



Challenging ideas in mental health

The lost soul

1st Lost Soul

It's a bit perky!

2nd Lost Soul

It smells of wool and coal, bad for the chest.

3rd Lost Soul

Chips with curry. And I'll have some scraps on that if you've got them.

1st Lost Soul

Nazi graffiti.

2nd Lost Soul

Breaking glass.

3rd Lost Soul

Guard dogs barking, hallucinating burglary, at each sad city footstep.

Angel

It's a quiet night down along the main corridor where the ghosts of all the ages mingle and drift in flood strip lighting so bright you half expect Man United or the Chicago Bulls to come trotting out. But not everyone is asleep. On the women's ward transactions are being made in Round hay Wing's main currency.

2nd Lost Soul

Have you got a spare cigarette love?

3rd Lost Soul

Only a roll up if I can find the stuff, it's in here somewhere.

2nd Lost Soul

Hurry up love, I'm desperate. My husband's coming tomorrow, but till then I'm stuck.

3rd Lost Soul

Well, here's a bit of baccy, filters. Not fussy about filters are you?

2nd Lost Soul

I'll take as it comes me love. Have you got a roach though? I like a bit of roach in me joint.

3rd Lost Soul

Well, haven't got a plant here but under me bed there is one.

2nd Lost Soul

I won't tell those Gestapo bastards in the office about this. Call themselves nurses ...urghh

3rd Lost Soul

Can we get a light on here? I can't roll in the dark.

2nd Lost Soul

If we put the light on the nurses will come and they'll put us to bed.

3rd Lost Soul

Bloody hell, here's a fag of sorts.

2nd Lost Soul

Thank you love

3rd Lost Soul

That's it until tomorrow.

2nd Lost Soul

That's just what I need.

Angel

In the treatment room a blue spark flickers from a loose wire as if the shock machine is dreaming. In the TV lounge the night nurse stares at an empty TV screen although the programme finished three hours ago and the screen is just a swarm of electronic insects. In a dormitory for eight, enclosed by Dorothy Perkins curtains, about to wake from a three-day sleep induced by an enormous dose of Largactyl introduced intravenously into a delicate part of the anatomy - Jonathan X.

Jonathan X

Bloody leave me alone.

Angel

In his night stallion he is fighting off an army of white-coated nurses, shouldering arms of three foot hypodermics, points glistening like bayonets at the Regent Street Territorial Parade.

Voice

I've got you sunshine.

Jonathan X

What the bloody hell's going on? Where am I?

2nd Lost Soul

He wants to know where he is.

Jonathan X

What is this place?

3rd Lost Soul

It's the end of the line

1st Lost Soul

The last chance saloon. It's limbo baby

Jonathan X

Can't you talk some sense? Where am I?

1st Lost Soul

You're lost boy, like me. Went for a paper 20 years ago and got abducted by aliens on the 93 to Cookridge. Never been seen since. Used to sing in working men's clubs. I did it my way.

Voice

Not now you don't sunshine.

Jonathan X

But how long have I been here?

2nd Lost Soul

Forever.

Jonathan

But I don't belong here, it's all been a mistake.

2nd Lost Soul

That's what they said about me. You don't belong here love, just a crack up doing your A' levels. You'll be alright in six months. That was 12 years ago. I write a diary in a special code so they can't get at me.

Jonathan X

[08:14] But I'm not like the rest of you.

1st Lost Soul

Ha, ha, he's not like the rest of us.

2nd Lost Soul

That's the whole point, you ninny.

3rd Lost Soul

None of us is like the rest of us. That's why we're here.

Jonathan X

I've got to get out.

All Lost Souls

He's got to get out.

Jonathan X

No, but I have, I've got to get out. I've go somewhere to be, I've got to meet someone.

1st Lost Soul

Well, technically the boy is free to leave.

2nd Lost Soul

... but of course if he does try to ...

3rd Lost Soul

... they'll slap him on a Section and they'll make him stay.

1st Lost Soul

It's like the Hotel California.

2nd Lost Soul

Yeah. You can check out, but you can never leave.

3rd Lost Soul

Except it's in West Yorkshire.

1st Lost Soul

You can say ta'ra, but you can never flit.

Jonathan X

Look isn't there any way I can get out?

1st Lost Soul

Only with the permission of the Head Honcho.

Jonathan X

[09:00] Who's the Head Honcho?

2nd Lost Soul

Only the one who writes the pardons. The one who gives the go head for discharge. Remo himself.

Jonathan X

Remo?

3rd Lost Soul

The Responsible Medical Officer.

Jonathan X

How do I get to see Remo?

1st Lost Soul

You can't.

2nd Lost Soul

He'll see you when he's good and ready.

3rd Lost Soul

And you won't even know who he is.

1st Lost Soul

He's a shape changer.

2nd Lost Soul

Sometimes he'll be round and friendly.

3rd Lost Soul

But the next time you see him he'll be seven foot thin and he'll shout the ward down.

1st Lost Soul

And sometimes he'll be like the good strong father you always wished you'd had.

2nd Lost Soul

Then he'll cheat you out of your weekend leave and laugh in your face.

3rd Lost Soul

And the beauty is, you never know when he's going to come.

1st Lost Soul

The day of the ward round, you can stand around all day and he doesn't come.

2nd Lost Soul

The next day, for no good reason at all he'll be there sharing a laugh in the staff room.

3rd Lost Soul

Or at least, you think it might be him. But you never can tell.

Jonathan X

But there must be some way I can get to see him?

1st Lost Soul

Well, there is one way I've heard of, but it's very risky.