

**GALILEO**

You're all fools. Clones. GAGA sheep.

**GA GA KIDS**

OMG. LOL. HASHTAG. LOSER.

*But the **KIDS** just laugh and scatter,  
ignoring the weirdo. **THE TEACHER**,  
however, tries to talk to him at his  
level.*

**TEACHER**

Hey, 'Dude', Chillax. It's graduation. Your life is just beginning.

**GALILEO**

Good. The sooner it begins the sooner it's over with.

**TEACHER**

But you have so much potential. You could get a job with any division of Globalsoft you please. How about Music Programming?

**GALILEO**

I don't want to program music. I want to make music. My own music.

**TEACHER**

*(Shocked and a little scared)*

Hey! Cool it! Now you listen to me WWW-slash-Gordon-at-Tumblr-Face-Space-Instasnap-Twit-dot-com.

**GALILEO**

My name is Galileo Figaro! I want a name, not a User ID.

**TEACHER**

Galileo Figaro? Where on the iPlanet did you come up with that?

**GALILEO**

I found it, in a dream. I have dreams, you see. And I hear noises. Screeching, thudding, b-banging noises. And words, words drop into my head...too many words. I can't get no satisfaction. Help! I need somebody. Help! Not just anybody! Oops, I did it again.

**TEACHER**

I get it. I feel your pain. But you live in a perfect world. What more could you possibly want?