

DRONING ON

Written by

You'll Never Guess in a Billion Years
(okay you might, but not until the end of the week)

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EXT. MASSIVE GARDEN - DAY

The sun is directly overhead, banishing shadows and leaving heat shimmers in its wake. Even the huge pool looks hot enough to cook boil in the bag rice.

BOB, 60s, inappropriately tight Speedos, unhealthy tan and a cocky smile, wanders from the gargantuan mansion down to the luxurious loungers arranged around the pool.

BOB
Fuck, this is Martian!

Bob lowers himself onto the nearest lounge, leans back.

CAROLE (O.S.)
Mars is cold.

BOB
Don't be stupid it's the Red Planet,
so bound to be fucking molten.

CAROLE (O.S.)
But, it's further away than...

She trails off, apparently a common reaction to Bob's belligerence given his smug expression as he replies.

BOB
Further than what woman?

CAROLE, 20, exits the house through expansive panoramic windows. Her bikini leaves little of her younger, firmer, physique to the imagination, just as Bob likes it.

CAROLE
Never mind.

He doesn't and has already dismissed the conversation and is leering at her as she saunters down to sit at the lounge next to him.

BOB
Damn, you are still as sexy as the
day you first lap danced for me.

She taps on her phone distractedly.

CAROLE
It was last year.

He chuckles.

BOB
Still true.

CAROLE
Thanks.

She taps some more.

CAROLE (cont'd)
I guess.

He's not listening.

BOB
Jesus, not this again.

His words are accompanied by a distant buzzing.

CAROLE
What?

He shields his eyes and points up.

Carole follows his point.

Overhead is a drone, small, but hovering directly above them.

BOB
I bet it's next door's kid looking
for a private show.

The drone drops a few feet.

Bob stands and gesticulates at it.

BOB (cont'd)
Getting a good view?

The front of the drone dips and then re-balances, looking very much like...

BOB (cont'd)
The fucker just nodded at me!

She stands to get a better look too.

BOB (cont'd)
You hear me? It nodded to me. Cheeky
little shit answered my fucking
question!

CAROLE

Now, Bob, I doubt it can hear you
from up there.

BOB

So why'd it nod?

CAROLE

It can't hear you, not with its
rotors going they're noisy and...

'The' look is back on Bob's face.

BOB

You calling me a liar?

She sighs.

CAROLE

Of course not.

She raises her phone and takes a few pictures of the drone.

BOB

Now what are you doing.

She taps her phone.

CAROLE

Sending pictures to the cops.

BOB

What are they gonna do?

CAROLE

I don't know, trace it or something.

He laughs, an ugly sound bereft of humor or warmth.

Carole shivers despite the blazing sun.

BOB

We both know I didn't hook up with
you for your brains, but jeez you say
the dumbest things sometimes.

CAROLE

I can leave anytime you want.

He laughs again.

BOB

Leave this?

He throws his arms wide.

CAROLE
(quietly)
Leave you.

BOB
Be my fucking guest and if you could
take your manicured claws out of my
wallet as you leave I'd appreciate
it.

CAROLE
You'd miss --

The drone drops again, almost within reach.

BOB
FUCKER! What are you, Skynet's pervy
cousin?

He storms off into the house, face like thunder.

Carole, relieved, waves at the drone.

Bob bangs around in the house, drawers and cupboard doors
opening and closing in rapid succession.

A wicked smile touches her lips.

She flicks her bikini straps to one side, flashing the drone
very briefly.

Bob exits the house and runs back down to the pool.

Carole adjusts her straps back to almost-modesty setting.

BOB (cont'd)
See if you like these apples!

He raises his fist, which is wrapped round a large hand-gun.

BOOM

Carole claps her hands over her ears.

CAROLE
Bob! Have you gone mad?

BOOM

The drone drops nearer, taunting him.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

The drone explodes in a cloud of plastic shards.

BOB
Ha, fucker, got ya!

Sirens WAIL in the distance.

CAROLE
Er, Bob.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Two POLICE OFFICERS carefully usher Bob into the back of their car.

BOB
But it's my garden.

MALE OFFICER
Doesn't matter Sir, you can't just go round shooting at stuff.

BOB
But, the drone...

FEMALE OFFICER
Even so, you can't just shoot drones out of the sky.

Bob finally settles into the back of the car.

The Male Officer shuts the car door and turns to Carole.

MALE OFFICER
We'll let him cool off for a couple of hours and then write him up with a fine.

CAROLE
Make it big one, he can afford it.

The cops laugh.

FEMALE OFFICER
Must have been scary for you. Can we get someone to come over for you, or get you anything?

CAROLE
No, I'm fine.

They look at her dubiously.

CAROLE (cont'd)

Honest.

They nod, get in their car and pull away down the winding driveway.

Carole stands and watches.

Keeps watching even after the car has gone from sight and sound.

She glances at her phone.

Taps her foot distractedly.

The hum of an engine.

Another car comes up the drive, sporty number, male driver.

PEDRO, 30s, brakes the car hard for fun.

He flings open the car door to release his Adonis figure to the unsuspecting afternoon.

Carole shivers again, burning hot anticipation this time.

Pedro grins, white teeth dazzling.

He waves a drone controller at Carole, juggles it between his hands.

PEDRO

Guess I don't need this now?

He throws it into a bush without waiting for an answer.

PEDRO (cont'd)

Now what were you showing me just now by the pool?

Carole giggles and steps out of her bikini as she runs into the house.

CAROLE (O.S.)

Oh, so you were looking!

PEDRO

I'm gonna do a lot more than look.

He scampers after her into the house, shedding clothes as he goes.