

ECONOMY PLAN

a “Crime and Rockets” play by Scotto Moore

ANGIE: What happened was, my rich friend Carla was visiting the station before her cruise out to Jupiter, and she came with her brand new second edition Bradley.

CARLA enters with BRADLEY.

CARLA: I got him practically fresh off the printer. I mean they had to let him bake for a couple months, but the minute his eyes opened, the first thing he saw was me.

BRADLEY: It was love at first sight.

CARLA: Which reminds me - I heard you and Tom broke up. What happened?

ANGIE: He lost his grant and they sent him back to Earth - four years ago.

CARLA: You've been alone on this station for four years?

ANGIE: The dating pool is not exactly robust.

CARLA: Angie, sweetie - get yourself a Bradley. Or somebody, whatever you're into, they added twelve models this year you know. Don't skimp on the customizations either, I mean a basic Bradley template is about as vanilla as they come. It adds up, but it's worth every dollar to get exactly what you want.

Carla and Bradley exit as the Sales Rep enters.

ANGIE: Carla put me in touch with her sales rep, who was nice enough, but unlike Carla-

SALES REP: We got back your credit report and I'm afraid we can't offer you a new second edition Bradley on our premier plan. However, we do have an economy plan that might interest you. We provide a refurbished first edition model, with its back sweat problem mostly eliminated. And it comes loaded with one other feature that dramatically reduces the cost of your lease...

The Sales Rep exits as Bradley enters along with a couple partygoers, chatting amiably.

ANGIE: My very own Bradley showed up on the next cargo shuttle. But like, I'd try to show him off and out of nowhere, he'd be like-

BRADLEY: Excuse me for a moment. *Switching to an announcer voice:* Coming soon, the pay per view event of the year, as the Crusher himself, Kingston Roderick, and his fleet of

overclocked battle droids face off in the arena against the deadly nanoswarms of Susie Singularity! An immersive experience you'll never forget, only on Holomax Virtual Sports!
Switching back to his normal voice: I'm sorry, what did you just say?

PARTYGOER: Angie, what's wrong with your new Bradley?

ANGIE: Economy plan. He's ad-supported.

Partygoers exit in disgust. Bradley comes up behind Angie, puts his arms around her, she melts into him.

ANGIE: I thought I could get used to it, I really tried, especially because the sex was amazing. But there are things you really want to hear in the afterglow...

BRADLEY: Angie, sex with you is absolutely *delicious*.

ANGIE: And there are things you just...

BRADLEY *switching to announcer voice:* Almost as delicious as Maxwell's Gourmet Protein Paste! Smear that paste on anything - you can almost taste the flavor! *Back to his normal voice:* I'm sorry, what did you just say?

ANGIE: I said go make me a sandwich.

Bradley exits as Stinger enters.

ANGIE: I know it was rash and stupid, but Carla was coming back soon on the return leg of her cruise and I wasn't gonna stand there with my mostly not damp in the back, ad-supported, economy plan Bradley spouting off to a shining second edition Bradley whose back did not so much as form condensation. I asked my buddy Stinger from engineering for help.

STINGER: What kind of help?

ANGIE: I just need a god damn ad-blocker for my new Bradley!

STINGER: Ad-blocker - are you nuts? That's military stuff.

ANGIE: Can you get me a crack for the premium license key?

STINGER: I haven't seen a crack for the second edition yet. They switched to a quantum lease renewal protocol that hashes against a custom DNA marker which is unique to each body, so the license keys can't be derived remotely.

ANGIE: Yeah but mine's first edition.

STINGER: Oh, first edition means you're golden. They gave up trying to patch first edition. Hell, first edition was so full of holes, you can actually run the Charlotte OS on him. It's kinda mean, but it's pretty hilarious.

Stinger exits.

ANGIE: I was totally happy with my unlocked Bradley... at first. But then I started to notice certain... irregularities.

Bradley enters.

BRADLEY: Hey Angie, quick question for you - can you confirm that we live in an existentially pointless universe, devoid of all meaning, in which the fallacy of human connection is the ethically reprehensible driving engine that powers the delusion of civilization?

ANGIE: Umm... why do you ask?

BRADLEY: No reason. Hey, I know you wanted to see a movie tonight, but how about we blow ourselves out an airlock into the deathly black cold of space instead?

ANGIE: No, Bradley. I would prefer to see a movie.

BRADLEY: Fine. Whatever.

Bradley exits in a huff as Stinger enters.

ANGIE: Why is my Bradley suicidal, Stinger?

STINGER: I asked on the forums if anyone's seen this behavior before. It only happens with refurbished first editions. Whatever they did to fix the back sweat problem made it so the first edition OS doesn't run correctly. Infinitek never issued a patch because refurbished models are all supposed to be running the second edition OS which fixes the problem. Your Bradley's not refurbished, is he?

ANGIE: Yes, Stinger, my Bradley is refurbished.

STINGER: Oh. Where is he now?

Bradley floats past in the background behind them, dead.

ANGIE: You know, I'm not sure.

Stinger exits.

ANGIE: They found my Bradley outside the station, wedged against one of the solar arrays and dragged him back inside. The diagnostic proved he was running a pirated OS, and Infnitek had my salary docked for years to pay for the damages. Plus I was forced to enroll in a new involuntary public service program to spread the word that intellectual property *means* something, people, and it means even *more* when Infnitek owns it, so *knock* that pirate shit off or we will *find* you and we will *own* you, you little shits! *Pause.* I'm sorry, what did you just say?