

Packed. Loud. Sweat and bass.

The BAR is chaos---hands waving, men leaning too close.

BUNNY works fast. Controlled. Eyes everywhere.

A MAN presses in too close, sliding cash across the bar. His fingers linger.

MAN

Vodka. And whatever she's drinking.

He nods toward a nearby lady of the night.

BUNNY

She's working.

MAN

So am I.

Bunny doesn't even look at the money.

BUNNY

You want a drink or a fantasy?

He smirks. Pulls his hand back.

MAN

Relax. You don't have to tell Lace everything.

Bunny finally meets his eyes. Cold.

BUNNY

I don't tell Lace anything. She already knows.

She turns away.

That's when she sees HARRIS.

Leaning against the bar like he belongs. No badge. No jacket. Casual.

He catches her look.

HARRIS

Busy night?

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Bunny freezes for half a second---then keeps working.

BUNNY
You were kicked out.

HARRIS
By security. Security rotates.

BUNNY
Marcus doesn't.

HARRIS
Marcus doesn't see everything. I saw him when he left with that young lady Tiff. I know he drops girls off to special clients.

BUNNY
Ok, you don't know shit...What do you want?

HARRIS
A Drink and Conversation.

BUNNY
We're not friends.

HARRIS
Didn't say we were.

He slides a bill toward her. She ignores it.

HARRIS
Relax. I'm off duty.

BUNNY
You don't have an "off."

She pours anyway. Purely professional.

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