

MO + YAZ

By Chrono Eclipse and SpyGuy

MONDAY

1:15 PM

Monique, forehead gleaming with sweat and chest heaving, comes to a stop outside of the conference room. She straightens, catches her breath, and puts on what she hopes is her sincere looking apologetic face. **"Don't be afraid,"** she whispers to herself. **"She's just one little old lady. Not Satan."** Taking a deep breath, she pushes open the door and steps inside.

Inside the conference room is Shirley Dunn, Mr. Coopers executive admin who is looking at her bewildered. Miss Dunn was a 55 year old woman with salt and pepper hair and a perpetually bewildered face. Like the divorced mom of a house of unruly teenagers in a disney movie. "Mr. Cooper got called away to another meeting. He told me to have you handle Miss Crosley's needs by yourself. Why are you late? She's waiting in Mr. Coopers office. Pointing over to the glass window with the crankiest looking old woman sitting in a chair in front of the big oak desk, leaning on her cane

Monique stops, frozen in her tracks by this sudden curveball. **"Oh... Um.... Okay? I can handle that Miss Dunn. No problem!"** She turns, about to close the door when Shirley clears her throat and raises a thin, gray eyebrow. She slides over a large, leather folio. "Miss Stone? I'm fairly certain you'll need the estate documents if Miss Crosley, in fact, wants to make adjustments to her estate." Monique wants to melt into the floor with embarrassment but instead steps back inside and puts the documents under her arm. **"Right. Yep. That absolutely makes sense. Thank you. Again."** Shirley smiles, eyes momentarily crinkling with sympathy, "You'll be fine, dear. She doesn't bite."

"I wouldn't be so sure..." Monique mutters under her breath as she leaves the conference room. Quickly, she approaches Mr. Cooper's office. She taps lightly on the door and pokes her head inside.

"I'm so sorry to keep you waiting, Miss Crosley. And on such a beautiful day! Let's see if we can't get you taken care of and out of this stuffy office ASAP."

Miss Crosley sat sour faced squinting at Monique. Her white curly hair set neatly on her wrinkled head and her frail body dressed in a conservative blouse and skirt. She looked a lot like what that teenage volunteer Paula had looked like after Calum had done his thing with her. Miss Crosley clutched her ornate cane with a trembling hand and wet her pruned lips.

"Oh good. He sends me some teeny bopper to handle my affairs. And you make me wait around. I don't have all day for you to flit about doing whatever it is girls your age do these days!" She snaps punctuating her words with a thrust of her cane at Monique.

The young law student closes the door behind her, easily dodging Miss Crosley's wavering cane. Monique had the feeling the crotchety old woman couldn't see terribly well, which wasn't all that surprising considering she looked like she had been probably been childhood friends with actual dinosaurs. Monique pulls up a chair next to the hunched woman and raises her voice slightly, speaking slowly and clearly. **"I'm terribly sorry Miss Crosley. The day got away from me. Now, I don't know if Mr. Cooper told you but I'm one of the firm's staffers, fresh out of college. I may be new, but I know all the best moves for making sure your estate is secure after your...um..."** Monique feels herself withering under the woman's beady stare and quickly pulls out the folio. **"What changes were you looking to make to your account today?"**

"I need to change my list of beneficiaries. My granddaughter Cecilly got a tattoo. I warned her that sort of frivolity was not tolerated... Yet she went ahead and did what she pleases... as all young silly women do... She now will simply be receiving \$20 and a set of spoons." The old woman explained slowly, she took laboring wheezing breaths in between her words seeming like she might keel over at any moment.

"You can allocate her former inheritance to an endowment. But this is why I was expecting Mr. Cooper to be here today. He helps me with suggestions for which endowment to select. This is the sort of work that I keep your firm on retainer for. I can't be expected to do this kind of research, that's what you and your superiors get paid to do Miss... what is your name?" She asked in a snippy tone.

Monique sneaks a quick glance over Miss Crosley's shoulder, wondering which staffer she's going to have to grab if this rich, old white woman suddenly has a heart attack in her boss's office. God, she can imagine Chandler telling the cautionary tale of the only employee to ever kill a client to new brand new baby lawyers for years to come.

"Wow. Must have been one hell--er--heck of a tattoo..." Monique recovers, scribbling down 'spoons?' and '\$20' onto her notepad. **"My name's Monique Stone, ma'am. And please don't worry,"** she explains, quickly putting the pen behind her ear and holding out her hand. **"This sort of thing is exactly what we at Cooper & Ford are here for."**

The old woman squints at her, practically burning a hole through Monica with her stare and then finally wets her thin lips and quavers "I should hope so. Your superiors are taking a big risk letting a girl handle such an important account like mine. What they see in you god only knows - your hair looks ridiculous like that - you look like a- *BEEEEEEEEEP* the tone of her hearing aid going off cut off what can only be assumed to be something incredibly ignorant. She reaches up slowly to adjust it it blips again and silence is restored. She takes a big wheezing breath and clutches her jewelry to her wrinkly neck and says "Read me back my full Will. I want to make sure I haven't left on any other ne'er do wells my too-soft children spawned." She says smacking her lips and putting her trembling hand on her bony lap. Behind her Chandler and Jessica are in the conference room watching this trainwreck happen and mocking the old bat behind her back. Jessica is squinting her eyes and tucking her lips around her teeth to pretend she is toothless and then hobbling around like she needs a cane while Chandler is feining a heart attack.

Monique stiffens visibly and slowly pulls her hand back, gently touching her curls. **"Right. Well. I can certainly make that happen for you. Let me just...find the correct section here..."** She takes the folio in her hands and begins to undo the clips binding it shut when she catches sight of Chandler and Jessica in the other room. She waggles her eyebrows, pointing with her eyes for Jessica and Chandler to get lost.

She turns back to the task at hand, now feeling approximately zero pity for the lonely old bag hunched over in her seat, clutching her antique pearls as each breath rattles deep in her leathery throat.

"Here we are, ma'am. Let's start right at the top. I, Edith Crosley, being of sound mind and body," Monique flashes a razor thin smile at the decrepit woman before continuing, **"do so choose to leave the following..."**

3:00 PM

Monique shuts the door to Mr. Cooper's office behind her and quickly walks around the corner. As soon as she is out of sight, she clenches her fists, opens her mouth and lets out a silent scream, bending over and stamping her feet as she expels two hours of pent up rage in one long, single, hissing breath. After a moment she straightens, looks around to see if anyone noticed, and continues down the hall as if nothing had happened.

After dropping off the folio with Miss Dunn, Monique heads over to one of the junior partner's office, where a bunch of the older lawyers are gathering.

The group of them were all over 50, there was a lot of grey heads and jowly faces looking at her with the same glossy, disinterested stare that a high school history teacher might get from a group of 15 year old while discussing the Battle of the Bulge. One woman, Pamela, an attorney in her late 50s a bit heavysset with severe features and a bleached blonde updo raised her hand. She looked like the kind of woman who loooooooved sewn in shoulder pads in her power suits. "I have a question. My daughter uses Istantgrams at her job. She's always on Instantgrams. What is the benefit of it?" She asks as if she's uncovered a great mystery. The others in the room murmur their approval at the question.

Monique doesn't remember the specifics of how she got saddled with teaching the more senior lawyers how to use social media, but she is fairly certain Chandler had somehow cheated his way out of it. When she told Lisa over a late overtime session, she had burst out laughing and couldn't stop for two straight minutes. "You can lead a horse to water, sweetheart, but those ponies, they're gonna drown." As the young woman stares at Pamela's dim, lined face, she weighs the possibility of just drowning herself so she won't have to teach another session tomorrow.

"Well, you see when you use *Instagram*, you're offering clients a chance to peek into your work life, allowing them to feel like they are a part of the process while having the control - - through filters, stickers, and more - - to showcase the company in an idealized and stylish light. You can all see how that would be useful, right?"

Judging from the sea of blank, pudgy faces, no one did.

"But do we **HAVE** to do it? My legal aid is already doing the facebook and we all do twitter - that makes sense. But it just feels like there is too much of this stuff and it doesn't seem to hold any inherent value." Bob Vilhue said while raising his hand. He was a sharp guy, a part time law professor when he wasn't working cases for the firm but he was also in his early 60s and prided himself on doing things 'the way he always did them.' Still, Monique did appreciate his even toned demeanor and the fact that he looked a lot like the dad from Family Ties.

"Missy... can you help me check my e-mail on my phone? It used to just give it to me and then my wife did something and now I can't get it! I've got to take this damn thing to the shop!" Ralph Burgess shouted jabbing at his smart phone with his pudgy fingers. Monique had little to appreciate about Ralph.

Monique could sense the session was about to get away from her. She'd have to cut it off at the pass otherwise it could get ugly-- or at least, awkward. Like, parents fiddling with Skype awkward. She held up her hands. **"Bob, I hear you. Social media can, frankly, get more than a little cray. Hashtags, filters, memes, gifs; it's a mile a minute right?"** she looks around the rest of the room. **"But you all are the some of the smartest brains around, and I think that with enough practice, you'll not only get the hang of this, but freaking nail it! So, for the next week, why don't we all just try to make one Instagram post per day and see what happens? Any questions you can find me in the office or just shoot me an email."**

"You still haven't answered *my* question though--" Ralph begins. Monique quickly spins around, snatches away his phone, swipes it a few times, and hands it back. **"You had it on airplane mode, Ralph. It means nothing could come through."**

Ralph blinks a few times at the phone, then looks up at Monique in confusion. **"But I don't *fly*!"**

4:00 PM

Monique checks her phone. Only one more hour and she was a free woman. Only one man stood in her way. She approaches Dave's office and knocks on the door.

"Come in!" David says in his perpetually sarcastic voice. He is tossing a baseball off the wall and leaning back in his chair. "Ah there's my MVP! Give

me the run down. Also - this tie, how do you think it goes with my eyes. I have... a very important client meeting tonight." He says holding up a tie to his chin.

Monique steps inside. David's office is by no means one of the biggest, but it does have an incredible view of the city. One day, Monique's going to leave her windowless cubicle behind and when she gets her hands on one of these, she'll make sure it has a bit more class than David's Applebees-esque interior, all knick knacks and old photos.

"Well, Yaz and I got that Ricer material put together and forwarded along to the team, no problem. Chandler and the others got all their prep done with Adler and his group. Other than that, pretty smooth sailing. Even had time to show Ralph how to use a cell phone... oh, and I walked Miss Corsley through *another* rewrite of her will." She gives a good long look at David's ugly tie. No amount of flair was gonna salvage that personality, so she didn't even try. "That one's definitely a winner," she lied, feeling a little sorry for the poor woman he was going to slobber over tonight.

"Awesome, awesome... too bad you got stuck dealing with the old bat huh? Her granddaughters are smoking hot though! Too bad they're all going to be poor as shit when the mummy bites it." He says putting the tie on.

"Yeah good job today. You hustle like you did today and I think you're going to have a bright future here. Just watch your back. When you're on top there is always someone trying to knock you down." He says. His phone rings, it's the sound of a woman moaning in pleasure. He snorts, blushing for a moment then instinctively checks his phone. "It's... I gotta run. Again! Solid effort today!" He says patting her on the shoulder as he rushes out of the office.

Monique brushes off her shoulder and takes one last look at the empty office. She smiles. "Bright future, huh?" She points at David's empty chair. "Soon, baby. Soon."

5:00 PM

Monique's putting the finishing touches on her billing for the day, jamming out to on her headphones when she feels a tap on her shoulder. She looks up to see Chandler and Jessica.

"You coming down to O'Reilly's for drinks? I hear it's Laaaaadies Night. After, I think we're all gonna try and crash this rooftop party that Karina read about from some model she follows on Insta." Monique goes back to typing. **"You guys go ahead. Gonna finish up a few things here. Text me when you wanna meet up for the party and I'll meet you there."**

Chandler rolls his eyes and sighs to Jessica. "I swear, I'm gonna show up one day and she's going to be running this whole damn place. Allright, we'll see you after but you better not bitch out on us, okay?" After the two disappear into the elevator Mo slips out her cell phone and fires off a text to Lisa. **"Drinks @ Lola's?"**. It takes about twenty seconds before she receives a lipstick emoji back. Monique smiles, closes her laptop, and heads for the elevators, more than a little spring in her step.

5:30PM

Monique and Lisa were sitting a small round two person table in the bar sipping on cocktails. Giggling and playing a game of who could make more subtle physical contact. Lisa kept putting her foot on Mo's leg everytime Monique said something she found funny.

"So she made you go through the entire Will and just started cutting and slashing? I feel like I can imagine the whole thing like I was there!" She says making a crabby old lady face and talking in a shaky voice:

"Madison? Out! She kisses boys before she's even married! Nina? Out! She drinks the wrong kind of Champagne! Chloe? That little slut! Take her AND her sister out! Their clothes are too skimpy! Too skimpy I say!" She cackles as she waves around her imaginary cane.

Monique snorts into her drink. She holds a finger up to her ear like she's fiddling with an imaginary hearing aid, **"I'm sorry, I can't hear you over the sound of my calcifying old bones and flagrant racism. What's that? You'll have to speak up, dearie. My hearing aid is picking up the goshdarn internet and its all meemees and hashpipes and tweety birds!"**

Lisa lets out a big heartfelt laugh. "Ahhh she's the worst!" She says shaking her head then gets a little serious for a second. "Do you know who else is the worst? Yaz! What the fuck was that at lunch?" She asks gently putting her hand on Mo's above the table.

Monique turns her hand around-- taking Lisa's in hers-- and gently runs her thumb back and forth. The motion calms her. So does the warmth of the paralegals hand. "Sorry I freaked out at lunch. I guess I kinda lost it. It wasn't about you-- not at all-- I was spooked was all." She shakes her head. "I don't get why Yaz has it out for me. It's like I have a freaking psychopath for a coworker." She cocks an eyebrow. "I may need some expert counsel on how to deal with a supervillain. Any ideas?"

"Well you know me - I always advocate violence as the solution to any problem but honestly that woman has such a screw loose I feel like she is unraveling at the seams. You just keep doing you and you're going to come out on top." Lisa says gripping her hand tightly. "But if she makes another passive aggressive comment like that I'm gonna cut a bitch. She needs to stay the fuck out of our business, co-workers can flirt can't they?" She asks with a cute smile. "I know I'm robbing the cradle and all... But you're legal right?"

Monique giggles at Lisa's threat. The woman's a pitbull, and she knows a creep like Yaz would never stand a chance if Lisa really let loose. The sentiment is incredibly sweet, in its own violent little way. Mo takes another sip of her beer and frowns playfully. "Am I legal? What a thing to ask. Does the nursing home know you snuck out tonight? I'm pretty sure you're not supposed to be alone this late at your age.

Lisa smirks considering it but then shakes her head. "Ah no, your old granny gave up her wild party days a lot time ago." She says only half joking. "If I go to that party I'll just feel like I'm babysitting drunken idiots. Nah, this old gal is going to curl up under a warm blanket and watch my stories on Netflix" she says with a grin hopping off her stool to pay the tab. Monique watches Lisa saunter up to the bar, hips swinging just enough to confirm that she was absolutely putting on a show for her benefit.

Monique smiles to herself, reaches over to her phone and types up a text back to Chandler. "Need 2 change into something spicy. Will c u there". After tapping send, Monique downs the rest of her drink, walks over to the bar and lightly hip checks Lisa as she signs the bill. "All right, grandma. Let's get you back to the home..."

6:30 PM

Monique closes the door to her apartment and flips on the lights. It's a small space, but it's home. A stack of law books sit on one end of a faded old couch she's had since undergrad, while the coffee table Lexa rescued off the sidewalk

is covered in a couple of Lexa's medical journals and old Cosmo issues Monique never has any time to read. The peeling walls are pretty much held up by photos and posters the two have kept around over the years, while in the tiny kitchen the sink sits full of dirty dishes.

Monique makes a beeline for her closet, but as she opens the rickety sliding door a pile of laundry spills out. "Damn, I forgot all about you," she says, moving the stack aside with a bare foot. She'll take it down to the basement laundry room tomorrow night after everyone goes to sleep. She reaches into the cramped confines of her closet, feeling her way through several different dresses before finally struggling to pull out her choice; a slinky gold number with glimmery sequins. Slipping her work clothes onto the floor in front of her futon, she shimmies into the dress, slides on some tight black leggings, and digs around the room until she finds the pair of shiny silver heels she wore clubbing over the weekend.

Quickly, she dips into the bathroom. She pops open a tube of maroon lipstick, dabs her eyes with some smokey mascara, and fluffs up her curls to give them a little more "oomph".

"What's up, danger?" she asks her reflection with a sexy glare before flipping off the lights.

7:00 PM

The uber pulls up to a swanky modern home in a nice part of the city. Monique gets out and sizes up the glass paneled house thumping from the sound of dance music blasting.

"Daaaamn." She whispers as she clomps up the walkway to the door and rings the bell.

Chandler, in a bright teal leisure suit answers the door. "Hey Golden girl! Get your ass in here!" He yells festively.

Monique looks around at the posh pad. "Chand, this is your house? How do you possibly afford this? You and I get paid the same! Right?" She asked getting a lay of the land. There were about 20 or 30 people dancing, drinking or canoodling over the course of several room.

Chandler shrugs and gives a coy look. "Image is everything sweetness." He says as he kisses next to her cheek and struts off to go entertain other guests. Jessica stumbles forward grinning. "I'm like 90% positive that this is his parents place." She says with a giggle.

"Hey Jess..." Monique says amused that the girl seems pretty tipsy for it only being 7 o'clock.

"I discovered what a jello shot is!" She says proudly.

"Oh! Yeah?" Mo asks giggling. Jessica nods giggling as well. "I had THIS many!" She says holding up 6 fingers and then looking at her hand and adjusting it to 7 fingers and then drunkenly snickering.

"Own it girl! I'd dance that off for a bit. The night is still young you know?" Monique advises wondering if Lisa made a good call to skip this scene.

7:30 PM

Monique is pouring a bottle of Malibu down her tongue and shaking her body in the dance floor to a Cardi B song. "I don't gotta dance, I make Mo'ney moves!" She sings with a huge grin and Jessica and another law Intern Faith "Woouoooo!" her from the side lines.

8:00 PM

Monique schmoozes her way around Chandlers living room where a lot of folks were flirting their way into hooking up. Chandler himself was standing by the fireplace with a young looking broad shouldered man who Monique recognized at the offices bike courier. Chandler had his arm braced against the wall next to the young mans head and was leaning in closely to him.

Mo turned to leave the room when she saw her favorite barista. "Addie!" Monique squeals and rushes over to hug the hipster girl.

Addie beamed at the sight of Monique. "Hey! I didn't know if you would be here! I didn't want to assume that all lawyer types know each other!" She said with a chuckle.

Monique grinned. "I appreciate the sentiment. But we do." She said matter-of-factly. Addie's eyes lit up at someone behind Mo. "Hey! While you're here I want you to meet my boyfriend!" She says waving someone over. Monique turns to see the bearded creep from her roommate's support group.

"Monique! This is my boyfriend Gavin. Gav this is Monique!" The young blonde woman said pulling the bearded man next to her. "I uh...." She began to find the words to day. Gavin didn't skip a beat. "Heya, nice to meet you.

Monique was it? Beautiful name." He said given no indication to Monique whether he actually didn't recognize her or if he was just playing it cool in front of his new girlfriend. "Yeah... great to meet you. Treat this girl good okay? She's the best!" Monique says in a bit of a warning tone. "Oh I know! She's one for the ages." He says with a laugh. Monique abruptly turns to Addie. "Anyway have fun i'll catch you later all right!" She said patting the girls tattooed arm. "You too!" Addie said with a wave, oblivious to any awkwardness.

TO BE CONTINUED...