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Barista: Is it 4pm already?

MW: Hello Roxie.



Barista sits down opposite to **MW**.

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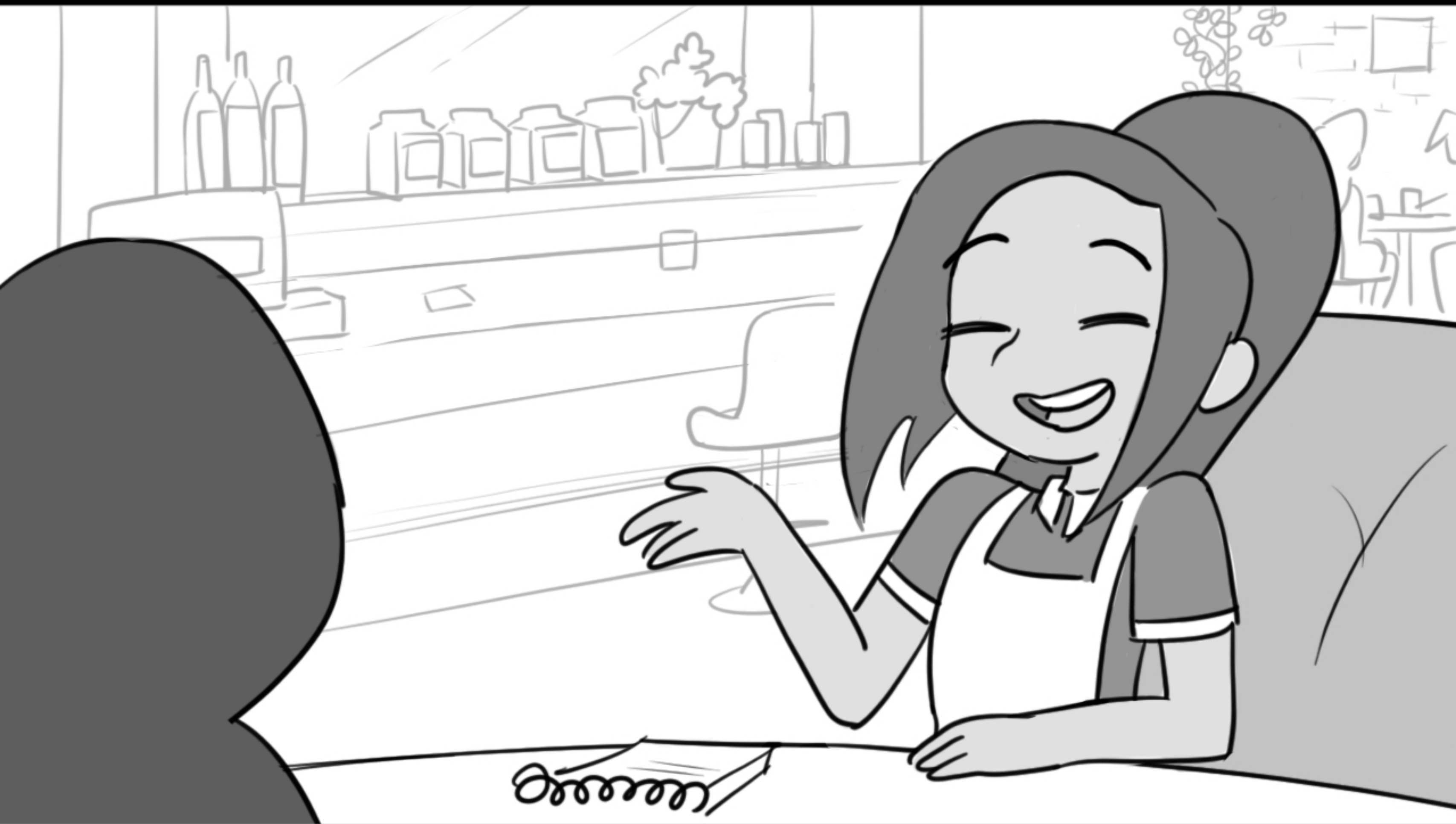
Barista: You're like the guardian angel of this place. I always look forward to seeing you.



MW: I come here to analyze human behavior. Many different personalities seem to congregate here. I too wish to make connections and contribute to society.



Barista: Why don't you work here, then? You're here everyday already, and people would flock to come see you.



Barista: I already put in a good word for you. You've practically got the job.



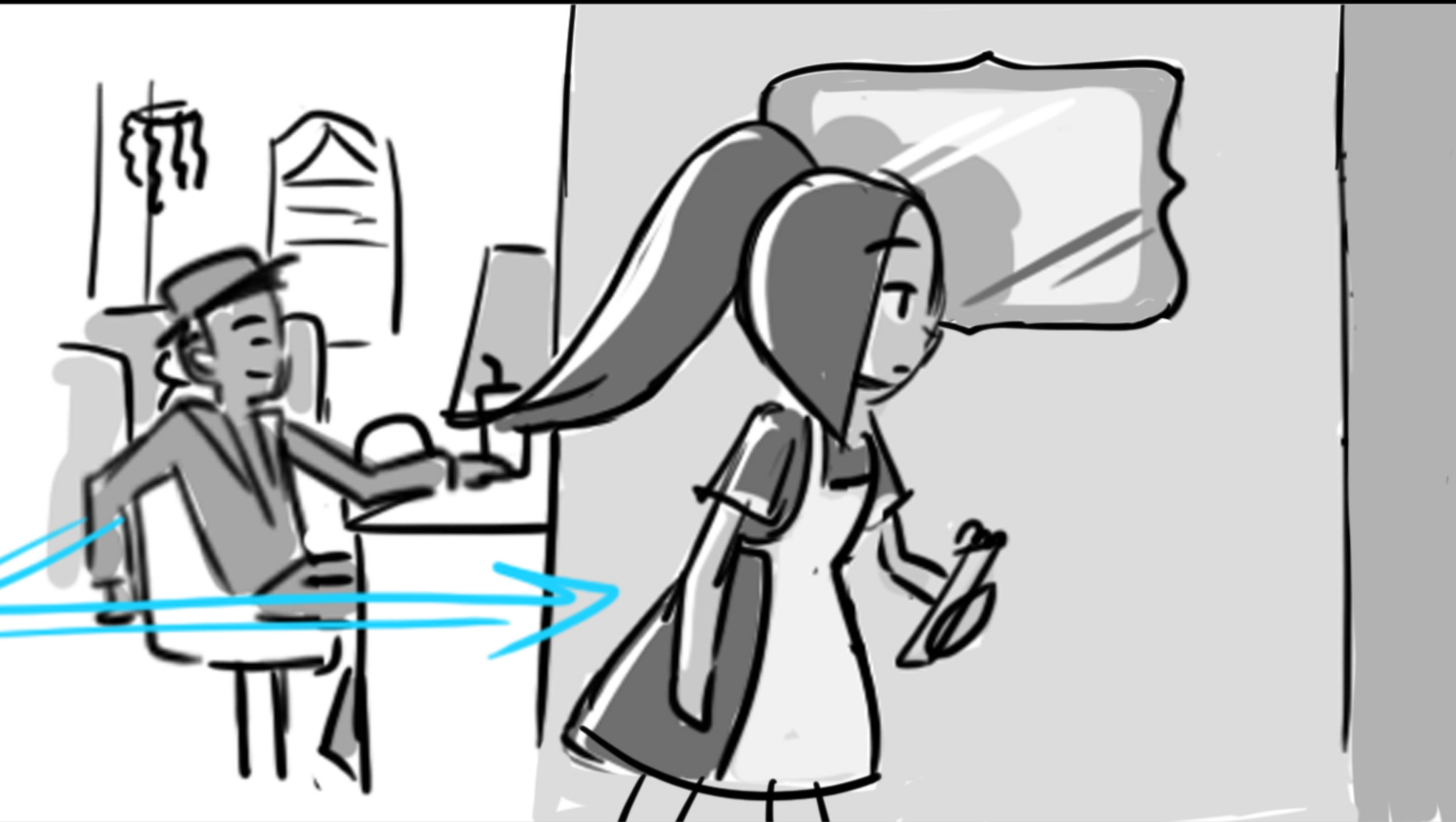
MW: I am not certain I am ready to integrate yet. But if you think I am, I suppose it will be a useful experience.



MW: Yes, I will do it. Thank you Roxie. You are a great friend.



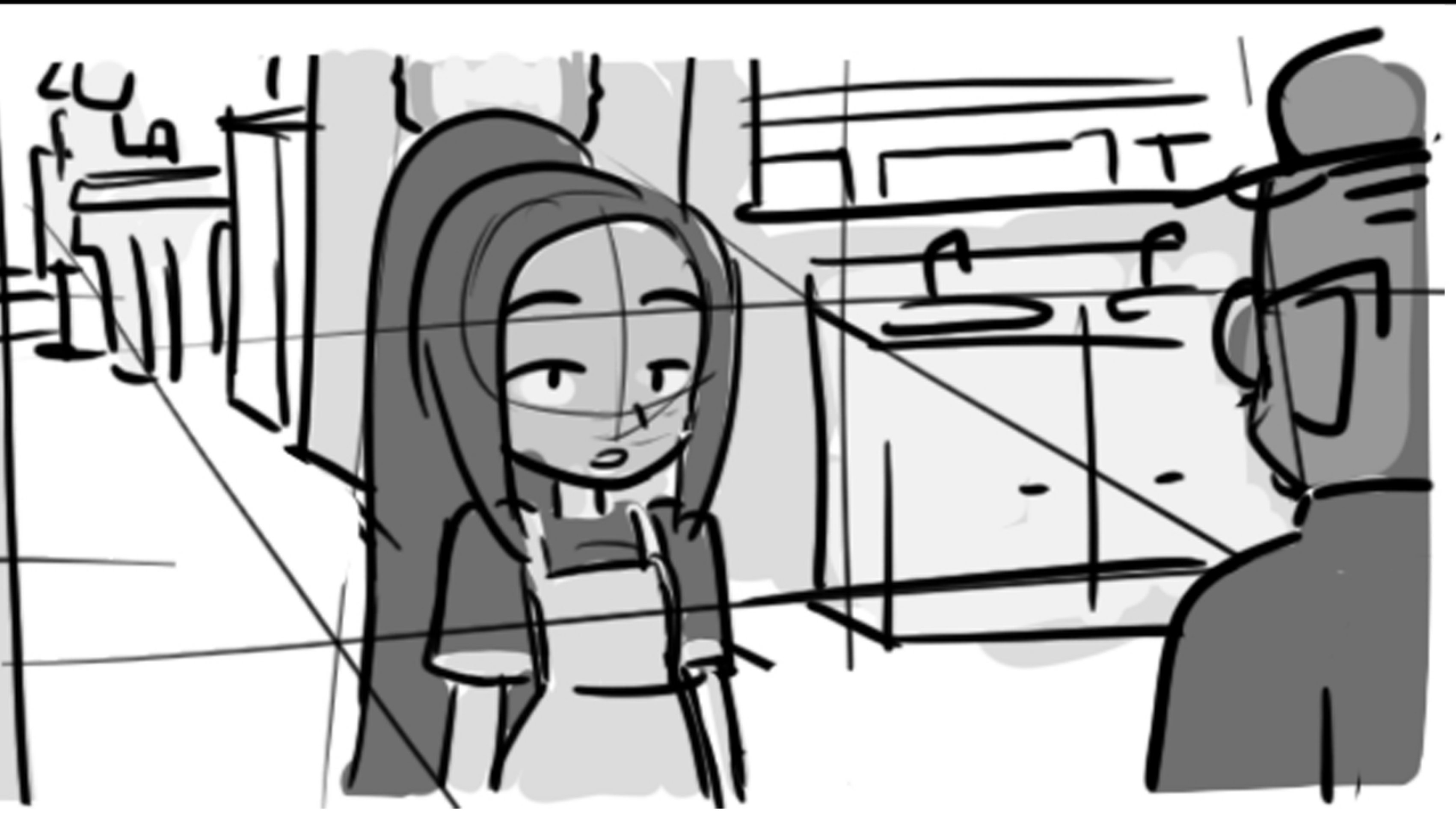
Barista: Don't mention it.



The **Barista** turns the corner into the kitchen.



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Barista: She agreed this time.



Manager: You've gained the trust of a machine. Good work! Your reward as promised...



[Transition] A phone camera goes off. Screen flashes white.

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MW: Please no flash photography.



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Manager: The customer can do whatever the hell they want as long as people know you're here.

Customers in background: Who's controlling it? Is it AI?



Manager: At last, we're making more business than that hole in the wall across the street. Nothing's more hip than a ROBOT!!!



MW: Hello young people. May I interest you in some fresh coffee? *whirring noises as she moves*

Kid 1: It's not even realistic. **Kid 2:** That's freaky.



MW: The feedback I am receiving does not match what Roxie predicted. But if I continue to show the same kindness Roxie showed me, maybe things will change.

Kids in background: Watch this...



One of the kids throws a cupcake at MW. The kids laugh and cameras go off.

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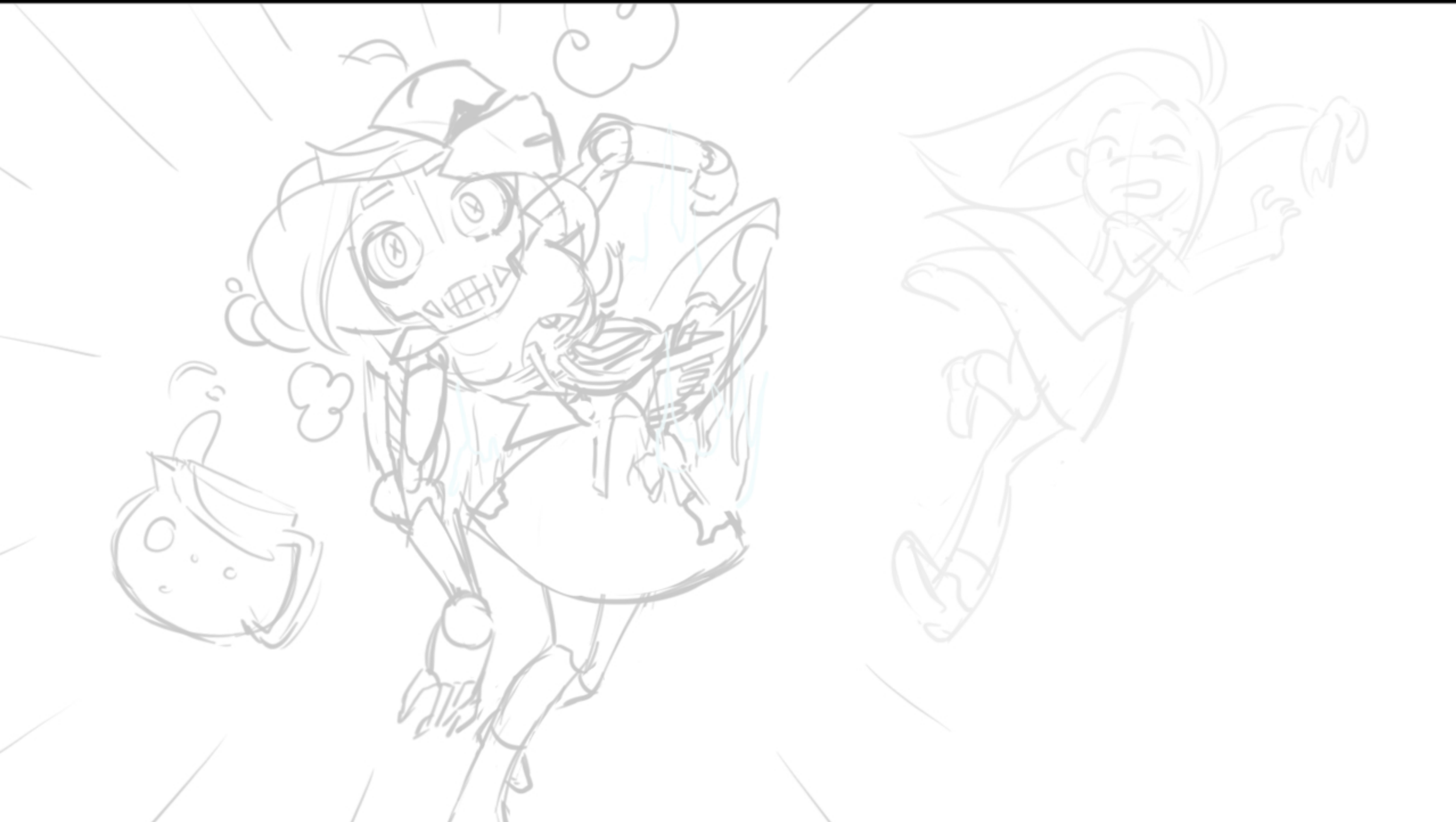
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Barista: Here let me get that. If we don't keep you clean you'll break down before the store can get a good use out of you.



MW: I said...



MW: NO FLASH!!!

MW destructs from overheating. Her face pops off and uniform catches fire.



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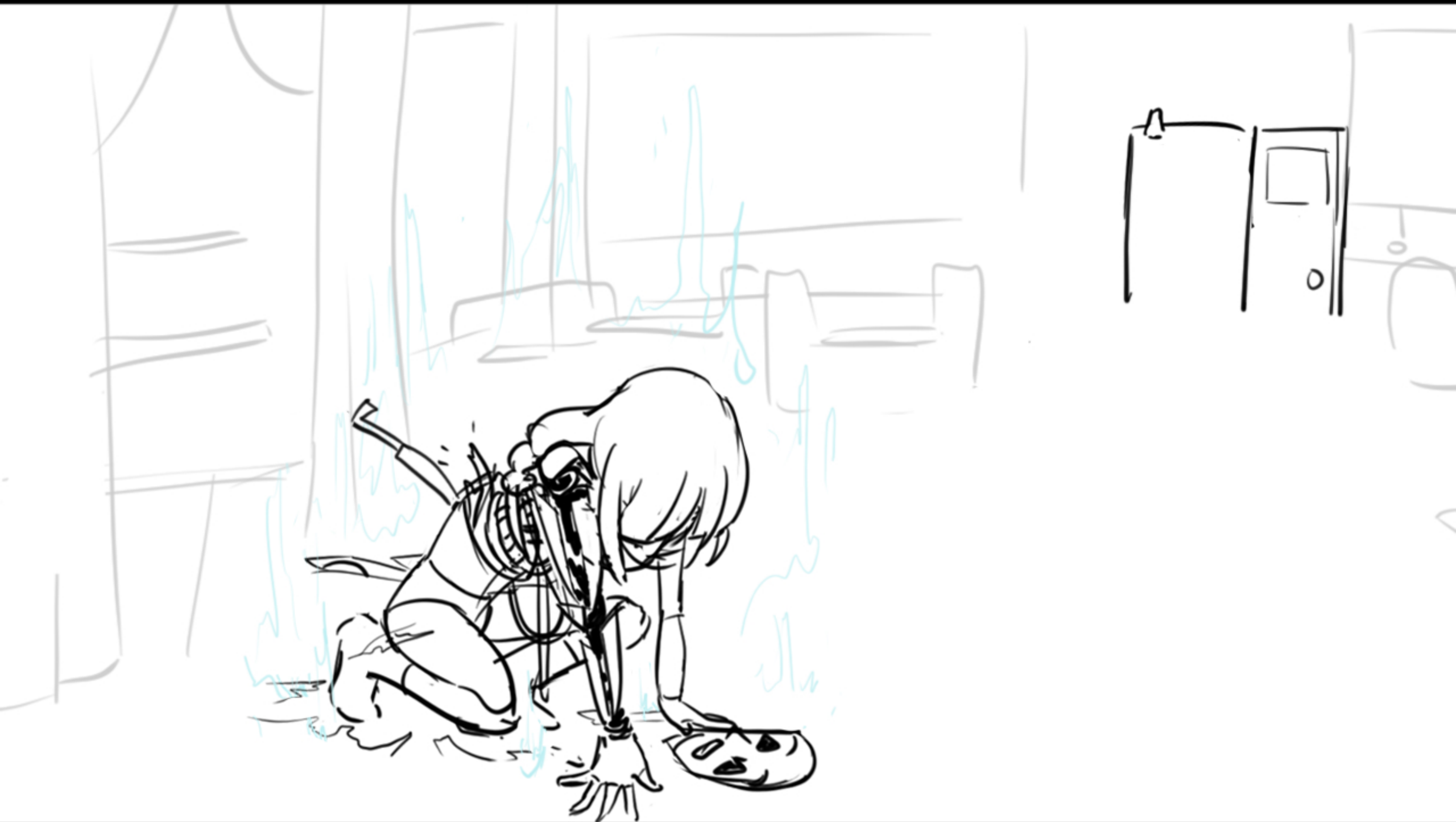
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MW: I am nothing more than a machine to you.



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Prongs sprout from MW back.



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MW crawls towards the door.



Manager cowers in fear.



MW holds her face like a mask and addresses the **Manager**.

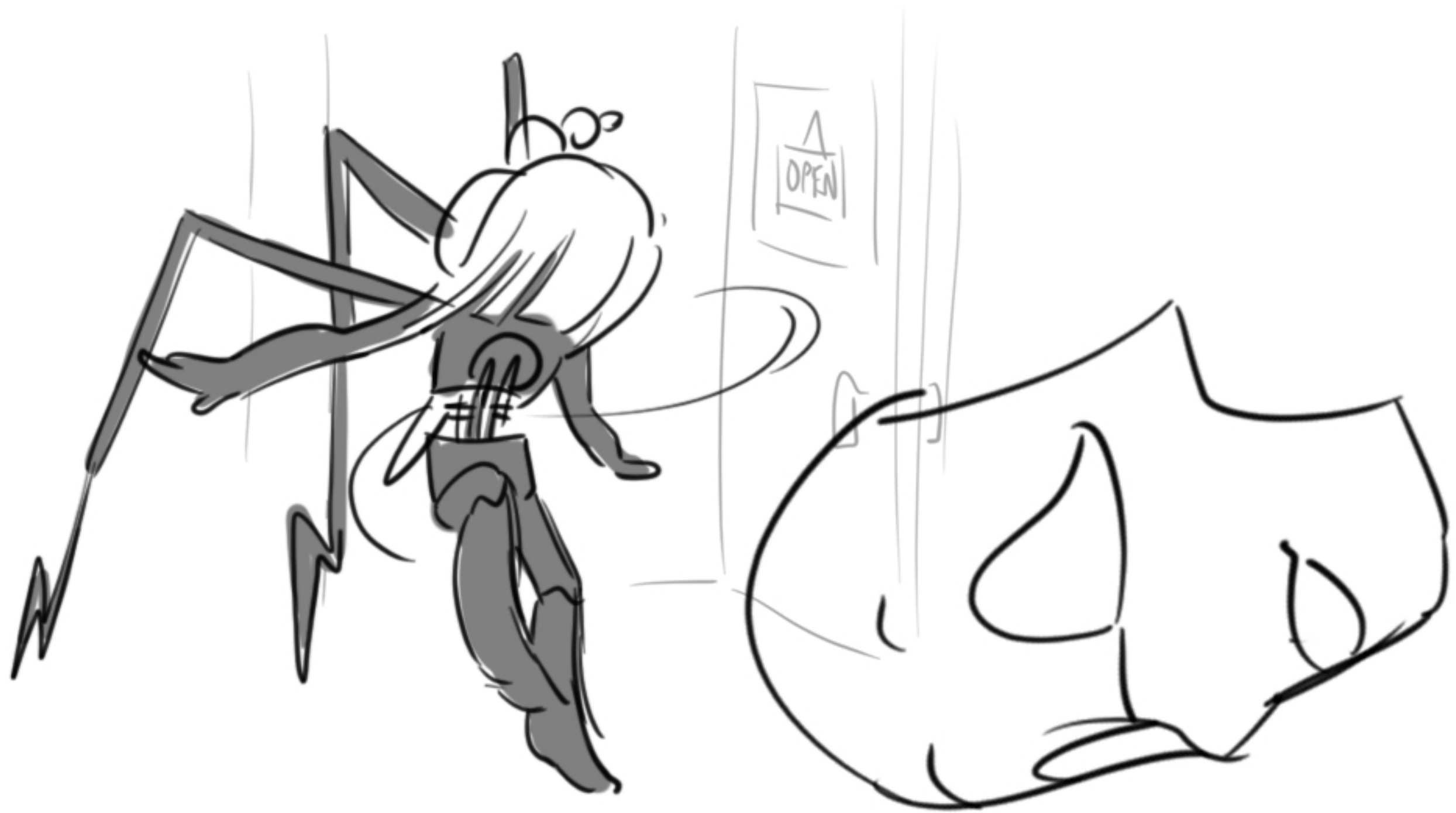
MW: Thank you for the opportunity...but I have found my true calling.



MW: I QUIT!!!



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