

(A man enters with a bucket. It is TOBY.)

TOBY *(to audience, at an industry event)*

Hello. Welcome to Raushen. This could not be more glamorous, could it, a man comes on with a bucket. Don't worry, the money's gone on what's inside. Relax, I'm not going to ask anyone up here to volunteer but I'd love to talk about why it's so important people do. I'm Toby, I'm a psychiatrist, I'm afraid. My father was a heart surgeon and when I told him I wanted to specialize in psychiatry he said, "Oh *really?* The *Cinderella* of medicine?" Ugh.

(He gestures to a knife in his heart.)

Dad thought psychiatry was bullcrap about Freud and how we're all obsessed with our parents. So. I devoted my life to proving dad wrong(!).

But seriously, I do think I've vanquished my father in a way because, I didn't want to be a heart surgeon. I didn't want to be a *plumber* of the body. I wanted to be an explorer. So I became a psychiatrist and of course, like all doctors, my chosen speciality is defined by what goes *wrong*. Because we *think* with our brain we struggle to frame it as a piece of biological machinery. We're happy to have heart transplants and liver transplants, but we can't imagine a brain transplant. Because nowadays we think our soul is in here.