

V CARD MONTE

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DING DONG, DING DONG!

Mrs. Cummings a voluptuous older woman in her forties wearing a skin tight slinky red dress and feather heels, bounces her way the front door.

MRS. CUMMINGS

Hold on I'm coming! 'cause I'm Mrs. Cummings...

Mrs. Cummings swings open the door and stomps a heal down slightly.

MRS. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)

Oh hi Monte it's you. I thought is was the Amazon man. He always only rings twice when he leaves a package so I can thank him personally.

Monte a young man in his early twenties dressed in a T-shirt and sweat pants stares wide-eyed at her crimson second skin.

MONTE

Hi Mrs. Cummings is Matt--

MRS. CUMMINGS

You like my new dress Monte? Kardashian QVC line. Glamorous right?

MONTE

It's uh... Very, very red.

MRS. CUMMINGS

I know right? I feel like I'm walking on coals.

Mrs. Cummings tugs down on the front of her dress walking in place jiggling as Monte tries not to look.

MONTE

Uh... is Matt around?

MRS. CUMMINGS

Oh he's out with Jenny.

MONTE

Jenny my cousin?

MRS. CUMMINGS
They've been out together every
day. So you didn't know?

MONTE
I knew Matt's been busy, I can't
believe...

MRS. CUMMINGS
I overheard him talking with you a
couple weeks ago. I could tell by
what he was saying you've been
frustrated with getting... shall we
say a date.

Mrs. Cummings does a slight shimmy and jiggle.

MONTE
It's just...

MRS. CUMMINGS
If you don't like girls Monte
that's perfectly fine you know.

MONTE
Oh no I like... uh... I like girls
fine.

Monte can't help but give Mrs. Cummings the once over.

MRS. CUMMINGS
I do see that in you now. I guess
your wingman failed you.

MONTE
Oh it's not his fault, it just
that...

MRS. CUMMINGS
There is nothing to be ashamed
about being a virgin. I've been a
virgin around fifty times.

MONTE
I know it's just that...

MRS. CUMMINGS
Well what is it? To shy?

MONTE
I can't you're Matt's--

MRS. CUMMINGS
Both of us know he's prolly fucking
your cousin right now.

MONTE
(looking stern)
Yeah...

MRS. CUMMINGS
Have you not seen a pussy Monte?

Mrs. Cummings lifts up the front of her dress with one hand.

MRS. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)
So pretty isn't it Monte.

MONTE
Uh... it's the size, it's the size.

MRS. CUMMINGS
(looking offended)
What are you saying? I do my
Kegels?

MONTE
No, no, that it--

MRS. CUMMINGS
It!

MONTE
Oh, no, no, my size it's my size.

MRS. CUMMINGS
(laughing)
For a minute there--

MONTE
All my size.

Mrs. Cummings take a finger and starts rubbing her pussy.

MRS. CUMMINGS
Just look what this little finger
can do. See how wet I am, how
swollen my clitty it hon?

MONTE
I'm seeing somethin'

MRS. CUMMINGS
(rubbing)
Mmm... It is something isn't it.
I'm going to be dripping soon.

(MORE)

MRS. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)

It's how you use is that counts.
Here's a little trick. Get two
fingers all the way up then pull
and press and pull down way up
inside on the top like this. That's
the G-spot. Drives any pussy wild.

Mrs. Cummings thrust and digs at her pussy with her hand as she has a slight shaking orgasm.

MONTE

You're the best wing man ever.

MRS. CUMMINGS

I am aren't I Monte. So see size
doesn't really matter.

Mrs. Cummings steps in close to Monte and rotates her wet finger all around his lips.

MRS. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)

Why don't you show me now and I'll
teach you how size doesn't matter
at all.

Mrs. Cummings sensually kisses Monte full on the lips, then pulls her full tongue out of his mouth.

Monte pulls out the waistband of his sweat pants.

MRS. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)

Go ahead, say it with me, size
doesn't matter.

Monte drops his sweatpants to the floor.

A nine inch half hard cock swings between his legs.

Mrs. Cummings stares down astonished.

MRS. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)

Oh honey I'm so sorry.

MONTE

What?

MRS. CUMMINGS

Size matters a lot. A whole lot.

Mrs. Cummings grabs his cock and starts to stroke it.

MRS. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)

Like a lot, a lot, Lot. You're not
even half hard yet.

(MORE)

MRS. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)
I'm defiantly gonna need a Kegel
marathon after this.

MONTE
It's ok? Not to big?

Monte starts to thrust his hips a bit as she strokes his
cock.

MRS. CUMMINGS
Don't ever let your cousin see it.

Mrs. Cummings starts to stroke his cock faster as it grows
and Monte bucks his hips.

MRS. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)
And this thing is an it! This thing
needs a zip code. I'm going to be
fucking manifest destiny!