

Hartley Aucune

Age: late 20s-early 30s

Gender Presentation: female, she/her pronouns, androgynous presentation

Spoken Language(s): English, French, French-English patois derivative

Accent: proper French

Voice Notes: While Hartley's words can rough and gruff, her cadence and pronunciations are proper and refined as a reflection of her upbringing.

Short Description

Hot-headed, eager for any fight, sarcastic, blunt, brash, resentful.

There's little difference between Hartley when working as a private investigator and Hartley as a private citizen of SouMet, the city of "undesirables" beneath the city of Metropolis. Her gruffness might be put-upon way to try to shove down her literal top-of-the-clouds upbringing, but she refuses to do it by halves. She will fight anyone in her way, sometimes antagonizing them unintentionally with her stony-face sarcasm and curt nature.

Detailed Description

Hartley Aucune was born at the very top of the upper echelons of the Metropolis elite, something she still resents and rebels against to this day. She spits and curses and does all the things a lady of the cloudy heights of the near-future cyberpunk megacity should not, for fear that it might be used against them by someone in need of leverage. That stubborn rebellion centers most around her work as a *church-merc*, a private investigator who digs into rumors about people and corporations to undermine them. It is considered a lowly job, akin to being a janitor in an office building: essential work but no one really wants to do it.

Hartley took to it like a natural-born SouMet denizen rather than an expatriate from the city above, using her deep knowledge of the social infrastructures of Metropolis and its aristocracy as well as her privilege and access to get to information no one else could ever hope to touch. Those advantages catapulted Hartley and her partner Garou into the position of the best in their business.

Many would assume that she, even with her body covered in ink, piercings, and other modifications, is much more likely to be the talker of the pair but they would be wrong. She is the one left cleaning off her bloody knuckles at the end of a night and grumpily filing damage reports at the end of a case. She detests the work they do and how it is used, but not more than she detests the people they do it for. Maybe the knowledge that they're still human, no matter how much they alter themselves to hide it, is enough to take the money she gets and put it back into the people of SouMet who need it.

While Hartley believes she's doing the right (or at least best at the moment) thing, she rarely if ever takes the time to step back and examine her choices unless specifically called out to by those she trusts around her. That acceptance is always grudging but she always makes attempts to be better. After all, she is not from SouMet; she grew up with the promise of controlling untold lives as the head of a corporation as a matter of course.

Line Examples

The following examples are pieces of sample potential script with lines that reflect the character, with context for the generalized scenes they could be said within.

INT. DESTROYED OFFICE – NIGHT

After winning a messy fight, HARTLEY rolls her shoulders and stretches. She's clearly ready for the next one and even more ready to gloat about it.

HARTLEY AUCUNE

(cocky, sarcastic)

I wouldn't worry about the office. Just...
say you're redecorating.

INT. AGENCY HEADQUARTERS, CHIEF'S OFFICE – MIDDAY

HARTLEY is lounging carelessly through a case brief, only half listening to the information. This is the first thing she's said since walking in and greeting her boss.

HARTLEY AUCUNE

(bored, apathetic)

Yeah, sure, we can take the case. It's
just basic mud running, yes?

EXT. SOUMET STREETS, OUTSIDE DERNIÈRE CHANSON CABARET – NIGHT

After a hard-won victory, HARTLEY is trying desperately to catch her breath as she and GAROU survey the scene around them. They hadn't expected anything like what transpired here.

HARTLEY AUCUNE

(harried, breathless)

I admit it, I was very wrong about this
one. Désolé, shame on me. Now, can we
please, please get out of here?!

INT. STAR ROBOTICS LABS R&D – NIGHT

HARTLEY and GAROU try to take the vastness of pristine laboratory around them, the robotic PROTOTYPES being built and tested autonomously even at this late hour. Some are

preparing meals, other dancing, and a few simply watching the pair curiously but not openly. All the prototypes have the same blank face mask but wildly different personalities.

HARTLEY AUCUNE

(awed, fearful)

This is... very much not the case we were told it would be.

EXT. METROPOLIS ROOFTOP GARDEN – DAY

HARTLEY and GAROU are waiting to meet with a potential client to pass along the details of what they've found so far in their investigations. The extreme amount of time that's passed has given them enough time to take in the panoramic views and look over the gorgeous sculptures and gardens and then some. This is a power move on the client's part.

HARTLEY AUCUNE

(disaffected)

Nothing I love more than being made to wait by someone who can't tell a true Rodin from a copy. Not even a student of Rodin's either.