

Mr. Therapy

written by

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EXT. ROADSIDE

Cars pass by.

HE (V.O.)
I have no life.
If I did, I would have felt alive.
But I do not feel alive.
Therefore, I have no life.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. THERAPY

EXTREME CLOSE UP: HIS LIPS.

HE
(Whisper)
Mr Therapy, I have no life.
If I did, I would have felt alive.
But I do not feel alive.
Therefore, I have no life.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. THERAPY

He sits behind a desk, staring straight at someone we do not yet see.

HE
I have these... thoughts.
Intrusive...thoughts.

CUT TO BLACK

HE (V.O.)
They drive me insane.

INT. KITCHEN

MONTAGE (AND TITLE): HE FILLS UP A KETTLE WITH WATER.
SWITCHES IT ON. POURS MILK INTO A MUG. POURS THE WATER INTO
MUG. STIRS. DROPS IN A SPOON OF MILO. STIRS. DROPS IN ANOTHER
SPOON. STIRS. TAPS THE TEASPOON ON THE SIDE OF THE MUG.
TOSSES IT IN THE SINK. TAKES A SIP. TASTES EXPRESSIVELY.
'AHH.' SATISFIED. HE OPENS A PACK OF PILLS. POPS ONE IN HIS
MOUTH. TAKES A SIP. SWALLOWS.

INT. LIVINGROOM

He peers through a window, as if on the lookout.

HE (V.O.)
Someone... someone is trying to get
me.

He draws the curtains. Pauses

He turns and is startled to find someone hastily leaving the dining room. We catch just a glimpse of the person.

HE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I seeeee them.

INT. THERAPY

CLOSE ON: HIM

HE
With my own two eyes, I see them.

CUT TO BLACK

HE (V.O.)
Why do you leave me in the dark?
Telling me it's all in my head?

EXT. ROADSIDE

Cars pass by and we see him, before a gutter.

He closes his trouser zip and turns to look at the road.

He simply watches as the cars pass by.

HE (V.O.)
Mr. Therapy?
How is it I stand in the midst of
life, and yet...I'm so lifeless?

INT. CAR

He drives.

HE (V.O.)
How is it I see everyone and
everything, but nobody sees me?

He spots a girl on the roadside and stares as he drives past her. He looks into his rear view mirror and makes a U-turn.

Driving back, he passes by the spot she was standing at to find her no longer there. He scans the area but doesn't find her. He's annoyed.

INT. THERAPY

EXTREME CLOSE UP: HIS LIPS

HE
Maybe I'm just not meant to
be...you know...
(whisper)
happy.

INT. KITCHEN

MONTAGE: HE FILLS UP A KETTLE WITH WATER. SWITCHES IT ON. POURS MILK INTO A MUG. POURS THE WATER INTO MUG. STIRS. DROPS IN A SPOON OF MILO. STIRS. DROPS IN ANOTHER SPOON. STIRS. TAPS THE TEASPOON ON THE SIDE OF THE MUG. TOSSES IT IN THE SINK. TAKES A SIP. TASTES EXPRESSIVELY. 'AHH.' SATISFIED. HE OPENS A PACK OF PILLS. POPS ONE IN HIS MOUTH. TAKES A SIP. SWALLOWS.

HE (V.O.)
Every single day.
The same. Bloody. Routine.

INT. DINING ROOM

We catch a glimpse of someone hastily leaving the room.

We pan to find HIM standing in the livingroom. In disbelief.

HE (V.O.)
And quite frankly, Mr. Therapy...

CUT TO BLACK.

HE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm tired.

(Beat)

HE (O.S.)
Where are you going?

SHE (O.S.)

Home.

HE (O.S.)

Oh. And where's that?

INT./EXT. DARK ROOM

EXTREME CLOSE UP: TWO HANDS. BACKLIT. SILHOUETTES. HOLDING EACH OTHER. ONE CLEARLY UNCOMFORTABLE AND ATTEMPTING TO SLOWLY BREAK FREE FROM THE OTHER'S GRASP.

SHE

I-I don't think i can tell you that.

HE

You are reeeaaaally beautiful.

SHE

Hmmm.

HE

Why don't I take you home?

She forcefully escapes his grasp. He reaches for her hand, but she takes it further away.

SHE

Oh, no. I'm okay.

He grabs her hand.

HE

Are you scared?

SHE

No, not that -

She tries to escape his grasp. With both hands this time, but he holds on tightly.

HE

Oh no, don't worry I'm used to it.

SHE

O-kay. Could you let go of my hand, please.

HE

Only if you let me take you home.

SHE
I don't know you, sir.

HE
Who does? Who cares?

SHE
I honestly can't-

He pulls her towards him and growls...

HE
I will not take no for an answer.
(Beat)
Come.

He drags her away.

CUT TO BLACK

HE (V.O.)
Mr. Therapy?
I've done terrible things.

INT. BATHROOM

He washes blood off his hands. Washes his face and looks in the mirror. He takes in a deep breath...

MEDIUM SHOT OF BATHROOM DOOR AS WE HEAR HIS MUFFLED SCREAM FROM BEHIND.

INT. THERAPY

Scream transitions and fades here.

We finally see who he's been talking to.

An empty chair.

HE
(Shrugs)
Who am I?
What am I even doing here, Mr.
Therapy?

CUT TO BLACK

HE (V.O.)
I have no life.
If I did, I would have felt alive.
(MORE)

HE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I do not feel alive.
Therefore...

INT. ROOM

His feet dangle in the air.

He's hanged himself.

HE (O.S.)
...I have no life.