

# That Face...

by Judith

"You can look now." Rick Baker straightened from his handiwork.

"You sure, man?" Ron Perlman didn't open his eyes. "I know you can craft a great face, but applying it to this ugly mug..." He waved a dismissive hand at himself.

"Open your eyes, man, and see," Rick encouraged. "What ya got to lose?"

"My dignity," Ron countered bleakly. "This all hangs on me pulling off a believable beast. What if it's all been for nothing?"

"Sit there wondering, then." Rick shrugged. "Like we've got all day."

"Okay..." Ron grouched. His eyes opened slowly, quickly rounding to disbelieving. "Hello, Vincent..."