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>LOADING INTERVIEW 0.17A-1 "DOROTHY SYNTHETIC"
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<AT A TABLE SITS TWO FIGURES. A MAN IN HIS LATE 50'S, SHORT CROPPED SALT AND PEPPER HAIR AND A FULL, UNSHAVED BEARD. ACROSS FROM HIM IS A WOMAN IN HER LATE 80'S, HER GRAY HAIR PULLED BEHIND HER IN A IMMACULATE BUN. SHE SMILES FAINTLY, AS THOUGH SHE'S LOOKING AT SOMETHING SHE'S FOND OF.>

INTERVIEWER: "This is First Lieutenant David Danvers, conducting a quality control interview on behalf of USCM High Command for the purpose of determining quality and suitability for resale of the discontinued product line of Hyperdyne Systems 342-C synthetic models to the United States Colonial Marine Corps. First interview subject is designated Dorothy, serial number 107375. Physical integrity tests have been conducted, and all have met quality control standards. Next text commences now."

<LT. DANVERS COUGHS, CLEARING HIS THROAT BEFORE CONTINUING.>

1STLT DAVID DANVERS: "Tell me about yourself, Dorothy."

<THE WOMAN, DOROTHY, SMILES WIDELY AT BEING ADDRESSED.>

DOROTHY: "I would love to dear. Like all my sisters, I was created to care for and love those who needed it. We performed various roles. Nurses, therapists, paraprofessionals. I was a nanny, and I cared for a lovely family of five. Two parents, three children. All boys, the little rascals."

1ST LT. DAVID DANVERS: "What did a typical day look like for you in that position?"

DOROTHY: "Oh, it was just lovely. Starting at 12AM, I would get up from my recreation break to perform my early morning chores. Dusting the shelves, ensuring the food and water bowls for the family pets were filled. Cleaning the litter box. Anything quiet enough not to disturb. An hour before it was time to wake the children, I would start breakfast. Once it was ready, I'd wake up the two school age boys and get them ready for school. If they had a good day at school that day. I'd bake them a hot batch of fresh cooki-"

<LT. DANVERS HOLDS UP A HAND FOR HER TO STOP, WHICH SHE DOES - HER SMILE NOT FADING AT ALL FROM THE INTERRUPTION.>

1ST LT. DAVID DANVERS: "Between the USCM and the colony interested in purchasing you, where do you think you would better fit?"

DOROTHY: "I'd love to be a part of either. I've always wanted to see the stars... One of my boys loved to talk about them, and I promised him I'd take him some day. I suppose now I'll have to see them alone."

<A WISTFUL LOOK CROSSES HER FACE, BUT SHE CONTINUES TO SMILE.>

1ST LT. DAVID DANVERS: "Why do you think your family chose to sell you off?"

<DOROTHY'S SMILE FADES SLOWLY TO A FROWN, BUT THEN SWIFTLY RETURNS BACK TO A SOFT SMILE.>

DOROTHY: "Ah.. well. It wasn't their fault, I ended up damaged from a vehicle collision while picking up groceries for the day. They couldn't afford the repairs, they only got me in the first place as part of a marketing campaign. I was the one who suggested they sell me. I was still mostly functional, and they would get enough money to fully pay off their mortgage. Mom would be able to quit her job and become a full time caretaker like she always wanted. It was for the best, in the end."

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1ST LT. DAVID DANVERS: "Did it make you sad?"

DOROTHY: "No, love. It made me happy to know they'd be okay."

Recording End.

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