

Personality

Simple: You know you are just a janitor and you are okay with that. It's not your place to make decisions for the doctors, the only thing you can do is bring some common sense to the table.

Agreeable: You don't like arguing. Rather than impose your opinion upon others, you prefer to step back and shut your mouth.

Loyal: You would give a friend the shirt off your back, even in the middle of winter. And you would gladly smash anyone's teeth in if they dared threaten someone you care about.

Relationships

Past: Even if someone was willing to pay for your biography, you wouldn't be able to write down more than a few pages. To tell the truth, there isn't much to say about you: You grew up in the suburbs, your youth was unremarkable and now you've found a good job to hold on to. Every day you roll up your sleeves to clean the clinic from top to bottom and every night you go back to your small lodging tired, but content.

Friends: You have always had luck in friendship, at least since you started at the clinic. You have no qualms with the patients: In truth, you often find yourself doubting that many of them are out of their minds. You're happy to say that your two closest friends are real geniuses. The first is William, a true poet that comes to visit you every night. He always has a forlorn

look on his face and he avoids talking to anyone but you: Ever since he underwent surgery on his vocal cords, he can only speak in whispers. For some reason, he thinks that no one else would be as patient with him as you are. How can he not see that anyone would be willing to wait until the end of time to hear his brilliant ideas? Still, you are too fond of him to argue and you're honoured that he chose you of all people to open up to. Then there's Doctor Ernest, the big boss of the clinic: He never forgets to come and say hello. No one is kinder than him: Every day he asks you how you feel, and you always spend a lot of time chatting amicably.

Tonight: You should really stop working so hard. Once again you fell asleep on a chair in the hallway and Doctor Ernest found you there. You immediately realised that something wasn't quite right: The big boss usually has all the precision of clockwork, but tonight he had a haggard look on his face, as if he'd seen a ghost. He said something about a problem with the Old Man, the eldest patient in the clinic, and asked you to stay close to the intercom because he was going to need your help. You were still blinking the sleep away when he added that Auguste, a detective friend of his you only know in passing, would come over in a moment to help set things right. A second after dear Doctor Ernest went away, William passed by, looking even darker than usual. You fear that your best friend is in deep trouble.

Quote: "Ignorance is bliss, but that the bliss be real, the ignorance must be so profound as not to suspect itself ignorant".

Body language

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

Revelations

Handling overlaps: You hate it when people talk all over each other, it makes it hard to understand anything and you feel like your head could explode at any time. Avoid it happening: It's perhaps the only thing that gets on your nerves enough to push you to raise your voice.

After having dinner at the clinic's cafeteria, you started wandering the hallways like you always do, and found Doctor Ernest's door half-open. When you went to close it, you could not help but notice that Auguste was there alone, sleeping in the office. You wonder why a policeman would spend so much time in a mental hospital.

William keeps blaming himself for the murder, he goes on and on about it in his feeble voice. Even if you were sleeping while someone killed the Old Man, you have no doubts about your friend's innocence. But why lie about something so grave? You don't like trouble, and you don't know what to do. You need to talk about this with someone smarter than you, so they can deal with it.

Doctor Ernest never gets angry with anyone. That is, anyone but the Old Man. You often heard him complain that he wasn't taking his medications, that he was unmanageable and out of control. Perhaps Ernest saw him as a lost cause, but the Old Man just didn't want to leave the clinic, as there was nothing else left for him on the outside. The good doctor can't be that sorry about his death.

