

PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES (John Hughes)

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

The lights are out. Neal and Del are in bed. It's quiet.

DEL

I'd switch pillows with you but I'm allergic to sponge. I got a bad allergy to it. I'd be sneezing all night with that thing. That's why I carry my own pillow, it's hypoallergenic. *(Beat)* I had no idea those beer cans were gonna blow like that.

NEAL

You left them on a vibrating bed what did you think was gonna happen?

DEL

It's been a long day, it just didn't occur to me.

NEAL

It didn't occur to you so I have to sleep in a puddle of beer.

DEL

You wanna switch?

NEAL

No, I just wanna sleep.

DEL

Me too, I am bushed.

NEAL

Good night.

DEL

Good night.

Del starts fumbling about, cracking his knuckles and neck, making noises, stretching, and clearing his nose and throat making the most obnoxious noise you've ever heard.

DEL *(still clearing his throat)*

Sorry.

Room falls silent for a moment then Del continues snorting loud and graphically. Neal can't take it anymore, jumps out of bed annoyed and starts dressing.

NEAL

That's it! That is it!

DEL

What? What? If I don't clear my sinuses I'll snore all night. Gee, if your kid spills his milk what do you do, slap him in the head?

NEAL

What! What! What! What is that suppose to mean?!

DEL

You're not a very tolerant person.

NEAL

Look, you've been under my skin since New York. Starting with ripping off my cab...

DEL

God, you're a tight-ass!

NEAL

How'd you like a mouth full of teeth?!

DEAL

Oh and hostile too. Nice personality combination - hostile and intolerant. That's borderline criminal.

NEAL

Screw you! You spilled beer all over the bed. You smoke. You mess up the bathroom.

DEL

Well who let you stay in the room. I even let you pay for it so you wouldn't feel like an intruder, which you most certainly are.

NEAL

Oh, oh, I'm an intruder?

DEL

Yes, you're an intruder. I was having a perfectly nice trip until you walked into my life

NEAL

I walked into your life? Who was that who talked my ear off on the plane? Who was that, I'm curious.

DEL

Well, who told you to book a room? I did, out of the goodness of a dumb old heart. Boy you're an ungrateful jackass. Well, go ahead, sleep in the lobby see if I care. I hope you wake up so stiff you can't even move.

NEAL

You're no saint. You got a free cab. You got a free room you and someone who will listen to your boring stories. I mean didn't you notice on the plane when you started talking eventually I started reading the vomit bag. Didn't that give you some sort of clue like, "Hey, maybe this guy's not enjoying it". You know everything's not an anecdote. You have to discriminate. You choose things that are funny or mildly amusing or interesting. You're a miracle! Your stories have none of that. They're not even amusing accidentally. "Honey, I'd like you to meet Del Griffith. He's got some amusing anecdotes for you. Oh and here's a gun so you can blow your brains out you'll thank me for it". I could tolerate any insurance seminar. For days I could sit there and listen to them go on and on with a big smile on my face. They'll say, "How can you stand it?" and I'd say, "Cause I've been with Del Griffith. I can take anything." You know what they'd say? They'd say, "I know what you mean, the shower curtain ring guy, woah!" It's like going on a date with a Chatty Cathy doll. I expect you to have a little string on your chest, you know, that I pull out and have to snap it back. Except I wouldn't pull it out and snap it back, you would (*mimics the sound and motion*). And by the way when you're telling these little stories, here's a good idea – have a point! It makes it so much more interesting for the listener.

DEL

You wanna hurt me? Go right ahead if it makes you feel any better. I'm an easy target. Yeah, you're right. I talk too much. I also listen too much. I could be a cold-hearted cynic like you, but I don't like to hurt people's feelings. Well you think what you want about me. I'm not changing. I like me. My wife likes me. My customers like me. Because I'm the real article. What you see is what you get.

Del gets back in bed. (Beat) Neal regrets his outburst, undresses and gets back in bed too.

INT. BEDROOM. CU. DEL AND NEAL. MORNING.

Del and Neal sleeping. Tight as spoons. Del has his arm around Neal's chest. Neal is holding Del's hand. Nestled tight and warm. Del snuggles and kisses Neal's earlobe. Neal smiles in his sleep. A beat and the smile relaxes. He senses that something is not right. He slowly opens his eyes and orients himself.

NEAL

Del?

DEL

Huh?

NEAL

Why did you kiss my ear?

DEL

Why are you holding my hand?

NEAL

Where's your other hand?

DEL

Between two pillows.

NEAL

Those aren't pillows!

NEAL AND DEL (*jumping out of bed*)

Ahhhhh!

Neal and Del scream and shiver frantically with revulsion. After a moment to gather themselves...

NEAL

See that Bear's game last week?

DEL

Yeah, hell of a game. Hell of a game! Bear's got a great team this year. They're gonna go all the way.

Neal walks off to the bathroom.

END OF SCENE