

GIRLS IN THERAPY

PILOT

EPISODE 1

"RUNNING"

Written by

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DRAFT 05/01/23

EXT. LONDON. HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE - NIGHT

The starry lights of London present a backdrop worthy of a Richard Curtis film.

A couple, filled with all the nerves of a first date, stroll towards Hammersmith Bridge, so absorbed in one another they hardly notice the HOT MESS in fishnets and hairy-gilet dash past them.

GUY-ON-DATE

My brother is allergic to celery too, what a coincidence!

GIRL-ON-DATE

That is totally INSANE. We have so much in common!

Suddenly the Girl-on-Date notices something happening behind Guy-on-Date.

GIRL-ON-DATE (CONT'D)

What the-

Her eyes fill with horror. He turns to see -

RILEY, 30, mixed race, the hot mess, arse in the air, clambering over the railing in the middle of the bridge.

GUY ON DATE

Is she-

GIRL-ON-DATE

(To Guy-On-Date.) Don't just stand there!

Riley, determined, faces the dark torrent of water below.

Riley tries to count to three but squawking Girl-on-Date is now flapping her arms about.

GIRL-ON-DATE (CONT'D)

STOP! STOP!

Riley tries to focus: *Where was she? Oh yes. KILLING HERSELF.*

Maybe she should turn around? Riley awkwardly maneuvers so her back faces the gushing water.

A small crowd is now gathering.

OLD LADY

(Northern accent.) Don't do it love.

RILEY

Piss off!

Gasps from the crowd.

GUY-ON-DATE

Think of those you'll leave behind.

Riley considers.

Beat.

Headfirst is better.

GIRL-ON-DATE

(On the phone.) Yes, there's a girl. She's unstable. Hammersmith Bridge. Hurry!

The only thing now separating Riley from the gushing water is her white knuckled grip.

She's serious. In pain. Afraid. Numb. Hot tears streaming down burning cheeks.

She looks to her side, the GRIM REAPER is eating a bacon bap. He gives her a thumbs up. She gives him a nod.

Guy-On-Date lunges forward just as Riley lets go. He misses her by a milli-second. But forget him, because now we're hurtling with her into -

Plop!

The lights of the city swirl above as we sink into the watery depths of the Thames...

TITLE: "GIRLS IN THERAPY"

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

BLACK. We see shards of light. A beep. Faint noises become clearer. Eyes blink open letting in a white light -

VOICE (V.O)

Hammersmith Bridge isn't as high as London Bridge, but the coldness of the water can send you into a state of shock -

Riley takes in the white room. *Is she dead?* A NURSE talks to a heavily pregnant blonde woman in her 30's - LUCY.

NURSE

There might be some concussion, but
we've run some tests...

The nurse notices Riley stir. Lucy turns, her expression of
fury, relief, mainly relief.

RILEY

I thought hell would be more - red.

NURSE

I'll leave you to it.

The nurse leaves.

LUCY

What the fuck.

Riley doesn't say anything.

LUCY (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK.

RILEY

Hi.

LUCY

We thought you'd gone.

RILEY

Surprise.

LUCY

At least you left a note this time.

RILEY

And manuscript?

LUCY

And manuscript.

RILEY

Put postage on it.

LUCY

That was considerate of you.

FREDDIE, 30's, Lucy's husband, walks in juggling three
takeaway cups.

FREDDIE

Look at that! Good job I got an
extra hot choccie.

LUCY
I said coffee.

FREDDIE
You've already had 200mg of
caffeine today sweetheart.

He gives her a kiss on the forehead and strokes her stomach.
Lucy wants to punch him. She takes the hot chocolate.

LUCY
(*To Riley.*) You're so unbelievably
selfish.

FREDDIE
But she lived to see another day,
right, poppet?

Lucy gives him a death stare.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
I'll get the car ready.

Freddie swiftly departs.

LUCY
Well?

RILEY
I'm sorry, were you under the
impression that I *wanted* to wake up
in this piss smelling room, again?

A smelly looking bloke in the bed next to her looks wounded.

RILEY (CONT'D)
No offense.

Smelly bloke shrugs.

Lucy snaps the curtain shut to give them some privacy.

LUCY
Riley. Tell me this is the last
time.

Riley is silent.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Please.

There's desperation in Lucy's eyes.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 You're not the only one you're hurting.

RILEY
 I'm sorry.

LUCY
 No. Don't say sorry. Just try.

RILEY
 I can't -

LUCY
 FOR GODSAKE RILEY. You CAN.

RILEY
 It's not that simple.

LUCY
 Tell me. Tell me what to do. What can I do?

Riley is lost for words. Lucy sits on the edge of the bed.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 I can't continue like this.

She takes Riley's hand and squeezes it tight. Riley squeezes it back.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 They want to send you to a facility.

RILEY
 No.

LUCY
 At least try the medication.

RILEY
 I don't want medication.

LUCY
 I need you to stay alive.

Riley sees the pain in her friend's eyes.

RILEY
 (*Almost inaudible.*)
 Okay.

Beat.

LUCY
(Relieved.) Okay, good.

She gets up.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 And you're going back to yoga.

RILEY LUCY (CONT'D)
 NO. Please! Monday Vinyasa.

RILEY LUCY (CONT'D)
 Come on! Non-negotiable.

RILEY
 Fuck.

LUCY
 Now pick up your shit and let's go home.

Lucy gets up and waddles towards the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 And Riley?

RILEY
 Yes.

LUCY
 If you do this again, I'll kill you myself.

They share a smile. Their sense of humor.

Lucy leaves. Riley's face drops.

RILEY
(To herself.)
 If that's a promise.

INT. LUCY AND FREDDIE'S FLAT - SUNSET

Lucy and Freddie lead the way through the front door of a airy bright London flat. Riley drags behind.

INT. LUCY AND FREDDIE'S FLAT. NURSERY/SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

A half done up nursery. Storks and elephants in sugar sweet shades. A cot assembled with tins of paint and brushes scattered on the floor.

Riley's bed is a temporary fold-out jobby. Her MANUSCRIPT and SUICIDE NOTE where she left it - opened.

She stares at it.

Outside are fireworks. Someone in the world is celebrating.

Riley folds up the suicide note and puts it in her pocket.

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - MORNING

Monday morning the city awakens.

EXT. LONDON CITY - MORNING

Riley rushes out of the tube station past a news stall crammed with the latest MAGAZINES, featuring rising cover star TEAGAN ALBRIGHT with her signature fire red hair.

Riley's scrubbed up well in a black trouser suit and hair up.

A promo vendor gives out free CEREAL BARS on the street. She grabs four and stuffs them in her bag.

A throng of suited commuters ignore a HOMELESS MAN, who has a copy of Paolo Coelho's The Alchemist by his side. Riley clocks him.

She approaches a tall shiny office building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Riley is shown around by a stern office manager MAGDA, 50's.

MAGDA

Have you been a temp before?

RILEY

Yes.

MAGDA

Good. Sometimes they send us girls who've got no experience.

RILEY

One of the pros of being a thirty year old temp.

Magda leads Riley into -

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. POST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small room with printer & copy machine. A tall wall full of postal shelves.

MAGDA

Copy machine. Printer. Stationary up here if you need. More staplers than you could dream of.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

An office kitchen - which is well... an office kitchen. Do I need to describe?

MAGDA

Tea. Coffee. Biscuits. You'll need to clean the coffee machine at the end of the day. We've got two meetings today. One with the partners at eleven, and the other with a client at three.

They continue out into...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. RECEPTION DESK

MAGDA

You're with us the whole week?

RILEY

Yes.

MAGDA

Good. I will show you how to turn off the burglar alarm in the morning.

She shows Riley a small ALARM on the wall with keypad.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

The code is four, seven, two - are you going to write this down?

RILEY

Oh, yes.

She takes out a scrap bit of paper and a pen from her pocket.

MAGDA

Four, seven, two, nine, three, seven. Then press this green button.

Riley scribbles it down. Magda finally leads Riley to the reception desk.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

Sign in post. Let us know when guests arrive. Have you used this phone system?

RILEY

Yes.

MAGDA

Good. If you do a good job we might even ask you to come back.

RILEY

Lucky me.

MILTON, 35, clean shaven, sharp, confident, and did I mention HOT, enters through the glass doors.

MILTON

Dzien dobry Magda! How was the christening?

Magda's face bursts into a smile for the first time. Riley rolls her eyes.

MAGDA

Oh, it was wonderful, sweet boy.

She cups his face in her hands.

MILTON

The tapas were good hey.

MAGDA

Oh yes, just a little touch of chilli -

MILTON

- on the mozzarella?

MAGDA

My daughter was so happy. Thank you.

MILTON
 (To Riley) Milton, nice to meet
 you.

RILEY
 Riley -

MAGDA
 - covering Georgina for the day.
 Stomach trouble again. That girl is
 sick more times than she is
 healthy.

Riley doesn't like the way Milton is looking at her and
 smiling.

MILTON
 Great to have you part of the team
 Riley. My office is over there if
 you need anything-

RILEY
 I'll be fine. But thanks.

Don't. Make. Eye. Contact.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Once Riley is left alone, she logs into her email account on
 the reception computer.

At his desk, Milton glances over at her across the room
 through the glass panel.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. VARIOUS - DAY

Riley tends to her temp duties.

She cleans away the dirty cups from a meeting room.

She stocks up the biscuit tins in the office kitchen.

She empties out the bins.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Riley eats her lunch (cereal bars) on the steps outside.

Although Riley doesn't notice it, a women next to her is
 reading the EVENING STANDARD with the subheading:

'TRAINWRECK TEAGEN: Star goes off the rails!'

With a PHOTOGRAPH of a young red headed girl in sunglasses being papped, along side a shirtless bloke with long hair covered in tats.

Riley is watching the homeless man be ignored by the wealthy suits.

Across the street, Milton appears from a sandwich shop with a few work buddies. Milton clocks Riley.

Meanwhile, Riley's attention is diverted to an ARTSY MAN, 50s, in tweed with disheveled hair bustling through the crowd - he sticks out amongst the suited and booted banker-types.

Riley lights up. And grabs her things.

Milton's distracted for a split second. When he looks up Riley's gone.

Homeless man is now eating a cereal bar.

Riley follows Artsy Man down the street.

Artsy Man turns into AL CAPPUC-CINO, an independent coffee shop on the corner, with the slogan 'Say hello to my espresso blend!'

INT. AL CAPPUC-CINO COFFEE SHOP - DAY

RILEY
Excuse me. Hi?

MAN
Hello.

RILEY
You're Arnold Nichols. Artistic director of the Elizabeth Theatre?

ARNOLD
Sorry, do I know -

RILEY
I sent my script to your assistant, Yoldanda.

ARNOLD
We get a lot of submissions.

RILEY
I never heard back.

ARNOLD
We don't accept unsolicited
scripts.

RILEY
That's what the agents say.

ARNOLD
What's your name?

RILEY
Riley.

ARNOLD
Stalking someone isn't the best way
to get a person's attention Riley.

RILEY
I'm sorry. I know you probably have
a million things to do. I've just -
not had a break in long time.

Arnold takes her in. Her desperation. Beat.

ARNOLD
Oh, for goodness sake! Email it
over.

He hands her a business card.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
Don't stalk me again.

RILEY
I won't.

Another MAN enters the shop and greets Arnold.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I'll leave you to it. Thank you.

ARNOLD
Sir.

RILEY
Sir.

ARNOLD
I'm kidding. We're in the 21st
century.

Arnold smiles. Riley bows out, a new spring in her step.

SUITED MAN
Who was that?

ARNOLD
Another aspiring writer.

SUITED MAN
It's the hope that kills you.

ARNOLD
Two espressos, Al.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

In the office kitchen there's a party going on. Someone's birthday. Cake is being passed around. People laughing and chatting about their weekends.

Riley keeps her head down, busily writing at her computer.

Suddenly a piece of cake lands in front of her. She looks up. Milton.

MILTON
Cake?

RILEY
No thanks.

She keeps her eyes on the computer trying to focus. Beat.
Why's he still standing there.

MILTON
What you working on?

RILEY
A thing.

MILTON
A thing?

RILEY
Yup.

He waits.

RILEY (CONT'D)
A play.

MILTON
I love plays.

Riley rolls her eyes. *Course he does.* But then...

MILTON (CONT'D)

The National's doing a revised version of Top Girls with Uzo Aduba, looks really great-

RILEY

- do you need a stapler or something? There's loads in the post room.

MILTON

Got one thanks.

RILEY

Okay.

MILTON

Just wanted to check you were -

RILEY

I'm fine.

MILTON

I was going to say - hungry.

RILEY

Not really a chocolate cake person.

MILTON

There's a load of different-

RILEY

-or birthday person.

MILTON

What kind of person are you?

Riley sighs. *Let's just get this over with.*

RILEY

I hate sunsets. And holidays. And Christmas. I think smiling burns unnecessary calories. I think the concept of traveling to 'find yourself' is utterly ridiculous. And small talk is a waste of time. I sleep on a camping bed in my friend's nursery and have £56.27 to my name. I don't care what everyone did at the weekend. And frankly, it would be disingenuous to act like I do.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)
They're there and I'm here, not
because I'm shy, or afraid, or
don't want to come across needy,
but because I just don't like -

MILTON
People?

RILEY
Bankers.

MILTON
This is a law firm.

RILEY
Same suits.

Milton takes it in. She turns back to her script.

MILTON
I like you.

That's the last straw.

Riley calmly gets up and briskly makes her way towards the exit.

MILTON (CONT'D)
Toilets are the other way.

She changes direction.

Milton smiles to himself. He *does* like her.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. TOILETS - DAY

In the toilet cubicle, Riley is having a panic attack.

As she steadies her breathing she hears sobbing in the cubicle next door. She presses her ear to the wall.

As Riley emerges from the cubicle, the person in the unit next to her appears too.

The OTHER GIRL is dirty blonde, full bodied, her face blotchy from crying.

The pair don't make eye contact.

The girl picks up her bag and is gone, leaving Riley with her own reflection.

CALMING VOICE (V.O)
 Now breathe. In through your left
 nostril and out through your right.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

Riley sits on her yoga mat surrounded by ripped yogis, and Lucy.

An irritatingly calm overtly bright-voiced YOGA INSTRUCTOR, 40, leads the class...

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
 Breathe out anger and stress.
 Breathe in love and light...

Riley shoots Lucy a *'this is bullshit'* look.

Lucy shoots a - *'you better stay on your fucking mat'* look.

They begin to move into a vinyasa. The other women in the room are basically spartans in designer sportswear.

Riley fights through the poses in her old t-shirt and leggings.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
 Everyone's body is different.

One of the yogi spartans is doing a handstand Scorpion pose.

Riley lies in shavasana 'corpse pose' staring at the ceiling.

Her body holds trauma her mouth cannot find the words for.

INT. YOGA STUDIO. CHANGING/SHOWER ROOM - EVENING

Riley gathers her things as naked spartans blow dry themselves in the buff.

LUCY
 You feel so cleansed after yoga,
 don't you think?

Riley tries to put her shoes on as a spartan stands with her leg up on the bench next to her, creaming herself.

RILEY
 Umhm.

LUCY
 Aren't you feeling more relaxed?

The irritatingly bright yoga instructor dances over.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
Excuse me. You can't do that in here.

RILEY
(To naked lady.)
What a shame, you gotta put your knickers on lady.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
No sorry, I'm talking to you. Your shoes?

RILEY
What?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
This is a no shoe zone.

She points to a sign that reads 'No Shoe Zone'.

RILEY
Ah sorry, I'll know for next time.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
That's lovely. But I'll need you to remove your shoes now.

RILEY
But I just put them on.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
You don't need to raise your voice.

RILEY
I'm not raising my voice. *(Raising her voice.)*

Realising she's raising her voice.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(Soft voice.) I'm literally leaving right now.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
I'm afraid you'll have to take them off, and then put them back on when you're at reception.

RILEY
You mean the reception that's five steps out that door?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Exactly!

Riley laughs.

RILEY

Fuck off!

The Yoga Instructor's smile drops. Riley realizes this is not a joke.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You're being serious?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

It's the rules.

LUCY

That's absolutely fine,
she'll-

RILEY

I'm not taking my shoes off.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Out of respect for everyone, I'm asking you politely to remove your shoes.

RILEY

THAT lady was blowdrying her muff in my face, and you're telling me to respect other people?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

I'm not going to ask again.

RILEY

Thank God.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

I'm feeling a bit of negative energy.

RILEY

Follow you around does it?

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

This is a space built on love.

RILEY

Well, how on earth did you get the job then you uptight, smarmy -

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - EVENING

The LOUD WHISTLE as a train speeds down a platform.

Riley closes her eyes and feels the air rush past her. She's standing close to the edge.

The blurry silhouette of the Grim Reaper reading a Stylist magazine in the background.

Lucy is behind Riley. Pissed.

INT. LUCY AND FREDDIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lucy bursts through the door, with Riley following behind.

RILEY

So you're giving me the silent treatment now?

LUCY

Couldn't help yourself, could you?

Freddie appears from the kitchen with an apron and saucepan.

FREDDIE

Everything alright?

LUCY

No, it's not fucking alright.

RILEY

You're really going to take that bitch's side over mine?

LUCY

You said you'd try.

RILEY

I am.

LUCY

Not hard enough.

RILEY

STOP TRYING TO FIX ME LUCY. JESUS FUCKING CHRIST.

LUCY

Do you actually WANT to get better?

RILEY

I'm not staying here to listen to this shit.

LUCY

I'm the one friend you've got left.

RILEY

Oh lucky me!

LUCY

Nice. Really nice. If I'm such a shit friend, why are you here?

RILEY

I don't know.

Riley grabs her bag and storms back towards the front door.

LUCY

You know what your problem is Riley? You don't trust anyone. Especially the people who are actually trying to HELP YOU.

Riley walks out the door slamming it behind her.

EXT. EAST LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Riley walks along a dirty London street.

A man catcalls her.

She stops in front of a battered front door and rings the bell. The door opens.

INT. ANDRÉ'S FLAT - NIGHT

We're in a grimy flat so dirty even the mice moved out.

The SOUND of grunts and moans.

ANDRÉ, 29, is on top of Riley, having sex with her. She just lies there. Numb. He climaxes and slides off her.

ANDRÉ

See, I told you that would make you feel better.

Riley says nothing. And then...

RILEY
Can I ask you something?

ANDRÉ
Sure.

He switches on the TV.

RILEY
How would you describe me?

ANDRÉ
This show is sick. Fuego!

It's a reality show about busy estate agents looking at expensive houses.

ANDRÉ (CONT'D)
Well, you're definitely the second most attractive person I've ever gone out with.

RILEY
Right. I mean more about me-

ANDRÉ
- Do you think she's attractive?

Referring to the woman on the telly.

RILEY
Why would you ask me that?

ANDRÉ
What?

RILEY
Do YOU find her attractive?

ANDRÉ
You're so uptight.

RILEY
You're an asshole.

ANDRÉ
Wow, it was just a question. Why are you so insecure?

Riley puts on her clothes.

ANDRÉ (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

She grabs her bag from the wrong end - its contents spilling out on the floor.

She quickly picks up her things but forgets her WALLET.

RILEY

Literally anywhere but here.

Riley storms out leaving us with André who opens a beer and scratches his balls.

ANDRÉ

(To himself) Stupid bitch. *(Then immediately amused by something on the tv.)* Fuego!

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

Riley wonders the streets late at night, then realising she left her wallet at André's -

RILEY

For fuck's sake.

She counts the change in her pocket for a kebab but gets turned away for not having enough.

She sits and eats the last cereal bar in her bag.

She lies on a park bench trying to get comfy using her blazer as a cushion. A bit of PAPER falls to the floor. She picks it up. It's the one with the burglar alarm code from the office she was at that day.

She approaches the tall OFFICE building she visited that morning. Past the magazine stall, now packed up - Teagan Albright's face now lit by the street lights.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Riley confidently strides past a security man who's watching porn on his phone.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. RECEPTION DESK - CONTINUOUS

She punches in the security code, and lets herself in.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. KITCHEN

She eats the contents of the biscuit tin, but still hungry climbs up on the counter searching the shelves.

She opens the fridge and finds the remains of the chocolate birthday cake. She stuffs her face with it...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. POST ROOM - MORNING

Next day.

Magda strolls into the office to see a small crowd gathered in the doorway of the post room. Hushed whispers. Some giggles.

Magda pushes through to see what they are looking at:

Riley, asleep on the floor spooning the copy machine.

Magda clears her throat loudly.

Riley blinks her eyes open.

RILEY

Oh shit.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. RECEPTION DESK

Riley is escorted out past the reception desk by two security just as Milton enters.

Riley hangs her head in shame.

INT. LUCY AND FREDDIE'S FLAT. FRONT DOOR - MORNING

The door opens. It's Lucy - looking ragged after another sleepless night of worry.

Riley is on the floor. Broken. She looks up.

RILEY

I don't like me.

INT. LUCY AND FREDDIE'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley lies on the sofa. Lucy strokes her hair.

LUCY

I found a therapy place.

RILEY
There's a six month waiting list.

LUCY
It's private.

RILEY
I don't have the money.

LUCY
I'll lend you the money.

Freddie stands in the doorway listening.

RILEY
I don't want your money.

LUCY
You can pay me back.

RILEY
Where is it?

LUCY
Near Highgate. You know Amanda from work? Her niece went there. Really helped. It's a group. I've already given them a call. Someone dropped out. There's a space if you want it?

RILEY
When does it start?

LUCY
First one on Thursday. It's a twelve week course, just until you can afford one-to-one.

RILEY
Do you think it will help me?

LUCY
I don't know.

RILEY
I don't want to hurt you any more.
Or anyone else.

LUCY
You've got nothing to loose.

Riley nods.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Do you want some tea?

RILEY
Yes please.

Lucy passes Freddie, who is cool and steely - not the warm bumbling man we met earlier.

FREDDIE
She does it again, I want her out.

Lucy nods.

EXT. PARK - SUNSET

A park surrounded by trees in North London. Riley walks towards an old historic building at the centre.

Other women appear from the surrounding woodland like wildlings, all trudging towards the same building.

A WOMAN-IN-CREAM stands like a spectre at the front.

WOMAN
Hello. I'm Leah. Welcome.

LEAH, 50's, smiles warmly, sympathetically. She turns to Riley.

LEAH
Riley. I'm so glad you made it.

Riley's surprised she knows her name.

INT. SUNSHINE THERAPY CENTRE. CORRIDOR - SUNSET

Leah leads Riley and the other women through a corridor and into -

INT. SUNSHINE THERAPY CENTRE. THERAPY ROOM - SUNSET

A cream room.

Riley looks around. Candles, unlit. A fresh tissue box. A coffee table with a giant BOWL OF FRUIT.

LEAH
If you'd like to take a seat and get settled, we'll start in a few moments.

Riley sits on the edge of a big cream sofa.

She clocks an abstract PAINTING of a woman clinging for dear life on the edge of a cliff.

She looks around at the other women in the room.

ADE, 47, four foot tall, wearing a crucifix, keeps her eyes glued to a prayer book.

OPAL, 80's, knits. Her white hair swirled like a cream bun on the top of her head.

A TALL RED HEAD, 19, who looks a bit like a spoon, and strangely familiar, hides behind a giant pair of designer sunglasses. She paces back and forth restlessly.

DR MENGUS, 60's, a short round woman in a paisley top enters with a clipboard.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Everyone, this is Dr Mengus.

DR MENGUS

Thank you for being here.

Riley notices her ugly black shoes.

LEAH

Dr Mengus runs the Sunshine Therapy Centre and is going to sit in for the first part of the session.

Suddenly the doors burst open. CHELSEA, 25, bustles in, hot and flustered, short skirt, big bust - the kind of girl people make assumptions about.

CHELSEA

I am SO sorry. My little brother was playing up.

She wedges herself on the sofa next to Riley. Riley recognizes her - the OTHER GIRL from the toilet cubicle at the office. *What are the chances!*

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Mum's useless after six.

LEAH

If you wouldn't mind taking a seat quietly Chelsea. And Teagen, we'd like you to sit too please.

TALL RED HEAD
I prefer to stand.

LEAH
That wasn't a question.

Standoff. Tall Red Head takes a seat.

LEAH (CONT'D)
To get started let's go around and introduce ourselves. I'll start. My name is Leah, and I actually did this course 23 years ago, when I was going through a really difficult...

Riley is looking at the fruit bowl, shiny apples and ruby grapes, inviting satsumas...

The voices in the room become faint and blurred as Riley zones out... Until...

LEAH (CONT'D)
Riley? Riley?

And she's back in the room.

She looks up at Leah. Leah smiles.

LEAH (CONT'D)
Why don't you tell us what brought you here?

RILEY
I, umm, I'm...

They all wait.

A couple of the girls even dare a glance in her direction. The pause disconcerting.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I - I'm struggling to... to want to live anymore.

Then her mouth begins to quiver. The emotion rises.

Tears fill her eyes, and then, from Riley's mouth - a WAIL.

Like all the emotional pain trapped inside her body suddenly has a voice and needs to climb out.

The other women freeze.

Dr Mengus and Leah share a look of concern.

Then the wail breaks into sobs.

Riley cries. Deeply, broken, unpretty, snotty crying.

Until -

A HAND TOUCHES Riley's shoulder.

It brings her back.

It's Chelsea.

LEAH

Oh Riley. The first step is the
hardest part but you're here now.

Riley nods. Her breathing steadies.

Chelsea grabs a tissue.

Riley wipes her snotty nose.

LEAH (CONT'D)

This is really hard work. But each
of you have made a decision to get
help. And I can tell you - there is
hope, okay?

As Leah talks we take in the women. Their mannerisms giving
their nerves away.

LEAH (CONT'D)

There are a few rules we ask of you
during the next twelve sessions.
Firstly, the information shared
within these walls must not be
shared with the outside world. We
need this to be a safe place where
we can trust each other. NO
mentioning the names of your fellow
participants beyond this room.
Secondly, no distractions. All
mobile phones off during sessions.
No eating. We ask you don't bring
food. Smoking is strictly
prohibited. There's a chance for
coffee and tea in the break. Just
pop a pound in the tin.
Finally, when you leave this
building, it's imperative you do
NOT speak to each other in-between
sessions. It's for your own safety.

(MORE)

LEAH (CONT'D)

We can't moderate what happens once you leave.

Dr Mengus passes Leah some FORMS from her clipboard.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Now, if that all sounds okay, we'd like you to sign the consent forms and we can get started.

Leah hands over a pile of papers, as each woman takes one and passes the rest along.

Riley looks down at the paper, and the dense CHUNK OF TEXT THAT BLURS into one.

Riley sees a few clusters of words pop out at her - 'IN THE CASE OF SUICIDE' 'NOT HELD ACCOUNTABLE'...

She begins to panic. But then -

LEAH (CONT'D)

You can trust us, Riley. You're in good hands. You can TRUST US.

Riley looks around. Everyone else is already scribbling their signature.

She signs and passes it along.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Lovely. Thank you everyone. Now, here are your workbooks.

Leah passes around WORKBOOKS for everyone.

LEAH (CONT'D)

We'll need you to return these at the end of every session.

Riley's STOMACH GRUMBLES. She's not eaten all day. She looks at the bowl of fruit and reaches for a satsuma.

LEAH (CONT'D)

What are you doing Riley?

RILEY

Oh sorry. I thought that was real fruit.

Laughing at herself.

LEAH

It is.

Leah is now unsmiling.

RILEY

Oh?

LEAH

No eating in the sessions Riley. We just went through that.

Something's not right. But the signed consent forms are now with Dr Mengus.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Let's start by showing a short video...

Leah's voice trails off...

We stay with Riley. She looks around the room.

Ade puts away her prayer book.

Chelsea takes out a big fluffy pink pen from her bag.

Opal pops on her spectacles.

The thin girl with red hair slowly removes her sunglasses. She looks just like that famous actress TEAGAN ALBRIGHT.

The Grim Reaper makes himself comfy with a cuppa on one of the empty armchairs. He gives Riley a thumbs up.

Riley turns to look at US, right into the camera.

What the fuck has she just signed up for?

END OF EPISODE 1