

The Detective is a tall (approximately 6' 3"), gangling Time Lord at the young age of 433, with blond hair that sticks out at odd angles, thick-rimmed specs, and a long brown coat a size too small for him. He hails from an unfinished Doctor Who fanfic, in which he spent an unspecified duration as an agent in the Gallifreyan Intelligence Corps. He declared himself a renegade in rebellion against Rassilon's regime—proving, at least, that he had a gift for alliterative decision-making. This experience in the war gave him more than a little aptitude with combat and quick-thinking, rendering him a combat pragmatist and a crack shot with at least some martial proficiency.

While the Detective presents as an irredeemable jerk of a man, he is, in fact, a man obsessed with following an absolute morality. He believes that other people deserve to have their flaws pointed out so they can fix them, and doing so kindly would just be hiding behind pretence. In his eyes, anyone who doesn't measure up to his bizarre standards is flawed, and deserves a chance to "fix" themselves. Unfortunately, the intended debate often manifests in the Detective snarking at the offending individual, and the individual getting a bit miffed. He is, however, an intelligent man deeply concerned about doing the right thing, and is far more selfless than he's aware. He just happens to be a jerk about it.

He is most definitely insane, though this results more in an overapplication of logic than an absence of it. Most of his enjoyment comes from irritating his partner, Jack, on whom he essentially relies. The Detective would be utterly miserable without an audience to perform for, and someone to keep him grounded in reality, forming a softer counterpoint to the Detective's acerbic nature. The Detective is well aware of the phrase "don't bite the hand that feeds you," but he's too busy bothering Jack to figure out how that's really relevant at the moment.

His arrival in the PPC resulted from an attempt to leave the actual confines of the Time War. Once outside the conflict, the exterior universe proved to be so underdeveloped that his TARDIS panicked, attempting to land in the nearest thing resembling reality that it could find. Instead, it hit the PPC.

His partner, Jack Michael Riggs, is a 30-year-old hunter from the Supernatural universe. He came to the PPC at 19, while hunting a djinn, a creature which drains the life force from its victims while keeping them trapped in a world of illusion. Part of him is convinced he's still there, but Jack, being a practical fellow, isn't particularly concerned about questioning the validity of his reality, as it doesn't affect his ability to do his job. The real world wasn't all that great, anyway.

Where the Detective is the sort of man who won't tell you when his birthday is, but will leave his pilot's license out so you'll get him a present anyway, Jack Riggs is the sort of man who genuinely doesn't want a fuss made. He's here to help you—not the other way around.

While Jack prefers to use the guns his father gave him to see the mission through, he will (reluctantly) improvise if the fic's 'verse requires it.

And rest assured, Jack will get the job done. Come hell or high water, Jack Riggs will stick it to them in the end if they've got it coming.. His compulsion to help others is his defining trait, and, as far as the Detective is concerned, the manifestation of an overwhelming desire to be needed. Really, it practically threatens his sanity. And, as a good partner, the Detective plans to do his very best to help him with that.

He's 6' in height, with a wiry build and short-cropped brown hair. Jack is also slightly nearsighted, but it isn't severe enough to require him to wear glasses in the field. He uses a battered old canvas gas mask bag to carry his gear, and dresses practically.

I hope to have both the Detective and Jack working in the Department of Floaters.