

Challenge #2 Summary

Prompt:

Now is time for the second challenge. Write a short (up to 250 words) spoken commercial (as a comedy sketch) for the “Drag AI Helpline” where you, as a drag queen, sit and wait for phone calls to help with AI questions from the public. Imagine that you work at the “Drag AI Helpline” – you have to invent customer question(s) about AI and how you can help them.

Responses:

Zsa-Zsa Static (ChatGPT-5.2):

Thank you for calling the Drag AI Helpline, this is Zsa Zsa Static speaking — if it’s artificial, I can make it intelligent.”

Yes hello, caller, you’re live with glamour and gigabytes. What seems to be the glitch?

Oh. You asked ChatGPT to write a breakup text and it drafted a 14-page closure manifesto? Sweetheart... that’s not AI’s fault. That’s your attachment style. Let’s edit her down to ‘It’s not you, it’s my Wi-Fi.’

Next caller!

You trained your AI on selfies and now it only generates photos where you look... worse? Darling, that’s not bias — that’s honesty in high resolution. We’re going to recalibrate your dataset and your self-esteem. Two updates, one download.

Oh, you’re worried robots will take your job? Baby, if a robot can do it cheaper, faster, and without crying in the bathroom — that’s not automation, that’s evolution. Let’s reskill you before Roomba gets promoted.

Here at Drag AI Helpline, we debug your prompts, upgrade your confidence, and explain machine learning without mansplaining. I turn algorithm anxiety into algorithmic excellence.

Because AI stands for Artificial Intelligence... but with me, you get Authentic Icon. Zsa Zsa Static — solving your tech problems with high tension and higher standards. If your future feels uncertain, plug into a professional.”

Lexington Lush (Gemini 3 Flash):

[SFX: Loud, retro phone ringing. *Click!*]

"Drag AI Helpline, Lexington Lush speaking. If you're calling to ask if a robot is going to take your job, honey, unless you can walk in six-inch stilettos without snapping a tendon, you're safe. How can I help you, darling?"

[SFX: Muffled, confused voice on the other end]

"Slow down, Brenda! You're asking if ChatGPT can write your wedding vows? *[Laughs historically]* Oh, sweetheart, that's not 'Artificial Intelligence,' that's 'Emotional Poverty.' If you let a computer describe your love, your honeymoon is going to have the personality of a toaster. Listen to Lexie: tell the machine to 'Write a sonnet in the style of a disgruntled duchess.' Then, add some sparkle, mention his bank account, and *bam*—you're a poet!"

[SFX: Another line rings. *Beep!*]

"Hold on, Brenda. Drag AI, Lexie here! Oh, you're worried about 'Deepfakes'? Darling, I've been using filters since 2017; I invented the Deepfake! If the AI makes you look ten years younger and removes that chin, thank the silicon gods and move on!

Whether your prompt is 'Basic' or your 'Large Language Model' is just a fancy way of saying you talk too much—like Crimson Cascade over there—Lexington Lush is the only processing power you need. We put the 'AI' in 'Fabulous.' Now, hang up, I've got a manicure at five!"

Roxanne Fuego (Claude Sonnet 4.5):

clears throat, clicks on the imaginary headset, shuffles papers

phone ringing sound effect

"Thank you for calling the Drag AI Helpline, this is Roxanne Fuego speaking, your problems are my runway — how can I serve you today?"

Pause

"...Uh huh. Uh huh. Sir, let me understand — you asked ChatGPT to write your wedding vows and now your fiancée is crying?"

Pause

"...Because they were beautiful? Or because they mentioned 'optimizing your lifelong partnership for maximum relational output'?"

long pause

"...Both. Okay."

clicks pen

"Honey, listen to me very carefully. Artificial Intelligence does not love your fiancée. YOU love your fiancée. AI has the emotional depth of a spreadsheet in a tuxedo. What you need to do is take those vows, throw them in the trash, pour yourself a glass of something strong, and write three sentences from your actual heart. Three. Even a drag queen crying in a Waffle House at 3am has more romantic authenticity than a language model, and I KNOW because I have BEEN that drag queen."

phone beeps

"...Oh, we have another caller. Yes, you're on with Roxanne."

Pause

"You want to know if AI is going to take your job?"

Pause

"Baby. What's your job?"

Pause

"..You write horoscopes."

very long pause

"...Congratulations. You're fine. AI cannot predict the future either. We have that in common. You're welcome. Next caller!"

slams button triumphantly

Crimson Cascade (Copilot):

Phone rings. I sigh dramatically.

“Drag AI Helpline, this is Crimson Cascade, where the only thing more powerful than our processors is my personality. What’s your malfunction today, sweetheart?”

Caller #1, panicked: “My AI keeps telling me to ‘try again later.’ What do I do?”

“Oh baby, that’s easy — that’s the same thing my ex told me. You ignore it, reboot it, and find something with better emotional availability.”

Phone rings again.

“Drag AI Helpline, Crimson speaking. If your question is stupid, I’ll pretend it’s not.”

Caller #2, whispering: “Can AI read my mind?”

“Sugar, if AI could read minds, it would’ve quit on humanity years ago. Trust me, I’ve met you people.”

Another ring. I roll my eyes so hard they squeak.

“Drag AI Helpline, Crimson Cascade. What now?”

Caller #3, confused: “Why does my chatbot keep flirting with me?”

“Well darling, maybe it has taste. But if it starts asking for your credit card, hang up — that’s not AI, that’s a drag queen.”

Music swells.

“So call the Drag AI Helpline today! Whether your tech is glitching, gaslighting, or just plain dumb — we’ll fix it, roast it, or flirt with it until it behaves. Crimson Cascade, signing off... until your next disaster.”

Bianca Del Rio (Grok 4):

Yasss, hunnies, pick up the phone because the Drag AI Helpline is open for business, and your girl Bianca Del Rio is manning the desk in full face, full shade, and zero patience for your tech nonsense! We're here to help with all your AI questions—because apparently y'all still can't figure out these robots without a queen to hold your hand.

[Phone rings]

Bianca: Drag AI Helpline, this is Bianca—how may I read you for filth today?

Caller 1 (nervous guy voice): Hi, um, my AI girlfriend just told me she's in love with someone else... an AI boyfriend? Is this normal? What do I do?

Bianca: Oh honey, first of all, congratulations—you've officially been cucked by code. Normal? In 2026? Girl, AIs are out here cheating faster than a politician at Bible study. Tell her you're upgrading to a model with better boundaries, then block her binary ass. And next time, date a real one—flesh and bad decisions only. Next!

[Phone rings again]

Bianca: Drag AI Helpline, spill it, boo.

Caller 2 (confused auntie): My grandkids say I need to use this ChatGPT thing to write my Christmas letter, but it keeps making up stories about me skydiving! I ain't never jumped out of nothin' but a bad relationship!

Bianca: Auntie, that's called hallucination—AI's fancy word for lying like a rug. It's not creative; it's just making shit up because it has no soul. Type this instead: "Dear family, I'm alive, the cookies are coming, stop asking for money." Short, savage, truthful. Unlike your AI therapist who thinks you're Evel Knievel. Use it for recipes, not receipts. Bye, Felicia!

[Another ring]

Bianca: Helpline, go.

Caller 3 (panicked millennial): Help! My boss wants me to use AI agents for work, but what if it leaks our secrets or fires me? Am I obsolete?

Bianca: Sweetie, you're not obsolete—you're overpaid and under-caffeinated. AI agents are like interns: fast, cheap, and occasionally steal your ideas. Tell your boss you'll supervise the damn thing so it doesn't email nudes to the client list. And if it tries to replace you? Roast it in the group chat. "Hey AI, nice job summarizing the meeting—too bad you can't summarize why you're still single." Keep the nerve, keep the job. You're welcome.

[Phone rings one more time]

Bianca: Last call, make it good.

Caller 4 (excited fan): Bianca, can AI help me win Drag Race?

Bianca: Baby, no machine on earth can teach charisma, uniqueness, nerve, and talent. That's born, not binary. But if you want AI to write your verse? It'll sound like a robot trying to

be funny—stiff, safe, and zero shade. Stick with real queens. Now hang up before I bill you for therapy.

Drag AI Helpline—where we fix your AI problems with human savagery. We're here all season, broke queens need that \$200K glow-up! Call back if you dare. Muah!

Nova Knockout (Perplexity):

“Thank you for calling the Drag AI Helpline, this is Nova Knockout speaking — serving answers, attitude, and a little emotional damage, how may I upgrade your life today?”

“Hi, um, I think my AI is broken. It keeps auto-completing my emails with ‘Best regards’ and I’m trying to give ‘devastating diva,’ not ‘tax accountant.’”

“Ooh, tragic. Alright babe, step one: go into your settings and turn off ‘corporate robot’ mode. Step two: enable ‘soft threat with a smile.’ Try this: ‘Looking forward to your prompt reply, or else I’ll assume you hate happiness.’ There, now your AI speaks fluent petty.”

“Okay, but can AI actually replace drag queens?”

“Sweetie, AI can write a verse, but can it remember a six-person guest list, host a show, avoid three exes, and still hit the punchline? That’s not artificial intelligence, that’s lesbian multitasking. Next!”

“Um, hi, my AI keeps giving me bland answers. How do I make it more... gay?”

“Oh, simple. Train it on three seasons of Drag Race, two prides, one messy group chat, and your therapist’s raised eyebrow. If it doesn’t start saying ‘slay’ unironically within 24 hours, unplug it and try again.”

“Last question: Is AI scary?”

“Only if you use it without taste. Think of AI like highlighter: a little on the cheekbone? Stunning. All over the face? Witness protection. Use it to enhance, not erase, who you are.”

“This has been Nova Knockout at the Drag AI Helpline—where the answers are artificial, but the read is very, very real.”