

HUSTLERS

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INSPIRED BY A TRUE STORY.

IN THE BLACK--

JANET JACKSON (V.O.)
This is a story about control.

Janet Jackson's "Control" begins over...

INT. MOVES GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Janet continues over the speakers and in the next room.

ONE SHOT: CLOSE on DESTINY (20s) sitting in front of the mirror, putting on her make-up.

JANET JACKSON (V.O.)
*My control. Control of what I say.
Control of what I do. And this
time, I'm gonna do it my way.*

The locker room is packed with DANCERS (18-49) getting ready for the shift, talking, laughing, socializing, touching, smacking each other's butts to the music.

JANET JACKSON (V.O.)
*I hope you enjoy this as much as I
do. Are we ready? I am. Cause it's
all about control. And I've got
lots of it.*

Destiny puts on her mascara, as A MAN'S VOICE booms in-and-out over the music...

DJ (O.S.)
We got a bit of entertainment for
you folks tonight...

Destiny looks past her reflection, at the other girls having fun together. She's not part of any group.

DJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm gonna introduce you to the
dream team...

JUSTICE (20s) leans down to Destiny.

JUSTICE
Hey you got a safety pin?

DESTINY
No, sorry--

JUSTICE (CONT'D)
Where's Mom? Mom??

MOM (60s, house mom) appears out of nowhere with a wide variety of safety pins.

MOM

Right here hon. What size you need?

Mom follows her off. Destiny reaches for a glass of vodka and downs it. Then stands, slings her bejeweled purse over her shoulder. Her clear heels turn.

DJ (O.S.)

We got a parade of beauties coming
at you folks, *right now...*

SUPER: 2007

We follow the back of her head as she joins the rest, like football players leaving the tunnel, making their way DOWN THE HALLWAY. For a moment, they plunge into darkness. Then--

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Destiny steps into the light. The music is overwhelming. It takes a moment for our eyes to adjust. The room is enormous, two floors, no windows, pink and red neon lights, smoke machines, strobes, mirrors. The girls are transformed.

DJ (O.S.)

Here at Moves, we're gonna give you
the opportunity to have fun with
any one of these lovely ladies...

Destiny walks across the floor, looking at the shapes of mostly men clustered, scattered throughout the room.

We PIVOT off of her and get a look at the DJ (30s) taking a sip of his soda before he's back on the mic.

DJ (CONT'D)

Coupla' ATMs in the building...
Accepting *all* major credit cards...
Just see our bartender, we'll get
you all signed up there...

We pivot back to Destiny as she steps on-stage.

DJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)

C'mon boys where's that energy?
Make some noise for the new girl!

Destiny does a quick spin to some cheers.

DJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)

New York, we got a lotta beautiful
girls.

Destiny steps off-stage, the girls disperse.

DJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Folks we're gonna get it cranked up
 here, Justice is gonna join us on
 the main stage, round number one,
 kicking off our three song special,
 here she is... Justice is *served!*

Justice takes the MAIN-STAGE. The crowd cheers. SONG ONE.
 Justice begins her routine. Destiny starts making the rounds.

WALL STREET GUY
 Hey, Lucy Liu! C'mere, Lucy Liu!

A group of YOUNG WALL STREET GUYS calls her over. She walks
 up to them. They push the SHYEST ONE on her.

WALL STREET GUY (CONT'D)
 Dan-ny! Don't be a pussy, Danny!

Destiny leads the shyest guy by the hand to the PRIVATE AREA.
 A YOUNG MANAGER (30s) takes his ID, swipes his credit card --
 CLOSE on APPROVED!

Destiny leads the shy guy to a booth, sits him down...

INT. MOVES - PRIVATE AREA - LATER

Destiny dances for a BEARDED GUY.

INT. MOVES - PRIVATE AREA - LATER

An OLD MAN bounces Destiny on his lap while he talks.

INT. MOVES - MAIN STAGE - LATER

Destiny pole-dances in the spotlight.

INT. MOVES - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Destiny dances for THREE STOCKBROKERS IN SUITS (30s). The
 guys pass coke back and forth to each other. The ALPHA does a
 bump, then looks at Destiny in disgust.

ALPHA
 Who hurt you?

The other guys laugh at her expense. Sniff their coke.

ALPHA (CONT'D)
C'mon, what'd Daddy do to you? You
can tell me.

Laugh. Sniff.

ALPHA (CONT'D)
Yeah, you like that, slut?

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - LATER

Destiny does the rounds.

DESTINY
Anybody wanna dance?

A few guys look at her and look away. Destiny walks by the stage. Up to a BALD GUY sitting alone.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
Hey, you wanna--

From on-stage, DIAMOND (20s) grabs Destiny by her hair.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
Ow!

DIAMOND
Back off, bitch!

Destiny stumbles, looks back at Diamond waving her off.

INT. MOVES - MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

End of the night. The young manager sits behind a desk with a calculator and various stacks of money.

YOUNG MANAGER
... minus forty percent...is...two
eighty-seven...

He counts out two hundred eighty-seven dollars.

YOUNG MANAGER (CONT'D)
... minus one-sixty...

DESTINY
I thought it was one-thirty...

YOUNG MANAGER

You got here after 5, didn't you?

He removes one hundred-sixty dollars and adds it to the giant stack for the house. Hands her the remaining \$127. She takes it, disappointed.

He reaches out his hand. She looks at him. Then takes twenty dollars out of her stack and puts it back in his hand. He pockets it. Leans back in his chair. She starts away.

YOUNG MANAGER (CONT'D)

Hey, you wanna work Saturdays?

He unbuttons his pants. She turns away, starts out...

YOUNG MANAGER (CONT'D)

What? I thought we could bond.

She walks straight into a Skinny Manager.

SKINNY MANAGER

Is he bothering you?

She looks up at him. He puts a hand on her shoulder.

SKINNY MANAGER (CONT'D)

Listen if he bothers you, you got my number, right? You call me...you need anything, someone to talk to, coke, anything, you want to keep working VIP...and don't go telling Mom every little thing, okay? She worries cause it's her job to but she doesn't need to know everything.

He gives her shoulder a squeeze. Destiny looks up at him.

CLOSE on Destiny's hands as she puts a twenty in the Skinny Manager's palm. He pockets it.

INT. MOVES - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The girls change back in their plain clothes. Destiny counts out her tips, deflated.

INT. MOVES - STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Destiny hurries down the stairs and out the side door.

INT. TINY BATHROOM - LATER

Destiny blow-dries her hair, a drink on the sink.

INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM - LATER

Destiny comes down the stairs with her gym bag to see her GRANDMA (70s) sitting in her chair watching the news on an old TV. Destiny goes to her.

DESTINY

I gotta run.

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER

Did you eat something?

DESTINY

I'll eat at the diner.

Destiny bends down to kiss her goodbye, notices something.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Where's your necklace?

Her grandmother touches her bare neck.

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER

... it's fine, Dorothy.

Destiny looks at her grandmother, feeling guilty. She reaches into her bag and pulls out her cash.

DESTINY

Here.

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER

No, you keep it.

Destiny puts the money in her hand.

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

You take such good care of me.

We PUSH in on Destiny's determined face and CUT TO...

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - NIGHT

The music is pumping. The floor is packed. Destiny looks around the room, through the strobes at the other girls. She sees TWO BRUNETTES "competing" for a MAN's attention. She turns to see TWO BLONDES in baby doll dresses.

They are all paired off. Destiny is alone.

DJ (O.S.)
And now, let's welcome to the main-
stage...the one, the only...Ramona.

Destiny turns to see RAMONA (10 years older than Destiny) take the main-stage like a boxer entering the ring. Ramona dances, commanding the room. The crowd is wild, throwing money until the stage is covered. Destiny is mesmerized.

Ramona finishes her routine with one final flourish, smacks an armful of money to her chest, and steps off-stage.

Destiny watches in awe as Ramona crosses the room, all different guys reaching out. Ramona looks them in the eyes, whispers in their ears, glides away with cash in hand.

Destiny can't look away, as Ramona walks by, turns to her:

RAMONA
Doesn't money make you horny?

Destiny goes to respond, but Ramona is already gone. Off Destiny's face, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVES - ROOFTOP - LATER

Ramona, sits against a skylight in her fur coat, smoking. The club noise is drowned out by the sounds of the city.

Destiny hurries outside, cigarette in her mouth. The heavy door slams behind her. She turns to Ramona.

DESTINY
Can I get a light?

Ramona turns to her, holds a lighter up to her cigarette.

RAMONA
Where's your coat?

DESTINY
I left it inside.

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

Destiny looks at her. Ramona opens her fur coat. Destiny takes a seat on the step below Ramona.

Ramona wraps her coat around Destiny, warming her. Destiny looks like a baby kangaroo. They smoke together.

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? Noooo...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, all different guys, and...I don't know, you seem to have 'em all figured out.

Ramona takes a drag.

RAMONA
I'm just a people person, I guess.
(exhales)
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.
And then I heard some boiler room
guys saying all the money was in
the city so...

RAMONA

You followed the green brick road.

DESTINY

(slight laugh)
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. Ramona keeps playing with her hair.

DESTINY

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

Ramona looks at Destiny. It takes a moment. Then...

RAMONA

Maybe we could 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?

As a smile spreads across Destiny's face, we hear...

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

*So it was Ramona's idea that you
work together...*

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY HOUSE - DAY

SOME YEARS LATER. Destiny (designer clothes) sits on a white couch in an immaculate, all-white living room. Across from her is a YOUNG WOMAN (same age, conservatively-dressed).

DESTINY

That's right. I mean, at this point everything was above board. I thought she was...nice.

Destiny shifts in her seat, her jewelry making a lot of noise.

YOUNG WOMAN

So when would you say things got out of control?

DESTINY

Control?

Destiny looks far off, thinking. Then, shakes her head.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Ramona was always in control.

BACK TO:

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - DAY [2007]

Chopin's Etude Op. 25, No. 1 in A Flat Major. The club is closed. Ramona and Destiny are on the main stage.

RAMONA

... of course you know the basics.

Destiny watches Ramona do various moves and poses, narrating.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

You got the carousel... the fireman... front-hook... ankle-hook... stag... reverse stag... peter pan... superman... you could try the scissor sit... fairy sit... genie... martini... hood ornament... table top... and, of course, the inverted crucifix.

Destiny watches Ramona slide down the pole with just her legs, face-first. Ramona rolls back up, ass first.

DESTINY

Jesus Christ.

LATER --

Destiny tries to climb up the pole. She can't help but laugh, as her arms and legs struggle. Ramona pushes up her butt. Destiny laughs, sliding back down.

LATER --

Destiny pulls herself up the pole.

RAMONA
There it is.

Destiny is at the top, leaning back. Ramona cheers her on.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Keep your legs straight.

Destiny spirals around the pole.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Yes, look at that! That's gorgeous!

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - LATER

Ramona introduces Destiny to Diamond.

RAMONA
You know Diamond from the Bronx?

Diamond extends her fingernails to Destiny.

DIAMOND
Boogie Down heyyyyyy.

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ramona and Diamond show Destiny how to give a lap-dance. Destiny straddles Diamond.

RAMONA
That's good. Arch your back a little.

DIAMOND
Throw your hair around. Guys like it when you throw your hair around.

Destiny throw her hair around.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Yeah that's it.

RAMONA

You don't have to be the best dancer. You just need to make their eyes move an inch.

DIAMOND

But you gotta slow that shit down.

Diamond sits on Ramona and shows Destiny how it's done.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something...some motherfucker's saying shit to you, being a racist piece a shit, you take your fucking time with him. Your time is his money. You slow. That shit. Down. You a motherfuckin' sloth. Drain the clock, not the cock.

The girls crack up laughing.

RAMONA

Yeah! Are we gonna make some money tonight?

INT. MOVES - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The girls are getting ready. Ramona walks in with Destiny.

RAMONA

I said are we gonna make some fucking money tonight?!

The girls all cheer, greeting Ramona, talking over each other. Ramona introduces Destiny to some of the OTHER GIRLS.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Tracy? Have you met Destiny?

TRACY (30s) looks up and smiles.

DESTINY

Hey.

TRACY

You're from Queens?

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Kew Gardens.

TRACY

Briarwood.

DESTINY

No way...

STAR (30s) walks up naked, singing opera.

RAMONA
And this is Star...

Star shakes her hand, still singing.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
And you gotta meet Liz.

Destiny turns to LIZ (20s) playing a flute.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
... Liz?

MERCEDES (20s) takes a seat next to them.

MERCEDES
She's playing a song for Jackie's
new titties.

RAMONA
Jackie's got new titties? Lemme
see.

JACKIE (30s) stands up and turns around.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Oh, these are good. Who did these?

JACKIE
Dr. Bobby...

RAMONA
God bless Dr. Bobby. And this is my
baby Mercedes.

Mercedes shakes Destiny's hand.

MERCEDES
Nice to meet you.

Ramona sits next to Diamond, Destiny sits next to her, in the
middle of the group. Justice comes in off the floor.

JUSTICE
Tracy. Your boyfriend's here.

TRACY
Tsk. Again?

JUSTICE
He looks like he's been crying.

MERCEDES

What's wrong with Rodrigo?

TRACY

I don't know, he's been really jealous lately.

RAMONA

You can't let him drop you off.

TRACY

I know...at first he liked it...

DIAMOND

Of course he did. Guys think they wanna date a stripper until they realize we work 6 nights a week, and on our one night off, the last thing we wanna do is look at their fucking dicks.

Destiny laughs. The other girls chime in, in agreement.

LIZ

I want to sit on my couch in my feety pajamas, no make-up...

JACKIE

I tell my boyfriend, don't even look at me.

STAR

I haven't had sex in two years.

JUSTICE

My boyfriend never sees me naked. I change under the covers.

DIAMOND

You wanna meet my boyfriend?

Diamond pulls a VIBRATOR out of her purse. The others laugh.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

He doesn't get jealous. He's not aggressive, unless I want him to be. And he never lets me down.

RAMONA

... too bad he's not rich.

DIAMOND

Well...you can't have everything.

Mom comes in with a HOMEMADE CAKE, GET \$ in frosting.

MOM
Who wants cake??

The girls all react to the cake in different ways.

RAMONA
Ma, what are you doing to us?

MOM
Just a little motivation for my
babies.

Someone hands Destiny a piece of cake. Destiny looks at Ramona.

RAMONA
I'm gonna take a tiny sliver, Ma,
cause I know you made it with love.

INT. MOVES - BY THE BAR - LATER

Destiny gets a drink. Ramona comes up to her.

RAMONA
Are you an investor in this place?
(putting her drink down)
Then quit putting money back into
it. Let the guys get fucked up.

We follow Ramona and Destiny toward the floor.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Start 'em off with a single, then a
double, then a triple, then back to
a double, and back to a single. You
want 'em drunk enough to get their
credit card then sober enough to
sign the check.

They pass the DJ. Ramona hands him a twenty.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
C'mon, Lenny. Give us a beat.

The DJ hurriedly picks a SONG. It begins as...

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

SLOW-MOTION: Ramona and Destiny hit the floor, Ramona walking slightly ahead of Destiny. They're in control.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*According to Ramona, there were
 three tiers of Wall Street guys...*

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT OFFICE - DAY

A "BOTTOM-TIER" BROKER (30s) bounces his leg while cold-calling. Ramona's voice takes over...

RAMONA (V.O.)
*The guys at the bottom don't do
 anything dirty to make money, so
 most of 'em don't have any. But if
 they do, you can milk 'em for every
 penny.*

INT. MOVES - PRIVATE AREA - NIGHT

Destiny and Ramona dance for the bottom-tier guy. Ramona SHOUTS over the music but for some reason, he can't hear her.

RAMONA
*Maybe they're in a loveless
 marriage or single and feeling
 dejected. Either way, you can
 string 'em along without getting
 physical. Chuck here pays for my
 place on the Upper East Side, I've
 never even *sniffed* his dick.*

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - BULLPEN - DAY

The bullpen is packed with BROKERS on their phones, shouting, cursing, high-fiving. We focus on one MIDDLE-TIER GUY.

RAMONA (V.O.)
*The guys in the middle will get
 their hands a little dirty, but
 they have their limits...*

INT. MOVES - FLOOR - NIGHT

Ramona and Destiny watch this Middle-Tier Guy with his boys.

MIDDLE TIER-GUY
 Don't taze me, bro!

RAMONA
 They dabble in greed, but they
 don't cross a certain line.
 (MORE)

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Or maybe they're not as good at it.
Which is why they all share a two-
bedroom in Cobble Hill.

The guys high-five and clink their Heinekens, but don't do a lot of spending. Ramona steers Destiny away from them.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Then there's the motherfuckers on top...

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - PENTHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

An ASSISTANT brings a note to a CORPORATE RAIDER (50s). There's porn playing on his computer. He takes the note but doesn't dismiss her, making her watch the porn with him.

RAMONA (V.O.)

*CEOs, CFOs, investment bankers,
corporate raiders, hedge funders,
ax-murderers... coming straight
from the crime scene into the club.*

INT. MOVES - LATER

The same high-powered man walks through the BACK DOOR, his expensive shoes hit the carpet.

RAMONA (V.O.)

*But not through the front. These
guys don't want to be written about
on Page Six.*

Ramona greets the man. Introduces him to Destiny.

RAMONA (V.O.)

*They come through the back. They
take the private elevator to the
one room without cameras.*

Ramona and Destiny lead the man into the ELEVATOR.

RAMONA (V.O.)

*And they don't leave til they spent
ten thousand, fifteen thousand
dollars in one night.*

INT. MOVES - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - LATER

Destiny opens the curtain for the man. He disappears inside. Ramona shuts the curtain behind them.

RAMONA (V.O.)

They can be degrading. Possessive. Aggressive. Violent. And they never get in any trouble. Because everyone is willing to cover their tracks. Cause deep down they all want what they got. They all want to be on top. Where there are no consequences.

INT. MOVES - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The man puts a hundred dollars on the couch beside him. Destiny stands front and center. Ramona stands behind her.

RAMONA (V.O.)

You are just another deal to them. And that's all they are to you.

The girls look at him, unwavering, in control. He lays down a hundred more.

RAMONA (V.O.)

It's business. And it's a more honest transaction than anything else they did that day.

Ramona takes one of Destiny's bra straps and slowly slides it off her shoulder. The man counts out another hundred. Ramona unhooks Destiny's bra and Destiny slides it off. Another hundred.

RAMONA (V.O.)

All you have to do is figure out who you're dealing with. And then play them at their level.

Ramona bends down, puts her thumbs under Destiny's thong, holds out the sides, stops. The man looks at them, desperate. He puts down another and another and another and another...

INT. MOVES - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

End of the night. Destiny counts out her tips, marveling at the stack. She looks at the other girls, Jackie, Tracy, Justice, changing back into their plain clothes, talking.

Destiny turns to Ramona lining her knee-high boots with cash. So Destiny does the same. She stuffs the bills, managing to zip up one boot, can't quite get the other. Ramona sees her.

RAMONA

Here...

Ramona goes to help, shoving the cash further down Destiny's boot. Then holds her heel, leg in the air, while Destiny tugs on the zipper. The two of them start laughing, then really laugh, cracking up, together.

DESTINY (V.O.)

*She wasn't in it to make friends.
It just happened.*

INT. HIGH-END DEPARTMENT STORE - UPTOWN - DAY

Chopin's Etude Op. 25 No. 9 in G-flat major. Fendi. Valentino. Balenciaga. Destiny and Ramona glide through the handbag section. Destiny poses with a gigantic Gucci bag.

DESTINY

Is it too big?

RAMONA

Are you kidding? A bag can *never* be too big. C'mon, let's ring you up.

INT. HIGH-END DEPARTMENT STORE - UPTOWN - MOMENTS LATER

The SALESGIRL watches Ramona watch Destiny count out a thousand dollars on the counter. In ones.

EXT. UPTOWN STREET - LATER

Through the window of another moving car, we see an ESCALADE rolling through traffic, the sun glinting off of every curve, Ramona's hands on the wheel, Destiny in the passenger seat, sunglasses on, talking, laughing, passing us by.

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - LATER

It's nice but not totally extravagant. Destiny stands in Ramona's WALK-IN CLOSET looking wide-eyed at all of Ramona's things. Fur coats. A wall of heels.

RAMONA (O.S.)

Oh-kay...

Destiny turns around to see Ramona presenting several HOMEMADE BATHING SUITS laid out on the bed.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Ta-da! I'm designing my own swim-line.

DESTINY

Wow. You made these?

Destiny walks into the bedroom, looks at Ramona's creations.

RAMONA

I like to use a lotta mixed media, so...I find these leather pieces and I make little belts out of chains and these here are called epaulets? Which is French for little shoulders. A lot of people are scared to wear denim in the ocean but I swear these get more comfortable when they're wet. Specifically saltwater. Try 'em on.

Destiny steps right into the denim bikini bottoms under her skirt. Ramona goes for a piece of paper.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

It's gonna take forever to save up the money to start a label. But one of my clients is a graphic designer and he made me this logo. Look at that. Swimona. It's catchy right?

DESTINY

... did you go to school for it?

RAMONA

Yup. Only thirteen credits away from graduating... Oh my god those look so good on you. See?

They look in the mirror together, like sisters. The sound of the front door...

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Bear cub, is that you?

Ramona's daughter, JULIET (9) comes running into the room in her school uniform, followed by her NANNY (50s). Ramona wraps her arms around Juliet, kissing her head over and over.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

How's my genius? How's that great big brain of yours?

(MORE)

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Juliet, this is Mommy's friend
Dorothy, can you say hi? ... She
gets shy around anyone that's not a
cute boy.

JULIET

Mom...

Ramona tickles Juliet. Juliet laughs. Destiny smiles at them.

RAMONA

Thank you, Manuela! I'll take it
from here.

MANUELA

Okay, good-night, Miss! Bye Juju!

Manuela waves goodbye. Ramona looks at her daughter.

RAMONA

What do you want for dinner?

JULIET

Chicken fingers.

RAMONA

Chicken fingers? No, I'm gonna make
you something better than that. Go
on, get out of your school clothes.

Juliet runs out. Ramona watches her go, beaming.

DESTINY

She looks just like you.

RAMONA

Good, I like to think I made her
myself.

DESTINY

... it's just the two of you?

RAMONA

And Manuela. I don't know what I'd
do without Manuela.

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

After dinner, Ramona and Destiny sit on the couch. Juliet is
asleep in Ramona's lap. Ramona plays with her hair. Ramona
and Destiny are talking quietly.

DESTINY

I just don't ever want to be dependent on anyone. Like ever. I just want to be able to take care of my grandma for the rest of her life. And maybe go shopping once in awhile.

RAMONA

Yeah, that's how I feel. I just want my daughter to be able to do whatever she wants, you know? Go to whatever school she wants, or not, if that's what she wants. I swear, I'd do anything for this kid.

(then)

Motherhood is a mental illness.

Destiny looks at her. Half-laughs.

DESTINY

Well, that explains *my* mother....

Ramona looks at Destiny and pouts sympathetically...

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

Is that how you'd describe her?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - YEARS LATER

We RETURN to the white living room, Destiny and the young woman on the opposite couch.

DESTINY

My mother?

YOUNG WOMAN

I mean, Ramona.

Destiny glances down at a DIGITAL RECORDER on the table between them. Destiny's jewelry makes noise.

DESTINY

... how much of this is going in the article? Cause I hope it's not about all strippers being thieves or something.

YOUNG WOMAN

Not at all...

DESTINY

Cause they're not. It's things like this that add to the stigma. I don't want to perpetuate anything.

YOUNG WOMAN

Of course.

Destiny looks at her.

DESTINY

You gotta understand, I was making an honest living then. Everything was good. *Everybody* was making money.

Sean Kingston's "Beautiful Girls" takes us...

BACK TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY [2007]

Destiny gives her grandmother a stack of cash.

DESTINY (V.O.)

I helped my grandma get out of debt...

INT. DESTINY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ramona helps Destiny arrange her furniture. The place is small, but new, and all hers.

DESTINY (V.O.)

I got my own place in the city...

INT. MOVES - DAY

Destiny sits at the bar, studying. The place is mostly empty. A few regulars. Some strippers on the floor with them.

DESTINY (V.O.)

Ramona inspired me to go back to school.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Wow.

Destiny looks over at STEPHEN (40s) eating wings.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Sorry. It's just....your penmanship
is really remarkable.

She gives him a look, can't help but laugh at him. He doesn't notice, face full of wing sauce. He slides down a stool.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Are you a student?

DESTINY
Yeah.

STEPHEN
Oh, that's great... What do you study?

DESTINY
Psychology...I really am a student.

STEPHEN
Oh no I believe you.

DESTINY
I'm just saying, a lot of girls here say they're students but I really am getting my degree.

STEPHEN
And I think that's great. Stephen.

DESTINY
Destiny.

STEPHEN
Destiny. You're very...exotic-looking. I mean, I'm *into* Asian girls. It's kinda my thing.

She looks at him. The sound of a cash register ka-ching!

DESTINY
And what do you do, Stephen?

STEPHEN
I work at Lehman Brothers. I'm sorry I don't mean to stare. I'm just...really blown away by your penmanship. Seriously, you could be a font. They can do that, you know. You can...they can make a font of your own handwriting. So you can put it on your computer.

DESTINY
I don't have a computer.

STEPHEN
Oh...

DESTINY
Guess that's why my handwriting's
so good.

She smiles at him. He laughs, charmed, fish in a barrel.

INT. MOVES - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Destiny does homework on a BRAND NEW LAPTOP. Ramona walks by,
kisses Destiny's head, proud. Destiny smiles.

DESTINY (V.O.)
2007 was the fucking best...

INT. MOVES - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Destiny and Ramona dance for TWO AGGRESSIVE BIG SHOTS (40s).

DESTINY (V.O.)
*I made more money that year than a
goddamn brain surgeon. And sure,
some days sucked, like any other
job. But other days...*

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

RAMONA
What do you think?

Destiny sits in the driver's seat, feeling the steering wheel
in her hands, Ramona next to her.

DESTINY
Oh yeah. This is fucking it.

We see the Escalade is parked on a SHOWROOM FLOOR. Ramona
turns on the RADIO: *It's Britney, bitch. "Gimme More"*.

They sing along to the song, dancing in their seats, making
the Escalade shake, the SALESMEN watching from a few feet
away, wide-eyed. Britney continues over:

CUT TO: VARIOUS

We INTERCUT the WALL STREET GUYS and the DANCERS...

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT OFFICES - DAY

The guys in their offices, hustling their clients...

INT. MOVES - NIGHT

On the floor, Destiny, Ramona, Diamond, Mercedes, Justice, Tracy, Star, and Jackie are all hustling the guys. The guys are making it rain. The girls are securing the bag.

Stephen puts a diamond necklace around Destiny's neck.

Tracy gently talks down her BOYFRIEND. She kisses him and sends him on his way. Then gets back to work.

INT. MOVES - LATER

Diamond yells at one of the managers. He can't get a word in.

DIAMOND

I'm telling you right now, Carmen,
 you fuck with my money, I'm gonna
 fuck with your whole life. You hear
 me? What the fuck do you do here
 anyway? I know what the bouncers
 and the waitresses and the DJ's
 doing, what the fuck do you do?
 (walking away, still
 shouting)
 Get the fucking stage fixed.

EXT. GANSEVOORT ROOFTOP POOL - DAY

Destiny and Ramona are hanging out when A HANDSOME MAN (30s) comes up to Destiny. Instant chemistry. This is JOHNNY. As Destiny and Johnny flirt, we PUSH in Ramona looking at them. She's got a bad vibe about him...

INT. DESTINY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the midst of Destiny and Ramona's success, we also see Destiny and Johnny arguing with each other in the kitchen...

JOHNNY

Who gave it to you?!

DESTINY

Fuck off!

We whip away from them and zoom in on the TV. KEEPING UP WITH THE KARDASHIANS. PILOT EPISODE.

KIM KARDASHIAN (TALKING HEAD)
Welcome to my family. I'm Kim
Kardashian.

KIM ENTERS THEIR HUGE HOUSE WITH SHOPPING BAGS.

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)
The princess is in the building!

QUICK FLASHES:

MONEY exchanging hands over and over...

DESTINY (V.O.)
The last great night I remember...

INT. MOVES - THE LAST GREAT NIGHT

DESTINY (V.O.)
It was the night Usher came in.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - THE LAST GREAT NIGHT

Liz screams to the other strippers.

LIZ
Motherfuckin' Usher's here!

INT. MOVES - THE LAST GREAT NIGHT

SUPER SLOW-MOTION. USHER comes in the club. We're on the back of his head as the sea of people part for him.

The strippers are freaking out, screaming for him. The Wall Street guys are more-than-psyched to join his entourage.

DESTINY (V.O.)
They put his own music on...

The DJ spins Usher. It feels like a fucking music video.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*And all the girls lined up to dance
for him...*

Usher slips into a seat at the end of the stage, a long row of gorgeous girls as far as anyone can see lines up to dance for him, Destiny, Ramona, Justice, and Diamond among them. The club at its peak.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*And for one last moment, everything
was so glamorous and cool.*

FADE TO: BLACK

SEPTEMBER 29, 2008.

PUSH in on a SCREEN, BRIAN WILLIAMS talking to camera:

BRIAN WILLIAMS
... we begin our story tonight with
what's been called the worst
financial crisis in modern times,
the largest financial disaster in
decades in this country, and
perhaps the end of an era in
American business, some of the
biggest names in American business
are tonight gone, along with a lot
of money and a lot of jobs...

INT. DESTINY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Destiny and Johnny sit on the bed reeling, the sound of Brian Williams on TV in the background.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*The crash put everybody out of
business. But I had other things on
my mind.*

CLOSE on a PREGNANCY TEST in her hand. She starts to cry.

DESTINY
How am I gonna make money?

Johnny pulls her into his arms.

JOHNNY
I'll take care of you.

On Destiny's face, realizing she's dependent on him now.

DESTINY
... I hope it's a boy.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX STORE - DAY [2011]

Destiny pushes her cart around the wide aisles, her DAUGHTER (2) sitting in the front, holding a Barbie.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*After I stopped working, I lost
 touch with Ramona. It's just what
 happens when you have a kid.*

Destiny buys diapers in bulk. She browses the clothes. The shoes. The handbags.

INT. BOX STORE - LATER

Destiny stands in a long line, watching the SALESGIRL (her age) ring up her bulk items. Each BEEP across the scanner is like a knife in Destiny's head. She looks around at the other MOMS pushing carts, wrangling their kids. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

INT. DESTINY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Destiny and Johnny are in the middle of a bad fight. She's crying, storming after him. The baby is crying on the floor.

DESTINY
 Good, go! We don't need you!

Johnny walks out the front door. Slamming it behind him. Destiny goes to her daughter, picks her up, rocks her.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
 Shhhh, it's okay. Mommy's got you.

PRE-LAP: a RINGING PHONE...

INT. UPSCALE HOUSE - DAY

Stephen crosses his huge living room to answer his phone.

STEPHEN
 Hello?

DESTINY (O.S.)
 Stephen? It's Destiny.

STEPHEN
 Destiny? Wow...it's been a few
 years.

DESTINY (O.S.)
Yeah, time flies.

It sounds like she's been crying.

STEPHEN
Where are you?

We follow Stephen down a flight of stairs to the third level.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DESTINY'S APARTMENT - SAME

DESTINY
I just got back to the city. I moved to Arizona for a few years but I didn't really like it. I missed the seasons and...I missed you. The guys in Arizona are nothing like here...

Her BABY makes noises next to her.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
Are you still there?

STEPHEN
Yeah, I -- Do you need to get that?

DESTINY
What?

STEPHEN
Do you need to help the baby?

DESTINY
It's my friend's baby, I'm just watching it. Listen, I don't mean to bother you. If you're not happy to hear from me, I can call some--

STEPHEN
No, I'm happy. I just...
(lowering his voice)
I wish you'd called sooner...Fatima came back.

DESTINY
Who?

STEPHEN

My fiancée. I mean, my wife. My fiancée became my wife.

Destiny's face/voice immediately changes.

DESTINY

Right, well, that's how it happens. Okay, bye Stephen.

She hangs up. Destiny looks down at a hand-written list labeled GET MONEY. She crosses Stephen's name off the bottom of the list. Destiny looks at her baby, starting to panic...

INT. HIGH-END DEPARTMENT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Destiny sits at the make-up counter with a EUROPEAN WOMAN. The woman looks at Destiny's RESUME for a long time. Destiny shifts in her seat, her jewelry making noise.

INTERVIEWER

... so your last job was in 2008?

DESTINY

Yes. It's not like I...I had a kid, so...I was busy doing that.

INTERVIEWER

A year of waitressing. Did you graduate high school? Oh, I see here, you got your GED. Five years at Privilege Gentleman's Club. What did you do there exactly?

DESTINY

Bartending. Mostly.

INTERVIEWER

... and what about at...Moves?

DESTINY

Mostly bartending.

INTERVIEWER

... so you don't have any retail experience?

DESTINY

Not yet. But...that's why I'd really like to get experience...so that I would have it.

INTERVIEWER

We're really looking for someone with retail experience.

DESTINY

(laughing)

Well, how am I supposed to get retail experience without retail experience? I mean, I *sold*...beer. What's the difference?

INTERVIEWER

Maybe you should go back to bartending.

Destiny stands up and starts out. Turns back.

DESTINY

Could I get that back? I only have one copy.

The woman gives Destiny her resume.

INT. DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - LATER

Destiny walks in to see her daughter sitting alone on the floor, Destiny's GRANDMOTHER asleep in her chair, the TV on.

Destiny goes to her daughter and picks her up, kissing her head. She carries her upstairs, whispering...

DESTINY

You tired? Did you get a nap?

INT. DESTINY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Destiny lays her daughter down in her old twin bed and climbs in next to her, under the covers. Destiny looks up at the ceiling, her arm around her daughter. Slowly, the SOUNDS of the club get louder and louder, until we inevitably CUT TO...

INT. MOVES - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Destiny sits in her old spot, putting on her make-up.

RUSSIAN STRIPPER (O.S.)

You're in my seat.

She looks up at a RUSSIAN STRIPPER (20s).

DESTINY

Oh. Sorry.

Destiny moves out of her way. Taking the next seat. The Russian checks her hair in the mirror. She is model-flawless.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

... you're so pretty.

Just then, ANOTHER RUSSIAN STRIPPER (20s) steps up behind her. She's just as beautiful. They speak Russian to each other, then walk away. Destiny looks around the room. The girls are all drop-dead. Not a familiar face in sight.

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - LATER

Destiny circulates the half-empty room. The mood is different. The club has changed. None of the old regulars. No longer fun or harmless. Destiny sees--

DESTINY

Mom!

Mom is working behind the bar, slinging Red Bulls.

MOM

Welcome back, sweetie.

DESTINY

They got you out front now?

MOM

Yup. Talent squandered.

Mom tosses a can in the trash.

DESTINY

What happened?

MOM

2008 happened. The guys don't wanna spend money. The girls don't wanna share tips. The busboys are finding more cash in the couch cushions. The managers took the cameras outta the champagne room, so nobody's looking out. And I'm stuck in customer service...

(turning to a customer)

Yes, I see you, hello. Another Red Bull?

Destiny looks around the room.

DESTINY
Who are these girls?

MOM
Russians, mostly.

DESTINY
They look like models.

MOM
They're giving blow jobs for three
hundred dollars a pop.

Mom slides away. Destiny scans the room, knowing she can't compete, knowing she can't work it alone.

INT. MOVES - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - LATER

Destiny dances for an aggressive STOCK BROKER (40s).

STOCK BROKER
Yeah, what else you got? C'mon
don't be a tease. Are you a tease?
Feel how hard you make me.

Destiny looks where the cameras used to be.

DESTINY
...we're not supposed to...

STOCK BROKER
C'mon just stroke it. I'll give you
a hundred. A hundred? One hundred?

Destiny deliberates. He sees her consideration and pulls out his wallet.

STOCK BROKER (CONT'D)
Yeah. Stroke it. Come on.

He puts three bills on the couch.

STOCK BROKER (CONT'D)
Here. Three hundred. Please? Just
for a minute. Come on...

He pulls out a small vile of cocaine.

STOCK BROKER (CONT'D)
We'll make each other feel good.

He taps a bump of coke on his hand, snorts it. Then taps another. Puts it in front of her. She reluctantly leans in.

INT. MOVES - BATHROOM - LATER

Destiny sits on the toilet seat, crying. Then takes off her heels and rubs her sore foot, wincing from the pain. She puts her bare feet flat on the bathroom floor.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*When I got off the floor, I saw he
 gave me three twenties.*

CUT TO:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - DAY [YEARS LATER]

Destiny looks away, her eyes welling at the thought. Elizabeth looks at her, pained for her. Destiny wipes a tear.

DESTINY
 You don't need to believe me. I'm
 used to people not believing me.
 I'm only telling you so you
 understand where my head was at
 when I saw her.

BACK TO:

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - NIGHT [2011]

Destiny walks out of the bathroom, still shaken. Flo Rida's "Club Can't Handle Me" is playing too loud. Destiny looks around, lost, when she catches sight of a familiar face -- EVERYTHING SLOWS -- Ramona. Button-down shirt, pencil skirt.

She's now rolling with Mercedes and a PETITE GIRL (18). The three of them corral a SHIT-FACED GUY toward the Champagne Room.

Ramona spots Destiny. They lock eyes. Like long lost sisters with a secret. Ramona takes a few steps in Destiny's direction. Destiny does the same. They cross the room to each other, meet in the middle, face-to-face. Ramona smiles and holds out her arms. Destiny practically collapses into them.

RAMONA
 Whoa...

Ramona holds her up, Destiny burrows into Ramona. They embrace in the middle of the room, swaying back and forth.

INT. DINER - LATER

Destiny and Ramona sit in a booth across from each other. Ramona is looking at pictures on Destiny's phone.

RAMONA

Oh my god she's gorgeous, of course. How old is she?

DESTINY

Two-and-a-half.

Destiny takes her phone back. Ramona looks at her, smiling.

RAMONA

There's nothing like it, is there? Juliet still lets me sleep in her bed but I just know she's gonna kick me out any day.

They look at each other, bursting with years of stories.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

I missed you, you know.

DESTINY

I missed you, too.

RAMONA

Where'd you go baby?

Destiny shakes her head.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

What happened with Johnny?

They hold hands across the table. Sending messages.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Why didn't you call me? You and Lily can always stay with me and Juju. You know that.

Destiny goes to pull her hands away but Ramona holds on.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

C'mon don't do that thing. It's me.

Destiny looks up at her.

DESTINY

I'm so tired. It's exhausting...

Ramona smiles. Destiny tries to but tears fall from her eyes. She quickly wipes them away.

RAMONA

Hey. Remember what we were like back then? Remember? We were fucking hurricanes, weren't we?

DESTINY

I just need to make money. I need to be independent. Me and Lily.

Ramona looks at Destiny. Squeezes her hand.

DESTINY (V.O.)

She told me what happened after the crash...

BACK TO:

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR [2008]

Ramona looks around the room. The place is almost completely empty. The few patrons are crying on the girls' shoulders.

INT. MOVES - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The girls are all crying on each other's shoulders. For the first time, Ramona looks very worried. She takes out her iPhone and calls Destiny. But Destiny doesn't answer.

DESTINY (V.O.)

With half of Wall Street unemployed, Ramona wasn't far behind...

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY [2010]

Ramona's working retail, folding clothes at the back of the store with Mercedes.

DESTINY (V.O.)

Mercedes got her a job in fashion.

MERCEDES

... I can't believe he got arrested. Like now what am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to pay for lawyers when I can't even afford his half of the rent?

(MORE)

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

It's like...enough to make me call off the wedding.

RAMONA

Well? Listen, Mercedes...*and you know I love Dragon...*but do you really wanna marry someone who's probably going to prison?

MERCEDES

I don't know. I mean...three-to-five is a big commitment.

A RESERVED WOMAN (50s) comes out of the dressing room.

RESERVED WOMAN

I can't get the zipper.

RAMONA

Let me help you, dear.

Ramona goes to help the woman. Zips her up.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Wow this looks so good on you. And who doesn't love khaki, am I right?

INT. CLOTHING STORE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

Ramona takes a breath and knocks on the half-open door.

RAMONA

Hey...Mark?

The MANAGER (20s) looks up from his sandwich.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Hey, I was hoping you wouldn't mind if I ducked out early on Fridays so I could pick up my daughter at school? She has half days for the rest of the year...

MANAGER

(mouth full)

Rest of the year? No.

RAMONA

Rest of the *school* year.

It takes him too long to finish a bite and swallow.

MANAGER

No.

RAMONA

... well, what if I could find
someone to switch shifts with?
Mercedes said she'd--

He sighs, rolling his head around.

MANAGER

It took me forever to figure out
everyone's stupid schedules...

RAMONA

I know, Mark. I just...I wouldn't
ask if it wasn't for my kid,
she's...at a difficult age and,
well, lately she's been having a
hard time at her new school--

MANAGER

Am I the father?

Ramona stops, confused. He looks at her.

RAMONA

What?

MANAGER

Am I the father?

She looks at him. Of course not.

RAMONA

No...

MANAGER

Then why would I give a shit?

He gets back to his sandwich.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Don't you have a babysitter or a
nanny or something?

Ramona shakes her head.

RAMONA

... I can't afford that.

MANAGER

Well, maybe if you put in more hours instead of racing out all the time...Craig's got two kids, you don't see *him* rushing home every time someone gets a nosebleed...

His voice is drowned out by Kelly Rowland's "Motivation", as we PUSH IN on Ramona's face...

INT. MOVES - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

Ramona is back at it, dancing alongside TWO GIRLS (20s) for a pair of COOL GUYS (20s, dressed down). They're paying much more attention (money) to the other girls.

Ramona sees one of the guys gesture at her, then lean over and whisper something to his boy. His boy calls Ramona over. She dances up to them. One of them pulls out a twenty.

COOL GUY

Hey, why don't you take a break? No offense, we're just not feeling ya.

She looks at them. Takes the twenty and walks out.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ramona walks off the floor and into the dressing room where she sees a small girl sitting on the floor, crying.

RAMONA

What's wrong, baby?

ANNABELLE (18, the petite girl we saw Ramona rolling with) looks up at her with big eyes.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Annabelle watches Ramona use a tiny pair of scissors to cut the string off a tampon.

RAMONA

There...we...go. You're gonna have to reach in there to get it out.

Annabelle smiles, grateful.

ANNABELLE

How d'you learn to do that?

RAMONA

Oh, some...old.....
 (trails off, half-laughs)
 Don't you have sisters?

Annabelle shakes her head, starts crying again.

ANNABELLE

My brothers don't talk to me
 anymore. I told my mom and dad I
 worked here and they kicked me out
 of the house.

Ramona looks at Annabelle's innocent face, plays with her hair.

RAMONA

... you wanna go fishing?

Annabelle looks at Ramona, that infectious smile.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

What's fishing?

The sound of the NYSE CLOSING BELL takes us to...

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT OFFICES - END OF WORK DAY

Guys in suits pour out of their offices...

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - END OF WORK DAY

And into the bars. We PAN OVER to find Ramona, Mercedes and Annabelle seated at one of the outdoor bars, sizing them up.

RAMONA

Since the recession, the clubs need
 customers. So all we gotta do is
 reel 'em in...

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - LATER

Among the happy-hour crowd, we find Mercedes sitting in a form-fitting dress at the bar.

RAMONA (V.O.)

*Anyone can own one nice suit. You
 wanna look at their shoes, their
 watches, briefcases...*

Mercedes makes eye contact with a BUSINESSMAN.

RAMONA (V.O.)
*Their wedding rings. Always look
 for a wedding ring.*

His wedding ring glints in her eye. Mercedes goes in.

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - LATER

Mercedes sits with the married businessman. They clink glasses. She touches his upper thigh. He looks down, psyched.

RAMONA (V.O.)
*Once you got 'em on the hook,
 that's when we get the net.*

Just then, Annabelle and Ramona roll up to the bar.

MERCEDES
 Spencer, these are my co-workers!

The girls all surround Spencer, touching him, passing around shots, pretending to drink them, passing around coke, pretending to sniff it. Spencer really does the shots. Spencer really sniffs the coke.

RAMONA
 Let's go to a club!

MERCEDES
 Let's go to a strip club!

ANNABELLE
 Oh I don't know...

Annabelle rubs Spencer's arm. Mercedes touches his leg.

RAMONA
 C'mon! We're all gonna be at our desks at 9am regretting the moment we could've gone to a strip club together and didn't...let's do it!

SPENCER
 I'm in!

INT. RAMONA'S ESCALADE - LATER

They all pile in, Ramona behind the wheel.

RAMONA (V.O.)
Then we steer him to the club...

INT. MOVES - LATER

The girls escort Spencer through the front door.

RAMONA (V.O.)
*...where we've negotiated ourselves
a percentage of his spending...*

The MANAGER gives them a nod.

RAMONA (V.O.)
*...and then we run up his credit
card as far as we can push it.*

INT. MOVES - PRIVATE AREA - LATER

Mercedes holds up an empty vodka bottle.

MERCEDES
Another round?

Spencer hands over his credit card.

INT. MOVES - BEHIND THE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mom swipes his credit card through the machine.

INT. MOVES - PRIVATE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

RAMONA
Shots!

All the girls hold their shot glasses in the air. Spencer too, though he clearly doesn't need it. He slams his. They pretend to slam theirs. Someone puts the bill in front of him, puts the pen in his hand. He signs without looking.

EXT. MOVES - LATER

The girls fold Spencer into the back of a cab.

RAMONA
Okay, Spencer, tell the nice man
where you live.

SPENCER
N'York.

RAMONA
Little more specific.

SPENCER
Fifth Avenue.

RAMONA
Close enough.

Ramona shuts the door. The cab pulls away. The girls can't help but crack up, laughing.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*But going fishing doesn't mean you
catch a marlin...*

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - ANOTHER NIGHT

Annabelle sits in a form-fitting dress at the bar, sizing up a GOOD-LOOKING GUY in a nice suit. He turns, smiles at her. She looks down at his shitty shoes. She sighs and turns away.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*... and some of these guys didn't
want to party.*

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - ANOTHER NIGHT

The girls try the same thing on a STRAIGHT-LACED MAN (40s). Mercedes holds up shots. He shakes his head.

STRAIGHT-LACED MAN
Oh no. No thank you.

Mercedes and Annabelle look at each other.

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - ANOTHER NIGHT

The girls try again on a MAN IN GLASSES (30s).

MAN IN GLASSES
Oh I can't, but...this was fun.

He slips out, leaving the three girls alone. Another waste of a night. The bartender hands Ramona the bill.

RAMONA
Fffuck.

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - LATER

Ramona, Mercedes and Annabelle sit together, defeated.

ANNABELLE
... what do we do now?

MERCEDES
I'm supposed to meet a new lawyer
for Dragon. I can't fucking afford
him now.

Annabelle starts crying.

ANNABELLE
I can't move back home.

MERCEDES
Guess it's back to the pole.

Ramona looks at them, the wheels turning.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*That's when Ramona came up with her
special recipe.*

INT. RAMONA'S ESCALADE - ANOTHER NIGHT

Parked outside of the bar. Ramona shows Annabelle and Mercedes a vile of powder. They look at her wide-eyed.

ANNABELLE
Are you serious?

RAMONA
It's barely any different than what
we're doing now. It's a short-cut.
A sure thing.

ANNABELLE
What if someone gets hurt?

RAMONA
Nobody'll get hurt. At worst,
they'll have a bad hangover.

MERCEDES
What if they go to the cops?

RAMONA
And say what? I just spent five
grand at a strip club? Send help?
They won't know what happened til
they look at their bank account.

Annabelle exhales.

ANNABELLE

I think I'm gonna throw up.

RAMONA

We're not the only ones doing this. How do you think the clubs stay in business? Post-2008. It's a side hustle. Everybody's had to get creative.

MERCEDES

... I know a girl from Queens who did this.

ANNABELLE

Did she get caught?

MERCEDES

Nah. She sent her two kids to college. Now she lives in Miami. Started her own nail salon.

The girls look at each other.

RAMONA

So what do you think?

BACK TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT [2011]

Destiny looks at Ramona, wide-eyed with all the information.

DESTINY

What is it?

RAMONA

Ketamine and MDMA. The Ketamine wipes their memory and the MDMA makes them happy.

DESTINY

How many times have you done it?

RAMONA

Three. Including tonight.

(then)

We made five grand. Split three ways.

Destiny exhales.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Could make it four.
(then)
It'd be like old times.

Ramona pushes back Destiny's hair. Destiny's head is spinning. Ramona leans in.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
We gotta start thinking like these Wall Street guys. I mean, look what they did to this country. They stole from everybody. Hard-working people lost everything. And not a single one of these guys went to jail. Is that fair? They're coming in the club with stolen money. That's who's paying for the blow jobs. The fucking firefighter retirement fund. Fuck these guys.

A WAITRESS comes over and pours more coffee. Destiny looks at her. She walks away. Destiny watches the waitress work.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
We can't dance forever. You want to go back to minimum wage?
(then)
The game is rigged. And it doesn't reward the people who play by the rules. You can either stand in the corner or get in the ring.

Destiny's wheels are turning. She looks up at Ramona.

DESTINY
I don't want to hurt anybody. I'm not out for revenge.

RAMONA
Me either. They would do this anyway. It's like robbing a bank. Except they're giving us the keys. Nobody gets hurt.

Ramona looks at her.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
... so are you in?

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - NIGHT

Mercedes sits close with a SHORT GUY (30s, tailored suit.)

SHORT GUY

Well it's getting late....

MERCEDES

Oh I guess it is. That's a shame...

She crosses her legs. He tries to look up her skirt.

SHORT GUY

What about you? You gotta get up early tomorrow? Or....

MERCEDES

Mmmmm...let's have *one more*.

She flags down the bartender for one more round. Just then, Annabelle, Destiny and Ramona join them.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Hey, these are my sisters!

The girls surround him, making introductions, touching him all over, hands everywhere. Ramona gets them all drinks, giving the bartender a huuuge tip. She reaches in her bag.

Mercedes gets the short guy's attention, distracting him while Ramona goes for his drink. The guy turns, about to see, when Annabelle steps in front of him, blocking his view with her angelic face. Destiny goes to rub his shoulders. Ramona takes a tiny vile out of her bag and taps it against his glass. The powder drops in his drink. Just a sprinkle.

RAMONA

To sisters!

GIRLS

To sisters!

SHORT GUY

To sisters!

He toasts them. Destiny watches him down his drink.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVES - NIGHT

CLOSE ON FOUR PAIRS OF HEELS WALKING WITH A MAN'S SHINY SHOES LEVITATING AN INCH OFF THE GROUND. The girls carry the short guy, half-conscious toward the --

INT. MOVES - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ramona shuts the curtain behind them. The girls drop the guy on the couch. He bounces off the couch onto the floor. Annabelle grabs a bucket of champagne and throws up in it.

ANNABELLE

I'm sorry...

RAMONA

Help her.

MERCEDES

You okay?

Mercedes goes to help Annabelle. Destiny and Ramona drag the guy back up on the couch.

DESTINY

Does this always happen?

RAMONA

No...

DESTINY

Was it too much?

RAMONA

I don't know...you alright, Gary?

Gary smiles and drools.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Can you open your eyes, Gary?

Gary opens one eye.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

What's that, Gary? Another round?

Gary won't budge.

DESTINY

... what do we do?

RAMONA

Wait!

Ramona points. Destiny looks. Gary is ever-so-slowly reaching for his pocket.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

That's it, Gary...

He creeps out his wallet, fumbling with his credit cards.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Which one is it, Gary, this one?

He nods yes. Ramona takes it and starts out. We follow her --

INT. MOVES - THE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ramona strides up to the bar, hands the card to Mom, then looks at the dancers hard at work. The CREDIT CARD swipes...

CUT TO:

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - LATER

CHAMPAGNE POPS! CLOSE on Destiny's face, flush with adrenaline. She dances on the couch with Ramona and Mercedes, passing around the champagne bottle, music playing. Annabelle is seated, a little queasy, but happy. They're all laughing.

MERCEDES
... no, the worst guys are the ones
that put condoms on in the bathroom
ahead of time. Then you know you
gotta grind it out.

Mercedes steps over Annabelle, gives her a lap-dance. Annabelle laughs.

ANNABELLE
We don't have to go back, do we?

RAMONA
Our dancing days are over.

Annabelle smiles. Destiny smiles.

DESTINY
I can pay off my grandmother's
house.

Mercedes fans herself with a splay of money.

MERCEDES
I think I'm gonna get myself an
engagement ring. Dragon can sit in
jail a few more weeks.

They all laugh. Ramona holds up the champagne bottle.

RAMONA

To Gary!

GIRLS

To Gary!

They lift Annabelle to her feet. The four of them dance.

JULIET (O.S.)

Mom?

They turn to see Juliet in her pajamas. Ramona goes to her.

RAMONA

Oh baby I'm sorry, did we wake you?

Ramona takes Juliet's hands and starts to dance with her. Juliet can't help but laugh, sleepy. Ramona picks her up and carries her over to the other girls. Mercedes and Annabelle are dancing on either side of Destiny.

ANNABELLE

You guys really *are* my sisters.

Annabelle gives Destiny a "big sis" kiss on the cheek. Destiny beams, wrapping her arms around her "little sis". Mercedes wraps her arms around both of them. Ramona hugs them all.

RAMONA

That's right. We're a family now. A family with moneyyyyyyy!

The girls howl. Destiny smiles, part of the family.

DESTINY (V.O.)

Okay I know it sounds bad to say we were, like, drugging people...

CUT TO:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - PRESENT

The young woman looks at Destiny, wide-eyed, recorder in hand.

DESTINY

... but in our world, it was like, normal. Half of these guys were mainlining coke on the way to work. But still, we needed to make it as safe as possible. So I suggested we tweak the recipe...

Destiny turns on the stove. Puts on a teapot.

CUT TO:

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Ramona and Destiny stand at the counter.

DESTINY
What do you think, 60/40?

RAMONA
60/40 what?

DESTINY
60 MDMA, 40 ketamine?

RAMONA
... that sounds right.

Ingredients on the counter. Pills of MDMA. Viles of liquid K.

DESTINY
Do we turn the powder into a liquid
or turn the liquid into a powder?

Ramona thinks. Tapping her nails. Chopin's Etude Op. 10 No. 4
in C-sharp minor.

CLOSE ON THE PILLS BEING CRUSHED WITH A PESTLE...

CLOSE ON THE BURNER ON HIGH... WATER BOILING...

Ramona ties on an apron. Puts a plate on top of the pot of
boiling water. Sets the flame low.

Destiny pours the ketamine into the plate, Ramona watching,
like mother and daughter baking a cake. The liquid slowly
evaporates. Ramona stirs. Destiny refills the pan until only
a powder remains. They mix the two powders together.

Destiny and Ramona each sample a tiny amount.

CUT TO:

They are asleep on the floor. Ramona slowly wakes up. She
leans over and wakes up Destiny. They look at each other.

DESTINY
Let's try it in the oven.

CUT TO:

The liquid ketamine bakes in a glass pan. Ramona opens the oven, wearing oven mitts, and pulls out the glass pan. She sets the pan on top of the stove to cool. Destiny looks at the crystals, in awe.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

How much?

RAMONA

Just a sprinkle.

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Ramona and Destiny clean up after themselves.

DESTINY

I'm still not sure about strangers.

RAMONA

But that's the beauty of 'em.
They're strangers.

DESTINY

I don't want to slip it to anybody who's not already on something. We gotta know these guys like to party. And that they have money to lose. Enough to not care if some is missing. With strangers, it's unpredictable, there's no guarantee.

Ramona nods in agreement. She starts to smile.

DESTINY (V.O.)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

So we called up some old friends.

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE on Ramona's phone as she scrolls through her contacts... Dev Bear Stearns, Eddie Goldman Sachs, David Morgan Stanley... She picks one. Like cold-calling.

Mercedes and Destiny watch Ramona at work, Annabelle in the background, playing with Juliet and Lily.

RAMONA (INTO PHONE)

David, is that you? It's Ramona.

(...)

Well I definitely remember you and I'm sure you remember me because nobody ever forgets meeting me.

(MORE)

RAMONA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

(...)

Why don't I send you a picture and
jog your memory?

RAMONA TAKES A PHOTO OF ANNABELLE.

RAMONA ATTACHES THE PHOTO TO A TEXT: Hit me up xx. SEND.

Almost immediately, Ramona's phone BUZZES with a response.

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - LATER

Annabelle sits too close to DAVID (40s). (We remember him as the WALL STREET GUY from the club. Mr. Lucy Liu.) Just then, Mercedes, Ramona, and Destiny roll up to the bar.

MERCEDES

David, these are my friends!

QUICK MONTAGE:

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - VARIOUS NIGHTS

A parade of familiar faces, assholes we met before 2008...

ANNABELLE

These are my sisters!

The girls surround Guy #2, touching, distracting Guy #3,
handing a drink to Guy #4, Guy #5 takes a sip...

CLOSE on the powder dissolving in their drinks...

CLOSE on their hands clinking glasses...

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - NIGHT

They pile Guy #6 into Ramona's Escalade...

EXT. MOVES - NIGHT

They corral Guy #7 into the club...

CUT TO:

VARIOUS CREDIT CARDS BEING SWIPED! AND APPROVED!

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS

The girls pop champagne, celebrating.

INT. DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Destiny gives her grandmother a giant stack of money and a kiss on the cheek. Her grandmother beams, so proud.

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ramona helps her daughter with her homework, as Manuela cleans up after dinner. Ramona smiles, grateful she's back.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mercedes shakes hands with a HIGH-POWERED LAWYER for Dragon.

INT. ANNABELLE'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

Annabelle rearranges furniture in her own place. She sits on her couch with her CAT, looks around, happy, independent.

INT. HIGH-END DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The four girls try on shoes. Destiny watches Ramona on one of her many cell phones.

DESTINY (V.O.)

Maybe one of 'em would call and complain but we could handle it...

RAMONA

What are you talking about? You had a great time. You were so happy you kept tipping everybody, remember?

DESTINY (V.O.)

Ramona could always handle it...

RAMONA (INTO PHONE)

What are you gonna do? Call the police? Are you really gonna tell your wife and the police what you did? Does that sound worth whatever amount you think you're missing? You went out, you had an epic night, it cost money, why should it cost you any more than that?

DESTINY (V.O.)
We treated it like a business...

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Destiny and Ramona sit at the kitchen table surrounded in paperwork, their daughters play together in the background.

RAMONA
 ... so Annabelle'll meet JP Morgan
 and Mercedes'll meet Wells Fargo.

DESTINY
 Mercedes met Wells Fargo last time.

RAMONA
 How much did we charge last time?

DESTINY
 ... five thousand on his American
 Express and two thousand on his
 corporate card.

RAMONA
 Does he have any airline miles?

INT. HIGH-END DEPARTMENT STORE - DRESSING ROOMS - DAY

Annabelle and Mercedes try on expensive dresses.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*We branched out, cultivated a
 certain level of clientele...*

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR / UPSTAIRS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Annabelle sits next to a HANDSY MAN (40s).

ANNABELLE
 An architect. Whoa. No wonder you
 got such nice hands.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*... but the bigger the fish, the
 bigger the bait had to be.*

The architect bites her neck. She tries to stay playful.

ARCHITECT
 Let's fuck in the bathroom.

ANNABELLE
 Owwwhhh...hang on...my sisters
 should be here any minute...

Annabelle tries to keep his hands at bay...

DESTINY (V.O.)
*So that's when I said...I mean,
 that's when we realized...*

INT. RAMONA'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

Parked. Destiny turns to Ramona in the driver's seat.
 Destiny's lips move, BUT WE HEAR...

DESTINY (V.O.)
We need to be outsourcing.

Ramona nods and responds, lips moving, BUT WE HEAR...

CUT TO:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Destiny hands the young woman a cup of tea.

DESTINY
 So we put an ad in Craigslist.

BACK TO:

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - DAY [2012]

ONE SHOT: FOUR RECRUITS (20-39) sit with trays from the
 various vendors. The girls are sore thumbs, even at the mall.
 Mom stands in front of them, clipboard in hand. Destiny
 stands behind her, taking mental notes.

MOM
 Okay, lovelies. Does anyone have
 any allergies? Anything life-
 threatening?

GEORGIA (20) speaks up first.

GEORGIA
 I got asthma.

Next to her, CRYSTAL (20s).

CRYSTAL
I don't like feet.

MOM
You have a foot allergy?

CRYSTAL
I'm just saying if a foot goes near
my face, I will shut down.

TRIXIE (30s) raises her hand.

TRIXIE
I don't mind feet.

MOM
Great, you two'll work together.

Trixie and Crystal wave at each other.

MOM (CONT'D)
Okay, now everybody find a partner
and let's work on our fake-drinking
and sniffing.

Destiny looks up to see Ramona and a STRUNG-OUT BLONDE (30s)
walking over. She joins the group with a plate of noodles.
Ramona joins Destiny, beverage in hand.

DESTINY
Where were *you*?

RAMONA
They have an Orange Julius.

Ramona holds out her Julius. Destiny takes a sip of it.

DESTINY
What's Coco doing here? We said no
junkies, no criminals.

RAMONA
So?

DESTINY
So she's a junkie *and* a criminal.

RAMONA
People change...

They look at Coco practicing a real sniff of cocaine.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
 Fine, but I promised her lunch.
 (turns, gasps)
 And who's this??

Ramona runs over to ANGEL (30), a TINY DOG in her purse.

ANGEL
 This is Mr. Bruce.

Destiny watches Ramona takes the little dog in her arms.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 I take him with me everywhere, I
 hope that's not a problem.

RAMONA
 Not at all.

Mom tries to wrangle everybody back on course.

MOM
 Okay, angels, eyes up here, now
 let's work on our etiquette. Does
 everybody have a fork?

The girls all hold up their plastic forks.

INT. MALL - LATER

The girls flood the department store, browsing the racks of nicer clothes, trying on make-up, sampling perfume. The other SHOPPERS look on. The SALESGIRLS are shocked. Ramona holds up a dress. Destiny holds up a credit card.

INT. RAMONA'S ESCALADE - VARIOUS NIGHTS

Parked. Ramona behind the wheel, Destiny beside her. They turn to see Mercedes and Georgia in back, Herve Leger dresses...

DESTINY
 No drinking. No drugs.

INTERCUT WITH:

Annabelle and Angel (and Mr. Bruce) in the back-seat...

RAMONA
 Once you get the signature, you can
 party your head out.

INTERCUT WITH:

Crystal and Trixie in the back-seat. Ramona hands over a vile of powder. Crystal takes it...

Annabelle takes the vile...

Mercedes takes the vile.

CUE: Scott Walker's "Next"...

INT. MOVES - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - VARIOUS

Georgia and Trixie dance for the Stockbroker who gave Destiny three twenties. Just when they think he's gonna pass out, he rises to his feet and dances with them. The girls look at each other. Georgia uses her inhaler.

Angel and Annabelle dance for the Alpha, waiting for him to pass out. When he finally does, they play with Mr. Bruce.

Crystal and Mercedes are whispering in the Corporate Raider's ear. He looks like a baby in their arms.

MERCEDES

What's your mother's maiden name?

CRYSTAL

And what are the last four digits of your social?

We JUMP CUT from night to night, as each of the guys begins to lose consciousness...Crystal and Trixie keep going with the dancing stockbroker until... he slowly falls like a tree through the glass table and SMASHES through it. The table shatters into pieces.

INT. RAMONA'S ESCALADE - MOMENTS LATER

Parked. Destiny is on the phone, card in hand.

DESTINY

6-6-1-0. And what's my balance?

Ramona looks at Destiny, proud.

DESTINY (V.O.)

I could do all the math in my head.

INT. MOVES - NIGHT

The bouncers hold the doors open for Destiny and Ramona as they walk in like pimps, with their girls in formation.

DESTINY (V.O.)
Like if you told me the bill was 40 grand, I knew everybody's cut.

All the employees smile and nod at them, as the girls make their way through the room.

DESTINY (V.O.)
There were nights and weekends when we brought 100 grand into the club. And everybody got in on the action.

SUPER: Moves Gentleman's Club declined to comment.

DESTINY (V.O.)
The hosts. The managers. The DJ. This is during the recession, mind you. Without me making the effort to go out and market and promote, they wouldn't have a business. We weren't just some disposable dancers anymore. I was CFO of my own fucking corporation.

Destiny looks around, standing tall.

CUT TO:

MOVING MEN. As far as the eye can see, lugging heavy furniture, couches, bed frames, boxes labeled FUR. SHOES. A FEW SWEATING MEN emerge from the truck carrying a TANNING BED. We follow the tanning bed, as they carry it into...

INT. RAMONA'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Destiny and Ramona watch the men drag everything inside and up the stairs. Ramona gestures at the living room...

INT. RAMONA'S NEW APARTMENT - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Ramona and Destiny sit around the Christmas tree with their daughters and employees, Mom, Annabelle and Mercedes, and Manuela and her two daughters, all opening gifts. Destiny's grandmother among them. Full house. Destiny's grandmother opens a blue jewelry box and gasps.

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER
Oh, Dorothy. What have you done?

DESTINY
You always said you wanted real
pearls.

Destiny puts the necklace on her grandmother.

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER
Did you go to the bottom of the
ocean for these?

DESTINY
Something like that.

Destiny's daughter LILY (now 4) unwraps a Barbie dreamhouse.

LILY
Mommy it's the one I wanted!

DESTINY
Say thank you to your Aunt Ramona.

LILY
Thank you Auntie Mona.

RAMONA
Of course, Lily girl.

Lily gives Ramona a hug. Mercedes opens a box of Louboutins and screams. Destiny and Ramona look at each other, proud.

Ramona unwraps a GUCCI PURSE.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, it's enormous!

DESTINY
Do you like it?

RAMONA
No...I love it. I'm gonna carry all
my other bags in it.

Ramona gives Destiny a kiss. Then, hands her a big box.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Your turn.

Destiny unties the red ribbon. Opens the box lid. Gasps.

DESTINY
What was it?

RAMONA
Chinchilla.

Destiny pulls out a long fur coat. She tries it on. Running her hands all over it. She smiles at Ramona, marveling.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
I'm so proud of you, Dorothy.

Destiny stops. Like she's needed to hear that her whole life.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
We don't need anybody else, do we?

Destiny shakes her head, smiling.

DESTINY
Nobody.

Ramona throws an arm around Destiny.

RAMONA
We're the untouchables. Like Kobe and Shaq.

DESTINY
Who's Kobe?

RAMONA
I'm Kobe and your Shaq.

DESTINY
Why do you get to be Kobe?

They wrestle into a hug, laughing, making each other laugh harder.

MOM
Okay, everybody get together!

Mom takes a picture of everyone on her new iPhone.

INT. RAMONA'S DINING ROOM - LATER

Chopin's Etude Op. 10 No. 3 in E major. There's an enormous spread. Ramona sits next to Destiny's grandmother, Destiny across from them, everyone's heads bowed in prayer.

MERCEDES
... and thank you God for all that
you have given us...
(MORE)

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

this delicious food, my new
Louboutins, and especially for this
family, my sisters, we are so
blessed. Amen.

EVERYONE

Amen.

They eat family-style, hands passing plates, everyone
enjoying each other's company. Destiny looks around, every
seat filled. She smiles, surrounded.

INT. RAMONA'S DINING ROOM - LATER

End of the meal. Annabelle clears the table. Ramona is
holding court, mid-story. Everyone's listening, captivated.

RAMONA

... so my friend brings me over to
his table and introduces us and,
you know, I don't usually get
nervous around these types, but
suddenly he's in front of me and...

(to Destiny's grandmother)

... do you know who he is, Nana? Do
you get UsWeekly?

DESTINY

She knows. She's seen him. You've
seen him, Nan. From the movies.

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER

I seen him. He's very good-looking.

RAMONA

Well, listen, Nan, he's even better
looking in person...

Ramona takes Destiny's grandmother's hand. Destiny clocks it.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

... so he picks me up in this white
Porsche. And all he had told me was
to wear a hat...

DESTINY

The Kentucky Derby.

RAMONA

... that's what *I* thought... But suddenly we're at the airport and we're boarding this private jet to Monaco, and there was champagne and lobster and a butler and...I didn't have the heart to tell him that I hate flying. So there I was, in this gorgeous marble bathroom...

(laughing)

... ten thousand feet in the air, vomiting champagne and lobster...

(calling out)

... Bella, come here, you'll like this story...

(to Nan)

... Annabelle can throw up on command. It's one of her many gifts...

(to Annabelle)

... come here, baby...

Annabelle comes over to Ramona, laughing. Ramona puts Annabelle on her lap, bouncing her like a kid, continuing...

RAMONA (CONT'D)

... well, eventually the plane landed and, well, we had three of the most magnificent hours before the paparazzi caught up with us. And I'm afraid that's the end of the PG-13 version.

Everyone sighs with laughter, wishing the story wouldn't end. Destiny's grandmother slowly leans over to Ramona.

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER

I once danced with Frankie Valli...

Ramona bursts, grabbing Destiny's grandma's hand.

RAMONA

WHAT?? NAN?

Everyone bursts with her. Ramona turns to Destiny.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Did you know this?

Destiny shakes her head, smiling, but...

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER

It was *before* he was married. The second time.

RAMONA

Oh I don't know, Nan, you sure about that?

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER

... pretty sure.

Everyone howls, laughing. Ramona screams, stomps her feet.

RAMONA

This woman is my spirit animal!

LATER:

RAMONA PUTS FRANKIE VALLI ON THE IPOD. CUE: RAG DOLL.

Everyone is dancing in the middle of the living room. Ramona dances with Destiny's grandmother, like old friends. Destiny dances with the others, watching the two of them, smiling.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

(shouting over the music)

... tell the truth, Nan. If Frankie Valli had shown up on your wedding day and said "it's me or your husband" what would you have said?

Her grandmother takes an elderly beat. Then:

DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER

"Which car you driving?"

Ramona throws her head back and screams, then finds Destiny's face across the room.

RAMONA

How have we not met sooner??

Destiny and Ramona smile at each other. Ramona turns back to Destiny's grandmother and dips her. Grandma laughs.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

So...whose idea was it to start drugging them?

Destiny stops smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - DAY

Destiny looks at the young woman interviewing her.

DESTINY
Is that what you're hung up on?

YOUNG WOMAN
... it's hard not to be.

Destiny looks at the recorder.

DESTINY
What's your name again?

YOUNG WOMAN
Elizabeth.

DESTINY
Did you grow up with money,
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH
We were...comfortable.

DESTINY
Right. What'd your parents do?

ELIZABETH
My dad was a journalist. And my
mom's a psychiatrist.

DESTINY
Where'd you go to school?

ELIZABETH
Brown. For undergrad.

DESTINY
What would you do for a thousand
dollars? Of course the answer
depends on what you already have
and what you need.

ELIZABETH
So the drugging was Ramona's idea?

DESTINY
You know, I don't think I should
talk to you anymore. I'm sorry. I
don't know you and...these girls
are like my sisters. I'm sorry.

Destiny reaches for the recorder...

ELIZABETH
It's okay, I understand...Ramona
said the same thing.

INT. RAMONA'S OFFICE

RAMONA SAYS SOMETHING THAT MAKES ELIZABETH LAUGH. ELIZABETH WRITES SOMETHING DOWN. CAN'T SEE IT. CAN'T HEAR IT.

BACK TO:

Destiny shifts in her seat. Her jewelry making noise.

DESTINY
HMMMM... where was I?

BACK TO:

INT. RAMONA'S ESCALADE - NIGHT [2012]

Ramona and Destiny pull up in front of Moves to see a TEAM of BLONDES leading a DAZED MAN out of their SUV.

RAMONA
Copycats.

Ramona turns to Destiny...

RAMONA (CONT'D)
I don't think we need 'em anymore.

WE SEE ELIZABETH IN THE PASSENGER SEAT. IN DESTINY'S PLACE.

ELIZABETH
Who?

RAMONA
The clubs.

Ramona plays with Elizabeth's hair.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Why should we have to split anything when we can have it all?

FADE TO:

INT. RAMONA'S BRAND NEW ESCALADE - NIGHT

February, 2013. Ramona sits behind the wheel, her face lit by an iPad, Destiny beside her, looking out the passenger window, anxious. They are parked outside of an UPSCALE HOTEL. They're both in fur coats.

RAMONA
I think I'm gonna buy these.

Destiny looks at Ramona. She's zooming in on a pair of Gucci shoes. Destiny turns back out the window.

DESTINY
What's taking her so long?

RAMONA
Relax, she's a pro.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

DAWN (20s) comes teetering out of a room in her heels, talking to herself. She hurries down the hall.

DAWN
3427, 3427, 3427, 3427...

She tries not to get distracted by the apartment numbers as she makes her way to the elevator. Hard to tell if she's dumb or on drugs. She presses down. The door opens. She steps in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

She looks at the numbers. Tries not to get distracted.

DAWN
3427, 3427, 3427...

A WOMAN (60s) gets in the elevator, on her cell phone.

WOMAN ON CELL
We could meet at 5 or 6... No, 6 is good... You want 5?

Dawn plugs her ears, mumbling. The doors close.

INT. RAMONA'S NEW ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

RAMONA
I'm gonna fucking buy these.

Ramona swipes her finger across the screen. Destiny looks at her. We PUSH in on Destiny's face... and hear a DING!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens. Dawn hurries away from the woman...

DAWN
3427, 3427, 3427...

INT. RAMONA'S NEW ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Dawn runs up to Destiny's window, credit card in hand.

DAWN

3427.

Dawn is obviously dumb and on drugs. Destiny gives her a furious look. Pulls out her cell.

INT. RAMONA'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ramona paces. Destiny sits at the table, bouncing her leg.

RAMONA

Where the fuck are they?

DESTINY

Annabelle's feeling grossed out lately.

RAMONA

And what about Mercedes? Is she feeling grossed out? We can't keep giving them their cut if they're gonna disappear for weeks on end. We need a bigger crew.
(pulling out phone)
I'm calling Coco.

DESTINY

No. She's a cokehead.

RAMONA

What about Crystal?

DESTINY

She just got out of jail.

RAMONA

Trixie?

DESTINY

She's still *in* jail. Ramona. Quit...bringing home strays. We're breaking the law here! We don't want to work with criminals!

CUT TO:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - THE INTERVIEW

Destiny explains her logic to Elizabeth.

DESTINY

It's like if we're a team and we're making money and winning games, are you gonna suddenly start trading players and bringing in new people? But did she listen?

BACK TO:

INT. RAMONA'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Destiny walks in to see Ramona with her arm around Dawn.

RAMONA

Dorothy, this is Dawn.

Destiny takes one look at DAWN and hates her rotten guts.

DAWN

Hiiiiiii.

CUE: The Four Seasons' "Dawn (Go Away)" begins to play in Destiny's head. It continues over...

CUT TO: LATER

The girls are all getting ready together for the night out. Destiny looks across the room at Ramona playing with Dawn's hair. We PUSH in on them. We PUSH in on Destiny.

RAMONA

As soon as I saw her I said, please, you're gorgeous, you must join us. And she said... Tell 'em what you said, Dawn.

Them. Destiny.

DAWN

I said...what, is it a cult?

They laugh. Destiny does not.

RAMONA

It is a cult, isn't it?

DESTINY (V.O.)

But the real problem was...Ramona had absolutely zero business sense.

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - NIGHT

DESTINY (V.O.)
Look what happened with Victor.

Dawn slips too much powder into VICTOR's (40s) drink.

DESTINY (V.O.)
He was good-looking, had money, not a genius, not a pervert. That's the quadruple-threat right there.

INT. RAMONA'S NEW ESCALADE - PAST

Parked. Ramona on her cell in the driver's seat, Victor's card in hand.

RAMONA
 What's my credit limit again? Fifty thousand?

She turns to Destiny. Destiny shakes her head.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
 Let's do it for the full fifty.

DESTINY
 We'll never see him again.

RAMONA
 Who cares.

DESTINY (V.O.)
That's the problem with Ramona. I saw the forest. She saw the fifty thousand dollar tree.

INT. RAMONA'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ramona scrolls through her phone. Looking frustrated.

DESTINY (V.O.)
She burned through our regulars. Which left us with unpredictable strangers...

PRE-LAP, a door-bell...

INT. RICH MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens. Destiny is on the front porch. Mercedes is crying in the doorway, wearing vintage Swimona.

DESTINY
Where is he?

MERCEDES
Out back.

Mercedes follows Destiny out back to see --

EXT. RICH MAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A NAKED MAN face down on the concrete, unconscious, bleeding from his head... a foot away from the pool.

DESTINY
What happened?

MERCEDES
He said he could dive off the roof
and I said he couldn't.

Destiny looks up. Then down.

DESTINY
... you were right.

She goes to him and feels for a pulse. Thank God.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
Where's Georgia?

MERCEDES
She took off.

DESTINY
Where the fuck's Ramona? This is
her client...

MERCEDES
I couldn't get a hold of her.

DESTINY
Goddamn it. Alright, get his legs.

MERCEDES
Is he dead?

DESTINY
Not yet.

MERCEDES
 (crying harder)
 We're not gonna kill him, are we?

DESTINY
 No! We're gonna take him to the
 hospital. Help me get him...

Destiny and Mercedes peel him off the ground.

EXT. RICH MAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They carry the bleeding man toward Destiny's Escalade and we see Annabelle in the passenger seat. She turns to see them.

ANNABELLE
 Oh no no no no...

DESTINY
 Get the door.

Annabelle climbs out, opens the back door, throws up.

ANNABELLE
 I'm sorry...

DESTINY
 Call Ramona. And don't stop until
 you reach her.

Destiny and Mercedes fold his body into the back-seat.

INT. DESTINY'S ESCALADE - LATER

Destiny drives, Annabelle beside her, covering her mouth. Mercedes is in back, the naked man leaning against her, unconscious.

DESTINY
 Has she texted back?

Annabelle shakes her head, trying not to vomit. Mercedes sees a COP CAR at the next light.

MERCEDES
 Slow down...

Destiny sees it too. Slows down. Just then, the naked man opens his eyes. He turns to Mercedes.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)
 Jesus Christ--

Annabelle turns to see him and starts screaming. Mercedes jumps, startled, accidentally elbowing the man in the face. He's out cold again.

The three women look straight ahead. Waiting for the light to change. We don't see the cop's faces. It takes too long. Finally, a green light. The cop car pulls ahead. Destiny slowly hits the gas. Annabelle throws up on herself.

INT. DESTINY'S ESCALADE - LATER

They pull up to the EMERGENCY DROP-OFF at the hospital.

MERCEDES

Where are we gonna put him?

DESTINY

We're gonna take him inside.

MERCEDES

I thought we were gonna leave him.

DESTINY

We can't leave him.

MERCEDES

I'm not going inside.

DESTINY

Mercedes, this is a business...

Mercedes opens the car door and runs away in her bathing suit.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Mercedes!

Destiny calls after, but Mercedes's bare feet are gone. Destiny turns to Annabelle in the passenger seat. Useless.

Destiny hops out of the car and goes around back, dragging the unconscious, naked man out. A SECURITY GUARD sees her, calls for the MEDICS who come running out to help. Destiny fake-sobs.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

My husband... my husband...

The medics take over as she wails. She looks at Annabelle slumped over. Then, reluctantly helps Annabelle out of the car.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
My sister... my sister...

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Destiny paces outside, covered in blood, cell phone to her ear. The sound of ringing. Then:

RAMONA'S VOICE
Hi this is Ramona...please leave
your name and number and where we
met and I'll get right back to you.

DESTINY
Bitch!

INT. DESTINY'S ESCALADE - MORNING

Destiny tears into the driveway, screeches to a stop. She runs out of the car, engine running, races out, still in last night's clothes, and inside --

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She bursts through the door.

DESTINY
Lily? Lily?

She hurries through the house. Her daughter's room is empty.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
LILY??

She runs back down the hall to the kitchen where she finds a NOTE. She races out of the house to --

EXT. DESTINY'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Destiny bangs on the door. A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN (30s) answers the door holding Lily.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN
There's Mommy...

LILY
You're late.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

The baby-sitter said she had to go home but we had ourselves a fun sleepover, didn't we?

LILY

Yeah!

Destiny reaches out for Lily, hurriedly taking her in her arms. The woman looks at Destiny's clothes, concerned.

DESTINY

Yeah, thanks, c'mon, Lily.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

... do you want me to take her?

DESTINY

I got her, Amy, thanks.

Destiny rushes off in her heels with Lily.

INT. DESTINY'S ESCALADE - LATER

Destiny pulls up at the school drop-off, gets out of the car and suddenly realizes what she looks like. She opens the back door, helps Lily out of her car-seat.

LILY

Aren't you gonna walk me?

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Destiny holds Lily's hand as they quickly make their way up to the school. A few other PARENTS look at Destiny. Her five-inch heels. Last night's clothes.

PARENT (O.S.)

Is that blood?

The walk seems to take forever. They finally reach the doors.

DESTINY

Okay have a good day...

Destiny leads Lily inside, then turns and walks all the way back to her car, everyone watching, the sound of her heels.

DESTINY (V.O.)

Where was Ramona when I needed her?

EXT. NYC PRECINCT - SAME TIME

Ramona is bailing Dawn out of jail.

INT. DESTINY'S ESCALADE - LATER

In the school lot, Destiny gets in her parked car, covered in blood. She looks down to see her cell ringing, RAMONA. Destiny answers, furious tears in her eyes.

DESTINY

Don't ever call me again.

RAMONA (THROUGH PHONE)

Baby...

Destiny hangs up. And starts her car.

EXT. DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - LATER

Destiny pulls her Escalade in front. She shuffles up the steps. Opens the front door.

INT. DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Destiny walks in to see her grandmother sitting in her chair. Destiny stops. She knows immediately that her grandmother is dead. Destiny braces herself in the doorway.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Destiny buries her grandmother, her daughter sitting next to her. The PRIEST is speaking when SOMEONE walks up and takes the empty seat next to Destiny. Destiny looks over to see...

RAMONA. Wearing black. She reaches out for Destiny's hand. Destiny leans into her, tears rolling down her face. Ramona puts her arm around her, their heads on top of each other.

RAMONA

I'm sorry I wasn't there, baby.

Destiny sobs in Ramona's arms.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Juliet and Lily run around in the grass. Ramona and Destiny are still sitting in the same spot.

DESTINY
I don't want to go home.

RAMONA
Do you and Lily wanna stay with us?

Destiny slowly nods yes.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
I'm supposed to meet someone. If
you want to join me.

Destiny knows what this means.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Take your mind off things.
(then)
No pressure.
(then)
But if you need the money...

We HOLD on them for awhile.

DESTINY (V.O.)
I knew it had to stop...

CUT TO:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - DAY

The interview continues.

DESTINY
I kept thinking there was this
magic number, that if I could save
enough money, I could start clean.
Me and Lily. Maybe a score so big,
we wouldn't need anybody.

ELIZABETH
Is that what happened with Doug
[BLEEP]?

Destiny looks up at Elizabeth.

DESTINY
Uh... I don't remember a Doug
[BLEEP].

ELIZABETH
Ramona said...

DESTINY

Well, she's a liar. She'll say anything to make herself sound better. What'd she say about me? I'm sure she had a lot to say. What did she tell you?

Elizabeth looks at her. Takes a long pause. Proceeds slowly.

ELIZABETH

She said you had a tough time growing up. That you spent a lot of time alone. That you got in fights and...had some bad boyfriends.

DESTINY

What else.

ELIZABETH

She said your parents were immigrants. And that after your father left, your mother dropped you off at your grandparents...

Destiny gets lost in the memory.

FLASH TO:

EXT. DESTINY'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - 1989

MOM'S CAR DRIVES AWAY FROM US AND DISAPPEARS OVER THE HILL

BACK TO:

ELIZABETH

... and never came back.

Destiny stares off.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Is that true?

Destiny nods yes, still lost in the thought.

DESTINY

I thought maybe she was taking a break...that maybe moms just needed a break.

The tears fall, but Destiny wipes them away.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Why would she tell you all that?

ELIZABETH

I think she wanted me to understand that...for you it wasn't about revenge. You were just trying to make friends.

Destiny can't look at Elizabeth. The tears keep falling.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Destiny. I know I'm supposed to think that what you did is terrible and that these men didn't deserve it, but...the truth is...I don't feel that sorry for them.

Destiny wipes her tears away. Nods her head.

DESTINY

I feel sorry for them.

(then)

I keep having this nightmare. Where I'm in the back-seat of a moving car...and then I realize that nobody's driving the car...and like I have to climb in the front seat and try to get hold of the wheel but like...I can't get a grip on it and I can't stop it no matter what and...then I wake up.

Destiny looks up at Elizabeth. Then reaches out and pushes STOP on the recorder.

The sound DROPS OUT...

But it's clear that Destiny is ending the interview. She asks Elizabeth to leave.

Escorts her to the front door. Elizabeth walks out. The door shuts on her. We STAY with Elizabeth.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - LATER

No sound, as Elizabeth shuffles through the door, exhausted. She flops on the couch. A beat, then she stirs, reacting to something. She reaches for her bag. Pulls out her cell. DESTINY CALLING. Elizabeth answers.

THE SOUND RETURNS. Destiny's V.O. is now over the phone.

DESTINY (THROUGH PHONE)

Ramona met Doug years ago...

INT. MOVES - [2011]

Ramona, in her stripping days, gives comfort and advice to a PALE MAN (30s) who is sitting at the bar, hunched over.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*His friend took him to the club to
 blow off some steam after a few
 devastating events that included...*

CUT TO:

STOCK FOOTAGE: SUBURBAN HOMES DESTROYED BY A HURRICANE

DESTINY (V.O.)
*His house being leveled by a
 hurricane...*

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

DESTINY (V.O.)
*... and separating from the mother
 of his young son.*

DOUG and his LAWYER sit across from his WIFE and HER LAWYER.

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR - NIGHT [2013]

Destiny and Dawn are sitting at a table with Doug. Dawn is sneaking coke, leaving Destiny and Doug in conversation.

DOUG
*She never really wanted to have
 kids, you know? So...when we found
 out he was autistic, I think she
 just couldn't handle it, you know?*

Destiny looks at him, sympathetically.

DESTINY (V.O.)
*We talked about our kids. We talked
 about our exes. We had a heart to--*

RAMONA
 Drinks!

Ramona returns with their drinks. Doug takes his drink.

DOUG
 Oh thank you.

Destiny watches Doug take a big sip. Her hand almost reaches out to stop him, but... he swallows.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
And then what happened?

THE ROOM GOES QUIET.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Destiny? Destiny??

CLOSE on Destiny's guilt-ridden face, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S SMALL KITCHEN - DAY

Doug now sits across from Elizabeth. Recorder on the table.

DOUG
The room was...round?

FLASH TO:

INT. CHAMPAGNE ROOM - FRED'S POV

DOUG
There was a...table?

HIS HANDS. BARELY VISIBLE. HE PUTS THEM DOWN ON THE TABLE.

BACK TO:

INT. DOUG'S SMALL KITCHEN - DAY

DOUG
I couldn't feel my face.

Elizabeth looks at Doug. He can't even make eye contact.

INT. RAMONA'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY [2013]

Destiny is on her cell, Doug's voice in her ear, crying.

DOUG (THROUGH THE PHONE)
 Can you please just credit back my
 debit card? My mortgage payment is
 on there...

Destiny tries to stay strong.

DESTINY
 What are you talking about? You had
 a good time.

DOUG
 Why are you doing this to me?
 (she can't respond)
 Please I have nothing. I can't
 afford to not pay my mortgage.
 (she can't respond)
 My son.

DESTINY
 (almost inaudible)
 ... I'm sorry.

RAMONA
 Hang up the phone, Destiny.

We see Ramona sitting nearby. Destiny doesn't hang up. Ramona
 bursts from her chair then goes for the phone, trying to get
 it out of Destiny's hand. The two of them fall to the ground.
 As they roll around, Ramona grabbing at the phone...

RAMONA (CONT'D)
 If we. Don't. Do it. Somebody.
 Else. Will.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL KITCHEN - PRESENT DAY

Doug talks to Elizabeth...

DOUG
 They maxed out my corporate card.
 So my company launched an internal
 investigation and I was fired.

NOW, DESTINY SITS IN ELIZABETH'S PLACE. FACE-TO-FACE WITH
 DOUG.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 When I finally got a new job, I was
 told that my name had been reported
 to an agency that tracks white-
 collar crime and I was fired again.

Chopin's Etude Op. 25, No. 11...

INT. CAB - DAY

Destiny sits in the back-seat, looking out the window at the city passing by. Her eyes are tired, worried, her mind racing. She turns ahead. And we are now in --

INT. DAISY'S MOM'S CAR - DAY

NOBODY IS DRIVING THE CAR. WE ARE IN HER NIGHTMARE. Destiny panics. She climbs into the front seat, her body heavy. She grabs the wheel, trying to turn it, but it doesn't work. The brake won't work. As Destiny starts to scream, we....

CUT TO:

INT. NYC PRECINCT - DAY

A DETECTIVE (40s) sits at his desk blotting two slices of pizza on paper plates. His phone rings. He keeps blotting the slices for awhile, then fumbles with the oily napkins, shakes them off into the trash can by his feet. He finally answers.

DETECTIVE

Precinct.

DOUG (THROUGH THE PHONE)

Yes hello I... I went to a strip club and I was drugged and my credit card was ran up.

The detective hangs up. Then picks up the pizza and takes a bite. After a moment, his phone rings again. He answers.

DETECTIVE

Precinct.

DOUG (THROUGH THE PHONE)

I was drugged and I have proof.

INT. DINER - ANOTHER DAY

Elizabeth interviews the DETECTIVE and ANOTHER DETECTIVE (50s).

DETECTIVE

It was weird.

DETECTIVE #2

It was real weird. If it wasn't for the tape I woulda been like "Dude you're fucking full of shit."

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE on a TAPE RECORDER playing. Doug sits with members of the DEA TACTICAL-DIVERSION SQUAD, listening to the sound of Doug's recorded tears.

DOUG'S VOICE (ON TAPE)

Please. I just want to know what happened to me.

Recorded Doug sobs. One of the officers stifles a laugh.

DAWN'S VOICE (ON TAPE)

You were fleeced, that's all.

DOUG'S VOICE (ON TAPE)

By who?

DAWN'S VOICE (ON TAPE)

We're like a little gang. You were just a target. We just gave you a sprinkle.

THE SCENE FREEZES.

DESTINY (V.O.)

They never said who it was but I fucking know.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dawn is dropped in the seat, hands in cuffs. Immediately:

DAWN

I'll tell you everything. What do you want to know? Please I don't want to go back. I'll do anything.

THE SCENE FREEZES.

DESTINY (V.O.)

The cops won't admit it, but this is exactly how it went down.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dawn opens the door. Destiny and Ramona are in the hallway.
AUDIO: The scene is heard through the WIRE-TAP on Dawn's bra.

DAWN
Did you bring the drugs?

RAMONA
Shhhhhh...

DESTINY
Where is he?

DAWN
He's in the bathroom...

They walk inside the suite. Looking around.

DAWN (CONT'D)
I don't think he likes me. I think
one of you has to do it.

DESTINY
(suspicious)
Are you high?

RAMONA
Give her a break.

DAWN
Me? No! No, I...I don't do
that anymore.

Destiny looks at Dawn, even more suspicious. A toilet
flushes. A GUY (30s) emerges from the bathroom to see the
three of them.

DAWN (CONT'D)
Hey, these are my friends. This is
Ramona and--

DESTINY
Ronda.

Dawn looks at Destiny. The guy looks psyched.

HOTEL GUY
Well, alright...

DAWN
Here why don't you sit down and
we'll fix you a drink? C'mon girls
you want to help me?

Dawn forces him into a chair. Ramona and Destiny follow Dawn
to the kitchenette/mini bar out of view. Destiny takes a vile
out of her purse. Dawn pours a mini scotch into a glass.

DAWN (CONT'D)
 Alright, now do it.

Destiny looks at her.

DESTINY
 Well, go 'head.

Nobody moves. Dawn looks at them, getting frustrated. She grabs the vile, dumps it in the drink, walks it back to him.

HOTEL GUY
 Oh thank you very much.

The girls all go back to the living room, sitting around the man as he takes a sip.

HOTEL GUY (CONT'D)
 So...how is this usually done?

INT. RAMONA'S NEW ESCALADE - LATER

Ramona speeds down the FDR. Destiny is panicking beside her, looking back.

DESTINY
 I'm telling you it's the same
 fucking car.

RAMONA
 You're being paranoid.

DESTINY
 I saw the same fucking Buick parked
 outside the Gansevoort.

RAMONA
 That's not a Buick.

DESTINY
 Well whatever the fuck it is, it's
 been following us for twenty
 minutes. Can't you see? Dawn was
 setting us up back there.

RAMONA
 Dawn?? Now I know you're paranoid.

DESTINY
 You think Dawn wouldn't sell you
 out to save herself?

Ramona reaches out to her. Destiny smacks her hand away.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
So? Was there a sting?

INT. DINER - DAY

The detectives try to keep their poker faces with Elizabeth.

DETECTIVE #2
 We...cannot comment on that...at
 this time...but what we can tell
 you was that the amount of people
 willing to talk to us was so small
 it was absurd.

ELIZABETH
 Why?

DETECTIVE #2
 I guess men don't want to...admit
 to what happened to them, you know?
 To being victimized. By a women.
 But then we found the architect.

EXT. CITY STREET CORNER - DAY

The detective buys a newspaper from a VENDOR, about to walk
 away when he sees the cover of the DAILY NEWS. He picks it up
 and opens it, searching for a section. Finds it, reads it,
 eyes growing wider.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
*The Connecticut architect who Moves
 said failed to pay a 135 thousand
 dollar bill he'd racked up during
 four visits to the club.*

INT. NYC PRECINCT - LATER

The detective shows the article to the other detective.

DETECTIVE #2
 "For a night of pleasure he can't
 even remember..." What a boob.

INT. NYC PRECINCT - SERGEANT'S OFFICE - LATER

The detectives show the SERGEANT (60s).

SERGEANT

So the guy got drugged and then
went back three more times? Guess
he must've liked it.

They all share a hearty laugh.

INT. DINER - DAY

The two detectives talk to Elizabeth.

DETECTIVE

When you look at it out of context
it seems like he's making it up...

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR / UPSTAIRS RESTAURANT - PAST

We see Annabelle with the handsy architect.

ANNABELLE

An architect. Whoa.

INT. NYC PRECINCT - DAY

The architect gives a statement to a SKEPTICAL COP (50s).

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

*But when we put it together with
Doug, it all added up...*

INT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT BAR / UPSTAIRS RESTAURANT - PAST

ANNABELLE

Peter, these are my sisters!

We PUSH in on Annabelle as she looks up at Ramona, Destiny,
and Mercedes coming to the rescue.

DETECTIVE #2 (V.O)

It's scary isn't it?

INT. DINER - DAY

Elizabeth looks at the two detectives.

DETECTIVE #2

I mean we all got so spooked...none
of us went to the club anymore.

Elizabeth writes something down, stifles a smile.

INT. RAMONA'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Destiny puts the DAILY NEWS down in front of Ramona, open to the architect article. Ramona looks at it. Doesn't flinch.

RAMONA

Good. Maybe now he'll pay his bill.

Ramona goes back to filing her nails. Destiny looks at her. Ghost white. Terrified. Destiny swallows.

CUT TO: BLACK

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

CUE: Lorde's "Royals"

May 23, 2013. We follow the back of Ramona's head, as she walks down the sidewalk. She's in athleisure, carrying her gym bag. She waves to a neighbor.

We follow Ramona all the way to the corner store. She stops in front of an ATM, her back to the street. Slides her card. Gets out \$200. No receipt. Cash in hand. Turns around.

The COPS have her surrounded, their guns drawn. They didn't make a sound. Ramona puts her fists in the air.

COPS (O.S.)

Hands where we can see 'em!

Ramona has great difficulty opening her fists. She finally does. The money flies out of her hands and down the street.

INT. VISITING ROOM - MORNING

Mercedes, dressed up, visits HER BOYFRIEND (20s) in prison. She squeezes his hand, a giant engagement ring on her finger.

EXT. PRISON - LATER

The GUARD walks Mercedes outside. Her heels click on the pavement. The gate opens. A row of COPS waits for her. She looks at them. Then looks back at the prison. Confused.

INT. ANNABELLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Annabelle feeds her cat, then sits with a cup of tea, in her pajamas. Her cell buzzes. It's a TEXT from Destiny: *Run*.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Annabelle looks up. Then bursts from her seat. Grabs her cat. The door is kicked in. Annabelle tries to climb out the fire escape but the COPS grab her. The cat jumps out of her arms. Annabelle throws up.

ANNABELLE

Oh God, I'm sorry...

The cops put her in hand-cuffs, trying to avoid the vomit.

EXT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - MORNING

We follow the back of Destiny's head as she walks out her front door, hands in the air, surrendering.

EXT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They put her in the back of a car. She sees Lily in the neighbor's arms, watching her. Destiny tries to look strong.

INT. NYC PRECINCT - LATER

Destiny joins Ramona, Mercedes and Annabelle. They're like different exotic birds chirping in a cage. Annabelle is crying, vomit on her shirt. The detective steps up.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Which one of you's the ringleader?

Destiny and Ramona look at each other...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The two detectives walk Ramona into the room.

RAMONA

This is *unbelievable*. You guys really are something, you know that? Does Tony know about this?

DETECTIVE #2

Sit down, Miss Vega.

Ramona sits.

RAMONA

We didn't do anything wrong. This is crazy. Tony wouldn't let this happen. I'm texting him.

She pulls out her phone.

DETECTIVE #2

Tony doesn't...who gave her her phone back?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The two detectives sit across from Destiny. Destiny looks terrified. We PUSH in on her face as we hear their voices.

DETECTIVE #2

... think about your daughter.

DETECTIVE

You're facing felony charges here. You really want to go down for someone else?

DETECTIVE #2

You want Lily to grow up without her mother?

DETECTIVE

You think these girls are your friends? You think they're not gonna rat you out?

DETECTIVE #2

Think about your daughter...

EXT. NYC PRECINCT - DAY

Ramona and Destiny walk down the steps of the precinct. Destiny looks dazed, beaten. Ramona's looking at her phone, plotting, as they make their way down the sidewalk.

RAMONA

Mercedes'll probably use Dragon's lawyer, so you and me and Annabelle should probably lawyer up. Do we know any lawyers from the club? That guy Jeremy. Or maybe Anton?

DESTINY

... I took the deal.

Ramona stops. Turns to her.

RAMONA
... you did?

Destiny nods her head, starts to cry. Ramona looks at her.
And explodes:

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Have I taught you fucking nothing?

Ramona paces.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
You stupid fucking idiot what the
fuck is wrong with you?

Ramona grabs Destiny by the shoulders and shakes her.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
How could you do that??

DESTINY
-- Lily.

Ramona stops. She looks at Destiny. Ramona clenches her teeth, but her chin starts to tremble. Ramona shakes her head. Then pulls Destiny in by the shoulders. They hug each other, crying on each other's shoulders.

RAMONA
Motherhood's a mental illness.

Ramona holds Destiny in her arms. They know this is it for them. This is goodbye.

DESTINY
... I'm sorry.

Ramona shakes her head. She squeezes Destiny tight, angry tears on her cheeks.

RAMONA
... we were fucking hurricanes,
weren't we?

Ramona pulls away first. Destiny's arms are still reaching out as Ramona walks away from her.

CUT TO: BLACK

It is quiet. Then... a RINGING PHONE takes us to...

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - DAY [2014]

Elizabeth, now pregnant, answers her phone. In the background, a BABY SHOWER in progress. It's a girl.

ELIZABETH

Hello?

DESTINY (O.S.)

Elizabeth...it's Destiny.

ELIZABETH

Hey, Destiny. How are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - SAME

Destiny sits in her living room. Her voice almost echoes from the emptiness. No sound except her jewelry.

DESTINY

Good. Really good. Lily's good.
Um...we're moving back to Queens.
But...I've been making a ton of new
friends. And I met a man who's
helping me get a job in
pharmaceuticals. Are you still
there?

ELIZABETH

I'm here, Destiny.

DESTINY

Well, I've been thinking about
things and...maybe the reason we
did what we did? Is cause hurt
people hurt people. You know?

Elizabeth opens a door to another room.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Have you talked to Ramona lately?

ELIZABETH

No...just the one time.
(then)
Have you?

DESTINY

No...

Destiny looks across the room at her daughter playing.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you...

(then)

What else did she say about me?

CUT TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE OFFICE - THE DAY OF RAMONA'S INTERVIEW

Ramona sits across from Elizabeth, now in the manager's chair. There's a warmth between them. Ramona has her big bag open on the desk.

RAMONA

... so I was living in the Bronx at the time but I was seeing this guy who had this walk-up right next to where I stripped, so I was staying at his place like every night...and then this one morning, I went back to my place and my front door was wide open and it just freaked me out, you know? That all my stuff, all my valuable stuff was in this place that I wasn't even sleeping in...so now I just carry everything with me all the time.

Ramona opens up her bag and begins a show-and-tell.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

This was a patch from my grandpa's uniform. He was in the Navy. This was my grandma's wedding band and this was my mother's, see the three birthstones are me and my sisters.

Elizabeth looks at her, endeared.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

One lives in Texas, the other one's in Arizona. We try to get together once a year but it's impossible with kids. Do you have kids?

ELIZABETH

Not yet.

RAMONA

Oh don't worry, you're young. You have amazing skin. Everyone must tell you that.

Elizabeth notices something in the bag.

ELIZABETH
Is that you?

She points at a photo of a YOUNG GIRL. Ramona laughs.

RAMONA
Yeah, that's me. A senior asked me
to the prom. Look how terrified. I
like my dress though.

Ramona pulls another photo out from behind it. LITTLE
DESTINY. We recognize her sweet face.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
And that's Dorothy. Wasn't she the
cutest? Who could leave this baby?

Ramona gazes lovingly at the photo of Little Destiny.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
We used to say...if only we had
known each other back then...you
know? Maybe we could've...been
there for each other...and maybe
our whole lives would've been
different, you know?

She looks at the two photos side-by-side. Ramona at fifteen.
Destiny at five. Ramona gets em at the thought. Tears in her
eyes for the first time. She smiles them away.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Maybe it'd be the same. Who knows.
I can't talk to her. But...I still
like to carry her with me.

Ramona puts her childhood photo face-to-face with Destiny's
childhood photo and slides them back in their place.

BACK TO:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - DAY

Destiny holds the phone to her ear. A tear falls.

FLASHES OF:

DESTINY AND RAMONA'S FRIENDSHIP IN REVERSE

Looking at each other in jail

Fighting each other on the floor
Holding hands at Grandma's funeral
Dancing with the "family" at Christmas
Holding hands at the diner
Hugging each other again after the crash
Destiny trying on Ramona's bathing suit
Ramona helping Destiny with the money in her boot
Destiny wrapped in Ramona's fur coat, their heads on top of each other.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
*You should give her a call,
Destiny.*

RETURN TO:

INT. DESTINY'S HOUSE - DAY

Destiny nods, wiping away the tears, and smiles.

DESTINY
... yeah.

CUT TO: BLACK

Destiny pled guilty to conspiracy, grand larceny and attempted assault in exchange for zero jail time.

FLASH TO:

PHOTO: OUTSIDE THE COURTHOUSE, DESTINY HIDES UNDER HER PURSE

Ramona served five years probation.

FLASH TO:

PHOTO: RAMONA FLIPS OFF THE CAMERAS OUTSIDE OF THE COURTHOUSE

CUT TO: BLACK

Mercedes and Annabelle were sentenced to weekends in prison and are now on five years' probation.

INT. MOVES GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

The world turns. Another night in the club, the floor packed with men paying to watch the women dance. As we witness the exchange, we hear a familiar voice...

RAMONA (V.O.)
*There's really nothing I can say to
 make sense of what went down. But
 everybody's hustling...*

INT. RAMONA'S OFFICE - THE DAY OF HER INTERVIEW

Ramona looks just past us.

RAMONA
 This city, this whole country is a
 strip club. You got people tossing
 the money. And people doing the
 dance.

CUT TO: BLACK

CUE: Janet Jackson's "Miss You Much"...

DJ'S VOICE
*One last time everybody, let's hear
 it for our girls!*

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

The night of their first big score. Destiny, Ramona, Mercedes, and Annabelle are celebrating together. Janet is playing. They're lined up in the living room.

RAMONA
 5-6-7-8.

The four girls do choreographed moves together, laughing, cracking up, dancing with each other, dancing for themselves.

CUT TO: BLACK