

RAIN MAN

Adapted for the stage
by

Dan Gordon

Based upon the screenplay
by

Barry Morrow
&
Ronald Bass

Story by
Barry Morrow

RAIN MANACT 1SCENE 1

(The stage is sectioned off by a series of doors which divide it into playing areas instead of sets. The doors are both symbolic as well as functional. Charlie Babbitt closes people out of his life and sections off his emotions, retreating behind closed doors whenever the emotion of a given scene threatens to penetrate the wall he has so carefully built around his heart. Each playing area is suggestive, as opposed to realistic, with a piece of furniture or set dressing providing the visual reference to where the scene is taking place. Hanging up above, are a series of panels which run the length of the stage, on which we will occasionally project images of the Buick traveling across country, etc. In addition, there is a ramp. If budget permits, it should be a moving ramp, like a small people mover. It will be used in the airport and casino scenes and the like. Now it seems to feed down into the initial playing area. At curtain, the first playing area illuminated is suggestive of a warehouse. In B.G. there are posters of Ferraris and Lamborghinis, etc. There are no frills metal desks, at one of which we see LENNY. Lenny is a hustler of indeterminate age, working his phone and desk. Whether he is older than Charlie or not is immaterial. He is a less accomplished and less daring hustler, presumably with at least a little bit more of his conscience intact. SUSAN sits at another desk, she is late twenties, beautiful and independent minded in a masochistic way, which is to say she stands up for herself and then lets Charlie walk all over her. Finally there is Charlie.)

(Charlie is beautiful; Italian suit, French cuffs; he is poetry sleaze, a stylish bad boy who is a natural born hustler. Charlie wears a head set and paces rather than sitting at a desk. At rise, they are all three working their phones, talking into their phones instead of to each other.)

LENNY

No, sir, I just spoke with Mr. Babbitt on that just this morning...

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, it's been five and a half weeks! Weeks!
(listens)

How many times did you wash out with the E.P.A.? Three times??

LENNY

Yessir, they're finally clearing E.P.A. Just... one or two more days...

CHARLIE

You're really on a roll here, my friend. Four cars, three times each. You're zip for twelve! What are you, a mechanic or a N.A.S.A. engineer? Listen, I told you I've never dealt with these Lamborghinis before, and yet you assured me you could deliver these cars in that time frame. Don't tell me that because I'm not even listening.

LENNY

Well, sir, I hardly think that's necessary...

CHARLIE

Well, I'll explain that to my swing loan. I'm sure he'll be very sympathetic. I'm into him three hundred thou, okay? Thousand! Three zeros. I've got all my money tied up in those cars, and if I don't get my money out, I am finished, you understand?

LENNY

Well you have to understand our situation here.

CHARLIE

I don't give a shit about your problems. I've got a shark snapping at my heels here. They're gonna take my cars and my business. Those cars are collateral for Chrissake! I'm holding this guy off with a whip and a chair. Fucking E.P.A. The whole world's choking on smog and they're gonna save it by keeping my four cars off the road? Well have you tried cash? How much can an E.P.A. guy earn in a week, for Chrissake??

(Susan puts her hand over her phone
and gets Charlie's attention.)

SUSAN

It's someone named Wyatt. About your swing loan. If he
doesn't have his money by five-thirty... he's going to seize
all the cars.

CHARLIE

(into his headset)

I'll call you back.

(He crosses to Susan)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Tell him... you don't understand. I signed the check on
Tuesday. You watched me sign it with all the others, and
personally gave it to the mail girl. C'mon! C'mon! I need
this!

LENNY

(into phone)

I really wouldn't do that, sir, until you talk with Mr.
Babbitt personally... no, he's on the road just now.

SUSAN

Sir, I don't understand this. Mr. Babbitt signed the check
on Tuesday. I watched him sign it with all the others. And
I personally gave them to the mail girl.

CHARLIE

Could he please ask his bookkeeper to check her records just
once more? As a personal favor to you. It'll be your ass...
say 'job'... if there's a problem. C'mon!

LENNY (O.S.)

Charlie...

CHARLIE

I'm connecting to Barbados. Arrive at one A.M. Would he like
to leave his home number?

LENNY (O.S.)

Charlie...

CHARLIE

I'm standing here. Talk to me.

LENNY

Mr. Bateman wants to back out on his car. And take Mr. Webb
with him.

(beat)

They, uh... want their down payments back. They found two
cars at Valley Motors. And they want to go that way.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Charlie, please...

CHARLIE

Tell him that the cars just passed emissions, that the E.P.A. paperwork will be here momentarily. You paying attention to me?

LENNY

Yeah, I'm listening, I'm listening.

CHARLIE

Okay. Tell them also that I'm gonna knock five grand off both their deals. Because I appreciate their patience. Now, do you understand that, Lenny?

LENNY

I understand.

CHARLIE

You sure you got that?

LENNY

I got it... I got it.

SUSAN

Charlie!

(Charlie crosses to Susan, ready for a new lie.)

CHARLIE

I'm on a plane to Atlanta. You'll have a replacement check on my desk to sign first thing Monday. It's the best you can do... please please please don't kill you with Mr. Babbitt on this... you really need the job.

LENNY

(into phone)

Mr. Bateman, that was Mr. Babbitt on the other line. Yes, as it happens, the cars are... uh... just passing emissions...

(Charlie kicks Lenny's table. Lenny is off script.)

LENNY (Continued)

(recovering)

Uh, what am I saying? The cars have passed emissions. We're just waiting for the E.P.A. paperwork and will have that momentarily. And because of your incredible incredible patience, Mr. Babbitt would like to knock five thousand dollars off of each car.

SUSAN

(into her phone)

He's on a plane to Atlanta. You'll have a replacement check on Monday. I swear it's the best thing I could do. Please, you don't know... Mr. Babbitt can be such an ogre. This could cost me my job... no, you are an angel... no, yes, an angel, believe me.

LENNY

(into his phone)

Well, no... thank you, you've been most patient and we really appreciate it. Thank you, thank you, goodbye.

SUSAN

(into her phone)

Goodbye.

(There is a beat of silence as all three of them look at each other. Susan and Lenny are exhausted. Charlie looks as fresh as if he had just stepped off the Caribbean cruise.)

CHARLIE

So. Ready for Palm Springs?

SUSAN

We're still going? In the middle of this shit storm?

CHARLIE

What shit storm? It's a beautiful day. We're seconds away from closing the deal and clearing a hundred and twenty grand. Not bad for a couple of phone calls.

LENNY

Not bad at all.

(Charlie and Susan start getting their things when the phone rings once again. Lenny picks it up.)

LENNY (Continued)

Babbitt Collectibles? Yes, well, he's...

(Lenny looks up at Charlie. Charlie waves him off and mouths the words "not here.")

LENNY (Continued)

... Not here right now. Can I take a message? Yes... oh, I see... yes... yes... yes. I'll certainly try to reach him immediately.

(Lenny hangs up and looks at Charlie, stricken.)

(For Charlie, the first thought is that somehow the deals have gone South.)

CHARLIE
Speak to me.

LENNY
Charlie, I'm so sorry.

CHARLIE
What happened? The cars went South or the deals?

LENNY
Your father died.

SUSAN
Oh, Charlie...

CHARLIE
(not at all fazed)
Uh huh, and?

LENNY
And it was your father's lawyer, Mr. Mooney. The funeral's tomorrow. He had some trouble tracking you down. I've got his num...

SUSAN
Oh, Charlie. Are you all right?

CHARLIE
Sorry about the weekend, hon.

SUSAN
The weekend? Charlie... ?

CHARLIE
Look, we, uh... hated each other. My mom died when I was really young, and then it was just him and me. We didn't get along.

SUSAN
I'm going with you.

CHARLIE
That's sweet. But there's no point.

SUSAN
I want to. That's the point.

CHARLIE
I keep forgetting who I'm talking to. Shit. Fucks up a perfectly good weekend.

(Charlie walks out the door,
shutting it in Susan's face as
lights go down in the playing area
and come up in the playing area of
his father's house.)

ACT 1

SCENE 2

(Charlie looks around at the few suggestive mementoes of his childhood as Susan enters behind him, taking off her coat.)

SUSAN

It was a lovely funeral... a little cold, but...

CHARLIE

Yeah well, what do you expect, you know? Live cold, die cold.

(He crosses to the window and looks out. There is a sadness in his face and she notices it)

SUSAN

What...?

(He turns back to her, aware that his armor has cracked for a moment and trying to cover it up)

CHARLIE

What what?

SUSAN

You looked so sad all of a sudden.

CHARLIE

I'm not sad.

SUSAN

There's nothing wrong with...

CHARLIE

(overlapping)

I'm not sad.

SUSAN

(overlapping)

...he was your father afterall, so...

CHARLIE

I just looked out the window, okay?

(Charlie steps away from the window. Susan looks outside)

SUSAN

Somebody should be watering those roses. They're all dying.

CHARLIE

Good. Let 'em die. They're all he cared about anyway.

SUSAN

What do you mean?

(Charlie is still determined not to share any of the pain he is feeling)

CHARLIE

The lawyer ought to be here in a minute. Then we're outta here.

SUSAN

Charlie, talk to me. You started to say something. So say it! Your father died. I mean I don't know how you can...

CHARLIE

You know that car in the garage?

SUSAN

(overlapping)

What car? Charlie I asked about what you're feeling.

CHARLIE

(overlapping)

I knew that car all my life. Only drove it one time. 1949 Buick Roadmaster Convertible. Only eight thousand production models made. Straight-eight. Fireball eight. First year of the dynaflo transmission.

SUSAN

You were his only child. You came along when he was what... forty-five or something. Probably thought he was never going to have a son. I think you're exaggerating. You were his child, his son. He had to love you.

CHARLIE

The car was off-limits to me. That's a classic, he'd say. It commands respect. Not for children. Tenth grade. I'm sixteen. And for once... I bring home a report card... and it's all As. I go to my old man, can I take the car out? Can I take the guys out in the Buick? Sort of a victory drive. He says no. But I take it anyway. I steal the keys. I take it out.

SUSAN

You took it without permission?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I took it without permission.

SUSAN

Why?

CHARLIE

Because I deserved it! Nothing I did was ever good enough for that guy, don't you understand?

CHARLIE (Continued)

So we're on Columbia Parkway. Four kids. And we get pulled over. He'd called in a report of a stolen car. Not his son took the car without permission. A report of a stolen car. Like some stranger stole my car. Like some car thief broke into my house who I didn't know and stole my fucking car.

(beat)

Central Station. The other guys' dads bail 'em out in an hour. He left me there... for two days.

SUSAN

... Jesus... were you scared?

CHARLIE

Two days... drunks throwing up... yeah I was scared, scared shitless. I left home after that. Never saw him again.

SUSAN

Charlie, we've been together for over a year and you never told me...

(Charlie is lost in thought.)

CHARLIE

(suddenly remembering something)

When I was a kid and I got scared, the Rain Man would come and sing to me.

SUSAN

Rain what?

CHARLIE

You know, one of those imaginary childhood friends? Well, mine was the Rain Man. Anyway, if I'd get scared or anything, I'd just wrap up in this blanket and the Rain Man would sing to me.

SUSAN

What happened to him?

CHARLIE

Nothing. I just grew up.

SUSAN

Not so much.

(Just then the doorbell rings. Charlie crosses to the door and opens it for MR. MOONEY, a man who looks not only like a lawyer, but an old entrusted keeper of family secrets.)

MOONEY
Mr. Babbitt? Charles Babbitt?

CHARLIE
Charlie.

MOONEY
I'm Mr. Mooney. Your father's attorney.

CHARLIE
Come in, sir.

(He turns to Susan.)

CHARLIE (Continued)
Honey, would you mind...

SUSAN
I'll go water those plants.

CHARLIE
Thanks.

(He exits. Mooney enters and opens
his briefcase.)

MOONEY
I was terribly sorry to hear about your father's passing. He
was...

CHARLIE
Maybe we should just get right to it.

MOONEY
All right.

(He takes the will out of his
briefcase.)

MOONEY (Continued)
I have this statement which your father requested that I read
to you. Do you have any objections?

CHARLIE
Why should I?

MOONEY
'To my son, Charles Babbitt. Dear Charles: Today I turned
seventy. I'm an old man, but not too old to remember
vividly the day we brought you home from the hospital, your
late mother and I. You were the perfect child, so full of
life... and promise. And I remember too the day you left
home, so full of bitterness and grandiose ideas. So full of
yourself...' 'And being raised without a mother, the hardness
of your heart is understandable as well.

(MORE)

MOONEY (Continued)

Your refusal to even pretend that you loved... or respected me. All these I forgive. But your failure to write, to telephone, to re-enter my life in any way... has left me without a son.'

MOONEY (Continued)

(beat)

II wish you all I ever wanted for you. I wish you the best.'

(Mooney looks up at Charlie to see what, if any effect the words have had on him.)

CHARLIE

Is that it? That's the statement?

MOONEY

Yessir.

CHARLIE

Okay. And now comes the will part, right?

(Without comment, Mooney picks up the will and reads.)

MOONEY

I, Sanford Babbitt, being of sound mind and body hereby bequeath to my son, Charles Sanford Babbitt that certain Buick convertible which was the very car that unfortunately brought our relationship to an end. I further bequeath outright title to my prize-winning hybrid rosebushes. May they remind him of the value of excellence and the possibility of perfection.' 'As for my home and all other property, real and personal, these shall be placed in trust, in accordance with the terms of that certain instrument executed concurrently herewith.'

CHARLIE

What does that mean? The last part. What does that mean?

MOONEY

It means the estate... in excess of three million dollars after taxes and expenses... goes into a trust fund for an unnamed beneficiary.

CHARLIE

Who? Who is that?

MOONEY

Unnamed, means I can't tell you.

CHARLIE

Who controls all this money? You? You control the money?

MOONEY

No, he's called a trustee.

CHARLIE

What is that? How does it all work? How does it work?

MOONEY

His name is Carl Bruener.

CHARLIE

And?

MOONEY

Forgive me, but there's nothing more I can say. I'm sorry, son. I can see that you're disappointed, but...

CHARLIE

Disappointed? Why should I be disappointed?? I got rosebushes, didn't I? I got a used car, didn't I? Shit, let's not forget the goddamn... what did you call him, the uh... what's his name?

MOONEY

The beneficiary.

CHARLIE

Right. The beneficiary. He gets three and a half million dollars! But he didn't get the rosebushes, did he? I got the rosebushes. I definitely got the rosebushes.

MOONEY

Charles...

CHARLIE

Fuckin' rosebushes are mine, man! Some motherfucker tries to take those rosebushes, I have clear title, right?!

MOONEY

There's really no need to...

CHARLIE

To what? To be upset? To be pissed off? To want to go piss on his grave? If there is a hell, sir, my father is in it and he is sitting down there, Mr. Mooney, looking up at me and laughing his ass off. Sanford Babbitt. You wanna be that asshole's kid for five minutes? Did you hear that fucking letter? Were you listening?

MOONEY

Yessir, I was. Were you... ?

CHARLIE

No. Could you repeat it? Because I can't believe my fucking ears.

(Mooney packs up his things.)

MOONEY

I'm sure you have a right to your feelings, but I think there's probably nothing left to say.

CHARLIE

That's where you're wrong, my friend. Trust me on that. There is a shitload left to say. Where can I find this Bruener?

MOONEY

In the phone book, I expect.

CHARLIE

In the phone book. Right. Well either I get what I'm entitled to or I'm gonna sue him, I'm gonna sue the estate, I'm gonna sue you as an individual, and you can go out there and dig that piece of shit that was my father up out of the ground because if there is a way, I swear to God I intend to sue his sorry ass too! Rat bastard, piece of shit, Comifacist syphilitic pig motherfucker!

(Mooney exits. As he leaves, Susan enters.)

SUSAN

How did it go?

CHARLIE

I got what I expected.

(He exits and closes the door. Lights go down in that playing area and come up in the Wallbrook playing area.)

ACT 1SCENE 3

(Charlie comes through the door with Dr. Bruener, a middle-age man with whom he is in mid-conversation.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Dr. Bruener, I don't see the point of secrecy here. If the beneficiary is a patient... an old girlfriend of Dad's or something like that...

BRUENER (O.S.)

Mr. Babbitt, I knew your father since you were two years old.

CHARLIE

... The year my mother died.

BRUENER

Now, I am trustee of the fund. But this hospital and I receive nothing from that.

CHARLIE

That hardly seems fair. Maybe that's something... we could discuss...

BRUENER

This is a burden I took in loyalty to your father. And that's where my loyalty remains.

CHARLIE

And you think I should... feel a little of that... loyalty.

BRUENER

I think... you feel cheated out of your birthright. By a man who had... difficulty showing love. And I think... if I were in your shoes... I'd feel the same.

CHARLIE

Now I was hoping we could talk. That you would... explain Dad's side of it. Help me see the right of what he did.

(beat)

Because, failing that, I have responsibilities of my own, sir. And I have to meet them. Even if that means a fight.

BRUENER

And I'm sure you are a fighter, son. So I suppose you're just going to have to do what you think you have to do.

(Charlie notices something through one of the windows, crosses to it and calls down to Susan off-stage.)

CHARLIE

Susan! Hey, Susan! Would you watch... would you get that weirdo away from my car? The car's a classic, not a toy.

(He turns back to Mooney.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

I'm sorry, Doctor. What were you saying?

MOONEY

I think you heard me, son.

CHARLIE

You do, huh? Well I don't think this hospital needs the publicity or the expense of a protracted court case. Do you Doctor? Because I'm prepared to litigate you people into bankruptcy or die trying.

MOONEY

And what a tragic waste of a promising life that would be.

CHARLIE

And sue you as an individual.

(Just then, RAYMOND enters. He is about seventeen years older than Charlie, a high-functioning autistic savant.)

RAYMOND

'Course Dad lets me drive the car on Sunday. Slow, down the driveway. I'm an excellent driver. Excellent driver.

(Bruener looks up as Raymond enters.)

BRUENER

Raymond, why don't you go to the activity room. I think one of your programs is almost on. Mr. Babbitt, I really don't think we have anything further to discuss, do you?

CHARLIE

No, I think the next person you're gonna hear from is my attorney.

RAYMOND

'Course, those seats are not real leather... those are pitiful seats, not... not brownish leather... these are red...

CHARLIE

What? That's the weirdo who was messing with my car.

RAYMOND

Pitiful. Pitiful seats. Not real leather. Real leather costs an arm and a leg.

CHARLIE

My dad did have brown leather in that car when I was little.

BRUENER

Raymond, you really...

RAYMOND

... And, and... you use the ashtray, because... because that's what... what it's there for. That's what it's there for.

CHARLIE

That's what he used to say. Hey, you know that car?

RAYMOND

I know that car.

BRUENER

Raymond, it's time for...

(Charlie crosses in front of
Bruener, directly toward Raymond.)

CHARLIE

How do you know that car?

RAYMOND

I definitely know that car. 1949 Buick Roadmaster Straight-eight. Fireball eight. Only eight thousand ninety five production models made. Dad lets me drive slow down the driveway, but not on Monday. Definitely not on Monday.

(Raymond starts to walk away from
Charlie and Charlie cuts him off.)

CHARLIE

Who's your dad?

RAYMOND

Sanford Babbitt.

CHARLIE

Sanford Babbitt?!

RAYMOND

Sanford Babbitt. One-oh-nine-six-one. Beechcrest Avenue. Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHARLIE

That's my address. What is it with this guy? Who's your Mother?

RAYMOND

Eleanor Babbitt.

CHARLIE

Eleanor?

RAYMOND

Died January 5th, 1981. After a short and sudden illness. Uh oh, there's 15 minutes till Wapner. 'Course these are real cases, filed in the Municipal Court of California in the People's Court. Da da da daaaa... the People's Court. Da da da daaaaa... the People's Court. Da da da daaaaaa.

(He exits and closes the door in Charlie's face. Charlie turns to Bruener as, on the other side of the door, Raymond sits in front of the T.V. set and his care giver, Vernon, a big tattooed white guy with hair pulled back in a pony tail enters with Susan. He is Raymond's care giver. The lights are dim in that playing area while they stay up in Charlie and Bruener's area.)

CHARLIE

Bruener, who is this guy?

BRUENER

He's your brother, Charlie.

CHARLIE

That can't... how can that be, I... don't have a brother. I never had a brother...

BRUENER

He is your brother. I assure you.

CHARLIE

Jesus.

(Charlie lets that bit of information sink in a bit, but as opposed to being emotionally affected by it, we see it is just another bit of information to be processed and used on a tactical basis.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

What is he? Crazy?

BRUENER

No. Not crazy.

CHARLIE

So, retarded.

BRUENER

Not exactly.

CHARLIE

He's not crazy. He's not retarded. But he's here.

BRUENER

He's a savant. They used to be called idiot savants, but that's an archaic, demeaning term. So now we just call them savants.

CHARLIE

But he is an idiot.

BRUENER

He has certain deficits and certain remarkable abilities. He's autistic. High functioning, actually.

CHARLIE

What's that mean?

BRUENER

It means there's a disability that impairs sensory input and how it's processed. Raymond has a problem communicating and learning, expressing himself, even understanding his own emotions, in a traditional way. There are dangers everywhere for Raymond so he uses routines and rituals to protect himself. They're all he has really.

CHARLIE

Like what?

BRUENER

The way he eats. Dresses. Sleeps. Uses the bathroom. Walks, talks, everything. Any break in those routines is terrifying to him.

CHARLIE

What about the abilities? You said he had abilities, remarkable abilities...

BRUENER

Well, for example, he can read two books at one time.

CHARLIE

You are shittin' me.

BRUENER

One with each eye. And they don't have to be right side up. He scans them. He can memorize at the rate of ten pages per minute.

CHARLIE

Jesus... how?

BRUENER

We're not sure, really. He's lacking a corpus collosum.

CHARLIE

What's that?

BRUENER

It's a thick bundle of nerves that separates the two hemispheres of the brain. Technically Raymond should be a vegetable, but it seems as if his brain has rewired itself. Put as simply as possible, Raymond is incapable of forgetting... anything. I think I would find life unbearable if I couldn't forget, if all the pains and heartaches of the past were as fresh as those of today. Perhaps his autism is a way of dealing with that pain. Perhaps it's the only logical response to it.

CHARLIE

So everything he sees, everything he hears...

BRUENER

He remembers, which of course begs the question, what happens when Raymond's capacity for memory fills up? We know we only use a small portion of our brain, but Raymond's brain is like a hard drive with more and more data being added every hour, every day. Well, what happens when a hard drive fills up?

CHARLIE

It crashes.

BRUENER

Will that happen with Raymond? Or will he just begin to forget? We don't really know. No one does.

CHARLIE

How long has he been here?

BRUENER

Well I went on staff in 1985 and he was already here for several years.

CHARLIE

And you knew he had a brother, and you knew I was his brother?

BRUENER

Yes, but what's the point?

CHARLIE

What's the point? What's the fucking point? The point is why didn't anybody tell me I had a brother?

BRUENER

What would you have done about it?

CHARLIE

I don't know. I could have used it, okay? I mean... does he know how much money he's been left? Does he know how much money Dad left him?

BRUENER

No. He doesn't understand the concept of money.

CHARLIE

He doesn't understand the concept of money. He's just inherited three million fucking dollars and he doesn't understand the concept of fucking money. That's poetic. Don't you think?

(The two of them are silent a beat.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

I want to go see my brother.

(He walks through the same door that Raymond exited through. As he does, the lights come up more fully in Raymond's room.)

ACT 1

SCENE 4

(As Charlie enters, Susan is sitting with Raymond, going through Raymond's baseball cards with him. VERNON, Raymond's care giver, stands off to the side, watching protectively.)

SUSAN

You know all the people in all of these cards?

RAYMOND

I don't know.

VERNON

He knows them all and all their stats.

(Charlie begins going through Raymond's books.)

CHARLIE

(to Susan)

Wait till you hear who this guy is.

(Raymond sees Charlie going through the books and gets noticeably nervous and begins reciting as if in prayer or as a mantra.)

RAYMOND

This is where the who's on first dialogue was. I would suggest using the dialogue from the Gashash routine where the guy calls in to find out what you call the CHUPCHIK on the KUM-KUM

CHARLIE

What's he doing?

VERNON

Nothin'. Whenever he gets nervous he does that old comedy routine, you know?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Why?

VERNON

It's his way of dealing with you touching things, his books and stuff.

CHARLIE

So he memorized that whole comedy routine?

VERNON

That and other things.

(Susan looks through the cards.)

SUSAN

Raymond, who is Dino Radja?

RAYMOND

Dino Radja...he joined the Celtics in 1993. Averaged 15.1 points and 7.2 rebounds his first season. Radja spent three successful years with the Celtics averaging 16.7 points and 8.4 rebounds.

SUSAN

Boston Celtics, he's right. Dino Radja. 15.1 points, and 7.2 rebounds his rookie year.

RAYMOND

In 1997 a trade that was to send Radja to the Philadelphia 76ers for Clarence Weatherspoon failed, which was a likely catalyst to his decision to leave the US.

CHARLIE

I see all these great books. You read, huh?

(Charlie takes out the complete works of Shakespeare.)

VERNON

Reads and remembers. What ever he gets his hands on.

(to Raymond)

You don't like him touching your books, huh?

RAYMOND

Oh, Vern. V-E-R-N! 'Course, this is an unannounced visit, Vern! This is definitely not a weekend visit. V-E-R-N!

VERNON

He's getting anxious. It's okay, Ray.

RAYMOND

This is an unannounced visit, Vern.

SUSAN

(to Charlie)

Put it back. He said not to touch the books.

RAYMOND

Not to touch books.

CHARLIE

(to Raymond)

You like Shakespeare, Ray?

I don't know. RAYMOND

Complete works of William Shakespeare. You read all this? CHARLIE

I don't know. RAYMOND

You don't know... ? CHARLIE

V-E-R-N. RAYMOND

You read Macbeth? CHARLIE

I don't know... V-E-R-N. RAYMOND

You read Hamlet. You read Twelfth Night? CHARLIE

Charlie, stop it. SUSAN

Yes. Definitely read Twelfth Night. Definitely read Hamlet. Yes. RAYMOND

Yes. You read all those plays that are in this book, and you don't know if you've read this book? CHARLIE

I don't know. V-E-R-N. RAYMOND

You don't know. CHARLIE

Maybe you should put that book back. VERNON

You don't know. CHARLIE

(He puts the book back.)

Okay, Ray. Take it easy. I'm not gonna.. I won't touch anything else. CHARLIE (Continued)

It's okay, Ray. It's okay. C'mon, my main man! VERNON

RAYMOND

Vern. My main man, Vern. My main man.

VERNON

My main man.

RAYMOND

Yeah. My main man, Vern.

(Susan tries to give Raymond back his cards and he pulls away from her touch.)

SUSAN

Here. Here are your cards. I didn't mean to upset you.

RAYMOND

Are you taking any prescription medication?

VERNON

He likes you. That's just his way of showing it.

RAYMOND

Uh oh!

SUSAN

When I touched him, he pulled away like he was afraid.

VERNON

Don't take it personal. I'd guess I'm closer to him than anybody in the world. And he's never hugged me. Never touched me. It's not in him.

(smiles)

Shoot. If I left town tomorrow. And didn't say goodbye. He'd never notice.

CHARLIE

Can Ray and I be alone?

SUSAN

Alone? For what, Charlie?

CHARLIE

He's my brother, Susan. Okay? He happens to be my brother.

SUSAN

Oh my God. How do you...

RAYMOND

Charlie Babbitt. Yeah.

SUSAN

Oh my God.

CHARLIE

I want to be alone with him... with my brother.

(Suddenly Charlie has the picture of sincerity.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

I want to tell him about our father. I don't think anyone has really explained to him about our father. I don't think that's right.

SUSAN

Of course. Oh my God.

VERNON

You want to do that, Ray? You want to stay here with your brother, Charlie for a while?

RAYMOND

I don't know.

CHARLIE

And we'll talk about Dad.

RAYMOND

D-A-D.

CHARLIE

D-A-D. We'll talk about D-A-D.

RAYMOND

'Course it's twenty-seven minutes till Jeopardy. Almost 26 minutes to jeopardy.

CHARLIE

We won't miss Jeopardy.

VERNON

I'm going to be down in the activity room, Ray. Okay?

(Raymond says nothing.)

VERNON (Continued)

Okay?

(Vern turns to Charlie)

VERNON (Continued)

Just call me if you need me.

(Charlie turns to Susan)

CHARLIE

Hon, could you go and bring the car around please?

SUSAN

Sure. I guess so. Bye-bye, Raymond. See you soon.

(She exits. Now, Charlie and Raymond are alone. There's an awkward silence for a beat. Charlie looks around to make sure they are completely alone, opens the door to make sure no one is eavesdropping, then turns to Raymond.)

CHARLIE

Hey, Raymond. Dad's dead... okay? Did you know that? D-A-D? He's D-E-A-D.

RAYMOND

D-E-A-D.

CHARLIE

Right. Dead dad. Did they tell you that?

RAYMOND

I don't know.

CHARLIE

You don't know if they told you, or you don't know if he's dead?

RAYMOND

I don't know.

CHARLIE

Okay. Well now you do know, right? He's at the cemetery. You want to go see him at the cemetery, Ray?

RAYMOND

I don't know.

CHARLIE

Does that mean maybe you want to go see him?

RAYMOND

I don't know.

CHARLIE

Y'know, I live in Los Angeles... I was thinking, maybe you'd like to go to Los Angeles. See a Lakers game, go to Staples Center, see the Lakers play?

RAYMOND

Today's an off day.

CHARLIE

Well we don't have to go today.

RAYMOND

Monday. No games scheduled.

CHARLIE

(overlapping)
I just thought maybe you'd like to go to Los Angeles with me
and see Kobe Bryant play?

RAYMOND

Kobe Bryant's out with an injury. Not scheduled to return to
the lineup until Thursday.

CHARLIE

(overlapping)
Thursday? He's gonna return Thursday?

RAYMOND

Thursday.

CHARLIE

(overlapping)
Well I'm not doing anything on Thursday...

RAYMOND

Yeah. Thursday. Course I couldn't go without my
backpack...definitely not without my backpack...or my
pencils. Have to pack my pencils and my backpack.

CHARLIE

I can pack your pencils and your backpack.

(Charlie starts packing his backpack)

RAYMOND

And my notebook and my lists and my ruler.

CHARLIE

(as he packs)
Done. Notebook, pens, ruler, let's go see Kobe.

RAYMOND

And my camera and my boxer shorts.

CHARLIE

The world's full of boxer shorts, Ray.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

So let's go to LA!

RAYMOND

(doubtfully)
Yeah. Go to LA...find the boxers, with Kobe Bryant.

BLACKOUT

ACT 1

SCENE 5

(LIGHTS COME UP as Charlie, carrying Ray's backpack and his own suitcase crosses into the Presidential suite with Susan.)

CHARLIE
Hey, the presidential suite, huh?

RAYMOND
Have to go back to Wallbrook.

CHARLIE
No we're brothers. We're orphans. Dr. Bruener wants us to spend some time together.

SUSAN
When did he say that?

CHARLIE
And we're gonna have some real fun.

RAYMOND
'Course dinner's at six-thirty.

(Charlie leads Raymond over to his bedroom.)

CHARLIE
And here's Raymond's room. Look at this big beautiful room, huh, Ray?

SUSAN
When did Dr. Bruener say that?

CHARLIE
He said that.

RAYMOND
This is not my room, this is definitely not my room.

SUSAN
I didn't hear Dr. Bruener say that.

CHARLIE
... Just for tonight, Ray. That's all.

(He turns to Susan)

CHARLIE (Continued)
He said that to me.

RAYMOND

Definitely not my room.

SUSAN

... It's just until we take you back home.

RAYMOND

'Course, I'm going to be here a long time. A very long time. It's going to be... the longest time, and I'm...

SUSAN

... No, Raymond, really...

RAYMOND

... Gone. I'm gone for good. Gone for good from my home.

SUSAN

No. It's just tonight. I promise, Raymond.

RAYMOND

'Course they moved my bed.

CHARLIE

Hey, that's all right. You like under the window, huh? No problemo, bro...

RAYMOND

They took... they took the books. They took all the books. Have to go back to Wallbrook.

(He turns around and starts to leave.)

CHARLIE

Whoa, little guy! Hey, whoa! It's gonna be terrific. You'll see.

SUSAN

Did you see the way he was taking pictures of everything on the way here?

CHARLIE

He wasn't taking pictures.

RAYMOND

Yeah, taking pictures.

SUSAN

He's so aware of his surroundings. This isn't fair, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Fair. Of course it's fair, he wasn't taking pictures. He was clicking, making little clicking noises. That isn't taking pictures, that's clicking.

RAYMOND

'Course I don't have my tapioca pudding. I have to have my tapioca pudding for desert.

CHARLIE

Well we can do that. We can call room service.

RAYMOND

'Course I don't have my books, and.. uh.. no bookshelves. I'm gonna be bookless.

SUSAN

Charlie, let's take him home.

CHARLIE

Here's a book. Big telephone book. 'Lots of words, huh Ray?

(Charlie tosses him a book and dials a number on his cell phone.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

(to himself)

C'mon, Lenny. Pick up. I got three hundred thousand about to go in the shitter and he doesn't want to pick up. It's six here. What is it back there?

RAYMOND

Dinner's at six-thirty.

SUSAN

It's 3:00 there.

CHARLIE

It's three there? What is he on, vacation or what?

RAYMOND

Orange soda.

CHARLIE

You stay here, Ray. Look at the book or something.

(Charlie and Susan take their bags over to their bedroom, leaving Raymond in his room.)

SUSAN

He doesn't have a soda, he doesn't have his books. He doesn't have all of the things that make him safe.

RAYMOND

Not safe.

SUSAN

When did Bruener tell you to do this? This doesn't make any sense.

CHARLIE

I know what's good for him, okay? I'm his brother.

(Raymond moves his chair in front of the T.V. and then moves an end table near it and accidentally knocks over a lamp.)

RAYMOND

Uh oh! Vern! V-E-R-N!

CHARLIE

Go see what the fuck he's doing, okay?

(Susan crosses over towards Raymond.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

(Under his breath)

Fucking retard.

SUSAN

(to Raymond)

Ray, what is it?

RAYMOND

(very agitated)

What's happening, Holmes?

SUSAN

Charlie, let's take him home. Come on.

CHARLIE

He's okay. We'll just get him some dinner. He'll be alright. What did he say he wanted? Hamburger, Ray, huh?

RAYMOND

'Course we have pepperoni pizza Monday night for dinner.

(Charlie crosses towards him, picking up the extension in Raymond's room.)

CHARLIE

Here. Why don't you watch T.V.

(He turns on the T.V. and Raymond is mesmerized, doing the spiel along with the T.V. announcer.)

T.V. AND RAYMOND

WHEEL-OF-FORTUNE! Look at this studio filled with glamorous merchandise. Fabulous and exciting bonus prizes! Thousands of dollars in cash and over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars just waiting to be won as we present are big bonanza of cash on WHEEL-Of-FORTUNE!

CHARLIE

(into phone)
Yeah, room service? I'd like to order a large pepperoni pizza, right?

SUSAN

No pepperoni for me.

CHARLIE

That's right. A large pepperoni. How long is that going to take. Alright. Bring up some beer for two, a large orange soda and tapioca pudding. Tapioca pudding. You got tapioca pudding? Well, bring anything that looks like it.

(Charlie hangs up and gives Raymond the remote.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Here, Ray. Take the remote. Your food's coming up and we'll be in the next room, but just stay here and watch T.V.

RAYMOND

'Course I'm gonna be here for a very long time.

(The lights fade-out as Charlie takes Susan over to their bed. As the lights go all the way down, a flashlight comes on. Raymond makes his way over towards his light switch and turns on the light, then picks up the phone book and begins to read. As he does, we become aware of the sounds of love making coming from Charlie's room. Raymond gets up and mimics the sounds of lovemaking and follows them into Charlie's room. He comes into Charlie's room where Charlie and Susan are under the covers, almost at the point of orgasm. The blue light from their T.V. is still on. Raymond sits on the small bench at the foot of their bed, and as both Susan and Charlie climax, he mimics the last sounds of orgasm.)

CHARLIE

What is that?

SUSAN

I think Raymond's in the room.

CHARLIE

What? Raymond, are you in here?

RAYMOND
Charlie. Charlie Babbitt.

CHARLIE
Well, get out. Get outta here, go on!

SUSAN
Stop it!

RAYMOND
Uh oh!

(Raymond exits and Susan pops up
from under the covers as does
Charlie.)

SUSAN
Go in there.

CHARLIE
What for?

SUSAN
He's your brother. He's afraid. He doesn't understand any
of this. You hurt his feelings. You insulted him, now go in
there.

(Charlie gets out of the bed,
pulling on his underwear while
still under the covers. He throws
on his pants and a shirt and
crosses to Raymond's room where
Raymond is reading the phone book.)

CHARLIE
Raymond, what were you doing in my room, huh? What were you
doing in my room?

RAYMOND
I don't know.

CHARLIE
You don't know what you were doing in my room?

RAYMOND
There were noises.

CHARLIE
Yeah, well those noises are none of your fucking business.
You got that? Huh? Now put the phone book down and stop
acting like a fucking retard and go to sleep. You hear what
I said? Go to sleep!

RAYMOND
'Course it's nine minutes to eleven. Lights out at 11.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, new rules.

(He turns the lights off and crosses back to his room. Raymond turns on his flashlight and continues reading. Charlie goes back into his bedroom. During the blackout in Raymond's playing area, the actor playing Raymond will have time to dress.)

SUSAN

You don't listen to me. I said you should go in there and apologize to him.

CHARLIE

What was I supposed to do? Tuck him in like a baby? I'm not his Mother, for Chrissake.

SUSAN

You insulted him again. You called him a fucking retard!

CHARLIE

He is a fucking retard.

SUSAN

Then let's take him back.

CHARLIE

He's my brother. This is a little bonding, y'know?

SUSAN

You call this bonding? Lights out, you fucking retard? I mean, they tell you for the first time today that you have a brother. And you say he's your brother. But I don't see any sign of any human emotion. I'm not saying joy, but something.

CHARLIE

Hey, you don't know what I'm going through here!

SUSAN

What are you going through?

CHARLIE

A lot. A very emotional... a lot of emotional turmoil. This is a very vulnerable time for me.

SUSAN

That is such bullshit!

CHARLIE

Hey, my father just died.

SUSAN

And you couldn't care less. And Doctor Bruener never told you to bring Raymond here. It's bullshit. I know it is. So what's he doing here? What are we doing here?

CHARLIE

It's because I'm pissed at him.

SUSAN

At Raymond??

CHARLIE

At my father.

SUSAN

You're pissed at your father. So you bring Raymond here. Why?

CHARLIE

I don't know why. Because I got him and they want him.

SUSAN

It doesn't make any sense.

CHARLIE

Raymond was left all the money and I got nothing.

SUSAN

How much?

CHARLIE

Three million dollars. He got every penny of it. I got zip. Nothing. So I'm gonna keep him until I get my half. I deserve that.

(Susan gets up, stark naked from under the sheets and starts throwing her clothes on and throwing her things in her suitcase.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

What is this? Take it easy!

SUSAN

I've had enough.

CHARLIE

What does that mean, you've had enough?

SUSAN

It means I'm leaving.

CHARLIE

You're leaving?

SUSAN

Yes.

CHARLIE

You're leaving me now? When I'm vulnerable? I need you!

SUSAN

You don't need anybody.

CHARLIE

What does that mean? Hey, what is my crime here, huh? What is my crime?

SUSAN

You use people. You're using Raymond, you're using me, you use everybody!

CHARLIE

I'm using him? Raymond, am I using you? Am I using you, Raymond?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Shut up! He is answering a question from a half-hour ago! He gets three million dollars. That money is just going to sit there. It means nothing to him. I'm dying, I need that money. You know I need it!

SUSAN

You need it so it's not like stealing, right? But what's going to happen to Raymond?

CHARLIE

Who the fuck cares??

SUSAN

Bingo! Exactly.

CHARLIE

I didn't mean that, okay? I'm... I'm just very agitated here.

CHARLIE (Continued)

He'll go back to Wallbrook or I'll put him in a better place. I'll get the money and I'll put him in a better place... a much better place. A really fine place, okay? Because I got a lot of questions, a lot of concerns, I gotta tell you, about their therapeutic... therapy... there.

SUSAN

Jesus.

CHARLIE

What difference does it make where he'll be? He'll be just the same wherever he is.

SUSAN

Except you'll have his money.

CHARLIE

(totally losing it)

His money?? His money?? That man was my father too, y'know? What about my fucking money? Where's my fucking money, huh? I'm entitled to half that money!

SUSAN

You hated him.

CHARLIE

I'm still his son.

SUSAN

And so you took Raymond.

CHARLIE

I didn't take him. I took my half of the money.

SUSAN

You're crazy.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well it runs in the family. Would you just wait. Would you just please wait? My father has stuck it to me all my life. What do you want from me?

SUSAN

Out. I want out.

(She exits the door and slams it in Charlie's face. Charlie crosses back to his room, slamming the door. Raymond is left there, under the covers in the dark. During this period off-stage, Charlie will have time to dress.)

RAYMOND

(softly Raymond begins doing whatever comedy routine we all agree on. Once again I would suggest the Gshahsh-Chupchick on the Kum-Kum routine)

BLACKOUT

ACT 1SCENE 6

(Lights come up on a playing area dressed impressionistically as a cafe. A waitress is wiping up the table. Charlie and Raymond enter.)

WAITRESS

Good morning.

CHARLIE

Morning. Can we have some menus please?

WAITRESS

Sure thing.

(Raymond looks at the waitress's name tag.)

RAYMOND

Sally Dibbs, Dibbs, Sally. Four-six-one... oh-one-nine-two.

SALLY

What?

RAYMOND

Dibbs, Sally four-six-one-oh-one-nine-two.

SALLY

That's my phone number.

RAYMOND

Sally, Dibbs, Dibbs, Sally, four-six-one...

SALLY

I know how you know my name. You saw it on my name tag. But how could you know my phone number?

RAYMOND

Telephone book.

CHARLIE

Telephone book?

SALLY

Telephone book?

RAYMOND

Telephone book. Dibbs, Sally. Four-six-one... oh-one-nine-two. One-nine-two-seven, Clear Brook Lane.

CHARLIE

He, uh... remembers little things sometimes.

SALLY

But he memorized my number before he came in here.

CHARLIE

How did you do that?

SALLY

How did you do that?

RAYMOND

(softly)

I don't know.

CHARLIE

You remembered the whole phone book?

RAYMOND

No.

SALLY

Nobody could remember the whole phone book.

CHARLIE

Did you start from the beginning?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

How far did you get?

RAYMOND

J.

SALLY

J?

CHARLIE

J?

RAYMOND

Johnson, William Martin. Johnson.

CHARLIE

You memorized to G. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J.

RAYMOND

Half of J.

SALLY

Doherty, William E. That's my cousin.

RAYMOND

Doherty, William E. Four-nine-six, one-nine, one-five.

SALLY

Jesus.

RAYMOND

Jesus, Miguel Jose. Four-nine-six, five-nine, two-one.

SALLY

I'll be damned. He ought to be on TV!

(She exits.)

CHARLIE

(quietly)

That was good. I liked that. Hungry? What do you want?
Ray.

RAYMOND

This is Tuesday. Breakfast is pancakes. It's with... maple
syrup...?

CHARLIE

You bet your ass.

RAYMOND

Bet your ass. Uh oh. 'Course they took the toothpicks. I
don't have my toothpicks.

CHARLIE

You don't need toothpicks. That was okay at the hotel last
night with the pizza. But in a restaurant, you eat with a
fork.

RAYMOND

They took the toothpicks.

CHARLIE

You don't need toothpicks for pancakes. They keep sliding
off.

RAYMOND

I do not have my maple syrup. I'm gonna be without my maple
syrup and my toothpicks.

CHARLIE

(overlapping)

You don't see any pancakes yet, do you Ray?

RAYMOND

The maple syrup isn't here.

CHARLIE

When we order the pancakes, they're gonna bring the maple
syrup.

RAYMOND

Maple syrup is supposed to be on the table before pancakes.

CHARLIE

We haven't ordered yet, Ray.

RAYMOND

'Course when they bring the maple syrup it'll be too late. It'll definitely be too late.

CHARLIE

How's that gonna be too late? Huh, Ray? We haven't ordered the pancakes, so how's that gonna be too late?

RAYMOND

If we're gonna be here the entire morning with no maple syrup and no toothpicks, I'm definitely not going...

(Charlie grabs Raymond's neck.)

RAYMOND (Continued)

Ow.

CHARLIE

Don't make a scene.

RAYMOND

Ow.

CHARLIE

And stop acting like a fucking retard.

RAYMOND

Uh oh.

(He takes out his notebook and begins to write in it.)

CHARLIE

What is that? What are you writing? Lemme see that.

CHARLIE (Continued)

"Serious Injuries List"? "Charlie Babbitt, Serious Injuries List "? What, are you fucking kidding me?

RAYMOND

Number eighteen in 2001. Squeezed and pulled and hurt my neck in 2001.

CHARLIE

Squeezed and pulled and hurt your neck in 2001.

(Charlie shakes his head and takes out his cell phone, gets up and walks a little ways off from Raymond. As he dials, we hear a phone ring and lights come up in a playing area in Dr. Bruener's office.)

(Dr. Bruener picks up the phone.)

BRUENER

Dr. Bruener speaking.

CHARLIE

Dr. Bruener... this is Charlie Babbitt.

BRUENER

Where are you, son?

CHARLIE

That's not important. What matters is who I'm with.

BRUENER

You have to bring him back, Mr. Babbitt.

CHARLIE

Yeah, no problem. Soon as I get what's coming to me.

BRUENER

And what would that be?

CHARLIE

That would be one-point-five million dollars, sir. I'm not greedy. All I want is my half. Ray can start a collection of solid gold toothpicks.

BRUENER

I can't do that, Mr. Babbitt. You know I can't.

CHARLIE

You can't use that, Ray. It's dirty!

BRUENER

Just bring him back, Mr. Babbitt. Bring him back now. This is where he belongs.

CHARLIE

Look, I'm his brother. It's not like this is a kidnapping here.

BRUENER

Raymond's always been a voluntary patient at Wallbrook, but that's beside the point. The fact of the matter is this is where he can best be taken care of.

CHARLIE

Let's just cut through the bullshit, okay? I am entitled to part of my father's estate. If you don't want to cut some kind of deal with me, I'll take him back to Los Angeles, I'll stick him in some kind of institution out there and we'll have a custody battle over him. I'm his only living relative. Now, you want to battle me in the courts, or we can put an end to this right now. Miss, he needs some toothpicks.

BRUENER

I don't think you have any idea of the severity of what you've done.

CHARLIE

Toothpicks! He needs more toothpicks. Can we just get him some toothpicks over here?

BRUENER

There are no circumstances in which I can give you that money, Charlie. That's the bottom line.

CHARLIE

Then I'll see you in court.

(He hangs up, turns and bumps into the Waitress who has brought over a box of toothpicks. They scatter on the floor. Raymond is fascinated at the sight. Charlie just wants to get moving.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

C'mon, let's go. Shit!

RAYMOND

(quietly)

Eighty-two, eighty-two, eighty-two!

CHARLIE

Eighty-two what, Ray?

RAYMOND

Toothpicks.

CHARLIE

Ray, there's way more than 82 toothpicks.

RAYMOND

Two-forty-six total.

(Charlie looks over at the waitress.)

CHARLIE

(to waitress)

How many toothpicks are in there?

WAITRESS

Two hundred and fifty.

CHARLIE

Wow, Ray. That's amazing. Only four off.

WAITRESS

There's four left in the box.

(Charlie looks at Raymond, amazed,
then pulls out his Palm Pilot.)

CHARLIE
You're good at numbers, right Ray?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
How good?

RAYMOND
I don't know.

CHARLIE
How much is 312 times 123?

RAYMOND
38376.

WAITRESS
Did he get it?

CHARLIE
(amazed)
He got it.

WAITRESS
I'll be!

CHARLIE
Ray, how much is 4343 times 1234?

RAYMOND
5359262.

WAITRESS
He's some kind of genius.

CHARLIE
Ray, if you had a dollar and you spent 50 cents, how much
would you have left?

RAYMOND
About seventy.

CHARLIE
Seventy cents?

RAYMOND
Seventy cents.

CHARLIE
How much does a candy bar cost, Ray?

RAYMOND

About a hundred dollars.

CHARLIE

How much does a car cost?

RAYMOND

About a hundred dollars.

CHARLIE

Yeah, some kind of genius. Let's go. We've gotta get to the airport.

(He and Raymond go through the door.)

ACT 1

SCENE 7

(Lights go down in that playing area and come up in a playing area that is suggestive of an airport terminal. The ramp goes up into the distance, monitors hang down and we hear airline announcements in the background.)

FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)

Delta Flight 256 for Denver and Los Angeles is now boarding at gate 53A. Flight 4297 for Atlanta and Miami is in the final stages of boarding at gate 37B. All passengers holding boarding passes for Flight 4297 should board at this time.

(Charlie enters, talking on his cell phone. He holds one handle of Raymond's backpack and Raymond holds the other.)

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Lenny, did they say that? I can't get the money or the cars. My loan is past due. Christ. Listen, I'll be in LAX in three hours. The Buick's in A3 main terminal. Make sure they pick it up.

(He hangs up.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Ray, let's go. They called our flight.

(As they walk, Raymond looks outside.)

RAYMOND

Uh oh. 'Course there's a plane out there.

CHARLIE

That's why they call it an airport. Let's go.

RAYMOND

'Course air travel is very dangerous.

CHARLIE

Hey, it's the safest way to travel. You're gonna love it. Trust me.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Now, c'mon.

Oh no.
RAYMOND

RAYMOND
CHARLIE
Raymond, we're in an airport.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
People fly out of airports. What'd you think we were doing here?

RAYMOND
Very dangerous. 1997, there were thirty airplane accidents. Two hundred and eleven fatalities.

CHARLIE
Yeah, well this plane is very safe. And besides, I got to get to LA so I do not have time for this shit, okay?

RAYMOND
I don't know, I don't know.

CHARLIE
You don't know?

RAYMOND
No.

CHARLIE
What is it? Is it this airline?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
It's this airline?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
Okay, fine. We can fly another. That's no problem. There's an American Airline flight.

RAYMOND
American Airline Flight 482 crashed April 27th, 1994.

CHARLIE
We don't have to take American. There's a lot of flights.

RAYMOND
Yeah, 'lotta flights.

CHARLIE
Continental.

RAYMOND
Continental Airline crashed November 15th, 1987, flight 1715.
Fifty-two people killed.

CHARLIE
This is very serious, Ray.

RAYMOND
Yeah. Very serious.

CHARLIE
You see, I have to get to Los Angeles. All right? So you're
gonna get on a plane. You got that?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
You're gonna have to get on a plane.

RAYMOND
Get on a plane.

CHARLIE
Now, there's a Delta flight. It leaves at midnight, Ray.
How about Delta.

RAYMOND
Delta crashed August 2nd, 1985, Lockheed L1011. Dallas /
Fort Worth, terrible wind shear.

CHARLIE
All airlines...

RAYMOND
135 passengers killed.

CHARLIE
... All airlines have crashed at one time or another. That
doesn't mean they aren't safe.

RAYMOND
Quantas.

CHARLIE
Quantas?

RAYMOND
Quantas never crashed.

CHARLIE
Quantas?!

RAYMOND

Never crashed.

CHARLIE

Well that's gonna do me a lot of good, Ray. Because you see Quantas doesn't fly to LA out of Cincinnati. You've got to go to fucking Melbourne!

RAYMOND

Australia.

CHARLIE

Melbourne fucking Australia in order to get on the plane that's gonna fly to Los Angeles. Do ya hear me?

RAYMOND

The capital is Canberra.

CHARLIE

We're getting on the fucking plane. C'mon.

(He grabs Raymond and Raymond freaks out, slapping himself in the head and screaming at the top of his lungs.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Okay okay okay! We're not gonna take the plane, alright? We're not gonna take the plane, Ray. No plane.

RAYMOND

No plane.

CHARLIE

We're not gonna fly.

RAYMOND

No flying.

CHARLIE

You tire me, Ray. We're gonna drive to Los Angeles. We're gonna drive to LA. Come on, we're not gonna take the plane. Just grab the fucking bag!

(He holds out the bag for Raymond instead of holding out his hand to him.)

RAYMOND

No flying.

CHARLIE

You're killing me, Ray.

RAYMOND

No flying.

CHARLIE

No flying.

RAYMOND

'Course I've got Jeopardy at five o'clock.

(Charlie and Raymond push through
the terminal doors.)

BLACKOUT

ACT 1SCENE 8

(On the panels overheard, we see slides flashed in progression of Charlie and Raymond in the Buick, driving across middle America, into the sunset, and finally parked at night at the Roadside Rest Motel. Lights come up in the motel room playing area. Raymond sits watching T.V. making notes while Charlie talks on his cell phone.)

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Susan, will you just let me...will you let me talk for a second? I found out that Bruener never set up a conservatorship for Raymond. Because he never thought anyone would challenge him.

SUSAN

(through phone)

So what?CHARLIE

(into phone)

Well, I'm Raymond's only living relative! That's so what! I'm his brother for Christ's sake! I've got a responsibility to him.

SUSAN

(through phone)

What responsibility? You kidnapped him.CHARLIE

(into phone)

To get, to get custody...so, you know, I can take care of him and make...

SUSAN

(through phone)

He was already getting good care, Charlie.CHARLIE

(into phone)

What makes you think Bruener has his interest at heart? There's three million dollars there and Ray's not competent. Is he?

SUSAN

(through phone)

I think he's sweet and innocent and...

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Yeah, well sweet's not the same thing as competent. You think Bruener's not gonna have his hand in the till? Raymond'll be lucky if he gets half. At least with me I'll see to it that he does.

SUSAN

(through phone)

You're just looking out for yourself. Just taking what you want.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

No. That is so unfair. Because I have needs too.

SUSAN

(through phone)

You don't need anyone.

CHARLIE

I need that money! Susan...Susan...? Hello? Dammit.

(He hangs up. He looks over at Raymond.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Women, huh?

RAYMOND

Yeah, women.

(We hear the sound of a car pulling in and see the flash of its headlights. Charlie looks out the window and notices it.)

CHARLIE

Look at that. 1957 Studebaker Goldenhawk. Zero to sixty in under eight seconds. Two-hundred-seventy-five super charged horses under that hood.

RAYMOND

'Course I'm an excellent driver.

CHARLIE

You know how to drive?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

When did you drive?

RAYMOND

'Course I drove the Buick on the driveway when Dad came to Wallbrook.

CHARLIE

Was Dad in the car. Was Dad in the car, Ray?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

And he let you drive the Buick?

RAYMOND

Yeah. Slow on the driveway.

CHARLIE

Well I'll have to let you drive some time.

(He opens up his suitcase and tosses Raymond a pair of underwear and socks. Raymond doesn't catch them, they simply sort of bounce off him.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

That's fresh underwear and socks. Put 'em on in the morning.

RAYMOND

'Course I don't have my underwear.

CHARLIE

That's why I just gave you some underwear, Ray. So you'll have some underwear.

RAYMOND

'Course these are not boxer shorts. Mine are boxer shorts and they have my name in them and they say Raymond. These say Calvin Klein.

CHARLIE

(unpacking)

All right. When we pass a store, I'll pick you up a pair of boxer shorts.

RAYMOND

I get my boxer shorts at K-Mart in Cincinnati.

CHARLIE

We're not going back to Cincinnati, Ray. So don't even start with that.

RAYMOND

Four-hundred Oak Street.

CHARLIE
We're not going back to Cincinnati. You don't have to go to Cincinnati to buy boxer shorts.

RAYMOND
That's Oak and Burnett Street.

CHARLIE
What did I say, Ray?

RAYMOND
Boxer shorts at K-Mart.

CHARLIE
You hear me in there. I know you do.

RAYMOND
My boxer shorts have my name in them, not Calvin.

CHARLIE
You don't fool me for a second with this shit.

RAYMOND
And these are briefs, definitely not boxer shorts. And they say Calvin Klein.

CHARLIE
Ray, did you hear what I said? Shut the fuck up!

(Ray is quiet for a beat.)

RAYMOND
'Course Cincinnati's a long way off. We're getting farther and farther away from K-Mart.

CHARLIE
They have K-Mart's all over the place.

RAYMOND
Four-hundred Oak Street.

CHARLIE
We're not going back to Cincinnati and that's final!

(Here Charlie finally loses it and becomes a bit of a lunatic himself.)

CHARLIE (Continued)
What the fuck difference does it make where you buy underwear? Huh, Raymond? Underwear is fucking underwear! You could buy it in fucking Swaziland and it would still be underwear. It's underwear for chrissake! It's underwear! It's fucking underwear!!

(From the next motel room, we hear an off-stage voice shout.)

OFF-STAGE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, shut the fuck up! Who cares about your underwear, you retard!

CHARLIE

There. You see what you did? Go brush your teeth. It's almost eleven.

RAYMOND

Lights out at eleven.

CHARLIE

Lights out at eleven.

(Charlie pulls a deck of cards out his flight bag and begins to play solitaire.)

RAYMOND

Here Ray starts doing comedy routine again.

CHARLIE

You going to start this again?

RAYMOND

Ray continues with routine.

CHARLIE

You know, Ray, it's not a riddle. You're not going to figure what they call the chupchiahk. That's the joke, Ray. It's comedy. It's a comedy routine. And if you'd understand that, that it's funny, you might get better.

RAYMOND

All I'm trying to find out is what's the guy's name on first base? No. What's the name of the guy on second base.

CHARLIE

Just brush your teeth, okay?

(He crosses over to him and squeezes toothpaste on to Raymond's toothbrush.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Here. Brush. And quit trying to be a comedian 'cause you're not funny.

RAYMOND

Yeah. 'Funny Rain Man... funny teeth...'

CHARLIE

What'd you say... ?

RAYMOND

... Funny.

CHARLIE

Rinse. Why'd you say funny teeth?

RAYMOND

You said funny teeth. Funny Rain Man.

CHARLIE

Rain Man. I said Rain Man?

RAYMOND

Yeah. Funny Rain Man.

CHARLIE

Was I trying to say Raymond and it came out Rain Man?

RAYMOND

Yeah. Funny Rain Man.

CHARLIE

You. You're the... Rain Man?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

And you lived with us. Then. When... when did you leave...?

RAYMOND

January 21st, 1983.

CHARLIE

You remember that?

RAYMOND

Thursday. Very snowy day. I had cream of wheat for breakfast. January 21. 1983. On Thursday.

CHARLIE

(softly)

Jesus. That's when Mom died. Just after New Year's.

RAYMOND

That's when Mom died. January 5th, 1981.

CHARLIE

And you remember that day? You remember the day you left.

RAYMOND

Mom died after a short and sudden illness. January 5th, 1981.

CHARLIE

Was I there?

RAYMOND

1983, January 23rd. You were in a window and you waved to me from the window. Bye-bye, Rain Man. Bye-bye, Rain Man. Bye-bye, Rain Man.

CHARLIE

So... so you were the one who sang to me.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

What did you sing? What was that song.. what was that song?

RAYMOND

(singing)

She was just seven-teen. You know what I mean. And the way she looked was way be-yond com-pare...

CHARLIE

(singing)

So how could I dance with another... ?

RAYMOND

(falsetto)

...Ooooo...

CHARLIE/RAYMOND

... When I saw her stand-ing there.

CHARLIE

Did I like it when you sang to me?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

(Charlie crosses to the bathtub and turns on the hot water. Steam comes out and Raymond freaks out.)

RAYMOND (Continued)

No. No. No. Scary. Bad!

CHARLIE

Take it easy. No what... ? What's scary bad?

RAYMOND

Hot water burn baby!

CHARLIE

Hot water burn baby. What? What baby? Me?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

Me?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Hot water burn baby.

RAYMOND

Yeah. Hot water burn baby.

CHARLIE

It's okay, man. It's okay, man. I didn't burn. I'm fine. I'm not burned. Look at me. Please.

RAYMOND

(calming down a bit)

Yeah, hot water burn baby.

CHARLIE

I'm not burned. I'm not burned, Ray.

RAYMOND

Hot burn baby, hot burn baby.

CHARLIE

I'm not burned.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

It's okay.

RAYMOND

Yeah. Go to Wallbrook now.

CHARLIE

No, Ray. I didn't burn. Look at me. It was after Mom died. That's why he put you away. Because he thought you'd hurt me.

RAYMOND

(whispering)

... C-h-a-r... l-i-e... c-h-a-r... l-i-e... c-h-a-r... l-i-e... c-h-a-r

CHARLIE

Come on. Eleven o'clock. Lights out.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

(Charlie, oh-so-gently leads Raymond to his bed, which is by the window. He pulls Raymond's socks off him, helps him out of his pants and tucks him in.)

CHARLIE

See? Right where you like the bed. Good-night, Ray.

(Raymond says nothing. Charlie stands there a beat. He takes out his cell phone and dials a number. We hear it ring then we hear Susan's voice O.S. through the phone.)

SUSAN
(through phone)
Hello...

CHARLIE
Hi. It's me.

((No sound. Nothing.))

CHARLIE (Continued)
Well, you didn't hang up. Does that mean we're still engaged? Listen I just want to hear... it's not over. I mean, I'm... scared. I'm scared it's over.

SUSAN
(through phone)
Don't ask me today, Charlie. You won't like the answer. Let it sit.

CHARLIE
Something I'm... not real good at.

SUSAN
(through phone)
There's a lot of things you're not good at.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Well, I'll get one of Ray's notebooks. Start keeping a list. I'll call you when I get back to LA.

(He hangs up and turns out the lights.)

BLACK OUT.

ACT 1SCENE 9

(The panels above show Charlie and Raymond in the Buick driving across Nevada. Lights come up on yet another motel room a where the television is playing. Raymond flips the channels. Charlie is on the cell phone in mid-conversation.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Susan, slow down. What are you saying to me?

SUSAN

(through phone)

I been waiting for you to call for three hours, Charlie. Three hours.

CHARLIE

Susan, I'm sorry. I've had... things to do. I had to buy some underwear and stuff... at fucking K-Mart.

SUSAN

(through phone)

Charlie, I'm so sorry. It's over. All over

CHARLIE

Sorry about what, Susan? Nothing's over. It's gonna be fine. I'm in Nevada. I'll be there in a...

SUSAN

(through phone)

Wyatt found the cars. He found them. He repossessed them. They're gone. Bateman wants his down payment back, too. They all do.

(beat)

You owe eighty thousand, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Eighty thousand. I don't have it.

SUSAN

(through phone)

You have to come up with it or it's all over. You'll be out of business. Charlie I'm so sorry. I know how hard you tried to...

CHARLIE

I don't have it.

SUSAN

I know.

CHARLIE

I'll talk to you later, Susan. I really can't talk now.

(They are both quiet.)

(Ray continues flipping through the rack.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Hey, you wanna give me a break with that shit? Ray, stop it! I just lost everything, so why don't you just cut me some slack for just one fuckin' second, huh?! What do you say?

(In the background, we hear the television it is Martha Stewart's theme music.)

RAYMOND

Ten AM, channel four, Martha, Martha Stewart Domestic Diva bakes a festive bunt cake.

CHARLIE

Jesus...

RAYMOND

Channel five, Judge Brown. Channel six, the Tyra Banks show. The famous runway model welcomes celebrities from the world of entertainment and show business. Channel thirteen, Divorce Court. Actual cases from real life family court room dramas.

CHARLIE

Channel thirty four, Ray. At twelve-thirty.

RAYMOND

Channel thirty-four, twelve thirty PM. The Seven Hundred Club. Reverend Pat Robertson hosts this venerable religious program of the day's happenings and...

CHARLIE

Turn off the TV, Ray.

(He reaches over and takes the TV Guide magazine. He opens it up)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Channel fifty-six, three-thirty PM.

RAYMOND

Sesame Street, join Big Bird, Ernie, Bert and Oscar the Grouch and all the other characters on the most beloved street in the world.

CHARLIE

Nine AM, channel twelve.

RAYMOND
Nine AM, channel twelve, Suerto Tu Con Amor.

(Charlie suddenly has an idea.)

CHARLIE
How many toothpicks came out of that box, Raymond?

RAYMOND
Two-forty-six.

CHARLIE
Yeah.

RAYMOND
Two-forty-six.

(Charlie reaches into his flight bag, which he brought in with him and pulls out his deck of cards and begins dealing out the cards, face up.)

CHARLIE
You know cards?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
Raymond, you know what playing cards are, right?

RAYMOND
I know cards.

CHARLIE
You paying attention?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
Okay. What's left in the cards I'm holding in my hand?

RAYMOND
Nine aces seven kings ten queens eight jacks seven tens...
and one five....

CHARLIE
... One five. You are beautiful.

(Charlie thinks a long beat.)

CHARLIE (Continued)
Rain Man, we're going to Vegas.

Yeah.

RAYMOND

BLACKOUT

ACT 1SCENE 10

(The panels light up in progression showing slides of the Buick driving into Las Vegas, a close-up of Charlie taking off his Rolex, a shot of Raymond and Charlie walking into a pawn shop with the Rolex, a shot of Raymond getting a haircut, a shot of the two of them getting matching new suits, with Charlie tying Ray's tie for him.)

RAYMOND (Continued)

Ow. Choking.

CHARLIE

You're not choking.

RAYMOND

Ow. Choking the neck.

CHARLIE

It's a tie, Raymond. It goes around your neck. That's the whole point of a tie.

(The slides continue with a shot of the two of them coming down an escalator, both of them looking gorgeous in their new suits. Over this, we hear Charlie's voice.)

CHARLIE (V.O.) (Continued)

Now listen to me, Ray. Casinos have rules. The first one is they don't like to lose. The next one is, they think counting cards is cheating. So you never ever ever show them that you're counting. You got that?

RAYMOND (V.O.)

Yeah.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

So the way we work it, you bet one for bad and 2 for good. If you bet 2 for good, I'll know that I should take a hit. Okay? And if you bet 1 for bad, I'll know I shouldn't take a hit.

RAYMOND

One for bad, 2 for good.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

One for bad, 2 for good.

RAYMOND

Bet your ass.

(The slides continue with a series of shots of Charlie and Ray at the Blackjack table. There is a succession of more and more chips growing on their side of the table as we hear more gamblers cheer. LIGHTS COME UP on the playing area of the cocktail lounge in the casino. Charlie sits at the bar with Raymond. He has a plastic bag full to the top with chips.)

CHARLIE

Look at this, Ray. See all these chips? You won them all, Raymond. You did it.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

You know how much money this is?

RAYMOND

Shit load.

CHARLIE

A shit load a money! You bet your ass! You know what I can do with all this money? Or I mean, you know, what we can do.

RAYMOND

Go see the Lakers.

CHARLIE

Go see the Lakers in the floor seats, you me and Jack Nicholson and the Laker Girls.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

You saved my ass, Ray. You know that? You saved my ass.

(Ray just rocks back and forth)

CHARLIE (Continued)

I'm gonna go cash these in. You stay here, you understand? You sit right here till I get back.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

You got that?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
Definitely? Definitely got that?

RAYMOND
Definitely. Yeah.

CHARLIE
Okay. I'll be right back.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

(Charlie exits and a Hooker named IRIS enters. She is wearing a lot of fake bling. She looks around and sees Raymond. She tilts her head at him and he tilts his head back. She approaches him.)

IRIS
Hi... you looking for a date?

RAYMOND
I don't know.

IRIS
What's your name?

RAYMOND
Raymond.

IRIS
My name's Iris, Raymond. You like me?

RAYMOND
I don't know.

IRIS
You don't know? Well, I think if you gave me a chance, you would. Why don't we try to get to know each other.

RAYMOND
Yeah. Get to know each other.

IRIS
You want to get to know each other?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

IRIS
Well okay.

(Just then Charlie re-enters and crosses over.)

CHARLIE
He doesn't have any money, honey.

IRIS
Well, that's all right, sugar. We're just talking.

RAYMOND
Yeah. Just talking.

CHARLIE
Let's go upstairs, Ray. Whattasay? What are you doing, man?

RAYMOND
Getting to know each other. Just talking.

IRIS
What room? I'll bring him right up.

CHARLIE
That's all right. Is that what you want to do? You want to stay here and get to know each other, Ray?

RAYMOND
Yeah. Get to know each other. Just talking.

CHARLIE
Well, this will be interesting. I'll be right over here just in case.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

(Charlie moves off to the side but keeps a watchful eye on Raymond.)

IRIS
I don't think he likes me.

RAYMOND
He's my brother. I live in his room.

IRIS
He seems young to be your brother.

RAYMOND
He was born August 16, 1979. Sunday. Unusually warm.

IRIS
So what are you guys doing here?

RAYMOND
We're counting cards.

IRIS
You're counting cards... uh huh.

RAYMOND
We're counting cards.

IRIS
What else do you do?

RAYMOND
We're counting cards.

IRIS
I know you're counting cards. What else do you do?

RAYMOND
Are you taking any prescription medication?

IRIS
Whoa. Look, I am so outta here.

(She gets up and starts crossing
away.)

RAYMOND
'Course what time is the date?

IRIS
Later.

RAYMOND
What time is the date?

IRIS
(sarcastically)
Ten o'clock. Don't call me, I'll call you.

(She exits.)

RAYMOND
'Course I have to be in bed at eleven. Lights out at 11:00.
Ten o'clock daylight saving time.

(Charlie crosses over to Raymond.)

CHARLIE
Ten o'clock?

RAYMOND
Ten o'clock daylight saving time.

CHARLIE
You like her, Ray? You think she's pretty?

RAYMOND
Yeah. Very sparkly. Definitely very sparkly.

CHARLIE

Let's go up to the room. Whattayasay?

(They cross over to the elevator
{The elevator will be suggested
simply by a lighting effect,
indicating the motion of an
elevator.})

CHARLIE (Continued)

You like that suit, Ray?

RAYMOND

It's not K-Mart.

CHARLIE

You don't realize how good you look. That girl picked up on it.

RAYMOND

Iris.

CHARLIE

Iris? Well, Iris thought your suit looked good.

RAYMOND

Definitely not K-Mart.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well I'm gonna let you in on a little secret, Ray. K-Mart sucks. It's why they went bankrupt, Ray.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

(Then we hear the sound effect of an
elevator door opening. They turn
around and enter a playing area
suggestive of a high roller suite.
The ramp leads up to a platform on
which we see Ray's bed .
Impressionistic lights of Las Vegas
twinkle in the distance through the
floor to ceiling high roller suite
windows.)

CHARLIE

There you go, Ray.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

The high roller suite. This is for you. You ever seen a room like this before? And I'll tell you something else that's for you.

(He crosses over to a side table on which there is a watchman portable T.V.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Your own T.V., Ray. So you'll never miss Jeopardy again.

(He gives him the T.V. and turns it on.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

See? What do you think?

RAYMOND

'Course the screen is very small.

CHARLIE

You're welcome.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

And look at what's up there. What's up there, Ray. You're not even looking, man. That's a bed.

RAYMOND

Yeah. A bed.

CHARLIE

That's your bed. I had them put it up there especially for you. Right by the window, just the way you like it.

RAYMOND

Bed by the window.

CHARLIE

Go on up.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Isn't that just the way you like it?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Look at you, man, with all those lights. You are Mr. Las Vegas, Ray. Wayne Newton isn't as much Mr. Las Vegas as you are. What do you think?

RAYMOND

Lots of lights. Very sparkly, very twinkly.

CHARLIE

Listen, like I said before, Ray. We made a lot of money today. We made a lot of money. And I know sometimes in the past couple of days I may have shouted at you once or twice.

RAYMOND

Yeah. Pinched and hurt my neck in 2001.

CHARLIE

Yeah, right, but see I was under a lot of pressure and you saved my ass, y'know?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

So I want you to know... I'm sorry, y'know... for shouting at you and stuff.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

I'm saying that I'm sorry. I just want you to know that I'm sorry. I'm apologizing, Ray. This is an apology. This is an official apology. Got a little carried away with the pressure, but I'm sorry. I apologize... very sorry.

(Ray doesn't respond at all.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

You want to say something, Ray.

RAYMOND

Yeah. Have to be at the bar with Iris. 10:00 o'clock. She's gonna call. She'll call me. Definitely call me.

CHARLIE

You know, 'cause like I say, I gotta thank you, man... because you did it... you saved my ass. I was just there, but you were the one who did it. I was just along for the ride... and you know, coaching you... advising...

RAYMOND

She'll call at 10:00. Be at the bar. Have to go on the date with Iris.

CHARLIE

Iris, huh? Big date. Gonna go dancing.

RAYMOND

Yeah, dancing. Have to go to the date at the bar with Iris and go dancing.

CHARLIE

You know how to dance?

RAYMOND

I don't know.

CHARLIE

You don't know how to dance. Well, you ought to learn sometime.

RAYMOND

Yeah. Have to learn to dance for the date.

CHARLIE

Uh huh.

RAYMOND

Have to learn to dance for the date, now.

CHARLIE

I was just kidding, Ray. You're not going to have to dance on this date.

RAYMOND

Have to go on the date, have to learn how to dance. Definitely now.

CHARLIE

Ray, you don't have to dance now. Listen, I'll teach you one of these days, okay?

RAYMOND

Yeah. Now.

CHARLIE

No. You're not going to have to dance.

RAYMOND

Definitely definitely have to learn how to dance now for the date.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry I brought it up. My mistake. All right.

RAYMOND

Yeah. Ten o'clock.

CHARLIE

Ten o'clock. You got a date with the last of the dancing hookers. Okay. Stand over there.

(Charlie turns on some music and climbs up to the platform to Raymond. The song they are playing is "At Last.")

CHARLIE (Continued)

Come over here.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Now, you hear the music?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Just watch my feet, Raymond. Watch my feet.

(Charlie begins to sway back and forth, moving this feet, gently holding Raymond's elbows as Raymond holds his, gently shuffling his feet.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Just do what I'm doing. Just feel the rhythm of the music. We're just moving our feet, Ray. Busting a move.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Okay. Now you're the guy, so you're gonna have to lead and I'm the date, so you have to.. uh.. you have to uh.. put your left hand up like this... Raymond, don't stop moving. You got to keep the moves still going. Left hand up. Now, you want to take this other hand and put it right on my back. All right?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

(Charlie pulls Ray around into sort of a dance embrace and Ray pulls away.)

CHARLIE

You want to learn how to dance?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

'Cause you gotta touch someone when you dance. I'm not going to hurt you.

RAYMOND

Not going to hurt.

CHARLIE

Not gonna hurt. Just take my hand.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Put it right there in mine and keep watching my feet, and keep the moves going. Keep feeling the rhythm. All right! Now, when you dance with Iris, you can't watch her feet the whole time, you have to look up. So when I tell you to, just look up real slow... and at the same time, don't stop moving the feet. Okay, ready?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Alright. Start looking up. Keep going all the way up.

(Raymond looks up slowly until he is looking right into his brother's eyes.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

There you go, Ray. You're dancing! This is it. This is dancing!

RAYMOND

Yeah. Dancing.

CHARLIE

Close your hand around mine and just turn me like this... turn... that's it. This is dancing.

RAYMOND

This is dancing.

(The two of them dance there on the platform with the lights of Las)

(Vegas behind them and it is incongruously romantic.)

CHARLIE

You are a beautiful dancer. You can change your name to Rolando, the Latin Dancer.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

You want to give me a hug?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Yeah?

(Charlie hugs Raymond and Raymond freaks out as badly as he did in)

(the airport. Charlie backs off, genuinely hurt, and yet trying to calm Raymond.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

It's okay, it's okay, it's okay. I won't touch you. I just wanted to give you a hug, Ray. I just felt like giving you a hug.

(Just then the doorbell rings. Charlie crosses to the door to open it, and there is Susan. Both of them smile.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Jesus! What are you doing here? How... ?

SUSAN

Now that we're out of business I'm unemployed...

CHARLIE

Yeah, met too. Come here, I'm so glad to see you.

(They hug.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Ray... Ray, look who's here.

RAYMOND

'Course it's one minute till she's going to call. One minute till my date. One minute till Iris.

SUSAN

He has a date?

CHARLIE

Yeah, sort of.

RAYMOND

Got to go to the date. Call me at 10:00. Definitely gonna call me at 10:00.

(Just then the phone rings.)

SUSAN

Wow, exactly 10:00 o'clock.

CHARLIE

I guess she can't wait.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

(Charlie picks up the phone and speaks into it)

CHARLIE

(into phone)
Iris, I want you to know...this man can dance. My man has moves.

(Just then through the phone we hear the gruff voice of a security man named KELSO)

KELSO

(through phone)
Mister Babbit?

CHARLIE

(into phone)
This is Charlie Babbit.

KELSO

(through phone)
Right. My name is Kelso, I'm with hotel security. I'd like to have a word with you.

CHARLIE

(into phone)
About what?

KELSO

(through phone)
About your good fortune at our gaming tables. You won ninety-six thousand three hundred dollars. That's a great deal of money. Counting into a six deck shoe is quite a feat.

CHARLIE

(into phone)
I'm afraid I don't quite know what...

KELSO

(through phone)
We have video tapes, Mister Babitt. We analyze them and we share them with other casinos. So I'd like to have a word with you now. You'll find there's a gentlemen waiting outside your door who will show you to my office.

CHARLIE

(into phone)
Right. Right. You bet.

(Charlie hangs up)

SUSAN

Any problem?

CHARLIE

No. No problem.

RAYMOND

Gotta go on the date with Iris.

CHARLIE

That wasn't Iris, Ray. I'll be back in a few minutes.

RAYMOND

Yeah, gotta dance with Iris.

(He exits.)

(Raymond takes the Watchman and turns it on. When he does, the center panel lights up with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to "They Can't Take That Away From Me". The music plays softly in BG)

RAYMOND

They're dancing on the television.

SUSAN

What does she Iris look like?

RAYMOND

She's very sparkly. Very sparkly. Looks like a holiday. Uh, oh. 10:01. She didn't call.

SUSAN

She'll call. Are you going to dance on your date, Raymond?

RAYMOND

Yeah. 10:02. No call.

SUSAN

What did she say to you?

RAYMOND

Don't call me. I'll call you. Definitely. Definitely was going to call. 10:00 o'clock for the date with Iris.

SUSAN

She might have gotten busy or forgotten, or maybe she mixed your number up. There could be a lot of reasons.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

SUSAN

There'll be other chances, Ray. Lots of pretty girls would love to dance with you.

(Susan gets an idea. She takes the Watchman and turns up the sound of)

("You Can't Take That Away From Me".
Then she crosses to the light-
dimmer and dims the light)

RAYMOND

Uh, oh. Getting dark.

SUSAN

I like this music.

RAYMOND

Definitely getting dark.

SUSAN

It's okay. It's nicer light for dancing.

(She puts the T.V. on the floor.)

SUSAN (Continued)

Do you think you could... show me how you were going to dance with Iris?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

SUSAN

Would you like to dance with me?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

SUSAN

Do you know how to dance?

RAYMOND

Charlie Babbitt taught me.

SUSAN

Charlie Babbitt?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

(They dance.)

ASTAIRE (V.O.)

We may never, never, meet again on that bumpy road to love... Still I'll always, always, keep the memory of... The way you hold your knife. The way we danced 'til three. The way you changed my life... no, no, they can't take that away from me, no... They can't take that away... from... me...

RAYMOND

Dancing in Las Vegas.

SUSAN
Yes. Iris missed a beautiful dance.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

SUSAN
And a kiss good night.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

SUSAN
Have you ever kissed a girl?

RAYMOND
I don't know.

SUSAN
You don't know? Open your mouth... like this. And kiss
like... you're tasting something very good and very soft.
Like this. Close your eyes.

(Her lips just gently touch his and
he starts to pull away.)

SUSAN (Continued)
It's okay, Ray.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

(They kiss, very gently, very
beautifully... a real kiss.)

SUSAN
How was that?

RAYMOND
Wet.

SUSAN
Then we did it right...

(The last of the Fred Astaire and
Ginger Rogers number plays out on
the screen above as Raymond picks
up his Watchman and looks at it.)

RAYMOND
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

SUSAN
Like us.

RAYMOND

Yeah. Like us.

(Just then Charlie enters)

CHARLIE

We gotta get packed.

(He crosses over to both of them)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Sorry we're not gonna have a chance to enjoy the high roller suite.

SUSAN

What happened?

CHARLIE

You believe that guy? Hotel security guy. He actually had the nerve to accuse Ray and me of cheating.

RAYMOND

Yeah, counting cards.

CHARLIE

So I said is that how you treat all your guests? By accusing them of things? Or do you just reserve that for the handicapped like my brother? Because, I mean, there's all sort of anti-discrimination acts and I'm sure the hotel wouldn't want to...

SUSAN

And what did he say?

CHARLIE

He said let me put it a different way, get the fuck out of Las Vegas...with our ninety-three thousand dollars in winnings!

(Susan and Charlie embrace as Ray watches his Watchman. Lights go down and on the panels above we see a succession of slides showing Charlie and Raymond in the Buick with Susan, driving around the fountains at Caesars as an instrumental chorus of "You Can't Take That Away From Me" continues over and swells.)

CHARLIE (V.O.) (Continued)

I promised you could drive, and this is it.

RAYMOND (V.O.)

'Course I'm an excellent driver.

SUSAN (V.O.)

Charlie, is this alright?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

He's an excellent driver.

(The slides continue in montage, showing the Buick driving to Los Angeles, dropping Susan off at her apartment and finally Charlie and Raymond with suitcases entering Charlie's apartment. The screens dim to black)

ACT 1SCENE 11

(Lights come up as Charlie and Ray enter the playing area designated for Charlie's apartment.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Here we are, Ray. This is your bedroom over here.

RAYMOND

Do we live here? 'Course, they moved the bed.

CHARLIE

(quietly)

Ray. I live here.

RAYMOND

Where do I live?

CHARLIE

Your room's there.

RAYMOND

'Course, somebody stole the bed. My room is... is without any... any bed. I'm gonna be bedless in...

CHARLIE

You get the magic room. Where the sofa turns into a bed.

(Charlie pulls out the sofa bed.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Then we push it under the window. Just... right.

RAYMOND

'Course, my books...

CHARLIE

Right. We'll get books.

RAYMOND

And the cheese balls. Have to go back to Wallbrook, get the cheese balls.

CHARLIE

They have cheese balls in LA. We're gonna get cheese balls, Ray.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

CHARLIE

You're gonna be floating in cheese balls.

RAYMOND

Yeah. And toothpicks, for the pancakes.

(Charlie reaches into his flight bag
and pulls out a box of toothpicks)

CHARLIE

Huh? What do you see here?

RAYMOND

Yeah. Toothpicks.

CHARLIE

Toothpicks, Ray. This is home.

RAYMOND

Yeah, home.

(Just then the doorbell rings.
Charlie crosses to the door and
opens it. It is Dr. Bruener.)

BRUENER

Hello, Charlie. Can I come in? I think we should talk.

CHARLIE

Uh, we can talk in the hall. I don't want to upset Raymond.

(They step into the hall and Charlie
closes the door as Raymond writes
his list.)

BRUENER

All right. I'll come right to it. As we speak, my lawyer is
meeting with your lawyer. And explaining to him... the facts
of life.

CHARLIE

Facts of life.

(Bruener gives him a set of legal
papers.)

BRUENER

This is a temporary restraining order. You've been served.
It forbids you under criminal penalties... from removing
Raymond from this city until the hearing is concluded. You
see, Charlie, when the hearing is over... Raymond will be
committed into Wallbrook. For the first time in his life.
And he has you to thank for that.

CHARLIE

That's... up to the judge, isn't it?

BRUENER

The judge will listen to the psychiatric investigator. His name is Dr. Marston. You'll meet him tomorrow morning.

CHARLIE

Great. Maybe this guy has an open mind.

BRUENER

I gave him boxes of files on Raymond. Boxes. This isn't a close call, son. It's a formality. Your brother is a very... disabled individual. Haven't you noticed?

CHARLIE

Well, you oughta see him now. What he can do. He can dance, for Chrissake. He learned how to dance.

BRUENER

A lifetime of illness isn't cured by a vacation, Charlie. Not even a dancing vacation. Dr. Marston knows that.

CHARLIE

Then again. It isn't over. 'Til it's over.

BRUENER

It was always a lost cause, Charlie. Your father made my powers as trustee totally discretionary.

(beat)

Meaning whether or not you win custody of Raymond... I won't have to pay you a dime. It's my discretion, not the court's.

CHARLIE

What, so you can't lose.

BRUENER

I can lose. I can lose Raymond and I happen to care about him and the care he receives a great deal. I made a commitment to your father twenty years ago. I'm not willing to gamble with that so I came here with a checkbook. And I'm prepared to write you a check for two-hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I don't think you have a chance in hell, Charlie. But that's a chance... I'm not prepared to take. Two hundred fifty thousand dollars. No strings. Just walk away.

CHARLIE

You know a week ago I asked you why didn't anybody tell me I had a brother. You didn't have an answer. I don't know... It's funny, I just realized I'm not pissed off at my father anymore... you know, that he cut me out of his will. You were his friend, you probably know that he tried to contact me a few times over the years. I never called back. I was a prick. Hey, if it was my kid and he didn't return my calls, I would've written him out too. Fuck him. It's not about the money anymore. It's about... y'know I just don't understand... Why didn't you tell me I had a brother? Huh?

(MORE)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Why didn't you tell me that? Why didn't anyone ever tell me I had a brother? Because it would have been nice to know him for more than just a few days. Keep that check. He's my brother. He's not for sale.

(He closes the door in Bruener's face.)

ACT 1

SCENE 12

(Lights go down and come up in DR. MARSTON'S office. Charlie enters with Raymond. Raymond carries his knapsack with all his notebooks, Watchman, etc.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Hello?

(Charlie leads Ray over to the conference table.)

CHARLIE (Continued)

Here we are, huh? The Babbitt brothers. Definitely the Babbitt brothers.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

(Just then Bruener enters with DR. MARSTON)

BRUENER

Morning, Charlie. This is Doctor Marston.

CHARLIE

Hello.

MARSTON

Mr. Babbitt... I'll be with you in a moment. Let me just get the file out.

BRUENER

'Morning, Raymond. What a handsome suit. Very distinguished. But wouldn't you feel a little more relaxed in your favorite K-Mart clothes?

CHARLIE

Tell him, Ray.

RAYMOND

K-Mart sucks.

MARSTON

Hello, Raymond.

(He turns to Charlie.)

MARSTON (Continued)

Mr. Babbitt. This is, as you know, not a legal proceeding this morning.

(MORE)

MARSTON (Continued)

No lawyers, no judge, just the people who care about Raymond. Raymond, why don't you have a seat over there. Raymond, right there. Raymond, right there.

CHARLIE

Ray, put your knapsack on the floor.

MARSTON

It's a time for being honest with each other. There's no easy way to say this, Mr. Babbitt, but...

CHARLIE

Say what? I've lost already?

MARSTON

No. Nobody's lost. Nobody's won. This isn't winning, this isn't losing. I'm not a judge, I'm not a jury. I'm a doctor, making a recommendation to the court. Wallbrook is an outstanding facility. Dr. Bruener is a respected professional. Very respected, I might add and Raymond's case has been meticulously documented.

CHARLIE

Well you guys have already made up your mind. So, fuck it. I'll see you in court.

BRUENER

Hold on, son. No one's your enemy here.

CHARLIE

Raymond came farther with me in a week than he did with you in twenty years. And that's the truth.

MARSTON

Now I don't think...

(Charlie turns to Bruener.)

CHARLIE

You don't know anything about us.

MARSTON

I don't think it's necessary to challenge Doctor Bruener.

CHARLIE

Sorry.

MARSTON

I think we can just have a discussion and try to understand each other. That's really what all this is about.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

(Marston turns to Raymond.)

MARSTON
So exactly what happened this past week, Raymond?

CHARLIE
Well, we...

MARSTON
I was asking Raymond.

(He turns back to Raymond.)

MARSTON (Continued)
Raymond, what happened this past week. What did you do, Raymond?

RAYMOND
We counted cards.

MARSTON
You counted cards?

RAYMOND
We counted cards in Las Vegas.

MARSTON
Your brother took you to Las Vegas?

RAYMOND
Yeah, won a lot of money. Saved his ass.

MARSTON
You won a lot of money... for your brother?

RAYMOND
Shit load of money. Bet your ass.

MARSTON
What else did you do?

RAYMOND
Danced with Charlie Babbitt.

MARSTON
You danced with your brother?

CHARLIE
He wanted to learn how to dance.

RAYMOND
Danced in Las Vegas with Susan.

CHARLIE
You did?

RAYMOND
And kissed Susan.

You kissed Susan?!

CHARLIE

Yeah. In Las Vegas.

RAYMOND

Who is Susan?

MARSTON

Susan's my fiancée.

CHARLIE

Yeah, and had a date with Iris.

RAYMOND

Who's Iris.

MARSTON

Iris, the dancing hooker.

RAYMOND

A girl approached him. Nothing happened. She approached him. That's all.

CHARLIE

But you kissed Susan?

MARSTON

Yeah.

RAYMOND

Did you enjoy kissing a woman?

MARSTON

I don't know.

RAYMOND

How did it feel?

MARSTON

It felt wet.

RAYMOND

Wet.

MARSTON

Yeah.

RAYMOND

Sounds like quite a trip.

MARSTON

Yeah.

RAYMOND

MARSTON

Um hmm. Did you enjoy being on the road with your brother?

RAYMOND

Yeah. I'm an excellent driver.

MARSTON

You drove?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

MARSTON

Your brother let you drive on the highway? On the Interstate.

RAYMOND

Slow on the driveway.

CHARLIE

He didn't drive on the highway.

MARSTON

Um hmm. Did he have any emotional outbursts this week?

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

MARSTON

Things they tend to do, like inflicting bodily harm on themselves,

CHARLIE

It wasn't really bodily harm, but okay, yeah. A couple of times.

MARSTON

A couple of times?

CHARLIE

Okay. He had what you would call an outburst at the airport because he didn't want to fly. So we didn't fly. That's all. That's the end of it.

MARSTON

You said a couple.

CHARLIE

Right.

MARSTON

When was the last outburst he had?

CHARLIE

This morning.

MARSTON

This morning?

CHARLIE

I mean, this is... this is bullshit. Because I could tell you anything and I could tell you nothing. And you'd never know the difference. This morning the smoke alarm went off and he got a little nervous but he's fine.

MARSTON

Now, don't... don't... don't feel as if I'm placing any blame.

CHARLIE

We had pancakes.

MARSTON

You don't have to be defensive.

CHARLIE

I'm just being honest with you.

MARSTON

I think you're missing the point.

CHARLIE

No. I think you're missing the point. I'm being truthful about this. I could lie my ass off and you'd never know. And for the first time in my... what I mean is I'm being truthful about this.

MARSTON

Well that's very admirable.

CHARLIE

Yeah, right.

MARSTON

The point I was trying to make is I'm not placing any blame on you. I'm not saying that either of these several outbursts are your fault.

CHARLIE

Jesus, I had a father I hardly knew, a mother I didn't know at all, I find out a few days ago I have a brother, and I want to be with him, and all of the sudden you guys are saying I'm supposed to give him up?

MARSTON

I'm not saying anything like that. And there's no need to be defensive. You're being very defensive. I don't know if you realize that.

CHARLIE

I didn't hurt him. He's not hurting me. We're not hurting you. So why are you interfering? This is my family.

MARSTON

I'm not interfering.

CHARLIE

This is my family. Do you understand that?

MARSTON

I understand that.

BRUENER

You say he's your family, Charlie. And in terms of a blood relation that's certainly true. But he's not capable of having a relationship with you.

CHARLIE

That's your opinion. Did you ever spend twenty-four hours a day seven days a week with him? Have you ever done that? Because I did.

BRUENER

For six days. But you can't take on the responsibility of your brother without professional guidance and you're in no position to be the judge of that after less than a week spent with him.

CHARLIE

That's your opinion, Doctor Bruener.

BRUENER

Yes it is. That's my best professional opinion.

MARSTON

There are a couple things in the file I would like to go over. Doctor Bruener states that a week ago you stole Raymond out of the institution and were willing to trade him for one and a half million dollars. Is that correct?

CHARLIE

My father died and I was upset, okay? That was wrong.

MARSTON

So last week you were upset and you wanted to trade him for money, and this week you want to take care of him for the rest of your life.

CHARLIE

Yes.

MARSTON

But in the beginning, you were willing to kidnap him.

CHARLIE

Kidnapping... that's very strong. I didn't kidnap my brother.

MARSTON

And in the course of a week, you've come to have feelings for him.

CHARLIE

Yes.

MARSTON

Um hmm.

CHARLIE

What you have to understand is, I mean I know this sounds irrational to you... yes, when it started out it.. it...

MARSTON

Don't feel you have to be defensive.

CHARLIE

Can I talk?

MARSTON

Yes.

CHARLIE

I'd like to talk. Can I... ?

MARSTON

Yes, you can.

CHARLIE

Thank-you.

MARSTON

There's no accusations.

(Charlie takes a deep breath.)

CHARLIE

See, you have to understand that when we started out together he was my brother in name only. And that... I mean... it's like... this morning before we came here... I made him pancakes.

RAYMOND

With maple syrup.

MARSTON

Um hmm.

RAYMOND

Maple syrup on the table before the pancakes. The way it's supposed to be. Charlie Babbitt made pancakes.

CHARLIE

See? We... I made a connection.

MARSTON

I think it's very admirable that you made a connection. But the purpose of this meeting is to determine what's best for Raymond; whether he's capable of functioning in the community and what he wants, if that's possible to determine.

CHARLIE

I'm all for that.

BRUENER

Raymond's incapable of making those kinds of decisions.

CHARLIE

You're wrong. He's capable of a lot more than you know.

MARSTON

Why don't we ask Raymond and maybe we can find a few answers. Raymond, can I ask you a few questions.

CHARLIE

Ray, the doctor's talking to you.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

MARSTON

Raymond, can I ask you a few questions?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

MARSTON

Do you want to stay with your brother, Charlie. Raymond, would you like to stay with your brother, Charlie in Los Angeles.

CHARLIE

Ray, the doctor's asking you a question, so you listen. Okay Ray?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

MARSTON

Raymond, do you want to stay with your brother, Charlie... Raymond... do you want to stay with your brother, Charlie?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

MARSTON

You do?

RAYMOND

Yeah.

MARSTON
You want to stay with your brother.

RAYMOND
Yeah. Stay with my brother, Charlie Babbitt.

MARSTON
That's what you want.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

MARSTON
You want to stay with your brother.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

MARSTON
(after a beat)
Can I ask you something else Raymond?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

MARSTON
Do you want to go back to Wallbrook?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

MARSTON
Raymond, can you make a distinction between your brother and Wallbrook.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

MARSTON
Raymond, do you want to stay with your brother, Charlie here in Los Angeles...

RAYMOND
Yeah.

MARSTON
... Or do you want to go back to Wallbrook?

RAYMOND
Stay with Charlie, go back to Wallbrook.

MARSTON
It's not the same thing, Ray.

RAYMOND
Stay with Wallbrook...

MARSTON

This is your brother. Wallbrook is something else. Can you make a choice?

RAYMOND

Go Wallbrook, stay with Charlie Babbitt.

CHARLIE

Okay...

RAYMOND

Back to Wallbrook, stay with Charlie Babbitt.

MARSTON

No no no, you're not listening. Those are two separate things. You have to make a choice. One or the other.

CHARLIE

Look...

RAYMOND

Go with Charlie Wallbrook.

CHARLIE

Alright! Jesus fucking Christ, all right!! You don't have to humiliate him.

RAYMOND

Stay back to...

CHARLIE

Ray, it's okay...

RAYMOND

Stay back to Wallbrook with Charlie Babbitt.

CHARLIE

It's over, Ray.

MARSTON

Doctor Bruner, can I talk to you outside for a minute.

BRUENER

Excuse us.

(They exit.)

CHARLIE

It's okay, Ray.

RAYMOND

Yeah.

(Charlie crosses over to Raymond.
He puts his hand on Raymond's)

(shoulder and Raymond doesn't pull away.)

CHARLIE
You don't want any more questions, do you?

RAYMOND
No. No more questions.

CHARLIE
You don't want any more questions.

RAYMOND
No.

(Charlie rubs Raymond's back and Raymond's back and Raymond doesn't pull away. If anything, he leans in toward Charlie.)

CHARLIE
No more questions. There's not going to be anymore questions okay?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
I'll make sure of that.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

(The two of them are silent. Charlie leans into Ray.)

CHARLIE
Listen, Ray. I don't know when I'm going to have the chance to talk to you again. But you see, these guys... Doctor Bruener really likes you a lot and he's probably going to want to take you back with him, y'know?

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
But I want you to know that what I said about being with you, about you being my brother, about you being my family... I like having you for my brother, Ray.

RAYMOND
I'm an excellent driver.

CHARLIE
Yes, you are.

(They are both silent a beat.)

CHARLIE (Continued)
I like having you for my big brother.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

CHARLIE
And I'm, gonna come visit. I promise, Raymond. I won't forget... I won't forget anything.

RAYMOND
Yeah.

(Charlie leans over and kisses Raymond's forehead. Raymond doesn't pull away at all.)

CHARLIE
I love you, Ray.

(Perhaps Charlie isn't waiting for a response. Perhaps he has finally said something which is pure and honest, irrespective of the response. But still, the fact that there is no response breaks his heart. There is a long silence in which Ray just sits there, and then, barely audibly, he says...)

RAYMOND
Yeah... C-H-A-R-L-I-E... C-H-A-R-L-I-E... my main man... my main man, Charlie.

CURTAIN