

Inner Monster

David has been out of sight for about two weeks now. For reasons unbeknown to Lexi, he dodged all of her calls and ignored her messages. She even knocked on his dorm room every day after coming back from the studio, but no one answered. Ultimately giving up, she sent him one final text “I don’t know what you’re going through right now, but know that I’m only ten steps away. Be well”.

BIGHIT Recording Studio – 4.12 PM

Namjoon has been spending the night at the studio. He was working on a new project, and he didn’t want to lose his focus by going back to the dorm. He basically hibernated inside the recording room, continuously listening to a fresh beat and trying to come up with profound lyrics.

Lexi, on the other hand, calmly went through her usual homework. Observing her mentor through the glass, she admired his perseverance and dedication. She pushed herself hard to walk in his footsteps, but she knew that her lyrical capacity was no way near his, even with the extensive training she has been receiving so far.

Noticing her fixated eyes on the recording room, Namjoon paused the playing melody and headed out.

“Is the music too loud? I told them to make the room soundproof but I guess there are still some glitches” he said, breaking her focus.

“*Animmida*, I was just taking a break and I spaced out looking at your work” she clarified shyly before continuing “Are you working on a new concept for BTS?”

“No, it’s a collaboration. I’ve been assigned to co-write the lyrics and it’s draining me out” he vented.

“Is it a new cypher?” she curiously asked, to which he revealed “No, it’s actually a ballad”.

“A Rap Monster writing a ballad, this should be interesting” she jokingly teased.

“Well, this rising ballad monster is taking a break for today” he manifested “Have you ever read your work to a beat before?”

Namjoon ushered Lexi to the isolation booth. She has never thought of setting foot in such place since her skills only required ink and paper. As she approached the microphone, she could think of a million things to recite but she never read her work out loud before. Breaking her moment of awe, her mentor brought a certain document and put it in front of her on the sheet music stand.

“Here” he demanded as he went back to the control room “I want you to read this. Let me know when you’re ready”.

In front of her laid one of her most painful drafts, the song that she submitted on her interview. Of all her work, these lines hurt her the most because she could never fully read the text without breaking down. Her eyes went through the script in distress, looking for comfort in her lines to build her confidence, but her soul broke further with every passing verse.

[VERSE 1]

Dear Mama, aren't you growing tired of the never ending drama?

Look at you, when was the last time you had a good night sleep?

Let me hear about your moments that you cherish deep(ly)

What are your happiest memories?

Remember them, use them and feel them

Can't you see, they are your sole remedy

Forget about the pain, stop making it your anthem

[CHORUS]

Inner monster , we're all possessed by one

Depression, that soul-consuming demon

People ignore how grave it is, how complex

It is, how it makes you confused, all perplexed

Dear Mama, won't you give your heart a break ?

[VERSE 2]

Let me be your whole world, Jebal (please)

Stop the self-destruction, this is getting jiral (ridiculous)

I am losing my senses trying to speak my mind

How many languages does it take to get you to rewind ?

Je t'en supplie, I am begging you, Jebal Hajima (stop)

To people you're a plus, but you are my only Ma(ma)

[VERSE 3]

On the holiest of months, I got the most unholy thoughts
My mind is slowly succumbing to demons I thought I've fought

You overwork yourself, claiming all responsibilities
You're an overachiever, but can you set your priorities ?

Although I deny it,
I hate the fact I'm growing up to be just like you

I'm trying so hard to fight it,
Yet I can't escape reality, can't ignore the truth

When you're broken, I feel broken

My own depression is a token

Of how I feel when you fall,

My only wish is to end it all

MAMA !

[BRIDGE]

You think you are weak, but you're the strongest

You think you are sick, but you're the illest

I've seen many fakes in the world, but Ma you're the realest

I love you, stay true to yourself, you're the best

Word out

— Inner Monster

Behind the glass, Namjoon eyed Lexi waiting for her signal. She took a lungful of air, mumbled a few words under her breath and gave him a thumb up to launch the beat.

While reading through her work, Dextra remembered the day she wrote this song. She has just accompanied her mother to the doctor's office after her third relapse in under two years. Although she perfectly understood her struggles, she could not fathom why one would live through the pain over and over again. She concealed her own pain in words that she has only kept to herself; that was until she met Namjoon.

By the time she reached the second verse, Lexi's chest tightened: her heart palpitations accelerated as she felt short of breath, weakening her in the process. Reliving the sad memories through her lyrics made her weak at the knees; she ultimately fell to the ground. Namjoon rushed to the room, and helped her get on her feet. He walked her to the sofa and sat her down.

Hiding her face under her palms, a devastated Lexi burst in a waterfall of tears. Trying to calm her aching heart, Namjoon held her in his arms as he patted her shoulder. Besides her already showing symptoms, her body started to shiver while she sweated uncontrollably. Noticing her tremble in his embrace, he fetched a blanket that he kept in his office for his sleepovers and covered the shaken trainee. He then grabbed her phone, went through her phone book and dialed her emergency contact.

Kahwa Coffee Shop – 6.13 PM

David sat in a corner sipping on his coffee and let his mind meander aimlessly. He has been distracted for quite some time, and he had a hard time putting his thoughts together. His phone hasn't rung in a while, and it conflicted him somehow. A sudden phone call woke him up from his mental disarray.

"Lexi, sorry I've been away, work wouldn't cut me a slack. I was meaning to call you back" he justified his absence instantly.

"Yoboseyo? Lee Jae Suk-ssi?" a deep voice inquired "I am a colleague of Alexandra's. She had a bit of a downfall at work and she has listed you as her emergency contact. Will you be kind enough to take her to the hospital? I believe she just had an anxiety attack. Her body is acting up, so it would be best to get her checked up".

A speechless David left the coffee shop in a dash and grabbed the first cab he laid eyes on. As he got in the car, he gave the driver the address dictated by Namjoon. Unaware of the reason behind her sudden collapse, he blamed himself for being away from her at times like this. Once he arrived at the location, he asked for the driver to wait for him and entered the building. He found an unconscious Lexi on the main hall's sofa with Namjoon by her side. After a short conversation with her mentor, David carried her on his back and exited the building.

"She cried herself to sleep. Take care of her, please" Namjoon pleaded as he escorted them out.

Seoul General Hospital – 7.15 PM

Waking up from a long nap, Lexi slowly opened her eyes and discovered a worried David by her side.

"David, what are you doing here? What am I doing here?" she asked, examining the room.

"You collapsed earlier at work. It seems that you suffered from a panic attack" he indicated "Your colleague, a certain Namjoon, thought it would be wise to get you checked up for your own safety".

Hearing the idol's name, the events played back in Lexi's head as she finally remembered what put her in such critical condition. Her last crisis dated back to a long time ago that she even forgot what her symptoms looked like.

"Where have you been? I was worried sick about you" she scolded David, realizing that this was their first encounter in weeks.

"I'm here now. Are you feeling okay?" he immediately switched the conversation "Do you want to talk about it?"

"I'm fine. I feel a bit tired though" she yielded "I just want to rest and forget about today".

"That can be arranged" he alleviated her "I got the doctor to sign your discharge papers. Get dressed, we're going home".