

FADE IN:

INT. STRANGEWAYS'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

The laboratory of DR. EMIL STRANGEWAYS is a fairly dingy space. High, small windows show that it is in a basement.

Most of the lab is a mad-scientist's clutter of glassware, beakers, retorts, and so forth.

Strangeways is swirling some liquid in a test tube and concentrating on it.

He is watched by a large tortoise-shell cat, who MEWS at him.

STRANGEWAYS  
(addressing the  
cat)  
Yes, Lilith. I quite  
agree.

Strangeways goes to refrigerator and takes out a small glass bottle of cream. He hunts around for a moment before finding a clean beaker, into which he pours a few ounces of the cream.

STRANGEWAYS  
It is completely unjust.

He places the beaker of cream over a bunsen burner and begins warming it up. The cat watches attentively.

STRANGEWAYS  
That astonishing drug  
cocktail, the Universal  
Vaccinative did eliminate  
the ancient scourge of  
sexually transmitted  
disease, but outside had  
the unexpected consequence  
of inducing near-universal  
sterility.

He takes the beaker of cream off the burner, the starts looking around the laboratory some more.

STRANGEWAYS  
Humanity, aside from a few  
isolated tribal peoples,  
was facing imminent  
extinction, had it not  
been for a brilliant  
concept.

Finding a saucer, he pours some of the cream into it.  
He sets the cream before the cat, which begins  
lapping it up greedily.

STRANGEWAYS

A simple drug that induced  
short-term fertility, a  
contra-contraceptive, or  
just plain conceptive, for  
those who wanted children.  
Thus was the human future  
saved, while yet another  
scourge, that of unwanted  
pregnancy placed on  
history's dungheap.

Strangeways picks up another test tube and begins  
inspecting its contents.

STRANGEWAYS

That was my concept,  
Lilith. And I was well on  
my way toward developing  
it, too. But others, with  
more funding and better  
connections got there  
first. And so they enjoy  
the Nobel Prize and wealth  
beyond the dreams of  
avarice, I am rusticated  
to this little basement  
laboratory.

Strangeways reaches down to stroke the cat, who  
PURRS.

STRANGEWAYS

But we shan't be angry  
Lilith. We shan't be  
seeking revenge or hitting  
back at the unjust world.  
That is not an attitude  
worthy of a scientist. We  
shall simply be  
redirecting our efforts to  
something else.

There is a KNOCK at the door. The cat startles.

STRANGEWAYS

(soothing the  
cat)  
Now, now, Lilith. That  
might be opportunity  
knocking.  
(more loudly)  
Come in!

WAGNER, a research assistant to Strangeways, enters.

WAGNER

Sorry I'm late Dr.  
Strangeways. I had to work  
an extra shift at the  
Gadget.

STRANGEWAYS

Help me on this, young  
Wagner, and you will never  
have to work additional  
shifts in the Gadget, the  
student pub, or any other  
sort of food-and-drink  
serving establishment.

Strangeways holds up a small ampule for Wagner to  
see, then hands it to him.

Wagner reads the label.

WAGNER

"Tolmemazine  
--Nanoparticle  
suspension." Tolmemazine?  
Wasn't this brought up in  
the Church Committee  
hearings? Illegal use by  
the C-I-A?

STRANGEWAYS

A remarkable psychotropic,  
Wagner. But unfortunately  
before there was any  
nanoengineering an  
exceptionally dangerous  
one. It has the function  
of lowering inhibitions  
and encouraging  
risk-taking behavior -- a  
drug to make one bolder as  
it was. The U.S. military  
was at one time interested  
in a courage drug for its  
soldiers, and this was it.

WAGNER

Weird. Why didn't it  
develop?

STRANGEWAYS

Drug administration  
technology was until  
recently too primitive to  
allow the right rate and  
amount of dosage. The  
effect was either below

threshold or it was too  
much.

SHOT - A MILITARY TEST RANGE

A pan view from a sign that reads TEST RANGE-- LIVE MINES: KEEP OUT, to a group of generals observing something from a slit trench, then closing in on TWO SOLDIERS, who are naked except for combat boots and helmets, who are enthusiastically and noisily engaged in anal copulation. The bottom soldier is crawling forward until he crawls over a mine, which explodes and blows up both soldiers. Strangeways's narration continues during the scene.

STRANGEWAYS (V.O.)

When it was too much the  
test subjects either  
became dangerously violent  
or inclined to absurdly  
reckless sexual behavior,  
either way often resulting  
in death.

BACK TO SCENE

WAGNER

Sounds messy.

STRANGEWAYS

Oh it was messy, young  
Wagner. A real  
career-ender for those  
without the bureaucratic  
wherewithal to cover  
things up. But I now  
propose to do better. By  
suspending tiny dosages of  
the drug spherical  
nanomembranes which have  
variable permeability  
depending on ambient  
concentrations in subject  
bodily fluids, I believe I  
can administer a  
controlled low dosage over  
several weeks or even  
months.

WAGNER

So you propose to test  
this drug? To what end?  
The F-D-A would never go  
for it.

STRANGEWAYS

Oh, I don't propose to  
test the drug. I propose

to use it.

WAGNER

For what?

STRANGEWAYS

For search. For looking through the world to turn up things that are useful. That can be exploited to advance knowledge.

WAGNER

I don't get it.

STRANGEWAYS

Well, there are a lot of interesting things in the world that can be found on computer networks, and these are searchable by search engines, so that's all pretty well picked over.

WAGNER

True.

STRANGEWAYS

But much larger than cyberspace is meatspace, and that is full of interesting things that are not to be found with search engines, either because no one has thought to representations of them into cyberspace, or because they're so very interesting that they have been purposely been kept off public computer networks.

WAGNER

I see...I guess.

STRANGEWAYS

So it has occurred to me is that what we need are search-bots for meatspace.

WAGNER

So now you're proposing to build robots?

STRANGEWAYS

Kindly do not be so

literal-minded, my dear young Wagner. I do not propose to build robots. I propose to use the robots already built by natural selection to be searchers of meatspace.

WAGNER

You've lost me, Dr. Strangeways.

STRANGEWAYS

The robots to which I refer are young people in search of adventure.

Strangeways goes to the refrigerator. He reaches in and pulls out a tin, which he opens. He pulls a fat roll of bills, peels off a few and hands them to Wagner.

STRANGEWAYS

I realize that what I am about to ask you to do will seem a little...unorthodox, but given your unassuming low profile around the Gnosis campus, I believe that you could be a great deal of help to me.

Wagner hesitates for a moment before taking the money.

STRANGEWAYS

You don't want to have to keep working in that cafe all the time do you, young Wagner?

INT. A DANCE STUDIO - DAY

BRIDGET O'BRIAN and a number of other girls are outfitted in belly dance costumes, watched over by their teacher MADAME ANNA, who is similarly attired.

Bridget is attempting a routine set to Middle Eastern music playing from a portable stereo in the studio while Madame Anna and the other watch.

MADAME ANNA

(abruptly turning off the music)

Stop! This is not a dance for machines!

Bridget looks slightly annoyed. Madame Anna goes over to her.

MADAME ANNA

(more gently)

Bridget, your technique is excellent. But you are trying to be too controlling, to formulaic. One you have the technique, you need to remember that you do not carry the dance. The dance carries you.

BRIDGET

What should I be thinking about?

MADAME ANNA

(pointing to her head)

Remember that the dance does not come from here.

(placing her hand on her lower abdomen)

It comes from here.

BRIDGET

I'll try to remember that, Madam Anna.

INT. A BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

The walls are lined with terrariums containing various arthropods in controlled environments. CLEO MOUNT and PROFESSOR MORITZ are examining the terrariums and taking notes on a clipboard.

Cleo is wearing a low-cut top that exposes some cleavage.

MORITZ

(pointing with a pencil)

Well, look at that, Miss Mount.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: INSIDE THE TERRARIUM

A largish, pale-yellow spider with a fancy pattern on its back and a somewhat distended abdominal segment.

BACK TO SCENE

MORITZ

Looks like Telly here is

going to be a mother.

Moritz opens the terrarium and fishes the spider out.

The spider suddenly hops out of Moritz's hand and lands on Cleo.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE SPIDER ON CLEO'S CLEAVAGE

BACK TO SCENE

Cleo drops her clipboard. She trembles and WHIMPERS.

MORITZ

Honestly, Miss Mount. If you're ever going to succeed in organismic biology, especially in the field...

Moritz nonchalantly plucks the spider off of Cleo and puts her back in her terrarium.

MORITZ

...you're going to have to learn not to be so squeamish around arachnids, especially comparatively harmless ones like Telamonia dimidiata here.

CLEO

Yes, Professor Moritz.

INT. SEMINAR ROOM - DAY

About fifteen students, including JILL KEENEY and BIFF are sitting around a large table. PROFESSOR OZMAN, the seminar leader sits at the head.

On a blackboard behind Professor Manzo are written two column heads "Liberalism" and "Realism," with "Democracy" and "Human Rights" under "Liberalism" and "National Security" and "Stability" under "Realism."

JILL

I fail to see the contradiction here. Surely in the absence of any significant counterexample to the democratic peace hypothesis...

BIFF

Aw, bullshit.



JILL

I beg your pardon?

OZMAN

Biff, I have warned you  
about these uncivil  
outbursts before.

BIFF

Yeah, but as I see it,  
there's no real choice  
here in these crappy  
little countries than  
between assholes who work  
for us, and fucking  
communists.

OZMAN

Biff...

JILL

That's the sort of  
attitude that supports  
dungeons and death squads.

BIFF

Oh, and who's going to do  
anything about it, Miss  
Human Rights? You?

SNIGGERS from some of the male members of the class.

Jill glares at Biff, who sits back and puts his hands  
behind his head with a smug expression.

INT. A LECTURE HALL ROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR RICHARD GREGG is lecturing to a large group  
of students including IRIS BROCKMAN.

GREGG

...so although it might  
appear that normally be  
considered an affront to  
federalism for Congress to  
intervene in a particular  
end-of-life case, in the  
Tabitha Sibling case  
personhood and the powers  
of Congress in section  
five of the Fifth  
Amendment create a fairly  
clear basis for  
intervention. Just as  
Congress could protect  
former slaves from the  
neglect or abuse of former  
slave states, Congress can

protect vulnerable persons  
near the end of life from  
abuse.

Iris raises her hand.

GREGG

Yes, Iris?

IRIS

What is the basis of  
Tabitha Sibling's  
personhood?

GREGG

Her humanity. Her  
membership the same  
species as you or me.

IRIS

But she had no level of  
mental functioning  
remotely approaching yours  
or mine.

RANDOM STUDENT (O.S.)

Than Professor Gregg's  
anyway.

GREGG

(sternly)

Quiet back there! Iris has  
asked a reasonable and  
civil question.

(respectfully)

Surely you don't mean to  
suggest that moral status  
is a function of mental  
functioning. We all agree  
that it would be just as  
depraved to kill a child  
with Downs Syndrome as one  
without such, yes?

IRIS

True, but isn't personhood  
a function of  
psychological continuity  
rather than species  
membership? If you were  
given a choice between  
being uploaded into a  
computer and living well  
or continuing in human  
form and being tortured,  
which would you choose?  
Isn't what we care about  
the preservation of our

information -- our  
memories and desires and  
what kind of people we  
are, rather than a  
particular piece of meat?

GREGG

Someone's been assiduously  
attending Professor  
Corwin's lectures, I see.

Scattered LAUGHTER around the lecture hall. Gregg  
stops is by raising a hand.

GREGG

Look, as far as I can  
tell, an objection of that  
kind is pure science  
fiction. Think about it if  
you want, but don't try to  
take it to far as a matter  
of Constitutional law.

IRIS

I still think someday  
there could be an  
experiment which would  
make it more relevant.

GREGG

Hold that thought, Iris,  
but we need to move on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

DEAN FORD of Gnosis College lectures a large audience  
of students.

FORD

And so I urge you all to  
keep in mind the  
importance of study abroad  
as a part of you Gnosis  
experience. And remember  
that it is not just an  
opportunity to exercise  
the intellect, but the  
moral parts of your nature  
as well.

CLOSE-UP: THE FOUR WOMEN

Bridget, Cleo, Jill, and Iris all sit next to one  
another in seats in the lecture hall. They are paying  
close attention to Dean Ford.

FORD (O.S.)  
To study abroad is not  
just an opportunity to  
learn, but to overcome  
doubt, to overcome one's  
fear and uncertainty about  
what is strange, and to  
throw yourself into  
experiences that you could  
never have here at Gnosis  
itself, however excellent  
our faculty and our  
facilities.

CLOSE-UP: WAGNER

Wagner, who is sitting at the back of the hall, is  
paying close attention to the four women.

FORD (O.S.)  
And with that thought, I  
wish you the best of luck.

BACK TO SCENE

The students in the lecture hall get up and start to  
file out.

SHOT - WAGNER'S P.O.V.

Bridget, Cleo, Jill, and Iris leaving.

CLOSE-UP: WAGNER

Wagner looks at his watch.

WAGNER  
Crap!

Wagner gets up to leave hastily.

INT. THE GADGET - DAY

The cafe is full of students, Bridget is standing at  
a counter, which Wagner is working behind.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: FOUR COFFEE DRINKS ON A TRAY

Wagner stealthily squirts something into each drink.

BACK TO SCENE

Wagner takes the tray to the counter. Bridget pays  
him.

WAGNER  
Hope you find your coffee

stimulating.

BRIDGET

Thanks. I'm sure we will.

Bridget takes the tray to a table, where she joins Cleo, Jill and Iris.

BRIDGET

So it looks as if we're all going overseas, yes?

CLEO

Indeed, indeed.

JILL

(giggles)

I'm so excited.

BRIDGET

And so where are you off to, that you're so excited?

JILL

Development work in the somewhat troubled Republic of Monte Blanco. A chance to see if we can't really improve the lives of people.

BRIDGET

So what about you, Cleo?

CLEO

I got a spot on Professor Jones's Sarawak expedition. Looking for samples to turn into the pharmaceuticals of tomorrow.

IRIS

Or the fun hallucinogens of today.

JILL

Oh, and so where are you off to, Iris m'dear?

IRIS

Conceptual opposite of the jungle. The great metropolis of Tokyo. Which just leaves you, Bridget.

BRIDGET

I'm off to try my luck at finding out about the lifestyles of the ultra-rich in the Emirate of Munai?

JILL

Where they have those artificial islands?

BRIDGET

The one -- the paradise of the rich and decadent, or so they say.

JILL

Sounds like could all be in for adventures.

BRIDGET

Wonder who'll have the biggest?

CLEO

Which of us will conquer the most of our fears?

JILL

Who among us will go deepest into the unknown?

CLEO

Who among us will most develop the moral parts of our natures.

IRIS

Or the immoral ones...

BRIDGET

(puts out her hand)

I propose this to you, ladies: that we all go abroad and be as daring as we can be. The we reconvene over tea and vote on who was the most so.

CLEO

(puts out her hand, taking Bridget's)

Deal!

JILL

(putting out her  
hand)

Deal!

IRIS  
(joining with all  
three)

Deal!

INSERT INTERTITLE: "ONE YEAR LATER."

INT. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

The four women, as before.

BRIDGET  
And thus the deal. And now  
we are returned, and have  
our stories. Shall we tell  
them?

JILL  
Absolutely. You go first.

BRIDGET  
If you insist.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT INTERTITLE: "I: ODALISQUE"

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL IN MUNAI - DAY

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
I arrived in the Emirate  
of Munai with high hopes  
for my research.

Bridget hands her passport to a woman in a hijab, who  
examines it, stamps it, and waves Bridget through.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
Bu I soon found that doors  
in this little country  
don't always open easily  
to a foreign girl asking  
nosy questions.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BRIDGET GETS NOWHERE IN MUNAI

-- Bridget attempts entry to a fancy-looking club,  
only to be turned away.

-- Bridget, notebook in hand, attempts to get the  
attention of two men in flowing Arab dress, but is  
ignored.

-- Bridget attempts to speak to an exotic-looking woman in a jewelry store, and is then confronted and escorted out by a security guard.

INT. A PRICEY-LOOKING CAFE - DAY

Bridget sits at a table, looking disconsolate. She drinks coffee. An empty notebook sits on the table.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
I was beginning to believe  
that I was going nowhere  
and would experience  
nothing in a glittering,  
air-conditioned nowhere of  
a country, with my money  
running out, thinking that  
I would have had about as  
meaningful an experience  
if I had stayed in a  
shopping mall at home.

FRAU KUPLER, a slender, middle-aged woman with her hair drawn back in a severe bun, approaches the table.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
Then something happened  
which changed the whole  
visit.

(Note: Kupler speaks in a German accent.)

KUPLER  
Excuse me, young lady, do  
you mind if I should join  
you?

BRIDGET  
Not at all, Ma'am.

KUPLER  
Thank you.

A waiter arrives and hands a menu to Kupler. She points to an item. The waiter takes the menu and leaves.

KUPLER  
You are an American  
student, yes?

BRIDGET  
Yes, Ma'am.

KUPLER  
The waiter told me that



you have been trying to speak to customers about the effects of wealth here in the Emirate.

BRIDGET

Yes, ma'am. It's a college research project.

KUPLER

And how is your research project going?

BRIDGET

Not too well, I'm afraid. People rally don't seem to want to talk much about such things.

KUPLER

Ah, a pity. But I am afraid that you will find that people here are tight-lipped around strangers.

BRIDGET

Yes.

The waiter arrives with coffee for Kupler.

KUPLER

Perhaps I might be able to provide some assistance to you.

BRIDGET

Oh, introductions?

KUPLER

Of a sort. I might be able to provide employment...in an environment where you could meet the sort of people you are interested in. Take an indirect approach.

BRIDGET

Really, what sort of employment?

KUPLER

Here is not the best place to talk, but at my office, perhaps.

Kupler takes a business card, and places it on the

table in front of Bridget.

KUPLER  
Call if you wish, at your  
convenience.

Bridget picks up the card and looks at it. Kupler  
sips her coffee.

INT. A DORMITORY ROOM - DAY

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
Well, I thought long about  
it, but as things really  
were going nowhere, I  
decided to make a call.

Bridget picks up a phone and makes a call.

INT. KUPLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget sits in a deep, comfortable chair in a large,  
richly appointed office. A plate-glass window affords  
a view of a harbor.

KUPLER  
So you see, Miss O'Brian,  
what my company provides  
is a sort of entertainment  
to highly-paying  
customers.

BRIDGET  
Surely you're not  
proposing that...

KUPLER  
(waving her  
hands)  
No, no, not like that.  
What you are being invited  
to do is a kind of  
role-playing. You are  
given cues, and then you  
respond as you think you  
should. Try to be  
interesting.

BRIDGET  
And what if this "role  
playing" involves playing  
some kind of role I don't  
want to play?

KUPLER  
This is something we do  
not tolerate for persons  
like you in our business.

Two things keep you safe.  
First, we screen our  
clients with very great  
care. And second, there is  
a way out, always.

Kupler reaches into her desk. She pulls out a tiny,  
button-like object which she holds up in a pair of  
tweezers.

KUPLER  
Take this, and place it  
gently behind your left  
ear.

She holds it out to Bridget, who takes it and looks at  
it skeptically.

KUPLER  
Go on. It will not bite  
you.

Bridget places the button behind her left ear.

KUPLER  
It is a tiny transmitter,  
very powerful. It is keyed  
to a safe phrase. In this  
one, "Lucid Uncle Zebra."  
Go on and say it.

BRIDGET  
Lucid Uncle Zebra.

Sound of a KLAXON in the office. A screen pops up on  
Kupler's desk.

KUPLER  
It seems you are in my  
office. Of course, it  
would pinpoint you  
anywhere in Munai.

A pair of TOUGH LOOKING SECURITY GUARDS storm into  
Kupler's office. One speaks.

GUARD  
Was ist die Lage hier?

KUPLER  
A drill, gentlemen. You  
may stand down.

The guards salute, then leave.

BRIDGET  
And so I am rescued. And

what happens if one of your clients should be a little frisky before your guards show up.

KUPLER

No client would dare. The services we provide are too valuable for them to lose.

BRIDGET

Impressive, but I'm still not sure.

KUPLER

Take your time. Think about it. Take the transmitter with you while you do so, if you like. Keep in mind that the fee is quite generous, and there is a bonus if the clients are pleased. And think also of your research...

BRIDGET

(rising)

I shall. Thank you, I think.

KUPLER

(likewise rising)

I hope that we shall have the chance to work together soon.

They shake hands, and Bridget leaves.

EXT. A CROWDED SOUK - DAY

BRIDGET (V.O.)

I was fascinated by what I had been, but needed to try something first.

Bridget makes her way through the souk. Stopping at the stall of a POTTER, she pretends to closely inspect his wares.

Bridget tips over a large, expensive-looking vase. It shatters on the ground.

BRIDGET

Oopsie!

The potter YELLS at her angrily in Arabic.

Bridget smiles and shrugs, then begins to walk away.

The potter jumps into her path, gesticulating and yelling.

BRIDGET  
Lucid Uncle Zebra.

Bridget stands with her hands on her hips. She is now surrounded by a circle of angry merchants, all yelling at her.

Sound of a distant SIREN that closes in. Two large security guards enter the crowd. The merchants back away, cringing.

GUARD  
Are you all right,  
Fraulein?

BRIDGET  
Oh, yes. Just a  
misunderstanding.

Bridget withdraws a large wad of money, which she hands to the potter. The potter, looking frightened, attempts to return the money to Bridget. Bridget smiles and waves off the attempt.

BRIDGET  
I would be grateful if you  
could tell Frau Kupler  
that I accept her offer of  
employment.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BRIDGET'S INDUCTION

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
There were a series of  
formalities after that.

-- Bridget signing a contract and shaking hands with Kupler

-- Bridget undergoing a medical examination by a female doctor.

-- Bridget receiving injections from the same doctor.

-- Bridget and many other young women receiving a lecture from a presenter in Kupler's office.

INT. A WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

The rooms is filled with folding metal chairs. All are young women, except for ADAM. DONNA sits next to Bridget. PHYLLIS sits in the front.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
And finally came the day  
when it was showtime.

DONNA  
Hi, I'm Donna.

BRIDGET  
Bridget. You in for the  
same action?

DONNA  
I guess so. I'm a little  
nervous.

BRIDGET  
Yes, me too. But I hope to  
learn something.

The AUCTIONEER enters the room. He is a huge man, in  
harem trousers and vest, carrying a whip.

AUCTIONEER  
You are now all slaves!  
Strip!

The Auctioneer cracks his whip.

The young womn and Adam look around, nonplussed.

PHYLLIS  
I won't. I didn't sign up  
for this.

The Auctioneer stalks forward, and looms over  
Phyllis.

AUCTIONEER  
What did you dare say,  
slave?

PHYLLIS  
Sky Blue Ice!

Sound of distant KLAXONS. Kupler enters the room.

KUPLER  
(to Phyllis)  
Very well. You are done.  
Leave.

Phyllis runs out.

KUPLER  
(to Auctioneer)  
Continue.

The Auctioneer cracks his whip again.

AUCTIONEER  
Disrobe, slaves! Strip  
completely!

DONNA  
I'm gonna.

BRIDGET  
What?

DONNA  
It's just a game we can  
leave at any time, right?

The Auctioneer cracks his whip again.

AUCTIONEER  
Silence! Strip!

Donna begins to disrobe. Then Bridget does. Then the rest of the young women do. Finally Adam does. Soon, all are naked.

Lackies come in and bind the hands of each of the "slaves" together. Then they are led out of the room.

INT. THE AUCTION ROOM - DAY

The room is a high domed space with a stage in front. A rope hangs from a hook on the ceiling. The slaves are lined up just off the stage.

One girl, FRIEDA, is led onto the stage. Her arms are raised and tied to the rope on the ceiling. A large number of customers come forth. They circle round and inspect her.

The customers are a mixed group. Some are Arabs in flowing robes. There are Asian men in business suits, a TEXAN in a cowboy hat and boots, and another, LORD STRATHBOGIE in a three-piece suit with a bowler hat.

The Texan reaches out and squeezes Frieda's breasts.

TEXAN  
Nice meat on this heifer.

FRIEDA  
Funds Buffer Antelope!

TEXAN  
Aw, shoot.

The Auctioneer rolls his eyes. Frieda is untied and led away, to groans of disappointment from the

clients.

AUCTIONEER  
Next slave.

Lackeys motion for Donna to come out.

DONNA  
(over shoulder)  
See if I can do better.

Donna is tied to the ceiling rope. She is inspected and felt by the clients. She squirms and GIGGLES as they do so. After a moment, the auctioneer motions for all to sit.

AUCTIONEER  
What do we have for this fine female slave? This daughter of Lilith, fair and firm and luscious? Do I hear one hundred thousand? yes, One hundred and fifty thousand? Yes. Two hundred thousand? Yes. Two hundred and fifty? Two hundred and fifty? Going once, going twice? Sold, to Mr. Matsuda.

MR. MATSUDA, a Japanese businessman, comes forward grinning. Donna is led away.

AUCTIONEER  
Next slave.

Adam is led out. He is tied with his arms reaching upward. He is inspected by a group of women, who are fully covered and veiled. One VEILED WOMAN speaks.

VEILED WOMAN  
Ah, an intact male. How precious!

The Veiled Woman reaches out a hand and begins stroking Adam's penis. Soon the other women are doing so as well. Adam blushes, then starts getting an erection.

VEILED WOMAN  
And so capable to!

The Veiled Woman pulls away a part of her veil, uncovering her mouth and the lower half of her face, but leaving her eyes covered. She is wearing bright red lipstick.



The Veiled Woman sucks in the head of Adam's increasingly erect penis, and fellates him momentarily. The she backs off and smiles.

The Auctioneer motions for all to sit. They do.

AUCTIONEER

What will we hear for this handsome son of Adam, this fine specimen of manhood. Do I hear one hundred thousand? Yes. One hundred and fifty thousand. One hundred and fifth thousand. Going...yes. Two hundred thousand, yes. Two hundred and fifty thousand, yes. Three hundred thousand. Yes. Three hundred thousand. Going once, going twice. Sold, for three hundred thousand to Lord Strathbogie.

GROANS from the women. A large smile from LORD STRATHBOGIE. Adam is untied, and led out to Strathbogie.

AUCTIONEER

Next slave.

BRIDGET (V.O)

And then it was my turn.

Bridget is led out and tied up like the others. She is inspected by the clients.

JILL (V.O.)

Wasn't that frightening?

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Yes. But it still felt like a game and I was eager to see where it went.

After the inspection, the Auctioneer motions everyone to sit.

AUCTIONEER

What do we hear for this fine specimen, this well of pleasure, this sweet fruit? Do I hear one hundred thousand.

BRIDGET'S P.O.V. - FIERCE BIDDING IN THE CROWD OF CLIENTS

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)

One hundred thousand. Yes.  
One hundred and fifty.  
Yes. Two hundred? Yes. Two  
hundred and fifty? Yes.  
Three hundred? Yes. Three  
hundred and fifty? Yes.  
Four hundred? Yes. Four  
hundred and fifty? Yes.  
Five hundred? Yes. Five  
hundred? Going once. Going  
twice. Sold! Five hundred  
thousand to the Sultan of  
Pazar.

RETURN TO SCENE

BRIDGET (V.O.)

And besides, there is a  
weird kind of ego boost in  
strutting up naked and  
having people bid  
furiously over you.

Bridget is led away by the SERVANTS OF THE SULTAN.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BRIDGET AS ODALISQUE

BRIDGET (V.O.)

I was inducted into a  
harem

-- Shot of Bridget, now dressed as a harem girl, led  
into a harem by two burly guards. Bridget is greeted  
by other girls, similarly dressed.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Life was rather  
comfortable.

-- Shot of Bridget and other girls eating delicacies  
off of trays passed around by small boys, drinking  
from goblets, etc.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Even rather diverting.

-- Shot of Bridget and other girls, frolicking naked  
in a marble pool.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

After a while I let it  
slip that I had studied a  
certain kind of dance, and  
everyone there thought  
this was very appealing.

--Shot of Bridget being dressed up in an elaborate

belly-dance costume by the other girls.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
Especially the sultan.

INT. AN AUDIENCE CHAMBER - DAY

The chamber is fairly simple, a flagstone floor with a dais piled high with cushions at one end. On one side a group of musicians sits behind silk screens, on the other, high windows look out on a Moorish garden.

The Sultan sits on a cushion on the dais. He is dressed in flowing robes and is absolutely still.

Bridget enters in her costume, which includes a veil over her face. She bows low before the Sultan.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
My whole instructions were  
one word: dance.

The musicians begin to play. Bridget begins a belly-dance routine. She is somewhat stiff at first, but her performance swiftly becomes more flowing.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
It was my first time  
working with live  
musicians. And believe me,  
dancing to live music  
compared to a recording is  
like comparing the best  
meal you ever had to fast  
food.

Bridget's dance continues. As she dances, she sheds a few veils that are part of her costume.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
But these musicians in  
particular were just  
incredible...as if they  
were playing to my breath  
and my pulse. It was  
inspiring.

Bridget removes her top and is now dancing bare-breasted. The dance picks up speed. Bridget continues shedding parts of her costume until all she is wearing is her jewelry and a loincloth.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
Part of me just couldn't  
believe how I was doing  
this. Me, a nice Irish  
Catholic girl...

The music abruptly stops. Bridget strips away her loincloth.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
...dancing naked before a  
potentate because that's  
just what she wanted to  
do.

The music resumes, things time slower. Bridget resumes dancing, thing time moving in a pattern forward and back toward the Sultan, each time getting a little closer.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
And what a potentate,  
indeed.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: THE SULTAN'S COCK

It is massively erect and protruding through his flowing robes.

BACK TO SCENE

Bridget climbs upon the dais and straddles the Sultan. She is now slick with sweat from her exertions.

The Sultan sits rock-still.

Bridget wriggles and writhes in time to the music, which picks up speed and volume.

The music then stops again suddenly. In the silence, Bridget takes the Sultan's cock and guides it into her, abruptly enveloping him.

CLEO (V.O.)  
Bridget how could you?

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
I guess Madame Anna was  
right: I was not carrying  
the dance. The dance was  
carrying me.

The music resumes. Bridget copulates the Sultan in time thereto. As the music builds to and reaches a noisy climax, so does she.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN INNER HAREM CHAMBER - DAY

Bridget is being dressed up as a medieval lady by the harem girls

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
Apparently my ability to  
play roles was highly  
pleasing. And in my next  
role, it turns out, I  
would be even less in  
control.

INT. A LARGE ROOM IN A HAREM - DAY

The room is set like a stage, with model trees and a painted backdrop depicting a walled city.

Bridget, dressed as a medieval lady, is being escorted across the room by two men dressed as knights.

The Sultan enters suddenly, brandishing a scimitar.

The knights draw swords.

The Sultan fights the knights, defeating both in turn.

The Sultan then puts the tip of his scimitar to Bridget's neck. He motions for her to lie down on a nearby couch.

Bridget lies down on the couch.

Using his scimitar, the Sultan slices away all of Bridget's clothing, save for a cache-sexe.

The Sultan plays the scimitar over Bridget's body, trailing the point over her neck, her belly, her inner thighs, all very close, but not close enough to scratch her or draw blood.

The Sultan throws off his robes and stands naked in front of Bridget. He is fully erect.

The Sultan snips away Bridget's cache sexe with the tip of his scimitar, and leaves it away.

The Sultan then plays the tip of the scimiar near the tops of Bridget's inner thighs.

Bridget spreads her legs.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
And all that time I  
running the safe phrase in  
my head over and over  
again, thinking should I  
say it now, should I saw  
it now. And yet, in the  
end I just wasn't sure I

even wanted to say it. And  
so...

The Sultan penetrates Bridget. They copulate, climax,  
and draw apart.

INT. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

The four women continue their conversation over tea.

JILL

Of my God! How could you  
let him?

BRIDGET

It's not like it isn't  
something we have all done  
before and enjoyed. And it  
you have to admit it was  
certainly more interesting  
than your average campus  
hook-up.

JILL

But don't you feel like  
that made you...

BRIDGET

A whore? Well, I can  
always plead duress. More  
seriously, I think of it  
more as a fantasy I did  
enjoy...a fantasy that I  
was free to be helpless,  
to not have to be  
responsible, to just let  
go.

CLEO

You sure did let go.  
Weren't you afraid?

BRIDGET

They say that sometimes  
fear is arousing.

IRIS

So go on with the story.

INT. THE HAREM - NIGHT

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Time went by in the harem.  
Things were mostly  
peaceful.

Several girls lie sleeping together on cushions.

Others sit smoking hashish in a hookah. Still others, including Bridget, tumble about making love to one another.

INT. A BANQUETING ROOM - NIGHT

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
From time to time the  
Sultan would have us  
entertain his guests

Bridget and a few other girls squat naked in a cage on top of a banquet table. The table is heavily laden with elegant dishes. Men in Arab dress and business suits sit around eating.

Bridget begs at the bars of her cage. A man feeds her from his hand.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
Then one day, a grand  
entertainment was  
announced.

INT. A LARGE ROOM IN A HAREM - DAY

A EUNUCH stand up and makes an announcement.

EUNUCH  
All slaves gather round!  
His high mightiness the  
Sultan is soon to arrive  
with several guests. Some  
will be bringing slaves of  
their own. All slaves are  
commanded to make the  
guests welcome!

The Eunuch claps. Enter the Sultan, two burly guards, and several guests.

The Sultan is followed by several other men. Some lead girls in various states of dress and undress.

Mr. Matsuda leads in Donna, who is wearing a collar and on a leash. Donna crawls on all fours.

EUNUCH  
All slaves sit! All  
honored guests, kindly be  
seated. We shall in a  
moment present an  
evening's light  
entertainment, called the  
punishment of infidel by  
His Glory the Sultan of  
Pazar.

The slaves and guests sit in a semicircle around the stage. Donna ends up next to Bridget.

BRIDGET  
Well, hello again.

DONNA  
Hi.

BRIDGET  
Looks like you found  
yourself quite a role to  
play.

DONNA  
Guess so.

EUNUCH  
Silence down there! Slave  
Ludmilla, step forward!

LUDMILLA, a voluptuous Russian girl, dressed in a simple shift, steps forward.

The Sultan steps on to the stage.

SULTAN  
(to Ludmilla)  
Infidel, kneel! Today is a  
blessed day, for you are  
delivered into the hands  
of a Warrior of the True  
Faith, and your  
opportunity to covert to  
that faith. Make the  
profession.

CLOSE-UP ON BRIDGET AND DONNA

(Note: A dialog, largely unintelligible in the shot, is going on between the Sultan and Ludmilla during this shot.)

BRIDGET  
(whispered, to  
Donna)  
Role play, yes?

DONNA  
(whispered, to  
Bridget)  
I'm pretty sure a real  
Muslim would not be using  
lines like that in this  
context.

BACK TO SCENE



LUDMILLA  
I will not profess! I am a  
good Christian girl!

SULTAN  
Profess!

LUDMILLA  
Nyet!

SULTAN  
It is your final chance!  
Profess!

LUDMILLA  
Nekogda!

SULTAN  
Then meet the fate of your  
pretended Savior.

The Sultan makes a gesture with his hand. The two  
burly guards seize Ludmilla.

Several young male slaves carry a large cross onto  
the stage.

The slaves lay the cross on the stage. Ludmilla  
struggles and tries to get away but is seized and  
subdued by the guards.

The guards tie Ludmilla to the cross.

The cross is lifted up and planted in a base on the  
stage.

Ludmilla writhes on the cross.

SULTAN  
You had your chance,  
infidel bitch!

The Sultan tears away Ludmilla's shift, leaving her  
naked on the cross.

Ludmilla writhes and groans. The male members of the  
audience cheer, chuckle approvingly.

BRIDGET  
(aside to Donna)  
Oh God! Do you think...

DONNA  
An act, surely. If not,  
why doesn't she use her  
safeword?

Male slaves circulate among the crowd, passing out goblets, which they take and drink. Trays with delicacies are passed around.

The party turns into an orgy, people undress, a great variety of sex acts start.

In time, Bridget and Donna are next to each other, bent over ottomans and being mounted from behind by two male members of the party.

DONNA

I never thought I would go this far.

BRIDGET

Me neither. Ohh...

DONNA

You still remember your safeword, right?

BRIDGET

Yes. You?

DONNA

Yes. Ooo...I like that. Yeah.

BRIDGET

Looks like the time for conversation is over.

Two naked, erect slave boys, approach Bridget and Donna from the front. They gesture and beckon, indicating their desire to be fellated. After a moment's hesitation, Bridget and Donna do so.

In the background, Ludmilla stops writing and falls into a faint.

INT. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

IRIS

Wow! You really did play along. But didn't you worry about the Russian girl?

BRIDGET

To the extent that i could think about anything I thought...surely there's a safeword, and anyway some people are just into some extreme stuff with bondage. Not for me to

judge.

JILL  
So what happened then?

BRIDGET  
I served out my contract  
without incident.

INT. KUPLER'S OFFICE - DAY

A group, a subset of those seen before in Kupler's office, sit in comfortable chairs.

KUPLER  
Well done, all of you who  
came through. Our clients  
are particularly pleased,  
and as arranged, I have  
your compensations here.

Kupler goes around her office and hands packages to each. Adam shifts a little uneasily on his chair as he receives his.

Kupler pauses for a moment as she reaches Donna, handing her a slightly thicker envelope.

KUPLER  
I am especially pleased a  
volunteer in this cohort  
for our Level Two program.

Kupler hands Donna her envelope.

BRIDGET  
(to Donna)  
Level Two Program?

DONNA  
I'm going all the way in  
on the next round.

BRIDGET  
All the way in?

DONNA  
No safeword this time.

INT. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

The four women sit silently around their tea and sandwiches for a few moments.

CLEO  
It sounds like you put  
yourself in more danger

than you knew. Did you ever see the Russian girl again?

BRIDGET

No. I don't really recall how the evening finished. It got hazy near the end. It was a pretty wild party and the Sultan was pretty free with asbinthe and hashish.

JILL

Great Dagon.

BRIDGET

Or perhaps you just spend a lot of time in this completely sexual environment, lounging around naked all the time, your sense of what's normal just changes. The biggest thing I learned from the whole experience is not so much what it feels like to be a pampered sex slave, but that it's very easy to feel normal about something when everyone else around you is doing it, however crazy it looks to the outside world.

CLEO

I think you're lucky to get out.

BRIDGET

I did get out. And flew back first class, also. To be sure, things were less fun back at Gnosis than I might have hoped.

CLEO

Yes, I was sort of wondering how you managed your write up.

BRIDGET

I attributed most of my report to "informants," which is correct, in a way. This unfortunately led to Professor Mitchell

accusing me of indulging  
in orientalist fantasy. I  
had to read Edward Said  
and write a chapter on him  
by way of penance.

IRIS

Perhaps there are fates  
worse than crucifixion...

BRIDGET

There were some slightly  
more interesting and  
tolerable remarks from  
Professor Friedman about  
how Margaret Mead had been  
misled by her putative  
informants. But at least I  
got through the committee  
in the end. More  
importantly, I think I  
have at least some claim  
to win the prize for best  
adventure abroad.

CLEO

I'll admit your story is  
good, but wait till you  
hear mine.

BRIDGET

Oh, I'm all ears.

CLEO

Well, as you know, I went  
to the Sarawak rain forest  
to collect samples.

INSERT INTERTITLE: "II. INITIATE"

EXT. A TRAIL IN THE RAINFOREST - DAY

CLEO (V.O.)

Northern Borneo is a great  
place to look for samples.

Cleo climbs a tree and picks a flower growing  
thereupon.

CLEO (V.O.)

But it's a steamy,  
uncomfortable place.

Cleo and other students pick their way along a trail  
carrying heavy packs. The students are all sweating  
heavily and look tired.

CLEO (V.O.)

And some things you might  
try to get some relief  
from all the heat turn out  
to be not all that  
prudent.

EXT. A RIVER BANK IN THE RAINFOREST - DAY

Cleo hacks her way through some brush and out onto sandy bar by the riverside. The waters in the river appear deep and calm. She sets her pack down and looks around. She then disrobes completely.

Cleo wades out way into the water, then dives into the river and begins to swim.

Cleo swims for a while, then floats on her back, luxuriating in the water.

As Cleo floats, she begins to drive downstream. She drifts faster and faster.

Cleo realizes that she is drifting and attempts to swim for shore, but the current becomes swifter and overpowers her.

Cleo struggles through rapids.

CLEO (V.O.)  
I thought I was really  
done for this time.

SHOT - A HIGH WATERFALL IN THE RAINFOREST

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

CLEO (V.O.)  
And I'm pretty sure I  
would have been but for a  
stroke of luck and a brave  
and fast-thinking native  
girl.

The arm of TONDELAYO reaches out and grabs onto Cleo.

EXT. THE RIVER - DAY

Tondelayo, holding onto Cleo with one hand and a vine rooted on shore with the other, pulls Cleo from the river.

Tondelayo helps Cleo up onto the river bank.  
Tandelayo is clad only in a very skimpy loincloth.

Cleo coughs and splutters for a few seconds.

CLEO

You saved my life. Thank you.

TONDELAYO  
You are welcome.

CLEO  
You speak English?

TONDELAYO  
Missionaries came to our village when I was a little girl. They taught some of us.

CLEO  
I am doubly lucky then.

TONDELAYO  
It was very foolish of you to go swimming in the river so close to the falls. Are you English?

CLEO  
American. Can you help me find my clothes?

Tondelayo LAUGHS.

TONDELAYO  
Here is no good place for clothes. It is better that you come with me to our village. We can help you there. I am called Tondelayo, or at least, that is the name the missionaries gave to me. My birth name they never could pronounce, so perhaps you should call me that.

CLEO  
Hi. I'm Cleo.

EXT. THE RAINFOREST FLOOR - DAY

Tondelayo and Cleo walk along the forest floor. Tondelayo points to some giant spiderwebs.

TONDELAYO  
Follow me carefully, and do not fall into those.

Something skitters overhead.

CLEO  
What was that?

TONDELAYO  
Do not fear. Follow.

EXT. THE CENTER OF A NATIVE VILLAGE - DAY

The village consists of a set of thatched huts. There are various native people of both sexes and all ages. None is dressed in more than a loincloth.

As Tondelayo and Cleo enter the village, the circle around and look at Cleo curiously.

The VILLAGE CHIEF, a large man, wearing some gold ornaments, approaches.

TONDELAYO  
This is our village chief.

The Village Chief asks Tondelayo a question in their native language. They converse for a few moments. The Village Chief then leaves.

CLEO  
What did he say?

TONDELAYO  
He said that he has to ask  
the wise woman about you.

A few children sneak up behind Cleo. One little boy pinches her on the behind.

CLEO  
Hey!

The children run away, giggling.

The Village Chief returns with the WISE WOMAN. The Wise Woman is quite old and somewhat bent.

The Wise Woman and Tondelayo speak to each other in their native language.

TONDELAYO  
I explained how I found  
you in the river.

The Wise Woman steps close to Cleo, and looks her over very carefully. Then the Wise Woman addresses Tondelayo in their native language.

TONDELAYO  
(interpreting to  
Cleo)



The Wise Woman says that you honor us to come here naked, and not encased in horrible clothes like those missionaries who wore clothes and tried to force us to dress like them. The Wise Woman says that it shows trust and honesty. And she says that your coming here to our village will bring us good luck.

CLEO

I am glad...I suppose.

The Village Chief speaks in a loud voice. There is an APPROVING SHOUT from the assembled villagers.

TONDELAYO

The Village Chief says that you are to be made welcome until we can take you back.

CLEO

I am grateful for the chance. I shall imagine I shall learn much.

Tondelayo interprets this. The Village Chief LAUGHS, then says something.

TONDELAYO

(interpreting to Cleo)

Indeed you shall.

A native woman steps forward with a loincloth, which she ties around Cleo.

EXT. THE CENTER OF A NATIVE VILLAGE - NIGHT

The villages are celebrating. A large bonfire has been lit in the center of the village. One villager plays drums while another chants. Young men and women dance around the fire.

Others sit to one side, eating bits of fruit and roast meat. Tondelayo and Cleo sit together.

CLEO

Your people show great hospitality, Tondelayo.

TONDELAYO

Why should they not? The

Wise Woman tells us that  
you will bring luck.

One young man lifts one young woman up and slings her  
across his shoulders. They run, laughing, from the  
firelight into the dark.

CLEO  
Where do you suppose they  
are going?

TONDELAYO  
To couple, to please one  
another in coupling.

CLEO  
Isn't there a young man  
who would please you?

TONDELAYO  
It is forbidden!

CLEO  
To those who are not  
married?

TONDELAYO  
Married is for bringing up  
children, not for  
pleasure.

CLEO  
Are you some sort of  
sacred virgin?

TONDELAYO  
My people know of no such  
thing.

CLEO  
Why is it forbidden then?

TONDELAYO  
Coupling is only for those  
who have done the  
initiation?

CLEO  
Initiation? A religious  
ceremony?

TONDELAYO  
It is from the Gods, but  
it is not for religion.

CLEO  
What is it for?

TONDELAYO

You know that coupling is  
a way of making babies,  
yes?

CLEO

Even in America, we know  
that.

TONDELAYO

It would be bad to have  
babies out of season, yes?

CLEO

I should imagine so.

TONDELAYO

Often there might not be  
enough food. Grown people  
can survive, but babies  
would be weak and die, if  
there are too many of  
them.

CLEO

Yes.

TONDELAYO

It is a wicked thing to  
make a baby who will not  
have a chance to eat.

CLEO

How does the initiation  
help?

TONDELAYO

It conveys mastery upon a  
woman, such that ever  
after she will only make a  
baby if she so wills it.

CLEO

I see. It is different in  
America.

TONDELAYO

How so?

CLEO

It is a long story, but  
normally American women  
cannot make babies without  
special medicines called  
conceptives.

The two women sit staring into the firelight for a  
while.

CLEO  
Why have you not undergone  
the initiation, Tondelayo?  
Are you not of age?

TONDELAYO  
I am of age.

CLEO  
Why then? Do you not wish  
to couple?

TONDELAYO  
I wish to couple with a  
strong young man more than  
I wish for anything else.

CLEO  
So, why then?

TONDELAYO  
I am afraid.

CLEO  
Afraid?

TONDELAYO  
There are dark things  
whispered about the  
initiation, and I am  
afraid.

CLEO  
Does not almost every  
woman of your people  
undergo the initiation?

TANDELAYO  
Yes.

CLEO  
Have any...been hurt in  
the initiation?

TONDELAYO  
No, as far as I know.

CLEO  
And yet you are afraid.

TONDELAYO  
Yes.

CLEO  
You seemed very brave back  
at the river.

Tondelayo stares into the firelight for a while.

TONDELAYO  
Water does not frighten  
me.

CLEO  
Tondelayo?

TONDELAYO  
Yes?

CLEO  
Would you be less afraid  
if I were to go through  
the initiation with you?

Tondelayo looks at Cleo with wide eyes.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
Don't you think it was  
reckless, agreeing to take  
part in an initiation that  
you didn't know what it  
was?

CLEO (V.O.)  
Looking around those  
people, I saw a lot of  
healthy, happy women  
sneaking off to "couple,"  
as Tondelayo put it. I  
didn't see any scars or  
anything like that on  
them, and I thought,  
surely it couldn't be all  
that bad.

Cleo touches Tondelayo's shoulder reassuringly.

EXT. A DARK STRETCH OF RAINFOREST - DAY

CLEO (V.O.)  
And so in a few days we  
were off. I could never  
have imagined what we  
would encounter...

Tondelayo and Cleo are led through the rainforest.  
The Wise Woman is in the lead, followed by a woman in  
a mask, then by Tondelayo, the Cleo, then another  
woman in a mask, then a man carrying a drum.

The women carry stakes, mallets and stone knives. The  
Wise Woman carries a staff.

The Wise Woman stops, and CHANTS loudly.

TONDELAYO

The Wise Woman asks the blessing of the Gods upon us, and asks that they bring their gifts. She asks for a special blessing for the strange woman from far away.

The Wise Woman speaks a few sentences to Cleo in her native language.

TONDELAYO

She says also that sometimes the Gods convey special gifts upon those initiates they favor.

The Wise Woman makes a gesture with her hand.

The man with the drum STRIKES the drum.

The Wise Woman chants again.

TONDELAYO

She says to make ready.

The women make ready. Each pounds two stakes into the ground.

The Wise Woman chants. The man STRIKES the drum

TONDELAYO

The Wise Woman asks us to step forward.

The Wise Woman and Tondelayo exchange a few words.

TONDELAYO

The Wise Woman asks if you are sure you wish to undergo the initiation.

CLEO

Please tell her yes.

Tondelayo speaks a word to the Wise Woman.

TANDELAYO

It is so good of you to help me.

The two women in masks cut lengths of vine with their knives, then position Cleo and Tondelayo between the pairs of stakes. With the lengths of vine they lash Cleo and Tondelayo to the stakes at the ankles, so that their legs are spread slightly apart.

The women in masks then motion for Cleo and Tondelayo to raise their arms. Cleo and Tandelayo do so.

Cleo and Tondelayo have their arms tied up by hanging vines.

Each woman in a mask then pulls away Cleo's and Tondelayo's loincloths.

The Wise Woman chants some more. The man beats his drum. The Wise Woman beats her staff three times against the earth. The all depart, leaving Cleo and Tandalayo alone.

CLEO

What now?

TONDELAYO

Wait.

Little black spiders scurry across the rainforest floor, on Cleo and Tondelayo's feet, then begin climbing their legs.

CLEO

Oh no.

TONDELAYO

Teganda spiders. Powerful venom. Try to be still.

Both Cleo and Tondelayo freeze, but tremble and whimper from time to time.

The spiders climb. The scamper about both women's bodies, including the most sensitive bits.

(Note: This scene should be shot in a series of quick close-up and extreme close-up cuts, showing the spiders on various bits of Cleo and Tondelayo. The women should tremble and shake and whimper throughout.)

CLEO

Ah! I've been bitten.

TONDELAYO

I too.

CLEO

I feel so hot, like something is rippling through me.

TONDELAYO

Burning, burning.

Both women start to sway and writhe.

And abrupt CHITTERING sound is heard. The little spiders suddenly scamper away, leaving Cleo and Tondelayo uncovered.

Cleo and Tondelayo hang slightly limply from their vines. Both are completely covered in sweat, and flushed.

TANDELAYO

Cleo?

CLEO

What is it?

TONDELAYO

I am wet between my legs.

Cleo begins to laugh, looks at Tondelayo.

CLEO

I am too. Is that it?

Tondelayo looks forward and GASPS.

TONDELAYO

I do not think it is done.

SHOT - TONDELAYO'S P.O.V.

Two huge (meter across) spiders approach.

BACK TO SCENE

CLEO

Oh...my...God.

SHOT - CLEO AND TONDELAYO SEEN FROM BEHIND

The giant spiders approach Cleo and Tondelayo. Cleo tries to break free by the vines hold fast. Cleo then freezes as one of the giant spiders' legs touches hers. Tondelayo only trembles.

Working together, the giant spiders spin a web of thick, rope-like strands about four inches apart. Cleo and Tondelayo are both stuck to the web. The gaps in the web are large enough that their breasts project through.

The spiders climb up Cleo and Tondelayo's backs and penetrate both women. They begin copulation.

BACK TO SCENE

TONDELAYO



Inside...oh no...ah ah  
( etc.)

CLEO  
Venom...burning...no no,  
mustn't want...making me  
want...I  
want...horrible...horrible...wrong...ah...ah  
(etc.)

The women continue to whimper, pant, and moan.

Daylight begins to fade.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE SAME SPOT IN THE RAINFOREST - DAY

Two giant cocoons hang from the trees, just off the ground.

Enter the Wise Woman and the two women in masks. Four men in masks carrying makeshift litters are behind them.

One woman takes a stone knife and gently slits a cocoon open. Tondelayo tumbles out. Two of the men step forward and gently lift her onto the litter.

The woman then slits open the second cocoon. Cleo tumbles out. Two other men lift her up and place her on the other litter.

The party proceeds, carrying unconscious Cleo and Tondelayo back to the village.

INT. INSIDE A GRASS HUT - DAY

Cleo and Tondelayo lie on cots straw mats. Both are naked.

Both women are feverish and delirious. Elderly women attend them, giving them sips of water, wiping their brows.

Tondelayo occasionally babbles unintelligibly in her native language.

CLEO  
Spider...horrible...  
rape...maybe...but...  
pleasure...horrible..strange...

Both women then fall into sleep.

INT. INSIDE A GRASS HUT - DAY

Tondelayo wakes up. She shakes her head. Then she rouses Cleo.

CLEO  
What...happened?

TONDELAYO  
I believe it is over. We are initiated.

CLEO  
Was it all a dream?

TONDELAYO  
Do you wish it were a dream?

CLEO  
I am not sure. I feel...different.

TONDELAYO  
So do I. I feel like I have grown something inside, that I can open and close.

Tondelayo rises, finds her loincloth and puts it on. Then she finds Cleo's and hands it to Cleo. Cleo puts her loincloth on.

The Wise Woman enters.

(Note: The dialog in the following scenes is in the native language of the local people, and is now subtitled.)

WISE WOMAN (SUBTITLE)  
You are doing well, my children?

An surprised look appears on Cleo's face.

TONDELAYO (SUBTITLE)  
Wise Woman, I feel as if I have a third hand within me that I can open and close.

WISE WOMAN (SUBTITLE)  
And so you do, my child. If you open it when you couple with a man, there will be babies. But if you close it, there will not.

TONDELAYO (SUBTITLE)

An amazing gift of the  
gods.

WISE WOMAN (SUBTITLE)  
(to Cleo)  
And how are you faring,  
friend-woman from afar?

CLEO (SUBTITLE)  
I can understand your  
speech.  
(looks even more  
surprised)  
I can produce your speech!

WISE WOMAN (SUBTITLE)  
(smiles)  
A still more amazing gift,  
which gods bring to one  
who can benefit from it.  
Come, children, let us go  
before the village.

The Wise Woman leaves. Cleo and Tondelayo follow her.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GRASS HUT - DAY

The villagers stand near the entrance to the hut. As  
Cleo and Tondelayo exit, they give off a great cheer.

TONDELAYO (SUBTITLE)  
Today I am a full grown  
woman, allowed to couple  
with the young men of my  
choosing.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)  
And I?

TONDELAYO (SUBTITLE)  
And you are not just this,  
but one of our people as  
well.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)  
It is an honor.

EXT. A POOL IN THE JUNGLE - DAY

The pool is quiet, but fed by a small waterfall.

CLEO (V.O.)  
After that it was a matter  
of divertingly passing  
time until I could get  
back to work.

ULU, leading Cleo by the hand, runs into the scene. They strip off their loincloths and leave them by the side of the pool.

They dive into the pool together, LAUGH and frolic in the water and the waterfall.

They come back up onto the bank.

CLEO (V.O.)  
As the villagers had been  
so kind in showing me  
things that I had never  
seen before from their  
world, I decided to show  
them something they had  
never seen before from  
ours.

Cleo and Ulu splash out of the water

Ulu gazes at Cleo for a moment, then looks down. He is getting an erection.

Ulu looks up at Cleo and smiles nervously.

Cleo looks back and smiles at Ulu, then goes down on her knees.

She suddenly takes Ulu's cock in her mouth and begins fellating him. Ulu GASPS.

CLOSE-UP: ULU'S FACE

Ulu's face shows first shock, then fear, but these soon fade and are replaced with a delighted expression.

BRIDGET (V.O.)  
Imagine not knowing about  
that! I guess everything  
we know has to be invented  
by someone.

JILL (V.O.)  
Clearly you brought good  
luck for at least one of  
Tondelayo's people.

CLEO (V.O.)  
Ahem.

EXT. THE CENTER OF A NATIVE VILLAGE - DAY

Cleo is playing with some village CHILDREN.

CLEO (V.O.)

Unfortunately we do not  
get to stay in Eden  
forever.

Ulu approaches.

ULU (SUBTITLE)  
Honored Cleo from America.  
The missionaries boat has  
come on the river, if you  
should wish to leave us.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)  
Very well then.

ULU (SUBTITLE)  
We wish that you would not  
leave us.

CHILDREN (SUBTITLE)  
(not in unison)  
No, please don't go.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)  
I am sorry little ones,  
but I must go the the  
place where I belong, and  
you must remain where you  
belong.

The children look disappointed.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)  
I would say  
(this in English)  
"I have to pack,"  
(returning to  
native language)  
But it seems that here I  
have few possessions in  
need of taking.

Cleo smiles, and pats her loincloth.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)  
I must say goodbye to  
Tondelayo, though.

Cleo and Ulu walk over to a grass hut. From inside,  
the RATHER NOISY SOUNDS OF COUPLING are heard.

Cleo pauses at the threshold of the hut. Cleo and Ulu  
look at each other and smile.

When the absence of sound indicates that coupling is  
over, Cleo then pokes her head into the hut.

INT. INSIDE A GRASS HUT - DAY

Tondelayo lies next to a young man, who is clearly beginning to doze off. Both are naked. Two loincloths lie on the floor of the hut.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)  
(whispering)  
I must go back to my home  
now.

TONDELAYO (SUBTITLE)  
(whispering)  
I wish that you could  
stay, and I shall weep if  
you linger here. So you  
must go.

CLEO (SUBTITLE)  
Thank you.

TONDELAYO (SUBTITLE)  
Go with the blessings of  
the Gods.

Cleo leaves.

EXT. A RIVER BANK - DAY

A small motor boat is drawn up to the shore. A MISSIONARY and the MISSIONARY'S WIFE occupy the boat.

MISSIONARY  
I understand this young  
woman has spent some time  
with the Tutupu.

MISSIONARY'S WIFE  
Perhaps she can help us  
with their notoriously  
difficult language, help  
spread the word of God.

Cleo approaches the boat, accompanied by the Ulu.

(Note: Cleo is still dressed only in her skimpy loincloth.)

MISSIONARY  
(looking up at  
Cleo)  
Good heavens, young lady,  
is that any way to dress?

CLEO  
(looking down at  
herself)

Oopsie! Forgot that anyone dresses different. But you know, they say that when in Rome...

MISSIONARY  
Wife! Get something to for this poor young girl to cover herself.

Cleo wades out to the boat and climbs in. The Missionary's Wife searches around for something.

MISSIONARY  
(to Ulu)  
You savages ought to be ashamed of yourself, forcing a young lady to dress like that!

Ulu looks on uncomprehendingly.

The Missionary starts the motor on his boat, and the boat departs.

Ulu watches them from the bank as they go.

INT. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

CLEO  
And that's my story of my adventure abroad.

Bridget, Jill, and Iris look around uneasily for a moment.

IRIS  
But...molested by a giant spider?

CLEO  
I don't think of it that way. All the adult women in that village had gone through that as an initiation...it was contact with another culture. Like they say, when in Rome...

JILL  
Weren't you terribly hurt?

CLEO  
No. I think it might have been an effect of the venom. I did sort of fade

out into a fever-dream at the end, so some of the details I had to get from accounts of other villagers later.

BRIDGET  
You don't feel...violated?

CLEO  
I feel like I had an adventure. I met new people, encountered strange things, and learned a new language in lightning time.

BRIDGET  
No way!

CLEO  
Professor Morris in anthropology has been most grateful for my assistance in tutoring him in the language.

(switching into the native language, this with a subtitle)  
And I'll be you wish you ever could have taken away as much from sex as I did this year, young lady.

JILL  
Wow...how I almost...envy you.

CLEO  
So maybe my story wins the prize?

BRIDGET  
There are two more stories to tell.

JILL  
Mine next!

CLEO  
Okay, yours next.

JILL  
As you're all aware, I set off for Monte Blanco. Things seemed pretty normal at first. There was



the usual sense of strong  
contrasts between a poor  
mass and a wealthy elite.

INSERT INTERTITLE: "III. ASSASSIN"

SERIES OF SHOTS - JILL ESTABLISHING HERSELF IN MONTE BLANCO

-- Jill rides a bus along a road through a shantytown.

-- Jill walks down a broad, elegant boulevard, with Europeans style buildings and elegantly dressed men and women as pedestrians.

-- Jill takes photographs of an old, Spanish-style church

-- Jill walks past a wall plastered with posters of the GENERALISSIMO over the slogan PATRIA, TRABAJO, Y FAMILIA, and the word REVOLUCION written over them.

JILL (V.O.)  
But work proceeded  
normally until one awful  
day.

EXT. A STREET IN A POOR NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Jill walks down the street, making notes in a notebook.

A group of soldiers drag a YOUNG FATHER out of one of the houses toward a waiting Black Maria. The Young Father has been beaten very badly. They are directed by the CAPTAIN.

The soldiers are followed by a YOUNG MOTHER and several small children. The children are screaming and crying.

(Note: the following dialog in the scene takes place in Spanish, with English subtitles.)

YOUNG MOTHER (SUBTITLE)  
What are you doing? Where  
are you taking my husband.  
He is the only support we  
have!

CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)  
Your dog of a husband is  
an anarchist. Take your  
whelps and get back in the  
house, whore!

YOUNG MOTHER (SUBTITLE)

I will not let you take  
him.

A YOUNG BOY, tears streaming down his face, attempts to punch the Captain. The Captain backhands the boy in the face, giving him a bloody nose and sending him sprawling. The Captain laughs.

YOUNG MOTHER (SUBTITLE)  
You bastard!

The Young Mother attempts to grab the Captain. The Young Husband is hustled into the Black Maria by the soldiers, who close its doors.

The Captain shoves the Young Mother to the ground.

CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)  
(to his men)  
Teach this anarchist's  
whore a lesson!

The soldiers begin to beat the Young Mother with rifle butts. The children cry helplessly.

The Captain notices Jill, who stands frozen.

CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)  
Arrest that woman!

A group of soldiers run up to Jill.

Jill reaches into her handbag and pulls out her passport.

JILL (SUBTITLE)  
I am an American!

SOLDIER #1 takes the passport, and examines it.

SOLDIER #1 (SUBTITLE)  
Sir!

The Captain comes over. Soldier #1 hands the Captain Jill's passport.

The Captain examines the passport, looking it over, looking at the photograph, comparing it to Jill.

CAPTAIN  
(in English, to  
Jill)  
This is a bad  
neighborhood, senorita.  
Bad things can happen to  
you here. I suggest you  
leave here and not come

back.  
                  (switching back  
                  into Spanish)  
Clean this up, and take  
the dog away.

Jill leaves.

EXT. A DARK ALLEY - DAY

FATHER LOPEZ, looking out from the shadows, observes  
Jill leave the street where the previous scene is  
set.

As Jill is leaving there is a sound of an  
unintelligible SHOUTED ORDER, a volley of SHOTS, and  
WAILS from children.

Jill takes off at a run.

INT. A CAFE - DAY

Jill sits at a small table, alone. Before her there  
is a glass of absinthe, half-filled, along with a  
small bottle of absinthe, a fountain, a spoon, and a  
dish of sugar lumps.

                  JILL (V.O.)  
I was so shocked by what I  
had seen that I had to  
have a drink. And then,  
like Bridget, I met a  
mysterious stranger.

Father Lopez approaches. He speaks to Jill in  
English.

                  FATHER LOPEZ  
You seem troubled, my  
child.

                  JILL  
I have had...a difficult  
day. How did you know I  
was an English speaker?

                  FATHER LOPEZ  
You have that look.  
                  (picking up the  
                  absinthe bottle)  
Absinthe is not a good  
drink for a young lady.

                  JILL  
Today I feel the need of  
it.

FATHER LOPEZ

Perhaps you need to attend  
confession.

JILL

I don't think it will help  
me.

FATHER LOPEZ

It would be good for your  
soul...I am in the  
confessional at church of  
San Ysidro at four  
o'clock. My name is Father  
Lopez. You make your own  
decision. Goodbye  
senorita.

INT. THE CHURCH OF SAN YSIDRO - DAY

The inside of the church is dim. A few elderly women  
sit in pews. There are candles burning on the alter  
over which a huge wooden crucifix has been placed.

JILL (V.O.)

I don't know why I went.  
I'm not even Catholic.  
Maybe I just wanted  
someone to talk to. Or  
maybe I was curious why I  
had been sought out.

Jill makes her way to the confessional, steps in and  
draws the curtain.

JILL

Father Lopez? Um, I'm not  
really sure what I should  
say here.

FATHER LOPEZ

It does not matter. I am  
glad you came. Say  
whatever comes into your  
heart.

JILL

I saw a terrible thing on  
a barrio street today,  
father. I saw young  
parents being beaten up in  
front of their children by  
soldiers.

FATHER LOPEZ

It is something all too  
common here in Monte  
Blanco. The Generalissimo

does not brook dissent in his subjects.

JILL  
But to behave in such a way. So evil!

FATHER LOPEZ  
Seeing it made you angry.

JILL  
I wish I could have gunned down every soldier on that street.

FATHER LOPEZ  
We live in a fallen world, my child. Our only hope of defeating evil is to forgive those who do it.

JILL  
I don't think I can forgive what I saw out there today.

FATHER LOPEZ  
And what would you do? What would you reach to? Killing soldiers? Killing officers? Killing the Generalissimo himself?

JILL  
Sometimes I think if need be, yes.

There is silence for a moment.

FATHER LOPEZ  
If that is really how you feel, then perhaps you should pull the bell cord just behind you.

JILL  
(reaching for the cord)  
What, this wahhh...

Jill pulls the cord.

The floor underneath Jill opens up, and she finds herself sliding down a long tube.

INT. A CRYPT BENEATH THE CHURCH

Burial niches are set into the walls, some still containing human bones. The crypt is lit with a few naked bulbs.

Jill is dumped out of a pipe onto the floor, watched by MARIA.

JILL

Oh!

MARIA

So. You are the one.

JILL

The one what? What is this place?

Father Lopez enters from behind.

FATHER LOPEZ

You are the one we think we have been waiting for. And this place is a place of resistance.

JILL

Resistance?

MARIA

To the Generalissimo.

FATHER LOPEZ

You see, there are patriotic citizens who have the will to resist the rule of the tyrant. And we are among them.

JILL

Why bring me here?

FATHER LOPEZ

We do not have much in the way of money, Senorita. We do not have many guns. We leave these things to the tyrant. But what we do have is people. People who sympathize with us, lovers of liberty, people who wish to restore the lost Republic which has been taken from us.

MARIA

And those sympathize are not just here.

FATHER LOPEZ

In fact, we have friends  
who reach all the way back  
to Gnosis.

JILL

I don't understand. What  
would you want with an  
American college girl?

FATHER LOPEZ

We watch many American  
college girls...if you'll  
pardon that, and we have  
reason to believe that you  
are exception.

JILL

Me?

Father Lopez reaches into a burial niche and pulls  
out a tattered folder. He opens it and leafs through  
it.

FATHER LOPEZ

When you were eleven years  
old, senorita, you ran  
into a burning house and  
saved a four year-old  
neighbor child. There was  
an article about it the  
newspaper of your home  
town, yes?

JILL

Yes, but that was...

MARIA

And when you were in what  
you Americans call high  
school, you protested  
a...sexual scandal  
involving a basketball  
coach.

JILL

He was the winningest  
coach in state history,  
but they shouldn't have  
let him...

FATHER LOPEZ

And you didn't back down,  
even wen there  
threats...phone calls and  
notes?

JILL

I could not.

FATHER LOPEZ

Yes. Courage and a sense of justice. That is why we think that you will not turn away from us when we ask for help?

JILL

Help? How can I help?

FATHER LOPEZ

We must be rid of the Generalissimo.

JILL

Well, I don't...

FATHER LOPEZ

The Generalissimo is distrustful of his subordinates. He has no natural successor, and survives in power by being able to play one faction in Monteblancon politics against the other. There are rich landowners, to be sure. And there are political reactionaries. And military freebooters interested only in their own power.

JILL

But I certainly couldn't...

MARIA

No, not like that. The Generalissimo is a paranoid man with cautious security. You would never get any weapon past them. But he does have...shall you say...a weakness for young and pretty gringa women.

JILL

And even if I am young and pretty and gringa, how does that help you?

FATHER LOPEZ

Show her, Maria.



Maria reaches into her blouse and pulls out a small pendant. She opens the pendant and removes a pessary, handing it to Jill to examine.

FATHER LOPEZ

This was obtained at considerable expense from a Scandinavian dealer. In the presence of seminal and vaginal fluids, it releases a powerful combination of stimulants and aphrodisiacs. Highly exhilarating.

JILL

Interesting, but how does that help you in politics.

FATHER LOPEZ

Give the Generalissimo enough of a good time, with enough of the right drugs, and you will impair his judgment.

JILL

And?

FATHER LOPEZ

And with his judgment impaired and a pretty woman to distract him, we shall have our opening.

JILL

To do what?

FATHER LOPEZ

To discredit, to unearth information, and so forth. We are not violent people, senorita, but we are in a desperate situation and must have an agent in place if there is to be any hope for our country. If you can seduce him, enchant him, then perhaps we shall have our chance.

JILL

You want me to infiltrate past the security of a paranoid dictator and intoxicate him with my cunt. You are completely batshit, you know that?

FATHER LOPEZ

Perhaps, senorita. But desperate times call for desperate measures. Think of the children you saw in the street today. Could you look them in the eye and say that you will not let them have a future?

A few moments of silence.

JILL

All right. It may be the most degrading thing anyone has ever proposed to me and it goes against every rule I have been taught. I'll do it. How do I begin?

FATHER LOPEZ

First, we move you to a certain hotel. And second, we train you so that we know that you can survive what we are asking you to do.

INT. A LUXURY HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

JILL (V.O.)

And so I trained. There was a strong emphasis on the skills I would need to be an agent in place, which apparently included good breath control...and the overcoming of unhelpful inhibitions.

Father Lopez, wearing only his clerical collar, sits in a giant bathtub filled with water.

Jill enters the room, and removes a white bathrobe. She is wearing only a bikini bottom underneath.

Jill gets in the tub between Father Lopez's legs. She takes a deep breath, then submerges.

INT. A LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

JILL (V.O.)

As well as a bit of seasoning for you-know-what...

Jill is naked except for a "Gnosis College" t-shirt.

She is strapped into a sex machine -- a dildo on an electrically driven piston. Both her legs and arms are strapped so that she cannot free herself.

Maria sits across the room, and hold the control to the machine.

The dildo moves back and forth inside Jill. Jill pants and moans.

JILL

No more. Too much, ah!

MARIA

You will have to do much more if you are to succeed on your mission.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE CONTROL

Maria's thumb flicks a slider from "Medium" to "High" and thne presses a button labeled "neurostimulate."

INT. A HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

An ELDERLY MALE TOURIST and and ELDERLY FEMALE TOURIST are walking down the corridor.

Jill's LOUD ORGASMIC CRY is heard coming through one of the doors.

The Elderly Male Tourist and the Elderly Female Tourist look at each other, then walk away quickly.

INT. A LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

JILL (V.O.)

At long last, I was deemed ready.

FATHER LOPEZ

It will not be possible for us to get you into the presence of the Generalissimo directly -- he is too suspicious, so we need to make use of someone he does trust.

Father Lopez pulls a picture out of a folder and hands it to Jill.

INSERT - PICTURE OF JACQUES MORRELET

FATHER LOPEZ

This is Jacques Morrelet. He is n international arms

dealer of French nationality, here in Monte Blanco to do business with the Generalissimo. He is occupying one of the penthouse suites of this hotel. A ruthless character, but also one with a weakness for pretty women. He frequently attends dinner meetings in the National Palace, and always likes to have a conquest on his arm. Can you approach him?

JILL

I can try. In fact, I think I already have an idea.

MARIA

If you do, it is best if you appear naive as well as highly available. You know how these Frenchmen are -- there is nothing quite so seductive as the idea of innocence despoiled.

JILL

Hmm.

FATHER LOPEZ

You must, of course, think that any interest he has in you is not entirely sexual. He is aware, as are we, of the Generalissimo's weakness for pretty young gringa women, and his interest will also be in having you to use as a pawn, so you must be prepared to act fast and quickly.

JILL

A pawn in the right place can take any other piece on the board.

FATHER LOPEZ

That's what we're hoping for, senorita.

INT. MORRELET'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Sound of KNOCKING at the door. BRUNO, a beefy goon type, gets up to answer it.

Bruno opens the door. Jill is standing there, wearing only a skimpy bikini and a blow-up plastic animal pool toy. She is holding a bottle of sun-tan lotion.

BRUNO  
What do you want?

JILL  
Hi! Is this the Penthouse?  
I heard there was a pool  
up here.

BRUNO  
This is private room. Pool  
for guests downstairs. Go  
away.

JILL  
Oh but downstairs  
everything is taken up  
with these awful German  
tourists, and I was  
hoping...

MORRELET (O.S.)  
(from within)  
Who is there, Bruno?

BRUNO  
Some foolish girl,  
probably American.

MORRELET  
She sounds young.

Morrelet takes a look at Jill.

JILL  
Hi!

MORRELET  
So you have been having  
trouble with awful  
Germans, mademoiselle? It  
is a common thing. Bruno,  
do not be rude. Let the  
young lady in.

Bruno stands aside. Jill enters.

JILL  
I'm Jill.

MORRELET

Enchante, Mademoiselle  
Jill. My name is Jacques.

JILL  
Pleased to meet you.

MORRELET  
And what can we do for  
such an alluring young  
lady as yourself? A pool  
you were looking for? I  
happen to have a very nice  
one.

JILL  
Oh I would be so happy if  
I could just...

MORRELET  
But of course.

Morrelet goes to a sliding glass door, showing Jill  
the way to the pool.

JILL  
Oh thank you so much!

MORRELET  
Would you care for  
something to drink? A  
margarita, perhaps? I hear  
they are excellent here.

JILL  
Oh, yes, please.

MORRELET  
Bruno, order Mademoiselle  
Jill a margarita. Vites!

EXT. BY THE PENTHOUSE POOL - DAY

Jill lies face down on a lounge chair. A waiter  
brings in a margarita on a tray and sets it down on a  
table next to her.

Jacques sits on a chair and gazes at Jill.

MORRELET  
So, mademoiselle, what  
brings you to Monte  
Blanco?

JILL  
I am a student visiting  
from Gnosis College, in  
America. Most of the time

I have been studying, but  
I have come here to relax.

MORRELET

Gnosis College? Most  
interesting. In my line of  
work I've run into many  
people from Gnosis...and  
had the sense of any  
peculiar goings-on there.

JILL

(taking a sip of  
her Margarita)  
And what is your line of  
business, Jacques?

MORRELET

Imports and exports.  
Specialty products. All  
rather dull, I'm afraid.

JILL

Hmm. Jacques, do you mind  
if I sun myself a little.

MORRELET

Not at all, mademoiselle.

Jill undoes the strap on her bikini top, leaving her  
back bare.

JILL

Jacques, could I ask one  
teeny-weeny favor more.

MORRELET

But of course.

JILL

I burn so easily. Could  
you put a little of that  
lotion on my back?

Morrelet comes over, puts some lotion on his hand. He  
begins rubbing it gently onto Jill's back.

JILL

Oh. That feels nice.

Morrelet begins massaging Jill's back with both  
hands.

JILL

You have practiced hands.

MORRELET

One does one's best,  
mademoiselle.

Morrelet works down Jill's back to her bikini bottom,  
then begins easing the bikini bottom downward.

JILL  
Naughty Jacques!

MORRELET  
(pausing briefly)  
I am sorry, mademoiselle.  
I did not mean...

JILL  
I didn't say stop.

Morrelet slowly pulls off Jill's bikini bottom. He  
then begins massaging her buttocks.

JILL  
Mmm. Nicer still.

Morrelet puts some more lotion on his hand and begins  
massaging Jill's anus and clitoris.

JILL  
Ah, ah!

Morrelet continues this manual stimulation of Jill  
until she reaches a state of high arousal. Then he  
steps back, removes his shirt and shorts. He is  
erect. He begins rubbing his erect penis in the  
cleavage of Jill's buttocks.

Jill writhes and moans.

JILL (V.O.)  
Maybe it had something to  
do with his being French,  
but Morrelet had some  
funny ideas about where to  
do a girl.

Morrelet slow penetrates Jill anally.

JILL  
In there?  
Oh...my...God...no, don't  
stop...please...be gentle.

Jill and Morrelet copulate anally.

JILL (V.O.)  
Fortunately my training  
extended to that other  
orifice as well.



INT. MORRELET'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Jill lounges on the bed, wearing underwear and a Gnosis College t-shirt. Morrelet enters carrying several parcels. He sets the parcels down.

MORRELET

Open the largest one, and  
hold what's in it up.

Jill opens the largest parcel. Inside is an elegant gown. She stands, holds it up. Then she takes off her sweatshirt and wriggles into the gown.

JILL

You always manage an  
excellent fit, Jacques.  
But what for?

MORRELET

There is a general and a  
specific point. The  
general point is that  
while a naked girl may be  
fetching, a woman in a  
proper gown has true  
glamour.

JILL

And the specific?

MORRELET

I have in mind a social  
event at which I should  
like the honor of your  
company...and you can't go  
dressed like that.

JILL

Oh Jacques, you're so  
thoughtful. Where are we  
going?

MORRELET

A private dinner...at the  
Presidential Palace. My  
business requires me to  
meet with the  
Generalissimo himself, and  
I think you would make the  
ideal companion.

EXT. THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

A Rolls Royce pulls up in front of the palace.  
Several other elegant cars are in view. A uniformed  
driver steps out and opens the door.

Jill emerges, helped by the driver, followed by Morrelet. Jill is in the elegant gown from the previous scene.

(Note: Jill is also wearing a push-up bra that provides her trim, athletic figure with some cleavage.)

Morrelet is in white tie and tails, and carries a top hat and a cane.

JILL (V.O.)

And so I got my treasured invitation.

Morrelet and Jill walk up the steps of the palace. They are saluted by smartly uniformed guards.

INT. THE DINING ROOM OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PACACE - NIGHT

The Generalissimo sits at the head of a lavishly set table. Seated around the table are men in formal military or navel dress or white tie and women in formal gowns.

Morrelet and Jill sit not far from the Generalissimo. COLONEL MENDOZA sits across from them.

MORRELET

And so as I am sure you can appreciate, Presidente, there are great advantages to the N-K thirty three, an efficient, easy-to-train on non-lethal munition, ideal for riot control or counterinsurgency purposes.

GENERALISSIMO

(staring at Jill's chest)

Hmm. Yes.

MENDOZA

Sounds like a waste of pesos to me, Senor Morrelet. Bullets are good enough for those anarchistas maricones...

MORRELET

Ah, but my dear Colonel Mendoze, there is always the matter of international public opinion to be considered,

especially at a time when Monte Blanco is attempting to negotiate a new loan.

MENDOZA

I am a soldier. Loans can go hang, and that goes double for international opinions.

MORRELET

There is also of course the matter of taking terrorist suspects alive for interrogation, a benefit to which a man of your responsibilities would not be insensitive, Colonel Mendoza?

GENERALISSIMO

The Frenchman has you there, Mendoza. I shall think about the matter. For the moment I wish to take some air. Perhaps your charming companion would be willing to join me on the balcony, Senor Morrelet?

JILL

Jacques?

MORRELET

I am sure El Presidente is just being a gracious host.

JILL

Then I would be honored. If you could excuse me for just a moment to freshen up?

GEERALISSIMO

But of course, senorita.

The Generalissimo makes a gesture with his hands. A SERVANT comes over and help Jill up, then makes a gesture showing her the way.

INT. A LAVATORY IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

Jill removes the pessary from a container on a necklace. She sits on a commode, and begins drawing up her gown.

CUT TO:

Jill washes hands, straightens her hair, and leaves.

EXT. A BALCONY OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

The Generalissimo smokes a cigar, while he and Jill look out at the lights of the city below.

GENERALISSIMO

An agreeable sight, no  
senorita?

JILL

Why yes, Presidente.

GENERALISSIMO

A peaceful country, soon  
to be rid of the  
terrorists that have  
infested it.

JILL

You speak with such  
decision, such firmness.

GENERALISSIMO

You are attracted to  
power, I see.

JILL

I admire a man who has the  
strength to do what needs  
to be done.

GENERALISSIMO

So you are an adult woman,  
and not a foolish college  
girl.

JILL

You flatter me so,  
Presidente. I am just a  
simple student.

GENERALISSIMO

Not that simple. Would you  
care for glass of cognac?

JILL

Love one.

GENERALISSIMO

(indicating a  
glass door on  
another part of  
the balcony)

Do step in here, senorita.

Jill steps in. She enters a richly appointed office. The Generalissimo motions for her to sit on a sofa. Jill does so. The Generalissimo goes to a sideboard and pours two brandies from a decanter.

GENERALISSIMO

I have asked the servants  
to avoid disturbing us.

JILL

How thoughtful,  
Presidente.

Jill takes a sip of brandy and stares into the Generalissimo's eyes.

The Generalissimo takes a sip of brandy, then hurls his snifter over his shoulder.

JILL (V.O.)

I guess when you're the  
Generalissimo of Monte  
Blanco, you're don't have  
to bother with extensive  
formalities, and not used  
to having girls say no.

The Generalissimo lunges forward and tears off Jill's gown.

JILL (V.O.)

And in spite of how  
repellent I found the man,  
I wasn't in a saying no  
mood, because whatever  
drugs were in that pessary  
were starting to get into  
me and make me feel  
strange.

Jill leans back on the sofa and kicks off her shoes. She strokes her crotch a few times, The Generalissimo breathes heavily. He undoes his belt and drops his trousers..

The Generalissimo lunges forward again, and tears off Jill's panties.

Jill turns about, as if inviting the Generalissimo to mount her.

JILL (V.O.)

But just because you run  
the country doesn't mean  
that everything works out  
for you.

The Generalissimo attempts a few times to penetrate Jill, but fails. He is flaccid.

GENERALISSIMO

Caramba!

Jill turns about.

JILL (V.O.)

What a repugnant turn of events that was. If I didn't get him going, I wouldn't finish my mission, and I was beginning to really burn from the drugs.

Jill turns about and pouts, then smiles. She takes the Generalissimo's genitals in hand.

JILL

Do not fret, Presidente. Your gringa will make it all better for you.

Jill leans forward and begins to fellate the Generalissimo.

GEERALISSIMO

Puta! You dare? That is for maricones!

The Generalissimo audibly SLAPS Jill, who falls to the floor. He then goes over to his desk, reaches in, and pulls out a cane.

Jill turns over, but by the time she is on her hands and knees the Generalissimo has return. He lashes her with the cane across the buttocks.

Jill YELPS. The Generalissimo continues lashing her with the cane. Jill YELPS again with each blow.

JILL (V.O.)

It seems that at last the general had found something he liked.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE GENERALISSIMO'S COCK

It gets a little harder with every blow.

SHOT - THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Two SOLDIERS in dress uniform stand, one on each side of a set of double doors leading into the Generalissimo's office.

Sounds of FLOGGING and YELPING from within.

One soldier looks at the other. Both smirk knowingly.

RETURN TO SCENE

The Generalissimo is by now red-faced and starting to wheeze a little.

JILL (V.O.)

I have never felt the way  
I felt at that moment.  
Between the drugs and the  
flogging and everything  
I'd seen and been through,  
I was a coiled spring of  
hate and lust. I couldn't  
take it anymore.

Jill turns around suddenly and springs at the Generalissimo, knocking him on his back.

Jill straddles the Generalissimo and envelopes him, and begins copulating with him.

JILL (V.O.)

A complete hate-fuck. I  
didn't know it was  
something a girl was  
capable of.

The Generalissimo begins wheezing heavily and turns beet red. Then he GASPS suddenly and stops breathing.

JILL (V.O.)

But she is.

A GURGLE from the Generalissimo.

JILL (V.O.)

And part of me was  
suddenly saying that this  
was all crazy, that I  
needed to run away, get  
help, tell everyone it was  
all a crazy mistake. But  
things were about to get  
worse. Or so I thought.

Jill stares down at the Generalissimo.

The ASSASSIN, clad from head to toe in black tactical gear, including a ski mask, descends from a duct in the ceiling via a descent wire, and move completely silently across the floor.

Jill does not notice the Assassin until she hears the

sound of the Assassin's silencer-bearing pistol being cocked.

Jill looks up to see the Assassin pointing the pistol directly at her.

JILL (V.O.)  
You can't imagine what  
it's like, burning  
drug-fueled lust and  
mortal fear all mixed up  
in you at once. I thought  
I was gone.

Jill trembles and closes her eyes.

The Assassin points the gun at Jill for a minute, then points it down at the Generalissimo, who GURGLES one more time. The Assassin shoots the Generalissimo in the head.

Jill's torso and face are spattered with blood. Jill opens her eyes.

The Assassin pulls off a ski mask, revealing herself to be a beautiful woman.

The Assassin steps over the Generalissimo's body and kisses Jill deeply on the mouth.

JILL  
What...

The Assassin puts her finger to her lips and shakes her head. She then pulls out some plastic loops. With these she gags Jill and binds her arms and legs.

The Assassin then steps to a window, opens it, and makes a signal with a flashlight.

Sound of MUFFLED POP from outside the window. A harpoon with a wire on it shoots through the window. The Assassin secures the harpoon to the window ledge.

The Assassin picks up bound Jill and slings her over her shoulder. She then attaches herself to the wire via something on her belt.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

Jill and the Assassin slide down the wire. Sounds of SHOUTS and a burst of GUNFIRE from below.

The Assassin holding Jill, slides down the wire. They are very briefly caught but not held in the beam of a searchlight.



The Assassin and Jill slide into the back of a waiting van, which drives off.

INT. A ROOM IN A POOR PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit by a single naked bulb. The only furnishings are a four-poster bed and a nightstand.

JILL (V.O.)  
I really didn't know what  
was happening. And I was  
still burning-up horny  
from all those drugs.

The Assassin dumps Jill on the bed. She unties Jill's bonds.

JILL  
Thank you, I...

Jill tries to get up to leave. The Assassin puts a knife to her throat and shakes her head.

Jill lies back.

The Assassin ties Jill to the bed, wrists and ankles. The Assassin steps back and strips naked.

The Assassin kisses Jill again, then proceeds to make love to her. Jill is hesitant at first, but in the end participates fully.

INT. A ROOM IN A POOR PART OF TOWN - DAY

The Assassin and Jill lie sleeping together. Gray light filters in through a single window. Jill is still bound.

Sound of SHOTS from without. The Assassin rises and dresses in her tactical gear.

Jill wakes up.

JILL  
Wait, aren't you going to  
at least untie me?

The Assassin shakes her head. She leans over and kisses Jill one more time, then puts her ski mask on and leaves.

Jill leans back.

JILL  
Damn it.

CUT TO:

Same room. It is some time later. The room is brighter.

Sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS COMING UP STAIRS.

The Door bursts open. Several United States Marines enter, including the SERGEANT, the CORPORAL and a CORPSMAN.

SERGEANT

Jesus! She's in here.  
Someone get this poor girl  
a blanket.

CORPORAL

Already done, sergeant.

The Sergeant cuts Jill free from her bonds, while the Corporal covers her with a blanket. The Corpsman enters and looks her over.

CORPSMAN

Do you think you can move,  
Miss?

JILL

Yes, although I'm a little  
stiff...I think so. What's  
going on here?

SERGEANT

The President of Monte  
Blanco has been  
assassinated, Miss. Monte  
Blanco is in a state of  
civil unrest, and we're  
helping to evacuate U.S.  
Citizens. Intel had a  
report that one might be  
here. We're glad we found  
you in time before  
anything bad happened to  
you.

INT. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

JILL

And so I was rescued by  
the heroic Marines. And  
officially, instead of  
being a nasty evil spy, I  
was an innocent victim of  
terrorists who abducted me  
and...

BRIDGET

Forced you into lesbian  
bondage sex.

JILL

Which normally would not be a good thing, but with all those drugs pumping through me, might have been a good thing.

BRIDGET

But...you killed a man.

JILL

(looking down)

I didn't intend anything. I've thought about it for a long time, and for my own part, I'll call it investigative journalism gone bad.

CLEO

Or maybe you were played. Maybe this Father Lopez guy was lying about not being a violent person. Maybe he could have guessed that wild flogging sex activities wouldn't have been good for the Generalissimo.

JILL

I thought about that too. You can sometimes get a lot more education in politics in the world than in the classroom.

BRIDGET

That's for sure.

JILL

The lesbian terrorist bondage sex actually had something to recommend it.

CLEO

You're weird.

JILL

(grinning)

Oh, like you can talk about weird, Mrs. Giant Spider?

IRIS

I bet I can top all of you for weird.

BRIDGET

In Tokyo, I'm perhaps not too surprised. So, Iris dear, what is your story?

IRIS

Well, needing cash, I took a job in a restaurant.

BRIDGET

That's weird?

IRIS

It was a highly unusual restaurant.

INSERT INTERTITLE: "IV. DINNER"

INT. CLUB CUISINE TOKYO - NIGHT

(Note: the language throughout this scene, unless otherwise noted, is Japanese with English subtitles.)

The two side walls of the Club Cuisine are made of glass with illuminated blue water on the sides.

There are also glass pipes that connect the two sides of the room at various heights, and at least two pipes running from the ceiling to the floor. These pipes are big enough for someone to swim through.

In these tanks and through these pipes, naked girls of various races swim continuously, like fish in an aquarium.

Small tables with lamps are located throughout the room. Elegantly attired, mostly middle-aged, mostly Japanese men and women sit at them.

At the front of the room is a raised platform, with various cooking implements, gas burners, and so forth. There is a CHEF in whites and a MASTER OF CEREMONIES in evening dress at the front of the room.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

(SUBTITLE)

Ladies and Gentlemen,  
Honored Guests! The Club  
Cuisine is proud to  
present for your dining  
pleasure tonight, a  
delectable student all the  
way from Gnosis College in  
the U-S-A.

Iris enters onto the stage, naked. She bows. The diners applaud politely.

Iris steps off the stage and begins circulating around the tables.

JAPANESE MAN #1 fondles Iris's bottom.

JAPANESE MAN #1 (SUBTITLE)  
I am most attracted to  
this rump.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(SUBTITLE)  
I am sure you can find it  
well prepared.

Iris is led to another table. The diners look her over, including JAPANESE WOMAN #1

JAPANESE WOMAN #1 (SUBTITLE)  
What lovely eyes this girl  
has!

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(SUBTITLE)  
You may wish to have theme  
served chilled.

Iris is led to still another table, where JAPANESE MAN #2 fondles her breasts.

JAPANESE MAN #2 (SUBTITLE)  
I love these nipples.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(SUBTITLE)  
They are the finest  
delicacy when fried in the  
breast fat.

JAPANESE MAN #2 (SUBTITLE)  
I wish I could have a  
taste now.

The Second Japanese Man #2 start to stand up, mouth open, moving to suck Iris's nipples.

The Master of Ceremonies firmly motions for him to sit down.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(SUBTITLE)  
Please, sir. Show respect  
for decorum on club  
premises.

Iris is led to another table, where JAPANESE MAN #3 runs his hands over Iris's belly.

JAPANESE MAN #3 (SUBTITLE)  
Are the viscera in good  
order?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(SUBTITLE)  
The can be made into the  
finest of sausages.

Iris is led to another table, where JAPANESE MAN #4  
awaits.

JAPANESE MAN #4 (SUBTITLE)  
Is her mind any good?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(SUBTITLE)  
Taste her carefully-  
prepared brains and find  
out.

Iris is led to another table, where JAPANESE MAN #5  
awaits.

JAPANESE MAN #5 (SUBTITLE)  
Can you ask Miss Iris to  
breath in and out rapidly  
several times, please?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(in accented  
English, to Iris)  
Could you breath rapidly  
in out and please?

Iris breathes rapidly in and out.

JAPANESE MAN #5 (SUBTITLE)  
Miss Iris has a strong  
heart.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(SUBTITLE)  
You are most observant,  
sir.

Iris is led to another table where JAPANESE MAN #6  
awaits.

Japanese Man #6 fondles Iris's genitals briefly and  
smells them.

JAPANESE MAN #6 (SUBTITLE)  
Can these be prepared  
separately?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

(SUBTITLE)  
Indeed, sir. You might  
wish to have them served  
in the "steak tartare"  
fashion.

JAPANESE MAN #6 (SUBTITLE)  
Would it be possible to  
leave the hair on?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(SUBTITLE)  
If the diner so requests,  
sir.

Iris returns to the stage.

CHEF (SUBTITLE)  
Place your bids!

The diners pick up electronic tablets from their  
tables. Each tablet has a stylus.

CLOSE-UP - A DINER'S TABLET

The tablet has a computer-graphics representation of  
a human female figure, with arrows and numbers  
pointing to the various parts.

BACK TO SCENE

The diners tap on the tablets furiously, until the  
Chef hits the gong.

CHEF (SUBTITLE)  
Auction over!

Some diners look pleased, others disappointed.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(SUBTITLE)  
And now honored guests,  
let us proceed to the  
meal.

IRIS (SUBTITLE)  
(in Japanese that  
sounds as if it  
has been  
memorized  
phonetically)  
Ladies and gentlemen, it  
is an honor to be your  
meal this evening.

A chain descends from the ceiling, next to Iris, down  
to her ankles. The Chef fastens it around her ankles.

The chain then is reeled back up into the ceiling, so that Iris is hanging upside down, her arms hanging down.

The Chef places a basin under Iris's head.

A SAMURAI in full armor and a grotesque mask steps in from offstage. He draws his sword and gives a yell.

With one swift stroke of his sword the Samurai severs Iris's carotid artery. Blood sprays at first, then drips into the basin below.

Iris rapidly exsanguinates and dies.

INT. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

Bridget, Cleo, and Jill stare silently at Iris for several seconds.

BRIDGET

So you were part of some sort of a magic act, yes?

IRIS

No.

CLEO

What do you mean, no?

IRIS

It was not an act. I was actually killed.

JILL

Iris, that makes no sense. You were just part of some sort of Grand Guignol dinner theater.

IRIS

I was not dinner theater. I was dinner.

SERIES OF SHOTS - IRIS IS MADE INTO DINNER AND SERVED

-- Iris's body is taken down by two CHEF'S ASSISTANTS.

-- The basin containing Iris's blood is drained into a decanter. A BARTENDER then mixes it with various ingredients to make cocktails.

-- the Chef and the Chef's Assistants work with cleavers and knives of various kinds (Iris's body is not visible).



-- The guests sip cocktails, look hungry.

-- A table is covered with various dishes: sausages, little bits of meat, brains served with salad, and so forth. The plates are picked up by WAITERS and distributed to the guests.

BACK TO SCENE

Bridget, Cleo, and Jill are now staring at Iris. Bridget looks slightly sick.

CLEO  
This story makes no sense,  
I mean, how is this  
possible?

IRIS  
You understand that the  
Japanese have a  
reputation for being very  
good with technology, yes?

CLEO  
Well, yes.

IRIS  
Well, the reputation is  
well deserved. One  
technology they are very  
good with scanners. They  
can now scan someone's  
body and brain with  
tremendous accuracy.

INT. A BACK ROOM AT CLUB CUISINE TOKYO - DAY

IRIS (V.O.)  
The Club Cuisine had a  
scanner of tremendous  
accuracy.

Iris enters the room. A female SCANNING TECHNICIAN greets her. Iris disrobes and puts her clothes into a locker.

IRIS (V.O.)  
Perhaps characteristically  
for the Japanese, they  
insisted that anyone using  
it be very clean.

Iris steps into a small shower and showers off, then steps out onto a platform. Hot air blows up from the platform, drying her.

IRIS (V.O.)

The scanner could map out a person in three dimensions, right down to the sub-cellular level.

Led by the Scanning Technician, Iris steps onto a turntable. The turntable rotates. A glowing ring descends around Iris as she rotates, then ascends again.

INT. THE INTERIOR OF THE CLUB CUISINE

Iris is seen swimming in the tank along with the other girls.

IRIS (V.O.)  
And once that was done, you had a pretty complete backup of yourself, a most useful thing to have if your near future includes being killed at eaten.

There is discussion among the Chef, the Master of Ceremonies, and some of the guests. Then the Master of Ceremonies points to Iris.

A giant net swoops down into the water and scoops Iris out.

IRIS (V.O.)  
Because the Club Cuisine did not just have a really powerful scanner.

INT. CLUB CUISINE PRINTING ROOM - DAY

A transparent tube, large enough to hold a person, lying on its side, half-full of fluid.

IRIS (V.O.)  
It also had one hell of a three-dimensional printer. Put the right nutritive medium in place of paper, and the most amazing things could happen.

A low hum. A bright ring of light travels up the tube. A brain and a set of nerves, tracing out the human form appears in the fluid.

The ring travels up the tube again. A heart and a circulatory system appear. A spark arcs from the tube to the heart. The heart begins beating.

The ring of light travels up the tube again. A

skeleton appears in place.

The ring travels up the tube again. Muscles appear on the bones. Eyes appear in the sockets of the skull.

The ring travels up the tube again. Adipose tissue appears on the muscles.

The ring travels up the tube again. Skin appears on the muscles. The figure is clearly Iris, without hair.

The ring travels up the tube again. Iris is complete.

The Scanning Technician opens the tube, which divides in half along a hinge. Iris's eyes flutter open.

IRIS (V.O.)  
Restored from backup.

Iris climbs out of the tube. The Scanning Technician hands her a towel. She dries off.

IRIS (V.O.)  
When you're restored like  
that, you're pretty hungry  
for two things. One is  
food, which makes it lucky  
you work in a restaurant.

A WAITER brings in a tray of food, and sets it on a table by Iris. She eats ravenously.

IRIS (V.O.)  
And happily the Club  
Cuisine was endowed with  
the ability to provide for  
the other appetite as  
well.

The two Chef's assistants wheel in a futon. The Samurai then enters. He removes his mask. Iris kisses him. Then she removes his armor piece by piece until he is naked. The Samurai is young and muscular.

Iris and the Samurai tumble onto the futon and have sex.

IRIS (V.O.)  
Part of my compensation,  
you see.

INT. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

The four women sit in silence for a few moments more.

CLEO

Even if any of this "scan-and-restore-from-backup" was true, you couldn't tell this story.

IRIS

Why not?

CLEO

Because if you were copied and restored from backup before you went out into the restaurant, you couldn't have any memories of it. They would be lost when you were killed.

IRIS

But there was a technology for overcoming that.

CLEO

Tell us, we're all ears.

INT. AN OPERATING THEATRE - DAY

A group of surgeons is working on a woman, making an incision in the back of her neck.

IRIS (V.O.)

I had a tiny transmitter installed in a strategic location.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - THE BACK OF IRIS'S NECK

Something like a tiny port with a pair of blinking diodes can be seen breaking through the skin at the base of Iris's skull.

INT. - A CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

Iris sits in profile, looking at the Samurai, who is in armor but not wearing his mask. A MEDICAL TECHNICIAN faces away, looking into a monitor.

IRIS (V.O.)

The transmitter was capable of tapping into my sensorium and transmitting the information as data.

Iris looks at the Samurai. The Samurai can be seen on the Medical Technician's monitor.

CLOSE-UP - THE TECHNICIAN'S MONITOR

Iris's P.O.V. on the Samurai's crotch.

CLOSE-UP - IRIS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN IN THE CLUB CUSIENE

Iris' hair hangs down. The sound of the Samurai's  
BLADE BEING UNSHEATHED.

IRIS (V.O.)  
For short periods of time,  
all the data could be  
recorded.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - THE BACK OF IRIS'S NECK

The two diodes can be seen blinking very rapidly.

IRIS (V.O.)  
And then integrated into  
the backup, along with a  
fresh transmitter, for the  
next iteration, if any.

INT. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

IRIS  
So you see, it is  
possible.

CLEO  
I'm not sure any of us  
believe you.

JILL  
Yes, I think you might  
just be making up a story  
in hopes of winning the  
prize.

BRIDGET  
At least, I hope you are.

IRIS  
But I am not. And I can  
prove it.

CLEO  
How?

JILL  
How?

BRIDGET  
How?

IRIS  
Because I -- or my last  
iteration, if you prefer

-- was allowed to keep the transmitter as a souvenir.

Iris pulls her hair away from her neck.

IRIS  
Take a look!

Bridget, Cleo and Jill hesitate, then move to take a look.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - THE BACK OF IRIS'S NECK

The transmitter is there, and its diodes blink.

BACK TO SCENE

Iris smiles. The other three women returns to their seats in silence.

BRIDGET  
I guess you win.

IRIS  
I guess I do.

The WAITRESS comes by and brings the check.

CLEO  
And I guess the three of us pick this up for you.

JILL  
Though I have one more question for Iris.

IRIS  
Fire away.

JILL  
Why not just make a backup, and eat it?

IRIS  
I did think to ask. I was told that the clientele thought that experienced meat tastes better.

BRIDGET  
Ew.

IRIS  
And it was a chance for me to see if a certain theory could be experimentally verified.

CLEO

Damnit girl, you are bold  
in pursuit of knowledge.

Bridget, Cleo, and Jill begin figuring out how to  
divvy up the check. Then Jill looks up.

JILL

If you can restore from  
backup, don't you have a  
technology for  
immortality?

IRIS

They say it isn't really  
ready for full commercial  
roll-out yet, and there's  
also a problem with fixing  
senescence on a  
cell-by-cell basis. Too  
much computer power  
required, apparently, but  
that problem might be  
fixed soon.

JILL

Sounds like we could all  
be in for an interesting  
future, all the same.

IRIS

To say nothing of a long  
one.

Bridget, Cleo, and Jill all put some money in the  
middle of the table to cover the check. Then all four  
women get up to leave.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: UNDER THE TABLE

The shot tracks to reveal a tiny microphone on the  
underside of the table.

EXT. THE GNOSIS CAMPUS - DAY

The shadows are growing longer on a late afternoon in  
early fall.

Bridget, Cleo, Jill, and Iris are walking across the  
campus.

BRIDGET

Well, I suppose that Dean  
Ford was right after all.

CLEO

We certainly seem to have

overcome our fear and  
uncertainty over what is  
strange.

JILL  
And threw ourselves into  
experiences we wouldn't  
have had here at Gnosis.

IRIS  
So shall we wish ourselves  
luck as we head into our  
senior year together?

All four women LAUGH.

REVERSE SHOT OF FOUR WOMEN

The buildings of Gnosis can be seen silhouetted in  
the fading daylight as the women walk along.

INT. STRANGWAYS'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Strangeways is listening closely to something on  
computer over headphones. He is stroking the cat as  
he does so.

IRIS (O.S.)  
(tinny-sounding,  
as if recorded  
via a cheap  
microphone)  
And once that was done,  
you had a pretty complete  
backup of yourself, a most  
useful thing to have if  
you're worried about, say,  
being killed and eaten.  
Because the Club Cuisine  
did not just have a really  
powerful scanner.

Strangeways removes the headphones abruptly. The cat  
falls off his lap. She turns around a MEWS at him  
reproachfully.

STRANGWAYS  
Amazing. A great success.  
(calling out)  
Wagner!

Wagner enters.

STRANGWAYS  
How quickly can you  
arrange a ticket to Tokyo?



WAGNER

Pretty quickly, I should think, Dr. S. But first you might want to see this.

Wagner hands a card to Strangeways.

WAGNER

This man came by the laboratory earlier. You told me that you were not to be disturbed so I told him to leave his card.

STRANGEWAYS

(examining the card)

Just the URL of a public encryption key, an e-mail address, and what appears to be a pseudonym. Did he say what he wanted?

WAGNER

He said that he was from the government, and that he was here to help.

FADE OUT.



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