

'FACES IN THE CROWD'

by
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FADE IN:

As MAIN CREDITS ROLL, we glimpse fragments of a woman's face: A flared nostril... a drowsy eyelid... a blonde curl brushing the corner of a mouth. The shots are so close we are unable to get a coherent impression of the face.

An alarm clock rings. The eyelids flutter and the young woman wakes.

Her hand gropes for the clock on the bedside table, weaving through an empty bottle of mineral water and a framed photo of a couple on a skiing trip. She fumbles with the clock and finally turns it off.

We PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

...ANNA, lazily stirring beneath her quilt, clasped in two male arms. BRYCE, clean-cut, mid-thirties, plants a kiss on her lips.

ANNA
(slurrily)
Hi.

BRYCE
Hi yourself... Haven't we met
somewhere before?

ANNA
(stretching, sleepily)
Mmm. I don't know...

BRYCE
(glancing at alarm
clock)
Late ...
(he suddenly bolts up)
Very late! Anna, you put the
alarm back again!
(laughing; exasperated)
Damn it...

He hurries to the bathroom.

BRYCE (O.S.)
Come on, you're gonna be late for
school.

Anna glances at the alarm through a mop of dishevelled hair: it's 7:10. She throws herself out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Bryce is under the shower, his outline blurred by the frosted glass. Anna stands before the mirror.

Another series of CLOSE-UPS breaks down her face: her eyelid as she applies a little eye shadow... her lips as she dabs on some gloss...

BRYCE (O.S.)
 Stautenmeyer is calling in at the office this morning. I'm gonna talk to him about my promotion...

Anna steps back to take a close look at her reflection. We finally see her in her entirety: Thirty or so... Shoulder-length blonde hair... Under the make-up she is pretty in an unassuming way.

She notices Bryce's watch on the edge of the sink.

ANNA
 Damn it, I'm late.

BRYCE (O.S.)
 You've gotta work on that, Anna...

Anna casts a mischievous glance at Bryce's outline in the shower. She turns the hot tap full on. A second later, Bryce howls.

BRYCE (O.S.)
 Hey! Not funny!

Anna cackles and turns the tap off. Bryce steps out the shower and wraps himself in a towel.

BRYCE
 Okay, slightly funny.

Anna grins at him in the mirror as she applies the finishing touches to her make-up. Bryce nudges her aside and takes her place, shaking a can of shaving foam.

Anna punches him in the arm playfully. Ignoring her, Bryce starts to shave with a cutthroat razor.

INT. ANNA & BRYCE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A spacious apartment, more Conran Shop than Ikea.

INSERT on the TV tuned to a 24-hour news channel. We're so close to the set the NEWSREADER's face is a mass of pixels.

NEWSREADER
 ...now known as *Tearjerk Jack* continues to spread terror across the East Side...

Click. Anna, squatting in front of the TV, skips from channel to channel from a weather report to a tacky shopping channel to scenes of a devastating earthquake, before finally stopping on the title sequence of 'Love Chains', a hokey soap opera. Much more like it...

Anna glances back to check Bryce is still in the bathroom. She grabs the TiVo remote and presses 'record'.

INT. CALIFORNIAN MESA - DAY / TV SCREEN

The blonde EDEN turns to BRENDAN, a dark, chiselled hunk with immovably blow-dried hair, who looks at her in a daze.

BRENDAN
Eden, what are you saying? That you don't love me anymore?

EDEN
I'm not sure. I thought I did but everything's changed...

When she hears the water stop running, Anna flicks the TV off and tosses away the remote.

A clean-shaven Bryce walks out of the bathroom, busy making a ham-fisted attempt at tying his tie neatly.

BRYCE
(wise to her)
Were they the wistful strains of 'Love Chains' I just heard?

ANNA
(innocence and light)
Not in this apartment--

Anna crosses to Bryce and fixes his tie with the sleight-of-hand of David Blaine. Bryce steps back and strikes a pose.

BRYCE
What do you think?

ANNA
(kissing his smooth cheek)
Hmmm... I prefer it when it's a little rough...
(with an amused pout)
But hey, maybe Mr Stautenmeyer and I don't share the same taste.

Bryce tuts at Anna's comment and plucks his coat from the sofa. His eyes flash at the TiVo display box. In one swift move, he grabs the remote and cancels the recording.

BRYCE
(mock-ominous)
I know what you're up to.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MORNING

Anna sits amongst the other bleary-eyed commuters, studying her reflection in the window. Beyond this, the skyline of a bustling American city flits past.

CLOSE-UP on Anna's bag. On it is an Anime-style cartoon, next to the logo 'Manga Girl'.

Anna takes out a gossip magazine and idly leafs through it. Next to her, a woman reads a newspaper with the headline: 'TEARJERK JACK SLAYS FIFTH'.

Anna stops at the horoscope page.

ANNA (V.O.)
 "Taurus: a chance encounter with
 a mysterious stranger could be a
 bridge to new exciting
 opportunities"...

She looks up at the other passengers, eying the men suspiciously, then dives back to her magazine.

INT. KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL CLASS - MORNING

A lively, colorful classroom, its windows covered with bright children's drawings.

Like a conductor before an orchestra, Anna surveys her class painting their self-portraits with riotous glee. They are all dressed in identical navy blue smocks.

In the second row, a boy dips his dirty brush in the clean water of a girl who's the class nuisance. She starts thwacking the little boy.

ANNA
 Cut that out, Veronica! Apologize
 right now and give Max a kiss!

A few rows back, a girl with a solemn face finishes a Surrealist self-portrait.

As she pulls back to admire her work, she knocks a jar of water over it. She looks up at Anna in dismay, eyes filling with tears.

ANNA
 (warmly)
 It doesn't matter, Nora, it's
 nothing to cry about! Come on, go
 fetch the big yellow sponge...

Reassured, the little girl runs off. Anna's gaze lingers over the soaked portrait.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on the portrait: the features slowly melt and disperse into the puddle of water. There is something ominous and unsettling about this, like a bad omen...

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - AFTERNOON

As parents arrive to collect their excitable offspring, we find Anna kneeling in the middle of the yard, tying a LITTLE BOY's shoelaces. We notice she wears a bracelet of painted pasta shells around her wrist. When she finishes, the boy pats her on the shoulder and runs off.

LITTLE BOY #1

Tag!
 (to the other kids)
 Miss Marchant's it!

All the kids scatter, shrieking with excitement. Anna chases after them, playing along merrily.

A MOTHER walks up to Anna.

MOTHER

Hello. I'm here for--

ANNA

(beating her to it)
 -- Robert. I think he's playing
 in the sand pit.

MOTHER

(impressed)
 You're good... I don't know how
 you tell them apart!

The mother heads over to the sand pit. The frenzied ringtone of Anna's cell phone ("Womanizer" by Britney Spears) suddenly starts ringing in her pocket. Anna discreetly takes the call but before she can speak, a jaded, cigarette-charred voice beats her to it.

FRANCINE - FILTERED

Hey Supernanny... Any hunklicious divorcees to report? Or you too busy toilet-training their produce?

ANNA

(stifling a chuckle)
 Zip it, Francine - I'm still on
 the clock. You coming tonight?

FRANCINE - FILTERED

It's Tuesday right? Bet your ass
 I am!

INT. PINS'N'NEEDLES CLUB - NIGHT

A chilled-out lounge bar. Hyper-Modernist cream-leather booths circle the dance-floor.

Anna is sitting at a table between NINA and FRANCINE. Nina is over 40, as slinky as a femme fatale, with long, dark wavy hair and a sultry Chilean accent.

Francine is single, stressed, mid-30's... Much to her despair. She wears glasses with thin frames and sports a stylish if severe bob.

The three of them are peering over the heads of the crowded dance floor, ogling something off screen.

NINA
Hmmm... Six and a half.

ANNA
Yeah, not bad. I'd say a seven.

FRANCINE
Look! Left of the bar! Quick!

Adopting their POV, we find they are gazing at a pert male rear in a tight pair of jeans.

NINA
Check that out! Ten out of ten!

ANNA
Not too shabby, I must admit.

FRANCINE
Hmm -- I wouldn't kick him out of bed for eating crackers... Or anything else --

Anna turns to Nina.

ANNA
So how'd it go with Justin Timberlake last week?

NINA
Had a few drinks... Went back to his... need I elaborate?
(brushing the memory away with her hand)
I've had more fun with a broken vibrator...

FRANCINE
(jealous)
Does it ever get tiring being a slut?

NINA
I tell you one thing I never get tired of...
(a beat)
That moment you wake up and for a second you have no idea where you are or who the hell the guy next to you is. That I love.

ANNA
I guess you don't get into a rut that way. Sometimes, with Bryce, I--

FRANCINE

Oh, don't start on Bryce again!
If you done with him, hand him
over!

Anna bursts out laughing. Francine lights her thirtieth
cigarette. Nina raises her glass and a mischievous eyebrow.

NINA

Well-- Here's to only 3 more
months til we break out the
thongs on Laguna beach again!

Anna rises her glass then ducks her hand, her expression
clouding over slightly.

ANNA

By the way I have to tell you --
(taking the plunge)
I can't make it this summer...

NINA

What?! But this is a ritual!

FRANCINE

It's sacred!

ANNA

(smiling tentatively)
Bryce wants us to do Vegas.
You know... For our first year
together.

NINA

(sarcastic)
Classy...

FRANCINE

Oh my God-- He's so gonna pop the
question!

ANNA

Hold up -- We've just moved in
together!

FRANCINE

What are you waiting for? To get
dumped for some skanky-ass
cheerleader? If he pulls out a
ring, you snatch it, girl!
(slumping in her chair,
lost in a reverie)
And when you've squeezed out a
couple rug-rats, you'll fix up
some old rat trap and slide
contentedly into senility...

NINA

(archly)
Francine-- for a moment there, I
forgot why you're still single...

Anna suddenly sees something off screen and averts her
eyes, blushing.

ANNA

Oh my god... Mister ten out of
ten is totally checking me out!

Nina double takes from Anna staring into her drink to the man off screen and shakes her head in dismay.

NINA

Oh well... No sense in letting
him go to waste!

Nina has already got up from her seat. Anna and Francine, astounded, see her slink sinuously over to the man and ask him provocatively for a light. The guy invites her to sit down. Nina gives her friends a sly wink and complies.

FRANCINE

Hmm. Not that hot after all...
(downing her drink)
Not my type at all.

ANNA

(looking at her watch)
Shit! It's late!

She stands to leave but Francine grabs hold of her arm.

FRANCINE

You can't leave me stranded in
meat market hell! Just one more,
come on!

EXT. STREET BEHIND THE PINS 'N' NEEDLES - NIGHT

Much later, Francine, very drunk, staggers over to a taxi. Anna helps her along, holding her arm. The street is deserted.

FRANCINE

...You think they're the problem
don't you?
(pointing at her breasts
accusingly)
You think I should get them done!

ANNA

(playfully)
Nah. They're way down the list.
I'd start with your nose...

Anna opens the taxi door and Francine sprawls out on the back seat.

FRANCINE

To Wilcox and third. And floor
it!
(to Anna)
Come on, get in, I'll drop you
off.

ANNA
I'll be okay. It's only a ten-
minute walk.

But Francine has already stopped listening.

FRANCINE
(to the driver)
Be honest-- Between my nose and
my rack, what should I get done
first?

Anna swings the door shut, stifling a grin. The cab sets off, a snatch of Francine's red skirt hanging out of the door.

EXT. STREETS - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Walking alone down a dimly-lit street, Anna is just turning at the corner of a block when the SOUND of WHEELS and SHOUTS makes her freeze.

ANNA
(with a sigh)
Great!

From her POV, we see a swarm of roller-bladers flitting down the street Anna has to cross to get home.

Deciding not to attempt crossing the incessant flow, Anna turns back toward a steel pedestrian bridge stretching over the city's river.

EXT. BRIDGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Part of the bridge is under repair: scaffolding conceals the central section, which is wreathed in shadows.

Anna hesitates for a second before deciding to cross. As she steps onto the bridge, we look down to reveal a discarded sign lying on the ground: DANGER! NO ENTRY.

EXT. BRIDGE UNDER REPAIR - NIGHT

Halfway across the bridge, Anna is jarred by some SUSPICIOUS SOUNDS. Anna stops in her tracks, hyper-alert, and peers into the darkness...

Anna's POV: we glimpse behind a steel girder a COUPLE making out. His back turned to us, the man kisses the woman's breasts. She giggles drunkenly. Neither of them seems to have heard Anna. The man caresses the woman's hair in a sensual manner, wrapping it around his hand.

Anna looks away, embarrassed, and continues across the bridge without making a sound, so as not to disturb them...

...when a SHARP METALLIC SOUND makes her jerk to a halt. The woman's giggles come to an abrupt stop. Anna turns her head very, very slowly to look back over her shoulder...

...and sees the woman's body drop onto the metal floor of the bridge, where it lands with a heavy CLANG. Her throat has been slit.

A look of utter, nauseous terror spreads over Anna's face. She stifles a cry by clapping a hand over her mouth.

The killer, his face in the shadows, still hasn't seen Anna. He bends down over the corpse and rips her skirt off before unzipping his fly...

Anna backs away, unable to tear her eyes off what happens next: the man squats on top of the dead woman, and begins to thrust faster and faster. He climaxes, and slumps down over his victim. We then hear the unexpected sound of SOBBING.

Anna takes another step back, vanishing into a shadowy recess that conceals her from the killer's eyes when...

...'Womanizer', her cell phone ringtone, blasts out merrily. With a terrified start, Anna tries to grab the phone in her bag. Too late.

Abandoning the corpse, the killer gets to his feet: his face is partly in shadow but a shaft of moonlight catches the tears glistening on his cheek. He pauses for a moment - then bursts into full speed run, heading straight for Anna!

With a strangled cry, Anna starts running as fast as she can to reach the other end of the bridge.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE PURSUIT: Anna's clumsy footsteps, hampered by her high heels... The man's feet pounding the metal of the bridge...

As she flees in panic, Anna rummages in her bag for her cell, which continues to ring loudly. She finally grabs it. INSERT on the display: 'BRYCE (CELL)'. Anna takes the call and opens her mouth to speak...

...when one of her heels jams in the grillwork. She trips and falls sprawling on the bridge.

INSERT on her phone and her 'Manga Girl' bag flying through the air in SLOW MOTION... and scattering across the bridge.

ANNA

No!

EXT. OTHER END OF THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Anna's cries are drowned out by the din of the roller-bladers, who continue to flit past as a police officer looks on. If he'd only turn round...

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The killer grabs Anna by the hair.

TIGHT on the razor, arcing through the air.

TIGHT on Anna, covering her face with her hand. The blade slices into her palm.

Fuelled by fear and pain, Anna jerks back with all her strength. The man grabs her blouse... but it tears, causing Anna to topple over the side of the bridge!

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FALL: Everything spins: the bridge, the lights of the city... and then BANG! Anna's head strikes the iron base of the scaffolding.

Everything seems to be in SLOW MOTION now. As in a dream, with her hair floating in the air around her, Anna sees...

...the silhouette of her attacker watching her fall, leaning over the bridge... But, from Anna's POV, his face starts to weirdly blur, becoming hazy and indistinct, almost hallucinatory... (RETURN TO NORMAL MOTION)

REVERSE ANGLE: Anna hits the dark surface of the river with a loud splash, and goes under. Not a bubble ripples up. Nothing.

INSERT on Anna's cell phone, lying on the ground near her 'Manga Girl' bag. The killer's hand gently picks it up, along with the bag.

EXT. UNDERWATER - RIVER - NIGHT

With the sound muffled, surreal images from the previous sequences intermingle: the child's painting dissolving in the water... the roller-bladers' wheels spinning...

All the images eventually melt away and we are left looking up at the tattooed face of a WINO, bending over Anna and pulling her out of the water. He says something but his voice is unintelligible, distorted. The image whites out...

FADE IN:

Silence. Then, against the blinding light, we discern a vague silhouette...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (ONE WEEK LATER) - DAY

The silhouette becomes defined: It's a NURSE who stands beside Anna, fluffing up a bouquet on the bedside table.

NURSE

Look at these, honey - asphodels!
Believe me, a gorked-out woman
draws 'em like flies...

A nearby machine starts beeping. Anna stirs and gives a faint moan.

Anna's POV: through the blinding light, we see the nurse's outline as she leans over Anna, then shuffles out of the room, unconcerned.

NURSE (O.S.)
 (seen it all before)
 Doctor Myrick? You've got a
 customer...

INT. ANNA'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Bryce, Nina and Francine are sitting around Anna's bed, their backs turned to us. (We do not see their faces yet)

FRANCINE
 I can't stand hospitals. Birth,
 death, peeing into flasks...
 yechh.
 (stressed out)
 Nina, you got a cigarette?

NINA
 Sure.

BRYCE
 (swiping the cigarette
 from
 Francine's hand)
 Hey!

NINA
 (sheepishly)
 So they're sure she'll be okay?

BRYCE
 So they tell me. They ran all the
 tests again this morning.

TIGHT on Anna. Her eyelids flicker. Then open.

Anna's POV: the light is blinding and the image hazy. We nonetheless distinguish the three figures bending over her: Nina's curly hair, Francine's glasses and Bryce's tie.

NINA
 (her face hazy)
 She's waking up!

The image focuses... *except for the three faces staring at Anna.* Their features stretch and twist like the killer's face on the bridge.

BRYCE
 (his face hazy)
 Anna? Can you hear me?

The image focuses at last and, from Anna's POV, we discover that the people around her are not Bryce, Nina and Francine! They wear the same clothes, have the same hairdo and more or less the same physical appearance but these people aren't them. (They are played by different actors. Only their voices remain the same).

ANNA
(freaked out)
Who are you?

The new BRYCE - BRYCE #2 - looks at her, bewildered.

BRYCE #2
Anna -- It's me! Bryce!

A DOCTOR in a white coat hurries into the room. Anna sits up, totally disoriented.

ANNA
(grimacing)
My head... hurts...

BRYCE #2
Everything's fine... Nothing's broken. You're a blue-eyed miracle, kid --

Bryce #2 holds his hand out to Anna's face but she backs away in terror.

ANNA
Don't touch me!
(looking at them)
What do you want from me?

The jarringly unknown faces of Nina #2 and Francine #2 lean over her, acting with disturbing familiarity.

NINA #2
It's us, chica!

FRANCINE #2
Don't you recognize us?

Her face registering nothing but shock, Anna grabs the doctor's arm.

ANNA
Please... You have to call Bryce!

The doctor shoots Bryce #2 a concerned look before turning to Anna with a glibly reassuring smile.

DOCTOR
You've been unconscious for over a week. Your thoughts just need time to fall back into place.

Anna listens to him, dazed, and sees him pick up a syringe. She panics and swings her legs out of the bed. The doctor tries to hold her down.

ANNA
 (freaking out)
 DON'T TOUCH ME!

Anna shoves him away with almost maniacal strength before rushing toward the half-open door. Her legs give way: Anna grips the chest of drawers, knocking over the asphodels. The vase shatters on the floor.

BRYCE #2
 Anna! Wait!

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Dressed only in a hospital gown, Anna finds herself in a long corridor. Everything spins around her. Holding herself up against the lacquered wall, she staggers along.

Two NURSES in white coats walk towards her, pushing a metal trolley whose wheels SQUEAK horribly.

From Anna's POV, we linger on them long enough to take in a strange detail: both nurses have the same face, like twins... They look at Anna.

Anna turns round and sees Bryce #2 and the doctor moving stealthily along the corridor towards her. The doctor holds Bryce #2 back by his arm.

DOCTOR
 Easy. She's confused.

Feeling trapped, Anna dashes through the first door...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

...and finds herself in the room of a bedridden OLD MAN who stares at her in surprise. Without thinking, Anna darts into the bathroom seconds before the doctor and Bryce #2 burst into the room.

INT. BATHROOM - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Anna bolts the door and backs away, out of breath, her gaze locked on the door handle that someone is yanking on frantically.

BRYCE (O.S.)
 Anna! Please, open the door!

DOCTOR (O.S.)
 (to a nurse)
 Where's the goddamn passkey?

Anna takes another step away from the bathroom door. She backs into the washbasin and spins round with a jolt, catching her reflection in a mirror.

It isn't her face in the mirror but that of a stranger
 (the face of another actress, same age, same hairstyle)...

A harrowing scream erupts from Anna's mouth and that of the stranger. Anna faints as the door opens to reveal the nurses. The image turns hazy and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - NEUROLOGY DEPARTMENT - HOSPITAL - DAY

INSERT - a hand slides the photo of a man with an unremarkable face across a table toward us.

NEUROLOGIST (O.S.)
 Take a close look at this,
 please.

Anna, slumped on a chair, is in her usual clothes again. She stares at the photo with red, tired eyes. Bryce #2 is at her side. A NEUROLOGIST in thick glasses slips the photo in a file before showing her a second one.

NEUROLOGIST
 And this one.

Anna's POV: it's the photo of a different man.

NEUROLOGIST (O.S.)
 This face, have you ever seen it
 before?

Anna shakes her head. The doctor looks meaningfully at Bryce #2 who seems dazed.

NEUROLOGIST
 Both photos are of the same man.

Anna looks at him blankly, unable to comprehend what he's saying. The neurologist stands to attach a CAT scan X-ray to a lightboard.

NEUROLOGIST
 What you're experiencing are the
 symptoms of prosopagnosia...

BRYCE #2
 Propaso... what?

NEUROLOGIST
 Prosopagnosia. Or *face blindness*.
 An impairment of face perception
 caused by a lesion of the
 temporal lobe...
 (pointing to an area on
 the scan)
 (MORE)

NEUROLOGIST (cont'd)
 It's this part of the brain that
 in a nanosecond allows us to
 compare someone's face with all
 the other faces stored in our
 memory...

BRYCE #2
 (on the edge of his
 seat)
 Can you dumb it down a little,
 Doc?

NEUROLOGIST
 It's like dyslexia but with *faces*
 instead of letters.
 (a beat, then)
 Every time you look at someone's
 face, it's like you've never seen
 them before. Even someone close.
 Even your own reflection.

Anna stares at him as if all this were an absurd dream.

BRYCE #2
 (turning pale)
 How long will it take her to get
 over it? A week? A month?

NEUROLOGIST
 Confirmed cases of prosopagnosia
 are extremely rare. We're talking
 %2 of the population...
 (shrugging dismissively)
 Anna is probably suffering from
 slight cerebral shock... The
 effects generally vanish in two
 weeks...
 (searching in a drawer)
 However, if they persist, you'll
 need to see another specialist
 for a second opinion.

Over this, the neurologist hands out a card to Anna but
 BRYCE snatches it first.

BRYCE #2's POV: '*Dr H. Langenkamp - Neuropsychiatrist*'.

A dazed Anna stares at Bryce #2 as he frowns at the card
 with distaste and shoves it as deep as he can into his
 raincoat pocket.

INT. ANNA & BRYCE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The apartment is wreathed in the shadows of dusk.
 The front door opens to reveal Bryce #2 & Anna.
 Anna, uneasy, is keeping a certain distance with Bryce #2.

BRYCE #2
 Twenty-dollar words for stuff
 they know nothing about -- that's
 psychiatrists for ya.

Bryce #2 flicks on the lights but the place still seems strangely gloomy.

BRYCE #2
Had the place cleaned for when
you came back...

He turns to Anna, stares at her for a long moment and then:

BRYCE #2
I really thought I was gonna lose
you, you know... c'mere --

Bryce #2 puts his arm around Anna's waist and kisses her on the mouth. Anna lets him, her eyes open, trying to get used to his new face.

BRYCE #2
(a little nervous)
Getting used to my new looks? Are
they an improvement at least?

ANNA
(uncomfortable)
Yes. You look less... more...
gentle...

BRYCE #2
See, it's not all bad!
(hugging her)
It'll pass, you'll see.
Everything will be like it used
to be.

Anna gives him the best smile she can manage and neatens the messy knot of Bryce #2's tie.

ANNA
At least some things never
change...

The phone rings, startling them both.

BRYCE #2
That'll be your dad. He's been
calling non-stop from some
crackly line in Ecuador...
(leaving the room)
Godamnit... I told him you need
some time.

Bryce #2 marches into the living room, loosening the tie done up by Anna, and picks up the phone.

BRYCE #2
Hello?
(in a more formal tone)
Oh. No -- I've just brought her
home...

Anna, still in the hallway, watches him as he speaks. Then she steps slowly past a partition, running the tips of her fingers over the walls. We continue to hear Bryce's voice.

BRYCE #2 (O.S.)
I understand but --

Anna reaches a second door that gives onto the living room and freezes...

A MAN with an unfamiliar face is now standing where Bryce #2 was just a second before! (A new actor now plays the character).

Anna seeks refuge behind the partition, gasping for air: she only took her eyes off him for a second...

BRYCE #3
Yes... If you want... No, no,
I'll bring her in. All right.

The new Bryce (Bryce #3) hangs up and comes to join Anna behind the partition.

BRYCE #3
Hey, everything okay?

Anna, stunned, struggles for composure and nods weakly. Bryce #3 leans forward to kiss her. She nervously pulls away.

ANNA
Who was that?

BRYCE #3
The police. There's this guy...
some Detective... He called
before. He wants to take your
statement. Now.

Anna freezes as if she had just recalled the attack. She stares at Bryce #3 with a look of dread.

Bryce #3, his eyes suddenly vacant, clasps his fingers through hers. He notices her bandaged palm and strokes it with his thumb.

BRYCE #3
(recalling distantly)
You put up a pretty good fight,
didn't you?

Anna jerks her hand away, an obscene shadow of doubt flitting across her mind.

ANNA
How do you know that?

Bryce #3 stares into her eyes, lost in unreadable thoughts.

BRYCE #3
 I called your cell, remember?
 On the bridge... I heard things.
 (defensively; sensing
 her uneasiness)
 I'm the one who called the
 police.

For a moment, Anna seems lost in dark contemplation. Then she brightens and forces a reassuring smile.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DOWNTOWN - DAY

A floor where repairs are being done following water damage. Heavy drops fall into buckets that are spread out around the place. Anna and Bryce #3 enter and approach a FEMALE POLICE OFFICER behind a desk.

ANNA
 Hello, I'm Anna Marchant...

The officer looks up, suddenly awake.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER
 This way Miss Marchant...

She escorts them down a corridor...

... When a door is furiously flung open by DETECTIVE SAM KERREST - mid-40's, rugged, sporting a goatee and dark rings under his eyes that betray too many sleepless nights. He's gesturing impatiently at two CAPTAINS.

KERREST
 ...Any more internal memos end up
 in the Tribune and I'll
 personally tear that son of a
 bitch a new --

Kerrest spots Anna and stops in his tracks

KERREST
 Miss... Marchant, correct?
 (before she can answer)
 How's the head?
 (zeroing on Bryce)
 And you're the boyfriend.
 I'm Kerrest.

Bryce offers his hand but Kerrest is already striding into a corridor, his mind racing ahead.

KERREST
 This way--

A trickle of water falls from the ceiling and catches Kerrest full in the eye.

KERREST

Goddamit...
 (gesturing to two
 buckets)
 Watch your step...

Anna and Bryce are about to follow him when LYDIA, Kerrest's right-hand woman, blocks their path. She has piercing eyes and rigidly permed hair, in contrast with a babydoll voice. She waves a pile of reports in Kerrest's face.

LYDIA

(take-no-prisoners)
 Uh-uh. You're going nowhere 'til
 you sign this...
 (turning a page)
 ...this and this!

Kerrest impatiently scribbles his signature on the papers when his cell rings. He has a police siren for a ringtone. Kerrest whips the phone out and, slightly self-conscious, angrily hands it to Lydia along with the reports.

KERREST

Lydia -- please change that tone.

LYDIA

(teasing)
 Why don't you figure it out
 yourself, detective ?

She whirls round with a flourish and click-clacks away down the corridor.

INT. KERREST'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

*

INSERT: Kerrest's hand pushes a plastic pouch containing broken pieces of painted pasta shells across the desk.

KERREST (O.S.)

This is all we found on the
 bridge.

Anna, sitting on the other side of the desk with Bryce #3, picks up the pouch and looks at the remains of her bracelet. Opposite her, Kerrest shuffles through papers, whips out Anna's statement and quickly scans it.

KERREST

No bag. No phone. You sure they
 didn't fall with you?

Anna nods emphatically, a lump in her throat.

KERREST

I'm gonna ask you not to cancel
 your cell phone contract...
 (scribbling something in
 his notebook)
 (MORE)

KERREST (cont'd)
The asshole's probably not dumb
enough to use your number but you
never know...

ANNA
So-- you're sure it was *him*?

KERREST
(matter-of-factly)
He killed, raped and wept over
the corpse... You must know how
he works. He's been front page
news for six months now. They've
even found a snappy name for him--

ANNA
(tonelessly)
Tearjerk Jack...

Anna's hand fumbles for Bryce #3's hand.

BRYCE #3
(clearing his throat)
Anna saw him. She's in danger,
isn't she? Aren't you guys gonna
protect her?

Kerrest grabs a thick wad of papers from a drawer and slams
it on the desk.

KERREST
This is what we have to wade
through to request police
protection. And 20 of these get
dumped on the Chief's desk every
morning.
(a beat, then)
Best I can do is get two of my
guys to watch over you --
(frustrated)
Till payroll busts us anyhow...

ANNA
(stammering, in fear)
He has my papers... My address...

KERREST
And he's not stupid. He wouldn't
go anywhere near the one person
who could recognize him. Right?

Anna shivers. That's *exactly* the problem.
She opens her mouth to say something, anything, but Kerrest
beats her to it.

KERREST
Listen, I'm sorry you had to meet
this year's whackjob... You wanna
feel safe? Help me catch the evil
sonofabitch.

Kerrest returns to her statement, kicking back into gear.

KERREST

Ok. What you've told me here --
35-40, dark hair, slim...
I ain't letting you walk outta
here 'til you give me more than
that.

ANNA

(the memory flashing
back)
The homeless guy! The homeless
guy who fished me out-- He must
have seen him too...

KERREST

(dismissive)
More vodka than blood in him.
Couldn't give us a damn thing...
(leans in)
It all boils down to this... Did
you or did you not see his face?

Anna looks away, intimidated by Kerrest's intense gaze.

ANNA

Yes, but --

KERREST

Okay. Good. You *did* see him...

Kerrest whips open a thick file in front of Anna. Inside
are a series of black and white mug-shots.

KERREST

Look at them all carefully. And
take your time.

Anna looks at Bryce #3, then at the photos, as awkward as
at the hospital. Everyone holds their breath as the room
falls silent.

INT. CORRIDOR UNDER REPAIR - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A couple of UNIFORMED COPS at the coffee machine look up as
Bryce #3 hurries out into the corridor, escorting Anna
towards the exit. Kerrest is right behind them, extremely
annoyed.

KERREST

This is bullshit... You haven't
even looked at half of these!

ANNA

I keep telling you, I can't
remember his face! Ever since the
accident, I...

Bryce #3 shoots her a look saying "Don't say anything".

BRYCE #3

Anna's just got out of hospital.
She needs rest.

KERREST

(exploding, to Bryce)
Rest? Go tell that to the six
girls whose throats he opened
from ear to ear!

(to Anna, angry)
So please forgive me for rattling
you but I'd rather the next time
we meet you weren't lying on a
slab!

ANNA

(exploding in turn)
Look, I CAN'T RECOGNIZE FACES
ANYMORE, OKAY?!

Silence. The whole floor turns to look at Anna. Bryce #3
looks away, visibly pained.

KERREST

(dumbstruck)
You... what?

ANNA

(touching her head)
Since the accident... I...

Anna notices something that distracts her for a second: the
group of uniformed cops staring at her from the coffee
machine -like the nurses earlier- all have the same face...

ANNA

The guy could be right here in
front of me and I wouldn't
recognize him. You understand?
(more sure of herself)
So don't waste your time trying
to scare me. Believe me, I
already am.

Anna turns her back on him. Kerrest is about to start after
her but Bryce steps in.

BRYCE #3

Call the hospital. They'll
explain.

Kerrest fumes. Two plain clothes officers walk past him.
One fat, one skinny. CARPENTER, the skinny one, is eating a
burger.

KERREST

(barking at them)
You two. Where are you going?

CARPENTER

(through a mouthful)
We're on lunch.

Kerrest snatches the thin guy's sandwich and takes a big chunk then:

KERREST
 Not anymore. You're on
 surveillance...
 (chin-indicating Anna)
 Don't let her out of your sight.

The two cops roll their eyes at one another. Terrific.

INT. CAFETERIA - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A spacious room with no windows, lit by neon lights. The atmosphere is muted and subterranean.

CLOSE-UP on the hand of a child drawing something with a felt pen on a large sheet of paper. The artist - a LITTLE BOY with a solemn face - looks up.

Sitting opposite him is LANYON - a pleasant-looking man about the same age and build as Kerrest. He looks at the boy blankly - then pulls a crazy face to make the kid laugh.

But the boy keeps staring at him gravely. In the b.g., the door opens to reveal Kerrest, still in a foul mood.

KERREST
 Hey Lanyon... I've been trying to
 reach you for the last two hours!

Over this, Kerrest pumps a dollar in a soda machine and proceeds to slam it when no can is forthcoming.

LANYON
 Wednesday... Nicholas... No cell.

Kerrest nods at the kid. The kid just stares back at him.

KERREST
 Guess who woke up and just walked
 in... Anna Marchant.

As he bangs the machine one last time, it finally spits out a soda.

KERREST
 (sulky)
 I wanted diet coke...

Kerrest crosses over to sit at their table.

LANYON
 So what's the story? Any leads?

KERREST
 It's a bit complicated...
 (signalling to him to
 step to one side)
 Can we talk?

Lanyon turns to Nicolas with an affectionate smile.

LANYON
 Why don't you go grab a soda
 Nicky.

INT. CAFETERIA - POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATER

Standing before the soft-drinks machine, Nicholas sips from a can of soda through a straw.
 A short distance away, at the table, Kerrest and Lanyon speak in low voices so as not to put the child on edge.

LANYON
 (processing it all)
 So this face blindness ... Is it
 temporary or permanent?

KERREST
 (frustrated)
 They've got no freakin' idea...

Lanyon thinks it over and then gives a little chuckle.

KERREST
 (stonily)
 And you think it's funny.

LANYON
 Well --She's the only one who's
 seen him and she can't recognize
 anybody! You gotta admit, it's
 pretty far out!

Kerrest gives a weary sigh and looks down absently at the child's drawing on the table: It shows a man with a disturbing grimace and tears rolling down his face.

KERREST
 How's the kid doing?

LANYON
 (concerned)
 Still hasn't uttered a word.

Kerrest looks at his colleague with respect then sits back and kneads his brow.

KERREST
 No ID. No leads... Jorgensen in
 forensics even pushed a trace on
 the tear sample through the FBI's
 DNA database. And nada. The guy's
 a frickin' ghost...
 (imploringly)
 (MORE)

KERREST (cont'd)
 You're the mind reader with the
 fancy diploma --

LANYON
 (ruminating)
 You know what I think...

KERREST
 (half-convinced)
 The melancholy killer theory?

LANYON
 A guy who has to kill women to be
 able to touch them, that's sad --
 (coldly stating)
 He weeps because his sexual
 compulsions disgust him. He only
 kills so that they won't see him
 as he truly is...

KERREST
 But Anna Marchant saw him...

LANYON
 And she survived...
 (he thinks for a second)
 I think he's gonna be really
 interested in her...

KERREST
 (visibly worried)
 Well, we've got her insulated for
 now.
 (bolts up, itching for
 action)
 I'm gonna head down to the
 mission, have another crack at
 the hobo...

LANYON
 Good luck. We got nothing outta
 him but sea shanties.

KERREST
 Maybe he's dried out. Beats
 pacing around the office getting
 dripped on.

EXT. SUBWAY EXIT - MORNING

A misty morning. We see the steps of a subway station with
 the station's name above: 'LAGUNA BEACH'...

Anna's head appears, climbing the steps in slow motion,
 dressed in a billowing wedding dress.

From her POV, the passers-by flit past at top speed, like
 ghosts, their faces erased and indiscernible.

Anna looks down: gallons and gallons of water are pouring
 from the bottom of her dress... It cascades down the steps.

Anna tries to cry out but water pours from her mouth.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna wakes up with a start. Bryce is sleeping on his side, his face in shadow. Anna slips out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anna splashes water over her face, then lifts her head to gaze at her reflection...

...but it's her own face she sees in the mirror. Surprised, she stares at her reflection for a second. She takes a deep breath and holds her hand out to touch it...

...when a leather-gloved hand holding a gleaming razor shoots into frame and slits her throat!

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Anne awakes sitting bolt-upright on the bed... for real this time. She touches her throat with a trembling hand before falling back against her pillow, gasping for breath.

BRYCE (O.S.)

Hi there... Haven't we met
somewhere before?

The lips of a total stranger enter the frame to kiss her. Unsettled, Anna flinches and pulls away before realizing this is just another Bryce...

BRYCE #4

You OK?

ANNA

(struggling for
composure)

Yeah-- Just a bad dream...

She sits on the edge of the bed. Bryce #4 gently runs his hand through her hair.

BRYCE #4

They need me at the office this
morning... but if you want, I--

ANNA

(hurriedly)

No, no, go to work! Everything's
fine.

Bryce #4 leans over to kiss her. Anna turns her head so that the kiss lands on her cheek.

EXT. OUTSIDE ANNA'S BUILDING - MORNING

From a distance we see Bryce pacing out of the building, busy texting something on a small cell.

We PULL BACK to reveal we're inside a car. Craven and Carpenter are watching the entrance.

CRAVEN
There goes the boyfriend.

CARPENTER
Stuck-up asshole.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Anna is waxing her legs in her bathrobe, talking on a cordless phone pressed between her ear and shoulder. Filtering through the loudspeaker, we hear the deep, hoarse tobacco-strapped voice of her father.

ANNA
Yeah, I do miss the children...
I spoke to Mr Barker earlier.
I'm going back on Wednesday.
So, is it sunny in Argentina?

ANNA'S FATHER (V.O.)
Perfect weather for a gaucho.
Isn't Wednesday a bit soon?

ANNA
Everything's fine, Dad. There's
nothing --
(she hesitates for a
second, then goes on)
-- nothing wrong with me...

Over this, Anna parts the blinds with two fingers.

From her POV, we see the surveillance car below. Two plain clothes cops are sitting in the front. From their distinctive physiques, we recognize them as CRAVEN #2 and CARPENTER #2. The latter nods at Anna.

Anna is about to wave back but a truck rolls across and after it's passed, Carpenter's face looks different (Carpenter #3). Somehow more sinister...

REVERSE ON Anna, anxiety clouding her face. She recoils from the blinds, the phone between her ear and shoulder.

ANNA
... Nothing wrong except I'll go
nuts if I spend another day stuck
in here!

ANNA'S FATHER (V.O.)
I'll be in town for a convention
on Thursday... How 'bout dinner
with the old man?

ANNA

Sounds great. Why don't you come meet me after school?

Anna grimaces as she tears a wax strip from her leg.

ANNA'S FATHER (V.O.)

Okay. Any delays, I'll call you.

ANNA

Hold on, my old cell is either sleeping with the fishes or in a madman's pocket... I'm using Bryce's old cell. You got his number?

Over this, Anna glances at Bryce's chunky Blackberry, lying on the tiled floor.

ANNA'S FATHER (V.O.)

I have it. We've got a lot to catch up on. Take care, snowflake.

ANNA

You too, Dad. See you Wednesday. Love you.

She hangs up, her eyes fixed on Bryce's cell. She picks it up and presses the directory button.

INSERT on the cell phone display. The first name to appear on the alphabetical list is 'ANNA - CELL'.

Anna hesitates for a beat... and punches in the call button.

The phone at the other end starts ringing... Anna cannot breathe... *A second ring*... Anna knows she should hang up but, driven by morbid curiosity, she waits feverishly. *A third ring*... The tension's at its peak when...

...RIIING! Anna jolts out of her skin and switches off the phone. Someone's just rung the doorbell.

Anna hesitates. She darts over to the blinds and looks down at the car below her...

Anna's POV: The two cops are not inside. As Anna scans the screen anxiously, we spot them at a hotdog stand, slathering mustard on two foot-long.

ANNA

Shit!

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT - DAY

Anna walks warily over to the front door. The bell rings again. Anna takes a deep breath... and peers through the spyhole in the door.

Anna's POV: the grotesquely distorted face of an UNFAMILIAR WOMAN stares at her through the spyhole.

ANNA (O.S.)
Who is it?

The face of a SECOND WOMAN then suddenly appears in front of the first.

SECOND WOMAN
(with a Latino accent)
It's us, chica! Open up!

We immediately recognize Nina's voice. So the other woman must be Francine. Anna opens the door, relieved. The two strangers stroll casually into the apartment like they've done hundreds of times before.

NINA #3
Hi sleeping beauty...
(pulling a funny face)
Know who we are this time?

ANNA
(lying, awkward)
Of course. I'm fine now. I was just a bit -- zoned out.

FRANCINE #3
(shaking a newspaper)
Look - you made the front page!
You're famous, hon!

Anna grabs the newspaper and scans the story.

ANNA
"The girl that got away: A key witness in the Tearjerk Jack investigation has been questioned by police upon being released from hospital..."
(turning pale)
Are they out of their minds?

Anna whizzes through the article, looking concerned. Francine #3 realizes she's goofed. Nina #3 nudges her. Francine #3 rummages through her handbag.

FRANCINE #3
(thrusting a DVD case in Anna's face)
Ta-da! Love Chains! I downloaded every show you missed while you were playing dead.

Anna looks up from the newspaper. For the first time since the accident, a smile brightens her face.

INT. LIVING ROOM & KITCHEN CORNER - DAY

FRANCINE #3 slips the hand-labelled disc into the DVD player while Nina #3, on the couch, pops a lit cigarette between Anna's lips as if it were a thermometer.

ANNA
I don't smoke...

NINA #3
(silky)
It's high time you started!

Anna hesitantly takes a drag.

FRANCINE #3
(excitable)
Here we go!

The soap opera's theme tune blasts out. The three friends snuggle up together on the couch, their eyes glued to the screen. The sequence is intercut with:

INT. CALIFORNIAN MESA - DAY

On the TV screen, Eden has her back to the camera. MASON, a silver-maned man in his fifties, enters.

MASON
Eden? Where were you? I was looking for you all night!

FRANCINE (O.S.)
T't! That conniving skank has been off screwing Jack again!

ANNA & NINA (O.S.)
Shh!

On the TV screen, Eden turns languorously to the camera. She is no longer played by the same actress.

EDEN #2
I went to see the church you've chosen for our wedding.

Anna's smile fades.

ANNA
They've recast Eden?

Francine #3 and Nina #3 look at each other, bemused.

FRANCINE #3
Yeah, like 10 seasons ago... Duh?

Anna, unsettled, turns back to the TV screen: In the meantime, another actor has replaced Mason...

MASON #2
I wanted it to be a surprise,
baby...

Reverse angle on Eden. Her face has changed again (*the actors change with each reverse angle shot*).

EDEN #3
It's beautiful... oh Mason, I
love you so much!

Anna, tense, picks up the remote and rewinds the disc: on the screen, the actors return at top speed to their initial positions.

Anna presses 'pause' just as Eden turns round, then, with the 'rewind' key makes her turn round once, twice, three times. Each time, Eden's face changes, becoming colder and almost *malevolent*.

Nina #3 and Francine #3 exchange a confused look.

NINA #3
Anna, what are you doing?

Anna, feeling breathless, leaps to her feet and hurries out.

ANNA
B-be right back...

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT - DAY

Her eyes closed, Anna tries to calm herself down. When she opens her eyes, she finds herself gazing at Bryce's coat.

She hurriedly checks the pocket and retrieves the card the doctor gave them: '*Dr H. Langenkamp - Neuropsychiatrist*'.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Anna is sitting on the edge of her chair, biting her nails. Her eyes fall on a poster tacked to the wall: '*When the brain's unwell life ain't swell.*'

The bland ringtone of Bryce's cell phone makes her start.

ANNA
(hurriedly answering)
Hello? Bryce... No, I'm... uh --
(thinking up an alibi)
-- at the bank.

We hear voices coming from the doctor's office.

ANNA

I have to go now. I'll call you
later. Bye.

The door opens to reveal the previous appointment's patients: a YOUNG GIRL WITH DOWN'S SYNDROME gripping her MOTHER's arm. The girl stares at Anna with a dazed expression.

Anna suddenly feels stifled. She grabs her coat and heads for the door when...

DR LANGENKAMP (O.S.)

Miss Marchant?

EXT. CARDBOARD CITY / UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

The wino who fished out Anna is sprawled on the ground, wrapped in newspapers, swigging from a bottle wrapped in a filthy bag and wailing a drunken shanty.

From his lopsided POV we see a pair of smartly shod feet stepping into view.

The wino's tattooed face looks up, half interested. It's Kerrest (same actor since Anna isn't present)

KERREST

You gave me quite a ride, old
boy. Why aren't you at the
mission?

WINO

(picking at a scab)
It's dirty there.

The wino sits up and takes another swig. Kerrest throws a quick glance around the place. Just a few crumpled old men strewn around. No one paying attention...

KERREST

It might not be the Savoy but
it's safe. Anything could happen
to you down here...

WINO

What do you care?

The wino spits a glob of yellow phlegm at Kerrest's feet and goes to take another swig. Kerrest swiftly blocks the bottle top with one finger.

KERREST

(direct)
I've got some questions and this
time I really need the answers...

INT. DR LANGENKAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

A warm, organic atmosphere. Anna, sitting in an armchair, lets her gaze drift skeptically over all kinds of Hindu and African artefacts on the shelves.

Behind her desk, DR LANGENKAMP - her wiry silver hair barely contained in a bun- holds out the X-rays of Anna's brain to examine them. The ethnic jewelry around her neck makes her look more like a healer than a doctor.

The doctor's eyes meet Anna's through the negative scan.

ANNA

Do you see anything?

DR LANGENKAMP

(checking the negative)

No. It just reminds me of '*Europe After the Rain*', by Max Ernst...

(looking at Anna)

What was I supposed to see exactly?

ANNA

Well, if I really have proso...
propaso...

DR LANGENKAMP

Prosopagnosia? You tell me...

(puts the negative down)

Can you see people's faces or not?

ANNA

Of course I can see their faces!

It's just that --

(grudgingly)

-- they just keep changing all the time!

DR LANGENKAMP

So you have the answer to your question.

(holds a box out to her)

Cinnamon candy?

ANNA

(trying not to lose it)

But... It can be treated, right?

There's gotta be some medication--

DR LANGENKAMP

Face blindness isn't something

you just catch, Miss Marchant.

Rather it's something you lose...

ANNA

(her world crumbling)

Wait-- Are you saying I'm stuck like this *forever*?!!

DR LANGENKAMP
 (with great patience)
 Miss Marchant -- Out of one
 hundred faces, you will maybe
 recognize one or two at best...
 (with an apologetic
 smile)
 But I'm afraid you'd better get
 used to people's faces changing
 as soon as you lose sight of
 them.

Anna seems shocked as much by this information as by the
 doctor's apparent nonchalance. She bolts up from her seat.

ANNA
 You don't understand-- I just
 want my old life back!

DR LANGENKAMP
 (sympathetic)
 I can't give you that but I can
 help you cope with your
 impairment. But you'll have to
 relearn everything from scratch.
 Like a rebirth of sorts...

ANNA
 (forcing a nervous
 laugh)
 Right. I think I've had enough
 New Age bullshit for one day...

Anna strides to the door. The doctor simply watches her go,
 motionless. Anna slams the door behind her.

INT. LANDING & ELEVATOR - DAY

Anna has already closed the gate of the elevator when Dr
 Langenkamp peers down from the landing, getting smaller as
 the lift heads down.

DR LANGENKAMP (O.S.)
 Faces are the barcode of the
 human race... Ever since mankind
 went tribal, we're constantly
 checking other people's faces to
 try and decide if they're
 friends, foes or lovers --
 (ominously)
 Don't underestimate the
 seriousness of your condition,
 Miss Marchant.

Anna listens to the doctor's words, the shadows of the
 elevator's wrought iron bars passing over her face.

EXT. CARDBOARD CITY / UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

The wino is belting out doggerel at the top of his lungs. Kerrest rolls his eyes skyward.

WINO
In heaven there's no beer...Let's
drink it all right heeere...

KERREST
OK. You feel like remembering and
there's a bottle of Jack Daniels
in it for you.

Kerrest tucks a 20 and his business card in the wino's top pocket, gives him a friendly pat on the arm and walks off.

The wino reaches into his pocket and with haughty disdain, tosses Kerrest's card away. He then slumps back on his side.

A beat; then from his lopsided POV, we see smart shoes - *that may or may not belong to Kerrest* - step into view.

WINO
(slurrily)
What do you want now y--

Steel flashes. A jet of viscous blood sprays over Kerrest's card.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

INSERT on the alarm clock: 6:29 AM.

REVERSE ANGLE: Anna isn't asleep. She is wrapped in the arms of a snoring stranger (Bryce #5).

The alarm clock goes off. Anna turns it off. Her gaze falls for a second on a framed photo near the clock.

Anna's POV: two strangers have replaced Bryce and Anna in the skiing holiday photo.

Bryce #5 stretches behind her and kisses her. Anna forces herself to accept the kiss but gets out of bed straight after.

ANNA
I have to get ready for school.
(as an excuse)
It's my first day back...

Bryce #5 watches her slip into the bathroom.

BRYCE #5
Want me to come with you?

There's no reply. Bryce #5 gets out of bed, rubbing his head, his back to us.

BRYCE #5
 (from behind)
 By the way, what were you doing
 at the bank yesterday?

The only reply is the sound of the shower in the background. Bryce #5, a little annoyed (his back still to us), looks for Anna's handbag. Hesitates. Grabs it and rummages inside.

INSERT on his hand as he pulls out Dr Langenkamp's card with 'Saturday 3:30' scribbled on it.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Anna tries to do her make-up, ignoring the face reflected in the mirror. With a shaking hand, she applies mascara to a stranger's eyelashes... dabs some gloss on her lips...

Over this, the avian dim of EXCITED CHILDREN fades in.

INT. KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - MORNING

Anna, standing at her desk, takes a thick marker and some colorful stickers out of her drawer.

ANNA
 A little quiet, please!
 (raising her voice)
 Today, we're going to play a new
 game.

Anna's POV: sitting at their desks in their identical smocks, the children all seem to have the same face (CGI effect). It is almost impossible to tell them apart...

REVERSE ANGLE: Anna looks dizzy. All the same, she tries to act as if everything were normal.

ANNA
 When I call your names out, I
 want you to come up to my desk
 one by one.
 (opening her register)
 Caroline Beasley...

A little girl runs up to her. Anna writes 'CAROLINE' on the sticker and presses it on the child's smock.

ANNA
 (to the whole class)
 For this game to work, you
 mustn't remove the stickers
 before the end of the day, you
 understand?

CHILDREN
 Yes, miss Marchant!

ANNA
 (returning to her
 register)
 Charlotte Canton...

INT. CLASSROOM (LATER) - AFTERNOON

Chaos reigns in the classroom. Anna, looking tense, chases after a little tyke who races between the desks making high-pitched whoops. It's impossible to see his sticker: the kid's moving too fast.

ANNA
 Stop monkeying about! Hey!
 (picking a name at
 random)
 -- Kevin!

We SWISH PAN over to the face of an identical child, sitting quietly a few rows away.

KEVIN
 But I didn't do anything!!

A MOTHER then hurries into the room with a toothpaste ad smile.

MOTHER
 Hi... I'm here for my daughter.

ANNA
 (awkwardly)
 Your daughter...

MOTHER
 (a little miffed)
 Sandra.

ANNA
 Oh, yes, Sandra! Sandra...

No better off, Anna looks around at her class of identical children. As her eyes move around the room, her gaze is drawn to a window:

Across the yard, half-concealed by the trees, a MAN is staring at Anna. He's wearing a very vivid orange shirt...

In the third row, an IMP with a buzz-cut tosses the contents of his neighbor's pencil case in the air with a scream.

Anna turns to the child with a start, before glancing over at the window again: *The man in the orange shirt has vanished...*

Anna, unsettled, turns back to her class. A smiling FATHER peers around the door. Anna opens her mouth to say something... when a boy races over and leaps into the man's arms, much to her relief.

BOY

Daddy!

Sandra's mother turns to Anna again.

SANDRA'S MOTHER

Sorry, but I'm in a bit of a rush... Where's my daughter?

A LITTLE GIRL in the front row answers for Anna.

LITTLE GIRL

Sandra left with her daddy...

Sandra's mother turns to Anna looking outraged.

SANDRA'S MOTHER

You let her leave with my ex-husband? But you know he has no right to...

LITTLE GIRL

(urgently)

Miss, I need to go pee!

DIZZYING SWISH PAN across the class from one child's mouth to another, laughing, shouting or screaming.

CLOSE-UP on Anna, overwhelmed by all this madness. She can't take any more... and breaks down, exploding in desperation.

ANNA

Enough! Enough! SHUT YOUR GODDAM MOUTHS!

Silence. In the fourth row, a child bursts into tears. Then another... And another... Soon the whole class is sobbing as the children stare at their teacher with fearful eyes.

Anna looks horrified at what she's just done. The parents stare at her in shock. Fighting back tears, Anna turns to the blackboard and starts cleaning it.

ANNA (O.S.)

I have trouble concentrating on names, that's all...

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna, slumped in a chair, is talking with MR BARKER who sits at his desk, looking preoccupied.

ANNA

(trying to convince herself)

...but it will pass. It will pass.

MR BARKER

And in the meantime how are you going to watch the children in the yard ? Or during swimming classes? With your stickers?

Anna looks down, not knowing how to reply.

MR BARKER

Anna... You're my best teacher...

He sighs and absently rubs his face with his hand. When he lowers his hand again, his face has changed (MR BARKER #2).

MR BARKER #2

...but I'm going to have to replace you. I'm sorry.

Anna clenches her fists but decides not to defend herself.

MR BAKER #2

(feebly reassuring)
But if you're better in September... and the numbers allow it... I'll see what I can do.

Anna lowers her head, her blonde curls masking the despair on her face.

EXT. KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL - DAY

Anna races out of the building's back entrance, distraught.

We SWISH PAN to Craven and Carpenter (*the original actors, since Anna isn't here*) sitting in their car, their gaze focused on the kids and parents streaming out of the main gate.

In the b.g. we see Anna disappear down a side street, oblivious to the two cops.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Lost in dark thoughts, Anna hurries down the steps of a subway station.

REVERSE ANGLE: the figure of a man is standing at the corner of the street. He stamps out a cigarette and sets off after her. He wears an orange shirt...

INT. SUBWAY COMPARTMENT - DAY

Standing among the other passengers, Anna grips the metal pole with one hand, holding back her tears. Around her, people's faces are cold and lacking in humanity.

MAN (O.S.)

Miss, are you okay?

Anna's eyes run up a black and white collar to the face of a kind-looking, middle-aged PRIEST.

Anna, embarrassed, smiles weakly at him before slipping into a seat that has just come free. A magazine lies on it. Anna picks it up and leafs through it listlessly: "The new face of Chanel"... celebrities with unfamiliar faces... Anna stops at the horoscope page.

ANNA (V.O.)
 "Taurus: be wary of appearances
 and an unexpected invitation to
 dinner."

Anna is just putting the magazine down on the seat opposite when she spots something, outside the frame. A shudder of terror runs through her.

INSERT on a white shoulder bag with the inscription 'Manga Girl', abandoned on the seat opposite.

Anna hurriedly grabs it: it's empty. She whips out Bryce's cell and dials a number while looking around suspiciously.

INT. MORGUE - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Detective Kerrest stands in the background while two FORENSIC SURGEONS examine the body of the dead wino lying on a slab.

FORENSIC SURGEON #1
 The weapon severed the carotid
 artery and the larynx, as with
 the corpses of the six girls.
 Look...

The surgeon runs his finger along the gaping wound.

KERREST
 (turning away in
 disgust)
 Cut it out, Christ's sake! I have
 eyes!

FORENSIC SURGEON #1
 (amused)
 Feeling a bit delicate today,
 huh?

Kerrest doesn't reply. He picks up a bagged item from a table of crime scene evidence and stares at it grimly.

INSERT: In the bag is his blood stained business card.

KERREST
 (in frustration)
 Minutes. I missed him by
 minutes...

The phone rings. One of the surgeons goes to answer it.

KERREST

What about tears? Any sign of them on the body?

FORENSIC SURGEON #1

No trace of any lachrymal secretions. We've looked everywhere.

(mock-disgusted)

Everywhere...

KERREST

So Lanyon's right... The rape's what makes him cry.

FORENSIC SURGEON #2

(holding the phone out to Kerrest)

It's for you.

KERREST

Kerrest.

ANNA (V.O.)

(whispering nervously)

He's here... with me-- Right now!

KERREST

(snapping into focus)

Where are you?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION WITH:
INT. SUBWAY COMPARTMENT - DAY

ANNA

I'm on the subway -- My bag. The bag I lost... he put it down on the seat right in front of me!

KERREST

Hold on... you saw him?!

ANNA

No, but there was *someone* outside the school watching me. He must have followed me on the train...

KERREST

What about Heckyl and Jeckyl?

ANNA

The two officers? I forgot to --

KERREST

(kicking a wastepaper basket)

Jesus!

(thinking fast)

The bag... You sure it's yours?

ANNA
 (in exasperation)
 I can't tell who's who anymore...
 But I can still tell my own
 handbag!

Kerrest scratches his head, extremely on edge.

KERREST
 Okay, this guy you saw... what
 does he look like?

ANNA
 How the hell should I know?
 (scanning the crowd)
 He could be any goddamn one...

KERREST
 (increasingly
 frustrated)
 Give me something! I can't bust a
 whole subway because of a
 handbag!

ANNA
 (trying to stay calm)
 OK. He's wearing a bright orange
 shirt...

KERREST
 (scrawling something
 down)
 Where are you exactly?

ANNA
 (peering out of the
 window)
 Line 4. Heading for Harlin...

KERREST
 Whatever you do, stay on the
 train... With people around you.
 I'm gonna--
 (click)
 Hello?

ANNA
 Hello?

Anna glances at her cell display: she's lost the connection. She slowly turns round to study the other passengers: *Behind any seemingly bland face could lurk the sick abhorrent mind of the killer...*

Her eyes once again meet those of the PRIEST #2 (now played by another actor) who nods at her politely.

Behind Anna, we suddenly see *the man with the orange shirt* standing in the adjacent compartment (we cannot see his face). He knocks on the glass of the door separating them as if to catch her full attention.

Anna turns round and, seeing him, immediately looks away, just as the train enters a station.

Terrified, Anna doesn't know what to do.

The door opens with a hydraulic hiss. Anna hesitates... Then steps off the train...

INT. CRAVEN & CARPENTER'S CAR / OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL - DAY

Craven is on the radio with Kerrest. Carpenter slams a red siren on the roof and peels out. They both look like whipped dogs.

KERREST - FILTERED
Harlin ! Harlin! Get your asses
down there now if you wanna keep
your pension!

INT. PLATFORM & CORRIDORS - SUBWAY - DAY

Anna finds herself on the platform in the swarm of onrushing commuters. She sets off with them down a connecting passage.

The man in the orange shirt has also left the train and sets after her, quickening his pace...

Anna nervously speeds up too. Behind her, the man in the orange shirt starts running.

Losing her cool, Anna sprints along the corridor, shoving past people as she goes. She takes another passage, hesitates, then clambers up the escalator.

INT. SECOND SUBWAY PLATFORM & COMPARTMENT - DAY

She finds herself on another platform. The train is at a stop, with its doors open. Anna hops on board. She hears the beep indicating the doors are closing. The beep seems to get louder and louder...

ANNA
(through her teeth)
Come on... close, damn you...

Just as the doors slowly close, the outline of the man in the orange shirt (#5) rushes onto the platform and leaps into the next compartment at the last second!

Anna, trapped, hurries to the next compartment, toward the front of the train...

SERIES OF JERKY STEADICAM SHOTS - THE CHASE

Anna runs through the compartments, shoving past passengers.

Through the windows, the lights of the tunnel strobe on the outline of the man in the orange shirt, gaining on her...

Anna passes through another compartment... stumbling as the train rocks...

INT. FRONT COMPARTMENT - DAY

Anna reaches the empty front compartment - a dead end.

Gasping for breath, she whirls round to see the man in the orange shirt (#6) enter this compartment, the light behind him, rendering him in silhouette, just as the train enters a station.

In desperation, Anna smashes the glass case of the emergency brake with her bandaged hand. All the lights go out and the train jolts to a halt with a teeth-rattling SCREECH.

INSERT: in another compartment, all the passengers are sent sprawling.

Anna is thrown to the floor. The man in the orange shirt #6 barely grabs onto the metal pole.

ANNA
(in terror)
Keep the hell away from me!!!

The man opens his mouth to speak when...

CARPENTER (O.S.)
Freeze!

The doors of the compartment swish open on two gun-wielding cops, one thin, one fat - CRAVEN #4 and CARPENTER #4 - They pounce on the man in the orange shirt #6 and slam him to the ground.

The man looks at Anna in panic. We see him clearly for the first time: he is just a frightened man in his fifties.

MAN IN THE ORANGE SHIRT #6
Anna! It's me!

Anna freezes on hearing the sound of this familiar, husky tobacco-strapped voice... Craven #4 and Carpenter #4, taken aback, stare at him, then at Anna.

MAN IN THE ORANGE SHIRT #6
You told me to meet you for dinner after school... I saw you race into the subway... I thought something was wrong...
(struggling with the two officers)
For God's sake, Snowflake, are you scared of me now?

Anna pushes the two cops aside and throws her arms around the man's neck.

ANNA

I'm so sorry... Dad.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The door opens to reveal a weary-looking Anna. She sets her 'Manga Girl' bag down on the sink, then frantically starts rummaging through a drawer.

INSERT: her hand takes out a colored plastic button.

Anna picks up her 'Manga Girl' bag and opens it.

INSERT: there is a button missing from the inside pocket.

Anna's trembling fingers check to see if the button matches the one opposite. It's beyond doubt. This is her bag.

Anna, overwhelmed, looks at her reflection in the mirror.

JUMP-CUT: the light has changed. Anna is still in front of the mirror, a glazed, vacant look on her face.

Absently picking up a wipe, she starts removing the make-up from the tired-looking stranger in the mirror. Her hand trembles and leaves a long smear of lipstick. Bitter tears well up in the stranger's eyes. Tears Anna's held back all day.

She suddenly starts smearing make-up over this unbearable face... kneading it with both hands, twisting it, as if to erase it... in vain. Anna, enraged, strikes the mirror with her fist, once, twice. It shatters.

Anna looks down at the shards of glass... and sees 100 different faces staring back at her. They all start screaming in unison.

MONTAGE: A SERIES OF SHOTS AROUND THE APARTMENT

Anna, striding furiously around the apartment, shatters all the other mirrors with a pan as glass rains down around her... then all the framed photos... the photo of her and Bryce on their skiing holiday on the bedside table.

CLOSE-UP on the pages of a photo album as Anna's hands angrily leaf through it: young, unknown blondes have taken her place in her past... Anna frenziedly tears them up...

...then drops the pieces in the sink, splashes them with vodka and drops a lit match on them.

As black flames rise up from the sink, Anna sweeps a row of videotapes marked 'LAGUNA BEACH' from a shelf. Then, picking up one of them, she rips out yards and yards of tape. In the end, she collapses on the floor, utterly burned out.

The front door opens. Anna turns round and sees Bryce #6 walk into the apartment, briefcase in hand. Dumbstruck, he gapes at the flames in the sink, then at Anna, huddled on the floor, her face smeared with make-up.

BRYCE #6

Anna?!

ANNA

(her voice cracked)

I can't do this! I can't...

Bryce #6 drops his briefcase and runs into the living room, kneeling down to take Anna in his arms.

We PULL BACK to frame the two of them, lost in the middle of the battleground that their living room has become.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. LANDING & DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna rings the doorbell. A lengthy silence. The door then opens to reveal an elderly woman.

ANNA

Hello, is Dr Langenkamp...

Anna doesn't finish the question: she has just recognized the new DR LANGENKAMP #2 from the necklaces that she wears.

DR LANGENKAMP #2

(smiling)

Hello, Miss Marchant.

ANNA

Forgive me... it's silly, I...

Anna gives a short, impulsive laugh then she looks at the doctor solemnly, the laughter gone.

ANNA

Everything you said last time...
you were right.

INT. DR LANGENKAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna sits in an armchair in the middle of the room. Dr Langenkamp #2 walks over to the windows and draws the curtains one by one, creating a warm and reassuring atmosphere.

DR LANGENKAMP #2

When I was 16, I had two passions
in life: horse-riding and opera.
I dreamt of being the new
Callas... until a horse threw me
head-first into a brick wall.

(MORE)

DR LANGENKAMP #2 (cont'd)
 (she looks at Anna)
 The accident left me deaf and I
 had to rule out an operatic
 career...

ANNA
 (blinking at her)
 You're deaf?

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 As a post! I have to read your
 lips to know what you're saying --

Anna can't believe this: she hadn't noticed anything.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 -- But I can still hear *Wagner*
 playing... I just have to close
 my eyes... and listen.
 (with an enigmatic
 smile)
 You too must learn how to find
 your inner music...

ANNA
 (disappointed)
 Sorry, but I don't understand...

Dr Langenkamp #2 perches on the edge of her desk.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 People are always going on about
 sight, hearing and smell...
 But there's another sense, a
 hidden one that coordinates all
 the others... The Japanese call
 it "Muga". It's the sense that
 allows you to walk without
 thinking about putting one foot
 in front of the other.
 (turning to Anna)
 Lose it and you'll lose your
 soul, you'll end up like some of
 my patients: socially paralyzed,
 withdrawing from the world into
 the safety of isolation... It's a
 tempting option-

ANNA
 (shaking a definite no)
 N-no... I want to live normally.

Dr Langenkamp's face becomes stern, foreboding.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 Every day, people will resent you
 for failing to recognize them --
 They'll call you rude, forgetful,
 retarded or a liar --
 (sizing her up)
 Are you ready to fight back with
 all your might?

ANNA
 (weakly)
 Yes...

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 -- Ready to try and try again?
 Without losing heart or giving an
 inch?

ANNA
 (more determined)
 Yes!

The doctor's grim expression turns into a satisfied smile.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 Good! Then let's get to work.

Dr Langenkamp #2 dips her hand into a bowl of gemstones on her desk. She picks out a couple at random that she shows to Anna, holding one in each hand between her thumb and forefinger.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 Allow me to introduce 'Mike' and
 'Maggy'. Not easy to tell them
 apart at first sight, is it?

INSERT: the two stones look identical.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 However, Mike and Maggy are very
 different. Take a closer look.

Tighter CLOSE UP on the stones: 'Maggy' is a paler green than 'Mike', with a faint mark on one side.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 Maggy is a little paler, don't
 you think? And she has a little
 scar here too, on her forehead...

Anna nods, bemused. Dr Langenkamp #2 returns Mike & Maggy to the bowl with the other stones.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 It gets more complicated when you
 have to find Mike & Maggy at a
 party among all the other
 guests...
 (a beat, then)
 You're going to learn to focus on
 distinctive features in people...
 Things like hair, gait, voice,
 clothes, perfume... *Anything*
 that's not face-related and that
 you're naturally sensitive to.
 (leaning towards Anna)
 What's the first thing you look
 at in a man, after his face?

ANNA
 (repressing a smirk)
 With my friends, we note their...
 butts.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 (with a salacious
 twinkle)
 What else would you look at?

With a flourish, Dr Langenkamp #2 spreads the bowl of green gemstones over the table.

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 Let's see...

Hovering above the table, Dr Langenkamp's hand hesitates at first between several light-colored stones...

DR LANGENKAMP #2
 This one has a pale complexion...
 And a faint scar on her forehead.
 (with a victorious cry)
 It must be Maggy!

... then picks 'Maggy'. Tosses it to Anna, who catches it and takes a closer look. A faint smile appears on her lips.

Dr Langenkamp's soothing voice continues over the following montage:

INT. PINS'N'NEEDLES BAR - EVENING

In the b.g. we can hear hypnotic lounge music pulsing away. The door opens to reveal Anna, looking a little nervous.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 First of all, you need allies.
 Start with the people you trust
 the most...

Anna glances around the bar, looking for Nina and Francine.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 Arrange to meet in a familiar
 setting, but one with a crowd...

The bar is packed. No sign of Nina or Francine. Anna takes a deep breath and starts scrutinizing the bar's customers.

DR LANGENKAMP
 Unfortunately you'll discover
 that everyone is trying to look
 like everyone else these days...

The camera lingers over the clubbers who are all dressed in a similar manner: they all have the same face...

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 The uniforms-- the blind sheep --
 the suits -- They'll all have the
 same face for you...
 (snorting)
 And frankly, they're all boring
 as hell--

From Anna's POV, we dart from one face to another, through the colorful crowd. It's a playful moment because we are using the doctor's advice to try to guess where Nina and Francine might be.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 Look for distinguishing markers:
 Moles, scars, tattoos, gappy
 teeth, facial hair... *Anything*
 that stands out will make the
 face easier to identify...

Anna's gaze lingers over a brunette with curly hair... Nina with a new face?

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 Of course, there are no rules...
 you'll just have to find the
 thing that works best for
 yourself.

The brunette turns and stares at us as if to say, "What's your problem?" We then move over to a nearby table where a woman is sitting. From behind, she could be a 'Francine'.

Anna hesitates and steps slowly closer. At that point, a second woman who could well be a 'Nina' joins the first. Anna hesitates a while longer, looks at them and starts smiling. She walks towards them with renewed confidence.

The two strangers turn to her with big smiles...

FRANCINE #4
 About time!

NINA #4
 (Chilean accent)
 You okay, chica ?

Anna sits down with a look of relief.

FRANCINE #4
 (dying to hear the news)
 So, what's this earth-shattering
 thing you have to tell us?

Anna, intimidated, takes a deep breath and makes the plunge.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Like every morning, Anna straightens the knot of Bryce #7's tie before they part for the day.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 We're going to reorganize your
 daily life with the help of tiny
 practical ploys that will help
 you get through the day...

BRYCE #7
 It starts at seven...
 Want me to come and get you?

ANNA
 (her gaze focused on his
 tie)
 Nah... I'll meet you there.

Bryce#7 is a little taken aback by her newfound confidence.

BRYCE #7
 Okay.
 (quickly kissing her)
 I'll see you later then.

He hurries off, clearly late. As soon as he's out of sight,
 Anna whips out a small diary from her bag. Using crayons,
 she starts drawing something on one of the pages...

INT. BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Anna steps into the bathroom and looks defiantly at the
 stranger in the mirror.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 As soon as someone's appearance
 changes, however slightly, you'll
 find their face changing too...

Anna starts doing her hair, trying different kinds of make-
 up. With each change (JUMP CUTS), a new unfamiliar face
 appears in the mirror.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 So try to look on the bright
 side...

Anna now plays along, changing her face like someone trying
 on a new dress.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 ...If you look like Ugly Betty
 today, you could be Cameron Diaz
 tomorrow!

Anna, satisfied with the face that she has just obtained by
 doing up her hair, pokes her tongue out at her reflection
 before leaving the room, dressed in a sexy cocktail dress.

INT. LOBBY - START-UP - EVENING

A chic reception organized by the start-up where Bryce works.

Anna strides into the lobby, looking dazzling in her black cocktail dress. She looks around.

The place is crammed with men in suits and ties, some with their girlfriends or wives. Once again, they all seem to have the same face...

Anna discreetly takes out her small diary and speedily leafs through it.

INSERT: on each page, Anna has drawn the tie that Bryce wears each day in crayon. Today's tie is an elegant wine-red one with grey stripes and a pattern.

Anna's POV: we rove through the crowd of executives without seeing their faces, comparing their ties. Unfortunately, the "tie of the day" must be very 'in' because several men have a similar one.

A little confused, Anna then starts looking at their butts. She focuses on a rather convincing one then looks up to decipher his bland, generic face. *Is it Bryce?*

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)

Your brain can no longer
recognize people but you're not
just a brain, are you?

(a beat)

Try to listen to the feeling you
get from someone-- Strong
emotions like *hate*, *fear* or
love... They hardly ever lie.

Anna is about to go over to the stranger... when a familiar sound causes her to freeze in terror: a cell playing 'Womanizer'.

Anna, hyper-alert, looks around frantically. No one pays attention to the phone ring. Finally a woman takes a cell out of her bag and answers it. Anna sags with relief.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)

Of course none of this is
foolproof. You *will* make
mistakes --

Anna plucks up her courage, walks over to the stranger and determinedly claps her hands over his eyes. The man spins round. The uncertainty lingers... Then:

BRYCE #8

(surprised)

Anna?!

ANNA
 (with a smirk)
 Remind me to buy you a funkier
 tie.

BRYCE #8
 (in disbelief)
 You found me out of all these--
 How did you do that?!

ANNA
 (pulls out her diary
 excitedly)
 I've been seeing this amazing
 doctor and--

BRYCE #8
 (elated)
 -- You recognize me?!
 (with a hysterical cry
 of glee)
 Does that mean I can cancel the
 straitjacket now?

As he plants a sloppy kiss on her cheek, we see in Anna's eyes the damage his words have caused.

BRYCE #8
 Thank God! I couldn't take
 another wacko freak-out every
 time I tried to kiss you...
 (prodding his face
 manically)
 So this doesn't change anymore,
 right? You really recognize me?..

TIGHT on Anna, frozen by the dilemma. Lie or disappoint him? There is no choice. She discreetly slips her diary back in her bag.

ANNA
 Yes. I do. I do recognize you.
 (forcing a deceitful,
 radiant smile)
 Kiss me...

INT. PINS'N'NEEDLES BAR - NIGHT

From the far end of the bar, we see Anna explaining something to Francine #4 and Nina #4.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 Of course, in relation to your
 illness, some people will react
 better than others...

Anna's POV: Francine #4 is staring at us, looking terribly offended.

FRANCINE #4
 What? You mean you don't
 recognize me? Your best friend?

NINA #4
 (elbows Francine #4)
 What about Bryce? How's he taking
 this?

ANNA
 He thinks I'm adjusting...
 He thinks I recognize him now--
 (averting their eyes)
 He doesn't know I still see him
 with a different face each time.
 (intensely)
 And I want you to promise me you
 won't tell him!

FRANCINE #4
 You're lying to him?

ANNA
 (anxious)
 I don't want to lose him...
 He's all I have left, damn it!

INT. LOBBY - START-UP - EVENING

Anna is sitting on the edge of a stool, her eyes darting through the party-goers, desperately trying to keep track of Bryce #8 as he chats to some colleagues...

... But as people wipe frame, we briefly lose sight of Bryce #8 and the next beat, he has the same face as his group of colleagues...(CGI EFFECT).

Anna gives a weary sigh just as A STRANGER sits down on the stool next to hers, then shoots her an uncomfortably penetrating gaze.

STRANGER
 Hiya --

ANNA
 (trying to decipher him)
 Hey... How's it going?

STRANGER
 (eyeing her intently)
 Didn't expect to see you here
 tonight --

ANNA
 (with a set smile)
 Yes -- Er... It's good to see
 you. Um... What was your name
 again?

The man's eyes narrow. He looks around, checking the coast is clear, then leans in to whisper in a conspiratorial voice.

STRANGER
That's odd. I usually leave a
strong impression on women...

Anna, panic rising, looks him up and down. She grabs her handbag, about to make a hasty exit...

ANNA
Excuse me, I must really get g--

... but the stranger flicks his leg out, blocking her path.

STRANGER
What's the rush? This is just
getting interesting...
(his eyes gleaming)
Come on, make an effort... You
know who I am --

Anna stares into his eyes with mounting dread. She's about to scream...

... when another man grabs her arm and yanks her toward him. He has a bordeaux striped tie with a pattern.

BRYCE #9
(to the stranger)
Hey Mike...

The stranger recoils, suddenly sheepish.

MIKE / THE STRANGER
Bryce, hey...

BRYCE #9
(pulling Anna away)
Sorry, I need to borrow her for a
second...
(aside to Anna; amused)
Thought I'd better rescue you...
That was slimy Mike from H.R. you
were talking to!

ANNA
That creep who came onto me at
the Christmas party right before
tossing his cookies on my bag?
(relieved)
Is that who it was?

Anna looks back at the now pathetic stranger just as Bryce #9 whisks her into the crowd.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna's cocktail dress and Bryce's suit lie crumpled at the foot of the bed.

Bryce #9 and Anna make love in the half-light. While Bryce #9 writhes on top of her, Anna closes her eyes for a fleeting moment... then opens them again...

From her POV, a different, uglier man, is making love to her (BRYCE #10). Anna looks away and bears it stoically.

NINA (V.O.)
Hold it right there!

INT. PINS'N'NEEDLES BAR - NIGHT

The implications of what Anna has just told Nina #4 are starting to sink in.

NINA #4
You mean you get to bang a new
guy every night without ever
cheating on your boyfriend?!
(cracking up)
That'd be a dream come true!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We return to BRYCE #10 and Anna making love. Thinking of Nina's words, Anna closes her eyes again... longer this time. Then she opens them...

Anna's POV: a distinct improvement. BRYCE #11 looks like a movie star, Johnny Depp maybe... very sexy...

TIGHTER on Anna, genuinely aroused by this.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - MORNING

A bustling, busy street. Anna, standing to one side, looks apprehensively at the crowd. Anyone of the random blurry faces could be the killer.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
And, most importantly you must
stop being afraid because fear
won't make the danger go away...

Anna turns back to the surveillance car parked across the street. Concerned, the two cops - CRAVEN #5 and CARPENTER #5- fling open their doors but Anna stops them with a shake of her head and signs 'give me 5 minutes' with her hand.

She then takes one step forward, then another and, overcoming her fear, ends up moving deeper into the crowd.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
Mingle with others. Immerse
yourself in their gestures, their
mannerisms. Watch them until
their bodies become a melody for
you...

From Anna's POV, we begin to focus on trivial details: folds in fabric, unconscious spasms, the abstract crisscrossing of bodies...

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
Hum it until you can sing it at the top of your voice... Use all your resilience Anna but whatever happens don't let the music stop!

...and the shapeless mass of passers-by turns into a magnificently choreographed ballet before our eyes.

With a serene expression that we haven't seen on her face for a long time, Anna blends in with the crowd of strangers.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
But above all, don't forget your weekly appointment because you're an intriguing case study and in all honesty, I just really like you...

The smile on Anna's face becomes more serene. She is passing a newsstand when a HURRYING PEDESTRIAN crashes into her, almost knocking her over. He turns to her briefly...

HURRYING PEDESTRIAN
Sorry...

...before hurrying off again and vanishing into the crowd. Anna is about to set off too when her gaze is drawn to a newsstand.

INSERT on a newspaper headline: *'TEARJERK JACK SLASHES SEVENTH - New Victim Puts Pressure On Police'*. The article is accompanied by the photo of a smiling girl, barely twenty years old.

This hits Anna like a punch to the gut. She stands rooted to the spot for a second then, determined, buys a copy of the newspaper and heads off.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Anna waits in front of Lydia #2's desk. We recognize the latter by her permed hair and babydoll voice.

LYDIA #2
(shouting above the noise of the building work)
Detective Kerrest!
(to Anna, conspiratorially)
Please, tell him that the whole goatee thing -- It just doesn't work on him! He might listen to you...

Kerrest peers around the door. His face brightens for an instant then resumes its formal mask of weariness.

KERREST
 (to Anna; sarcastically)
 Seen any more killers on public
 transport?

Anna gapes at him in amazement: for the first time since the accident, this character's face doesn't change (Kerrest is still played by the same actor).

KERREST
 (blinking)
 What? What did I say?

INT. DETECTIVE KERREST'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna drags Kerrest into the office by his arm. Through the glass door of the office, we see Lydia crane her neck to listen in.

KERREST
 (off-guard)
 What are you doing?

Anna pushes him onto a chair. She wants to get things straight in her mind.

ANNA
 Sorry, but could you just stay
 still for a second? I'd just
 like... to check something.

KERREST
 (bemused)
 What?

Anna stands directly in front of him and closes her eyes. Two seconds go by. Anna opens her eyes again, feverish with anticipation...

Anna's POV: Kerrest still has the same face.

ANNA
 It's you!
 (squealing with
 laughter)
 It's still you!

A tear rolls down her cheek. She immediately brushes it away.

KERREST
 (taken aback)
 Hey, you okay?

ANNA
 Yes... It's the first time I
 recognize someone since the
 incident.

KERREST

Who? Me? You recognize me?

Anna nods a yeah. Kerrest shifts uncomfortably.

KERREST

Do you think that means anything...?

(a brief cough)

Well, I mean... me rather than some other guy?

ANNA

I don't know.

(remembering)

My therapist said it might happen--
- Something to do with strong emotions like hate, or fear, or --

An awkward silence falls between them. For the first time, Anna glimpses the man instead of the badge.

ANNA

(defusing the moment)

I mean-- That's just what my shrink said...

The door opens and in walks a stranger, wiping his hands, blood spattered all over his white shirt. Trailing behind him is a solemn-faced little boy sipping a can of soda. We realize it must be LANYON #2 and Nicholas.

LANYON #2

Any word from the D.A.?

(noticing Anna, he stops, surprised)

Oh... Am I interrupting something?

Kerrest straightens up.

KERREST

Miss Marchant, allow me to introduce Eric Lanyon, our star pitcher, ace profiler and all-round swell guy...

Anna stares quizzically at Lanyon #2's shirt.

LANYON #2

(half-smiling)

They say it takes a warped mind to get into a psychopath's head...

He wipes the blood from his fingers and extends his hand.

LANYON

But I'm okay.

(indicating Nicholas)

Nicky had another nosebleed.

TIGHT on Nicky dabbing his nose with a bloodied kleenex, his solemn eyes set on Anna. Reassured, Anna shakes Lanyon's hand, her gaze still transfixed on the strange little boy.

ANNA
Good to meet you.

LANYON #2
You're just the way I imagined you. What brings you here?

ANNA
(holding up the newspaper)
I saw the papers. I want to know what there is to know about this man.

KERREST
You have the number one guy right in front of you. Lanyon has quite a theory about our friendly neighborhood whackjob.

Lanyon #2 bends down to Nicolas.

LANYON #2
I betcha can't pinch a pen from Lydia's desk...

The little boy listlessly exits.
Lanyon #2 closes the door after him and turns to Anna.

LANYON #2
I don't know if he really tried to kill you...

ANNA
(showing him the scar on the palm of her hand)
No? He has an odd way of asking for a movie and a meal then...

Lanyon is about to retort but Kerrest butts in.

KERREST
What he's saying is that maybe the asshole simply reacted in self-defence.

LANYON #2
Forgive me Miss Marchant, but if he really wanted to kill you once you left hospital, we wouldn't be standing here talking about it.

Anna looks at him, confused by his calm intelligence. She glances at Kerrest who nods wearily. A long silence, then:

ANNA
I want to help catch this guy.

Kerrest reaches for the mug-shot file but Anna stops him.

ANNA

No. If I recognize him, it won't be because of his face... I have to see them in the flesh.

Kerrest and Lanyon #2 look doubtfully at each other.

LANYON #2

Guess it's worth a shot.
(checks his watch)
I'd better run if I'm gonna catch the D.A...
(on his way to the door)
Good to meet you, Miss Marchant.

Lanyon #2 leaves the office. Anna turns to Kerrest.

ANNA

What's your colleague's theory?

KERREST

Lanyon thinks you made one hell of an impression on the freak 'cause you saw him do his thing and walked away...

ANNA

What makes you think he's right?

Kerrest sits on the edge of the desk.

KERREST

A year ago when Homicide turned up the first victim, Lanyon insisted the murder had all the hallmarks of a sociopath's handiwork...
(recalling bitterly)
We didn't listen. Figured it was a crime of passion. A one-off --

Glancing at the door to make sure Lanyon isn't there, Kerrest leans over to Anna.

KERREST

6 months later another dead woman turned up. She had an eight-year-old son. He woke up to find his mother lying with her throat cut.
(gulping)
Lanyon took it so hard he practically adopted the kid...

Kerrest sits wearily back at his desk.

KERREST

Since then, I've learnt to keep my mouth shut and trust Lanyon.

Anna, digesting all this, turns toward the glass door.

Through it she sees Nicholas #2 sitting on a couch. His eyes meet Anna's and signals to her to remain silent before sipping from his can of soda again.

INT. CORRIDOR & CUSTODY ROOM - DAY

LANYON (the original actor) escorts 10 SUSPECTS through the door. A mirror forms the back wall of the room.

LANYON
Come on... You can drop the
frickin' Snow White act. You've
all been here before...

A suspect with a dazed expression stops in front of Lanyon and holds up a cigarillo.

DAZED SUSPECT
Got a light, Officer?

Lanyon snatches the cigarillo and jabs a thumb at a NO SMOKING sign on the wall.

INT. BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR / CUSTODY ROOM - DAY

In a dark, narrow room, Anna watches the scene through the two-way mirror.

Anna's POV: LANYON #3 (a new actor), twirling the cigarillo in his hand, escorts the suspects into the custody room.

LANYON #3
Stand in a line and look straight
ahead. Come on, step it up!

The ten men shuffle into place. Lanyon leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

On the other side of the mirror, the door behind Anna opens to reveal Kerrest, out of breath like he's rushed to get here. (He has the same face as before.) He joins Anna at the mirror.

KERREST
OK... you ready?

Anna nods nervously, her eyes riveted to the suspects.

KERREST
They're all known offenders.
We're waiting for authorization
to run DNA tests on 'em.
(looking at her
intently)
They're all yours.

Anna's POV: her gaze glides from one suspect to the next. Some of the faces are grizzled, some bland, all of them ultimately unreadable.

Anna's gaze runs back along the line, from the last to the first: their faces have all changed (ten new actors).

Behind Anna and Kerrest, the door opens and LANYON #4 joins them at the mirror. He lights the cigarillo he swiped.

LANYON #4
How we doing here?

Anna murmurs something in Kerrest's ear. He bends down to an intercom.

KERREST
(to the ten suspects)
Ok turn around! I don't care about your ugly mugs... Now walk up and down. Come on, move your asses! Anyone who slacks off gets a night in the cells!

On the other side of the mirror, the men obey, thinking it's a joke. Kerrest, perplexed, looks at Anna.

ANNA
I need to see their gestures and movements. It sounds stupid but...

KERREST
Hey, you want to start up a dance class, you got it.

Anna pays no attention, staring intently at the suspects.

Anna's POV: as when she was walking in the crowd, we slowly focus on specific details: the crease in one suspect's jeans, the pock-marks on another's face, the hunched shoulders of a third man...

The shots then mingle with FLASHBACK INSERTS of the killer on the bridge, his back to the camera as he kisses the woman he is about to murder...

CLOSE-UP on Anna, tense with concentration. She ends up turning to Kerrest and Lanyon #4.

ANNA
(sure of herself)
He's not any of them.

Kerrest can't conceal his disappointment.

KERREST
You sure?

Anna, just as disappointed, nods silently.

KERREST
Well. It was worth a shot.

There is nothing else to be said. Anna turns to leave. Kerrest racks his brains, trying to think of something, anything, to detain her.

KERREST

Anna...

He's never used her first name before. She turns to him. A long, drawn-out silence, then:

ANNA

Good luck with your investigation.

She holds out a hesitant hand, then walks out, closing the door behind her.

INT. CORRIDORS - POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATER- DAY

A grim-faced Kerrest is walking along a corridor when Lanyon (the original actor since Anna is no longer present) catches up with him.

LANYON

Sam!

(walking alongside him)
Bad news. Mulgrew cancelled the protection. After the subway blow-out and the line-up on top of it... They just don't think she's a hundred per cent compis mentis.

KERREST

(red-alert Defcon 3)
This is bullshit! She's our only witness for God's sake!
(stubbornly)
We've gotta step our game up --
Get another line-up together...
Manana!

LANYON

(realistic)
Come on. We can't bring in every punk in the city hoping she'll recognize the inside leg of his trousers!
(matter-of-factly)
Though I guess that would give you an excuse to see her again...

LANYON

Though I guess that would give you an excuse to see her again...

Kerrest stops dead in his tracks, caught off-guard. He pulls Lanyon aside, glancing around to make sure no one's within earshot.

KERREST

(at machine-gun speed)
One, she's got a boyfriend...
Two, there's nothing between us.
Three, even if there was, and
 I'll kick your ass if you ever
 mention this to anyone, it would
 be completely unethical and
 possibly illegal for a cop to
 fraternize with a key witness.
 Four--

LANYON

Whoa. It's that bad.

Kerrest sags against the wall with a weary sigh, dropping the gruff façade for a beat

KERREST

Ah, screw it.
 (ruefully realistic)
 Can you picture us, arm in arm,
 at the police ball?

LANYON

(supportive)
 Why not? I always thought you
 looked rather fetching in
 uniform.

A beat. Kerrest shakes his head and chuckles.

INT. PINS'N'NEEDLES CLUB - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A GLEAMING SILVER BLADE cutting into something soft and pink. We PULL BACK to REVEAL it's...

... a birthday cake.

Anna, looking radiant, is sitting at a table with Bryce #12, who kisses her tenderly on the cheek, and Francine #5, wearing a dress with a flashy red bow on the shoulder. Opposite her, Nina #5 is cutting the cake. She hands Anna a slice.

NINA #5

Happy birthday Chica!
 (whispering to Anna,
 referring to Bryce)
 So what's on the menu tonight?
 Quasimodo or Johnny Depp?

ANNA

(with a faint smile)
 Hmm... Tonight I'll be sampling
 Johnny Depp.

Francine #5 is fidgeting on her chair, pointing to something off screen.

FRANCINE #5
 Quick! Look! A 12 out of 10!
 (giving a start)
 Did you see that? He checked me
 out! Me!

Everyone turns to take a peek at the elusive man O.S. while Francine #5 pulls out her compact and checks her make-up.

INSERT: in the mirror, we see Francine as she sees herself, in other words with her original face.

BRYCE #12
 (caustically)
 So that's what you do on your
 girls' nights out?

At this point some pounding electronica kicks in. *From this point, every one has to shout to be heard - It's difficult to distinguish one voice from another.*
 Nina #5 leaps to her feet, already carried off by the beat.

NINA #5
 Come on! Everyone's dancing
 tonight! Even you, Bryce!

She drags them all over to the packed dance-floor.

Anna's POV: we make our way through a crowd of unfamiliar faces, some friendly, others that stare at us strangely...

REVERSE ANGLE on Anna, a little intimidated. She grips Bryce's hand tightly so as not to lose him in the crowd.

Nina #5 threads her way through to the middle of the dance-floor and starts to dance provocatively.

Anna, inhibited at first, ends up throwing herself into it, a great release for all the tension. Acting the femme fatale, she slinkily draws Bryce #12 to her by his tie and dances enticingly against him.

Nina nudges Francine with her butt. Francine is dancing halfheartedly, eyes clamped on Mr 12-out-of-10, off screen.

FRANCINE #5
 Oh my God! Did you see that?! He
 checked me out AGAIN!

NINA #5
 Which one?

FRANCINE #5
 (stepping in front of
 her)
 Hey, back off! I saw him first!

Anna and Nina burst out laughing. Bryce #12 stops dancing, not really in his element on the dance-floor.

BRYCE #12
 (leaning over to Anna)
 I'm gonna get a drink. White
 wine?

Anna nods a 'yeah'. Bryce #12 makes his way to the bar. He vanishes behind someone for a second...

...and reappears with his original face (since we are no longer seeing him from Anna's POV). He waves a twenty, trying to attract the barman's attention.

Back on the dance-floor, Anna and Nina #5 are dancing sultrily beneath a red spotlight.

An ecstatic FRANCINE #6 enters the frame, out of breath (we recognize her showy red bow).

FRANCINE #6
 That's it!
 (faster and faster)
 I spoke to him, he wants to buy
 me a drink, what do I say, what
 do I do?

ANNA
 Just go for it...and act natural.

Francine looks at her strangely. A radiant smile spreads over her usually stressed features.

FRANCINE #6
 OKAY!!

Downing her glass in one, Francine #6 heads off again, jerking without any rhythm, a ridiculous but endearing figure.

Meanwhile, living up to her reputation, Nina #5 is dancing over to a GOOD-LOOKING GUY with three-day stubble.

Anna sees him smile as he takes Nina #5 in his arms and dances close against her. He makes a strange gesture, sensually caressing her hair and wrapping his hand around it.

FLASHBACK: On the bridge, the killer made a similar gesture, caressing his victim's hair.

Anna stands petrified in the middle of the dance-floor... Nina gives her a little wave. Anna returns her smile, her unease fading slightly...

Anna, still unsettled, looks around for Bryce. He still hasn't come back with their drinks. She pushes her way over to the bar, looks around... in vain.

Anna then takes out her diary and leafs through it. As she does so, she doesn't see the outline of a man watching her in the b.g. (he remains a hazy figure because we are focused on Anna).

INSERT: Drawn in the diary is today's tie, violet with stripes...

Anna looks along the bar and focuses on a man leaning on it with two glasses in his hands. His face is unfamiliar - that's perfectly normal. Anna's gaze moves down to his tie: violet, with stripes...

Anna walks over to him and lays her hand on his shoulder. The new Bryce (#13) turns round and looks at her.

ANNA
You've been forever!
(referring to the
drinks)
Which one's mine?

Bryce #13 hesitates for a second, as if he'd forgotten what was in them. He gives her the one in his right hand. Anna thanks him with a quick kiss and takes a sip.

ANNA
(with a grimace)
You know I don't like champagne!

A frenzied new tune kicks in. Bryce #13 smiles at her, charm on full blast, and sweeps her onto the dance-floor. He pulls her close to him, moving his hands down to her rear.

ANNA
Hey... what did they put in your
drink?

BRYCE #13 leans in and kisses her on the mouth. Anna returns the kiss... But then, over his shoulder, sees a stranger standing at the bar, glaring furiously at her.

Anna's gaze descends to his hands: he holds two glasses and has a violet tie with stripes.

Anna's expression falters as she realizes her mistake.

The real Bryce - Bryce #14 - stares daggers at her. He sets the glasses down and stomps off.

Anna turns to her partner.

FALSE BRYCE (BRYCE #13)
Oops!

Anna slaps his face hard before setting off across the dance-floor after 'her' Bryce.

ANNA
Bryce, wait!

Bryce #14 stops and turns to her, flushed with rage.

BRYCE #14

Let me see your notebook. Let me see it!

Anna, caught red-handed, hands the diary over. Bryce whips through it, past the sketches of his various ties, his face turning more and more crimson.

BRYCE #14

You lied to me-- I'm just as much a stranger as everyone else...

ANNA

(distraught)
Bryce, I...

BRYCE #14

Was it me you were seeing when we made love?

(crying out, hurt)
Answer me! Was it me you were seeing?!

Anna looks at him without answering. Bryce #14 looks at her in disgust.

BRYCE #14

It's over Anna. This-- face-blind shit... I can't deal with it anymore --
(with inarguable finality)
Find yourself another jerk to wear a tie.

At this, he turns and walks off into the crowd, yanking his tie open angrily.

We study Anna's distraught face as she stands there, stunned beyond all reality. Time seems to stand still. The vibration of her cell phone snaps her out of her daze. She hurriedly answers.

ANNA

Bryce, listen--

MAN (V.O.)

(singing unnervingly)
Happy birthday, dear Anna...

The voice is creepy, disguised.

ANNA

(unsettled)
Who is this?

MAN (V.O.)

Didn't my number show up?

Anna, frowning, glances at the phone. A shudder of horror runs through her body...

INSERT: the display reads 'ANNA - CELL'.

KILLER (V.O.)
 You really look drop dead
 gorgeous tonight...

PUSH IN on Anna, frozen in the middle of the dance-floor.
The killer is here... somewhere... close...

INT. WIRE-TAPPING UNIT - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

The wire-tapping unit at the Police HQ. A window pops open on a computer screen, followed by an alarm sound. INSERT: *'Tapped line activated. Localizing...'*

The OFFICER ON DUTY picks up his phone.

INT. PINS'N'NEEDLES CLUB - NIGHT

Anna, phone pressed to her ear, whirls around, eyes darting madly from one face to another.

ANNA
 (terrified; bluffing)
 I know your face... I've seen you. And when I see you again I'm gonna scream this place down!

KILLER (V.O.)
 You don't know my face... You don't know anyone's face!
 (with relish)
 If I changed my shirt you couldn't tell me from your own father!
 (with a joyless chuckle)
 You're the only one I don't need to hide from, Anna. For you, I have a hundred faces...

A man jostles Anna. She leaps back in terror.

KILLER (V.O.)
 No, that wasn't me. But maybe I'm that guy there, to your right?
 (Anna spins to the left)
 No, your right, Anna! Listen to what I'm saying!

Anna spins round, on the edge of hysteria. Adopting her POV, we peer nervously round to a blond man turning off his cell.

ANNA
 What do you want from me?

KILLER (V.O.)
 You saw me... doing those...
 (in disgust)
 things.

(MORE)

KILLER (V.O.) (cont'd)
 No one had ever seen me before...
 (choking with emotion)
 You're the only one who can stop
 me, Anna...
 (suddenly vehement)
 So make a fucking effort! Or I'll
 have to make you smile... Smile
 from ear to ear... Such a pretty
 smile it will make me cry...

ANNA
 (in an unsteady voice)
 I'm calling the police...

KILLER (V.O.)
 Whatever... I have to go anyway.
 Your friend's growing impatient --

Click. He has hung up.
 Anna's face collapses. She rushes across the dance-floor,
 pushing people out of the way like a madwoman.

ANNA
 NINA! FRANCINE!

Anna's POV: we see a GIRL with the same hairstyle as
 Francine from behind, kissing someone. Anna grabs her arm
 and roughly yanks her back.

GIRL
 What's your problem?!

Anna, increasingly panicked, pushes further into the crowd.
 Hundreds of inquisitive faces look at her, spinning
 dizzily around her... Someone grips her shoulder. Anna
 wheels round with a scream.

NINA #6
 Anna, what's happening?

ANNA
 Nina -- where's Francine?

NINA #6
 (looking around,
 clueless)
 She was dancing with Mr 12 out of
 10 a moment ago...

ANNA
 Nina, he's here! He just called
 me from my cell!

Nina #6 stares at her wide-eyed.

NINA #6
 I'm calling the cops.

But Anna stops her, crushing her hand, her eyes glued in
 horror at something straight ahead...

Anna's POV: between the dancers, we intermittently glimpse a couple embracing in the shadows of one of the alcoves. From behind, we see the man's back thrusting against the woman. He shudders... then drops the limp body of Francine #7 (whom we recognize from her red bow).

Anna screams. Nina #6 too.
The killer vanishes into the crowd.

Acting on instinct, Nina #6 hits the fire alarm. A DEAFENING SIREN wails through the club and, in less than a second, a wave of panic sweeps the crowd: All the clubbers rush for the emergency exits.

Anna, jostled from all sides, sees ahead of her...

...an UNFAMILIAR MAN with a sinister face slipping through the panicking crowd toward her.

Beneath the STROBE LIGHTS, his face changes with each flash, in an almost supernatural manner. He is crying and his tears trickle down a multitude of different faces that follow one after another. The rest of his body is in shadow.

Anna remains rooted to the spot, hypnotized. He is right before her, his bloody razor glinting under the strobe light--

-- when NINA #7 grabs her hand and drags her into the human tide rushing for the exit.

ANNA
(crying out)
Did you see him?

NINA #7
Who?

EXT. PINS'N'NEEDLES CLUB - NIGHT

The crowd is still pouring out when two police cars screech to a halt. Uniformed officers leap out, guns drawn.

Anna, carried along in the crowd with Nina #7, whirls around in terror, expecting to see the killer appear any second. Someone crashes into her and she loses Nina's hand.

ANNA
Nina! Nina!

We spin around Anna in a concentric circle, lost in this sea of strangers... When, suddenly:

MAN (O.S.)
Anna!

The familiar face of Kerrest - in plain clothes - appears in the crowd before her.

Anna rushes towards the only person she recognizes and throws her arms around him, clinging to him like a lifeline. He clumsily holds her up.

ANNA
(shaking; traumatized)
FRANCINE! Francine...

Kerrest whips his gun from its holster, speaking to two UNIFORMED OFFICERS as he races over to the club entrance.

KERREST
Don't let her out of your sight!

INT. PINS'N'NEEDLES CLUB - NIGHT

Upturned stools... broken glasses...the calm after the storm.

Kerrest kneels beside Francine's corpse (the original actress). Her eyes are staring upwards, a look of shock frozen on her face, almost as if surprised to be dead.

Kerrest grabs his walkie-talkie.

KERREST
(barking with
frustration)
Set up a perimeter and comb the
whole area -- Suitcase every damn
pill-popping jerk-off you see...
I'll deal with the paperwork!

Behind him, the restroom door opens with a faint creak... Kerrest signals to two of his men who move stealthily over to the restroom.

An outline appears fleetingly against the light in the doorway. One of the policemen kicks the door open while the other aims point blank at...

LANYON
(a big smile on his
face)
Okay, you got me. I confess...
(holding out the inside
of his wrist to them)
Come on, you're one scratch away
from a perfect DNA match...

The cops, trading sloppy grins, holster their guns. Kerrest is in no mood to laugh.

LANYON
(to Kerrest)
What's violet, striped and bloody
and is floating in the crapper?

With a showman's elan, Lanyon pulls from behind his back a soaked and bloodstained tie in a plastic evidence bag.

INT. PINS'N'NEEDLES CLUB - NIGHT

As the crime scene team's flashguns go off in the background, two PARAMEDICS amble past with a black bodybag.

In a far corner, Kerrest takes a statement from Nina #8, who is slumped on a chair, a blanket round her shoulders, sobbing against Anna.

NINA #8
 (staring at the bodybag)
 She wanted to get married... to
anyone! She didn't want to grow
 old alone... She wanted kids --
 -- the whole fucking family
 portrait!
 (through her tears)
 Why didn't he pick me?!

KERREST
 (gently)
 Miss Ezquerra, I need to know
 exactly what happened. The man
 dancing with her, did you see
 him?

NINA #8
 (vague)
 Yes... no... only from behind.

KERREST
 Can you describe him to me?

NINA #8
 No... no! Basta! Estoy harta!!

Nina leaps to her feet, her nerves frazzled.

KERREST
 (sighs)
 I'll have someone drive you home.

Nina turns to Anna and hugs her with all her might.

ANNA
 Oh Nina...

NINA #8
 (stifling a sob)
 Let's talk tomorrow, okay?
 (searching in her
 pocket)
 Here. Para traerte suerte...

INSERT: Nina #8 slips a can of mace into Anna's bag.

NINA #
 Take care of yourself, chica.

She goes out, sobbing, just as LYDIA #3 opens the door.

LYDIA #3
 (to Kerrest)
 I heard what happened so I came
 to see if you needed me.

KERREST
 (surprised and touched)
 Lydia, you're a star. Check in on
 Lanyon, see he's got everything
 he needs.

Lydia #3 looks compassionately at Anna and turns to go.

LYDIA #3
 (to Kerrest)
 It's lucky you weren't far away,
 Detective...

Anna looks up at Kerrest in surprise.

KERREST
 Uh... yeah... I'm a regular at a
 bar a couple blocks from here...

Anna continues to stare at Kerrest.

KERREST
 (getting out of his
 depth)
 And since I was-- you know...
 having a brew... I thought it'd be
 a good idea to be nearby... just
 in case...

Silence falls between them. Doubts fill the air.

ANNA
 (coldly)
 Have you managed to reach Bryce?

KERREST
 No, he's still not answering his
 cell.
 (thinking it over)
 When exactly did he pull his
 vanishing act?

ANNA
 Just before that son of a bitch
 called me...

KERREST
 (inscrutable)
 Really?
 (rereading the
 statement)
 You said you argued. What about?

ANNA
 He found out.

KERREST
Found out what?

With a weary sigh, Anna holds her diary out to him.

ANNA
(bitterly)
That I'd been faking it all
along.

Kerrest, surprised, leafs through the diary. His hand stops at the tie of the day whose color matches that of the one found by Lanyon in the toilet.

KERREST
(bolting up)
I'm gonna take you home. Just
give me a minute.

Kerrest goes over to his men, showing them Anna's diary.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is dark. The door opens to reveal Anna and Kerrest. He remains in the doorway, on the alert.

ANNA
(calling out)
Bryce?

Silence. Anna crosses the hallway to the door of the bedroom and turns the light on.

Kerrest discreetly opens his jacket to make his gun easier to reach.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The wardrobe door is open. Half of the contents have been taken in a hurry. Items of clothing lie strewn across the floor.

Anna stands motionless, staring at the mess. Bryce has left. She turns and sees Kerrest watching her from the doorway.

Kerrest, awkward, takes a step back. Anna looks at the floor, embarrassed.

ANNA
You're treading on Bryce's
jacket.

Anna reaches down to pick the jacket up. Kerrest likewise. They freeze, each with a hand on it... and something falls from a pocket. it's Anna's cell, the one she lost on the bridge.

Anna and Kerrest look at each other in disbelief.

KERREST

Is this the jacket he was wearing
this evening?

Anna nods, unable to utter a word. Kerrest pulls out a handkerchief and gently picks up the phone. He checks the last calls. Anna looks at him, then at the phone, stunned.

ANNA

It can't be Bryce -- I know him!
(thinking it through)
-- Besides, he called me that
night on the bridge!

Kerrest, listening distractedly, dials a number on his own cell.

KERREST

Well, that's a trick we'll have
to ask him about...
(into his phone)
Lanyon? Kerrest. No, he isn't
here... but guess what I've just
found --

The scene is now INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LANYON'S OFFICE - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Lanyon, his body tired but his eyes still lively, finishes his twentieth coffee of the night as he listens to Kerrest.

LANYON

(ironic)
Not a bad haul for one night!

KERREST

What d'you mean?

LANYON

He strings us along for one year
and then we get all this evidence
in one go? Don't you think that's
a bit too easy?

Kerrest paces up and down in Anna's bedroom.

KERREST

I'll chew on that once we have a
DNA sample of this Bryce guy.
I've put out a warrant for his
arrest.

On hearing the word "warrant", Anna glances aghast at the Detective.

LANYON

So where's Anna right now?

KERREST

Here, with me...
 (glancing at Anna)
 And until we get him, I ain't
 letting her out of my sight.
 I want her totally insulated.

LANYON

I'll talk to the D.A.
 (flipping through
 papers)
 But I won't know anything before
 Monday. You know the drill...

KERREST

(frustrated)
 Monday? Fuck, I don't believe
 it...
 (mind racing)
 I'll bring her back Monday
 morning.

He hangs up and turns determinedly to Anna.

KERREST

Do you trust me?

Anna looks at him oddly for a second, her eyes searching his. Finally she gives a tentative nod.

KERREST

Then pack a few things. We're
 leaving town.

FADE IN:

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - MORNING

A car heads along the coast highway on a blazingly sunny morning, in stark contrast with the urban setting we've been confined to.

INT. KERREST'S CAR - MORNING

Kerrest is at the wheel. In the rearview mirror, he studies Anna, asleep on the back seat, breathing softly.

EXT. FERRY DECK - MORNING

A ferry heads out into the ocean as the coastline shrinks on the horizon.

On deck, Anna shivers as she looks at the dark rolling waves, buffeted by the strong sea wind. Kerrest is watching her from the deck above, leaning over the railing.

Anna sets off up the narrow stairs on the side of the ship. The sea is choppy and she has trouble getting up the stairs. She has almost reached Kerrest...

...when a wave suddenly lifts the ship. Anna loses her balance and almost topples over the side. Kerrest grabs her around the waist, just in time.

KERREST

Careful!

Anna and Kerrest's eyes meet for a second. And, from Anna's POV, for a flash, it's not Kerrest but the killer, looking down at her just as he did from the bridge (FLASHBACK).

Anna looks at him, shivering and bemused.

ANNA

(stammering)

I slipped...

KERREST

(removing his sweater)

You're cold. Put this on.

ANNA

What about you?

KERREST

(sniffing the sea air
and acting tough)

It's okay. They breed them tough
on the island...

Anna smiles weakly and puts the sweater on.

KERREST

(examining the horizon)

There she is...

Brushing back her wind-lashed hair, Anna sees a tiny island slowly emerge from the spray. Its lighthouse and olde-world white houses are barely visible above the horizon and the waves seem to be about to engulf them any minute.

KERREST

You'll see, it's another world...

INT. VILLAGE STREET - ISLAND - DAY

Anna follows Kerrest through the narrow lanes of the village. The worn colonial facades lend a sad and timeless beauty to the place.

An OLD WOMAN with a shopping basket and then a POSTMAN on his bicycle greet Kerrest.

ANNA

(surprised)

Everyone knows you?

KERREST

Everyone knows everyone here...
there's only one doctor for the
whole island...

(pointing to a yellow
mailbox)

One mailbox... one cash-point...

(pointing to a sailor
passing on a bicycle)

No-one drives, apart from the
firefighters...

Anna drinks it all in, wide-eyed.

KERREST

I told you. It really is another
world.

(pointing to a building
ahead)

And that's the only school...

Anna turns to a deserted schoolyard where half a dozen
children are playing.

ANNA

Where are the other children?

KERREST

Looks like they're all here.

ANNA

Wow. That's a small class.

KERREST

That's the whole school. There's
only one teacher on the island.
All the years are taught
together...

A TEACHER comes out into the yard, clapping her hands to
announce the end of break. She looks like an older version
of Anna. Meeting their gaze, she gives them a warm smile
before going back in with the children.

A tiny smile, the first in hours, lights up Anna's face.

EXT. BACKYARD - KERREST'S HOUSE - EVENING

A tall, narrow house in need of a little care.

In the backyard that overlooks the beach, the remnants of a
grilled fish supper lie on the table. The embers still
glow.

Kerrest, standing, watches Anna on the beach below as he
makes a phone call. We cannot hear what he says.

EXT. BEACH - ISLAND - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP on Anna, wrapped in a sweater that is too big for her, looking out to sea. Kerrest comes up behind her.

KERREST

They've arrested him. He denies everything. He says someone must have slipped the phone into his pocket.

Anna looks down, shaking her head.

ANNA

I'm never going to believe it was him.

KERREST

We'll soon know... They're checking his DNA against the tear sample.

(concerned by her lack of reaction)

How are you holding up?

In reply, Anna takes a few steps towards the waves, hugging herself to keep warm, gazing into the open sea.

ANNA

I don't know. It's not just other people's faces that have changed...

Over this, she steps into the water and gazes down at her constantly shifting reflection.

ANNA

(considering the distance travelled)

It's like I had to wait 'til I couldn't recognize myself to know who I really am...

Kerrest looks at her intensely.

KERREST

Could you... close your eyes? For a second?

ANNA

My eyes?

Kerrest nods. Anna closes her eyes.

KERREST

You were like that when I first saw you, at the hospital...

(Anna is about to open her eyes again)

No, not yet --

Kerrest reaches out hesitantly to her face, but stops, a hair from touching her.

KERREST

I got a call when they brought you in. You were out cold... I looked down at you like I look down at Jane Does every day and--
 (trouble forming words)
 --it was like I knew you...
 (snorting at himself)
 I know, it sounds wacko--

ANNA

-- As wacko as not recognizing faces, huh?

Anna opens her eyes and gazes at Kerrest. She really looks at him, for a long moment.

ANNA

I can do wacko.

She steps towards him, still hesitant, and decides to kiss him. Kerrest throws aside all professional restraint and hungrily returns her kiss.

INT. BEDROOM - KERREST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Series of close ups, reminiscent of the opening titles: lips planting gentle kisses on a neck... a curl of blonde hair brushing an eyelid... Anna's fingers digging into Kerrest's back... We are so close we're unable to coherently view the bodies that form abstract, carnal shapes...

EXT. KERREST'S HOUSE - ISLAND - EARLY MORNING

The sun rises over the island.

INT. BATHROOM & BEDROOM - KERREST'S HOUSE - MORNING

Kerrest, shirtless at the washbasin, stares oddly at his own reflection in the mirror, then at that of Anna, sleeping in his bedroom behind.

The Detective's hand reaches into the bathroom drawer, looking for something: *a cutthroat razor like the killer's...*

CLOSE-UP on Anna, sleeping fitfully. Her features quiver.

EXT. BRIDGE UNDER RENOVATION - NIGHT (DREAM)

In SLOW MOTION, Anna relives the moment when the killer grabs her by her blouse just before she falls over the edge...

From Anna's POV, the killer's face twists like an Expressionist painting, his mouth uttering her name in a horribly distorted voice.

KILLER
AAAAANNNNNNNNAAAAAAA...

In succession, his face becomes Bryce's, then Kerrest's, then Bryce's again... then that of a STRANGER. The bridge and the night suddenly vanish behind him and...

INT. BEDROOM - KERREST'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

...Anna wakes with a scream: the stranger isn't a dream! He is straddling her, shaking her by the shoulders.

STRANGER
Anna! Anna!

On instinct, Anna grabs the bedside lamp and smashes it over his head. The stranger rolls off her with a groan. Anna leaps out of bed and runs out of the room.

STRANGER (O.S.)
Anna, it's me!

Halfway down the stairs, Anna glances back at the stranger who gets to his feet, rubbing his head with a dazed look. She notice some traces of shaving foam on his neck.

STRANGER
Don't you recognize me anymore?

Anna concentrates on his voice and looks at him, astounded. This is indeed a new Kerrest - KERREST #2 (played by a new actor).

ANNA
(floored)
You... you've shaved?

KERREST #2
I wanted to surprise you --
Lydia and her dumb ideas!

Kerrest #2 walks towards her as if nothing had changed. Anna backs away, uneasy.

ANNA
(recalling Dr
Langenkamp's words)
'Anything that stands out will
make the face easier to
identify...'
(with bitter
realization)
I'm such a fool --

Kerrest #2 tries to kiss her but Anna pushes him away.

ANNA

Don't you understand? There's
nothing "special" between us...
just... a goatee!

Kerrest #2 ignores her and presses her against the staircase wall, kissing her forcefully. Anna, furious, struggles in vain. Kerrest #2 keeps on kissing her. Anna's rage ebbs away and is replaced by overwhelming emotion. She closes her eyes and returns the kiss.

ANNA

(mystified)
It's still you.
(opening her eyes)
Even without your face...
It's still you.

The "police siren" tone of his cell phone interrupts them. Kerrest #2 rushes over to the bedside table and answers it.

KERREST #2

Hey, Lanyon. Well?
(his expression clouds
over)
They're absolutely sure?

Anna doesn't need to hear their conversation to understand what it's about.

KERREST #2

I'll call you later.

Kerrest #2 hangs up and looks at Anna, clearly uneasy.

KERREST #2

The DNA was negative. Bryce is
not the killer.

The implications hang unspoken in the air. The pair seem suddenly distant. Anna sits on the top step and buttons herself up. Kerrest #2, deflated, flops on the bed and absently rubs his head. He grimaces when his fingers touch the spot Anna hit him with the lamp.

KERREST

Next time you have a bad dream
I'll leave you to it...

Anna freezes as she remembers something.

ANNA

My dream... Oh my god!
(her eyes alight)
I can recognize faces in my
dreams!

INT. CITY BUILDING - DAY

Voices are heard from an open window.

DR LANGENKAMP (O.S.)
 What do I think? I think it's
 naïve and unwise and I'd be
 irresponsible in recommending it
 to you...

INT. DR LANGENKAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna, agitated, is talking to a new Dr Langenkamp (DR LANGENKAMP #3) while Kerrest #2 paces up and down.

DR LANGENKAMP #3
 Hypnosis is like a carnival
 mirror. It distorts the truth as
 much as it reflects it...

ANNA
 ... But it could work!

DR LANGENKAMP #3
 Or have disastrous consequences
 on your psyche.

ANNA
 (determined)
 I'll take that risk.

Dr Langenkamp #3 glances at Kerrest #2 before giving in with a sigh.

INT. DR LANGENKAMP'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

TIGHT on a Japanese bell whose crystalline ring seems to echo infinitely.

TIGHT on Anna's face, lying on a couch, her eyes wide open, looking tense.

From her POV, the concerned faces of Dr Langenkamp #3 and Kerrest #2 loom over.

DR LANGENKAMP #3
 On the count of three, you're
 going to close your eyes and
 travel back in your memories, as
 if you were watching a video
 tape. You can rewind, pause, fast
 forward as you wish.
 (clearing her throat)
 I'm counting to three now. One...
 Two...

TIGHT on Anna's face, her eyelids drowsily closing.

The looming faces of Dr Langenkamp and Kerrest have reverted to their original incarnations since they're no longer in Anna's POV.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 Three. Anna, I want you to go
 back to the moment of the
 incident.

The FOOTAGE starts unfolding in REVERSE at top speed as if
 we were REWINDING the whole film.

EXT. BRIDGE - ANNA'S MEMORIES /FADED COLOURS - NIGHT

Anna re-experiences her fall in reverse, bursting out of
 the water and soaring through the air. The droplets of
 blood are sucked back into her wound, which closes when
 Anna hits the scaffolding. Then she performs a reverse flip
 onto the bridge, landing face to face with the killer.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 Can you tell me who is there with
 you?

Anna's POV: the camera moves up to her attacker's twisted,
 distorted face.

ANNA (V.O.)
 His face is hazy. I can't make
 out his features...

On the edge of his seat, Kerrest looks anxiously at the
 doctor.

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
 Anna, freeze it. All the clues
 are right in front of you.
 Concentrate on the distinguishing
 markers... Like with Mike and
 Maggy ...

Now from Anna's POV, the face starts to come into focus.
 But the lips stretch back into an impossibly wide,
 hideously cruel grin. They keep stretching... Back...
 Back...

... Until we see beneath a crudely-drawn face, crying
 cartoon tears, exactly like the face Nicky drew.

From Anna's POV, her fingers reach into screen and tear
 through the crudely drawn face. The more she tries to grab
 it the more it rips until finally the pieces fall away,
 revealing the distorted blur it was before.

ANNA
 (exhausted)
 I'm sorry I can't-- I...

In the consulting room, Dr Langenkamp shakes her head
 ruefully. Kerrest stands there at a loss, out of his depth.

DR LANGENKAMP
 Her impairment is creating a
 barrier... it's impossible to get
 through, even with hypnosis...

KERREST
 (frustrated)
 Damn it... she knows! She knows
 who he is!

Dr Langenkamp looks down at Anna's pain-wracked face.

DR LANGENKAMP
 (changing tactics)
 I'm going to use suggestion to
 try to forge a bypass
 mechanism...
 (leaning over to Anna)
 Anna? This impression of haziness
 that you describe... I want you
 to fuse it with your attacker's
 face.
 (a beat, then)
 Now, go back in your memories and
 tell me if you've ever seen him
 anywhere else. In the street...
 near your home...

The footage speeds up again in FAST FORWARD EFFECT and...

INT. SUBWAY COMPARTMENT- ANNA'S MEMORIES/FADED COLOURS- DAY

MAN (O.S.)
 Miss? Are you all right?

Anna's gaze runs up a black and white collar to the face of
 the priest: his face is distorted in the same way as the
 man on the bridge - *This was the killer!*

The footage speeds up again, flying by at top speed, to
 another sequence in the film...

EXT. PEDESTRIAN STREET -ANNA'S MEMORIES/FADED COLOURS - DAY

...when Anna is jostled by a hurrying stranger as she
 passes the newsstand.

HURRIED PEDESTRIAN
 Sorry...

His face is distorted in the same way. *He was the killer
 too!*

INT. DR LANGENKAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Kerrest, totally worked up, turns to the doctor.

KERREST
 Ask her if she saw him the night
 he killed Francine!

DR LANGENKAMP
 Quit yapping! I can't read your
 lips!

KERREST
 The evening of her birthday!

DR LANGENKAMP
 (leaning over Anna)
 Anna, I want you to go back to
 the evening of your birthday...
 What do you see?

Anna nods faintly and the footage soon speeds up to return
 to...

INT. PINS'N'NEEDLES CLUB - ANNA'S MEMORIES /FADED COLOURS -
 NIGHT

...the scene in which Anna was kissing the 'wrong' BRYCE on
 the dance-floor. *His face is distorted in the same way!*

INT. DR LANGENKAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Kerrest and Dr Langenkamp look at each other in sick
 dismay.

DR LANGENKAMP
 My God! He was everywhere... with
 her...

Kerrest addresses Anna directly without going through the
 doctor.

KERREST
 (desperate)
 Anna! Did you see him through the
 two-way mirror among the
 suspects?!

DR LANGENKAMP
 (trying to calm him)
 Not so rough! You'll wake her!

Anna remains silent for a second. An eternity for Kerrest.

ANNA
 Yes.

INT. THROUGH THE TWO-WAY MIRROR - ANNA'S MEMORIES /FADED
 COLOURS - DAY

Anna's POV: we hazily see the suspects in the line-up room.
One of them has the same distorted face...

KERREST (V.O.)
 (screaming with urgency)
 Who, Anna? Who was it?

...but we are so close that we are unable to tell which man it is. The image becomes more and more hazy, like a mirage.

ANNA (V.O.)
He's... on the other side of the
mirror... I... I... I don't know--

INT. DR LANGENKAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna starts shaking, repeating like a stuck record:

ANNA
I don't know... I don't know...

The Doctor's fingers finally snap in front of her face.

DR LANGENKAMP
Anna! Wake up!

Anna opens her eyes and gives a slight start on seeing the unfamiliar faces of DR LANGENKAMP #4 and KERREST #3 looming over her. Then a memory comes back to her and she immediately retches.

ANNA
I kissed him!

The doctor lays a comforting hand on Anna's shoulder. Kerrest #3 punches in a number on his cell.

KERREST #3
Hey Lydia. I want warrants for
all 10 perps in the last line-up.
(another beat)
Betcha ass I want 'em now!

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVENING

Officers fire out of the rear entrance, checking their weapons.

INT. HALLWAY - KERREST'S APARTMENT - DOWNTOWN - EVENING

The habitat of a confirmed bachelor - a total shambles. Kerrest #3, who is about to leave, hands a bunch of keys to Anna.

KERREST #3
Sit tight. No one knows you're
here. I'll call you as soon as
we've got 'em all --

ANNA
Be careful.

Kerrest #3 starts to close the door but changes his mind.

KERREST #3
I almost forgot...

He kisses her and looks at her intensely.

KERREST #3
Once all this is over, I'm gonna
take you back to the island...

ANNA
Promise?

KERREST #3
Promise.

Kerrest #3 kisses her again through the gap in the door,
before closing it and locking it.

EXT. CAR PARK - POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVENING

Officers climb into police vans, sirens wailing.

Kerrest (the original actor without the goatee), is just
opening the door of his car when Lanyon (the original
actor) rushes up behind him.

LANYON
What about the DNA?
(waving a report in his
face)
The tests came back negative for
eight out of ten.

KERREST
(doggedly)
I know what I'm doing.

Exasperated by his friend's stubbornness, Lanyon takes him
to one side.

LANYON
You want my opinion? I think you
and Tearjerk Jack have something
in common...
(looking directly into
his eye)
I think you're both in love with
her --

Kerrest stares at him, bewildered.

LANYON
-- And that's the only reason
she's still alive.

KERREST
(uneasy)
Bullshit!

Kerrest shoves him aside and stalks off to his car, fuming.

LANYON

Fine. Go ahead, flush your career
if you want...
(half to himself, half
to Kerrest)
I need to check something...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The convoy hurtles through the streets, lights flashing,
sirens wailing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - KERREST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

INSERT: in a magazine, we read "*Your horoscope told through
tarot cards*".

Anna's finger comes to rest on Taurus, illustrated by the
Lovers. A woman stands at a crossroads. At the end of each
road, a different man waits for her.

ANNA (V.O.)

"It's too late to turn back. It's
time you made the right
choice..."

Anna, sitting in an armchair, puts the magazine down. Her
gaze is drawn to something on the wall opposite: a framed
photo of the island.

A tentative smile forms on Anna's face as she stands to
take a closer look. Suddenly, the cell rings in her pocket.
Anna pulls it out and checks the display.

INSERT: She's received a text message. It reads, "ANNA, I
NEED 2 TALK 2 U - MEET ME @ 9 TONITE @ THE MEDINA - LOVE U
- BRYCE".

Anna rereads the message. She calls the number.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Sorry - the number you dialled is
unavailable.

Anna thinks for a second, then puts on her coat while
dialing another number. She gets through to...

KERREST'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Sam Kerrest. Leave a message and
maybe I'll get back to you.

ANNA

It's Anna. Bryce wants to talk...
I guess I owe him that. I'll be
really careful, promise--
I'm seeing him in a restaurant.
Here's the address...

Anna walks out, phone clenched between her shoulder and ear. She slams the door behind her.

At the other end of the living room, the framed photo of the island falls and shatters on the floor.

INT. SUSPECT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

INSERT on the lock of a door. Something hard slams against it. Again. The third time it splinters as the door is kicked in. Five armed police officers burst into the living room of a TERRIFIED MAN.

POLICEMAN

Go! Go! Go! Get down! Get down!

MONTAGE / JUMP CUTS of other doors being broken down around the city. One arrest follows another...

I/E. LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A lushly appointed Moroccan restaurant in the city.

Anna gets out of a taxi and glances inside before pushing the door open. She anxiously looks around for Bryce.

Her gaze roves from one table to the next before fixing on a STRANGER sitting alone at a table. Is this BRYCE #15? The stranger meets her gaze and smiles weakly.

BRYCE #15

(in a hoarse voice)

Hello, Anna.

(adding awkwardly)

It's me.

BRYCE #15's voice is barely recognizable. Even so, Anna smiles, reassured.

ANNA

I know.

(smiling at his poorly knotted tie)

Only a one-armed man could knot a tie worse than you do.

BRYCE#15 forces a smile and coughs. Anna sits opposite him.

ANNA

Are you sick?

BRYCE #15

I caught a cold in the detention cell, believe it or not.

ANNA

Ah.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

One of the suspects returns home. He sees the police cars outside, turns and heads off in the opposite direction. One of the cops spots him and signals to the others. A siren blares and the man breaks into a sprint. The cops tear after him.

INT. LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A WAITER brings their meals as BRYCE #15 and Anna look at each other, a heavy silence hanging over them.

BRYCE #15
I got my promotion.

ANNA
Congratulations.

BRYCE #15
(in a hoarse voice)
About Francine... I --
(shrugging)
I guess no one had my number at
the motel. If I had known, I'd--

BRYCE #15 lowers his eyes, not knowing how to begin.

BRYCE #15
I've acted like a total asshole.
And not just the other evening.
For a long time now.
(sincerely)
I was angry. I was so angry,
Anna...
(recalling uneasily)
That -- look on your face each
morning... I couldn't help
resenting you for your illness...
(looking up)
... And I'm sorry.

Anna stares at him, surprised by this new humility.
A WAITER suddenly appears with some champagne. Bryce #15
indicates Anna's glass to the waiter.

ANNA
(in surprise)
Bryce... you know I don't like
champagne...

BRYCE #15
(tensing slightly)
I thought it felt right.

CLOSE-UP on Anna, scrutinizing him: Is this really BRYCE?

At this point, the restaurant door opens and Lanyon comes in (with his original appearance since this is not Anna's POV).

Lanyon discreetly looks around and sees Anna sitting at the table with Bryce #15. But, from Lanyon's POV, Bryce #15 is seen from behind: it's impossible to tell if it is really Bryce or someone else...

Lanyon sits on a stool near the bar and watches them discreetly.

Back at the table, from Anna's POV, Bryce #15 takes an envelope from his pocket and clumsily holds it out to her.

BRYCE #15
Here, this is for your birthday.

Anna takes the envelope and tears a corner of it. She sees...

ANNA
Our tickets to Vegas?
(blinking)
I'd almost forgotten...

Anna takes out the plane tickets. A round, gleaming object falls out of the envelope: it's a diamond engagement ring. Anna looks at the ring, then at Bryce #15, speechless.

EXT. POORLY LIT STREET - NIGHT

TWO POLICEMEN slam the doors of a van on the three suspects they've arrested. Amongst them is the cigarillo smoker from the line-up.

POLICEMAN #1
Where's Kerrest?

Policeman #2 shrugs.

INT. LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Anna's finger plays with the ring on the table.

ANNA
(reprising Francine's
words with a wise
smile)
And after I've squeezed out a
couple rug-rats, we'll fix up
some old rat trap and slide
contentedly into senility...

Bryce #15 looks at her, uncomprehending.

ANNA
I tried, Bryce... when your face
kept changing, I *really* tried...
And you know what I found out?
(her eyes shining)
(MORE)

ANNA (cont'd)
 The way you look or don't look
 each morning... It wouldn't
 really matter --

She pushes the ring back towards Bryce #15.

ANNA
 (sadly)
 -- if I truly loved you.

Bryce #15 is utterly demolished. He clumsily puts the ring
 back in his pocket.

BRYCE #15
 After I got your text message I --
 (his voice cracking)
 I really didn't expect this.
 I'm sorry, I'll be right back...

Bryce #15 stands and heads for the restroom, anything to
 get out of there and regain his composure.

From his stool, Lanyon watches Bryce #15 vanish through the
 restroom door, his back still turned to us.

Back to Anna, alone at the table, feeling badly for Bryce.
 And suddenly, a chilling realization dawns on Anna.

ANNA
What text message?

She snatches Bryce's cell that he left beside his plate.

INT. RESTROOM - LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bryce, his back to the camera, is splashing water over his
 face. He straightens up and peers at himself in the mirror.
 He is indeed the real Bryce (original actor).

As he turns to dry his hands, Bryce doesn't see Lanyon
 appear in the mirror behind him. With one swift movement,
 Lanyon grabs him by the hair and smashes his head into the
 mirror!

Bryce slumps to the floor, unconscious. With a stony look
 on his face, Lanyon drags him into a cubicle and kicks the
 door shut.

INT. LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

INSERT on the cell phone display. A text message appears
 before our eyes: "BRYCE I NEED 2 TALK TO U. MEET ME @ THE
 MEDINA @ 9 TONITE - I STILL LOVE U - ANNA".

Anna's blood runs cold. She sits up on her chair and looks
 round at the other diners.

INT. RESTROOM - LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lanyon undresses Bryce who is slumped unconscious against the toilet. He starts by pulling off his shirt.

EXT. POORLY LIT STREET - NIGHT

Kerrest joins the two policemen, glancing in the back of the van. Other police cars race past, sirens wailing.

KERREST
(to his colleagues)
OK, let's get our asses in gear!

But something seems to be bothering him. He pats his trouser pockets.

KERREST
Hey, anyone seen my cell?

INSERT: Kerrest's phone is ringing in the van's glove-box. But the siren tone is drowned out by the actual car sirens.

INT. LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Anna, her cell phone to her ear, is trying to call Kerrest as she looks around in fear.

KERREST'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Sam Kerrest. Leave a message and
maybe I--

ANNA
(hanging up,
exasperated)
Shit!

INT. RESTROOM - LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We are looking straight down into a cubicle: Bryce is propped on top of the toilet, his bulging eyes staring right at us, his bare chest stained from his slit throat.

We SWOOP OVER to the sink right outside the cubicle: Lanyon - now wearing Bryce's clothes - is washing his blood soaked razor under the tap.

Lanyon checks himself in the fractured mirror, adjusts his tie and walks calmly out.

INT. LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Anna is still vainly trying to reach Kerrest on his cell. She looks up and sees Bryce's jacket and shirt step into view.

Anna's POV: another STRANGER sits down in front of her, dressed like Bryce... Used to these changes of face, Anna doesn't see anything odd about this.

ANNA
 (in alarm)
 Bryce, we have to leave - we've
 been set up.
 (looking around)
 I think he's here...

Looking panicky, the fake Bryce/Lanyon #5 glances around. Anna gets up and grabs her coat.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

Kerrest is sitting in the passenger seat, lost in thought.

KERREST
 We've missed something.
 Something...

The van stops at a red light. Finally Kerrest hears the siren tone coming from the glove-box. He grabs the phone and checks his messages.

KERREST'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
 You have one new message. Today
 at 8:36 PM.

ANNA (V.O.)
 It's Anna. Bryce wants to talk...
 I guess I owe him that. I'll be
 really careful, promise--
 I'm seeing him in a restaurant.
 Here's the address...

KERREST
 Shit, shit, shit, SHIT!

Kerrest scribbles the address on a scrap of paper, phone jammed to his ear. He then tries to call Anna. But the suspects are making a hell of a din in the back of the van.

KERREST
 (roaring in rage)
 SHUT THE FUCK UP!!

INT. LOBBY - LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The fake Bryce/Lanyon #5 tosses some money onto the counter and joins Anna at the door. She's calling Kerrest.

ANNA
 Pick up, pick up, pick up...

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

The calls cross: Kerrest gets Anna's voicemail.

ANNA'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Hi, you've reached--

KERREST
(hanging up immediately)
Un-fucking-believable!

The cigarillo smoker raps on the grilled window behind Kerrest. He's holding up a trademark cigarillo.

DAZED SUSPECT
Yo Columbo, got a light?

Kerrest glares at him, then reaches for his lighter and lights the cigarillo through the grille. The suspect takes a drag.

DAZED SUSPECT
You all right man. Relaxed.
Not like that pig who took my
smoke at da line-up...

Kerrest turns to the suspect and focuses on the cigarillo, the pieces of the puzzle instantly dropping into place.

INSERT: the van screeches to a halt in the middle of the street.

INT. LOBBY - LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The fake Bryce/Lanyon #5 courteously opens the restaurant door for Anna who is still looking around.

FAKE BRYCE/LANYON #5
(in a low tone)
Are you coming?

Anna steps out. But as she passes him, something about 'Bryce' attracts her attention. INSERT: his tie knot is perfect.

Anna conceals her surprise as she steps past him. The fake Bryce/Lanyon #5 follows her out of the restaurant.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Tires squealing, the police van weaves its way through the traffic, running red lights.

EXT. LA MEDINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Outside the restaurant, Anna walks alongside the fake Bryce/Lanyon #5, thinking fast. She looks up at him.

Anna's POV: we focus on tiny details: *his hands, the crease in his trousers, his butt...* Over these shots:

DR LANGENKAMP (V.O.)
Whatever happens, don't let the
music stop, Anna...

Anna stops in her tracks, petrified. She knows! 'Bryce' slowly turns to her with a suspicious look.

ANNA
Bryce...
(overcoming her fear)
Kiss me.

'Bryce', surprised, hesitates for a second. Then slightly stiffly, he leans down to kiss her...

...as Anna sprays the can of mace Nina slipped into her bag in his face!

The fake Bryce/Lanyon #5 drops out of frame, blinded, holding his face in his hands. Anna races off.

Lanyon (the original actor) jumps back up into frame, coughing and spitting, just in time to see Anna vanish round the corner of the street.

He sets off after her, a remorseless, murderous look etched in his face...

EXT. STREET PARALLEL TO THE RIVER - NIGHT (STEADICAM)

We follow Anna as she flees frenziedly, shoving passers-by aside. She glances back...

... and sees a stranger running towards her, dressed in Bryce's clothes. Each time someone flits past, his face changes...

Anna keeps running, terrified, chanting a sort of mantra:

ANNA
Black jacket... no, navy blue!
Green tie...

In the distance, a siren wails.

I/E. POLICE VAN & SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The van arrives within sight of the restaurant. Inside, Kerrest barks rapid orders into his phone.

KERREST
Think about it, Lydia! Lanyon was
at the line-up... He had access
to all the evidence -- The kid
was the perfect smokescreen! It
all fits together!
(MORE)

KERREST (cont'd)
 (a beat, then)
 Fuck waiting for back-up! We
 don't have time!

All of a sudden, Kerrest is drawn to something in the rear view mirror: Anna vanishing round the corner of a street.

The van door flies open and Kerrest leaps out, a man possessed, in his white shirt and holster...

KERREST
 (sprinting after her)
 ANNA! ANNA!

EXT. STREET PARALLEL TO THE RIVER - NIGHT

Anna runs into the road and is almost hit by a car that jabs its horn angrily... she resumes her frenzied flight, slipping down a back street.

Further down the street, Kerrest comes running into view. Lanyon is squatting behind a parked car. He sees Kerrest in the rear view mirror.

Impulsively, he whips off Bryce's jacket, revealing his holster, then takes off his tie and shirt, under which he wears the same white shirt as Kerrest.

EXT. AVENUE ALONG THE RIVER - NIGHT

Anna is about to turn at the corner of the street...

...but, by a strange twist of fate, finds her path blocked once again by the endless stream of roller-bladers, almost in the same spot as before...

MAN (O.S.)
 Anna!

Anna spins round, turning her back on the roller-bladers. From her POV, we see a STRANGER in a white shirt, a holster under his arm, running towards her from the left.

MAN #2 (O.S.)
 Anna!

ANOTHER MAN with the same shirt and holster, runs towards her from the right.

Anna's gaze pans from one to the other: their faces are identical, like twin brothers.

The two men see each other and draw their guns at the same time, as if each is aiming at a reflection.

MAN #2
 Drop the gun, Lanyon! Drop it!

MAN #1
 You drop it, shithead!
 (turning to Anna)
 Don't listen to him, he's Lanyon!

Both men are shouting and we are unable to tell their voices apart over the din of the roller-bladers.

CLOSE-UP on Anna, unable to tell who is who. She turns to the stream of roller-bladers... and rushes into them!

EXT. LINE OF ROLLER-BLADERS - NIGHT

In a frenetically cut sequence, Anna tries to cross the mass of roller-bladers who rush at her from all sides. Some brush past, others dodge her at the last second, slicing the air as they pass.

ROLLER-BLADER (O.S.)
 Outta the way, bitch!

SWISH PAN to Kerrest (the original actor) also rushing into the seething mass. He barely dodges a roller-blader by jumping out of his way...

SWISH PAN to Lanyon (the original actor) also lost in the mass, dodging the roller-bladers with the agility of a cat...

Anna advances blindly, as if in a huge swarm of bees. She thinks she catches a sudden glimpse of...

...the glinting blade of the killer's razor that flashes intermittently between two roller-bladers...

Kerrest, gun in hand, catches sight of Anna straight ahead...

KERREST
 Anna! Look ou--

A ROLLER-BLADER crashes right into him: Kerrest is thrown forward and rolls over the ground. His gun skitters into the swarm of roller-bladers.

A short distance away, Anna has almost made her way out when something strikes her foot: Kerrest's gun. She picks it up and finally emerges from the swarm, finding herself...

EXT. PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE UNDER REPAIR - NIGHT

...back where it all began. The bridge stretches out ahead of her like a sinister invitation.

Gun in hand, Anna sets off across it.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN PATH - BRIDGE UNDER REPAIR - NIGHT

We slip through the scaffolding and wind-lashed plastic sheeting that divides the pedestrian route from the bridge proper. Despite the bridge's narrowness, this transforms it into a cramped, claustrophobic labyrinth.

The silhouette of a man appears behind one of the plastic sheets.

MAN (O.S.)
 (whispering, his voice
 impossible to identify)
 Anna? It's me, are you there?
 Anna?

Beneath the sheeting, Anna is huddled against the edge of the bridge. The shadow vanishes. Anna slowly stands... and risks a peep through a hole in the sheeting...

...just as the man passes in front of the hole!

Anna turns away just in time. On the other side, we see the man's face clearly through the hole. It's Kerrest. Unable to see Anna, he continues on his way.

Chest heaving, unable to tell which man is there, Anna looks over the edge of the bridge at the dark waters of the river, 20 feet below. She has an idea.

At another spot on the bridge, Lanyon slips between the scaffolding, his gun in one hand and the razor in the other.

LANYON
 (as if he were Kerrest)
 How did it come to this, Eric?
 Anna, Stay right where you are...

Lanyon stealthily moves over to a piece of plastic sheeting that hides a corner of the bridge.

LANYON
 Nice and safe...

With one swift movement, Lanyon whisks back the edge of the sheeting with his razor. Anna isn't behind it.

Lanyon hears the police sirens approaching in the distance.

Lost in the maze of sheeting and scaffolding, Kerrest also hears the sirens.

KERREST
 (shouting)
 Anna! Stay hidden! Back up will
 be here any m--

A bullet careens off the scaffolding just above his ear. Kerrest ducks. If only he had his gun...

Lanyon, his gun smoking, looks around, animal-like, trying to pinpoint Kerrest in the maze of rustling shadowy plastic.

Meanwhile, Anna has taken off her shoes and tucked the gun under her belt. She climbs over the edge of the bridge and, hidden by a length of plastic sheeting, moves perilously along the outside.

LANYON (O.S.)
 First, there's the fucking kid...
 (distraught)
 ...who sees me off his mother...
 (shouting)
 You think he'd tell someone, huh?
 But oh no! Not a word! Not a
 single peep! In a year! The
 traumatized little fucker...

Kerrest listens, squatting down, sickened.

LANYON (O.S.)
 Then there's you, Anna... who saw
 me crying when that's NOT
 ALLOWED!
 (laughing nervously)
 It was so... magical... you've
 lost all the other faces because
 of it!

Anna continues to edge gingerly along the bridge...

...when, with a sound of RIPPED PLASTIC, the face of a STRANGER (Lanyon #6) bursts through the sheeting, razor in hand, a few inches from her face!

Anna, terrified, screams and lets go! She grabs hold of the scaffolding with one hand, her legs thrashing in the air...

LANYON #6
 Oh no! You're not doing your big
 diving act again!

Gripping the scaffolding with one hand, Anna aims the gun at his face with the other.

ANNA
 Eat this, you bas--

The trigger clicks. Nothing happens.

LANYON #6
 (annoyed)
 Goddamn it, Anna, the safety
 catch! This is getting fucking
 ridiculous!

He pulls his head back from the hole and vanishes...

Anna hoists herself over the edge and up onto the pedestrian walkway of the bridge again. Her hands shaking, she examines the gun and finds the safety catch. Click.

Back to Kerrest, a mere 15 feet behind but still lost in the maze of plastic sheets and scaffolding. As he edges forward he slips on something and grabs a pipe to steady himself. He looks down to see a streak of spilled oil. An idea forms in his mind.

A short distance away, Anna, holding the gun with both hands, wheels round on the spot in terror. She takes a step back... and finds herself face to face with a STRANGER in the middle of the bridge. His hands are empty.

STRANGER

Shhhh!

Anna stares at him long and hard, unable to tell who he is. He takes a step towards her. BLAM! A bullet slams into the metal by his toe.

ANNA

(gun hand shaking)

Stay where you are... I *mean* it.

The stranger stops and looks over his shoulder.

STRANGER

(whispering)

It's me, Anna. And if we stay here, we make one hell of a target...

(he steps forward again, holding his hand out to her)

Please Anna, give me back my gun...

Anna backs away, clutching the gun tight. She desperately tries to discern who the voice belongs to but the blast of the wind through the scaffolding makes it impossible.

ANNA

Stop!

STRANGER

(thinking fast)

Anna... On the island, there's a school with a half dozen pupils...

Anna freezes, wracked by doubt.

STRANGER

Recognize me now?

INSERT: in his sleeve, he holds the unfolded razor.

We return to Kerrest: with one finger, he is frantically smearing the oil on his chin and upper lip.

Meanwhile, the fake Kerrest is just a few steps from Anna. She lowers her gun... but then changes her mind.

ANNA

What did you promise me earlier,
just before you left?

STRANGER/LANYON #7

Very good. I could have told
Lanyon about the weekend but
that's something only I can know,
right?

Pretending to run his hand over his face, Lanyon #7 pulls
out the razor without Anna noticing...

...when another man bursts out from behind the scaffolding,
surprising them both. Anna, with a start, trains the gun on
him.

And, from Anna's POV, we recognize Kerrest, with his
original face again. He has daubed a goatee on his face in
oil so Anna will recognize him.

KERREST

Anna! LOOK OUT!

Lanyon #7 pounces on Anna, a truly deranged gleam in his
eye. The razor slashes down in a bright arc...

...when Anna fires at point-blank range.

REVERSE ANGLE: Lanyon screams in agony as his razor and two
fingers are blasted away. They fall spinning into the
depths.

LANYON #7

(to Anna)

I knew... you were the one...
who'd end all this shit.

A shivering, wild-eyed LANYON turns from Anna, breathless,
to Kerrest who is standing behind him, a mixture of pity
and revulsion in his eyes. In the b.g we hear sirens
approaching.

KERREST

(gesturing to Lanyon's
holster)

Just give me the gun, Eric. Don't
make this any uglier...

Lanyon bursts into excruciating tears of self-hatred, pulls
out his gun and holds it out limply toward Kerrest.

Relieved, Kerrest trudges over and clasps a hand on
Lanyon's gun...

... But before he can pull it free, Lanyon launches
forward and, with a howl of frustration, tackles Kerrest.

The momentum of this violent move throws them off balance
and the two men crash through a plastic sheet of the
scaffolding. Scrabbling furiously to cling onto anything,
they topple over the bridge!

ANNA

No!

Powerless, Anna runs frenziedly toward the bridge's edge.

EXT. OVER THE BRIDGE / SCAFFOLDING / RIVER - NIGHT

A half-built section of scaffolding stretching from the river level to the bridge. Struts and columns jut out at odd angles.

Half way down, Kerrest and Lanyon are both hanging by one hand onto a steel pipe, fighting over the gun with the other hand.

Right above them, Anna leans over the bridge and points her gun, trying to draw a bead on Lanyon but he and Kerrest are too tightly entangled.

Below, Lanyon viciously kicks Kerrest in the stomach with one foot and manages to wrench the gun from his grasp.

Kerrest clambers, hand over fist to the end of the pipe. Lanyon shoots with his injured hand, barely missing him.

Kerrest, wrapping his legs around the girder, frenziedly unscrews the large circular bolt holding the pipe...

Lanyon raises the gun again, now aiming it straight at Kerrest...

... When the section of the pipe he was hanging from detaches itself from the rest of the scaffolding!

Lanyon drops gracefully, an incredulous bewildered look on his face...

... impaling himself ten feet below on a loose vertical pipe jutting from the water. It rips through his chest in a shower of gore. Lanyon's body sags, his face frozen in mute shock.

Above, Anna helps Kerrest climb back over the bridge's railing. Utterly exhausted, Kerrest stands there, smiling at her. Anna smiles back, tears of relief welling in her eyes...

INSERT BELOW on Lanyon's mutilated hand raising his gun, aiming at Anna and Kerrest above. BAM!

A shot echoes in the night. On the bridge, both Anna and Kerrest are jolted with surprise. They look at each other to make sure they're okay...

... when horribly, a flower of blood blossoms across Kerrest's shirt.

ANNA

NO!

Hyperventilating, Kerrest spins round unsteadily, seeing Lanyon below, the gun still smoldering.

TIGHT ON LANYON's face, his last tear, a tear of blood, trickling from one eye.

LANYON
(with his last breath)
Guess you'll... heh... never take
her... to the police ball...

He slumps, finally dead, the waves washing the blood oozing from his body.

Above, on the bridge, Anna rushes over to a staggering Kerrest. Slipping from Anna's grip, he collapses against the railing. Anna kneels over him, in great distress.

KERREST
(lying)
I'll be okay. I'll be okay...

ANNA
Don't move. Don't say anything.

Anna, helpless, watches the blood blossom darkly over Kerrest's white shirt.

ANNA
Don't leave me! You have no right
to leave me...
(a beat, then)
I love you.

KERREST
(with a faint smile)
No, you don't... I'm just...
(choking but still
smiling)
...I'm just a face in the crowd.

Anna kisses him in desperation. When she pulls back, Kerrest stares at her with shining eyes.

KERREST
You'll -- find someone else...
You'll see. You--

He's dead. Anna stares at him, holding back her tears. A drop of water lands on the Detective's face. Then two. Then ten. Torrential rain starts falling over the city.

Anna watches blandly as the oil from Kerrest's chin then his features are slowly washed away by the rain, becoming those of a total STRANGER.

With the torrential rain drowning her tears, Anna struggles to her feet and turns her back on him. She walks across to the opposite bank, a tiny figure lost in the dark sheets of rain. The sirens draw closer in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - MISTY MORNING

The pale shores of the island. Anna is alone on the beach, comfortable in Kerrest's sweater. Her hair has grown. There's a newfound air of wisdom in the way she gazes knowingly into the rolling waves.

ANNA (V.O.)

I live here now. The education department accepted my transfer request...

INT. SCHOOL - ISLAND - DAY

Through the window of a quaint classroom, we catch a glimpse of Anna teaching SEVEN PUPILS: four girls aged 8, a boy aged 4 and two young women aged 13.

ANNA (V.O.)

I recognize each of my pupils perfectly...

EXT. STREET - VILLAGE - ISLAND - DAY

A charmingly rustic street on which a farmer's market has been set up. Anna ambles lazily down it, carrying a bag of groceries. As bright sunshine spills into her face, she brushes a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

ANNA (V.O.)

As well as the handful of people who live here in the off season...

Anna greets the odd passer-by, who returns her greeting. There's something slightly distant about her smile.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The ocean ROARS and the waves crash on the beach. In the distance, Anna walks with a new incarnation of Nina (#9).

ANNA (V.O.)

Nina comes to see me from time to time. She's still single... Me? I'm just taking one step at a time...

INT. BUSY MALL - DAY

A crowded shopping mall on a sunny Saturday afternoon.

ANNA (V.O.)
 Sometimes, I go to the mainland,
 to a mall where I don't know
 anyone and where no one cares if
 I don't recognize them...

Tight on Anna, pushing a trolley, gazing absently at the crowded aisles.

Anna's POV: strangers as far as the eye can see. We hold on a bearded man...

ANNA (V.O.)
 Sometimes I see a face in the crowd... And, for a fraction of a second, it's like I see him again-

Anna's POV: someone passes in front of the bearded man. When he reappears, we think we see Kerrest... but the illusion doesn't last long and the man disappears from view.

ANNA (V.O.)
 That's the only way I can keep his face in my memory...

Suddenly, a bright, excitable voice squeals with glee behind Anna. She swishes round to find...

ANNA'S DAUGHTER
 (delighted)
 Mommy! Look!!!

... An angelic 4 year old little girl with bright awestruck eyes. She's holding out a stuffed bird as carefully as if it were a live one, offering it to her mom with a delighted smile.

ANNA (V.O.)
 Except when I look into her eyes.

Anna sweeps her daughter off her feet and plants a lingering peck on her forehead then on the stuffed bird.

ANNA (V.O.)
 Just when I thought I'd lost everything, I found a face...
 One face in which I can always read love.

Hand in hand, mother and daughter rush off into the crowd like playful kids. Their gleeful faces vanish into the crowd of hurrying shoppers.

THE END.

Prosopagnosia' or 'Face blindness' was coined by German neurologist Joachim Bodamer in 1947. This impairment affects 2% of the population. The symptoms depicted in this screenplay are real.

Few successful therapies have so far been developed for those affected, although individuals often learn to use 'feature by feature' recognition strategies.