

F1: A very wet DR. SCHNEIDER surveys us with a scathing look, peering through his extremely thick glasses (so thick that his eyes cannot be seen through the lenses, the reflected light causing a degree of opacity). SCHNEIDER is a tall, slightly built man with blonde hair arranged in a 'mad scientist' style. The top pocket of his lab coat is populated with an array of pens and his thin, black tie is crooked. SCHNEIDER has just been soaked with a clear liquid and is in the process of pulling a handkerchief from his inside pocket, he is sitting behind his desk which is similarly soaked, along with some important looking papers and folders. The layout of the room is very similar to DR. GREENWOOD's office, except SCHNEIDER's has many posters pinned to the flaky walls, advising us of such things as "a single glass of wine a day can help keep you healthy".

SCHNEIDER: Natalie, there really is no need for these sorts of antics...

SCHNEIDER: I would advise you to take all your medication and not propel your glass of water in my general direction.

F2: Reaction shot: NATALIE sitting on a wooden chair the other side of SCHNEIDER's desk, holding a glass out in front of her, regarding it with an uneasy surprise. In her other hand she clutches a large, circular pill (the pill is more for emphatic effect than actual realism). NATALIE still looks feeble and bedraggled, her hospital gown is stained with a dark-brown substance that could be congealed blood and she has now acquired the 'thousand yard stare'.

SCHNEIDER(OOF): Natalie, if you don't take your pills then I will have to get the orderlies to force you.

NATALIE: I... I'm not mad... This stuff just makes my head ache...

F3: Close-up of just SCHNEIDER's face, he has removed his glasses and is wiping the lenses with his handkerchief.

SCHNEIDER: Now let's get back to what we were talking about. I feel we were making real progress. I feel I was beginning to see your problem.

SCHNEIDER: Natalie... Your father abused you, didn't he?

F4: A mirror shot of the previous one, but focussing on NATALIE. The strain of this forced catatonia is beginning to tell on her: she is sweating a cold sweat as the impact of SCHNEIDER's assertion washes over her; saliva leaks from the corner of her mouth and tears from her tear ducts. She forms fists with both hands in front of her face, squeezing so tightly that her fingernails begin to cut into her palms, she begins to bleed.

NATALIE: He was an alcoholic – he was ill. But *I still loved him.*

NATALIE: I forgave him, Dr. Schneider. Can you possibly understand that?

F5: Side shot of SCHNEIDER's desk, he jumps up and tries to grab NATALIE's hands as she continues to squeeze her fists tighter and tighter, the blood now trickling down her arm. As SCHNEIDER leans over his desk, he knocks his files everywhere and spills several pills (that were previously unseen) onto the floor. NATALIE dodges his lunging grasp in an almost casual, matter-of-fact way.

SCHNEIDER: Frankly, no... **NATALIE STOP THAT!!!**

NATALIE: I did love my father. Stop using what he did as an excuse to call me mad.