

Narrator SPACE PIRATES IN CYBERSPACE!

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Murphy Look guys, I know this whole pirating thing is fun and all, but Captain Bradshaw has said over and over that the CSS Praetorian has only a few more light months left on 'er. I say we just quit this job altogether.

Sargent Ruthless That is the single dumbest thing I've ever heard, and I have to deal with this shrimp head over here. This **air quotes** space aardvark. *Rolls eyes and gestures toward Bradshaw.*

Captain Bradshaw [2 second screech]

Sargent Ruthless Good one, Cap'n.

Taylor You're an idiot.

Sargent Ruthless Says the guy who -

Captain Bradshaw [4 second intense screech]

Pause that includes a lot of shocked glance sharing.

Sargent Ruthless Oh my Gunter! You freak me out more and more every time you open your hairy screech hole!

Taylor So wait, Captain, you're saying that all we have to do is fly our cyber ship over to some beach, grab a chest, and we'll get 4 billion bitcoins?

Murphy Yeah, but the only problem is it's guarded by demonic jai alai players.

Sargent Ruthless Son of a bench! *Throws his drink to the ground.*

Taylor Oh my Gunter, you two are such babies. Who cares what we have to do? If we can get the kind of money the Cap'n is talking about, we'll be set for life!

Murphy Ugh, it's all about the money with you, isn't it?

Taylor Dude, we're cyber pirates. Of course I'm only in it for the money.

Sargent Ruthless Can we just shut up and kick some jai alai ash already?

Captain Bradshaw [3 second screech]

Sargent Ruthless Alright men, you heard the worm rat! Let's get in our travel stations! We have some cyber booty to get a hold of.

Slide change

Jai alai players sitting at far end of stage, facing away from the crew. The crew sneaks up slowly, whispering.

Sargent Ruthless Alright, we're at the beach. Where's the high guy?

Murphy No, not a high guy. We're looking for jai alai players, demonic ones at that.

Sargent Ruthless Why are they demonic?

Taylor Who cares? Our goal is the cyber booty.

Murphy Good point. So what's the plan, captain?

Captain Bradshaw [0.5 second screech]

Murphy So, you're saying we should split up, attack them one at a time, flank them with our other troops, grab their food supplies, surround them with our highest caliber of -

Sargent Ruthless *stabs the players.*

Murphy Or we could just run in like chickens with student loan debts.

Sargent Ruthless *(Waving the swords in triumph)* We stand victorious! I, Sargent Ruthless, have conquered the demonic beasts all by myself!

Taylor Oh, get over yourself.

Captain Bradshaw [2 second screech]

Taylor Oh right, the money! Murphy, hack this thing open!

Murphy *Starts typing on keyboard.* Alright, I'll try a vigenere cipher, caesar cipher, rotation cipher, pig Latin -

Captain Bradshaw [screech that rises in pitch slowly]

Murphy Oh yeah, I'll just brute force hack this thing open.

Sargent Ruthless Did someone say brute force?

Murphy No, no, no, wait -

Sargent Ruthless *yells and hits the box with his sword, and it swings open.*

Murphy Well, I guess that'll work too...

Taylor Get outta my way! I need my money! *Looks into the box.* What the - where's my 4 billion bitcoins!

Murphy Yeah, what's going on here, Captain?

Captain Bradshaw [1 second screech]

Taylor I'm trying to read it, but all I'm seeing are a bunch of random letters!

Murphy looks over his shoulder at the scroll.

Murphy Here, let me see.

Taylor *hands over the scroll. Slide change.*

Murphy *Gasps.* Holy shank! Dude, these are the passwords for the other crews!

Sargent Ruthless Huh?

Murphy Other crews need these phrases to trade their bitcoins for points.

Sargent Ruthless So we could use these to take their points?

Taylor Let's do it! We'll be rich for life!

Sargent Ruthless You sure this is right though?

Murphy Sargent Ruth Marx here makes a good point. I'm not so sure that doing this would be such a good idea.

Taylor Why not? We'll be rolling in the dough, and the other crews wouldn't even know what was going on!

Sargent Ruthless We could have a lot of money, but is it really ours to take?

Taylor I mean, it obviously wouldn't be right, but...think of the power we have with this! We could sell this stupid scroll to the klingons for billions of bitcoins! We're cyber pirates anyway. This is what we do!

Murphy Maybe "what we do" should change, immediately. I say we just get rid of these things and find new jobs. Look, my cousin Gourd has this new ice cream delivery service that's really been booming recently. We should just drop the whole pirate act and do something worthwhile with our lives.

Taylor Ice cream trucks? Worthwhile? What's so useless about billions of bitcoins?

Sargent Ruthless I'm sorry, but if you don't hand over that scroll right now, I'll rip it right out of your bloody corpse's gnarled hand.

Taylor Alright, alright, sheesh. A "please" would've been fine.

Captain Bradshaw [2 second screech]

Murphy Yes sir. Sargent, place the scroll in the chest and bury it in the sand.

Taylor Wait wait wait, there's gotta be a better way than that.

Murphy What do you mean?

Taylor Well, if someone else comes by and happens to find the scroll, then who knows what will happen?

Murphy The passwords will probably be used against everyone, and once that happens, the entire galaxy will be a warzone.

Sargent Ruthless So what? Who doesn't love a good fight?

Taylor I love to see cyber thermonuclear wars as much as the next guy, but I doubt that any possible outcome would be anywhere near good. This isn't just some Crypto Treasure Hunt, this is a life or death situation. And as much as I would love the money and power, any choice we make besides wiping that scroll from existence will lead to the destruction of everything we've come to know and cherish.

Sargent Ruthless Man, I thought this was gonna be an easy job.

Murphy This is an easy job. We just need the captain's word, and we'll be off.

Captain Bradshaw [1 second]

Taylor Let's go.

Slide change

Taylor throws the scroll off the stage. Moment of silence as it sinks in

Murphy Sometimes the best move really is not to play....

Sargent Ruthless There, it's gone. The passwords have vanished into the black hole.

Taylor So...what now? We have no money, no passwords, and a ship that's almost too old to move.

Murphy Don't you remember? My cousin Jean Gourd has that ice cream truck business.

Sargent Ruthless But that sounds so boring. There's no fighting or action!

Taylor Alright, Sargent Ruthless, you can beat up all the kids who steal from us, Murphy can deal with the ice cream, and I'll deal with the money.

Captain Bradshaw [3 second screech]

Taylor Oh, right. Captain, you can drive the truck.

Murphyk Wait, wha-

Captain Bradshaw Let us go.

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