

MONIQUE

Written by

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FADE IN:

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?

MONIQUE

Not yet.

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? Yesssssssss. 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.