

EXT - A STREET - NIGHT

We see a lonely residential street, a streetlight shining down on the ground just before the camera. BRAN enters, walking away from us, down the street and toward the light. He steps into the light, but continues walking, now out of the light, until we can no longer discern him.

EXT - IN FRONT OF BRAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

BRAN walks up to his house. He is some what young, dressed in a T-shirt and jeans, with a backpack, with a soul patch and his long hair in a cap. He pulls out his keys and descends the staircase to his front door. He inserts the key, opens the door, and enters.

INT - BRAN'S HOUSE'S FOYER - CONTINUING

BRAN closes the front door behind him, walks past the laundry machines to his own apartment's door. The door is blank, save for a scrawled "B" in black marker. Again, he unlocks the door and enters.

INT - BRAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUING

BRAN turns on the light, revealing an immaculate and organised kitchen: there are no dirty dishes, the floor is freshly swept, appliances are appropriately put away, naught on the fridge.

Bran doesn't notice these things. He's tired after a long night job, and all he wants to do now is relax. He takes off his jacket and his shoes, throwing them haphazardly onto the ground. He throws his keys and wallet onto the kitchen table.

Bran walks over to the refridgerator and looks in. Confusion begins to creep over his face. He pulls out a carrot, looks at it as though he's no idea why it's there, then puts it back. He blinks at the fridge for a beat. He looks around him. He's not sure he's in the right house.

The door connecting to the next room opens, and Bran looks up at it with a start. BELIN comes in, dressed in a dress shirt and pants. Belin is the same person as Bran, the same age. He looks older, how ever. He wears his hair buzzcut and is clean-shaven.

BELIN

Who are you?

BRAN  
I think I'm in the wrong  
house.

BELIN  
How'd you get in here?

BRAN  
    (pointing to  
        his key)  
I unlocked the door.

Bran and Belin look at each other a bit.

BRAN  
    (looking more  
        closely in the  
        poor light)  
You're me.

BELIN  
    (analysing  
        Bran)  
It appears so.

BRAN  
Then this is my place.

BELIN  
This is my place. I live  
here.

BRAN  
But you're me. So doesn't  
that mean I live here, too?

BELIN  
I don't know if that works...

BRAN  
    (looking back  
        to the  
        refridgerator)  
Where's all my food?

BELIN  
What do you mean?

BRAN  
I had half a chocolate bar in  
here; I'd been looking  
forward to it all day.

BELIN  
There should be some  
strawberries in there.

Bran raises an eyebrow to his counterpart.

BELIN  
They're sweet.

Bran acknowledges the statement, but that wasn't what he  
wanted to hear. He delves into the fridge again.

BRAN  
(within the  
fridge)  
No juice?

BELIN  
I usually just drink water.  
Or I could make you some tea.

Bran stands up and faces Belin.

BRAN  
Are there cookies in the  
cupboard?

Belin smiles apologetically and shakes his head.

Bran acknowledges and goes back into the fridge.

BELIN  
You just get off work?

BRAN  
(within the  
fridge)  
Uh-huh.

Belin goes over to the door, and checks it's locked.

BELIN  
You say your key fit the  
lock?

BRAN  
    (within the  
    fridge)  
Yup.

BELIN  
Then I guess this is your  
house.

BRAN  
    (standing and  
    closing the  
    fridge behind  
    him)  
My house doesn't contain  
pears.

Bran sits at the kitchen table to eat his pear. He puts  
his feet up on another chair.

Belin sits at the opposite end.

Bran takes off his cap and throws it onto the ground where  
his jacket and shoes are.

BELIN  
Those don't go there.

BRAN  
They do in my house.

BELIN  
I thought we said this isn't  
your house.

BRAN  
    (some what  
    ignoring, some  
    what on-topic,  
    surveys the  
    kitchen)  
I like what you've done with  
the place.

BELIN  
    (thinks Bran  
    was being  
    sarcastic)  
Yeah, well, we're going to  
paint it this week-end.

BRAN  
No, I was being genuine. My  
place isn't so...

BELIN  
Clean?

BRAN  
That's one word.

BELIN  
Presentable?

BRAN  
(laughs)  
You seem to know my place  
pretty well.

BELIN  
Well, we are the same person.

BRAN  
So what colour are you  
painting it?

BELIN  
Oh, uh, it's sort of a light  
blue.

BRAN  
That would look better, I  
think.

BELIN  
Yeah, we figure we might as  
well make this place look  
nice for as long as we're  
going to be living here.  
Which shouldn't be too much  
longer.

BRAN  
'We'?

BELIN  
Rocha and I. Do you know  
Rocha?

BRAN

Yeah, you're living with her?

BELIN  
We're married.

BRAN  
(shocked)  
Whu... Married? For how  
long?

BELIN  
About a year.

BRAN  
How old are you?

BELIN  
Twenty-four.

BRAN  
Me too. I've been dating  
Rocha for a while, but I've  
never married her.

BELIN  
You meet her in your last  
year of University?

BRAN  
Yeah.

BELIN  
You've been dating her for  
four years...

BRAN  
I know, I know. The timing  
isn't right. I mean, I guess  
we'll get married some day,  
but that's still a long way  
off, now. Or I thought it  
was.

BELIN  
So where are you working,  
that you're coming home so  
late at night?

BRAN

24-hour call centre.  
Customer Service.  
(sighs)  
You don't work there...?

BELIN  
No, I have an office job with  
the bank. Uhm...you  
graduated University, right?

BRAN  
Yeah.

BELIN  
Then why are you still  
working at that call centre  
job? I can understand it for  
a few years, you know, to pay  
the bills until you find a  
real job.

BRAN  
Don't worry, it's only  
temporary. I'm looking for a  
better job.

BELIN  
Mm-hmm.

BRAN  
So I guess you're in the  
futon?

BELIN  
Sorry?

BRAN  
You don't own a futon, do  
you?

BELIN  
Uh, no. We have a Queen-  
size.

BRAN  
Room for me?

BELIN  
You're kidding.

BRAN

I have to sleep some where.

BELIN

What's wrong with your place?

BRAN

This *is* my place.

BELIN

Cute. I guess I can make up the couch.

BRAN

You have a couch and a bed?  
As two separate things?

BELIN

How long are you staying?

BRAN

How long are you staying?

BELIN

That long?

BRAN

I would guess so.

BELIN

Well, you can have this place when ever we leave. Maybe in four to six months? The landlord will like me finding a new tenant for him.

BRAN

You're leaving?

BELIN

Yeah. Rocha and I are moving. We bought a house.

BRAN

A house? That's crazy. How can you do that?

BELIN

Got a really good deal on a mortgage. It's a nice place. Lots of room.

BRAN  
Do you guys have kids?

BELIN  
No, but I'm sure we will sooner or later. I really want to.

BRAN  
You do? Aren't you afraid that kids will slow you down? That you'll lose so much freedom?

BELIN  
I wouldn't say that worries me, no. The benefits will far outweigh any thing like that.

BRAN  
What benefits?

BELIN  
Bringing a life into the world. Guiding a soul, teaching, learning... It's so exciting.

BRAN  
Sure. I guess that's true.

BELIN  
You disagree?

BRAN  
Well, you know, a kid right now would just hold me back.

BELIN  
From what?

BRAN  
Yeah. From figuring that out, I guess.

BELIN

Well, I could put in a good word for you at the bank.

BRAN

No, that's all right. I don't know if the bank's the place for me.

BELIN

It's not necessarily the place for me, but the financial freedom is great.

BRAN

Why are you dressed at this hour? Working late?

BELIN

No, I have to go to work, soon.

BRAN

What, are you crazy? Isn't it...

(looks at  
time, stops)

I thought it was earlier.

BELIN

(looks at  
time)

Actually, so did I. I better go. Please try not to wake Rocha when you go in there.

BRAN

No problem.

BELIN

(picks up  
briefcase,  
stands)

All right, then. I suppose I'll see you later.

BRAN

I suppose so.

BELIN

Good-night.

BRAN

Good morning.

INT - BELIN'S HOUSE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

BELIN steps out of the door, then turns and closes it. We see that it has a lovely metal "B" screwed into it. He locks the door and leaves.

END