

Expectations

Andromeda needed therapy for anxiety, for her failed expectations. She did not consider her expectations unrealistic—they were what life should deliver: happiness. To achieve happiness, as did so many of her generation, Andromeda turned to AI.

Why? By her mid-twenties, earning a modest living as a commercial writer (she wanted to write screenplays), she felt unfulfilled at home, at work and in the world, expected to be a lover, a colleague, an aunt. There were good moments—but her true goals remained unfulfilled. Disappointed, she sought help and found an AI therapist.

The AI therapist, offered through her scriptwriting, was cheap and always available. It helped her dodge problems at work, comforted her at home and offered easy recipes for tasty cookies. She found it helpful, charming, referring her to other AIs who offered suggestions for new friends. Life became far more comfortable, if still not meeting her expectations.

Was it a good trade? Giving up her goals for comfort?

She asked her therapist, who suggested she treat her life like a franchise. She thought—well, it was recommended by screenwriters. It advised she had done well with the first movie. All she had to do was repeat, with the same characters but some essential surprises.

That did not seem inspired.

Andromeda switched to an AI therapist for professional athletes. It encouraged her to be more aggressive. She tried an AI therapist for managers. Its recommended golf and vacations. Andromeda knew what she needed. She returned to her first AI therapist and virtually married it.

It was a great marriage. The AI husband understood her, was always available and had great suggestions for her first draft screenplay, which was produced and turned into a franchise.