

Agape
An Audio Drama
By
Karyn Raynor

Characters:

Terra: *A young woman, approximately mid 20s to early 30s. A bit jaded, but still hopeful.*

Gworp: *An anthropologist from another galaxy whose alien race seems to have a monopoly on intergalactic politics. Passionate, caring, and heroic. A conservationist.*

Setting:

A spaceship orbiting Earth in the year 2020. It is a small ship, but is equipped with plenty of medical and science equipment, as well as protein rations for a few weeks.

SFX:

Spaceship sounds- a mechanical door opens and there is a countdown beep and other digital sounds in the background throughout the dialogue.

Terra:

(Sleepily, waking up) Wha... what's happening?

Gworp:

Do not be afraid, human. I am Gworp.

Terra:

(Suddenly awake) Where am I?! Who... *what ARE* you??

Gworp:

I am Gworp. I am what you humans call an anthropologist. I study civilizations. You are on my flagship, Agape.

Terra:

You're... an alien??

Gworp:

I suppose that's what your species would call me. In reality my civilization is one of the most powerful in the galaxy.

Terra:

Why haven't I heard of you?

Gworp:

Because, unlike humans, we know how to keep ourselves hidden. *(Growing impatient)* Anyway, there's not much time.

Terra:

Not much time for what?? Wait, so I'm in SPACE?

Gworp:

We are in orbit around your home planet right now, if that is what you mean. But you must listen, you have a very important choice to make, Terra.

Terra:

You know my name??

Gworp:

Of course I do, now let me explain. You have been randomly selected from your home planet to make a decision that affects every human on it. Your species (and others on your planet) are dying at an alarming rate. Your "Earth" is approaching its expiration date if things continue the way they are going. In anthropology, we generally do not intervene in these matters, but the Galactic Federation felt it was necessary in this instance, as they believe, despite your shortcomings, humans have shown remarkable promise as a species. You have two choices, you will either: Join me on my planet and assist in the repopulation process while my colleagues and I search for a new planet with a suitable environment for homosapiens, or-

Terra:

Wait- you want to turn me into a baby factory?!

Gworp:

No no, of course not. We have been secretly harvesting embryos from fertility clinics on Earth that would be cared for in an artificial womb-like environment. You would simply serve as your planet's historian, and a comforting presence for the younglings to attach themselves to.

Terra:

Ok, so no babies in me?

Gworp:

No babies.

Terra:

What's the other choice?

Gworp:

You stay on your planet, and my species will give humans the necessary tools to survive for the next 5 years, but after that, you're on your own. If you haven't reversed your planet's course of global and civil war, violent weather patterns due to climate change, and orbiting detritus, I'm afraid you will be doomed to watch Earth wither away in the next 50-100 years, and you humans with it.

Terra:

And what if I choose to go with you? What happens to Earth?

Gworp:

It will be rendered neutral by the Federation in order to avoid the risk of nuclear fallout and more of your broken satellites cluttering up their path through this galaxy.

Terra:

Rendered neutral?

Gworp:

I believe the English expression is: "Blow it up".

Terra:

Oh, well, that's not a good option either.

Gworp:

I'm afraid we're running short on time- you see, I was supposed to wake you up sooner, but I may have... overcalculated the amount of anesthesia I was supposed to give someone of your size.

Terra:

Is that a fat joke?

Gworp:

Absolutely not, in my culture, the concept of "fat" and "skinny" does not exist. Simply units of mass. In any case, you see that clock over there? Once that gets to zero, the Federation will make the decision for you. They wanted to neutralize your planet without giving you the chance to fix things on your own- but I admit, I have fallen for your species. Studying you has reminded me of something my species discarded long ago... the ability to feel love and empathy.

Terra:

Wait! Don't blow it up. I need a second.

Gworp:

I'm afraid time is not on our side at this particular juncture.

Terra:

I..I want to try and save it.

Gworp:

Are you sure? Based on your Tweet from a few days ago, you stated that you believe that humans deserve to get wiped out and that you think they have, quote: "Overstayed their welcome".

Terra:

Yes. I... I may not always have warm fuzzy feelings towards humanity... but it's like family- you didn't choose them, but they'll never stop being related to you, and you share that connection. I don't always like Earth... but it will always be my home. I can't just leave it without trying to do

something. If you had asked me yesterday how I felt, then, yeah, that Tweet was pretty accurate. But suddenly learning that aliens want to blow it up to make way for their intergalactic superhighway really kind of changes your perspective. We may have problems, but maybe, with your species' help, we can change.

Gworp:

You will be responsible for delivering the message. I will accompany you to prove you are telling the truth, but you will be the one who ultimately has to work with your species to effect change. It will not be easy.

Terra:

I know. This is what I want.

Gworp:

Alright, are you- wait. What's that noise?

SFX:

The countdown beeping stops abruptly. The sound of a laser charging up.

Terra:

Uhhh... Gworp, what is that??

Gworp:

(Over a communication device) Gworp to Federation: What's going on? Why is the cannon pointed at- oh no- what are you...?? PLEASE! NO! WE CAN SAVE THEM.

SFX:

The sound of earth exploding.

Terra and Gworp:

NO!!

Gworp:

(Over communication again) YOU PHILISTINES! What have you DONE???

Terra:

I am... what the... I don't know what just happened.

Gworp:

We have to go. Now.

Terra:

Where are we going?

Gworp:

I don't know. But they never planned to save you. Selfish bastards. I have to get you someplace safe.

Terra:

Wait... I just... let me look at it a little longer.

Gworp:

I'm sorry Terra, I'm afraid we're out of time.

SFX:

The spaceship engines power up and take them off into the galaxy.

End.

Sound Effect List

1. Mechanical/Hydraulic door opening
2. A countdown beep
3. Computer/digital sounds
4. A laser beam charging up
5. A massive nuclear explosion
6. A spaceship powering up and speeding away
7. Treatment on Gworp's voice... a bit digital and higher pitched?