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# Home Alone

By John Hughes

Where's my suitcase?  
Miss. Young lady!  
Excuse me. Girls!  
Hey, little fella. Hey!  
Excuse me, girls. Girls!  
Hey, big fella!  
Help me make the beds  
in the living room.  
Come on down here!  
Hey, son!  
Big fella.  
Hey, little guy! Little guy!  
Pete's brother  
and his family are here.  
Trish is going to Montreal.  
Montreal? Oh, her family's there.  
- Then we're off.  
- When?  
- Tomorrow.  
- You're not ready, are you?  
Uncle Frank won't let me  
watch the movie...  
...but the big kids can.  
Why can't I?  
I'm on the phone.  
When do you come back?  
Not till then?  
It's not even rated R.  
He's just being a jerk.  
Kevin, if Uncle Frank says no...  
...then it must be really bad.  
No, we put the dog in the kennel...  
Hey, get off!  
Kevin, out of the room.  
Hang up the phone and make me,  
why don't you?  
This kid.  
Did you pick up  
a voltage adaptor thing?  
No, I didn't have time.  
- Then how do I shave in France?  
- Grow a goatee.  
Dad, nobody'll let me do anything.  
I've got something, pick up those

MicroMachines that are all over.  
Aunt Leslie almost broke her neck.  
He was playing  
with the glue gun again.  
We talked about that.  
Did I burn down the joint?  
I don't think so.  
I made ornaments out of fish hooks.  
- My new fish hooks?  
- I can't make them out of old ones...  
...with dry worm guts stuck on them.  
- Peter.  
- Come on, Kevin. Out.  
Do you guys have a voltage adaptor?  
Here's a voltage adapter!  
God, you're getting heavy!  
Go pack your suitcase.  
Pack my suitcase?  
- Where's the shampoo?  
- I don't live here.  
This many people here and no shampoo.  
- Are your folks home?  
- They don't live here.  
- Tracy, did you order the pizza?  
- Buzz did.  
Excuse me. Are your parents here?  
My parents live in Paris.  
- Hi!  
- Hi!  
- Are your parents home?  
- Yeah.  
- Do they live here?  
- No.  
Why should they?  
All kids, no parents.  
Probably a fancy orphanage.  
I don't know how to pack a suitcase.  
I've never done it once.  
- Tough.  
- That's what Megan said.  
What did I say?  
You told him "Tough."  
The dope was whining about a suitcase.  
What was I supposed to say?

"Congratulations, you're an idiot"?

- I'm not an idiot!

- Really?

You're helpless! We have to do everything for you.

- She's right, Kev.

- Excuse me, puke-breath. I'm small.

I don't know how to pack.

- I hope you didn't just pack crap.

- Shut up, Linnie.

You know what I should pack?

Buzz told you, cheek-face.

Toilet paper and water.

What are you so worried about?

You know Mom's gonna

pack your stuff, anyway.

You're what the French call

les incompetents.

What?

Bombs away!

P.S. You have to sleep

on the hide-a-bed with Fuller.

If he has something to drink,

he'll wet the bed.

This house is so full of people  
it makes me sick!

When I grow up and get married,

I'm living alone!

Did you hear me?

I'm living alone!

I'm living alone!

Who's gonna feed your spider?

He just ate a load of mice guts.

He'll be good for a couple weeks.

Is it true French babes

don't shave their pits?

Some don't.

But they got nude beaches.

Not in the winter.

Don't you know how to knock,

phlegm-wad?

Can I sleep here?

I don't want to sleep with Fuller.

If he drinks, he'll wet the bed.

I wouldn't let you sleep in my room  
if you were growing on my ass.  
Check it out.  
Old man Marley.  
Who's he?  
You ever heard of the South Bend  
Shovel Slayer?  
That's him.  
In '58 he murdered his whole family  
and half the people on his block...  
...with a snow shovel.  
Been hiding out  
in this neighborhood ever since.  
If he's the shovel slayer,  
how come the cops don't arrest him?  
Not enough evidence to convict.  
They never found the bodies.  
Everyone around here knows he did it.  
It'll just be a matter of time...  
...before he does it again.  
What's he doing?  
He walks up and down the streets  
every night...  
...salting the sidewalks.  
Maybe he's just trying to be nice.  
No way.  
See that garbage can full of salt?  
That's where he keeps his victims.  
The salt turns the bodies  
into mummies.  
Mummies!  
Look out!  
How you kids doing?  
Good?  
Lot of action around here today, huh?  
Going on vacation?  
Where you going?  
You hear me, or what?  
Going on a trip?  
Where you going, kid?  
Okay, that's \$122.50.  
Not from me, kid. I don't live here.  
You just around for the holidays?  
You could say that.

- Pizza's here!  
- There you go.  
That's \$122.50.  
It's my brother's house.  
He'll get it.  
Hey, listen...  
- Are you Mr. McCallister?  
- Yeah.  
The Mr. McCallister who lives here?  
Good, because somebody owes me \$122.50.  
I'd like a word with you.  
Am I under arrest or something?  
There's always a lot of burglaries  
around the holidays.  
We're checking the neighborhood to see  
if the proper precautions are taken.  
We have automatic timers for our  
lights, locks for our doors.  
That's about as well  
as anybody can do.  
- Did you get some eggnog?  
- Come on.  
- Let's eat.  
- Come on.  
- Eggnog?  
- Pizza!  
- Are you gonna be leaving...?  
- Pizza!  
Grab a napkin  
and pour your own drinks.  
- Does Santa go through customs?  
- What time do we have to go to bed?  
Early. We're leaving at 8 a.m.  
On the button.  
I hope you're all drinking milk.  
I want to get rid of it.  
- Pizza boy needs \$122.50, plus tip.  
- For pizza?  
Ten pizzas times 12 bucks.  
- You've got money.  
- Traveler's checks.  
Forget it, Frank. We have cash.  
You probably got the checks  
that don't work in France.

Did anyone order me a plain cheese?  
Yeah. But if you want any...  
...somebody's gonna have to barf it up  
because it's gone.  
Fuller! Go easy on the Pepsi.  
Kev! Kev, get a plate.  
- Passports!  
- Watch it!  
No, no. Get these passports  
out of here.  
Are you okay, honey? Come here.  
Are you all right?  
What is the matter with you?  
He started it!  
He ate my pizza on purpose.  
He knows I hate sausage and olives...  
Look what you did, you little jerk!  
Get upstairs now.  
Why?  
You're such a disease.  
- Shut up!  
- Kevin, upstairs!  
- Say good night, Kevin.  
- "Good night, Kevin."  
Why do I get treated like scum?  
I'm sorry. This house is just crazy.  
We've got all these extra kids  
running around.  
My brother's in from Ohio.  
It's nuts.  
How come you didn't bring  
more cheese pizzas?  
Nice tip. Thanks.  
Having a reunion?  
My husband's brother transferred  
to Paris. His kids are still here.  
He missed the family,  
so he invited us to Paris...  
...so we'll be together.  
You're taking a trip to Paris?  
Yes, we leave tomorrow morning.  
Excellent. Excellent.  
If you'll excuse me, this one's  
a little out of sorts.

Don't worry about me.  
I spoke to your husband.  
And don't worry about your home.  
It's in good hands.  
There are 15 people, and only you  
have to make trouble.  
I'm getting dumped on.  
You're the only one acting up.  
Now get upstairs.  
I am upstairs, dummy!  
The third floor?  
- Go.  
- It's scary up there.  
Fuller'll be up in a little while.  
I don't want to sleep with Fuller.  
He wets the bed.  
He'll pee all over me. I know it.  
We'll put him somewhere else.  
I'm sorry.  
It's too late. Get upstairs.  
Everyone in this family hates me!  
Then ask Santa for a new family.  
I don't want a new family. I don't  
want any family. Families suck!  
Stay up there. I don't want  
to see you again tonight.  
I don't want to see you  
for the rest of my life.  
I don't want to see  
anybody else either.  
I hope you don't mean that.  
You'd feel pretty sad if you woke up  
and didn't have a family.  
No, I wouldn't.  
Then say it again.  
Maybe it'll happen.  
I hope I never see any  
of you jerks again!  
I wish they would all just disappear.  
- Where are they?  
- I don't know. She said 8 sharp.  
Peter!  
We slept in!  
Hi, I'm Mitch Murphy.



I live across the street.  
You guys going out of town?  
We're going to Florida.  
Well, first we're going to Missouri  
to pick up my grandma.  
You know the McCallisters  
are going to France?  
Do you know if it's cold?  
- Do these vans get good mileage?  
- Kid, I don't know. Hit the road!  
Do a head count.  
Get everyone in the vans.  
Where are the passports?  
I put them in the microwave to dry.  
How fast does this go?  
Does it have automatic transmission?  
Does it have 4-wheel drive?  
Look, I told you before, kid.  
Don't bother me. Now, beat it!  
Line up in front of the van.  
- Line up and shut up!  
- Wow!  
Shut up!  
I need a head count.  
One, two, three...  
Eleven, 92, 12...  
Buzz, don't be a moron.  
Six, seven, eight...  
...nine, 10, 11.  
Okay, half in this van,  
half in this one. Let's go.  
Have a good trip.  
Bring me back something French.  
There's no way we'll make this plane.  
It leaves in 45 minutes.  
Think positive!  
You be positive.  
I'll be realistic.  
Excuse me, your power is fixed...  
...but the phones are a mess.  
It'll take a couple of days to fix...  
...especially around the holidays.  
- Thanks.  
Did you count heads?

Eleven, including me.  
Five boys, six girls,  
two drivers...  
...and a partridge in a pear tree.  
Hold the plane!  
- Did we miss it?  
- You just made it.  
Single seats only in coach.  
Take whatever's free.  
I get a window seat!  
- Kids are in coach, we're first class.  
- Seats Four A and B.  
Four A and B. I'll take your coats.  
- Fasten your seat belts.  
- Champagne, please.  
- It's free, isn't it?  
- Oh, yes.  
We made it.  
Do you believe it?  
Hope we didn't forget anything.  
Mom?  
- That's real. It's real crystal.  
- Yeah, so?  
- Put them in your purse.  
- Frank, I can't do that.  
Just... Put them in your purse!  
Yeah. Fill it up.  
Fill it up.  
Fill it up, please.  
Thank you.  
Don't you feel like a heel, flying  
first class with the kids in coach?  
No. The kids are fine.  
The only time I ever flew as a kid was  
in the station wagon, not to France.  
We had to go to Aunt Laura  
and Uncle Arthur's.  
Kids are okay. They're having  
the time of their lives.  
Hello?  
Mom?  
Dad?  
Where are you guys?  
Buzz?

Megan?  
Hello?  
Rod?  
Uncle Frank?  
Uncle Frank, is this a joke?  
Megan? Linnie?  
Is this a joke?  
It's only my imagination.  
Only my imagination.  
The cars are still here.  
They didn't go to the airport!  
I made my family disappear.  
You're completely helpless.  
You know, Kevin...  
... you're what the French call  
les incompetents.  
Kevin, I'm going to feed you  
to my tarantula.  
Kevin, you are such a disease.  
There are 15 people, and you're  
the only one who has to make trouble.  
Look what you did, you little jerk!  
I made my family disappear.  
I'm free!  
Wow!  
No clothes on anybody.  
Sickening!  
Cool! Firecrackers!  
I'll save these for later.  
Buzz, I'm going through  
all your private stuff.  
You better come out and pound me!  
Buzz, your girlfriend! Woof!  
Who is it?  
It's me. Snakes.  
I got the stuff.  
Leave it on the doorstep  
and get the hell out of here.  
All right, Johnny,  
but what about my money?  
What money?  
A.C. Said you had some dough for me.  
Is that a fact?  
How much do I owe you?

A.C. Said ten percent.  
Too bad A.C. Ain't in charge no more.  
Guys, I'm eating junk  
and watching rubbish!  
You better come out and stop me!  
He'll call you when he gets out.  
I'll tell you what I'm gonna  
give you.  
I'm gonna give you to  
the count of ten...  
... to get your ugly, yellow...  
... no-good keister off my property...  
... before I pump your guts  
full of lead.  
All right, I'm sorry.  
I'm going.  
One, two... ten.  
Keep the change,  
you filthy animal.  
Mom!  
What's the matter?  
Honey?  
I have a terrible feeling.  
About what?  
That we didn't do something.  
You feel that way because  
we left in a hurry.  
We took care of everything.  
Did I turn off the coffee?  
No.  
I did.  
Did you lock up?  
Yeah.  
Did you close the garage?  
That's it.  
I forgot to close the garage.  
That's it.  
No, that's not it.  
What else could we be forgetting?  
Kevin!  
The captain's doing all he can.  
Your phones are out of order.  
We'll call when we land.  
I'm sure it's okay.

Horrible. Horrible.  
Just horrible.  
How could we do this?  
We forgot him.  
We didn't forget him,  
we just miscounted.  
What kind of mother am I?  
If it makes you feel any better,  
I forgot my reading glasses.  
Five families gone  
on one block alone.  
They all told me from their  
own mouths.  
It's almost too easy.

**Check it out:**

All the houses with nobody home...  
...have automatic timers  
on their lights.  
But I got it all figured out.  
Watch this.  
Number 664 will be going on  
right about...  
...now.  
Wait, wait, wait.  
Number 682...  
...right now.  
Wait a minute.  
...now.  
And that's the one, Marvin.  
That's the silver tuna.  
It's very G.  
Very G, huh? It's loaded.  
It's got lots of top-flight goods.  
- Stereos, VCRs...  
- Toys?  
Probably looking at some  
very fine jewelry.  
Possible cash horde.  
Odd marketable securities.  
Who knows? It's a gem.  
Grab your crowbar.  
Crowbars up.  
You're a rotter,

Mr. Grinch  
You're the king  
Of sinful sots  
Your heart's a dead tomato  
Blotched with moldy purple spots,  
Mr. Grinch  
Which way?  
We'll go around back,  
down the basement.  
- You said they were gone.  
- They were gonna leave today.  
Let's get out of here.  
We have to use the phone, please.  
It's an emergency.  
We really have to make a call.  
Please! Our brother's home alone.  
Give us the phone!  
I'm sorry. Thank you.  
I'm calling the police.  
Book us a flight home.  
Get change out of here.  
Call everybody you know.  
Here's my address book. You and Frank  
call everyone on our street.  
Maybe somebody can help us.  
Hello? Hello?  
Oh, she'll have to call you back.  
This is ridiculous.  
Only a wimp would be  
hiding under a bed.  
And I can't be a wimp.  
I'm the man of the house.  
Hey, I'm not afraid anymore!  
I said, I'm not afraid anymore!  
Do you hear me?  
I'm not afraid anymore.  
Village police department.  
I'm calling from Paris.  
I have a son who's home alone.  
I'd like somebody to go there. Tell  
him that we're coming home to get him.  
Okay, let me connect you  
with Family Crisis Intervention.  
Hold on.

Larry, can you pick up?

There's some hyper lady on hold.

- What line, Rose?

- Two.

Family Crisis Intervention,  
Sergeant Balzac.

I'm calling from Paris.

I have a son who's home alone.

Has the child been involved in  
violence with a drunk family member?

No!

Has he been involved  
in a household accident?

I don't know. I hope not.

Has the child ingested any poison  
or is an object lodged in his throat?

No, he's home alone! I'd like  
somebody to go over to the house...

...and see if he's all right.

You want us to go to your house,  
just to check on him.

Yes!

Let me connect you to the police.

They just transferred me.

- Rose!

- Yeah.

- Hyper.

- Hang on.

- Hold on, please.

- No, please don't hang up. Please!

Any luck?

- I couldn't get anybody.

- Leslie?

Nothing but a bunch  
of answering machines.

Somebody pick up. Pick up!

Oh, hi, ma'am. It's you again.

Look, I'm calling from Paris.

I have a son who's home alone, and l...

We'll send a policeman over  
to your house to check on your son.

There's nobody home.

The house looks secure.

Tell them to count their kids again.

You can't bump somebody or ask or...?  
There's no way I can do that.  
Isn't there a way  
if you ask somebody?  
If you said it's an emergency...  
I cannot ask them.  
She's sending a policeman  
over to the house.  
Well, that's a relief.  
Everything here is booked.  
Nothing to Chicago?  
There's nothing to Chicago,  
New York, Nashville.  
- What about a private plane?  
- Sorry. We don't do that.  
The only thing is a booking  
for us on Friday morning.  
Friday morn... That's two days away.  
The kids are exhausted and so are you.  
There's nothing we can do here.  
I say we go over to Rob's, and that  
way we can call the police again.  
I'm not leaving here unless  
it's on an airplane.  
Madame, we are doing  
everything we can.  
If you want to stay at the airport,  
maybe we can get you on standby.  
It is a possibility  
that a seat will open up.  
- Is that okay?  
- Yes. I'll wait.  
I'll miss you, honey.  
Don't you get lost.  
Goodbye.  
I took a shower, washing every  
body part with actual soap.  
Including all my major crevices...  
...between my toes  
and in my belly button...  
...which I never did before  
but enjoyed.  
I washed my hair with adult formula  
shampoo and used creme rinse.



I can't find my toothbrush,  
so I'll pick one up today.  
Other than that, I'm in good shape.  
All right! Buzz's life savings.  
I thought the Murphys  
went to Florida.  
You're one of the great  
cat burglars of the world.  
You think you can keep it  
down a little in there?  
You've reached the Murphy's.  
Please leave a message after the beep.  
This is Peter McCallister again.  
We're in Paris at my brother's.  
Let me give you the number here.  
The country code is 33.  
The area code is 1-4 and the number  
is 694-876...  
- Hey, Harry.  
- Yeah?  
That house we ran last night,  
was that the McCallister's?  
- Call me in Paris.  
- You're right. They're gone.  
- I knew they were.  
- Silver tuna tonight.  
Wow!  
How may I help you?  
Is this toothbrush approved  
by the American Dental Association?  
Well, I don't know.  
It doesn't say, hon.  
Can you please find out?  
- Herb.  
- Yeah?  
I got a question here  
about a toothbrush.  
Do you know, is this brush approved  
by the American Dental Association?  
I don't know.  
Oh, hon, you pay for that here.  
Wait, you have to pay for that.  
Son! Son!  
Jimmy, stop that boy!

Hey!  
Shoplifter!  
Hey! Hey, kid!  
Come back here!  
Stop it, will you?  
Come here.  
I'm a criminal.  
What's so funny?  
What's so funny?  
Why are you laughing?  
You did it again.  
You left the water running.  
Why do you do that?  
I told you not to do it.  
- It's our calling card.  
- Calling card.  
All the great ones leave their mark.  
We're the wet bandits.  
You're sick, you know?  
You're really sick.  
- I'm not sick.  
- Yes, you are.  
It's a sick thing to do.  
- We don't need that.  
- Don't tell me...  
I can do it if I want to.  
It's not sick. Hey, watch out!  
Hey! Hey!  
You've gotta watch for traffic.  
- Sorry.  
- Damn.  
Santy don't visit  
the funeral homes, buddy.  
Okay, okay.  
Merry Christmas.  
What's the matter?  
I don't like the way  
that kid looked at me.  
- Ever seen him before?  
- I saw a hundred kids this week.  
Let's see what house he goes into.  
Why's he going faster?  
I told you something's wrong.  
He looked at me weird.

Why would he run?  
Maybe he went in the church.  
- I'm not going in there.  
- Me neither.  
Let's get out of here.  
When those guys come back,  
I'll be ready.  
Did they come back?  
From Paris?  
We'll come back tomorrow.  
Maybe they'll be gone.  
We better go before somebody sees us.  
Look what I found in the kitchen.  
Frank, those are for later.  
Do you want a little shrimp, huh?  
Do you speak English?  
Well, is there...  
- Did you get anybody?  
- I am looking for my son!  
No, I can't find anybody.  
They're all shopping.  
Nobody's home for the holidays.  
Never mind, forget it.  
- This is so pointless.  
- What?  
We're here rotting in this apartment.  
Kevin's at home.  
Mom's at the airport.  
- So?  
- You're not worried about Kevin?  
Why should I be? He acted like a jerk  
and now he caught it in the butt.  
He's so little and helpless.  
Don't you think he's freaked?  
The trout can use a couple of days  
in the real world.  
You're not worried  
something might happen?  
No. For three reasons:  
A. I'm not that lucky.

**Two:**

**...and D:**

street in the United States...  
...where nothing even remotely  
dangerous will ever happen. Period.  
Who is it?  
It's Little Nero's.  
I have your pizza.  
Leave it on the doorstep  
and get out of here.  
Okay.  
What about the money?  
What money?  
Well, you have to pay  
for your pizza, sir.  
Is that a fact?  
How much do I owe you?  
That'll be \$11.80, sir.  
Keep the change, you filthy animal.  
- Cheapskate.  
- Hey.  
I'm gonna give you  
to the count of ten...  
... to get your ugly, yellow...  
... no-good keister  
off my property...  
... before I pump you full of lead.  
One, two... ten.  
A lovely cheese pizza, just for me.  
- To Dallas/Forth Worth.  
American Airlines...  
So we have the \$500,  
the pocket translator...  
...the two first-class seats,  
that's an upgrade...  
Is that a real Rolex?  
- Do you think it is?  
- No.  
But who can tell?  
I also have a ring.  
Oh, that is beautiful!  
They're boarding.  
She's offered us two first-class  
tickets if we go Friday.  
Plus a ring, a watch,  
a pocket translator, \$500 and...

The earrings.  
She's got her own earrings.  
A whole shoebox full of them.  
- Come on, come on.  
- No, but...  
I'm desperate.  
I'm begging you.  
From a mother to a mother. Please!  
- Oh, Ed.  
- Please!  
Oh, all right.  
"Dear Santa, I got a little sister  
last year.  
This year I'd rather have  
some Clay-Doh. "  
I didn't mean it.  
If you come back, I'll never be  
a pain in the butt again.  
I promise. Good night.  
I'm dreaming  
Of a white  
Christmas  
Just like the ones  
I used to know  
Where those treetops glisten  
And children listen  
To hear sleigh bells  
In the snow  
The snow  
Are those microwave dinners good?  
- I don't know.  
- I'll give them a whirl.  
For the kids.  
Hold on, I got a coupon for that.  
It was in the paper this morning.  
\$19.83.  
Okay.  
Are you here all by yourself?  
Ma'am, I'm 8 years old.  
You think I'd be here alone?  
I don't think so.  
Where's your mom?  
- In the car.  
- Where's your dad?

- He's at work.  
- What about brothers and sisters?  
I'm an only child.  
- Where do you live?  
- I can't tell you.  
- Why not?  
- Cause you're a stranger.  
Hello, Kevin!  
Shut up!  
I don't get it.  
It looks like there's nobody's home.  
Last night the place is jumping.  
Something ain't right.  
Go check it out.  
Now?  
No, tomorrow, egghead!  
Now! Go ahead.  
"Now."  
Shit!  
Get the hell out of here.  
All right, Johnny.  
But what about my money?  
What money?  
A.C. Said you had  
some dough for me.  
Is that a fact?  
How much do I owe you?  
A.C. Said ten percent.  
Too bad A.C.  
Ain't in charge no more.  
What do you mean?  
He's upstairs, taking a bath.  
He'll call you when he gets out.  
Hey, I tell you what I'm  
gonna give you, Snakes.  
- Snakes?  
- I'll give you to the count of ten...  
... to get your ugly,  
yellow, no-good...  
... keister off my property...  
... before I pump you full of lead.  
All right, Johnny. I'm sorry.  
I'm going.  
One, two... ten.

Keep the change, you filthy animal.  
What happened?  
I don't know who, but somebody  
just got blown away.  
Somebody beat us,  
they're in there.  
Two of them.  
There was arguing.  
One blew the other one away.  
- Who?  
- I don't know.  
I recognized one of their voices.  
I heard that name "Snakes" before.  
Snakes? Snakes. Snakes.  
I don't know no Snakes.  
Snakes. Let's get out of here.  
Hold it. Hold it.  
Let's wait and see who it is.  
We work this neighborhood too.  
Suppose the cops finger us  
for a job...  
...and they ask us about  
a murder in the area.  
Wouldn't it be nice to have  
a face to go with it?  
That's a good idea.  
Of course it's a good idea.  
Snakes?  
He sounded like a snake.  
Everything's full.  
Everything's full?  
I'm very sorry, but  
it is Christmas Eve.  
What about another airline?  
Nothing available.  
May I help you get a hotel room?  
Tomorrow we can get you a flight.  
I can't wait that long.  
I'm sorry, ma'am, but we're  
doing absolutely everything we can.  
I'm in your way. I'm sorry.  
You've places to go.  
Got a ticket there, good. Excuse me.  
Look, I have been awake

for almost 60 hours.

I'm tired and I'm dirty.

I have been from Chicago to Paris,  
to Dallas, to... Where am I?

Scranton.

I'm trying to get home  
to my 8-year-old son.

Now you're telling me it's hopeless?

- I'm sorry.

- No. No way.

This is Christmas!

The season of perpetual hope.

If I have to get on

your runway and hitchhike...

...if it costs me everything I own...

...if I have to sell my soul

to the Devil himself...

...I am going to get home to my son.

Ma'am, if there was anything...

Do it. Do anything.

- I can get you a hotel room.

- What?

Can you excuse us for a sec?

Can I see you for a second, please?

Excuse us.

You got a little bit of a dilemma.

We got a crisis ourselves.

Allow me to introduce myself.

Gus Polinski.

Polka King of the Midwest?

The Kenosha Kickers?

- Hi there.

- Hiya.

That's okay. I thought you might  
have recognized...

I had a few hits a few years ago.

That's why I just...

"Polka, Polka, Polka"?

Polka, polka, polka

"Twin Lakes Polka"?

"Yamahozie Polka," a.k.a.

"Kiss Me Polka"? "Polka Twist"?

These are songs?

Yeah. Yeah, we...



Some fairly big hits for us.  
You know, in the early '80s.  
Yeah, we sold about 623  
copies of that.

- In Chicago?

- No, Sheboygan.  
Very big in Sheboygan.  
Did you say you could help?  
Anyway, I'm rambling on here.  
Our flight was canceled...  
...so we're gonna drive. See the guy  
in the yellow jacket over there?  
He's gonna rent us a nice big van  
to drive to Milwaukee.  
Now, I heard you had some problems  
getting to Chicago?  
To see your kid or something?  
Uh, my son. He...  
We left, and he's there.  
If you have to get to Chicago,  
we'll gladly drive you.  
It's on the way to Milwaukee.

- You'd give me a ride?

- Sure, why not?  
You've got to get home.

- A ride to Chicago?

- Sure, it's Christmastime.  
Thank you. Oh, thank you.  
You don't mind going with polka bums?  
No, I'd love to.  
Hey, Marv. Marv, Marv!  
Look at this.  
I think we're getting scammed  
by a kindergartner.  
Dad, can you come here  
and help me?  
Remember that kid  
we saw the other day?  
He lives here.  
If the kid's here,  
the parent's got to be.  
He's home alone.  
What? You want to come  
back tonight?

Even with the kid here?  
I don't think that's a good idea.  
That house is the reason  
we worked this block.  
Ever since I saw that house,  
I wanted it.  
Let's take it one step at a time.  
We'll unload the van, get a bite  
to eat, we'll come back about 9:00.  
Nine o'clock.  
This way it's dark then.  
Yeah, kids are scared of the dark.  
You're afraid of the dark too.  
You know you are.  
No, I'm not.  
- Yes, you are.  
- Not, not, not.  
You are so.  
Mom, where are you?  
Do you play?  
Do you want to try? Go ahead,  
try it. Try it!  
- Excuse me.  
- Yeah?  
Hey, nice shoes.  
Oh, thanks.  
Is he still here? It's really  
important that I see him.  
He's getting in his car.  
If you hurry, you can catch him.  
How low! Giving Kriss Kringle  
a parking ticket on Christmas Eve!  
What's next, rabies shots  
for the Easter Bunny?  
Santa, hold on.  
- Can I talk to you for a minute?  
- Quickly.  
Santa's running late.  
I know you're not  
the real Santa Claus.  
Huh, what makes you say that?  
Just out of curiosity.  
- I'm old enough to know how it works.  
- All right.

But I also know you work for him.

- I'd like you to give him a message.

- Shoot.

Kevin McCallister, 681 Lincoln Blvd.

Do you need the phone number?

No, that's all right.

This is extremely important.

Please tell him instead of presents,

I just want my family back.

No toys. Nothing but Peter, Kate,

Buzz, Megan, Linnie and Jeff.

And my aunt and my cousins.

And if he has time,

my Uncle Frank. Okay?

Okay.

- I'll see what I can do.

- Thanks.

Wait. My elf took the last of the  
candy canes home to her boyfriend.

- That's okay.

- No, don't be silly.

Everybody who sees Santa  
has got to get something.

Here, hold out your little paw there.

There you go.

- Don't spoil your dinner.

- I won't.

Thanks.

Son of a...!

Merry Christmas.

May I sit down?

That's my granddaughter.

The little red-haired girl.

She's about your age.

You know her?

No.

You live next to me, don't you?

You can say hello when you see me.

You don't have to be afraid.

There's a lot of things going around  
about me, but none of it's true. Okay?

- You've been good this year?

- I think so.

You swear to it?

No.

Yeah. Well, this is the place to be if you're feeling bad about yourself.

- It is?

- I think so.

- Are you feeling bad about yourself?

- No.

I've been kind of a pain lately.

I said some things I shouldn't have.

I really haven't been

too good this year.

Yeah.

I'm kind of upset

because I really like my family.

Even though sometimes I say I don't.

Sometimes I even think I don't.

- Do you get that?

- I think so.

How you feel about family

is a complicated thing.

Especially with an older brother.

Deep down, you'll always love him.

But you can forget that you love him.

You can hurt them, they can hurt you.

That's not just because you're young.

You want to know the real

reason why I'm here?

Sure.

I came to hear my granddaughter sing.

I can't come hear her tonight.

You have plans?

No.

I'm not welcome.

At church?

You're always welcome at church.

I'm not welcome with my son.

Years back, before you and your family moved on the block...

...I had an argument with my son.

How old is he?

He's grown up.

We lost our tempers, and I said

I didn't care to see him anymore.

He said the same, and we haven't

spoken to each other since.  
If you miss him,  
why don't you call him?  
I'm afraid if I call,  
he won't talk to me.  
How do you know?  
I don't know.  
I'm just afraid.  
No offense, but aren't you  
a little old to be afraid?  
You can be old for a lot of things.  
- You're never too old to be afraid.  
- That's true.  
I was afraid of our basement.  
It's dark. There's weird stuff  
down there, and it smells funny.  
That sort of thing.  
It's bothered me for years.  
Basements are like that.  
I made myself go down  
to do some laundry...  
...and I found out it's not so bad.  
I worried about it, but if you  
turn on the lights, it's no big deal.  
What's your point?  
My point is,  
you should call your son.  
- What if he won't talk to me?  
- At least you'll know.  
Then you could stop worrying about it.  
You won't have to be afraid anymore.  
No matter how mad I was, I'd talk to  
Dad. Especially around the holidays.  
I don't know.  
Just give it a shot.  
For your granddaughter anyway.  
I'm sure she misses you.  
And the presents.  
I send her a check.  
I wish my grandparents did that.  
They always send me clothes.  
Last year I got a sweater  
with a bird knitted on it.  
Oh, that's nice.

Not for a guy in the second grade.

You can get beat up for wearing something like that.

I have a friend who got nailed...

...because there was a rumor

he wore dinosaur pajamas.

You better run home where you belong.

Think about what I said.

- All right?

- Okay.

It's nice talking to you.

Nice talking to you.

- What about you?

- Me?

Yeah. You and your son.

We'll see what happens.

Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas.

This is my house.

I have to defend it.

We'll check it out.

We can come back for the truck.

How do you want to go in?

We'll go to the back door.

Maybe he'll let us in.

Yeah, he's a kid. Kids are stupid.

Bless this nutritious, microwaveable macaroni and cheese dinner...

...and the people who sold it on sale.

This is it. Don't get scared now.

Merry Christmas, little fella.

We know that you're in there, and that you're all alone.

Yeah, come on, kid. Open up.

It's Santy Claus and his elf.

We're not gonna hurt you.

No, no. Got some nice presents for you.

Be a good little fella now and open the door.

What?

What? What?

What?

- What happened?  
- Get that little...  
Hello.  
Yes! Yes!  
The little jerk is armed!  
That's it! I'm going in the front.  
You go down the basement!  
Oh, boy. That's it, you little...  
You little...  
No, not this time, you little brat.  
You little creep, where are you?  
Yes!  
- Rip his head off...!  
You're dead, kid.  
Where are you, you little creep?!  
Harry, I'm coming in!  
Oh, no! I'm really scared.  
It's too late for you, kid, we're  
in the house. We're gonna get you.  
Okay, come and get me!  
Why, you...!  
Now you're dead!  
I'm gonna kill that kid!  
Why'd you take your shoes off?  
Why are you dressed like a chicken?  
I'm up here, you morons.  
Come and get me.  
You guys give up, or are you  
thirsty for more?  
Heads up!  
Don't worry, Marv.  
I'll get him for you.  
Yes!  
He's only a kid, Harry.  
We can take him.  
Ah, shut up, will you?  
What is it?  
You're missing some teeth.  
Where? It's my gold tooth.  
My gold tooth. I'll kill him.  
I'll kill him!  
You bomb me with  
one more can, kid...  
...and I'll snap off your cojones

and boil them in motor oil!  
911 emergency.  
Hello, my house is being robbed.  
My address is 656 Lincoln Boulevard.  
My name is Murphy.  
You never know what's up there.  
There he is!  
I got you! I got him, Harry.  
I got him.  
Harry, give me a hand!  
I got him!  
Harry, help me. Get up!  
I got him.  
What are you doing?  
Harry, don't move.  
Don't move.  
Marv, what are you doing?  
Did I get him?  
Did I get him?!  
Where is it? Where is it?  
Never mind that. Here!  
How do you like it, huh? You jerk!  
Get that kid, before I...  
Get that kid!  
Where'd he go?  
Maybe he committed suicide.  
Down here, you big horse's ass!  
Come get me before I call the police.  
- Let's get him!  
- Wait, wait.  
It's just what he wants us to do:  
Go back through his fun house  
so we get all tore up.  
He's gonna call the cops!  
From a tree house?!  
Come on.  
Out the window?  
I'm not going out the window.  
Why, you scared? Are you afraid?  
Come on, get out here.  
Come on.  
Come on!  
- Come on. Keep going.  
- Let's go back, Harry.



Shut it, Marv.  
Hey, guys!  
Check this out.  
Go back. Go back.  
There he is!  
Hey, I'm calling the cops!  
Wait, wait!  
He wants us to follow him.  
I got a better idea. Come on.  
Hiya, pal.  
We outsmarted you this time.  
Get over here!  
What are you gonna do, Harry?  
I'll do exactly what he did to us.  
Burn his head with a blowtorch.  
I'll smash his face with an iron.  
I'd like to slap him  
in the face with a paint can!  
Shove a nail through his foot!  
I'm gonna bite off every one of  
these little fingers, one at a time.  
Come on. Let's get you home.  
Wow! This is great.  
Nice move,  
leaving the water running.  
Now we know each and every house  
that you've hit.  
We've been looking for you guys  
for a long time.  
Yeah. Well, remember,  
we're the "Wet Bandits."  
- Wet Bandits, that's W-E-T...  
- Shut up! Get in the car!  
Hey, come on. Come on.  
- Hand off the head, pal!  
- Come on.  
I'm a bad parent. I'm a bad parent.  
No, you're not.  
You're beating yourself up there.  
This happens.  
These things happen, you know.  
You want to talk about bad parents?  
Look at us.  
We're on the road 48, 49 weeks a year.

We hardly see our families.  
Joe, over there. Gosh, you know...  
...he forgets his kids' names  
half the time.  
Ziggy over there,  
he's never even met his kid.  
Eddy... Let's just hope  
none of them write a book about him.  
Tell me, have you gone on vacation  
and left your child home?  
No.  
But I did leave one  
at a funeral parlor once.  
Yeah, it was terrible too.  
I was all distraught and everything.  
The wife and I, we left the little  
tyke there in the funeral parlor.  
All day. You know, we went  
back at night, when we...  
...came to our senses,  
there he was.  
Apparently, he was there  
all day with a corpse.  
Now, he was okay.  
You know, after six, seven weeks.  
He came around  
and started talking again.  
They get over it.  
Kids are resilient like that.  
We shouldn't talk about this.  
I was just trying to cheer you up.  
I'm sorry I did.  
Mom?  
Mom?  
Kevin!  
Merry Christmas, sweetheart.  
Oh, Kevin, I'm so sorry.  
Where's everybody else?  
Oh, baby, they couldn't come.  
They wanted to so much...  
I didn't fall asleep in the back  
and drool all over you, did I?  
- You do drool!  
- Shut up!

Kevin, my boy. How are you?  
You're all right.  
I love you. You okay?  
It's cool that you didn't  
burn the place down.  
Thanks, Buzz.  
Wait a minute.  
How'd you guys get home?  
On the morning flight you didn't  
want to wait for.  
- Oh, no. Oh! Thank you.  
- Merry Christmas.  
Merry Christmas.  
Someone has to find an open store.  
I went shopping yesterday.  
You, shopping?  
I got some milk, eggs  
and fabric softener.  
- What?  
- No kidding?  
What a funny guy.  
What else did you do  
while we were away?  
Just hung around.  
Bring your stuff upstairs.  
He went shopping? He doesn't know how  
to tie his shoe. He's going shopping?  
Honey, what's this?  
Kevin! What did you do  
to my room?