

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