

HOW HE LIKES THE WAY THEY LOOK AT HIM

Written by

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Photograph: Yegor Aleyev/TASS



INT. WORKSHOP FLOOR - FACTORY - DAY

A pair of narrow shoulders over a tight blue box, open.

Inside the box, sallow hands arrange silicon half-faces into a neat pile, each half-face with a gaping mouth pointing up, each mouth with a full set of synthetic, human teeth.

FEMALE VOICE

(shouting)

Sal, got the address for this one?

Over the box is **REGINA** (50s, puffy, a plasticine gleam to her skin, hair tied back in a top knot), eyes up and elsewhere.

REGINA

And you said four, right?

Regina looks back into the box, adjusts how the faces sit: they yawn back at her, a two-by-two grid in half-face scream.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Chuck another one in. He's always been loyal to us.

Regina reaches for a work surface scattered with the faces, the room around her bright and close, lifts a mask and lowers it into the box, onto the other four, breaking the symmetry.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Here.

Regina turns, reaches out to **SAL** (70s, open shirt, white chest hair proud), who hands her a printed address slip.

Regina takes the slip, sees the name.

REGINA

Mr. Forrest. Right...

Sal turns to exit.

SAL

Make sure you've got them all lined up. He likes to open them that way.

Regina turns back to the box.

REGINA

I remember Mr. Forrest, Sal. *The way they look at him.*