

returns you're going to apologise, then you're going to sit, listen and learn something.

The THERAPIST leaves the room.

This has all been witnessed by MARK, who begins clapping, sarcastically.

EMMA looks up to see him sitting opposite her in the circle of chairs. It's just the two of them in the room.

MARK: Bravo.

Quite a performance.

EMMA is wiping her face.

EMMA: You know, it's rude to interrupt people when they're telling their life story.

MARK: I do know that, yes. But that wasn't your life story. It's the plot of Hedda Gabler.

How far were you going to go with it? I mean, she fucking dies in the end.

EMMA: Don't we all.

MARK: Not me. I'm immortal. I've taken hits that would kill an elephant.

MARK offers EMMA a cigarette without getting up.

EMMA: I quit.

MARK: First time huh? Yeah, I quit everything my first time. But you got to take it easy.

EMMA sits down opposite MARK.

First couple of times I went through treatment the *guilt* I felt. The *weight* of it. Came out thinking 'I've failed so badly at life.' Went straight to my dealer both times. Took enough to snuff it. First time, I chickened out and called an ambulance. Second time I went down by the canal. Stupid. Some good fucking Samaritan jogged by and happened to be medically fucking trained for fuck's sake.

EMMA: What was the high like?

MARK laughs.

MARK: Yeah, that's the question. Take enough to kill you must be a great high. You *are* in trouble.

EMMA: Was it?

MARK lights a cigarette.

You can't smoke in here it's a / medical building.

MARK: Medical building yeah.

He smokes.

Did Foster warn you about the coffee? You'll find you'll need much more coffee and then you won't sleep and that's dangerous because you shouldn't get too tired. Or hungry. Angry. Lonely. Horny. Too anything, really. Keep the right size is what they say. *We* say. Keep perspective. *We're addicts because we have a toxic combination of low self-esteem and grandiosity.*

EMMA: If I need advice on how to fail at recovery I'll come to you.

MARK: You're mean.

You're a mean woman.

EMMA: I'm trying to change.

MARK: You're in the right place.

Although no major changes in the first year is what they say. Don't move house. Don't change jobs. Don't start new relationships.

So you're an actress?

EMMA: No.

MARK: Really.

EMMA: Really. I'm not an actress. I'm a seagull.

MARK: Right. Yeah. I don't know that reference.

When I first came here I thought this place would be full of actresses and singers. But it's just, you know,

normal people. You done any telly?

EMMA: Can we not talk about it actually? This is supposed to be a bubble away from reality.

MARK: Right.
I agree with you.
Although you're completely wrong.

This is as real as it gets.

MARK holds out the packet to her again.

Go on. Treat yourself.

EMMA stands, walks across the circle and takes a cigarette. MARK lights it for her. MARK remains seated. EMMA stands above him. They both smoke.

EMMA exhales and watches the smoke in the air. She looks at the cigarette between her fingers.

EMMA: People who aren't addicted to anything are really missing out, you know? To have something that can make you feel complete and loved and satisfied and to be able to actually *get it*. It's not unrequited, it *loves you back*.

So the therapist's an addict too?

MARK: It's so smart to get a job here. I'm thinking of applying for one. I'd never have to leave.

EMMA: Do you want to come to my room later?

MARK laughs.

EMMA laughs too.

MARK: You're a nightmare.

The Group doesn't work unless we all contribute. Everyone is vulnerable. If you mess around in here you jeopardise everyone's recovery. Right now you're a human hand grenade. Tell the truth about who you are or I will.

EMMA: I told you the truth. I'm a seagull.

The GROUP re-enter the room, with polystyrene cups of tea and coffee. EMMA and MARK stub out their cigarettes.

THERAPIST: Alright. Good.

The GROUP return to their seats.

We were hearing from Emma.

EMMA: I'm done.

THERAPIST: Was there nothing you wanted to add?

EMMA: Yes.

I'm
very
very
sorry.
For undermining the process just now.
This is all very new to me.

THERAPIST: Would anyone like to comment on what happened?

No? Okay. Would anyone like to practise?

EMMA: Practise what?

FOSTER: One of the ways we prepare for life in recovery is to practise certain interactions, important conversations,

EMMA: what, like, *role-play*?

THERAPIST: Would you like to practise Emma?

EMMA: God no.

MARK stands, very eager.

MARK: I will.

THERAPIST: Alright. Where are we?

MARK: In my boss's office. Coup now. If all goes well.

THERAPIST: What time is it?

MARK: First thing, 7 A.M.

He points at EMMA.

You're my boss.

EMMA: What?

THERAPIST: Go on Emma.

EMMA: I have to pretend to be hi

THERAPIST: It's an exercise.

MARK: Chester. He's fat and bald

EMMA: Then get *him* to do it.

EMMA points at someone in the GROUP w description.

MARK: I just feel you'll be good a

EMMA: I'd rather not.

THERAPIST: You don't have to look lik

FOSTER: Go on Emma.

She stands.

MARK: Ask me what Chester is lik

EMMA: Why?