

WILLIAM

Personality

Genius: The fire of a poet burns within your chest and words bloom on your lips like scarlet blossoms, only to wither in an instant.

Scoundrel: The infinite vanity of everything weighs heavily on your shoulders, afflicting you with crushing malaise. You embrace Hamlet's melancholy, as well as his destructive rage.

Subtle: You cannot raise your voice above a whisper and you find the idea of touching and being touched to be abhorrent. You wish you could be as elusive as a thought.

Relationships

Past: In spite of every cliché, you cannot say you had an unhappy childhood or a debauched youth. It wasn't pain that fed your poetry; quite the contrary. Talent is not simply a gift: It is a curse that compels you to look at the world so intensely that you can no longer find anything good about it. Beauty withers, courage falters, people betray themselves without even realising it. You, instead, carry the weight of every sin that was ever committed and the desire to set the world on fire, just to watch it burn.

Friends: You've had admirers and critics, lovers and sworn enemies, when Fame and the Muse still kissed you with delight. Before and after the limelight, only one person has always been by your side: Wilson, a simple heart that you've known since forever, the little brother you never had.

In your bizarre existence that blurs the line between dreams and the waking world, you take the time every night to pay him a visit at the clinic he has been working in for the past couple of years. After all, what place could better suit you than an asylum? Every time, good old Wilson tries to properly introduce you to his doctor friend, a certain Ernest, but you cannot say you know him. In all truth, you ever only exchanged simple pleasantries and you are sure that the eminent doctor has no intention to listen to you. But what would you expect from someone so arrogant as to claim the right to tell the madmen from the sane?

Tonight: You came to the clinic for Wilson, but the rage that has always lain deep in your heart set a trap for you. You killed a man, an old man you had never seen before. You had no motive: He looked despicable and you chose to cut the thread of his life asunder, in retribution for the injustice of others. You are a monster and this is no surprise to you. You don't remember the details, nor the weapon, nor the moment, nor the place, but what does it matter? You are a murderer. You don't fear the consequences of your actions, apart from the disappointment in Wilson's eyes. As far as you're concerned, he is the only man to actually exist, the only one who deserves to know the truth.

Quote: "Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled, whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence".

Body language

Raven (Metaphorical reference to help with the physical portrayal of the character, from posture to gestures)

Revelations

Nota bene: Revelations are an exception to the rule about always talking in whispers. Yell them with rage. During the course of the game, you can go from a whisper to a scream or from detachment to physical aggression, but no more than a couple of times, to give weight to this action.

➤ Auguste, Doctor Ernest's policeman, did not enter the clinic tonight. After the murder, you wandered the hallways like a shadow; surely you would have noticed his arrival. He must have already been inside the asylum, the right place for a delusional man who thinks he can right the world's wrongs.

➤ You've never liked Doctor Ernest. Hypocrisy surrounds him like a cloak and he gulps down pill after pill, trying to control his own mind like a machine. More than once you witnessed him feasting on pills, as vulgar as a drunkard's lies and no less dangerous.

➤ You've known Wilson since childhood. You have always been as close as echo is to sound, and no one knows more than you do that his janitor clothes are just his armour. You even heard him improvise some rhymes, good ones at that. You still remember a haiku written on a clouded mirror:

In your delirium,
Inadvertently falling
To oblivion,
You travel with angels.
Listen.