

Who Is Ashley Scott?



SHE IS THE ILLEGITIMATE DAUGHTER of Batman and Catwoman. At least, that's what she plays on the new WB series *Birds of Prey*, based on a DC comic about three women thwarting crime in Gotham City. As a mysterious "meta-human" named the Huntress, Scott, 25, dons latex hot pants and shit-kicking boots. She dispatches baddies. She gets all the good one-liners. She flies, too. That part's done with wires, but to prepare for her other action scenes, Scott works the free weights and takes Tae Kwon Do. "I could bring you down to the ground," she taunts. "I've learned all these neat little techniques. But don't write that—I'll get jumped everywhere I go!"

SHE LIBERALLY USES the expression "Y'all," has eaten chitlins, and would be a Jeff Foxworthy punch line if only she had a beer gut and was named Darlene. "We used to go cow tippin'," Scott says, recalling her Charleston, South Carolina, childhood. "Gettin' chased by a guy with a shotgun. We also used to go muddin'. You'd all pile into a truck and you'd just run around in circles in a muddy pit. Lots of Mad Dog 20/20 involved in muddin'." This past Fourth of July, she brought a few bottles of Boone's Farm to a snooty Hollywood barbecue.

SHE MADE HER ACTING DEBUT as a hooker in Steven Spielberg's *A.I.: Artificial Intelligence*. "Let's clear this up right now," Scott sniffs. "I was not a hooker. I was a 'love mecha.'" Though she appeared in just one scene (and had just one line: "Hey, Joe, what do you know?"), she looked awfully sexy doing it. But then, she's been primping for the camera for a decade; she left home at 15 and worked as a model in New York and Paris. Now renting a two-story house in the San Fernando Valley with her best friend, Scott sounds content to focus on acting for the time being. (She recently wrapped up a stint on Fox's now-defunct *Dark Angel*.) Still, she wants Los Angeles to know: "I am a single young woman. Put that in big, bold, black letters."

SHE HAS QUESTIONABLE EATING HABITS. Whenever a certain food item is available (for a limited time only) at her local McDonald's, Scott is there with money in hand. "I live for the McRib," she says. "I eat it probably three or four times a week, if not five. It's bad. There's nothing like big bunches of processed meat. Rib that isn't rib, you know?" When McRibs are scarce, this meat-and-potatoes girl gorges on the surf and turf at Outback Steakhouses and douses her salads in bacon drippings. "My poor future husband's probably going to die of a heart attack," she says. Put that in big, bold, black letters.