

PAISLEY: He's still here?

FARQUHAR: We're having a little trouble winding down.

PAISLEY: I'm not surprised. These sessions of yours, Karel, the psychodrama. It's getting out of hand.

FARQUHAR: So you've said.

PAISLEY: I sometimes wonder what it is exactly that you're trying to achieve. And I have to tell you, it's getting harder and harder to justify this to the board. Look at him, for heaven's sake! Sometimes I think your patients end up sicker than they were before you started...

FARQUHAR: ...which is something you know perfectly well Moreno was accused of throughout his life...

PAISLEY: Yes.

FARQUHAR: ...and which he cheerfully acknowledged. *(Quoting.)* 'I give them a small dose of insanity under conditions of control...'

STYLER: You're trying to make me mad.

FARQUHAR: 'You cannot control your emotions until you have fully experienced them.'

PAISLEY: Yes, yes, yes. But it's the nature of the experience that's beginning to worry me. And from my own

perspective, as head of this establishment and your boss – which perhaps I should remind you – I’m beginning to find these sessions...well, frankly humiliating.

FARQUHAR: *(Soothing.)* Alex...

PAISLEY: No! I haven’t spent thirty years in clinical psychiatry to end up being a bit-player in the theatrical equivalent of a video nasty. And I’m growing increasingly concerned about the level of the violence.

FARQUHAR: There was no real violence.

PAISLEY: It was implicit.

*STYLER is being ignored, edged out. And it’s as if he can feel himself slipping away...his sanity slipping from him.*

STYLER: No, no, no, no, no!

PAISLEY: Are you going to take him back to his room?

FARQUHAR: Of course. *(To STYLER.)* You need to rest. I know it’s been exhausting for you, I know – but you should be pleased with yourself. You’ve made great progress.

STYLER: It’s a lie. You’re both lying.

*PAISLEY sighs and picks up the telephone. Punches a number.*

PAISLEY: *(Into the phone.)* Nurse Borson. Could you come up to my office, please.

*She puts down the phone.*

FARQUHAR: You realize this is the first time...it’s the first time that he’s acknowledged that there was a positive impulse, an actual desire to kill. That is to say, there was a rational choice.

STYLER: I’m Mark Styler.

FARQUHAR: That’s real progress.

STYLER: I’m glad you agreed to see me.

PAISLEY: So it’s a question of the means justifying the carpet.

FARQUHAR: I don’t deny that.

STYLER: *(Looking up.)* What did you say?

PAISLEY: Come on, Karel. I'm as great an admirer of Moreno as you are. You know that. But I think you can envelope his methods to extremes.

STYLER: Carpet. Envelope.

FARQUHAR: But for ten years he had said nothing. He was nothing but wallpaper. And yet in the ten months since I started with him.

STYLER: It's a game.

PAISLEY: Cigarette?

FARQUHAR: No, thank you.

*PAISLEY takes out a cigarette and lights it with a working lighter that is not attached to a chain.*

PAISLEY: Jelly.

FARQUHAR: I wouldn't disagree.

PAISLEY: With the carpet or the wallpaper?

FARQUHAR: With either of them.

STYLER: I am...!

PAISLEY: Carpet. Envelope. And of course, wallpaper.

FARQUHAR: Cigarette. Jelly.

PAISLEY: Carpet. Envelope.

FARQUHAR: Wallpaper. Cigarette. Jelly.

PAISLEY: Carpet.