

**SUTTON HILL  
Psychiatric  
Institute**

**MEETING ROOM**

**Assessments  
Repatriation  
Into  
Community**

'Good morning Ada. Your friends have brought you here to see if we can help you with your current anger issues..?'

'Anger issues? Anger issues? I haven't got anger issues! I've got anger!'

'Maybe...'

'I am the daughter of Lord and Lady Byron, becoming Countess of Lovelace on marriage. When I was seventeen I became a friend of Charles Babbage who I doubt you've heard of.....'

'Actually...'

'I studied maths under Professor Augustus de Morgan at the University of London.....'

'I.....'

'Shut up! Later I translated an article by Luigi Federico Menabrea, written in French, describing Babbage's analytical engine and added my own thoughts and ideas, which ended up three times longer than the original and was published in 1843. I described how codes could be created for the device to handle letters and symbols along with numbers. I also theorised a method for the engine to repeat a series of instructions, a process known as looping that computer programs use today. I am often considered to be the first computer programmer although not at the time.....'

'Could...'

'In fact, it wasn't until 1953 when B V Bowden published my notes in *'Faster Than Thought: A Symposium on Digital Computing Machines'* that I got the recognition I deserved.....'

*'If I could just leap in for a moment. You are an amazing lady, why are you so angry?'*

*'Because when I walk down the street, men shout 'How's your throat Ada?' I'm going to kill the bastards!'*

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Good morning Cardinal. Oh, who's this you've got with you?'

'They are my assistants. They help me with correspondence, sort out accommodation, act as interpreters, general diary logistics and drive me from place to place as required'

'I can see that would be very helpful. What are your names?'

'Perdono?'

'I thought they were interpreters?'

'Just a bit rusty'

'Nome?'

'Giuseppe'

'Phillipe'

'And where do you live? Casa?'

'Roma'

'Roma'

'And how did you get here? Come ci sei arrivato?'

'Siamo venuti in vacanza con il cardinale'

'You came on holiday with the Cardinal. And where do you think this is? Vacanza dove?'

'Disneyland'

'And how old are you? Eta?'

'Undici'

'Dieci'

'Eleven and ten. I think it's time they went home don't you Cardinal?'

'Perhaps another week or two?'

'Immediately'

'Campane dell'inferno. Tomorrow we were going to do the 'Indiana Jones Adventure: Temple of the Forbidden Eye'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Ahh, you again'  
'Sorry'  
'Your friends have asked you to come by as they are concerned for you'  
'I know, it's kind of them, but I'll be fine'  
'You keep sending out cartoons'  
'I do'  
'Today, I believe, is number one hundred?'  
'Yes'  
'That's a lot'  
'It's considerably more than one but only one more than ninety-nine, so it depends where you start from'  
'Err....quite. Anyhow. I think you send out about one hundred every day to friends'  
'Only three go to friends, the other ninety-seven are email accounts that I own'  
'Why?'  
'I get lonely and emails perk me up. Make me feel wanted'  
'But they are all the same'  
'Perhaps, but I think it would be impolite if I didn't read them all. I could miss something'  
'But you wrote them'  
'Well yes, I did, but what if I didn't? How would I know until I read them? And what if it was important? Perhaps the Hospital writing with the results of my test saying I was dying?'  
'You've been to the Hospital for a test?'  
'No'  
'And they keep me occupied as I spend hours on Google trying to understand them, although some are a bit beyond me. Once I have, they are almost'  
'Almost...?'  
'Yes, almost. That was the end of the sentence'  
'Couldn't you do something else? Go out, get a lady, get a dog, go to the pictures.....?'  
'I'm fine. I've got a teddy bear and a fifty-five inch tv. And it wouldn't be fair on the people waiting to read the cartoons'  
'But no one reads the cartoons'  
'I do....'  
'Just a little longer.....'

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'Back again, still rubbing you up the wrong way?'  
'Five three'  
'Can't you just let it go?'  
'Six two'  
'I mean, how long are you going to hold on to this?'  
'Four three'  
'It happened in 1926. That's nearly a hundred years ago'  
'Double six'  
'He's dead'  
'Double six'  
'He was just trying to explain something with an analogy'  
'Double two. How dare he speak for me!'  
'Come on, let it go now...'  
'I'll tell you what, and you will love the irony, if I get four  
three, I'll stop. Four.....one'  
'Oh dear'  
'See Einstein, you jumped up little prick! Three five.'  
'Just a little longer.....'

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'Aah Dominic Cummings, I've been expecting you'

'Why?'

'It seemed to be going that way. Anyhow, you are here as you seem to be getting delusions...?'

'Rubbish. I am more lucid, more logical, more intelligent than just about anybody'

'Ok, perhaps we could test that a little. Now, you are going to change the way the Civil Service operates'

'I certainly am. When I have finished with them they will be slimmed down, highly efficient, slipstreamed, logical, business-like, competitive, jargon free models of how Government should operate and our methods and procedures will become a standard that the rest of the world will, in due course, follow.....'

'Just a little longer.....'

'Hang on, hang on, you just can't keep me here for no reason. Everything I have just said will happen; I will make it happen.'

'Do you know who arranged for you to come here?'

'No, who?'

'Sir Mark Sedwill'

'Who's he?'

'The Head of the Civil Service'

'Oh.....'

'As I said, just a little longer'

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'Good morning Erasmus, your family have asked you to join us due to your continuing anger at events...'

'It's not fair, it's really not fair'

'How so?'

'I am Erasmus Darwin. I was one of the key proponents of the Midlands Enlightenment, a natural philosopher and physiologist. I was also a foremost and active slave trade abolitionist, inventor and poet. How's that for achieving?'

'That's excellent'

'So how come my jumped-up little bastard of a grandson, Charlie, gets all the bloody praise?'

'Well...'

'I mean, he swans around the world, essentially paid for holidays, ostensibly finding examples to prove his evolution of the species nonsense. Slaughtering all before him so he can bring home so called 'specimens''

'It...'

'And everybody overlooks the fact that almost a hundred years earlier Jean-Baptiste Lamarck came up with his transmutation of species theory suggesting just about the same thing...'

'Maybe.....'

'There's me, with all my achievements, and he gets all the accolades. I mean, it isn't as though the species evolved because of him is it? All he did was watch. Just a perverted voyeur really. Dogging in the true sense of the word'

'Perhaps...'

'And, get this, the arsehole is buried in Westminster Abbey. Westminster Abbey no less. How is that fair? Go on, tell me, how is that fair....?'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Good morning, you have been UK Director of the Five Eyes now for only a few weeks and your colleagues are a little concerned about your allegiance and your English accent.....'

'Pochemu?'

'Why? Well, it's about national security really'

'V kakom smysle?'

'In what way? Well, traditionally the Five Eyes intelligence alliance comprised the UK, USA, Canada, Australia and New Zealand but also had strategic partners such as Japan, Germany, Israel and one or two others'

'Da'

'The Five Eyes was set up to counter threats from, essentially, Russia and China, but obviously the brief is now wider'

'Da'

'But you have proposed a new alliance'

'Da'

'The Six Eyes?'

'Da'

'The other one being Russia?'

'Da'

'Wouldn't that be a bit counterproductive?'

'Ne dlya rossii'

'Not for Russia.....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Good morning. George Lemaitre, you were the first person to postulate a 'Big Bang'.

'I was'

'I think you recognised that Hubble's observation meant something far more important than just galaxies that were moving away from each other?'

'I did. Although at the time I didn't know the Universe was expanding rather than the galaxies moving through it. Anyway, to me, it also meant that it had to have started somewhere. So, bringing everything back to a starting point I came up with the theory that everything started from a 'primeval super-atom''

'Indeed. However, as you know, the Big Bang is becoming more and more under attack'

'I know, and I can see that it is necessary to be critical and postulate other possibilities'

'Do you think, at the end of the day, your Theory will stand up?'

'Oh yes'

'How can you be so sure?'

'My calculations were quite precise'

'Can you elucidate on that?'

'I can do better; I can show you the calculations'

'Really?'

'Yes, I've brought the fag packet'

'Just a little longer.....'



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'Gerald Ratner, please, come in. Another.....?'

'I don't understand it'

'Perhaps we could recap... The jewellery business went down because....'

'Of the economy'

'.....you said it was crap. The sports equipment business went down because....'

'Of the economy'

'.....you said it was great unless a lard arse got on it and then it would fall apart. The hotel business went down because.....?'

'Of the economy'

'.....you said the rooms were an ideal size if you were a dealer or a prostitute. The Restaurant business went down because.....?'

'Of the economy'

'.....you said you wouldn't feed it to your dog'

'Whilst we beg to differ let me tell you what my latest venture was. And I saw no way this could go wrong'

'Ok, what was it?'

'A Public Relations and Marketing company.....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Good morning Susan, nice to meet you. Your notes are a little unclear, but it seems you want a change of direction in your work life. Is that right?'

'Yes, I thought it was time'

'Ok. What do you do for a living?'

'I'm a golf pro'

'That's good. Why do you want to change?'

'It's hard work and you get injuries'

'I can see that'

'You go from Club to Club, course to course, even country to country and you never know what to expect'

'Because of the different types of course and the changing weather conditions?'

'No. Different places expect different things, especially the farther east you go'

'I'm not with you?'

'Well, generally it's just hand jobs, oral, missionary, doggy and so on but then there's anal, golden shower, sadism, masochism, threesomes, manysomes. Who knows? But in some god forsaken countries they have what they want, don't pay you and then beat the crap out of you. As I said, it's not easy being a Golf Pro.....'

'Ahhh a golf pro..... I can see that. Ok, what would happen if I let you leave today?'

'Well tomorrow I've got a regular monthly three for two offer I do at Wentworth'

'Perhaps a little longer.....'

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'Good morning Ivanka. Your Staff asked you to drop by due to your increasing need to be seen in.....'  
'Nonsense! And who the hell are you?'  
'.....many places or symposiums where others, perhaps, feel you are not qualified to be.....?'  
'Again, utter nonsense and, again, who the hell are you?'  
'Take a recent one you went to. The Big Byte symposium. There was a bit of a problem there.....?'  
'How was I to know it wasn't about food?'  
'And your visit to Bahrain where you got off the plane in your bikini.....?'  
'I thought they said Bahamas'  
'And the other one when you decided to impress the audience with your local linguistic skills by standing and shouting 'almawt lisrayiyl'  
'It went down a storm. Everyone was on their feet stomping and waving'  
'You were in the Knesset and it meant 'death to Israel''.  
'Whatever. Anyway, who the hell are you? Dad got Soleimani you know, you won't be missed.....'  
'Just a little longer.....'

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'Good morning Janice, you are here today due to your family's concerns about your...'

'O thank god, thank god, not a moment too soon. My blood sugar is up as is my temperature. My white blood cells are down but my red blood cells are increasing dramatically. My pulse is low, and the pulses are very weak...'

'H.....'

'And my periods, my god, my periods. I'm like a walking blood bank. The population of Transylvania could live for years on me.'

'Hy.....'

'And of course, there's my plumbing. Not knowing whether I'm going to be constipated or the lounge is going to be like the inside of a mud hut...'

'Hyp.....'

'And, just a sec, let me pull up my dress, look at this...'

'Hypo....'

'Not pretty eh? My husband has started refusing to put the light on....'

'... hypochondria'

'What?'

'And I'm not a doctor'

'O thank god, a psychiatrist. I'll never forget when I was a child some old bloke tried to drown me. And ever since I was shut in the shed, I've had these headaches. And my mother never loved me, nor my dad, or sister or brother. I even had a tortoise that ran away. At school I was bullied by the kids and the teachers. I used to climb trees in the playground and not come down for weeks on end, living on berries and birds eggs....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Ahh, come in Jenny. You're still struggling a little?'

'I'm afraid so'

'Is it the drugs?'

'No, I've stopped that'

'The drink?'

'No, I've stopped that'

'The self-harm?'

'No, I've stopped that'

'The threesomes and foursomes?'

'No, I've stopped that'

'It's not, oh my God, surely not; you're not still doing David Jaundrell's cartoons..?'

'.....yes'

'Oh no'

'I tried, I really tried, but he gets you first thing in the morning. I mean first thing and then you are hooked all that day. The craving is always there. Give me another cartoon, give me another cartoon. But the bastard doesn't have dealers, there's only him, so you can't get them locally. He's got you.....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Good morning Mr Corbyn. The National Executive have sent you here as they are not sure they know you any more....?'

'I haven't changed'

'You're wearing a suit'

'Yes'

'A blue suit'

'Yes'

'And a light blue shirt'

'Yes'

'And a blue tie'

'Yes'

'And no beard'

'No'

'Why?'

'My son said it was time I did'

'Which son was that?'

'My famous and powerful son'

'What is his name?'

'I can't tell you that. When I was fifteen I had a dalliance with an upper class lady and..... It would have been a bit of a scandal in those days, so I bowed out. But I was always there in case and promised I would help him whenever I could. And I have....'

'Are you saying....'

'I'm saying nothing. Let's have a quick sing of The Blue Flag. 'Then raise the scarlet standard high. Beneath its folds we'll live and die. Though cowards flinch and traitor's sneer. We'll keep the blue flag flying here... Did I say blue? I meant....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Ahhh David, come in, back again...'

'Yes'

'Same reason?'

'So they say, but I can't see it'

'Ok, let's just recap.....your friends despaired of you ever getting a woman?'

'Yes'

'Because...?'

'They felt I wasn't being realistic'

'In what way?'

'In the qualities I wanted from a woman'

'And what were they?'

'Preferably Oligarchs widow. Houses in Barbados, Florida Keys, Gstaad etc, private jets, Rolls Royce's ..... You know, little things.....'

'Remind me where you went to try and meet this Oligarchs widow?'

'Aldi'

'Aldi. Ah yes, I remember. Really? Aldi?'

'Aldi'

'Having looked at this again do you see what you are doing wrong?'

'Actually, after much soul searching, some counselling, derision off my mates and a Facebook page dedicated to me by their mocking wives, I do'

'Well done. So, you see now that having a lady is more than a financial transaction, it is an emotional contract between two people that reflect their needs, thoughts and emotions as they go forwards through life together?'

'Absolutely'

'I'm so pleased. So, in what way are you going to change your approach?'

'I'm trying Lidl....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Scott Morrison, Prime Minister of Australia, welc.....'  
'Can you speed it up a bit mate, we've got a bit of sight seeing to do before we get back on the boat'  
'You are here because...'  
'It fits in with our world cruise'  
'But Australia....'  
'Don't you start. Come on mate, what am I, fucking superman?'  
I can't be on hand every time there's a bit of a problem. A shark devours somebody, call Scott; a snake bites someone, call Scott; an old lady crossing the road gets run over, call Scott; country running out of water, call Scott; twelve and a half million acres burning, call Scott; people burning to death, call Scott. I don't want to appear heartless mate but can't a man have a minute to himself.....?  
'Just a little longer.....'



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'Ah, Mr Gates, a pleasure to meet you. Melissa asked you to come here due to your increasing....'  
'Before we start could you give me a tenner for the parking....'  
'Lend you a tenner...?'  
'Give'  
'Just a little longer.....'

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'Good morning Fred'  
'Morning'  
'We do this every year'  
'I know, but this year it will be different'  
'You said that last year'  
'I know, but this time, this time I'm determined....'  
'Ok, what are we aiming for this year?'  
'There are one or two things from last year and, as I am really confident this year, I have added a few more....'  
'All right, go for it...'  
'This year I'm going to try to stop smoking, drink less, join a gym, lose weight, play less golf, less golf holidays abroad, only go to home games, play less snooker, less online poker, maybe don't do Cheltenham and Ascot this year, perhaps stop brewing at home, get out in the garden more. There you go, good eh?'  
'Very good'  
'I've got a feeling there was something else...? What was it.....couldn't have been that important. Hang on, I made a list.....I've think I put it in a pocket somewhere.....here we go.....oh yes, I did this bit in the pub.....be more appreciative of the wife, take her out more, buy her nice meals, go on romantic holidays, join the National Trust, cook a meal for when she gets home, help with the housework, help with the ironing.....'  
'Just a little longer.....'

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'Michel de Nostredame....'  
'Just Nostradamus will be fine'  
'Please, come in. It seems you are having a few problems?'  
'Not really, certainly none of any consequence'  
'Perhaps waning powers?'  
'No, as acute as ever'  
'Well...'  
'Excuse me my phone is going.....yes.....yes.....no.....I'm sorry.....I said I'm sorry.....what more do you want of me.....yes, I'm sorry.....yes, if you want, book the cruise.....yes, I'm sorry.....yes, really, really sorry.....ok, bye.....of course I love you, it goes without saying.....ok, I love you.....it was sincere.... Ok, I love you, was that better?.....no I'm not being sarcastic.....no, there isn't another woman.....no, not Vera down the road.....nor Mabel.....I love you and have always loved you.....ok, bye.....yes, I love you.....'  
'You ok?'  
'Forgot the wife's birthday.'  
'You didn't predict that then?'  
'Oh, I know when it was, I'm Nostradamus. She merely thinks I forgot. Why do you think I'm here?'  
'They said waning powers...'  
'Holiday'  
'That's clever'  
'Isn't it. Anyhow I've got some chocolate biscuits if you can arrange some coffee'  
'I don't know what to say...'  
'Just a little longer'  
'Just a little longer.....'

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'Good morning Paul, I see you are still ill?'  
'I am, it just hangs around, sapping my strength, taking my will to live'  
'Oh dear, what are you taking for it?'  
'I have a cartoon off Dave every day'  
'Just a little longer....'

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'Good morning Tom. You are here because you are one of the best no limit poker players in the world, having won millions over the last few years but, for some reason, nowadays you just cannot win'  
'It's a mystery'  
'Ok, let's look at how you are preparing for a game?'  
'If it's a six or eight man cash game I generally know who they are as I will have played with them before. If I haven't, I check their stats online. Are they aggressive? Are they passive? Do they like big or small pots? Can they play out of position? Are they winners, how do they approach the game? With people I know I check their current stats to see how they are doing? Are they running good or bad? Is their life in upheaval at the moment? Can I exploit that?'  
'You are very thorough'  
'I have to be. That's why I am one of the top ten in the world'  
'And after all that preparation you are still losing?'  
'I just don't understand it?'  
'Let's play a hand and see how it goes'  
'Ok'  
'You are the small blind. A card for you, a card for me, a card for you, a card for me'  
'I've got Kings! Kings! Who's the man, I'm the man. Oh yes'  
'I fold'  
'Awww'  
'Just a little longer.....'

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'Ah, good morning Ms Patel, Home Secretary'

'Good morning'

'The Cabinet have asked you to come here due to their concern that you are, as one put it, becoming 'too big for her boots'.

'I wear lovely, feminine boots, that fit quite nicely thank you'

'They mention the episode when you compared the Women for Britain campaign to that of Emmeline Pankhurst and the Suffragettes...'

'Obviously it wasn't quite the same, we did have the advantage of Twitter and Facebook'

'I wonder if you could sum up your thoughts on this issue....?'

'I can indeed.....'

I feel priti

Oh, so priti

I feel priti, and witty and gay

And I pity

Any girl who isn't me today

I feel charming

Oh, so charming

It's alarming how charming I feel

And so priti

That I hardly can believe I'm real

See the priti girl in that mirror there:

Who can that attractive girl be?

Such a priti face

Such a priti dress

Such a priti smile

Such a priti me!

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'Rosemary, please, come in'  
'Thank you. You're a nice man, you've got a nice voice'  
'I'm told you are struggling a little at the moment'  
'I miss the family, the late nights, the rides in the car, the games room in the basement, the excitement.....'  
'That's a lot of change'  
'I suppose so. Could you help me? Maybe you and I could get together?'  
'I don't think so'  
'It would be ok. You're a nice man, you would be trusted. Fred could look down and watch.....'  
'Just a little longer...'

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'Good morning 040120. You have been sent here by your Command as they feel that your combat missions have started to have too much influence on you...?'

.....

'Right. From what I gather you do covert seek and destroy missions behind enemy lines that can involve being silent for days on end, and then killing the enemy, sometimes with your bare hands...?'

.....

'It seems to them that when you return you are still in 'mission mode', which is perhaps why your face is blacked, you have your Colt Canada C7 carbine, a grenade belt and a long knife that you keep sharpening...and is a touch disconcerting'.

.....

'Why are you checking the magazine?'

.....

'Just a little longer.....and by that, I mean five minutes, ten tops. Or if you like the place we can leave the door open if you want to go out, or you can have a key. Whatever suits.....'



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'Ahh Sebastian, back again....?'

'Yes. You know how I've struggled to get a job?'

'I do'

'Well, I think I've cracked it. I've got an interview and it looks like its a bit of a shoe in'

'That's great, but how so?'

'I have the qualities they are looking for'

'Really? From what I remember, after Eton you and some friends did a world cruise on one of your father's yachts. And then your father bought you the Play Tennis Group but that went bust. Then there was the Play Polo Group and that went bust. Then he got you into a Hedge Fund, but you lasted a day....'

'Do you know what time they start in the morning? I mean....'

'Then there was property speculation like your friends the Candy's, but that went bust. So, what now.....?'

'As I said I have all the qualifications they want'

'You left Eton having failed just about everything'

'It doesn't matter, they are accepting me for who I am'

'Who are?'

'The Committee choosing the next Conservative Candidate where I live....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Ahh Grant Shapps, Secretary of State for Transport. Your team are concerned you're not taking the role seriously.....?'

'How so?'

'Not exactly pushing the transport agenda. Not understanding the needs of motorists or the Transport Industry'

'Well, that's just rubbish. When they hit a pothole, I feel their pain. When they are in a traffic jam, I feel their frustration. When there are delays at ports, I feel their annoyance. When they are inconvenienced by roadworks I feel their resentment.....'

'So, one could say you are a standard bearer for the people who drive on our roads?'

'Correct'

'How did you get here?'

'I cycled'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Ah come in Toby. You are a professional speech writer who, your friends say, have lost your creative tongue and perhaps even taking credit for other speeches.....?'

'Rubbish'

'Perhaps you could give me an idea of your speeches....'

'I'll start off with a standard of mine, been a good old money earner 'My husband and I...' and then there was 'Well my friends we did it, we pulled it off, we broke the deadlock...' and the loser, 'I'm obviously very sad at the result...', A good one was 'They were all consensual' and many, many recent others. Of course, I am better known for my earlier works, such as 'This lady is not for turning'. I offered that to Ted Heath who decided against it and ending up selling it to Margaret. But moving on... 'I take the threat very seriously. I take the fact that he develops weapons of mass destruction....', 'I did not have sex with that woman.....', 'We've got difficult days ahead. But it really doesn't matter with me now because I have been to the mountaintop.....', 'One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind', 'Vive le Quebec libre!', 'All free men, wherever they may live, are citizens of Berlin, and therefore, as a free man, I take pride in the words "Ich bin ein Berliner!"'. And the classic, I was proud of this, 'Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country'. Of course, before him, 'My fellow Americans. I come before you tonight as a candidate for the Vice Presidency and whose honesty and integrity has been questioned.....not one cent of the eighteen thousand dollars came to me...', 'We shall fight them on the beaches....', 'We regard the agreement signed last night, as symbolic of the desire of our two peoples never to go to war again....', 'Four score years and ten years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty.....', 'Let he who hath not sinned, cast the first stone...', 'And lo, I create.....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Good morning Mr Johnson. Obviously euphoric over your landslide win, your Cabinet are a touch concerned that the power has gone to your head?'

'Nonsense'

'They mentioned that you are looking at countries that are hostile to Britain and trying, with the top brass of the Military, to either make sure we are protected militarily and technically, or if necessary, implement a 'pre-emptive strike' policy?'

'Yes, that's correct, just looking after the Nation'

In your 'protect' category we have Russia, China and one or two East European and South American countries.....?'

'Correct'

'And in your 'pre-emptive strike' category you have Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland and Islington.....?'

'Yes'

'Do you see a problem with that?'

'I do, a glaring one. I want to hit Holborn'

'Holborn?'

'Yes, you know, Unite Head Office. But it seems there would be too much collateral damage...'

'Perhaps a little longer.....'

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'Good morning. Your friends, the swans, have sent you here as you seem to be troubled with self-image issues.....?'

'Sort of....'

'Sort of...?'

'It's the swan thing'

'In what way?'

'Well....initially they said I was an ugly duckling, with feathers all stubby and brown, and all the birds said in so many words, go, get out of town'

'That must have hurt'

'A little. So, I went with a quack and a waddle and a quack and hid myself away all through the wintertime.'

'And then...?'

'Some swans flying over said I was a swan'

'So now you're a swan'

'Me? A swan? Ah, go on'

'No, really'

'That's what they said. They all agreed, I was a very fine swan indeed'

'So why is that a problem?'

'Look at me. I'm all white, you spend hours keeping clean. You know, the snowy white back thing. I've got daft feet, wings that should be on an albatross, a long neck a giraffe would be proud of, although they call it noble and high, and I have to mate for life. No playing the field, oh no, no having fun, oh no. Mate for life. And she's so boring. All I hear is 'Do you think white suits me? What should I wear to the party? How about these white feathers....? For fucks sake....'

'So, what's the answer?'

'I want to be a duck and roam free. No one will know if I'm dirty. Go from pond to pond, lake to lake screwing anything that doesn't take off quick enough.....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Today we have a group meeting of men with, what can I say, a liking for little children. Ah please, come in.'

'Thank you'

'Good morning your Eminence, Sir John, Chief Constable, My Lord, Archbishop, Cardinal, Chief Justice, Detective Inspector, Bishop, Lord Chief Justice, Sir Henry, Bishop, President of the Family Division, Area Manager NSPCC, Your Grace, My Lord, Director NHS, Dean..... Good, all comfortable, let's get started'

'We were wondering...?'

'Yes...?'

'Whether it would be ok to hold a short service?'

'Service?'

'We are concerned and saddened about those that have been treated badly and their character wrongly maligned. That is a burden for us, and we feel a show of unity, of support. is needed'

'That sounds a good idea. Tell me a little more...'

'We thought a bit of a gathering, a few kind words, wine and canapes, swap a few stories, watch a few videos, that sort of thing. Jimmy and Cyril would have liked that.....'

'Just a little longer.....'

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'Aaah Arthur, hello again'  
'Hello'  
'Let me guess; you have coronavirus?'  
'No, I have a derivative, worse, much, much worse. It's dreadful. In a little while, without treatment, I could be dead'  
'Ok, I'm getting good at this now, so let me guess....'  
'Coca cola virus?'  
'No'  
'Irn Brew virus?'  
'No'  
'I'm on the right lines?'  
'Yes.'  
'Right, well let's try and work this out. Instead of Epstein-Barr you had Weinstein Barr, Coxsackievirus became cock.....any how, Hepatitis B became Z, Norwalk became Norfolk, Canine parvovirus was Rover, SV40 mutated to WD40, Denge became Dong, Ebola moved to Eeelad, Monkeypox to Gorillapox, Foot and mouth to Arm and Ear. I'm sure there have been more but....you're back with this one'  
'See how pale I look. I can feel the life draining from me'  
'Right, let's get this. Red Bull?'  
'No'  
'Pepsi, Sprite, Dr Pepper, Gatorade, Mountain Dew.....?'  
'No'  
'Ok, I give up, what is it?'  
'It's a virulent form of Fantavirus.....'  
'Oh dear'  
'And on top of that I think I'm getting a mutation of Smallpox, it's.....'  
'Just a little longer.....'

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'William, good morning. You are here as your friends Burbage and Condell were concerned as to the direction you were starting to take them with your plays'  
'How so?'  
'Will, it's the late 1500's and Albion is puritanical. Elizabeth's spies and inquisitors look for any reason to cast out and burn nonbelievers'  
'I'm still not with you...?'  
'Well, your new play, Romeo and Sebastian'  
'Yes'  
'Who are Romeo and Sebastian?'  
'A young, handsome, Italian waiter and an Oxford posh boy'  
'Err.....ok, well let's take the section from where he is outside the tavern. Perhaps you could read it to me'  
'O Romeo, Romeo wherefore are thou Romeo?  
Do not deny thy feelings and refuse its name  
What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet  
So, Romeo, dear sweet Romeo  
Cast off those shackles of servitude  
Cast off those bars that surround thy thoughts  
And come, let us make haste and fly to heaven  
And there I can rodger you unto eternity....'  
'Do you see a minor problem with that?'  
'The iambic pentameter? A little off.....?'  
'Just a little longer...'