

# **IN THE COMPANY OF MONSTERS**

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FADE IN:

**EXT. GROCERY MARKET - DAY**

DONOVAN WILDER steps outside and gazes into the fiery sun.

He's in his late-20s, slender build, wearing Ray-Bans, a dress shirt and slacks.

His path to the parking lot is blocked by a fat, sweaty man: JOE REED, late 60s, armed with a clipboard and a tired smile.

JOE

Afternoon. I'm Joe and I need your help. Are you a registered voter?

Donovan gives the old man a slow once over.

JOE (CONT'D)

We are on a mission to recall the DA, the most corrupt DA this county's ever seen.

Joe sops up sweat from his face with a handkerchief.

JOE (CONT'D)

He cut free five hard-core felons in his first month.

DONOVAN

Where do I sign?

Joe eases the clipboard to Donovan.

JOE

You look smart, like a volunteer. You interested?

DONOVAN

I'm tempted. Joe, is that a Bentley Series One?

Donovan points to the pen in Joe's pocket.

JOE

No. This is an official Elvis commemorative pen. I got it when the King played in Vegas back in the day.

DONOVAN

Lordy, I'd have given both eyes to see the King live.

JOE

Amen.

DONOVAN

Joe, would you mind terribly if I take your official Elvis commemorative pen for a spin?

Joe grins and hands over his pen, and a business card. Watches Donovan fill out the petition.

CUT TO:

ELVIS PEN

As it signs a visitor's log.

**INT. CONGLOMERATE BUSINESS BUILDING - DAY**

A sprawling front lobby. Men and women in suits, coming and going. Donovan, now in a tailored suit, stands at a counter.

He drops the Elvis pen in an envelope, seals it and places the letter in a basket marked OUTGOING MAIL.

ELEVATOR

It's packed. Going up. Stops at every floor as people unload.

Donovan, is the last man standing. The elevator stops at the 5th floor. He steps out and turns left.

**INT. MERCURY ENTERPRISES - DAY**

It's a huge standard-issue business office. A dozen or more cubicles.

A smoky haze penetrates Donovan's nostrils.

NEIL ROSE approaches. Introducing himself along the way.

NEIL

Donovan. Finally. I'm Neil Rose, president, CEO, chief strategist, golf enthusiast and of course, the king.

He's a tall, fit man in his early 50s. Dressed in a golf shirt and slacks. Tanned like a surfer. Puffs on a Cuban.

DONOVAN  
Pleasure's all mine, sir.

They shake hands.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)  
Did I hear you say golf? I never played myself.

NEIL  
You will. All my men do.

DONOVAN  
Sounds exciting, Neil.

NEIL  
No. Call me, Mr. Rose.

They move on, down a long, office corridor. Cubicles to the left, offices to the right.

As he walks past, Donovan glances at the beautiful young women in the various cubicles. He likes what he sees.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
We have a domestic and an international line for launching. Your focus is prototype management. Our self-pleasure line.

Donovan notices all the women are fixated on their work.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Follow me to the future.

Neil places a firm hand on Donovan's shoulder.

A controlling hand that guides the younger man to the office at the end of the corridor.

NEIL'S OFFICE

Spacious, a varnished rosewood desk, numerous table-top monitors, Swarovski crystals and nautical wall paintings.

Neil and Donovan stand at the enormous office window, looking down like Gods at the metropolis below.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
One huge step, Donovan.

Donovan takes a seat. Neil sits in a large, Analine leather chair. Donovan observes the man, the king, his boss.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Each department manager is granted a female assistant. Miranda is your assistant. Assistants do everything: take dictation, do research, submit proposals, schedule meetings, call clients, clean the office, work overtime and of course, tend to our needs.

Donovan listens intently. He pockets something.

DONOVAN

Sounds like managers barely have to lift a thumb drive?

NEIL

Not so fast, McGraw...

Neil adjusts his position in the chair.

NEIL (CONT'D)

As head Techie, you got a big job. As per our discussions. But we'll crack the whip tomorrow. Today, you relax.

Neil leans back. His expression is an orgasm of bliss.

NEIL (CONT'D)

You like cigars, Donovan?

DONOVAN

No... but I will.

NEIL

Fuck, I love compliance.

LATER

The afternoon sun is dropping and the city lights flick on.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Your assistant is your fantasy. You'll like Miranda.

Neil calls Miranda to his office. Seconds later, there's a knock at the door. She enters like a gentle breeze.

MIRANDA blows to Neil's side. He wraps an arm around her fine, thin waist.

She's a stunning blonde, late teens – but she's no teenager.

Miranda stares at Neil, then shifts her gaze to Donovan. A wan smile on her pale, lovely face.

MIRANDA

I'm here for you, Donovan.

DONOVAN

Thank you. Miranda.

Miranda is dressed in a white chiffon – see-through dress. Her white heels accentuate long legs up to her perfect ass.

Donovan's gaze is razor-focused. His excitement growing.

NEIL

(to Donovan)

Wanna see her in action?

(to Miranda)

Give the man a taste.

Donovan's eyes grow wider as he watches Miranda slip out of her white panties. She bends over Neil's desk. Slowly hikes up her dress to expose her peach-soft ass.

Neil removes a leather strap from his desk drawer. Snaps the black leather with both hands. Tosses the strap to Donovan.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Go ahead. It's legal.

Donovan is startled. Looks at the strap, then at Miranda.

DONOVAN

No – I'll pass.

Neil's gaze is fixed on Donovan. His face tense. Gritting his teeth. He puffs on his cigar.

He reaches over to Miranda. Then grinds the flaming tip into her ass. SIZZLE. She doesn't flinch.

Donovan turns away.

NEIL

She's not real, you schmuck.  
You ass. She's fantasy. Are  
you a man? Are you onboard?

DONOVAN  
 (mumbles)  
 My fantasy, my job.

**INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY**

Donovan is inside a stall. Vomits. Collects himself, then pulls something from his pocket: a pen, a stick of chewing gum, a paper clip, a gold cigar cutter and a

THUMB DRIVE

Dumps the contents into the toilet and flushes.

**INT. DONOVAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Small, one-bedroom. TV flickers. Unpacked boxes galore.

Donovan opens the door. In strolls a beautiful brunette, OLIVIA. Mid-20s, olive skin, central-European features, green eyes. She brings with her a bottle of Cristal Rosé.

DONOVAN  
 I wasn't expecting... anyone.

OLIVIA  
 From Mr. Rose. His apologies.  
 The champagne, not me.

She places a hand on his cheek with fake affection.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 I'm Olivia. Your new personal  
 assistant.

She looks into Donovan's eyes. Then conveniently drops the bottle. It crashes to the floor.

Olivia takes Donovan by the hand.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 Bedroom?

He points and she leads.

BEDROOM - LATER

It's dark. Donovan rolls off of Olivia. His breathing is rapid. She's as cool as a corpse.

Olivia sits up in bed. Checks her watch.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Fifteen minutes. What are you  
a romantic?

Donovan sits up in the bed. His eyes on Olivia.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
We're not here for pleasure.  
We're here to pleasure.  
There's a difference.

DONOVAN  
I know the difference.

OLIVIA  
If you're done, adios.

DONOVAN  
What happened to Miranda?

This stops Olivia. She stares at Donovan. Through Donovan.

OLIVIA  
You know the rules. No office  
talk outside the office.

DONOVAN  
He scarred her.

Olivia leans close to Donovan. Whispers.

OLIVIA  
You really think it's the  
first time?

Olivia flips on the lamp by the bed.

She rolls onto her stomach. Reveals her back and ass, which  
look like a battlefield: cuts, scars, welts, burns,  
punctures...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Courtesy of Rose. Want to see  
the front side?

Donovan gets out of bed. Walks his naked body to the dresser.  
Stares into the mirror, glances at Olivia's reflection.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT**

As empty as a church at midnight.



Olivia and Donovan sit at a corner booth. She wears a cap over her head. He wears a beanie. Staying low.

OLIVIA

We are due for reprogramming  
and cosmetic upgrading.

(beat)

George, the guy before you,  
he liked me... too much.

Donovan places a reassuring hand on Olivia's.

DONOVAN

Did George ever give you a  
code, a password, or a piece  
of information to safe keep?

Olivia sits back. Turns away from Donovan.

Donovan removes a USB drive from his pocket.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Neil's drive. I'm locked out  
of certain files.

OLIVIA

He gave me - free thought.

DONOVAN

And I steal things. Out of  
impulse. Kleptomania - a  
human condition. Thanks for  
sharing.

Olivia removes the watch. She shows Donovan some writing on her wrist.

He whips out Neil's pen. Writes the info on his wrist.

OLIVIA

Rose had Miranda destroyed.  
For stealing.

(beat)

Reprogram me. Please. For  
self-annihilation.

**INT. DONOVAN'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Donovan is at a table. Olivia's cell phone in his hand. He's going through her messages.

He then lifts his own iPhone and makes a call.

DONOVAN

Mr. Rose. She's a rogue. But  
there's more you should know.

**INT. NEIL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Donovan is seated in a chair. Four men, company managers,  
filter in. All of them between the ages of 50 and 80.

Dressed like they're on vacation. They take seats.

NEIL

Gentleman, Mercury has  
reached a new milestone. To  
both, our forthcoming global  
launch - to our particular  
office arrangements.

Managers clap. Neil smiles and gives Donovan the floor.

Donovan steps up, nervous, awkward.

DONOVAN

Good morning. Hi. All office  
assistants have been  
reprogrammed and cosmetically  
restored, to your exact  
specifications - upgraded  
with a pain responder chip.  
They will now feel every  
stab, every rip of flesh,  
every bite, pierce, burn,  
tear and shred, that you can  
muster. They are programmed  
to SCREAM like it's their  
last moment on this earth.

The men applaud.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

For a demo of this re-  
modification standard, I  
introduce my lovely Olivia.

Olivia enters the room with a heavy briefcase. She is dressed  
in pink panties and matching bra. Her smile is dazzling.

Donovan's phone rings. He answers softly.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

It's mom. I'll be a second.

He steps out of the room.

Olivia places the briefcase on the desk. Cracks it open. She checks her watch.

OLIVIA  
Select your weapon of choice.

**INT. BUILDING - SAME**

Donovan sprints to the stairwell.

BACK TO NEIL'S OFFICE

The men are armed: a whip, a club, a machete, a blow torch.

They attack Olivia with a vengeance. Her smile never waivers.

NEIL  
Whoa, she's not screaming.  
Why is she NOT screaming?

BACK TO DONOVAN

As he hurries through the front lobby.

OLIVIA (V.O.)  
I want you to program me with  
a timer.

DONOVAN (V.O.)  
For self-destruction?

OLIVIA (V.O.)  
For revenge.

BOOM!

**EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY**

Glass, metal and flesh blow out of the fifth-story window.

People below react. GASP. They shield themselves from falling debris. Peek at the bombed building.

DONOVAN

dashes out the building. Runs to safety. He looks back and up into the fiery sun. He watches a SCREAMING man fall.

Neil Rose hits the cement. A bloody heap of flesh and bones.

**THE END**