**SUV: Sport Utilitarian Vehicle**

The population of Las Vegas, New Mexico had doubled to over thirty thousand in the three years since Plex Auto-Motive had established their global HQ in the town, and Detective Joshua Mendoza reckoned that around a quarter of them had turned out to hear Senator Jackson speak. Mendoza guessed it counted as an exciting event to the local hicks.

Who was he kidding with this cynical bullshit? He was LV born and raised himself and had spent the last twenty five years (Christ, was it really that long?) rising – if that was the right word – to the level of Detective in the town’s two man police department. It had been a pretty easy life – at least until Plex A-M had arrived – and that was just how Mendoza had liked it. Just the usual Saturday night drunks and domestics, and farmers out in the sticks complaining that their broken, neglected fencing had been damaged by “vandals” and trying to get compensation.

Plex A-M had not brought Las Vegas the hoped-for revival in manufacturing jobs. The company liked to advertise that its cars were “100% American made”, and that was true as long as long as no-one gave too much thought to the fact that no American worker – apart from a few geeks at their keyboards – was involved anywhere in the entirely automated facility, located over a fifteen acre site on the western outskirts of the town. Even the geeks had increasingly started to be replaced by AIs. Mendoza couldn’t muster much sympathy for them: they’d brought that one on themselves.

He was at the rally on duty, but he was as interested as anyone else to hear what the Senator had to say.

[*Interleave Sen. Jackson’s speech with Mendoza’s observations – crowd, park, weather etc.*]