

IYUNO
Los Angeles

DUNCAN (Male, 70s+)



Voice Description: Rough and brusque; a mature, gravelly voiceprint.

Character Description: CURMUDGEONLY. PRIVATE. WISTFUL.

A blind pianist, renowned for his musical compositions. Once in the limelight, Duncan is now a reclusive retiree living alone in a castle. He enjoys solitude and finds wars and modern technology distasteful. Grudgingly, he accepts assistance from North No.2, a massive robot assigned to serve as his butler.

Duncan is troubled by memories of his past. As a sickly child, he lost his vision at an early age. His mother seemingly abandoned him, and he was sent away to boarding school, where his peers mocked him.

Despite his reservations, Duncan helps North No.2 practice playing the piano. Music unites the unlikely pair in friendship.

LABEL: CHARACTER_Name_AGENT_Location

Example: DUNCAN_Jane Doe_AGENT_ LA

Slate: Name

No more than 2 takes, if submitting 2 takes please send on 1 MP3

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SCENE 1

DUNCAN grumpily badgers his butler NORTH NO.2, an unflappable robot who served in a war some years ago. Though the robot is now a pacifist, DUNCAN can't help but give him a hard time.

DUNCAN: How many, huh...? How many people did you kill in the Central Asian War? I'm sure you can give me an exact number?

NORTH NO.2: The International Robot Laws forbid me from harming any humans. I am incapable.

DUNCAN: So then. Killed lots of *robots*, did you? What does *that* number come out to? Don't pretend as though you've lost count. ... Get out of here. Your demeanor's ruining what little appetite I have.

SCENE 2

DUNCAN talks to his robot butler about the electronic instruments he's been saddled with, not thinking much of either category of machine.

DUNCAN: They're cutting-edge fakeries, just like you. A fake violin right there, next to a fake trumpet... The whole damn orchestra, fake. Dress 'em up all you want, they're nothing more than machines. No thank you.

That's why I never had artificial eyes put in after I went blind. If I need a machine to tell me what the world looks like, then I'd rather not see at all. Far better to live in the dark.