

PRICKERS

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EXT. BOLIVIA, NOT FAR FROM LA PAZ - NEARING SUNSET - JANUARY
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We see a panoramic view of the tall Andes Mountains.

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

EXT. BOLIVIA

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

He's holding 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 begins to cry.

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. Oh, I guess
you are already dirt in most
places. I cannot live with this
sadness.

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

The expression on his face suggests he's not sure exactly
what to do.

Then he pulls the barrel away and slips the barrel into his
mouth.

While the barrel is in his mouth, he mumbles unintelligibly.

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

He then hesitates and keeps crying with the barrel in his mouth.

BABACAR (CONT'D)
 (Shaking 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, right hand on the trigger with the barrel pressed into the back of his head.

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

He lifts his left hand to the heavens.

He struggles to keep his balance.

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

The rifle's discharge, however, throws Babacar off balance, and he stumbles toward the cliff ledge.

EXT. PANORAMIC AND SERENE SHOT OF THE SAME MOUNTAIN -
SIMULTANEOUS

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

INT. NEW YORK'S LA GARDIA AIRPORT, CCTV SECURITY ROOM -
AFTERNOON (A MONTH LATER)

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

They're closely watching 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

Those people are doing what I want to do right now.

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 is slowly making his way to the bar.

The man appears to be from the Middle East but doesn't stand out much because he's wearing jeans and a thick sweatshirt.

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? Normal appearing? 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

(nodding with sarcasm)

Ah, and he thinks that's clever?
Nobody's gonna suspect he's ISIS.
He's too relaxed; the nerves in
their backs give them away, seized
like burnt circuit boards.

WAMANI

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

Abdul steps away from the bar and looks around.

DANIEL

Looks like Abdul forgot his draft.

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 watching the
football game 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

(Chuckling)

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, catching Daniel looking at her butt.

WAMANI
Down, big boy!

DANIEL
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 is hurrying 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 UN FRONT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

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, UN - CONTINUOUS

Chief inspector and Korean American, Betty Oh, is sitting 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 is sitting in front of her and is relaxed.

BETTY

(Leaning 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 the code breaking section, and show it to them.

WAMANI

Should I run these arm lifters through ID?

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 with arrests that resulted in convictions, Betty.

BETTY

Yeah, Yale gave me lot's of confidence which turned me into a cop monster. 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 UniFam 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 the 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
stopping production 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. We don't understand how family land can be that important. He's too agile in the mountains to have simply slipped. His suicide was a primal outcry. A protest.

BETTY

Intense shit. Jesus. I know you're hurting.

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 and aunts 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 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 regarding 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 get highlighted 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.

BETTY

That must be it.

INT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Daniel is going over a recording of Abdul (close up frontal) from CCTV, in which Abdul is obviously having an orgasmic-like episode.

Abdul keeps saying something but the camera doesn't record sound.

DANIEL

Fucking 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 recording 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 is happening on the big screen TVs when the 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 were showing the same
football game, right? Now look at
why they all cheered.

We see a Jack 'n the Box commercial.

WAMANI

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

DANIEL

Not even many Americans would, no.
I'll show you something else.

Daniel plays it back to the arm lifting scene.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Watch what Abdul is doing while the
arms are going up.

We see Abdul in the video rotating 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's doing
something to them. I've zoomed in
many times on Abdul's hands as he
moves past them. While his hands
are getting 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 involving 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 - ABOUT FIVE MONTHS EARLIER

Wamani is leaning on a corral fence with Babacar.

Hired hands are breaking horses as he and Wamani have a talk.

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 that was a lifetime ago. Nearly forty years, time to move on. You guys are smart.

BABACAR

No, no, no. 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 thought 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.

Just then, the hired hands gain control of a horse inside the corral.

Babacar and Wamani both clap their hands.

But the horse is spoked by the hand clapping 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. MANHATTEN 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 with her mother (Grecia, 69) and father (Yerko, 72) in the kitchen, where the three are preparing dinner.

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

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

GRECIA

Two more potatoes, my dear.
Anticuchos needs more.

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

(Looking at 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

(Chuckling)
My health stinks, so, see there, I
got no health to worry about.

WAMANI

Great argument, papa.

Yerko, very confused, stops preparing food.

YERKO

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

GRECIA

Wamani, you're actually defending me? 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 me. No problem. I'll get started today.

Wamani and Grecia roll their eyes.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Wamani is eating 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 us 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's getting sent to Bolivia, but those dirty assholes are stealing it.

WAMANI

I'm still working on getting that audit, papa.

GRECIA

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

WAMANI

You're not sending your own money to help the ranch, are 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. THE FAMILY HORSE CORRAL NEAR LA PAZ - FIVE YEAR BEFORE - MORNING

Wamani is talking with Babacar as they watch hired hands breaking 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

(pensive)

Do you think? Do you think?

BABACAR

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

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 are gay. Why can't I be gay, too?

WAMANI

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

BABACAR

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?

BABACAR

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

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

Wamani is checking 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.

A smiling Abdul hurries over to take a seat.

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. 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 was 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.

WAMANI
(A little tipsy)
I understand. But 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

You mean, Betty told me you had a girlfriend at Yale . . .

ABDUL

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

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. Oh, they think it's a bee sting at worst.

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. 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

It'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

INT. INSIDE THE CHALET'S HUGE LOBBY

There are over one hundred adults scurrying around the many vendors selling pricking equipment and paraphernalia.

One concession is selling translucent needles, and there is a middle aged man behind the table trying to drum up business.

VENDER

Imagine, needles nobody can see.

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

(To the vendor)

Ah, the holster is translucent, too. Amazing!

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

VENDER

The cartridge is translucent as well.

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

ABDUL

What's all the fuss?

The vender looks out into the crowd and his eyes open wide.

VENDER

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.

VENDER

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.

VENDER
Oh, my God, Kazuki Mori just pricked you!

KAZUKI
Lunch later?

ABDUL
How about the pub down the lane?

Kazuki, as he walks along, gives Abdul a thumbs up.

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

Abdul pulls out some cash.

The salesman holds up this hand.

VENDER
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.

VENDER
Still, keep your money. It's my honor.

INT. WAMANI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Abdul is still filling Wamani in on the prickers' world.

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

ABDUL
Sometimes we see things, 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.
(MORE)

ABDUL (CONT'D)

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 UN - HALF AN HOUR LATER

This is the meeting for which Wamani had to leave her meeting with Abdul.

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

The meeting is already underway.

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 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 laughs uncontrollably 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, on bad acid. If what you want is inside shit on that committee, well, I got some of that.

(MORE)

BUSTER (CONT'D)

See, a vote from that committee is really supposed to be at least 60% for a win. But, but, but 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

(Chuckling)

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

Death or terrible pain. Of course, you gotta scratch the first one. Look, it's the only way you 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 are snuggled up against each other in bed, and they're discussing Abdul's confession.

BETTY

You mean, his erection is so sensitive, 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

(Springing 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 Betty goes deep into contemplation.

WAMANI

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

EXT. THE BAY - NEXT DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

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

ABDUL

It's not too cold, 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 - COINCIDING WITH ABDUL'S STORY - A FEW YEARS EARLIER

Kazuki Mori (50) is in the lobby of Kabuki-za, one of Japan's most famous Kabuki theatres.

He is tall, slim and elegant, is wearing an all-black, loosely fitting suit. He's talking with a lovely young Japanese lady.

He starts to look around the lobby, and suddenly his cheeks sump as he sucks in a deep breath.

LADY

Daijobu desu ka? (Are you okay?)

At which point Kazuki bows, excusing himself.

KAZUKI

If you will Excuse me?

INT. KABUKI-ZA - LONG SHOT - CONTINUOUS

Still in the 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 and fly; others recoil. Since Japanese are shy and don't like to display emotion, we don't hear all-out cries of pain as we would in other countries; rather, we hear only faint whimpers.

SOME IN THE CROWD

Itai. Itai. Ah, itai.

Kazuki then pirouettes to a corner of the lobby and, with an expression 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 - CONTINUOUS

Wamami is amazed.

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 place. 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.

WAMANI

And Kazuki?

ABDUL

He pricks.

Wamami 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, is sitting with a young patient
(25) inside an examination room.

This video is obviously taken from a hidden camera.

Lily is holding up a syringe in front of a young male patient.

LILY

Now, dear, stand and show me your hip.

PATIENT

Odd. Pry tell, why isn't your nurse administering the shot?

The patient stands and pulls his pants down exposing his hip.

LILY

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

PATIENT

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

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

The man recoils.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

Ah, ouch? Finished?

Lily is obviously relishing the moment, her eyes closed, moving her head slowly back and forth, breathing in the moment.

LILY

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

PATIENT

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

The patient laughs.

LILY

No harm. No foul, dear. I love it when you castigate me.

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

Clearly, the young man is in pain.

PATIENT

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.

PATIENT

(Happily anxious)

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

LILY

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

PATIENT

Anything you say, Doctor.

EXT. THE BAY - CONTINUOUS

Wamani is shaking her head at Abdul.

ABDUL

Prickers love to tell their stories! Lily discovered her love for pricking as early as medical school and began pricking in-hospital patients while they were sleeping, usually on the toe tips. By the time the patients awakened, Lily would be gone. Isn't it wonderful?

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. 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. 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's talking 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 living. I'm proud of our
nominees, all of whose nominators
have submitted countless videos of
them pricking so, so masterfully.

(MORE)

KAZUKI (CONT'D)

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, bowing and waving to the crowd.

Then Bentley walks up to the podium.

Kazuki stands to the side.

He's a caustic but elegant gay man in his fifties, and his style is modern and impeccable.

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. 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)

(Taking 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 then 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 wearing a nun's habit, face veiled, walking through a crowd and doing what could be mistaken for some kind of ritualistic dance.

Victims arms go up, one-by-one. People are agonizing, quickly rubbing 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. 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 - CONTINUOUS

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 your 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 bantering master as well.

EXT. KUALA LUMPUR COFFEE SHOP - TWO YEARS EARLIER - LATE MORNING

Bentley sips a Latte, and his perfectly sculpted Maltese sits on the white wrought iron table facing him.

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, lets out a squealing sound indicating sharp pain.

The 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 paralyzed with disbelief.

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 wearing 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. Please stay. What an unusual name. Nickname, I presume?

The Maltese squeals, again, in response to Bentley pricking him, 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, bitch!

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

(Nodding)

I guess I am a bad person.

SMACK

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

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

SMACK (CONT'D)

I'll take care of everything, Bentley.

(MORE)

SMACK (CONT'D)

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

Me.

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 voting
committee members live in the
aforementioned countries. That's
why I need local prickers.

(MORE)

WAMANI (CONT'D)

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'm going with you. 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

Sure, I'll do my best.

INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT, BROOKLYN - EVENING

Betty and Wamani are in the kitchen preparing a meal together.

BETTY

The less I know about this plan the better.

WAMANI

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

BETTY

I'm agreeing 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 talking about this shit in the park. Okay?

WAMANI

Good idea. 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 stops preparing food for a moment and becomes pensive.

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? 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 are walking through a beautifully manicured Japanese garden up to the temple entrance. They are holding omiyage (gifts).

INT. INSIDE THE DOJO AREA OF THE TEMPLE

Abdul, Wamani and Kazuki are opening small cases which contain needles of different gauges and lengths along with tools that aid in harnessing them and holding them while pricking.

Kazuki holds up a tiny tub which is 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 great 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, indicating he wants a pricking match with him.

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

Kazuki
And I will, again, and you'll love
it, again.

WAMANI
Oh, fuck. Are you guys . . .?

ABDUL
Of course we are. You'll be our
audience.

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 whipping, again, longer this time.

Wamani is in a state of disbelief.

WAMANI
(Yelling)
Stop! You guys are really hurting
each other.

Kazuki pauses for a few seconds.

KAZUKI
(Smiling)
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 rolls around the
mats.

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 five times. You shouldn't try so hard for the fingertips. Prick other pain points more often.

ABDUL

I was trying to impress you.

KAZUKI

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

Wamani, while keenly interested in what she's witnessing, it is her first time to see this kind of violence, close up.

She becomes a bit sickened, nauseous to the point of holding 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 - CONTINUOUS

Wamani is in the garden, on her knees, vomiting.

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 is sitting across from Abdul and Kazuki at a Kotatsu. Kazuki is looking 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 is sitting with his Maltese and the same young man, Smack, now Bentley's boyfriend.

Abdul and Wamani approach their table.

BENTLEY

(To Abdul)

You're taller than I remember.

ABDUL

(As he takes a chair)

Well, thanks, I guess.

BENTLEY

(To Wamani)

Who are you?

ABDUL

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

BENTLEY

I was asking her. Not you, Abdul. Can she speak?

SMACK

Now, now, Bentley. Be nice.

Bentley pauses with slight anger after having his banter rhythm interrupted.

BENTLEY

(Big sigh)

Smack's been training me.

Smack is smiling and is checking Abdul out, which Bentley is noticing.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

(To Smack)

Well, Smack, do you need something specific from Abdul?

Smack contemplates in a boyish, sneaky way.

SMACK

Oh, something large will do.

ABDUL

Everything about me is large except my stomach.

BENTLEY

Ah, the Abdul ego, which operates like my Mountbatten when he's hungry.

ABDUL

You've never succeeded in invalidating me, Bentley. You only make my ego bigger.

BENTLEY

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

ABDUL

No, it's okay. I know you need it. I like taking care of you.

BENTLEY

Right, you are in the maid classes.

ABDUL

These days, you Blue Bloods are quickly joining that class, wouldn't you say?

SMACK

(Still admiring Abdul)
I agree, Abdul.

ABDUL

Why are you called Smack.

Wamani is smiling but is impatient.

Smack leans forward, rests an elbow on the table, chin in hand.

SMACK

Bentley gave me the name after I smacked him.

BENTLEY

(To Smack)
Silly, you came to me with that name. But you did smack me, and it was a cute smack.

Smack keeps checking out Abdul, up and down, and smiling all the while.

Bentley starts to take exception to Smack's paying Abdul too much attention.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

Abdul, naked, you must resemble a gorilla.

ABDUL

I know you prefer Asian studs like Smack because they not hairy.

BENTLEY

True, I don't prefer hairy men.

ABDUL

(Petting Mountbatten)
Lord Mountbatten is hairy.

Smack glances at Bentley.

SMACK
 (To Bentley)
 This is so true, my dear.

Now, Bentley is losing patience with Smack.

BENTLEY
 Yes, Lord Mountbatten is snowy with
 hair, but he doesn't serve me
 sexually while Smack does.

Smack appears insulted.

SMACK
 Oh, Abdul, you've no idea how many
 heart piercings I receive each day.

Wamani shakes her head.

WAMANI
 Damn, Abdul, you weren't kidding.

ABDUL
 (Exasperated)
 But, Smack, it's the way Bentley
 loves us.

BENTLEY
 Piss off.

ABDUL
 Okay, but not before we 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 to hear, 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's stealing from Bolivian farmers.

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. Then, again, how could a people so awfully weakened by malnourishment even consider water skiing.

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
 (Shaking his head)
 I'll prick them, too.

Smack is overwhelmed with admiration for Bentley, and Bentley is taking 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 GENEVA CONFERENCE BUILDING - SAME CONFERENCE -
 DAY

Abdul is sitting inside a presentation room with a fifty-person capacity, and the room has standing room only.

It's a "smart room" with large presentation screens.

Bart Outcome (50), a white pricker, is presenting on his digital pricker's manual, *Pricking for Dummies*.

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

Bart
 Let me take your attention to here.
 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 getting pricked, 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.

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

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

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?

A few hands go up including Abdul's.

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

ABDUL
When the arm is gripping 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 were presenting this year. Last year, he gave a landmark presentation on prostate pricking with no permanent damage.

(MORE)

BART (CONT'D)

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 getting the needle through the annul cavity, all the while keeping the tip capped, then releasing the tip right before penetrating 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 for it.

SAME AUDIENCE MEMBER

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

ABDUL

(looking at the same
audience member)

It's easy. Give great head!

The room roars with laughter.

EXT. MANCHESTER ENGLAND, A SMALL MEDICAL CLINIC - A FEW DAYS
AFTER MALAYSIA

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

INT. INSIDE LILY CARPENTER'S MEDICAL CLINIC

Wamani and Abdul are at the front reception desk.

There are a few people sitting in the waiting area.

Abdul looks around before addressing the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning. What time is your appointment?

ABDUL

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

RECEPTIONIST

Abdul and Wamani, is it?

ABDUL

That's us.

RECEPTIONIST

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

INT. IN AN EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abdul, Wamani and Lily are sitting 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 visibly 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

And at the Geneva Conference, 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?

WAMANI

Yes, and you're going to need it. 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 bad woman, deserving of hundreds of pricks. But women have no prostate.

LILY

Oh, I know that, but I can pretend she has one.

Lily wheels her chair about a foot 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

We thank you so much for volunteering. 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 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.

EXT. IN FRONT OF LILY'S CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Wamani and Abdul are back in the car.

But they're not in a hurry to leave; rather, they're just
sitting, staring serenely at nothing.

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
(Content but concerned)
Yeah, it's better than drugs. But I
hope Lily's not this nice to
Abigale when the time comes. Hell,
the old bag will never vote to
audit.

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. GENEVA CONFERENCE DANCE HALL - EVENING

Several hundred prickers are dancing to rock 'n roll.

There's a small stage and podium, and Kazuki Mori steps up onto it 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, even miserable. 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 adoring 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.

The room is filled with joyful misery! The sound of laughter and joy becomes deafening.

EXT. BROOKLYN'S RIVER WALK - LATE MORNING

Betty and Wamani are strolling and talking as they walk.

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 been vetting the prickers who are assisting them. I mean, Kazuki has even brought in two Shaolin Priests from Jilin Province, 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 killing. 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 pricking is partially 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 ended up liking it.

WAMANI

Good for him. 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 GENEVA PRICKERS' CONFERENCE - EVENING

Kazuki Mori is sitting alone at a table in a small, dimly lit presentation room inspecting some needles.

A woman wearing 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 says nothing.

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 are you teasing 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. Are you thinking
about 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

We're at a buddhist retreat now?

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 them just to witness the tranquility getting sucked out of them.

KAZUKI

I'm having the most 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, keeping 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), is walking toward the bank's front door.

INT. INSIDE THE BANK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

They are discussing a loan for the family ranch.

HECTOR

You don't have to remind me that this is just business;

(MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)

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 going bankrupt.

BANKER

Mr. Ramos, we can't lend this amount without some guarantee of getting our funds repaid. 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.

BANKER

Hector, we know how important this issue is, and we have been negotiating with the government, but they just aren't getting the subsidy funds, as though it's disappearing.

HECTOR

(Angry)

Yes, into their pockets.

The banker does not respond.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

The farmers 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! We are a country of agriculture and its byproducts. What in the Hell are you doing?

BANKER

We'll be in touch, Mr. Ramos.

HECTOR

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

BANKER

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 are lying in bed, both reading 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 reading.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Daniel? Daniel?

Wamani puts her tablet down.

WAMANI

Okay, Daniel. 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 shows fear and sorrow.

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. 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 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 getting 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. Please!

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)
Thinking 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.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - LATE MORNING

INT. MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wamani and Buster are eavesdropping on the UniCore appropriations committee as its members talk about funding 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.

(MORE)

BUSTER (CONT'D)

You're gonna prick them into submission. All I can say is, I wish I could watch.

Wamani is looking 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 fucking risky. I'm thinking about pulling 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 - CONTINUOUS

David Whortan (56), one of the corrupt committee members, is sitting and twiddling 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).

TOJI TAKAGI

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

A BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER

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

(MORE)

A BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER (CONT'D)

On the contrary, because of our relationship with them, they have opened up many trading channels over the years and have acted as intermediaries when we've encountered hostilities in the region. Please, do some research.

MOHAMAD YOSEF

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

A BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER

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 receiving subsidies need auditing. We can't audit over one hundred countries.

A BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER

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 the last speaker 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.

A BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER

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

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

David Whortan is obviously panicking a bit.

DAVID WHORTAN
No, keep sending the funds--of
course, of course--and let them
work out their own problems. That's
what I mean.

A BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER
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?

There's a lot of eye rolling and anger in the room.

A BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER
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.

A BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER
Including you?

MOHAMAD YOSEF
I'm not a country.

A BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER
But maybe you think you are a
country. Look, not freeing this
money for Bolivian farmers will
most certainly have adverse effects
on, not just the Bolivian economy,
but the whole of South America.

ANOTHER BOLIVIA FRIENDLY MEMBER

(Addressing all members)

Okay, I'm committee leader, and I say we adjourn until next time. 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 MANHATTEN APARTMENT - EVENING

Wamani and Betty are watching 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 will retain it.

BETTY

He was making a statement, Wamani. Like you said, he never came out, which might have had something to do with his making the jump.

WAMANI

I love you, Betty.

BETTY

Me, too. Hey, your pricking plan is really "out there," but you've got brilliant people on the ground.

WAMANI

While our asshole committee members are getting the Hell pricked out of them, they need to be receiving 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 keep leaving 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

It makes the job more compelling. My love for this shit crashes right through the stress.

WAMANI

Really? Yeah, right. I'm mean,
really?

BETTY

Well, most of the time.

FOLLOWING IS A MONTAGE OF THE FOUR CHOSEN PRICKERS PRACISING
THEIR ASSIGNMENTS WITH THEIR ASSISTANTS I

INT. KAZUKI'S NARA HOME - DAY

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

There is a young man who is acting as a practice target.

Kazuki is showing 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.

ONE OF THE PRIESTS

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

KAZUKI

The Chi must travel to Takagi's
core.

ONE OF THE PRIESTS

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

KAZUKI

Thank you.

ONE OF THE PRIESTS

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

KAZUKI

Name it.

THE SAME PRIEST

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

INT. LILY CARPENTER'S HOUSE IN MANCHESTER - DAY

Lily is with her two assistants, a woman (35), and a man
(40).

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

LILY

Our strategy involves the Bee Hive
Technique. You'll remember that
workshop in Geneva two years ago?

They all 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 buttocks, behind the arms, and breasts.

Remember, no maiming, 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.

EXT. A SKATING RINK IN KUALA LUMPUR - DAY

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

Their practice victim is skating directly in front of them.

BENTLEY

The best strategy here should be
based on "Joy Wrap and Blitz"
techniques. People around us should
think it's a cute friend thing. We
should all laugh loudly to muffle
the terrible noise Yusef makes.

With Bentley leading, the three of them move in slowly on the pretend victim, one pricker on either side and Bentley directly in back of the victim.

INT. INTERPOL MEETING ROOM - MORNING

Wamani, Betty, Abdul, and Buster are finalizing 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' musketeers are still "way no" on this audit. Close up Intel says they're even all smug about it, braggin' about it.

WAMANI

All of you know I've been having my doubts about all of this, even though it was me that got all of this going. I'm feeling better about it, but now I'm worried about you all . . .

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. 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 are waiting for 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.
Raise your hands.

All hands go up.

Wamani taps the key.

WAMANI (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus Christ!

EXT. SHINJUKU TRAIN STATION, TOKYO - MORNING

In an extremely crowded Shinjuku Train Station, Kazuki Mori is standing next to a Family Mart Convenience Store and is talking 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 two Shaolin Priests, in robes, standing about two hundred feet from Kazuki on the other side of the ticket area.

The two monks head calmly for the Ginza Line turnstile.

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

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 forcing 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 has a confused and frightened look on his face and begins to panic when he realizes the pain welling up all over his body.

The pricking continues.

Takagi begins to moan. Perhaps thinking he's having a heart attack, he grabs his chest.

The pricking continues.

Takagi starts flipping his arms up and down and starts screaming, but in the noisy crowd, few notice his struggle.

The prickers cease pricking, back off and disperse.

Takagi, still conscious but moaning and screaming, falls to the floor and squirms.

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

EXT. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND - AN EXPENSIVE DEPARTMENT STORE

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

The store is busy. She spots a free clerk and approaches a the young woman.

ABAGAIL BLAKELY

Do you carry lady's Tissot?

YOUNG WOMAN

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

The clerk walks Abigail to the case.

The young woman unlocks the Tissot case and opens it.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

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

As Abigail inspects the Tissot watches, Dr. Lily Carpenter, followed by three other people wearing large-brimmed hats and big sunglasses (all middle-aged), 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 begins to panic, grabbing her chest, afraid she's having a heart attack.

The pricking continues.

As usual, it's difficult to see the actual pricks, but we do see that the four prickers are moving up and down, side to side, covering her entire body with pricks.

Abigail begins the deep moaning.

The young clerk notices Abigail's struggle and comes over to see if she needs help.

At that point, two of the prickers move to the young woman and start pricking her, effectively paralyzing her in place like a statue.

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

Abigail falls to the floor and squirms.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
(Regaining composure)
What the fuck just happened?

EXT. A PARK IN MANCHESTER - A SHORT TIME LATER

Dr. Lily Carpenter and her three pricker friends are standing around in a cluster of trees, chatting up their success.

LILY
I told you this would clarify our world.

A PRICKER FRIEND
It was simply fantastic.

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

LILY

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

ALL THREE

Of course. We'd love to! It's for a good cause, too! Which makes it even more pleasurable.

INT. KUALA LUMPUR ROLLER SKATING RING - EVENING

Bentley Light, his boyfriend Smack, and Shweta, an Indian Malaysian-woman friend (35), are roller skating in a disco skating ring.

They take each other's hands and hold on as they skate.

BENTLEY

Try for fifteen to twenty pricks each. 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 Okinawa in 1944.

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

Mohamad, smiling like a happy boy and dressed in a sequined body suit that sparkles annoyingly, is skating 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 are holding 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 stinging their prey.

They stay with Mohamad until he starts screaming and then collapses.

The two young women, sensing something is happening that they don't want to be involved with, leave the skating ring as quickly as possible.

Bentley and gang hold hands, again.

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

Shweta pulls away as Bentley and Smack pull off to the side.

Shweta skates slowly past a moaning Mohamad, whose arms and legs are twitching.

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 start blushing. You
guys are promising, 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 - NIGHT GAME

Just a few rows up from the Yankee dugout, Abdul and two male pricker friends, are sitting behind David Whortan, who is alone.

Abdul leans over and talks into his friend Billy's ear (early 30's).

ABDUL

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

BILLY

I figure he must really be bad if 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

Glad I don't live with him. Especially after I give him ten different facial and body ticks. I'm gonna make his fuckin' eyes gaze at his own brains.

ABDUL

Only a few ticks, says the boss, okay?

BILLY

Oh, I'll fuck him up only a little. After all, I get to hack the mother fucker's computer, too.

ABDUL

And the three other dissenting voters.

BILLY

Yeah, I'm going to "descent" all the fuckers into one unique fucking Hell.

Abdul gives Billy a look of real concern.

ABDUL

Billy, you need to calm down, my friend. You're a concern to me right now. Calm down.

BILLY

You know me. I get excited. I'm pumping myself up.

ABDUL

Yeah, but I feel like you're using me as your pump. Why is that, Billy?

Billy holds out his hands so Abdul can see that they're not shaking.

BILLY
See, Abdul. See, I'm calm.

ABDUL
Are you ready for this, Billy?

Billy motions his eyes toward Arthur, the friend on the other side of Abdul.

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

ABDUL
Because, Billy, Arthur is always calm. You know that. Learn from him.

Arthur is an unusually sedate person, eerily so.

BILLY
You ever notice how dead he seems?

ABDUL
So, he's a prick; we're fucked up people. What do you want? 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 Arthur. Once he starts pricking, he comes alive.

BILLY
No shit? Like a bat-fuck crazy vampire?

Abdul is losing patience.

ABDUL
Look, Billy, there's the door if you can't handle this. Arthur and I can do it alone.

Billy looks around the stadium.

BILLY
Which fuckin' door? Hey, which fuckin' door do you want me to leave through?

ABDUL
Okay, just calm down.

BILLY
Really, Abdul. I'm the opposite of Arthur. Pricking time is when I calm down. I go into this "bee" trance. Really, I swear. I become a bee, methodical, like a part of the bee kingdom. And I just hover and buzz and sting the shit out of my victim.

ABDUL
You're really fucked up, Billy.

BILLY
Well, you said prickers are fucked up.

ABDUL
Okay, but that "bee kingdom" stuff is a little over the top.

BILLY
I blame Marvel movies.

Abdul puts up his hand. Billy and Arthur 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.

Many people nearby stand and stretch.

Then David Whortan stands.

The two people sitting next to Whortan look back at Abdul, wink, and walk away (obviously plants for Abdul), leaving the seats to the right and left of Whortan empty.

Billy and Arthur step down beside Whortan, and Abdul stays in back of him, and all three men swarm and begin pricking.

All men, including Billy, become calm and masterful with their pricking.

Abdul speaks to Billy as they prick.

ABDUL
You're right. You are calm.
Amazing.

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

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 has a few words with his friends.

ABDUL (CONT'D)
Thanks, guys. The twitching was fine. But, Arthur, you were supposed to land a few pricks in his temples. Anyway, he'll have ticks for a good while.

ARTHUR
(Eerily calm)
I have my own vision, Abdul. The man was twitching like a lightening rope when we left him.

ABDUL
I know you're one of the best, Arthur--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

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

There are two maids pouring coffee, water, and milk, and they're placing 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 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. 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" and start eating.

After some awkward silence, one of the younger men, Rimer, speaks up.

RIMER

(Addresses Cristain)

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 intact. First, we downsize the cattle, liquidate and invest in more soybeans, coffee, rice and maize. Since we have solid water rights, this can work.

Cristain is rolling his eyes.

CRISTIAN

Making 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 the 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 a God's help. Wamani is not a God.

Rimos lightens up a bit.

RIMOS CONT.

Granted, she does look like one, though.

ONE OF THE OLDER AUNTS

Especially her ass.

Everybody laughs.

CRISTIAN

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

INT. FOURWAY SPLIT SCREEN OF LAPTOP COMPUTERS

All of the dissenting voters are sitting down to their laptops.

After they click on, 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 dissenting voters are
perplexed.

INT. TOJI TAKAGI TOKYO APARTMENT - NIGHT

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 LUPUR - NIGHT

Yusef is contemplative but angry.

YUSEF

I earn my fucking money.

Yusef looks a little longer at the now-black 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 BLACKELY'S ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Blakely is contemplative and a little frightened.

She also tries to speak into the laptop.

BLAKELY

(Perfect Queen's English)
Oh, dear. Hello there. Are we
listening at the moment? 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 - NIGHT

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 - MORNING

Wamani is at Buster's office to check what's happening with the appropriations committee vote on whether or not to audit the Bolivian government people responsible for dolling out farm subsidies.

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 . . .

WAMANI

. . . Yeah, well . . .

BUSTER

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

WAMANI

(Shrugging)

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 can't happen for another year, which means most of those folks in your homeland are fucked.

EXT. THE BAY - AFTERNOON

Wamani and Abdul are sitting on the same bench as before.

ABDUL

I can't believe it, Wamani. Whortan 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, Whortan 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. No, we weren't able to turn Whortan. We're trying, again, tomorrow, but I don't think we can turn him. Oh, no shit, you're coming here. In sixteen hours? How? Oh, you have your own jet. Cool. You'll pick up Bentley on the way and Lily can fly here fast from Manchester? Okay, then, you're in contact with them. Thanks, Kazuki. I'll tell my crew to stand down and wait for you guys.

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

David Whortan, in his underwear, is sitting on the bed with a prostitute, who is wearing leather S&M fashion. The lights are dim.

WHORTAN

So, sweetie, are you my twisted little bitch?

PROSTITUTE

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

WHORTAN

Stand up and hold your ankles, bitch.

PROSTITUTE

Yes, my Lord.

She stands and grabs her ankles.

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

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck! Yes, Lord. Oh, yes!

WHORTAN

Turn around and do your thing, bitch.

The prostitute turns around, pushes Whortan onto the bed and starts pinching him, each time with a very hard twist.

WHORTAN (CONT'D)

You are a twisted bitch.

Then Whortan jumps on top of her and starts kissing and pinching her.

Then we see, undenounced to Whortan, Abdul, Kazuki, Bentley, and Lily standing at the foot of the bed.

The prostitute 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 the prostitute 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 paralyzing 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 - AFTERNOON

Wamani, Betty and Buster are discussing 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 - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

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

BENTLEY

Wow, he's a very powerful pain lover. I was impressed.

LILY

Maybe he caught on to us having way too much fun. I don't know.

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 one bit.

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 is sitting on the bed checking something on his smartphone when he hears a knock on the door.

He gets up and opens the door, and Saber Tooth is standing there wearing her usual robe.

WHORTAN

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

Whortan starts to close the door and then 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 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 are discussing 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?

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

Abdul's smartphone rings, and he sees who it is and quickly answers. He holds up his hand and nods.

ABDUL

No shit. He's already asked for his laptop?

Abdul gets another phone call.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

Hold on. I have another call coming in.

Abdul addresses Wamani.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

It's our hacker.

Then he speaks to his hacker.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

Okay, sounds good. The next pint is on me, man!

Abdul hangs up.

Everyone is anxiously awaiting the news.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

Whortan's fine. He did open his laptop and saw the warning, after which he said "yes" at least thirty times. Our man at the hospital says Whortan blurts out a "yes" every few minutes.

KAZUKI

I have never felt jealousy before. 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. I would also love to challenge her. I want to feel a heart attack.

EXT. THE ROJAS RANCH IN BOLIVIA - EVENING

The Rojas family is having a giant celebration with many ranchers joining them.

On a big outdoor stage is a large picture of Wamani and one of Babacar.

INT. BACK AT BETTY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Wamani is getting 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, letting out a big laugh, swishes by and pricks Wamani on the butt.

Wamani turns around and grabs hold of her and pushes her to the bed, and they wrestle around, all the while laughing with joy.

THE END