

Visual	Audio
A woman in her 30s is standing in a gallery. She has long blonde hair and is wearing a black top and white jacket. She is shown from the chest up and is looking straight at you. She has an angry expression on her face.	No, I'm not gonna check in. It's a complete waste of my time.
She shakes her head.	No. And you can't make me.
She gestures towards herself, then points at you and leans towards you as she speaks, exaggerating her facial movements as she says each word.	It is my right to go anywhere I want without you making me do anything.
She looks you up and down.	What are you gonna do about it?
She quickens her pace and raises her voice, before yelling the final word.	You know, no. I wanna speak to your manager. NOW.
She steps closer towards you, before smirking.	What are you? Stupid?
She yells.	I said get me your manager!
She softens her tone as she moves back slightly, though still gesturing aggressively at you. She has a look of disdain on her face.	If you come near me, I will do something I might regret.
She rolls her eyes and exaggerates her head movement as she circles it around and back towards you.	[Loud, exasperated sigh]
She speaks quickly and in a level tone, while making direct eye contact with you.  As she raises her voice into a yell, she gestures at you with her hand, punching at the space between you.	I swear to God. If you don't get me your fucking manager right fucking now, I will lose my shit and it will ALL. BE. YOUR. FAULT!
She paces on the spot, looking at you, then looking away.	[Huffing and puffing]
She leans her weight back onto her back leg and stares past you for a moment, before looking back at you and staring directly at you.	So, if I don't check in, you won't let me in?
She shakes her head and looks you up and down, before turning as though she's about to walk away, then suddenly she grabs something from the counter and throws it at you.	Unbelievable...  You know what...  FUCK YOU!
As she turns to leave, she stops, looking directly at you, then points at you and threatens.	You watch your back when you leave. I'll be seeing you again.