

F1: *Still quite a tight angle on NATALIE's face, but no sign of any arm around her head. In contrast to the previous panel, NATALIE's face is screwed up not with anguish, but anger. She is almost spitting spite at us, something that the pathetic character just seen in the asylum would never be able to do. Frowning and lurching towards us, she is quite a formidable sight.*

NATALIE: **NO!**

F2: *A bar. A warmly lit, apparently friendly drinking establishment: we focus in on a wooden bar at which sits a young man dressed in a smart, crisp business suit. This man is JAKE – NATALIE's boyfriend – he is a young professional and, judging by his attire, seems to be doing pretty well for himself. However, in a gesture un-associated with success, he is slouching on his stool in an apathetic manner; just in front of him stands NATALIE, yelling at him in an all too familiar way – he's heard it all before and the repetition is beginning to irritate. Behind the bar stands a friendly looking, bearded BARMAN. He sets a bottle of beer down in front of JAKE and picks up a couple of empties.*

NATALIE: Every night's the same Jake, I come home and **you're not there!**

JAKE: Natalie... Not again. Look, it's been a hard day – I have many of them – I just felt like a couple-a beers.

F3: *NATALIE leans towards JAKE, furious with him but at the same time frightened. She gesticulates with open hands, palms up, fingers rigid and does not frown – she could almost cry. JAKE frowns half-heartedly, mildly confused and signals the BARMAN.*

NATALIE: A couple?! That's at least your **fourth!** Come on Jake, you know how that *haunts me!*

JAKE: Aw, jeez.....

JAKE: Gimme a Vodka, Frank, Make it a *large one.*

F4: *NATALIE stands, defeated and deflated, arms hanging loose by her side; JAKE now sits up rigidly as he makes his point. Behind them, the BARMAN has set a glass on the bar and is pouring JAKE's Vodka – casting some aspersions on what is about to be said.*

NATALIE: I can't believe you'd do this too me, you know how it affected me...

JAKE: Natalie just remember I don't have a problem, okay? I don't have a problem.

F5: *NATALIE snatches the glass away from under the bottle of Vodka before the BARMAN has finished pouring. Vodka splashes onto the bar.*

F6: *NATALIE thrusts the glass forward, forcing the alcohol from the vessel and presumably throwing it all over JAKE, who **remains out of shot** in this panel. We just focus on NATALIE and her action. In this fit of temper NATALIE manages no facial anger, her features are a little strained and her mouth a quarter open, but no frowns, snarling or gritting of teeth; she could almost be catatonic.*