

CLARA

Please don't make me tell the same story all over again. You'll be the fourth person I tell it to. Isn't there any *real* police work to be done?

EDEN

No need to tell the story again, I know the details. I have some other questions for you, if I may?

CLARA

Why even ask? I don't get a choice.

EDEN

You do, actually. Right to remain silent. Right to ask for a lawyer. Right to choose. You're in here, but you're still free.

CLARA

Don't need a lawyer, I'm innocent.

EDEN

Are you?

CLARA

Is that some kind of reverse psychology?

EDEN

A simple question. Now.

(She takes the seat across from Clara)

Tell me about your company.

CLARA

Not my company anymore, I sold it last year. It's hardly relevant.

EDEN

Humor me. It's a fascinating subject, your work. I'm curious, about its founding. About...your product.

CLARA

Well, you've read all about me, I'm sure. So you must know I've been working in computer science and robotics for quite some time. I was a bright child, so I started early. I don't like the word prodigy, but people seem to think it applies. My area of focus has always been on artificial intelligence, particularly its application to companionship. At one time, it was my goal to design aides for the rich and elderly, sort of robot nurses, butlers, and grandchildren all in one. Someone to attend to their health needs and also keep them company, on a round-the-clock schedule that no human worker would be capable of. It could help people. Provide comfort.

EDEN

What happened to that?

CLARA

What happens to anyone with big ideas, a lot of ambition, and not enough integrity? I was approached by some people with more money than I had ever even thought about, and they wanted me. Well, my idea, my advancements. The technology I'd developed. Not even exactly my idea, but close enough. Or so they assured me. I would be heading a development team creating designer companions for lonely men with no social skills but enough money to foot the bill. Sexbots, essentially, though I can't stand the term. I'm sure you know the rest.

EDEN

I do, I've read several interviews with you on the subject, but I'd like to hear your thoughts on it now.

CLARA

I didn't like the work, really. It made me uncomfortable. But I did like the things the work provided me: my name *everywhere*, all the money I could ever need to support my research. Bottles of scotch that cost more than my first car. And the man of my dreams by my side to hold my hand through all of it.

EDEN

Harold.

CLARA

Exactly.

EDEN

You designed them all, in the early stages, didn't you? What was it like? Making the Girls?

CLARA

I don't call them that.

EDEN

The Women?

CLARA

No, they're not like that. I couldn't think of them like that. It felt wrong to think of them like that, to live with the Frankenstein of it all. They already looked too real when they were finished but hadn't been booted up yet. Like a corpse. I had nightmares, couldn't sleep for days at a time.

EDEN

I don't understand, didn't you intentionally design them to resemble people? Inside as well as out.

CLARA

Sort of, but not quite. I mean, you can't truly build people, especially not if you're building them...for someone else. That's- I mean, it's almost slavery isn't it? it would make me a sex trafficker, or some other horrible thing. I started hating them, after a long while. I couldn't look at them anymore. I sold my research to one of my colleagues, sold my stake in the company, and left. I told everyone it was to spend more time with my family, to get away from the work for a while. But that was a lie. I just couldn't feel like a coroner sewing bodies together instead of taking them apart.

EDEN

Tell me about the first Girl you made. I'm sorry-What do you call them?

CLARA

I don't.

(There is a long pause as the two women size each other up)

I nicknamed her Eve. I shouldn't have, it was wrong of me to put myself in the position of God. But I was so much more arrogant then. Maybe this is my punishment, maybe God is laughing at me right now. That's crazy, isn't it? But I made her first, Eve. She was the first and only that wasn't for anyone. I suppose she was for me. Not like that, not in that way. Though I suppose I'm not opposed to being with a woman, I never tried it, I wouldn't have... I made her to look like me. It's sick, isn't it? I made her in my image, or my ideal image, the way my stunning younger sister might look. Or the way I might look if genetics had been a little kinder to me and I'd taken better care of my skin, my hair. Though of course it's easy to have perfect skin when you don't actually have any pores. But I really did love her when she was finished. Or at least, what making her meant. She was my prototype. Proof to myself that I wasn't an imposter in a lab coat playing at a big game I couldn't join. She was my "fuck you" to my mom and dad who told me to find a nice man and settle down and stop spending my time on tricky ideas. Who said science makes girls ugly. Here I was, using science to make the most beautiful women I had ever seen.