on the side of JEAN'S eyes.  
Smudges them slightly. NICK arrives.

NICK  
Hey. Let's go!

VERA  
Everyone in their podiums!

RAVEN  
C'mon people. Let's do it  
for Junior Jean.

125 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The audience is still restlessly chanting for more. Now slamming beer glasses on the table in unison. MUSIC begins to build. The podiums start their descent. A hush falls over the audience. In the center platform, flanked by LORRIANE, NADIA, TINA TECH and SOLITARY, is a winged creature. She's wearing a knight's war helmet. A Darth Vader pink light flashes across they eye slit. She's wearing winged high heels. A snake wrapped around the thigh made of chrome, leather and bone wrist guards, a copper and leopard bra. The MUSIC has almost futuristic quality. From somewhere thunder SOUNDS. As the other podiums ascend she takes off her helmet. Her back is to the audience. She places the helmet on her podium. The stage is black as the blinking helmet travels up to the dressing room on the podium. She turns around, hidden in her wings. She's hit by purple laser beams.

CONTINUED

125 (cont'd)

Throws her wings open. A gasp from the audience. Especially from an astounded FRANK who sees that it's JUNIOR JEAN. RAVEN starts to rock along with JUNIOR JEAN. JEAN fixes her eyes on RAVEN. The moment is reminiscent of the moment in the skating rink. Except this time it's JEAN whose driving RAVEN.

RAVEN smiles, proudly. JEAN beams. HOWARD, RAMOS, RAVEN, VERA arrive and slip over to FRANK'S table. The WAITRESSES have burst into applause. Blue-collar workers who recognize JEAN from work cheer loudly. At one point JEAN drops the wings. Finally, a hush falls over the audience again as JUNIOR JEAN moves into a breathtaking dance, staying, like RAVEN, close to the surface of the music. When she finally ascends, the bar is chaotic in its appreciation. The audience is on its feet yelling for more. Finally, the MUSIC starts again. All podiums descend carrying the DANCERS. The DANCERS get off and walk into the audience. FRANK rushes toward JEAN and embraces her. NICK has ordered a round for the house.

FRANK

Baby, you were wonderful!  
Sensational!

JUNIOR JEAN

Thanks, Frank.

FRANK

I had no idea.

JUNIOR JEAN

I know...

FRANK

I love you, baby.

JUNIOR JEAN

I want you to understand something, Frank. I didn't do this for you.

FRANK

But...?

JUNIOR JEAN (cooly)

No promises,  
Frankie...

CONTINUED

125 (cont'd)

FRANK is dumbfounded as the other DANCERS swarm around JEAN, the celebrity of the moment. HOWARD notices what went on between the two lovers.

HOWARD

A star is born, but now  
what?

RAMOS, VERA, HOWARD and NICK take turns embracing JEAN. RAVEN stands at the outskirts of the group stunned by JEAN'S performance. Finally JEAN stands before RAVEN, suddenly a new contender. They walk into each other's arms. Hold each other tight.

NICK

(to Waitress)

Champagne!

WAITRESS

What champagne?

NICK

In the back...A whole  
case...New York State!

An atmosphere of celebration. One of the WAITRESSES walks over to HOWARD and whispers something in his ear. HOWARD, flustered, rushes to the door.

126 EXT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

HOWARD rushes out to his truck. Sees the paint and slashed tires. Filled with speed and rage he stares at the BIKERS, about a dozen of them, inside the Bus Depot Coffee Shop. Three motorcycles are parked close to each other in front of the Coffee Shop. He strides back into the bar.

127 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

HOWARD walks back behind the bar, grabs a bottle of cognac and storms out again. TINA TECH, still wearing her Hi-Tech extension chord outfit, notices HOWARD. Concerned, she stands and follows him out. The celebration continues.

128 EXT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

HOWARD marches over to the motorcycles. Unscrews the gas tank caps on all three. TINA TECH steps out of the bar. He splashes cognac over all three bikes.

CONTINUED

128 (cont'd)

HOWARD  
Flambé Yamaha...You bastards!

HOWARD lights the cognac with a lighter and jumps back. TINA TECH gasps. Three explosions. The bikes engulfed in flames. The BIKERS, beside themselves with anger, come pouring out of the Coffee Shop. HOWARD'S jeans catch on fire. He runs. They chase him up an alley. Everyone comes pouring out of the HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL to see what's going on. HOWARD falls, 'slapping at the fire on his legs. TINA TECH catches up to him and beats the flames out with her hands. She turns and slugs a BIKER. Two other attack her. HOWARD gets up.

129 EXT. ALLEY. NEAR HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

The BIKERS have surrounded HOWARD and are brutally beating him, kicking him. His face is running with blood. HOWARD slugs back viciously.

FIRST BIKER  
Fucking queen!

TINA TECH spins one of the BIKERS around and levels him with a terrific punch. Two other BIKERS pick her up and hurl her against garbage cans. One of them kicks her squarely in the face. FRANK, RAVEN and some bar regulars rush into the alley. The BIKERS take off. RAVEN bends beside HOWARD, who's bleeding, broken.

FRANK  
(bending over  
Tina)  
Call an ambulance!

130 EXT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A fire engine stands beside the smoldering bikes. Police cars everywhere. RAMOS, sobbing, sits in the ambulance as HOWARD, on a stretcher, is placed in the back. TINA TECH is put in another ambulance. RAVEN sits in the back with her. FRANK is embracing JUNIOR JEAN. She's crying on his shoulder. An astonishing debacle.

131 EXT. CITY CEMETERY - OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Walking back toward the cortege CAMERA PANS the tearful faces of RAMOS with MRS. PASICH, VERA, FRANK, JUNIOR JEAN, NADIA, SOLITARY, LORRAINE,

CONTINUED

131 (cont'd)

relatives, neighborhood friends, and TINA TECH, whose face is badly battered. The MODERN PRIEST and PAUL POTOKEK are waiting in the distance for RAVEN who is lingering beside HOWARD'S open grave. RAVEN is carrying her bowler hat, with feather. She drops it into the grave.

RAVEN

I know your secret ingredient,  
Howard. Carnation Condensed  
Milk. Can you believe it?

Finally, RAVEN bursts into tears of great sorrow. PAUL walks back toward the sad figure of RAVEN. Holds her; turns her around; embraces her tightly. A paternal moment. RAVEN, sobbing, holds on for dear life. We realize, perhaps for the first time, how alone RAVEN is.

132 EXT. CITY CEMETARY - OUTSKIRTS - DAY

PAUL and RAVEN walks back toward the cortege.

PAUL

What will you do now?

RAVEN

Think about the future...  
Try not to miss people  
too much...

They walk together a little further. Face each other.

PAUL

Don't ever stop, Raven...  
You're going to take  
the town...

She looks into his face. Some strength under her tears.

PAUL

(fighting tears)  
I'll never forget you...  
...there won't be a  
day... I'll never forget you.

CONTINUED

RAVEN

(manic)

And I'm a damn good one too. That's where you can see my work. I'd like to get into this school but I can't afford it right now because I have to help out my friend Vera run her shop. But I could do work for you here, I'm real good with my hands. If you'd just come down to the Hard Hat there and see my work, well...I'm good...

GLYNNIS(simultaneous) / ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR  
I believe you.... I believe you....

RAVEN

You do?

139 INT. TWO TO TANGO BOUTIQUE - UPTOWN - DAY

VERA, the earth mother, is busily adjusting the sandwich boards being worn by TINA TECH, JUNIOR JEAN, SOLITARY, NADIA and LORRAINE. The boards announce with some panache, the opening of TWO TO TANGO. The girls themselves look terrific. A little shy to get out there on the streets with the uptown shoppers.

VERA

Get out there you sluts...

RAVEN

Keep it hot..

LORRAINE

Oinga-boinga.

TINA TECH

We shall overdose!

RAVEN and VERA watch the rag-tag group, quietly hit the streets, gradually gather confidence and finally bop to the sound of their own internal music. RAVEN and VERA have to laugh.

VERA

Do we have the slightest smallest, honest to God American, tits-on-a-bull, chance to survive?

CONTINUED

137 EXT. CONSERVATORY OF CONTEMPORARY DANCE - DAY

RAVEN shuts the door of the Comet. She's dressed conservatively. The rest of the girls in their outrageous plumage, watch as she climbs the stairs. Enters.

138 INT. CONSERVATORY OF CONTEMPORARY DANCE - DAY

RAVEN walks into the foyer of the dance studio. Walks toward the rehearsal hall. A YOUNG MALE dancer walks past.

RAVEN  
Is there a dancer called  
Glynnis around?

The MALE DANCER stops, pokes his head into the rehearsal hall.

MALE DANCER  
Glynnis!

GLYNNIS comes bouncing out.

RAVEN  
You probably don't remember  
me....

GLYNNIS  
Who could forget you?  
Raven...with the Kodiak  
boots...

The ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR arrives, scolding.

ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR  
Back in class, Glynnis.

GLYNNIS  
Mrs. Hardwick, this is Raven.  
Raven...our admissions director...  
Mrs. Hardwick.

ADMISSION DIRECTOR  
Do I know you?

RAVEN  
No. But I'm a dancer.

RAVEN takes out two packages of HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL matches. Hands them over.

CONTINUED

132 (cont'd)

RAVEN  
Thanks...For loving me...

RAVEN breaks the embrace. Moves away from PAUL, away from the cortege, strikes out alone across the vast grass. MUSIC SEQUENCE BEGINS:

133 INT. RAVEN'S LOFT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

RAVEN alone in her loft. Rain on the windows. Dancing alone, wearing little more than leg warmers. A poignant dance of mourning, moving on, alone but no longer isolated.

134 INT. PAUL POTOKER'S OFFICE - UPTOWN - DAY

CAMERA PANS from photograph of ELAINE the dancer, across the desk, to PAUL POTOKER alone, at window, looking out across the rainy landscape.

135 INT. TWO TO TANGO BOUTIQUE - UPTOWN - DAY

C/U VERA'S hand turns the sign on the window. The sign reads: OPEN. Rain has stopped. Overcast. CAMERA PULLS back and we see VERA alone in the shop ready for business. The clothes, cosmetics, even Raven's hand-painted pumps are out for sale. The shop is original, full of warmth and invention. MUSIC SEQUENCE ENDS.

136 INT. COMET - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The car passes the Catholic church and Synagogue. It passes the renovated house which is almost completed. A new BMW stands outside. Inside the car, RAVEN, TINA TECH, JUNIOR JEAN, NADIA, SOLITARY and LORRAINE driving. The car passes the ILLUSTRATED HOUSE. City officials are outside. Men on scaffolds are painting over MR. CORRELLI'S "offensive" mural. MR. CORRELLI, head bowed, sits on the stoop.

RAVEN  
There goes the neighborhood.

TINA TECH  
Give 'em shit, Mr.  
Correlli!

RAVEN  
Einstein made it, didn't he?

VERA  
What?

RAVEN  
Hell.. We're going to  
knock'em into the cheap seats...

Two very spoiled-looking uptown girls approach the shop. Customers!

140 INT. HARD HAT BAR AND BRILL - MARKET NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A festive atmosphere. A large banner across the room reads: CONGRATULATIONS VERA!. As the MUSIC builds six podiums ascend from the dressing room. We see RAVEN, flanked by TINA TECH, JUNIOR JEAN, SOLITARY, LORRAINE, and NADIA. Lime green laser beams hit all six dancers, giving the visual effect of being tied. All dancers break the ties at the same time and rock together, precisely choreographed moves in unison. GLYNNIS, her friend STEPHANIE, (the CONSERVATORY DANCERS previously seen) and the ADMISSION DIRECTOR are totally impressed. The PRINCIPLE WAITRESSES, wearing their high-fashion knock-offs, flash and mouth to the music--all of them standing on tables. VERA and RAMOS clap in the audience as do most of the regulars. FRANK beats his hand on the table. Bus drivers, welders, crane operators and sandblasters beat their hands to the music. The momentum of the MUSIC shifts. The flashdancers move into a chain of tangos that create a circle, snapping one dancer out into a solo from time to time. Sisterhood. Elation. Celebration.

141 EXT. HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL - NORTHEASTERN INDUSTRIAL CITY - NIGHT

MUSIC BUILDS. CAMERA pulls back. We see the HARD HAT BAR AND GRILL, the bus depot. CAMERA TRAVELS through city market at night, past the warehouse area in decline, past the fading garment district and ultimately PANS the shimmering cityscape. The MUSIC ends. Another cycle in the dream.

POST CREDITS

THE END