



Scripts.com

# The Accidental Tourist

By Frank Galati

The business traveller should bring  
only what fits in a carryon bag.  
Checking your luggage  
is asking for trouble.  
Add several travel-size packets  
of detergent...  
...so you won't fall into the hands  
of unfamiliar laundries.  
There are very few necessities  
in this world...  
...which do not come  
in travel-size packets.  
One suit is plenty...  
...if you take along travel-size packets  
of spot remover.  
The suit should be medium gray.  
Gray not only hides the dirt  
but is handy for sudden funerals.  
Always bring a book  
as protection against strangers.  
Magazines don't last...  
...and newspapers from elsewhere  
remind you you don't belong.  
But don't take more than one book.  
It is a common mistake to overestimate  
one's potential free time...  
...and consequently over-pack.  
In travel, as in most of life,  
less is invariably more.  
And most importantly, never take  
along anything on your journey...  
...so valuable or dear...  
...that its loss would devastate you.  
- Sir, would you like a snack?  
- Just some peanuts.  
I'm sorry I'm so fat.  
Name's Lucas Loomis.  
Macon Leary.  
You a Baltimore man?  
- Yes.  
- Me too.  
Greatest city on the Earth.  
One of these seats  
is not really enough for me.

The stupid thing is,  
I travel for a living.  
I demonstrate software  
to computer stores.  
What do you do, Mr. Leary?  
I write travel guidebooks.  
Is that so? What kind?  
Well, guides for businessmen...  
...people just like you, I guess.  
Accidental Tourist.  
- Why, yes.  
- Really? Am I right?  
Well, what do you know?

**Look at this:**

Gray suit. Just what you recommend.  
Appropriate for all occasions.  
See my luggage?  
Carryon. Change of underwear,  
clean shirt, packet of detergent powder.  
- Oh, good.  
- You're my hero.  
You've improved my trips 100 percent.  
I tell my wife, Going with the Accidental  
Tourist is like going in a cocoon.  
Well, this is very nice to hear.  
Times I've flown clear to Oregon  
and hardly knew I left Baltimore.  
Excellent.  
I see you have your book  
for protection there.  
Didn't work with me, though, did it?  
Edward, how you doing, boy?  
- Hello, Sarah.  
- Hello, Macon.  
- You made good time from the airport.  
- We landed early...  
...even with the storm.  
- I made you some tea.  
- Well, that's very nice of you, Sarah.  
So how was Atlanta?  
About the same.  
Peachtree Road, Peachtree Centre,  
Peachtree Fire Hydrant.

Come on. Come on, Edward.  
Hello, Edward.  
He's a boy.  
How's your ears?  
Okay.  
I think he still expects Ethan  
to come home, even after a year.  
Macon?  
Macon.  
You know I love you.  
But I can't live with you anymore.  
What?  
What did you say?  
I want a divorce, Macon.  
I rented an apartment downtown.  
Honey, listen, it's been a hard year.  
We've had a hard time.  
People who lose a child  
often feel this way.  
It puts a terrible strain  
on a marriage...  
...but it doesn't have to tear us apart.  
Listen, I've been thinking...  
...have you considered  
having another baby?  
- Oh, Macon.  
- I know we can't replace Ethan, but-  
No, I'm sorry. It would never work.  
All right, forget that.  
It was a crazy idea, right?  
Crazy notion, but...  
All I'm saying is, we can start over.  
Macon, ever since Ethan died, I've had  
to admit that people are basically bad.  
Even I, Macon.  
They're so evil they'd take  
our 12-year-old boy...  
...and shoot him through the skull  
for no reason.  
There have been times  
I haven't been sure I-  
Haven't been sure I could live  
in this kind of world anymore.  
It's true what you say

about human beings.  
I'm not trying to argue.  
Tell me, Sarah, why would  
that cause you to leave me?  
Because I knew you wouldn't  
try and argue.  
You believed all along they were evil.  
This whole past year I've felt myself  
withdrawing from people...  
...just like you do, Macon.  
I've felt myself becoming a Leary.  
Well, there are worse disasters  
than that, I guess.  
Not for me.  
Macon, I know you loved Ethan.  
And I know you mourn him,  
but there's something so...  
What do you call it?  
Muffled about the way  
you experience things.  
It's like you're trying to slip  
through life unchanged.  
Sarah, I'm not muffled.  
I endure. I'm holding steady.  
I know you think that,  
but I think you're fooling yourself.  
It's not by chance you write books telling  
people how to make trips without a jolt...  
...so they can travel to wonderful, exotic  
places and never be touched by them.  
Never feel they've left home.  
That travelling armchair isn't  
just your logo. It's you.  
No, it's not. It's not.  
When Ethan was in this house with us,  
we were all right.  
If there was a distance between us, it  
didn't matter. We had Ethan in common.  
But when we lost him, I needed you.  
I needed you to comfort me.  
I needed you to be the kind of person  
you've never been...  
...and that isn't even fair to ask of you.  
That's why I have to go.

- Sarah-

- Don't fight this, Macon.  
I don't know  
how much strength I've got.  
I'm never gonna recover from  
Ethan's death. I don't expect it.  
But there's a chance that I could  
make a life anyway.  
But my only hope  
is to get out of here...  
...away from you.  
Let me go.  
In the Southeast they say  
that if you want to go to heaven...  
...you have to change planes  
in Atlanta.  
The airport in Atlanta must have  
Come or go, Edward.  
Oh, make up your mind.  
I could stop by and pick up the rug  
on Saturday, if that's convenient.  
Well, I leave for England  
tomorrow afternoon.  
Maybe I could bring the rug over.  
Or I could let myself in on Saturday.  
I should have agreed to teach  
summer school or something.  
Open my eyes in the morning and I think,  
Why bother getting up?  
Why bother eating?  
Why bother breathing?  
Me too, sweetheart.  
Mr. Leary, come with me, please,  
to identify the body.  
Yes, that is my son.  
So I guess I'll come by  
while you're gone, if that's all right.  
Oh, sorry.  
Come on, Edward.  
There's nothing to worry about.

- Hi there.  
- Do you board dogs?  
- Sure.  
- I'd like to board Edward here.

- Do you have a reservation?  
- A reservation? No.  
- Most people reserve.  
- Could you make an exception?  
I've just come from the place  
we've used before.  
Suddenly they tell me they can't take  
him, that he bit someone last time.  
Edward, do you bite?  
How could you do such a thing?  
I'm catching a plane.  
I'm leaving for a week...  
...and I don't have a souI to look  
after him. I'm desperate, I tell you.  
- Can't you leave home with your wife?  
- No.  
- You're not married?  
- I am, but she's living elsewhere.  
They don't allow pets.  
I'm a divorcee myself.  
I know what you're going through.  
So will you keep him?  
I guess, if you're desperate.  
Fill this out. Your name and address  
and when you'll be back.  
Don't forget to put when you'll be back.  
I'll most likely see you again  
when you pick him up...  
...if you put the time of day  
to expect you.  
My name is MurieI.  
Is this place open evenings?  
- Every evening but Sundays, till 8.  
- Oh, good.  
MurieI Pritchett.  
In London, England, I recommend  
the Underground...  
...for everyone except those  
afraid of heights...  
...and even for them, if they will avoid  
the following stations.  
It's mystifying why all hotels  
throughout the world choose only...  
...the most abrasive fabrics

for their bedspreads.

London is among

the better foreign destinations...

...in the important category

of hotel plumbing.

The British have only mixed success

with American cuisine...

...but the traveller with persistence

can find a meal in London...

...not much different from a meal

in Cleveland.

Here you are, guvnor.

Just as sold at the Yankee Stadium.

Have a nice day.

- Can I help you?

- I'm here for my dog.

- Your last name?

- Leary.

Oh, just a minute.

Hi there. How was your trip?

Oh, it was...

Where's Edward? Is he all right?

Sure, he's all right.

We got on like a house afire.

Seems he took a shine to me.

I couldn't say why.

That's wonderful. So...

- ...could I have him back, please?

- Caroline will bring him.

- Maybe I could pay.

- Yes.

That will be \$42.

Thank you.

Signature and phone.

I don't know if I mentioned before

that it so happens I train dogs.

Is that right?

- That home phone or your business?

- Both.

Why? What difference does it make?

I was just wondering.

My speciality is dogs that bite.

Specialty. Webster prefers specialty.

- That must be dangerous.



- Not for me. I can handle anything...  
...dogs that haven't been treated right,  
even split personality.

- Split personality?

- Your dog is nice to you but kills others.

- Come on.

- Not that he would bite me.

- He just fell in love with me.

- I'm glad to hear it.

I could train him  
not to bite other people.  
Think about it and give me a call.

MurieI, remember?

MurieI Pritchett.

Let me give you my card.

Oh, well, I'll bear that in mind.

Thank you very much.

Or just call for no reason. Call and talk.

- Talk?

- Sure.

Talk about Edward, his problems.

Talk about anything.

- Don't you ever get the urge to do that?

- Not really.

- Yeah?

- Dad?

Dad?

Ethan?

Where are you?

I'm at camp, Dad.

You never came to get me.

But we thought you were dead.

Why would you think that?

We have, coming up,  
brand-new pieces of gold...  
...brand-new Capodimonte  
and two gorgeous rings.

Bob, guess what ring I have.

My mom's and my favourite...  
...this is the beautiful  
one-carat diamond swirl cluster ring.

Take a look at this ring.

It is gorgeous. I have the-

- Leary.

- Macon, it's Muriel.

- Muriel?

- Muriel Pritchett.

Oh, yes.

From the vet's, who got on so good with your dog.

- Oh, right.

- I was just wondering how Edward was.

- Looks all right to me.

- No problems?

Well, he's developed this new symptom.

He gets angry when I leave the house.

He starts barking and showing his teeth.

He ought to be trained.

Tell you what, maybe I could just come around and discuss it.

- I don't think-

- Or you could come to my place.

I'd fix you supper.

Macon, what do you say?

I think for now I'll just try to manage on my own.

Well, I can understand that.

Believe me, I've been through that stage.

So, what I'll do is, I'll wait for you to get in touch.

Yes, that would be good.

- Goodbye.

- I don't wanna be pushy-

This is a porcelain rocking horse and a music box.

This is handcrafted porcelain.

Hand-painted and gorgeous.

Nine inches high. \$59, a very low-

If you wanna come down, come.

Otherwise, go away...

...but stop that pitiful whimpering.

This basement is not haunted.

That ought to do nicely.

Buck up.

That's the stuff, Edward.

Don't give up, Edward. We can make it.

Come on.

There is something elementally

comforting to the business traveller...

...about that moment when his flight

touches down once again...

...at his own airport.

After a demanding journey,

even the most impersonal terminal...

...can seem as welcoming

as an ancestral home.

I don't think anyone else

has any idea where I am.

- What do you mean?

- I've come over here to stay for a while.

- Does it matter?

- Should you tell Sarah?

It's nice to be so...

...unconnected.

I wish things could stay that way.

Why can't they?

Well, you know, someone will call here,

Sarah or someone.

- We could just not answer the phone.

- What? Let it ring?

Why not?

Not answer it ever?

Most who call me are neighbours.

They'll pop over if no one answers.

I won't miss it.

Let it ring.

You stinker!

Hypodermic.

You're a real stinker, Rose.

Disinfectant.

- You got it.

- I know.

Doctors and nurses.

Nurse.

There you go.

Down! Down, dog!

Macon!

Help!

Call him off, damn it!

Edward!

Call off your dog!

Edward, stop that. Who is that?

This is your employer, Macon.  
Julian?  
Come here, Edward.  
Come on. Come on.  
Come here.  
Come on. Come on.  
I really hate a man  
with an obnoxious dog.  
I don't hate just the dog,  
I hate the owner.  
I'm sorry about this. I thought he was  
off on a walk with my brother, Porter.  
- What happened to your leg?  
- I broke it.  
I can see that. But how?  
Well, it's kind of hard to explain.  
How did you find me here?  
From the return address  
on the chapters you sent me.  
Very interesting.  
Do you realize how late you're running  
with this guidebook?  
Edward, cut it out!  
This is quite a place.  
It was my grandparents' house.  
I grew up here.  
Where's Sarah?  
- Who?  
- Your wife, Macon.  
Oh, she and I are...  
She has this...  
...apartment downtown.  
You've split?  
Yeah.  
Jesus, Macon.  
- What went wrong?  
- Nothing.  
It turns out these things can happen  
for no particular reason.  
Hush, now.  
Hello.  
Hello.  
Julian Hedge, this is my sister, Rose,  
and my other brother, Charles.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

Here, let me help you with that.

- Charles, how do you do?

- Hello.

Macon Leary with a sister  
and brothers too.

Who would've guessed?

That Macon Leary had a family...

...just never entered my mind somehow.

I'm right here, Julian.

Yes, I do see a family resemblance.

You're Macon's publisher. I'm the one  
who mailed you Macon's chapters.

- Oh, yes.

- I'm supposed to send you some more...

...but first I have to buy 9 by 12  
envelopes. All we've got left is 10 by 13.

It's terrible when things  
don't fit precisely.

They get all out of alignment.

We wouldn't wanna keep you, Rose.

Oh, no. Here, I'll take that.

The Macon Leary 9 by 12 envelope crisis.

Oh, Julian, drop it.

Sorry.

You know, Macon, if you'd just let me  
know what was going on in your life.

I had no idea.

Look, if you want another-

I don't know, another month?

Oh, nonsense.

What's a missing wife or two, right?

Here, let me get what I've typed  
and you can check it.

Just what I thought.

You monster, do you know how long  
I've been looking for you?

Great.

Call it something catchy.

The Reluctant Tourist.

And you are the fella  
to write it.

But I hate to travel.

I thought so.  
So do businessmen.  
They would rather be at home  
in their living rooms.  
So you will be helping them  
to pretend...  
...that that's where they are.  
What do you think?  
Your logo. You get it?  
While armchair travellers  
dream of going places...  
...travelling armchairs  
dream of staying put.  
After this, I want you to start  
on New York and the Northeast again.  
So soon?  
It's been three years, Macon.  
Edward! Stop it!  
Macon, did he get you?  
- I wouldn't have a dog like that.  
- He's never done that.  
I'd call the SPCA or the dogcatcher.  
Tell them you want him done away with.  
Just go, Julian.  
Hold on, hold on.  
We have a couple more limas.  
Yeah, we do.  
What do we have next?  
Now I need M's or N's,  
anything starting with those.  
Then how about these noodles?  
N for noodles.  
P for pasta?  
E for elbow macaroni. You might  
have passed those up earlier, Porter.  
Rose?  
Rose?  
It seems Edward's given me  
a little sort of nip.  
- Oh, Macon.  
- How did it happen?  
It was an accident,  
but I think I need an antiseptic.  
- You need a tetanus shot.

- You need to get rid of that dog.  
He didn't mean any harm.  
Takes your hand off  
and he means no harm?  
You should get rid of him, I tell you.

- Well, I can't.  
- Why not?  
Come on, boy. Yeah!  
Ethan, you think  
you could do that outside?  
Right.  
I just can't get rid of him,  
that's all.  
Macon, come sit down.  
Let me see what I have.  
Maybe we could send him  
to obedience school.  
Edward, sit.  
Now, you kind of cluck  
your tongue.  
They get to know a cluck means praise.  
When I hold my hand out, see...  
...that means he has to stay.  
Stay.  
That was very good.  
He's supposed to wear this  
till he's trained.  
That way, you can yank him back  
whenever he does something wrong.  
Here you go.  
Make him sit.  
Sit.  
Poke him down.  
- He doesn't take you seriously.  
- I know that.  
Years ago, I saw this ad in the paper:  
Make extra money in your off-hours.  
A dog-training firm  
that went to people's houses.  
Doggie Do, it was called.  
Don't you just hate that name?  
Who's the lady?  
Lady?  
I saw a lady walking

through the kitchen.

Oh, that's Rose.

- Is she your ex-wife, or what?

- She's my sister.

Your sister.

This house belongs to her.

I don't live with anybody either.

You can release him now.

Pardon?

Release your dog.

What do you do for a living?

I write.

- Travel guidebooks.

- Travel guides!

Lucky. I love to travel.

Oh, travel.

It's just red tape, mostly.

Ticket lines, customs lines.

Should Edward be barking that way?

If I could go anywhere,

I'd go to Paris.

It sounds so romantic.

Paris, actually, is terrible.

Everybody's impolite.

Take me with you next time.

I could show you the good parts.

I have a very limited expense account.

I never even took my wife.

My wife.

I was only teasing.

You think I meant it?

Oh, no.

That'll be \$ 14.40, including  
the leash and the choke chain.

You have to practice what he's learned.

No one else can practice for you.

You can pay me the other

Sit.

Are you absolutely clear about this?

Yes. I know exactly where we are.

I have the address right here.

- Now, I'll be back in one half hour.

- Are you sure?

Macon, please. I'm just going



around the corner. Now, goodbye.  
The Accidental Tourist on Crutches.  
I guess I'll be going.  
My sister's picking me up.  
Rose? She's coming here?  
I'd like to see her.  
Macon, do me a favour.  
Couldn't you invite me  
to a family dinner?  
Well, we're really not much  
for socializing.  
Wouldn't have to be anything fancy,  
just whatever you eat normally.  
What do you eat, normally?  
Or I'll bring the meat myself.  
You could lock up your dog  
and I'll come spend the evening.  
We'll see.  
Whenever my dad said that,  
it meant no.  
When I was in high school,  
I made nothing but A's.  
You're surprised at that, aren't you?  
Now, this is the heel command.  
You think I'm kind of,  
like, not an intellect.  
- I know you're surprised.  
- No, I'm not.  
Now, he's supposed  
to match his pace to anything I do.  
Slow, fast, anything.  
Sit!  
Heel!  
Good.  
I think he's got the hang of it.  
Now you.  
Yank that leash!  
He knows what he's supposed to do.  
Good. Don't forget to cluck. Every  
little minute you have to praise him.  
Pick up that slack!  
Cluck!  
This is a bit more difficult  
with crutches.

I once taught a man who had no legs  
and only one arm.

- And he had a Great Dane.

- Really?

You're not in such bad shape.

I have to get going.

That'll be \$5, please.

Plus the 4 cents

you owe me from yesterday.

Next time I'll stay longer and talk.

That's a promise.

It is an unfortunate fact that even  
the most conscientious traveller...

...cannot be prepared  
for every encounter.

At such times,

one must remain calm...

...and rely upon one's  
innate common sense.

- Hello, Rose.

- Hello, Julian.

Come in.

I've brought some materials  
for Macon.

- Do I hear that dog?

- Yes, he's in the back yard.

Hello, Julian.

Hi, guys.

- Hope I'm not interfering with supper.

- No, no.

- We're finished.

- Really?

What time do you eat, anyhow?

We haven't had our coffee.

Wouldn't you like some coffee?

I'd love some.

Well, that seems a little silly,  
if you haven't eaten.

For me, home-brewed coffee's  
a real treat.

Everybody in my apartment  
building eats out.

There's nothing in their kitchens...

...but a couple of cans of soda

and some peanuts.

- What kind of place is that?

- It's the Calvert Arms.

It's a singles' building.

Everybody's single.

What an interesting idea.

Well, not really.

Sometimes I wish for the  
old-fashioned way of doing things...

...with children and old people,  
like normal buildings.

Well, of course you do.

I'm going to get you  
some nice, hot coffee.

Here you go.

Where's Porter?

We're not sure. He went to a hardware  
store. We think he got lost.

- Good grief! When did this happen?

- A little while before supper.

Supper. You mean today?

He's running an errand  
on Howard Street.

He's not lost  
in any permanent sense.

He got lost on Howard Street?

It's a problem with this family,  
directions.

- Really?

- Charles.

What?

Never mind.

I'll go help Rose.

Julian seems very nice.

He's here because he hopes  
we'll do something eccentric.

I pray none of us says anything  
unconventional around him.

What would we say?

We're the most  
conventional people I know.

We bought every map  
you can buy for Baltimore.

Alphabetized them, and still...

It's sad, really.  
Oh, and what do you want  
in your coffee?  
Just black's fine.  
Coffee, Macon?  
No, thank you.  
Here you go.  
What do you do  
for a living, Charles?  
I make bottle caps.  
- Bottle caps? Is that a fact.  
- Well...  
...it's not half as exciting  
as it sounds, really.  
And, Rose, do you work?  
Yes, I do.  
I work at home.  
I keep house for the boys.  
Also, I take care of the older neighbours.  
They need me to repair their plumbing.  
You repair their plumbing.  
What do you think?  
It could be, Porter.  
But he knows we wouldn't answer.  
Yes, he'd surely call  
a neighbour instead.  
On the other hand...  
Do you always give this much thought  
to your phone calls?  
Now, where exactly  
is the Calvert Arms?  
Edward...  
...stay.  
Good dog.  
To tell you the truth,  
I didn't exactly plan on having a baby.  
In fact, the baby was the reason  
we got married.  
Now, you watch him  
while I walk away.  
Pretty soon he'll lie like that  
for three hours straight.  
Three hours?  
Isn't that sort of cruel?

I thought you promised  
not to talk like that.  
Right. Sorry.  
My son's name is Alexander.  
Did I tell you that?  
Something went wrong, they had to do  
a caesarean and take him out early.  
I can't ever have any more children.  
Alexander was so teeny,  
he didn't even look like a human.  
He had to stay in an incubator forever,  
just about, and nearly died.  
Norman, that's my ex-husband...  
...he went, When's it gonna  
look like other babies?  
Norman always called Alexander it.  
Maybe you and Alexander  
should get together sometime.  
- Oh, well, I-  
- He doesn't have enough men in his life.  
Maybe the three of us could go  
to a movie. You ever go to movies?  
I...  
...really don't care for movies.  
They make everything seem so close-up.  
Bedpan.  
- Outpatient.  
- Anesthetic.  
Hypodermic.  
One hundred forty degrees?  
Certain death.  
What is she thinking?  
Two quarts of stuffing,  
I heard her say so.  
Two quarts of teeming,  
swarming bacteria.  
Is this the Thanksgiving we all die?  
Here comes the turkey.  
Here it is.  
Now, this is a real Thanksgiving.  
I just wish my neighbours could see this.  
There may be a little problem here.  
The rest of the meal is excellent.  
We could fill up on the vegetables alone.

In fact, I think I'll do that.

What?

- The turkey.

- What?

Pure poison.

Come again?

We think it may have been cooked  
at a slightly inadequate temperature.

It was not.

It's perfectly good.

- Mrs. Barrett!

- I can hear you.

Maybe you'd rather just  
stick to the side dishes.

Well, perhaps I will.

I don't have much  
of an appetite anyway.

Macon, how could you do this?

My lovely turkey. All that work.

I think it looks delicious.

Yes, but you don't know  
about the other times.

Other times?

You don't fool me for an instant.

I know why you're doing this. You wanna  
make me look bad in front of Julian.

Julian?

You wanna drive him off.

You three wasted your chances  
and now you want me to waste mine...

...but I won't do it!

I can see what's what.

Love is what it's all about.

You wanna make me miss it.

Well, goodness.

You don't want me to stop cooking  
for you and taking care of this house.

You don't want Julian  
to fall in love with me.

Do what?

Do you think I ought  
to go after her?

No.

That poor, dear girl.

I feel just awful.

- But she seems so-

- She's fine.

She's perfectly fine.

- Now, who wants a baked potato?

- I do.

Me.

Julian, potato?

I'll take the turkey.

Actually, have you ever noticed

that Julian wears crew necks?

That doesn't mean he wouldn't

wear a V-neck if he had one.

He's younger, you know.

I don't know if you realize that.

Two years.

But he's got a younger style of living.

Singles apartments and so on.

He's tired of all that.

Don't try to spoil this, Macon.

I only want to protect you.

It's wrong, you know,

what you said at Thanksgiving.

Love is not what it's all about.

There are all kinds of other issues.

He ate my turkey and didn't get sick.

Two big helpings.

I got this car for only \$200.

That's because it needed work.

But I took it to Dominick,

this boy down the street.

I go, Dominick, here's the deal.

You fix my car...

...I'll let you use it three nights

a week and all day Sunday.

Wasn't that a good idea?

Very inventive.

Hi.

What a good boy.

Give him lots of praise.

- We'll both go in the drugstore.

- Is it safe?

Have to try it sooner or later.

Too pink.

What are you doing for dinner  
tomorrow night?  
For dinner?  
Come and eat at my house.  
Come on, it'll be fun.  
Just for dinner.  
You and me and Alexander.

**Say 6:**

It's 51021 st Street.  
Know where that is?  
Well, I don't believe I'm free then.  
Think it over.  
How old did you say  
Alexander was?  
He's 7.  
Have you thought?  
Have you given any thought  
to coming to dinner?  
Oh, I...  
...could come.  
If it's only for dinner.  
What else would it be for?  
Here he is.  
Hi, sweetie.  
Alexander, this is Macon.  
Can you say hi?  
You're young to be at the doctor's  
without your mother.  
He's used to it. He's had to go often.  
He's got allergies.  
I see.  
He's allergic to shellfish, milk, eggs  
and most vegetables.  
We think he may be allergic to air.  
Whenever he's outside a long time,  
any uncovered skin gets these bumps.  
If a bee stings him  
and he hasn't had his shots...  
...he could be dead in half an hour.  
Dear Muriel...  
...I am very sorry...  
...but I won't be able to have dinner  
with you tomorrow after all.



Something has come up.  
Regretfully...  
...Macon.  
I've got a double-barrelled shotgun  
and I'm aiming it where your head is.  
It's Macon.  
Macon.  
What are you doing here?  
Last year...  
...I- I lost-  
I experienced a loss.  
I lost-  
I lost my son.  
He was just-  
He went into a hamburger joint...  
...and then someone came...  
...a holdup man...  
...and shot him.  
I can't go to dinner with people.  
I can't talk to their little boys.  
You have to stop asking me.  
I don't want to hurt your feelings,  
but I'm just not up to this.  
Do you hear?  
Every day I tell myself  
it's time to be getting over this.  
I know that people expect it of me.  
But if anything, I'm getting worse.  
The first year was like a bad dream.  
I was clear to his door in the morning...  
...before I remembered  
he wasn't there to be wakened.  
But the second year is real.  
I've stopped going to his door,  
I've sometimes let a whole day pass by...  
...without thinking about him.  
I believe Sarah thinks I could have  
prevented what happened somehow.  
She's so used to my arranging her life.  
Now I'm far from everyone.  
I don't have any friends anymore.  
And everyone looks trivial  
and foolish and...  
...not related to me.

Just sleep.

Lie down and sleep.

What is it, Mom?

Go back to sleep, baby.

Everything's all right.

I just want to sleep.

Can you take this off?

I'm bashful.

- Hey there, Macon.

- Hey there, girls.

- Going to see Murie?

- I thought I might.

- You brought your own dinner.

- Yeah.

- Good idea.

- You bet.

All right, Gunther!

Pizza man. Extra-large  
combination, no anchovies.

I'm allergic to pizza.

What part?

What part are you allergic to?

Pepperoni? Sausage? Mushrooms?

We can take it off.

All of it.

- Can't be allergic to all of it.

- Well, I am.

You didn't ask what happened with  
his eye doctor. I was so worried about it.

Sometimes you'd think

Alexander wasn't your grandson.

Ma, I'm going now. Macon's here.

See?

I shut the valve off.

What did I do that for?

I'm not so sure about this.

He's not very strong.

Why did I shut off the valve, Alexander?

- Why?

- You tell me.

- You tell me.

- No, you.

- So the water won't whoosh all over?

- Right.

Now, first you  
unscrew the top screw.  
- Let's see you do it.  
- Me?  
- I don't want to.  
- Just let him watch.  
Then he won't know how  
to fix the one in the bathtub...  
...and I'm going to ask him  
to manage that without me.  
That's it. Hard!  
Good.  
Good. Good.  
Look at that.  
Wonderful!  
I think you may have natural talents.  
Now, take off the faucet head...  
...and there is the culprit.  
That has to be re-taped.  
Then we take this wrench  
to tighten this up.  
- Now what?  
- Go ahead and turn that valve.  
There we go.  
- Now what?  
- Now we turn the water back on...  
...and see what  
kind of job you've done.  
Look at that!  
You've solved the problem.  
Now, when you're grown,  
you can fix the faucets for your wife.  
Step back, dearie, you can say.  
Just let me see to this.  
Let a real man take care of this.  
Good. Really excellent material.  
I'd like to show you something, Macon.  
Your sister's Christmas present.  
- What is it?  
- It's an engagement ring, Macon.  
- Engagement?  
- I wanna marry her.  
- You want to marry Rose?  
- I'm gonna ask her at Christmas...

...when I give her the ring.  
I wanna do this properly.  
Old-fashioned.  
- You think she'll have me?  
- Well, I really couldn't say.  
Well, she's got to. I'm 36 years old,  
Macon, but I tell you...  
...I feel like I'm a schoolboy  
around that woman.  
You may laugh at this,  
but I love the surprise of her.  
And I'm surprised by myself  
when I'm with her.  
I'm not exactly the person  
that I thought I was.  
I'm afraid I'm gushing.  
Want to know something?  
I've never even slept with her.  
Well, I don't care to hear about that.  
I want us to have a real wedding night.  
I want to do everything right. God...  
...Macon, isn't it amazing how two  
separate lives can link up together?  
I mean, two differentnesses.  
- What I really like is T-shirts.  
- T-shirts.  
The kind with a sort of  
stretched-out neck.  
I don't want it new.  
Tell you what.  
Everything we buy...  
...we'll wash about 20 times  
before you wear it.  
- But nothing prewashed.  
- No, no.  
Only nerds wear prewashed.  
Right.  
- Shall I come with you?  
- I can do it myself.  
All right.  
- Macon!  
- Yes.  
Laura Canfield.  
Scott's mother, remember?

Of course.

Why, Scott.

- Hi.

- It's nice to see you.

- Yeah, me too.

- It's nice to see you.

- Are you doing your spring shopping?

- Oh, I...

I'm helping the son of a friend.

We're buying the sock department. Every other week Scott runs through his socks. You know how they are at this age.

Or rather-

Yes, it's amazing, isn't it?

I look great!

I think it's time we had a talk.

About what?

I'd like to know what you think you're up to with this MurieI person.

Is that what you call her, this MurieI person?

You're not yourself these days, Macon...

...and this MurieI person is just a symptom. Everybody says so. Who is everybody, anyway?

We're just worried for you, Macon.

Could we switch to some other topic?

- I had to tell you what I thought.

- Fine. You've told me.

Can you tell me one unique thing about her?

I mean, one really special quality, Macon...

...not something sloppy like she appreciates me?

I'm not such a bargain myself, if you haven't noticed.

Somebody ought to warn her away from me.

That's not true. That's not true at all.

I imagine her people are congratulating her on her catch.

- Her catch.

- Well, someone to support her. Anyone.

She'd be lucky to find anyone.  
She lives in that slummy house,  
her boy looks like he has hookworm-  
Porter, just shut the hell up.  
Hey, you guys, let me catch up!  
Creep.

Wait up for me!

- Hey, guys!
- Get lost, Pritchett!
- We don't need you around here.
- Come on, let me catch up!

Go itch it, Pritchett!

You heard me. Get lost!

- Itch it, Pritchett. Pritchett, itch it.
- Go.

Watch out!

Pritchett, itch it.

Hiya, boy. How you doing?

Good boy!

Good dog, Edward.

Are you all right?

- What was that all about?
- Nothing.

Even the most disciplined  
professional traveller...  
...may sometimes stumble across  
that unexpected item he feels...  
...he simply must take home.  
That's fine, as long as one is willing  
to accept the inconvenience...  
...and awkwardness that come  
with each additional piece of baggage.  
I don't think Alexander's  
getting a proper education.  
He's okay.

I asked him to figure what change  
they'd give back when we bought milk...  
...and he had no idea. He didn't  
even know he'd have to subtract.

- He's only in second grade.
- You should switch to a private school.
- Private schools cost money.
- So I'll pay.

What are you saying?

Pardon?

Are you saying you're committed?

Well, that's not really the point.

Alexander's got 10 more years of school.

Will you be around for that?

I can't put him

in a private school...

...and take him out again

on every passing whim of yours.

Just tell me this. Do you picture us

getting married sometime?

- When your divorce comes through?

- MurieI...

...marriage is...

I don't know.

You don't, do you?

You don't know what you want.

One minute you like me,

the next you don't.

One minute you're ashamed of me, the

next I'm the best thing to happen to you.

You think you can just

go along like this. No plans.

Maybe tomorrow you'll be here,

maybe you won't.

Maybe you'll just go on back to Sarah.

- All I'm saying is-

- All I'm saying is...

...take care what you promise my son.

Don't go making him promises

you don't intend to keep.

But I just want him to learn

how to subtract.

Shall I dry?

Just tell me this, Macon.

Be honest.

Why can't we get married in the fall?

You'll be separated a year then, Macon.

Hey, MurieI, please,

I'm not ready for this.

I don't think I ever will be.

I don't think marriage

ought to be as common as it is.

I really believe it ought to be

the exception to the rule.  
Perfect couples could marry, maybe...  
...but who's a perfect couple?  
- You and Sarah, I suppose.  
- No, no.  
You are so selfish.  
You are so self-centred!  
You have all these fancy reasons  
for never doing a single thing I want!  
Macon's sister, Rose, is getting married.  
You understand that, Alexander?  
Now, don't be nervous, honey.  
You're it! I'm coming to get you!  
- No, you're not!  
- You're it!  
- Is that right?  
- Yes, I did.  
- What's this?  
- Hey, look! Something for you.  
Look out!  
Hello, Macon.  
- Hello, Sarah.  
- Turned out to be a beautiful day.  
Yes. Yes.  
I worried when it rained last night.  
How've you been, Macon?  
I've been all right.  
How have you been?  
Fine.  
Well, good.  
I know you're living with someone.  
Yes, actually.  
Yes, I am.  
Rose told me when she invited me.  
- How about you?  
- Me?  
- Are you living with anyone?  
- Not really.  
We're ready now.  
Sarah's my matron of honour.  
Did I happen to mention that?  
No, you didn't.  
Let's go.  
Welcome, friends.



We are gathered here today  
in this lovely garden...  
...to join Rose Anne Leary  
and Julian Hedge...  
...in holy matrimony.  
In turbulent, troubling times, a good  
marriage can be the one safe place...  
...we know we can go.  
Once we've been to that place,  
known that peace...  
...we can never forget it.  
I have to be able  
to tell you what I want, Macon.  
- I have to.  
- You can.  
But without being afraid  
you'll go away.  
- I can't be afraid all the time.  
- It's all right, I'm not going away.  
You are. You're all packed.  
I'm going to Canada tomorrow,  
remember? It's just my work.  
Don't leave me, Macon.  
Go to sleep, MurieI.  
Sleep.  
- Yes.  
- Macon?  
- Sarah.  
- I didn't get you at a bad time, did I?  
No. Is anything wrong?  
No.  
Well, actually...  
...my lease runs out  
at the end of the month...  
...and I haven't found a new apartment.  
Yes?  
So I was wondering  
if it would be all right with you...  
...if I moved back into our house,  
just as a place to stay for a while.  
But...  
...the house is a mess. Something  
happened to it over the winter.  
- Pipes burst, or something-

- Yeah, I know.

I talked to your brothers.

I went over to the house.

- Rose told me she'd been over, and she-

- Rose?

Yeah. She's back at your brothers'.

- She's what?

- She's living there for a while.

Really.

Charles and Porter weren't eating right.

So is Julian living alone now, or what?

Yes. She takes casseroles

over to him at the apartment.

So, what do you think?

- About what?

- About my using the house.

Well, yes. Fine. Of course.

Good. Oh, incidentally...

...the papers came through

from the lawyers, about the divorce.

Yeah, it was kind of a shock,

seeing them in black and white.

Didn't take into account

the feelings of the thing. I...

- I guess I hadn't expected that.

- Yes.

Certainly. That seems

a natural reaction.

So, anyway, good luck

with the house, Sarah. Goodbye.

- How's the weather in Edmonton?

- It's kind of gray.

Here it's sunny. Sunny and humid.

Here the air is so dry that rain

disappears before it hits the ground.

- Really?

- You can see it above the plains.

It looks like stripes that just fade away

about halfway down from the sky.

I wish I were there

to watch it with you.

Well, I moved back into the house.

Mostly I just stay upstairs.

You wouldn't believe how lonely it is.

Macon, do you-?

What's that person's name,  
the one you live with?

MurieI.

Do you plan on staying  
with MurieI forever?

I really couldn't say.

Macon, come home.

Let's try again.

- I like this, Macon.

- Me too, sweetheart.

You know what I missed most when  
we were separated? Little things.

The Saturday errands. Even the  
things that used to bother me...

...like your taking forever  
in a hardware store.

Macon, I think when people  
have been married as long as we have...

...maybe it's just meant to be.

Anything different  
just doesn't feeI right.

Rose, why haven't you  
moved back with Julian?

Sarah, you wouldn't believe the state  
the boys were in when I came back here.

They were living in their pyjamas  
to avoid doing laundry.

- They were eating gorp for supper.

- I won't even ask what gorp is.

It's a mixture of wheat germ  
and nuts and dried fruit.

What about your apartment?

What about Julian?

You know, I kept losing that apartment  
every time I turned around.

I would head east to the grocery  
store and turn west to get back again...

...and I would always be wrong.

Always.

I mean, the apartment building  
would've worked to the north somehow.

Macon, are you really doing this?

You mean to tell me you can just

use a person up and move on?  
You think I'm some kind of bottle  
of something you don't need anymore?  
Is that the way you see me, Macon?  
Thought I'd bring you  
the materials for Paris.  
Yeah, it just arrived this morning.  
Do you think that Rose  
is not coming back?  
She's worried about the boys.  
They're eating glop or something.  
Those aren't boys, Macon,  
they're men in their 40s.  
- I'm afraid that she's left me.  
- No, no, you can't be sure of that.  
And not even for any reason.  
Our marriage was working out fine...  
...but she wore herself a groove  
in that house and she can't help...  
...but swerve back into it.  
At least, I can't think of  
any other explanation.  
Well, that sounds about right.  
Why don't you give her a job, Julian?  
- A job?  
- Yeah. Show her that office of yours.  
That filing system  
you never get sorted...  
...the secretary chewing her gum  
and forgetting appointments.  
Don't you think Rose  
could take all that in hand?  
- Well, sure, but-  
- Call her up.  
Tell her your business is going  
to pieces. Ask her to come in...  
...and get things organized.  
Get things under controI.  
Put it that way.  
Use those words.  
Get things under controI, tell her.  
Then sit back and wait.  
Of course, what do I know?  
No, you're right.

You're absolutely right.  
What do you think of  
the sofa bed?  
It's okay. It's good.  
How about the fabric?  
Seems very nice.  
Honestly, Macon, what's come over you?  
You used to be downright finicky.  
Well, it's...  
...fine, Sarah. It looks very nice.  
Let's make it up.  
Why don't we give the bed a trial run?  
- Trial run?  
- Yeah.  
Macon?  
You've never asked if I slept with  
anyone while we were separated.  
Don't you want to know?  
No.  
- I think you'd wonder.  
- Well, I don't.  
Macon, the trouble with you is-  
Sarah? Look, don't even start.  
By God, if that doesn't  
sum up everything...  
...that's wrong with being married.  
Macon, the trouble  
with you is...  
...I know you better than you  
know yourself, Macon.  
The trouble with you is,  
you don't believe in people opening up.  
You think everyone should stay  
in their own little sealed package.  
Okay. Let's say that that's true.  
Let's say for now that you do know what  
the trouble with me is, that nothing...  
...that I might feel  
could surprise you.  
And that the reason I don't want to hear  
about this thing is that I can't open up!  
If we agree on all that,  
can we drop it?!

Flight 615, service from

Baltimore to Paris.

If you need help  
with your luggage...

...the flight attendants  
will be happy to assist you.

MurieI.

I'm going to France.

But you can't!

Excuse me. Can I get by?

- MurieI, what in-?

- You don't own this plane.

- You don't own Paris, either.

- I don't understand this.

How could you afford the fare?

I borrowed.

But the point is, why, MurieI?

Why are you doing this?

You need to have me around.

What?

You were falling to pieces  
before you had me.

Your room is bigger than mine is.

I have a better view, though.

Just think. We're really in Paris.

The bus driver said it might rain,  
but I said I didn't care.

- Rain or shine, it's Paris.

- How did you know which bus to take?

I brought along your guidebook.

- Wanna go for breakfast?

- No, I don't. I can't.

You better leave, MurieI.

Okay.

Hello? Hello?

Oh, for crying out loud.

Hello?

Sarah?

Macon, where are you?

What's the matter?

Nothing's the matter,

I just felt like talking to you.

What time is it?

I know it's early.

I'm sorry I woke you.

I wanted to hear your voice.  
There's some kind  
of static on the line.  
Will you be gardening today?  
What?  
Gardening?  
It depends on whether it's sunny.  
I wish I were there.  
I could help you.  
Macon, you hate gardening.  
Are you all right?  
Yes, I'm fine.  
Well, how was the flight over?  
Oh, the flight.  
Goodness...  
I guess I was so busy reading  
I didn't really notice.  
Maybe you have jet lag.  
Yes, maybe I do.  
Don't fall for prix fixe.  
It's like a mother saying, Eat, eat.  
All those courses forced on you.  
- Look! See what all I bought!  
- MurieI...  
...have you lost your senses?  
What must this have cost?  
Nothing, or next to nothing.  
I found a place that's, like,  
the granddaddy of garage sales.  
You say something's too expensive...  
...they lower the price  
till it's cheap enough.  
I saw this leather coat I would've killed  
for, but the man wanted 90 francs.  
Ninety francs is \$ 15 or so.  
Really? I thought francs and dollars  
were about the same.  
No.  
Well, then these things  
were super bargains.  
I'll take this to my room  
so we can go eat.  
No, I can't.  
Macon, what harm would it do

to have supper with me?  
I'm someone from home  
you've run into in Paris.  
Can't we have a bite together?  
Careful, those aren't  
the Whoppers you're used to.  
You'll wanna scrape off  
the extra pickle and onion.  
Who's looking after Alexander?  
Different people.  
What different people?  
I hope you haven't just parked him.  
Relax, he's fine.  
Claire has him in the daytime and then  
Bernice comes in and cooks supper.  
And any time Claire has a date with  
the general, the twins will take him.  
Or...  
...if the twins can't, the general says  
he's welcome to go with...  
...him and Claire to the movies.  
Long as it's not, like,  
too adult of a movie.  
- Macon?  
- Yes, Murie?  
- What are you doing tomorrow?  
- Tomorrow...  
...I'm going out of Paris altogether.  
Tomorrow I start on the other cities.  
You're going without me?  
This is high-speed travel,  
Murie, not fun.  
I'm waking up at crack of dawn.  
Take me anyway.  
You don't have to decide right now.  
You can think about it tonight  
and tell me if I can go tomorrow.  
Good night, Murie.  
Murie Pritchett.  
No.  
Macon?  
Macon?  
Darn it.  
Why did you go without me?



Macon, when are you gonna change?

Businessman's Press.

This is Macon Leary.

To whom am I speaking?

Oh, Macon!

Rose?

- Yes, it's me.

- What are you doing there?

I work here now.

I'm putting things in order.

You wouldn't believe this place.

Rose, my back has gone out on me.

Oh, no. Of all times.

Are you still in Paris?

Yes. So I was wondering-

Don't you worry.

I'll take care of everything.

Have you seen a doctor?

Doctors don't help, just bed rest.

Well, rest, then, Macon.

Sarah.

Hello, Macon.

Everything's taken care of.

I'll make your day trips for you.

We've rescheduled the other cities.

I start on them the day after tomorrow.

How did you get here so soon?

Rose. She's a wizard.

She's revamped that entire office.

You would not believe it.

Merci.

- I have a pill from Dr. Levitt.

- I don't take pills.

This time you do.

You're gonna get all

the sleep you can...

...so that your back

has a chance to heal.

Swallow.

Hi.

- How do you feel?

- Okay.

Here's your next pill.

Those things are deadly.

They really knock me out.  
Open.  
Macon?  
I saw that woman friend of yours.  
She saw me too.  
She seemed very surprised.  
Sarah, this is not the way it looks.  
How is it? I'd like to hear.  
She came over here on her own.  
I didn't even know it till  
just before the plane took off.  
She followed me, I swear it. I told her.  
I didn't want her along.  
I told her it was no use.  
You didn't know till just  
before you took off?  
I swear it.  
Do you believe me?  
Yes.  
I believe you.  
Look who's up.  
I brought you a snack,  
some fresh fruit and things.  
That's very nice of you, Sarah.  
I was thinking, after I finish these trips,  
if your back's feeling better...  
...maybe we could go sightseeing.  
- Fine.  
- Second honeymoon, sort of.  
We can change your tickets  
to a later date.  
Your reservation's for tomorrow.  
I don't think you can manage that.  
- Did I tell you about Julian?  
- No, what?  
He moved in with Rose  
and your brothers.  
- What?  
- He's living there.  
He plays Vaccination  
every night after supper.  
I'll be damned.  
Apple cider.  
Here you are.

To a second honeymoon.  
- Second honeymoon.  
- Eighteen more years.  
- Eighteen.  
- Or would you say 17?  
No. It's 18, all right.  
We sort of skipped this past year.  
- It can still be 18.  
- You think so?  
I consider this last year  
just another stage in our marriage.  
Don't worry. It's 18.  
Just tell me one thing, Macon.  
Was the little boy the attraction?  
The fact she had a child.  
Is that what attracted you?  
Sarah, I swear to you, I had no idea  
she was planning to follow me over here.  
Oh, no, I realize that. I was just...  
- ...wondering about the child question.  
- What child question?  
Yeah. Remember when you said...  
...that we could have another baby?  
Oh, well, that was-  
I don't know what that was.  
I was thinking maybe you were right.  
What? No. Lord.  
Sarah, it was a terrible idea.  
So the little boy wasn't the reason.  
What are we talking about here?  
Can't you just answer me?  
I'd like to understand.  
It's over! Can't we close the lid on it?  
I don't cross-examine you.  
Nobody's following me to Paris!  
Would I blame you if someone got  
on a plane without you knowing?  
Before it left the ground?  
Pardon? What-? Sarah!  
Before it left, you saw her.  
You could have said,  
No. Stop this. Get off...  
...I never want to see you again.  
You think I own the airline, Sarah?

You could have stopped her if you  
wanted. You could have taken steps.  
For once!  
Sarah?  
Sarah, I'm going back to MurieI.  
I knew what you were going to say.  
I'm sorry, Sarah.  
I tried, but I can't make this work.  
You were right about me,  
I haven't taken steps very often.  
But maybe it's not too late  
for me to start.  
I thought this might happen.  
I don't know why it's  
no good for us anymore.  
I'm beginning to think it's not  
just how much you love someone.  
Maybe what matters is...  
...who you are when you're with them.  
Was it a mistake to try again?  
No. It's wrong to think  
we can plan everything.  
As though it were a business trip.  
I don't believe that anymore.  
Things just happen.  
I don't regret a minute  
I've spent with you, Sarah.  
When I saw you...  
...at Rose's wedding...  
...I knew that somehow  
you'd recovered, that you'd...  
...gone on with your life after Ethan.  
Well, I'd tried, but I couldn't  
do it on my own.  
This woman...  
...this odd woman...  
...helped me.  
She's given me another chance  
to decide who I am.  
To step out of the Leary groove...  
...and stay out.  
You don't need me anymore.  
We both know that.  
But I need her.

Charles de Gaulle Airport, s 'il vous plait.

Stop...

for that woman.