

THERAPY SESSION

Written by

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Produced by

UMERA Productions

1 **INT. JASMIN'S ROOM - 4AM**

Jasmin is asleep. The camera zooms closely to her face.

FADE TO:

2 **DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. HALLWAY**

Jasmin finds herself in a hallway, it's dark and she is Panting. She has a hard time figuring out where she is. She walks through total darkness and hears snarling. Jasmin starts to panic.

The images become glitchy. She hears voices whispering, but they are not clear.

Jasmin falls to the ground with her hands on her head. She screams out of pain.

CUT TO:

3 **END DREAM SEQUENCE - INT THERAPIST'S OFFICE - 9AM**

The camera is focused on the clock at the therapist's desk, its 9am and her name tag beside it. Jasmin walks in and takes a seat.

Jasmin is shabby, her face swollen and sweaty. Her eyes with dark circles, her hair undone like she just woke up from a nightmare.

The therapist welcomes Jasmin.

THERAPIST
Good morning, Jasmin.

Jasmin hesitates.

JASMIN
Good morning.

Jasmin takes a deep breath.

THERAPIST
So, tell me, What's on your mind
Jasmin?

Jasmin Daydreams. She is lost in her mind.

Flashes of her nightmare reappear.

CUT TO:

4

FLASHBACK TO DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. HALLWAY

Jasmin hears loud acute noises; she falls to the ground with her hands on her head. She screams out of pain.

DISTORTED VOICE

Let me in Jasmin.

Jasmin freezes, tears streaming down her face, her breath coming in ragged gasps as the eerie voices echo around her.

Jasmin's voice trembles as she cries out into the darkness.

JASMIN

(Whispers)

What do you want?

Her eyes dart around, searching for the source of the haunting whispers.

DISTORTED VOICE

Let. Me. In.

JASMIN

(Panting & in tears)

I don't know what you're talking about.

There is complete silence. Jasmin hears nothing but her own breath. She cries out of frustration, looking for a way out.

DISTORTED VOICE

What dwells in shadows, yet never fades?

Jasmin continues to walk through the darkness.

JASMIN

(she whispers to herself)

I-... I don't know...

The voice snarls with frustration, its tone growing harsher. Jasmin's eyes dart around in terror as the surroundings start to darken. Her breathing becomes rapid, finally she lets out a scream.

DISTORTED VOICE

What dwells in the shadows, yet never fades?

Jasmin freezes as her eyes widen in realization, a glimmer of understanding breaking through the fear.

JASMIN

(Whispering)

Fear...

The screen turns pitch black.

5 **END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE.**

The therapist notices Jasmin is out of reality.

THERAPIST
Jasmin?

Jasmin snaps back from her daydream. She hesitates in giving an answer.

JASMIN
I'm losing my mind.

THERAPIST
What makes you say that, Jasmin?

Jasmin is silent.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Jasmin...
What makes you say that?

Jasmin looks at her therapist straight in the eye and replies with a shaky voice.

JASMIN
I can hear them..
They won't leave me unless I let
them in.

THERAPIST
Voices?

Jasmin looks is lost in thought.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Can you tell me more about the
voices you're hearing? How often do
you hear them? What do they say?

Jasmin begins to hear the same voice she heard in her dream reply alongside her. Only she can hear it.

She closes her eyes. Jasmin replies with fear.

JASMIN
Let me in. That's all they say.

The therapist gives her a concerned look.

THERAPIST
When did you start hearing those
voices?

JASMIN
Some nights ago. They started
getting louder and louder.

Jasmin notices her therapist isn't writing down any notes.

JASMIN (CONT'D)
You aren't taking down notes...

THERAPIST
I usually write them down after our
session...

Silence fills the room, as the therapist continues.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Now... Back to you. What do you do to
deal with them?

JASMIN
Caleb,
(she rubs her nose)
He helps me with some stuff.

The therapist hesitates.

THERAPIST
Humm mm. And you think that this
"stuff" is helping you?

JASMIN
Sometimes it does..., yes.

The therapist hesitates. Silence fills the room.

THERAPIST
Do the voices come when you're
awake or asleep?

JASMIN
Asleep. I keep having nightmares...

THERAPIST
What kind of nightmares?

JASMIN
It's like I go back in time... Right
to that moment...

Jasmin hesitates. She's teary.

THERAPIST
What moment?

JASMIN
The moment everything changed.

THERAPIST

Have you noticed any specific triggers that seem to set off these nightmares?

JASMIN

Certain sounds or smells. Other times, it feels like they come out of nowhere. I feel like... like I'm always on edge... Like something bad is about to happen.

The Therapist is silent. Tears fill Jasmin's cheeks.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

Like it's going to happen all over again.

(Her voice shaky)

People say time heals wounds... They never mention the scars it leaves behind. The ones that don't fade.

With a heavy sigh, Jasmin continues.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

The taunts, the jeers, the cruelty. Each word cutting deeper than the last... Carving out a piece of my soul with every syllable.

Jasmin continues to tear up as she recalls.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

I believed them, you know? I believed them.

Her voice grows strained as she speaks.

With a trembling hand, she wipes away a tear.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

Everything around me is shattered. I don't have much left.

(her voice deeply strained)

It hurts to breathe.

The therapist silently, wears a sorrowful look and listens attentively.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

Do you ever feel... Like you're drowning in darkness? Like a weight that doesn't leave?

Jasmin wipes her tears aggressively.

The therapist waves the question and sighs.

THERAPIST

Healing from trauma takes time, but with support and guidance, it is possible to find relief. We'll work through this together, one step at a time.

JASMIN

I'm tired of taking steps.

Jasmin takes a deep breath as her voice grows hollow.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

It's not me. It's them... They've taken over, invaded my mind, leaving me trapped.

THERAPIST

Have you spoken to anyone else? Your friends? Parents? Have you asked for help?

JASMIN

Help? I'm on my own... Nobody cares.
(She laughs Sarcastically)
But Jasmin does. She always cares for people.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

I'm tired, you know? Tired of always being the one people turn to when they need something. I'm constantly giving...

THERAPIST

Helping others is a gift, Jasmin.

JASMIN

A gift, you think it's a... Gift?

Jasmin replies aggressively.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

I'm paying that gift with my mind.

THERAPIST

You're carrying a heavy burden, always putting others' needs before your own... Have you tried to set boundaries?

JASMIN

I feel like I'm a slave, being made to serve... and keep serving...

The therapist pretends to wave her answer.

THERAPIST

The voices... Have you tried to confront them? Tell them to leave you alone?

JASMIN

I need to let them in...

The therapist leans over concerned.

THERAPIST

Let them in to do what?

Jasmin shakes her head slowly in tears.

JASMIN

If I don't they won't leave me alone.

THERAPIST

You spoke about nightmares... What do you see?

JASMIN

Darkness. I'm standing in a dark Hallway... There's no one, yet I hear voices. They are loud, but I can't get them.

THERAPIST

PTSD. Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Those voices are the shadows of your past. The snarling anxiety and depression has caught you.

Jasmin looks at her disappointed.

JASMIN

That's it?

THERAPIST

We will find a way to stop this, to break free from whatever is tormenting you. You're not alone, Jasmin.

As the therapist reaches out to comfort Jasmin. A sudden surge of darkness envelops the room, extinguishing the feeble light. But only Jasmin can sense it.

JASMIN

They're here.

THERAPIST

It's okay.

The therapist stands up and holds Jasmin's hands.

Jasmin's heart pounds furiously as the environment grows colder and the shadows writhe menacingly. A creeping sense of dread makes her feel as if something unseen is drawing nearer.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Stay with me, Jasmin. You can fight this. You're stronger than they are.

Her grip on the therapist's hands tightens, but suddenly, her eyes widen in sheer panic.

She breaks the hand contact, pulling away. The room darkens, as she drops to the floor, Screaming.

Jasmin's screams mingle with the sinister whispers, their voice lost amidst the cacophony of terror.

The camera zooms in on her face, showcasing the fear and terror in her eyes.

The screen turns pitch black.

THE END