

PRICKERS

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EXT. BOLIVIA, NOT FAR FROM LA PAZ - NEARING SUNSET - DECEMBER
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View of the Andes Mountains.

Then we focus in on one rocky mountain in the foothills; we can just make out the figure of a man on top of the mountain close to a cliff ledge.

EXT. A BOLIVIAN MOUNTAIN TOP

A handsome older man, Babacar Ramos, is a closet gay and sits, cross-legged, on top of the mountain that overlooks a green valley.

He holds a hunting rifle on his lap.

BABACAR

I have loved you, my beautiful
land, for seventy five years. I
have held you, eaten from you,
yelled at you when you let us down,
cherished you when you gave
plentifully. But, what now? What
will I do with you when the bank
owns you?

Babacar cries.

BABACAR (CONT'D)

How is it you haven't the power to
fight evil? The damned bank will
not feel a thing. My dear land, I
would tell you to go to Hell, but I
love you too much. My great, great,
great grandparents loved you. Oh,
maybe it's only "great, great." I
don't remember. Now, people who
don't love you will walk on your
back like you're nothing but dirt,
and you will be sad. I cannot live
with this sadness.

Babacar places the barrel of his rifle under his chin at a 35
degree angle toward his brain.

He appears confused.

Then he pulls the barrel away and slips the barrel into his
mouth, during which he mumbles unintelligibly.

BABACAR (CONT'D)
 (Nods)
 Ya Wa Ya Wa. Oh, oooooooooo.

He then hesitates and cries even with the barrel in his mouth.

BABACAR (CONT'D)
 (Shakes his head)
 Oo, o, o, o.

He pulls the barrel out of his mouth and moves it to his temple.

He then lies on his back and, with both hands around the trigger area, puts the barrel to his heart.

He switches positions several more times, then stops and considers his situation.

BABACAR (CONT'D)
 Mother Mary, give me the strength
 to break bread with the lord.
 Please, take my spirit. It's in a
 shitty old body, anyway. Even
 though I am still handsome for my
 age.

His expression changes as if he's received a signal from God.

He gets on his knees and positions the rifle in back of him (feels the pain in his arms), right hand on the trigger with the barrel pressed into the back of his head.

BABACAR (CONT'D)
 Oh, God, I should've stayed in
 better shape. I should have done my
 stretches.

He moans.

BABACAR (CONT'D)
 I'm coming, God. Yes, in the brain
 stem. It's quick.

He takes his right hand off the rifle (left hand still on the trigger) and lifts the hand to the heavens, which puts him off balance and takes the rifle out of position.

The rifle goes off by accident and the bullet misses him altogether.

The rifle's discharge bumps Babacar off balance; he quickly tries to stand but falls and rolls toward the cliff ledge.

EXT. PANORAMIC AND SERENE VIEW OF THE SAME MOUNTAIN

From a distance, we see Babacar fall off the cliff to his death.

INT. NEW YORK'S LA GUARDIA AIRPORT, CCTV SECURITY ROOM - A MONTH LATER

Bolivian born Interpol Detective and bisexual (has come out), Wamani Ramos (36), sits with a high level, airport security agent, Daniel Footman (34), a handsome, straight white guy.

They closely watch a security monitor with CCTV eyes on one of the airport bars.

Wamani is tall and slim with dark brown hair to her shoulders. With a criminal justice BA from UC Berkeley, she's experienced, knowledgeable, confident, very smart and beautiful.

WAMANI

I should be doing that.

DANIEL

What? Watch a NFL playoff game?

WAMANI

No, draft IPA. I could give a damn about football. It just distracts everyone from what's important.

DANIEL

Doesn't beer do that?

WAMANI

Beer blinds you from what's important. That's why it's better.

Daniel points at the monitor to a man on the screen who slowly makes his way to the bar.

The man wears jeans and a thick sweatshirt and appears to be from the Middle East.

Wamani takes a long look.

WAMANI (CONT'D)

Abdul's not supposed to be there.

DANIEL

Meaning?

WAMANI

He's Interpol as well. Weird Interpol. He's just sneaking a draft . . . on the job, no less.

DANIEL

So does that make you "normal" Interpol? Wait, he doesn't know we're watching?

WAMANI

We're always watching. He'll just say he was trying to blend into the crowd, didn't want to appear suspicious incase there were a few ISIS guys down there.

DANIEL

(Nods with sarcasm)
Ah, and he thinks that's clever?

WAMANI

No, he doesn't think it's clever. He just thinks it's beer.

Abdul (37) steps away from the bar and looks around.

DANIEL

Looks like Abdul forgot his beer.

WAMANI

He'll be back for it, I'm sure.

Abdul walks to the far side of the bar, then quickly walks back to where he'd been leaning on the bar.

Just then, five or six of the people lined up at the bar lift their arms suddenly as if cheering.

WAMANI (CONT'D)

That's weird. Usually people cheer at the same time, not one right after the other.

DANIEL

Didn't notice, just saw arms going up.

Wamani takes her eyes off the screen and ponders.

WAMANI

Can I get a copy of this, ASAP?

DANIEL

Yeah, I can get it to you right now. Should I email it to your secure account?

Wamani pulls out a memory stick from her bag.

Daniel takes the stick and inspects it closely, then sticks it into a USB port on the CCTV consol.

WAMANI

What's wrong with my stick?

DANIEL

(Chuckles)

Nothing. I just thought you'd have a bigger one.

Wamani recoils into friendly disapproval.

WAMANI

What's that mean?

Daniel appears a tad frightened as if caught.

DANIEL

Just a little role confusion, Wamani, thought you were somebody else for a second. I'm sorry if I offended you.

WAMANI

I'm not offended at all, just sad that such a smart guy like you could be so, well, boring.

DANIEL

So we're good?

WAMANI

I mean, I wish I could be more patient like a French woman, you know?

DANIEL

Bolivian is cool.

WAMANI

Bolivian American.

DANIEL

Gotcha. UC Berkeley, progressive.

WAMANI
What are you, then?

DANIEL
Degressive.

Wamani can't help but spit out a laugh.

Daniel pulls the stick out of the port and hands it to Wamani.

Wamani turns to leave the CCTV room, lifts her coat off a nearby hook, stops, turns around, and catches Daniel glaring at her butt.

WAMANI
Down, big boy!

DANIEL
I swear I wasn't looking at your fantastic ass, really.

WAMANI
(Exasperated smile)
See ya next time.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS, NEW YORK CITY - MID DAY

Wamani hurries to the front entrance as she talks on her smart phone.

Men and women along the way glance at her butt, and Wamani is clearly aware of the attention. She likes it.

INT. INSIDE THE UNITED NATIONS FRONT LOBBY

WAMANI
(Still on her smartphone)
I have an interesting video to show you. I'll see you in your office.

INT. INTERPOL CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE, UNITED NATIONS

Chief inspector and Korean American, Betty Oh (40), sits behind a large modern contemporary desk, on top of which is a laptop and few papers.

Educated at Yale, she's not only Wamani's immediate superior but is also her lover.

Wamani sits in front of her and is relaxed.

BETTY

(Leans back in her chair)
I also think people lifting their
arms suddenly, one after another,
is peculiar.

WAMANI

Told you.

BETTY

Yeah, but it's going to remain,
"weird only," that is, until we can
tie something substantial to it. Go
to Code Breaking, and show it to
them.

WAMANI

How about these mysterious arm
lifters at the bar?

BETTY

Yes, let's try to find out who they
are. If one or two of them ring a
bell, then there's a good chance
it's some kind of clumsy code.

WAMANI

Code for what?

BETTY

Who the Hell knows? The longer I
occupy this chair, the more these
questions fall like acid drops on
my head. As long as terrorists are
as smart or smarter than we are,
it's always gonna be a mind fuck
express?

WAMANI

Your number two at Interpol, Betty,
with arrests that resulted in
convictions.

BETTY

Yeah, Yale gave me lot's of
confidence which turned me into a
cop monster and a lesbian. Anyway,
good outcomes equal too much
scotch. Or should that be the other
way around?

WAMANI

Careful. Talk to me before you
drown yourself, dear. I do love
you, girl. Drink gin, instead.

They both laugh.

BETTY

Well, comin' over tonight?

Wamani gets up and starts to leave the office.

WAMANI

I'll be late.

BETTY

Me, too.

Just before Wamani reaches the office door, Betty calls out.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Oh, Wamani?

Wamani turns around.

WAMANI

Yeah.

BETTY

I just wanted to let you know that
I did look into UniFarm funding to
Bolivian farmers.

Wamani steps back to Betty's desk and gives her full
attention.

BETTY (CONT'D)

We now know that the farmers are
not receiving funding because their
Bolivian leaders are banking nearly
all of it for themselves. Surprise,
right? Farms are ceasing production
all over Bolivia.

WAMANI

My family ranch is close to a
production halt as well. Those
fuckers! Farm's been in the family
since 1884. It's already taken my
Uncle Babacar.

BETTY

You still think he jumped?

WAMANI

We're spoiled, Betty, the younger generation. We don't understand how family land can be that important. He was too agile in the mountains to have simply slipped. His suicide was a primal outcry. A protest.

BETTY

Intense shit. Jesus. I know you hurt right now.

WAMANI

Nobody at home was surprised. He's always been dramatic. And since there was no tall building around, well . . .

BETTY

Well, you know how sorry I am. Anyway, please, tell your uncles, aunts and cousins to be creative until we can figure something out. Understand, the only way to stop these corrupt assholes is to conduct an outside audit of their financial behavior. And we have to find a way to get the Funding Appropriations Committee to okay the audit.

WAMANI

Well, that shouldn't be a problem. I mean, the issue is obvious.

BETTY

Yeah, right, to honest people.

Wamani is surprised.

WAMANI

You mean?

BETTY

Yes, there are four members on that committee who have had huge infusions lately into the their bank accounts. We suspect at least three of them of skimming and are quite sure about a one David Whortan; you know, he's getting ready to retire, wasn't able to move up and spike his pension. Same old story.

WAMANI

Let's bust their asses.

BETTY

Can't prove shit about the money's origin, and we never will. We have to find another way to convince the committee to vote for the audit; the vote has to be unanimous. Or no go.

WAMANI

So, you're saying that, once the Bolivians know they're gonna get caught, they'll release the funding.

BETTY

Then it's do or die for them. I mean, they don't want to be on international news. Bolivians like secrecy. Notice how they've really never attracted international attention? Is it because they're smart? Or what?

WAMANI

My father says it's the altitude. Not enough oxygen to fight corruption.

Betty laughs.

WAMANI (CONT'D)

Oh, one more thing . . .

BETTY

. . . Shoot.

WAMANI

I thought I turned you into a lesbian.

INT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICE

Daniel goes over a CCTV recording of Abdul (close up frontal), in which Abdul obviously has an orgasmic episode.

Abdul says something Daniel wants to understand, but the camera doesn't record sound.

DANIEL

Weird. Better find a lip reader.

Just then, Wamani steps into the security room.

WAMANI

This better be good, Daniel. You could've said on the phone what's going on. Don't just tell me to come and then hang up!

Daniel turns to face her.

DANIEL

Wamani, this shit can be told only in person. Check this shit out.

Wamani takes a chair and snuggles up in front of the screen.

Daniel plays the same video of Abdul.

WAMANI

Is he actually? I mean, did he . . .?
.?

DANIEL

Looks like it.

WAMANI

Christ. I thought I'd seen it all.

DANIEL

I'm almost envious of good ol' Abdul. I thought only Superman could do that.

Wamani socks Daniel lightly on the shoulder.

Daniel smiles with pleasure.

WAMANI

We've gotta find out how and why.

Daniel puts up another recording.

DANIEL

Okay, let's play the old bar video, again. Mind you, Abdul's orgasm happens right after this.

Daniel plays the video through.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Now, what do you think happens on the big screen TVs before everybody's arms go up?

WAMANI

I figured a touch down.

DANIEL

That's what I thought, but look,
again.

Daniel rewinds the video to the point right before the arms go up and then closes in on the big screen TVs.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

All the TVs showed the same
football game, right? Now look at
why they all cheered.

We see a Jack 'n the Box commercial: a child eats a chicken burger and smiles.

WAMANI

People don't get that excited over
burgers, do they?

DANIEL

Not even many Americans would, no.
Let me show you this.

Daniel plays it back to the arm-lifting scene.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Watch what Abdul is up to while the
arms go up.

In the video, Abdul rotates as he moves from one side of the bar to the other, and he comes very close the people immediately before they raise their arms.

WAMANI

Yeah, and Abdul has a strangely
satisfied expression as he moves
past these people. What the fuck?
What the Hell is he doing to them?

Daniel shows her more closeup shots.

DANIEL

Something, Wamani. He does
something to them. I've zoomed in
many times on Abdul's hands as he
moves past them. While his hands
get very close, they don't appear
to touch. Not quite. But each
person does react after each time
his hand gets close.

WAMANI

Could it be some kind of taser?

DANIEL

I thought of that, but there's no taser in sight. Nothing. I did think of some kind of martial arts technique with heavy doses of chi. But I don't know if Abdul's into Tai Chi.

WAMANI

Not that I know of. God, I hate to confront him about this. I like him.

DANIEL

Haven't met him, but I think he's strange.

WAMANI

Gotta say, Daniel, good work, friend.

Daniel takes the opportunity to goad Wamani into a date.

DANIEL

Well, hey, Wamani. I know that, while right now you're into the lady side of "Bi," how about a little exploration into the gentleman side.

WAMANI

Just because I'm committed to a woman doesn't make it easier for me to cheat. She's my partner.

DANIEL

Very clever of you to be with her.

WAMANI

Hey, you know we were together before she become my boss.

DANIEL

True. True. Just sayin'. Anyway, I love Betty, great investigator, sense of humor. All that.

WAMANI

Is that your stamp of approval?

DANIEL

Give a guy a break. I'm vulnerable
right now.

WAMANI

No.

Wamani presses her index finger into Daniel's forehead and
pushes him back a bit, then starts to hurry out of the room.

DANIEL

Harsh contact is better than no
contact. Thanks for that. I think
it's significant.

WAMANI

Fuck you!

EXT. FAMILY RANCH OUTSIDE OF LA PAZ - FIVE MONTHS EARLIER

Wamani leans on a horse corral fence with Babacar while hired
hands break horses.

Babacar is a little angry and Wamani appears worried.

BABACAR

I wish your father hadn't left us.
Yerko was my favorite brother. He
was smarter than the rest of us and
would have found a way out of this
mess we're in.

WAMANI

But mom and dad left for New York
nearly forty years, time to move
on. You guys are smart.

BABACAR

I have no business working a ranch.
I should have been an actor; it was
my dream. Remember when I purchased
fifty goats? Three months later
they were all dead from goat pox. I
did not call Dr. Gonzalez because I
though they had allergies. By the
time they started to die, and I
called the doctor, it was too late.

WAMANI

You're too hard on yourself.

BABACAR

I should have started my acting career at that time. Now it's too late. Too old.

WAMANI

But, Uncle Babacar, you didn't even study acting. You've never acted on stage or anything.

BABACAR

I did not need to. I just feel the greatness in me. The ovations, standing ovations.

WAMANI

You've done a lot for this ranch, Uncle Babacar. You're one of my heroes, you know.

Hired hands gain control of a horse inside the corral.

Babacar and Wamani clap their hands.

But the horse is spooked by the claps and bucks the rider off.

BABACAR

See, I cannot even do this right.

The rider gets up from the ground and laughs.

WAMANI

He's laughing, Uncle Babacar.

Babacar gazes at Wamani.

BABACAR

I love it when you visit, my dear.

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT OF WAMANI'S MOTHER AND FATHER -
EVENING

The apartment is appointed with Bolivian décor, both modern and rustic Bolivian furniture--an unostentatious apartment of well-to-do people who don't show off.

Wamani is in the kitchen with her mother, Grecia (69), and father, Yerko (72); they prepare dinner.

Grecia is fairly slim and healthy, but Yerko is at least sixty pounds overweight and is a bit red faced and unhealthy.

As Wamani cuts potatoes, her mother glances at Wamani's work.

GRECIA

Two more potatoes, my dear.
Anticuchos needs more than that.

WAMANI

The beef heart goes with this,
right?

YERKO

Cut the beef hearts into three
centimeter cubes.

GRECIA

I like them cut a little smaller
but . . .

YERKO

Three centimeters.

Yerko points at Wamani then turns his index finger in circles next to his temple to signal that Grecia is crazy.

GRECIA

(To Wamani)

No, no, no, it is Yerko that is
crazy. A crazy fat man. Fat like a
pig.

YERKO

(To Wamani)

Hey, I've been losing weight. She's
always on my case.

WAMAMI

She's worried about your health,
papa.

YERKO

(Chuckles)

My health stinks, I know, so, so I
don't worry about it.

WAMANI

Great argument, papa.

YERKO

Wamani, my sweet little girl, you
usually tell me I look great.

GRECIA

Wamani, you actually defend me now?
That never happens.

WAMANI

Papa, you always look great to me because I love you. But, to other people, you don't look good, healthy, I mean.

YERKO

Ah, so I know what I need to do, then. I gotta get everyone in the world to love my fat. No problem. I'll get started today.

Wamani and Grecia roll their eyes.

INT. THE DINING ROOM

Wamani eats dinner with her parents.

There's plenty of food and wine on the table.

YERKO

Anyway, your uncles are having a terrible time with the banks right now. They can't get them to finance new crops, buy new livestock, nothing. For the past year, my brothers have been using family savings to supplement the ranch, but, you know, that's family money. It's always bad business to use your own money.

WAMANI

How long before our ranch goes under.

YERKO

Not long. See, it's not only the farmers who receive subsidies but also the banks, so they can lend additional money to farmers. I mean, I know the money gets sent to Bolivia, but those dirty bastards steal it.

WAMANI

I'm still working to get that audit, papa.

GRECIA

If the guilty ones think their crimes will go public, they will stop stealing.

WAMANI

You're don't send your own money to help the ranch, do you?

GRECIA

Not, yet. But that's a possibility if the situation doesn't improve.

WAMANI

Not good.

YERKO

We're fine, my dear. But we don't want the rest of our family to suffer. And, of course, so many other farmers.

Yerko lifts his wine glass and so do Wamani and Grecia.

YERKO (CONT'D)

To our beloved Babacar!

They clink wine glasses.

EXT. BACK TO THE FAMILY HORSE CORRAL

Wamani talks with Babacar as they watch hired hands break horses.

WAMANI

(Coldly)

I broke up with him.

BABACAR

Why? He was very handsome and successful, my dear. When you brought him with you last time, I thought he was the one for you. He even looked a little like me. How could you go wrong?

WAMANI

I know. Billy is a great guy. He's so mad at me.

BABACAR

How did you break up?

WAMANI

"Billy," I said, "I'm not continuing our relationship. Goodbye."

BABACAR
Over the phone?

WAMANI
Text.

BABACAR
I love you, dear, but you are a
harsh person with men. You've
always been sweet with women,
though.

They pause and watch the horses.

BABACAR (CONT'D)
There has always been something
different about you, Wamani. I
mean, at festivals, you have always
wanted to dance with the other
girls. You were never demure with
the boys, never teased them, never
joked with them in a boy/girl way.
You are different from other girls,
Wamami.

WAMANI
Do you think? Do you think?

BABACAR
Yes, dear, you're a hard core
lesbian.

Silence for a moment.

WAMANI
How do you know, Uncle Babacar?

Babacar pushes away from the fence.

BABACAR
You don't know me? I mean, you know
me, right?

Wamani puts her hand to her mouth.

WAMANI
No! Uncle Babacar! No way!

BABACAR
Why not? You're gay. Why can't I be
gay, too?

WAMANI

Does auntie know? I mean, you have four sons and a daughter.

BABACAR

When I made love to her, I always imagined she was somebody else.

WAMANI

Who?

BABACAR

Sean Connery. I always imagined I was making love with Sean Connery.

WAMANI

Is Sean Connery even gay?

BABACAR

I make him gay. He's great.

They pause and watch the horses.

BABACAR (CONT'D)

Wamani?

WAMANI

When I'm with guys, I usually imagine they're Sandra Oh.

They both laugh.

WAMANI (CONT'D)

So you like 'em hairy, huh? Any boyfriends?

BABACAR

There have been a few hired hands over the years. There was a La Paz cruiser back in the '80's who I loved. He dressed like Julio Iglesias in leathers. He used to spank me with a ping pong paddle. He was very exciting. Drove a Corvette.

WAMANI

(A bit reluctant)

Well, this is a big surprise, but good for you, Uncle Babacar!

BABACAR

Our secret. Okay?

WAMANI
Nobody in the family knows about
you?

BABACAR
Hell no. They would throw me to the
mountain lions.

INT. WAMANI'S OFFICE AT THE UN - PRESENT DAY

Wamani checks something out on her laptop when there's a
knock on her office door.

WAMANI
Come in!

Abdul, Interpol investigator and naturalized Lebanese
American, sticks his head in.

He speaks with a fairly heavy Lebanese accent, but his
English is linguistically excellent.

ABDUL
Heya, Wamani.

Wamani motions to a chair in front of her desk.

WAMANI
Got time for a chat?

ABDUL
Oh, anytime.

Abdul hurries over to take a seat. He smiles.

WAMANI
Look, Abdul, we go back more than
fifteen years. We've never beaten
around the bush with each other,
right? So I'm just going to cut to
the chase . . .

Wamani freezes and can't speak.

ABDUL
Yes, we are old buddies. Have I
done something wrong?

Wamani is still frozen.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

I won't look if you want to take a snort of that gin in your desk drawer. I mean, that might help you speak.

Wamani quickly takes a flask from her desk drawer and chugs some gin. She steadies herself, closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, in and out, in and out.

WAMANI

Abdul, I don't think I can talk.

ABDUL

I'll talk for you, then. You want to know what I was doing in the airport bar and also what I was thinking about when I had the self induced organism in front of the CCTV camera. My God, I got so carried away, I didn't even see the camera.

Wamani gazes open-mouthed and stunned at Abdul.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

Wamani, I work for Interpol as well. I hear all the buzz.

Abdul starts to tear up.

WAMANI

(Dreamy)
Oh, good.

ABDUL

Not so good, I'm afraid. You're gonna think that I'm a very twisted man.

WAMANI

(Still dreamy)
Oh, that's okay.

ABDUL

It's not okay, Wamani.

WAMANI

Then, it's not okay.

ABDUL

Please, chug some more gin.

Wamani chugs more gin, after which she breaths slowly, in and out.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

Are you ready for me to change your perception of the world, Wamani?

WAMANI

Sure, go for it! Change the world for me.

ABDUL

I'm a Pricker, Wamani.

Wamani stares blankly at Abdul.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

I'm a Pricker, Wamani.

Wamani chugs a little more gin. She gets tipsy.

WAMANI

You're a prick? I don't think so.

ABDUL

No, Wamani, I'm a prickER.

WAMANI

PrickER. Okay. Well, then what the fuck does a Pricker do?

ABDUL

They prick unsuspecting people with needles.

Wamani is still in a trance.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

We do it for personal reasons. Some for revenge. Some for kicks. I do it because I can't get an orgasm any other way. All my life, I tried every way possible to get an orgasm--except pedophilia or necrophilia--I would never do that. One day, when I was twenty eight, I was fishing out on a lake with a friend when I accidently stuck him with my fish hook. He jolted and quivered. And I immediately had my first orgasm.

WAMANI

Did he remain your friend?

ABDUL

Of course not . . . But that didn't matter. I was awakened. I knew my life would be better from then on.

WAMANI

Betty told me once that you had a girlfriend at Yale . . .

ABDUL

Oh, we had intercourse all the time, and I could please her . . .

WAMANI

. . . Oh, yeah, I don't need to know.

ABDUL

But I could never please myself. You see, I am a good person. Not selfish. This is not a selfish activity for me.

WAMANI

But you hurt people, Abdul.

ABDUL

Oh, not much. Not much. It's over very quickly. At worst, they think it's a bee sting.

WAMANI

You pricked, what, five or six people at that airport bar . . .

ABDUL

Eight.

WAMANI

Well, you could pass all kinds of diseases with those needles.

ABDUL

Wamani, you don't understand. I am a conscientious Pricker. Really.

WAMANI

What?

ABDUL

Wamani, eight pricks, eight different needles.

(MORE)

ABDUL (CONT'D)

When I'm in a situation when I can prick more slowly, I have an alcohol dip for needles of any gauge. Dip, prick. Dip, prick. Dip, prick. And so on . . .

WAMANI

That's fucked up, Abdul.

ABDUL

Someday, I hope we Prickers can come out of the closet the same way LGBTQs have. Someday, I hope it will be LGBTQ-P.

WAMANI

Not the same, Abdul.

ABDUL

Oh, come on, please. At least it can be classified as an addiction.

WAMANI

Yes, that makes sense. Jesus.

ABDUL

I understand you. First time you've heard of this.

WAMANI

How many Prickers are there?

ABDUL

We have no idea, really, hundreds of thousands. We have a convention every year, usually at Lake Geneva, Switzerland.

WAMANI

A fucking conference?

ABDUL

Oh, if you want, you can call it a big meeting. Maybe?

EXT. VIEW OF A BEAUTIFUL CHALET ON THE SHORE OF LAKE GENEVA -
LATE MORNING

A large Swiss Chalet terraced down a wooded hill.

Taxis, limousines, and fancy cars pull into a circular entrance way. Valets busily attend to them.

INT. INSIDE THE CHALET'S HUGE LOBBY

Over one hundred adults scurry around the many vendors who sell gear and paraphernalia to Prickers.

One concession has a sign that says, "Prickman Simpson's Translucent Needles," and Prickman calls out to everyone in front of his kiosk:

PRICKMAN SIMPSON

Imagine, needles nobody can see.
They think it's a just a bee. Oh,
my, they'll scream and just pass
by!

Abdul, excited, hurries up to the table and inspects the needles and needle holsters and alcohol dip canisters. He fastens one holster (it has Velcro straps) to the inside of his finger.

ABDUL

(Prickman)

Ah, the holster is translucent,
too. Amazing! And with Velcro
holster scraps!

Prickman Simpson picks up a needle cartridge and holds it in front of Abdul's face.

PRICKMAN SIMPSON

The cartridge is translucent as
well.

From the lobby crowd, we hear some "eeewwwws" and "ahhhhhhs."

ABDUL

What's all the fuss?

Prickman Simpson looks out into the crowd and his eyes open wide.

PRICKMAN SIMPSON

Oh, my God! It's him! It's him!

Abdul looks back and sees what all the fuss is about.

ABDUL

Oh, Kazuki Mori?

Kazuki Mori (50) is the best Pricker in the world, trained in several Marshall arts. He's very handsome, tall, and elegant.

PRICKER SIMPSON

Have you met him?

ABDUL
 I've prick-dueled him many times. I
 know him well. I've even gone
 pricking out on the town with him.

Just then, Kazuki, slides over to Abdul and pricks him in on
 ass.

Abdul jumps.

PRICKMAN SIMPSON
 Oh, my God, Kazuki Mori just
 pricked you!

KAZUKI
 (To Abdul)
 Lunch later?

ABDUL
 How about the pub down the lane?

Kazuki gives Abdul a thumbs up and moves to other people.

ABDUL (CONT'D)
 (To Prickman Simpson)
 I think I'll give these a try. How
 much?

Abdul pulls out some cash.

Prickman holds up this hand.

PRICKMAN SIMPSON
 I can't take your money. I'm sorry,
 I didn't know who you were . . .

ABDUL
 I'm just a Pricker like you. That's
 all.

PRICKMAN SIMPSON
 Still, keep your money. It's my
 honor.

INT. WAMANI'S OFFICE

Abdul still fills Wamani in on the Prickers' world.

WAMANI
 A clandestine Prickers' conference?
 And I didn't even know about it?

ABDUL

Sometimes we see things, Wamani, but we don't care to really see them. Or we simply never see them. Blackbeard once moored his ship next to an island in the Caribbean but wasn't planning to go to shore. Just a rest, you know. Out of nowhere, a bunch of island natives in pontoon boats, made from palm trees, were calmly rowing toward the ship. These natives had, no doubt, not ever been exposed to a giant ship such as Blackbeard's. The natives didn't have real weapons except for tiny fishing spears. Anyway, they got closer and closer. They were chatting with one another about something. You know. Black Beard's men wondered, "What the fuck?" Right? When these natives got close to the ship, a few of Blackbeard's men waved at them, but the natives did not respond. Rather, they simply rowed past the ship and into the ocean. Black Beard swore the natives never even saw the ship. My point: without a prior frame of reference, you can stare right into something's throat and not actually see it.

Wamani glances at her smartphone.

WAMANI

Oh, my God. Hey, Abdul, I've got a meeting soon. Can I digest this, and we'll talk later.

ABDUL

Yes, please, you digest, and we will talk later, my friend.

As Abdul leaves the office, Wamani is still dumbfounded.

WAMANI

Hundreds of thousands of Prickers?

INT. INSIDE AN OFFICE AT THE UNITED NATIONS

Wamani's next meeting.

She's with Buster Hawthorn (45), an African American male. He's the director of UN Appropriations.

BUSTER

Of course, some members on all governing committees are corrupt. We can't control, for example, what these members do in their own countries. Many of our wonderful Americans are corrupt as Hell, too. In other words, if we were to investigate this shit properly, we'd be investigating a quarter of this place. It's very sick shit, dear. So, what do I do? I just put on my delusion cap, from which booze runs down into my mouth, which makes me forget where I am, and I do my job at the same time. Like almost everybody else here, I'm just givin' up my life for decent benefits when I'm old, bent up with high blood pressure, atrial fibrillation, diabetes, etc. You dig?

WAMANI

Do you deal with the committee for Farm Appropriations in South America?

BUSTER

Damn Hell, if you can even get that committee to vote on anything? I don't know if they've ever voted to actually audit a South American government to actually stop corruption. Some of them are so dumb, I don't know where they find the noodles to utilize their lungs, much less see the reasoning behind being honest and upright.

Buster chuckles as Wamani appears a little defeated.

WAMANI

And Bolivia farm appropriations?

BUSTER

They are so corrupt, you can't even call it that anymore. They're like all the fucked up bullies from high school that never grew up.

(MORE)

BUSTER (CONT'D)

If what you want is inside shit on that committee, well, I got some of that. See, a vote from that committee is really supposed to be at least 60% for a win. But, in reality, if it's not a 100%, that decision will lumber like a dog's ass rubbing across the living room carpet. Back and forth, back and forth, stop and sniff, back and forth, stop and sniff . . . For years, bro! See, whatever they vote "yes" on, they've gotta put out a shit load of paper work to justify. And the last thing people around here wanna do is work. Not only because they're lazy, but some are afraid their own governments will assassinate their asses. And they're right.

WAMANI

So, that's that, then. It's hopeless.

BUSTER

Hopeless? No, you didn't hear me say that. No. If you're gonna convince them to do this shit, you gotta come at them the old fashion way.

WAMANI

(Chuckles)

With tender loving care?

BUSTER

My ass. You gotta threaten the mother fuckers.

WAMANI

Are you kidding?

BUSTER

We go back awhile, Wamani. Did I ever lie to you?

WAMANI

One of the few who hasn't.

BUSTER

Threaten with death or terrible pain. Look, it's the only way you can kick ass in this fuckin' bar.

INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT, BROOKLYN - SAME DAY - BEDTIME

Betty's apartment is impeccably designed with abstract paintings, chrome fixtures, well-matched bright colors.

Wamani and Betty snuggle up against each other in bed, and they discuss Abdul's confession.

BETTY

You mean, Abdul's erection is so sensitive that, after he jabs people with a needle, all he has to do is rub it a little?

WAMANI

Just touch it, he says.

BETTY

I'll have to see it to believe it.

WAMANI

(Chuckles)

He's a very accommodating guy.

BETTY

I don't mean "really" see it.

WAMANI

What do we do about it?

BETTY

He has among the best outcomes in Interpol. I can't lose him because of some silly perversion.

WAMANI

But he hurts people.

BETTY

How many times have you slapped my ass and it really fucking hurt? Come on!

Wamani reaches around Betty and slaps her ass hard.

WAMANI

Like that?

BETTY

(Springs up)

AAAAWWWW, bitch! See, why isn't that considered perverted?

WAMANI

We're intimate. It's different.

BETTY

There is that.

WAMANI

I also learned from Abdul that there are hundreds of thousands of Prickers in the world.

BETTY

Does he know many of them? Did he mention names?

WAMANI

No names, yet, but he mentioned attending some kind of Prickers' conference in Switzerland on Lake Geneva, if you can believe it, which means he knows other Prickers. Do you want to talk with him?

BETTY

No. That might freak him out. Tell him we've talked about it and that I'm thinking things through, but tell him not to worry. Oh, and tell him to avoid pricking as much as possible. That shit in the airport was too obvious and too close to home.

WAMANI

Good luck with that.

BETTY

Tell him, anyway. No worries. I'm just being mother, and that's what he wants. His mother was blown up in a Beirut Hezbollah blast when he was just a kid.

WAMANI

We're all weird for a reason, huh?

Betty leers at Wamani.

BETTY

And I think I'm weird because of you!

They both laugh and tickle each other. Quickly, however, they settle back down as Wamani contemplates.

WAMANI

I might have an idea that would help influence the committee to vote for the audit in Bolivia.

EXT. THE BAY IN MANHATTAN - NEXT DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

It's a chilly day, and Wamani and Abdul sit on a Manhattan bench with a view of Ellis Island.

ABDUL

A little chilly, huh?

WAMANI

We have to talk outside. Never know, right?

ABDUL

Never know when you're outside either.

WAMANI

I need a list of the best Prickers you know in the following counties. Don't write it down now. I'm going to give you a code we'll both use and to which you must strictly adhere. Japan, USA, England, and Malaysia. Think hard. They have to be the best, not the ones you like personally. Okay?

ABDUL

I can tell you right now. Got time?

WAMANI

Okay. Shoot. And tell me about each one.

ABDUL

In Japan, there is Kazuki Mori, a master of Tai Chi, Okinawan Karate, and the Ninja arts. He's probably the greatest Pricker in the world. He's one of the few who can Prick finger tips, up to four or five on one hand, as quick as lightening .

. .

Wamani holds up her hand and wriggles her fingers.

WAMANI

Finger tips?

ABDUL

Probably the most pain sensitive part of the body. Finger tips are also very small, usually moving, targets, which makes it perhaps the most challenging prick.

WAMANI

Sounds like you really have to study.

ABDUL

Kazuki Mori was my greatest role model, but I'll never have the time to study the way he has. Anyway, instantly after he pricks the fingers, he can, on the same person, prick their knee cap, back of the knee--all within a few seconds. I've seen it on video. Absolutely amazing. He's my hero! I'll tell you a story about him one night in the lobby of the Kabuki-za in Tokyo.

INT. KABUKI-ZA, TOKYO - ABDUL'S STORY ABOUT KAZUKI MORI

Kazuki Mori is in the lobby of Kabuki-za, one of Japan's most famous Kabuki theatres.

He is tall, slim and elegant, wears an all-black suit.

As he talks with a lovely young Japanese woman, he looks around the lobby and becomes excited.

Kazuki bows to the young woman and excuses himself.

KAZUKI

If you will Excuse me?

The young woman bows.

INT. KABUKI-ZA LOBBY

Kazuki moves through the lobby as if in a graceful dance, a cross between Tai Chi and ballet.

As he moves through, peoples' arms flop upward. Since Japanese are shy and don't like to display emotion, we don't hear all-out cries of pain as we would from other nationalities; rather, we hear only faint whimpers.

SOME PEOPLE IN THE CROWD

Itai. Itai. Ah, itai. (That hurts, that hurts)

Kazuki then pirouettes to a corner of the lobby and, in state of complete serenity, does a Tai Chi exercise.

Even though Kazuki has just pricked many people in the lobby, nobody suspects him. A few of them even look on, impressed with his Tai Chi.

EXT. THE BAY IN MANHATTAN

Wamami is amazed with Abdul's story.

WAMANI

I'd love to meet Kazuki.

ABDUL

I can arrange it. You know, if you ever have business in Kyoto . . . ?

WAMANI

. . . I love Kyoto.

ABDUL

Nearby in Nara, actually. He lives in a Buddhist temple that he restored into a luxurious home complete with a Pricker dojo. He's very wealthy.

WAMANI

So he's very straight and . . .

ABDUL

. . . Well, he does hang out with Buddhist monks, but they party their asses off. In Japan, many of them chain smoke, drink and even fuck. Japanese monks aren't celibate like other monks around Asia.

WAMANI

And Kazuki?

ABDUL

He pricks.

Wamani checks notes on her iPad.

WAMANI

We need somebody in Manchester,
England.

Abdul thinks about it for a moment. He gets up from the bench and paces.

ABDUL

There's Daksha Acharya near there,
but he's ninety. He may actually be
in a wheel chair by now.

WAMANI

Anybody else?

ABDUL

Oh, yes! There is one great Pricker
in Manchester, a physician, now
maybe fifty five years old. The
last time I saw her was at the
convention in Switzerland; she was
portly and had slowed down. But I
heard she can still prick two or
three finger tips in one swipe.
Amazing.

WAMANI

It's all about the finger tips,
huh?

ABDUL

Like I said, they evoke the best
response because the pain is the
most intense, sometimes so intense
they can't even scream. If you
prick a fingertip just right, the
prickee paralyses. Hey, nobody is
as skilled as Kazuki, but Lily
Carpenter is one of the top one
hundred in the world. Nobody will
argue that. There's a classic video
in the archives of her with a
patient in one of her examination
rooms. She loves filming herself
pricking, and there's audio as
well.

INT. FROM THE FILM OF WHICH ABDUL IS SPEAKING - LILY
CARPENTER'S DOCTOR'S OFFICE IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Lily (55) and a bit portly, sits with a young male patient,
Billy Blue (25), inside an examination room.

This video is obviously taken from a hidden camera.

Lily holds up a syringe in front of Bully Blue.

LILY

Now, Billy, stand and show me your
hip.

BILLY BLUE

Odd. Pry tell, why doesn't your
nurse administer the shot? Do you
want to hurt me, again?

Billy Blue stands and pulls his pants down and exposes his
entire ass.

LILY

Same as before, sweet Billy, I just
like to make sure it's done right.

BILLY BLUE

And I'm glad you do, bitch. Just
don't hurt me too much.

Billy wriggles his butt for Lily.

Lily then pricks the young man just a little bit and pulls
back.

Billy recoils.

BILLY BLUE (CONT'D)

Ah, ouch? Finished? Disgusting
soul!

LILY

Yes, disgusting! Give me another
wriggle.

Billy wriggles.

Lily relishes the moment, breathes in the moment, her eyes
closed, and moves her head slowly back and forth.

LILY (CONT'D)

Oh, not to worry dear. I was simply
off the correct location by a
couple of millimeters.

BILLY BLUE

Same thing happened with my tetanus shot last month. You sadist. You devil. Thank you. Thank you.

Billy Blue laughs.

LILY

No harm. No foul, dear. I love it when you castigate me. Give me Hell, you young animal!

Lily pushes the shot in, again, this time all the way.

Clearly, Billy Blue is in pain.

BILLY BLUE

Dr. Carpenter! I love you, you old bitch!

Lily pulls the needle out with a big smile.

LILY

All done. You were a champ, young man. That's always a difficult injection. All done.

BILLY BLUE

Oh, God, the euphoria is setting in. Next week? Fuck, tomorrow!

LILY

Oh, dear! Afraid not. You should appreciate what you have, Billy. Be more Buddhist. Live in the present as if there is no past or future.

BILLY BLUE

Anything you say, Doctor.

Billy wriggles one more time, and Lily gets in few more quick pricks, before he pulls his pants up.

EXT. THE BAY IN MANHATTAN

Wamani shakes her head at Abdul.

ABDUL

Prickers love to tell their stories!

(MORE)

ABDUL (CONT'D)

Lily discovered her love for pricking as early as medical school and began pricking hospital patients while they were sleeping, usually on the toe tips. By the time the patients awakened, Lily would be gone. Isn't that great?

WAMANI

No. But I'm trying here.

ABDUL

We love these stories because we understand. We're Prickers. Don't you feel empathetic when people tell bisexual stories?

WAMANI

Not really.

ABDUL

Oh, I'm sorry you can't share, Wamani.

WAMANI

Don't be sorry. Really!

Wamani looks at her iPad, again.

WAMANI (CONT'D)

The next location is Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Abdul rears his head back in pleasure and laughs.

ABDUL

Oh, no, no, no, no!

WAMANI

What?

ABDUL

Bentley Light, one of the best in the world, perhaps top twenty but definitely the most caustic. He just won the Mori Award at last year's convention.

INT. LAST YEAR'S CONVENTION, LAKE GENEVA CHALET CONFERENCE HALL

There are a few hundred Prickers present in the large conference hall.

Kazuki Mori is the plenary speaker, and he talks about the Prickers who've been nominated for this year's Mori Prize.

KAZUKI

There are quite a few great Prickers in the world today. The art has come a long way. Stemming mainly from ancient Ninja needle arts, the art receded back into the dark corners of the world, but now we're growing. We're having fun. We're finding a "health" for which we'd been longing, some of us for most of our lives. Then, we found our release, if you will, our reason for life, itself. I'm proud of our nominees, all of whose nominators have submitted countless videos of them pricking so, so masterfully. There has been one giant of the art who unfortunately is not the best endowed socially, which has always forced him into a self-induced obscurity. Now, however, it's time to finally bring him out. Ladies and gentlemen, this year's Mori Prize goes to Malaysia's own Bentley Light.

There's very little applause.

Bentley Light stands up in the crowd and turns in circles as he bows and waves to the crowd.

Then Bentley walks up to the podium.

Kazuki stands at his side.

Bentley's a caustic but elegant gay man in his fifties, and he dresses with impeccable style.

BENTLEY

It is great being excellent. I don't like any of you either.

The audience is perfectly silent.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

There's no particular reason I don't like you. I don't have to have a reason. But, I would be happy to prick any of you.

(MORE)

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

I would make you scream in a loathsome tone you've never before heard, and that scream would turn into a whisper of the most perfect euphoria you've ever felt. I don't make you feel good because I want to; I do it only because it affirms my artistic perfection.

We hear a few claps.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

(Takes notice)

Stop humoring me. I still don't like you. I know I'm a bitch, and I'm deeply in love with myself. I am all I need.

Kazuki then cuts in.

KAZUKI

Thank you, Bentley. I do hope we can duel, again, sometime.

Bentley smiles, gives the audience the finger and then takes his leave.

Kazuki points at a large video screen.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

We have seen many videos of Bentley Light's mastery. So, now I want you to take a look at this CCTV video from Kennedy Airport in New York City of this year's honorable mention. Watch the woman in the nun's habit. Her face is veiled, but we recognize her graceful movements as she pricks at least ten people in one sweep.

The video plays and we see a slim woman in a nun's habit, face veiled, as she walks through a crowd and does what could be mistaken for some kind of ritualistic dance.

Victims arms go up, one-by-one. People agonize, quickly rub the parts of their bodies that have been pricked.

Then the video ends.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

I have never seen a pricking so beautifully executed.

(MORE)

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

Even though we've never seen her face, I think we all know who this is. She is one of the most well known Prickers in the world. She is Saber Tooth, of course.

People in the crowd nod and applaud vigorously.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

She is one of the few prickers in history who can conjure heart attack symptoms. True, I can do that but not with the grace and precision of Saber Tooth. I know Saber Tooth is here today--I can feel her presence--but since none of us has ever seen her face, we don't know who she is. I hope that, one day, she'll introduce yourself to us.

EXT. THE BAY IN MANHATTAN

ABDUL

Bentley Light thinks he's so charming, but when you're with him, he makes your brain feel like a giant electric vibrator--by telling you the absolute truth, of course, without you asking for it. He thinks he's a close descendant of Captain Light, who was the founder of the British colony in Malaysia. He sits around coffee houses acting like he is Captain Light. Not only is he a Pricker master but a banter master as well.

EXT. KUALA LUMPUR COFFEE SHOP - SOMETIME IN THE PAST

Bentley sips a Latte, and his perfectly manicured Maltese dog faces Bentley as he sits on top of the white wrought iron table.

Bentley pats the dog on its head.

BENTLEY

My cute little Lord Mountbatten. Do you love daddy?

The dog shows pleasure, then as Bentley stealthily pricks him, and the dog squeals.

An Asian young man, Smack (28), next to his table looks over concerned.

Bentley addresses Smack's concern.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)
Did you happen to see what made my
Lord Mountbatten squeal?

SMACK
No, I just heard the squeal.

Smack leans over closer to the Maltese and smiles.

SMACK (CONT'D)
He's very cute.

Bentley gives Smack a very condescending smirk.

BENTLEY
Oh, but wait. Hold on. I didn't ask
you if he was cute. I know he's
cute.

Smack is taken aback.

SMACK
What, strangers can't be nice?

BENTLER
Oh, you are quite nice. Still, I
don't like you.

SMACK
What?

BENTLEY
Well, look at yourself; you
obviously don't understand basic
fashion. You're in corduroy short
pants, which shows off Emmental
cheese thighs, old plastic sandals
that expose dirty, unmanicured toe
nails, a light, dirty blue shirt .
. . .

Bentley leans in for a closer look at Smack, primarily his hands.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)
. . . Well, it looks like you do
have a partner, judging by your
vulgar ring.

SMACK

What's your name?

BENTLEY

Bentley Light.

SMACK

Bentley, I'm Smack. Would you like me to leave?

BENTLEY

Oh, no, I find you to be quite amusing. You may stay. What an unusual name. Nickname, I presume?

Lord Mountbatten squeals, again, in response to a Bentley prick, but nobody can see Bentley doing it.

SMACK

What is wrong with your dog? What are you doing to him?

BENTLEY

I'm loving him. He's my darling. He is simply sensing your polluted energy.

SMACK

(Defensive)

Look, I know I'm a nice Asian guy, and I'm hot, too.

BENTLEY

Yes, you're on to something, dear. You are decidedly Asian.

SMACK

Fuck you, old white man.

Bentley is stunned by the insult and dips his head.

SMACK (CONT'D)

See how it feels, asshole!

Bentley sheds a tear and sniffles as he nods and beams his pain onto the young man.

SMACK (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. I'm so sorry, Bentley.

Bentley cries a little, and the young man moves closer and puts a hand on Bentley's shoulder and rubs.

SMACK (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Come on now. Come on now.

BENTLEY

(Nods)

I guess I am a bad person.

SMACK

No, no, just having a bad day.
That's all.

The young man continues to rub Bentley's shoulders. Then he stands behind Bentley and massages his shoulders.

SMACK (CONT'D)

I'll take care of everything,
Bentley. Hey, I live just down the
street. Care for some of my special
Chai?

BENTLEY

Oh, if it's okay. I'd like that.

Bentley smiles like a sneaky child.

EXT. THE BAY IN MANHATTAN

ABDUL

Bentley cannot only scramble your
brain with his mouth but your body
with the smoothest pricking you'll
ever see: four finger tips,
forehead, behind the ears, knee
cap, instep--all in a few seconds.
He's a viper.

WAMANI

Who's the best in Manhattan?

ABDUL

I am.

WAMANI

Oh, really?

ABDUL

You saw me at the airport. Nobody
suspected. Even you wouldn't have
known if I hadn't blown it
afterward by having my moment in
front of the camera.

WAMANI

You're volunteering?

ABDUL

Yes. I would love to help your family in Bolivia. What I don't know is how we're going to help. Prick a bunch of sick cattle? Prick a bunch of farmers?

Wamani stands and becomes engrossed in serious thought.

WAMANI

All four of the dissenting committee members live in the aforementioned countries. That's why I need local Prickers. If they agree to prick for us, how much money would they need?

ABDUL

They're all flush. They might ask for expenses, not sure. Understand, they would do it for the absolute joy of it. They're all narcissists, so after I tell them that you're looking for the best in the world, I'll have nailed them.

WAMANI

Okay, but you'll have to travel to their countries, and I'll tag along. Okay?

ABDUL

Well, it's only fair that you have a chance to screen them.

WAMANI

But could you help to keep them at a distance from me? I hate needles.

ABDUL

I'll do my best.

INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT, BROOKLYN - EVENING

Betty and Wamani prepare a meal in the kitchen together.

BETTY

The less I know about this plan the better.

WAMANI

I got it. You don't need to know.

BETTY

I agree with your plan only because I love you, and I know we sometimes have to fight systemic corruption with a little corruption if it's for the greater good.

WAMANI

Abdul is a goof, but he's an excellent investigator and planner.

BETTY

Before we talk further, I just want to let you know that I do have this condo checked for listening devices on a regular basis, just had a check yesterday for this occasion, but, from now on, we're gonna talk about this shit in the park.

WAMANI

By the way, tomorrow I'm flying to Japan, Malaysia, and England with Abdul. I'll be back in about a week.

BETTY

Before you board the Interpol jet, let me get it checked for bugs, okay.

WAMANI

Can you make it quick? We're out of here in the morning.

Betty shows concern.

BETTY

Wamani, remember, don't interview these people like you would a new recruit. These people are horses of a different color.

WAMANI

I know. They're fucked up.

BETTY

Everybody's fucked up. Can you name one person who isn't?

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

Look, what I'm saying is, see this trip as more of a "get to know you." Who knows, you might be pleasantly surprised.

Wamani gazes, perplexed, at Betty.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Just sayin', girl. You might learn something. These people are the way they are for a reason. Wouldn't it be cool to know what that reason is? I sort of envy you this trip.

WAMANI

Nobody's stopping you from coming.

BETTY

I'm too accountable. I have too much work to do here, anyway. Like two failed bombing attacks on the lower East side with ties to ISIS. Can't go. I mean, I can cover for you. But you can't cover for me.

EXT. AT KAZUKI'S HOME, A BEAUTIFUL BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN NARA (NEAR KYOTO), JAPAN - ONE DAY LATER - MORNING

Abdul and Wamani walk through a beautifully manicured Japanese garden up to the temple entrance. They hold omiyage (gifts).

INT. INSIDE THE DOJO AREA OF THE TEMPLE

Abdul, Wamani and Kazuki open small cases which contain needles of different gauges and lengths along with other pricking tools.

Kazuki holds up a tiny tub, a needle holder with alcohol inside.

KAZUKI

(Proudly)

Here it is. You didn't believe me. It holds six needles, suitable for four thicknesses and up to five centimeters in length with alcohol inside.

Abdul and Wamani get closer to inspect the needle holder.

ABDUL
Yes, but does the alcohol leak?

WAMANI
I don't know what to say.

KAZUKI
The great Zen Buddhist, Suzuki-san,
said, "If you don't know what to
say, then say nothing."

WAMANI
Oh?

KAZUKI
(Chuckles)
But when I hear your lovely voice,
Suzuki-san means nothing. Please
talk all you want, my dear.

Kazuki holds up the needle container to Abdul's face.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)
A Pricker at Mitsubishi engineered
it.

ABDUL
But it's tough to match Hans
Reinholt's work in Berlin.

KAZUKI
The Germans are overrated. This is
the best. Reinholt is, to be fair,
a fine Pricker. . .

ABDUL
. . . Does your engineer friend
make good needle holsters?

Kazuki hands Abdul a finger holster.

KAZUKI
Put in on. The Velcro is perfect.
You can load your own needles.

Abdul holsters and loads needles from his own case.

He inspects them closely.

ABDUL
Cool holster!

Wamani takes a look, too.

WAMANI

Is the guy who made this a Pricker?

KAZUKI

A Pricker? Yes. Not so good, but he tries hard. He is, of course, a great maker of tools.

Kazuki walks out into the middle of the huge tatami room and bows to Abdul, which indicates he wants a pricking match with him.

ABDUL

Oh, yes! But last time you kicked my ass.

Kazuki

No, I pricked your ass. And I will, again, and you'll love it, again.

WAMANI

Oh, fuck. Are you guys . . . ?

ABDUL

. . . Of course we are.

Wamani is a bit panicked but excited at the same time.

Abdul runs at Kazuki and Kazuki twirls like a whirling dervish toward Abdul.

When they meet, their arms whip like fan blades; then they stop suddenly and let out yelps of both pain and pleasure.

Then their arms start to whip, again, longer this time.

Wamani is in a state of disbelief.

WAMANI

(Yells)

Stop! You guys are really hurting each other.

Kazuki pauses for a few seconds.

KAZUKI

(Smiles)

We are sadomasochists, my dear. So, it's okay.

WAMANI

Oh, yeah, right.

Kazuki starts in on Abdul, again.

Abdul falls to the mats, starts to cry and roll around.

ABDUL
Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Thank you.
Thank you.

KAZUKI
(To Wamani)
I know his pleasure spots. Abdul's
my friend.

Abdul stops and he's on his back, still very happy.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)
I pricked you forty times. You
pricked me only ten times. You
shouldn't try so hard for the
fingertips. Prick other pain points
more often.

ABDUL
I tried to impress you.

KAZUKI
You're a fine Pricker, Abdul. Look,
even though you cannot impress me,
we can have fun together.

Wamani becomes a bit nauseous and holds her stomach.

WAMANI
Could you guys excuse me, please?

Wamani runs through a door that leads to the garden.

EXT. KAZUKI MORI'S JAPANESE GARDEN

Wamani is on her knees and vomits.

Kazuki and Abdul appear in the garden, and they're concerned
but a bit pleased with themselves at the same time.

WAMANI
Sorry, guys, first time. Right?

KAZUKI
I vomited the first time I
witnessed this type of violence.

Wamani gathers herself.

WAMANI
I'm not alone, then.

KAZUKI
But I vomited because of spoiled
sashimi.

Kazuki and Abdul laugh.

WAMANI
Hey, yeah, like fuck you?

INT. INSIDE KAZUKI'S DINING ROOM - NOON

Wamani sits across from Abdul and Kazuki at a Kotatsu. Kazuki looks at an iPad on which there's a picture of an older Japanese man with a fat red face.

KAZUKI
Oh, Takagi-san is a real asshole,
used to be a diet member, was found
guilty of embezzlement. Usually, a
diet member, to save his honor,
will commit suicide if found guilty
of such a crime, but he did not
because he has no honor. He just
continued to find new ways to steal
money.

ABDUL
So you'll do it?

KAZUKI
I know where he lives. I know which
hostess bars and soaplands he
frequents. Yes, it will be like
pricking a suckling pig. I'll be
happy to do it. In fact, thank you.
I've been a little bored lately.

WAMANI
Interpol is honored.

KAZUKI
Yes, I would imagine. But I am
honored as well.

EXT. KUALA LUMPUR COFFEE SHOP - TWO DAYS LATER

Bentley Light sits with his Maltese, Lord Mountbatten, and Smack, now Bentley's boyfriend.

Abdul and Wamani approach their table.

BENTLEY
 (To Abdul)
 You're taller and hairier than I
 remember.

ABDUL
 (As he takes a chair)
 Hairy, yes.

BENTLEY
 (To Wamani)
 Who are you?

ABDUL
 Oh, I'm sorry, Bentley. This is
 Wamani, my boss.

BENTLEY
 I didn't ask you, Abdul.

SMACK
 Now, now, Bentley. Be nice.

Bentley's annoyed.

BENTLEY
 (Big sigh)
 Smack tries to train me.

Smack smiles as he checks out Abdul's body, which Bentley
 notices.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)
 (To Smack)
 Well, Smack, do you need something
 specific from Abdul's crotch?

Smack contemplates in a boyish, sneaky way.

ABDUL
 You've never succeeded in
 invalidating me, Bentley.

BENTLEY
 Does that mean I have to stop
 making fun of you?

Wamani smiles but is already impatient with the banter.

WAMANI
 Be nice, boys.

ABDUL

Bentley, we've got to fill you in on the assignment.

SMACK

So cool, Bentley, you're gonna be a spy!

BENTLEY

No, I'm gonna be a Pricker.

Abdul and Wamani glance suspiciously at Smack.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, Smack is a reasonably adept Pricker at this point. He's been working diligently.

WAMANI

That's gratifying, but Smack really shouldn't be involved. We're asking you, Bentley, because you're one of the world's best.

Smack glares admiringly at Bentley.

SMACK

So, it's true.

BENTLEY

(Sarcastic)

Well, shucks. I think I like you, Wamani.

ABDUL

Even assholes can be great at something.

BENTLEY

I'm a great asshole, too. And, don't worry, Smack probably won't be coming along. He's not that good, yet.

Bentley winks at Smack.

Abdul pulls his iPad out of his bag and shows Bentley a photo of one of Malaysia's Parliament members.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

Mohamad Azbad Yusef, one of the oldest and most corrupt members of Parliament. He steals from everybody.

ABDUL

And he steals from Bolivian farmers, too.

BENTLEY

Of course, I don't give a damn about Bolivians. I've never even been to their country, don't care to ever go. I suppose, however, that water skiing must be good on Lake Titicaca.

Smack slaps Bentley on his shoulder. Lord Mountbatten barks.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

I'm in this for the fun.

ABDUL

What if there are body guards, Bentley?

BENTLEY

I'll prick them, too.

Smack is overwhelmed with admiration for Bentley, and Bentley takes it all in.

WAMANI

Anyway, we thank you in advance, and we ask that you be very careful. Most importantly, stay in contact with us everyday. Report on all pricks. Okay?

BENTLEY

That's part of the fun.

SMACK

He loves talking about himself.

INT. INSIDE THE LAKE GENEVA CONFERENCE BUILDING - SAME PRICKER'S CONFERENCE

Abdul sits inside a large presentation room, a "smart room" with large presentation screens; it's standing room only.

Bart Outcome (50), a white Pricker, presents on his digital Pricker's manual, *Pricking for Dummies*.

Bart points a laser pointer at a man on the screen with his arms up in the air like wings.

Bart
 Now look what happens when our
 Pricker pricks him directly in his
 armpit, with arms up.

A young woman in the video quickly pricks the man's armpit.

After the prick, the man cringes just a little bit.

BART (CONT'D)
 Notice the rather limited "pain
 effect." Now watch as the same man
 is pricked while his arms are down
 clutching his waist, leaving just
 enough entry space for a prick.

The man in the video now clutches his waist, and the woman
 pricks his underarm with an upward motion.

The man screams in pain, wobbles the target arm, pulls away
 and jumps around.

BART (CONT'D)
 Obviously, the man has experienced
 far more pain with his arms
 lowered.

Bart paces for a few seconds.

BART (CONT'D)
 Can anyone tell me why?

Abdul raises his hand.

BART (CONT'D)
 Nice to see you Abdul. What's your
 answer.

ABDUL
 When the arm grips something, a
 waist, a suitcase, a grocery bag,
 etc., the armpit nerves tense up.
 When pierced, the pain is magnified
 by at least eight times.

ANOTHER PRICKER
 Okay, understood, and I agree. But
 what if he just lowers his arms and
 doesn't hold on to anything?

BART
 Abdul?

ABDUL

Good question. The pain will not be as intense but a bit more intense than if the arms are way up. If you want to inflict terrible pain, then you're gonna have to wait until he grabs hold of something. Right?

BART

Well said, Abdul. Folks, we're lucky to have Abdul tonight, a three-time Mori Award finalist.

Everyone applauds.

BART (CONT'D)

I wish Abdul would present this year. Last year, he gave a landmark presentation on prostate pricking with no permanent damage. I've included the technique in my next Pricker's Manual, #12. And Abdul guided me. Thanks, Abdul. I can say as well that I did try Abdul's technique, and, although it wasn't easy, it did work. I experienced a great rush, a 10 on a 1-to-10 scale. The trick is to get the needle through the annul cavity, all the while keeping the tip capped; then you release the tip right before the needle penetrates the prostate.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Yeah, it's doable, but not many people can afford needles with release buttons, six thousand for one needle, another two thousand for the custom harness. Damn.

BART

Well, Abdul used a Mori grant fund his.

SAME AUDIENCE MEMBER

Yeah, right, how do I get a Mori grant without connections.

Abdul smiles.

ABDUL

It's easy. Give great head!

The room roars with laughter.

EXT. MANCHESTER ENGLAND, LILY CARPENTER'S MEDICAL CLINIC

Abdul and Wamani, in a rental car, pull up to a small stone and ivy medical clinic.

A sign reads, "Pointed Medical Care."

INT. IN THE CLINIC LOBBY

Wamani and Abdul are at the front reception desk.

Abdul looks around before he addresses the receptionist, Clara (35).

There are two people in chairs.

CLARA

Good morning. What time is your appointment?

Abdul makes sure to notice her name tag.

ABDUL

And a fine morning to you, Clara.
10:00 AM.

CLARA

Abdul and Wamani, is it?

ABDUL

That's us.

CLARA

Have a seat. It'll be quick, I suspect.

INT. IN AN EXAMINATION ROOM

Abdul, Wamani and Lily sit next to each other as Wamani shows her various photos of the corrupt Abigail Blakely.

LILY

Amazing. Interpol has become so PC. You want me because it would be indecent for a male Pricker to have a little fun with Abigail?

WAMANI

No, the reason is that you're the best Pricker in England.

Lily is taken with Wamani's complement.

ABDUL

And, Lily, nobody would suspect you.

LILY

Yes, I'd make an excellent spy because I'm portly and plain.

ABDUL

Also, you were a finalist for the Mori Prize.

Lily giggles.

LILY

I must say, I was humbled. And you, Abdul, finalist the year before!

ABDUL

And I, too, was humbled, Lily. It's taken us a long time to become so skilled. I saw the videos of you pricking at Geneva, I just want you to know that I'm a big fan of yours.

LILY

And I can handpick my own support? Or should I say, "hand prick?"

They all chuckle.

WAMANI

Yes, and you're going to need help. We want Abigail to be completely overwhelmed.

LILY

Oh, my, this is going to be so much fun! Maybe I'll try the "prostate."

WAMANI

Your target is a woman, no prostate, but of course she deserves hundreds of pricks.

LILY

Oh, I know woman don't have
prostates, but I can pretend they
do.

Lily wheels her chair over to a medical chest and opens a
drawer to have a look inside.

LILY (CONT'D)

I'm a doctor, after all. Anyway, I
do prefer pricking bad people--that
is, when they're available.

Lily giggles.

WAMANI

Interpol is grateful.

LILY

Oh, dear, I plan on exacting
payment.

ABDUL

I thought we agreed that you and
your colleagues would work only for
expenses.

LILY

Oh, my love, I don't want money. I
merely want your sweet little bum
very naked right in front of me.

Abdul is stunned.

ABDUL

Lily, Lily, I couldn't have
imagined.

LILY

Oh, you thought I was a dear,
portly old gal, right? No, no, no,
dear. Prickers' default psyches are
twisted, rather mild in my case,
but twisted, nonetheless.

ABDUL

Oh, but . . .

Lily holds up a needle.

LILY

Your bum or nothing!

Wamani stands quickly.

Abdul appears worried.

WAMANI

I'll leave you to it, Abdul.

LILY

Not so fast, my Latina hottie. You do have a fantastic ass, worthy of a few Mori-level pricks.

Wamani begins to panic and looks at Abdul with worry.

LILY (CONT'D)

My dear, you're an Interpol agent. You're brave, right? Hand over your beautiful ass. Or no deal.

Wamani starts to relax a little.

WAMANI

Does Abdul have to be here when you prick me? Sorry Abdul.

ABDUL

No problem, Wamani. So, me first?

LILY

That's my decision. Wamani first because I'm going to spend more time on you, Abdul.

ABDUL

Thanks for the heads up, Lily.

WAMANI

Please be gentle, Lily.

LILY

(Sarcastic)

Oh, you won't feel a thing, dear.

INT. IN THE CAR IN FRONT OF LILY'S CLINIC

Wamani and Abdul are back in the car.

But they're not in a hurry to leave; rather, they stare serenely into space.

ABDUL

Lily's magic. I'm not sure what she did exactly, but she's activated the pleasure receptors in our brains. I guess she likes us.

WAMANI

Yeah, it's better than drugs. But I hope Lily's not this nice to Abigale when the time comes.

ABDUL

Amazing. Right now I don't even care.

Wamani looks at Abdul concerned.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

No worries. I'm sure reality will creep back in soon. Let me enjoy this moment. You should, too, Wamani. You need it.

INT. LAKE GENEVA CONFERENCE DANCE HALL - EVENING

Several hundred Prickers dance to rock 'n roll.

There's a small stage and podium, onto which Kazuki Mori steps up and grabs hold of a mic.

The music stops, and everyone crowds around the stage.

KAZUKI

Without the art of pricking, our lives would not be complete. But with the art of pricking, we transcend to a wholly different kind of misery that actually shatters the confines of sadness and darkness and opens the doors to a perfect joy that nobody else on earth experiences.

Everyone applauds.

Kazuki pauses for a moment and looks around at the Prickers.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

Truly, this is our time. Never weep for your strangeness. Rather, dance for your strangeness. It's time for our dance. Remember, it's not a ritual; it's just pure fucking fun, sensation. Let us weep for our joy!

Kazuki steps down from the stage as the rock 'n roll starts back and lights are turned up a bit.

We see a few hands now with needles.

And several start to prick each other, and they laugh, moan, and scream.

Akin to a Pricker's Sodom and Gomorrah, the room is filled with joyful misery! The sound of laughter and joy deafens.

EXT. BROOKLYN'S RIVER WALK - LATE MORNING

Betty and Wamani walk and talk.

Betty hurries to get in front of Wamani and faces her.

BETTY

Look, dear, this isn't the only fucked up thing Interpol's done for the greater good. The rules paralyze us all the time. Years of shit grandfathered into more shit. And what do you have?

WAMANI

Deeper, more complex shit.

BETTY

I've got your back on this, but you're in command. Keep all the pricking out of the public eye.

WAMANI

We've got the absolute best prickers, and Abdul's vetted the prickers who are assisting them. I mean, Kazuki has even brought in two Shaolin Priests from Jilin Provence, China.

BETTY

Those guys can kill you without even touching you. But that's not what we want. No killing. No kickass. Just pricking.

WAMANI

Kazuki knows that. He's also a master in the Ninja needle arts. Needle death. Mind you, he's never killed, but he has purposely induced a few nasty men into mild heart attacks.

BETTY

For both Lily and Bentley, I understand it's partly sexual.

WAMANI

They're British. Everything is partially sexual for them. Lily is great at pricking through clothing as well. She just prefers naked men. Poor Abdul.

BETTY

Abdul said he liked it.

WAMANI

I didn't like it at first. But then a strange euphoria enveloped me.

BETTY

I bet she wanted to see if your ass was real.

WAMANI

You hush! What is it with my ass?

BETTY

It's beautiful.

WAMANI

Nobody talks about my face!

BETTY

Maybe your ass and face should trade places.

Wamani slaps Betty on the shoulder.

WAMANI

How would I eat?

BETTY

Through your ass, I guess.

Betty giggles.

BETTY (CONT'D)

By the way, tomorrow, the committee is having a preliminary meeting with a pre-vote just to ascertain where everybody stands and to initiate debate. We'll get an idea of how hard we need to push the four dissenting slime bags.

INT. SAME LAKE GENEVA PRICKERS' CONFERENCE - EVENING

Kazuki Mori sits alone at a table in a small, dimly lit presentation room as he inspects some needles.

A woman in a nun's habit, face veiled, enters the room.

Kazuki looks up at her and smiles.

KAZUKI

After all these years, I meet you
at last.

Kazuki motions to a chair across the table from him.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

Please, have a seat . . . Saber
Tooth.

Saber Tooth sits gracefully.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

If I may be somewhat blunt, why
have you finally agreed to see me?

Saber Tooth doesn't speak.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

Is there something about me that
makes you speechless?

Saber Tooth holds a voice interference node to her throat to disguise her voice, which makes her sound like she's huffed helium.

SABER TOOTH

I've been up close to you many
times over the years.

KAZUKI

But I never knew who you were. I'd
love to hear your natural voice.

SABER TOOTH

No way.

Kazuki laughs.

SABER TOOTH (CONT'D)

Not that I don't appreciate you.

Kazuki laughs.

SABER TOOTH (CONT'D)

I think you're hot.

KAZUKI

May I see your face?

SABER TOOTH

No.

KAZUKI

Fair enough.

SABER TOOTH

When one day you see my face, you will also see my naked body.

Kazuki laughs.

KAZUKI

Why do you tease me?

SABER TOOTH

Because I'm bored.

KAZUKI

I'm sorry. I imagined a Saber Tooth more akin to her name. But you're funny. Likable.

SABER TOOTH

Under this costume, I'm just a vulnerable little girl who wants desperately to inflict pain. Mild pain, mind you. I'm not a full bore sadist.

KAZUKI

You're an accumulator. One hundred gentle pricks are worth a giant hammer.

SABER TOOTH

Maybe you know me. Will you be seducing me?

KAZUKI

I am an unusual person, but I wouldn't seduce a woman I can't see.

SABER TOOTH

And you actually think you can see any woman? It's always blind faith, my dear.

KAZUKI

It's when I close my eyes that I see the most.

SABER TOOTH

Sounds Buddhist. Should I clap twice, bow and leave one hundred yen?

KAZUKI

I wouldn't put a conflicted Catholic woman through that.

SABER TOOTH

Conflicted, yes. Catholic, no. I have nothing against Buddhists. In fact, I love pricking monks just to witness the tranquility sucked out of them.

KAZUKI

This is fun. Saber Tooth, would you agree to at least a few mutual pricks before we part ways?

SABER TOOTH

Oh, why the Hell not? But you're not gonna hear my true voice or see my face. Pricks only.

Saber Tooth stands and keeps her head and face covered, lets her robe fall to the ground.

We see a lovely nude body.

Kazuki gazes admiringly.

KAZUKI

I'm so glad I'm famous.

EXT. PANORAMA OF LA PAZ BOLIVIA

EXT. LA PAZ, BOLIVIA - OUTSIDE OF A LARGE BANK BUILDING

A cleanly dressed man, Wamani's uncle Hector Ramos (70), walks toward the bank's front door.

INT. INSIDE THE BANK

The bank's lobby is old and grand, hardwood desks, with elegant chandeliers above.

Hector sits in front of a large wooden desk, behind which is a banker, Pedro Cepeda (38).

They discuss a loan for the family ranch.

HECTOR

You don't have to remind me that this is just business; it's something I've been doing with this bank for fifty years, and my father before me, but it's also your responsibility to help keep Bolivian farmers from bankruptcy.

PEDRO CEPEDA

Mr. Ramos, we can't lend this amount without some guarantee of repayment. Since you and most other farmers will not receive adequate government subsidies this year, our hands are tied.

HECTOR

You can call me Hector. Listen, I'll lose not only a fifth generation farm but water rights as well. I would sell the ranch, but nobody wants to buy knowing they will not receive the usual subsidies. All of that along with a drought, things are dire.

PEDRO CEPEDA

Hector, we know how important this issue is, and we'll continue to negotiate with the government, but they haven't received the subsidy funds.

HECTOR

(Angry)

Yes, you mean, "receive into their pockets."

Pedro doesn't respond.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

The farmers with land closer to the city are the lucky ones. Developers are interested in their land so they can build condos and shopping centers. I never thought La Paz would become a city of golden toilets!

(MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)

We are a country of agriculture and its biproducts. What in the Hell are you doing?

PEDRO CEPEDA

We'll be in touch, Mr. Ramos.

HECTOR

Is that all you have to say, you momma's boy!

PEDRO CEPEDA

There's one thing you're right about: I am a momma's boy.

Hector gets up and steams out.

INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Betty and Wamani lie in bed where both read something on their tablets.

Betty brings up "relationship talk" seemingly out of nowhere.

BETTY

When Daniel calls, you seem a little bothered, impatient.

WAMANI

Who?

BETTY

You know, Daniel, head of security at LaGuardia?

Wamani continues to read.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Daniel? Daniel?

Wamani puts her tablet down.

WAMANI

What about him?

BETTY

Is he after you?

WAMANI

Betty, because of the way I look, most men try to maneuver their way into my pants. You know, the way you did.

Betty is a bit angered.

BETTY
The way I did, what?

WAMANI
Well, you did your share of
manipulating me to get into my
pants. Don't say you didn't.

BETTY
(Sarcastic)
What, and you, little angel didn't
manipulate me at all?

WAMANI
Look, I'm glad you manipulated me,
okay?

BETTY
Yes, but can't you find a better
word? Christ!

WAMANI
I love you, Betty. You're my Besty.

BETTY
Besty? Besty? What the fuck?

Wamani angrily scrambles out of bed and stands.

WAMANI
Look, I'm guessing that nothing I
say right now is gonna work. So,
I'm gonna sleep on the couch okay?

Wamani starts to leave.

Betty's a bit regretful.

BETTY
Stop, Wamani. Stop.

Wamani stops and turns around.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Look. Sorry. Hey, I'm just feeling
it right now, and I think it's
because Daniel is bright, gorgeous,
and is closer to your age.

WAMANI
You left out "socially inept."
Daniel will never happen.

(MORE)

WAMANI (CONT'D)

I'm with you, girl. Get that through your head.

BETTY

You haven't even told your parents about us.

WAMANI

And how do you think my Bolivian, Catholic parents, in their late 70's, about to lose their family ranch, are going to take that news? And, wow, I haven't seen this "scared-little-girl Betty." Where the Hell did she come from?

BETTY

I know I'm not supposed to show it, but it's there.

Betty gets out of bed as well.

WAMANI

First time in how many years? And what do you mean, you're "not supposed to"? We're not at Interpol right now. You need to be vulnerable sometimes.

BETTY

Look, okay. Maybe we should talk later. I'm confused. It's just that you have too much power over me.

WAMANI

Ego bullshit. At home, you're not my boss, Betty. This is classic role confusion. Please, get over it.

BETTY

Look, the beast is out. Let's think this through and talk later, okay?

WAMANI

Oh, but, hey, I don't think it's a cruel beast. Betty, would you just chill.

BETTY

Chill, yeah, I'll chill. Okay. Can we get back into bed and forget about this for now.

WAMANI
I'm fine with that.

They both get back into bed.

WAMANI (CONT'D)
Please, don't insult me, again.

BETTY
Insult?

WAMANI
(Calmly)
Just the thought that I might be
interested in Daniel means you're
not clear about who I am. I think
you should get to know me better.

Betty pulls her covers up to her chin and sheds a tear.

Wamani takes Betty in her arms.

Betty cracks a relieved smile.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING

INT. MONITORING ROOM

Wamani and Buster eavesdrop on the UniCore Appropriations Committee as its members talk about funds to Bolivia and whether or not the Bolivian government fund distributors should be audited by an independent accounting firm.

BUSTER
Don't worry about doin' this shit.
I hack into these meetings all the
time. Tell you the truth, there are
a lot of people in this joint that
I could put away for a long time.

WAMANI
I don't know. The more we get
closer to doing this . . .

BUSTER
. . . You mean that prickin' shit?

Wamani is alarmed.

WAMANI
How the hell do you know about
that?

BUSTER

I think it's great. Yeah, I pieced it together. You're gonna prick them into submission. All I can say is, I wish I could watch.

Wamani looks at Buster with suspicion.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

Girl, I ain't no damn Pricker, but I've known about that organization for years. They're fucked up people, but, shit, if they can help Bolivian farmers, why not?

WAMANI

It's so risky. I might pull the plug on it.

BUSTER

Now, you can't go all chicken shit right before the rocket launches. Come on! Interpol people are here to take chances. It's never easy. What are you thinkin', girl?

Wamani focuses on the monitor and the committee meeting.

INT. INSIDE THE MEETING ROOM THAT WAMANI AND BUSTER ARE MONITORING

David Whortan (56), one of the corrupt committee members twiddles his thumbs.

There are four other committee members present, and there are six members on a large Zoom screen.

They include the other three corrupt members: Toji Takagi (67, Japan), Mohamad Azbad Yusef (71, Malaysia), and Abigail Blakely (54, England).

Patricia Masterson (60) is committee chair and represents Canada.

TOJI TAKAGI

The UN has been funneling subsidies to Bolivia now for over fifty years, and we've received nothing in return.

PATRICIA MASTERSON

The issue here isn't whether we're going to send the funds.

(MORE)

PATRICIA MASTERSON (CONT'D)

The issue is, where are the funds going once they arrive in La Paz? And I take exception to your statement that our efforts have never paid off. On the contrary, because of our relationship with them, they have opened up many trading channels over the years-- for nearly all countries including my country, Canada--and they have acted as intermediaries when we've encountered hostilities in the region. Please, do some research.

MOHAMAD YOSEF

Still, their farm subsidies issue is none of our business?

PATRICIA MASTERSON

If you, Mr. Yusef, deposited money into your own bank account, and then most of it went missing, wouldn't you want to investigate the problem?

DAVID WHORTAN

Nearly all of the countries that receive subsidies need to be audited. We can't audit over one hundred countries.

PATRICIA MASTERSON

Yes, we know graft is common everywhere, including, if I may, in this room, but not all of these governments steal nearly all of the funds the way Bolivian bureaucrats have. We haven't seen a country's farms, at least a country that actively produces, in this much trouble in years.

David Whortan glances at Masterson in disgust.

DAVID WHORTAN

Well, you're never getting a "yes" from me.

ABAGAIL BLAKELY

Nor shall I vote to audit. Where does it all end? We audit them. Then we audit somebody else. Then somebody else.

PATRICIA MASTERSON

Well, then, perhaps we should move to stop issuing funds altogether?

ABAGAIL BLAKELY

Oh, good heavens, I didn't say that.

David Whortan panics.

DAVID WHORTAN

No, keep sending the funds--of course, of course--and let them work out their own problems. That's what I'm trying to say.

PATRICIA MASTERSON

Already, nearly two hundred farms have fallen to the banks. We're seeing uncontrolled development on these lands, mind you, without enough infrastructure to support it.

MOHAMAD YOSEF

Hey, losing farms can be good for Bolivia. There won't be as many livestock-belching gases into the environment causing global warming?

Non-corrupt members show their frustration.

PATRICIA MASTERSON

Only seven of these lost farms were growing livestock.

MOHAMAD YOSEF

No. I will not vote to audit. If we audit them, we should audit everybody.

PATRICIA MASTERSON

Including you?

MOHAMAD YOSEF

I'm not a country.

PATRICIA MASTERSON

But maybe you think you're a country. Look, not freeing this money for Bolivian farmers will most certainly have adverse effects on, not just the Bolivian economy, but on all of South America.

Okay, as committee chair, I say we adjourn for today. If you have further arguments, please email them directly to the member you're questioning, and be sure to CC me and all other members.

INT. BETTY'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - EVENING

Wamani and Betty watch TV.

Wamani, nerve wracked, rises abruptly.

WAMANI

I just can't concentrate on TV.

BETTY

It's 11:00 PM. There's nothing else going on, really.

WAMANI

I just can't get my Uncle Babacar's face out of my head. And his wife and children suffering so much at the funeral. Honestly, I don't know whether to hate him for jumping. Or respect him.

BETTY

Since I don't run a 70,000 acre ranch, it's hard to imagine his belief system. Aside from a job I usually enjoy, I just think about getting cancer, finding a good Latte and a good movie on Netflix. When I'm not at the office, I really don't even think about my job very often. That's pretty much routine now.

WAMANI

He actually placed the family ranch over his own family.

BETTY

But in his eyes, maybe he was placing his family above the ranch.

WAMANI

He should've known that there was still hope the family would retain the ranch.

BETTY

He made a statement, Wamani. Like you said, he never came out as gay, which might have had something to do with his jump.

WAMANI

I love you, Betty.

BETTY

Love you, too. Hey, by the way, your pricking plan is really "out there," but I think it might work; you've got brilliant people on the ground.

WAMANI

While our asshole committee members get the Hell pricked out of them, they need to receive dark messages-- I mean, threats over the Internet.

BETTY

Didn't Abdul say he's got one of the best hackers in town?

WAMANI

The guy's willing to work with us just as long as we continue to leave him alone. It's not like he hacks for money. He hacks to destroy bogus shell companies. Abdul says he has a clandestine NPO that works against corruption, but what he does is technically illegal.

BETTY

What we're doing is illegal, too.

WAMANI

(Smiles)

The danger makes my skin crawl.

BETTY

My love for this shit crashes right through the stress.

WAMANI

Really? Yeah, right. I mean, really?

BETTY

Well, most of the time.

FOLLOWING IS A MONTAGE OF THE FOUR CHOSEN PRICKERS AS THEY PRACTICE THEIR ASSIGNMENTS WITH THEIR ASSISTANTS

INT. KAZUKI'S NARA, JAPAN HOME

Kazuki and his two Shaolin-priest assistants practice pricking techniques in the dojo area.

Kenji Yori (20) acts as a practice target.

Kazuki shows them various targets on the body: finger tips, knee caps, behind the knees, forehead, hip bones, etc.

KAZUKI

I asked the two of you for your help because of your great Chi energy. I rarely prick deep into a person. Most of the radiating pain comes from my Chi; therefore, I don't have to go deep.

Kazuki pricks Kenji Yori's finger tips, and the young man swings his arms up and screams and then quickly smiles.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

Much thanks to Kenji here.

Shaolin Priests, Bodhidharma and Tang Sanzang, smile and nod.

BODHIDHARMA

We understand, Mori-san. Less injury, more pain.

KAZUKI

The Chi must travel to our target Takagi's core.

TANG SANZANG

Takagi will feel the rage of the universe coursing through his nervous system.

KAZUKI

Thank you.

BODHIDHARMA

May I ask a favor of you, Kazuki-san?

KAZUKI

Name it.

BODHIDHARMA

I am sick and tired of sushi. Where
can I find a good hamburger?

INT. LILY CARPENTER'S HOUSE IN MANCHESTER

Lily is with her two assistants, Valery Malinsky (35), and
David Butts (40).

They also have a person who pretends to be the target,
Abigail Blakely, and in front her there is a mock department
store display case.

LILY

Valery, David, our strategy
involves the Bee Hive Technique.
You'll remember that workshop in
Geneva two years ago?

They nod.

LILY (CONT'D)

We go in with overwhelming speed
and as much body coverage as
possible. The only deep pricks will
me around the fatty areas.

Lily points to the assistant's buttocks, behind her arms, and
breasts.

Remember, don't maim, even though
that's fun, I know, but keep those
pricks quick, and prick as many
times as your skill allows. Ten
seconds should be more than enough
time to make her wish she was never
born.

INT. AN INDOOR SKATING RINK IN KUALA LUMPUR

Bentley Light and his two assistants, Smack and Shweta (28),
skate around an empty roller skating rink.

Their practice victim, Mi Mi Malone, skates directly in front
of them.

BENTLEY

Smack, Shweta, the best strategy
here should be based on "Joy Wrap
and Blitz" techniques. People
around us should think it's a cute
friend thing.

(MORE)

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

We should all laugh loudly to muffle the terrible noise our target Yusef makes. By the way, before Mi Mi starts to scream, I'd like to thank her for her time.

They applaud Mi Mi, who smiles.

MI MI MALONE

Thank you. Thank you!

As Bentley leads, the three of them move in slowly on Mi Mi, one Pricker on either side and Bentley directly in back of the victim.

BENTLEY

Okay, let's make this lovely girl howl!

INT. INTERPOL MEETING ROOM

Wamani, Betty, Abdul, and Buster finalize their plan.

BUSTER

(To Betty)

Thanks for trusting me.

ABDUL

Thanks for trusting us.

BETTY

Buster, you've got Intel?

BUSTER

Yes, the four fuckin' pirates are still "way no" on this audit. Close up Intel says they're even smug about it, braggin' about it.

WAMANI

All of you know I've had my doubts, even though it was me that got all of this going. I do feel better about it, but now I'm worried about you guys . . .

BUSTER

Look here, Wamani, we've already technically broken the law. We're adults, mature and all that creepy shit, but we want some punishment issued on these dicks. You dig? That's why we're in this.

(MORE)

BUSTER (CONT'D)

We've been watchin' these mother fuckers get away with shit for too long. Prick the bitches!

BETTY

We're in it now, anyway, Wamani. No pain, no gain.

ABDUL

Our Prickers are ready with plans in their respective countries and await the go-ahead signal. Wamani?

Wamani puts her finger on a laptop key.

WAMANI

When I tap this key, there's no turning back. Give a final okay, guys. Raise your hands.

All hands go up.

Wamani taps the key.

WAMANI (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus Christ!

INT. SHINJUKU TRAIN STATION, TOKYO

In an extremely crowded Shinjuku Train Station, Kazuki Mori stands next to a Family Mart Convenience Store and talks with somebody through an ear mic.

KAZUKI

Takagi-san will pass through the Ginza Line turnstile in two minutes. Get your tickets now. I'll pass through right behind you. Remember, at least thirty pricks each.

We see Bodhidharma and Tang Sanzang in robes as they stand about two hundred feet from Kazuki on the other side of the ticket area.

The two priests head calmly for the Ginza Line turnstile.

Now at the turnstile, Kazuki positions himself right behind the priests.

Kazuki turns around and eyes Toji Takagi, a short, bald, burly man with a red face and eyes.

KAZUKI (CONT'D)
Hungover as usual.

The three prickers proceed to the Ginza Line platform, packed with commuters.

They're positioned about six feet from Toji Takagi, who has a wasted, smug expression on his face.

The three Prickers form a triangle around Takagi, but all three have their backs to him.

When the train arrives and all the commuters begin to force themselves into the train, all three Prickers face Takagi.

We see some activity, but the Prickers are so skilled that the actual pricking is hardly noticeable.

Takagi is confused and frightened and begins to panic when he feels the full force of the pain welling up all over his body.

The pricking continues.

Takagi begins to moan and grabs his chest.

The pricking continues.

Takagi flips his arms up and down and screams, but in the noisy crowd, few notice his struggle.

The Prickers cease pricking, back off and disperse.

Takagi, still conscious, moans and screams, falls to the floor and squirms.

All commuters have boarded the train, and Takagi is almost alone on the platform.

EXT. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND - A PRICEY DEPARTMENT STORE

Abigail Blakely, a tall, statuesque and handsome woman, loves to spend her ill-gotten fortune on expensive items, so she is gleefully shopping in the store's jewelry section department.

The store is busy. She spots a free clerk, Chaaya (19), and approaches her.

ABAGAIL BLAKELY
Do you carry lady's Tissot?

CHAAYA

Yes, we have several options in the Tissot case over there. I'll show you.

Chaaya walks Abigail to the Tissot case and unlocks it.

CHAAYA (CONT'D)

Very well, then, I'll leave you to enjoy the selection.

As Abigail inspects the Tissot watches, Dr. Lily Carpenter, followed by her assistants in large-brimmed hats and big sunglasses, swarm the Tissot case.

Commotion at the case ensues as the pricking begins.

Abigail's breathing becomes labored.

The pricking continues.

Abigail turns red and panics, grabs her chest.

The pricking continues.

As usual, it's difficult to see the actual pricks, but we do see that the four Prickers move up and down, side to side, and cover her entire body with pricks.

Abigail moans.

Chaaya notices Abigail's struggle and comes over to see if she needs help.

At that point, two of the prickers move to Chaaya and prick her as well, effectively paralyzing her in place like a statue.

When Abigail begins to scream, the Prickers cease and quickly disperse.

Abigail falls to the floor and squirms.

CHAAYA (CONT'D)

(Regains composure)

What the fuck just happened?

EXT. A PARK IN MANCHESTER - A SHORT TIME LATER

Dr. Lily Carpenter, Valery Malinsky and David Butts stand around in a cluster of trees; they talk of their success.

LILY

I told you this would clarify our world.

VALERY

It was simply fantastic.

DAVID

It's all in the planning.
Brilliant, Lily! Brilliant!

LILY

Are you up for it if we have to do this, again?

Valery and David just smile.

INT. KUALA LUMPUR ROLLER SKATING RING

Bentley Light, Smack, and Shweta, roller skate.

They take each other's hands and hold on.

BENTLEY

Each of you need to try for fifteen to twenty pricks. Remember, we need a little temporary nerve damage. We've trained. You know where to prick.

SMACK

Don't worry, dear.

SHWETA

Damn, after at least thirty dry runs, I feel like I'm ready for 1945 Okinawa.

The three of them let go of each other's hands and spread to about three feet apart.

Mohamad smiles like a happy boy and is dressed in a sequined body suit that sparkles annoyingly; he skates about six meters ahead of Bentley and gang.

With Mohamad are two young, beautiful Malaysian women in hot pants and bikini tops, probably call girls. The three hold hands.

Bentley and gang close in on them, break through their hands and intentionally cause the young women to fall.

Mohamad remains on his skates as the three close in on him like busy bees that sting their prey.

They stay with Mohamad until he screams and then collapses.

The two young women leave the rink as quickly as possible.

Bentley and gang hold hands, again.

BENTLEY

(Chuckles)

Shweta, do a pass-by to see if he's gonna live.

Shweta pulls away as Bentley and Smack pull off to the side, and she skates slowly past Mohamad, whose arms and legs twitch.

Then Shweta skates up to the others with her thumbs up.

SHWETA

It's been an honor, Captain Light.

BENTLEY

I do like how you kiss by ass, Shweta.

SHWETA

Now I know why you won the Mori Award at Geneva last year.

SMACK

Oh, Bentley's amaaaaaaazing!

BENTLEY

Even I'm gonna blush. You guys have talent, I must say. You spread his butt cheeks beautifully for the prostate prick. It's time to go.

SMACK

That one might bleed.

BENTLEY

Oh, a little. Who cars? Better go.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT GAME

Just a few rows up from the Yankee dugout, Abdul's Pricker friends Mohamed Alii (35) and Billy Tan (28), sit behind David Whortan, who is alone.

Abdul leans over and talks into Billy's ear.

ABDUL

There's a reason he's alone. He's a caustic asshole.

BILLY

Not even his money can buy him friends.

ABDUL

He used to buy friends. I think that got too tiring for him. So he just lives with himself.

BILLY

I'm gonna prick him so beautifully, it'll make his fuckin' eyes gaze back at his own brains.

ABDUL

Boss discourages permanent physical injury. But you can inflict as much psychological damage as you like.

BILLY

I get to hack the mother fucker's computer, too.

ABDUL

And the three other dissenting voters' computers as well.

BILLY

This is fuckin' great, man!

Abdul gives Billy a look of real concern.

ABDUL

Chill a little, my friend.

BILLY

You know me. I get excited. Gotta pump myself up.

Billy holds out his hands so Abdul can see that they don't shake.

BILLY (CONT'D)

See, Abdul. See, I'm calm.

ABDUL

Are you ready for this, Billy?

Billy motions his eyes toward Mohamed.

BILLY

Why don't you ask Mohamed if he's calm? Why are you pickin' on me?

ABDUL

Because, Billy, Mohamed is always calm.

BILLY

You ever notice how dead he seems?

ABDUL

He's a Pricker; we're all fucked up people. It's not like I can interview thirty people for the job like I'm a corporate HR manager. In a very short time, you're going to see another side to Mohamed.

BILLY

I blame Marvel movies for all of my foibles.

Abdul puts up his hand. Billy and Mohamed come to attention.

ABDUL

Okay, he always stands and stretches during 7th inning stretch. Here we go.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER

Folks, it's time for 7th inning stretch. Please enjoy our tasty concessions conveniently situated in the corridors.

Fans begin to stand. Abdul and his Pricker friends lean forward.

Most fans nearby stand and stretch.

Then David Whortan stands.

The two people who sit on either side of Whortan look back at Abdul, wink, and walk away (obviously Abdul's plants).

Billy and Mohamed step down beside Whortan, and Abdul stays in back of him.

They begin pricking.

All three Prickers are calm and masterful.

Abdul speaks to Billy as they prick.

ABDUL

You're right. You are calm.

Billy doesn't respond verbally. As if in a trance, he just continues.

When the three men are finished, David Whortan falls back into his chair and twitches.

The three men leave the stands and enter a fan corridor.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

Thanks, guys. But, Mohamed, you were supposed to land a few pricks in his temples.

MOHAMED

(Eerily calm)

I have my own style, Abdul. The man twitched like a lightening rope when we left him.

ABDUL

I know you're one of the best, Mohamed--that's why I asked for your help--but we might have to do this, again, to the same guy. So we have to be on the same page.

EXT. THE LARGE RAMOS RANCH HOUSE IN BOLIVIA - DAWN

INT. AT THE DINING TABLE FOR BREAKFAST

Wamani's uncles, aunts, and cousins who range in age from ten to middle age (about fourteen people in all) sit down to breakfast at a huge wooden dining table.

Two maids pour coffee, water, and milk, and they place large bowls and plates of potatoes, pan con queso, fritas, api along with bowls of fruit.

They all hold hands as the oldest Uncle Cristian (86) recites morning prayer.

CRISTIAN

Dear Lord, as we prepare for our day's work, please know that we are thankful for the generous bounty you've bestowed on this family for over 150 years. Now, in our time of great uncertainty, help us to remain strong.

(MORE)

CRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Of course, we want to keep our family legacy intact, but if that's not possible, please help us to find a way to keep us close together. Thank you, dear Lord. Amen.

All say "Amen".

After some awkward silence, Rimer (26), speaks up. He's handsome and proud with a BS degree in Agriculture from University of California, Davis.

RIMER

(To Cristian)

I've gotten prices on surviving cattle, grandfather . . .

CRISTIAN

Rimor, we will not discuss business at the breakfast table.

RIMOR

But it's been impossible to sit down and talk with you, grandfather. Shouldn't we develop a plan B in case cousin Wamani can't help us. You paid a lot of money to send me to UC Davis in America to learn modern agriculture. I believe my ideas can keep at least half of our operations in tact. First, we downsize the cattle, liquidate and invest in more soybeans, coffee, rice and maize. Since we have solid water rights, this can work.

Cristian rolls his eyes.

CRISTIAN

Those changes would not be free, Rimor. We are very low on working capital. Remember, we're not receiving subsidies.

RIMOR

We have to accept the possibility . . .

CRISTAIN

. . . I will not lay off tenant farmers who, with their families, have lived at this ranch for generations. It's their ranch, too. They've earned their stake.

RIMOS

Please, think about it, grandfather. If our ranch goes under, all of them would have to leave, anyway. Also, if we lay them off, it would probably be temporary.

CRISTAIN

Probably? If we downsize, do you and the rest of the Ramos clan have the strength to rebuild, which is just as difficult as building from scratch. You've never done that. Are you prepared for that reality? Let's wait and see what Wamani can do.

RIMOS

We need God's help. Wamani is not a God.

Rimos lightens up a bit.

RIMOS CONT.

Granted, she does look like one, though.

One of Wamani's great aunts, Paola (86), perks up.

PAOLA

Especially her ass!

Everybody laughs.

CRISTIAN

We have a little time. Let's wait and see.

INT. FOUR-WAY SPLIT SCREEN OF LAPTOP COMPUTERS

Hacks into the dissenting voters.

On the screen, we see all four corrupt voters sit down to their laptops.

From the Pricker attacks, they all suffer various physical injuries: black eyes, nose bandages, red eye, etc.

A hacked-in message pops up on their screens.

HACKED IN MESSAGE

"We must support, not only ourselves, but the greater good. Pain runs deep and can run even deeper and certainly will if you don't vote the right way. It's your choice."

Then the message dissolves, and the voters are perplexed.

INT. TOJI TAKAGI'S TOKYO APARTMENT

Takagi slams his computer screen down.

TAKAGI

Ass holes! Okay, you'll have your "yes!" Just don't hurt me, anymore!

INT. YUSEF'S LUXURIOUS HOME IN KUALA LUMPUR

Yusef is contemplative but angry.

YUSEF

I earn my fucking money.

Yusef looks a little longer at the now-black laptop screen.

YUSEF (CONT'D)

How can I tell them I'll think about this?

Yusef puts his mouth close to the laptop.

YUSEF (CONT'D)

Please don't hurt me anymore. Please. Let me think. Okay?

INT. INSIDE ABAGAIL BLAKELY'S ROLLS ROYCE

Blakely is contemplative and a little frightened.

She also tries to speak into the laptop.

BLAKELY

Oh, dear. Hello there. Can you hear me at the moment?

(MORE)

BLAKELY (CONT'D)

I would consider a "yes" vote but you'll have to cease inflicting pain. Can you hear me? Oh, dear.

INT. DAVID WHORTAN'S LUXURIOUS MANHATTAN CONDO

Whortan slams the laptop cover down.

WHORTAN

I'll never vote "yes," mother fuckers. How dare you try and intimidate me. I'm an American. Fuck you!

INT. BUSTER'S OFFICE AT THE UNITED NATIONS

Wamani is at Buster's office to check into the Appropriations Committee vote.

BUSTER

Unfortunately, the most powerful person on the committee, Whortan, seems unmoved. The other three dissenting votes have moved to almost certain "yesses." I have no idea what changed their minds . . .

Buster winks.

WAMANI

. . . Yeah, well . . .

BUSTER

. . . Of course, I don't need details.

WAMANI

(Shrugs)

Although the details are amazing.

BUSTER

Yeah, right. The final vote on this happens in four days. Listen, this mother fucker, Whortan, is a thick skinned criminal. If you've got some heavy artillery, you'd better use it 'cause another vote from this committee can't happen for another year, which means most of those folks in your homeland are fucked.

EXT. THE BAY IN MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON

Wamani and Abdul sit on the same bench as before.

ABDUL

Whorton was inside a bee hive. I mean, he collapsed. What the fuck?

WAMANI

Well, you're gonna have to get your crew back together. Maybe if you do it in a place with fewer distractions, Whorton will feel the impact a lot more. Who knows?

ABDUL

I'm not sure if we can inflict much more damage without causing severe injury. Or even death.

WAMANI

Just inflict the same damage as before. Maybe he'll get the message after the second attack. He'll know we won't stop. Do it tomorrow. We're running out of time.

EXT. WITHIN EYESHOT OF THE UNITED NATIONS - EVENING

Abdul is on his smartphone with Kazuki Mori.

ABDUL

Great job on Takagi.

KAZUKI (O.S.)

Of course. What about Whorton?

ABDUL

We weren't able to turn him. We'll try again tomorrow.

KAZUKI (O.S.)

I'm coming to Manhattan.

ABDUL

No shit?

KAZUKI (O.S.)

LaGuardia in sixteen hours. I'll take my fastest jet; in fact, I'll fly it myself and pick up Bentley in Kuala Lumpur on my way.

(MORE)

KAZUKI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Lily can fly in fast, commercial,
from Manchester.

ABDUL
Thanks, Kazuki. I'll tell my crew
to stand down. Should I secure
hotel reservations.

KAZUKI (O.S.)
We can all stay at my Manhattan
condo across from Central Park.

ABDUL
Oh, I didn't know you . . .

KAZUKI (O.S.)
It also has a Dojo.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM IN MANHATTAN - LATE EVENING ABOUT THIRTY
HOURS LATER

David Whortan, in his underwear, sits on the bed with a
prostitute, Wanda (20), who wears leather S&M fashion. The
lights are dim.

WHORTAN
So, sweetie, are you my twisted
little bitch?

WANDA
Yes, my Lord, I'm gonna twist
myself all over you.

WHORTAN
Stand up and hold your ankles,
bitch.

WANDA
Yes, my Lord.

She stands and grabs her ankles.

Whortan stands up and picks up a small lash whip and snaps
Wanda's butt with it.

WANDA (CONT'D)
Ah, fuck! Yes, Lord. Oh, yes!

WHORTAN
Turn around and do your thing,
Wanda.

Wanda turns around, pushes Whortan onto the bed and pinches him, each time with a very hard twist.

WHORTAN (CONT'D)
You are a twisted bitch?

Then Whortan jumps on top of her and kisses and pinches her.

Suddenly, we see Abdul, Kazuki, Bentley, and Lily at the foot of the bed.

Wanda squeezes her way out from under Whortan and then runs away.

The four prickers descend onto Whortan as he lay on his stomach and the pricking begins.

At first, Whortan thinks this is some kind of surprise Wanda conjured up.

WHORTAN (CONT'D)
Oh, baby, my twisted bitch. Oh, oh,
oh, goddamn. Yeah. Fuck!

Then he realizes this is something else, and he begins to scream.

That's when Kazuki pricks him in his brainstem, thus paralyzes his voice box.

Then Bentley pricks him in the lower spine, paralyzing his body.

The four prick like happy bees.

INT. DAVID WHORTAN'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Whortan limps to his laptop, on which there's a hacked in message.

MESSAGE
This pain can become a part of your
life if you so choose. If you do
the right thing, the pain will
stop.

WHORTAN
Fuck you. I love the pain. I don't
want it to stop. It's fucking
fantastic. I'll meet you anytime,
twisted bitches. I know you hear
me, mother fuckers!

INT. BUSTER'S OFFICE AT THE UNITED NATIONS - THE NEXT DAY

Wamani, Betty and Buster discuss Whortan.

BUSTER
Still a big "no."

WAMANI
Fuck.

BETTY
Talk about an unforeseen issue--the
most extreme masochist in New York?

BUSTER
Some psychologist could write a
book on this mother fucker.

INT. THE BAY IN MANHATTAN - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Wamani, Abdul and Betty discuss the problem with Kazuki, Lily
and Bentley.

BENTLEY
He's a pain lover. I'm impressed.

LILY
Just about unprecedented.

WAMANI
We have to turn him.

KAZUKI
The only way is to make him think
he's having a heart attack. This
would mean the end of his joyous
pain-filled days. He wouldn't like
that.

WAMANI
And?

KAZUKI
Of course, I can do this, but
there's a pricker who could nearly
guarantee our success.

ABDUL
Saber Tooth.

AKUSTU

Yes, only she can convince him that his heart has stopped. I have the contact information.

They all shake their heads and shrug their shoulders.

ABDUL

I'll see what I can do. Word has it she's close by. I've heard she loves challenges.

INT. INSIDE A MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM - LATE EVENING

David Whortan sits on the bed and checks something on his smartphone when he hears a knock on the door.

He gets up and opens the door, and Saber Tooth stands there in her usual nun's habit.

WHORTAN

I didn't ask for a fucking nun. Get the fuck outa here.

Whortan starts to close the door and then hesitates as he starts to think about the possibilities.

Saber Tooth just stands silently.

WHORTAN (CONT'D)

S & M okay?

Saber Tooth nods.

WHORTAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I like the quiet act. But which way will your screams go when I give you pain? Back inside your fucking brain and out of your ass like little quiet butterflies?

Saber Tooth nods.

Whortan backs up and dances a creepy little jig on his way to the bed.

WHORTAN (CONT'D)

Oh, be ma bitch. Be, be, be ma bitch. Oh, did you bring your "hurt me" gear?

Saber Tooth nods.

Saber Tooth follows him into the room and stops at the foot of the bed.

INT. BETTY'S OFFICE AT THE UNITED NATIONS - NEXT MORNING

Betty, Wamani, Abdul, and Kazuki discuss David Whortan.

KAZUKI

You needn't worry. Whortan is in ICU, but he won't die, and he'll recover quickly.

WAMANI

What if he dies?

BETTY

Saber Tooth has never killed anyone. I'm sure of that.

Abdul's smartphone rings, and he sees it's his hacker, Billy Tan. Abdul puts the phone on speaker.

BILLY (O.S.)

Whortan's already asked for his fucking laptop. Said he'd definitely vote "yes" if we promise to stop the pricking.

ABDUL

No shit, Billy? Great job, man! The next pint is on me!

Abdul hangs up.

KAZUKI

My God, the Mori Prize should've gone to Saber Tooth. I wonder if she showed Whortan her face. When I met her at the last Pricker's Conference, she refused to show me. I long to see her face.

INT. BACK AT BETTY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Wamani gets ready for bed, and Betty is busy with something in another room.

Wamani goes to the closet to look around when something catches her eye.

She reaches in and pulls out a nun's habit.

She holds it up high and, at first, is confused; then confusion turns to shock.

Just then, Betty, with big laugh, swishes by and pricks Wamani on the ass.

WAMANI

It was you, you bitch. You're Saber
Tooth!

Wamani turns around and grabs hold of her and pushes her to the bed, and they wrestle around; they laugh with joy.

THE END