

TRANSCRIPT OF THERAPY SESSION 1

- Caroline Peters
- Client mandated for therapy by the City of New York; whilst serving suspended sentence for Criminal Damage. By Order New York District Criminal Court
- Number N76445889-8

J: Hi Caroline, it's good to meet you. Take a seat.

C: this your um...room? Um...OK (sitting)

J: Now as you know, Caroline, you've been mandated to see me as a condition of the suspension of your custodial sentence.

But that doesn't mean we have to talk about anything remotely connected to that whole thing if you don't want to.

We can talk about anything you feel like talking about.

We don't have to discuss the official reason you're here, at all.

C: First off, call me Belle, please. Only my mother calls me Caroline.

J: Okay. Belle

B: And second. The reason I'm here is because said mother is extremely well off. If I were poor, I'd be in County.

If I were black and poor, I quite literally wouldn't be here at all. So we both know that, at the end of the day, I'm here because I have to be here. But OK, sure, let's talk.

J: Okay. That's actually quite a lot to take in right there, Belle. You just said a lot of...

B: You know what I did right?

J: Er yes. You attacked a number of stationary vehicles in your street with a fire-axe. When apprehended, you were returning with a shotgun. But again, we don't have to discuss it, if you don't want to.

[Pause]

B: There's no point anyway. There's no point in discussing it. What am I meant to do?  
[Looks up]

J: Well, is there any reason, in particular, that there's no point? I mean, that is, if you feel like telling me.

[Pause]

[Sighs]

B: I see things.

J: You...?

B: See? There's no point. You automatically think I'm full of shit now. Or delusional.

J: Not at all, Belle. And in any case, it's not important what I think. I'm more curious to know exactly what you mean when you say you 'see things'.

B: Aren't you going to ask if I've been using drugs?

J: Well, the police report does include a tox breakdown as well. And, according to it, there was a great deal of methamphetamines in your blood at the time you were caught. But that's still not what interests me.

B: I started seeing things before I started taking drugs, OK?

J: Really?

B: Really.

Well...Apart from pot. But I ended up taking meth to cope with work.

J: What kind of work do you do?

B: I'm an Escort. I'm a Sex Worker.

J: Okay

B: Meth helps me with having sex with strangers. I kinda don't hate it so much. But shit started happening before I went back to work and started using. It's something in that apartment.

[Sighs, rubs eyes and face]

I moved into a new apartment, OK? That's when it all started happening. There's something in there, some kind of paranormal activity shit.

J: Okay. So do you want to tell me about that? Maybe we could start there.

[Long pause]

J: Belle?

[Looks up. Face is scared]

B: [hoarse] I've never really seen anything before that, Jay. You know? I mean, I mean I've been playing around with witchcraft and shit since I was a teenager. But, you know, nothing ever happened. Like, I never saw anything.

Not...

Like that.

J: It's okay, Belle, take your time.

B: [blowing nose with tissue - takes deep breath] Okay. So I move into this really cool apartment in Fort Greene. The landlord is a client, so it's...affordable, and it's big. I mean it's long. Bedroom, living room and a huge long space where the kitchen is. Like a dining area. That's where it started.

J: Okay.

B: So...After a couple of weeks, everything's fine, and then my phone goes missing. I leave it on the kitchen counter, while I take a shower. I come back it's gone. I look everywhere. I find it 3 hours later, in the oven! Like what the fuck? Nobody else has been there.

H: The oven.

B: Yeh. But that's nothing. Things start disappearing and reappearing all over the place.

Happens maybe once, twice a week.

It's annoying more than anything - and then one night; my car keys go flying right across the room.

They were just sitting on my nightstand, next to me, and went whoosh. Across the room, into the wall. Left a mark and everything.

But this is in my bedroom.

I'm like "okay this is getting fucked up" .

J: What did you do?

B: I tried to banish it.

J: Okay. As in, some type of witchcraft ritual?

B: Well yeh. A Pentagram Ritual. You inscribe pentagrams and call on the powers of the Four Directions.

J: It didn't work?

B: It made it worse.

[Pauses - sips water]

B: I started seeing someone in the dining area. Walking across the room, or around the room at night, sometimes. When the lights were off.

J: You saw a person walking around.

B: Well no.

That's what's so fucked up about it.

It's just their feet, and the bottom of their legs.

J: Their feet?

B: Well yeh. It was like a vague impression at first, moving around. It got clearer, now I can see flared trousers and shoes. It freaks me out a bit. But things kinda stopped disappearing after that so...

I started calling them "Bell Bottoms", and just tried to move on with my life. Certain friends can see it too.

I tried to ignore it. I mean nothing else was happening. The apartment was calm again. It was just...Weird. like having a roommate. Sometimes you can hear them.

J: Hear them?

B: Yeh. The soft pad of the footsteps. It looks like she's wearing ballet slippers. And sometimes, she whispers. If I listen, it gets worse. So yeh, I ignore her. It.

J: Okay so then what happened?

B: I started seeing other stuff too. There was something I started seeing, after that; in the doorway of the backyard shed. Like there's a tiny courtyard, it's meant to be a garden; at our apartment building, and there's a toolshed there.

J: what could you see?

B: This tall thing. Like kinda person shaped, but up to the top of the doorway. And pale white-ish, blue-ish.

It has the impression of a small head, with really big eyes. But it's made of a haze or something. I dunno.

But it feels...Wrong. Not like the other shit. This feels bad. Like a sinking in the stomach. like a dark, sick mood.

J: And you've been seeing other things?

B: Well yeh. Like sometimes, the impression of someone staring out a dark window, in an upstairs and empty room. Or flitting things.

Occasionally something similar to that thing in the shed, in places where it makes sense. Bad places.

But then, yeh, I started seeing Shadow People as well.

J: Shadow People.

B: See?

J: No no. I'm still not saying I don't believe you. I'm just interested to know exactly what you mean by "Shadow People".

B: Shadow. People. Like a person that's actually a shadow. Or maybe a shadow that acts like a person. How the fuck am I supposed to know? I'm not the only one seeing them. You know that right?

J: I do know. But, can I ask, is this part after you started using the meth?

[Pause. Her eyes tear up, and begin streaming. She is crying now]

B: Yes.

But can you still explain something to me, Jay? Can you tell me why I kept seeing them every night? Whether I was out of it or not. Can you tell me why I only saw them sitting in the driver's seats of the same three cars, every night?

The same three cars, man, every night. Only those three. I mean, why, Jay? What the actual fuck?

I had to try. I had to see what they were, and to see if I could destroy them.

The shotgun only had salt rounds in it. Rocksalt; it's harmless. But I had to know. I needed to know if that would make them go away.

To make them stop being there. Every fucking night. I mean what are they, Jay?

What exactly, the fuck, is wrong with me? What the fuck is in my apartment?

Can you tell me?

Can you tell me why I keep seeing these things?

[sobbing]

Why are they here?

What the fuck is happening?

Like, what the fuck is actually going on?