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THE TEACHER IS A MASS OF INHUMAN PIXELS. IT PRINTS OUT TARDY SLIPS, ORATES THE ANTHEM, AND TRACKS THOSE WHO DONT SING ITS TUNE.

The autonomous text generating and naturl language promptor.  
Its words the words of digital gods.

NADINE IS SLEEPING AT HER DESK. HER CLASSMATE BRITTNEY TAPS HER ON THE SHOULDER TO TRY TO GET HER ATTENTION.

BRITTNEY  
Nadine, Nadine!

NADINE  
Not now I'm thinking.

NADINE IS DREAMING OF BUILDING HER ROBOTIC DOG. TOP RACE MODEL. MODIFIED WITH EXTRA SHARP TEETH.

Nadine wants to build robots, but instead hasnt built her life.

(sfx) beep beep!)

THE AUTOPROMPTOR PRINTED OUT A CLASS SLEEPING SLIP.

TEACHER  
In class sleeping again Nadine?

BRITTNEY  
Told you Nadine.

NADINE  
Fuck you.

STUDENTS RUSHED OUT THE CLASSROOM AT THE BELL. AS NADINE TRIED TO LEAVE CLASS, BRITTNEY GENTLY TUGGED ON HER ARM.

BRITTNEY  
Hey wait up!

NADINE  
You were the one saying I was sleeping. Enjoy your tardiness.