

**I TRIED THERAPY**

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**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY**

THERAPIST (35) well put together with earthy green colored cardigan and a smart looking glasses. He cuts a red ribbon on an office door. He stands for a beat, holding the ribbon and scissors in an empty hallway.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Mid-century styled airy space filled with natural light. Therapist stands by the window where the city noise comes through loud and clear.

Therapist sits at a desk, staring at a framed photo of a smiling woman set on the corner of his desk. His right leg is restless and he's fidgeting with a gold engagement ring on his finger.

As we move closer on his staring eyes, he finally breaks contact with the woman's eyes and jolts standing up, moving away from his desk.

He walks towards the window, watching the traffic outside. He takes a deep breath in and shuts his eyes as the noises intensify and begin to muffle.

THERAPIST (V.O.)  
Hey, yeah, where are you?

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Moments later - Therapist paces in his office, speaking on the phone.

THERAPIST  
yeah opening went well, huge crowd.  
how long do you still need? Okay-  
(checks watch)  
Okay I'm waiting.

He hangs the phone and stands by the window, looking out.

He stands back looking at the office. He picks up the overthrow on the couch and refolds it again and puts it back.

He adjusts the water jug and the glasses on the coffee table.

He checks the books on the table, hides one of them.

He stands back looking at the office. Unsatisfied. He walks back to his desk and opens the MacBook in front of him and starts typing.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

- Therapist grabs a framed quote: "Live, laugh, love".

*[alt quote: All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusions is called a philosopher.]*

- Therapist disassembles the frame. Crumbles the paper and throws it in a bin.

- paper comes out of the printer.

- Close on Therapist hanging a framed counseling degree on the wall.

He steps back, takes a final look at the office. Satisfied.

THERAPIST (V.O.)  
I'm glad you finally made it!

**INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY**

Close up of the therapist's notes. He's reading off the page.

THERAPIST  
I want you to feel like this office  
is your safe space.

CLIENT (56), average built man with greying hair. Well groomed, and it seems like the same years which had toughened him up, let him age like fine wine. He's sits in an armchair facing the Therapist.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)  
It's for you to explore your  
thoughts and feelings. There's  
nothing you can't share with me,  
saying things out loud helps a lot.  
And I want to reassure you that  
everything talked about in this  
office is confidential.

(pause)

Except, of course if you try to,  
you know, kill yourself... or-  
others. I'll have to let someone  
know.

(pause)

Anyways, I accept eTransfers of  
course, or credit cards, it's up to  
you.

Therapist flips the page with a quick glance. Back to the client.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)  
Now, what do you want to talk  
about?

Client takes a deep breath.

CLIENT  
I don't know, what should we talk  
about?

Client brings a beer can out of his pocket, cracks it open.  
And sips.

THERAPIST  
Why don't you tell me about  
yourself a bit? When was the last  
time you've been to therapy?

CLIENT  
Oh... I don't know, Eighteen,  
twenty years maybe, I guess a long  
time ago.

Therapist nods - inviting the client to continue.

CLIENT (CONT'D)  
(clear throat)  
After my wife and I - well my ex-  
wife and I got divorced. It was a  
tough time for me. I'm sure it was  
tough for her too and you know, the  
kids- everyone. It still is  
sometimes.

Therapist attentively nods.

CLIENT (CONT'D)  
(avoiding silence)  
It's a nice little office you got  
here.

THERAPIST  
Thank you. I've gotten tired of  
working from home.

CLIENT  
Uha.  
(points to it)  
You got a certificate and all eh.

THERAPIST  
Yes, that took an- effort.

Interrupted by the Client's phone. He answers it.

CLIENT

Excuse me- Yeah? Uha, no, not yet.  
I'll tell you about it later. Yeah,  
okay bye.

Hangs up.

THERAPIST

Business call?

CLIENT

No, that was your mother.

THERAPIST

Oh wow. I thought you guys stopped  
seeing each other.

CLIENT

Yeah, we were supposed to.

Silence - Therapist fixes his hair and adjusts his  
eyeglasses.

THERAPIST

And?

CLIENT

And? I don't know, I just called  
her a few months ago, about  
something stupid, and it just felt  
like nothing happened.

THERAPIST

A month? And Nobody said anything.

CLIENT

Do you feel left out? Is this  
what's happening?

THERAPIST

out of what? It's your life man.

(pause)

It's not like your decisions affect  
us as a family.

CLIENT

Right.

Dead stare between them. Client chugs the rest of his beer.

THERAPIST

that was sarcasm.

Client squishes the can and puts it on the side table.

CLIENT

I thought this was my therapy session.

(beat)

Do you want to talk about something else that's bothering you?

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Therapist sits back adjusting his hair and eyeglasses.

THERAPIST

No let's talk about you. Let's talk about your addiction.

Client cracks open another beer can out of his pocket.

CLIENT

Addiction for what? I don't have any addiction. Wait why do you get to choose the next topic?

THERAPIST

Why do you think mom left you?  
(correcting himself)

Your wife  
(again)

Your ex-wife  
(pause)

Supposedly.

CLIENT

addiction got nothing to do with it. I'm not addicted. And you know why she left me.

THERAPIST

because you cheated on her-

CLIENT

because my son snitched on me!

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

No, you cheated on her with tens, heck maybe even hundreds of women. And men.. Bears- DILFs- Twinks- Twunks- FTMs- my room was literally next to the garage, I could hear everything.

(pause)

And I should've snitched on the first time.

Silence.

Client clicks his tongue looking away, sipping his beer.  
Therapist fidgets with his ring.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Therapist writes in his notes.

CLIENT  
(dissatisfied)  
What are you writing?

THERAPIST  
(Ignoring him)  
Wouldn't you say you're addicted to  
sex?

CLIENT  
Naah.

Therapist leans forward.

THERAPIST  
How many times did I miss soccer  
practice because you were in your  
garage again "Working on a passion  
project"?

CLIENT  
What practice? You hated soccer,  
you refused to go to practice. Why  
are you blaming me for it?

THERAPIST  
I was just a kid! You never  
encouraged me to do anything. Maybe  
if you knew what I liked instead of  
soccer.

CLIENT  
Here we go with blames.  
(pause)  
What do you like?

Therapist sits back, adjusting his eyeglasses again.

THERAPIST  
A lot of things.

CLIENT  
I don't understand what you're  
blaming me for.

THERAPIST  
I'm not blaming you.

CLIENT  
(concluding)  
okay, you're not blaming me. I'm  
not a sex addict.  
(beat)  
You know- I actually haven't had  
sex in a week! In fact I canceled a  
threesome for this! Just because  
you needed a client!

THERAPIST  
Okay, maybe I don't need to know  
your hookup schedule, dad.

CLIENT  
I'm just saying, if I were addicted  
I would've ghosted you instead!

Silence between them. Therapist starts writing again.

CLIENT (CONT'D)  
What are you writing?

THERAPIST  
Help yourself to some water.

CLIENT  
I'm good.

#### **INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Client continues drinking his beer as the Therapist jots down quick notes - they sit in silence for a bit, avoiding eye contact.

CLIENT  
(looking around)  
What's this anyway? Why are you  
doing this? I thought you wanted to  
make movies or something, or was it  
web-design?

THERAPIST  
I did. I still want to make movies.  
I'm just not feeling creative  
lately.  
(tapping his notepad)  
I thought- let me try therapy...  
(MORE)



THERAPIST (CONT'D)

it's a good way to understand how  
our minds work- maybe that'll  
inspire me.  
I guess I also needed something new  
in my life.

(pause)

Maybe I'm just depressed.

He fixes his hair and eyeglasses.

CLIENT

So you decided to be a therapist?

THERAPIST

why not? I advise people alot-

CLIENT

That's true, and maybe you should  
stop-

THERAPIST

I feel like I have a lot to say.  
Friends have always told me I  
should try it.

CLIENT

As in go try therapy.

THERAPIST

Yes. So here I am.

CLIENT

No you misunderstood-

THERAPIST

Well, I figured if I could get over  
the image of my dad getting fisted  
in a garage by a twenty year old  
twink, all by myself, then I can  
probably help others get over their  
problems.

Client nods with a faint smile and an "uha" acknowledgment.  
Continues drinking beer as they sit in silence. Therapist  
adjust himself, fixes his hair and eyeglasses. Client takes a  
breath in...

CLIENT

You're right. Maybe I fucked up.  
Maybe I should've paid for an  
actual therapy for you.

THERAPIST

As I said- I'm already over it.

CLIENT  
I don't think you are.  
(pause)  
You can't see it can you?

THERAPIST  
See what?

Client blurts it out.

CLIENT  
You're blinded by all these  
delusions in your head. You're hung  
up on things, you can't stop  
pretending. You have to learn how  
to seriously get over things.

THERAPIST  
Wow.  
(snorts)  
Says the man who can't even admit  
his sex addiction.

Silence.

CLIENT  
maybe we are too much alike.  
(pause)  
Maybe we both need therapy.

THERAPIST  
I do not.

CLIENT  
Yes, you do.

THERAPIST  
No. I'm fine with the way I am.

CLIENT  
No you're not.

THERAPIST  
Yes I am. How else am I helping  
others?

CLIENT  
Good question. You should reflect  
on it.

THERAPIST  
I've done lots of reflecting.

CLIENT

You have?

THERAPIST

Yes I have.

CLIENT

And the best thing that came out of it was hanging a therapy degree on the wall? Where's it from, photoshop? Do you even have clients?

THERAPIST

It's Canva. And things will pickup. It's like any other business.

CLIENT

Well I hope not, for your sake.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

They both sit back in silence again. Client chugging the last of his beer, squishing the can and putting it on the side table. And the Therapist fixing his hair and eyeglasses as usual. This time he pretends to write - he's only scribbling.

Client notices him writing - doesn't bother saying anything.

CLIENT

So why did you call me for this anyway?

Therapist looks at him, taken back by the question. He fidgets with his ring and takes a moment to reply.

THERAPIST

What do you mean? Are you not finding this helpful?

CLIENT

Helpful? Are you serious?

Therapist smiles, expecting a serious answer.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

(scoffs)

No, no it's not helping me with anything. But I hope it's helping you, son.

THERAPIST

Let me offer you an advice, dad-

CLIENT

No.

Client cracks open another beer.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

catch...

Client throws a can to the therapist.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

Has it been an hour?

Therapist looks at his watch.

THERAPIST

Still thirty minutes to go.

CLIENT

(grunts)

When is your next client coming?

Therapist flips the page on his notepad, looking to an empty one. He has no other appointments.

THERAPIST

In about an hour.

CLIENT

Fuck.

Therapist cracks open the beer.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

Cheers.

THERAPIST

Cheers.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

They drink.

CLIENT

How're you and Maggie doing?

Therapist is struck by the question.

THERAPIST

What do you mean?

CLIENT

What do I mean? What do you mean  
what do I mean- how are you kids  
doing?

THERAPIST

We're fine.

Therapist looks down. He sips his beer, and looks down again  
fidgeting with his ring.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

So you and mom are back together  
huh? She's okay with you cheating  
afterall?

CLIENT

You don't have to rub it in my face  
like that.

(pause)

No, we're not back. I think it's  
too late for that.

Therapist gives a regretting smile and looks down.

THERAPIST

I see.

(pause)

We should really talk about your  
sex problem.

Phone rings again...

CLIENT

For fucks sake, I told you I'm not  
a sex-addict! Now Excuse me, Busty  
Chantelle is calling me...

Client leaves his chair.

CLIENT (CONT'D)

She's been to therapy more than  
anyone in our family- reflect on  
that!

(on the phone)

Hey you naughty mama...

Client heads towards the door, leaving the office.

THERAPIST

We still have twenty minutes!

CLIENT  
 (walking out)  
 Good talk kid.

Shuts the door.

Wide shot of the Office. Therapist sitting in his chair looking towards the entrance. He looks away towards the window.

It's a sunny, busy day - we could hear the city noise more prominently now. We move closer on his face as time slows down muffling outside noises, he looks back towards the entrance.

**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Client walks down the hallway on his phone as the therapist steps out of the office in the back, shouts to his dad.

THERAPIST  
 I think I'm gay.

Dad stops, he turns back towards his son - Did he hear that right?

CLIENT  
 (to the phone)  
 I'll call you back.

Therapist speaks from where he's standing outside his office.

THERAPIST  
 I- met this guy a couple of months ago- an actor, I worked with- on set. And-  
 (he flicks his ring)  
 And we went out, a few times- we grabbed beer.  
 (deep breath)  
 We met up, you know- we met up and we-  
 (clears throat)  
 And we-

Silence. Therapist looks down avoiding eye contact, he flicks his ring.

CLIENT  
 Does Maggie know?

Therapist shakes his head and drops it in silence. Then-

THERAPIST

I can't tell anyone, and he can't tell anyone. He's got two kids, he's married too.

CLIENT

Are you still seeing him?

Therapist adjust his eyeglasses, he nods "yes".

CLIENT (CONT'D)

Do you love him?

Therapist snuffles and huffs, suddenly becomes agitated.

THERAPIST

I don't know how I'm feeling. I don't know what I'm supposed to even feel and what I'm supposed to do, I don't know what to do. I've never felt this way before, I've never done this to Maggie you know? I- I love Maggie, I never meant to cheat on her-

Therapist breaks down under heavy guilt. Client walks towards his son.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

It's been so weird at home, I've been avoiding her, I can't look her in the eye anymore. Just tell me what to do! I- I don't know what to do, I don't know who else to talk to, I can't talk to anyone else! Just tell me what to do please!

Client embraces his son with no words. He brings his son's head to his shoulder while his eyes well up.

Therapist sobs on his dad's shoulder.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Everything's been so fucking weird!

(pause)

I'm sorry.

They stay hugging as in the empty hallway for a long moment.

**CUT TO BLACK.**