

### Scene Three

*July 2014, Adam is a shrunken version of the Adam we met in scene one. Shy and stuck in the doorway. Harriet is over prepared and chirpy.*

HARRIET: Take a rest, d'you get the bus? You're all wet.

ADAM: Bike.

HARRIET: That's good for you; all that exercise, all those endorphins.

ADAM: I'm not on endorphins.

HARRIET: No, they're not prescription –

ADAM: - I Don't Want Any More Drugs.

HARRIET: I'm Harriet Glibean. I'm going to be working with you 1:1 and I'm looking forward to getting to know -

ADAM: Are you writing that down, what I said about bikes?

HARRIET: No. Let's start looking –

*She has his file.*

ADAM: You read that; you'd think it was all bad.

HARRIET: How do you feel about the file?

ADAM: (*Sarcastic.*) It makes me want to touch myself.

HARRIET: Is that? What? You're thinking?

*Harriet makes a note of that, which sort of makes Adam chuckle.*

ADAM: You're new.

HARRIET: Yes I am.

ADAM: May I?

*He takes his file from Harriet and rips it in two.*

HARRIET: You've ripped it.

ADAM: You gave it me.

HARRIET: I mean come on, we do have other copies.

ADAM: It's my file, I can do what I want with it.

HARRIET: Absolutely, I'm okay with that.

ADAM: Are you fine with it? How about if I took a shit on it?

*Harriet quickly looks through the file that is in two pieces.*

HARRIET: Is that, related, to, to anything, in your – history?

ADAM: Do I have a history of pooing on things?

HARRIET: I'm sorry - I don't remember reading that in your file, and I'm pretty sure I memorised it. Pretty sure. There was no mention of poo.

ADAM: You're serious?

HARRIET: It's important this remains a non-judgemental space.

ADAM: You've got to judge somethings.

*Adam goes.*

HARRIET: You can go, but I'd like you to stay, at least in the door way,

ADAM: Why?

HARRIET: I'm a student on placement. I'm my third year. I'm here for six months, and I want to meet you once a week. Today's voluntary but it's good I promise.

ADAM: No. It's a pile of rubbish is what it is.

*Adam goes to leave.*

HARRIET: I want to get to know you Adam, that's all.

ADAM: What star sign are you?

HARRIET: I prefer open questions.

ADAM: How do you feel about your star sign?

HARRIET: I'm going to ask you some questions. So you can recover.

ADAM: I'm fine.

HARRIET: Aha.

*She makes a note.*

ADAM: What?

HARRIET: Sorry.

ADAM: Don't do that.

HARRIET: Sorry. I'm going to be doing three, no four things. A few things. One, mindfulness. It's the practice of

ADAM: I've done a bit of that.

HARRIET: Two,

ADAM: Coaching?

HARRIET: Yes.

ADAM: Hate that. Did that in hospital. Setting fucking GOALS.

HARRIET: And this paperwork.

ADAM: That is nonsense, seriously, seriously, seriously, non-sense.

HARRIET: It's new to me to.

ADAM: Reassuring.

HARRIET: This particular centre uses this as a measure – to see how everyone is doing across –

ADAM: Yeh, it's shit.

HARRIET: Rate the following out of 10.

ADAM: 'Sake.

HARRIET: I'll do it too.

ADAM: Mood. 4. Anxiety level. 9. How I feel about home. 2. How I feel about the centre. 0. How I feel about myself 10. I'm great.

HARRIET: Lovely.

*She writes some more notes.*

HARRIET: Gosh, it's a lot of hard data that isn't it? It's juicy I can see why they -

ADAM: I make them up.

*He walks.*

*Harriet rips the answers up.*

*He turns around.*

HARRIET: They're not part of the process. You are. You got out of hospital two weeks ago. They've identified three key symptoms, a tendency to overshare, getting teary. And interacting with strangers in public, sometimes with false beliefs.

ADAM: That only happened one time. I was on a bus, and I asked this girl out on a date like. And she said no and I cried. Perfectly normal reaction.

HARRIET: I see.

*She scribble a note down.*

ADAM: Stop that.

HARRIET: What?

ADAM: We should change this around.

*He sits on her (more comfortable) chair and takes her notebook.*

HARRIET: Oi.

ADAM: You try that one; it's bloody uncomfortable. This is much better. You've got three main problems. Lack of emotional depth, rudeness and a likelihood to end up alone. How shall we tackle them?

HARRIET: Very drole.

*He reads her note book.*

ADAM: Oh. That's. Rich. I'm in denial? Rub that out.

HARRIET: Get off my chair.

ADAM: Perfectly good one there.

*Harriet does not sit on the other chair.*

HARRIET: Adam, you said you were fine. But I know that you're dealing with a lot.

ADAM: I've not done anything wrong.

HARRIET: Of course you haven't. I'm here to help. And. Is this making you feel any better?

ADAM: No.

HARRIET: We can do pottery. There are pottery classes.

ADAM: Fucking hell.

HARRIET: Anyone can do pottery it's for everyone. I do it on Tuesdays.

ADAM: Pottery therapy?

HARRIET: Don't knock it, next time you're here, try it.

ADAM: I'm not coming back.

HARRIET: What happens when someone asks you about being in hospital? What happens when someone mentions A-levels or getting a job or any of the things you've missed out on in the last three months? What happens?

ADAM: Nothing happens, nothing, nothing.

HARRIET: I've used therapy. And some parts of it don't work. So we rip them up and start again with another bit. I'll never do anything without telling you first. And I'll stop taking notes in front of you. And you can read your file, or shit on it, at any time you want.

ADAM: To be clear, I do have problems, but I was only joking about the shit.

HARRIET: I promise to try Adam.

ADAM: Can I have your number?

HARRIET: What?

ADAM: Can I have your number?

HARRIET: No.

*He walks.*

ADAM: Same as all the other shirts.

HARRIET: Wait. Yeah. It's 0161 437 6521.

ADAM: What was that hang on?

HARRIET: 0161 437 6521.

*Adam rings it. It's the phone on the desk.*

ADAM: Taking the piss Harriet.

HARRIET: I'm in this office 9am – 6pm every day, most days until seven or eight. That's what I do. I'm here for you, anytime, you ring. And the on-call number. Ring me I'm serious. I'll be there for you Adam, this phone is our phone.

*Adam rings it. She picks it up.*

HARRIET: Hello?

ADAM: The centre smells of cheese, what can we do about this?

HARRIET: 'll get some Febreeze for the smell of the cheese. Cycle in, once a week at least and meet me, that's the deal. Away from the rest of your life, distractions, and we focus on you.

ADAM: Alright. Tara. *He hangs up.* That little bit of courtesy really makes a difference. It really does - you want to see a picture of my girlfriend and my mum at the pictures?

*Adam shows her pictures.*

HARRIET: Yes that'd be lovely.

ADAM: It's dark: they didn't know I was taking it. And one of my mum putting the bins out, I don't know if she knew I was taking that. And that's one of my girlfriend –

HARRIET: Jesus Adam.

*Harriet covers her eyes.*

ADAM: Oh yeah you can't look at that one; she's naked in the shower. She said delete that one, but.

Here's one of my mum on the way to work. Look. No she didn't know I was taking this one. Or this one. Have a look.

HARRIET: Your mum's in her dressing gown.

ADAM: She's 46 now. You know what's weird, my mum is called Charlotte and my girlfriend is called –

HARRIET: Charlotte?

ADAM: No Penelope but the same amount of syllables.

HARRIET: What?

ADAM: Penny. Charlotte. We're going to have fun me and you. I can tell, you're alright. You know me.

HARRIET: What do you mean?

ADAM: You know I went to H O S P I T A L just 'cus my mum said I had to go. I didn't really have to go.

HARRIET: H O S P I T A L?

ADAM: Yeah.

HARRIET: See you at pottery? We could make a pot for Charlotte, or Penny, or Someone.

ADAM: Pottery – ha. No. Obviously.

HARRIET: Excellent. Brilliant. Good one. Come in again yeah, next week? (*He doesn't answer.*) Come back yeah Adam? Adam? Bye. Bye then. Oh. My. God.

*He's gone. She lets out a big sigh of relief and then jumps to cello tape all the paperwork back together – it's impossible.*