

# APOLOGY

By Phil Lewis

## SHORTENED **SAMPLE** VERSION

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*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.*

*Approx: 6 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

**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 had hoped that you would have 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.

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

**ZOG:** One of my relations, Zon, was reading a dictionary out loud in the bath one day. Our natural voices are quite lilting....well rhythmic anyway. Some human must have overheard it and Rap was born. I m sorry. It was a huge mistake.

**ZARG:** Walkman speakers. What a concept! We began to understand too late that other humans could hear the sounds from these speakers, even when the user wore them properly.

**ZOG:** Now ..... female body hair was a one off. I assure you. We do apologise. Zon's wife, Zema, didn't like the cold. Fair dos, she was forced to live up North for a long time, while he was experimenting with Yetis. She never liked the human form and hated animal skins. That was the main reason Reg was there in the first place. So, she grew her own body hair for a while. Now...Reg could never prove anything, but there was this seal fisherman that used to deliver once a week....and Zon was never sure who Tobias and Nanook really looked like!

**ZARG:** Once, when Norma was bored, she cross-bred parents who habitually drove their offspring to school. She trained the bred pair to drive very badly, to ignore all road laws, to double and triple park, park on yellow lines and to never use indicators. Norma still creases up when she sees the congestion at school times from those descendants.

**ZOG:** My spouse invented the French. He (or she – I'm not sure if any of you could tell the difference) thought it to be a good wheeze at the time. I mean you don't think they naturally developed, do you? A complete nation that is difficult, objectionable and argumentative. How could any race like that bred and survive naturally?

**ZARG:** We would like you ladies to remember something too. Its just as inconvenient, and embarrassing, for gentlemen to use the toilet after the women. Men also have to move the seat each time to use it. It is okay to leave it up.

**ZOG:** Opera. This is another of our jokes. Zon in his bath again. After two hours there is only so much you can do with a cap of mouthwash and dollop of Mr Bubbly. It's okay when you're on your own, but the sounds were not intended to convert to the wide stage. We're really very sorry for the misconception, that humans have adopted, that Opera is an art form.

**ZARG:** We had a few accidents as well. The stray shot at the cavalcade in Dallas for instance. We understood afterwards that there was quite a fuss and someone else eventually took the blame. Zara has stopped playing tiddly winks since.

**ZOG:** The Titanic. Sorry about that one. It may have looked like an iceberg, but Zina has some strange pets and an even stranger method of snorkelling.

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