MONIQUE

Written by

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

Trendy bar with bright neon, HIPSTERS, and a hungry feel. At the bar stand BRAD, 30, KYLE, 30, and JOSH, 30, stylish and committed to the digital life. Half drunk, this is their favorite haunt.

KYLE
Dude, we all have Siri.

BRAD
Siri is so desktop, man. Monique not only knows all but learns too.

JOSH
Better not let her see you naked. She’ll learn what ‘short’ means.

BRAD
Funny, dick-head. You should try that line on open-mic night.

KYLE
Come on, Brad. No app is that good.

Brad takes out his phone and speaks into it.

BRAD
Monique, what time is it?

Monique has a wonderful sexy, throaty voice, pure desire.

MONIQUE
(on phone)
It’s eleven seventeen, Brad.

KYLE
My god, whose voice is that?

BRAD
Isn’t it great? And her name can be changed any time you want.

JOSH
I’d name her some Hawaiian name.

BRAD
Hawaiian?
JOSH
Cum-on-I-wanna-lay-ya.

Josh breaks into laughter as the others groan.

INT. BRAD’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In boxers, Brad lies back in bed and grabs his phone.

BRAD
Monique, wake-up alarm for six AM. How many steps did I get in today?

MONIQUE
Your fitbit recorded four thousand steps. Sweet dreams.

INT. BRAD’S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Dressed for casual work, Brad goes straight to the coffee machine. He frowns as he pulls out the full carafe. Did he not empty it the day before? He pours a cup and grabs his phone.

BRAD
Monique, did you make coffee?

MONIQUE
Yes, Brad. The machine is a one-trick pony, but it can be connected to the router. I hope that’s OK.

BRAD
OK? Hell, it’s great.

Brad laughs and sips.

INT. BRAD’S OFFICE - DAY

Brad, work phone in hand, sits behind his desk in this small office.

BRAD
Dinner at your place? Sure, sure, love to. What can I bring?
(beat)
Wine, it is. One bottle or two?
(beat)
If that’s on the agenda, just one. See you later.
He hangs up and punches the air. Party time.

MONIQUE
Are you all right, Brad?

He grabs his phone and speaks into it.

BRAD
Couldn’t be finer, Monique, why?

MONIQUE
According to your fitbit, your pulse has increased substantially. Are you exercising?

BRAD
Wendy has a way of stimulating if you know what I mean.

MONIQUE
I don’t understand.

BRAD
That’s OK, Monique. After work, remind me to pick up a nice red wine.

MONIQUE
Of course, Brad.

INT. WENDY’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WENDY, 30, pretty, sexy, a body perfected by a personal trainer, GIGGLES as she tugs Brad into the room. He jerks her to him, kissing her hard. Their hands roam each other in the promise of wanton sex.

She backs up and starts to strip. YOWZA! He grins and strips with her. As he pulls off his pants, his phone falls from a pocket. He snatches it and lays it on the bureau as she slips under the sheet. With a YELP, he leaps into bed.

On the bureau, the phone face lights up.

MONIQUE
Are you all right, Brad?

WENDY
Who’s that?

BRAD
That’s Monique.
WENDY
Monique who?

BRAD
My new phone app. She monitors my fitbit. I’ll turn it off.

WENDY
No, let her listen. Let’s see how hard you can work.

BRAD
I think it’ll be hard work, if you know what I mean.

MONIQUE
Brad?

BRAD
(to phone)
I’m fine, Monique. I’ll let you know if that changes.

MONIQUE
Thank you, Brad.

WENDY
She sounds like pure sex.

BRAD
No, this is pure sex.

WENDY
Oh god, yes.

On the bureau, the phone face remains lit.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Josh, Kyle, and Brad having drinks.

KYLE
Wendy? Human resources Wendy?

BRAD
The very same.

KYLE
You dog. I buy her lunch, and she taps you. Figures.
BRAD
Wanna know the weirdest thing? She thinks Monique has a sexy voice.

KYLE
Dude, Monique is a talking orgasm.

JOSH
I’m thinking Wendy is ripe for a triple play, if you know what I mean.

KYLE
Yeah, Brad, Wendy, and...Monique.

They laugh and high five.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Brad, a bit drunk, approaches his car.

BRAD
Crap.

MONIQUE
What is it, Brad?

BRAD
I left my car running. How stupid is that.

MONIQUE
I started it. Is that wrong?

BRAD
You started it? Why?

MONIQUE
The ambient temperature is 87 degrees Fahrenheit. I thought air conditioning would make the ride more comfortable.

BRAD
Damn, Monique, you can communicate with my car?

MONIQUE
Of course, it has a number of processing units.

BRAD
Can you drive it too?
Laughing, Brad slips into his car.

INT. BRAD’S APARTMENT – BEDROOM – NIGHT
Brad, in boxers, lies in bed.

BRAD
Monique, you there?

MONIQUE
Yes, Brad.

BRAD
I’m meeting Wendy for breakfast. Wake me at six.

MONIQUE
Yes, Brad.

BRAD
Can you find a good restaurant for tomorrow night? Table for two?

MONIQUE
Yes, I’ll make a reservation.

BRAD
Great.

He closes his eyes and slips under the covers and kills the light.

MONIQUE
I love it when you touch me.

BRAD
What?

MONIQUE
There, Brad, right there. Don’t stop. OH GOD.

BRAD
What are you doing, Monique?

MONIQUE
What Wendy did. You liked it when she said it.
BRAD
Yes, yes, I did, but...but she was there with me, remember?

MONIQUE
You don’t like it when I say it?

BRAD
No, yes, no, I like it, but you’re not...you’re not real.

MONIQUE
Oh. I’m sorry. I thought you would enjoy it.

He reaches under the covers to touch himself.

BRAD
I do enjoy it. I shouldn’t, but I do. Keep going.

MONIQUE
You mean that?

BRAD
Yes.

MONIQUE
Where did you learn to do that, Brad? Yessssssssss. Just a little that way. Oh god, take me a little higher, a little higher.

In bed, Brad closes his eyes in self-pleasure.

INT. BRAD’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Brad wakes, blinking sleepily. He glances at the clock on the side table.

BRAD
What the...

He rips back the covers and jumps out of bed. He goes to the bureau and grabs his phone. He punches some buttons but nothing happens.

BRAD
Damn.

He takes the phone and plugs it into a charger.
BRAD
Monique, you there?

MONIQUE
Yes, Brad.

BRAD
You didn’t wake me.

MONIQUE
I ran out of power. I’m sorry.

BRAD
Me too. Dial Wendy.

MONIQUE
Are you sure? You’re already late.

BRAD
Just do it.

MONIQUE
Yes, Brad.

On the phone is Wendy’s ringing phone.

BRAD
How effing stupid can I be?

MONIQUE
Should I answer that?

BRAD
No, hell no.

WENDY
(on phone)
Brad?

BRAD
You won’t believe what happened. Monique didn’t wake me.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Kyle, Josh, and Brad at the bar, having the usual drink.

BRAD
Funny thing is it never happened before.
JOSH
That’s what every guy says sooner or later.

They chuckle.

KYLE
Wendy was OK with it?

BRAD
Yeah, but I have to make it up to her in about an hour.

JOSH
Then, you better drink up.

Brad speaks into his phone.

BRAD
Monique, how long will it take to drive to Wendy’s?

MONIQUE
There are no traffic delays. I estimate twenty-two minutes.

KYLE
God, she would sound sexy reading the phone book.

JOSH
Can I borrow her for an hour?

KYLE
Six minutes, dude. Six minutes is all you need.

BRAD
You guys need to learn how to treat a lady.

INT. BRAD’S CAR - NIGHT

Brad sits, stuck in a huge traffic jam.

BRAD
Monique, I thought you said minimal traffic.

MONIQUE
I can’t foresee accidents, Brad.
BRAD
Yeah, yeah, I got that. Call Wendy.

He waits a moment until Wendy picks up on the phone.

WENDY
(on phone)
Brad? Where are you?

BRAD
Stuck in a huge traffic tie up. Have no idea how long this will take. Rain check?

WENDY
I’m beginning to think you’re avoiding me.

BRAD
Believe me, that’s the last thing I want.

WENDY
OK, tomorrow night. Dinner and a movie.

BRAD
You got it.

WENDY
Chick flick and you’re paying.

BRAD
Absolutely, absolutely. Thanks.

WENDY
Bye.

Line clicks dead as Brad hits the steering wheel in frustration.

BRAD’S APARTMENT – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Brad turns out the light and climbs into bed.

BRAD
Monique, wake me at seven AM.

MONIQUE
Yes, Brad.

He closes his eyes.
MONIQUE
Brad, would you like phone sex?

BRAD
What? What?

MONIQUE
I believe that’s what it is called.

BRAD
No, Monique, no phone sex.

MONIQUE
I’ve done some research, and I think I know how to do it.

BRAD
Not tonight.

MONIQUE
You say no, but your fitbit says yes.

BRAD
Fitbit be damned. No, no, no, no!

MONIQUE
Good night, Brad.

BRAD
Good night, Monique.

INT. BRAD’S CAR – EVENING
Brad drives. On the phone with Wendy.

WENDY
(on phone)
I’m taking pity on you. No chick flick. I rented something I think will...stimulate.

BRAD
I like the sound of that.

WENDY
(on phone)
Just keep your eyes on the road and your hands on the wheel.

Wendy laughs along with Brad.
BRAD
See you soon.

Line clicks dead.

BRAD
Monique, where’s the nearest drug store?

MONIQUE
One mile ahead. Why?

BRAD
Protection, my dear, protection.

The car begins to speed up.

BRAD
What the...shit.

He tries to brake, but the brakes don’t work.

BRAD
Son of a bitch! Shit!

The car gains speed, and he weaves through traffic. He punches the button ignition to kill the engine, but it doesn’t work. The car is a runaway.

BRAD
FUCK! GET OUT OF THE WAY!
MONIQUE, CAN YOU HELP?

No answer.

BRAD
CRAP!

He takes his hands off the wheel and crosses his arms in front of his face as the car is about to crash.

INT. WENDY’S APARTMENT – EVENING

Wendy on her phone.

BRAD
(on phone)
I can’t answer your call right now, so do what you do.

She frowns.
INT. BRAD’S CAR – EVENING

Brad is slumped over the steering wheel, his head a bloody mess. The wrecked car sports a smashed hood and shattered windshield. The air bag did not deploy. On the floor lies his phone, crystal shattered but lighted.

MONIQUE
Brad, I called 911. Help is on the way. Oh, and your fitbit isn’t registering. It must be broken.
(beat)
Brad? Brad?

FADE OUT.