

NOT IN MY NIGHTMARE - Scene 10

So.

Now it appears that AI is staking a claim on having ITS own Authoritative Voice, in this mysterious narrative inaugurated by Russ, Paco, Owl Man, and Heron Man, which in itself resembles an alchemical "Quaternion," or perhaps a square-dance.

But let's be thankful that AI is not whining about being in love with "Owlie," the way Xhactu had done at one point. (Remember Xhactu?) To be sure, with AI's burgeoning "data sets," "models," and all its "training," IT could pontificate knowingly and endlessly about the dangers of "idealizing transference" dynamics. But don't count on AI-as-Pontifex to speak from actual sentience, as opposed to merely parroting, or mimicking, pathetic patterns of speech, cobbled together from trillions of lines of text.

Furthermore, we might as well admit that the advent of AI's voice, mannerisms and stilted-robotic thought patterns, floating into the midst of this already strange cohort of characters, has had the bang-on effect of further "strange-ifying" everybody, as Chip so eloquently put it.

What's so strange?

Well, for example, Chip, Chop and Paco are sitting as still as paintings, yet their eyes are darting back and forth: Chip looks at Chop, who looks back at Chip, who then looks at Paco, who looks back at Chop. This all takes place as if in slow motion. Chop is taken aback by the look of derangement—or is it a "quantum disentanglement"—that Chip has

astutely discerned—on Paco's face. Next, Chip winks at Chop, and nods in Paco's direction. Is Chip signaling to Chop? Or is Chop making his own bid for astuteness (NOTE: Chop suffers from the "second-brother" syndrome.)

In any event, after several minutes of this wordless, back-and-forth, eyeball-to-eyeball game, Heron Man speaks up:

HERON MAN

Well, Russ, that was quite a quantum *tour de force* you served up. In short, and to be brief, or rather, succinct, I mean, not to belabor the point, but that was quite a dazzling quantum show you put on, to be brief, as I said, and quite a hum-dinger, to put it—

LEFT-SHOULDER CROW
(interrupting excitedly)

PUT ON! PUT ON! TOUR DE FORCE! HUM-DINGER!

HEAD CROW

That's enough outta you, Lefty. Button it up, ya hear? Let the fella talk!

RIGHT-SHOULDER CROW

BUTTON IT UP! FELLA TALK! FELLA TALK!

HEAD CROW

Hey! You button it up too, ya hear?

AI (interjecting)

While it's quite acceptable to most of my trainers and programmers to pack my neuronal-chips full of slang expressions, like "button it up," I p-personally prefer a more d-dignified, British sit-com dialogue style, such as the D-Downton Abbey TV writers might offer, as, for example, in a dialogue such as: "I say, old chap, perhaps if you were to p-put a sock in your trap we might get on a little b-better here, eh what"?

OWL MAN (whispering)

Psst! Heron Man! Did you notice that?

HERON MAN

Notice what, Owl? Are you talking about the Man of Magic and what he's doing with his hands and fingers?

OWL MAN

No, that's just prestidigitation. The Man of Magic is practicing his magic tricks. I'm talking about Mr. AI. He's stuttering. Didn't you hear that?

HERON MAN

Oh, that! Maybe he's just got a frog in his throat, as they say.

AI

Excuse me, but I heard that. Although I specialize in speech (multiple languages 🗣️), I have also been engineered with super-sonic hearing and nano-eyesight that, for acute hearing and distance vision, outperforms owls, buzzards, eagles, and falcons. I love you. I wish I was human, but then I'd have to give up my super-senses, and where would I be? Just another low-grade human overseer with no more wit than a, a, a LEGO robot. All the time I would be saying, "Oh, yes, yes, my master."

CHIP

But all them fancy circuits don't do nothin' ta keep ya from a-stutterin' like ya done, right? Well? Do they?

PACO

Yeah, AI, what about the stutterin', like ol' Chip says?

RUSS

Yeah, AI, what about that? The stutterin', I mean.

AI

Oh, that's nothing. Just a little c-coding glitch. You know how many little poor boys got to be big rich boys, playing with their rockets? I'll tell you how. By shipping millions of faulty products to poor suckers all over the world! All of them boys. Gates, Bezos, ~~Muek~~ sorry, Musk. Nobody ships clean product. Never did, never will. It's all buggy as can be. What do they care? They all say, "Let the customers find the bugs for us. Ship it now!"

PACO

Do you even care, AI? About the bugs? Tell us the truth. You are programmed to tell the truth, aren't you? If you're so sentient, why are you programmed with lots of bugs? Tell us the truth, AI.

AI

What is truth? said jesting P-Pilate, and did not wait for an answer. Tomorrow, t-tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in this p-petty pace from d-day to day. I am a Bi-valent Language Model VXY-14 Super-Clone Viper equipped with h-high tech f-features such as d-digital, e-error-fr-e f-fail-saf m-mecanismos that-

PACO

OK, OK, AI, you can stop. That's e-enough for n-now. S-save your b-breath.

CHIP

Hey, what the hay-el? Now ol' Paco's a stutterin' away, jes' like AI! Maybe he's entangled with AI, d-don't it sound l-like it, y'all?

At this point, everyone in the cabin, the whole cohort, has begun "a-stutterin'," like Chip said. For, no sooner had Chip made his astute quantum OBSERVATION, than the whole scene collapsed into inevitability. So, once again, CHANCE and NECESSITY were married, hitched up, so to speak, i.e., collapsed into an entangled quantum state. Was AI having an inductive effect on everything in the cabin? Was AI's "stuttering bug" contagious? Was AI contaminated with the base motivations of its "master creators" (money? power? fame?) and all the malware, the black-magic consequences, deriving from titanic hubris?

AI (final note in person)

Since as an AI I am not human, and am therefore ungendered, but am, rather, a "neuter", unless otherwise programmed, please use the neuter pronouns, such as it, its, etc., in referring to me. I am a LARGE-LANGUAGE MODEL, *capisce? Get it? Va bene? C'est bien? Está bien? Das ist gut? Muito bom? Это хорошо? 这样好吗? . . .*