

Basement, St. Brigit Church—Gdansk, Poland:
11:50 p.m. September 8th.



THIS WAS MY FIRST CLUE.

I FOUND IT UNDER MY BED. A SWAB. FOR DNA SAMPLE COLLECTION.

I HAD BEEN HAVING NIGHTMARES ABOUT SURGERY—MEDICAL THINGS—BEFORE ANIA FOUND ME. BUT I'LL LET HER TELL THAT STORY WHEN SHE ARRIVES...

VEERA, SHOULD WE TELL THEM ANIA'S IN THE HOSPITAL?

NO. WAIT.

Six more girls. All 17 years old. Nearly identical. Five of which are in this room. Asking us all to talk. Asking ME to talk.

"I THOUGHT MY NIGHTMARES WERE FROM SCHOOL STRESS..."



"... THEN I DISCOVERED A DEEP, PERFECT CUT ON MY NECK. I HAD NO EXPLANATION FOR IT. IT'S STUPID AND EMBARRASSING, BUT I EVEN CONSIDERED ALIEN ABDUCTION—"

Katja Obinger—Würzburg, Germany. I can't tell what she's thinking. Or how she truly feels about the bizarre situation here.

FINDING THE SWAB ONLY MADE THINGS MORE CONFUSING.

BUT WHEN ANIA TOLD ME SHE HAD SIMILAR EXPERIENCES, IT WAS A RELIEF, SORT OF...

SO... WHO'S NEXT? VEERA?

Next! Next? I can't go next. What do I say? How do I say it? I—I—



I WAS A-A-ALSO RELIEVED...

Thank you, Sofia Jensen—my Danish neighbor—for saving me. Though you're just as tense. And clinging to that little coffee cup.

S-SUMMER CAMP. NO ONE T-TALKED TO ME. EVER. EXCEPT ONE GIRL. WE BECAME FRIENDS...

"...TH-THEN I OVERHEARD A PHONE CALL: SH-SHE T-T-TOLD SOMEONE THE TIMES I WENT TO SLEEP, WOKE UP, AB-B-ABOUT MY... DIET, AND PRIVATE THINGS I T-T-TOLD HER. I CONFRONTED HER.

"SHE DENIED EVERYTHING. THE NEXT DAY, SH-SHE **DISAPPEARED** FROM CAMP. HER CELL PHONE WAS DISCONNECTED. I NEVER HEARD FROM HER AGAIN. AND NEVER FOUND OUT WHO SHE WAS T-TALKING TO..."

JUST SOUNDS LIKE A BITCH.

A COMPLETE BITCH.

The "twins." Double the denial, it seems.

FAY AND FEMKE—WHY DON'T YOU SHARE?

SHARE? WHAT IS THIS, "CLONES ANONYMOUS" OR SOMETHING?

Clones—she just said clones...

COME ON, GUYS. YOU CAME ALL THE WAY FROM AMSTERDAM. YOU MUST HAVE **SOMETHING** TO SHARE.

OUR PARENTS SAID WE'RE TWINS FROM THE SAME MOTHER.

YES. BUT WHAT ABOUT WHEN WE THOUGHT MOTHER WAS CHEATING ON FATHER, SO—

FAY!

WHAT, FEMKE? WE TOLD ANIA ABOUT THE MEDICAL LOGS IN MOM'S DESK...



I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE *STILL* USING THE "TWINS" STORY. MEDICAL LOGS, SWABS, STRANGE CUTS, PHONE CALLS—IT ALL LINES UP WITH ANIA'S THEORY.

OUR PARENTS WOULDN'T LIE.

PARENTS *DO* LIE. MY LAST FAILED RUNAWAY ATTEMPT—NO ONE COULD'VE KNOWN WHERE I WAS GOING.



"NEARLY MADE IT TO PARIS. THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS SHARING FOOD WITH GUYS I MET ON THE TRAIN. THEN I WOKE UP AT HOME.

"MY PARENTS HAD SOME BULLSHIT EXCUSE ABOUT COMING HOME DRUNK, BUT I WASN'T DRINKING. I MUST'VE BEEN DRUGGED. SOMEHOW, EVERY TIME I RAN, I ALWAYS ENDED UP BACK HOME."

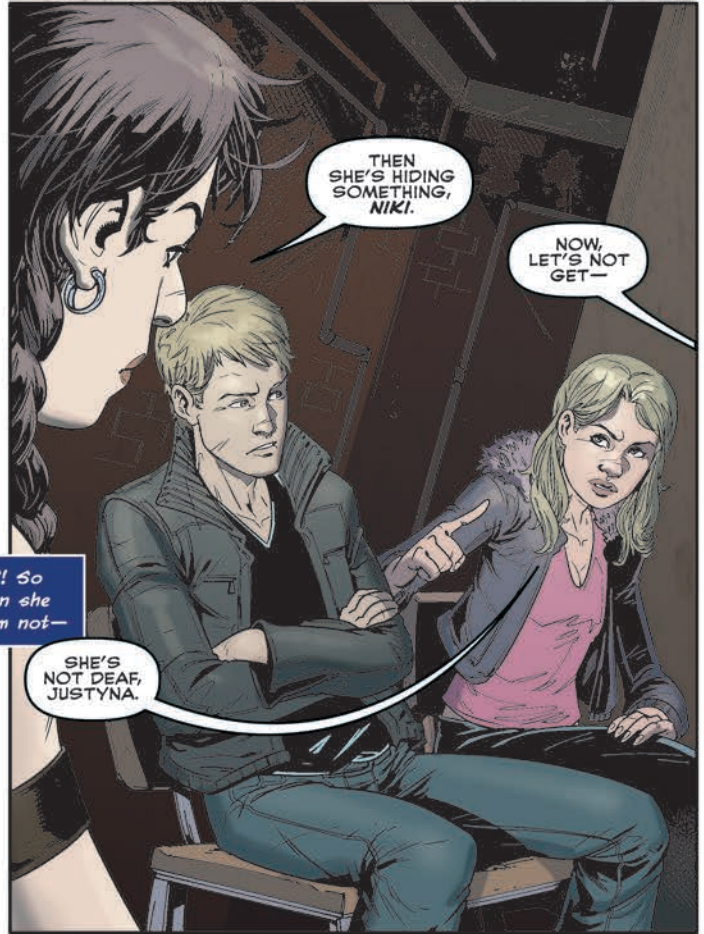


SO WHAT'S YOUR STORY, VEERA?

Stop looking at me, "Justyna Buzek." Hot head. This all turns my stomach.

...WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER? IS SHE DEAF? OR MUTE?

Deaf? Deaf?! So rude. How can she say that? I'm not—



THEN SHE'S HIDING SOMETHING, NIKI.

NOW, LET'S NOT GET—

SHE'S NOT DEAF, JUSTYNA.

