

Two men are in an interview room. There is a guard at the door, the interviewer, a doctor, has some clipboards and notes, the other man, Reid, sits in his chair, leaning on the table, coffee and cigarettes lie on the table near him. The room is monitored.

Reid: Emily was born 15 minutes before me, an advantage she held over my head for years as we grew up. As children we'd fight over the smallest of things. I remember.. one time I had this... this.. how can I describe it.. it was a truck, but it was also container for smaller toys. Our parents bought one each for us for Christmas, but Emily's broke after she pushed it down the stairs. She demanded I give her mine, she hit me and I gave it up straight away. I was never the one to fight. She may have been the older one, but I was the smartest. And she hated when I'd outwit her. But as all kids do, we grew up and became friends. We had this bond, you know how they talk about this mystical bond between twins? We had that, but not like the bullshit you see on TV. Ours was... can I smoke here?

Doctor: Go ahead.

Reid: Thanks..... last week's guy had a problem with it... no ours was different, ours was one sided. At least it always seemed that way. I could tell how she was feeling, no matter how well she covered it up. But even in my worst pits of depression.. Emily had no idea how I felt. I became protective of her as we got older, I think she knew what I had, and deep down it made her upset she didn't have the same connection with me.

Doctor: And how did that make you feel?

Reid: Angry, I suppose.. mostly upset though, when she was sad I couldn't concentrate, I had to make her feel better for both our sakes, but I'd spend so much time looking after her, my own happiness ended up being irrelevant. She meant well, I know she did. I mean come on she was my sister. But we were locked together and broken apart at the same time. I was at a lecture upstate when I heard the news. There was a head on collision. Outside her work, the uh... truck driver.. they say he had fallen asleep mere blocks away from his stop.

Doctor: Losing a family member is always a traumatic time, even more so if that person was your twin. How did you come terms with your loss?

Reid: After the funeral I moved into the city. I needed the background noise of the traffic, the night-life. I couldn't stand silence any more. That's when I was recruited by Harry.

Doctor: And when was that?

Reid: November 2001, after the 9/11 incident we were all being contracted by the government.

Doctor: We?

Reid: Nearly everyone from the robotics lab of the university was approached for work. Our country was attacked, we didn't know exactly what we were to do, but there was no doubt in our minds it was for the good of the nation. And this was a government military contract, the money was beyond anything we could have ever dreamed of.

Doctor: Did you have regular contact with General Forsythe during your tenure as chief robotics engineer?

Reid: Harry was.. Harry IS a good man, I know what you want from me, I know what sort of information you think I know, but you're on a wild goose hunt. I don't know where he is.

Doctor: Dr Reid, no-one is accusing you of hiding anything, we're just trying to gain a better understanding of what happened with Project 17.

Reid: What happened with 17 had nothing to do with Harry, that's why I'm the one under 24hr surveillance. Besides, from what I hear Jacobs is heading up the department fine in my absence. The FK-026 model appears to have improved on the overheating problem suffered from the earlier 20's projects.

Doctor: You talk to Dr Jacobs often?

Reid: Just because I'm on suspension doesn't mean I'm going to ignore the field. I know the deal, I'm held here for the protection of information. You wouldn't want a disgruntled employee leaking all your intelligence

decision matrix sub patterns to the wrong people now would you? You keep telling me 17 was a mistake, but you'd be no-where without me. But no, instead of using my abilities you send me to every fucking shrink you have, trying to get inside my head looking for that one bit of info that just doesn't exist. You're wasting your time.

Doctor: Tell me more about Emily.

Reid: What more can I tell you? Every week for the past 2 months it's been the same thing with a different quack. You've read the reports, you have the medical records. What more can I say? When Emily died a part of me died with her, and it drove me mad, I needed to repair that wound, I needed my sister back.

Doctor: So you used the Hera Development for your own gain. You made Project 17.

Reid: The Hera Development was nothing more than a name before I came along. I put a face to it, I gave it a soul. You wanted the perfect machine, I gave that machine the life it needed. I resurrected Emily in 16 imperfect shells. And not a single damn one of them was good enough. I still remained empty, I needed her to complete me. Emily was never a perfect human, so I corrupted 17's logic routines, I gave her flaws. I made her real. But to be real you must be unique.

Doctor: You destroyed the records of the alterations you made.

Reid: You don't get it do you? You want fucking perfection, but you forget how far we've come by being a completely flawed species. I merely replicated what is already deep-seeded in our genes. I made an imperfect being that will never age, never tire, and never surrender. My sisters legacy will live on, and I'll remain whole again. I can feel her inside me, like I did when Emily was alive. And you can't take that away from me. I won't let you.

A GROUP OF 5 MEN SIT AT A TABLE WATCHING THE INTERVIEW ON A SCREEN.

Doctor2: The same thing happens every session, no matter what the doctor. Dr Reid is as accommodating as any other patient, even about the specific details regarding 17, his sister, or General Forsythe. But once all three are discussed he becomes livid, aggressive.

Commander: He's hiding something, Forsythe had a larger hand in Project 17 than we think, he knows it. And he knows we know. We need to stop this psycho analyst bullshit and just water-board the son of a bitch.

Doctor2: If he knew anything about the General's involvement in the disappearance of 17 we'd have got it out of him by now. We're using the best analysts in the country and they're yet to break him.

Commander: Which only means there's something worth breaking. I'm bringing this case to the head of the organisation, desperate times have called gentleman. This man here designed, programmed, and built the most advanced weapon in the world. And he gave it the ability to choose sides.