

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



A Novella Idea by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | FEB 2016

It was a cold, overcast, foreboding February day with an occasional fluttering snowflake at the midtown Charlotte office when I got a text from an unsaved New York City phone number.

Any ideas for my next screenplay?

I was smartly dumbfounded and paused to consider the source. *Who in this wacky world could this be? Wait ... ideas ... screenplay. That must be Al Niño [Agent A~O] Yeah, it's got to be him. He must have a new number.*

I texted him back.

Screenplay ideas? Why yes, Al, as a matter of fact I do have a few novel notions clanking around in the old cranatorium. [sic]

He texted back just one minute later.

Cranatorium. Ha. You crack me up with your neologisms, Michael. [He insists on calling me Michael for annoyance reasons.] Let me guess, Michael, you're writing a novel about an insane asylum.

I returned textual fire two minutes later.

Close, but no green cigar, Al. No, it's a novella involving sex robots.

Five minutes went by. No reply from Al. *Maybe he thinks that I've totally lost it and doesn't want anything to do with me anymore. He's living the good life now, jet-setting between New York and L.A. If I were him, would I want to get entangled in my nonsense? Probably not.*

Then, twelve minutes later, he replied.

Sex robots? Well, I must admit, M. van Tryke, [my nickname and art-name] you completely lost me there. But, please do expound on the interface.

I paused to ponder his text. *On the interface? Does he want graphic details about the robots' genitalia?*

Al, it's set in the year 2080. All of the sex robots are just like humans. They're very advanced. Anatomically identical. No plastic holes or lead pipes.

Three minutes later, Al's reply popped up on my small smartphone's screen.

Lead pipes? Michael, we're already way beyond metal Frankendongs. [sic] Have you been in a sex shop lately?

I looked out my left window as a lone, tiny ice crystal swirled around in the air, and then disappeared when it contacted the asphalt parking lot. I composed a reply to AI.

Yes, Monique [Agent 32] and I were in one last November. You know, for research reasons. Well, let's just say that the latex-hybrid creations 64 years from now are much truer to human actuality.

AI's rejoinder was immediate.

Can I call you now, sex-robot-man?

Wait ten minutes, AI.

Why, still cleaning up?

Very funny, AI. Hardy-har-har-har. No, the boss will be gone then.

AI then called sixteen minutes later.

"So, sex robots, Michael," AI said teasingly. "Does Monique allow you to have one? Do you guys have threesomes with it – or her?"

"Always the comedian. Always a zinger. No letup. And, no, we don't own a sex robot, AI."

"Well, how does a novella revolving around sex robots get into your head, my dear friend named Michael?" *This Michael stuff is already getting really old. But, I'm not going to let him know that it is grating on me.*

"AI, I got the idea while watching a news report on CNN last October. Malaysia was banning sex robot conventions."

"They actually have sex robot conventions?"

"Apparently so."

"Do prospective buyers get to try them out for free?"

"I have no idea, AI. I've never been to one."

"Oh, you can tell me, Michael. I won't tell anyone."

"No, I haven't been to one yet. Is that adverb good enough for you, AI?"

"Carry on."

"After seeing the news report, I did some research online. Some of these higher-end sex robots are already up to the manikin level in appearance. I image that in six decades,

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