



APOLOGY

By Max Drayton

*Earth as seen by an alien, whose ancestors
take full responsibility for everything that is
wrong with it.*

*A light, humorous and slightly irreverent, look
at modern life.*

**This play requires permission to perform
and a performance fee.**

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Approx. 8 minutes.

CAST

ZARG Any age, any sex

ZOG Any age, any sex

Programme Notes

Since mankind first looked to the stars we have thought there must be something in those stars looking back at us.

In more recent times there have been many instances of people believing that Extraterrestrials have visited us from outer space.

Whereas, we would hope they bring us the cure for the common cold, world peace and something better than sliced bread, perhaps their intentions may not be so honourable.....

Production Notes

A bare set, with the two aliens standing in their own spot light.

They can have tin foil wrapped around their heads, etc.

A smoke machine would be nice.

Any back projection could be of the Horse head nebular, or run an old 1950's Sci-Fi movie, showing model spaceships blowing up, etc.

APOLOGY

(OPENING MUSIC.

LIGHTS UP ON ZARG AND ZOG AS THEY ENTER HESITANTLY)

ZOG: Behind a far off planet, lies a hidden world. Until quite recently, it has remained unseen, even by Voyager, Hubble, or any of the man-made probes. Every few thousand years or so, the occupants have poked their sensors around the corner and had a peek at Earth.

Every now and then, the occupants of the hidden planet would pay a clandestine visit to Earth, blend in briefly with the population, and scoot off again. It has been many years since we were last here. I have to admit, things have changed a great deal. I would never have believed it.....geez!

ZARG: The name of our planet is unpronounceable to you. Not even if I spelt it out loudly and slowly, so please think of me as Zarg and my friend here as Zog.

We're addressing you all here today for a very special reason. We want to apologise - on behalf of our species. Over the last few thousand years, we've visited your planet and have treated it like a....well.....playground, I suppose.

ZOG: You must understand, however, that this is not a sign of disrespect. On the contrary, you should be flattered that we spend so much time here, when there are millions of other planets. You must not let yourselves get upset, because it's more a.....sense of humour difference.

ZARG: For instance..... we'd hoped that you would've appreciated our concept of modern packaging. It was supposed to add hours of fun of trying to open new goods, especially in conjunction with what you call 'retail therapy'.

ZOG: We found your world's beaches wonderful. White sands, waving palms, cool breezes, peace and tranquillity all around. Far too good for you humans. So we invented the transistor radio and beach volleyball. And plastic.

ZARG: And Frisbees. And footballs. And teenagers. Oh, and fat nudists.

**This is only apart of the play.
Please contact Max directly for a complete script.**

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