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Faces In The Crowd

By Julien Magnat

[soft music]
[alarm clock beeping]
[beeping continues]
[beeping stops]

Hi.

Hi.

Have we met
somewhere before?

Mm-hm, I don't
think so.

Mm.

[beeping]

Ah.

Late.

Very late, Anna.

You put the alarm
back again.

[shower running]

Stautenmeyer is
calling into the
office this morning.

We're gonna
talk to them about
making me partner.

Wow. That's amazing.

Yeah, you're gonna
have to work on being
a little more corporate.

Yeah, work on this.

Jesus!

Not funny.

Ha ha.

In other news, the serial
killer now known as
Tearjerk Jack...

continues to spread terror
across the East Side.

Police have verified
the disco very of
a fifth victim...

in the early hours
this morning.

We will continue
to follow the story

for you as develop
Shouldn't you be handing out
gold stars instead of earning
yellow ribbons on FarmVille?
I was just checking
pre-delays in the subway.
What do you think?
I like it a
little rough,
but I guess...
[German accent]
Mr. Stautenmeyer likes his
men a little different.
No, he does
like it smooth.
[laughs]
/woman over P.A.]
Next stop.
"A chance encounter
with a mysterious stranger...
could be a bridge
to new exciting
opportunities."
Wow, that looks
like modern art.
It's a little Picasso
we've got going
over here.
(Anna)
Whoa.
Oh, no.
It's so not
a big deal.
Why don't we get
a sponge from over there
and clean it up, okay?
All right.
[children's
muffled laughter]
Okay, got it.
[laughing]
Woo! Woo!
I got you.
Oh, no, you got me.

Oh, no, you got me.
Hello. I am here
to pick up
Robert. He's
in the sandpit.
Oh, you're good.
I don't know how
you tell them apart.
[cell phone rings]
Hello!
(woman)
Hi, Supernanny.
Any h unklicio us
divorcee to report...
or are you too
busy potty-training
their offspring ?
You're so bad.
I'm still on the
clock, you know.
So, are you
coming today?
Yeah, it's Tuesday, right?
You bet your ass I am.
No, I'd rather
drink the calories.
Mm, six-and-a-half.
Not too bad.
I would say seven.
Look left
to the bar. Quick.
Ten out of ten.
Not too shabby.
Not too shabby at all.
I wouldn't kick him
out of bed for
eating crackers.
Or anything else.
Does that matter?
Okay. So, I wanna know
how was Justin Timberlake
last week?
Hm. Had a few drinks.
Went back to his

Need I elaborate?
I had more fun
with a broken vibrator.
Does it ever
get tiring,
being a slut?
/'// tell you
one thing you
never get tired of.
That moment
when you wake up
and for a second...
you have no idea where
you are or who the hell
the guy is next to you.
/ live
for that stuff
I guess it complicates things
a little bit less, right?
Yeah.
I mean, sometimes
with Bryce
No, enough
with Bryce.
If you're done
with him, just
hand him over.
Come on, girls.
Big smiles.
Just think
in three months...
we will be sipping
those dirty martinis
on Laguna Beach.
Hey, guys, I was--
I wanted to tell you,
but, um...
I don't think I'm gonna
be able to make it
this year.
What?
It's sacred.
It's a ritual.
I know. It's just Bryce

wants to take us to Vegas...
to celebrate
our first year
and stuff.
Classy.
He's so gonna
pop the question.
Okay, listen,
we just moved
in together.
And what are you
waiting for? Get dumped for
some skanky-ass cheerleader?
If he pulls out
a ring, you should
snatch it, girl.
Thank you.
You know, once
you've squeezed out
a couple of rug-rats...
you'll fix up
some money pit and slide
contentedly into senility.
Fran cine, for
a second there...
I forgot why
you're still single.
[whispering]
Oh, my God,
you guys.
Mister "Ten-Out-of-Ten"
over there is totally
checking me out.
Oh, well, no sense
in letting him go
to waste.
Another drink.
Yeah, I know, it's cool.
I mean, he's not hot
at all.
I mean, he's certainly
not my type.
Excuse me, between
my nose and my rack...

which do you think
I should get done first?
Major alcoholic.
She's got problems.
Come on.
I'm sorry.
Wilcox and Third, please.
Get in.
I'll drive you home.
It's okay.
Unlike some people
I know, I can walk.
(taxi driver)
Are you getting
in or what?
Hey, ma'am, lookout!
Hey, check it out.
[man and woman moaning]
[woman laughing]
[woman's sharp groan]
[man sobbing]
[loud sobbing]
[cell phone rings]
[ringing]
[shouts]
[shouts]
[shouts]
[shouting]
No!
[screams]
(Bryce)
Anna? Anna!
(Nina)
Will she be okay?
(Bryce)
Somebody tell me.
They ran all the tests
again this morning.
[mixed voices]
(Francine)
Look, she's waking up.
Anna?
Anna, can you hear me?
- Hey, chica, we're here.

- Are you okay?
Who are you?
Anna, it's me.
It's Bryce.
[groans]
Oh, my head.
You're fine.
My head hurts.
Nothing is broken.
You are a blue-eyed
miracle, kid.
Don't. Don't touch me.
Who are you?
It's us, chica.
Hey, don't you
recognize us?
Anna? You've been
unconscious for
over a week.
Doctor.
He's not Bryce.
It's okay, Anna.
Calm down.
i's not him.
it's not Bryce.
I know Bryce.
Anna, you just need
to relax. You need
some rest.
You got a nasty
bump on your head.
It's all right, Anna.
Please, l-l
don't need that.
Anna!
Don't touch me.
Don't touch me!
Anna! Anna, wait.
She's confused.
[muffled]
Do you think
she's okay?
It's okay.
(Bryce)

Anna, sweetheart.
(doctor)
Open the door.
Anna, it's me.
Okay. Okay.
Sh, sh.
[panting]
[muffled sob]
Take a close look
at this, please.
And this one?
Is that the same
face you see?
No.
Both photos are
of the same man.
What you are
experiencing are
symptoms of prosopagnosia.
Sorry, proso-what?
Prosopagnosia
or face blindness.
It-it's an impairment
in face perception...
caused by a lesion
on the temporal lobe.
It's this part
of the brain that
allows us in a nanosecond...
to compare someone's face
with all of the faces
stored in our memory.
You wanna dumb it down
a little bit, Doc?
Every time you look
at someone's face...
it's as if you've
never seen them before.
Even someone close to you.
Even your
own reflection.
However, confirmed cases
of prosopagnosia are
extremely rare.

Anna is probably
suffering a slight
cerebral shock.
If the symptoms
persist, you'll need
to see another specialist...
for a second opinion.
Twenty-dollar
words for stuff...
they know nothing about.
Psychiatrists for ya.
I had the place
cleaned for when
you came back.
Thank you.
You know, I really
thought I was gonna
lose you there.
Come here.
So, are you getting
used to my new looks?
Are they an
improvement at least?
Yeah, I mean...no.
Y-you look great.
You see?
It's not all bad.
It'll pass.
And everything
will go back to
the way that it was.
Hey, at least some
things never change.
[phone rings]
Oh, that'll be
your dad.
He's been calling
non-stop on some
crackly line from Argentina.
[ringing]
Hello.
Uh, no.
I just brought her home.
No, I understand but

If you want.
Okay, I'll bring her in.
All right.
Hey.
Hey.
Everything okay?
Yeah.
Who was that?
It was just the police.
Some detective.
He keeps calling.
He wants to take
your statement. Now.
Guess you put
a pretty good
fight, huh?
How do you know that?
I called your cell.
On the bridge, remember?
I heard things.
I'm the one who
called the police.
[sighs]
(detective)
Any more interna/ memos
end up in the Tribune...
/'// personally tear
the son of a bitch
a new ass hole.
Miss Marchant, correct?
How's the head?
You're the boyfriend?
Yeah. Bryce.
I'm Kerrest.
This way.
Watch your step.
Oh, I'm so sorry.
Oh, don't go in.
Just sign this
before you do anything.
Oh, you're wearing
that pretty blue tie.
Thank you.
[cell phone

siren ringtone]
Would you change this
goddamn cell phone ring?
Why don't you just figure it out
yourself, you freaking loser.
A pasta bracelet.
It's all we found
on the bridge.
No bag, no phone.
Are you sure they
didn't fall with you?
I'm gonna ask you
not to cancel your
cell phone contract.
The asshole's probably not
stupid enough to use it,
but you never know.
So you really think
that it's him?
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 even have
a snappy name for him.
Tearjerk Jack.
So, are you
gonna protect her?
This, my friend...
is what we have
to wade through just
to request police protection.
Twenty of these get
dumped on the Chief's
desk e very morning.
Cops parked outside
your house 24/7
scarfing doughnuts.
Strictly 911 territory.
He's got my papers.
He's got my address.
And he's not stupid enough
to go after the one person

who can recognize him, right?

Look...

[clears throat]

I'm sorry you had
to meet this year's
whackjob.

You wanna feel safe?

Help me catch
the son of a bitch.

What do you got
for me here?

Thirty-five, forty,
tall, dark?

I'm not letting you
out of here until you
give me more than this.

Did you
or did you not
see his face?

Did you
or did you not
see his face?

Yes, I did.

Good. We're
getting somewhere.

Here. Look these
over carefully.

Take your time.

This is bullshit!

Miss Marchant, you haven't
even looked at half of these.

I can't remember
his face, okay?

Since the accident

Anna, justsh.

She just got out
of the hospital.

She needs rest.

Rest? You go tell that to
the six women whose throat
he cut from ear to ear!

I apologize if I'm
rattling your cage...

but I'd rather the next

time we meet you weren't
lying on a slab.
I can't recognize
faces anymore.
Do you understand?
Since the accident I
That-that man could be
right in front of me
and I wouldn't know it.
Please, don't
waste your time
trying to scare me...
because I am.
I already am.
Call the hospital.
They'll explain.
(man)
Hey, Nicky.
Lanyon, I've been
trying to reach you
for the last two hours.
Man, it's Wednesday.
Nicholas. No cell.
Guess who
just woke up
and walked in?
Anna Marchant.
Dammit, not a
diet Pepsi.
So, what's the story?
You got any leads?
Can we talk?
So, this
face blindness...
is it temporary
or permanent?
They have no
freaking idea.
[chuckles]
You think
it's funny?
Well, she's the only one
who's seen him, and she
can't recognize anybody?

You gotta admit
it's pretty far out.
How's the kid doing?
He still hasn't
uttered a word.
We have no lead, no ID.
Jorgensen in forensics...
even pushed a trace
on the tear sample...
through the Feds'
DNA database. Nada.
The guy is
a freaking ghost.
You're the mind reader
with the fancy diploma.
You know what I think?
The guy has to kill women
to be able to touch them.
Well, that's sad.
The melancholy
killer theory?
I mean, come on.
You gotta give me
more than that.
He weeps because
his sexual compulsions
disgust him. He
he only kills so
they won't see him
as he truly is.
Anna Marchant
saw him.
Yeah, and she-she survived.
I think he's gonna be
really interested in her.
Let me head down the Mission.
Have another crack at that
hobo who fished her out.
Good luck.
We got nothing out
of him but sea shanties.
[gasps]
[water running]
[sighs]

[muffled shriek]

[birds chirping]

Hey, there.

Have we met

somewhere before?

[gasps]

[softly]

Hey.

[whispers]

I'm sorry.

It was just

a bad dream.

Hey, it's okay.

Look, they need me

at the office this

morning but

Now, if you

want, I can

No, it's okay. I'm

I'm fine.

Are you sure?

Hey.

Hey.

You gave me quite

a ride, old boy.

Why weren't you down

at the Mission?

It's dirty there.

Might not be the Savoy

but at least it's safe.

Anything could happen

to you down here.

And what

do you care, huh?

[laughs]

I got some questions

and this time I really

need the answers.

(Anna's father)

The soonest I can get out is

on Tuesday's red eye

from Buenos Aires.

Look, I'll

take you to dinner.

I'll spoil you rotten.
Well, that
sounds great.
You know what?
Why don't you come
meet me at school?
I start back on Wednesday.
Okay, any cfe/ays
I'll call you.
Can you call me
on Bryce's Blackberry?
Do you have that number?
/ ha ve it,
I ha ve it.
Now listen...
/ wish I could've
been there for you.
It's okay, Dad.
I love you, okay?
I'll see you then.
I love you, too,
Snowflake. Bye.
Bye.
[calling]
[doorbell]
Hello.
It's us, chica.
Open up!
Hi, Sleeping Beauty.
Know who we
are this time?
Oh, yeah.
I mean, absolutely.
/ was just really
zoned out last time.
I mean, I'm
really fine.
Well, look. You made
the front page.
You're famous, bebe.
God, I got away.
[reads murmuring]
Oh, my God.
In heaven there's no beer.

Let's drink it all
right here.
In heaven there's no beer.
Let's drink it all
right here!
Look who's back.
Hello, handsome.
You feel
like remembering?
There's a two-six
in it for ya. Right?
Oh. I'll call you.
Or I'll text you.
[laughing]
[chuckling]
Martinis at 11 a.m.
It's almost midnight
in Shanghai.
Just drink up.
[gasps]
Nina, you did not
just post that pic.
I look squinty.
No, no, delete
I don't think so!
Por fa vor.
[whispering]
I'll be right back.
Okay, chica.
[singing]
Hello.
Hey.
What do you want now?
[clears throat]
Do you see anything?
[British accent]
No.
Just reminds me of
Europe After the Rain
by Max Ernst.
I'm sorry?
So, what was I supposed
to see exactly?
Well, l-l-l guess

if I really have,
uh, proso
Prosopagnosia.
Yes.
Well, you tell me.
Can you or can you not
see people's faces?
Well, of course
I can see
people's faces.
It's just that
they keep changing
all the time.
So, you have the answer
to your question.
Cinnamon candy?
But there must be
some sort of treatment.
Medication or
[laughs]
Face blindness isn't
something you just catch,
Miss Marchant.
It's something
you lose.
What are you
telling me?
That I'm gonna be
stuck like this forever?
You're gonna have to
get used to people's
faces changing...
as soon as you lose
sight of them.
Out of a thousand faces...
one might
miraculously linger.
Thank you so much.
Doctor.
Faces are the bar code
of the human race.
Ever since mankind
went tribal...
we're constantly looking

at each other's faces...
trying to decide whether
they're friends, foes
or lovers.

Don't underestimate
the seriousness of your
condition, Miss Marchant.

[alarm clock beeping]

[beeping]

[beeping stops]

I don't wanna
be late for school.

Okay, everybody.

Urn, can I-can I get
some quiet, please?

Great.

Urn--

so today, uh,
we are going to play
a new type of game.

Okay?

And we get
to wear stickers!

And it's gonna
be superfun.

Fun, fun, fun.

So when

I call your name...

I want you to come up
to my desk one by one...

starting with

Caroline Beasley.

Now, for this
game to work...

I need you to wear
the sticker all day long...
and don't take it off.

Do you understand?

Yes, Miss Marchant.

Does everybody understand?

Please, keep your stickers
on all day.

Charlotte Canton.

[children shouting]

Stop. You guys,
settle down. Please.
Caroline.
I didn't do anything!
I need you
to turn around
I need to see your stickers.
Hi. I'm here
for my daughter.
Your daughter. Uh
Sandra.
Sandra. Sandra.
Uh, Sandra.
Uh-
Miss, Miss.
Miss, I need
to go pee.
Okay, sweetie,
go pee.
I'm sorry,
I'm in a bit of a rush.
Where's my daughter?
Sorry. Uh, Sandra.
Sandra?
Miss, Sandra left
with her daddy.
Left with her dad.
You let her go
with my ex-husband?
Are you insane?
I told you
not to let her go
with my ex-husband!
I have full custody!
What time did they go?
Was he with somebody?
I need to know if he
was with somebody.
That is really,
really important.
[children making noise]
[noise increases]
Shut up!
[school bell rings]

I have trouble
concentrating on
names, that's all.
But it will pass.
I mean, it will pass.
In the meantime...
how are you gonna
watch the children
in the yard?
Or during
swimming classes?
With your stickers?
[sighs]
Anna, you're
my best teacher.
But I'm gonna have
to suspend you.
I'm sorry.
If you're better
by September, I'll
see what I can do.
"Be wary
of appearances...
and an unexpected
invitation to dinner."
[sirens wailing]
Carotid artery and
the larynx are severed,
just like the others.
Looks like a match.
Missed him by minutes.
[cell phone ringing]
Kerrest.
He's here.
He's here with
me right now.
Whoa, whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa.
What's going on?
I'm on the subway.
And the bag I lost...
he put it right
on the seat in
front of me.

Hold on.
You saw him?
No, but there-there was
somebody watching me
outside the school.
Maybe he followed me
into the train.
The bag,
you sure
it's yours?
Of course I'm sure.
I might not know people's
faces, but I know my own
damn handbag.
All right.
So, the guy you saw,
what's he look like?
How the hell
should I know?
It could be
any goddamn
one of them.
You gotta
help me out here,
all right?
I can't shut down
a whole subway just
for a handbag.
[nervous voice]
Urn, okay.
He was wearing
an orange shirt,
a bright orange shirt.
Orange shirt.
Thank you. Where
are you exactly?
Line four, going
to Harlin Street.
You need to listen to me.
Whatever you do, you stay
on that train.
Make sure that people
are around you.
I'm gonna

Hello?

[whispers]

Hello?

[phone off the hook]

Damn.

/woman over P.A.]

Those connecting to fine

two, this is your exit.

Make sure

where you go.

No!

[alarm goes off]

You stay

away from me.

Stay away!

What's going on?

Don't move, buddy.

Stay where you are.

What the hell

is going on here?

Anna, you told me

to meet you after work.

I see you running down

into the subway.

What the hell is going on here?

Just stand still, sir.

For God's sake, Snowflake.

Why are you so scared of me?

Daddy?

Let go.

Oh, Daddy.

[sobbing]

I'm so sorry.

Oh, Daddy.

Sweetie, it's all right.

It's all right.

I'm okay.

[phone ringing]

Hey, it's Anna and Bryce.

We 're not home.

Please leave a message. Bye.

Hi, Snowflake.

Look, I'm back

at the airport.

Listen to me.
You have to tell Bryce
about your condition.
You can't
just ignore it.
[beep]
[sniffles]
[whining]
[crying]
[shouts]
[doorbell chimes]
Hi.
Miss Marchant! Hello!
I just wanted
to tell you.
Oh, God.
Everything you said...
you were right.
When I was 16...
I had two
passions in life.
Horse-back riding
and opera.
I dreamt of being
the next Callas.
Until the horse
threw me head-first
into a brick wall.
The accident
left me deaf...
and I had to rule out
an operatic career.
You're deaf?
Oh, yes, as a post.
I have to read your lips
to know what you're saying.
But I can still
hear Wagner.
I just have to close
my eyes and listen.
And you too are going
to have to learn...
to find your
inner music.

Everyone always
goes on about sight,
hearing, smell.
But there's
another sense.
A hidden one.
The Japanese
call it "muga."
It's the sense that
allows you to walk...
without having to think
about putting one foot
in front of the other.
You lose this sense...
and you will become
like some of my
other patients.
Socially paralyzed...
withdrawing from
the world into the
safety of isolation.
That's a tempting option.
[whispering]
No, I don't want that.
I wanna live normally.
Every day people
are going to resent you...
for not recognizing
who they are.
They'll call you rude,
forgetful, stupid, liar.
Now, are you willing
to fight back...
with all your might?
Yeah.
To try and try again
without losing heart,
without giving an inch?
Yes.
Good.
Then let's get to work.
Allow me
to introduce you...
to Mike...

and Maggie.
Hard to tell apart
at first sight,
aren't they?
Take a closer look.
Maggie is a little
paler, don't you think?
Oh, and look.
She had this scar...
on her forehead.
You see ?
It gets more complicated
when you have to pick Mike
and Maggie out at a party...
among all
the other guests.
Yeah.
You're going to learn
to focus on distinctive
markers in people.
A mole, a tattoo,
their gait.
Anything that stands out
that makes it easier to
identify that person.
Right.
What's the first thing
you look at in a man,
after his face?
My friends and I
look at his butt.
[chuckles]
Well, what else
is there to look at?
Right.
Paler in complexion,
small scar on the forehead.
That's Maggie.
Congra tula Hons.
J3 A thousand faces J3
J3 Looking in
All directions J3
J3 Leading me
To something J3

J3 I can ne ver see J3
J3 Why do you think
I come here J3
J3 Why do you think
I come round J3
Hi!
[screeching]
Hi.
So, what's this
earth-shattering thing
you have to tell us?
[sighs]
The reservation's for seven.
Do you want me to come
pick you up?
No, I think
I'll meet you there.
Okay.
I'll see you
later then.
Bye.
[cell phones ring]
Hey.
Hey.
Wait. You--
You recognized me!
Holy crap, can we call off
the straightjacket now?
Oh, thank God.
I couldn't take another
wacko freak-out every
time I tried to kiss you.
So, thisthis doesn't
change anymore, right?
You can-you can
really recognize me?
Yes, I do.
[laughs]
What are you
talking about?
You don't
recognize me?
I'm your best friend.
I do. With your

unique hair cut...
and the red skirt
you always wear when
you're trying to get some.
It's fine.
But, oh, God,
I just
When-when-when people
are wearing the same clothes
or uniforms, forget it.
They all have
the same face to me.
What about Bryce?
How is he taking this?
Oh, God.
He thinks that
I'm adjusting.
I told him that
I recognized him.
Please, promise me
you won't tell him.
You're lying to him?
I cannot lose him.
Do you understand?
He's the only
thing I have left.
Hold it right there.
You mean you get
to bang a new guy
every night...
without ever cheating
on your boyfriend?
That's like a
dream come true.
Another drink.
Take one step.
Immerse yourself...
in people's gestures,
their mannerisms.
Watch them
until their bodies
become a melody.
Hum it, 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.
Hiya.
Oh. Hey.
How's it going?
Good.
Didn't expect
to see you here.
Well... it's nice
to see you.
I'm sorry, I don't
remember your name.
Hm.
That's odd.
I, uh...
usually leave a strong
impression on women.
Okay. Well, see you later.
Whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa.
What's the rush, huh?
Things are just
getting interesting.
Hello. Can I help
you with anything?
Come on,
make an effort.
You know who I am.
Officer. Officer,
that man over there.
He's standing right
next to the newsstand.
What are you saying?
That man over
Never mind.
/ am not letting--
Excuse me.
Detective Kerrest, please.
Hold on.
I'm gonna check

if he's here.
Hey.
Seen any more killers
on public transport?
Just don't move.
What are you doing?
I need to check something.
Can you stay there?
Please.
I won't move.
Oh, my God!
I recognize your face.
I recognize your face.
It's still your face.
Me? You recognize me?
Yes.
It's the first face
I recognize since
the incident.
Do you think
that means something?
I don't know.
I don't know.
Hey. Any word
from the DA?
Oh. Am I
interrupting
something?
No.
Are you okay?
Miss Marchant, allow me
to introduce Eric Lanyon,
our star pitcher...
ace profiler and
all-round swell guy.
They say it takes
a warped mind to get into
a psychopath's head...
but I'm okay.
Really.
Nicky had
another nosebleed.
It's nice
to meet you.

You, too. What
brings you here?
I saw the papers.
I wanna know
everything there is
to know about this man.
You're talking to
the right guy.
Lanyon knows everything...
about our friendly
neighborhood whackjob.
I betcha can't pinch
a pen from Lydia's desk.
I don't know if
he really tried
to kill you.
He has an odd way
for asking about
dinner and a movie.
What he's saying is
that maybe he reacted
out of self-defense.
Forgive me,
Miss Marchant.
If he really wanted
to kill you once
you left hospital...
we wouldn't be standing
here talking about it.
I wanna help
catch this guy.
No. I'm not gonna
I'm not gonna recognize
his face like that.
I need to see them.
In front of me.
I guess it's
worth a shot.
I'd have to run
to catch the D. A.
right now.
Very nice
to meet you.
So, what's your

colleague's theory?
He thinks you made
quite an impression
on the freak.
Watched him
do his thing
and walked away.
What do you think?
About a year ago
when Homicide turned
up the first victim...
Lanyon insisted he
had the hallmark
of a sociopath.
We didn't agree.
We thought it was a
one off, a crime of passion.
Six months later,
another dead woman
showed up.
She had an 8-year-old
son who...
found her on the bedroom
floor with her throat cut.
Now he sees the kid
every chance he gets.
I've learned to keep my
mouth shut and trust
what Lanyon says.
Sh.
Come on, you can drop
the freaking Snow White act.
You've all been
here before.
Got a light?
There's no smoking here.
Come on, get in.
All right, stand in line
and look straight ahead.
Step it up.
They're all
known offenders that
match your statement.
We're waiting on papers

to run DNA checks on 'em.
They're all yours.
How are we
doing in here?
Fine.
Do you think they could
move around a little bit?
All right, we've seen enough
of your ugly mugs. I want
you to walk around.
Anybody who slacks up
gets a night in a cell.
I just need to see
their gestures, their-
their-their movements.
I know it sounds
crazy but
If you want to host
a dance class,
it's fine with me.
/ said move
your asses.
Now, get to it.
It's not any
of them.
Are you sure?
Yeah.
At least we tried.
I'm really sorry.
Anna.
Good luck with
the investigation.
Sam! Bad news.
Mulgrew won't go for
the witness protection you
requested for Anna Marchant.
After the subway
blowout and the line-up
on top...
they don't think
she's 100% compos mentis.
It's absolute bullshit.
She's the only witness
we've got, for God's sake.

We need to up
our game here.
Organize another
line-up, ma nana.
Come on. We can't
bring in every perp
in the city...
hoping she'll
recognize the inside
leg of his trousers!
I guess that'll give
you a good excuse
to see her again.
What did you say?
Come on, buddy.
You know what I mean.
One, she has a boyfriend.
Two, there's nothing
between us.
Three, even if there was, I
swear, if you mention this to
anybody, I will kick your ass.
It's highly unethical
and possibly illegal
for a police officer...
to fraternize
with a key witness.
Whoa. It's that bad?
Screw it.
I mean, seriously,
can you picture the
two of us together...
arm in arm
at the police ball?
Why not?
I always thought you
looked rather fetching
in uniform.
Happy birthday, chica.
Thank you.
Quick, quick.
Look, look.
A twelve out of ten.
Twelve out of ten.

He"s totally
checking me out!
So that's what you do
on your girls' nights out?
Well, no, not me.
No, just-just, um
Everybody's
dancing tonight.
Even you, Bryce.
I'm gonna go
get us a drink.
Okay.
Did you see that?
Totally on me.
Where is he?
Okay, okay, back up.
Give her a chance.
Okay, what do I do?
Just act natural, okay?
Natural?
Okay?
Go, go, go.
Okay.
Okay, okay.
Hey, there you are.
What took you so long?
Which one is mine?
Oh, God.
You know I don't
like champagne.
Oh, yeah.
What did they put
in your drink?
Bryce!
No, no, no, no.
Please, please.
Let me see
your notebook.
Let me see it.
God, Bryce,
it's just so
I'm-I'm so sorry.
You lied to me.
I'm just as much

a stranger as
everyone else.
Was it me
you were seeing
when we had sex?
Answer me.
Was it me you
were seeing?
I'm so, so sorry.
Look, this
face blind shit.
I can't deal
with it anymore.
Find yourself
another jerk
to wear a tie.
Bryce.
Hello.
Happy birth day, A nna.
Who is this?
D/cfn 't my
number show up?
You really look
drop dread gorgeous
tonight, Anna.
I know your face.
I've seen you before.
You don't know my face.
You don't know
anyone's face.
If I changed my shirt,
you couldn 't tell me
from your own father.
You're the only one
I don't need to
hide from, Anna.
No, no, that wasn't me.
But maybe I'm that guy there,
to your right. To your right.
No, to your right, Anna!
Listen to what I'm saying!
Please don't do this.
You saw me
doing those things.

No one has ever
seen me before.
You're the only one
that can stop me, Anna,
so make it happen!
Or I'll have
to make you smile.
Smile from ear to ear.
Please, don't do this!
Such a pretty smile...
it will make me cry.
I'm calling the police.
Go ahead. I have to go
anyway. Your friend's
growing impatient.
Francine?
Nina?
Francine?
Nina?
Francine!
Francine. Francine!
What the hell?
Nina. Nina!
Anna? What's happening?
Anna, Anna,
what's happening?
He's here.
He just called me from
my phone. Where's Francine?
She was dancing with
Mr. "12-Out-of-10"
just a moment ago.
We have to find her.
We have to find her.
He's here.
All right, I'll
call the police.
Francine!
Oh, my God. Nina.
Anna.
Anna!
Set up a perimeter
and comb the area.
I'll deal with

the paperwork.
Okay. You got me.
I confess.
Come on, you're one
scratch away from a
perfect DNA match.
Sam.
What is violet, striped,
bloody and floating
in the crapper?
She wanted to get
married to anyone.
Why didn't
he pick me?
The man she was
dancing with,
did you...
see his face?
No. Only from behind.
Can you
describe him to me?
No.
I'll get somebody
to take you home.
Oh, Nina.
We'll meet tomorrow.
Here. You take care
of yourself, chica.
Your boyfriend is
not answering his phone.
We're still trying
to get a hold of him.
You said you argued.
What was that about?
He found out
that, uh...
I was faking him.
Bryce?
You're standing
on Bryce's jacket.
Sorry.
It's my phone.
He called me
on that phone

before Francine
Is that the jacket
Bryce was wearing
this evening?
Yes, but
No, it's not Bryce.
I know him.
Besides, he called me
that night I was
on the bridge.
That's a little
trick we're gonna
have to ask him about.
Lanyon. Kerrest.
No. He's gone,
but guess what
we just looked in.
So, let me get
this straight.
He strings us
for a year,
and bingo...
we get all this
juicy evidence
in one night?
I'll chew on that
once we get a DNA
sample on this Bryce guy.
I just put out
a warrant for
his arrest.
Until then...
I'm not letting her
out of my sight, okay?
I want her
totally insulated.
I'll talk
to the D. A.
about the tie.
I won't get
anything before Monday.
You know the drill.
I'll have her back
Monday morning.

Do you trust me?
Let's pack your things.
We're heading out
of town.
Rosemary. How are you?
Everyone knows you?
Everyone knows everyone
on Koel Island. Hey.
Good morning.
Just one doctor,
one ATM, one mail box.
It really is another world.
Where are the
other children?
That's the whole school.
Mrs. Hay worth.
She teaches all
the grades together.
She must be
You went there?
Mm-hm.
Didn't turn out
too bad...
till you had
to play football.
They've arrested Bryce.
He denies everything.
He says someone must
have slipped the phone
into his pocket.
We'll know soon enough.
They're testing
his DNA against the tear sample.
Here.
Thank you.
How are you
holding up?
I don't know.
It's not just that
people's faces
have changed.
It's like...
I had to wait...
until I didn't

recognize myself
to know who I really am.
Close your eyes.
That's how you looked
when I first saw you
at the hospital.
Please, don't
open them just yet.
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.
I don't know.
It's like
I knew you.
Even though I'd
never seen your face.
I know it sounds
kinda wacko.
As wacko as
not recognizing
your own father.
I can do wacko.
Anna.
Anna.
Calm down, Anna,
it's okay. It's me.
Anna, it's me, Kerrest.
Don't you
recognize me anymore?
You've shaved?
Yes.
Anything that makes the face
stand out, makes it easier
to identify.
Oh, God, I was
such a fool.
Don't.
Don't you get it?
It's not you.
It's just a trick of
my screwed up brain!
You're nothing special.

You're just
another face.
No.
It's you.
It's still you.
It's still you.
Hey, Lanyon.
And they're
absolutely sure?
I'll talk
to you later.
The DNA is negative.
Bryce is not
the killer.
Next time you have
a bad dream, I'll
/'// just
leave you to it.
My dreams.
I can recognize
faces in my dreams.
Hypnotism is like
a carnival mirror.
It distorts the truth
as much as reveals it.
Or it could have
devastating consequences
on your psyche.
That's a risk
I'm willing to take.
On the count
of three...
I want you
to close your eyes...
and travel back
in your memories.
You can rewind...
pause,
fast forward
as you wish.
I'm counting
to three now.
One
two

three.

Anna, I want
you to go back...

to the moment
before your fall.

Is there anybody
there with you?

His face is--

It's hazy.

I can't make out
his features.

Her impairment
is causing a block.

I can't get
through it.

Not even
with hypnosis.

She knows.

She knows
who she is.

Anna? I want you
to fuse the hazy
impression...

with your attacker's face.

Can you tell me
if you've seen
him before?

On the street.

Near your home.

Yes.

Hiya.

Ask her if she
saw him the night
he killed Francine.

Slow the hell down.

I can't read your lips.

The evening
of her birthday.

Anna, was he there
at your birthday?

Yes.

Anna, did you see him
through the two-way mirror
in the line-up?

Yes. He's behind
the mirror.
Who? Who, Anna?
Who's behind
the mirror?
But--
Anna, who is it?
I don't know.
/ don't know.
I don't know.
I don't know.
Hey.
Anna, what is it?
He kissed me.
Oh, God.
Oh, God,
he kissed me.
Anna, are you
all right?
It's okay.
Lydia, I need warrants
on all six perps from
the fast fine-up.
/ want 'em now.
Make yourself at home.
No one knows you're here.
I'll call you when we get 'em.
Be careful.
Once all this is over...
I'm gonna
take you back
to Koel Island.
You promise?
I promise.
What about the DNA?
The tests came back negative.
Four out of six.
None of them is
our guy, Sam.
We're just jerking off here.
Fine, go ahead.
Flush your career
if you want.
You know what I think?

I think you and Tearjerk
Jack have something in common.
You're both in love with
her, and that's the only
reason she's still alive.
- You coming or not?
- I'm gonna check on something.
"The lovers. It's too
late to turn back.
It's time to make
the right choice. "
Hey, it's Anna.
Bryce called
and he wants
to meet up and...
and I guess I just
owe him that.
So, anyway.
The address of where I'll be
Hello, Anna.
It's me.
I know.
Only a one-armed man
could tie a knot
worse than you.
I caught a cold when
I was in the detention
cell, believe it or not.
Hey, I'm taking
this scumbag with me.
Come on.
Watch your head.
Look, I
I've acted like
a total asshole.
And-and not just
the other evening.
For a long
time now.
And I'm sorry.
Excuse me.
Here's your drinks.
Bryce, you know
I don't like champagne.

I thought
it felt right.
Tickets to Vegas.
And after
I squeeze out
a couple rug-rats...
we'll buy some
old money pit and...
slide contentedly
off into senility.
Oh, God. Bryce,
I-I tried.
I really did.
Every time your face
kept changing, I tried
so hard.
And you know
what I found out?
That the way you look
or don't look each morning,
it really wouldn't matter...
if I truly loved you.
Uh, I--
I really didn't
expect this...
after getting
your text message.
I'm sorry,
I'll be right back.
Hey, has anybody
seen my cell phone?
Bryce!
We have to get out of here.
We've been set up.
I think he's here.
Yo, Columbo.
You got a light?
Five new messages.
Hey, it's Anna.
Bryce called and
he wants to meet up.
And I guess I just owe him
that. Anyway, the address
where I'll be--

Shit, shit,
shit, shit!
It's Kerrest.
Leave a message.
Hi, it's Anna.
I can't get--
Thanks for
letting me
smoke, man.
Relaxed. Not like
that pig who took my
smoke at the line-up.
You should've
smacked that prick.
No smoking.
He's behind
the mirror.
Come on, you're one
scratch away from
a perfect DNA match.
/ learned to keep
my mouth shut and
trust what Lanyon says.
Whatever happens, Anna...
don't let
the music stop.
Bryce.
Kiss me.
Think, Lydia. Lanyon
was at the line-up. He had
access to all the evidence.
The kid was the perfect
smokescreen. It all fits.
No, screw the backup.
We don't have
Anna! Anna, wait!
Dammit.
Hey, man, where
are you going?
Grey shirt.
Black jacket.
Look out!
Anna! Anna!
Anna!

Lanyon, drop it.
Drop the gun, shithead.
It's me. Don't listen
to him. He's Lanyon.
I'm Kerrest.
Anna, run!
Stay right there.
Drop the gun.
You drop it.
Lanyon.
Anna.
Where are you?
Anna, it's me.
Anna! Make sure
you stay hidden.
Backup's gonna be here.
First, there's
a bloody kid...
who sees me off his mother.
You think he 'II tell someone?
No. Not a single
peep in a year.
The traumatized
little fucker.
And then there's
you, Anna.
You saw me crying
when that's
That's not a Howe d.
It wa-it was
a miracle.
You lost all the other
faces because of it.
Oh, no, no, no,
you're not doing your
little diving act again.
Goddammit, Anna.
The safety catch.
This, Anna, is why
I like blades so much.
Anna!
Anna.
Don't move!
I mean it.

It's me, Anna.
If we stay here,
we'll make one
hell of a target.
Now, give me
back my gun.
Stay where you are.
I mean it.
Anna, on-on
Koel Island...
there's a school
with half a dozen
pupils.
You recognize me now?
What did you promise me
before you left?
What did you say?
Very good.
I could have told
Lanyon about the weekend...
but that's something
only I can know, right?
Anna.
Look out!
I knew...
you were the one...
who'd end
this shit.
Give me the gun.
Here.
/ guess...
you will
never take her...
to the police ball.
Oh, no.
Oh, God.
Oh, God,
no, no.
No, no.
Please, don't-don't move.
Don't move, please.
I'm fine.
Seriously, I'm fine.
Don't leave me.

Please, don't leave me.
You can't leave me.
Oh, God.
Sh, don't move.
Yc-iTM find
someone else.
You'll see.
Yc-iTM find
someone else.
You don't have
the right to leave me.
I love you.
I know you don't.
I'm just another
face in the crowd.
Don't leave.
Stay with me.
No.
Don't leave me!
Don't go!
Oh, no, no, no.
Please, don't go.
I live here now.
The school board accepted
my transfer request.
/ can identify each
of my pupils perfectly.
As well as the handful
of people who live here
in the off season.
Nina comes to see me
from time to time.
She's still single.
I'm just taking it
one step at a time.
Sometimes I see a face...
and for a second
it's like I
see him again.
It's the only way
I can keep his face
in my memory.
Mommy!
But when I look

into her face...
whatever it was
that let him
get through to me...
he passed it
on to her.
And just when I thought
I'd lost e very thing...
/ found a face.
One face...
in which I can
always read...
love.
J3 Closer J3
J3 I can see you closer J3
J3 Wanna see you closer J3
J3 To me J3
J3 A thousand faces J3
J3 Looking in
All directions J3
J3 Lead me
To something J3
J3 I can ne ver see J3
J3 Why do you
Think I come here J3
J3 Why do you
Think I come round J1
J3 Why do you
Think I come here J3
J3 Why do you
Think I come round J1
J1 And when
You leave me J3
J3 I can see
You leaving J3
J3 Want you
To stay here J3
J3 I can't take
This feeling J3
J3 Wanna feel
You closer J3
J3 I can't take it J1
J3 The truth
Is lost in J3

J3 A thousand faces J3
J3 Leave me J3
J3 Won't you need me J3
J3 Won't you
Need me tonight J3
J3 A thousand faces J3
J3 L ook in
All directions J3
J3 Lead me to something J3
J3 I can ne ver find J3
J3 Why do you think
I come here J3
J3 Why do you think
I come round J3
J3 Why do you think
I come here J3
J3 Why do you think
I come round J3
J3 When you leave me J3
J3 I can see
You leaving J3
J3 Won't you stay here J3
J1 Can't take
This feeling J3
J3 Wanna feel
You closer J3
J3 I can take it J3
J3 The truth
Is lost in J3
J3 A thousand faces J3
J1 And when
You leave me J3
J3 I can see
You leaving J3
J3 Won't you
Stay here J3
J1 Can't take
This feeling J3
J3 Wanna feel
You closer J3
J3 I can't take it J1
J3 The truth
Is lost in J3
J3 A thousand faces J3