

A DIFFERENT MAN

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. TECHNICIAN'S LAB, HOSPITAL - DAY 1

Reference dots cover a man's disfigured face, racked by tumors that have distorted its features. A laser scanner bathes the face in bright red light.

COMPUTER SCREEN

A 3D cross-section of the face revolves on its Y-axis.

HIGH-TECH 3D PRINTER

From the neck up, a replica mask of the real-life face we saw earlier: the disfigured face of EDWARD LEMUEL.

2 INT. OFFICE FILM SET, WAREHOUSE - DAY 2

In immense pain, Edward (mid 30s) is leaned against the wall, bent double and clasping his head in his hands.

EDWARD
(moaning)
Ohhh....

SEAN, a co-worker, approaches cautiously.

SEAN
Hey - hey man, you all right? Do you need to lie down or something?

EDWARD
No. This happens from time to time...it'll pass...thanks for asking, though. Ohhh....

SEAN
All right. Well, just...let me know. I'll be at my desk.

Sean backs away.

A DIRECTOR speaks up. Edward and Sean are actors in what appears to be a low-budget production of a commercial.

DIRECTOR
Um. Mr. Lemuel. That was maybe on the slightly intense side.
(MORE)

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I think we want less of an aneurysm
type attack, and more like...
woozy...

The director rocks on his heels, pretending to be dizzy.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(moaning)
Ohhh...

Edward copies the motion.

EDWARD

Ohhh....

DIRECTOR

Right. We don't want to scare
people. How's that feel?

Edward rocks some more. Sean approaches.

SEAN

Hey - hey man, you all right?

3

SAME, MOMENTS LATER

3

As a small CREW is busy setting up the next shot, Sean and Edward chat while on break.

SEAN

You been at this long?

EDWARD

Little while, I guess.

SEAN

Just got out of Juilliard. This is
my first paying gig. First gig,
really. Interesting experience.

Edward sees a mildly disfigured man, SAMMY SILVERHEELS,
pacing around by the warehouse door, vaping nervously.

4

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY TRAIN (TRAVELING) - DAY

4

Huddled in a row, THREE TEENAGERS chuckle as they gape at Edward, seated opposite with other COMMUTERS. Their comments to each other, seemingly at Edward's expense, can't be heard.

As one of the teens makes eye contact, Edward's eyes dart to a smiling HOMELY WOMAN, seated opposite.

As soon as their eyes meet, she locks onto her book ("The Bluest Eye"). Her benign smile remains.

Next to her, a MAN IN SUNGLASSES appears to be looking at Edward, but it's impossible to know.

A RAGGED MAN enters from another car and staggers along, ranting:

RAGGED MAN

I know what you're all thinking,
but you're wrong, I only want
directions, I got a brother-in-law
in Fort Lee, I ain't from around
here, who's gonna be the hero?

He whistles a brief and strange melody.

RAGGED MAN (CONT'D)

Where's the conductor? Ask him,
where's this train bound? Glory?
That's not my ultimate destination.
Fort Lee New Jersey is my ultimate
destination. I don't know about all
you suckers. Got a brother-in-law.
Who's my hero?

He accosts the WOMAN seated next to Edward.

RAGGED MAN (CONT'D)

You?

As she snaps her gum in response, he moves on after glancing at Edward, who skulks so as not to be picked on. The ragged man whistles again.

RAGGED MAN (CONT'D)

This train is hauling every sort of
soul: the good, the bad, and
especially the ugly motherfuckers.
So who's gonna be the hero?

A CASTING DIRECTOR approaches and extends a business card.

CASTING DIRECTOR

I'm a Casting Director specializing
in unique and unusual
physiognomies, have you ever
considered -

RAGGED MAN

Yeah, they tell me I got star
quality.

The MAN next to Edward nudges him:

MAN

Go talk to him. He's looking for folks like you. He could make you a star.

Edward is mortified.

MAN (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Missin' his lucky break. Could've been a star.

Edward looks to the homely woman across from him, but she has nodded off. The man in sunglasses still appears to be staring.

He looks to the ragged man, writing his number for the Casting Director.

5

INT. LOBBY, APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

5

TWO MOVERS carry a couch with some trouble. Edward enters but can't maneuver past them and is too timid to say anything.

Noticing Edward, one mover says something to his companion in what sounds like an Eastern-European language. They laugh and let him squeeze by.

LANDLORD (O.S.)

Hey, 2F! Come here a sec.

The LANDLORD lounges in a decommissioned freight elevator he's transformed into a makeshift office. He chats with OLLIE, who drops back as Edward approaches, but lingers to observe. The landlord indicates his neck to Edward.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Feel this. This seem like a lump to you?

EDWARD

(hesitant)

Feels a little lumpy.

LANDLORD

(to Ollie)

A little lumpy. See, Ollie? He knows. Salamunovich says, nah, don't worry about it, it's just a gland.

(MORE)

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

(to Edward)
You know Salamunovich?

EDWARD
I don't think so.

OLLIE
(indicates Edward)
You know who this guy reminds me of? Woody Allen. When he was younger, you know. Kinda nervous.

LANDLORD
He's a little nervous. He's had a rough life.

OLLIE
(to Edward)
Be confident, brother. Take some Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu or that Krav Maga from Israel shit. Look, you'll do all right, guy.

As Edward steps away, the Landlord whistles at him:

LANDLORD
Hey, 2F - you keeping a dog in your apartment?

EDWARD
No, why?

The landlord smiles at Ollie as if sharing a private joke.

LANDLORD
Must be somebody else.

As Edward moves toward the stairs, Ollie calls after him:

OLLIE
Hey, guy, all unhappiness in life comes from not accepting what is. You know who told me that?

LANDLORD
(grinning)
Your shrink?

OLLIE
I'm serious, you know who told me that? All unhappiness in life comes not from, er -

LANDLORD

Not accepting what is.

OLLIE

Lady Gaga. I knew that fucking
bitch when she was a dumb fat kid.
Nice girl. Smart girl. Pretty girl,
but kinda, y'know, big.

As Edward makes his way up, he runs into OSTERMEIER -- a morose man with a long shaggy beard -- on the landing. They try to maneuver around each other in a graceless dance that takes a bit too long to sort out, all without making eye contact.

6 OMITTED 6

7 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 7

As the movers attempt to muscle the couch into apartment 2E, INGRID VOLD, mid-20s with wild brown hair and dressed in thrift store clothes, oversees their lack of progress.

Edward approaches. Taken aback by his appearance, she attempts to conceal any reaction.

In a last-ditch effort, the movers back up and manage to ram the couch into door 2F, scuffing it. One of them mutters a Slavic vulgarity and the two argue with raised voices.

Ingrid nearly makes an attempt to apologize to Edward, but freezes in the moment.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 8

A utilitarian living room/kitchen, bathroom, and bedroom with a haphazard charm. The decor indicates the merest unwitting sense of a personal aesthetic.

Edward enters. As soon as the door is closed, another BANG. He jumps. Muffled laughter and grumbling from the hallway.

He notices a small puddle on the ground, then looks up and sees a small bulge in the ceiling leaking droplets of water.

He grabs a bowl and places it under the leak.

A commotion from outside the window. Edward opens the blinds.

EDWARD'S POV

On the street below, TWO MEN, one of them cruising in circles on a Segway, yell at each other.

BACK TO SCENE

Edward's eyes range up...

EDWARD'S POV

A PRETTY GIRL in the window of the building across the street also watches the action below. She sees Edward and startles.

BACK TO SCENE

Edward closes the blinds.

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - LATER 10

A laptop is open to a "How-to-Whistle" video on YouTube. As he cooks spaghetti marinara, Edward attempts to follow along, but can't manage a whistle.

Edward slices onions. A gentle KNOCK on the door, but even this startles him.

He looks at his hand. He's cut it badly. A pool of blood expands over the cutting board, soaking the onions.

Another light KNOCK at the door.

Agitated and unable to decide between answering and attending to his wound, he staggers toward the door carrying the large bloodied kitchen knife from his dripping hand. Thinking better of it, he puts the knife down and grabs a fistful of paper towels with his uninjured hand, then opens the door.

It's Ingrid, who immediately sees-

INGRID

Your hand! I just unpacked my first aid kit. Right back, hold on...

She leaves Edward standing in the doorway, watching the blood soak through the paper towels.

He looks down at his newly-scuffed door.

Ingrid returns with the first aid kit.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 (referring to the door:)
 I'll take care of it, don't worry.
 Here, stand here. No, there. The
 light's better there.

They settle on Edward's couch.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 I'm not a doctor, I waive all
 liability, do you consent? Anti-
 bacterial ointment and gauze pads,
 that's the extent of my -
 "expertise" is overstating it.

She examines the ointment.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Expired. Recently. It's probably
 still good, right?

Edward nods. Ingrid peels the paper towels off Edward's hand.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Paper towels - bad for the earth.
 Now, let's examine the wound...
 (surprised)
 Huh, maybe it needs stitches. What
 do you think?

EDWARD
 Yeah - I mean, no -

INGRID
 What happened to you? It's none of
 my business.

Edward doesn't answer. Ingrid gets to work dressing the wound.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Those assholes - and then I just
 stood there like a moron. And I
 thought, I've already made an enemy
 in my new building.
 (pause)
 This will sting.

She applies the ointment.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Did it not sting?

EDWARD
A little.

INGRID
Good. I think that's good. Brave
man.
(indicating the ointment)
Potent.

She drips some ointment on his couch.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Oh no, I got it on the couch. Paper
towel. Let me know if it doesn't
come out.
(beat)
You should get that checked out.

Edward realizes she's looking at the leaky bulge.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Your apartment is so lived-in.

EDWARD
Yeah, well, it, I mean, it makes
sense, I -

INGRID
Mine's a war zone. Can I look
around?

EDWARD
Be my - go ahead.

INGRID
Are you from here?

EDWARD
Yeah.

INGRID
I'm from Ålesund. Heard of it?
Sorry, what was your name again?

EDWARD
Edward.

INGRID
E. Lemuel.

Edward looks puzzled.

INGRID (CONT'D)
I'm Ingrid. Did I say that?

She stands to look at a series of framed photos on the wall.

A PHOTO

Old, of a WOMAN in her mid-20s and an average-looking adolescent boy.

BACK TO SCENE

INGRID (CONT'D)
Is this your mom?

EDWARD
Yeah.

INGRID
(refers to the boy)
Is that you?

EDWARD
Yeah.

Ingrid considers this.

INGRID
(quietly)
Little Edward.
(beat)
She alive?

EDWARD
Nope.

INGRID
So, what do you do?

EDWARD
I was just...cutting some onions
and...

Ingrid sees a vintage green Olivetti typewriter on Edward's desk.

INGRID
You're a writer?

EDWARD
Oh - found it on the street.

INGRID
Looks valuable.

Off the sheet of paper in the typewriter:

INGRID (CONT'D)
(reads)
They taunt me and beg me to show my
face, only so that, when I do, they
can turn away in horror.
(to Edward)
What's that?

EDWARD
I guess I was testing it out.

INGRID
It's interesting. Actually, I'm a
playwright. That's not a hint. I
write longhand.

EDWARD
I act.

INGRID
Amazing. I'm trying to think if
I've seen you in anything.

EDWARD
Not likely.

INGRID
Yeah, well - maybe we'll ride to
glory together.

EDWARD
Maybe.

INGRID
Who lived in my apartment before
me? C. Pulaski?

Edward shrugs.

EDWARD
Once he came over to borrow some
laundry detergent. Old guy. Widower
maybe.

INGRID
Did he die?

EDWARD
I didn't know he was gone.

INGRID
 Actually - this isn't why I came
 over - can I borrow some laundry
 detergent?

EDWARD
 Uh, sure...let me...

Edward disappears into the bathroom. Ingrid smells something
 and goes over to his kitchenette.

INGRID
 I think your sauce is burning.

EDWARD (O.S.)
 What?

INGRID
 I'm on it.

She sees his open laptop.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Learning to whistle?

Edward doesn't answer. Ingrid whistles briefly. She smells
 the sauce again.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Beyond hope.

She sees the blood on the counter.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 God...

11 OMITTED 11

12 OMITTED 12

13 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, HOSPITAL 13

Edward is seated on an examination table. DR. VARNNO peers
 into his ears with an otoscope.

DR. VARNNO
 Alright, on your back.

Edward lays down.

14 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

14

Edward sits across from Varno at Varno's desk.

DR. VARNO

All in all, things look relatively stable. Eventually, we'll have to do something about the growth over your left eye. Your vision is noticeably impacted?

EDWARD

I've adjusted.

DR. VARNO

You don't drive, right?

EDWARD

No.

Varno notices Edward's bloody bandage.

DR. VARNO

Who dressed that, you?

EDWARD

There's a girl...next door...

DR. VARNO

Girl's no doctor, I take it.

Edward shrugs.

DR. VARNO (CONT'D)

This makes it two or so years without surgery. A much-needed respite.

EDWARD

Yeah.

DR. VARNO

Let's aim for three years. But I must be frank that sooner or later, the eye will become debilitating. As for the cholesteatoma - I think we should go in and get that thing out, but the hearing loss is minimal, so we can probably sit on it for a bit. Several other tumors have shown mild enlargement but no impingement on any important structures, so...just some things we have to keep an eye on.

(MORE)

DR. VARNO (CONT'D)

(beat:)

I mention this so that you have an idea of the road ahead - not that it's news to you. But an alternative path has presented itself.

Varno looks intently at Edward, who doesn't get the drift.

DR. VARNO (CONT'D)

I don't know how to bring this up naturally, so I'll just blurt it out. A colleague of mine, Eugene Flexner, rather distinguished, is on the lookout for patients - a patient - person - like you for an experimental drug trial. This drug seems to have the potential to be - we don't like to use the words "miracle drug" but - I shouldn't overpromise anything, because I don't know the details, but - reverse the - words like "heal" and "cure" are anathema to folks in my profession but - to actually heal you. Completely, even. So I took the liberty of telling him about you and he's rather desperate to meet you. The implications are...life-changing -- for you.

Edward takes a moment to process this.

EDWARD

Heal me?

DR. VARNO

As far as it goes.

EDWARD

How?

DR. VARNO

That's a question for Dr. Flexner.

(beat)

There's likely financial compensation as well, though he and I didn't discuss that aspect.

EDWARD

Would it - is it...safe?

DR. VARNO

It's the first trial, I believe.
Perhaps any potential risk is worth
the potential reward? Something to
think about.

15 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK 15

Approaching 2F, Edward sees his door has been freshly painted
blood-red. Stray drops of paint lead back to 2E -- Ingrid's
apartment.

16 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER 16

The bulge in the ceiling has swelled. The bowl has overflowed
with water. Edward places a bigger bowl beneath the hole.

17 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER

Holding the typewriter, Edward KNOCKS on 2E. Ingrid answers
excitedly, but seems disappointed upon seeing Edward.

INGRID

What's up, neighbor?

He extends the typewriter toward her. Ingrid is confused.

EDWARD

Housewarming. For the door.

INGRID

Didn't your mother give this to
you?

EDWARD

I found it on the street.

INGRID

Right.

EDWARD

I just wanna get rid of it, and
you're a play writer.

INGRID

You could probably get some cash
for it.

EDWARD

Write me a part.

INGRID
 (laughs)
 I'll get on that. Thanks. Very
 generous. It's heavy!

A handsome BOOKISH MAN in his 30s comes bounding up the stairs.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 (seeing her friend)
 Oh my god, hey!
 (to Edward)
 Thanks again.

Ingrid's friend seems perplexed upon seeing Edward, but nods to him. Ingrid lets the man in.

Edward heads for the stairs and nearly runs into Ostermeier approaching the landing. As Edward descends, Ostermeier makes his way towards apartment 2A.

18

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

18

Edward auditions before THREE THEATRICAL TYPES who seem nervous.

EDWARD
 The answer should be clear to you!
 Whom else would I love but the most
 beautiful woman in the world? Of
 course! The most beautiful of all
 women! The most captivating, the
 most intelligent...it's perfectly
 transparent. I have no illusions.
 Sometimes in the blue shadows of
 evening, I give way to tender
 feelings. I go into a garden,
 smelling the fragrance of spring
 with my poor monstrous nose, and
 watch a man and a woman strolling
 together in the moonlight. I think
 how much I, too, would like to be
 walking arm in arm with a woman,
 under the moon. I let myself be
 carried away, I forget myself - and
 then I suddenly see the shadow of
 my profile on the garden wall.

19 INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 19

Edward exits the audition room and sees a ROW OF GORGEOUS-LOOKING ACTORS lined up to audition, though one has a bulbous nose.

20 THE TV 20

A montage of beautiful faces.

NARRATOR (ON TV)

Sad as it is, it will come as no surprise. Attractive people are the winners in most areas of life and the workplace is no exception. There are many different types of what we now refer to as facial differences. Here are some examples, ranging from mild to extreme.

A montage of disfigured faces, including Edward's.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

You're likely to be startled or perturbed when you see a face like this. You might stare tactlessly or, on the contrary, avert your gaze, even if you're generally a kind person. You're not alone in having these reactions. Studies suggest these responses stem from an ancient disease-avoidance system that normally prevents us from catching illnesses. Put simply, we treat disfigurements like infectious diseases. Our intrinsic fear of others who don't resemble us compounds the problem. These uneasy feelings may diminish or subside after repeated exposure to your facially different co-worker. Be gentle with yourself for having these reactions. We have no control over the fight-or-flight responses of the reptilian part of our brains. But as developed, empathic beings, there are strategies we can adopt do be more inclusive. Here, according to experts, are some techniques.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Make your disfigured co-worker feel included on your team's project, and make an effort to seek their input.

21 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (AS SEEN ON TV) 21

Sean speaks to a DISFIGURED MAN.

SEAN (ON TV)

Luther, do you have any feedback for Sally?

DISFIGURED MAN (ON TV)

It seems like an ace idea to me.

SALLY smiles at the disfigured man.

NARRATOR (ON TV)

When appropriate, invite them to social functions.

22 INT. OFFICE (AS SEEN ON TV) 22

A disfigured man (played by Sammy Silverheels) is at his cubicle. He is approached by JON.

JON (ON TV)

So, Morris, it's my birthday this weekend.

SILVERHEELS (ON TV)

Oh, really? How old are you?

JON (ON TV)

It's a big one, let's leave it at that. But I'm having this little get-together at my place, and I was thinking you should come. Sally will be there.

SILVERHEELS (ON TV)

Aces. Thank you for thinking of me. It means a lot.

JON (ON TV)

Of course. So you're coming?

SILVERHEELS (ON TV)

I think I can probably - I have to -

JON (ON TV)
And you're welcome to bring
someone, if there's girl or...

SILVERHEELS (ON TV)
Thank you. Happy birthday!

NARRATOR (ON TV)
Ask how they're doing occasionally,
as you would ask anyone else. If
they appear to be in distress,
gently inquire if they need your
help, without assuming their
dependance on you.

23 INT. ANOTHER OFFICE (AS SEEN ON TV)

23

The scene we saw filmed: Edward holds his head in pain near a
water cooler.

EDWARD (ON TV)
(moaning)
Ohhh...

Sean approaches cautiously.

SEAN (ON TV)
Hey- hey man, you all right? Do you
need to lie down or something?

EDWARD (ON TV)
No. This happens from time to
time...it'll pass...thanks for
asking, though. Ohhh...

SEAN (ON TV)
All right, well, just...let me
know...I'll be at my desk. Hey,
have you seen Sally anywhere?

24 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

24

On the couch, Edward turns to Ingrid.

EDWARD
That's basically it.

INGRID
Is there more of you?

EDWARD
No.

Ingrid claps. The video continues to play.

INGRID
So, what is it, it's like they show
it in offices?

EDWARD
I think something like that.

INGRID
Well, it seems like an important
tool.

Edward looks skeptical.

INGRID (CONT'D)
I mean, hey, you made an
impression. We all gotta start
somewhere.

They stare at each other. She squints.

INGRID (CONT'D)
You have this teeny blackhead and
I'm dying to get at it.

She squeezes the blackhead on Edward's nose.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Your skin is very oily. I have a
good cream for that. Got a tissue?
Ah, I see.

She takes a tissue from the table and wipes her hand. She
lifts the tissue to Edward's blackhead, now mildly bloody.

Edward touches her hand. Ingrid pulls away.

INGRID (CONT'D)
I...no, I...I'm sorry, I have to
go.

She stands up and backs towards the door.

EDWARD
No, I'm sorry.

INGRID
Don't be...sorry...I just realized
I have something...I'll...

She hastily exits, leaving the door slightly ajar. Edward
moves to close it.

As he retreats back into his room, we settle on the childhood photo of Edward and his Mother as the TV continues to play:

NARRATOR (ON TV) (O.S.)
 Psychologists have begun to uncover where disgust comes from, with some researchers believing the emotion is similar to fear. "Fear evolved to keep you away from large animals that want to eat you from the outside," says Valerie Curtis, a behavioral scientist at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine.

25 INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM/DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CLINIC - DAY

A projected photo of Edward's face on the wall. A caption on the slide reads: "SUBJECT: E. LEMUEL. D.O.B.: 6/12/84."

DOCTOR FLEXNER (O.S.)
 Okay, and then...

The Powerpoint slide changes to that of a different face: average-looking, with hair reminiscent of Edward's, though the resemblance ends there.

A caption reads "Intended result. NOTE: EXAMPLE ONLY."

DOCTOR FLEXNER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 This is just a file photo, but I believe we all get the idea. All right, let's move on - Dr. Trutz.

The slide changes to an informational chart pertaining to an experimental drug called TURPIDOL:

"Turpidol: sulfurated potassium dichromate ferricyanide. Mechanism of Action: Unknown. Observed side effects: anger, aggression, agitation, anxiety, depression, confusion, hallucinations, sleep problems, strange dreams, sleep-walking, compulsive or repetitive behaviors, profuse bleeding, skin loss, uncontrolled peeling, death."

DOCTOR FLEXNER stands to deliver an overview of the clinical trial:

DOCTOR FLEXNER (CONT'D)

As you may know, the drug was originally developed as a treatment for androgenic alopecia, an area in which it's shown significant promise, it's in Phase Three trials...but what we're attempting here -- though of course, for a far more niche market - is a different beast altogether. At the dose we propose to administer, physical modifications of the hard and soft tissues, both reductive and augmentative, were observed without manual shaving or grafting. There is the potential to restore form and function to bodies containing a variety of defects, which is paramount to a patient's physical appearance, while reducing overall costs and with only a moderate level of morbidity. A non-zero number of reports of wound dehiscence and vessel damage were recorded, not clinically significant...

Edward is across from a small TEAM OF DOCTORS, all listening.

He glances at the young attractive female doctor manning the Powerpoint laptop, DR. TRUTZ, who averts her gaze as their eyes meet.

26 INT. RADIOLOGY - CLINIC - DAY 26

Edward lies in a cavernous MRI machine, magnetic PULSES blaring.

BEHIND A GLASS PARTITION

A 3-D image of Edward's abnormal bone structure emerges on a computer monitor.

27 OMITTED 27

28 INT. SURGICAL WARD - CLINIC - DAY 28

Edward is on a hospital bed connected to a complex medical apparatus with wires and tubes protruding from small, bandaged incisions in his face, head, and neck.

A camera-like machine scans up and down his face, tracking its contours with a red beam of light.

29 INT. TECHNICIAN'S LAB, HOSPITAL - DAY 29

Behind partitioned glass, Dr. Flexner watches with amazement as a TECHNICIAN types on a computer, using the scans of Edward's face to print an identical 3D head.

The machine emits a loud BEEP as the printing ends.

The technician picks up another mask off a table of a normal face. DOCTOR JEWELL exhibits the mask to the team of doctors, including FLEXNER.

DOCTOR JEWELL

We'll use this to measure the progress and we'll feed any inconsistencies back into the machine.

DOCTOR FLEXNER

What a world!

Flexner beams with satisfaction.

30 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY 30

Doctor Jewell hands Edward a notebook.

DOCTOR JEWELL

Log book. Next to each potential side-effect, mark the number, zero meaning non-existent, one meaning mild, ten meaning - then use the blank space to add more specific details.

EDWARD

If these aren't placebos.

DOCTOR JEWELL

Even if it is placebo, write it down. Even if you have no side effects, note that. Mark zero.

Doctor Jewell hands Edward a bottle of pills.

DOCTOR JEWELL (CONT'D)

These are going to help protect your kidneys. Take them every four hours, on the dot.

EDWARD

These could be placebos.

DOCTOR JEWELL

These ones, no, not placebo.
Everybody gets these to protect the
kidneys. The placebo arms are for
the Turpidol and the Ochiprosoponib
medications, so theoretically, yes,
with those, you won't know for
sure, but I'd just put that idea
out of your head.

Edward nods. Doctor Jewell looks at Edward's badly bandaged
hand.

DOCTOR JEWELL (CONT'D)

Now let's get that bandage changed.

He leans out the door and calls:

DOCTOR JEWELL (CONT'D)

Dr. Trutz.

Dr. Trutz enters.

DOCTOR JEWELL (CONT'D)

Can we fix that up?

(to Edward:)

This one's a pro. See you tomorrow,
Mr. Lemuel.

Doctor Jewell leaves the room. Trutz begins unwrapping
Edward's bandage. The wound is festering.

31 EXT. PARK - DAY

31

Seated on a bench, Edward eats a sandwich. He looks worn down
from the procedures he has just endured. He has a new bandage
on his hand.

He sees his neighbor Ostermeier walking with a beautiful DARK-
HAired WOMAN. They both seem very happy and in love.
Ostermeier's demeanor is completely transformed.

32 SAME, MOMENTS LATER

32

Edward throws his sandwich wrapper into a bin and strolls
through the park.

He walks past a man dressed as an ABRAHAM LINCOLN STATUE. Coated head-to-toe in silver paint, he stands motionless on a wooden crate.

Edward looks him directly in the eye. Abe looks back with a stern expression. Edward moves out of Abe's sightline, testing him. Abe doesn't move. Edward tries a few times, but Abe is unfaltering.

Edward gives up and walks away. Abe turns to watch him leave.

33

INT. LOBBY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

33

As Edward approaches:

LANDLORD

2F, I left Nestor a message, like I told you, he's currently indisposed, like I told you, because of a death in the family, as you know. Anything to add to that?

Flustered, Edward doesn't answer.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Or you're just stopping by to ask me how my abscess is coming along?

EDWARD

Abscess?

LANDLORD

Just take good care of your teeth.

EDWARD

Well...just - it's - now it's - getting bigger - leaking-

LANDLORD

You know I can't fix nothin' myself no more, on account of the lame-ass leg.

EDWARD

Where's the old - Rodrigo or...?

LANDLORD

Rodriguez moved to Key West, married some guy he met on his iPhone. Nestor's his relation of some sort.

(MORE)

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

A good man, and then his mother died, very sudden as I understand it.

EDWARD

Okay, well...okay.

LANDLORD

Let him grieve a few days, then he'll take a look when he's up to it emotionally. Did you feel my lump?

EDWARD

Yeah.

LANDLORD

Right, that's right.

(beat)

A man never gets over the death of his mother. As you surely know.

As Edward walks away:

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Nobody else has a hole. What did you do?

Edward stops, but doesn't turn.

EDWARD

(assertive)

I didn't do anything.

LANDLORD

(backing down)

Yeah, okay. Why d'you suppose these things happen to you, 2F?

34

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

34

Edward fiddles with his keys as he approaches his apartment, but stops as he sees

EDWARD'S POV

In front of the door to his apartment is his detergent, a box of chocolates, a small tube of cream, and a note.

35 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 35

Edward reads

THE NOTE (TYPEWRITTEN)

"Fancy chocolates! Hope you're not diabetic/dieting. Thx again for detergent etc. Brought cream for face.

- XO, C. Pulaski :)

P.S. Guess what I typed this on?"

36 SAME, LATER 36

Edward, on the couch watching TV, struggles to open the box of chocolates.

He gets it open, selects a truffle, and takes a bite. His twisted expression indicates it tastes repulsive. He spits it into his hand: Some kind of chocolate-covered red berry.

The berry has soaked his bandage, so he removes it and is surprised to discover his wound has completely healed.

A CRASH from upstairs. The lights flicker.

Edward looks at the

BULGE IN THE CEILING

Larger in size. A small hole opens up in the bulge and a TINY CREATURE falls out and into the bucket.

BACK TO SCENE

Edward moves to inspect the bucket.

Floating in the water, a mouse's head and body, bifurcated.

37 OMITTED 37

38 OMITTED 38

39 OMITTED 39

- 40 OMITTED 40
- 41 INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT 41
 Blood smeared on his nose, Edward is startled awake by BANGING on his door. Terrified, he waits, but the KNOCKING is incessant, so he gets up to reveal blood on his pillow.
- 42 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 42
 As Edward opens the door, a cadre of POLICEMEN and EMTs are preparing to enter. It takes them a split second to compose themselves upon seeing him.
- 43 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS
 The landlord runs toward them:
 LANDLORD
 No, 2A, 2A!
 The police and EMT's rush in the opposite direction.
- 44 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 44
 Edward exits his apartment - as do a few other TENANTS - to check out the scene.
- 45 INT. APARTMENT 2A - CONTINUOUS 45
 Ostermeier's is being lowered from the ceiling. The EMTs work to remove the noose from around his neck. One of the EMT's seems more interested in Edward than the fresh corpse.
 Edward sees a bulge in the ceiling just like the one in his own apartment.
 A cat roams around inside Ostermeier's apartment. It MEWS.
- 46 OMITTED 46
- 47 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - LATER 47
 Edward cradles Ostermeier's cat as he looks out the window.

EDWARD'S POV

Ostermeier is lifted into the back of an ambulance by two EMTs.

An ice cream truck blasting "Do Your Ears Hang Low?" drives onto the sidewalk to get around the ambulance.

BACK TO SCENE

Edward looks at the apartment across the way.

EDWARD'S POV

The pretty girl in the window also watches the scene below. Behind her is a brutish SHIRTLESS MAN. The pretty girl looks at Edward and says something to the shirtless man, who then looks at Edward with a displeased expression.

He backs away and turns around to see Ingrid standing in the doorway.

INGRID

What did I miss?

48 ~~OMITTED~~

48

49 INT. PIZZA JOINT - NIGHT

49

Edward and Ingrid eat in a booth next to a large window looking out onto the busy streets. Many PASSERSBY take notice of Edward.

Ingrid folds her slice and eats with her hands. Edward cuts up his pizza with a plastic knife and fork.

INGRID

His last name was Ostermeier, according to the mailbox.

EDWARD

Yeah, Ostermeier.

INGRID

You knew him?

EDWARD

No.

INGRID
Would you kill yourself?

EDWARD
I don't know. Maybe. Depends on the
circumstances.

INGRID
Don't say maybe. Say no.

EDWARD
Would you?

INGRID
There's a question. I know I asked
first.

She looks at his hand.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Hey, where's my bandage?

EDWARD
Yeah, it healed.

INGRID
It's like a miracle. I'm like St.
Francis. I guess I chose the wrong
profession.

She takes Edward's plastic knife and pretends to stab him.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Now I want to slash you again so I
can get some more practice.

Edward flinches.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Nervous Nelly. Sorry.

Edward almost chuckles.

EDWARD
What are your plays about?

INGRID
No! Don't ask! I'd rather talk
about suicide.

EDWARD
Sorry.

INGRID

I just feel embarrassed talking about - especially when it's still in progress. I call myself a writer, but it's - it's sort of aspirational. I mean, I do write. I've done a few translations of this Italian - I - he's nobody, you wouldn't know him. I won an award for it. Small, but...but I'm trying to write my first original play. I'm still figuring it out. Gee, you probably want your typewriter back.

EDWARD

Throw it out for all I give a shit.

INGRID

I wouldn't throw it out. At the very least, it makes me look like a writer. Its presence mocks me.

EDWARD

Inspires you.

INGRID

Hey! That's the most positive thing I've heard you say. What's your favorite play?

EDWARD

I don't know. There's one about the seller - selling - salesman.

INGRID

Uh-huh.

EDWARD

I saw a pretty good one on TV about Nazis.

INGRID

Which one's that?

EDWARD

I don't know the name. There was dancing, singing, and Nazis.

INGRID

The Nazis were dancing and singing?

EDWARD

No, the...the...other...

INGRID
Jews?

EDWARD
I guess so.

INGRID
The Jews were dancing and singing?

EDWARD
Probably I'm misremembering.

INGRID
Sounds like maybe a weird dream you
had.

A MAN WITH A WIDE GRIN knocks on the window and waves at
Edward.

INGRID (CONT'D)
(alarmed)
Do you know that guy?

EDWARD
I don't think so.

INGRID
Why is he waving to you?

EDWARD
I don't know.

The man walks away.

INGRID
What did he want? Why did he think
he knew you?

EDWARD
That happens to me sometimes.

INGRID
It does?

EDWARD
I'd like to come see your play when
it's all done.

INGRID
You're gonna be in it, right?

The diner's COOK walks over.

COOK
You folks enjoying everything?

EDWARD
Yeah.

COOK
Need anything else?

EDWARD
No thank you.

COOK
Pizza was good? Complaints?

INGRID
Are you the owner?

COOK
I make the pies, honey.

Outside, it starts to rain.

INGRID
Do you always check up on the
customers?

COOK
Just thought I'd stop on over and
make sure you young folks were all
set. You had the mushroom slice,
guy, right? Was it prepared to your
satisfaction?

EDWARD
Yeah, thank you.

COOK
Left a few bites. That's not a
sign?

EDWARD
No, I...I'm still picking at it.

COOK
Pick away. Knife and fork style. So
no special feedback? I can handle
it. Crust too crispy? Too light on
the mushrooms?

Edward stares blankly. Ingrid looks annoyed.

COOK (CONT'D)

There's always room for improvement. Well, thank you very much for your patronage. It would be so great if you could come back. Come every day. We're always open. Christmas, Passover, you name it, my door is open. Promise me you'll stop in again.

EDWARD

I promise.

COOK

Halloween, *Día de los Muertos*, and you better bring the pretty lady. You make a lovely couple. Okay, you folks have a terrific day.

He leaves.

INGRID

What the hell was that?

EDWARD

I don't know.

INGRID

What the fuck? Lot of weird things happening tonight.

By now, it's pouring outside.

50

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT

50

The rain is coming down hard. Edward feeds the cat milk in a dish.

Beneath the large, swollen bulge in the ceiling, the bucket has begun to overflow. Edward goes to inspect. He stands under the bulge and looks up.

EDWARD'S POV

The bulge looks fit to burst.

BACK TO SCENE

The bulge breaks open and part of the ceiling collapses. Edward is struck by water, wet plaster and wood and falls to the ground.

51 INT. BATHROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 51

Stunned, Edward looks in the mirror: his face is dirty and bloodied. He mops himself with a towel. As he scrubs, PIECES OF HIS FACE COME OFF in small bloody balls of flesh.

52 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, HOSPITAL - THE NEXT DAY 52

Doctor Flexner examines two side by side photos of Edward, then looks at Edward, seated on the examination table, face scabbed.

His face has indeed changed, though the differences are subtle enough that even Edward himself may not have noticed without the old photos to compare himself to. His head is slightly smaller. Some of the tumors have shrunk.

Dr. Trutz stands nearby, observing.

DOCTOR FLEXNER
Incredible.

EDWARD
I guess this means I'm not in the control group?

DOCTOR FLEXNER
I can't disclose that information officially.

DOCTOR TRUTZ
This could be something called the placebo effect.

Flexner glares at Trutz.

EDWARD
It seems a little drastic to be the placebo effect.

DOCTOR FLEXNER
But one never knows, does one?

EDWARD
I have to admit I - that I'm starting to feel a little...frightened. Is this safe? My face was falling off in clumps.

DOCTOR FLEXNER
I'm sure they only looked like clumps to you.

EDWARD

Big - like gobs - my - flesh.

DOCTOR FLEXNER

Skin particles. The growths were cleaving at fascial planes. You're healing, Mr. Lemuel. We're in uncharted territory here, full of promise and mystery. There's obviously an element of danger, as you were made fully aware of prior to your participation. All we can do is monitor closely and use our experience as a guide, but I'd say this is cause for excitement. This is beyond our wildest expectations. You're a part of medical history. You may be the subject of a documentary one day.

EDWARD

If I'm not in the control group.

DOCTOR FLEXNER

Don't waver, Mr. Lemuel. And if at all possible, I'd like for you to photograph yourself - say a dozen times a day - just so we can monitor the rate of change, which appears to be rapid. Reasonable?

(beat)

Perhaps the risk is worth the reward? Something to think about.

53 OMITTED 53

54 INT. SURGICAL WARD, HOSPITAL - DAY 54

Edward is laying on a hospital bed, his face again connected again to protruding wires and tubes as his face is scanned.

55 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY 55

Edward is seated on an examination table. Dr. Jewell peruses Edward's medication log.

DR. JEWELL

Nosebleeds. Is that common for you?

EDWARD

I don't think so.

DR. JEWELL

We'll run blood tests to check for clotting abnormalities, blood cell problems, electrolyte imbalances and whatnot. Headaches. That's expected, that's the number one side effect. Essentially it means you're taking the medicine. Diarrhea, also common, and you have IBS, it says here. Is it worse than usual?

EDWARD

Yes.

DR. JEWELL

Stay hydrated. Drink those yellow sports drinks. They taste good too.
(squinting at the logbook)
Your handwriting is like a doctor's. Vivid dreams. Good dreams, I hope.

EDWARD

No.

DR. JEWELL

Ah. Bad dreams. Normal for you?

EDWARD

Yes.

DR. JEWELL

My poor daughter gets them. Has to sleep with me now. In my dreams I fly, I make love. Why should she suffer? Try listening to music in bed. The lute - that helps I hear. That particular timbre - maybe the lap steel or the lute, but I don't know, look it up. What's this...peculiar sense of taste?

EDWARD

I think, like, like chocolate. I had to spit it out.

DR. JEWELL

You spit chocolate out?

EDWARD

Yeah.

DR. JEWELL

(pause)

You eat a lot of treats?

Edward shrugs.

DR. JEWELL (CONT'D)

Well, cut the sweet stuff out for now. Really, you should phase it out entirely. You're not a kid anymore, Mr. Lemuel. But I'm not your rabbi. Look, your body is adjusting to a boatload of new and potent - not to mention experimental - medication, and these are all fairly standard-issue side effects, so just bear with us. The risk is surely worth the reward, I would think.

56 ~~OMITTED~~

56

57 INT. FLEXNER'S OFFICE, HOSPITAL - DAY

57

Behind the doctor's desk, X-Rays of Edward's malformed skull hang in the lightbox.

DOCTOR FLEXNER

I've got something for you.

He opens his desk drawer and removes the 3D-printed mask of Edward's face and hands it to Edward.

EDWARD

What do I do with it?

DOCTOR FLEXNER

Keep it. As a souvenir. A reminder.

EDWARD

Of what?

Flexner stares intently at Edward.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You don't...need it?

DOCTOR FLEXNER

I can just make them, one after another. Push of a button. 3D technology. I make all sorts of things now. It's a new passion of mine. Look -

He goes to his closet and pulls out various masks, including George Washington's head.

DOCTOR FLEXNER (CONT'D)

George Washington. I'm a history nut. And check this out.

He takes out a bust of Dr. Trutz's face and puts it on.

DOCTOR FLEXNER (CONT'D)

Recognize her? Dr. Trutz. You know her. Good rendering, right? Beautiful. I made two of me, too, but they're not here at the moment.

58

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

58

Edward looks ill. An airhorn BLARES in the distance.

An ATHLETIC MAN, wearing biking spandex, turns and speaks to Edward. This is same man seen in the before/after file photo of Edward's face when the trial began.

ATHLETIC MAN

Did you start that?

Edward looks at him, baffled.

ATHLETIC MAN (CONT'D)

That alarm!

Edward, unsure if the man is speaking to him, walks away.

ATHLETIC MAN (CONT'D)

You're an actor, right? A movie actor. I seen you around. Or a model? On a billboard?

The man laughs.

ATHLETIC MAN (CONT'D)

Gotta be careful out there, man.

The man walks away. Edward is standing in front of a bar called BILLY BURLESON'S.

59 INT. BURLESON'S BAR - DAY

59

A few BARFLYS look at Edward as he heads towards the bathroom. The bartender talks to one of them.

BARTENDER
 You just put your lips together and
 blow.
 (to Edward)
 Crapper's for customers only.

At the other end of the bar GUY GAUNT stares at Edward, contemplative.

Edward enters the bathroom.

59a INT. BURLESON'S BAR - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

59a

Edward sees himself sweating in the mirror. He urinates in the toilet and gags as he does so.

59b INT. BURLESON'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

59b

Edward emerges from the bathroom.

Guy watches Edward. The barfly attempts to whistle.

Edward tries to slink out, but the bartender catches him.

BARTENDER
 (to Edward:)
 So what's it gonna be?

Edward gets nervous, as if he's never been in a bar before.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
 Something potent, from the looks of
 it.

He grabs a bottle of whiskey.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
 Up? Rocks?

Edward doesn't understand.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
 Ah, let's not dilute its medicinal
 value.

He hands Edward the drink served neat. Edward takes a sip and coughs.

Guy approaches Edward.

GUY
Hey, man, I know you. Where do I
know you from?

EDWARD
I don't know.

A thin line of blood trickles from Edward's nose.

GUY
Do you recognize me? I'm Guy Gaunt.
Ring a bell?

EDWARD
I don't think so. Maybe. I can't
place it.

GUY
Volunteer fireman?

EDWARD
What?

GUY
Do you work for facebook?

EDWARD
No but - I get this a lot.

GUY
That's not it. It's you, I saw you,
and I'd remember you. I don't
forget a face. You got a little,
like, blood or something...

Edward wipes his nose with his sleeve.

GUY (CONT'D)
What's your name?

EDWARD
Edward.

GUY
After that though?

Confused by the question, Edward takes a second to answer.

EDWARD
Lemuel.

GUY

Okay. Edward Lemlul, hm. Well, as I said, I'm Guy Gaunt. This is a real mystery. It'll come to me. You think about it too.

EDWARD

Okay.

Guy returns to his place at the far side of the bar. Edward is sweating bullets.

BARTENDER

(to Edward)

You looking at that cane?

The bartender points to an old cane behind the bar.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

That's Teddy Roosevelt's cane. Jesus, boss, you're bleeding. Here, wipe yourself.

He hands Edward a dishrag.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

There's something strange about you. Different.

EDWARD

(uncharacteristically assertive)

Yeah, yeah, you noticed, huh?

BARTENDER

What is it?

EDWARD

You can't place it.

BARTENDER

Something with your face, right?

EDWARD

(sarcastic)

Uh-huh.

BARTENDER

What, it's so obvious? I'm near-sighted, man. Can't see shit. Look, you got an interesting thing going on, but you're all nervous. You this nervous all the time?

EDWARD
What makes you think I'm nervous?

BARTENDER
Just your fucking energy, man.
Makes me nervous.

Edward vomits on the bar and dishrag.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
For christ's sake. You can keep the
rag.

Guy calls from the other side of the bar:

GUY
You okay, Edward?

Edward looks at

THE DISHRAG

Little clumps of flesh.

60	OMITTED	60
61	OMITTED	61
62	INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER	62
	Edward falls onto his bed, holding his head in agony. He rolls back and forth, moaning.	
63	OMITTED	63
64	INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - LATER	64
	Lurching in the dark, Edward is shouting, almost screaming in pain.	
	He knocks over a table.	
	His face melts, transforming. It looks like a bloody mask.	

65 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - LATER 65

The cat looks up at the hole in the ceiling, then turns and looks at Edward, lying on the floor, calm and still. His screams have turned to soft, occasional whimpers.

66 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT - LATER 66

Edward sits cross-legged on the floor, looking at the 3D mask of his face as his face completes its transformation. His face is too bloody to discern clearly, but it appears his features have been smoothed out.

67 OMITTED 67

68 INT. BATHROOM, APARTMENT 2F - MORNING 68

Peering at himself in the mirror, Edward dabs his face with a wet cloth. Now fully transformed, he is wildly attractive, but looks so sick it isn't yet obvious.

Without warning, he throws up in the sink.

68a INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT 68a

Edward stands at his door peering through his peephole.

He sees Delia arriving home with the Bookish Man. As she unlocks her door, she glances at Edward's door.

69 OMITTED 69

70 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - DAY 70

SAME, MOMENTS LATER

Edward, naked, is peering out the window.

EDWARD'S POV

The apartment across the way has its blinds shut.

71 INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT 71

Dressed and groomed, Edward looks at himself in his closet mirror. Perhaps he's been standing like this for hours.

72 OMITTED 72

73 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 73

Edward creeps into the hallway.

As he approaches the stairs, he turns to see OSTERMEIER'S MOTHER wiping tears from her face.

74 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 74

Edward walks as if it's his first time seeing the outside world. He looks afraid. He glances at the PASSERSBY but nobody pays him any attention.

74A EXT. NEW YORK STREETS/BURLESON'S BAR - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Edward walks down the street feeling almost invisible. PASSERSBY hardly take notice, but a WOMAN glances at him as he passes.

He finds himself in front of Burleson's.

75 INT. BURLESON'S BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 75

Low-key. SOUL MUSIC. As Edward enters, none of the BARFLYS take any notice. He takes a seat at the bar.

EDWARD

Whiskey?

The bartender nods, treating him like anybody else.

BARTENDER

Rocks?

EDWARD

I don't want to dilute its medicinal value.

BARTENDER

You what?

Edward doesn't answer, noticing a MODERATELY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN at the other end of the bar who's smiling at him. She says something, but he can't hear her.

The bartender hands Edward a straight whiskey.

The woman raises her voice, but a group of FIVE ROWDY MEN in football jerseys storm the bar, celebrating their favorite team's win.

As they swarm around Edward, hooting and cheering, one ROWDY MAN slaps Edward on the back, encouraging him to join in.

Edward realizes the man means no harm. Edward cheers along. The rowdy man embraces him.

75A INT. BURLESON'S BAR - NIGHT - LATER 75A

One of the Rowdy Men is dancing with the moderately attractive girl, but she has her eye on Edward, who sits with the other men. Many drinks are on the table. Edward is drunk.

Edward looks across the room and sees Dr. Jewell dressed in goth attire. Jewell is sitting with another GOTH MAN. They both look strung out.

76 OMITTED 76

77 INT. BATHROOM, BURLESON'S BAR - NIGHT - LATER 77

The bathroom is heavily mirrored. Edward and the woman make out. She takes the lead. After some aggressive kissing, she goes down on him. Edward watches in the mirror, more fascinated than elated.

78 OMITTED 78

79 OMITTED 79

80 OMITTED 80

81 INT. APARTMENT 2F - MORNING 81

The cat MEWS as Edward enters and drops his keys on the kitchen counter.

He moves to the bedroom and catches his reflection in the closet mirror. He smiles, admiring himself.

He stumbles to his bed and collapses.

As he passes out, he is jolted awake by a persistent KNOCKING on the door. He tries to ignore it. The JINGLING OF KEYS. He lifts himself into a bracing stance.

Edward rushes over to the door just as NESTOR enters.

NESTOR
You got the hole?

EDWARD
Oh, yeah...okay. What time is it?

NESTOR
This is 2F?

EDWARD
The hole's over here.

Nestor walks under the hole, then looks at Edward with alarm.

NESTOR
What did you do?

EDWARD
I didn't do anything.

NESTOR
You shouldn't have let it go like this.

EDWARD
What was I supposed - I didn't know what - I told what's-his-face, the downstairs, uh...Where were you?

NESTOR
Gallstones.

EDWARD
I thought your - wasn't - your mother...?

NESTOR
You're the man who lives here?

EDWARD
Well, yeah.

NESTOR
There's another man who lives here
though?

EDWARD
Sometimes. Maybe. Why?

NESTOR
You're the one who complained about
this hole? The man with the dog?

EDWARD
No, I - I mean, I have a cat.

NESTOR
A cat? Named what?

EDWARD
I don't know.

Nestor sees the 3D mask of Edward's face.

NESTOR
Is that the guy that lives here?

EDWARD
That's...art.

NESTOR
Like a mask?

EDWARD
Yeah - a bust.

NESTOR
Pretty weird stuff.

EDWARD
Yeah.

The cat strolls by.

NESTOR
That's the cat?

EDWARD
Yeah.

Nestor considers his options.

NESTOR
Okay, I'll fix the hole.

EDWARD
Should I leave?

NESTOR
You do whatever you want.

EDWARD
Should I help? You want some tap
water?

NESTOR
I hope I have the materials for
this. This is a big problem. Should
have fixed this sooner.

A KNOCK on the door. Doctor Flexner stands in the doorway. He makes room for Nestor to exit the apartment, neither of them making eye contact.

DOCTOR FLEXNER
(to Edward)
I'm sorry, it was open. Is this Ed
Lemuel's apartment?

EDWARD
Um...

DOCTOR FLEXNER
I know it's early. I'm looking for
Mr. Lemuel. He's a patient of mine.
We haven't heard from him for a
week. No one in our office can get
ahold of him.

EDWARD
(quiet)
Yeah, well, what happened was,
he's...Edward's dead.

DOCTOR FLEXNER
What? Dead? How? When?

Nestor reenters with a step stool ladder and bucket of supplies. He appears intrigued by what he is hearing as he sets up the ladder and goes to work.

EDWARD
It happened - was very sudden.
I'm...Guy. A family friend.

DOCTOR FLEXNER
Family? Is there a funeral?

EDWARD

Yeah - no, it's all over. He's dead and buried. Cremated.

DOCTOR FLEXNER

What? Was he - sick?

EDWARD

He just - I don't know. We're trying to find out. Suicide.

DOCTOR FLEXNER

Suicide? Was he depressed?

EDWARD

I don't know.

DOCTOR FLEXNER

He was cremated?

EDWARD

I think, cremated, yeah.

Doctor Flexner notices the 3D mask.

DOCTOR FLEXNER

So...you're serious...Mr. Lemuel is really gone?

82 OMITTED 82

83 INT. APARTMENT 2E - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 83

Her door ajar, Ingrid listens, crestfallen. Edward, Nestor and Flexner can be seen in the background.

EDWARD (O.S.)

He's really gone....just like that.

FADE TO BLACK:

84 SUPERIMPOSE: TWO YEARS LATER 84

85 INT. BEDROOM, NEW APARTMENT - MORNING 85

(Note: Edward's living a new life as GUY MORATZ. He will still be referred to as Edward, except when other characters refer to him as Guy.)

A sleek and spare modern condo. Edward wakes to see MARIANA getting dressed.

MARIANA

I think you have mice. Saw some droppings. You need a cat.

She peers at Edward and points to her own cheek.

MARIANA (CONT'D)

I'll be back to get that blackhead.
See ya.

Edward touches his cheek. Mariana leaves. He gets out of bed.

In his boxers, he walks over to his closet and opens it. A pile of poorly stacked workout clothes falls to the ground. He looks at the empty shelf where the clothes were. The 3D mask is bunched up against the back wall.

86 ~~OMITTED~~ 86

87 INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY 87

Filled with promotional materials: posters, life-size cut-outs, etc. -- all with a giant picture of Edward on them.

As Edward enters, his CO-WORKERS (including CLAY and NICK), congratulate and gently ridicule him. Edward tries not to show any hint of embarrassment or pride.

Mariana is there, too.

88 INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - LATER 88

Edward is working at his desk when Nick walks over and touches his face.

NICK

I notice that isn't on your little billboard.

EDWARD

What?

NICK

Just that pockmark or whatever it is. It's nothing. No one would think anything of it.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

But blown up like that, of course
they're gonna wanna smooth it over.
What'd they pay you?

EDWARD

Nothing.

NICK

So you got screwed.

Clay and Mariana get in the conversation.

CLAY

When I modeled, the pay was insane.

NICK

You? You're number three on my
least attractive people I've ever
met list.

CLAY

I was a hand model.

Mariana grabs Clay's hands.

MARIANA

(genuinely impressed)
Jesus Christ, these are beautiful,
how did I never notice these?

CLAY

Yeah, but look.

He indicates a small burn near his between his thumb and
forefinger.

CLAY (CONT'D)

A little pasta water accident and
that dream came tumbling down.

MARIANA

(caressing the burn)
Character.

CLAY

I've accepted it.

NICK

(to Edward)
You're gonna have to change your
name if you want to be a famous
model. Guy Moratz? Sounds made up.

MARIANA
He's on the lam.

NICK
Who'd you kill? I won't tell.

CLAY
You got an agent yet?

EDWARD
No.

CLAY
I can hook you up with some names.

NICK
Listen to these fuckheads.

CLAY
(to Edward)
Just be careful with the pasta
water.

MARIANA
Yeah, a little shaving accident
and, boom, you'll be lucky if they
still let you sell houses.

NICK
Stay humble, Fabio. I see you over
there, gettin' a big head.

89	OMITTED	89
90	OMITTED	90
91	INT. SUBWAY - DAY	91

A YOUNG BOY stares at Edward. This is the same boy from Edwards's dream. Edward looks back at him.

The boy looks up at Edward's face in the real estate ad on display in the train. He looks back at Edward, making the connection. Edward stares at his own face in the ad.

Edward sees two handsome models laughing among themselves.

Edward looks to the opposite end of the train where the Casting Director talks to an OVERWEIGHT MAN, who takes the agent's card.

91A EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY 91A

As Edward emerges from the station, he is startled as he sees Ingrid crossing the street. She looks different now: hair cut short and dressed in black. Poised and assertive.

92 EXT. STREET, NEW YORK CITY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 92

Edward follows Ingrid from a distance.

93 EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET, NEW YORK CITY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Less crowded, Edward continues to follow Ingrid at a distance as she turns onto a remote side street and disappears into a black box theater.

94 INT. STAKEOUT SPOT ON STREET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 94

Kitty-corner with a view of the theater, Edward keeps watch. The streets are mostly empty.

EDWARD'S POV

Sammy Silverheels, the mildly disfigured man previously seen in the video about disfigured co-workers, approaches the theater.

After checking the address, Silverheels enters the theater.

BACK TO SCENE

Edward is mystified.

95 EXT. BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY 95

Edward walks up to the theater door and sees a hand-written sign:

Auditions EDWARD.

Edward blinks.

96 OMITTED 96

97

INT. THE GROWING STONE TAVERN/BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY - 97
MOMENTS LATER

Edward enters through The Growing Stone Tavern, a bar which leads into the auditorium. The bar is closed but a BARTENDER washes glasses.

Edward moves slowly towards the auditorium. He hears the voice of Silverheels in the distance.

Edward steps into the auditorium as Silverheels nears the end of his audition.

An assistant, VIVIAN, looks at Edward disapprovingly.

Ingrid watches the audition, surrounded by a small CREW. FIONA, looking not unlike Ingrid's old self, is on stage with Silverheels.

SILVERHEELS

(reading)

They taunt me and beg me to show my face, only so that, when I do, they can turn away...in horror...

INGRID

Thank you, Mr. Silverheels.

As Silverheels exits, he exchanges a commiserating glance with Edward.

Everyone in the room looks at Edward.

INGRID (CONT'D)

May I help you?

EDWARD

I...

INGRID

Are you here for "Edward"?

EDWARD

Well - I...

INGRID

Is he on the call sheet?

VIVIAN

Sammy Silverheels was the last one for the day.

INGRID

Did you get sides?

Edward doesn't answer.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Viv, get him sides. Let him read
for Theo.

Vivian hands him some pages. Edward is dazed, but manages to make his way to the stage. Fiona greets him, but Edward is so shaky that he can barely acknowledge her.

He stands under the harsh theater lights, looking at the small crew, who eye him intently. He stands that way for a moment too long.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Whenever you're ready.

EDWARD

(reading haltingly)

If it was me, I'd just move out of the building, forfeit my deposit. I couldn't live next to that. Every time you step outside, not knowing if he's gonna be there. Always being on guard - Jesus. I'd have nightmares.

FIONA

(reading)

Come on, don't be an asshole. You don't mean that.

EDWARD

(reading)

I sure as hell do mean it, and I don't feel bad about it either. Humans are hard-wired to fear and despise the sick and the ugly. Used to leave deformed babies out to die in the cold. Put 'em in institutions at least. I've got science on my side. You know it's true, but you're just being politically...

He trails off. Ingrid and the others can barely stand to watch.

Humiliated, Edward skulks out of the theater. Silverheels is near the door, smoking a cigarette.

SILVERHEELS

I need this, man. I'd be right for it, too. Kind of born for it. You know how it is, just want to tell my mama, hey, it was all worth it. Maybe not literally, not financially, not yet, but a leading part. It's not exactly Hamlet, but still, your little Johnny - leading part. Nine years I've been at this. Losin' my looks! Getting hard to justify not going to night school. The life we've chosen, huh?

EDWARD

Yeah.

99 OMITTED 99

100 INT. LOBBY, BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY 100

Wearing the mask, Edward waits to be called in.

Seated across from him, a MAN WITH A WINE-STAINED BIRTHMARK covering his face studies his lines.

Vivian watches Edward skeptically.

A MAN WITH A CLEFT PALATE exits the auditorium looking dejected.

VIVIAN

Okay, Mr. Moratz.

101 INT. AUDITORIUM, BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY 101

Edward is on stage auditioning with Fiona. Edward's voice is muffled, the mask moving awkwardly.

Ingrid is struck by his appearance, though it is unclear if it's because he looks like the Edward she knew, or because he looks ridiculous.

FIONA

There...all better. Does it hurt?

EDWARD

No.

FIONA
Good. Hey...that photo..is that
you, as a boy?

EDWARD
Yeah.

Ingrid interrupts the scene.

INGRID
(to Edward)
Excuse me - I'm sorry, what is
going on here?

EDWARD
I...what...?

INGRID
Forgive me if I'm - what - is
that...some kind of mask?

EDWARD
It's a prototype.

INGRID
A prototype of...what?

EDWARD
For the face...the eventual...
we'll use makeup, I don't know,
however you wanna do it.

INGRID
Sorry, who are you exactly?

EDWARD
I'm Edward.

Ingrid looks at Vivian.

VIVIAN
Guy Moratz. Supposedly.

INGRID
Are you Guy Moratz?

EDWARD
I was born for this.

INGRID
So...are you...deformed?

EDWARD
I am this guy.

INGRID

I don't think we can afford makeup.
This is an off-broadway production.
Do I know you? You sound familiar.
Can you take off that mask, please?

EDWARD

Let me do the scene.

INGRID

Where did you get that mask?

EDWARD

(to Fiona)
Begin, please.

Fiona reads off the sides as they continue:

FIONA

There...all better. Does it hurt?

EDWARD

No.

FIONA

Good. Hey...that photo..is that
you, as a boy?

EDWARD

Yeah.

Fiona walks to the photo.

FIONA

Very cute. So...I guess...you
weren't born...

(pause)

I'm sorry, it's not my place.

EDWARD

It's okay.

FIONA

People probably ask you a lot of
questions.

EDWARD

The questions I don't mind so much.

FIONA

No? People can be cruel, I imagine.

Edward doesn't answer. Fiona walks to him and looks at him intently.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You have an eyelash. Let me get it.

She touches his eye. He grabs her hand and holds it in place. They stare at each other. Edward leans in to kiss her.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I...I have to go.

EDWARD

I'm sorry, I-

FIONA

No, no. I didn't realize what time it was.

EDWARD

It's just no one's ever touched my...my...face...before...

In the audience, Ingrid is nearly brought to tears.

102

INT. THE GROWING STONE TAVERN - DUSK

102

The theater crew passes around Edward's mask, confounded, as Ingrid and Edward chat.

INGRID

Juilliard?

EDWARD

You don't believe it.

INGRID

No - just - your first audition was a little...

EDWARD

I was traumatized because, I have a sort of - personal - passion - for this - subject - because, uh, my friend - childhood - best - friend - he was - had a condition, much like the - Edward - your Edward -

INGRID

Don't tell me his name is Edward.

EDWARD

No, no - Ronnie.

INGRID
 (mishearing)
 Can Lonnie act?

EDWARD
 He died. And so - and I was
 overcome with - which is why I feel
 strongly that I need to play this
 part.

INGRID
 That's one way to honor a friend.
 How'd he die?

EDWARD
 Uh - disease -

INGRID
 You know, Fiona went to Juilliard
 too.

EDWARD
 Oh!

Edward looks at Fiona who flashes a forced smile at him but has no intention of engaging further.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 Did you know an...Edward?

Edward notices some of the crew are laughing at something behind him. He turns to look.

A MAN WITH DWARFISM has walked in with Ostermeier's dark-haired lady. They look happy.

INGRID
 An Edward? It can't just be a story
 my brilliant imagination has cooked
 up? I've known, you know, a couple
 people, it's kind of a, what's the
 word...?

EDWARD
 Tribute?

INGRID
 An amalgamation. It's me too- part
 of the character is based on
 myself, in a way.

EDWARD
 How's that?

INGRID
 (referring to the mask)
 Is that Lonnie?
 (laughs)

EDWARD
 I...played...long time ago -
 Richard the Third.

INGRID
 Jesus, that's an extreme Richard
 the Third. To be perfectly blunt, I
 had wanted to cast a person
 with...who looks like...
 (looking at the mask)
 I mean, who looks like that!
 Ideally. I've seen a a handful of
 people with different facial...
 and...disabilities...but...I mean,
 it's hard. You get an fixated on an
 idea. If it's not right, it's not
 right.

EDWARD
 You had someone specific in mind.

INGRID
 The question is, do you cast
 someone with a condition, even if
 he's not the best fit? Is it wrong
 to cast someone because of their
 disfigurement? Exploitative even?
 Will people come to gawk? Where is
 the ethical line? It's funny...
 Edward, he has an awkwardness in
 his own skin, so, it's kind of
 brilliant in a way - seeing you -
 who looks like- you, and you're not
 yourself, you've got this mask,
 this other persona, and there's
 this dissonance...it clicked - for
 me - it was strangely affecting. It
 was like I saw my creation come to
 life.

Edward motions to the rest of the crew.

EDWARD
 You might need to convince them.

INGRID
 I don't have to convince anyone.
 It's my play, pal.

103 OMITTED 103

104 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK 104

Edward's old building has been updated, with harsher lighting and blander fixtures. Edward's old door is still red but badly faded.

As Ingrid fumbles with her keys, MR. SABLOSKY, a blind old man with a seeing-eye dog, exits Edward's old apartment.

INGRID
Hi, Mr. Sablosky.

105 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2E - DUSK - CONTINUOUS 105

As they enter:

INGRID
(quietly)
He's blind. Shoes off, please.

EDWARD
Uh, are you looking at my socks?

INGRID
They're cute.

Edward sees his old typewriter.

EDWARD
Is that where you do your writing?

INGRID
Never used it. Not sure it even works.

Edward bangs on some keys.

EDWARD
Seems to work.

INGRID
Great. It's yours. Give it a proper home.

EDWARD
Where'd it come from?

INGRID
Looks Italian.

Edward's/Ostermeier's cat walks by.

EDWARD
What's its name?

INGRID
C. Pulaski.

Edward tries to pick it up, but the cat jumps out of his hands and lands on the floor with a THUD.

KNOCKING from the downstairs apartment with what sounds like a broom. Edward jumps.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Goddamn her.

EDWARD
Who's that?

INGRID
This intolerable old hag that lives down there. Can't even walk around barefoot in here. Here's the bar.

EDWARD
Oh, I've had enough.

INGRID
Well, make me something.

Edward pours whiskey.

EDWARD
How long have you lived here?

Ingrid turns on a RECORD PLAYER.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I don't think the old hag is gonna appreciate that.

INGRID
What's worse? Me, having to tip-toe around so as not to upset the sensitive bitch, or her, having to live with such a noisy little bitch upstairs?

EDWARD
I'd rather live in a house by myself.

INGRID
That's no answer.

A KNOCK on the door. Edward jumps.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Cops after you?

EDWARD
What?

INGRID
You're jumpy.

EDWARD
I startle easily.

INGRID
Yeah. Nervous Nelly. Think it's the
bitch?

Edward shrugs. The knocking continues.

Ingrid opens the door to the Bookish Man. He begins pleading with her. Edward tries to listen in, but the man catches his eye, and Edward retreats.

While Ingrid and the man argue quietly in the doorway, Edward preoccupies himself by looking around the apartment.

He notices her writing desk, filled with books and ephemera on disfigurement. He notices, pinned to the wall, the piece of paper from the typewriter:

"They taunt me and beg me to show my face, on so that, when I do, they can turn away in horror."

He looks up and sees the photo of himself and his mother.

Ingrid creeps up behind him.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Boo!

Edward jumps. Ingrid laughs.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Sorry, had to do it.

EDWARD
Who was that?

INGRID
Oh, jilted lover.

She kisses Edward.

INGRID (CONT'D)
So many jilted lovers.

They kiss again.

INGRID (CONT'D)
I leave a trail of tragedy in my
wake.

They kiss.

INGRID (CONT'D)
I warned you.

They kiss passionately.

107

INT. AUDITORIUM, BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY

107

Fiona and Edward (masked) are on stage. The general layout is similar to Edward's old apartment. Also on stage, Ingrid makes minor adjustments to the scene. The rest of the crew watches.

EDWARD
(reciting lines:)
A gust of wind, the jostling of the
train, the spray of the shower, the
pressure of the pillow when I rest,
any small thing might be too much
for this brittle structure to bear,
would knock some element out of
whack and-! Yet, I've held out. The
doctors have helped it along, of
course. They've reinforced the
pieces with screws, rods, metal.
These procedures have bolstered the
foundation, but the result is
hardly foolproof; it may protect my
skull from a spontaneous collapse
while I'm sitting in stillness,
though they can't guarantee even
that. The sad reality is that my
face is fragile and it's imperative
that I conduct my life based upon
this fact. When in doubt, live in
fear, that's my mantra. Stay out of
barrooms or crowded places in
general; be nice to people; be
deferential; be the bigger man;
(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

argue, if I must - and really I mustn't - only from a safe distance or under the protection of a powerful friend, if I even had one and if he could then be relied upon. I tell myself, Edward: Don't call attention to yourself - useless advice. Still, I've made it this far. Who's to say what I...

Edward trails off, looking at the door to the lobby. Fiona follows his gaze, followed by Ingrid and the rest of the crew.

A disfigured man is standing in the doorway.

The man looks identical to Edward's former self. This is OSWALD.

Despite the uncanny resemblance, Oswald speaks in a graceful British accent and has a winning, charming personality. Smartly dressed and well-groomed.

OSWALD

Pardon me for intruding. I met this casting director - unique and unusual physiognomies is his specialty - he told me you were holding auditions for this interesting-sounding play, he thought I might perhaps be a proper fit. I'm no actor, but I thought I'd come take a gander. From the tidbit I've just seen, I must say it looks like a very curious piece! But I see the role is filled, and quite ably. Cheers to all involved. Best of luck. Break a leg, as they say. I'll come see it when it opens. Good day!

He exits.

The cast and crew stand around, stunned. Edward stands dumbly in his mask.

108 OMITTED 108

109 INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 2E - NIGHT 109

Edward and Ingrid make love. She stops him.

INGRID
Wait, hold on.

EDWARD
What?

INGRID
You have the mask?

EDWARD
What?

INGRID
Put it on.

EDWARD
Really? Why?

INGRID
Just do what I tell you.

EDWARD
You don't want to look at me?

INGRID
Oh, come on. It's my creation.

He puts the mask on.

They resume their lovemaking. For a moment, they both take it seriously. But as Edward leans in to kiss her, she turns her head and laughs.

INGRID (CONT'D)
No, don't.

EDWARD
What's the problem?

INGRID
(laughing hysterically)
This is too fucked up.

EDWARD
What do you mean?

INGRID
You look ridiculous!

111 INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

111

Edward and his cohorts -- Mariana, Clay, Nick -- celebrate a real estate deal spearheaded by Edward. Nick gives a brief, cynical toast. Then:

OSWALD (O.S)

Edward!

Edward startles at the mention of his former name as Oswald approaches.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

You probably don't remember me. I was -

EDWARD

Yeah.

OSWALD

Oswald.

EDWARD

Hi.

Oswald shakes Edward's hand. Edward's co-workers all look up in amazement.

NICK

"Edward?" What's going on?

EDWARD

It's no - nothing - no one.

OSWALD

"I only play Edward on TV." That's a horrible joke. What are you called in civilian life?

NICK

Fabio.

EDWARD

Guy.

MARIANA

Guy Moratz.

Introductions all around.

CLAY

This is all very mysterious. What secret intel have you got on our enigmatic friend?

OSWALD

Only that your dear Mr. Moratz is starring in a soon-to-be-classic theatrical production.

MARIANA

Starring - like as an actor?

EDWARD

No, no, it's...just a little...off-broadway...play...

MARIANA

Oh, thanks for letting me know, it makes me feel very close to you.

OSWALD

Have I put my foot in my mouth?

NICK

What's this play about?

EDWARD

It's...hard to...it's about...a guy...

(looks to Oswald)

He's just...

OSWALD

Your friend plays a man with a disfigured face. Name of Edward.

NICK

Disfigured face?

OSWALD

He dons a very convincing mask.

EDWARD

It's still being perfected... prototype...

OSWALD

It's a sort of beauty and the beast yarn, or am I wrong?

EDWARD

That's one way of...

CLAY

Beauty and the Beast, a classic.

EDWARD

No, it's called -

OSWALD
It's called just "Edward" I
believe, which presumably makes you
the star of the show.

CLAY
Our Guy, a Broadway star?

EDWARD
Off-Broadway.

OSWALD
Just the first stop on the road to
glory.

NICK
How long has this been going on,
you prick?

EDWARD
Not-

OSWALD
He's brilliant, I only saw a
little, but I was gobsmacked, I
must say.

MARIANA
He's leading a double life, I knew
it.

OSWALD
Guy, my friend, I'm beginning to
think I've made a mess of things
for you.

CLAY
You've outed him. Look how
embarrassed-

EDWARD
I'm not...embarrassed...

OSWALD
Embarrassing people, that's a
speciality of mine, for better or
worse.

MARIANA
He's always embarrassed. Nervous
Nelly, I call him.

Edward glares at her.

OSWALD

No shame in that, my dear friend.
Actors are self-conscious sorts,
it's their God-given temperament.

CLAY

Do you want to sit down, Oswald?

OSWALD

Oh no, my friend over there is no
doubt eagerly anticipating my
triumphant return. I'm terribly
sorry for the interruption, and a
million apologies if I was the
cause of any discomfiture. It was
not my place to reveal your
secrets. A fantastic pleasure, see
you on the stage Sir Guy, I'll be
cheering you on from the front row.
Cheerio.

He leans down to whisper to Edward:

OSWALD (CONT'D)

I'm truly mortified by my
recklessness, I hope there's no
hard feelings. I just hoped to let
you know how much I admired your
performance.

EDWARD

It's no - thanks -

OSWALD

I'm off then!

NICK

Bye, Oswald!

Oswald returns to his table. His companion is hidden from
view.

NICK (CONT'D)

(clears his throat)
So, Edward...

EDWARD

Don't call me that.

NICK

Does this mask have your little
pockmark thing?

CLAY

I liked that guy's accent. Is he from around here?

Mariana shoots Edward a quizzical glare -- who is this man she's been sleeping with?

112

INT. AUDITORIUM, BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY

112

Rehearsal has broken down and Ingrid and Edward, masked, are arguing:

INGRID

I can't believe what I'm hearing.

EDWARD

I just don't understand. He speaks to the audience in these long philosophical monologues, but then when he talks to Fiona, he's monosyllabic.

INGRID

You want more lines? You can't even memorize the ones you have.

EDWARD

And why does he have to be so grateful to her? It's like, just because his face is - he's indebted to her just for talking to him.

INGRID

He - he isn't grateful. He's nervous because he hasn't had a lot of experience.

EDWARD

How do you know what kind of experience he's had?

INGRID

Are you fucking serious, man?

EDWARD

Maybe he's had a rich life. We don't know his backstory.

INGRID

I think I know my own character's "backstory," thank you very much.

EDWARD

And then he has to go kill himself,
'cause of course he's so depressed
because he's deformed.

Vivian enters with Oswald.

VIVIAN

Look who I ran into!

The whole team, excluding Edward, is thrilled to see Oswald. Oswald says hello to everyone and then makes a beeline for Edward.

OSWALD

Guy! My good fellow. Grand to see
you again.

Oswald gives Edward a French-style "la bise" kiss.

INGRID

Do you two know each other?

OSWALD

I drunkenly descended upon him as
he was celebrating with his real
estate mates, a lovely bunch.

(turning to Edward)

I neglected to mention, I might be
in the market for a flat myself.

Ingrid looks at Edward, confused.

INGRID

Real estate mates?

OSWALD

(to Ingrid)

I'm Oswald, by the way.

INGRID

I'm Ingrid.

OSWALD

Ah, the brilliant scribe!

INGRID

And director.

OSWALD

Ah, la maestra!

INGRID

We're just rehearsing, you should stick around and watch.

OSWALD

Ah, no, I fear I might develop a reputation for intruding where I'm not wanted.

INGRID

Nonsense, you're more than wanted! Though it'll be nerve-wracking for us, the play is still nascent. Nothing set in stone.

OSWALD

Everyone's so self-conscious in show business, I adore it. I confess I am intrigued by the whole process.

INGRID

Well, you're - please - unless you're busy.

OSWALD

I just had my Jiu-Jitsu lesson, so I'm a tad sweaty, but otherwise, I was just going to read in the park.

INGRID

What are you reading?

OSWALD

It's called "The Bluest Eye," by Toni Morrison.

INGRID

One of my favorite books.

OSWALD

Strangely enough, I was inspired to read it by Guy. He has those piercing blue eyes, and I saw him, and thought "that reminds me..."

INGRID

Funny, I never noticed your eyes, Guy. Well, have a seat anywhere you want. It'll be boring. Stopping and starting...

OSWALD

You won't know I'm here.

INGRID

Okay. Where were we? Guy? Guy?

Edward is staring into space.

113

INT. THE GROWING STONE TAVERN - NIGHT

113

Cast and crew with Oswald. Edward seems preoccupied.

OSWALD

I was sad to see him off himself at the end.

INGRID

It's a tragedy.

OSWALD

Yes, I suppose there's nothing to be done about it. I quite liked Edward, though he is a rather passive chap. At least until that suicide. Naturally, I wanted to see him live happily ever after with Fiona. Would the audience believe it?

FIONA

I love your accent.

OSWALD

I hear that a lot. You Yanks can't resist my mellifluous vocal stylings. Back home, I'm just another bloke. Nobody takes any notice of me. You should think about Edward having an accent. Your critics will think it's a very classy endeavor.

INGRID

Great idea. Guy, talk like Oswald.

EDWARD

I can't.

OSWALD

(exaggerating his own accent)
'ello matey, ow's the ol' lady doin'?

EDWARD

I can't.

INGRID
Sure you can. 'ello matey.

EDWARD
(terrible)
'ello matey.

OSWALD
That's great! 'ow's tricks, guv?

EDWARD
(still terrible)
'ow's tricks, guv?

INGRID
That's horrible.

OSWALD
It could use some mild refinement,
but we'll get there.

EDWARD
(angry)
You do an American accent.

Oswald does several spot-on impressions. "I coulda been a contender," "I am not a crook," Elvis Presley, etc. Everyone eats it up except for Edward.

OSWALD
I can do German too.

He does a hilarious impression of a Nazi.

INGRID
That's brilliant.
(to Edward)
Why can't you do that?

OSWALD
Well, you're not playing Master
Harold after all.

INGRID
(to Edward)
I guess they didn't teach you
accents at Juilliard.

OSWALD
Really Guy, I developed an affinity
for them because I moved around a
lot as a child.

(MORE)

OSWALD (CONT'D)

A survival instinct, really, which blossomed into one of my many useless talents.

INGRID

What are your other talents?

OSWALD

Well, I can yodel -
(he does so)

I can juggle. Children's games, mere fluff. I can sing and play guitar, though I'm no Segovia. I've taken up weaving, I'm ashamed to say.

INGRID

What can't you do?

OSWALD

Oh, so many things. I can't whistle.

INGRID

I can teach you.
(she whistles)
You just -

OSWALD AND INGRID

-put your lips together and blow.

They both laugh hysterically.

OSWALD

I don't drive very well.

INGRID

Can you act?

She and the crew laugh, but Edward doesn't look amused.

114 INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 2E - NIGHT

114

Edward wakes to find Ingrid at her desk, sullen.

INGRID

He's right. Edward is too passive.

EDWARD

What does he know about Edward?

INGRID

I've made him a victim. I've fallen into the most obvious trap.

EDWARD

So, what's he supposed to be, a hero? An inspiration?

INGRID

I don't know. He's just...Edward. Look, you wanted more lines. You said it yourself.

EDWARD

Yeah, and you called me a prima donna. But, oh, if Oswald says it...

INGRID

Come on.

EDWARD

The guy who killed Lincoln.

INGRID

What?

EDWARD

Oswald.

INGRID

Kennedy. Oswald killed Kennedy.

EDWARD

Whatever. Lincoln, right, a disgruntled actor killed that guy. Right there in the theater, right? Hinkley.

INGRID

Booth.

EDWARD

Right there in the booth.

115

INT. DRESSING ROOM, BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY

115

A MAKE-UP ARTIST applies latex makeup to Edward's face while The results look promising. Ingrid watches the process, concerned.

SAME, MOMENTS LATER

Finished, the makeup artist hands Edward a mirror.

MAKEUP ARTIST

I'm sorry, this must feel very
dehumanizing.

Edward looks agog at himself, a bastardized version of his former self. He reaches up to touch his face.

MAKEUP ARTIST (CONT'D)

Uh-uh- it's very fragile.

116

INT. AUDITORIUM, BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY - LATER

116

Edward rehearses in his new latex mask. He is clearly having trouble seeing -- walking haltingly and bumping into things. Ingrid looks uncomfortable.

EDWARD

Oh, my head...

FIONA

What is it? Here, sit down.

EDWARD

No, don't touch me, just leave me alone!

FIONA

But I'm only trying -

EDWARD

I know, always so helpful, aren't you? I don't want your pity. I know that I disgust you.

FIONA

That isn't true!

EDWARD

You think I don't know what your little friends say about me? "Why do you hang out with that, that freak. He'll get the wrong idea." But you...you're the worst of all...with your kindness and caring and fussing and...God, how I hate you.

The makeup begins to slide off, not unlike the way his face melted off earlier. Edward looks a bit traumatized. Ingrid looks annoyed.

117 EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

117

Edward walks a path, preoccupied, as Oswald runs up behind him carrying a gym bag and dressed in shorts and a T-shirt.

OSWALD
Sir Guy!

EDWARD
What are you doing here?

OSWALD
Yoga in the park.

He looks over to where a SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE in yoga gear have finished their class.

OSWALD (CONT'D)
Do you practice yoga?

EDWARD
No.

OSWALD
It might do you some good. They say it's very relaxing.

EDWARD
Yeah?

OSWALD
Confidentially, I find it rather a chore, but supposedly it works wonders with our withering bodies. I think I've noticed some benefit, but maybe it's just the placebo effect.

118 SAME, MOMENTS LATER

118

They pass the Abraham Lincoln Statue Man. Oswald loves it. He and Edward stand side by side looking at Abe, but Abe seems to be staring at Edward, boring into him, judging him.

OSWALD
Would you just look at that?

119 OMITTED 119

120 INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT 120

Edward and Oswald drink as, in the background, a WOMAN sings a KARAOKE TUNE.

OSWALD

Oh, I nearly forgot, they did the mock-up today, yeah?

Edward looks confused.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Latex, is it? How did it go?

EDWARD

You heard about that.

OSWALD

Ingrid was very stressy about it. Came off, I hope?

Edward doesn't comprehend the statement.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Does it have the desired effect?

EDWARD

It's still...

OSWALD

A work-in-progress? It will take a bit of refinement over time. That's what Murray said, the make-up artist. He's part Northern Irish. He said it was the most complicated thing he's ever done. I'm excited to see it in action. Part of me wants to just wait until opening night, so I can be struck by the full effect, but I think I'll stop by tomorrow because Ingrid wanted some feedback on the new pages, and besides, I want to see the gang.

EDWARD

You don't have work?

OSWALD

I don't really work, to be frank. I made some lucky investments while I was at university - before I ran off to Tangiers with my professor - and then I got into the real estate game, briefly. The market - not the side of it you're on. I've done quite well for myself, but I'm happiest when I'm busy, and I'm currently working on a thing - not worth getting into, but it has to do with bringing fresh water to third world countries. I have some very prominent people on board but time will tell if it all comes together. Right now I'm looking for a place in the city - I wanted to have a chat with you about that -
(excited)

Oh, can I believe my eyes?

An attractive woman, SADIE, approaches. She and Oswald hug.

SADIE

Oswald! You owe me dinner.

OSWALD

I feel ashamed.

SADIE

(to Edward)

Hi, I'm Sadie.

EDWARD

Hey.

OSWALD

That's Guy, he's a masterful actor.

SADIE

Oh no. I have bad luck with actors.

OSWALD

We're working on a play together.

SADIE

You never stop, do you?

(to Edward)

Oswald is one of my favorite people.

OSWALD
 Look, I'll ring you next week,
 okay?

SADIE
 I'll believe it when I see it.

She whispers in his ear.

SADIE (CONT'D)
 Nice to meet you, Guy.
 (indicating Oswald:)
 Watch out for this one.

They say goodbye and she leaves.

EDWARD
 Who was that?

OSWALD
 I know how it looked, but, don't
 get any ideas -

The EMCEE calls out:

EMCEE (O.S.)
 Oswald!

OSWALD
 Ah, cheer me on, mate.

Oswald steps up to the stage and does a rousing karaoke number, putting himself totally into it and singing with a magnificent voice.

Everybody present has stopped to watch him and cheer him on.

Edward watches everybody watching. They all seem to love it.

Edward turns and sees Sadie sitting at a table with another GIRL. They're whispering to each other and laughing. Perhaps they are laughing at Oswald -- that's how it appears to Edward. He fixates on them. The sight of these laughing women seems to bring comfort to him.

121	OMITTED	121
122	OMITTED	122

123

INT. BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY

123

The whole crew is gathered, and everyone is looking at Edward. Oswald stands next to Ingrid.

EDWARD

I'm not Edward anymore?

OSWALD

You are, but only after his transformation.

EDWARD

What is he talking about?

INGRID

Well, I've been thinking about - and to your credit, Guy, you were right - and Oswald too - the suicide was...ludicrous. This wasn't meant to be a tragic love story. Why can't they be happy? And Oswald and I were talking about Beauty and the Beast, and how in the end, he becomes a beautiful prince.

EDWARD

A prince?

OSWALD

And you're that prince!

EDWARD

And you're the beast?

OSWALD

Not a beast. I'm Edward. This isn't beauty and the beast.

INGRID

That was just by way of explaining.

EDWARD

I don't understand why he transforms. How is that possible?

INGRID

He doesn't transform, not literally.

OSWALD

She just sees him differently!

EDWARD

Why?

INGRID

You know how we idealize people when we're in love.

EDWARD

So I'm the idealized version of Oswald?

OSWALD

Not me. Edward.

EDWARD

Why can't it just be him? Why does she have to idealize him so that he's somebody he isn't?

INGRID

Frankly, Guy, to keep you in the play. Look, this is hard for me but, you know I need Oswald to be Edward. And he refused unless there was a part for you, because he - loves you - and didn't want it to be like he was...replacing you. And this is what we came up with. You should really be thanking Oswald.

OSWALD

(sadly)

Guy...

INGRID

This is my decision. I had to beg him to do it. Look, it's not you, Guy, but, come on, the mask, the makeup, it's a total bust, and Oswald...I mean...

OSWALD

Ingrid insisted and...I admit, I do feel that this is a uniquely rare opportunity where I was, in a sense, born to play the role.

INGRID

You're selling yourself short. You could play Hamlet.

OSWALD

She's a canny director, flattering me.

INGRID

Frankly, Guy, we've been making all these changes and you've had trouble memorizing all the new lines.

EDWARD

I haven't, I just, it's a process-

INGRID

Whereas Oswald has a photographic memory.

OSWALD

I do have a photographic memory, technically, but it remains to be seen if that comes in handy in this department.

INGRID

You already know your lines.

OSWALD

The lines, sure, but can I act? That is the question!

INGRID

You can. He can. You've seen it. We've all seen it. Oswald's a natural. If it's right, it's right.

EDWARD

You know the lines? You've seen him act? When did all this happen?

INGRID

Well, he's been giving me feedback and...

OSWALD

Guy, you're a masterful actor. That's what's so tragic here, and I really don't know what the ethical thing is.

INGRID

The right thing is for you to take the role. And Guy, you still get to play Edward...transformed...and you don't have to hide your face behind that idiotic thing, so you'll get more recognition.

EDWARD
For...one scene?

OSWALD
But what a scene! The finale!

EDWARD
Nobody is gonna believe that Edward looks like him, and then suddenly he looks like me.

OSWALD
It's magic!

EDWARD
But she loves him for who he is. If he changes, who is he then?

INGRID
The same person.

OSWALD
Same chap, new face.

EDWARD
That's a different person!

VIVIAN
It's a metaphorical change. Right out of Beauty and the Beast. She loves him, so voila, he appears beautiful to her.

FIONA
But he had pretended to be a beast to prove her love. He didn't want to be loved for his looks.

VIVIAN
No, she loves him because he's a beast.

INGRID
Or in spite of his beastliness.

EDWARD
They're talking about you like you're a beast!

OSWALD
They're talking about Edward.

EDWARD
Edward is not a beast!

OSWALD

No, of course not, no. But if Beauty and the Beast is our hypothetical point of comparison, well...I mean, let's be honest with ourselves, old friend.

124 EXT. THE GROWING STONE TAVERN - DUSK - A LITTLE LATER 124

The cast and crew seem energized and renewed since Oswald took over, but Edward is sulky and tries to steal Ingrid away.

EDWARD

Come on, I'm tired, let's go home.

INGRID

I'm not going home. Have a drink. Don't be mopey.

EDWARD

I don't feel like a drink.

INGRID

That's not my problem. Come or go, it's up to you.

Oswald approaches.

OSWALD

(to Edward:)

What are you having?

Edward leaves.

125 EXT. STREET, NEW YORK CITY - DUSK 125

Edward walks, ruminating and angry. 3 TEENAGERS walk by him and seem to snicker at him as they pass.

EDWARD

Get a good look?

TEENAGER

Sorry, come again?

EDWARD

I said "get a good look?"

TEENAGER

A good look? Here, let me make sure.

(MORE)

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

Yeah - everybody back me up - see if we can assess this man properly.

EDWARD

Why don't you take a picture?

TEENAGER

That's an excellent idea.

He snaps a picture of Edward with his phone.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

Well, isn't that a nice picture, but let's see if we can get a smile out of you. Smile, dude, make love to the camera, say cheese.

Edward tries to grab the phone.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

Back off, or I'll make your face something worth looking at. All right, I'm posting your picture. You should have smiled. There, it's posted. Now all my followers are gonna look at you. I got 673 followers. They're all getting a good look at you right now. What are they gonna think?

They laugh as they walk away. Edward watches them go, then continues to walk.

Edward turns a corner and sees his face in the real estate ad at a bus stop. The ad has been defaced with blacked-out eyes and a Hitler mustache.

126 OMITTED 126

127 EXT. BLACK BOX THEATER - NIGHT 127

A poster in the marquee: a close-up of Oswald's face under the words *EDWARD* (written and directed by Ingrid Vold). Below, a banner declares "Opening Night!"

128 INT. AUDITORIUM, BLACK BOX THEATER - NIGHT 128

A moderately-sized CROWD watches the play.

Oswald is on stage with Fiona on the apartment set.

OSWALD

At first the thought terrified me- that my face might be disseminated to screens across the world, that no matter the hour, someone was seeing me, laughing at me, horrified by me, even after I'm dead, my image would remain for others to despise. But then... somehow this idea gave me comfort - that it wasn't me they were laughing at, that I wouldn't even know, that I wouldn't have to face my tormentors - they'd be laughing at someone else, someone different.

129 OMITTED 129

130 SAME, LATER 130

Later in the play, the onstage transformation from Oswald to Edward: Fiona looks at Oswald. They kiss. Fiona looks again. It is now Edward. In other words, the transformation as we see it would be impossible to achieve in a live performance.

131 INT. THE GROWING STONE TAVERN - NIGHT 131

Everyone is gathered for the afterparty. Spirits are high. Many people, including Edward's real estate co-workers, congratulate Ingrid and Oswald as Edward sulks in the corner.

RON BELCHER, a middle-aged man sitting with his wife JANET, is sitting near Edward, staring at him.

BELCHER

You're in the show, right? Loved it. Congratulations. Ron Belcher.

EDWARD

Thanks.

BELCHER

That guy's amazing. I gotta be honest with you, I thought it was make-up. I said to my wife - it's our anniversary - this is her-

JANET

Pleasure! Janet Belcher.

BELCHER

I was saying to her, how'd they do that makeup? What is that, some kind of polymer? Where'd they get the budget for this? She said, I think that's his face. I said, noooo babe, you're nuts...it's gotta be some sort of get-up. The whole time I'm watching the show, I'm wondering, is that real or is this some kind of weird effect? I couldn't really believe it either way. I didn't know what I even wanted it to be.

WIFE

I could tell right away, that's his face.

BELCHER

You were right, I was wrong. What was it like working with him?

EDWARD

It was...I mean...

BELCHER

I guess under all that, he's just a normal guy. I wonder if the fellow who wrote the play knew him before he wrote it, or if he just came up with a character like that on his own and hoped the right person would come along by chance. Seems risky to me. How would you go about finding that guy - looks exactly like you envisioned, and can act too? How do you describe him? What if they want to put the play on in Boise? Do they fly that guy out? What if he's dead? Do they find the Idaho version of him? Do they use a mask? Will that be convincing? Will another guy with some other affliction do just as well? Maybe they just cast a regular guy, like me or you, the way they do Shakespeare now with black people, and it puts a kind of different spin on it. I'm thinking about all these things during the performance.

(MORE)

BELCHER (CONT'D)

To be honest with you, three hours ago I'm saying to myself, do I really want to go sit in an un-air-conditioned theater for god knows how long to see some little play I've never heard of? I don't go to the theater usually, I didn't know what the hell this thing was about, but it's our anniversary. And now I'm thinking all this shit. So that's how I know it's an interesting play.

Edward looks at Oswald as Silverheels, the disfigured man who auditioned before Edward, congratulates Oswald.

Oswald sees Edward, smiles, and motions for him to join.

Edward doesn't move.

132 INT. LIVING ROOM, NEW APARTMENT - MORNING

132

At the kitchen table in his robe, Edward reads from the New York Times.

THE NEWSPAPER

In the theater section, a close-up of Oswald under the caption "The New Face of Off-Broadway?"

BACK TO SCENE

Edward puts the paper down angrily.

He picks up his coffee cup, but sees a roach swimming around in the coffee. He bolts out of his chair, spilling on himself.

EDWARD

Goddammit!

He catches his reflection in a wall mirror. Looking at himself, he calms down and adopts a refined Oswald-like voice, though his British accent remains poor.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Bloody hell. Bollocks. Crikey.

133

INT. AUDITORIUM, BLACK BOX THEATER - DAY

133

Another group meeting -- all eyes on Edward. Oswald looks sheepish.

INGRID

I'm sorry, Guy. It doesn't work. You said it yourself, how can he become you? You're nothing alike. It's not believable. And it's not necessary. She loves him for who he is. It was contrived.

OSWALD

I still think the idea is theoretically sound, but what we didn't count on, and this may stem from my being a novice, is how the audience has spent two hours becoming invested in Edward - that is, in this particular iteration of the piece, me - and if someone else comes out and says "Oh, I'm Edward now," it doesn't matter who it is, even if it's Sir Kenneth Branagh or whomever, the audience feels cheated, we've broken our pact with them, and they will rightfully rebel.

INGRID

Look, I still want to be friends and I'll keep you in for future projects. I'm sorry. Goodbye, Guy.

EDWARD

The mask is mine, I'm keeping it.

OSWALD

I always liked that mask. Brilliant mask.

134

EXT. EDWARD'S OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

134

Edward stands kitty-corner from his old apartment. He's spying. He looks like he hasn't slept.

EDWARD'S POV

Oswald and Ingrid exit the building, chatting with the landlord, who shakes hands with Oswald. The landlord is using an electrolarynx to speak.

135 I/E. NEW YORK SUBWAY TRAIN (TRAVELING) - DAY - LATER 135

Oswald reads Uta Hagen's "Respect for Acting," oblivious to Edward's presence.

136 OMITTED 136

137 OMITTED 137

138 EXT. PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS 138

Edward watches Oswald hug a WOMAN. A CHILD runs up to hug Oswald before they begin a game of catch.

A nuclear family.

139 OMITTED 139

140 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 140

As Edward passes his old apartment, he sees Nestor painting his old red door black. Nestor glares at him.

He moves to Ingrid's apartment as she opens the door.

EDWARD

Where's the blind guy?

INGRID

What do you want?

EDWARD

Why are you so upset?

INGRID

Why are you here?

EDWARD

Why was Oswald here?

INGRID

How did you - and what business is it of yours?

EDWARD

I know because I know, I was passing by-

INGRID

I don't have to explain myself to you.

EDWARD

What do you know about him? Who is he? Is his name even Oswald? Let me tell you something. He's got a kid, and a girl, he was kissing this other girl, and they were playing in the park. He's leading a double life, what do you think of that?

INGRID

All right - first of all - that's Jolie, Oswald's ex-wife, the mother of his child Simon, they're still very close friends. As it happens, Oswald was here because- he's moving in across the way...Mr. Sablosky had an accident, Oswald has been needing a place, so I don't know why I'm even bothering to explain this to you. I don't think we have anything more to say to each other. I'm sorry.

She closes the door.

Edward turns around and sees his freshly-painted door, ajar. Though his painting materials remain, Nestor is nowhere in sight.

141 INT. APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT 141

Edward cautiously enters his old apartment, now empty. A blank canvas. He looks up where the hole used to be - patched, but not perfectly.

Nestor enters and forces him to leave.

142 OMITTED 142

143 INT. NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT 143

Edward sits in the dark with the mask on. An AMBULANCE SIREN blares outside.

144 INT. VACANT APARTMENT - DAY 144

Wearing the mask and speaking in his over-enthusiastic and mangled British accent, Edward shows a vacant apartment to a YOUNG COUPLE with a SMALL CHILD (this is the girl from Edward's dream).

EDWARD

So, do we fancy a flat like this perhaps?

The child is frightened. The husband and wife don't know if this is some kind of joke or if this man is insane.

145 OMITTED 145

146 INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY - LATER 146

Edward has cleared out his desk. He has clearly been fired. His co-workers watch him leave, wary of him.

EDWARD

(British accent)

Naturally, it's a bit disappointing, but I do hope we can all remain on friendly terms. I've no hard feelings personally.

Edward walks over to Mariana. She cowers. He embraces her.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(British accent)

I'll miss you most of all, darling.

She slightly relaxes into the hug.

On his way out, he passes a life-size cutout of himself.

He draws a Hitler mustache on it.

147 OMITTED 147

148 OMITTED 148

149 INT. AUDITORIUM, BLACK BOX THEATER - NIGHT 149

A packed HOUSE watches as Oswald performs with Fiona:

FIONA
 Maybe we'll ride to glory together.

OSWALD
 Sounds all right to me, darling.

They kiss.

Edward, wearing the mask, ventures onstage, dressed identically to Oswald.

EDWARD
 I think you're kissing my girl.

Oswald and Fiona are shocked to see Edward. Fiona hides behind Oswald as Edward stalks the stage.

The audience becomes restless, shifting in their seats.

OSWALD
 (to the audience)
 I do believe my understudy has had too much to drink.

EDWARD
 Understudy?

OSWALD
 Why don't we chat about this after this performance, old chap?

FIONA
 This is all part of the performance, people!

EDWARD
 I'm Edward! You're not Edward!

OSWALD
 That's right. You're Edward. Now let's -

STAGEHANDS and CAST MEMBERS get onstage and encircle Edward, who points to the red door on set.

EDWARD
 That's my red door! That's my couch! These were my lines! Things I said!

OSWALD
 Now - Edward -

An audience member charges Edward. In the scuffle, his mask comes off. Edward stands there, embarrassed, as if naked.

He becomes enraged and grabs at Oswald's face.

EDWARD

Take yours off! You take yours off!

He pulls on Oswald's face. They wrestle.

The audience quietly panics.

Oswald performs a Jiu-Jitsu move and knocks Edward backward. Edward's head bashes on the set refrigerator. Then he stumbles into a wall which falls onto him.

OSWALD

Guy!

People rush the stage and try to lift the wall.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

(crying)

Guy! What have I done? Sometimes I don't know my own strength!

150 INT. ICU, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

150

Edward wakes. He is in a full-body cast. It's unclear how much time has passed.

Doctor Flexner is lordling over him.

DOCTOR FLEXNER

My life's work, Edward. My baby. This was Nobel Prize-level. We could have been the subject of a documentary! You, you could be one of the most important patients in the annals of medicine. They shut it all down. They couldn't prove anything, they didn't have access to the body, but they said it was too dangerous. How are you enjoying your new life? I could kill you!

He strangles Edward. TWO NURSES run in and restrain Flexner as Edward drifts into unconsciousness.

151 INT. ICU, HOSPITAL - DAY

151

Edward wakes. Oswald is seated next to him, holding his hand.

OSWALD

Dear Guy. Can you ever forgive me?
Sometimes I don't know my own
strength. I never should have
meddled. I betrayed a friend. You
were the perfect Edward. I'm so
ashamed. But don't worry. We'll
take care of you.

152 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - DAY

152

Edward's old apartment, now Oswald's. The place has been renovated and decorated with a sleek British flair, complemented by several beautiful pieces of art.

Edward is confined to a chair in his full-body cast. After this is established:

EDWARD'S POV

Oswald, Ingrid, and a FAMOUS FILM ACTOR eat dinner. (It would be ideal if this was an actual famous actor playing himself). Edward is at the head of the table.

FAMOUS FILM ACTOR

(to Oswald)

I know I keep saying this, but it's such an honor, man.

OSWALD

The honor is ours completely.

INGRID

We couldn't be more excited.

FAMOUS FILM ACTOR

I mean, frankly, I think you should play it.

OSWALD

Wouldn't dream of it.

FAMOUS FILM ACTOR

Honestly, I think you've got something special, real charisma. But they need a name to fund these things, as you know. But it's very important to me to get it right, so I just wanted to spend time with you and, not study, really- observe, ask questions.

OSWALD

Research as they say in the biz. You can ask anything, you can observe away, look through my e-mails, my old love letters, my underwear drawer, I'm an open book, you can have my porn passwords-

FAMOUS FILM ACTOR

Right on.

OSWALD

But I think you should feel free to interpret it as you want, make it more interesting than just, you know, me. It isn't even me, I'm Oswald. Edward was conceived by Ingrid. And what I was doing, really Guy here pioneered. Whatever you saw in my performance that you liked, we really owe to him. I'm interpreting Guy interpreting Ingrid, and you're just the next and final step in the evolutionary process.

Edward seems to make the actor uncomfortable, but the actor humors him:

FAMOUS FILM ACTOR

(to Edward)

That's really cool, man. I'd love to ask you questions too. It's really cool. Kind of a collaborative thing.

INGRID

So they'll be using a mask, or make-up of some sort?

FAMOUS FILM ACTOR

I don't know, that's beyond my pay grade. I'm not really part of those discussions. They can do a lot these days, make it pretty real. But I don't worry about that stuff, I think as long as I do my job getting Edward right, it'll come through, the rest is just icing.

OSWALD

Very true.

153 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - DAY 153

EDWARD'S POV

Oswald jams on tenor sax with a jazz trio (upright bass/reduced drum kit).

154 OMITTED 154

155 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT 155

EDWARD'S POV

Oswald has FRIENDS over, including Nick, Edward's old real estate buddy. They watch a boxing match on television.

Oswald has his arm around his child.

The green typewriter is on Oswald's desk.

NICK

That's a cool typewriter.

OSWALD

You can have it!

156 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - DAY 156

Oswald practices Jiu-Jitsu with his JIU-JITSU INSTRUCTOR.

157 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - NIGHT 157

EDWARD'S POV

Oswald and Ingrid are curled on the couch watching an old black-and-white movie about a war veteran who is in a full body cast.

158 INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 2F - DAY 158

Christmas decorations are up. Edward's cast has come off, but he can barely walk.

He does exercises with a burly PHYSICAL THERAPIST.

Ingrid walks out of the bedroom. Pregnant. The physical therapist smiles at her.

INGRID

Have to do some shopping. Anyone need anything?

Edward shakes his head. Ingrid goes into the kitchen.

Oswald walks out of the bedroom. The physical therapist is noticeably shocked.

OSWALD

Well, I'm off. Anyone need anything?

INGRID

(laughs)
I just asked.

OSWALD

Oh well, ring me if you do. Toodle-
loo.

He kisses Ingrid. The physical therapist watches this.

INGRID

I'll walk you out.

OSWALD

(to Edward)
Okay, we'll get out of your hair.
I'll be back around eight.

They leave.

The therapist is flabbergasted.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

What the fuck is going on in here?
What's going on with his face?
Fuck! Is he rich or something?
What's she...is she...that was the
craziest shit I ever saw.

Oswald comes back in.

OSWALD

I forgot my charger. Sorry, sorry,
sorry.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

(overly friendly)
It's cool, man.

Oswald disappears into his bedroom.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(to Edward)

Let's pause for a second, I gotta use the bathroom. You keep going, you got it.

The therapist heads to the bathroom. Edward stands there, unsteady. He watches Oswald move back and forth in his bedroom.

The therapist leaves the bathroom and heads to the fridge.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Mind if I grab one of these seltzers?

He takes a can from the fridge.

He turns around.

Edward stabs him in the chest several times with a large kitchen knife.

The therapist smacks Edward across the chest, knocking him back, but he retains his balance. They stare at each other.

Edward stumbles towards him. The therapist knocks the knife out of Edwards's hand and grabs Edward around the neck. This goes on for a long time -- the intent is murder.

At the last moment, the therapist tires and weakens until he finally collapses. Edward stumbles over to the window. He peers out at the apartment across the way.

EDWARD'S POV

In the window of the building across the street, the brutish man has a virtual reality contraption on his head. The man is moving his body around in slow motion, lost in his own world.

Oswald is heard coming out of the bedroom.

OSWALD (O.S.)

I heard noises.

160 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT 160

Dressed in a prison jumpsuit, Edward is on his bunk reading "The Bluest Eye."

161 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY 161

Edward looks older now -- late 40s. He is on a bench in the prison yard, lost in thought. The sounds of other PRISONERS are all around him.

A basketball hits him in the face. His nose spews blood.

A BASKETBALL PRISONER runs past to retrieve the ball.

BASKETBALL PRISONER (O.S.)

My bad.

O.S. LAUGHTER.

162 EXT. STREET, NEW YORK CITY - DAY 162

Edward, now in his 60s.

On a stroll, he passes the ragged man from the subway, now also an old man.

RAGGED MAN

Hey man, nice shoes. Where's Fort Lee, man? New Jersey? Where's your manners? Man, you must have had some ugly parents. I hope you die of cancer, and your ugly children die of cancer, and your whole ugly bloodline of ugly degenerates is wiped off the face of God's beautiful earth.

163 EXT. PUBLIC THEATER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 163

Edward turns a corner and stops in front of the theater, seeing a large marquee that says:

The Iron Bone: A New Play by Ingrid Vold

Underneath, some pull-quotes:

"Vold is a National Treasure" - The New York Times

As Edward stares at the marquee, Oswald -- older and grayer but still quite dapper -- bursts out of the theater door. He immediately notices Edward.

OSWALD
(overjoyed)
Can I believe my eyes?

He embraces Edward.

164

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

164

Edward, Oswald, and Ingrid are at table.

OSWALD
Do you remember Fiona? She got ALS.
Did you know?

EDWARD
No, my god.

OSWALD
It was just horrible.

INGRID
We adopted Lucie, her daughter,
who's - it's crazy to even say it -
in grad school now.

OSWALD
Guy, you need to come see the show.
When are you free? Tomorrow?

INGRID
Don't pressure him.

OSWALD
He wants to come. Right, Guy?

EDWARD
Yeah - sure- of course.

OSWALD
Tomorrow, then?

EDWARD
Uh, what time?

OSWALD
Eight p.m. sharp.

EDWARD
All right.

OSWALD
You'll sit with me.

EDWARD
You're not in it?

Oswald breaks into a laughing fit.

OSWALD
Oh, no, no, no. I'm no actor. Well, yes, of course, Edward, but that was-

INGRID
What a piece of shit. I don't even allow people to perform it anymore.

OSWALD
Oh, come now. It was a very precocious "early work." And it brought us together so it served a very noble purpose.

INGRID
Thank God they didn't make that movie.

OSWALD
I was disappointed, I wanted to see that guy play me. Anyway, you'll love the new show. I think it's her finest work.

INGRID
Going out on a high note.

OSWALD
Time will tell. You see, it's brilliant that we ran into you, because we're leaving next month after the play wraps.

EDWARD
Where are you going?

OSWALD
We're moving up to Canada. It's, uh, it's a place called Shepperton. Do you know of it? It's - I guess you might call it a nudist colony.

INGRID

That's only a small part of it, but yes, clothing is- I mean, it's allowed, for visitors, and in winter, but...basically, we'll be...

OSWALD

As the Lord intended us to be.

EDWARD

Why?

INGRID

It's a long story. We met this woman, when we were -

OSWALD

Traveling through the Andes.

INGRID

- and it turns out she's this amazing person, with followers and all that, and there's a sort of ecological philosophy-

OSWALD

Plus free love.

INGRID

Yes, but, also-

OSWALD

Not to mention, LSD.

INGRID

Sometimes, yes, but...

OSWALD

Have you done LSD, Guy?

EDWARD

Should I?

OSWALD

Well, I don't know, probably-

INGRID

I'm not sure he could handle it.

OSWALD

He'd need a proper guide. Which I happen to be.

INGRID
Recently certified.

EDWARD
What about, like, bad trips?

OSWALD
Always a possibility, yes, but those can be the most enlightening, it's all about how you frame it, Guy.

EDWARD
Are your kids going?

OSWALD
No, no, alas.

INGRID
They say it's a cult.

OSWALD
I'm sure Guy thinks it's a cult as well. Right, Guy?

EDWARD
I guess it sounds a little like a cult.

OSWALD
Yes, in broad strokes it does, but it's really quite leaderless. It's a radical lifestyle, one that I think will suit us as we get on up there in years.

EDWARD
But what about this Andes woman, isn't she the leader?

INGRID
The founder, yes. She set it in motion. Not a guru in the - well, a sort of guru, yes, in the purest sense. See, we can't talk about it without sounding...

OSWALD
Totally bonkers.

INGRID
Honestly, it's, as far as I'm concerned, it's paradise.

OSWALD

Paradise, it really is. Utopia, the closest thing.

EDWARD

What about your career?

INGRID

I've accomplished everything I ever wanted. I'm ready for the next phase.

OSWALD

Now she just wants to do LSD and fuck all the time! Anyway - he's going to go home and tell his friends how batty we've become. I know how it sounds, that's why I invite people up, people can see for themselves, and stay as long as they like. But what's going on with you?

INGRID

Tell us everything.

EDWARD

Well, I mean...I don't know.

The SERVER comes over.

SERVER

Do we know what we'd like tonight?

OSWALD

Edward, what are you having?

EDWARD

You go - I'm still....

Edward turns and sees Ostermeier's dark-haired lady - grey-haired now. She is alone and dressed in black -- apparently in mourning.

OSWALD

We'll need more sake. We're celebrating. Another bottle of the Dassai Hayata. For the table, wakame, the agedashi tofu, and he needs to try the uni toast. And an order of hamachi kama, why not. And then for my entree, the wagyu flight.

INGRID
The miso black cod for me.

SERVER
(to Edward)
And you, sir?

EDWARD
Uh...uh...

SERVER
Do you need a minute?

EDWARD
Uh...I...er...

Edward looks at the menu, panicking.

OSWALD
Ah, my dear old friend, you haven't
changed a bit!

Oswald laughs.

THE END