

Tourist
by
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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

WILLIAM, 30s, lies on the couch. TALIA, also 30s, cuddles next to him. An awkward silence...

TALIA

You've been quiet since you got back.

WILLIAM

(speaking in heavily accented English)

Have I? Sorry. I was just...

He doesn't stop talking so much as drift away.

TALIA

William?

He snaps back to the present.

TALIA

I need you to talk to me. What happened?

Beat.

WILLIAM

After the funeral, I went to my old neighborhood. Wandered around a bit. I went into the bar where I got drunk for the first time.

(beat)

No one recognized me. There were people inside, and I... I couldn't understand some of what they were saying. When I asked for a beer the bartender didn't understand me.

(long beat)

They looked at me the way I used to look at the tourists.

(beat)

I've only been gone five years.