

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A young woman is walking in the hallway. She passes a door. Abundie is walking behind her. He stops.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door cracks open. The room is dark.

ABUNDIE

Hello?

He enters the room. A small hotel room, one bed and a window. He examines the dark space. He is alone. He steps inside.

Suddenly. Someone is outside of the door. Key in lock. The door cracks open. It's Antony. The two men look at each other.

ABUNDIE (CONT'D)

I told you.

The two men look at each other. They're obviously identical.

Anthony closes the door. Still distance between them. Abundie looks somewhat uneasy. Anthony looks stupefied, with increasing fascination. They study one another quietly as Anthony slowly walks in. A long silence.

ANTHONY

Show me your hands.

ABUNDIE

Why?

ANTHONY

Come on, just show me your hands.

Their physical proximity and being in unknown territory worry Abundie. He raises his hands. They are shaking.

Their hands are identical in every way. Every vein, wrinkle, hair, fingernail... even a small broken fingernail. The only difference is Anthony's gold wedding ring on his left ring finger.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Maybe we're brothers.

ABUNDIE

We're not brothers.

ANTHONY
How do you know?
Do you have a scar on your chest?

Abundie hesitates. Anthony opens his jacket and lifts his shirt, revealing an old scar.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Like this one?

As Anthony becomes more curious, Abundie takes a step back.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
You do, don't you?

ABUNDIE
I...

ANTHONY
When is your birthday?

ABUNDIE
This was a bad idea. I think I made
a mistake here... The company that
represents you, they gave me this.

He pulls out an envelope and puts it on the bed.

ABUNDIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Abundie leaves.