

F1: *Dreamy, possibly blurred, out of focus panel:*

Extreme close-up of a clenched, tortured eye, tears seeping from the duct. The eye is definitely feminine, but something dreadful is wrong with the owner. [NB: The text in the dialogue boxes is small to make it seem distant, see?]

DIALOGUE (*Greenwood*): Why did you do it, Natalie?

DIALOGUE (*Natalie*): *Huh?*

F2: *Wide-angle, office. Sharp focus:*

DOCTOR GREENWOOD is a man in his late forties, an overweight figure, wearing a dank, gray suit worn out through years of dry-cleaning; a thin, black tie underlying his over starched shirt collar. Over the years, the doctor's hair has fought and lost the battle with baldness; the widening central gulf now only abridged by three strands of hair. The whole comb over shenanigan held in place by too much brylcream. GREENWOOD sits at an old, wooden desk and stares through, rather than at, his patient - a twenty-one year old girl - who sits opposite. In GREENWOOD's left hand is a cigarette, in his right a pen, poised over a pad of paper, stained yellow by years of storage. The paper is symptomatic of the whole office: the paint peels from the walls; the desk hasn't seen a coat of varnish in decades and there are bars on the windows. Curiously, however, the whole place is lit brightly in an almost probing manner. The girl opposite GREENWOOD is NATALIE RYAN, her eyes glisten as they reflect the light, betraying a look of innocence; but the tears on her cheeks are equally apparent. NATALIE wears a creased hospital gown and her hair is chaotic, like it hasn't been washed in a month.

GREENWOOD: *I said, why did you do it Natalie?*

NATALIE: *Uh?*

NATALIE: *Oh, but I...I told you I didn't do anything. This time, please believe me... please...*

F3: *GREENWOOD concentrates on his pad, writing something down. He places the hand holding the cigarette on his forehead in an apathetic gesture. Insensitive to NATALIE's tears, he's heard this all before.*

GREENWOOD: Miss Ryan, we've been through this many times before. If you persist in denying the truth, I can't help you. What you did is down here in black and white.

F4: *The doctor holds his cigarette at the bottom of the panel, the smoke rises in front of us and partially obscures our view of NATALIE (obviously, the desk is visible in the immediate foreground). NATALIE is scared, her arms are folded and she leans forward, closing her posture. Her tortured face and wide eyes persuading us of this indisputable fact:*

NATALIE: That doesn't make it true. I can't remember it, I can't feel it, and the thought of it revolts me... That makes it a **lie!**

F5: *The DOCTOR exhales smoke and stubs his cigarette out in an ashtray. His desk is very spartan, incorporating only an old style 'rotation dial' telephone, a few folders, a selection of plastic pens and a few files. GREENWOOD is fatigued with the repetition, but he says what he must once again.*

GREENWOOD: Natalie, you were sent to me by the powers that be, they don't make mistakes in cases like this.

GREENWOOD: As your psychiatrist, all I want is to see you better. If you work with me, I *can* cure you.

F6: *NATALIE is exhausted, she sits back and holds her head, closing her eyes to try and forget this mess.*

NATALIE: I am not insane... I was happy. Then I woke up here...

NATALIE:

You're making me insane, Doctor Greenwood, *you*...