

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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HUSTLERS

Ramona sits against a skylight in her coat, smoking. Destiny hurries outside, cigarette in her mouth. She turns to Ramona

DESTINY
Can I get a light?

RAMONA
Where's your coat?

DESTINY
I left it inside.

RAMONA
...Well climb in my fur, baby.

DESTINY
Is Justice a model?

RAMONA
She'd like to think so. A few of the girls have been in Playboy, Hustler... I was a centerfold once.

DESTINY
No way...

RAMONA
'93.

DESTINY
...No way.

RAMONA
That was back when Stevie Wonder came in.

DESTINY
(laughing)
Stevie Wonder? Noooooooo... what for?

RAMONA
Casey had him in the champagne room. Swears he isn't blind.

Destiny laughs into a sigh. Then...

DESTINY
Hey how come you're so good with everybody? I mean, I've seen you with the guys, and... I don't know, you seem to have them all figured out.

RAMONA

I'm just a people person I guess.
It's easier if you think of them as
your rich friends. Especially if
you gotta see the same ones all the
time. Some of 'em aren't so bad.

Ramona starts playing with Destiny's hair.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Where else you dance?

DESTINY

I was at Sin City. For too long.
Then I heard some boiler room guys
saying all the money was in the
city, so...

RAMONA

You followed the green brick road.

DESTINY

Yeah.

RAMONA

So far, so good?

Destiny gestures 'so-so'.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Get out. You must be cleaning up.
YOU're new. You're Asian. You're
gorgeous. You're a triple threat.

Destiny laughs.

DESTINY

...well... maybe you could show me
some... new moves... sometime...

Ramona takes a moment. Then...

RAMONA

Maybe we can work together. I could
give you a crash course in this
place. Introduce you to some of my
regulars. Mostly Wall Street guys
looking to spend money on pretty
girls. Would you like that?

A smile spreads across Destiny's face.