



# DOLORES

THE MADWOMAN







# THE TURN OF MIDNIGHT WATERS

## DOLORS

DOLORS JANE SMITH

EX-ASYLUM INMATE

AGE: EARLY FIFTIES?

### SPECIAL SKILLS:

Streets of Razorhurst .....	60
Scrounge, Beg or Steal. ....	20
Insight .....	55
Strength of Will .....	40
Recognise Smell. ....	55
Recognise Sound. ....	60
Care for Sandy. ....	40
Forgotten Skill. .... ??	

EDUCATION: Unknown.

### POSSESSIONS:

Gold chain, frayed carpet bag, pension booklet, random newspaper articles, postcards, cigarette stubs.

### CHARACTERISTICS

STR	40	CON	35	SIZ	40
INT	45	POW	90	DEX	55
APP	40	EDU	??	SAN	24

### HEALTH

- ☐ Dead as a Maggot
- ☐ Crook as Rookwood
- ☐ Completely Rooted
- ☒ Sick as a Dog
- ☐ A Bit Bugged
- ☐ Hearty
- ☐ Absolutely Stoked

### VITALITY

- ☐ Unconscious
- ☐ Woozy
- ☐ Dazed
- ☒ Head-achy
- ☐ Fine
- ☐ Magnetic
- ☐ Masterly

### SANITY

INSANE 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17  
18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34  
35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50  
51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66  
67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82  
83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99



## CALL ME DOLORS

The gold chain is all that you have from *before*. It tells you that you are real. You cling to it so hard it might be part of your flesh.

You have survived. And through it all you have retained a sense of grace, striking bones behind a ravaged face. You must have been beautiful, once.

Yet now.... nothing. An aging madwoman, a beggar too poor to afford even a simple room, given to violent fits and outbursts, unconsciously repeating the phrases of others as they speak.

Emotions and sensations seem distant, you experience the world through a tunnel, through a fog. Your eyes near ruined, you rely on smell and sound to assist your failing sight.

And you wait for the Sickness to return.

You hate this place. You hate all the violence and squalor and poverty that confronts you on every street. Yet it draws you to itself. You cannot leave. The Harbour, the 'Loo, the Cross: noisy streets and factory smoke and brilliant winter sunlight, the soft sea-smell of salt and life and death.

*Razorhurst.*

Even the hateful blue angel statue in Federation Park calls you, mocks you. It holds a secret.

Perhaps you knew these streets once, in another life. Before the amnesia, the madness, the horrors of the asylum, a time when you had family, friends, an occupation perhaps, a dream.

A name.

Lost now. Lost forever. In July 1907, the police found you wandering on a cold winter's night through the streets of Razorhurst: bleeding, traumatised, bereft of memory or sense.

A Jane Smith. Another piece of refuse from the streets.

For nearly two decades you remained incarcerated within the terrifying walls of Callam Park Asylum, enduring the isolation, the horrors of electro-convulsive and cold water therapy, the numbing medications, the casual brutality of your keepers, the torture and madness of your own despair. In that terrible place you had no visitors, no family or friends.

You had no name.

*Screaming in the dark.*

In treating you, the doctors insisted you deny the only thing you had left: your sense of self.

For you believed you were from a different world. A future world. You believed you fought monsters.

Slowly, you came to accept your delusions for what they were, a comforting madness, a shield against a reality you could not face. A Sickness. Through long and terrible years, you made progress, progress enough to granted release.

You gave yourself a new name. Dolors. *Sorrow.*

They gave you back the gold chain.

Your tiny pension was too small for food and shelter both. Drawn to Razorhurst despite yourself, you found yourself living on the streets.

But you have found a family of sorts, even if they are as broken and shattered as yourself.

On good days there is laughter, and music, which has the power to transport you. Music stolen from a gramophone by a window, a distant piano-roll, or muffled melodies from inside a public bar. Music to make you dance.

That moment can be eternal. Even if it lasts just a second.

Places here seem familiar, yet the memories are elusive: William Street, Choker's Lane, Woolloomooloo. Flashes of sensation without context or meaning. You watch the coming of the new. New buildings, new shops, new people. You think you know them. You think you remember them.

The Sickness is returning.

And you sense a presence that haunts Razorhurst, As faint as a scent, or a shadow. Something terrible.

The Sickness is returning. Your delusions will once again take hold.

They will vag you. Certify you again. The Welfare will lock you up forever.

No one will know you ever existed.

*Screaming in the dark.*

## PEOPLE

### THE FAMILY

**Kevin:** a black alcoholic; he tries to take care of people.

**Sandy:** a shellshocked ex-Digger, really on the edge. He needs your care.

**Tilda:** a junkie streetwalker, living rough.

**Bluey:** a larrikin gang member, hiding from someone.

### OTHERS

**Sergeant Lillian Armfield:** a decent female copper.

**Tilley Devine:** vice queen, 'the wickedest woman in Sydney'.

**Marina Shrouds:** an ambitious crime boss, leader of the Choker's Lane Push, rival to Tilley Devine.