

Love in a Time of Drones
a radio play, by Ken Kaye

Sandra, an American woman in her 40s

Dan, her date

Goddamnit, a drone

At rise: no intro needed

SANDRA

Oohhh

DAN

Mmm

SANDRA

Ahh – that was nice!

DAN

Mm–hmm, it was. Is.

SANDRA

I hope you don't think I normally do this on a first date.

DAN

I'm glad we did. It's been a long time, for me.

DRONE

Wurrrr. Zzzzzzzz. Tch. Tch-tch-tch.

SANDRA

Shit! Go down!

DAN

(Muffled by blanket – for duration of scene) Hmm?

SANDRA

Goddamnit! Bobby, get that damn thing out of here!

DAN

Huh? What's ...?

SANDRA

Stay down there! Don't come out.

DAN

What's going on?

SANDRA

(whispers) Shh! I'll explain later.

(aloud) Bobby, I swear I will kill you *and* that thing when I get hold of it.

DRONE

Tch-tch-tch-tch. Bziiiiiya.

SANDRA

This is not funny! If you can hear me, you are dead meat, I swear.

DAN

What's going on? What are you doing?

SANDRA

I'm swatting it. Trying to knock it down with the pillow.

DRONE

Vvvvvvvv. Tch-tch-tch.

DAN

Knock what down? Why am I hiding?

SANDRA

It has a camera. Shhh. I don't know if he ... if it has a microphone too.

DRONE

Wurrrrr. Vvvvvvvv. Tch-tch-tch-tch. Bziiiiiya.

DAN

Who the hell is Bobby?

SANDRA

My son.

DAN

Your son is here? I thought ... (*whispers*) Here in the room?

SANDRA

It's his damn drone.

DAN

Your son has a drone? I thought he's, like twelve. And at his father's.

SANDRA

That son of a bitch! Must have brought him back early, the son of a bitch. Gave him the goddamn thing for his birthday, and ... He's probably out there with him. Stay under the blanket, I don't think it can hear. They might still think I'm alone.

DAN

He's in the house?

SANDRA

No, I'm pretty sure I put the chain on both doors.

DRONE

Wurrrrr. Vvvvvvvvvvvvvv. tch-tch-tch.

SANDRA

Little bastard must have taken the controller with him.
Bobby, joke's over now, fly back to your room.
If you can hear me flash the lights.
Good, I didn't think he had sound.

DRONE

Zzzzzzz. tch-tch-tch. Wurrrrr.

DAN

Those are sounds.

SANDRA

Yeah, it makes sounds but it doesn't pick up sound.
Unless they're pretending it doesn't.

DAN

I can't stay down here forever.

SANDRA

Hold on, I'm thinking of a plan.

DRONE

Tch-tch-tch-tch. tch-tch-tch.

DAN

How to kill him?

SANDRA

(whispers) Drone war.

DAN

What are you doing now!?

SANDRA

(whispers) Shhh. I got hold of my robe, I'm putting it on. Here's what we're gonna do. I'll draw him toward the window – you crawl out the other side and dash for the door. I'm pretty sure I can knock it down and break the goddamn thing.

DAN

What about my clothes?

DRONE

Vvvvvvvv. Zzzzzzzzzz. tch-tch-tch.

SANDRA

I'll bring them, or ... you'll come back in after I smash it to smithereens. Get ready to slip out quick – when I say Go.

DAN

Roger. Cover me.

SANDRA

What do you mean? You're covered now.

DAN

Decoy, like in, you go left, cover my retreat to the right. Army shit.

SANDRA

Jesus Christ. Men! Wait a minute, ...

DRONE

Wurrrrrr.

SANDRA

Go! (*pause*)

Goddamnit!

Sound of man's feet scrambling out of room.

DRONE

VVVVVVVVVVVVVV. EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE. (*Sound of a crash.*)

SANDRA

Got him!

DRONE

Tch-tch-tch. Shhhhhhhhhhhhh-Eep!

*Sound of window sash opening, followed
by a crash outside.*

SANDRA

All clear! (*pause*) Bet they're right out back. I don't see them.

(*Calls through window*) Bobby, you out there? How do you like your
father's piece of shit birthday present now!

All clear, Dan – come on back.

Sound of front door slamming.

Dan?

Dan?

BLACKOUT