| AUDIO  | VIDEO (F:female actor)(M:male actor)(LS:lip sync)   | 2. Choose a color combination           |
|--|---|---|
| One, one, one, one   |   | Complementary                           |
| (INSTRUMENTAL)   |   |   |
| Talkin' in my sleep at night, makin' myself crazy                    | CS overhead shot showing both F and M in bed as she turns with the camera to the side (LS)  |   |
| (Out of my mind, out of my mind)                                     | F puts hands to head as if she has a headache shaking her head (LS)   | #39B9C6 #C64639                         |
| Wrote it down and read it out, hopin' it would save me               | MS of F talking to self in bathroom mirror acting out her making him leave such as pointing somewhere as if it were the door.   | A the above a decrease and beautiful    |
| (Too many times, too many times)                                     | Fast cuts of montage F doing different motions for him to leave   |   |
| My love  | WS of M & F sitting on bed smilling and holding hands telling each other stuff. Camera slowly pans  |   |
| He makes me feel like nobody else, nobody else                       | A   |   |
| But my love  | MS performance scene of F LS in studio  |   |
| He doesn't love me, so I tell myself, I tell myself                  | mo performance scene or Lo III saudo  |   |
| One: Don't pick up the phone   | WS of M & F screaming at each other dramatically.   |   |
| You know he's only callin' 'cause he's drunk and alone               | ws of war screaming at each other dramatically.   |   |
|  |   |   |
| Two: Don't let him in, you'll have to kick him out again             |   |   |
| Three: Don't be his friend   | WS Outside of door with door opening and F pushing M outside in hallway   |   |
| You know you're gonna wake up in his bed in the mornin'              | ^   |   |
| And if you're under him, you ain't gettin' over him                  | MS of F looking through closet bunching together a lot of clothes   |   |
| I got new rules, I count 'em   | MS outside of door when door opens and she throws clothes into lens   |   |
| I got new rules, I count 'em   | MS of F lifting herself from bed smilling, bouncing shoulders to beat and LS  |   |
| I gotta tell them to myself  | WS of F standing in front of mirror trying on clothes and adding new ones to a building pile (MONTAGE)  |   |
| I got new rules, I count 'em   | ^   |   |
| I gotta tell them to myself  | F finds an outfit she loves and being a bit shocked at how good she looks in it (switch to CS)  |   |
| I keep pushin' forwards, but he keeps pullin' me backwards           | MS F walking through hallway in new outfit. She looks to right and sees M sitting there   | 111111111111111111111111111111111111111 |
| (Nowhere to turn) no way   | Camera whips to left and she sees M sitting in another chair  |   |
| (Nowhere to turn) no   | Camera whips to right and she sees M sitting in another chair. (This scene F keeps walking, the camera whip transitions into another recording where M has moved to the other | ner side)                               |
| Now I'm standin' back from it, I finally see the pattern             |   |   |
| (I never learn, I never learn)                                       |   |   |
| But my love (love)   |   |   |
| He doesn't love me, so I tell myself                                 |   |   |
| I tell myself, I do, I do, I do                                      |   |   |
| One: Don't pick up the phone   |   |   |
| You know he's only callin' 'cause he's drunk and alone               |   |   |
| Two: Don't let him in, you have to kick him out again                |   |   |
| Three: Don't be his friend   |   |   |
| You know you're gonna wake up in his bed in the mornin'              |   |   |
| And if you're under him, you ain't gettin' over him                  |   |   |
| I got new rules, I count 'em   |   |   |
| I got new rules, I count 'em   |   |   |
| I gotta tell them to myself  |   |   |
| I got new rules, I count 'em   |   |   |
| I gotta tell them to myself  |   |   |
| Practice makes perfect, I'm still tryna learn it by heart (I got no  | per rules Locunt (am)   |   |
| Eat, sleep and breathe it, rehearse and repeat it, 'cause I (I got   | ,   |   |
| One: Don't pick up the phone (yeah)                                  | Herr, 190thers, 1)  |   |
|  |   |   |
| You know he's only callin' 'cause he's drunk and alone (alone)       |   |   |
| Two: Don't let him in, you have to kick him out again (again)        |   |   |
| Three: Don't be his friend   | is the many in  |   |
| You know you're gonna wake up in his bed in the mornin' (bed         | In the mornin)  |   |
| And if you're under him, you ain't gettin' over him                  |   |   |
| I got new rules, I count 'em   |   |   |
| I got new rules, I count 'em   |   |   |
| (Whoa-ooh, whoa-ooh, whoa)   |   |   |
| I gotta tell them to myself  |   |   |
| I got new rules, I count 'em   |   |   |
| (Baby, you know I count 'em)   |   |   |
| I gotta tell them to myself  |   |   |
| Don't let him in, don't let him in, don't, don't, don't, don't       |   |   |
| Don't be his friend, don't be his friend, don't, don't, don't, don't |   |   |
| Don't let him in, don't let him in, don't, don't, don't, don't       |   |   |

| Don't be his friend, don't be his friend, don't, don't, don't |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| You gettin' over him  |  |  |