

## MINDGAME AUDITION PIECE 5 – PAISLEY & TYLER

*And with her final word, PAISLEY picks up the empty bottle of wine and smashes it across FARQUHAR's head. The glass shatters and he falls unconscious, dropping the scalpel. A pause. PAISLEY stares at him.*

PAISLEY: I couldn't let him do it. I had to stop him.

STYLER: I don't understand. Please. What's happening.

PAISLEY: Jesus Christ...

STYLER: Please, Nurse Paisley.

PAISLEY: *(Angry.)* That's not my name. I'm not a nurse!

STYLER: Then who are you?

PAISLEY: I'm Carol Ennis.

*PAISLEY is also changing. She is more serious, authoritative. She has lost some of her fear.*

STYLER: Ennis?

PAISLEY: Dr Carol Ennis. I'm the psychotherapist at Fairfields.

STYLER: I don't understand. *(Looking at the unconscious man.)*  
Dr Farquhar...

PAISLEY: That's not Dr Farquhar.

STYLER: What?

PAISLEY: Haven't you guessed? Isn't it bloody obvious? That's Easterman!

STYLER: But... What...?

PAISLEY: That is Easterman.

STYLER: So what happened to Dr Farquhar?

*PAISLEY comes over to STYLER and starts to undo the strait-jacket. Or tries to.*

PAISLEY: We're going to have to get out of here. You have your car outside?

STYLER: Yes. It's by the main door.

PAISLEY: It happened three weeks ago. There was a psychodrama session in this very room. Easterman and Borson were here and Alex – Dr Farquhar – was supervising. I was next door, observing. *(She points.)* That's a two-way mirror. Anyway, the session got out of control. Easterman grabbed Dr Farquhar and half-strangled him. At the same time, Borson came after me.

STYLER: The lunatics taking over the asylum.

PAISLEY: If you want to reduce it to a B-movie cliché. But yes.

STYLER: What happened?

PAISLEY: They killed all the staff. Some faster than others. The ones they had a grudge against...well, you don't want to know. Easterman toyed with Dr Farquhar for a week and even when he died it wasn't over.

STYLER: What do you mean?

PAISLEY: Easterman had him boiled down and then re-assembled him. The bones.

*STYLER turns and gazes at the skeleton.*

STYLER: No!

PAISLEY: Yes. That's Dr Farquhar standing there, what's left of him.

STYLER: Oh my God!

PAISLEY: They've kept parts of him in the freezer. They're still eating him.

STYLER: What parts?

PAISLEY: Muscle tissue. His heart. His liver...

STYLER: (*Gagging.*) Oh God!

PAISLEY: What is it?

STYLER: The waste-bin!

PAISLEY: What?

STYLER: I'm going to be sick.

*PAISLEY snatches up the dustbin and holds it for STYLER who forces himself back under control and isn't in fact sick.*

PAISLEY: I did try to warn you.

STYLER: Why didn't you just tell me, for God's sake?

PAISLEY: I tried to. I gave you that note.

STYLER: He burned it.

PAISLEY: It set off the alarm.

STYLER: Yes.

PAISLEY: If I'd told you the truth, he'd never have let you leave. I did the best I could.

*PAISLEY puts down the bin.*

PAISLEY: We don't have time for this. We have to go.

STYLER: (*Struggling.*) Can't you get this thing off me?

PAISLEY: The straps are too tight. (*Struggling with the straps.*) Why did you let him put it on you in the first place? What sort of idiot are you?

STYLER: I was trying to humour him. Maybe someone can help...

PAISLEY: There is no one. I'm the only one left alive. You have no idea what it's been like for the past three weeks. I've been terrified. I've been absolutely terrified!

STYLER: We'll get out. We'll leave together.

PAISLEY: You think it's as easy as that? They're everywhere. They control the whole asylum. And the gates. They're electronic. We can't open the gates...

STYLER: Can't we telephone?

PAISLEY: They cut the wires. *(Giving up with the strait-jacket.)* I can't get this off.

STYLER: He had a scalpel. You can use it to cut through the straps.

PAISLEY: I don't see it.

STYLER: He must have dropped it when you hit him. It's got to be somewhere. Please, Nurse Paisley...

PAISLEY: Dr Ennis.

STYLER: Yes.

*PAISLEY finds the scalpel.*

PAISLEY: Here it is. Here...