

In Another Life
by
Oktay Ege Kozak

Oktay Ege Kozak

2101 Shoreline Drive
Apartment 247
Alameda, CA 94501

(415) 640-3358

Oktayegekozak@yahoo.com

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1 INT. PHILIP'S APARTMENT - MORNING 1

A loud alarm goes off on a cell phone. PHILIP, mid-to-late 20s, groggily picks up the phone and turns off the alarm.

2 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - MORNING 2

MATCH CUT - Sleeping on the other side of the bed as Philip, CLAIRE, also mid-to-late 20s, wakes up to the alarm. She turns it off.

3 SPLIT SCREEN - PHILIP'S & CLAIRE'S APARTMENT 3

In the following shots, Philip and Claire appear at opposite sides of their respective locations, giving the illusion that they share the same space.

In the kitchen, Philip prepares an impeccably designed omelette. Claire pours some milk in a bowl of Cheerios.

Philip and Claire eat their breakfast on opposite sides of their table, making it look like they're sitting across from each other.

They brush their teeth, looking tired and groggy.

They both take a shower.

Philip takes great care sculpting his hair while Claire casually brushes.

Philip picks his outfit in front of the mirror, trying on different combinations. Claire grabs some casual clothes from the closet and throws them on the bed.

Philip checks his looks before he leaves. Claire looks into the mirror, she doesn't look happy to be going to work.

They leave their apartments. The split screen wipes into--

4 EXT. PHILIP'S APARTMENT - MORNING 4

Philip walks down the street. As he merges with the crowd, switch to SLOW MOTION and the credits begin--

5 BEGIN MONTAGE - CREDITS SEQUENCE

5

--In slow motion, we witness various missed moments between strangers around the city.

--Behind Philip, a man and a woman pass by each other on the street. The man turns to look at the woman and continues walking. Right after the man turns around, the woman turns and looks at the man, then decides to keep walking.

--A man driving in his car notices a pretty girl crossing the street. He hesitates for a bit but decides to keep driving.

--A girl notices a man reading a book sitting on a bench at the park. Before she can make a move, the man leaves.

6 INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

6

A privately owned used book store, the kind that really respects the written word. It's moderately crowded with mostly single people.

While browsing the classics, a YOUNG MAN in his early 20s notices a YOUNG GIRL, around the same age, looking at a book from the same section.

Sensing an opening, the young man takes a deep breath and--

Just when he's about to make a move, he loses his nerve and steps back. The young girl puts the book back on the shelf and walks out of the store.

As the young man casually moves to a different section, behind him--

Philip, holds two books in each hand, trying to make a decision. After careful deliberation, he decides on one book and makes his way to the queue.

He focuses his attention on the book cover as the store clerk helps the person in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK (O.S.)

Have a nice weekend. Enjoy the
book. Next.

Philip moves up to the counter, still looking at the cover.
The clerk is Claire. She greets Philip with a genuine smile.

CLAIRE

Hi.

PHILIP

(looking at the cover)

Hi.

CLAIRE

Will that be all for you?

PHILIP

Yes, thank...

The second Philip sees Claire's face, the lights in the book
store FLICKER ON AND OFF.

Suddenly, Philip is hit with an overwhelming feeling of
familiarity. His gaze is frozen on Claire's face.

He is stunned, unable to move or speak.

CLAIRE

Sir?

Philip struggles to respond, but his attention is entirely
consumed by this sudden rush of emotion.

Claire is disturbed by the intensity of Philip's stare but
she tries to maintain a professional attitude.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sir? Did you need anything else?

Philip barely manages to articulate--

PHILIP

No, no I'm fine thanks.

(CONTINUED)

He drops the book on the counter.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I... I changed my mind.

Philip quickly walks out of the store.

Claire, confused about what just happened, watches Philip leave.

Realizing there are customers waiting, she helps the next person in line.

7

EXT. BOOK STORE - DAY

7

As soon as Philip takes a couple of steps out of the store, he bends down to his knees and hyperventilates. He tries hard to stay calm but he can't control his emotions.

He slowly stands back up and gradually regains composure. He looks inside the store and sees Claire out of the corner of his eye. She is helping other people in line.

With rational thought easing itself back into his brain, Philip realizes the ridiculousness of what he just felt and convinces himself to turn around and simply walk away.

A couple of rational steps later, he stops. Almost angry at himself and the absurdity of the situation, he turns back around and quickly walks towards the book store. Just when he's about to open the door--

He stops himself again and turns back. He is stuck in a battle between his common sense, telling him to just walk away, and his emotions, commanding him to confront Claire.

Frustrated, Philip kicks a trash can. An OLD MAN is startled by his rage. He switches to the other side of the sidewalk.

PHILIP

Sorry.

Not knowing what to do, Philip lets out a long sigh.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

--TIME DISSOLVE MONTAGE

--Various shots of Philip waiting outside the book store. He switches back and forth between walking away and walking in the store numerous times. Time passes from day to--

8 EXT. BOOK STORE - EVENING

8

Done with her shift, Claire turns to her co-workers before leaving the store.

CLAIRE

Good night guys!

Claire walks out to the street. Just when she's about to make her way across--

PHILIP (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Claire turns to see--

Philip, standing next to the store entrance. He carefully approaches Claire.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm sorry, I didn't want to alarm you. I just wanted to introduce myself. My name is Philip.

Claire is polite and friendly, yet she keeps her guard.

CLAIRE

Hi Philip.

PHILIP

I don't know if you remember me, I was in your store earlier today.

CLAIRE

Oh yeah, I remember. You really didn't want that book, huh? I read it, it's not that bad.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

No it's not the book. It's... How
should I say this? It's you.

CLAIRE

What about me?

Philip thinks for a while about whether or not he should do
this. Then, it all comes flying out--

PHILIP

I've been waiting outside your
store for hours, going back and
forth in my mind about whether or
not I should do this. Believe me
when I tell you, and everyone who's
ever known me can attest to this,
I'm not the kind of guy who would
ever, ever wait outside a book
store for hours in order to
confront someone he doesn't really
know.

Claire looks utterly confused. Philip realizes he's losing
her, so he speeds things up--

PHILIP (CONT'D)

But even though every rational cell
in my body begs me not to do this,
I have to ask you a very important
question. Otherwise, I literally
can't live with myself.

(beat)

I guess what I'm trying to say is,
may I ask you a question?

Sensing a clever pick-up line coming on from this complete
stranger she's feeling a curious attraction to--

CLAIRE

Go on.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Okay, here it goes. Do you believe
in parallel dimensions?

Not what she was expecting. Not even in the same ball park.

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

PHILIP

You know, parallel dimensions.
Splintered realities. The idea
that every decision you make splits
time and space into two different
realities that coexists on two
separate plains of existence.

CLAIRE

I'm still not following you.

PHILIP

While you're living your life up to
this moment as a result of the
millions of choices you made ever
since you were born, I'm talking
about the possibility of there
being literally millions of
different versions of you living
their lives with the choices you
didn't make. Let me show you what
I mean.

Philip pulls out his wallet. He pulls a piece of paper from
it and shows it to Claire.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

This is a receipt from the record
store down the street from my
house.

Philip walks up to a trash can and throws away the receipt.
He walks back to Claire.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Now it might be, might be possible
that there now exists another me in
a separate reality that did not
just do that. And the receipt is
still in my pocket.

After carefully deliberating Philip's thesis--

CLAIRE

Are you like a Scientologist, or
something? 'Cause if so, I'm not
really...

PHILIP

No, no, I'm not a Scientologist. I
actually don't belong to any
religion. In fact, I don't believe
in anything that can't be touched,
or seen, or felt.

(beat)

I don't really know why I just told
you that.

CLAIRE

I have one of those faces.

PHILIP

I guess. Anyway, when I saw you in
there, I suddenly got hit with an
overwhelming sensation of
familiarity. It was as if within a
fragment of a second, my brain was
filled with memories of another
life. I knew I saw something that
I wasn't supposed to see, but I
somehow did. It's like someone
reached into my brain and opened a
door that was supposed to be
permanently locked.

In an obviously skeptical tone--

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Okay. I'm happy for you that you had a profound religious or whatever experience. But what does any of this have to do with me?

Philip takes a deep breath. Here it goes--

PHILIP

I think that, in another dimension, you're my wife.

A minute of stunned silence--

CLAIRE

Your wife?

PHILIP

Yes.

Claire looks insulted. She looks like she's about to say something harsh, but she restraints herself.

CLAIRE

Well, I have to say, that was good. I hope that you had a lot of fun, and that I provided adequate entertainment to bring a moment of pleasure into your otherwise, I'm guessing, uneventful life. If you'll excuse me, I don't wanna miss my bus.

Claire turns and immediately walks away. Philip follows her--

PHILIP

Believe me, I'm not trying to pull your leg. In fact, I wish this was a prank. If this didn't happen to me, I'd be home long ago, reading that book or something.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Maybe you are home reading the
book, in another dimension.

PHILIP

Maybe.

Claire scoffs.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

This is not easy for me either,
but...

CLAIRE

I'm so sorry I'm such an
inconvenience to you. Please leave
me alone.

PHILIP

Look, if it's proof you want, I can
prove to you that I'm telling the
truth, I think.

CLAIRE

Surprise me.

PHILIP

For starters, your name is Claire.

Claire points to her NAME TAG.

CLAIRE

Nice guess. How did you figure
that one out?

PHILIP

Your maiden name is...

CLAIRE

Maiden name?

PHILIP

Last! Your last name is... Hyatt.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

So you noticed the "Employee of the Month" placard between Sci-Fi/Fantasy and Special Interest. Good job.

PHILIP

Wait, I know more than that. Just give me a second.

Philip searches his brain for answers.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Your, your father's name is Richard, a.k.a. "Big Rick". Your mother's name is Lynn. You grew up in the South Bay. I can't put my finger on exactly where for now, but it'll come to me.

CLAIRE

Let me help you along, I grew up in Mountain View.

PHILIP

Mountain View, yes! You lived there until you were eighteen, then you went to SFSU for a degree in creative writing. Your best friends from college are Jennifer, Amy and Aisha. Aisha was also your roommate in college. God, I hope you still write. Your stories are majestic.

Claire's had it. She stops and faces Philip.

CLAIRE

I don't know what you think you're doing, but if you think this is the right way to meet girls, get a life. You've obviously done your homework and asked around about me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Anyone working in that store can give you every piece of information you just regurgitated. All this proves is that you're a sick, unbalanced individual. And I've had to deal with plenty of those to fill a lifetime, so I'm damned if I need another one. Now please, go away and stop following me. If you do, I'll call the cops.

Philip opens his mouth to plead. Claire cuts him off--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Let it go.

Philip tries again--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Let it go.

Claire turns and quickly crosses the street.

Hopeless and lost for words, Philip stays on the other side of the sidewalk. He wracks his brain to come up with something that will convince Claire he's telling the truth.

As he's thinking, Claire walks further and further away. Philip's about to lose her. He thinks, and finally--

PHILIP

Venice!

Claire stops. Philip crosses the street--

PHILIP (CONT'D)

After you graduated from college, you and your friends went to Venice for a week as a graduation present from your parents. It was your last night there. After an amazing dinner, your friends went back to their room to pack.

(CONTINUED)

Philip carefully approaches Claire--

PHILIP (CONT'D)

You decided to stick around for one last chance to take in the city's immortal beauty. At one point, you stopped at the edge of the canal to observe the sunset. You said the way the fading sun was hitting the calm waters was so incredibly beautiful, that it looked like someone cracked open the gates of heaven.

Philip comes closer to Claire. Claire is stunned. She stays glued to the sidewalk, following Philip's every word--

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And suddenly, a sadness came over you. You realized that you had no one special to share this moment with. At that moment you truly led yourself to believe that you will never find that special person. So you stood there, looking at the view, and you cried for what felt like days.

Philip is now in front of Claire. Claire tries very hard to hold back her tears.

CLAIRE

I never told anyone about that.
How could you know?

Philip shrugs: "I don't know." He thinks about this crazy situation for a second.

PHILIP

Look, I'm sorry I bothered you with this. I didn't mean to scare you.
I'll leave you alone.

Philip turns and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Wait!

Philip stops. Claire approaches Philip.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You can't drop something like this
on a person and expect to just
simply walk away. What you told me
a minute ago are exact feelings I
never articulated to anyone, ever.
How could you possibly know?

Philip is vulnerable--

PHILIP

I don't know. I wish I did.

CLAIRE

Well that's not good enough. I
need to know more.

On the outdoor patio, Philip and Claire sit next to an
AMBITIOUS INTELLECTUAL, 30s, pretending to type his next
masterpiece on his Macbook.

CLAIRE

So, how did we meet?

Philip takes a sip from his overpriced coffee.

PHILIP

Believe it or not, we met online.

CLAIRE

Really? I find that hard to
believe.

PHILIP

I know. You hate online dating.

CLAIRE

Yep. I mean, it's not like you can blame me. I had some horrendous experiences with online dating. This one time, my friends somehow convinced me to post my profile on one of those dating sites. They said that this was the way the dating world works now, which I thought was total crap. Call me old fashioned, but when did talking to an actual human being suddenly become a thing of the past when millions of years of human history didn't seem to have a problem with it? And now, everything is electronic, virtual. You click a couple of links and voila, instant boyfriend. Man, I really hated doing that. It felt...

PHILIP

Disingenuous, I know. It probably didn't help that you went out on some disastrous dates with a string of creepy men who were willing to give you ten thousand dollars for your hand in marriage, and the subsequent green card.

CLAIRE

God that was terrible. It was definitely one of the reasons I quit. Thinking back on it, I think I only did it for like two weeks anyway. After that, I deleted my profile and found my way back among the living.

PHILIP

I guess I'm still waiting to make that journey.

CLAIRE

Still doing the online thing, huh?

(CONTINUED)

Reluctantly--

PHILIP

Yeah.

CLAIRE

How come? You don't feel like meeting someone, you know, the normal way?

PHILIP

I know it's hard for you to believe this, considering your personal experiences with me so far, but I'm actually a fairly shy person.

CLAIRE

You fooled me.

PHILIP

Yeah, I know. I'm just more comfortable meeting people through some kind of an intermediary device. After the introductions are over, then I feel like I can just be myself and not pretend to be someone else in order to create that perfect first impression. I know, that makes me sound like some weirdo.

CLAIRE

No, it doesn't. It just means you're honest.

Philip smiles with relief.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But wait. If I only signed up once for two weeks and had a horrible experience, how did we meet online? After all, that was...

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Three years ago. After you had those terrible dates, you were ready to close the book on online dating. That's when you got my message. It simply said "I noticed your profile and I think we might be a good match. Write me back if you're interested."

CLAIRE

That's it?

PHILIP

Yeah. It was a simple message I copy-pasted and sent to all the girls I liked. It really saved on time.

CLAIRE

That makes me feel so special.

Philip laughs.

PHILIP

That's what you said when I first told you. You got over it pretty quickly though. After all, it worked.

CLAIRE

Not in this life, it wouldn't. So how did we manage to miss each other? I don't remember ever getting a message like that.

Philip sighs.

PHILIP

I'm afraid it's my fault we never met. I clearly remember looking at your profile. I thought you looked cute.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Cute?

PHILIP

Yeah. Bear in mind that I was looking at like 30 profiles a day back then.

Claire gives Philip an annoyed look: "Really?"

PHILIP (CONT'D)

It's pathetic, I know. But I'm all about efficiency. I knew that if I reached out to that many girls every day, it would radically increase my chances of meeting somebody. You see, if I hit up thirty profiles a day, then at least...

CLAIRE

If I were you, I would just stop talking at this point.

Philip laughs uncomfortably--

PHILIP

Okay. Anyway, I was just about to send you the message when I remembered I hadn't eaten all day. I was so excited about finishing a model of a suspension bridge I was building for my industrial design class that I simply forgot to eat. Suddenly I was craving a super steak burrito from this delicious taqueria a couple of blocks from my place. I love Mexican food.

CLAIRE

Me too.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I was so hungry I couldn't even
imagine sparing the ten seconds it
would take me to send you that
message. I decided to go get my
burrito and when I got back home,
I...

CLAIRE

You had forgotten all about me.

Philip nods with guilt.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So much for love at first sight,
huh? I guess in that other
reality, or whatever it is, you
decided you could spare the ten
seconds it would take to send me
that message.

PHILIP

Yeah, I guess. To think, my
overwhelming desire for a super
steak burrito cost me a happy
marriage.

Claire drinks her coffee. She contemplates this for a while.

CLAIRE

Are we happy?

Philip thinks for a second.

PHILIP

Yeah, we are. I mean, we have our
problems like everyone else, but
they don't really have anything to
do with us as a couple.

CLAIRE

So we are...

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Yes, we're very much in love. In fact, sometimes you tell me that you love me so much that it hurts.

Philip immediately regrets saying the last bit. Claire is taken back by Philip's frankness.

CLAIRE

Wow, that's...

PHILIP

Weird, I know. 'Cause here I am and, you don't feel... Anyway, we're doing fine.

Claire's phone rings. She looks at the caller ID.

CLAIRE

I have to take this.

PHILIP

Sure.

Claire steps away from the table. In the background, we can see Philip watching her.

Claire answers the phone.

CLAIRE

Hello?

She looks happy to hear the voice on the other end.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hi... I'm fine, how are you?...
Yeah, I had a good time too...
Now?

Claire looks at Philip and thinks for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Maybe... I'm in the middle of something but I don't think it'll last long... How about I call you in a little bit?... Okay, bye.

Claire hangs up and walks back to the table.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

PHILIP

That's fine.

Claire sits down. There's an awkward silence.

Philip looks at his cell phone.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Oh, wow. I can't believe it's almost six. I'm sorry, I have to get to the dry cleaners near my place before they close. I have an important meeting tomorrow and...

CLAIRE

Okay, I'll just...

PHILIP

Do you wanna come? We can go for a walk.

Claire thinks for a second.

CLAIRE

I think I should go.

PHILIP

It'll only take twenty minutes. Fifteen, if we cut through the park. Do you have somewhere you need to be?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

No, I don't but...

(beat)

What's the point? I mean, I'm a fairly skeptical person to say the least. So it's hard enough for me to believe you and, whatever this is. It's hard for me to actually come to terms with the fact that we are now sitting here discussing this, as if we're talking about the weather or something. And the crazy thing is, I do believe you. For whatever reason, this has happened, and we're here. But that still doesn't explain what we're really doing.

PHILIP

What do you mean what we're doing? We are... You and me... Don't you want to know?

CLAIRE

I thought I did. I guess I just, got kind of excited about the possibility of there being another me, somewhere. But all my life, I always tried hard not to get caught up in all the "What if"s and "If only I did this", "If only I did that". I always made sure I left the past behind me and looked ahead. The only difference between this and other various past regrets is that I have a slightly clearer idea about how this one turns out. And I'm definitely not going to feel sorry about not doing something I didn't even get a chance to do in the first place.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I know this is not easy. But now that we know this about each other, don't you think we owe it to ourselves to at least find out what it's all about? I know this is going to sound really stupid, but did you consider the possibility that what happened to me in the book store might not have been an accident? That it might have happened for a reason?

CLAIRE

You're right, it does sound really stupid. Whatever the reason for this is, accident or not, it doesn't matter. The fact of the matter is you and I exist in this reality. Those people you talk about, they're not us. They just happen to look exactly like us, and have our names printed on their birth certificate. Given the right occasion and the right time, people have the ability to turn into completely different human beings within the course of a minute. I can't even begin to imagine what kind of a person I would be with three years of different choices and actions. You say that in that world, I'm in love with you so much that it hurts. In this one, honestly, I'm not even attracted to you.

Philip stays silent. He doesn't know what to say.

Claire gets up.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm sure there's a version of me somewhere that stayed and walked with you to the dry cleaners. And who knows what happened after that? You can ponder on it as long as you want. I'm not going to.

Claire offers her hand to Philip.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Have a good life.

Philip reluctantly shakes Claire's hand.

PHILIP

You too.

Claire immediately turns and walks away. Philip watches Claire as she gets further and further away from him.

Suddenly, overwhelmed with emotion, Philip jumps up from his table and runs after Claire--

Philip catches up to Claire.

PHILIP

Claire! Wait!

Claire, disappointed yet not surprised, turns around.

CLAIRE

Yes?

PHILIP

Please... Don't go.

Claire scoffs.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Look, I know what you're going to say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And the thing is, I agree with you. This is pointless, in the most rational sense. I mean, maybe you're right in saying that there is nothing to be gained from all this. But what I experienced a couple of hours ago was something so incredible and so profound, there is no rational way to explain it. As much as I try, I can't bring myself to act on it in strictly logical terms and cut out all emotion. But as far as my emotions go, they are telling me over and over that I need to be with you, to be around you. At least for a little while longer.

CLAIRE

Why?

Philip searches for an answer. Nothing.

PHILIP

I don't know. I need to see you, talk to you, get to know you better. As much as I try to force myself to believe that this is pointless, with all that happened today, I just can't let it end and go on with my life as if nothing happened.

CLAIRE

Okay. Let's assume I'm willing to feed this irrational yet, strangely understandable need of yours. Now what? What do you want me to do?

PHILIP

Just walk with me to the dry cleaners. We don't even have to talk about this thing. We can just talk about, whatever. If you want, I won't bring it up ever again.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

Claire thinks.

CLAIRE
Fifteen minutes?

PHILIP
Fifteen minutes.

Off Claire's indecisive look--

11 EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK / BOTANICAL GARDENS - EVENING 11

Philip and Claire walk through the beautiful flowers and plants. They approach the duck pond.

CLAIRE
What do you do?

PHILIP
I work for an industrial design
company.

CLAIRE
You mean cars and mp3 players and
stuff?

PHILIP
Furniture, to be exact.

CLAIRE
Modern or traditional?

PHILIP
Modern.

CLAIRE
I hate modern furniture.

PHILIP
I know, believe me, I know.

Claire throws Philip an annoyed look, reminding him not to talk about 'the thing'.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Sorry. I like modern furniture.
It feels, safe and comforting.

CLAIRE

Yeah, so does Prozac. I'm sorry,
I'm being mean. Do you like what
you do?

PHILIP

Yeah, I do.

Claire and Philip get on the bridge over the duck pond.

CLAIRE

Are you good at it?

PHILIP

I think I am. I mean, I better be.
I worked hard to get to this point,
you know? I'm still officially an
assistant but that won't be for
long. Especially if tomorrow's
presentation goes well. That's why
I have to be at the dry cleaners
before they close. I need my
"power suit".

Claire laughs.

Philip stops and looks at the bench next to the pond.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Do you mind if we stop for a
second? I like looking at the
ducks.

Philip checks his cell phone.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We're totally ahead
of schedule.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

Okay.

Philip and Claire sit on the bench. The ducks swim around in the pond.

PHILIP

How about you? Do you write?

CLAIRE

I try to. It's hard, you know?
Working full time, trying to get
by, and still finding time to
write.

Claire thinks about what she just said.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No, that's not true. I'm not being
honest to myself. I don't really
believe it's about time. If you
really want to, you can make time
to do anything. I just find myself
less and less motivated.

PHILIP

Why's that?

CLAIRE

What do you mean why? Look at me.
I'm in my late twenties with a BFA
in creative writing, yet I'm still
a book store clerk. Nothing I've
written has ever been published.
And at this point, I'm practically
my only reader. All my stories are
good for is taking up space on my
hard drive.

PHILIP

Come on, don't be like that. I'm
sure if you keep trying at it and
not lose hope, you'll be a success
before you even know it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Believe me, I know what it's like to doubt yourself. And also, even if you're one tenth as good now as you were three years ago, believe me, you'll be fine.

Claire contemplates for a while on whether or not she should, and finally--

CLAIRE

I know I'm going to regret asking this but, am I successful? In, the other life?

PHILIP

Do you really want to know?

CLAIRE

I am, huh?

PHILIP

You're not a world famous novelist or anything, although you are currently working on your first novel. In fact, you're close to finishing it. But you did have a lot of your short stories published. One of them attracted The Examiner editors' attention. Long story short, you've been working there ever since.

CLAIRE

I work for The Examiner?

Claire remembers to hold back her excitement when she realizes that she doesn't "really" work for The Examiner.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Wow, that, really sucks. How about you? Do you still work for the prestigious makers of colorful hourglass stools?

Philip checks the time.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

We should move on.

Philip gets up and walks. Claire follows.

CLAIRE

Well, do you?

PHILIP

Not exactly. I'm actually what you might call, unemployed.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry. How come?

PHILIP

I'm not sure. As much as I can remember, I must have dropped the ball somewhere. It doesn't make any sense. I work more than anyone else, and I'm always twice as motivated. Yet I have a vision of myself where I haven't worked nearly as much as I had up to this point.

CLAIRE

Why do you think that is?

PHILIP

I think the easiest and quickest answer would be that maybe after I met you, I felt a little too comfortable. Part of what's driven me to get to this point must have been because I became more and more disillusioned about the dating scene, and finding the right one and all that.

Claire and Philip walk by the fountain.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I think as time went by and I started dating less and less, I tried to fill up that void by working as much and as hard as I could. Eventually yet not surprisingly, I got better at it. I guess after I met you, a lot of that energy went into our relationship and I ended up working less as a result of it. It's really hard to find a job in my field unless you're really, really good at it. So there we are.

CLAIRE

Damn. You must be really glad you didn't meet me three years ago.

PHILIP

Yeah, I guess.

Claire and Philip walk towards the exit.

12 EXT. DRY CLEANERS - EVENING

12

Philip and Claire walk into the dry cleaners. Philip holds the door for Claire.

PHILIP

After you.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

13 INT. DRY CLEANERS

13

There are no customers in the small store. The DRY CLEANING LADY drops her magazine when she notices Philip.

PHILIP

Hi.

DRY CLEANING LADY

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

Philip hands out his receipt to the dry cleaning lady. The dry cleaning lady looks at the receipt.

DRY CLEANING LADY (CONT'D)
I remember. Big meeting.

Philip laughs.

PHILIP
Yeah.

DRY CLEANING LADY
I'll be right back.

The dry cleaning lady goes to the back of the store to look for the suit.

Philip and Claire wait in silence, looking around the empty store. Their eyes meet. They casually smile at each other.

The dry cleaning lady comes back with the suit.

DRY CLEANING LADY (CONT'D)
Here you go.

Philip takes the suit.

PHILIP
Thank you.

Philip holds the suit over his body and shows it to Claire.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
What do you think?

Claire wholeheartedly gives the thumbs up. Philip smiles.

While Philip pays for the cleaning--

DRY CLEANING LADY
Your girlfriend is cute.

Carrie lets out an uncomfortable laugh. Philip discreetly shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

DRY CLEANING LADY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Oh, sorry.

Philip nods-- "It's okay". He finishes paying.

PHILIP
Have a nice evening.

DRY CLEANING LADY
You too. Bye.

CLAIRE
Bye.

Philip and Claire walk out--

14 EXT. DRY CLEANERS

14

Philip and Claire stop at the corner of the street and face each other. Philip offers his hand.

PHILIP
Well, I guess this is it.

After thinking for a second, Claire shakes Philip's hand.

CLAIRE
I guess it is.

PHILIP
Take care of yourself.

CLAIRE
You too.

Both Philip and Claire stay where they are. After a couple of seconds of silence--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I was wondering...

PHILIP
Do you want to come up for a glass
of water, or something?

They both laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sorry, we totally overlapped there.
Let's try that again. What were
you going to say?

PHILIP

Oh no, don't make me do that again.
It was hard enough the first time.

CLAIRE

Come on. It's okay.

PHILIP

I thought maybe, you might be
thirsty since we have been walking
for a while without proper
refreshments and all that. So I
thought I'd offer you a glass of
water. My place is only a block
away, so...

CLAIRE

See, that wasn't so hard, was it?

Off Philip's smile--

INT. PHILIP'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The front door opens.

PHILIP

Sorry the place is kind of a mess.
I wasn't expecting any guests.

Philip and Claire walk in.

CLAIRE

That's okay. It looks fine.

Claire points to her shoes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Should I?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

No, no. Just walk right in.

Claire sits on an armchair. The place is decorated with modern furniture but has a warm and friendly feel to it.

Philip walks to the kitchen.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Do you want water, or soda? I think I have some orange juice.

CLAIRE

Do you have any coffee?

PHILIP

Sure. Coming right up.

While Philip's in the kitchen, Claire's phone rings. She looks at the caller ID. She scoffs.

CLAIRE

Hello?... Hi. I'm sorry I totally forgot to call... This thing I'm doing, it looks like it might go on... Why don't we meet next weekend or something? Are you around?... Sure, no problem, let me know... Bye.

Claire hangs up. She looks unsure.

She looks around the room. She notices--

Pictures hung on the walls: Philip-- In high school, college, at work, at a night out with friends...

Among the pictures is a large photo of Philip and a middle-aged woman smiling at the camera with genuine happiness in their eyes.

Claire approaches the photo. The closer she gets to it, the more she senses a strange feeling of comfort.

Philip walks in holding a cup of coffee and a can of soda.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Is this your mother?

PHILIP

Yeah. That was taken the last time
I went back home.

Philip puts the drinks on the table and looks at the photo.

CLAIRE

Do you love her?

PHILIP

Oh yeah. I couldn't have done
anything without her. She means
everything to me.

CLAIRE

What about your dad?

PHILIP

He left when I was young, got
married to another woman.

CLAIRE

Do you see him at all?

PHILIP

Sometimes. He has a whole other
family he has to worry about now.
I don't think that gives him much
time to be bothered with us. We
talk from time to time.

CLAIRE

At least you have one functioning
parent. My dad's an asshole and my
mother is, she...

PHILIP

I know.

Tears start forming in Claire's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

This sucks. It's been over eight years and I still can't talk about her without...

PHILIP

I know.

Claire discreetly wipes her eyes.

CLAIRE

Does you mom, does she like me?

PHILIP

Oh yeah, she loves you. Sometimes I think she loves you more than me. She proudly shows your photo to anyone at the slightest opportunity. She tells them how proud she is of 'her daughter'.

Claire laughs.

CLAIRE

I would have liked to have met her. She sounds like a wonderful person.

PHILIP

She is. She... I'm sorry, I feel like there is something missing. It's been bothering me since we started looking at it.

CLAIRE

What is it?

Philip pulls out his camera phone and points it at Claire.

PHILIP

Smile.

Claire smiles. Philip takes a picture.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

Philip holds the cell phone screen with Claire's picture between Philip and his mother in the framed photo. It looks like Claire is posing with them.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

There. Now it feels complete.

Claire keeps smiling at first. But her smile turns into sadness and discomfort.

Someone approaches the front door. Philip and Claire turn their attention to the entrance.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

That's probably Mike, my roommate.

The door opens. MIKE, late 20s, slim and athletic, walks in wearing full jogging gear. He is drenched in sweat.

MIKE

What's up?

PHILIP

Not much. How was the run?

MIKE

Brutal.

Mike notices Claire.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Mike.

CLAIRE

Claire.

MIKE

Sorry, I'd shake your hand but I'm drenched.

CLAIRE

Don't worry about it.

MIKE

Do you work with Philip?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

CLAIRE

Uh, no. I work at a book store.

Mike looks confused.

MIKE

Cool. I'm gonna get some water.

Mike shoots into the kitchen.

Philip and Claire sit down, unsure of what to do.

PHILIP

Mike's my best friend. He was the
best man at our wedding.

Philip laughs to himself.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

He gave the funniest speech.

CLAIRE

Sounds like fun.

PHILIP

It was.

CLAIRE

Would have loved to be there.

Philip looks into Claire's eyes. They share a moment of
unspoken, genuine affection.

Philip breaks the tension--

PHILIP

Yeah, um, if only I could, you
know...

Philip imitates brain waves flowing from his brain to
Claire's while making bad 50s sci-fi sound effects.

Mike comes back from the kitchen and sits across.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

So, how do you guys know each other?

Philip and Claire look at each other for their cue.

PHILIP

Well, I was just hangin' out.
Thought I'd look at some books and,
um, I saw her, behind the counter,
and...

CLAIRE

He thought I looked like someone else.

PHILIP

Yeah, a girl from back home.

CLAIRE

But I wasn't.

PHILIP

She wasn't. But I was like "Why don't we just get some coffee or something, anyway?" And here we are.

Claire and Philip let out a nervous laugh.

MIKE

Okay.

CLAIRE

May I... Use the bathroom?

MIKE

Sure. It's the last door on the left.

Claire walks to the bathroom.

Mike waits till Claire closes the bathroom door--

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (CONT'D)

She's cute.

PHILIP

It's not like that.

MIKE

What do you mean it's not like that? Didn't you just say you asked her out for coffee?

PHILIP

Yeah, but it's not really...

MIKE

Let me get this straight. You finally gathered the courage to ask a girl out and it's for purely platonic reasons?

PHILIP

Something like that, yeah.

MIKE

This is the first time I'm seeing you with a girl since, I don't even remember when, and you have no interest in her? I walk in here, get all excited about you and you're gonna shoot me down, just like that?

PHILIP

I guess. I'm sorry.

MIKE

It's okay. In fact, I'm a bit relieved. So I'm guessing you don't mind if I...

PHILIP

No.

MIKE

Cool.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

No, I mean I do mind.

MIKE

But you just said... Why not?

PHILIP

It's a little, weird.

MIKE

But...

PHILIP

Just, believe me on this one. It's weird.

MIKE

She doesn't have a dick, does she?

PHILIP

No, she doesn't have a dick.

MIKE

How do you know? You really can't tell sometimes.

PHILIP

I can pretty much guarantee that she doesn't.

Claire yells out from the bathroom--

CLAIRE (O.S.)

I don't have a dick!

Mike is stunned. Him and Philip look at each other in horror.

Claire walks out of the bathroom. Mike immediately jumps up from his chair.

MIKE

I, uh, I gotta shoot off. Take a shower, get some work done. It was nice meeting you.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Likewise.

Mike sprints to his room and slams the door.

Claire and Philip laugh.

PHILIP

Sorry, he can be an idiot
sometimes. And by sometimes I mean
pretty much all the time.

CLAIRE

That's okay. He seems like a good
guy.

PHILIP

He is.

Claire looks around the room. She finds a collection of CDs
and peruses through them.

Philip looks annoyed, as if he knows what's coming.

CLAIRE

Are these your CDs?

PHILIP

Yeah.

CLAIRE

Wow, you have terrible taste in
music.

PHILIP

I know.

CLAIRE

You mean you acknowledge that you
have terrible...

Claire pulls out a CD and looks at the cover.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, really?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Which one is that?

Philip gets up and stands next to Claire. He gets a closer look at the CD.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

What are you talking about? I love that album.

CLAIRE

Ugh.

Claire puts the CD back on the shelf. She resumes looking.

PHILIP

And no, I don't think my taste in music is that bad. I know that you think it is. God, you really are the same annoying, opinionated person, aren't you? Three years of a completely different future hasn't changed you one bit.

CLAIRE

Don't act like you don't like it.

Claire turns and smiles at Philip.

PHILIP

No comment.

Philip smiles back.

Claire pulls another CD and shows it to Philip.

CLAIRE

You're kidding me?

Philip nods unapologetically. Claire scoffs and turns back to the CDs.

Philip observes Claire in silence.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

You know your eyes flare up when
you get annoyed with something?

CLAIRE

What do you mean they flare up?

Philip holds his hands an inch away from Claire's eyes. He
points at one of her eyes.

PHILIP

They look... Brighter, shinier,
more accentuated. It's almost as if
they get bigger. It's truly
beautiful.

Claire smiles.

CLAIRE

Tell me more about our life.

PHILIP

I though you said...

CLAIRE

Tell me anyway.

PHILIP

What do you want to know?

CLAIRE

Everything.

Philip laughs.

PHILIP

Okay. Anything specific?

Claire thinks up a question--

CLAIRE

When we first moved in together,
where did we live?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (12)

Philip thinks for a second.

PHILIP

Do you want to see it?

16 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

16

The second floor of an apartment building.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Wow, it looks smaller than I
thought.

Claire and Philip look up at the apartment from the street.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Still, it's probably bigger than my
place now.

PHILIP

It had a really cute, small
kitchen. Really cozy. I cooked for
you for the first time there. I
miss this place sometimes.

CLAIRE

I know what you mean.

PHILIP

No, I mean I actually do miss this
place sometimes.

It takes a second for Claire to realize--

CLAIRE

You mean, you actually used to live
here?

PHILIP

Yeah. I lived here with a friend
from school. Right about the time
he moved out, you and I were
starting to get serious so I asked
you to move in with me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILIP (CONT'D)

But since none of that really
happened, I just ended up moving
out with him.

Philip thinks for a second. Suddenly, he has a mischievous
smirk on his face--

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Can I show you something?

CLAIRE

Sure.

PHILIP

Follow me.

Philip turns around and walks to the other side of the
street. Claire follows him.

CLAIRE

Where are we going?

PHILIP

After our first date, you dropped
me off with your car. In fact, you
parked right there.

Philip walks to a parking spot occupied by another car. He
stands next to the passenger's seat.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

After the obligatory awkward moment
of silence, I asked you if you
wanted to grab a drink.

Claire follows Philip but Philip points to the driver's side
of the car.

Claire is confused for a second but she eventually
understands. She walks around the car and stands next to the
driver's side.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

You said "Sure, why not?"

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

Philip walks around to the driver's side--

PHILIP (CONT'D)

So I helped you out of the car, and
that was the first time I held your
hand.

Philip holds Claire's hand. They both sense a powerful
connection. They look at each other in silence.

CLAIRE

And then what happened?

PHILIP

I suggested we go to the nearest
bar. Which was...

Philip points to--

A classic Irish pub at the corner of the street.

Philip leads Claire to the pub.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And then, we simply--

Philip and Claire enter--

17 INT. THE PUB

17

PHILIP

--walked in and we--

Philip searches for an empty table in the slightly crowded
bar. He finds one.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

--found an empty seat at the
corner, where no one could bother
us.

Philip leads Claire to the empty table. They sit across from
each other, still holding hands.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

And then what?

PHILIP

Then this perfect piece of music started playing. Romantic, but not too cheesy. Even you agreed it was perfect.

A cheesy romantic song plays on the jukebox.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I guess this'll do.

Philip leads Claire to the dance floor/dart playing area. A DRUNKEN COUPLE dance next to them.

Philip gently holds Claire. Claire holds Philip back. They dance slowly.

They look into each other's eyes, holding each other closer.

CLAIRE

And then?

Their lips approach, closer and closer.

Finally, they kiss.

After they separate, it takes them a while to fully take in what just happened.

PHILIP

And then we, uh, we just, walked out.

CLAIRE

That's it? Without getting any drinks or anything?

Philip nods. Claire grins mischievously.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

Philip and Claire run out of the pub--

18 EXT. STREET

18

Philip and Claire run away from the entrance. They stop and face each other.

PHILIP

And then we said good night. I promised you that I would call you in two days, and I did.

CLAIRE

Will you?

PHILIP

Well, not everything has to be exactly the same, does it?

Claire looks confused and maybe a little hurt.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I mean we don't necessarily have to go our separate ways. The night is young, and there's so much more I need to tell you about us.

CLAIRE

Can we eat something first? I'm starving.

PHILIP

Sure. Where do you wanna go?

CLAIRE

My place is a couple of blocks from here. My roommate's a mean cook and she made this amazing gumbo last night. You wanna help me decimate the leftovers?

PHILIP

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Follow me.

Claire leads Philip down the street.

After a couple of steps, Philip holds Claire's hand.

Claire looks at Philip and smiles. Philip smiles back.

They keep walking while holding hands.

19 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

19

Messy but cozy. Philip and Claire enter.

PHILIP

So, this is La Maison de Claire?

CLAIRE

Yeah. And you thought your place
was messy.Claire scoffs. She walks in the kitchen and opens the
fridge.

PHILIP

So, how long have you been living
here?

Claire pulls out a bowl full of gumbo.

CLAIRE

You don't know?

PHILIP

No.

Claire puts the gumbo in the microwave and starts it up.

CLAIRE

That feels good.

PHILIP

What?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

That there are still some things
you don't know about me.

Philip smiles and nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I've been here for a little over a
year.

Philip notices the bedroom door next to the kitchen.

PHILIP

Is this your room?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

PHILIP

May I?

CLAIRE

Sure.

Philip enters--

The room is laid back and has an inviting quality. Philip slowly browses the room as if savoring every inch.

Everything about the room feels like home to him. He peruses through Claire's large collection of books, most of them on the bookshelf, some scattered around the room.

He looks at photos of Claire with her friends, family. He picks up a photo of Claire and her mother. In the photo, Claire hugs her mom and smiles from ear to ear. Wherever they were, it was obviously a lot of fun.

The microwave beeps.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Dinner's ready!

20 CONTINUED:

20

Something about that sentence fills Philip with inner peace.
He puts the photo down.

21 CLAIRE'S KITCHEN

21

Philip walks back into the kitchen. Claire hands him a bowl
of gumbo and keeps one for herself.

PHILIP

Thanks.

CLAIRE

Bon appetit.

Philip tastes the gumbo.

PHILIP

Wow, this is amazing.

CLAIRE

I know, right?

They both dig in. They enjoy their food without talking for
a while.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So, what do you think caused this?

PHILIP

What do you mean?

CLAIRE

What, or who, gave you this...
Miracle?

PHILIP

Like I told you, I have no idea.

CLAIRE

I know, but if you had to guess...

Philip thinks.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Maybe, a freak temporal shift in the space-time continuum altered my consciousness, or something.

CLAIRE

Wow, that's probably the most boring story you could have come up with.

Philip laughs.

PHILIP

Okay. What do you think caused it?

CLAIRE

I don't know, something more exciting, like... Aliens.

PHILIP

Aliens?

CLAIRE

Yeah. Like these super intelligent creatures that watch over us like rats in a maze. Every once in a while, they mess around with things to see how we react. You and I might be part of a sick alien experiment right now!

PHILIP

O-kay.

CLAIRE

Or how about this? Your guardian angel got drunk last night and came to work today with a hangover. Being sloppy and unfocused, he screwed up and gave you those memories by accident.

Philip laughs sarcastically.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

PHILIP

Maybe. I'd rather believe that there's a purely scientific explanation.

CLAIRE

So, if every decision we make splits us into thousands of realities within any given day, then there might be like a hundred different versions of us in this apartment alone.

PHILIP

It's possible, I guess.

Claire tiptoes toward the bedroom door.

CLAIRE

What if, I opened this door, and we met one of our copies?

Claire slowly creaks open the door. Philip holds his breath.

There's no one on the other side.

Philip and Claire laugh. They finish their food.

PHILIP

So, what now?

Claire's cell phone rings. She looks at the caller ID.

She thinks for a moment. She hangs up and puts the phone in her pocket.

CLAIRE

I would like to see where we live.

22

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

22

Philip and Claire sit in the back seat.

Claire slowly lays her head on Philip's shoulder. Philip gently puts his arms around Claire.

(CONTINUED)

They gradually gravitate towards each other, as they hold each other tighter.

Claire caresses Philip. They remain this way, without a word spoken between them.

The cab drops off Philip and Claire and drives on.

Claire runs across the street and scans the buildings around her. Philip follows Claire.

CLAIRE
Which one is it?

PHILIP
Take a guess.

CLAIRE
Come on, which one?

PHILIP
Oh, no. It's not gonna be that easy this time. Which one do you think it is?

Claire jokingly hits Philip.

CLAIRE
That's not fair.

PHILIP
You can do this. Just ask yourself: Which of these apartments would you most likely pick as your... our home?

Claire thinks out loud while searching for the right spot--

CLAIRE
Let's see. I'd like someplace cozy, warm, classic.
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Somewhere that gets a lot of light.
Top floor if possible...

Claire stops and looks up--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

That one!

Claire points at the top floor of a two-storey classic Victorian apartment with large French windows. The lights are on but it's not possible to see what's going on inside from the sidewalk.

PHILIP

I didn't doubt you for a second.

Philip holds Claire. Claire caresses Philip's hand. They both look up at the windows of the apartment.

CLAIRE

What do you think we're doing right now?

PHILIP

We probably just had dinner.

CLAIRE

In front of the TV, or at the kitchen table?

PHILIP

At the kitchen table, of course.

CLAIRE

Good. What did we talk about?

PHILIP

Our day. You complained about your smelly, obnoxious co-worker. I complained about how there are no jobs.

CLAIRE

Who cooked?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I did, obviously.

CLAIRE

My cooking doesn't get better
either, huh?

Philip shakes his head--

PHILIP

You can fold a napkin like nobody's
business though.

Claire mock-slaps Philip--

CLAIRE

(under her lips)

Asshole.

(a beat)

What about now? What are we doing
now?

PHILIP

Right now, I'm probably sitting on
the couch watching TV.

Philip looks at the time on his cell phone.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

It's time for "Fill This House", so
I'm probably watching that. You
have no interest in a reality show
where interior designers compete to
become the "Ultimate House Filler",
so you're probably laying down next
to me, with your head on my lap,
reading a book or playing Solitaire
on your phone. While you do that I
slowly and gently caress your hair.
You tell me, as you did so many
times before, that you love me.

Philip looks emotional, even a little hurt, but he tries his
best to hide it.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Sounds... Comforting.

PHILIP

Yeah. Shall we go?

Philip attempts to walk away. Claire stays.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Claire?

Determined, Claire suddenly runs up to the door.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

What are you doing!?

Philip runs after Claire.

Claire rings the bell.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Why did you do that!?

CLAIRE

I want to see who lives here.

PHILIP

Are you crazy? What good is that gonna do?

CLAIRE

I want to see who lives in our house.

Philip and Claire hear footsteps coming down the stairs.

Philip tries to pull Claire.

PHILIP

Come on! Let's just run away before they open the door!

Claire pulls herself back--

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

No!

ROGER, mid 40s, opens the door wearing a plain shirt and sweatpants. He is a skinny man, gentle and frail.

There's a short silence.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hi.

ROGER

Hi. Can I help you?

CLAIRE

We are so sorry for bothering you. But my husband and I were in the neighborhood. We just happened to walk by here and against my better judgement, I was compelled to ring the bell.

ROGER

Might I ask why?

Claire is lost for words.

PHILIP

You see, we used to live here.

ROGER

Oh yeah? When was that?

PHILIP

We lived here until about two years ago. I believe we moved out around the end of April.

ROGER

That's when we moved in.

CLAIRE

Oh yeah? How do you like it?

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

I love it. It's cozy, walking distance to everything, takes in a lot of light. That's very important to me.

CLAIRE

Me too.

ROGER

I'm guessing you really liked it here, huh?

PHILIP

Oh yeah. We have so many memories of this place. My proposal, our marriage, everything happened while we were living here. In fact, I proposed to her right in there.

ROGER

Oh yeah? That's sweet.

CLAIRE

We're so sorry for bothering you. We didn't want to take you away from...

ROGER

Don't worry about it. It's not like I was up there finding a cure for cancer. My partner's working the night shift at the ER so I was just planning on watching TV till I passed out.

CLAIRE

Well, in any case, thank you for talking to us.

PHILIP

Yeah, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER
Don't mention it.

CLAIRE
I'm glad our first home is in good hands.

PHILIP
We should get going.

Philip motions Claire that they should go. Before they are about to leave--

ROGER
Would you like to come in? You can see the place one last time.

CLAIRE
Are you sure? We don't want to be a burden on you.

ROGER
What burden?

Roger invites Philip and Claire in. They all enter--

Philip and Claire follow Roger up the stairs.

ROGER
You look like nice people. Even if you're not, I have nothing valuable in the house.

Roger pulls out his keys from his pocket--

ROGER (CONT'D)
And if you try to kill me or something, the neighbors will come right away. The walls are paper thin.

Claire laughs.

PHILIP

Tell me about it. Does Mr.
Brierson still live downstairs?

ROGER

(whispers)

Oh, that crotchety old fart. You
take two steps and there he goes,
banging on the ceiling. God forbid
you actually want to walk around in
your own house.

PHILIP

(scoffs)

Yeah.

Roger opens the door.

ROGER

My name is Roger, by the way.

CLAIRE

Claire.

PHILIP

Philip.

Roger shakes Philip and Claire's hand.

ROGER

Delighted. Come on in.

Philip and Claire walk in--

The entrance leads directly into the kitchen. Various
paintings of San Francisco sights are hung on the walls.

A half-finished painting stands on an easel at the end of the
kitchen table.

ROGER

This is our kitchen slash my work
space.

Claire points at the paintings.

CLAIRE

Did you paint these?

ROGER

Yeah.

CLAIRE

They're beautiful.

ROGER

Thank you. So, what do you think?
Does it look totally different?

Claire looks at Philip for the answer.

PHILIP

Not really. It looks very similar
actually. Apart from the
paintings, of course. You and
Claire have the same style in
decoration.

CLAIRE

Philip designs modern furniture.

ROGER

Yuck. And you married him?

Claire laughs and nods.

PHILIP

Hey!

ROGER

I guess you were blinded by love.

Claire looks at Philip and smiles.

CLAIRE

I guess.

ROGER

What do you do dear?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Me? I... I'm a writer.

ROGER

Anything I might have read?

CLAIRE

Hopefully soon. I'm currently working on my first novel. In fact, I'm close to finishing it.

ROGER

That's great. I'll definitely be on the lookout for that one. Go right in guys. Relax, put your feet up, etcetera. Would you like anything to drink? Coffee, tea?

PHILIP

Coffee, thanks.

CLAIRE

Tea will be fine.

Philip and Claire enter--

Claire sits on the couch while Philip looks around. He looks more and more emotional as more memories about their home floods his mind.

CLAIRE

How did you know those dates?

PHILIP

Huh? Oh, I just told him the date we moved in. I figured they rented this place instead of us.

Philip notices the bedroom door is cracked open. He walks to the door and opens it.

CLAIRE

I don't think you should go in there.

Philip walks in the bedroom.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Philip!

Claire follows Philip into--

Philip looks around the bedroom, almost like he's in a daze. Claire tries to pull Philip outside.

CLAIRE

We shouldn't be here. He's gonna come back any minute.

PHILIP

This is where I proposed to you.

Philip points at a corner of the room.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Right there, right where our bed used to be. Is. Should be. It was two weeks before the first anniversary of our first date. That's when I was planning on popping the question. I was going to take you to your favorite restaurant and propose to you there. I had the whole thing planned to a tee. The speech, the ring, the romantic setting, everything was ready to go. But I just couldn't wait. I was so excited at the thought of marrying you, I could barely contain myself every time I was around you. So, I couldn't.

(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

On a random Thursday night, right when you were about to close your eyes and drift off to sleep, I simply... asked you to marry me. Your eyes immediately opened wide. I think it took you a while to fully comprehend what I just asked you. But after a couple of seconds of silence, which seemed like forever to me, you kissed me, and you said "Yes".

Claire caresses Philip.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

It was the most beautiful moment I've ever...

Suddenly, Philip snaps back to reality. Overwhelmed with emotion, he runs out.

CLAIRE

What's wrong? Philip!?

Claire follows Philip--

Philip runs past Roger, who was about to serve drinks. He runs out of the apartment.

Claire runs after Philip.

ROGER

Is he okay?

CLAIRE

I'm so sorry Roger. He just got a call. His mom's in the hospital.

ROGER

Oh god.

CLAIRE

Thank you so much for your
hospitality.

ROGER

Of course. Please let me know if
there's anything I can do.

CLAIRE

Thank you. Good night.

Claire runs out.

ROGER

Good night.

Claire runs into the street. She looks around. She finds--

Philip standing at the corner of the street. He looks down
at the ground in deep thought.

Claire carefully approaches Philip.

CLAIRE

Philip? Are you okay?

As she comes closer, Claire notices the tears running down
Philip's face.

PHILIP

I can't do this anymore.

CLAIRE

Why?

PHILIP

You were right before. It's
pointless.

Claire takes a step towards Philip.

CLAIRE

No it's not.

PHILIP

Do you remember when we were at the park, when I confessed to you that I am unemployed in the other life? You said I must be really happy that I never met you, since I am such a success in this one. And I said yes?

Claire nods.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I didn't mean it. I just thought that's what I should say in order to keep you close to me. If I had told you the truth, that I felt alone and miserable for such a long time, I don't even remember what it feels like to be held, and cared for, and loved. If I had told you that these memories that invaded my mind this morning brought me the only shred of true happiness I have felt in years, you'd run away as far as you could.

CLAIRE

No I wouldn't.

Philip gives a sarcastic look: "Really?"

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe I would. But things have changed. I'm not running away now, am I?

PHILIP

Yeah, but for how long? How long until we both realize how crazy this whole thing really is? As close as we are to who we are in my mind, we're still two different people. We have changed.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

We don't have to. I mean, people can change back, can't they? There's no reason why we can't give this a shot. Of course, I can't promise anything, but...

PHILIP

You can't promise anything.

CLAIRE

Of course I can't. What do you want Philip?

PHILIP

I want what's in my head. I want it to be real. And what hurts the most is that I have to live with knowing that no matter how much I desperately wish for it to be the opposite, it will never be real. I have to live with that. This gift, or random freak occurrence, or whatever it is, I wish I could just give it back.

Exhausted, Philip sits on the sidewalk.

Claire stands behind him in silence for a while, unsure of what to say or what to do.

Finally, she sits next to him. They sit silently, looking up at the sky, full of stars.

CLAIRE

I have a confession to make as well. Do you remember when I told you at the coffee shop that I wasn't attracted to you? I lied. As soon as I saw you in the book store, I felt this strong connection between us. When you walked in, I couldn't take my eyes off you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It was as if everyone else had disappeared and you were the only thing in my universe. Every single part of my being felt this intense attraction towards you. And then of course you acted like a total freak so some of that went away.

Philip laughs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But even after that, when you approached me after my shift, deep down I was hoping you were going to ask me out. Instead you laid on me what must have been the lamest and the most unnecessarily complicated pick-up line ever.

Philip laughs harder. He turns to face Claire. Claire holds Philip's hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

This thing that happened to you, I don't know how and why it happened. And to be honest, I don't care. What matters now is that we're here, in this world. This is our reality, right here. Whatever opportunities we might have missed out on that still live on somewhere in our imagination, doesn't matter. All that matters is what we have in this moment, and what happens next.

PHILIP

So, what happens next?

CLAIRE

You kiss me.

Philip smiles. He kisses Claire. Claire kisses Philip back. They remain passionately attached to each other, as one.

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE TO:

30

EXT. STREET / PHILIP'S APARTMENT - DAY

30

Philip and Claire walk out of the apartment. Philip has his work suit on while Claire wears a "power suit".

PHILIP

Okay, let's go over this again.
Number one.

CLAIRE

Don't be too arrogant or too
modest.

Philip and Claire walk down the street.

PHILIP

Two.

CLAIRE

Always make eye contact.

PHILIP

Three.

Claire hesitates.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Three!

CLAIRE

Okay, okay. Three!

Claire takes a deep breath and exhales.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Three: Don't freak out.

PHILIP

You'll do just fine.

(CONTINUED)

Philip stops and kisses Claire. Claire hugs Philip.

CLAIRE

I hope so. Philip?

PHILIP

Yes?

CLAIRE

What do you think about us so far?

PHILIP

How do you mean?

CLAIRE

You know, compared to what's in here?

Claire holds Philip's head.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Is it at least close to how you remember it?

PHILIP

No.

CLAIRE

Oh.

PHILIP

It's better.

Claire kisses Philip.

CLAIRE

I love you.

PHILIP

I love you too.

Philip realizes they're in front of the corner coffee shop.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna grab a cup of
coffee real quick. Do you want
anything?

CLAIRE

No thanks.

PHILIP

I'll be right back.

Philip walks into--

31 INT. CORNER COFFEE SHOP

31

A cozy, privately owned coffee shop. Philip walks up to the
counter where the Barista has just finished with a customer.

BARISTA

Hi, how can I help you?

PHILIP

Medium coffee please.

BARISTA

Sure.

The Barista turns to pour the coffee.

32 EXT. STREET CORNER

32

Claire waits outside. She looks up to take a deep breath and
calm down. She notices--

The street light, originally turned off, FLICKERS ON AND OFF.

Claire looks up at the light, hypnotized.

33 INT. CORNER COFFEE SHOP

33

Philip waits for his coffee. Suddenly, the lights behind the
counter FLICKER ON AND OFF.

Philip stares at the lights with the same hypnotic glare.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

BARISTA

Sir?

Philip snaps out of his hypnosis.

PHILIP

Huh?

BARISTA

Your coffee.

The Barista slides the cup to Philip.

PHILIP

Oh. Thanks. Sorry.

Philip puts down some money on the counter.

BARISTA

Have a nice day.

PHILIP

You too.

Philip carefully walks out, disoriented--

34 EXT. STREET CORNER

34

Philip looks around to get his bearing on where he is and what he's doing.

Philip finally notices Claire, who looks as disoriented as he is. He walks up to Claire.

PHILIP

Hi.

CLAIRE

Hi. Are you ready?

Philip stares into space.

PHILIP

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Are you okay?

PHILIP

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. I suddenly had this feeling of, exhaustion. Yet at the same time, I feel strangely relieved.

CLAIRE

That's so strange, because I feel the same way.

PHILIP

Claire, I know this is going to sound really weird but, how did we meet?

CLAIRE

That is weird. I was just about to ask you the same question.

PHILIP

This is crazy. How can we not remember something like that?

CLAIRE

I think after plowing through one mock interview after the other for twelve hours straight, we finally lost it.

Philip laughs.

PHILIP

I guess.

CLAIRE

Wait, I think it's coming to me. You saw me at the book store and of course, you were immediately smitten. So you waited outside for me to be done with my shift.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

At which point, you simply introduced yourself in the most charming way and you asked me out. A couple of days later, we went out on this spectacular date and then, that was it.

Philip remembers--

PHILIP

Oh yeah. There it is.

CLAIRE

That's it, I'm putting my foot down. We have to somehow find a way to sleep for more than two hours tonight.

PHILIP

You got it. Shall we?

CLAIRE

After you.

Claire and Philip walk away from the coffee shop.

In the distance, Philip pulls out his wallet.

PHILIP

This is weird.

CLAIRE

What is it?

Philip pulls out a piece of paper from his wallet.

PHILIP

It's a receipt from the record store down the street. It's three months old.

CLAIRE

You really have to keep your wallet more organized.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I do.

CLAIRE

No, you just think you do.

PHILIP

Whatever.

CLAIRE

God, you're so stubborn. I don't
know why I put up with you
sometimes.

PHILIP

Because you love me?

CLAIRE

Hmmm... Nope, that's not it.

PHILIP

Then it must be my taste in music.

Claire laughs.

CLAIRE

Yep, that must be the one.

Philip laughs with Claire. As they walk further away, their
dialogue fades.

FADE OUT.

THE END