

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Frank looks right and left. The corridor is empty and silent, lit by strip lights set on low.

Just as he's about to close the door again, Frank notices that there is a label stuck there with his name on it, just above the room number.

He struggles with the label for a few seconds, tearing it off.

He sticks the label on the door to an empty room opposite.

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INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Frank goes to the sink and splashes water on his face. Stares at himself for several moments, as he did in the bathroom at the Danieli. He's lost in thought.

Then...

He hears the clang of a metal pushcart being wheeled along. Some footsteps approach. There are voices speaking an unfamiliar language, maybe Russian...

Russian?

Frank scrambles for his clothes. He fishes out Domenico's phone number from a pocket and races to the phone. Then freezes, listening:

The footsteps move away slightly... there is the sound of a door opening. The door across the hall.