

INT. SPACE ALIEN SALOON

The place is empty except for the bartender and a despondent patron at the other end. The space doors spwish open and an insectoid customer sidles up.

ALIEN
Hey two-legs! Why so glum?

HUMAN
...

ALIEN
Lemme guess... still busted up
about the ol' home planet?

HUMAN
That's not against space law, is
it?

ALIEN
No, no sir. Small comfort maybe but
at least you're not the only ones.

HUMAN
Yeah. Yeah, maybe... Keep? Two
more?

The bartender nods and pulls out a bottle of thick green goo.

HUMAN (CONT'D)
So what happened?

ALIEN
She left me. Again. That's not
weird for my species, but--

HUMAN
Sorry, I mean to your planet.

ALIEN
Nuclear holocaust.

HUMAN
Classic.

ALIEN
Yeah, timeless. What about you?

The bartender plonks down a couple fresh mugs of goo.

HUMAN
Posts.

ALIEN
Post? Post-what?

HUMAN
Just posts. Posting. Or *not*
posting, in a way.

ALIEN
I don't follow.

HUMAN
Do your people have the internet?

ALIEN
Sure.

HUMAN
Posts is like when you write things
and put it online.

ALIEN
Your planet died from blogs?

HUMAN
Microblogs, sort of.

ALIEN
Microblogs?

HUMAN
Yeah like... it's like a blog, but
like only two sentences long maybe.

ALIEN
Okay.

HUMAN
And it can have a picture too.

ALIEN
I do not understand.

HUMAN
So imagine you... let's say you
have an extra good sandwich--

ALIEN
I understand the concept of the
microblog!

HUMAN
Sorry, was that specist?

ALIEN
No.

HUMAN
Cool.

ALIEN
The thing I do not understand is
how this posed an existential
threat to your planet.

HUMAN
Oh, right.

ALIEN
Was it a political thing?

HUMAN
That's what we thought at first
too, but no.

ALIEN
Then how did writing microblogs
force your species to abandon your
home planet?

HUMAN
Oh, we weren't writing them.

ALIEN
What?

HUMAN
We had computers write them for us.

ALIEN
You weren't even writing your own
two sentences?

HUMAN
Nope! We weren't making our own
pictures either.

ALIEN
How?

HUMAN
Auto-complete. You have auto-
complete?

ALIEN
Ok, that was specist.

HUMAN

Shit--

ALIEN

Ha ha, space joke. How could auto-complete threaten a planet though?

HUMAN

Oh, it was unimaginably costly. We burned the forests and drank the seas. Blotted out the sky. Anything to keep the data centers running.

ALIEN

You drank the seas and burned the forests to not write two sentences, and not make your own pictures?

HUMAN

We did.

ALIEN

That's fucked up, bro.

The insectoid pushes a few metal tokens across the bartop.

ALIEN (CONT'D)

Sorry man. I gotta jet, but this rounds on me.

HUMAN

Thanks. Good luck with your... You know.

ALIEN

Sure thing, specist.

The insectoid winked half its eyes, and wobbled out of the bar. The earthling finished their mug of goo, dropped a few more tokens on the counter, and headed out alone.