

VOICES AND VISIONS

a five act play

by

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VOICES AND VISIONS

Synopsis:

Four people who hear voices (Ray, Sam, Jo and Terry) struggle to survive with the help of a psychiatric service. We see them at home, in hospital and in therapy. The play opens in the street where Sam's brother, Connor, mugs Jo. Jude, a dramatherapist, gets a job in the psychiatric service. She meets all four patients and offers them a therapy group. (Four scenes show us the life of that therapy group.) Connor burgles Terry's house resulting in Terry going back into hospital. Ray does a cathartic psychodrama in the therapy group that releases him from the grip of a repetitive nightmare. He and Sam develop a friendship but Connor interrupts their first outing to a pub and the violence leads to Ray becoming disturbed. The final scene leaves the audience unsure whether he will be sectioned back into hospital or escape into the new relationship with Sam. Jo becomes a singer in a nightclub.

The play incorporates flashbacks, nightmares, visions, and hallucinations. It uses film, puppets and masks. It is an ensemble piece centring on the four patients, their therapists, professional and family carers. It moves between social reality, fantasy and madness. There are two versions: one for about 25 actors, another for just six (which is so arranged that the six actors can play all the parts).

The play is based on over 20 years of clinical experience and 6 years of PhD research into what people who hear voices find helpful or unhelpful in dramatherapy and psychodrama.

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a five act play

Cast:

Clients:

Ray Sunday: misdiagnosed as schizophrenic: black man. His movement behaviour reveals/masks the beginnings of Tardive Dyskinesia or Parkinsonian agitation.

Terry Merchant: diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic, white man or of any immigrant East European or Asian ethnicity.

Jo Kingsley: diagnosed bi-polar disorder, woman from a family that included Irish or Scottish or other European immigrant ethnicity, wheelchair user/disabled, singer. Her mother had a learning disability and after she died Jo was brought up by her grandmother whom she calls "Mum". Her father unknown. Her grandfather dead. Derrick, a builder, the father of her child, Tiny Tim, disappeared leaving her pregnant.

Sam Craig: white woman, survivor of sexual abuse, diagnosed as personality disorder.

Staff:

Tony Singer: Mental Health Day Centre worker

Jude Danzig: Dramatherapist

Rose Cross: Art Therapist (was O.T.) aged mid 50s

Pat Riley: Psychiatric Nurse

Dr. Sandy Beech: Psychiatrist

Dr. Lionel Jay: Consultant Psychiatrist

Relatives:

Connor: Sam's brother

Sally: Ray's mother

Keith: Terry's father

Voices: (may be invisible or visible, possibly through speakers.) Whilst clients do not usually visually hallucinate their voices, voices might be visible to the audience for theatrical purposes.

Ancestor's voice in African language (*Yoruba*)

Voice 1

Voice 2 (racist)

Voice 3

Voice 4 (male)

Voice 5

Voice 6 (female)

Voice 7

Voice 8

Voice 9

Voice 10

Voice 11 (Critic)

Voice 12

Voice 13
Voice 14 (Judge)
God
Devil

Puppets: (may be played by actors, but in costume/mask identifying them as puppets)

Punch
Judy
Ghost of Judy
Devil
Social Worker
Hangman
Policeman

Act One, scene 1: In the street
Act One, scene 2: In hospital
Act One, scene 3: In hospital
Act One, scene 4: In hospital or day centre: An office
Act One, scene 5: In hospital or community clinic

Act Two, scene 1: In hospital
Act Two, scene 2: In hospital: An office
Act Two, scene 3: Art Therapy room
Act Two, scene 4: Art Therapy room

Act Three, scene 1: Mrs. Sunday's house and the street outside
Act Three, scene 2: The Dramatherapy room
Act Three, scene 3: Mrs. Sunday's house

Act Four, scene 1: The Dramatherapy room
Act Four, scene 2: Mr. Merchant's house
Act Four, scene 3: At the sea side
Act Four, scene 4: The Dramatherapy room

Act Five, scene 1: Mrs. Sunday's house
Act Five, scene 2: An office
Act Five, scene 3: The Dramatherapy room
Act Five, scene 4: Tenerife island
Act Five, scene 5: A pub
Act Five, scene 6: In hospital: An office

Working on the text:

Whilst I have endeavoured to create a text that is coherent and authentic, my own view of working with text is that it provides an ensemble with a foundation for creative development. I would want the text to be worked with and developed by the production team: to be real for them and thus changes be made that are appropriate to the ethnicity, culture, language, gender, time and place of the play's cast and setting. Care should be taken however with the psychiatric material which should not be so altered as to lose the coherence and direction of the play. Advice should be sought from people with experience of mental illness and psychiatry if changes are being made to the text. Professional jargon changes: the text may need updating with the latest terms. In writing the play a number of scenes have been cut from other versions. It may be that for particular audiences some speeches will be cut as unnecessary.

Ethnicity:

Ray and Sally black African or African Caribbean. A version was created for Ray to be played by an actor of Iranian origin. Sam, Jo and Jude will probably be white. Terry, Keith and/or Tony could be Asian but this may mean some changes to the script to adjust it in culturally appropriate ways. Names may be changed if necessary for ethnic reasons.

Size of Cast:

A version of this play exists for just six actors who are able to play all other roles. The play then can be done by between six and 30 actors.

Disclaimer:

This play is the result of doctoral research (PhD awarded 2002, Manchester Metropolitan University, UK) and 22 years' experience of clinical work. No single character is based on any particular individual and no statement by a 'patient' has been used verbatim. This is a work of fiction.

Act One, scene 1:

(In the street. Jo in her wheel chair trying to negotiate the pavement. She struggles with shop entrances. Ray and Sally, shopping. Ray gestures.)

Sally: Who you talking to?

Ray: No one.

Sally: I must be hearing things.

Ray: You... look *(pointing into the audience)*: is that him?

Sally: Who you looking for now?

Ray: I Dad.

Sally: Behave yourself. *(Enter Tony)* He long gone and good riddance: don't be a nuisance.

Tony: Hello Mrs. Sunday, how are you? Hi Ray.

Sally: He's a nuisance: he get himself in trouble one of these days.

Tony: I hear he's got a job.

Sally: Oh yes! Nathan's new job in a big solicitor's office in the city of London. I so proud of him!

Tony: I meant Ray. *(to Ray)* You've got a job. Congratulations.

Sally: Keep him out of trouble I say.

Ray: Serving the master race; wiping their asses: cleaning up their shit.

Sally: You wash your mouth out. He's cleaning down at Crowthers: they make them nice cakes and crisps and roasted peanuts.

Tony *(to Ray)*: How's it going?

Sally: They gave him a big packet of crisps the other day!

Tony *(to Ray)*: Are you enjoying it?

Ray: They pay peanuts to the monkeys.

Make cake profits for the fat cats.

It's exploitation-of-the-nation, man.

Tony *(to Ray)*: Yeah, you're right... Anyway I think you've done really well and it's just a start: you can get a better job later...

Sally: Well I say he got to keep this one first.

Tony: With your support, Mrs. Sunday, I'm sure he'll go far.

Sally: Call me Sally and come and have a cup of tea with us.

Tony: I'm sorry, my wife's not well: I'm late already.

Sally: You're welcome anytime.

Tony: Thank you Sally. Must go. I'll see you at the Centre next week, Ray, OK?

Ray: Yeah man *(Tony exits: he doesn't see Connor enter.)*

Sally: What a nice man that Tony is. Wait here while I go in the shop.

(Connor barges past Ray. Connor makes an obscene gesture. Ray does a Hitler Salute. Connor makes a threatening response. He loiters.)

Ray: I going home.

Sally: At least take this shopping with you. *(Ray exits. Sally notices Jo struggling.)* Do you want a hand love? *(Sally wheels Jo into the shop and disappears. Jo turns her wheel chair round: she is in the wrong shop. Connor runs at her and snatches her bag, exits. Jo collapses in her chair, her head in her hands. The deluge of sound that follows could be in her head.)*

Act One, scene 2:

(Darkness, the sound of the sea. Sounds are created by voices, humming, making noises, and drumming: a non-verbal chorus. The impression is of the creation of the world, of a wave gathering pace to crash over the audience's heads. A chorus of ancestors call, sing, pray in a chaos that like a wave quiets for us to hear Ray's first words. The speeches of the ancestor may be altered in culturally appropriate ways but the essential meaning of the speeches be retained.)

Ray: Listen ear: the ancestor speak!

Ancestor's voice: *(these speeches have been translated into Yoruba: it may be re-translated into another appropriate language)* Ki oto di igba ibênê pèpè, okunkun biribiri wa. Eledumare, si sun ni inu omi ibu nla. Eledumare si laala nipa ile Aye, Eledumare si fêran ala na. Ala na dara pupo.

Ray: Saying: Before the beginning there was darkness and in the waters of the deep the God was asleep. And God dreamed the world. And God loved the dream: it was beautiful.

Voice 1: He is beautiful.

Voice 2: You ugly black bastard, fuck off back where you come from. *(Ray does a Hitler salute.)*

Ancestor's voice: Ni inu Aye ti olê wa yi, ni atiri ilara, êni okunkun. Ayo si ri jagunjagun ti ogboya, ti yo ba amunnisin ja şêkêşkê ko le ja emi na.

Ray: Saying: And in the beautiful world there appeared the jealous, evil one. And there will come a warrior brave who will fight against the oppression. Chains cannot break the spirit.

Voice (echo) 3: Break the spirit.

Ray: break the chains.

Voice 3: ache the pains

Voice 1: *(whisper getting louder)* Pain again. In the fire he freeze! fire freeze, fire frees, he freeze. Fire! FIRE! *(Ray is terrified. He opens his mouth to scream but no sound emerges.)*

Ancestor's voice: Kiniun si ramuramu jade.

Ray: Saying: A lion will come, roaring.

Voice 3: Oarrghhh!

Ray: And the lion will devour the whole hospital. *(Ray roars with laughter.)*

Voice 1: He is beautiful.

Voice 3: It's time for your medication.

Voice 2: You ugly black bastard, fuck off back where you come from. *(Ray does a Hitler salute.)*

Ray: I crying inside: no one sees.

Ancestor's voice: Jagunjagun ti ogboya yo si jade wa. Iarọ ni Arêwa jagunjagun na.

Ray: Saying, And there will come a warrior brave. I that beautiful warrior.

Voice 2: You're a stupid black nutter, fuck off back where you come from. *(Ray does a Hitler salute.)*

Ancestor's voice: Iwo ni omọ oḅa kurin ati omọ oḅa birin, ti abi lati akan şe êya awon irawo eniyan, ti ala omọ eledumare.

Ray: Saying, I the royal son of kings and queens: born of the divine race of star people, son of God's dream.

Voice 4 (male): You stupid boy, get back upstairs. (*Ray does a Hitler salute.*)

Ray: And the king chastised his son to make him strong.

Voice 1: He that followeth not the ways of his ancestors shall be cast into outer darkness. Verily he shall be lost. Prepare for the initiation into wisdom. Spirit voices teach the ways of the ancients. Take off the clothes, paint the face, walk the sacred way of power, dance in the ocean of stars. The ancestors witness.

(*Enter Dr. Jay*)

Ray: Witness: behold the angel of imperialism.

Dr. Jay: You say your voices tell you to take your clothes off in public. It's not appropriate. As your psychiatrist I must warn you: you will be arrested for indecent exposure. You must take moral responsibility for what the voices tell you to do: you must choose, not just do as they say. Ray, the voices are a symptom of your schizophrenia.

Ray: The voice is the ancestor's spirit. I no accept your dire agonosys.

Dr. Jay: The section means you must stay in hospital. (*exit Ray*) We'll review it next week. Patient has no insight. (*loudly*) Next please.

Act One, scene 3:

(*This scene is continuous with the previous: Sam sits in the patient chair opposite Dr. Jay. It is not clear whether this is real or a dream: we are seeing from Sam's perspective some of the time and sometimes from Dr. Jay's. The sense should be of uncertainty as to what is real or not. Connor, Sam's brother, who is also one of Sam's voices, hovers as a hallucination behind Sam. She sits with her head down.*)

Dr. Jay: And how are you today?

Connor: Who you looking at? I'm normal me, not some fucking nutter.

Sam: I want to be in hospital.

Connor: Fucking nutter.

Dr. Jay: You're not ill: hospital is for people who are ill.

Connor: Shut up, stupid bastard.

Sam: (*giggles*) I am ill: I feel sick, I cut myself, I hear voices, I smell shit, I have flashbacks, I want to kill myself: what else do you want? I must be schizophrenic.

Dr. Jay: Sam, you do not suffer from schizophrenia: you have a personality disorder that is not treatable by hospitalisation: that would only result in you becoming more dependent and institutionalised and add to your problems.

Sam: (*Connor moves to stand behind Dr. Jay. We see, through her eyes, Dr. Jay become a devil - possibly using a mask or body movement and/or a change in lighting.*) Evil. (*She looks terrified*). He will.

"Dr. Jay-Devil" and Connor: You will always be ill, inadequate, pathetic, sick, victim: damned: "Abandon all hope ye who enter here!"

Sam: (*curls up, rocking*) Hell...help...

"Dr. Jay-Devil": You are a helpless wretch in my power! I am in control. I will torture you for your evil thoughts.

Sam: (*we see her mouth moving but she cannot speak/scream. Connor moves towards her, then behind her.*)

Connor: Don't you say another fucking word or I'll kill you.

Dr. Jay (*returned to normal*): I understand you feel hopeless and unhappy. I can't rescue you from your problems. I can prescribe you anti-depressant medication which will begin

to lift your mood after two weeks, but you must keep taking them. You can call the Samaritans when, or if, you feel suicidal or come to casualty and ask to see the duty psychiatrist. But you must take responsibility for your life and sort out your problems: you know you can go to MIND and you were going to attend classes at college: what happened to that?

Sam: But I'm only four years old! Mummy! I want my mummy! (*We see Dr. Jay become father, putting his arm around the little Sam.*)

“Dr. Jay-Father”: You'll always be Daddy's little girl. (*stroking her.*)

Sam: Yes daddy.

Dr. Jay: (*returning to normal*) I am not your father. Sam, you are 28 years old.

Connor: Don't listen to him.

Sam: I hate you.

Dr. Jay: Sam, are you hallucinating?

Sam: It's my brother, Connor: he's haunting me.

Connor: Don't talk to him. Don't tell him about me.

Dr. Jay: Do you hear his voice?

Connor: Shut the fuck up.

Sam: (*quietly, her head down*) I'm just depressed.

Dr. Jay: I will write to your GP asking her to prescribe anti-depressants. You know you can attend the day centre for support. I'll see you in three months for a review (*exits*).

Voice 5: Sam, Sam, train driver man,

Pulled his pants down, away he ran.

Sam: I always wanted to be a train driver. To hold the levers, to have the power, to be in control and be able to get away: but you're stuck on the tracks and going too fast to stop, right through the red signal, and I'm tied to the tracks and there's no one to rescue me. And the train is going at a terrible speed, rushing, screaming. And I split and there's two, three, four, more of me. The driver sees the tunnel coming. I'm a passenger who doesn't care - staring through the window. I see colours flashing and weird shapes. There's a little girl crying 'cause she's afraid of the dark and her mother shouts, “Shut the Fuck up!” Then the man in dirty blue-black comes back in the dark. He's my brother; no he's my father. He's my nightmare: I can't 'scape my nightmare: the train runs over me in the dark cutting my head off. I lose my head and I go crazy: screaming head and body thrashing about: I'm dead and I'm a headless chicken and I'm running about chasing my brother: I'm off the rails. I'm a zombie with a long knife and I'm going to kill him and then he changes into father. And I'm dead.

Voice 4 (male): Bend over, relax.

Voice 6 (female): Do as your father says.

Voice 5: You dirty little girl.

Voice 4 (male): You will always be Daddy's little girl.

Voice 5 (echo) Always be, always be, away be, a baby, baddy, ittle, it'll, ill, ill, ill.

Sam: I feel sick

Connor: Shut your mouth: don't you say another fucking word or I'll kill you.

Voice 5 (echo): ill you, ill you.

Sam: going to be sick.

Voice 4: This is how a man loves a woman, it's only natural: everyone does it.

Voice 5: You're crazy. You're mad you.

Connor: I'm gonna come... get you...

Voice 4 (male): Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arghhhh.

Sam: And I see the head roll away as the train comes into the station: no one knows what happened in the tunnel. There's blood on the wheels. No one sees. And the head doesn't say nothing. I keep mum. *(She leaves the patient chair.)* No one knows. No one. *(Sam exits, leaving Connor on stage: he is no longer her hallucination but his real self in a prison cell. This might be achieved through lighting, the shadow of bars falling across the stage floor.)*

Connor: Fucked off and left me. You wait till I get out of here. *(In this cage he curls up, rocks, bangs his head, masturbates, clutches his body. The image is like a Francis Bacon painting.)* Bastard, bastard, bastard. *(Darkness, with just light on the empty chair. Connor vanishes.)*

Act One, scene 4:

(Lights up as Jude enters and addresses an empty chair.)

Jude: When we were kids and we used to play cowboys and indians you were always the cowboy and used to say, "Bang! Bang! You're dead!" and I had to lie down and die so you could stand over my body and talk to the dead and now it's me talking to you and you're dead. Well I made it: I got the job and it's partly thanks to you really: I learned a lot from you. You taught me that *(enter Tony)* there's meaning in madness - it's not just biochemistry but history, our history. *(Tony coughs)* Sorry, I was just talking to myself...

Tony: Sometimes the best person to talk to. You must be Jude, the new dramatherapist?

Jude: Yes, and you are...

Tony: Tony Singer, mental health support worker.

Jude: You're a counsellor aren't you?

Tony: Yeah and a group worker, saxophonist, husband, dad, silent film collector...

Jude: Lots of roles?

Tony: Yes reels and reels: mostly on video now, some on DVD: the old film stock's difficult to find, just sometimes in a junk shop. I like the news reels best.

Jude: Yesterday-

Tony: It's like looking into the past. *(Tony puts on a film, or taps into his website: we see a street scene from the 1920/30s.)* Some of these people - this is the only record of their existence: they're like ghosts in the machine. This is my latest find: somewhere in Europe, 1920s I think.

Jude: Hey, it's like old photos I've seen of Danzig, where my family came from: Gdansk, in Poland. They were wealthy Jewish business people until Hitler arrived: my grandfather escaped, came to England; the rest of the family didn't survive.

Tony: Who were you really talking to when I came in?

Jude: My brother: he died four years ago: killed himself. I never got the chance to say goodbye and so now I talk to him sometimes.

Tony: I wonder if I'll talk to Chris when she's dead - my wife, she's got MS. I've made a film of her with the kids: one day she'll be just a ghost in the machine.

Jude: We all will be one day...*(the film runs out.)*

Tony: What do you do for fun?

Jude: Morris dancing and Mummings plays.

Tony: Mummings?

Jude: Oldest form of theatre in Britain - goes back to prehistoric, shamanic healing ritual. But it's really just an excuse to get together, have a laugh and a drink.

“My lords and ladies, rich and poor,
Welcome to our tale of yore.
We come before you gentle folks,
To make you laugh at our old jokes,
So may you all be healéd here
Of over-seriousness and fear.”

Tony: Let me know when you're performing next: I'll come and film it. Oh shit, I'm late! I'll see you. *(exits)*

Jude: *(she sits in the empty chair)*

I'm free as wind, calm as earth,
Vast as sky, home at last.
Goodbye sis, good luck: love you... *(exits)*

Act One, scene 5:

(Jo enters in her wheel chair and moves next to the patient chair: she is alone. She has a mobile phone which does not ring during this scene: the calls are hallucinated. If the voices are visible (and perhaps God will be invisible through speakers) they will not be visible to Jo: perhaps visible through a wall and when she looks round for them, they vanish.)

Voice 13: You're never alone with a mobile phone.

Voice 11: *(like a telephone)* durr durr, durr durr, durr durr.

Jo: *(using her mobile phone)* Hello?

Voice 11: sissless sssissy, hee hee, see, see, ssssiiss, sssss

Jo: Hello, who's there?

Voice 12: Jo you're nice, you're good. I love you when you sing.

Jo: Who are you?

Voice 13: The devil hath the power to assume a pleasing shape. He cometh in many disguises. He tempteth by flattering speeches.

Jo: *(praying)* Oh God, preserve me from the many wiles and temptations of the evil one.

God: Obey my commandments and thou shalt be saved.

Voice 14: Be a good girl. Do as you're told or we'll be put you in care.

Voice 11: *(a playground chant)* Your mother is a nutter, a nutter, a nutter.

Jo: Tiny?

Voice 11: *(a playground chant)* Your father is a dago, a dago, a dago.

God: Sing unto the Lord a new song!

Jo: *(singing)* My song is love unknown:

My father's love for me -
Love for the loveless
That I might lovely be.
But who am I?
And where is he?...

Voice 11: *(spoken)* Where is your father? *(a playground chant)* Where is your old man?
He went to bed with tart on his head and he couldn't get up in the morning!

Voice 13: She's a good shag.

Judge's Voice (14): She's a bad mother. She took Tiny out in the night, walking the streets.

Voice 11: She's a whore. A dirty bitch. She smells.

Devil: Smells in hell, hell, hell, hahahahahah! Wicked!

Voice 13: Sick head!

Psychiatrist's Voice (Dr. Jay): You've got a chemical imbalance in your brain: you will have to take lithium for the rest of your life.

Judge Voice (14): How do you plead? Plead? Bleed.

Jo: Guilty, my Lord.

Judge Voice (14): Guilty: I sentence you to life.

Jo: For the rest of my life?

Voice 13: No one gets out of here alive!

Voice 11: *(like a telephone)* durr durr, durr durr, durr durr.

Jo: *(gets out her mobile phone)* Hello?

Voice 11: sissless sssissy, hee hee, see, see, ssssiiss, sssss

Jo: Hello, who's there?

Devil: *(in a deep voice)* Nobodaddy.

Voice 11: sssissss ssssssssss

Judge's Voice (14): Better to have nasty friends than no friends at all.

Jo: Whose there?

Voice 11: Click, durrrrrrrrrr. *(voices vanish)*

Pat *(opens door):* Do you want to come in Jo? *(Jo gets up and enters the clinic room.)* Jo, this is Jude: the new dramatherapist. She's getting to know the service and meeting people. Is it OK if she's here with us today?

Jo: OK, OK, OK. Drama?

Jude: Dramatherapy.

Jo: Can I be in it? In a show?

Jude: Maybe: you'd like to?

Jo: Yes: *(giggles)* I can sing!

Pat: How are you?

Jo: *(rather artificially bright with pressure of speech)* Fine and I'm going to be in the drama group and sing and I'm going to the seaside on Friday and there was a mouse in the bedroom and Tiny screamed and the cat killed it. *(Pat is momentarily busy and this last remark is made to Jude.)* Mum's upset.

Jude: What's the matter with your mother?

Jo: She's mentally handicapped and she got ill and died.

Pat: She meant your mum.

Jo: Mum's fine: she prays every day for me and Tiny and granddad. And she goes to the pub.

Pat: Yes I saw her there: she's got a job.

Jo: She say's I'm a lazy slob and "get a job". *(laughs)*

Pat: I'm going to take a blood sample to check your lithium level. Why don't you talk to Jude while I do it: tell her about Tiny.

Jude: Who's Tiny?

Jo: Tiny's in the playschool and they said I could go to playschool but I don't know if I can play and Mum says that God will punish Derrick because he left me with Tiny inside

me and I don't know where he is. Mum says he can go to hell with his big dick (*laughs*).
Derrick the brickie with the big prickie. (*laughs*)

Pat: I don't think that's entirely appropriate, Jo.

Jo: (*angrily*) Just joking! just JO KING! Better laugh than cry.

Pat: OK.

Jo: (*laughing*) Jo Kingsley. That's my name.

Jude: My name's Jude Danzig

Jo: D'you dance? hee hee.

Jude: Tell me about Tiny: what's he like?

Jo: He's Tiny Tim. He likes ice cream and I like this green track suit and I like singing.

Jude: What do you sing for Tiny Tim?

Jo: Rockabye baby in the tree top:

When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the blow breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

Pat: All done. Jo, what's upset you: I can tell something's upset you.

Jo: A social worker came to see Tiny and they might take him away.

Pat: What happened?

Jo: I smacked him. They found a bruise at playschool.

Pat: What was the social worker called?

Jo: Don't know. Mum knows: she got a letter.

Pat: It should be you who gets the letter. You're Tiny's Mum. I'll come and see you at home later this week, probably Friday: will you be in?

Jo: No else place to go.

Pat: OK I'll see you then. That's it for today.

Jo: (*trying to prolong the contact.*) Can I be in the drama?

Jude: Would you like to see me to talk about it? Will you come to the Centre?

Jo: Yes when?

Pat: She'll send you an appointment, OK? Right. (*ushering Jo out, shutting the door.*) She's a bit manic today. She can also be depressed: she doesn't sing then, she just spends the whole time listening to her voices.

Jude: Voices?

Pat: God, the Devil, an older man who is a controlling bully and Derrick the man who "wham bam thankyou mam" abandoned her in the pudding club. Oh and a telephone no one ever answers.

Jude: I'm really confused: who is Mum?

Pat: Mum is in fact Jo's grandmother: Jo's mother was her daughter, so Jo is her granddaughter and Tiny her great grandson. Jo's mother had a learning disability and was raped by some guy who they never found, though there's some question as to whether the total stranger was her grandfather who died last year: actually he was "Mum's" second husband, Jo's step grandfather. Her first husband was the sainted Tim who died in the Korean war.

Jude: No wonder I'm confused. So they called Tim after his great grandfather?

Pat: Yep. Jo's "Mum", her grandmother, is full of catholic guilt because she encouraged Tim to join up and has filled Jo's imagination with hell and damnation ever since she was a child so it's no wonder she hears God and the Devil vying for her soul. Jo feels special,

she says, because “Adam and Eve and Jesus heard the voices of God and the Devil just like me”. (*passing over the file*) Do you want to take her address so you can send her the appointment: it would do her good to get out of the house. This next one can be a bit aggressive. (*opening door*) Ray: do you want to come in? (*Ray doesn't hear as he has a head set on: Pat shouts*) Ray!

Ray: OK, OK don't shout at us.

Pat: Ray this is Jude, the new dramatherapist: She's meeting people: is it OK she stays in?

Ray: OK man: if you want to see an injection in us bum.

Jude: I'll go out for that bit.

Ray: It's OK: Pat's seen this ass a thousand times. Hey listen: I bin thinking: I get a bum deal here. You give us a pain in the bum and all I give you is ear ache.

Pat: Sometimes you can be a pain in the bum too you know.

Ray: Well I bin thinking maybe I don't need these injections no more: maybe they bad for I spirit.

Pat: You'll have to discuss that with the doctors. I'm just the nurse.

Ray: See it's real drama here; they each have their role and I fed up with this sick role. I gonna be doctor now. And this doctor say that them other doctors have got this guy mis-dire agonised. 'Impatient is NOT schizophrenic: he's a black guy with attitude.

Jude: In dramatherapy you can play any role but in life I guess there are some roles we don't get to play.

Ray: Dead right: you're cool. (*suddenly drops his trousers, Jude turns away.*) No man, you can see this ass: it's a beautiful ass! What do you think of us legs?

Pat: Ray will you behave yourself (*giving him an injection*).

Ray: Dramatherapy: I'm up for that: if I can dance man, 'cause I a dancer. I a shaman: in A-free-Ka I be recognised as a wounded healer: here I just get a needle in the ass. I do rituals at home: keep the demons at bay, that way happy. The Ancestors bless I when I do 'em right but give I ear ache when I get 'em wrong or can't be assed.

Pat: Has any one ever told you your language sometimes leaves something to be desired?

Ray: “Wash your mouth out!” Ma say. And then she did it for real with carbollock soap. Maybe that's why I became a cleaner: she swallowed the imperialist: “Cleanliness is next to Godliness”. I swallowed the soap.

Jude: You work?

Ray: I clean the factory for “therapeutic” earnings. It gets I out of the house and it's less hassle than Ma complaining I don't do nuffink.

Jude: And the rituals?

Ray: For us guardian spirits and 'ungry underworlders.

Jude: Hungry or angry?

Ray: Maybe both: angry 'cause they're hungry.

Jude: Who are they?

Ray: The disappointed ones: the zombies who can't speak out, the ghosts who have no exorcism.

Pat: You've got him now: he'll never stop on this one. Listen Ray: if you want to talk more to Jude arrange an appointment: I've got other people to see. I'll see you next month.

Jude: Would you like to meet up?

Ray: Yeah: you come to I place?

Jude: How about we meet at the Centre since you say it does you good to get out of the house? Next Tuesday at 10.00?

Ray: No I work in the morning.

Jude: 2.00 p.m.?

Ray: OK

Jude (*gives him a card*): I'll see you then. Cheers.

Voice 2: Fuck off nigger back where you came from.

Ray (*putting his headphones on*): Yeah! (*Ray gives a Hitler salute and exits*)

Jude (*startled by the Hitler salute*): What was that for?

Pat: What?

Jude: The gesturing, the way he moves.

Pat: He's got mild tardive dyskinesia: a side effect of his medication.

Jude: No I meant the Sieg Heil.

Pat: Oh, one of his voices is a racist. He satisfies it by doing the salute.

Jude: It's a ritual isn't it?

Pat: What?

Jude: All of it. Psychiatry: the rituals of hospital, clinic, reviews, ritual initiations of patients and staff, rituals of hierarchy, confession...

Pat: I'm just doing my job.

Jude: Sorry, I didn't mean...

Act Two, scene 1:

Voice 1: The Ritual Dances of Psychiatry!

(*The actors mime, move, enact these dances, possibly with masks.*)

Ray: Soul is now dancing with the body.

Yesterday is dancing with today.

Doctor is now dancing with the patient.

Impatient is now dancing with the medication.

Politicians dancing with the nation.

The World is now dancing with Death.

Panic is fighting for breath.

Mad man is now dancing with his fears.

Crazy woman's dancing with her tears.

Therapist is dancing with I madness.

Terror is now dancing in the darkness.

The dead are now dancing in the shadows.

The block is now dancing on the flow.

Keep your distance, dosey do

One step forward, two back go.

Rock and Roll, keep control.

The Self is now dancing with the Other.

I baby is now dancing in I mother.

Kick, stamp, run, have some fun!

The moon is now dancing with the sun!

Act Two, scene 2: Hospital

Jude: Hello. Who's speaking? (*answering the phone and passing it to Sandy*) Dr. Beech, it's for you: Tom Buckall, the new manager ...

Dr. Beech: (*on phone*) Good morning. Yes, just a couple of minutes. I'm about to do a clinical team meeting. (*after a silence*) Another re-organisation? We're being re-organised to death... And how much is this going to cost? How many meetings is it going to take?... You say it'll be more efficient but will it result in more services to patients or just glossy brochures that promise jam tomorrow. We need bread today... No I said bread not bed, but we could do with more in-patient beds now you mention it. What about users' and carers' views?... When Rose leaves her post must be refilled: we can't lose clinical services... Jude is part time...(enter Dr. Jay) Not next week, I can't... OK yes, 10.30. We can discuss it then. (*She hangs up and sighs.*)

Dr. Jay: Morning Sandy.

Dr. Beech: Morning: Jude, Dr. Jay. Jude's the new dramatherapist. Dr. Jay, consultant psychiatrist.

Dr. Jay: Hello. Welcome: we certainly have plenty of drama for you to sort out! I hear there was a fire on the ward last night?

Dr. Beech: Yes, the fire brigade was called, all safely evacuated, one waste paper bin extinguished, patients alternately frightened, bored or gleeful at the action, nurses harassed. Sister thinks it was a cigarette end in the bin. Ray Sunday saying, "Wasn' I, wasn' I," Not sure what to believe. (*enter Tony and Pat*)

Dr. Jay: No damage done then?

Dr. Beech: The day room smells of smoke a bit. OK... we're reviewing Terry this morning.

Dr. Jay: What sort of a weekend has he had?

Dr. Beech: A little more settled but still fearful and suspicious: he doesn't want to come into the review.

Dr. Jay: Well let's have your report.

Dr. Beech: Terry Merchant is a 26 year old man of East Asian (*or whatever ethnic background is chosen*) ethnic background, diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic. I reviewed the diagnosis and he fits the DSMIV criteria. He's hallucinated, deluded, thought disordered, agitated, suspicious with ideas of reference. He and father emigrated to this country fifteen years ago to escape the civil war in Karakhum where mother died. Father a rather passive man who has under achieved in life, (*phone rings*) has not encouraged his son. (*Jude answers the phone.*)

Jude: Dr. Jay...(passes the phone over to Dr. Jay.)

Dr. Jay: (*on the phone*) I'm not available:... attacked a nurse?... (*sighs*) Well you can give an injection of acuphase 100 milligrams if absolutely necessary to calm him down.

Dr. Beech: Father criticises Terry...

Dr. Jay: I'll come to the ward when I can. (*puts phone down.*)

Dr. Beech: He's rather hopeless and believes the illness is genetic: he says his wife's family had several "mad" people in it. Currently receiving a depot injection and in Art Therapy. Also writing poetry. He's asked to go on oral medication. I'm thinking of a trial of olanzapine. Tony, have you got anything to add?

Tony: Ken, his new social worker, is away on a course today so asked me to say that it might be better to work towards helping him move into his own accommodation.

Dr. Jay: Won't that result in him being more isolated? If they put him in one of the tower blocks he'll just sit hallucinating all day and then jump off the balcony.

Tony: There is the hostel and the day centre. We can also arrange a support worker to visit and take him out. Ken could then also help him sort out his benefits because we think father is possibly taking his money off him.

Dr. Beech: Has this been discussed with Terry and his father?

Pat: Ken and I had a meeting with them but it coincided with the anniversary of his mother's death and when they started to talk about Terry moving out his father said it would make him more ill and Terry became agitated.

Dr. Jay: Sounds as if father's the one with the anxious attachment.

Dr. Beech: Terry's agitated, anxious, paranoid: he thinks he's a radio, picking up messages from MI6 and that there are bugs in electrical appliances. He also thinks there are fascists in Craggside.

Tony: There are fascists in Craggside.

Dr. Beech: No they're in his head. They've got a ray gun and got inside his head. He can hear them talking. He asked me this morning if I was a fascist, said I was inside his head.

Jude: We've all got a fascist inside us: I have. I've also got a liberal democrat, a labour and a conservative: not much good by themselves but together they keep the fascist at bay. *(an awkward silence)* Did you say he was writing poetry?

Dr. Jay: He's shown it to me: deluded ramblings. Yes, well. I've got a meeting to go to. The section still has 17 days to run?

Dr. Beech: So we can review in a fortnight.

Act Two, scene 3:

(Terry's Art Therapy session: autumn. Paper, paint, some stones in a basket. Rose, played by Sam, has put out paint and paper. Terry stands looking out of the window.)

Rose: How are you Terry?

Terry: Dying.

Rose: *(after a pause)* Dying?

Terry: Leaving, leaves flying: the wind blows them all away. Thoughts, leaves, just get blown away by the solar wind coming through the hole in the sky. The ray gun zaps them and they're gone.

Rose: It's OK not to think here: it can be OK just to paint: just to see where the paint wants to go, like you did the other week when you knocked the paint over and watched it spread across the paper. You said last week when you draw spontaneously you feel less worried. You drew a man and cut him out: I've got him here if you want to do anything more.

Voice 8: *(shouted)* CUT OFF HIS TONGUE! CUT OFF HIS LEGS!
CUT OFF HIS HANDS! CUT OFF HIS SEX!

Terry: No!

(Rose has not heard the voice and so takes Terry's No as in response to her question and is a bit taken aback: she withdraws and watches, as we watch Terry: possibly what he does is shown, via a video camera on a large screen. He puts the little figure into a circle of stones on the side of the table, standing him up by propping him against a rock.)

Terry: Feet on the ground. (*He makes a funnel of paper. He pours red paint into the funnel onto a surface where he has placed paper: a lake of paint spreads, spills over the edge onto the floor.*) Made a mess.

Rose: It flowed through the channel onto the paper and then when there was too much it over flowed onto the floor.

Terry: Too much: flood: need to drain it, reign it, rain...

Voice 9: Dirty boy, mucky pup, shitty dick.

Terry: Clean up: wash it. No one'll know.

Rose: It's OK for you to make a mess here: we'll clean up later.

(*Terry takes the little man and puts his feet in the lake.*)

Terry: Lost his foot hold. Fallen, like a leaf. (*Terry lets the figure fall into the paint. There's a pause.*)

Rose: Lost his foot hold. (*pause*) He looks as though he's floating.

Terry: He'll drown. (*He pours more paint down the funnel of paper.*) Swamped.

Rose: He was floating, you poured more paint and it seems like you may be thinking he could drown.

Terry: Too much. Paint. (*quieter*) Pained, pain over...

Rose: (*after a pause*) The paint flowed over the edge.

Terry: Make an edge: education, inundation, no foundation, washed away the riverway.

Rose: Rivers need banks otherwise there's floods. (*Terry tries to use paper to make an edge to stop the flood.*) Here try some clay. (*She hands him some clay and he makes a riverbank that holds back the flood.*) How's that?

Terry: Stopped: sea wall.

Rose: A sea wall holds the waters back.

Terry: A harbour for boats.

Rose: They'd float on the flood.

Terry: (*referring to the cut out man*) Still drowning: needs help.

Rose: What sort of help?

Terry: A boy. (*He takes a piece of cork and floats it in the paint next to the figure.*) He'd be buoyed up: a life buoy.

Rose: With a life buoy he can float now. He can breathe again.

Terry: (*putting the stones into the pool of paint*) The buoy's where the rocks are. Now he's on the rocks.

Rose: He's on the rocks and he can survive.

Terry: (*smiles*) Yes. (*Terry gets another piece of paper and felt tips and starts to draw a mandala: we see his creation on a screen as he draws it.*)

Voice 10: Split the square into the right angle on the hypopotamuse equal to the isolatolese sausage.

(*Terry sniggers. He draws sausages emerging from the four sides of the square.*)

Voice 9: sausage shit, shit sausage, eat shitty dick.

(*Terry draws. Rose watches silently.*)

Rose: I'm aware of the time, Terry. We have ten minutes left. (*She waits for him to finish the picture and they sit in silence for a time.*) What would you say about this drawing?

Terry: Crossed out man.

Broken egg.

Lost his Crown.

All the King's sharks
and all the King's swords
couldn't put him together again.
Couldn't put him to death again.

Rose: Humpty Dumpty needed the wall but it was too high and he fell off?

Terry: Peace, in pieces.

Rose: (*pointing to the drawing*) There are pieces and they're held together by the outside edge.

Terry: It's 'umpty's house. There's the door: to get out. It's closed now.

Rose: There's an inside and an outside: containing.

Terry: Got to go now it's lunch time. (*smiling*) Humpty's hungry. Shame about the pain...

Rose: Hold on Terry, no rush. Let's do some clearing up together. Can you put the man in a safe place? Where do you want to put him? (*She watches Terry put the figure away. She gets some paper kitchen towel.*) Shall we wash the stones and put them in the basket? (*She picks up a stone, Terry takes the stones to a bowl and washes them. What follows is a flash back: the lights change and we hear the sound of the waves of the sea on a beach. Terry as a boy, enter his Dad, Keith Merchant, reading the newspaper, then sleeping. This could be enacted or on a video screen.*)

Terry: Dad, can I play?... Dad, look!... The sea!... There's a ship... (*Dad doesn't respond. Terry gives up on his Dad. Terry collects stones and lays them in a pattern, similar to the mandala he drew. The sound of the sea... a wave washes over his pattern of stones, wiping out the pattern. Terry, throws stones into the waves, alone.*)

Voice 6: Terry! (*Terry startled, looks round at his Dad who ignores him. Terry looks at the sea.*)

Voice 6: Terry! (*Terry looks around*) Son! Sunshine, sea and sand, shells and (*indistinct, like the sound of the waves*) surf washed stones...(then distinct)

All alone. Terry, survive... surf eyes...

I see you through dream sea eyes.

Terry: (*shouting*) Mama! Mama!

Dad: (*waking*) Uhhh!?? Shut up Terry!

Terry: Dad. (*Dad asleep again*) Dad. (*Terry throws stones into the waves, alone.*) Dead. Stone dead...(The lights change back to normal. Terry hands Rose a stone.)

Rose: Thank you, Terry.

Terry: The colours come out in the water.

Voice 8: The blood in the river.

(*Terry washes the stones, showing them to Rose, then places them in the basket.*)

Terry: Nice now: clean.

Rose: Yes, clean. They're beautiful aren't they?.

Terry: This one's cracked. OK?

Rose: Cracked and OK

Terry: There's a mess on the floor.

Rose: Let's soak it up then. (*Together they mop up the paint, Terry putting the kitchen towel in the bin.*)

Terry: In the bin.

iVoice 9: In the loony bin.

Rose: Thank you. I'll see you next week.

Terry: No *(to the voice)*. Yes *(to Rose. Terry exits. Rose, puzzled, sighs and continues to tidy up. Jude enters.)*

Rose: I won't be a minute: I've just got to make some notes to write up...

Jude: *(seeing the paint that's still on the floor.)* Hey - blood on the floor?

Rose: The remains of pain. Terry Merchant. You said yesterday you'd been at his review and were interested in his poetry: you could read that over there *(indicating a poem on the wall)*. He put it up: I think he now wants people to witness his work.

Jude: The gold horizon.

Sunset lies on

Bed of nails.

Lost the way.

Dark ark on the flood.

The blood goes black

And for the lack

of gloves

He froze as

Winter rolled the gold horizon into night.

(Jude pauses, drawing breath.)

Wow! Amazing.

Rose: I can't tell whether it's positive or a sign that he's suicidal.

Jude: At least he's expressing it, creating something.

Rose: Maybe he could do something with it in drama?

Jude: Sure: it's dramatic stuff. I've got a collection of gloves too! How long have you worked with him?

Rose: About a year: I'm afraid me leaving is going to be difficult: to some extent I've become the mother he lost and he'll be distressed by me going: another abandonment. But maybe this time he'll be able to grieve and be held by others. He'll need more therapy though so I hope you'll be able to work with him: it would be good if he could move into a group.

Jude: I'm planning a small group for people who hear voices.

Rose: Who are you going to work with?

Jude: I was wondering whether Tony would be interested: we seem to get on well, or I could ask Pat.

Rose: I guess the problem with Pat is that (s/he) could be pulled out by nurse managers: it would be difficult to ring fence the sessions with you. Tony's got years of experience with this client group.

Jude: Yes and I like him: I think we could work well together.

Rose: I do think it's better you don't run the group alone. *(She gets ready to leave.)*

Jude: Yes, it'd be good to have some support. I'll see you later. *(Rose exits.)*

Act Two, scene 4:

Jude: Come in, Sam.

Voice 7: You're OK, you're safe.

Sam: Is it OK I brought my teddy? He helps me feel safe.

Jude: Fine: pleased to meet you. What's he called?

Sam: Buttons.

Jude: Hello Buttons, welcome.

Voice 7: I'm listening

Sam: He doesn't say much but he's a good listener. He gets cried on a lot. He's been with me since I was little. I pulled his eyes out when I was a kid so my aunty Gwen sewed on buttons. I told him about last week's session and he said he wanted to come.

Jude: What did you tell him about last week?

Sam: About the buttons, the pattern I made and how I'm a whole person and there are many parts to me that people do not see and the voices...

Jude: The button sculpt. Oh yes, Buttons!

Voice 5: Stupid bitch.

Jude: Last week you talked about Cinderella so I brought a toy theatre in today. Was there anything else you wanted to talk about or ask today?

Voice 5: Tell the bitch to fuck off..

Voice 4: Don't listen to her.

Voice 5: You dirty little slut.

Voice 7: Buttons says I love you and you shall go to the ball.

Sam: *(after a pause)* Can we look at the theatre?

Jude: Sure. *(pause as they look at the theatre: the curtain is closed.)* If you're the audience what would you want to see?

Sam: Cinderella going to the ball. Only people say she can't. Everyone tells her she has to stay in the kitchen. Her father doesn't give a fuck.

Jude: *(raising the curtain)* So the first scene is in the kitchen.

Sam: Yeah: she's been crying because she's so lonely and everyone tells her what to do. Her mother's nowhere to be seen. Her father's no good and she has an ugly sister. She tells Buttons how she feels and he comforts her. *(We see characters from the toy theatre: actors who use paper costumes like Ennio Marchetto's and perform in mime.)* Then her fairy godmother appears and says, "Yes you will go to the ball!" But her ugly sister comes in and says: "You stupid bitch who do you think you are? Nobody's going to want a dirty slut like you. You deserve to be beaten for the way you go on with father. Fuck off fairy godmother we don't want no social workers round here." And she beats Cinders. She shouts, "I'm going to the ball! Bring me my big purple dress with the red spots on it! The prince will fall in love with me! Cinders! Fetch my dress! Cook the dinner. I want a big pumpkin pie! Clean the kitchen you dirty bitch!" Then the fairy godmother turns the ugly sister into a fat toad. I wish I could turn my nasty voice into a toad that just went croak instead of telling me what to do all the time.

Jude: What happens next?

Sam: The fairy godmother says she's going to help Cinders and tells her to get a pumpkin. She's like my helpful voice; she tells me what to do as well but helps me.

Jude: Tell me about the pumpkin.

Sam: It's big and fat and the fairy godmother waves her wand and it turns into a crystal carriage for Cinderella and she gets a beautiful dress to go to the ball. *(Cinderella is transformed and goes to the ball.)* I wish I had a magic wand.

Jude: What would you do with it if you were fairy godmother?

Sam: I'd make all the bad voices go away so there'd only be good voices and I'd rescue all the abused children and take them to a safe place where they could be happy. I've decided: I want to be in the drama group. I don't want to be alone anymore.

Voice 7: You're OK and I love you and you shall go to the ball. Take no notice of them others. They're just jealous.

Act Three, scene 1: The Sunday household:

(The T.V. is on. News, adverts then science fiction such as Star Trek or a documentary programme about the universe. Sally is doing domestic chores. Ray is upstairs.)

Sally: Oh Lord what is the world coming to? You know Lord, I am sad and lonesome, missing the company of my brothers and sisters in Christ since what happened at St. Saviours. You know what it is like to be rejected and persecuted, Lord, but it hurt when it is church people: why they so prejudice against us? I don't want nobody to know my business: I don't want no trouble, but it's killing me. *(pause)* I know you're listening Lord... but your silence don't help. *(pause)* He don't say nothing. I by myself then?

(Upstairs Ray is dancing with his head phones on: we see his cosmic visions.)

Ray: I is dancing with the self.

The ill is looking for the health.

The world is all illusion:

De lusion of de liar.

Seeking the messiah:

A vision all of fire.

Higher nu-fear energy:

Mission: fission, fusion:

Splitting and confusion

Who's the enemy?

Voice 2: You crazy schizo.

Ray: I am a flying man:

I rise up in the sun,

I fall into the ocean

Before the world began.

Shaman, starman, beggarman, thief:

Stealing starlight, escapin' grief.

Diving thru' the galaxseas,

Drowning in reality,

The prophet is not profitable

Barefoot on the road.

Supermarkets don't sell

Sunshine for the soul.

With spirits of the wilderness

Of water, earth and sky

Messiah wanders homeless:

Rainbow butterfly.

Voice 2: You're a shame and a disgrace.

Ray: Messiah is coming!

Coming to save the world!

(Tony enters and meets Connor in the street.)

Tony: Hello Connor: how are you? Haven't seen you in ages. Been away?

Connor: Up her majesty's fucking pleasure. You seen Sam? I've been waiting ages for her. *(Tony makes a non-committal gesture.)* She's moved hasn't she? Where is she?

Tony: You know I can't answer that.

Connor: Fuck confidentiality. She's my sister. *(Tony makes another gesture such as putting his hands up, palm open.)* You can't stop me. I'll find her. *(exit)*

(Tony knocks at Sally's door. She answers it on a chain.)

Tony: It's Tony Singer from the Day Centre. I've come for Ray. Good afternoon Sally.

Sally: Come in. Come in. Ray! Come down from up there, what you doing? Tony is here. You're meant to be going to the centre: it's that new group. He'll be down soon: sorry to keep you waiting.

Tony: How are you?

Sally: OK.

Tony: And really?

Sally: Well a bit low. I'm worried about Ray: he spend hours upstairs, alone, talking to himself and sometimes shouting. He don't talk to me. I hear him talking to someone up there.

Tony: He told me his ancestors talk to him.

Sally: He don't tell me nothin'. He said to the minister, "The dead cannot speak for themselves so they speak through us." What kind of nonsense is that? He don't trust me. He lie to me. I can't get through to him. Hospital make no difference.

Tony: This group will help I think: let's hope so. At least he won't be so isolated. You'll be free for an afternoon too: you could go out.

Sally: I probably sleep: get a bit of peace. I don't want to go out: there's muggers and all sorts out there.

Tony: You could go to the community centre. Talk to the carers' group.

Sally: Sometimes it don't help to talk: they spread it all over the place and then double trouble. I just say "I'm OK", that way no one know my business.

Ray *(entering):* OK

Sally: Take care now: don't hang about outside.

Tony: He'll be safe with me Mrs. Sunday. *(Tony and Ray exit.)*

Ray: She always fussing, interfering: like I a kid. *(Sally alone. She sits. Her aloneness deepens. She puts her head in her hands. There's knock on the door. Sally answers it but keeps the door on its chain.)*

Connor: I'm collecting for charity. Open the door.

Sally: What Charity?

Connor: The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Old People.

Sally: I never heard of that one.

Connor: It provides old people with protection and helps them.

Sally: Where's your identity card?

Connor: Open the door and I'll show you.

Sally: You must think I'm born yesterday young man. *(She closes the door.)*

Connor: Bitch! Stupid black bitch! *(kicks the door.)*

Sally: Go away or I'll call the police.

Connor: You just wait you old black bag: fucking rubbish...(exits. Sally, anxious, waits alone at home. She puts the radio on: a blues song about loneliness.)

Act Three, scene 2: Dramatherapy 1:

(Jude sets out a double row of 6 chairs for the audience at one side; Tony sets out 6 chairs in a circle. Enter, Ray pushing Jo in her wheel chair. Sam and Terry enter.)

Jude: Welcome to the new dramatherapy group for people who hear voices. I'm really happy to see you all and to be working with Tony. I hope we'll have a good time together. To start with today let's pass this globe around the group, say our names and something about our world. I'm Jude. It's a beautiful world: a mixture of strength and vulnerability. And, it's survived for millions of years. I guess I don't really think of the world as an 'it', more of a 'she': Mother Earth. *(Jude passes the globe to Sam.)*

Jo: I'm like the earth: I'm a mother and bi-polar. When I was having Tiny I thought I was the Earth giving birth.

Sam: My name's Sam. I think it's a pile of shit. Maybe there's some place on the other side that's OK but I don't know where that is. *(Sam passes globe on to Terry.)*

Terry: I'm Terry. There's a hole in the sky and the ray gun's nothing to the entity that powers the under sea world.

Ray: What? Man that's weird.

Voice 9: He's talking shit. Eats shit. He's shit. Smells of shit. Shitty hands. *(Terry passes the world to Ray and looks down at his hands, no one else has heard the voice 9 statement.)*

Jude: Say your name:

Ray: Name's Ray Sunday, I guess I find the World pretty confusing though that's the aim of the global dominators: to keep us all confused and control our thoughts. I keep losing bits of world. And maybe soon I lose it all: any of you tried suicide?

Tony: *(alarmed, trying to protect the group)* Perhaps that's a question people will want to explore later.

Jo: *(too brightly)* I tried once: that's why I'm in this wheel chair. I jumped off the motorway bridge. They said it was a miracle I survived so now I'm a miracle!

Jude: Say your name: Ray will you pass the world on.

Ray: Well I'm glad you survived: and I did too so we're here together. *(He shakes her hand and gives her the globe.)* I'll give you the world.

Jo: Thank you. No one's ever said that to me before. I'm Jo. My world is where I live with Mum and Tiny: he's my son. He's started playschool. He's my world really. I don't go out much. This chair makes it difficult getting into some shops: where they have steps and then the Man say's it's punishment.

Sam: The man?

Jo: One of my voices.

Sam: I've never met anyone else who hears voices: I always thought I was the only one; and crazy.

Ray: So do I: the ancestors tell us how to live, only it's difficult to do what they say in Cragside, cause taking your clothes off and painting your body ain't allowed by the global dominators.

Voice 8: Do it now.

Terry: Dogcrap says DO IT NOW! *(laughs)*

Jude: Let's take our cue from Ray: let's start by shaking hands with everyone and saying hello: move about and meet everyone, saying your name and shaking hands. (*The group mill about repeating names and saying hello.*) **OK:** you may have noticed these chairs: as this is a drama group it's important we have a space for the audience and these are the audience chairs. They'll be here each week and they are a place anyone can come and sit at any time. If you want to stop what you're doing, need time out or feel you just want to escape for a few minutes, you can sit here. If you sit in the back row it means you want to be left alone. If you sit in the front row it means you're just taking a break and you're happy for people to talk to you and invite you back in. If someone sits in the back row then please respect their choice and let them be, though as therapists one of us might come and sit with you. Let's all sit in the audience. (*everyone sits in the chairs, except Jo who moves over to the audience space in her wheel chair*) What does it feel like to sit here?

Jo: I'm always stuck in this chair: I hate it.

Tony: Would you like to sit in one of these chairs?

Jo: Yes.

Sam: Do you need help to change chairs?

Jo: I can manage if someone just stops the other chair from sliding. (*Sam helps her into a front row seat.*)

Ray: (*from the back row*) It's like the back row in the class at school: the bullies in the back used to flick things at the kids in front.

Terry: I was bullied at school.

Ray: Snap man: they was always making racist remarks and shit.

Voice 9: Talking shit. Eats shit. He's shit. Smells of shit.

Terry (*after a pause*): I, I, I couldn't concentrate. I thought I was stupid. Only when I was in college they found out I'm dislexic.

Voice 9: Can't spell, he smells, dick head, sick head.

Jude: What does it feel like here?

Sam: It's a big empty space: like there's no one there.

Jo: Here I'm not alone: there's witnesses.

Voice 14: How do you plead?

Voice 13: Guilty.

Jude: As we're in the audience what sort of play are we going to see?

Sam: People in the dark, listening to voices.

Tony (*to Jo*): What would you like?

Jo: A musical so I can sing.

Ray: and I can dance.

Sam: A play about how to cope with voices.

Tony (*to Terry*): What do you think?

Terry: The ray gunners control the show, stop us from breaking new ground, unearthing the golden hoard.

Jude: You're free to say or do anything here. We just have to agree what limits we need for safety and to respect each other. What rules do you want?

Sam: You said it would be confidential.

Jude: Yes that's important for people to be able to trust each other: can we agree that what people say here is confidential: you can tell other people what you do here but not what other group members do or say?

Ray: It would be good to trust. Yeah.

Jo: Yes.

Terry: Confidence is important to the trick: without it there'd be no magic.

Ray: What?

Jude: I agree with Terry: without confidentiality you couldn't have confidence in each other: it's the trick that can create the magic. OK Terry?

Terry: Deaf, fine, nightly. Does a deaf man hear voices?

Jude: Some deaf people hear voices.

Terry: So there's no escape.

Tony: Some people have found ear plugs have helped them. What other rules do you want?

Sam: No one is forced to do anything.

Jude: Yes: you each are free here and no one will be forced to do anything: you can say No to any activity and Stop at anytime. You are free to leave the room or sit in the audience. It's better if you tell us how you're feeling.

Jo: I don't ever say No to people, I agree all the time with what they want.

Jude: How if we practice for a moment saying Yes or No. Choose a partner and just practice saying yes and no to each other. (*Jude gets up and demonstrating with Tony.*)

Jude: Yes you will

Tony: No I won't

Jude: Yes

Tony: No

Jude: Yes you will.

Tony: No, NO!

(The group pair up, Sam and Terry; Jo and Ray and play this Yes/No game. Sam becomes upset.)

Jude: What's happening for you.

Sam: I couldn't say No. I couldn't say No.

Jude: Who do you want to say No to?

Sam: To my brother. He's coming out of prison soon and I'm frightened he'll come looking for me and want to stay at my flat.

Jude: Would you like to rehearse this?

Sam: Don't know...

Jude: We could practice you saying No so you're ready.

Sam: No, not now.

Jude: Well done: you just said No: that's great! Maybe it's too soon: you can do that another time if you want. Each week we'll ask you whether there's something you'd like to work on, some problem or issue: maybe you'd like to rehearse saying No or coping with voices or some thing else. But at any time you can say "No" or "Stop" to Tony or me, stop any work we're doing or come and sit in the audience.

Tony: There's one rule Jude and I would like to ask you to agree: we'd like to say No to any violence to another person in the group. It's OK to throw things like the cushions that

won't hurt anyone and we'll find safe ways to express violent feelings but we don't want anyone to get hit or hurt.

Jude: We hope this will be a safe space for you. As a start today we invite you to create a safe personal space for your self. There some cloth, sticks, hoops, you can use the chairs, table, objects to create that space just for you. No one will come into your space unless you invite them.

(Each group member chooses a space: Ray, Sam and Jo, with help from Tony, create spaces for themselves. Terry sits in a chair, creating no boundary around his space.)

Tony: Do you want some cloth? What colour?

Voice 14: Be a good girl. Do as you're told or we'll be put you in care. *(Jo continues to build her safe space. Terry places a circle of stones around his chair.)*

Voice 11: You're daft. Stupid little girl. *(a playground chant)* You is a nutter, a nutter, a nutter.

Jo: The voices come into my space without me asking them.

Tony: They're like uninvited guests.

Ray: Uninvited ghosts.

Jo: And rude. Sometimes they tell jokes and make me laugh.

Jude: OK, this is your space, safe, private: take a few minutes to enjoy your space, breathe, relax. *(Sam looks distressed.)*

Voice 4 (male): Bend over, relax.

Voice 6 (female): Do as your father says.

Voice 5: You dirty little girl.

(Sam gets up, destroying her safe space and goes to sit in the back row of the audience space. Silence: during the pause the group settles.)

Jude: As you settle, feel safe and enjoy this quiet time I'll tell you a story. *(pause)* Once long ago, in another country, there was a house which had stood by itself for many years. People had come and gone, children had played in the rooms, cats had walked over the roofs and bats had been born in the attic.

Jo: My Mum says I'm bats.

Jude: The house was lonely: few people came to visit and some thought it was haunted. A crow lived in one of the bedrooms, a squirrel had made its nest in the kitchen. A frog lived in a pool in the cellar. One day a fox came to the house. He sniffed the old smells of life in the house: the ghosts of the people, the remains of their lives. He decided to stay because he was sure the huntsmen would not find him in the old house: he felt safe here. He had escaped from danger and when he knew the house was empty he lay down to sleep. Whilst he slept he dreamed: first he dreamt of his fears - of the people and dogs that used to live there. Then he dreamt of his desires - for food and warmth. Then he dreamt of the future... Let yourself picture the house, the animals. This is a safe place to dream, to imagine. What animal or element in the story interests you?

Jo: I'd like to be the squirrel in the nest, curled up and warm.

Sam: When I was a kid my brother took me in the cellar: there was a frog. I was shit scared and screamed. Then Dad came...

Voice 5: You dirty little slut.

Sam: No, no. Stop. *(She gets up and is about to move then stops.)*

Voice 7: You're OK now, you're safe here. *(Sam sits down again.)*

Terry: The ghost makes the hairs on fox's back stand up. Ghost whispers in his ear but foxy, he says nuffink.

Ray: Crow Black stay in the bedroom,
Talk with his ancestors:
Ancient Spirit Bird.

Act Three, scene 3:

(The scene transposes to Ray's bedroom at home. A large blackbird, Sally in a mask, looks at him.)

Sally/blackbird: When waters overwhelmed the world
The Ark rode over waves' wild surf.
God's creatures safe an' sound in the boat
All together they did float.
And old Noah said, "Let black bird go
Seek a bush, find a land!
Enough of sea: we want some sand."
Now Mrs. Noah a proverb she say:
"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
Send him away from us today
You got no bird, you got no bush."
But Mr. Big Noah he know best!
Crow flew east, Crow flew west:
Lost in the storm, he no come home.
Mama and babies in the nest,
All alone with no black crow.
No one to love, nowhere to go.
Don't you cry, don't you moan.
I'll tell you the story of the island slaves,
Workin' in the hot sun, singing "Jesus saves!"
They worked till they dropped into their graves.
To 'scape the famine they crossed the seas:
They looked for gold in the city streets -
And they found an ocean of loneliness.

Sally *(taking off the bird mask):* Lord, I was left with two sons. We were cold. We slept in the same bed to keep warm. I love them to bits, specially my little Ray of sunshine. I growing old now and tired. I watch the television. It's my window on the outside: and you see so many bad people in the world: it frightening. Oh Lord! It's time for another flood.

Act Four, scene 1: Dramatherapy 2: *(Enter Sam and Ray)*

Ray: Hey: so you think they's getting it together?

Sam: She's looking at him, wanting him: he don't notice. She wants sex with him.

Ray: She's a cool cat: maybe it's his lucky day. Anyway he's married.

Sam: So what? She's not.

(Enter Jo, humming, gets out of her wheel chair into an ordinary chair; Tony, Jude and Terry enter.)

Tony: OK welcome everyone! This is the fourth meeting of the group. (*passing the globe to Sam*) Is there anything you want to say to the world today?

Sam: I want to just chuck it. (*She throws the world across the space.*) Sometimes I hate it. (*Tony fetches it and gives it back to Sam who kicks it across the space*) It's good to be able to kick back!

Ray: Hey man, that's us world you're kicking about: treat it with some respect.

Tony: (*giving the globe to Ray*) What do you want to say to the world?

Ray: You deserve to be treated with respect.

Jude: Ray, you be the world. Tony, can you be Ray for a moment.

Tony: You deserve to be treated with respect.

Ray: No chance man. (*he comes out of role*) Look I was just talking to the world. (*He passes it to Terry.*)

Terry: The ray gunners attack Earth from planet Xsn. (*Passes it to Jo.*) You look after it.

Jo: I want to tell the world something. Listen here world: disabled people are people first and you should not look down on us just because we're in wheel chairs. I want to put you in my wheel chair, see how you feel about it. (*She puts the world in her wheel chair.*) There. You stay there and see how you feel.

Tony (*doubling for the world*): I feel sad... hurt... disappointed...

Jude: Is that how it feels?

Jo: Yes and guilty too!

Tony: Why guilty?

Jo: Well I feel guilty 'cause I jumped off the bridge but you, world, should feel guilty because of the way you treat disabled people.

Tony: You're angry with the world, frustrated?

Jo: My voices sometimes are angry. Mum gets angry. Tiny has tantrums but if I get angry I get punished by the voices. I'm not allowed to be angry.

Tony: You are here.

Jo: Well I am angry that I have to be in a wheel chair: I hate it...(*pause*)

God: And the wicked shall be punished: the wrath of God shall come down upon their heads and they shall be sore afraid.

Voice (14): Guilty: I sentence you to life.

Jude: Jo?

Jo: Don't want to say no more.

Jude: OK. Last week we made the puppets so they're here if you want to use them. Get your puppet and have a look at it. See what you made. Let's start with what you want to say to your puppet.

Ray: You are us guardian spirit: without you I'd be lost.

Tony: What is your guardian spirit's reply?

Ray: Other people might think you're crazy: they don't understand. They're from another world.

Terry: Lost in space.

Ray: I your ancestor: spirit is leading you on your life path. Us genes are in your body, I history in your soul, I whisper in your ear. You psychic man.

Voice 2: Psycho, sicko, schizo. (*Ray gestures.*)

Jo: This is one of my voices. It's blank because I don't know who it is. I don't want to know. Sometimes it wears different masks: like the devil or God. Then I have to do what

it says. Sometimes it's really stupid and annoys me. Do this, do that, stop, go here, go there, so I can't concentrate.

Tony: Who has the power: puppet or puppeteer? Who's controlling whom?

Jo: Sometimes my voices are in control, sometimes I have control. I can't control the voices.

Sam: This is me when I was a child: she looks sad. She's just a puppet: other people control her. Sometimes she controls me. I try to ignore her. Sometimes I hate her, then she hates me and makes things really difficult. Then **she** takes control so I can't do anything. Sometimes I like to be her: a little girl. If someone wants sex with me I just become a little girl, a rag doll, and do what they want to please them.

Voice 4 (male): Bend over, relax.

Voice 6 (female): Do as your father says.

Voice 5: You dirty little girl.

Jude (*who has not heard these voices*): What do you want to say to yourself as a little girl?

Sam: (*throwing down the puppet*) This is a load of shit. (*She walks out; Jude is shocked. She and Tony exchange glances. Tony gestures... there is an awkward silence.*)

Jo: Should I go and...

Tony: What do other people think?

Ray: She jus' escape: freedom road out into the wilderness: let her be.

Tony: What do you think Terry?

Terry: My puppet is me: you want me to talk to myself?

Jude: Yes, if you want. He's a good person to talk to. What good thing can you say to yourself? Be a friend to yourself.

Terry: You may be cracked but you're OK (*They laugh with him.*) When you write your poems you feel better, so write a poem a day: keep the doctor away. The voices try to stop you: write down what they say: maybe it could be a play.

Tony: Yes, maybe Terry could write a play for the group.

Terry: Be a load of rubbish.

Ray: Hey, don't put yourself down man: it's bad for your spirit. Speak positive to yourself.

Jo: (*as puppet*) I'm a dummy. What I say is rubbish. I criticise Jo all the time. (*coming out of role*) I feel like hitting it.

Jude: That's OK (*Jo hits the puppet and throws it across the room.*) Fine, good. Do you want to do that again?

Jo: No.

Ray: People think I am violent but it's the voices: they give me mental GBH.

Terry: I'd like to bash the ray gunners: stop them giving me earache.

Jude: Well you can bash things in this group: like this cushion or the drum.

Terry: The ray gunners should be punished!

Jude: How about you use the drum as their ear drum and give that a bashing?

Terry: (*laughs*) Huh! Yeah! (*He bashes the drum*) Ray gunners is going to die! (*Ray walks over to the audience chairs.*)

Ray: This guy's talking crap.

Terry: Dogcrap.

Jude: You sound upset Ray, angry.

Ray: Well he keeps talking about Ray gunners.

Jude: Do you want time out in the audience or can we sort this out? 'Cause your name is Ray and you might think Terry's talking about you. *(Ray sits in the audience space.)*

Terry: No: the ray gunners are on planet Xsn, pointing their ray gun through the hole in the sky: 'snot you.

Jude: How's that Ray?

Ray: I stay in the audience.

Jude: That's fine: Ray is using the audience space. Terry, the world is in the wheel chair just now. I guess it's pretty bashed up by the ray guns. Where in this room could planet Xsn be?

Terry: Over there: *(points to the opposite corner where there's a waste paper bin.)*

Jude: Can you just go over there and be on planet Xsn? *(Terry goes over and picks up the waste paper bin. He speaks into it, creating an echo effect.)*

Terry: *(in a voice reminiscent of the daleks)* This is Captain Zorg calling Earth. Do as I say or I'll bash you, zap you with the ray guns!

Jude: OK Terry, come back down to earth. Tony can you be Captain Zorg? *(They swap places.)* Now Terry: here's the drum: you give Captain Zorg an ear bashing. *(The drum is a large bass drum. Ray puts his hands over his ears.)*

Tony: *(speaking into the waste paper bin, in a voice reminiscent of the daleks)* This is Captain Zorg calling Earth. Do as I say or I'll bash you, zap you with the ray guns!

Terry: *(bashing the drum, excited)* Zorg is crashed, mashed and bashed! *(Tony crumples into a heap, his voice getting weaker and squeaking. The others and Terry laugh together. Sam re-enters.)*

Jo: Do it again, do it again!

Jude: Do you want to do it again Terry?

Terry: *(excitedly)* OK! OK!

Sam: I want a drum too. *(Jude gets another drum.)*

Tony: *(Standing back up and speaking loudly through the waste paper bin)* You don't get rid of me that easily! This is Captain Zorg. Do as I say or I'll zap you with the ray guns!

(Terry and Sam launch a storm of drumming: Sam is heard shouting "No, No, No," whilst drumming. Tony collapses, shrivelling like the wicked witch of the west. There's more laughter. The noise subsides. Ray claps.)

Jo: I feel sorry for the world now. I want to sing it a song. Can I?

Jude: Yeah, go on. *(Jude takes the world out of the wheel chair and passes it to Jo.)*

Jo: *(singing to tune of twinkle twinkle little star)*

World you're sad and mad and bad;
You don't know what a life I've had.
Left alone just like a star
Lost in space you wander far.
Where Oh where in all the world
Is there love for this little girl?

Jude: OK go back to your puppet and let the puppet choose a partner to talk to. What story does your puppet have to tell? *(The group pair up: Sam and Ray; Jo and Terry. There is interaction with the puppets. Whilst clients work with puppets Jude and Tony talk:)* I've no idea what happened with Sam.

CUT OFF HIS HANDS! CUT OFF HIS SEX!

Voice 6: Terry, survive, terrified.

Voice 8: Dead. Stone dead.

(Darkness. A torch beam shines across the space.)

Connor: Shit. *(Connor shines the torch straight into Terry's face.)* Shut your mouth: don't you say a fucking word or I'll kill you. Don't fucking move. Shit.

(He searches for money. Enter Keith.)

Keith: What the hell's?.. *(Connor shines the torch into his face and kicks him. Connor hits Keith who falls. Terry cries out. Connor escapes. Keith is winded)* Ohoofhhh... Urrrgh...Terry!

Terry: Dad, Dad. The ray gunner's here!

Keith: *(winded)* Call the police, you stupid boy. Ow!!

Terry: *(on the phone)* The fascists are here, the fascists are here... 67 Coalport Street, Craggside... They've killed my Dad...stone dead, Dad, dead and buried.

(The nightmare returns: a wave crashes over the scene - either on the stage or on the shadow puppet screen. The sea becomes the sea side for the next scene.)

INTERVAL

Act Four, scene 3: At the sea side: sunshine, seagulls, the sound of the sea.

(Ray and Sam on a day out together at the seaside. A Punch and Judy show: in a booth performed by actors possibly in masks or with puppets.)

Sam: I like the sea side.

Ray: Cold wind blow 'cross the sea. That seagull's eating those chips.

Sam: Other people's always taste better. Hey look: let's watch.

Punch: Judy! Where's my supper? Judy!

Judy *(with baby):* Here you look after the baby. *(exits)*

(Punch nurses baby. It cries. Punch shushes it, then when it won't be quiet he beats it.)

Punch: That's the way to do it! That's the way to do it!

Judy *(returning):* My baby! My baby!

Punch: Shut up woman! Where's my supper?

Judy: Give me the baby.

Punch: No I'll put it to bed. You go hang yourself *(exits with baby)*.

Hangman: Did someone call for a hanging?

Judy: Hang on a minute...

Hangman: I'll do just that. *(sings: he and Judy dance)*

Hang out with me,
I'll set you free:
Your feet will dance
In our romance.
At the end of the line,
You'll be mine!
Your head will spin
And I will grin.
Hang loose in a noose!
End of your tether?

Light as a feather!

Drop dead gorgeous!

(He slips the noose around Judy's neck. Too late she protests:)

Judy: Help! Help!

Punch *(from off stage):* Shut up woman you'll wake the baby. *(Judy is hung.)*

Hangman: A job well done, and I'm well hung.

Another stiff; (Phew!) gives off a whiff.

No more babble, lot less trouble.

End of strife, no more wife! *(exits)*

(Punch enters with baby and finds Judy hanging: he's grief stricken.)

Punch: Oh my poor Judy! Oh my dangling darling!

Devil *(appears):* This is your doing Mr. Punch! It's off to hell with you!

Punch: Oh no it's not: I am completely and utterly innocent!

Devil: Oh no you're not!

Punch: Oh yes I am!

Devil: Oh no you're not! What will you give me to save your skin?

Punch: My very own, my kith and kin.

Devil: A baby!?

Punch: That's the way to do it!

Devil: A baby in hell is worth two in the oven. *(Baby cries)* Hush, hush! Poooeeh!

Smelly baby! *(gives it back to Punch)* You look after it and make sure you beat it every day! That's the way to bring em up. A whack a day brings a demon to play. I'll be back and fetch it when it's grown up! *(exits. Baby cries.)*

Punch: Shut up you noisy baby! *(beats it)* That's the way to do it!

(Enter social worker with policeman.)

Social worker: I'm a social worker and I'm putting this child on the at risk register!

Punch: Oh no you're not!

Social worker: Oh yes I am! I'll take it into care

Policeman: And I'm taking you to prison!

Punch *(throwing the baby to social worker):* You'll have to catch me first! *(exits, chased by policeman. Social worker rocks baby. Ghost of Judy appears.)*

Ghost: I am your mother's ghost: I'll never leave you.

Social worker: EEEEEK!!!! You're not my mother's ghost! She's still alive.

Ghost: You stupid social worker! I am Judy's ghost!

Social worker: You have the baby then *(hands baby to ghost, exits).*

Ghost: I'll look after you until the devil comes. *(sings)*

Rockabye baby on the tree top:

When the wind blows the cradle will rock,

When the bow breaks the cradle will fall,

And down will come baby, cradle and all.

Devil: This bab will grow to be a lad

And beaten into him will be the bad

His Dad did - and make him mad.

Sam: Terry told me his mother was dead. He hears her voice. You look upset: what's the matter?

Ray: Father used to beat us like that.

Sam: Let's go on a ride.

Ray: Not on the ghost train.

Act Four, scene 4: Dramatherapy 3: Ray's Psychodrama

(Jo, Ray, Sam, Tony and Jude in a circle with an empty chair for Terry. Two rows of audience chairs, as in the first dramatherapy session, are at one side.)

Tony: We've been together ten weeks now. Anything anyone wants to say about last week's session?

Sam: I liked it when we made up characters: it was good being Danyel who told people what she wanted and had power over the voices. I've been saying to my voices since: I don't want hassle, I want help. So last weekend when I was all alone I heard a new voice who said she'd come to help me and any time I needed help I just had to ask her. I felt better after that: I asked her help to make friends. She said to ring Ray and I did and we went to the sea side. I liked that: *(to Ray)* you did me good.

Jo: Since I've been coming to the group I've felt better about myself. *(To Ray)* When I sang last week and you danced it was great: I thought afterwards we can make something, not just be a mental patient.

Ray: Two weeks ago we rehearsed I talking to the boss about getting a pay rise. I didn't do it last week but this week I talked to her and she say she think about it 'cause I was a good worker. It's cool: I felt better after that.

Tony: That sounds like real good news! OK let's start today with everyone's news: let's go round the group and tell us some good news or bad news.

Sam: The bad news is I feel like shit today. My brother is looking for me: he's bad news. He's just out of prison and I hate him.

Ray: The good news is I've met you here. You're new friends. We had a good time at the seaside. You were real fun.

Sam: Thanks.

Jo: The bad news is I was depressed all weekend: I'm worried about Mum. The voices were saying she's going to die and I'll be all alone.

Tony: Is she ill?

Jo: No but she's old and I worry what will happen to me and Tiny.

Tony: Sounds like the voices are speaking about your fears.

Sam: Sometimes my voices frighten me and sometimes they comfort me and say they'll never leave me. I'm never alone with my voices.

Tony: The good news is you can talk about your fears and we can find ways to help you cope.

Jude: The bad news is that Terry's not able to be with us today. He's in hospital after a burglary: he said I could tell you, he wants to come back to the group next week but he's rather upset just now.

Jo: Can we send him a card?

Ray: We could visit him: it's really boring when you're in hospital.

Jude: We can decide that by the end of the session: any other news?

Ray: The bad news is voices and nightmares: been real bad this week: doing I head in.

Tony: What have the voices been saying?

Ray: One has been telling I to set fire to I, to the house.

Jude: Perhaps we could do some work on this today that might help you. Whilst you think about what you need let's just hear from the others: what do you need today?

Jo: I can't do anything today. Just getting here was hard work. I might sit in the audience: I don't think I can be much use.

Tony: You can just be here and do what you need. How about you Sam?

Sam: I want to support Ray. I have nightmares too: I get scared to go to sleep so I stay up all night listening to the voices and then I feel shit and sleep all day.

Jude: It seems like people want to support you Ray: Is that right? *(Sam and Jo nod.)* Do you want to work on this?

Ray: I don't know what to do.

Jude: That's OK, we'll work it out together: do you want to work on the nightmare? It could help you sort it out. You can always say No or stop at any point: you'll be in control here, which I guess when you're dreaming you're not.

Ray: I get so I can't move: petrified. Like frozen man.

(Jo sits in the audience chairs: front row, puts her head down. Tony sits with her.)

Jude: Tell us your dream. Let's walk and talk. *(Jude and Ray walk around the space.)*

Ray: I had it for years: it keeps happening the same and I wake up in a sweat.

Jude: What happens?

Ray: There are all these animals and then there's a fire and they can't escape and I the one to blame: we're all trapped and going to die.

Jude: Sounds like you want to escape?

Ray: I want to stop the fire and rescue the animals but I can't find the water.

Jude: Let's do it: what animals are there?

Ray: There's an elephant, monkey, a lion...

Jude: Be the elephant. *(starts to move like an elephant to encourage Ray.)*

Ray: *(making big movements with a trunk)* Urrrh!

(Jo laughs: sits up and takes notice.)

Jude: As this is a dream you can speak elephant: tell us about yourself.

Ray: I big, strong, heavy: I can squash a man. I remember everything. I can be gentle and carry kids on I back.

Jude: Who could be the elephant?

Ray: Tony. *(Tony gets up and assumes the elephant pose. Ray laughs)* You can spray water on the fire with your trunk. *(Tony makes a spraying, whooshing noise. Ray laughs:)* Hey don't wet us all!

Jude: What other animals are there?

Ray: A monkey: just messing about, monkeying about, Who hoo hoo hoo *(he dances about)* I just having fun: Sam will you be the monkey? *(They monkey about together.)*

Jude: OK Who else is there?

Ray: There's a lion in a cage: he can't escape and the fire scares him and he roar. Jo? *(indicating he's asking Jo to play the lion.)*

Jo: Sometimes I feel like roaring!

Jude: Let's all roar together: 1,2,3 *(They all roar)* OK let's have the animals doing their thing: Ray you watch. *(The others play their parts)* Where does the fire start?

Ray: In a corner and spread everywhere.

Jude: You be the fire: move like the flames *(demonstrating: Ray does a fire dance as the animals get more and more agitated: calling, stamping, roaring. Ray stops.)*

Ray: I got to go out (*goes towards the audience chairs*).

Jude: You can stop it and escape. OK stop everyone. What do you want to do?

Ray: I want to put the fire out and rescue the animals.

Jude: Do it: There's a pool of water here and a bucket. Go for it.

Ray: The elephant gets water up his trunk and squirt it everywhere and I rescue the animals. (*This is enacted. The animals cheer their rescuer:*)

Tony: Our hero!

Voice 3: Burn boy, burn.
(*Instead of looking pleased Ray puts his head in his hands, collapsing in a chair*)

Jude: What's happening Ray? (*a silence then:*)

Ray: I didn't do it.

Voice 4: You stupid boy: I'll teach you.

Jude: You did: you rescued the animals. (*Ray is silent.*)

Tony: Yeah he rescued us.

Voice 3: Fire burns boy. Burns.

Sam: He's great: my friend.

Voice 4: Bad boys burn.

Jo: He's a hero!

Ray: I bad and the voices say I deserve to burn.

Jude: Be the voice: let's hear what you say to Ray.

Ray: (*aggressively*) Burn, boy! Play with fire, fire'll play with you: set fire to the world! This will teach you boy: burn boy, burn! OWWWW!!!! (*Ray comes out of role, clutching his hand.*)

Jude: Hey, how old are you?

Ray: 'bout six years old. Hand hurts.

Jude: Why does your hand hurt? (*Ray looks hopeless, sad.*) You're sad?

Ray: (*hopelessly*) Don't know, don't remember.

Jude: Would the elephant remember? (*Tony steps forward as elephant.*) Ray you be the elephant. Tony: you be little Ray, six years old. (*They swap places*) Ray you're elephant: you're big, strong and you remember. Why is this little boy sad?

Ray: He couldn't rescue us: he couldn't stop his Dad burning the picture.

Jude: What happened? Can you tell us elephant? You remember.

Ray: Ray and his brother Nathan were playing with matches. Their Dad went ape-shit and got Ray's picture that he drew of his day at the zoo and burned it to teach him a lesson. (*Distressed, he comes out of role to become little Ray: Jude swaps him over with Tony who becomes elephant again.*) I beg him, I beg him not to, saying "Wasn' I, wasn' I," so he beat Nathan. He make I watch him beat - beat I brother. Then he burned us fingers to teach us. (*Ray stands up and walks away. Tony is little Ray, crumpled up hiding his/her hands in her/his armpits.*)

Sam: Oh shit, you didn't deserve that.

Jude: Ray, as a man, what do you want to say to this little boy?

Ray: He was wrong he shouldn't have done that.

Jude: Who was wrong?

Sam: Dad was wrong.

Jude: Sam's speaking for you: is that right?

Ray: I guess so: yeah: he was wrong. He shouldn't have done that but I always thought I was wrong for playing with matches: it was to teach us a lesson.

Jude: He taught you to be frightened.

Ray: I was petrified man: still am, that I'll set fire to things and burn everything. The voice is like I father: he goin' to burn us.

Jude: Seems like you need to say something to your father.

Ray: I can't: he's not here, I don't know where he is.

Jude: You can here in the drama: choose someone to be him.

Ray: It would have to be Jo: he had a limp, couldn't walk properly.

Jude: Can you be Ray's Dad, Jo?

Jo: I'm not going to do those things.

Jude: No just to hear what Ray has to say: you'll be safe. Just listen. Where do you want him?

Ray: I want him way over there.

Jo: I can do that. *(Jo moves to her wheel chair and pushes herself to one side.)*

Jude: OK Ray what do you want to say to your Dad?

Ray: I out of here: *(goes to the audience chairs.)*

Jude: You can escape now: when you were a kid you couldn't escape from your Dad. Do you want to stop this or shall we continue with you in the audience, watching?

Ray: You can go on but I don't want him yelling and hitting us.

Jude: You can stop him saying or doing anything: you can take all his power away in this drama: do you want that?

Ray: Yes: I want him be powerless and scared like I was.

Jude: OK You watch. Sam, can you be Ray and speak for him. Tony is little Ray, Jo is Dad. Jo: you can't speak or do anything: just listen. What do you want to say Sam, I mean Ray?

Sam *(as Ray):* You bastard you don't do that to a six year old child: he doesn't deserve that. He was only playing. That's child abuse. I want to beat you, teach you a lesson, what it feels like.

Jude: How's Sam doing: is that how you feel?

Ray: Yeah. OK

Jude: Come and speak for yourself.

(Ray gets up and joins Sam.)

Jude: Play it again Sam.

Sam: Burning a kid's picture, beating a child and then burning him is not going to teach him fire safety.

Ray: You bastard, I fucking hate you. *(Walks away)* I could batter him.

Jude *(placing a cardboard box on a chair and giving Ray a foam padded baton):* OK do it. *(Ray smashes the box.)*

Ray: Bastard, bastard, bastard.

(When he is finished Ray is breathing heavily but is big, powerful. Tony is still in role as little Ray.)

Jude: What do you want to do with little six year old Ray?

Ray: I want to rescue him, protect him.

Jude: OK: you be elephant and take him out of there, rescue him and protect him. You're big, strong and powerful: you can protect a little boy.

Ray (*going to rescue little Ray-Tony, putting his trunk/arm round him*): You're OK kid, you were just monkeying around, having fun. You're not bad. You're dad's a crazy bastard: he did bad, not you. I remember.

Jude: Role reverse.

(*Ray becomes little Ray, Tony becomes elephant/big Ray.*)

Tony: You're OK kid, you were just monkeying around, having fun. You're not bad. You're dad's a crazy bastard: he did bad, not you. You didn't deserve to be burned or beaten. You're safe now. I remember.

(*Ray weeps, Tony holds him. Sam looks sad, Jo looks alarmed, then ashamed. Sam goes over to sit with Jo and puts his/her arm around her. Jude sits by Sam and holds Sam.*)

Tony: You're OK, you were just monkeying around, having fun. You're not bad.

Ray: I hear a voice telling I set fire to the house.

Tony: Who's voice is that?

Ray: It sound like Dad.

Tony: What do you want to say back to the voice?

Ray: No. No way: I not doing that.

Tony: You can say No to your dad, to his voice. (*Ray nods*).

Sam: I wish I could say no to my bad voices.

Jude: You can now. Let's all say it together.

All (*in a crescendo*): No, no, no, no, NO!

Jude: OK, let's sit round together and share with Ray what we felt during his psychodrama and what it reminds us of. (*They move the chairs into a circle. Sam sits next to Ray and hugs him.*)

Sam: I liked being the monkey: I'd like to monkey about some more. (*They smile together.*) Your work's really helped me. I said some things that I've wanted to say to my father. He abused me, and my brother did. I'd like to beat them, to tell them. You were brave to do it.

Jo: I enjoyed roaring: I do feel mostly I'm trapped in this wheelchair and I can't speak out: some times I want to shout and scream.

Jude: How did you feel when you were playing Ray's dad.

Jo: I was scared: Ray's very powerful and I felt ashamed of what I'd done; I was wrong. I wanted to say sorry. (*looks sad*)

Tony: What's that touching for you?

Jo: I hit Tiny and I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

Tony: Do you want to say sorry to Tiny?

Jo: Yes.

Tony: Sam can you be Tiny?

(*Sam kneels in front of Jo.*)

Jo (*reaching to hug Tiny*): I'm sorry I hit you. I was wrong. I got angry: it wasn't your fault; it was mine.

Sam (*as Tiny*): Can we play now Mum?

Jo: What do you want to play?

Sam (*as Tiny*): I want to be a monkey.

Jo: What shall I be?

Sam (*as Tiny*): You be a lion. And you (*to Tony*) be an elephant, and you (*to Jude*) be a mouse and you (*to Ray*) be anything you want.

Ray: I'll be an eagle watching over you all. (*The group play: Jude scurrying away from Tony's tread. Ray flies, Jo roars, Sam monkeys: they laugh...*)

Act Five, scene 1:

(*Sally at home, cleaning.*)

Sally: Oh Lord. I got to talk to you: no one else to talk to. There's a bad smell in the drain at the back. I try to clean it out but it still smell. I need some help. (*The phone rings*) Hello?... It's very nice of you to ring... At the community centre?... Tomorrow?... You be the answer to my prayer! Yes. Thank you. Good day. (*puts phone down*) Thank you Lord. (*puts on the radio*)

Radio: and a sixty nine year old widow was attacked by a gang of youths shouting slogans. She needed thirty six stitches to facial and head wounds. Police warned old people in the area... (*Sally switches the radio off.*)

Sally: Oh Lord: it's not safe to go out. Phhowee. That smell's bad.

Act Five, scene 2: An Office:

Pat (*on phone*): It's Pat Riley, community psychiatric nurse. Is Dr. Shafid there?... Yes, it's about Terry Merchant... He's stopped taking his medication. I am concerned... OK I'll speak to Dr. Jay then. Thanks. (*Enter Tony*)

Pat: Oh Tony, I need a word. How you doing?

Tony: I'm OK but Christine's struggling: she fell the other day and was badly shaken: she's getting depressed. And you?

Pat: I'm worried about Terry Merchant. I have just discovered that he hasn't been taking his medication for several weeks. He seems coherent now but we can't be sure whether he'll relapse: I'd be grateful if you keep an eye on him and alert me or Dr. Jay if he's deteriorating.

Tony: He's OK: he's recovering. It's not just the group: since he moved into the supported housing he's got new friends and started going to a creative writing group at college. The relationship with his Dad has improved and Terry's happier. Stopping his medication was his choice and he's been much more alert and able to function. He says he can cope better with his voices since we did some work in the group about how he responds to them and what they mean to him.

Pat: But it's not good news he's stopped the medication.

Tony: Well I disagree. Terry is recovering because his social situation has been sorted, he's getting together a more fulfilling life and he's working through the psychological stuff underlying his psychosis: why the reliance on medication as the only treatment? It only suppresses symptoms: it doesn't sort anything out.

Pat: Oh come on, I didn't say it was the only treatment.

Tony: Neuroleptics cause irreversible brain damage and sudden death.

Pat: They also help people. Listen, you forget the benefits anti-psychotic medication has brought: it's enabled many people to live nearly normal lives. And there is a serious risk of relapse if they stop taking their medication.

Tony: You know relapse can be as much to do with withdrawal symptoms from the medication as a recurrence of the psychosis.

Pat: All the more reason for him to do it with medical supervision: if he wanted to come off he really needs to agree it with his consultant.

Tony: You mean get permission?

Pat: And only then reduce very gradually.

Tony: He has done it gradually, over about three months...

Pat: That's far too short a time: should be at least nine months, a year, or more. And you knew about this? And didn't say? We need to work as a team!

Tony: OK. I'll see how he is on Wednesday and let you know. I've got to go. (*exits*)

Pat: (*picks up the phone.*) Is Dr. Jay available? It's Pat Riley: I need a word... Lionel, it's Pat... about Terry Merchant. He's stopped taking his medication. No, apparently he seems all right just now but it might be best to be prepared... I was wondering whether he'd engage with the CRHTT. OK... I could drop in and have a chat with him. I've spoken to his GP... You could refer Terry to the Assertive Outreach Team for the longer term. Tony said he'd keep an eye on him... Yes, I'm really pissed off with him: he actually knew. Thanks...

Act Five, scene 3: Dramatherapy 4:

(*Tony, Jude, Ray, Sam, Terry, Jo all present: audience chairs and equipment: drums, cymbals, a parachute, cloth, sticks, hoops.*)

Sam: Since I've been coming to the group I've been having less trouble with the voices: they've been less aggressive: I heard a voice the other night saying to hang myself and I said, "If you want to kill yourself voice, you do just that!" He shut up after that.

Ray: That nightmare hasn't happened since we did the drama: now I know the voice is father I can cope better. I dreamt of him the other night: he was small and I was big: he was a long way away and waved. He seem more friendly but I didn't want to go to him: he said I didn't belong with him. He didn't want I suicide.

Jo: Since I've been in this group I've been able to play more with Tiny and he's been much less trouble.

Tony: How about you Terry?

Terry: After I came out of hospital we did that drama about people having the right to choose and making decisions for themselves. I decided to stop taking my medication. I've been feeling better: I don't feel so stupid and like a zombie. I went swimming with the keep fit group yesterday: it was good. I slept better last night.

Jude: Perhaps you'd like to discuss your medication with Dr. Jay when you see him.

Terry: I don't see him again till after Christmas.

Jude: Well if you need to, you could talk to your GP about it.

Terry: I've been writing more poems.

Tony: Have you brought any today?

Jo: You said you would.

Terry: Yeah: I've brought a copy of the poem I read last week for everyone. I'm not sure it's any good. (*Terry hands out copies, group members read it to themselves.*)

Tony: Let's see what the group says: you're not your best critic.

Ray: Yes he is, he's always criticising himself, putting himself down.

Jude: Maybe we all do that to some extent.

Tony: That is amazing Terry. The whole thing.

Ray: I like the fire-snake bit.

Jo: I liked the stinky stomach!

Jude: Shall we do it? Create a drama from the poem?

All: Yes, great, definitely.

Terry: Will you read it?

Jude: I could but it would be better if you did it.

Terry: Yeah, OK.

Jude: We've got drums, cloth, a parachute: think what parts you'd like to play. What roles are there?

Jo: I want to be the whale.

Ray: I want to be the lava.

Sam: Can I use the drums for the volcano?

Tony: Sure.

Jude: Terry: it's your poem: you tell us what to do.

Terry: It starts with the mountain.

(With a stick/broom they raise the parachute into a mountain: Jo holds it and will shake the mountain from inside. Sam gets the drums ready. Ray will dance the winds, the smoke, the lava, throwing cloth as the eruption explodes. The parachute becomes the tidal wave, then the body of the whale. The mouth of the whale may be a hoop. The group dramatise the poem. There is chaos, laughter but also drama: Jude and Tony helping, keeping it going: Ray then plays the little boy.)

Terry: Shall I start?

Ten thousand miles away,

Head in the clouds,

The mountain towers.

Sky scowls,

The winds of fear rush round the hills and howl;

And from the mouth of hell

A pillar of smoke chokes the air:

Night drowns day in dark...

Jude: Let's do that bit again: can we all make the sounds with our voices: Sam d'you want to use this cymbal? Ray, there's some cloth here. Terry, start again.

Terry: Ten thousand miles away,

Head in the clouds,

The mountain towers.

The sky scowls,

The winds of fear rush round the hills and howl;

And from the mouth of hell

A pillar of smoke chokes the air:

Night drowns day in dark.

Drums of thunder

Under the ground sound rumbling, grumbling.

The hillside heaves,

Rocks shake,

Earth breaks.

Lava flows:

A fire-snake

Burns the trees,

Boils the seas,

Water explodes and round the globe no one knows.
 But the tidal wave rises.
 On the other side of the Ocean
 A child is playing on a beach.
 He doesn't see the wave coming.
 The wall of water cresting, crashing,
 Overwhelms his world:
 And the boy's thrown over and over, underneath the waters
 Where a whale waits:
 Swallows him whole,
 And in the stinky stomach he survives.
(There's general laughter as Tony holds his nose and the group belch and fart.)
Jude: Go on Terry.
Terry: Until he's belched up, sicked on sand and
 Beached on another shore, another land.
 When he tells his story no one believes him,
 "He's crazy. Jonah is a myth," they say.
Sam: *(to Ray as the boy)* You're crazy: Jonah's just a story.
Jo: You can't believe everything you read in the Bible.
(sings) It ain't necessarily so:
 The things you is liable to read in the Bible,
 It ain't necessarily so.
Terry: But the boy had heard the songs of the whales
(Group make whale song sounds.)
Terry: But the boy had heard the songs of the whales
 And was never the same again.
 He lived to tell his tale
 Of Water and the Whale. *(Everyone cheers and claps. Terry looks pleased.)*
Jude: Fantastic! Well done everyone.
Jo: I love this group.
Tony: You were great!
Jo: I want to sing that song: *(sings)*
 It ain't necessarily so:
 The things you is liable to read in the Bible,
 It ain't necessarily so.
 Oh Jonah, he lived in a whale, *(speaking)* you sing with me: it's a chorus.
(They all sing the repeated lines. They sing the final chorus together.)
 Oh Jonah, he lived in a whale
Chorus: Oh Jonah, he lived in a whale
Jo: For he made his home in
 That fishes abdomen.
 Oh Jonah he lived in a whale.
 Little Moses was found in a stream.
Chorus: Little Moses was found in a stream.
Jo: That child floated on water
 Till Old Pharaoh's daughter

She fished him, she says from that stream.

Little David was small but Oh my!

Chorus: Little David was small but Oh my!

Jo: He fought big Goliath

Who lay down and dieth,

Little David was small but Oh my!

Chorus: It ain't necessarily so:

The things you is liable to read in the Bible,

It ain't necessarily so.

Ray: You're a real good singer.

Sam: And you're a great dancer.

Terry: You're a thudding good drummer.

Jo: And you're a fantastic poet! We had one amazing group today!

Jude: I wish we had it on video!

Jo: Can we make a film?

Jude: We'll discuss that next week. To finish today let's go back to the beach on which the boy arrives after his journey in the Whale: *(voice slowly becomes more calm and relaxing)* find a space for yourself; sit or lie down, *(Tony gives out mats/cushions, Jo gets out of her wheel chair,)* make yourself comfortable and breathe: you've survived, you're safe here: now on the warm sand let the golden sun warm you as you rest, breathe out... and in... and let yourself imagine the calm turquoise blue/green sea, the peace and quiet. Breathe in the smell of the fresh air, the sea and the flowers. Feel the soft sand sift through your fingers and let go of any worries now as you rest after our journey together...

Act Five, scene 4:

(This and the previous scene will merge: the lighting will change to warm sunlight, perhaps with a spotlight picking out Tony as the other roles fade away. He has taken off his shirt and trousers to reveal slightly ridiculous tropical shorts. He settles down to sunbathing; Jude enters with drinks. The sound of the sea and sea gulls...)

Tony: This is my fantasy holiday. Just do my shoulders again will you.

(Jude puts more suntan cream on Tony's shoulders.)

Jude: Mmmmm, listen to the sea. It's gorgeous here.

Tony: Did you see that eagle?

Jude: No. Sure it wasn't a seagull?... D'you know we're on an extinct volcano?

Tony: I thought it was dormant: secretly alive, deep underground... Funny, I thought I felt the earth move.

Jude: *(sings)* The concrete and the clay beneath my feet begin to crumble, and love will never die, we'll see the mountains tumble before we say goodbye. My love and I will be in love eternally, that's the way, that's the way it's got to be.

Tony: What's that?

Jude: A song my father used to sing to my mother. When she left he sang it to me.

Tony: Yes, *(sighs)* you think the ground beneath your feet is solid and then it just opens up and there's this chasm.

Jude: I was reading in that magazine that Tenerife is still an active volcano: that one day it will go off, the mountain will collapse into the sea and there'll be a mega tsunami that will swamp the North Eastern USA and drown New York.

Tony: *(in mock alarm)* Let's go back to our room.

Jude: What? Why?

Tony: So we can make love.

Jude: I'm reading.

Tony: You're always reading - your body drives me wild.

Jude: And my mind?

Tony: Crazy! You're not reading another therapy book?

Jude: No: it's a comic novel.

Tony: Let me give your navel comic relief.

Jude: Ah! Ah! No tickling!!!! No!! *(they play, laugh, subside into lying together.)* Oh it's great to be away from it all. You do me so much good - sometimes I think I'm too serious.

Tony: It's the work - always dealing with misery, horror, pain and illness. You need to laugh more.

Jude: It's been a pretty miserable year for you too.

Tony: Yes but you've brought a smile back to my face.

Jude: A wicked sexy grin more like.

Tony: Just imagining what I'm going to do to you.

Jude: You naughty man! God it's good to get away: to put a whole Ocean between me and work: to escape all that.

Tony: It's a relief to get away for me too: Chris is becoming impossible.

Jude: When are you going to tell her you're leaving?

Tony: I guess I'll decide when I get home. I needed this holiday to get away - to put some distance between me and her: to realise it's not good for any of us, for you, for me, for Chris, for the children: it's all lies and I think it's making her more ill and the children are unhappy.

Jude: Well I don't want it to be secret much longer. Does she know we're together now?

Tony: No: she thinks I'm at a conference.

Jude: Oh you're going to have to tell her. You've got to sort this out.

Tony: I will, I will, OK as soon as we get home

Jude: You've got to face reality and stop lying to her.

Tony: Reality can be too painful sometimes: anyway this is my reality now: you and me together here.

Jude: You cope with other people's problems but you can't sort your own life out.

Tony: Hey that was below the belt.

Jude: That's all you're interested in - below the belt.

Tony: I'll belt you. Let's make love. *(Tony moves to embrace Jude: as he puts his arms around her she moves from within them. The warm lights fade to cold light of day.)*

Jude: Hold it. I'm not sure whose fantasy this is: yours or the group's?

Tony: Sorry *(sighs, putting his shirt and trousers back on)* I guess I'm feeling a bit stressed and lonely just now with Chris being ill. I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

Jude: We'll talk about it in supervision. *(Exit Jude.)*

Tony: It was a fantasy. I won't leave Chris. But it's good to escape sometimes, to imagine another reality. *(smiling)* I enjoyed that...

Act Five, scene 5: The Pub

(Connor is at one side. Judy, the puppet is the bar maid, singing:)

Judy: Falling in love again, always wanted to,

What am I to do, I can't help it. *(Sam and Ray enter: they don't see Connor.)*

Sam: Half a shandy and an orange juice please. *(to Ray)* How's your Mum?

Ray: She getting real paranoid: she scared to come out now.

Sam: Maybe she'll come with us: we could go to the sea side again for a day.

Connor: Hey Sam, I gotta come and stay at your place for a few days. Where you living now? Got any cash?

Sam: *(scared, breathing very deliberately)* No: I don't want you to. No. No money.

Connor: Come on, you've got money: all that disability benefit. Let's go; I need a place to put my head down.

Sam: No: I don't want to go.

Connor: Listen: don't you say No to me: I'm your fucking brother: let's go.

Sam: No.

Connor: I'll fucking do for you! I need a place: come on.

Ray: Will you leave her alone.

Connor: Who the fuck are you? Fuck off back where you came from: we don't want you here. This is MY sister: and I'm talking to her so you mind your own fucking business.

Ray: It is I business.

Connor: She doesn't need you, she's sick in the fucking head. Monkey shit head: go back to the jungle where you fucking come from.

(Ray stands up, Sam stands up, Connor lashes out, Ray hits back.)

Sam *(shouts/screams):* Stop! *(trembling)* stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop.

Judy: *(at first enjoying the fight)* That's the way to do it! *(then as the fight develops)* Police, police!

(The Policeman puppet enters.)

Policeman: Hello, hello, hello?

What's going on here?

A breach of the peace?

Who called the police?

Judy: I did: arrest the lout, get him out.

Policeman: *(to Ray, attempting to arrest him; Connor assaults Sam.)*

You - come along with me.

Drunk and disorderly?

Down to old nick with you!

Cage the rage,

Cool the fool.

Just in time

I arrest the crime.

Judy: Not him! You stu...

Connor's the one who

Beat these two
Black and blue.

Policeman: Are you hurt bad? Stop the lad! (*Connor escapes. Exit policeman in pursuit.*)

Judy: He's gone. (*to Sam and Ray*) How are you?

Sam: I hate him.

Ray: I sorry. I hit him.

Judy: That's the way to do it.

Sam: Shut the fuck up! - I want to go home.

Ray: I sorry. OK, let's go.

Voice 2: You ugly black bastard, fuck off back where you come from.

(*Ray does several angry Hitler salutes as if trying to ward off the voice as they exit.*)

Act Five, scene 6: Hospital:

Dr. Beech: Yes I heard about it. The problem with Care in the Community is that the Community is not necessarily a caring place. I'm afraid there'll always be individuals who abuse: violence is endemic in the human psyche.

Tony: No it's learned: Connor learned to behave that way.

Dr. Beech: Yes, well, I think I'd better tell Sam her brother is safely in custody: it'll reduce her anxiety. (*Tony exits. Dr. Beech on phone*) Hello, Ken, morning: my secretary said you'd rung about a possible section: whose the lucky candidate?... Oh God, not him again?... If he'll come in voluntary... fine...yes, OK: ring me if necessary...Right... Well done. Cheers. (*enter Sam*) Morning Sam, you're looking better. I've some news. Connor is in custody and they've charged him with a burglary. They will hold him because they're investigating other offences. You're safe to go home.

Sam: They won't let him out?

Dr. Beech: I don't think so. How are the cuts?

Sam: Getting better but they still hurt.

Dr. Beech: Try not to cut so deep next time.

Sam: It was the voices.

Dr. Beech: You were upset and angry with Connor. It's the dramatherapy group tomorrow isn't it? Perhaps you can talk about how you're feeling there. I'll see you next week but you can go home today.

Sam: Can't I stay in hospital?

Dr. Beech: I don't think it's necessary.

(*There's a commotion. Enter Ray, Policeman, Hangman, Devil and the Social Worker from the Punch and Judy show.*)

Ray (*Using Hitler salutes trying to ward off voices, shouting*): Get off ! Leave I alone!
(*He cowers in the face of these figures. During what follows Dr. Beech is seen mouthing words but we cannot hear what she says. Sam reaches out to Ray.*)

Policeman: Let's be having you son.

Don't try to run.

No trouble, no fuss:

Come along with us.

Social Worker: Section 666:

Quick political fix!

The mental health act

Based on tabloid facts:
Tis the very model of a modern mental health regime:
Enforcéd by the GBH aggressive outrage team!

Hangman: (*winding a rope round Ray and producing a giant hypodermic needle*)

Control and restraint:
Rope in the complaint.
Straight jacket his brain
To save him from pain.
A needle in his bum
Injects 'im numb an' dumb!

Devil: I've come for the baby that's grown to a man.
He'll scream in hell for as long as he can:
After that he'll lose his voice
And listen to me, 'cause he'll have no choice.

Sam (*claps her hands and shouts, the Punch and Judy figures vanish*): Stop! (*in a quieter voice*) Ray, Ray! Let's go home, Ray.

Ray: I don't want to be at home, don't feel safe.

Dr. Beech: Ray, you're ill...

Ray: I not ill: I see visions, I hear voices

That tell wisely to watch out!
There's danger about
In this place:
Can't face -

Sam: What's the matter?

Ray: I don't want to go home. Mother's gone dead crazy. She shit scared of the fascists. She say they're coming in through the sewers, through the toilets, poisoning the air: she frightened to breathe and she panic. (*He holds both fists in front of him and shudders, trembles, agitated.*)

Dr. Beech: I'll ask Pat to call round and see how she is.

Ray: She not well, she not well.

Sam: You can stay with me, at my flat. We can visit your mum together if you want.

Dr. Beech: Ray you can stay here. Sam would you just please leave the office.

Sam: Come home with me Ray.

(*They look at each other. Sam reaches out, Ray is agitating.*)

Ray: I is dancing (*Ray takes her hand.*)

Sam: With me. Let's go.

Ancestor's voice: Ipa jagunjagun na si wa ni inu a| ale.

Dr. Beech: Ray you can choose: there's a bed here and you may feel safer after staying a night or two and letting us see how you are. Sam, I think you should let Ray stay here where he can be cared for.

Voice 1: The warrior walks out into the wilderness,
The wind blows free 'cross the sea.

Ray: I just got sicked out of the whale, onto the sandy beach. Sam, let's go.

(*Sam and Ray exit. Dr. Beech picks up the phone.*)

Dr. Beech: Ken... yes... I'm afraid he's gone: I couldn't hold him. Yes, a relapse of his schizophrenia, hallucinated, thought disordered, no insight, talking nonsense about whales; he thinks his mother's crazy... Yes... Ken, I think we'll have to section him: will you call the police? I'll speak to the GP...

Devil: *(in a red spot light)*

Doctor you and I
Know the power of a lie.
Schizophrenia rules OK?
The mad are medicated and obey.
Society will sleep secure
Knowing that there is no cure...
For being a psychiatrist.
Power is addictive my friend
But whose power is it in the end?

(Darkness. Jo appears in a sparkling dress, if possible high up in her wheel chair, amongst the stars: a night-club glitter ball, with a microphone, singing.)

Jo: *(to the tune of twinkle twinkle little star)*

Where Oh where in all the world
Is there love for this little girl?
Up above the earth so high
Like a diamond in the sky,
Love seems always out of reach
Like a moonbeam on the beach.

(The sound of the sea.)

The End

