

RAIN MAN

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SECOND DRAFT

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RAIN MAN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DOCK (SAN PEDRO) - DAY

1

SOFT FOCUS ON a blur of shapes and colors. SOUNDS of a major HARBOR working full-tilt. A green shape slowly moves INTO FRAME. And as MAIN TITLES begin, we SNAP TO SHARP FOCUS ON...

... an apple-green Ferrari. Suspended from a towering crane. Cradled in a net all its own. A polished, gleaming treasure, lofted gracefully above...

... a teeming customs dock. Three cranes working to unload cargo from a freighter's hold. As CREDITS CONTINUE, we...

... PAN the dock SLOWLY. Containers being opened for inspection. A pot-bellied man in a rumpled tie methodically checks cartons of patio furniture against his manifest...

... a customs inspector in shirtsleeves stands with a worried lady before a small cluster of antiques. She is tailored and hard. As the inspector talks, her fingers stroke the cracked surface of a broken armoire. She doesn't know what the hell she's going to do. And down the dock...

... our Ferrari has settled gently to earth. The net falls away, and we see that it stands next to another vintage Ferrari. Cream-colored, different model and year, just as exquisite. PULL BACK SLIGHTLY now to see where they are...

... six of them. Side by side. Gleaming black, silver, Ferrari red. An elegant line, aloof somehow from the common bustle surrounding them. And with the customs inspector stands...

2 EXT. DOCK (SAN PEDRO) - DAY

2

... CHARLIE BABBITT. Mid-twenties, with dark good looks and a restless intelligence behind the eyes. His clothes show a trace of flash, but they are expensive. Then again, they would be if it took his last dollar. He pulls some papers from a slender briefcase. But even as he hands them to the inspector, Charlie's eyes are riveted on his shipment.

He stalks the apple-green. Very slowly. Fingers absently tracing a polished fender. Stops now. The inspector is talking, but Charlie doesn't hear him. Sinking to his heels, Charlie gently releases the latch. Lifts the hood.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

He stands now. Lights a Lucky straight. With eyes experienced beyond his years, Charlie stares down every inch of the gleaming engine. And as CREDITS CONCLUDE, we HOLD ON his appraising gaze and...

DISSOLVE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

3

EXT. QUONSET HUT (SAN PEDRO) - LATE AFTERNOON

3

A street of junkyards and warehouses. The Quonset hut sits with its corrugated roof, peeling paint. The sign says HOLLYWOOD IMPORTS...

4

INT. HUT - LATE AFTERNOON

4

Place isn't big, but it still seems empty. Three desks. Three phones. Orderliness a low priority. Hand-made charts on the walls. Map of Italy. Germany.

Charlie stands at his desk, holding a receiver to his ear. He's listening and boiling. Ready to blow. No one else in the place but...

... DARYL, seated at the next desk, taking a call of his own. Daryl is a scrawny nineteen with darting eyes. Just now, he looks plenty scared...

DARYL

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

He wants Charlie's attention, but he can't get it as...

CHARLIE

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

(listens)

How can you wash out with E.P.A. three times??

This is not great news to Daryl. Into his own phone...

DARYL

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

CHARLIE

You're really on a roll here. Six cars, three times each. Zip for eighteen! What are you, a mechanic or a N.A.S.A. engineer?

Daryl has problems of his own. And growing.

(CONTINUED)

DARYL

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

A woman enters. Dressed attractively for the road, carrying her overnighter. She is quite beautiful. This is SUSAN, Charlie's girl friend. A sweetness about her, a refinement that seems out of place here.

CHARLIE

Yeah, so what do I tell my swing loan? I'm into him two hundred thou, okay? Thou! Three zeros.

Susan catches his eye. Shows her watch. They're late. He holds up his hand. Just a sec. Turns away...

CHARLIE

He could have taken the cars eleven days ago! They're collateral for chrissake! I'm holding him off with a whip and a chair!

The PHONE RINGS now on the empty desk. Charlie's eyes go to Susan, asking her to get it. She steps to his desk. Pulls off an earring as she brings the receiver to her ear.

DARYL

Yessir, I know the agreement was four weeks...

Daryl is approaching panic. But no one's watching.

CHARLIE

Look, have you tried cash? How much can an E.P.A. guy earn a week, for chri...

But Susan is signalling to Charlie now. Urgent. She punches a hold button. Tells him...

SUSAN

It's someone named Wyatt. About your... swing loan?

Charlie's stone cold stare.

SUSAN

If he doesn't have his money by five-thirty... he's going to seize... I think he said 'seize' ... all the...

(CONTINUED)

And into his own receiver...

CHARLIE

Call you back.

SUSAN

... cars.

Charlie has already hung up. He smiles at her now. Boyish and manly at once. Unafraid. He goes to her. His voice is low, in control...

CHARLIE

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.

She's shaking her head. He's got to be kidding. But he's not. He strokes her hair. There's heat in the touch.

CHARLIE

Please. I need this.

She's really torn. Shoots him a hard look, but... punches the button...

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.

(listens)

Just a second. My other line.

Back on hold. Her eyes go to Charlie.

SUSAN

Five-thirty. No dicking around.

Charlie is pacing now. We see no desperation. Only an animal in his natural habitat...

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She punches the line. As she begins to repeat the speech, we hear a BANGING. Charlie turns to see Daryl pounding on the side of his metal desk for Charlie's attention. Eyes pleading, as he says into the phone...

DARYL

Yessir, well as soon as Mr. Babbitt gets back from his meeting...

Charlie goes to help...

SUSAN (O.S.)

Charlie...

He turns. A little quickly this time.

SUSAN

Watch his lips. Five-thirty.

His deep breath. Fighting back the urge to snap at her.

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...
(a little sharp)
Okay?

The tone stung her a little, but he's already turned back to Daryl, as...

DARYL

Well, I wouldn't do that, sir, until you talked with Mr. Babbitt personally...
(listens)
Uh, a number for him...?

Charlie shakes his head sharply. No way.

DARYL

Nossir, he's on the road just now, and...

SUSAN (O.S.)

Charlie!

He whips around...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

You wanna put your brain in gear,
baby? Just one time?

That really hurts. But she keeps it together.

SUSAN

You have to call him when you land.

DARYL (O.S.)

Charlie...

He ignores Daryl. Stays on her.

CHARLIE

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

Hear Daryl's BANGING again.

DARYL (O.S.)

Charlie...

Charlie whirls and in a single motion of his arm, clears
Daryl's desk. Every goddam thing goes flying. CRASHING.
Daryl might be peeing. Charlie's voice is exaggerated
calm...

CHARLIE

You have a problem?

Daryl swallows hard.

DARYL

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

(beat)

They, uh... want their down
payments back.

Charlie closes his eyes.

DARYL

They found two cars at Valley
Motors. And they want to go that
way.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Charlie, please...

He turns back to her. Slowly.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

He wants to know where the cars
are.

Charlie nods. His ace in the hole.

CHARLIE

Tell him the truth. You don't
know.

And back to Daryl...

CHARLIE

Tell him that was me on your other
line. I just settled out with
E.P.A. And...

(sighs)

... I'm knocking five grand off
both their deals. Because I
appreciate their patience.

Daryl punches up his call, and Charlie goes back to
Susan. She's just hanging up. Sends him a weak smile...

SUSAN

Monday.

The air comes out of him. And the tension with it. His
hands go to her shoulders. He seems grateful, and that
reaches her. Stares at her eyes. Kisses her mouth with
surprising tenderness.

CHARLIE

So. Ready for Palm Springs?

SUSAN

We're still going?

He nods. No problem.

CHARLIE

This is all a... real minor
glitch.

She just blinks. Minor?

CHARLIE

There's a mechanic who has to find
six nozzles. For the fuel
injection... Then I pass E.P.A...
deliver the cars... pay back the
loan, and...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (6)

4

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

... clear one hundred twenty grand.
Even.

He seems cocky. Charlie once more.

CHARLIE

... not bad. For a couple of
phone calls.

5 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DUSK

5

Sun has set below the desert. The underside of clouds
are glowing. A big sky this evening, and beneath it...

... a black Trans-Am rockets down the highway.

6 INT. CAR - DUSK

6

Charlie driving with quiet, opaque eyes. Susan watches
him appraisingly. At last...

SUSAN

I don't want to be demanding here,
but... could you say maybe ten,
twelve words to me? Before we get
to the hotel.

He glances over. Her eyes are right there. She smiles
a lovely smile.

SUSAN

... consider it foreplay.

He grins. Likes being busted by this lady. Softly...

CHARLIE

I'm glad your boss gave you
Friday. Gives you three whole
days to bitch at me.

SUSAN

Look, if you're so damn worried,
call your service.

(beat)

I know it's just a... real minor
glitch, but...

CHARLIE

That's what's on my mind, huh?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

God, I hope it's not another woman.

He keeps the tension from his smile.

CHARLIE

Maybe it's three other women.

But she can see his motor running...

SUSAN

Well, maybe they called you.

She punches up the car phone. The speed dial. Hear the ELECTRONIC BEEPS. Then, a slurred...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

... three-one-oh-nine...

CHARLIE

Babbitt.

A silence. Charlie's nerves are at the surface now. Susan watching. Worried for him.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Two calls from a Mr. Bateman. You want the number?

Quietly...

CHARLIE

No.

Another pause, and...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Okay, and then there's... oh.

(softly)

Oh, shit.

An attention-getter. And a full beat before.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

There's this, uh... Mr. John Mooney. It says he's your... father's lawyer. In Chicago. And...

(beat)

... your father died, sir.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (V.O.)

The, uh... the funeral's tomorrow.
He had some trouble tracking you
down. I've... got his num...

But Charlie's hand has clicked off the line. He's driving with one hand. Still doing eighty. She's staring at him, her eyes filling...

SUSAN

Oh, Charlie. Are you all right?

He does seem shaken. But strangely distant. His foot goes to the brake now. Slowly, the car pulls off the road. He just keeps staring ahead. Absolute silence. She reaches to touch his arm.

CHARLIE

Sorry about the weekend, hon.

SUSAN

The weekend? Charlie...?

Her fingertips go to his face. Turns gently toward her. Really worried for him now.

CHARLIE

Look, we, uh... hated each other.
Actual... hate.

But it's not said with hate. If anything it's the most vulnerable we've seen him. She strokes his hair. Smoothing it back.

CHARLIE

My mom died when I was two. And
it was just... me and him.

Whatever it is. Runs pretty deep.

SUSAN

He... beat you...?

CHARLIE

Inside.

Sad with that. More than he wanted to show.

CHARLIE

Nothing I did... was good enough.
A few Bs on a report card and the
As were forgotten. All-league
football shoulda been all-city...

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (3)

6

Faint smile...

CHARLIE

See, I had this... po-tential.

Silence now. And then...

SUSAN

I'm going with you.

CHARLIE

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

SUSAN

I want to. That's the point.

Shakes his head. Flash of the old shallow in...

CHARLIE

... don't sweat it.

And that hurts. Makes her pull back. He sees that. Smart enough to reach out to her. Softly...

CHARLIE

I keep forgetting who I'm talking to. Come. Please. It would mean a lot.

7

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURB - CEMETERY - DAY

7

High on a graceful cemetery hill, a funeral service is about to commence. Gathered near the gravesite are a handful of well-to-do mourners. All elderly, all in somber black. A memory wreath reads simply: "SANFORD BABBITT." A minister stands silently, his hands folded before him. Glances at his watch, as we hear the sound of a CAR APPROACHING. Look up to see...

... A Lincoln town car rumbling up the hill. It stops well down the road.

With Charlie now, as he climbs out. Susan remains seated, watching him. Charlie seems transformed. A young executive, carefully smoothing the wrinkles from his dark pin-striped suit. But it's more than the clothes. He stands erect. Squaring his shoulders, as he stares up the hill. The flash is gone. Something in his bearing now faintly patrician.

SUSAN

I think you're expected.

We look up the hill. All eyes are staring back.

8 EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

8

... Mourners at the grave, singing a soft hymn. Charlie and Susan stand slightly to one side. Silent, but respectful.

As the singing continues, the eyes of the various mourners flick over to Charlie then look away as if their glimpse was illicit. Except for the gray-haired gentleman next to the minister. This is MOONEY, the lawyer. His eyes stay firmly on Charlie. Appraising. Non-committal.

9 EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

9

... The mourners are gone. Way down at the bottom of the hill, Susan stands alone by the car.

HER POV - UP HILL

To see... Charlie approach Mooney. They shake hands. A little stiffly. Talk MOS. Then Mooney pulls out a key chain. Takes a key from the ring. Hands it now to Charlie, who puts it in his breast pocket.

10 EXT. CHARLIE'S FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

10

Lake Forest estate. Modest for a mansion, but impressive nonetheless. Charlie's getting the suitcases from the car. Sees Susan staring at the place.

CHARLIE

It's called a house. People live in them.

SUSAN

I had no idea you... came from all this.

His small smile.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

He's carrying the suitcases up the walk. She's following slowly. Still drinking it in.

SUSAN

I didn't mean it like that. I meant... minor glitches and all.

He sees something. Sets the suitcases down.

CHARLIE

His money. My bills.

We see what's stopped him now. Two cars sit side by side. One is a classic Rolls. But that's not the one Charlie approaches...

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

He was a stockbroker?

CHARLIE

Investment banker. They dress better.

He's standing by the other car now. A smoothly-polished Buick convertible. 1962. Robin's-egg blue and cherried out from top to bottom. Charlie runs the back of his knuckle across the finish.

SUSAN

Some car.

CHARLIE

I know this car all my life. Only drove it one time.

Something in the way he said that. Peculiar. She's standing at a row of rose bushes in the center of a green circle.

SUSAN

Somebody should be watering these. They're all dying.

Charlie looks over. Not at her. At the flowers.

CHARLIE

Don't worry about it.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

11

Charlie and Susan enter the musty, high-ceilinged room. Heavy Baroque furniture in carved mahogany. Antiques. Muted oils in gilt frames. The room is vast, ponderous. And very quiet.

Charlie stands. Eyes moving over all of it. Susan is watching him. Finally...

SUSAN

What...?

He doesn't look at her. It's a beat before he says...

CHARLIE

When I told him I was leaving. I was standing... here. He sat... in that chair...

And that makes him smile. And walk on.

Charlie's old room. Cubs pennant. Model F-14. Books. Stuff. Nothing special. Crowded but neat. Charlie's face is non-committal as his eyes take inventory.

Susan is on the floor in front of an open closet. She has some old cartons out. Looking through the remains of Charlie's childhood. He looks over at her now. Watches her dispassionately. But when she looks up...

... he sends her an intimate smile. She likes that. Brushes her hair back.

SUSAN

Well, that's a funny look.

CHARLIE

For a crazy lady... you have nice ears.

SUSAN

I'm not crazy. 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...

(beat)

... so he had to love you.

Charlie keeps grinning. Goes to her now.

SUSAN

So why did he hate you?

CHARLIE

Pink ears. And they're a little pointy. Right... there.

As he touches her, her fingers go to his hand. Close around it. The look holds for a beat before he breaks the spell...

CHARLIE

Tell you one story. Just one. Y'know that convertible out front...?

Sees it in his eyes. A story she wants to hear.

CHARLIE

His baby. That and the goddam roses.

Remembering now...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Car was off-limits to me. That's a classic, he'd say. It commands respect. Not for children.

Looks back to her. Smiles.

CHARLIE

Tenth grade. I'm sixteen. And for once... I bring home a report card... and it's all As.

She's impressed. Which embarrasses him a little...

CHARLIE

Don't look so damn surprised.

SUSAN

How about blown away?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Try that.

She does. He likes it.

CHARLIE

So I go to my dad. Can I take the guys out in the Buick? Sort of a victory drive. He says no. But I go anyway. Steal the keys. Sneak it out.

SUSAN

Why then? Why that time?

CHARLIE

Because I deserved it. I'd done something wonderful. In his own terms. And he wasn't man enough to do right.

That's what she thought he'd say. Seems to sadden her.

CHARLIE

So we're on Lakeshore Drive. Four kids. Four six-packs. And we get pulled over. He'd called in a report of a stolen car. Not his son took the car without permission. Just... stolen.

(beat)

Cook County Jail. Other guys' dads bail 'em out in an hour. He left me there. Two... days.

(CONTINUED)

Just her soft...

SUSAN

... Jesus.

CHARLIE

Drunks throwing up. Psychos all over me. Some guy tries to rape me. Twice.

Reliving that. And she's watching.

CHARLIE

That's the only time in my life ... I was gut-scared. Shit-your-pants... heart-pounding-right-through-your-ribs... can't-catch-your-breath scared. The guy knifed my back... that's the...

SUSAN

... scar. By your shoulder.

Yes it is.

CHARLIE

I left home. I never came back.

He gives her a tough smile. But there's too much caring in her eyes. Close to love now. Makes him stand. Look around the child's room...

CHARLIE

Look at all this junk. Cowboy hats and trains and...

Shakes his head in amused disgust.

CHARLIE

I'm hungry. Gonna raid the fridge.

As he starts to leave, something in a box catches his eye. He stops. Just staring.

CHARLIE

Christ...

He reaches down and lifts out... a faded baby's blanket. Pale and threadbare with a million washings. Right off, she sees it in his eyes...

SUSAN

That yours...?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

But he says nothing. Stands and studies the blanket under the light. Intently. Fingers working the cloth. He smells it now.

SUSAN
(softly)
Charlie...

Charlie shakes his head, his reverie broken.

CHARLIE
Damn, I just had this flash of something. You know how when you're a kid... you have these sort of... pretend friends?

She nods.

CHARLIE
Well, mine was named -- what the hell was his name? Rain Man. That's it. 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... sing to me by the hour. Now that I think of it, I must have been scared a lot. God, that was a long time ago.

A pause. Susan smiles, touched.

SUSAN
So when did he disappear? Your friend?

CHARLIE
I don't know. I just... grew up, I guess.

A last moment of private thought. Then, he tosses the blanket back in the box.

CHARLIE
Let's eat.

13 INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

13

Susan in Charlie's bed. In her lap, a photo album. Charlie at four years old. Two-wheeler already. Little wobbly. Then at seven. Alone on the shore. Scrawny chest, baggy trunks. Turn the page. Eleven now. Pony League trophy. Big smile. Standing with his dad.

Seated at the dining room table are Charlie and Mooney. The lawyer has a stack of papers spread before him. We sense Charlie's motor running. But he's keeping it under wraps.

MOONEY

... Now we'll get to the actual reading of the will in a moment, but first I have this statement which your father requested that I read to you. Do you have any objections?

CHARLIE

Why should I?

Mooney stares at him. Then opens the letter.

MOONEY

'To my son, Charles Babbitt. Dear Charles: Today I turned seventy. I am 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...'

Mooney looks up to judge the reaction. But Charlie reveals nothing.

MOONEY

'I can understand and forgive your rejection of the life I offered you. College... and the other advantages so eagerly accepted by your peers...'

Charlie smiles blandly.

CHARLIE

He wrote it. I hear his voice.

MOONEY

'And being raised without a mother, the hardness of your heart is understandable as well. Your refusal to even pretend that you loved... or respected me.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOONEY (CONT'D)

'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.'

(beat)

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

A beat of silence. Mooney seems somewhat moved by the words. His fingers go now to the will itself, a folded legal document with blue backing. Without once looking up at Charlie, he begins to read...

MOONEY

'To Charles Sanford Babbitt, I bequeath that certain Buick convertible which, like my son, entered my life in 1962. It has served me long and faithfully without complaint. May it bring him pleasant memories of me.'

(beat)

'Also, outright title to my prize-winning hybrid rosebushes. May they remind him of the value of excellence and the possibility of perfection.'

See Charlie's tension now. Rising to the surface. As if some instinct has begun to alert him to...

MOONEY

'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.'

Mooney starts to fold the paper.

CHARLIE

Uh... what does it mean? The last part.

MOONEY

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

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

And who is that?

Mooney has the papers back in his briefcase.

MOONEY

Unnamed means... I can't tell you.

There it is. Charlie can't believe this.

CHARLIE

Who, uh... controls all this money? You?

The lawyer shakes his head.

MOONEY

He's called a trustee.

Mooney is standing now.

CHARLIE

So... how does it all work? I mean...

MOONEY

Forgive me. There's nothing more I can say. Except that, legally, there's no way you can contest this. None.

It's real quiet.

MOONEY

I'm sorry, son. I can see that you're disappointed, but...

CHARLIE

Disappointed? Why should I be disappointed??

Straight out of his chair. So sudden, the lawyer can't help but flinch.

CHARLIE

I got a used car, didn't I? And how about the rosebushes, huh? Shit, let's not forget the goddam...

Waving his arms...

CHARLIE

Some... what did you call him, 'benefactor'...?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (3)

14

Mooney swallows.

MOONEY

Beneficiary.

CHARLIE

Some asshole beneficiary gets
three and a half million dollars!
But did he get the ROSEBUSHES??

Staring down at Mooney. Like he expects an answer.

CHARLIE

Hell, no! The rosebushes got
saved for Daddy's only son!! Boy,
I bet that other schmuck is
crying his eyes out.

MOONEY

Charles...

CHARLIE

I mean, shit! Those are bitchin'
rosebushes, man.

MOONEY

There's really no need to...

CHARLIE

Screwed from the grave. Screwed.
Screwed! From the god-damn
GRAVE!!

(beat)

He is sitting down there in hell,
Mr. Mooney. Looking up. Laughing
his ass off.

Shaking his head. Shaking his head.

CHARLIE

Sanford Babbitt. You wanna be
that asshole's kid for five
minutes? Did you hear that
fucking letter? Were you
listening?

Silence. And then...

MOONEY

Yessir, I was. Were you...?

15

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

15

Charlie enters the bedroom. Susan still has the album.
She looks up...

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

SUSAN

How'd it go?

His confident smile.

CHARLIE

Got what I expected.

Strange eyes. Hard for her to interpret. Maybe...

SUSAN

You wanna... something our brains
out?

Maybe he does. Goes to her now. Covers her mouth with his. Arms surround her. Hard. She recoils a bit from the force. But as it continues, she accepts it as passion. Her breath, her body, give themselves over to it.

16

INT. BANK (CHICAGO SUBURB) - DAY

16

Suburban branch office. Charlie heading past the tellers toward the rear. Row of desks with junior officers. And:

CHARLIE'S POV

MOVING OVER them, as a bank robber would select his mark...

... bird-like man with rimless glasses. Hard-edged Iranian girl. Old PREACHER TYPE, with criss-crossed leathery neck. And then...

... STOP ON ANGELA SIMMS. Early forties, trim, handsome. Warm dark eyes. Seated before her is an old coot, picking out his check design from large display books.

BACK TO SCENE

Charlie hesitates a beat, and a young housewife with an armload of packages steps in line for Angela's desk. Unruffled, Charlie moves into line for the Preacher Man. But:

HIS POV

STAYS ON Angela. She has a Happy Birthday balloon by her calculator. And she's being very sweet to her customer, as...

PREACHER MAN (O.S.)

Next, please.

BACK TO SCENE

The seat before the Preacher has emptied. Charlie reaches casually and lightly touches the housewife in Angela's line...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Excuse me, ma'am. You were here first. Why don't you just...

The woman almost can't believe her eyes. The last living gentleman in Chicago. She almost blushes her thanks and accepts the seat. Charlie takes her place in Angela's line, nodding to the housewife...

CHARLIE

I hate it when I pick the wrong line.

The old guy has chosen his checks. Rises so slowly that Charlie gives him a friendly hand at his elbow. The man glares as if accosted by a mugger. Charlie shrugs to Angela. Can't win 'em all. As he sits...

CHARLIE

Happy birthday.

Half a beat before she remembers the balloon.

ANGELA

Thank you. My niece gave me that. She's seven.

Charlie beams. That's nice.

ANGELA

I couldn't help notice your courtesy to that lady. It's refreshing to meet someone who's not in a hurry, Mr...

He reaches out his hand...

CHARLIE

... Babbitt. Charlie.

... and as she takes it...

CHARLIE

Actually, I'm just now catching a flight to Seattle, connecting to Tokyo. I'll be in the Orient about six months, and...

(stops)

That's an interesting pin. Really quite lovely.

Her fingers go to the pin.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

It was a... gift. From a friend.

CHARLIE

But I suspect he's more than seven.

Charming with that. Her answering smile is young and rather pretty. It's a beat before...

ANGELA

You're, uh... catching a plane...?

He nods. He is.

CHARLIE

My father died last week. Sanford Babbitt. He did his banking here.

(beat)

Did you... know Dad?

She's sorry not to.

CHARLIE

He was... an amazing guy.

She's nodding now. Sure of that.

CHARLIE

Some ways, I guess... I know I'll never be the man he was.

Wistful. Remembering.

CHARLIE

You know, when he died, he left a substantial sum in trust. For an unnamed beneficiary.

(beat)

And in his memory, I'd like to make a donation of my own. To the same trust.

Once again, the disarming smile.

CHARLIE

... But I don't know how.

Oh.

CHARLIE

You see, Dad wanted this party to remain unnamed. And I'd want to respect that.

She understands. She's thinking it over.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

ANGELA

Do you have ten minutes?

He looks at his watch. Well, maybe just.

ANGLE - ANGELA

returning to the desk with a folder. She sits. Leans forward unconsciously, in low tones...

ANGELA

The beneficiary is a resident at the Lynwood Home. North of the city. And this man Lenz...

(writing on a slip)

... is the trustee of the gift.

She shows Charlie the slip...

ANGELA

You can write him a check and... the beneficiary would still remain undisclosed.

Charlie nods. Sounds like a good idea. She frowns, though.

ANGELA

Of course, I can't promise the trustee would accept your gift.

Oh. Seems to give Charlie pause. But then...

CHARLIE

Well. Maybe it's worth a try.

17 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

17

Charlie and Susan in the Buick, cruising a quiet road in the countryside. She's drinking it in...

SUSAN

So beautiful. You used to come here...?

CHARLIE

Actually, no.

Interesting.

SUSAN

So why are we...

CHARLIE

Shit!

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

He's hit the brakes. Hard enough to throw her forward.
As she turns to him, he's backing up...

CHARLIE

Missed it.

Backs up fast. Sees the turnoff now. The sign. PRIVATE
DRIVE.

CHARLIE

Just some stuff I have to wrap up
for my dad's estate. Won't take
long...

Said lightly. But as he turns down the narrow road,
she's watching him.

As they clear the crest of a hill now, a huge white
building comes INTO VIEW. A country estate, perhaps.
Or a hotel. Continuing toward it, they approach a man,
painting at an easel near the side of the road. Charlie
slows to a stop. The man has his BACK TO us, shielding
his painting from our view.

CHARLIE

Excuse me. That place up there
... this is the Lynwood Home,
isn't it?

But the man doesn't acknowledge Charlie in any way. BACK
TO us, he simply continues his work. Louder now...

CHARLIE

'Scuse me...

And as the man turns TO us, Susan's breath catches. He
has been fingerpainting. His hands smeared with
brightly-colored paints. On his face, a small vacant
smile. Eyes that are childlike and far away. It is a
sweet look, actually. Chilling only in its incongruity.
Charlie stares for a frozen beat. And drives on.

18

INT. LYNWOOD HOME - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

18

Large, tastefully-decorated room. Antiques. Oil paint-
ings. Could be the lobby of a sedate hotel. Susan
follows Charlie as he paces restlessly, looking at
everything. A young WOMAN enters. Charlie turns to her.

WOMAN

Dr. Lenz is still in conference.
Will you be comfortable here for
a while?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Charlie nods and smiles. They'll be fine. The Woman leaves. And the smile fades. The motor begins to run again. Charlie wanders to a doorway. Looks down a corridor.

SUSAN

Charlie, I don't think we should
poke around here.

CHARLIE

Then don't.

And he heads down the hallway. The look is more sterile now, more like a hospital. In a beat, Susan appears, hurrying to catch up. She takes his arm. A handsome young couple, they receive the benign smile of an attendant helping a large patient shuffle down the hall.

SERIES OF ANGLES now, as they explore the facility...

19 INT. LYNWOOD HOME - DAY 19

... hydrotherapy. But for the faces, this could be 'a spa.

20 INT. LYNWOOD HOME - DAY 20

... attendant station. Black attendants smoking, playing cards. RADIO is a little LOUD.

21 INT. LYNWOOD HOME - DAY 21

... settee outside the solarium. An old woman sits with her hands folded neatly in her lap. Scene from a graceful retirement home. But as we pass, she curses bitterly under her breath like a demented bag lady.

22 INT. LYNWOOD HOME - DAY 22

... patient rooms. Small singles, most are empty now. But in one, a young man sits, rocking rhythmically back and forth. As we PASS, his eyes find us. Suddenly, he begins to pound both hands violently against the sides of his head. A shocking, even terrifying sight. Charlie can only stand and stare.

23 INT. LYNWOOD HOME - DAY 23

... and finally, to the rec room. Twenty patients, scattered at tables and play stations, like kindergarten. Some patients are eating snacks. A few attendants help others work with blocks, clay, drawings. Weaving on small handlooms. Some patients sit silently and stare. The atmosphere is tranquilized.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Charlie and Susan stop in the doorway. Survey the scene. Susan watches a slack-faced man in his fifties, playing with toy trucks on the floor. Another patient, a woman his age, is trying to comb his hair at the same time. It's a tender act that makes Susan smile, point them out to Charlie. He nods distractedly.

24 INT. LYNWOOD HOME - LENZ'S OFFICE - DAY

24

Plush office. Behind a large antique desk sits DR. LENZ. Late fifties. A big man, with powerful shoulders and hands. His square features are calm and pleasant, but the eyes behind the smile are always probing. Reading. It would be a mistake to underestimate this man.

CHARLIE

Whatever this is, I don't see the point of secrecy...

Charlie stands by a window. His tone is easy, almost intimate. A shared confidence between men of the world...

CHARLIE

If this patient were... an old girl friend of Dad's... something like that...

As Charlie looks through the glass, we see the Buick parked down below. Susan in the passenger seat. An inmate wearing a backpack strolls up the path toward the car.

LENZ (O.S.)

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

Charlie turns to him. See the impact of...

CHARLIE

... The year my mother died.

Lenz watching him in the silence. Then...

LENZ

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

Charlie nods. Sympathetic.

CHARLIE

Hardly seems fair. Maybe that's something... we could discuss...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

LENZ

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

25 INT./EXT. LENZ'S OFFICE - DAY

25

Firm with that. Charlie looks back through the window.
Susan in the car. The inmate with the backpack is now
standing near the Buick. Looking at it.

26 INT./EXT. LENZ'S OFFICE - DAY

26

CHARLIE

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

LENZ

I think... you feel cheated out of
your birthright. By a man who had
... difficulty showing love.

Direct. Disarming. But Charlie is still watching
through the window. The inmate has a pen and a notebook.
As if jotting down notes about the car.

LENZ (O.S.)

And I think... if I were in your
shoes... I'd feel the same.

Sounded quiet and strong. Charlie turns back to him...

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.

Lenz settles back. And now his smile has the trace of
something. Knowledge.

LENZ

Well, I'll bet you are a fighter,
Mr. Babbitt. And, y'know... as
director of this institution...
why, I've been pushed... and poked
... and kicked at by the best.

(beat)

Somehow or other... I'm still here.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Lenz climbs slowly to his feet. This interview is over. The voice has an honest, almost sympathetic, ring...

LENZ

Take your best shot, son.

27 EXT. LYNWOOD HOME - ENTRANCE -

DAY

27

of Charlie and Lenz coming out into the bright sunlight. Down the steps. As they walk TOWARD us in silence, we PULL BACK to reveal Susan in the Buick. See now that she's watching...

... the inmate with the backpack. This is RAYMOND. Early forties, with vague, anxious features. He stands near the car, jotting notes quickly in a small notebook. Keeps looking up at the Buick, and back to his notes. As if writing an accident report. He seems not to notice Susan, who stares at him with open fascination.

LENZ

Raymond, you're not supposed to be out here. Go back inside.

Did his voice sound slightly urgent? Charlie is too deep in suppressed anger to notice. As he touches the car door...

RAYMOND

Pitiful.

... and Charlie looks up. Raymond is talking to his notebook as he writes...

RAYMOND

'Course, those seats are not real leather... those are pitiful seats, not... not blue leather seats....not...

Silent now. But Charlie's still staring. Faint smile, as he tells Susan...

CHARLIE

Y'know, my dad did have blue leather in this thing. When I was real little.

LENZ

Raymond, you really...

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

... And, and... you use the
ashtray, because... because that's
what... what it's there for.
That's real leather, and it's...
it costs an arm and a leg.

Charlie has stopped smiling. His voice has a strange
quality...

CHARLIE

Jesus. He used to say that. Arm
and a leg. And ashtrays...

Raymond's eyes are buried close in the notebook. As if
too preoccupied to look up. Then he does. At Charlie.
Real quick. And back down.

LENZ

You come with me, Raymond. These
people have to go.

And Charlie stares at Lenz. Instinct. Something. 'Back
to Raymond...

CHARLIE

Do you know this car?

Raymond wrings his hands in agitation. He looks over at
Lenz. But Lenz's stare is so withering that Raymond
drops his eyes to the ground.

CHARLIE

You. Why do you know this car?

Raymond is jerking around a little, as if low-level
electrical current is passing through him...

RAYMOND

(barely audible)
I don't know.

CHARLIE

Bullshit, you don't know. Why
do you know?

LENZ (O.S.)

That's enough, Mr. Babbitt.
You're upsetting him, and...

SUSAN

Charlie, please...

(CONTINUED)

Raymond is looking now. From Lenz. To Susan. Then back to his notebook. Mumbling as he writes.

RAYMOND

Babbitt Charlie. Charlie...
Babbitt. Charlie Babbitt, one-oh-
nine-six-one. Lakeview Drive.

Charlie stops stone dead.

CHARLIE

How do you know that address?

RAYMOND

(softer still)
I know because. That's why.

CHARLIE

(to Raymond)
Because... that's why what!?

And Raymond looks up. At Charlie.

RAYMOND

Because... that's why... I'm
your... brother.

Silence. Charlie smiles at the absurdity of it. Then... looks over at Lenz. Charlie's turn to read now. What is this? Back to Raymond...

CHARLIE

What does that mean? I'm your
brother...

RAYMOND

We have... the same daddy. And
mommy.

And then...

RAYMOND

Our daddy is Sanford Babbitt. His
house is one-oh-nine-six-one
Lakeview Drive. Lake Forest.
Illinois. The United States of
America.

Charlie staring with disbelief, as...

RAYMOND

Our mommy is Elizabeth Babbitt.
Her house is with the angels.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (3)

27

SUSAN

Charlie. Oh my God...

Charlie wheels around. Stalks off a few paces. Turns back...

CHARLIE

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

Raymond's eyes dart fearfully to Lenz now. But the doctor isn't angry anymore. His face is kind. And his voice comes gently...

LENZ

What time is it, Raymond? What's
on T.V.?

So Raymond checks his watch. Then talks to it...

RAYMOND

'Course... thirteen minutes is
Wapner... and these are... they're
not actors, and... real cases filed
in the... the municipal court. Court
of California.

And without a look back, Raymond and his watch shuffle toward the building. He's keeping close track of...

RAYMOND

... 'Course now it's twelve
minutes.

28

EXT. LYNWOOD HOME - GARDEN - LATER

28

Lenz and Charlie walk in a garden. Across the lawn, Susan sits next to Raymond on stone bench. He's writing in another notebook. Hovering nearby is a black attendant. As Charlie watches this from a distance...

CHARLIE

What's he writing?

LENZ

Lists, mostly. He has, uh... he
has one he calls... the Ominous
Events List. Obituaries. Bad
weather reports. He tries to
control dangerous things. By
putting them safely in his book.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

We all do things like that, don't we? Magic stuff?

Lenz nods. He liked that. An interesting kid, this.

LENZ

Except to Raymond, there's danger everywhere. And routines, rituals, are all he's got to protect himself...

CHARLIE

Rituals.

LENZ

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

Lenz watching Charlie so intently now...

LENZ

But... he's a person, your brother. A gentle and, in some ways, highly intelligent person.

CHARLIE

Intelligent?

LENZ

He's a savant. He has certain deficiencies, certain abilities. Some rather startling abilities.

CHARLIE

But he's retarded.

Lenz shakes his head.

LENZ

Autistic. Actually... psychotic with autistic features. Something in his mind turns in on itself. Shuts the world out.

Small, almost grudging smile...

LENZ

What he did with you today... was very open. Very. For a stranger.
(beat)
And that could... be good for him.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (2)

28

Charlie glances back now. Raymond sitting on the bench.

CHARLIE

The world is weird, y'know.

(beat)

Three million dollars. And he's wearing a backpack.

Looks to Lenz...

CHARLIE

What the hell is he gonna spend it on?

Lenz stops. Staring at the flowers. Reaches to touch one...

LENZ

You like gladiolas...?

A beat before...

CHARLIE

They're not roses.

29
thru
31

INT. LYNWOOD HOME - RAYMOND'S BEDROOM - DAY

29
thru
31

Charlie arrives at the doorway of the small room. Bed, dresser, closet. And filling every inch of available space are baseball pictures, pennants and other paraphernalia. Books of all kinds are stacked in corners, spilling out under the bed. Even stuck in the basket-like light fixture that hangs from the ceiling.

Standing by the bed is VERNON, a black attendant. He's watching as Susan sits on her heels, carefully building a rudimentary house of cards. Using baseball bubble-gum cards, of course. Raymond is on his hands and knees, bending right over the stack. Supervising at close range. The concentration level is rapt.

SUSAN

Okay, now... hold your breath...

And he does. She carefully, carefully places one more card on top. Success. She smiles at Raymond. Very pretty.

SUSAN

You can breathe now.

He does. Stares back at her. Intent, but without expression. A little disquieting.

(CONTINUED)

29
thru
31

CONTINUED:

29
thru
31

CHARLIE

You got any Fernando Valenzuelas
there...?

SUSAN

These are all old guys. I never
heard of them.

RAYMOND

White Sox, Chicago. 1955.

SUSAN

I know. You said. This one
next...?

As she picks up a card, he becomes agitated. Shakes his
head. Almost fearfully.

RAYMOND

Nellie Fox is second base. Second
base... second base is next...

She reaches and touches his arm. Very gently. He seems
to stiffen slightly. And her hand comes away.

SUSAN

Second base. He's right here,
see. Nelson Fox.

RAYMOND

Nellie.

She nods. Nellie. He's fine now. Staring at her. As
if the upset never happened.

CHARLIE

Whattya think, Ray? Wouldn't it
be fun to just... knock it all
down?

Raymond glares up at Charlie with utter incredulity. As
if an axe murder had just been suggested. They stare at
each other for a beat. Charlie changes course...

CHARLIE

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

VERNON

Reads and remembers. Whatever he
gets his hands on. And he writes,
too. My man here sends letters to
his girl friend.

(CONTINUED)

29
thru
31

CONTINUED: (2)

29
thru
31

CHARLIE

Girl friend.

VERNON

Well, he never met her. They're
like pen-pals. She's real pretty,
ain't she, Ray?

Charlie has turned away. Scanning a shelf of books...

VERNON (O.S.)

She lives in some facility for
retarded. Culver City,
California...

RAYMOND (O.S.)

... 90232.

Charlie's running his hand along the books now. Touching
each one in turn...

CHARLIE

Y'know, I live right near there,
Ray. Maybe I could stop in and...

... but as he turns, he sees that Raymond is standing.
Rubbing his hands, backing away slightly. That low-
voltage jerkiness has returned. Susan looks concerned.

VERNON

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

RAYMOND

I don't know.

Backing toward the open door. Stealing a glance or two
at Charlie. Vernon smiles, reassuring...

VERNON

He won't hurt any...

RAYMOND

'Course, this is an unannounced
visit!

Voice is louder now. But strangely flat. Emotionless.

RAYMOND

This is a weekend visit!

And he backs through the door. Peeks around the doorjamb
at Charlie, who has now pulled a thick leather volume
from the shelf...

(CONTINUED)

29
thru
31

CONTINUED: (3)

29
thru
31

RAYMOND
V-E-R-N... V-E-R-N...

Hear the fear in that.

VERNON
That's my name. He's scared.

SUSAN
Charlie, put the book back...

Charlie's watching Raymond, half-in half-out of the doorway.

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

RAYMOND
I don't know.

CHARLIE
(patient)
You know all of it?

RAYMOND
Know some of it.

We see the face page. The inscription: HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
RAYMOND. WITH FONDEST WISHES, FATHER. Charlie turns
the page...

CHARLIE
How about... Twelfth Night?

And from the doorway...

RAYMOND
If music be the food of love play
on
give me excess of it that surfeiting
the appetite may sicken and so die
that strain again it had a
dying...

Charlie shuts the book, and instantly the words stop.
Silence except for Vernon's giggling...

VERNON
Aw-right, my man!

Raymond and Charlie. Staring at each other across the
distance.

(CONTINUED)

29
thru
31

CONTINUED: (4)

29
thru
31

SUSAN

That was wonderful, Raymond.

But Raymond's eyes are locked on his brother.

CHARLIE

It was. What else can you do,
Ray?

The wringing hands once more. The jerky bird-like
movements.

RAYMOND

'Course... what else can you do?
So do I.

A conversation stopper.

CHARLIE

So do I what?

RAYMOND

So do I what.
(afterthought)
Ha!

He's got him there. ON Charlie's blank stare...

RAYMOND

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

SUSAN

Raymond...

But he's busy taunting Charlie, who seems utterly
weirded-out by the display...

RAYMOND

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha!...

SUSAN

(interrupting)
... Raymond, is this one next?
Sherman Lollar?

She's holding up the card. And Charlie is forgotten.
Raymond stares at Susan. As if deciphering a difficult
code.

RAYMOND

Sherm. Catcher.

(CONTINUED)

29
thru
31

CONTINUED: (5)

29
thru
31

She nods. Smiles the pretty smile. And he shuffles over. Kneels down. Takes the card gently from her hand. Places it... oh, so carefully... against the roof of the house. It shivers. And holds. He looks straight to her eyes...

RAYMOND

You can breathe now.

And she laughs. With relief and delight. Raymond doesn't even smile.

VERNON

He likes you, ma'am.

But Susan's hoped-for connection has evaporated. Raymond has initiated a dilligent inspection of the next card. Up close and personal. Searching for microorganisms.

SUSAN

When I touched him before. He...

Her voice trails off. Charlie kneeling beside her now.

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.

Raymond's preoccupation with the card is mesmerizing to see. Turning it slowly in his fingers. Watching from every angle.

CHARLIE

Can he... hear us? When he's like that.

VERNON

Hey. My man. You want to show your brother your ducks?

A beat. And without seeming to have heard...

RAYMOND

I don't know.

And Vernon smiles.

(CONTINUED)

29
thru
31

CONTINUED: (6)

29
thru
31

VERNON

It's that pond you passed on your way in. He sits there half the day.

Now Charlie turns to Susan...

CHARLIE

Maybe you should drive back to town... so I can be alone with Ray... and then pick me up tonight. Could you do that for me?

A little strange. An extra beat before...

SUSAN

I suppose so. If you want.

Charlie grins. All set.

CHARLIE

C'mon, Ray, let's walk the lady to the car...

As Charlie starts to get up, Raymond's hand shoots out. His body is rigid. His eyes turned away. It's a beat before Charlie realizes Raymond is protecting the card house. Charlie nods. Carefully edges his way around the masterpiece.

-32 EXT. LYNWOOD HOME - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

32

Charlie and Susan come down the steps. Raymond wearing his backpack, trails just behind. Picking his way carefully. As they approach the Buick, Charlie turns to Raymond...

CHARLIE

Ray... I just want to say goodbye to Susan alone for a second. Okay? Be right back.

Raymond nods. Fine. But as Charlie begins to walk again, Raymond follows. Charlie stops.

CHARLIE

No. Alone means without you. You stand here. We go there. Okay? Susan, say goodbye...

Susan is puzzled, and a little annoyed by Charlie's treatment of his brother. Nonetheless, she sends Raymond a sweet smile and a little wave...

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Bye-bye, Raymond. See you soon.

He doesn't smile. But perfectly imitates her goodbye wave. Charlie holds up his hand to Raymond now. Like a traffic cop...

CHARLIE

Stay.

... or a dog trainer. Raymond stays this time. We're WITH him as Charlie and Susan go to the car. He watches attentively as they talk in the distance, MOS. Actually, they seem to be arguing. This makes Raymond very nervous. He paces. Three steps left. Three steps right.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE AND SUSAN

She's more confused than angry...

SUSAN

If you'd just tell me why. First you say go to town. Then...

CHARLIE

Just do it. Please. It won't be long. It's really for Ray.

She looks to see Raymond down the path. He leans forward and squints. Not daring to take a step closer.

SUSAN

Okay, whatever. He's waiting for you.

They kiss. She gets into the car. Drives off. He turns to Raymond. Beckons. And Raymond comes trotting.

Sitting by the pond. Alone in the world. Ducks gliding along the filmy surface. Raymond is writing in a green notebook. Looking up to keep track of the ducks as he goes.

CHARLIE

What are you writing?

RAYMOND

I don't know.

Charlie smiles. Sly.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Looks like... Ominous Events List.
To me.

RAYMOND

'Course... there was two-point-
seven inches in Green Bay,
Wisconsin. Inches of snow...
approaching the world's record of
thirty-three-point-six inches for
March. In 1892. In March.

Raymond seems agitated by this fact. Never looks at
Charlie. Just the ducks and the notes. Finally...

CHARLIE

So that's the Ominous Events List.

RAYMOND

No.

Charlie peeks over now. Raymond's pencil lead has broken
off halfway down the page. Not a mark is being made on
the paper, but he's still writing. Seeing Charlie peek-
ing, Raymond turns his back completely. Shielding the
secret notes.

CHARLIE

I bet that's a letter to your
girl.

Silence. Charlie leans around a little to see Raymond's
face. Size him up.

CHARLIE

I could see her for you. In
California. I could say... hello
from Ray.

(beat)

Give her a present. From you.

The writing slows down a little. We're getting through.

CHARLIE

Vern says she's pretty. Is she
pretty?

And Raymond stops. He turns and looks at Charlie.
Little apprehensive. Deciding something. Then, he
reaches deep into his front pocket and out comes...

... a child's wallet. Handmade, with plastic stitching
and Indian beads. And from the wallet, he takes out a
Polaroid.

(CONTINUED)

Holds it up where Charlie can see, but not touch...

RAYMOND

She's Natalie. She's pretty.

And she is. To Charlie's surprise. Delicate face, mid-twenties. Short golden hair. Large eyes.

CHARLIE

She's beautiful, Ray. You're a lucky guy.

Charlie grins warmly. But the smile is not returned.

RAYMOND

What present?

Takes Charlie a beat to remember...

CHARLIE

For Natalie? Uh... perfume.
Pretty girls like to smell pretty.

Raymond thinks that over. Puts the photo back in his wallet. Very carefully.

CHARLIE

That's... a real nice wallet, Ray.

RAYMOND

I made it for Daddy.

He holds it up. Where Charlie can see. But not touch.

RAYMOND

He said it was so nice I could keep it.

Charlie nods. That's good. But he's thinking now.
And...

CHARLIE

Listen. Dad is, uh... Dad is dead, Ray. He died last week. Did they tell you...?

No answer. Only anxiety at Charlie's tone.

CHARLIE

Do you know what... 'dead' is?

Raymond nods hesitantly. But he doesn't know. Charlie sees that.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (3)

33

CHARLIE

It means Dad is gone.

And straight back...

RAYMOND

Can I see him?

HOLD ON Charlie, as...

RAYMOND (O.S.)

(definite)

I want to see him.

34

EXT. LYNWOOD HOME - TREE-LINED DRIVE - DAY

34

Charlie and Raymond strolling down the drive. The hospital building is far in the distance. Over the crest of a hill, and the building disappears. Around the curve now, and behind the trees is... the Buick.

Susan looks at Raymond. She's clearly surprised to see him. Her eyes go to Charlie, questioning. He just opens the door.

CHARLIE

Slide over.

She does. A little hesitantly. Raymond gets in the middle.

RAYMOND

This is Daddy's car. Pitiful seats on the inside. Blue on the outside. Black on the wheels. White on the part... on the part that says Land of Lincoln.

Charlie's already behind the wheel. FIRING the ENGINE...

SUSAN

Charlie, wait a minute. Where are we taking him...?

CHARLIE

Field trip.

And PEELS out. As he does, Raymond turns around. Looks back in the direction of the home. And Susan is watching. Softly...

SUSAN

Don't worry. You're coming back.

35

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURBS - CEMETERY - DAY

35

Susan standing by the car. Staring across a wide expanse of grass and trees and marble stones. In the distance, two brothers sit on the ground...

ANGLE - MARBLE STONE

SANFORD BABBITT. 1918-1988. BELOVED HUSBAND AND FATHER. A hand reaches hesitantly to touch the stone, but stops just short. The hand returns to Raymond's lap, where it twists nervously with its partner. Raymond sits cross-legged on the grave. Watching the stone. Finally...

RAYMOND

You said I could see him.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

He's in the ground.

So Raymond looks down. Watches the ground. Pulls hesitantly at a tuft of grass. See Charlie now to one side. Lying on his back.

CHARLIE

You can talk to him. He can't talk back. But maybe he'll hear you.

Raymond thinks that over. Then...

RAYMOND

Daddy, this is Raymond!!!

Incredibly loud. Like the HA! HA! laugh. There's no one around. But the utter lack of restraint spooks Charlie nonetheless. Raymond is through yelling, though. He awkwardly puts his ear to the ground. Listening for an answer.

CHARLIE

I told you he can't talk back. But don't yell anymore, okay? He can hear you better if you whisper.

Raymond doesn't understand that. But Charlie seems to mean it. So Raymond gets close to the ground.

RAYMOND

(whispering)

Daddy. I'm here with my brother. Charlie Babbitt. And we're all together now.

Raymond looks to Charlie for confirmation. Did his father hear it? Charlie nods. No problem. Then...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Ray. I was thinking. Would you like to... see Natalie?

Blank wall.

CHARLIE

I mean... go to California. And really see her. Give her the perfume yourself. Give her a kiss...

But Raymond is shaking his head. And his hands are twisting together...

RAYMOND

We're... we're too young. Too young. Definitely too young.

(beat)

To do that.

He's really winding up. Charlie keeps cool...

CHARLIE

Well, you don't have to actually...

RAYMOND

... Maybe when we're older. Maybe then, but...

CHARLIE

... You don't have to kiss her. That was a dumb idea. But just.. go. And see her.

That helped. A little.

RAYMOND

'Course, I'd be going all the way there. All the way alone. All the way to California, just... alone, and I'm not allowed to...

CHARLIE

You won't go alone. You'll go with me.

The words snap Raymond's train of thought. The fear has vanished. Raymond looks at him now. Squinting. As if trying to translate a foreign language.

CHARLIE

Ever go to a ball game? A real one?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

No, he hasn't.

CHARLIE

We'll sit behind first base. At
Dodger Stadium. And we'll watch
Fernando pitch. And I'll buy you
a beer.

HOLD ON Raymond now. Struggling to put that together.

36 EXT. HIGHWAY #1 - DAY

36

The Buick zipping down a stretch of country road. Susan
at Charlie's side. Watching a field of wildflowers.

Raymond in the back. Watching everything.

37 INT. CHARLIE'S MOTEL ROOM (BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS) -
NIGHT

37

Key turns in the lock. Susan and Charlie enter. Pause
for a beat, taking it in. Could be worse. He lifts a
suitcase onto the double bed. Only now does Raymond
shuffle in. His head jerking bird-like from one sight
to another, with expressionless curiosity.

CHARLIE

Okay, killer. Here comes the
presidential suite...

Raymond doesn't understand. Charlie gestures with his
head... c'mon. Raymond doesn't move. Looks suspicious.
Once again, a silent... c'mon. As Raymond at last heads
toward him...

... he slams into an end table he hadn't noticed. A LAMP
totters, totters and CRASHES to the floor.

Raymond stares, frozen. Then bends quickly and snatches
it up. Clutches it for a beat before impulsively thrust-
ing it toward Susan. She hesitates. Then accepts it...

SUSAN

Thank you, Raymond.

CHARLIE

Eat my shorts, Raymond.

Susan shoots him a look. Charlie smiles at his brother.

CHARLIE

Just my way of saying thank you.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Raymond stares back. Charlie motions him forward. And slowly, Raymond comes. Charlie opens the connecting door to...

38 INT. MOTEL - RAYMOND'S ROOM - NIGHT

38

CHARLIE

... Your room, Ray.

The words have an immediate impact. Anxiety. As Raymond looks fearfully around...

RAYMOND

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

CHARLIE

... Just for tonight, that's all.

SUSAN

... Until we take you back home.

He's really winding up...

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.

Very strong with that. Authoritative. And he seems to hear. Calms a little. Looking around silently.

RAYMOND

'Course, they moved my bed.

CHARLIE

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

And Charlie starts pushing the bed. Under the window. Raymond turns his attention elsewhere...

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

They took... they took the books.
They took all the books, and...

CHARLIE

... Not all of 'em, Ray.

Easy smile. Holding it together. He opens the
nightstand...

CHARLIE

... Here.

Gideon Bible. Raymond takes it in both hands. Looks
around. Here. There. Everywhere.

RAYMOND

They took the shelves.

Charlie's edge begins to show...

CHARLIE

Y'don't need shelves. That's why
they put the book in a drawer.

But Raymond has reached overhead. There's a light fixture which vaguely resembles the type he had in his room. He stands on his toes. Puts the Bible in the fixture. It trembles. And tips out, crashing onto the floor.

Raymond just stares at it. As if something catastrophic has occurred. He starts whispering to himself. Very fast. Unintelligible. Charlie glares at him. As Susan stoops to pick up the book...

CHARLIE

What are you saying, Ray? I
can't understand.

But Raymond doesn't seem to hear him. Just keeps whispering. Susan is really worried. Charlie steps up to his brother. Right in his face...

CHARLIE

I can't help you. If I can't hear
you. What... the hell... are you
saying...?

Raymond focuses on him now. Shakes his head in small
irregular motions. Like a nervous twitch.

RAYMOND

... Secret thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

He's backing away. Rubbing his hands.

SUSAN

Charlie, let's take him home...

CHARLIE

He's okay. You like pizza, Ray?

RAYMOND

You like pizza Charlie Babbitt.

Blank expression. At least the anxiety has cooled a little.

SUSAN

I think he means...

CHARLIE

I know what he means. We're brothers. He likes pizza. I like pizza. We like pizza. We like pepperoni and onion, right, Ray?

Silence. Charlie heads on by him. Back to the double room...

CHARLIE

I'll order up a large. You want a beer with that, Ray? Maybe a milk?

Raymond is now alone with Susan. He ignores her. Goes over to the bed. Studies it. Moves it a few inches. Shaking his head. Moves it more. Still not right.

RAYMOND

V-E-R-N... V-E-R-N...

Pushes the bed back the other way...

RAYMOND

V-E-R-N, my man... V-E-R-N, my man...

SUSAN

Charlie, he's scared. We better...

But Raymond has stopped. He got it right. Pats the pillow with both hands. Charlie has reappeared...

CHARLIE

Hey, that's nice, Ray. When you're finished in here, you can come do mine.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (3)

38

Raymond looks at him. Real blank. Unnerving.

CHARLIE

So what's on T.V.? 'People's
Court'... Judge Wapner...?

(beat)

C'mon. Look at your watch.

And Raymond does. Tells the watch...

RAYMOND

... 'The Joker Is Wild.' Today's
... today's contestants will win...
will win fabulous prizes...

CHARLIE

Great. Sit down. I'll put it on.

Raymond sits right there. On the edge of the bed.
Charlie nods approvingly. He turns ON the TV. Finds...
"The Joker Is Wild."

CHARLIE

Amazing. You're gonna save me a
fortune in T.V. Guides, Ray.

Looks back. Raymond is already watching. Seems calm.
Charlie smiles at Susan. See? He takes the Bible from
her hands. Kneels in front of Ray. Puts the book in his
lap...

CHARLIE

Y'got your T.V. Your book.
Pizza's coming. Life is good, huh?

And Raymond looks at him. Direct. Unblinking.

CHARLIE

You ever smile?

RAYMOND

I ever smile.

Staring at each other.

CHARLIE

Prove it.

Charlie grins at him. Shows the pearlies. And Raymond
grins back. An imitation, of course. Stiff, exagger-
ated. But still and all, kind of cute. Charlie studies
it. Turns to Susan...

CHARLIE

The man has po-tential.

39

INT. /MOTEL-
RAYMOND'S ROOM - VERY LATE

39

The room is dark now. Except for the flickering light from the TV. Raymond sits alone on the edge of the bed. As if he hasn't moved. Crumpled napkins. Giant bag of Fritos. In his lap, a pizza box. The pizza has been cut up into small squares, which he eats by spearing with a toothpick. Methodical. One square at a time.

ON the TV... an old movie. A boy is watching cartoons. His mother enters...

MOTHER (V.O.)

Johnny Peters! You told your
father you were doing your
homework. Now shut that set off,
young man! Right NOW!!

And Raymond rises from the bed. Walks over. Shuts OFF the SET. Stares at the dying light. Turns around. Goes back. Sits on the bed. Now he's staring at a dark TV. In the silence. Only... it's not quite silent...

... from the next room. The LOW DRONE of a TV. And MUFFLED GASPS and SOUNDS. Noises that Raymond could never recognize as lovemaking. He picks up his bag of Fritos. Goes to the door. Opens it, to see...

40

INT. MOTEL - CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

40

... the TV PLAYING. Sound turned LOW. Moth to a flame, Raymond shuffles in. Unnoticed by him, major sex is going on under the bedcovers. GASPS. GROANS. BREATHING. Raymond's watching David Letterman. After all, it is the Top Ten List.

He settles onto the edge of their bed. Puts the Fritos down on the writhing mass of covers. And there he sits. Munching. Watching. Reaching for more chips, though it isn't easy, since the bag is jumping around pretty good. As the SOUNDS OF LOVE get really urgent, Raymond reaches without looking and touches...

... Susan's leg. She freezes. Straightens up. Turns slowly over her shoulder to see... Raymond's blank stare. Dead at her eyes. It's a full beat before...

SUSAN

Uh... hi.

She gives him the prettiest smile she can muster under the circumstances. He answers with his new pseudo-smile. Holds it. And from under the covers...

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Ray, are you in here?

RAYMOND
I'm in here.

Silence.

CHARLIE
Well, get out.

He tried to keep that calm. But even Raymond got the message. Off the bed. Stares at Susan for a beat. Snatches his bag of chips. And gone.

The door closes. Then...

SUSAN
Go in there.

CHARLIE
What for?

A bedstand light pops on. Charlie shields his eyes.

SUSAN
I said go in there, Charlie. He's scared. He's never been away before. Besides, you've hurt his feelings.

Charlie rolls out of bed, pissed. Stalks across the room in his boxer shorts. Goes through the door to Raymond's room. As he shuts it behind him, it remains partly open.

41

INT. MOTEL - RAYMOND'S ROOM - NIGHT

41

Charlie glares at Raymond, who is again sitting on the edge of his bed, hands in his lap.

CHARLIE
Did you see anything? What we were doing?

RAYMOND
It wasn't real kissing. You had...
you had your mouth open.
(quietly)
So ha!

INTERCUT:

42 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

42

Susan in her shirt. Running the tub. The VOICES from Raymond's room are UNDECIPHERABLE above the rushing water.

43 INT. MOTEL - RAYMOND'S ROOM - NIGHT

43

Charlie glowering down at his brother...

CHARLIE

I thought I told you to watch T.V.

RAYMOND

Mine went off. I'm watching yours.

CHARLIE

Well, you can't. I'm busy.

Raymond looks down. Charlie finds the Bible under the pizza box.

CHARLIE

Here, read your book.

RAYMOND

I did already.

Charlie sighs. He picks up a stack of motel literature.

CHARLIE

You read this yet?

Raymond nods. Charlie's patience is wearing thin. He grabs the phone book from the bedstand drawer.

CHARLIE

How about this then?

RAYMOND

(softly)

No.

CHARLIE

Good.

(drops the phone book
in Raymond's lap)

Do whatever you want. Just stay
in here. Understand?

Raymond bites his lip. He looks at the phone book, at the floor -- everywhere but at Charlie.

44 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

44

INTERCUT Susan in her bath now. She's been listening.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Her resentment building.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Well, don't just sit there like an
asshole. Answer me. Do you
understand or not?

RAYMOND (O.S.)
(barely audible)
I understand or not.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
All right, then.

45 INT. MOTEL - CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

45

FOOTSTEPS. Charlie re-enters, closing the door behind
him.

46 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

46

Comes to the bathroom doorway...

SUSAN
You go back in there. And you
apologize.

Charlie stares at her...

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

SUSAN
No. You're his brother. His kid
brother, as a matter of fact.

CHARLIE
And what's that supposed to mean?

SUSAN
You could show him some respect.

Charlie can't believe this. But she means every word.

SUSAN
Whatever's wrong with him, Charlie,
it's not his fault. And that's
more than I can say for some of
us.

He glares down at the floor. Fighting his temper. See-
ing this, her tone softens...

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

You see what a mind he has... when he uses it. He could have been a brilliant person. An extraordinary person...

Shaking her head. Can Charlie really hear this?

SUSAN

He could have been your big brother. Someone to look up to... teach you things...

He's holding up his palms. Conciliatory.

CHARLIE

Let's take it easy, babe. You're getting all worked up over nothing.

Wrong approach.

SUSAN

Where the hell do you get off calling your brother an asshole? If you brought him out here to insult him, you might as well just take him back now.

Charlie stares at her. A moment of decision. And then...

CHARLIE

What if... what if he's not going back...

Her eyes narrow.

SUSAN

What the hell does that mean?

CHARLIE

It means... I took him. And... I'm keeping him.

Stunned. She tries to absorb this.

SUSAN

Why in the world. Would you do that?

CHARLIE

I don't know. I was... pissed at him.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

At Raymond??

CHARLIE

At my dad.

She's lost.

SUSAN

You're mad at your father. So...
you're keeping Raymond...?

CHARLIE

... Until I get what's...
(beat)
... what's mine.

Yours?

CHARLIE

Well, Dad... Dad left Ray...
(beat)
He left him some money.

She's caught the scent. See her face changing.

SUSAN

Really? How much?

Silence.

SUSAN

Charlie. How much money... did
your father...

CHARLIE

Three million. All of it. Every
... last... dime.

A frozen beat. A locked stare. And she...

... Explodes out of the tub. Water cascading everywhere.
Floors, walls. Soaking wet, she's pulling on her shirt.

CHARLIE

Shit! What do you think you're...

But she's stalked past him into the bedroom. Snatching
up her clothes. Struggling into her skirt. Shoes.
Still wringing wet, and furious beyond words. Charlie
stumbles after her.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Honey... look, this is ridic...
what are you doing...?

She's got her suitcase out. Flinging stuff in...

CHARLIE

What? You're running off in the
middle of the night?

He laughs. She doesn't react. As if he's not there.
All her fury pouring into her work. His motor is running
now, watching her. Building...

CHARLIE

Hey, c'mon. I need you!

That stops her. Brings her eyes around.

SUSAN

For what... Baby-sitting? Pussy?
(beat)
I don't have three million bucks,
Charlie. Your date's in there!

And as her finger stabs toward Raymond's door...

... there he is. Peeking fearfully from around the door-
jamb. Writing in his notebook, between glances.

She stops now, seeing him. A sight that almost brings
her from rage to tears. She slams the suitcase shut.
Reaches for her purse, but Charlie grabs it first...

CHARLIE

What did I do? Wait a minute...

Struggling over the purse...

CHARLIE

... What did I do here... what's
my goddam crime?

She yanks the purse free. Comes at him now, backing him
toward Raymond...

SUSAN

You conned me, you sonofabitch!
Like you're conning him!!

Shrieking at the top of her lungs. Charlie whips around,
startling Raymond...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Tell her, Ray. Am I using you?
Am I hurting you?

Raymond drops his notebook. Tries to get away, but Charlie's got him by the arm. Dragging him into the bedroom like he was exhibit A...

CHARLIE

Look at him! What good is three million dollars to him? He's got nothing to spend it on. He doesn't even know what it is!

She's grabbing for Raymond now, who covers his ears in terror. But Charlie pulls him away. Stands between them...

CHARLIE

That money would just sit there...
with that goddam quack doctor...
for the rest of Ray's life!

She stops now. Glaring shafts of ice...

SUSAN

So it's hardly like stealing,
huh?

Suddenly, it's very quiet.

SUSAN

And when it's over. What happens
to Raymond?

CHARLIE

He'll... go back to Lynwood. Or
someplace even better. He'll be
... just the same.

SUSAN

Only, you'll have his money...

CHARLIE

Whattya mean his money! Whattya
mean his fucking money!! That
bastard was my father, too. Did
he leave me half? Did he leave me
half? Where's my fucking half??

Charlie has completely lost it.

SUSAN

Raymond, you're coming with me...

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED: (3)

47

But as she reaches for him, Charlie yanks him savagely away, raising his other hand threateningly toward Susan. She freezes. Looks from Charlie's eyes to his hand. And back again. Then...

... turns on her heels. Lifts her bag. Heads for the door. Charlie drops Raymond and goes after her...

CHARLIE

Goddammit, I'm entitled to that money. It's mine!!

She wheels around at the door. Her finger stabs out...

SUSAN

You. Are crazy! You have kidnapped this man. Do you understand that?

That stops Charlie.

CHARLIE

How can I kidnap him? He's my brother.

SUSAN

You take him back to L.A., there'll be police all over your apartment ... your office...

(beat)

You think this guy Lenz is just gonna roll over and take it?

He blows past that with...

CHARLIE

My father. Has stuck it to me. All... my... life!!

(beat)

Now what do you want from me?

She puts her hand on the door. Opens it.

SUSAN

(quietly)

... Out.

And gone. Charlie staring at the door. Practically trembling with rage and frustration. He opens the door again and slams it hard enough to splinter. When he turns back... he is alone.

He goes to the nightstand now. Lights himself a Lucky straight with shaky fingers. Sucks on it. Deep. And full. Calming. Slowing his pulse rate. Pulling himself together by an act of will.

48

INT. MOTEL - RAYMOND'S ROOM - NIGHT

48

Goes to Raymond's doorway. And there... in the center of the room... Raymond is imitating a major league pitcher.

RAYMOND

(mumbling)

Full count... runners on... on first and third...

It doesn't look like playtime. It looks grim and paranoid as Raymond looks from first to third to home and back.

RAYMOND

... The wind-up...

And as Charlie watches, Raymond goes into his jerky, constricted wind-up. Lips clenched in concentration, he ... delivers. His leg giving a little kick behind him in a delayed follow-through. Staring toward the plate...

RAYMOND

Foul ball.

Charlie draws on the Lucky...

CHARLIE

Kidnap, huh?

(beat)

Be at lot easier, Ray. If you just write me a check.

But Raymond's face is lost in the dim, desperate struggle to control his fears. Pitcher's stance now, looking to the bases. A small animal surrounded. First... third... home. First... third... home...

RAYMOND

(barely audible)

... Full count.

49
thru
51

INT. BREAKFAST DINER (BLOOMINGTON) - MORNING

49
thru
51

Charlie and Raymond at a table, waiting. It's early, and the place is nearly empty. The WAITRESS arrives. A fox with a light in her eye. As she puts down the water and napkins, she shines the light on Charlie...

WAITRESS

Good morning.

Charlie shines back...

(CONTINUED)

49
thru
51

CONTINUED:

49
thru
51

CHARLIE

Actually... it's a beautiful morning.

They both smile. Hold the eye contact for a beat. Raymond is looking at her. Very intently. In the direction of her chest. She doesn't see. Hands out the menus.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

RAYMOND

Eat my shorts.

Did she hear that right? She casts a curious glance toward Raymond. Charlie is glaring nuclear weapons, but Raymond has carefully opened the menu.

CHARLIE

Sports. He likes sports.

As she looks back at Charlie, he sends a smile with some heat to it...

CHARLIE

So, uh... what's fresh today?

His tone makes Raymond look up. He sees the way Charlie is looking at the girl. And he's interested. The Waitress is interested herself. Brushes her hair back. Tightens her smile a notch.

WAITRESS

Depends what you're looking for.

Raymond hears the same tone in her voice. So he looks at her.

WAITRESS

You fellas traveling through?

Raymond looks back to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Uh-huh. In fact, we were wondering ... what's exciting around here? After dark.

By now Raymond is looking back and forth between them, like watching a tennis match. It catches her eye. As she watches, Raymond's head keeps turning from one to the other.

(CONTINUED)

49
thru
51

CONTINUED: (2)

49
thru
51

CHARLIE

Take it easy, Ray. This is just
stuff you say to a pretty girl.
She is pretty, isn't she?

Raymond looks at her. She's now a bit uneasy. And his
eyes drop once again to her chest. Stares at beat...

RAYMOND

Sally Dibbs.

He's reading her name plate. Then...

RAYMOND

Four-six-one... oh-one-nine-two.

She stares in utter disbelief...

SALLY

How... how could you know my phone
number?

Charlie is equally amazed. Seeing this, Raymond fears
he's done something wrong. Looks down.

RAYMOND

The... telephone book. You said
read it.

Sally looks at Charlie. He tries to keep it light...

CHARLIE

He, uh... remembers things.

Oh. Takes a beat before she can say...

SALLY (WAITRESS)

I'll be... right back.

She smiles nervously, leaves. But Charlie's thoughts
are on Raymond now. Lights a Lucky and studies him with
renewed interest.

CHARLIE

How could you do that?

RAYMOND

(softly)

I do it.

Raymond thinks his brother is angry. Stares at the salt.
Scared. Eyes flick back to Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

49
thru
51

CONTINUED: (3)

49
thru
51

CHARLIE
(quietly)
That was good. I liked that.

RAYMOND
I do it.

Charlie smiles. And Raymond's anxiety fades. The bad feeling forgotten. Charlie opens a menu...

CHARLIE
Hungry?

Raymond nods.

CHARLIE
What do you want?

A blank wall.

CHARLIE
Ray. What do you want?

RAYMOND
What do you want, Charlie Babbitt?

Charlie, like a little kid...

CHARLIE
Asked you first!

But it doesn't make Raymond smile. He looks anxious and confused. Worse by the second.

RAYMOND
What do you want, Charlie Babbitt?

Such a weird guy.

CHARLIE
I think I'll have pancakes. Sound good?

It doesn't. But the anxiety has stopped. Raymond is looking at Charlie. Is this real? Charlie smiles. And hesitantly...

RAYMOND
It's with... maple syrup...?

CHARLIE
Bet your butt.

(CONTINUED)

49
thru
51

CONTINUED: (4)

49
thru
51

RAYMOND

Bet your butt.

A thought hits him. He looks around the table...

RAYMOND

They took... they took the
toothpicks.

CHARLIE

Look, that was... okay in the
motel. 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.

But Raymond has looked up. The waitress has returned.
She has the COOK with her. Grizzled, grungy, hung-o'ver.
She points to Raymond...

COOK

Twenty bucks says you don't got
my phone number.

Raymond flinches. Feels attacked. Charlie looks to the
cook...

CHARLIE

Covered.

The Cook keeps staring at Raymond, who is thoroughly
intimidated.

COOK

So...?

CHARLIE

So, you wanna give him your name?

COOK

Alvin... Persky. What's my
number?

Blank look. Real blank look.

CHARLIE

Ray...?

RAYMOND

I... don't know.

(CONTINUED)

49
thru
51

CONTINUED: (5)

49
thru
51

CHARLIE

You don't know?

(beat)

C'mon, Ray, don't do this. Tell
him the number.

But Raymond stares fixedly at his hands. The Cook
smirks. Holds out his palm. Glaring at Raymond, Charlie
pulls out some bills. Pays. When the others are gone...

CHARLIE

What happened?

RAYMOND

I read... to the F-words.

CHARLIE

F-words.

RAYMOND

Franklin... Frankovich... when
I got to Franzblau, you yelled.
You said... C'mon, I need you!
So I went.

Charlie is caught. Therefore, doubly pissed.

RAYMOND

I do not have my maple syrup.

CHARLIE

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

RAYMOND

The... the promised maple syrup,
is...

CHARLIE

We haven't fucking ordered yet.
You weirded out the waitress...
you screwed up our bet...

RAYMOND

'Course, we're gonna be here the
entire morning, with no syrup
and no...

But Charlie has grabbed Raymond's arm. Very hard.
Glaring daggers. Speaking low.

CHARLIE

People are watching. Okay? Like
you're some goddam re-tard. Now
shut... the fuck... up!

(CONTINUED)

49
thru
51

CONTINUED: (6)

49
thru
51

And Raymond does. So Charlie lets go. Raymond rubs his arm. Nurses it, glaring hatefully at Charlie. Digs into his backpack now. Pulls out a red notebook. One we haven't seen before. Begins to write furiously, eyes darting up to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Not getting maple syrup is not
an ominous event.

Raymond keeps writing. Faster.

RAYMOND

This is... Serious Injury List.
July 15, 1988. Charlie Babbitt.
Squeezed and burned and hurt my
arm...

Charlie just stares at him.

CHARLIE

Lemme see that...

But Raymond shields the precious notebook with his body.
Far from Charlie's reach...

CHARLIE

All right, forget it. Ha!
(beat)
HA! HA! HA!

People turning. Staring.

RAYMOND

'Course, you're number eighteen.
Serious Injury List. In 1988.

52

INT. BREAKFAST DINER (BLOOMINGTON) - LATER

52

Charlie stands at a wall phone. We can hear the line
RINGING.

Across the way, the dirty dishes haven't been cleared from
their table. Raymond is still eating tiny squares of
pancakes with a toothpick. It isn't easy.

Watching this, Charlie looks uncharacteristically
nervous. As the line CLICKS, he licks his lips...

CHARLIE

Dr. Lenz... this is Charlie
Babbitt.

There's a beat before...

(CONTINUED)

LENZ (V.O.)

Where are you, son?

CHARLIE

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

Who he's with has just dropped his greasy toothpick on the floor. It rolls under the table. Raymond looks down for it. Longingly.

LENZ (V.O.)

You have to bring him back, Mr. Babbitt.

CHARLIE

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

LENZ (V.O.)

... And what would that be?

Across the way, Raymond climbs from his chair. Gets down on his knees. Jesus.

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.

LENZ (V.O.)

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

Raymond has found his prize. Grabs it. Charlie shouts across...

CHARLIE

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

LENZ (V.O.)

Just bring him back, Charlie. Bring him back now.

CHARLIE

Right. I'll bring him back, and the place will be crawling with cops.

Raymond is staring sadly at the toothpick in his hand. Eyes darting back and forth to Charlie. Hoping for a reprieve.

(CONTINUED)

LENZ (V.O.)
Police? Why would there be
police?

Charlie is shaking his head to Raymond. No way. And
into the phone...

CHARLIE
I mean, it's not like I kidnapped
him or anything. I'm his whole
family...

Raymond wanders off now. Heading behind the counter.
Holding up the toothpick. Charlie calls...

CHARLIE
Where do you think you're...

But...

LENZ (V.O.)
Charlie, I don't think you
understand. Your brother isn't
committed at Lynwood...

And Charlie stops cold.

LENZ (V.O.)
... He's always been free to go.
(beat)
Up till now. We could never
persuade him to leave the
grounds for a half-day field
trip.

The fear fades. Charlie's cocky grin slowly returns.

CHARLIE
So, give me ten good reasons to
bring him back.

Raymond is rummaging around behind the waitress station.
Patrons and staff are staring, all right. But nobody's
coming close.

LENZ (V.O.)
Raymond's never been on the
road. He's being exposed to new
stimuli and he doesn't do well
with that...

Charlie's watching Raymond not do well with that. Calls
out to Sally Dibbs...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Toothpicks! He needs more
toothpicks.

LENZ (V.O.)

... It's very dangerous.

CHARLIE

Sure. Well, write me one little
check and... save him from all
the danger, huh?

Sally is handing Raymond a giant box of toothpicks. He
clutches it tight. Heads back to his table.

LENZ (V.O.)

It's not your money, Charlie. I
can't do that.

CHARLIE

Then I'm keeping him.

LENZ (V.O.)

Who do you think you're kidding,
son?

Raymond sets the box just at the edge of the table.
Carefully, climbs back into his seat.

LENZ (V.O.)

I know your brother twenty-four
years. I know what you went
through last night. What you're
going through right now...

Lenz has him there. Charlie's sweating again...

CHARLIE

So, I'll take him to L.A... stick
him in a home. While we... talk
this over like...

LENZ (V.O.)

(interrupts)

Well, I hope you have plenty of
cash lying around. Because those
homes cost, Charlie. And I'm
not writing one single...

CHARLIE

Don't you fucking threaten me,
man! Behind all that doctor
shit, you're just a smug,
sonofabitch, like my old...

(CONTINUED)

But the line has gone DEAD. BUZZING.

CHARLIE

... Man.

Charlie glares at the goddam receiver. Slams it back in the cradle. Stalks back to...

... Raymond. Sitting with his box of toothpicks. Eating the pancake squares. One at a time. Charlie just stares hopelessly...

CHARLIE

One smug... smart... sonofa...

Raymond looks up. Blank, unnerving stare.

CHARLIE

All my life. But not this time.

Raymond is confused.

CHARLIE

C'mon. We'll figure it out.

He motions for Raymond to stand. And as Raymond obeys, he brushes the box of toothpicks...

... off the table. Hits the floor. Toothpicks scattering.

CHARLIE

Shit!

But Raymond is looking down...

RAYMOND

(quietly)

Forty-six. Forty-six. Forty-six.

Charlie looks up. Something eerie in Raymond's gaze.

CHARLIE

What does that mean?

RAYMOND

Toothpicks. I count fast.
Sometimes.

The toothpicks. Scattered on the floor.

CHARLIE

Ray, there's way more than...

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (5)

52

RAYMOND

When it's big... I count by
threes. So... one hundred and
thirty-eight.

(beat)

Toothpicks.

Charlie can only stare. Holy shit.

53 EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - DAY

53

Walking to the car. Raymond carries all his toothpicks
in an awkward double handful. He's walking slow, so as
not to drop one. But he does anyway.

As Charlie looks on in exasperation, Raymond kneels care-
fully. Tries to get the fallen toothpick without losing
the others. The impossible dream. Charlie watches his
brother trying to figure this out. Reaching one finger
out and out until...

... fifty toothpicks spill from his hands. Raymond stares
at the catastrophe like a ten-car pile-up. Charlie bends
down. Scoops up the toothpicks. His head motions
"c'mon." Very carefully, Raymond climbs to his feet.
And follows.

Charlie opens the door of the Buick. Raymond eases in.
Like he's carrying nitroglycerine. Charlie hands him the
rest of the toothpicks.

CHARLIE

You're like a little kid. You
know that?

Shuts the door. Starts to walk around the car. Mutter-
ing to himself...

CHARLIE

A little kid... he's a little
kid... it's like I'm traveling
with...

Gets to the driver's side. Opening the door...

CHARLIE

You're almost old enough to be
my father. But it feels like
you're my...

(stops)

Like you're... my kid.

Stares at Raymond. Raymond stares back. And slowly,
slowly, the Charlie smile.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

CHARLIE
Y'know what? It's all... gonna...
work out.

He climbs in. Shuts the door. Big grin.

CHARLIE
I'm your only family, right?

Raymond gives him the blank wall. Charlie nods like
that's an answer.

CHARLIE
So, I call my lawyer. And I get
custody. Just like... you
were... my kid.

Turn the key. ENGINE CRANKS OVER. Slam into gear...

CHARLIE
Custody of you. And all that
money. And everything... is
gonna be...

.. PEELS OUT.

CHARLIE
... Peachy.

54

INT. AIRPORT - MAIN CONCOURSE - NIGHT

54

Raymond is sitting by the main concourse, watches the TV
attached to his chair. He has half a dozen small bags of
Fritos scattered in his lap. He eats robotically as
he stares at the screen.

55

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

55

Nearby, Charlie is at a phone stand. Keeping an eye on
Raymond as...

CHARLIE
Right, mechanics don't work on
Sunday. You tell him he finds
those nozzles. He finds 'em
today. Or I rip his bladder out
through his belly button.

Listens. Shaking his head. The kid is hopeless.

CHARLIE
The loan guy is not the problem.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Wyatt can't find the cars to take them. Once we locate the nozzles, everybody cools out, even...

Closes his eyes. Christ.

CHARLIE

Daryl, you can't let them walk. If they back out, how do I pay Wyatt? And how can I give these guys back their downs, huh? That money's in Milan, Dar...
(listens)
You have to sell, that's how. You think! You talk! You beg!

This is grim. Charlie's eyes searching for the answer.

CHARLIE

Tell them they each get ten off the back end. That's half our profit. Tell 'em it's all our profit, understand?

Nodding. Nodding. Looking at his watch.

CHARLIE

I'll be in L.A.X. in three hours. I'll call 'em then. Right. Right. Hang in there, kid.

Hang up the phone. Stride over to Raymond. A GAME SHOW is starting on the TV. Reception is awful. Raymond stares anyway.

CHARLIE

So, how was Wapner? Who won?

Without looking up...

RAYMOND

The plaintiff. Damages in the amount of \$397 dollars...
(beat)
And court costs.

CHARLIE

Great. I liked his face.

Turns OFF the set. Raymond looks up.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

He was a girl. He was Ramona
Quiggly.

Great. Motioning let's go...

CHARLIE

We got six minutes. Let's hustle.

He starts to walk off, but Raymond is juggling the Frito bags. Charlie dashes back. Scoops up the bags. Uses them as bait to lure Raymond out of the chair.

Heading down the concourse now. Charlie walking fast. Raymond sort of trotting along to keep up. His hands dangling awkwardly at his sides. Charlie points through the glass...

CHARLIE

That's our plane. Beautiful, huh?
You never been on a...

But Raymond's stopped. Stone cold. Charlie turns.
Raymond is staring through the glass...

RAYMOND

Crash. 'Course, that... that
plane... crash in August. August
27, 1983. Crash in... 'course,
in Provo, Utah. One hundred and
thirty-one people were... They
were all...

He falls silent. Charlie studying the situation.

CHARLIE

That was a different plane, Ray.
This is a beautiful plane. This
one is safe.

RAYMOND

(quietly)

Crash. And burn.

Crash and burn. Charlie looks at his watch. Starting
to lose it.

CHARLIE

We have to fly home, Ray. It's
important. What did you think we
were doing here? See, this is an
airport. This is where they keep
the planes!

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (2)

56

Raymond is just staring through the window, immobilized by fear. Charlie's thinking fast.

CHARLIE

That crash. Was the same airline?
The same name?

RAYMOND

Same name.

Right.

CHARLIE

I never liked them.
(scanning the board)
How 'bout... American at six-fifty-
thr...

RAYMOND

Crash.

He looks at Charlie with wild eyes. Starts to reach around for his backpack. Charlie holds up his hand.

CHARLIE

Spare me the notebook. I'll take
your word on it.
(back to the board)
Maybe... good ol'... T.W.A., huh?

Raymond's eyes widen. He draws a breath...

RAYMOND

Cra...

Charlie's hand stops him in mid-word.

CHARLIE

... And burn, yeah. See, Ray,
every airline has like one crash.
But all their other planes
perfectly...

He stops. Impasse.

CHARLIE

Is there maybe... one airline.
That never crashed?

RAYMOND

Quantas.

End of the road.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Outstanding. We just go through
fucking Australia!

He reaches out and grabs Raymond...

CHARLIE
That's it. You're getting on
the...

But Raymond has stiffened. His body rigid. His eyes
terrified. The sight makes even Charlie back off. Real
low...

CHARLIE
Ray, you are killing me, here. My
fucking life is coming unhinged,
now you... get... on... that...

Raymond's head is shaking. He takes one step back and
Charlie lunges at him, wrestling him in a bear hug.
Dragging him off as...

... Raymond begins whispering frantically to himself.
Somehow he works his hand free, and suddenly...

... Bites the back of his own hand. Fiercely. With all
his strength.

CHARLIE
Stop that, goddammit! STOP IT!!

But Raymond won't stop it. And Charlie lets loose.
Breathing hard. Glaring at Raymond, who is still biting
the hand for all it's worth...

Suddenly, Charlie raises his fist in rage, but Raymond
stands his ground. Still biting. A child's defiance
shining in his eyes. And...

... the fist comes down. This round is over.

CHARLIE
Okay. It's okay. We'll drive
the Buick, huh?

Raymond's body eases a little. But the hand stays in his
mouth. Softer now...

CHARLIE
I said it's okay. No airplanes.
I'm... I'm sorry, all right?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (4)

56

... and slowly, the hand comes down. Just staring at each other. A long beat. Then Charlie starts to walk off. And Raymond follows...

CHARLIE

Killing me, man. And it isn't right...

... they disappear into the crowd.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

... We're brothers, y'know.

57 EXT. OPEN ROAD #2 - DAWN

57

Charlie driving like a zombie. Been making time all night. He is exhausted, wasted, frosted. Raymond's just looking around. Day in the country.

58 INT. PHONE BOOTH (MISSOURI HIGHWAY) - DAY

58

VIEW FROM an empty phone booth. Gas pumps. Big rigs lined up. Highway. See it now...

... the Buick pulling off the road. Around the rigs. Stops IN FRONT OF us. Charlie jumps out. Around the car. Opens Raymond's door. Raymond flinching. Putting up an argument. Charlie grabs his hand and yanks him from the car. Raymond stumbles. Charlie catches him. Pulls him across the blacktop and...

59 INT. PHONE BOOTH (MISSOURI HIGHWAY) - DAY

59

... into our booth. Slams the door. As Charlie digs in his pocket for change, Raymond flattens himself into a corner.

RAYMOND

Too small here.

Charlie ignores this. Pulls out the phone book, as...

... Raymond tries to open the door and Charlie's hand stabs out. Slams it closed. Raymond flinches. Charlie starts pumping quarters into the phone...

CHARLIE

Just one... little second, Ray.

Punching up the number. Raymond glaring like Charlie has raped his pet turtle.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

... Tulsa information? Do you
have a listing of psychiatrists
in your area...?

And just as abruptly, Raymond has lost interest. He's
struggling out of his backpack...

CHARLIE

No, but this is an emergency. I
need to find the best psychiatrist
in Tulsa...

Raymond's rummaging in the backpack now. Cradling it
clumsily between his body and the glass. Things are
falling out, which upsets Raymond almost as if they were
body parts.

CHARLIE

Maybe the streets. Can you look
at the streets and find something
in the high-rent district?
(sincere)

I don't want to frighten you,
ma'am, but you could be saving
someone's life here. Thank you
so much...

Raymond has found the blue notebook. He squints through
the glass at the gas pumps. Starts writing, as...

CHARLIE

Schilling. Great name. Sounds
like a doctor. Just a minute...

... and Charlie tears the notebook and pencil out of
Raymond's hands. Raymond's eyes and mouth pop open as
if he were harpooned. He struggles madly to reclaim his
treasure, but Charlie just turns his back as...

CHARLIE

... Four-one-nine... three, is
it...? Got it. Thanks a million.

As he hangs up, Raymond makes a last futile lunge.
Charlie holds it away, while he tears off the page with
the number. Then, hands the notebook to him. Raymond
immediately presses it against the glass and starts
writing furiously. Eyes darting back and forth to
Charlie...

CHARLIE

Y'know, taking your notebook is
not a serious injury.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

That's the red book. This is
blue.

CHARLIE

Forgive me, I lost my secret
decoder ring.

Decoder ring? Stops Raymond for a beat. Some dim
memory. Then back to work...

RAYMOND

'Course, you're already number...

CHARLIE

... Eighteen. I know.

RAYMOND

In 1988.

Charlie starts pumping in the quarters.

RAYMOND

Too small here.

CHARLIE

Small and safe. You could get
hurt out there. And you don't
want to miss the party...

Raymond eyes him suspiciously. Charlie catches this as
he starts punching the number...

CHARLIE

That's right. There's a party in
your honor. Little custody
hearing, coming up. Our lawyer's
getting it ready right now.

The LINE is RINGING...

CHARLIE

You know why the party's for you?

Raymond shakes his head. But Charlie isn't looking
anymore.

CHARLIE

... Because you are the three
million dollar man. And that...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

... Yes, is Dr. Schilling in,
please? I'm calling long distance.

(listens)

From Bummer, Missouri. It's an
emergency.

RAYMOND

Oh, it's... it's... !!

The urgency in Raymond's voice makes Charlie turn to
him, covering the phone. Raymond is staring at his
watch. Too startled and apoplectic to speak...

CHARLIE

Ma'am, we'll be in town at the end
of the day. And we need a
consultation. Desperately.

RAYMOND

It's... it's eleven. It's
eleven minutes to Wapner...

Raymond is vibrating. Bouncing off the glass. Charlie
can't believe this.

CHARLIE

... Well, couldn't he stay late
for one extra appointment? Just
today?

RAYMOND

Eleven minutes to Wapner and we
have no television and it's gonna
be... it's gonna be...

CHARLIE

I know, I understand, but he's a
doctor. You can't imagine how
needy this...

RAYMOND

We're locked in this box. Locked
in here for good. With no
television... and it's...

CHARLIE

I'm begging, okay? A man is
begging you...

RAYMOND

... Oooh... Ooooh...

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED: (4)

59

CHARLIE

Okay, you talk to the patient!

And he shoves the phone next to Raymond's...

RAYMOND

... OOOOOh... it's gonna be a...
it's gonna be a OOOOOh!

Pulling the receiver back...

CHARLIE

Ma'am? Yes, I'll hold...

RAYMOND

... And... and they're not actors
... they're real... real litigants
... with cases filed in the...

CHARLIE

Yes, ma'am. Six o'clock. We
won't be late.

(listens)

We won't be late. Not one minute.
And God bless you.

Hangs up the phone. Turns to Raymond who is looking
wildly from Charlie to the outside world and back.
Charlie is running on fumes at this point...

CHARLIE

Ray. Whattya say we... oh, go
find a television set.

Raymond nods. Big. Charlie slams the glass open. Grabs
his arm.

RAYMOND

'Course, now it's ten minutes to...

... through the door and racing for the car.

60

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

60

Charlie and Raymond climb the weathered front porch.
Raymond is coming out of his skin.

RAYMOND

'Course... 'course, now it's four
minutes...

Charlie takes hold of his shoulders...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

You want to get in there? See the show?

He does.

CHARLIE

Then you listen up. There's not another farm in sight, okay? This is your only chance. If you play this weird, you don't get in. Are you listening...?

Big nod.

CHARLIE

You stand there. And you look normal. You know what normal is...?

Blank stare. Charlie undoes Raymond's belt. Pulls his pants down lower...

CHARLIE

And don't wear your pants up there. You're gonna nerd everybody out.

Rebuckles the belt.

CHARLIE

Stand still. And keep your trap shut.

Charlie opens his mouth and snaps it shut to demonstrate. Raymond imitates. Snap. Charlie nods. Turns now, and RINGS the DOORBELL. As he waits, he turns suddenly to catch Ray bouncing up and down. Like a kid who needs to go. Charlie gestures stop it, as the door opens revealing...

... EVE, a young woman with a baby on her hip and two more scampering in the b.g. Simple housedress. Tired eyes.

CHARLIE

Good afternoon. I'm Donald Clemens, ma'am, with the A.C. Nielsen Company. You're familiar with our work...?

EVE

Nielsen. You mean the T.V. ratings...?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

That's right. You've been selected as a preliminary candidate to become our next Nielsen Family in the tri-county area.

She does seem intrigued...

EVE

Well... my husband's not home...

CHARLIE

If selected, you would share the responsibility for shaping the television programming viewed by the entire nation. In return for which, your family would receive a check in amount of \$286 each month.

That stops her. He waits.

EVE

Maybe when my husband...

CHARLIE

This is our only swing through the area, ma'am. If you're too busy to see us, we'll move on to other candidates.

Oh. Torn.

CHARLIE

All this visit requires is that we examine your television receiver. And watch one designated program for a brief period of time.

EVE

How... brief...?

CHARLIE

Brief.

EVE

How brief?

CHARLIE

Thirty minutes. That's the requi...

(CONTINUED)

He stops. Because she's looking past his shoulder. He tries to move over a bit. To block out whatever she's seeing behind him. But...

EVE

Who's he?

CHARLIE

Uh, that would be my partner, Mr. Bainbridge. He does the sample viewing...

She cranes her neck. Her expression growing odder by the moment...

CHARLIE

... He's been doing this for, oh, I guess...

... turns now. Following her eyes to Raymond. Who is pitching the last out of the Paranoid World Series. Eyes darting around, checking all the bases...

RAYMOND

... Full count.

As Charlie watches helplessly, Raymond jerks through his constricted wind-up and... delivers. The little delayed kick in back leaves him looking like a ballet beginner. Charlie takes a deep breath. Turns to find...

... a closed door. He nods to it. Right. Turns back to Raymond...

CHARLIE

That's it! Game's over! Rain-out!

Raymond looks at him. Startled.

CHARLIE

You don't get to see the program.

This can't be. Raymond points to his watch...

RAYMOND

'Course, it's... it's...

CHARLIE

... One minute to Wapner, and you blew it. You did it to yourself, pal. I had you in there. You were in there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You were eating popcorn on her rug.
Defendants... plaintiffs... you
had it all... they're making legal
history in there, but you're on
the outside looking in. Just a
putz with his nose pressed up
against the glass, because...

But Raymond can't hear. He has gone to the zoo.

RAYMOND

It's... it's gonna be... it's
gonna be a...

... and arms stiff, he slams his cupped hands together in
a trembling gesture of helpless fury. Again. And again.
Like a spastic enraged seal.

RAYMOND

It's a... It's a...

Slamming his hands together. Utterly out of control.
Charlie sighs. Knocks on the front door. It opens fast.
She must have been watching.

CHARLIE

I lied to you, ma'am. And I'm
sorry about that.

She is just gaping at Raymond's performance...

CHARLIE

That man is, uh... he's my
brother.

She looks from Raymond to Charlie...

EVE

Your brother.

CHARLIE

And if he doesn't get to watch
'People's Court' in about thirty
seconds... he's going to throw...
well, a fit. Right here on
your porch.

(beat)

Now you can help me. Or you can
stand there and watch it happen.

EVE

We like 'Wheel of Fortune.' Think
he'd settle for that...?

61 INT. FARMHOUSE - EVE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER 61

... Judge Wapner doing his thing. Raymond is sitting on her rug. Eating pretzels instead of popcorn. Taking careful notes in the green notebook. As he watches the judge, Eve and the kids watch him, fascinated.

62 INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN DOORWAY 62

Charlie stands in the kitchen doorway. Pacing with the phone to his ear. His road map is spread across the kitchen table. His motor is running red-line.

CHARLIE

Look, it's a stinking nozzle.
It's a hundred dollar part. I've
got more money than you've ever
seen tied up in a...

Listening. Pacing. Checking through the doorway at the family. The TV. Glancing at his watch...

CHARLIE

So, you call information, okay?
Every goddam mechanic in the U.S.
and Canada. Somebody has to
have...

He stops. Covers the phone in time to hear...

WAPNER (V.O.)

... And accordingly, find for the
plaintiff in the full amount
claimed... \$459 dollars.

Charlie springs to the table. Folding his map fast.
Into the phone, a final...

CHARLIE

Do it. Or I'll kill you.

63 INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 63

CHARLIE

... Phone card, okay?

Before she can blink, he's past her...

CHARLIE

Great decision. Thanks, Eve.
Thanks, kids. Let's hit the...

RAYMOND

'Course, after a word of interest
to all... we'll be interviewing
today's litigants.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

It's over, Ray. She won. Her bunnies died. The guy was scum. He's paying for it. It's over.

Raymond just looks at him. Real quiet.

CHARLIE

We're late for Tulsa, Ray. The doctor won't wait. And it's real import...

RAYMOND

We're gonna... gonna ask the litigants to... to comment...

Raymond eats another chip. Loudly. Staring at Charlie.

CHARLIE

Ray. I got you here. You saw the show. I'm asking one little favor. One... compromise. Skip the tag and...

RAYMOND

... Comment on... on today's proceedings...

Charlie is glaring. Cold hatred. And, quietly...

CHARLIE

Sure. Take your time.

EXT. DOWNTOWN (TULSA) - DUSK

The BUICK SCREECHING to a stop by a parking space. Charlie whips it into a perfect parallel park. Jumps out of the car. Tears around to Raymond's door. Throws it open, pulling him out...

CHARLIE

Doc's across the street. Move it!

And turns, right into...

POLICEMAN

'Scuse me, son.

Charlie freezes.

POLICEMAN

Now, in Illinois... does a red light mean... go? Or stop.

(CONTINUED)

But Raymond has wandered away. Unseen, he stands at the corner now. Watching the traffic. And, then... the light changes. It says WALK. Shows a little white figure of a man, walking. Raymond concentrates. Imitates the little figure's pose. Then, heads across the street... but halfway across...

... the light blinks DON'T WALK. And Raymond obeys. Stands in the middle of the street. Until, all at once, cars are... hurtling at him, around him. HORNS BLARING. Raymond shuts his eyes, covers his ears, as...

... Charlie flies INTO FRAME, slamming on the hood of a CAR that has SKIDDED to a stop just in time. Traffic is suddenly at a tangled standstill. Charlie bangs on the hood once more for emphasis, and a BIG GUY jumps out of the car...

CHARLIE

What's the matter with you people?
Life is cheap in Oklahoma?

BIG GUY

This asshole was standing in the
road. What's his story?

Charlie looks at Raymond. Tucks in his shirt for him. Smooths down his hair.

CHARLIE

He's from out of town.

And to Raymond...

CHARLIE

Sorry I lost you, man.

He means it. But Raymond doesn't react.

CHARLIE

Okay. The light's green. What
do you want?

The magic question. And, as always, it brings instant anxiety. Hands twist together. More frightened than by the traffic.

RAYMOND

What do you want, Charlie Babbitt?

A beat, before...

CHARLIE

You don't want to hear it.

65

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - LATER

65

Siamese fighting fish. Swimming in a desktop aquarium. See Raymond peering intently through the glass. Cheek resting on his left hand.

REVERSE ANGLE

Raymond's other hand is writing in the black notebook, as he watches them.

PULL BACK... Charlie and DR. SCHILLING watching him. The doc is forty-five, nattily-dressed. Smooth customer. Charlie leans his cheek on his left hand. Just like his brother.

SCHILLING

Raymond. You like the fish?

RAYMOND

Pitiful.

CHARLIE

Ray...

But the doctor is nodding. As if he agreed. As he speaks to Charlie, his eyes are locked on Raymond.

SCHILLING

And how can I help you?

Charlie trying to size him up. Draws a breath.

CHARLIE

My lawyer says... the whole custody thing... conservatorship, he called it...

(beat)

... it all comes down to what some psychiatrist... recommends to the court.

Schilling nods. So?

CHARLIE

So, I'm paying you. For a consultation.

Blank stare.

SCHILLING

Consultation.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Just tell me what the shrink... doctor... will ask him.

(CONTINUED)

Schilling smiles.

SCHILLING

How the hell would I know?

CHARLIE

What would you ask him?

SCHILLING

Does he like the fish?

CHARLIE

And what did that tell you?

SCHILLING

... They're pitiful. Look,
there's no answers here, Mr.
Babbitt. What do you want me to
tell you?

CHARLIE

How to win.

Flat look.

SCHILLING

You believe in miracles, son?

Not friendly.

CHARLIE

Look, this hour's expensive.
And it's going by.

Schilling's smile turns a little hard at the edges. As
if it is Charlie who is now being judged.

SCHILLING

Well, your brother has all
these... anxious behaviors. Like
that thing you're doing to your
nail...

By reflex, the nail he was biting comes out of Charlie's
mouth.

SCHILLING

The note-taking, the baseball
pitching, all the rituals. They
protect him from his fears.

CHARLIE

I know that. What's your point?

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED: (2)

65

These guys don't like each other much.

SCHILLING

Only that if he did less of this ritual behavior. Then the doctor might find him less fearful. And decide that...

Getting it...

CHARLIE

... I was a good influence on him.

SCHILLING

You'd like to establish that he's healthier... happier... out of the institution. And with you.

Makes sense.

CHARLIE

So, just get him to... quit some of this stuff, huh?

SCHILLING

... And if you can do that... with even one behavior... in a couple of days... I'll back you for a Nobel Prize.

Oh.

CHARLIE

Well. I'm gonna have to try.

SCHILLING

You might start by putting some lead in his pencil.

Stops Charlie for a flicker. Then he looks at Raymond's notebook. His brother is writing on a completely blank page. And softly...

CHARLIE

... You'll never guess what I thought you meant.

But Schilling does. Small, tight smile...

SCHILLING

You mean sex? Well, that... would be the neatest trick of all.

66 EXT. ROAD #3 - NIGHT

66

The Buick bombing down the road. Charlie, grim-eyed. Raymond, taking a nap. Angelic.

67 INT. MOTEL ROOM (AMARILLO) - NIGHT

67

Charlie, cross-legged on the bed. Poring over a road map. Raymond comes tearing in, wearing only his jockey shorts. He goes right by the bed. His back is turned to Charlie, and he's looking around wildly...

CHARLIE

I'm over here, Hawkeye.

Raymond whips around. Mouth open. So frantic he can hardly say...

RAYMOND

Freebo!

Huh? A blank stare from Charlie that we've seen on Raymond more than once.

RAYMOND

Freebo! Freebo!

CHARLIE

Freeball? Freebie?

RAYMOND

FREEBO!!

(beat)

FREEBO!! FREEBO!! FREEBO!!

CHARLIE

See, this is gibberish, man.
This is what the doc warned us
about. Speak English.

Raymond is jumping around like... well, a crazy man. And then... he starts hitting himself. In the head. Pounding both hands violently against the sides of his skull. Just like the poor bastard Charlie saw at Lynwood.

CHARLIE

Hey, stop that, Ray!

But Raymond doesn't stop it. It just gets harder and wilder...

RAYMOND

FREE-EEE-EEE-BO!!!

CHARLIE

Ho-ly shit.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

Charlie lunges for the telephone. Punching a button.
Waits, looking back at Raymond.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Chicago information...

INTERCUT:

68 INT. LYNWOOD HOME - ATTENDANT STATION - NIGHT

68

Vernon is alone with his RADIO and his smoke. Seriously mellow. The PHONE RINGS. He lets it go twice. Three times. Then, reaches without looking. Lifts it to his ear...

VERNON

Vernon.

(amazed)

No shit! Where are you! Yeah,
you let anything happen to Big
Ray, I'm gonna find you, man.

69 INT. AMARILLO MOTEL ROOM AND BATHROOM - NIGHT

69

Raymond is bouncing off walls in the b.g.

CHARLIE

Save it, Vern. Just tell me
one thing. What... the fuck... is
freebo?

ANGLE - BATHROOM - CLOSE ON CARDBOARD CYLINDER

that once was surrounded by toilet paper. Charlie's hands come INTO FRAME. Remove the cardboard. Insert a fresh roll of paper.

Charlie straightens now. Takes the beginning of the new roll and walks toward Raymond with it, unwinding the spool as he goes. Puts the paper in Raymond's hand. Looks him dead in the eye. Walks out of the room. Raymond is left holding the paper like a party streamer. And to no one in particular...

RAYMOND

Freebo.

70 INT. BEDROOM - LATER

70

Charlie in his boxer shorts, standing and smoking. Looks quiet. But the gears are spinning madly. Slowly stubs out the cigarette. Pulls a towel off the bed. Slings it over his shoulder as he enters the bathroom, to see...

71. INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

71.

Raymond

brushing his teeth. Leaning over the sink. Face inches from the mirror. His mouth is foaming like a rabid dog.

CHARLIE

Ray...

But Raymond is oblivious. Squeezing still more toothpaste on his frothing brush. Then, he's at it again. Brushing harder than ever.

CHARLIE

You like to brush your teeth.

No reaction. Still brushing. Thoroughly. Obsessively.

CHARLIE

Stop that, willya? You look like a nutball. If the shrink in California saw that... he'd lock you up and throw away the key.

There is something unnerving about it.

CHARLIE

I said stop it, Ray, and I mean it!

And then... mumbled through the foam...

RAYMOND

You like it, Charlie Babbitt.

CHARLIE

The hell I do!

RAY

You say... 'funny, Rain Man... funny teeth...'

Charlie freezes for just a beat. Then...

CHARLIE

What'd you say...?

RAYMOND

... Funny.

CHARLIE

Yeah, funny what?

RAYMOND

... Funny teeth!

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

No, the other thing. Before that.

But Raymond's attention has spanned. He's back to watching his mouth foam. Charlie goes to the sink. Fills a glass with water...

CHARLIE

Here.

Raymond stares at it. An alien artifact.

CHARLIE

Rinse. And spit.

He takes away the toothbrush. Which is pretty disgusting. Hands Raymond the water. Nothing happens.

CHARLIE

Now!

Raymond startles. Fills his mouth with water and... swallows. Charlie just blinks. Raymond does it again. And Charlie takes the glass away.

CHARLIE

I like it... when you brush your teeth. I say...

No answer.

CHARLIE

... Funny, Raymond.

RAYMOND

You can't say Raymond. You're a baby. You say... Rain Man. Funny, Rain Main. Sing me, Rain Man...

Oh... my... God. It's a long beat before Charlie can say...

CHARLIE

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

And out comes the wallet. Handmade with plastic stitching. From the wallet, he hands Charlie his treasure. A time-worn photograph. Curved to the contours of Raymond's body. We see...

... A two-year-old clutching a blanket. In the lap of an 18-year-old boy who stares unblinking at the camera. The baby is pouting. But he cuddles close. It's quite a photo...

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

RAYMOND
(proudly)
Daddy took the picture. By
himself.

Charlie just staring at it. Amazed beyond words,
until...

CHARLIE
And you... lived with us? Then.

RAYMOND.
You lived with us. Then.

Charlie sinks to the edge of the tub. Sits there, hold-
ing the photo.

CHARLIE
When... when did you leave...?
And straight back...

RAYMOND
It was Thursday.
Thursday?

RAYMOND
It was snowing out. I had cream
of wheat for breakfast. You spit
yours out. So Maria gave you
bananas and milk. And she stayed
with you when Daddy took me to my
home. January 21. 1965. On a
Thursday.

CHARLIE
(softly)
Jesus. That's when Mom died.
Just after New Year's.

RAYMOND
... And you had the blanket. And
you waved to me from the window.
Bye-bye, Rain Man. Bye-bye, Rain
Man. Bye-bye, Rain Man. Like
that. Thursday.

Charlie looks at his brother. As if for the first time.

CHARLIE
You used to wrap me. In that
blanket. And you sang to me.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (4)

71

Raymond's blank stare. As if his mind is on Mars.
Then...

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...

And sort of together...

CHARLIE/RAYMOND

(singing)

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

Very quiet now. A look on Charlie's face we've only seen
once. In his childhood room. Smelling the blanket. And
quietly...

CHARLIE

I used to like it. When you sang
to me.

It seems a moment of genuine connection. But then
Raymond turns away. Lifts the toothbrush from the sink.
Starts to add more toothpaste. Charlie's eyes linger on
his brother. Then, he slowly sets the photo on the edge
of the tub. Reaches to turn on the tap. But as the tub
begins to fill...

RAYMOND

No. No. No. No.

There is fear in the tone. In a way we haven't heard
before. It brings Charlie's eyes straight up...

RAYMOND

No... no...

CHARLIE

Take it easy, Ray. No what...?

RAYMOND

No because.

(CONTINUED)

He's clutching his hands. Staring at the tub. Really wild. On the edge.

CHARLIE

Because what?

RAYMOND

Because. Because. Because...
what do you WANT...???

Shrieking at last, stumbling to the tub. Trying to stop the faucet with his hands. The water squirting everywhere. Charlie is stunned for an instant. Then tries to pull Raymond back from the tub, but...

... Raymond lunges suddenly. Grabs Charlie by the shirt! A fury in his eyes we've never seen...

RAYMOND

No! No! It's scalding! It's
BURNING him!

Shaking Charlie now...

RAYMOND

I told you never. I told you
never! What do you want? You
want to kill your brother? I TOLD
you. I told you. I told you. I
told you...

And quiet now. Staring at Charlie's eyes. Slowly releasing Charlie's shirt, as if relinquishing life itself. Shivering softly now. A child.

Charlie reaches both his hands. Behind his brother's head...

CHARLIE

It's okay, man. It's okay, man.
I didn't burn. I'm fine.

Raymond tenses at Charlie's touch. And Charlie's hands come away. In a voice that is strangled and very small...

RAYMOND

You burned. And you were... a
little baby. Burned. And I have
to go... to my home.

CHARLIE

No, Ray. I didn't burn. He was
just an asshole. Look at me.
Look at me. Please.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (6)

71

But Raymond's eyes are elsewhere...

CHARLIE

That's when Mom died. That's why
he put you away, the bastard!

Raymond's gaze is locked beyond Charlie's shoulder.
Charlie turns to see... the TAP still RUNNING. Charlie
lunges. Shuts OFF the WATER. Tight. As he turns back...

... Raymond is on his knees. Hands clasped at his chest.
Silently staring at the faucet. Frozen in place.

CHARLIE

Ray? Ray, it's off. It's okay.

But Raymond can't hear him. Slowly, rhythmically, he
begins to rock back and forth. Shivering now. Teeth
chatter, body shaking, as he rocks and rocks and rocks.

CHARLIE

Jesus. Are you cold, Ray? Just
a second...

72 INT. BEDROOM

72

Into the bedroom. Look around. Rip the blanket off the
bed...

A73 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A73

... Back to the bathroom. Raymond alone. Rocking.
Staring. Shivering. Charlie appears. Kneels next to
him. Holds the blanket up to Raymond. No response.
Gently, Charlie wraps it around him.

Raymond's hands hug the blanket closer. The shivering
stops. The rocking stops. But he's still staring at
the faucet. And then... the whispering starts. Fast
and scared. A rosary against terror.

CHARLIE

What is it, Ray? Secret thoughts?

Whisper comes faster. Desperate. Charlie comes closer.
Leans to hear...

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...

(CONTINUED)

A73 CONTINUED:

A73

Stuns Charlie. Moves him. He looks pretty desperate himself just now. Gets right in front of Raymond. In front of his eyes, and...

CHARLIE

(singing)

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

And Raymond's eyes focus. Looking at him.

CHARLIE

(singing)

... So how could I dance with a-nother...

oooo... when I saw her stand-ing there.

The whispering has stopped. Raymond's eyes have the flat distant look we've come to know. Charlie raises his hand. As if to touch him somehow. But remembering, the hand comes away. He backs off a step. As he sits on his heels, his eyes fall on...

73 INT. BATHROOM

73

... the bathtub. And under a foot of still water... the photo. Two brothers. And a blanket.

-74 INT. AMARILLO MOTEL - BEDROOM - LATER

74

Stillness. It is very late. From somewhere, a dim light shines. Raymond lies asleep. Knees under him. Butt in the air.

Only a few feet away, Charlie sits in a motel chair. Under a dim lamp. Smoking a Lucky. Watching his brother sleep.

Charlie reaches now. For the phone. Still watching Raymond, he dials a number he knows well. Waiting now. As it rings. Hear the CLICK, and...

SUSAN (V.O.)

Hello...

Takes a beat before a soft...

CHARLIE

Hi. It's me.

No sound. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

CHARLIE
Well, you didn't hang up. Does
that mean we're engaged?

75 INT. SUSAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

75

INTERCUT Susan's kitchen in Santa Monica. She's sitting
at a small table with her Lean Cuisine and a stack of
bills she's paying. She looks as alone as Charlie.
Smiles now, in spite of herself. But the smiles fades.
And finally...

SUSAN
How's your brother?

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Well, you know Ray. Party...
party... party.

Silence. Then...

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I just want to hear... it's not
over.

That sounded very naked. See it reach her. But says
nothing.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I mean, I'm... scared. I'm scared
it's over.

Deep breath. Drawn with difficulty.

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

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Something I'm... not real good at.

SUSAN
There's a lot of things you're not
good at.

76 INT. AMARILLO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

76

... the motel room now. The absolute quiet.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Well, I'll get one of Ray's
notebooks. Start keeping a list.

(CONTINUED)

76

CONTINUED:

76

Awkward silence. Then...

CHARLIE

I'm... going to get custody of Ray. From the court. Starts with a shrink interview soon as I get back.

77

INT. SUSAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

77

... the kitchen. Susan pausing before...

SUSAN

Charlie, there's no way you could win that. Not a chance in a billion.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I'll win it. I have to.

SUSAN

Lenz took care of him for twenty years. You know him three days. Can you hear how crazy you sound...?

(heartfelt)

... Can you hear it, hon?

78

INT. AMARILLO MOTEL ROOM

78

... the motel room. Charlie at the receiver. Frozen. And softly now...

CHARLIE

Look. I'll call you when I get in. Okay?

But there is only silence. That seems to tear him apart. Just about a whisper now...

CHARLIE

Well. I'll see you.

Waits a beat. Hangs up the phone. Very gently. Draws on the Lucky now. In the silence. Watching his brother sleep.

79

INT. LAUNDROMAT (ALBUQUERQUE OUTSKIRTS) - DAY

79

Shapes. Colors. Turning in a circle. Flopping and swishing in a constant rhythm. A magical harmony of motion. PULL BACK to see the window of a dryer. Raymond watching, as only he can. Cheek resting on his left hand.

(CONTINUED)

Intense and yet somehow absent. A mantra. His clothes are new. Still have the tags from K-Mart.

From across the laundromat, Charlie comes TOWARD us. Sits next to Raymond. But Raymond keeps watching. So Charlie watches, too. But from Charlie's POV the magic is missing. Just clothes in a dryer.

CHARLIE

See, this is the stuff you gotta watch out for when you meet the shrink. Just... staring like this. At nothing.

(beat)

I mean, he takes one look at that. Locks you back in the zoo...

But Raymond's thoughts are on...

RAYMOND

See the red one. It always falls the same.

Charlie looks. Squints. Somehow, he can't catch the wave.

CHARLIE

You oughta turn this off. When you're not using it...

See it now. A tiny Watchman TV. On the bench beside Raymond. The picture flickers without sound. Charlie snaps it off.

CHARLIE

If you run down the batteries... where'll we be when Wapner's on, huh?

But Raymond's in another ballpark...

RAYMOND

Does Susan wash your laundry?

Charlie looks at him. What's that about? But without waiting for an answer...

RAYMOND

Mommy washed my laundry.

(beat)

And we watched it. Like this.

Oh. Charlie's face changes now. Just a little.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

I can't remember her. I try. And sometimes, I almost kind of... but I think it's just from pictures.

The machine turning. The RHYTHMIC sound.

RAYMOND

I read to her. Out loud. Every story.

Raymond keeps watching the red one fall.

CHARLIE

And I bet... you sang to her, huh?

RAYMOND

No. She sang to me. I sang to you.

Charlie staring at his brother. Staring. And then...

CHARLIE

(falsetto)
... Oooooo!

But Raymond doesn't react. Charlie sticks his face in front of him.

CHARLIE

Gimme the smile. The dazzler.

A beat. And Raymond does. The big imitation grin.

CHARLIE

Aw-right. Now a laugh. Your best laugh.

A longer beat. Then...

RAYMOND

Heh, heh, heh.

Phony. But engaging nonetheless.

CHARLIE

Po-tential, Ray. You got po-tential.

RAYMOND

You got potential, Charlie Babbitt. Daddy said.

Charlie's smile fades slowly. Stares at his brother.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Yeah. One little thing. Call me
'Charlie,' okay? Without the
'Babbitt.'

The look holds for a beat. Then Raymond turns his attention to watching the red one fall. Charlie looks from him to the dryer and back.

CHARLIE

Dad ever... watch the laundry with
you? Or anything else?

A change in Raymond now. Thinking. Remembering. He goes into his backpack. Pulls out an imitation leather datebook, with a little red pen attached. Fingers it with reverence. One of his best treasures. As Raymond leafs through the pages, Charlie sees...

... all the dates of the year are completely blank. Then... Raymond proudly points to a red circle around August 11...

RAYMOND

'Course, my birthday is only four
months twenty-six days from now...

CHARLIE

I'll keep that in mind.

... Pages turning. Come to another red circle around December 25...

RAYMOND

When I went... to my home. Daddy
came... on my birthday. And my
Christmas. And brought me presents.

CHARLIE

That's it? That's why the circles?
He came two days a year?

Raymond looks crestfallen. Defensive.

RAYMOND

... And brought me presents.

Charlie nods...

CHARLIE

... Yeah, the man is a saint. Ray,
he threw you away like garbage!
You're so... so...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(softer)

... So fucking pathetic. A present on Christmas.

Raymond thinks he's being attacked. Fighting back...

RAYMOND

... And one... one Christmas... he took me to his house...

CHARLIE

Ray, it was your house. In fact, it is your house. He gave it to you.

That stops Raymond, who tries to understand. Can't. Goes back on track...

RAYMOND

... And there was... there was a Christmas tree. And I wrapped up in the lights. Like my blanket. And I plugged me in. And Daddy laughed...

(demonstrates)

... heh, heh, heh.

Charlie doesn't look angry anymore. Just very quiet. Raymond interprets this as progress. On a roll now...

RAYMOND

One time... he let me do... the roses. With water and... brown dirt. And I did it good.

(beat)

Daddy said.

Charlie's voice comes quietly. If we didn't know him better, it almost sounds caring...

CHARLIE

Yeah. Well, he was going for perfect with those. And lucky for him... he made it.

Raymond doesn't understand. But he wants to. See the effort.

CHARLIE

Like baseball. Three strikes and you're out.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (5)

79

Raymond still doesn't understand. His brother smiles at him, though. Very gently. The concern leaves Raymond's eyes. Charlie turns back now to the washing machine. So Raymond does the same. A long beat before...

CHARLIE

The red one, huh?

Raymond nods silently. Charlie rests his cheek in left hand. So Raymond does the same. And they just sit. Watching the red one fall. HOLD ON the drum now... as it spins...

MATCH CUT TO:

80 EXT. ALBUQUERQUE OUTSKIRTS - PHONE STAND

80

MATCH CUT to the spinning of a telephone dial. Charlie is at a phone stand just in front of the laundromat. Across the empty road is desert and clouds. He seems alone in the world as he waits. Hear the CLICK, and...

CHARLIE

Daryl. It's me.

DARYL (V.O.)

I been sitting by this phone three hours, man.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I'm sorry. I've had... things to do. I had to buy some ... some clothes and stuff...

DARYL (V.O.)

Charlie, it's over. All over.

Charlie takes a breath. A weary smile.

CHARLIE

Take it easy, kid. I'm in Albuquerque. I'll be there in a...

DARYL (V.O.)

Wyatt found the cars.

The smile freezes. On Charlie's lips.

DARYL (V.O.)

He found 'em. He's got 'em. They're gone.

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED:

80

Charlie's eyes close silently. A dead man because...

DARYL (V.O.)

Bateman wants his downpayment
back. They all do.

(beat)

That's ninety thou, Charlie.

Ninety thou. Charlie's eyes open now. Red-rimmed.
Seeing into his future.

DARYL (V.O.)

He says you won't get a gig
washing Ferraris when he's through
with you.

(beat)

By Friday, he says. What do I tell
him?

Charlie's lips part. But it's a moment before...

CHARLIE

Tell him. The check's in the mail.

And very slowly. Charlie hangs up the phone. Stands.
Stares. Pulls out the pack of cigarettes. But his hands
aren't real steady. As he turns now, he sees...

... THROUGH the laundromat window. Raymond stands at a
table with two housewives. They're all folding clothes.
Raymond's pile is the neatest. All sharing a look at
Raymond's little TV as they work.

81 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY #4 - DAY

81

On the road again. Not making the time they used to.
Nowhere to go. Charlie driving with dead eyes. Raymond,
perky as ever. Watching every cactus. Unaffected by his
brother's plight.

82 INT. TRUCK STOP (JOSEPH CITY, ARIZONA) - DAY

82

Charlie staring down at his untouched meal. We hear a
RAPID CLICK, CLICK, CLICK...

Charlie glances to the rear of the diner. THROUGH a
doorway, we see a back room. Languid poker game in
progress. As Charlie absently watches the flying cards,
the rapid CLICK, CLICK, CLICK continues, and he turns
to see...

... Raymond across the table. Turning the plastic cards
of the jukebox catalogue. He turns them so quickly,
too fast to read. And as he finishes...

(CONTINUED)

... MUSIC BEGINS. The sound of someone playing...

PATSY CLINE (V.O.)

'Sweet dreams, of yooou...'

And staring at the table...

RAYMOND

E-19.

Charlie looks at him.

CHARLIE

Hmmm?

But Raymond says nothing. Charlie looks from his brother to the catalogue. A dozen plastic cards. Back to Raymond.

CHARLIE

That number. B-19...

RAYMOND

E-19.

CHARLIE

That's the song we're hearing?

RAYMOND

That's the song. We're hearing.

Charlie stares at him.

CHARLIE

Put your hands over your eyes.
Like this.

Charlie demonstrates. Raymond obeys. Serious. Charlie starts flipping through the plastic cards...

CHARLIE

'The Gambler.' Kenny Rogers.

RAYMOND

J-12.

CHARLIE

'Cheating Heart.' Hank Williams.

RAYMOND

'Your Cheating Heart.' Hank
Williams, Junior.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

CHARLIE
Okay, show-off. What's the number?

RAYMOND
L-4.

Holy shit.

CHARLIE
'Blue Moon of Kentucky.' Bill
Monroe.

RAYMOND
... And the Bluegrass Boys. P-11.

Raymond is peeking through his fingers. But not at the catalogue. What he sees is...

... Charlie's smile.

83 EXT. TRUCK STOP (JOSEPH CITY, ARIZONA) - DAY

83

The Buick parked by some gas pumps. Charlie leaning across the hood from one side. Raymond leaning just like him, from the other side.

Charlie is shuffling cards on the hood. Lots of cards. Three decks. Raymond watching rapt.

CHARLIE
You paying attention?

Raymond nods. He is. Charlie takes the three decks and begins to deal the cards face up. Fast as he can. The flying cards all standing in a single pile as Raymond watches. And then Charlie stops. Places the remaining cards flat on the hood.

CHARLIE
Okay. What's left in here?

And without a flutter...

RAYMOND
Nine aces seven kings ten queens
eight jacks seven tens...

Charlie holds up his hand, and the flood of words stops. Charlie nods at the silence.

CHARLIE
Po-tential.

84 EXT. HIGHWAY #5 (ARIZONA) - DAY 84

Bombing down the highway. Raymond... in Charlie's Ray-Bans... at the wheel! Cool as a moose.

85 EXT. HIGHWAY #5 (ARIZONA) - DAY 85

PULL BACK to see they're doing about twenty on the empty desert road. Charlie sits at Raymond's side, his foot on the gas. His left hand near the wheel, making the necessary adjustments to stay on course.

CHARLIE

So when there's lots of tens left
... tens and picture cards... then
it's good. For us.

Raymond is into the driving. Ultimate concentration and, for him, exhilaration.

CHARLIE

C'mon. Say it.

RAYMOND

Tens are good tens are good tens
are good tens are good!

He's smug. Happy. And Charlie likes that.

CHARLIE

Okay. And you're gonna bet...

RAYMOND

... If it's bad... two if it's
good.

CHARLIE

And...

RAYMOND

... Keep my trap shut.

Raymond opens his mouth and snaps it closed to demonstrate. Charlie nods.

CHARLIE

Casinos have house rules. The
first one is... they don't like to
lose. So never... never... show
you're counting.

Raymond turns to him now. Just takes his eyes completely off the road. Charlie grabs the wheel just before they hit the ditch.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

What would happen... if I said...
I'm counting I'm counting I'm
counting I'm counting, so ha!
What if?

Charlie steering the car now. Thinking over his answer.

CHARLIE

Then I wouldn't be able to see
you. Ever again.

That sobers Raymond up. So Charlie compensates by
smiling. And Raymond gives him back the imitation grin.

RAYMOND

C-H-A-R... L-I-E. C-H-A-R...
L-I-E...

Sounds teasing. Coaxing. Actually friendly. And
Charlie likes that, too.

CHARLIE

You're driving, man. Watch the
road.

From behind now, a HORN. One continuous BLAST from a
PORSCHÉ doing eighty. He's BY US with a WHOOSH, flipping
the bird to Raymond on the way past. Raymond takes it as
a one-finger wave, which he cheerily returns. Wrong
finger, though.

Charlie sizes up the situation. Firm hold on the wheel.
Floors the gas pedal. The Buick zooms after the Porsche.
Raymond's breath catches, and then... we hear...

RAYMOND

... Heh, heh, heh.

EXT. HIGHWAY #5 (ARIZONA) - DAY

... as they ROCKET down the road, past the WELCOME TO
NEVADA sign.

INT. MGM GRAND (LAS VEGAS) - NIGHT

The two of them entering the massive hotel. Raymond is
taking it all in, as only he can. Charlie's just watch-
ing his brother.

Reach the escalator, heading down. Raymond stops short.
Charlie explains, MOS. Raymond stands at the edge.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

Lifts his foot high. And freezes. Charlie says something, but Raymond remains immobile on one foot. The jerky movements make him seem more birdlike than ever.

Charlie takes Raymond's wrist and brings the hand to the moving rail. Raymond instinctively grasps the handrail, which pulls him forward, stumbling onto the escalator. Charlie catches him from behind by his belt, keeping him upright.

Raymond reaches behind his back with both hands, slapping at Charlie's hold. But Charlie keeps a firm grip on the belt, as they ride down...

88 INT. MGM GRAND - UNDERGROUND MALL - LATER

88

THROUGH the window of a men's clothing store. The tailor has a suit over his arm. He and Charlie are pacing around Raymond, who tries hard to remain motionless. They argue MOS, pulling at Raymond's shirt and trouser seat, gesturing to each other.

Charlie unbuckles Raymond's pants now. Lowers them ' maybe six inches. Rebuckles them. Charlie resumes his argument with the tailor, as Raymond pulls his pants back up where he likes them.

89 INT. MGM GRAND - UNDERGROUND MALL - NIGHT (LATER)

89

... strolling down the mall now. Charlie enters a barber shop. In a beat, he realizes he is alone. Comes back out to see Raymond down the way, staring at...

... a lion. Chained to a platform, behind a Plexiglas shield, the MGM mascot. Raymond is rapt. Next to him is a man at a desk. On the desk is a Polaroid camera and a sign: YOUR PHOTO - TEN DOLLARS.

... Charlie and Raymond stand side by side in front of the Plexiglas. The lion is acting up behind them. The man with the Polaroid is going: One... two...

... Charlie throws his arm around his brother's shoulder, making Raymond's eyes bug open just as the FLASH goes off. HOLD ON the frozen image...

90 INT. MGM GRAND - UNDERGROUND MALL - BARBER SHOP - NIGHT 90

Raymond in the chair. Staring down at the manicurist as she works on his hand. She's chatting away...

PULL BACK to see Charlie, hovering over the barber as he works on Raymond, making him crazy with advice.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

... Raymond now reaching into his pocket. Out comes the wallet. With his free hand, he shows the manicurist his photograph.

See the snap of Natalie. The pretty smile. The manicurist nods approvingly. Impressed.

91 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

91

We're looking at the upper landing of the escalator. Steps come TOWARD us and DISAPPEAR. No one in sight. Until...

... like dawn arriving over the horizon, the SLOW MOTION appearance of a haircut we've never seen before. Inch by inch, the new Raymond is revealed to us. The pin-striped suit. Solid green tie. The hands folded neatly before him. He is magnificent.

Reaching the top, he takes an exaggerated step off. Makes it without stumbling. Charlie is right behind him, wearing a solid green tie, identical to Raymond's. Starts to throw his arm around him. Thinks better of it. The arm returns to his side, and the two brothers head off together.

92 EXT. STRIP - NIGHT

92

Charlie driving the Buick. Raymond gawking at the bright lights. Stop at a crosswalk. Raymond stares at the big hotel sign. Charlie watching...

CHARLIE

Lots of bulbs, huh?

RAYMOND

Lots of bulbs huh.

CHARLIE

How many bulbs, Ray?

*

RAYMOND

Two hundred seventy-eight.

*

... like giving the time of day.

CHARLIE

The Rain Man has spoken.

And PEELS OUT...

93 INT. CASINO - NIGHT

93

Raymond follows Charlie through adult Disneyland. The noises, the flashing lights. Something new everywhere he looks. He stops to gape at the Wheel of Fortune. Charlie waiting, his impatience starting to show.

(CONTINUED)

Down an endless aisle of slots now. Raymond watches everyone pulling the handles. So he stops. Pulls a handle. But it doesn't pull. He pulls harder. Nothing. Starts looking around for a better machine, when Charlie reaches over... puts in a quarter. Now.

Raymond pulls with all his might and the tumblers spin. Incredible. Watching. Watching. Registering the blip as each symbol comes to rest. Two bars and a lemon. But Raymond's still watching. Really watching. Charlie leans to his ear.

CHARLIE

It's over now. We'll come back
for the late show.

ANGLE - DOZENS OF STONE-BORED KENO PLAYERS

listlessly going through the motions. Raymond watches like it's the World Series.

CHARLIE

Keno, right. We're definitely
coming back to this. Oh, yeah.

ANGLE - ROULETTE BALL

spinning, spinning. Raymond follows the rotation with his whole head. Mesmerized.

CHARLIE

Hey, this is great. The sooner
we play cards, the faster we
get back here.

ANGLE - SLOTS

again. A jackpot paying off. BELL RINGING away. A small crowd has gathered. The woman is jumping up and down and everyone's hugging her. Raymond staring at the thrill of victory...

CHARLIE

See, winning is great. She won.
She's happy. Everybody's hugging
her...

He realizes Raymond is staring straight at him. Real blank. Charlie clears his throat.

CHARLIE

When you win at cards. Nobody
hugs.

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED: (2)

93

No reaction. Charlie lowers his voice. Confiding...

CHARLIE

If we don't play cards. And win money. They'll take you back to the house for the strange.

(beat)

And you know how they'll take you...?

Raymond doesn't. Charlie stiffens his arms straight out to the sides. The wings of a plane. And like a four-year-old...

CHARLIE

Hrrrrrrr....

People are staring. Charlie doesn't care, because...

... so is Raymond.

94
thru
97

INT. CASINO - LATER

94
thru
97

Full table. Charlie in the last seat. Raymond next to him. Charlie's stack of chips is humungus. Clearly, on a major roll. The DEALER calls for bets, and Raymond decisively bets two. Charlie shoves a large double-stack into the box, as the cards begin to fly...

... Charlie pulls a six and a four. Raymond has eighteen. Raymond looks the Dealer straight in the eye, and nods. The Dealer can't quite believe...

DEALER

You want a card?

CHARLIE

He doesn't want a card. Ray, you got eighteen.

RAYMOND

I want a card.

Very definite. The Dealer gives him a ten. Raymond keeps grinning, as if unaware that he's lost. Charlie is pissed...

CHARLIE

See, you took my ten.

Oh. Raymond is sorry. Lays his ten on top of Charlie's cards. Smoothes it down, to make it nice. Better now?

(CONTINUED)

94
thru
97

CONTINUED:

94
thru
97

The Dealer and Charlie share a look. As Charlie returns Raymond's gift...

CHARLIE

I can't take yours. I need my own.

RAYMOND

There's lots of them.

A little hitch in Charlie's eyes. Wishes Raymond hadn't said that. Still, he doubles down, pushing another stack of chips forward.

RAYMOND

Lots and lots of them.

This time the Dealer's eyes flick to Raymond before he deals... a queen to the first guy. Ten to the next guy. Jack to Charlie. And a queen to himself for a bust. As the Dealer pays Charlie a bundle, Raymond is nodding matter-of-factly...

RAYMOND

Lots and lots.

The white marker card is next. The Dealer lays it in front of Raymond and begins to shuffle. When he's done, he puts the cards back in the shoe. Looks to Raymond, expectantly. Raymond looks back. Real blank.

CHARLIE

Put the marker in the cards, Ray.

RAYMOND

Where?

DEALER

Anywhere you like, sir.

Raymond hesitantly picks up the white marker. Looking back to Charlie for support. Gets an encouraging nod. Raymond turns to the cards. Back to Charlie. Another nod. A bit more impatient.

Back to the cards now. Really watches them. Nobody can believe this, except...

CHARLIE

Today.

Raymond looks up quizzically, exasperating Charlie all the more...

(CONTINUED)

94
thru
97

CONTINUED: (2)

94
thru
97

CHARLIE

Do it today.

Oh. Raymond nods...

RAYMOND

Wednesday.

Raymond goes back to work. Looking for just the right cut. The white card hovering over the shoe. Hovering... hovering...

CHARLIE

(Kramden to Norton)

Will you just...

... Slapping Raymond's shoulder. Raymond flinches. And buries the marker. Done.

CHARLIE

Does that get me on the list?

RAYMOND

Wasn't a... serious injury.

'Course, you are number eighteen...

CHARLIE

... In 1988, yeah.

The Dealer, the PLAYERS, just watching this.

CHARLIE

So, how does someone... y'know,
get off the list?

Seems to care.

RAYMOND

People go on the list. They don't
go off.

Charlie nods. He was afraid of that. From somewhere, a throat clears...

DEALER

Bets, guys?

Charlie looks up into four pairs of staring eyes. Sorry. Raymond puts one chip into his box. So, Charlie pulls all his winnings out of his own box. Then, the instant before the Dealer begins...

RAYMOND

Ooops...

(CONTINUED)

94
thru
97

CONTINUED: (3)

94
thru
97

He puts in a second chip. Causing Charlie to hurriedly push his own stack back in. Charlie glares at Raymond. The Dealer is amused...

DEALER

You boys all set?

Raymond nods. Charlie nods. The Dealer deals... Raymond a nineteen and Charlie...

DEALER

Blackjack.

As the Dealer pays Charlie, Raymond is tugging at his brother's sleeve. Pantomining how he put the marker just right. Meanwhile, the Dealer is giving himself a third card, fourth, fifth and...

DEALER

Twenty-one. Name of the game.

As the Dealer collects the bets, the guy on Raymond's right leans over. Admiring.

PLAYER

I like your taste in ties, my friend.

He's a graying executive in an expensive suit. Maybe half a drink too many.

RAYMOND

It's green.

PLAYER

I noticed.

RAYMOND

At my home... if you don't... don't wear green on Saint Patty's Day... you get... you get a pinch, a big... pinch and a hit...

Oh. The Player takes that in.

PLAYER

Well, Saint Paddy's Day is... eight months off.

CHARLIE

We're ready.

The Player smiles. Play has stopped now, as a uniformed guard is removing the cashbox. The Player gestures to Charlie's stack of chips...

(CONTINUED)

94
thru
97

CONTINUED: (4)

94
thru
97

PLAYER

Keep it up... you boys can wear
money on Saint Pat's.

A PIT BOSS has arrived with pencil and pad. The Player
keeps grinning at Charlie...

PLAYER

Gonna give us the secret? How
you boys do so well?

Charlie's easy shrug...

CHARLIE

We cheat.

The Pit Boss never looks up. As he totes the rack,
Raymond stares intently. Imitates the note-taking
process in a phantom notebook of his own. The Dealer
grins at him...

DEALER

He's just counting the chips in
my rack...

Oh.

RAYMOND

There's... 182 white ones and...
159 green ones... and 94 red
ones and 73 black ones.

That makes the Pit Boss look up. Raymond is now trying
to spin one of the chips like a top. It's not working.

The Pit Boss goes back to his count. Eyes sharpening.
Then widening. When he's done, he can only stare.
Raymond looks up with his dead-on gaze. Anything else?

PIT BOSS

Uh... thanks.

A lingering look and the Pit Boss backs away. The Dealer
is impressed.

DEALER

What? You been counting all
along?

Raymond opens his mouth and snaps it shut.

CHARLIE

He means the chips, Ray.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

94
thru
97

CONTINUED: (5)

94
thru
97

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(to Dealer)
Yeah. He likes to do that.

The Dealer gestures to the box and Raymond bets two chips. Charlie shoves in the biggest stack yet. The cards come... twenty for Raymond... eleven for Charlie. The Dealer looks up to see...

... Raymond nod his head.

CHARLIE
You don't want a card, Ray. You got twenty.

Raymond ignores him. Keeps nodding. Our graying executive nudges Raymond...

PLAYER
It's not a good idea, Ray.

But Ray's still nodding away.

CHARLIE
Ray, I'm doubling down on an eleven, here. This is two thousand dollars...

Raymond stops nodding.

CHARLIE
If you take my ten... I'll pull your pants up another six inches... that'll put 'em right around your ears.

RAYMOND
(to Dealer)
I want a card.

The Dealer shrugs. Sends him...

... an ace. And Charlie... a queen. Raymond just points...

RAYMOND
Name of the game.

98 INT. CASINO - CATWALK

98

Above the casino, among the air conditioning ducts, a security GUARD stands with a pair of binoculars. He is looking down on the floor through a one-way mirror, when the SHIFT BOSS comes up behind him.

(CONTINUED)

SHIFT BOSS

With the same two guys...?

GUARD'S POV

We see Charlie and Raymond below.

BACK TO SCENE

GUARD

The kid's way up. And climbing.

SHIFT BOSS

What do you see...?

GUARD

Well, he's not front-loading.
Don't see any capping or dragging.
And we keep changing decks... so
he can't be marking anything...

SHIFT BOSS

So he's counting. Throw him a
bigger shoe.

GUARD

We did. We're up to six.
There's no one in the world can
count into a six-deck shoe.

SHIFT BOSS

So, he's just on a roll.

Silence. The Guard keeps watching.

GUARD

Very long and very steady. Like
a machine.

The magic words. Shift Boss reflects for a beat...

SHIFT BOSS

Run a tape on him.

And without looking back...

GUARD

Kelso already ordered one.

One scotch. One ginger ale. Charlie's real tired.
Raymond isn't. Looking around from one wonder to the
next.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

You have to go to the bathroom?

He doesn't.

CHARLIE

I do. Come on.

But Raymond doesn't move. He's looking at something particular now. A young woman at the end of the bar. Early twenties. And very beautiful. Charlie watches Raymond watch the GIRL. Smiles...

CHARLIE

I'll be back in a minute. You stay put. Promise?

Without turning, Raymond nods. He promises. Still staring at the Girl. Charlie rumples Raymond's hair, just a little. And leaves.

And now... from across the bar... the Girl turns. She looks straight at Raymond. And she smiles. A smile of youth and innocence and beauty. Raymond smiles back. His imitation grin.

The Girl stands now. Picks up her drink. And comes over. She sits next to Raymond. Looks in his eyes...

GIRL

'Evening.

Raymond is stumped. See the thought flickering. Then...

RAYMOND

Actually... it's a beautiful morning.

The words, the tone, are perfect copies of Charlie's line to the diner waitress in Illinois. The beautiful Girl is staring at Raymond now. His words could almost make sense... but something in the voice alerts her...

RAYMOND

So, uh... what's fresh today?

Her smile shines on. But her eyes are studying him closely.

GIRL

Well, sugar... I guess... me.

He thinks he's doing great. Pours it on...

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

In fact, we were wondering...

GIRL

We?

RAYMOND

... What's exciting around here?
After dark.

Her only question is, harmless-weird or dangerous?
Sweetly but cautiously...

GIRL

Well, darlin'... I guess that's
me again.

But now Raymond's out of words. The imitation Charlie
fades. He looks like Raymond again. Sweet and little
and lost. She watches the transformation. And the shy
effort...

RAYMOND

I'm Raymond. You're pretty.

She sees now who he is. Or enough of it to understand.

GIRL

Thank you, Raymond. My name is
Iris.

He nods, timidly. Looks down at his hands. Her voice is
soft. But not condescending.

IRIS (GIRL)

Raymond. Do you like me?

Still looking down, he nods bigger. A lot. And even
though he can't see, she smiles.

IRIS

Why did you say those... things?
Before. About... after dark, and
all that.

RAYMOND

This is just stuff you say. To
a pretty girl. Like Sally Dibbs.

(beat)

I know her telephone number.

(beat)

But you're... more...

(CONTINUED)

She reaches out. Touches his hand. He stiffens slightly at her touch, and her fingers come away. She doesn't seem hurt by this. Just curious. Professional curiosity.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

He doesn't have any money.

She looks up to see Charlie. Turns her professional smile on him...

IRIS

That's all right, sugar. We're just talking.

Charlie leans to his brother...

CHARLIE

Time to get some sleep. Say good night.

Raymond shakes his head. Stubbornly. Defiantly.

CHARLIE

Ray. C'mon upstairs...

RAYMOND

You go to sleep. We're just talking.

Iris glances up at Charlie.

IRIS

What room? I'll bring him right up.

Charlie's eyes go from her to Raymond. And back.

CHARLIE

That's all right. I'll wait over there.

One last look. Hard. Protective. And Charlie leaves. Alone now...

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. How old are you, Raymond?

(CONTINUED)

But Raymond doesn't know. And that seems to upset him.

IRIS

What's wrong?

RAYMOND

How old am I, Iris?

And Iris smiles...

IRIS

You're forty, sugar. And... very attractive...

She reaches her hand now and smooths down the hair that Charlie had rumped. It's maternal and sexual at once. Raymond tenses. Then eases.

IRIS

I'm sort of... working now. So I have to go. But it was good meeting you, Raymond.

Raymond just stares. His eyes are pleading for her to stay. And Iris watches that. She's deciding now...

IRIS

Would you like to have a date with me?

He nods. Hesitantly.

RAYMOND

What is that?

IRIS

It's where we talk. And maybe... dance. Just for a little while. Would you like that?

He would.

IRIS

Right here. Tomorrow, at eight o'clock. Before I start my work.

She stands. Smiles.

IRIS

Tell your brother. Eight o'clock. Right here.

She sends him a wave. He sends it back. HOLD ON him. Watching her go.

100 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

100

Charlie enters the room. Raymond trailing behind, looking around at the red plush, the glitter fixtures. He seems impressed.

Charlie sinks down onto the tufted bedspread. Raymond perches at the foot of the bed. Charlie watches with a smile that's more than tired. Strangely unhappy.

CHARLIE

You like this room?

Raymond does.

CHARLIE

I don't. There's nothing here that... feels good. Winning. Winning feels good, but...

CHARLIE

(beat)

... You're the guy doing the winning. I'm just watching.

RAYMOND

Like... the laundry, Charlie Babbitt?

CHARLIE

No. Watching the laundry... doesn't make me feel... like a loser.

A better smile this time from Charlie. One that's just for his brother.

CHARLIE

Watching you... save my ass... shakes me up a little, I guess.

Raymond is watching him. But Raymond doesn't understand.

CHARLIE

We won a lot of money tonight, Ray. Enough to pay everybody off.

Staring at each other. Charlie looks so different now. So strange.

CHARLIE

And put my life back. To where it was.

And Charlie... whispers. Raymond leans forward, but he can't hear. Charlie beckons.

(CONTINUED)

100

CONTINUED:

100

And Raymond crawls across the bed on his hands and knees.
Puts his ear close to Charlie's lips. Hears...

CHARLIE
(whispering)
And that's the bad news.

Raymond looks at him. So puzzled.

CHARLIE
Secret thoughts.

But Raymond is only more confused. So Charlie says...

CHARLIE
It means I have my life back. And
I don't want it. And I don't
know...
(smile fades)
... why I ever did.

A last look at his brother, and Charlie climbs slowly off
the bed. Really tired. Pulling off his jacket. Shirt.
On the way to the bathroom. Raymond follows.

101

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

101

Charlie stops at the mirror. Takes a look. An honest
one. And Raymond's watching that. Absently now, Charlie
reaches to fill a water glass. When he looks into the
mirror, he sees...

... Raymond's eyes. Trying to understand. Charlie
smiles...

CHARLIE
So tell me about your hooker.
Pretty lady, huh?

No response. Charlie reaches for his toothbrush...

CHARLIE
The girl. In the bar.

RAYMOND
Iris.

Charlie smiles at Raymond in the mirror. But Raymond
doesn't smile back.

RAYMOND
We have a date. Tomorrow.

Charlie's putting toothpaste on his brush. Really
grinning now...

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

RAYMOND

I have to... dance. In my date.

Ah. That sounded scared. Charlie's toothbrush poised in mid-air...

CHARLIE

Hey, dancing's easy. I'll show you how. In the morning.

But the urgency stays in Raymond's eyes. And as Charlie begins to brush...

RAYMOND

Now. Now is when... I don't know how.

A held moment. Charlie spits out. Rinses.

102 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

102

Walks back to the bedroom, Raymond trailing after him. To the RADIO. Flicks it ON. Turns the dial till he finds easy listening. It's beautiful MUSIC, really. Romantic.

Faces Raymond now. Gets their hands in place. Raymond looks down at his feet.

CHARLIE

Don't look at your feet. Just walk. Where I push you.

Charlie holds his brother at arm's length. Formal teaching position. And slowly, they begin to dance. Not so badly. Considering. Only the sound of the radio. Raymond trying with everything he's got.

CHARLIE

You're doing well. Pretty soon... you can push me.

They keep dancing. Staring at each other's eyes. It's getting better. Smoother.

CHARLIE

Sonofabitch. You can do this, can't you?

Faster. Still smoother. Turning now.

CHARLIE

You can dance with a goddam girl! C'mon, say it!

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

Dance. With a... goddam girl!

Real pride in Charlie's eyes now. A held beat, and he... grabs Raymond in a bear hug. But Raymond stiffens. Panicked. And Charlie lets go fast. Backs away.

Raymond is staring with large eyes. Really scared. Breathing hard.

CHARLIE

C'mon, man. Brothers do this stuff. It's not faggy. It's brothers. Are you my brother?

Raymond doesn't know what to say or do. His hands start twisting at each other.

CHARLIE

Are you... or are you not... my goddam brother!?

Sounds angry. Looks angry. Raymond nods, fearfully.

CHARLIE

Then give us a goddam squeeze!

He comes at Raymond. Throws his arms around him. But Raymond shoves Charlie back with all his strength. Charlie holds on and Raymond pushes once more. Violent, almost wild. And for the second time, Charlie backs off. Raymond is whispering now, fast and crazy. Scared to death. Charlie is wired. Stalking in a circle...

CHARLIE

Shit, Ray. You really hurt my feelings...

The whispering continues. Mantra, rosary.

CHARLIE

... And feelings are the most important hurt.

Coming after him. Raymond backing away. Whispering, wringing his hands. Into a corner. And as Charlie comes closer...

CHARLIE

I'm gonna start... a serious injury list. And you'll be... number one, man. Number one! In 1988.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

And he flings himself onto Raymond. Holding tight for all he's worth. Raymond struggles. He can't break free.

CHARLIE

C'mon, man. Hug me back. Hug me back, Ray. Just one time. One time, c'mon. Just see how good it can...

But Raymond bites the back of his own hand. In fury and terror. Charlie had forgotten this. He loosens his grip. Lets go completely now. But Raymond is still biting the hand...

CHARLIE

Hey, look. It's over. Ray, stop that now!

But Raymond doesn't. Can't. Charlie grabs Raymond's arm and his head. Pries the hand free. Teeth marks. Red. Charlie just holds onto the hand. Both brothers gasping for breath. Eyes locked.

CHARLIE

Forget it. Forget it. I'll never do that again. I promise. Never, never again.

Raymond begins to calm. Catching his breath.

CHARLIE

I was stupid, okay? Brothers hug. We're not brothers.

One last look. Charlie stalks into the john. Slams the door. HOLD ON Raymond now. Just staring...

103 INT. CASINO - MORNING

103

Charlie at the cashier's window. As the lady expertly sorts out his chips, a hand appears at Charlie's shoulder. He turns to see the Shift Boss from the casino catwalk. They stare at each other for a held beat.

SHIFT BOSS

Mr. Babbitt. Someone needs a word with you.

104 INT. CASINO OFFICES - MORNING

104

Down a corridor. Stop at a door that says, MR. KELSO. And in smaller letters: DIRECTOR OF SECURITY. They enter. Go through a well-appointed outer office, as a secretary watches with interest.

(CONTINUED)

Knock and enter the inner office to find...

BARNEY KELSO, behind his desk. To Charlie's astonishment, he is the same graying executive type who played at their table last night.

The Shift Boss leaves, closing the door softly. Kelso gestures for Charlie to sit. There is no smile. Just watches Charlie through a beat of silence. Then...

KELSO

Congratulations, Mr. Babbitt.

You've won... let's see...

(looks at a slip)

... eighty-six thousand three hundred dollars. That's a great deal of money.

Charlie's voice is mild. Composed.

CHARLIE

Not so much. Not when you consider the really high rollers.

KELSO

Well, it isn't the amount. It's the potential. For... disruption.

Kelso settles back. No menace yet in his voice. Just a trace around the eyes.

KELSO

Counting into a six-deck shoe is quite a feat. In fact... worthy of special attention.

(beat)

I don't play cards with everyone, Mr. Babbitt. I don't like cards.

CHARLIE

I'm afraid I really don't know what...

KELSO

We have videotapes. We analyze those. And we share them with other casinos. The tapes suggest, Mr. Babbitt, that you should take your winnings and leave the state.

Very quiet now. Charlie's lips part, but...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

KELSO

All you have to do... is close
your mouth... and go home. And
that's the best odds you're gonna
see for awhile.

(quietly)

I'd take them.

105 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

105

Charlie is throwing their things in a suitcase. Fast.
Raymond is watching. Quiet. But clearly upset.

CHARLIE

You wanna bring me the stuff from
the bathroom? Real careful.

But Raymond doesn't move. Charlie glances at him...

CHARLIE

I didn't ask what you want. We
have to do this.

RAYMOND

I'm not going.

Charlie stops packing. That sounded real strong.

RAYMOND

I have... a date.

Oh. Oh, Jesus.

CHARLIE

Ray, she won't even be there. She
said that to get rid of you.

Raymond is confused now. Seeing his agitation, Charlie's
voice softens...

CHARLIE

Ray, she's a whore. She doesn't
really like you. She is nice...
to men... for money. That's all.

Raymond's thoughts are focusing. His arms fold. Tight.
His face becomes a study in stubborn.

RAYMOND

Then you go. And you be by
yourself.

Charlie stares at him. Slams the suitcase shut. The
violence makes Raymond flinch a little.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

If I go... you'll be alone. All alone. Right here. Nobody to help you. No-fucking-body! Do you hear that!?

And Raymond does hear it. He turns his back and begins pitching. Not so fearful this time. Angry.

RAYMOND

Honus Wagner -- strike three!

Charlie watching. Cooling out.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry about last night, okay? I don't know what happened to me.

RAYMOND

Harmon Killebrew -- strike three!

CHARLIE

Look. You saved my butt. I was a complete dork.

RAYMOND

Henry Aaron -- stike three!

CHARLIE

Ray. Stop a minute. Please.

Raymond stops in mid-motion. On one foot. Peering at Charlie over his shoulder. Like a stork holding a runner on first.

CHARLIE

I'm saying I'm sorry. And when one guys says he's sorry... the other guy says...

RAYMOND

Pete Rose -- strike three!!

Power fastball. Finishing up with his little trademark delayed kick.

CHARLIE

Fine. Get your rocks off. It's cheaper than a whore. Is that who you want to be with? Someone who pretends to care about you... and ends up taking your money...?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

Raymond pauses in his wind-up long enough to give Charlie an uncharacteristically hard stare.

RAYMOND

Babe Ruth -- strike three!

CHARLIE

All right, that's enough of that.

But Raymond's not listening. He's pitching, harder than before. Each throw a release of his pent-up frustration.

RAYMOND

Mickey Mantle -- strike three!

CHARLIE

Ray, I said stop it!

RAYMOND

Charlie Babbitt...
(eyeing Charlie)
Strike thr --

CHARLIE

Foul ball!

Raymond stops, confused. He glances sharply at Charlie. But Charlie's stares back just as hard.

CHARLIE

They told me if I leave... I can take the money. Now I need that money. If I don't have it, I could wind up in jail! You know what jail is, Ray?

He doesn't.

CHARLIE

It's Lynwood with no snacks. No duck pond. No Vernon. Just big guys who beat on you.

RAYMOND

I have a date.

CHARLIE

Jesus Christ, I just told you it's my ass. Don't you care? What do you want???

As always, the very question unnerves Raymond. We see the fear rising. But he's still pissed...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

105

RAYMOND

What do you want, Charlie Babbitt?

Silence. Charlie just staring at him. Defiantly, Raymond assumes his pitcher's stance. But as he begins his wind-up...

CHARLIE

You want to strike me out...?

And Raymond stops to hear...

CHARLIE

Then let's do it. For real.

106 EXT. LAS VEGAS PARK - DAY
thru
109

106
thru
109

Blacktop basketball. Hot day. Hot game. The boys are sixteen or seventeen, and they're pushing it up and down the asphalt. Stretching beyond the court is a green park. Mostly empty in the afternoon sun.

Watching the game are two younger boys, maybe eleven years old. Cross-legged on the grass with their sodas. Baseball bat, gloves and ball lie to one side. They don't see the strangers approach. Until...

CHARLIE

Hey, fellas. Use your bat and ball for a minute...?

(beat)

For ten bucks?

Charlie has a six-pack in one hand. Holds out a ten-spot with the other. The one boy reaches eagerly for the money. Charlie tosses Raymond the ball. He manages to catch it. Turns it slowly in his hands. An object of ultimate fascination. Charlie has the bat. Points to an empty diamond across the way...

CHARLIE

We'll be just there, guys.

And he jogs off. Raymond, cradling the ball in both hands, trots after him. The boy exchange a short look over Raymond, and back to the game.

ANGLE - CHARLIE

arriving at the weathered backstop. Sets the beer to one side. Starts to brush the dirt off home plate. Sits on his heels now watching Raymond catch up. Coming across the infield, as Charlie holds up his hand...

(CONTINUED)

106
thru
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CONTINUED:

106
thru
109

CHARLIE

Hold on, ace. The mound's over there. You're the pitcher, aren't you?

And Raymond stops. The pitcher. Is he really? Im-mobilized by reality, until...

CHARLIE

Let's get loose, baby. Umpire's not gonna wait all day.

He's squatting behind the plate like a catcher. Pounding his bare hand as if it were a mitt. Grinning with confidence.

Hesitantly, Raymond steps up on the mound. Stares at the ball. There's no way he can do this. But Charlie's hanging in there...

CHARLIE

Don't stare at it like it's a goddam hand grenade. You know what to do with it. Burn it in here.

Raymond looks up now. His eyes are lost. But they find Charlie.

CHARLIE

(Vin Scully)

Bottom of the ninth. Yankee Stadium. The fall classic is knotted at three and three. The Chicago Cubs... one out away from ending forty years of humiliation...

Charlie smiles. Nice touch, that.

CHARLIE

And they've gone to their ace. The man who's brought them all this way. Raymond Babbitt. The legendary Rain Man. Asked to do it just one more time.

Charlie holds his eyes. One simple nod. You can do it.

CHARLIE

First warm-up throw now. Into his wind-up...

And somehow, Raymond is.

(CONTINUED)

106
thru
109

CONTINUED: (2)

106
thru
109

Hands at his waist. The leg kicks. He comes over the top and... throws hard. Sails eight feet over Charlie's head. Rattling around the backstop. Charlie is frozen for half a beat, then leans back and...

CHARLIE

Aw-right!

Charlie seems thrilled. So Raymond smiles his frozen smile. Catching the wave.

CHARLIE

Smoke! The man is throwing smoke!

Shaking his head in admiration, he retrieves the ball. Walks it out to the mound. They stand close together. Speak in low tones...

CHARLIE

Way to show 'em the dark one, ace.
Now next one... no wind-up.

RAYMOND

No wind-up?

CHARLIE

Bases loaded.

Raymond nods. Check. Charlie takes his arm. Walks him toward home plate. About halfway.

CHARLIE

Now we're moving the rubber...
right... up here.

Raymond doesn't understand. Looks back at the real mound.

CHARLIE

This way, you don't have to throw
so hard. The catcher can't handle
your heat, see. Nobody could.

Raymond staring at Charlie's eyes. Charlie seems to mean it. Trust me on this. Goes back to the plate. Squat down.

CHARLIE

Okay, the old change-up now. Lay
it in there. Nice and easy.

Raymond stares in. Reaches back and... lobs a blooper pitch in the right direction. It bounces near the plate. Charlie nods his approval. Gives Raymond the high sign...

(CONTINUED)

106
thru
109

CONTINUED: (3)

106
thru
109

CHARLIE

Control. Name of the game.

Raymond nods. Control is everything. Charlie rolls the ball back to Raymond. And picks up the bat. Takes a murderous cut...

CHARLIE

Pinch-hitter now for the Yankees.
And will it be... yes! The Hammer!
Charlie Babbitt. And with one
swing, the Hammer could turn all
this around. The crowd is going
wild...

Charlie does crowd noise. And then... HAM-MER, HAM-MER
... He stands at the plate. Raymond looks in for the
sign, a picture of determination.

CHARLIE

So, it's down to this. Strength
against strength. The Brothers
Babbitt to settle it all, and
what more could you ask for...?
Here's the stretch...

Raymond stretches and... lobs a ball maybe three feet
outside the plate as... Charlie swings from the heels.

CHARLIE

Stee-rike one!

Raymond does a little dance of excitement. As Charlie
retrieves the ball, he keeps the patter up...

CHARLIE

The Rain Man nibbling on that
outside corner. He's got all his
stuff today. Charlie has to bear
down here...

Ready again. Raymond stretches. The ball lobs straight
AT us and... Charlie takes a vicious cut. Misses a mile,
as the ball bounces right in front of the plate, and...

CHARLIE

Stee-rike two!

Raymond is beside himself. Jumping up and down. Vi-
brating. Charlie goes after the ball...

CHARLIE

The Hammer way out in front on
that one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106
thru
109

CONTINUED: (4)

106
thru
109

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Raymond Babbitt in
complete command this afternoon...

Rolls the ball back to Raymond. Who peers in. Then
shakes his head. Shakes it again.

CHARLIE

What's up?

RAYMOND

Wrong sign. Can I give him the
high hard one?

Charlie thinks that over. Shrugs.

CHARLIE

What the hell.

Full wind-up this time and Raymond... flings it hard.
It's nowhere near Charlie, but he bails out anyway.
Rolling in the dirt as if he was almost beamed. Stands
slowly. Gets the ball.

CHARLIE

Well, it's brother on brother, but
no love lost with the world title
at stake. Count is one and two...

Rolls Raymond the ball. And this time as Charlie stands
in, the voice becomes his own...

CHARLIE

This is it, Ray. This is my
pitch. I'm gonna hit the goddam
thing to Kansas.

And Raymond hesitates now. Edges of fear are nibbling...

CHARLIE

Stand in there like a man,
goddammit. Let's see that
rainbow. I'm gonna drive it,
Ray. Take you downtown, sucker!

The defiance seems to light some fire inside Raymond. And
with all of his courage, Raymond reaches back and lobs...
a perfect cripple... right over the plate as Charlie
cuts loose and... misses by a foot. He swings all the
way around and lands on his seat. Right on home plate.

Raymond leaps in the air. Jubilation. Ecstasy. And
then, he sees...

(CONTINUED)

106
thru
109

CONTINUED: (5)

106
thru
109

... Charlie, sitting on home plate. He seems silently broken. As if his world has ended. And Raymond's joy melts away. Slowly, he approaches his brother. Stands over him. As Charlie looks up...

... Raymond's eyes look away. An awkward silent beat. And then Raymond sits down in the dirt. Right beside his brother. Charlie is watching this. But Raymond is still looking away. And without turning...

... Raymond's hand reaches over. To Charlie's knee. And grasps it. Tight. Three seconds. Four. And then the hand comes away. Charlie just staring at his profile, as...

RAYMOND
(softly)
C-h-a-r... l-i-eeeeee...

... Musical. Comforting. Actually loving.

RAYMOND
You could keep. My blanket.

And as Charlie stares... it dawns...

CHARLIE
The... baby blanket? Was it...
it was yours...?

Raymond remembering the blanket. More than treasure. As one would think of a child who is far away...

RAYMOND
Every day. It was my blanket.
And I... I gave it. To you.

Silence now. When Charlie speaks, his voice is very different. In some ways, the most human he's ever sounded.

CHARLIE
Why would... you do that?

And slowly...

RAYMOND
Because. You were crying. When
Daddy took me. To my home. Bye-
bye, Rain Man. Bye-bye, Rain
Man. Bye-bye, Rain Man. Thursday.

Charlie absorbs that for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

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thru
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CONTINUED: (6)

106
thru
109

CHARLIE

Did I... stop crying?

Yes, he did. Raymond's head keeps nodding awhile.

CHARLIE

Ray. Look at me. Please.

It was that last word. Makes Raymond look up.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

And Raymond stares at him. Direct, unblinking. It's Charlie who feels awkward now.

CHARLIE

Uh... buy you a beer?

No response. He reaches for the six-pack. Tears off two. Pops 'em. Hands one to Raymond. Raymond just looks at it.

RAYMOND

'Course, they lost the cup.

When he looks at Charlie's eyes, he sees a feeling that wasn't there before.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well... cups are for girls,
Ray. Men drink their beer... like
this...

He shows him how. Looks at him. Just one nod. And Raymond drinks his beer. Like a man.

CHARLIE

Y'know... I really tried to hit
that ball, Ray. But...

Charlie seems so lost. So helpless.

RAYMOND

I made a good pitch.

Charlie's eyes are glistening now. He just nods.

CHARLIE

One fucking hell of a pitch.

Takes a major pull on his beer. Wipes his mouth.
Thinking.

(CONTINUED)

106
thru
109

CONTINUED: (7)

106
thru
109

CHARLIE

Boy, it's too bad he wasn't here
to see it. You strike me out.

Charlie looks over. Raymond's eyes are waiting.

CHARLIE

I'm talking about Dad, Ray.

Oh. Well, Raymond thinks about that. Then...

RAYMOND

Daddy held you. He kissed you.

Takes Charlie back for a beat.

CHARLIE

Did he really...?

RAYMOND

Did he really.

Raymond nods. You bet.

CHARLIE

When I was little, maybe.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE

He just didn't know what a...
winner I'd turn out to be. Real
shame he wasn't here today. So
I could show him.

RAYMOND

Daddy knew. About showing.

Charlie's turn not to understand. Raymond sees that.

RAYMOND

I said, where's my brother.
Charlie Babbitt. And Daddy
said, Charlie's in California.
And someday...

Raymond chooses this moment to be thirsty. He takes a
heavy hit on the beer. Charlie waits. Then...

RAYMOND

Someday. He'll show 'em all.

See the impact on Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

106
thru
109

CONTINUED: (8)

106
thru
109

RAYMOND

Who's that? Who's... 'em?

Charlie can't speak just now. So he shakes his head. Doesn't know. He reaches over. Slowly. His hand grasps Raymond's knee. Holds tight. And Raymond lets it be. Three seconds. Four. And when the hand comes away...

CHARLIE

... Secret hug.

110

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

110

Crowded bar. PAN the action SLOWLY, to STOP ON...

... Iris. Moving her body, just a little, to the music. She is completely delicious. Right now, two convention-eers are chatting her up. Each wears a "Hi, My Name is..." tag. ROGER is big and beefy. The grin looks happy enough, but there's a trace of malice at the eyes. With him is his son BILLY. Eighteen and well-built, with a less subtle version of his dad's smirk.

The boys are hovering. Fairly drooling. Iris sits calmly between them. Smiling the smile. Doing her thing. Until suddenly, she spots something. Waves cheerily across the room to...

... Raymond. Even at this distance, we can see he looks sharp tonight. Charlie at his side, whispers in his ear. Raymond waves back. A little over-enthusiastic, but she seems to love it. Roger watches the moment with that wide dishonest grin...

ROGER

And who the fuck would that be?

IRIS

That's a friend. I promised him we'd dance a little.

And she slides off her stool. By the time her feet hit the floor, Roger has her arm. Real firm.

ROGER

I thought we'd... made some arrangements, darlin'...

Hear the whiskey now. And see it swimming in his eyes.

IRIS

Meet you right back here. It won't be long, sugar.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

She tries to gently pull her arm free. Roger's grip tightens. Billy steps closer now. His body up against her.

ROGER

That's right it won't. Cos if you don't put that pretty butt back down on that stool... we're liable to go find ourselves another tramp.

She just smiles. Nods.

IRIS

Well, I don't think you boys'll have any trouble with that. Couple of handsome gentlemen like yourselves...

With her free hand, she straightens Roger's tie. Stares him straight in the eye.

ANGLE WITH RAYMOND

now, watching anxiously. Charlie reaches into his pocket. Pulls out some bills. Snaps off a hundred. And another. Shows them to Raymond...

CHARLIE

When you say goodbye. If she's been nice to you. You give her a little kiss. And the money. And you say thank you.

Raymond nods. He's got it. Really ready. Charlie stuffs the bills in Raymond's pocket. Straightens Raymond's jacket and tie. Charlie seems a little emotional here. Leans close...

CHARLIE

Lookin' good, killer. She doesn't have a chance.

And here she comes. Striding alone across the floor. Wearing her sunniest smile. When she arrives, Charlie has disappeared.

IRIS

Oh, Raymond. You look so beautiful in your suit.

He nods. Agrees.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

IRIS

Will you dance with me...?

RAYMOND

I know how.

She smiles now. With affection.

IRIS

Bet you do.

She holds out her hand. Waits patiently for him to take it. He stares at it for a beat... and then he does. She winds her fingers through his. And leads him off...

As they cross the lounge, her body brushes gently against him. Her finger pointing to a small area with blue lights. A combo plays soft jazz. A few couples dance. She brings him through the tables. Through it all. And onto the floor.

They stand in a quiet corner, away from the others. She looks in his eyes...

IRIS

You know how I like to dance?
Sometimes.

Taking the question literally, he shakes his head. He doesn't know. Her voice is silken, and just for him...

IRIS

I like it when... we don't say
very much. We just... hold each
other. Very gently. And we
barely even move... and I close
my eyes... and pretend... we're
all alone.

Her smile now. Full of light. Exciting and reassuring
at once.

IRIS

Do you want that?

He does. And she winds her arms carefully around his neck. And brings her body against him. Her lips go to his ear...

IRIS

Hold me, Raymond.

... A hand appears. Large and fleshy. It grasps Iris's shoulder. Pulls her back.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (3)

110

ROGER

Now, hold on, 'sugar.' I think
this dance is taken...

Real menace in the tone. But she turns right to his
face...

IRIS

This has gone far enough, asswipe.
If you don't want me screaming
down the...

BILLY

Poppa! Poppa, look at this...

A slightly deranged giggle to his voice. And Roger turns
to see...

... Raymond in rare form. Hands twisting together. Head
jerking in his tennis-match routine... Roger to Iris to
Billy... Roger to Iris to Billy. All the while whispering
a million miles a minute. Roger thinks it's major
amusement...

ROGER

Sweet Jesus. What is wrong with
the boy...?

IRIS

Nothing, dickless. What's wrong
with you?

And still clutching Iris, Roger steps forward. Puts his
whiskey breath right in Raymond's face.

ROGER

Say there, Napoleon. You
wouldn't mind if my little boy
here has the first dance, wouldja?

And pokes Raymond in the center of the chest. Hard.
Raymond is pushed back a step. But whispering faster
than ever.

BILLY

What's he sayin'....?

Roger grabs Raymond's cheeks in a vice-like grip.
Stopping the sound...

ROGER

He's, uh... spelling. C-h-a-r...
l-i-

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (4)

110

... As Charlie comes flying INTO FRAME. Crashing the big man onto the floor. Going right for the throat. Billy, stunned for an instant dives on top. Catches an elbow, and starts punching Charlie's kidneys. As onlookers scream, scatter or stare...

... Raymond pulls from his inside pocket... the red notebook. Serious Injury List. Starts writing fast. For all the world, an officer at the scene of an accident...

111 INT. LAS VEGAS JAIL - NIGHT

111

Night duty COP. Walking down the row of holding cells. As he passes our POV, we see following him...

... SUSAN. Jeans, shirt, and tired eyes. This was a hasty trip. Just now, she looks more worried than pissed. They reach the cell...

... Charlie and Raymond face each other, cross-legged on the cot. Each holding a hand of cards...

CHARLIE

C'mon, you got a jack in there.
Say somethin', willya?

But Raymond says nothing. The sphinx. Clutching his cards.

COP

Hey, fellas. The lady's here
with your bail.

And Charlie looks up. He's taken a pounding, and it shows. As his eyes meet Susan's, they stop for a moment. Just hold. And softly...

CHARLIE

... Be right with you.
(to Raymond)

Now, you got a jack... lemme see
it. That's the goddam rules!

Charlie clearly cares about him. And, in spite of herself, Susan is forced to smile...

SUSAN

What are you boys playing for?

Charlie doesn't look up.

CHARLIE

If I win. I'm off the list.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

See her puzzlement. Off the list? Meanwhile, in frustration, Charlie reaches and grabs Raymond's cards. But...

... no jack. No jack at all.

RAYMOND

Go fish.

... and for the first time ever... Raymond's smile seems very real, indeed.

ANGLE - COP

leads the three of them down the corridor. Susan close to Charlie. Without looking at him, murmurs...

SUSAN

Custody, right.

(beat)

Who's gonna get custody of you?

112 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

112

Susan rummaging through the medicine chest. Putting toiletries in a Dopp kit.

SUSAN

You okay in there?

No answer. Only the sound of the TV. An old MUSICAL. She checks the drawers, shelves.

113 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

113

Back into the bedroom now to see... Raymond standing in front of the "Late Show." It's Fred and Ginger. He's mesmerized. Kind of touching to see him standing there so quiet. Her eyes linger before turning to check through the dresser drawers...

SUSAN

All set?

No answer. She's finished now.

SUSAN

Charlie's got the car by now. You know how he loves to wait.

But Raymond doesn't move. Mesmerized by Astaire and Rogers. Susan goes to him. Stands at his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

RAYMOND

Prob'ly Iris. Dances like that.

Oh. She's heard the story. Feels for him.

SUSAN

That was too bad. But there'll
be other chances. Lots of pretty
girls would... love to dance with
you, Raymond.

He's just staring at Ginger. Flowing across the floor.

114 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

114

Waiting for the elevator. He's watching Ginger on his
WATCHMAN TV. Picture's not much, but the MUSIC is coming
through. He seems melancholy. And she's watching this...

SUSAN

Iris was... real pretty, huh?

RAYMOND

She is. Is pretty.

Elevator arrives. Empty.

115 INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

115

They get in. As the doors close, he's still staring at
the TV with rapt attention. They start down.

SUSAN

She the... prettiest girl...
you've ever seen?

RAYMOND

I don't know.

Susan staring at him. Hear the MUSIC now. Astaire
easing into "They Can't Take That Away From Me." Im-
pulsively, Susan reaches now... to the red button, and...

... stops the elevator. It stops with a soft jolt,
startling Raymond a little. He looks up at her.

SUSAN

I like this music. Do you think
you could... show me? How you'd
dance with Iris.

He just stares at her. He doesn't seem frightened.
Just... blank. Gently, she takes the Watchman from his
hands. Puts it on the floor, as the MUSIC continues.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

SUSAN

Is it... like this...?

She stands close to him. Holds up her arms in a formal dancing position. He just stares at her. And she smiles. Waits. Slowly now, his hands go to her arms... bring them around his neck. Just like Iris.

RAYMOND

You know how I like to dance?
Sometimes.

SUSAN

Tell me.

RAYMOND

Barely even move. And close my
eyes. And pretend... we're
all alone.

She just nods. Very straight.

SUSAN

Okay. Let's pretend we're alone.

And slowly, tenderly, she begins to dance with him...

ASTAIRE (V.O.)

'We may never, never, meet again
on that bumpy road to love...'

... Carefully nestling closer to him. Fitting her body
to his...

ASTAIRE (V.O.)

'Still I'll always, always, keep
the memory of...'

... Turning gracefully, easily in the tiny space...

ASTAIRE (V.O.)

'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...'

Daring a little, she spins them gently and laughs as they
get it pretty much right...

ASTAIRE (V.O.)

'... They can't take that away...
from... me...'

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

The MUSIC is OVER. She steps back. Stares at his eyes...

SUSAN

Iris. Missed a beautiful dance.

RAYMOND

And a kiss.

Really?

RAYMOND

Charlie Babbitt said. If she was nice to me. To give her... a little kiss.

Oh. Susan nods. And comes closer.

SUSAN

Show me how...

He purses his mouth like a child. Makes her smile. Her fingertips go to his lips now...

SUSAN

Open your mouth. And kiss like... you're eating something very soft. That tastes very good.

And then she shows him. His mouth comes open. She kisses each of his lips. And tenderly draws his mouth into hers. Linger... and as lovely as she can make it. And when she pulls back...

SUSAN

How did it taste?

RAYMOND

It tasted wet.

Her slow smile...

SUSAN

Then we did it right.

And from his pocket, Raymond pulls out... the two hundred dollars. He holds it out to her. And on her bemused expression...

RAYMOND

Charlie Babbitt said.

116 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

116

The elevator opens. Susan and Raymond exit. Charlie is there waiting.

CHARLIE

Everything okay?

She has this funny smile...

SUSAN

What wouldn't be okay?

It is a strange expression. He looks from her to Raymond...

CHARLIE

Well, he gets... upset sometimes.
You have to know his ways...

(to Raymond)

You got everything? You got your
socks? You got all the notebooks?
The pencils?

Raymond is nodding, nodding.

RAYMOND

I've got everything. In my life.

They start walking toward the exit...

CHARLIE

... You got your T.V.?

SUSAN

It's in my purse.

He turns to her. That's a little strange.

117 EXT. HOTEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

117

They go through the door. A line of cabs is waiting...

SUSAN

Taxi!

She turns to see Charlie trying not to look hurt.

CHARLIE

I thought we'd... drive back...

SUSAN

I'm flying back. I have to be at
work.

(to Raymond)

Can you get your brother safely to
L.A.?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

Raymond nods. No problem.

SUSAN

'Bye-bye, Raymond. Thank you.

Thank you? Charlie's wondering.

RAYMOND

Eat my shorts. Susan.

She just nods. She will. Turns to Charlie now. And the air turns awkward...

SUSAN

You mind your brother.

CHARLIE

Eat my shorts. Susan.

And she smiles.

CHARLIE

I'm... I'm sorry.

Real to the bone. And as their eyes hold, her smile becomes the one he wanted. Shy. Vulnerable. She turns away now. Into the cab. And gone. And as they watch after her, Charlie tells his brother...

CHARLIE

Sorry. See, someone shows he's really sorry. Then... he gets... forgiven.

(beat)

Sometimes.

HOLD ON Raymond. Watching his brother.

118 INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM (LOS ANGELES) - DAY

118

C.U. of Charlie's telephone answering machine.

The red light flashing silently. Number of messages: a big red "3." Hear the FRONT DOOR OPENING. Muffled sounds of CHARLIE and RAYMOND ARRIVING.

Charlie enters now, carrying the bags. Throws them up on the bed. Raymond lingers in the doorway, doing his patented Bird-man observation of the premises.

RAYMOND

Do we live here?

Charlie just looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

RAYMOND

'Course, they moved the bed.

Not easy for Charlie...

CHARLIE

(quietly)

Ray. I live here.

RAYMOND

Where do I live?

... And not getting any easier. A hitch before...

CHARLIE

Your room's there.

Raymond turns, peers through the doorway...

RAYMOND

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

CHARLIE

... 1988.

Charlie's smile, his tone of affection, quiets Raymond.

CHARLIE

You get the magic room. Where the
sofa turns into a bed. Then we
push it under the window. Just...
right.

Raymond thinks that over.

RAYMOND

'Course, my books...

CHARLIE

Right. We'll get books. Go in
and... make a list. Of what we
need.

Raymond is sliding off his backpack, as he heads for his
room. Charlie watches after him for a beat. Then goes
to the ANSWERING MACHINE. The red number "3" glows. He
pushes the button. A WHIRRING sound... a CLICK. And...

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

SECRETARY (V.O.)
 (British accent)
 This is to confirm Mr. Raymond
 Babbitt's interview with Dr.
 Marston. Ten o'clock tomorrow.
 Four-five-oh Roxbury Drive. We'll
 see you then.

The DISCONNECT. The electronic BEEP. And then...

SUSAN (V.O.)
 Hi. It's me. I just... I was
 hoping you guys... got home okay.

A long pause, and...

SUSAN (V.O.)
 So. Hope you're all right.

The CLICK of her disconnect. See how much he missed her.
 And from the next room...

RAYMOND (V.O.)
Can I see the T.V. now?

... But before Charlie can answer...

LENZ (V.O.)
 Mr. Babbitt... this is Walter
 Lenz. I'm at the Century Plaza.
 (beat)
 I think we should talk.

HOLD ON Charlie. Staring at the machine...

119 INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

119

Lenz sits in Charlie's best chair. Drinking coffee from
 a mug. He's watching Charlie with the neutral, searching
 stare. The only sound is Raymond's TV from down the
 hall. Charlie hasn't slept in two days. Trying to hang
 in. Then...

LENZ
 You look tired...

Lenz's smile might seem pleasant enough. But there's no
 mistake.

LENZ
 ... I'll come right to it.

Lenz takes a slow sip. Watches Charlie's tension rise.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

LENZ

As we speak, my lawyer is meeting with your lawyer. And explaining to him... the facts of life.

CHARLIE

Facts of life.

Lenz nods. Reaches into his pocket now. Pulls out...

LENZ

This is a temporary restraining order. Forbidding you... under criminal penalties... from removing Raymond. Until the hearing is concluded.

Lays it on the table...

LENZ

You see, Charlie, when the hearing is over... Raymond will be committed into Lynwood. For the first time in his life. And he has you to thank for that.

Charlie is just staring at the paper. Finally...

CHARLIE

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

LENZ

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

Charlie still staring. Trying to suck it up...

CHARLIE

Great. Maybe this guy has an open mind.

LENZ

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 turns to him. Some of the old fire returning.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

CHARLIE

Well, you oughta see him now.
What he can do. He... smiles, for
Chrissake...

LENZ

I know. Susan told me.

Charlie's eyes narrow on that one. Susan?

LENZ

I saw her today. She thinks
Raymond's made progress.

(beat)

She even thinks you've made
progress.

His smile is genuine. Even kind.

LENZ

I hope she's right. About you.
As for your brother... it's easy
to get swept away by enthusiasm, I
know. A change of scenery... new
adventures... and they can seem to
... blossom. Temporarily.

Sips his coffee slowly. Can Charlie really hear this?

LENZ

They plateau. And then regress.
A lifetime of illness isn't cured
by a vacation, Charlie. Dr.
Marston knows that.

But Charlie meets his eyes. Head on.

CHARLIE

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

Lenz's smile hardens at the edges.

LENZ

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.

Lets the full weight of that sink in. Then...

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (3)

119

LENZ

Now here's my chance. To surprise
you.

Reaches to his pocket once more. And this time... out
comes...

LENZ

I came here with a checkbook. It
belongs to Raymond.

(beat)

And I'm prepared to write you a
check. A very... very... big one.

CHARLIE

And why is that?

LENZ

I don't think you have a chance in
hell, Charlie.

Staring at each other...

LENZ

But that's a chance... I'm not
prepared to take.

The voice lowers now. And there is steel at the spine...

LENZ

Your brother's life... and
happiness... and emotional well-
being... are on the line here.
Those are very precious to me. I
don't choose to gamble with them
... however safe the odds.

CHARLIE

You're buying me off.

LENZ

I'm responsible for spending
Raymond's money. For his benefit.
And this is the best money he'll
ever spend.

Charlie's turn to lean back. To study in silence.

CHARLIE

How much?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (4)

119

LENZ

Two hundred fifty... thousand
dollars. And no strings.

(beat)

Just... walk away.

Charlie's eyes are very full just now. His voice comes
quietly...

CHARLIE

Yeah, well... I've seen him with
you. And I've seen him with me.

(beat)

And you're not getting him back.

The look holds. Real steady.

LENZ

Charlie, I...

But he's stopped. Looking past Charlie's shoulder. Turn
to see... Raymond. In the doorway.

LENZ

Hello, Raymond. It's good to see
you.

Raymond seems confused. Upset. His eyes drop to the
ground.

LENZ

If you think I'm angry with you,
you're wrong. We love you,
Raymond. And we miss you very
much. And we want you home. With
us.

Raymond looks up now. Straight at him. Finger stabs at
the doorway...

RAYMOND

I live here. In the magic room.

Silence. Lenz stands.

RAYMOND

It's nice there.

(beat)

'Course, there's no bed...

Lenz picks up his overcoat. Goes to the door. Turns
back to fix Charlie with...

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (5)

119

LENZ

It's not you and me. It's not
winning and losing.

(beat)

You know what's right for him. Do
it. You won't regret it.

And turns his eyes to...

LENZ

You look tired, Raymond. Get some
sleep.

A last look. And gone. Raymond staring at the closed
door. A long beat. Then murmurs...

RAYMOND

That's... that's the magic part.
With the bed.

CHARLIE

Don't worry about that guy, Ray.
He doesn't understand us.

(beat)

Pitiful. Pitiful guy.

He smiles. But Raymond doesn't smile back. He's caught
the vibes.

CHARLIE

Know what we're gonna do? We're
gonna visit a real pretty lady,
and bring her a present.

RAYMOND

That's... that's Susan.

Makes Charlie's smile fade. A beat before...

CHARLIE

No. Someone better.

120 INT. CULVER CITY HOSPITAL - WORK ROOM - DAY

120

Long rows of tables. Workers diligently stapling key
chains, gluing Filofax folders, stuffing envelopes. The
workers are all handicapped or emotionally impaired.
There is effort, concentration, efficiency.

JUNE, a social worker, leads Charlie and Raymond slowly
down one of the rows. She is small and light, with
angular features and patient eyes.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

As they stroll, Charlie watches the workers with genuine fascination. June is watching Raymond, who carries a small gift with a bright ribbon. He looks increasingly anxious...

RAYMOND

'Course... 'course, I don't... I don't see her...

CHARLIE

The lady told us, Ray. She's making herself pretty.

JUNE

She's very excited to meet you, Raymond. You should have seen her beautiful smile.

Raymond nods. But he looks real worried. Charlie watching him now, as they walk...

RAYMOND

'Course, she's not here, she's somewhere... somewhere being pretty...

121 EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD (CULVER CITY) - DAY

121

Sunlit courtyard. Under a tree sits a woman of fifty. She is diligently coloring in a coloring book, while her parents quietly watch. They are in their seventies, and seem content just to sit and look at her.

PAN TO a bench along the wall. A thirty-year-old man is sorting through a plastic baggie full of jelly beans. Next to him sits his mother, reading a tabloid as she calmly threads her needlepoint, oblivious to her son's search. He picks one out, looks at it closely. Shoves it deep into his shirt pocket.

PAN once more TO Raymond. Pacing. Three steps this way. Three steps back. In a stew. Watching him, Charlie looks like an imitation of Raymond's tennis match observer. Finally...

CHARLIE

Ray, stop. Can you stop?

And Raymond does. Though his motor is really running.

RAYMOND

'Course, she's never gonna... she's in some other country... in some other... solar system, just...

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

Charlie opens his mouth and snaps it shut. Raymond fidgets. Torn. Charlie does it again. Snaps it shut. And reluctantly, miserably, Raymond gives a weak little snap. Charlie nods. Motions him to come closer. Raymond sidles over.

CHARLIE

Now this is great practice for tomorrow. You're calm. Cool as a moose.

Charlie unbuckles Raymond's belt. Pulls his pants down six inches. Hesitates...

CHARLIE

'Course, she might like 'em up there.

Raymond's lips are sealed. But he is suffering.

RAYMOND

... Mmmmm...

CHARLIE

Nah. Let's not pander to any nerd cult...

Buckles them at non-nerd height.

RAYMOND

... Mmmmmmm...

CHARLIE

Now in a second, you can speak. Just slow. And cool. No exaggerating. She is not in another solar system.

RAYMOND

She's in Mexico.

CHARLIE

Better. Actually...

... and now he smiles.

CHARLIE

... She's right there.

Raymond turns. June is standing with NATALIE. A little older than her pictures. Early thirties. But the sweet smile is there. In her best dress, she's really quite lovely.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

JUNE

Raymond. This is Natalie.

A frozen beat. And...

RAYMOND

I kissed Susan.

Doesn't faze Natalie. But Charlie is dumbfounded.

NATALIE

Is that... my present...?

When she speaks, we see that Natalie is retarded. Her hands and arms reach out awkwardly for the gifts. Slowly, Raymond goes to her. Holds out the package...

RAYMOND

Take this. And smell good.

(afterthought)

But don't drink it.

He puts it in her hand. The smile of beautiful simplicity never wavers as she reaches her arms around Raymond's neck.

NATALIE

Thank you. Ray-mond.

... and clamps her arms around him. Clutching him in a vise-like grasp. His panic is immediate. His entire body stiffens. Eyes widen.

JUNE

Natalie, that's enough. We...

CHARLIE

It's okay. You're okay, aren't you, Ray...?

RAYMOND

(whispering)

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

He tries to push against her. But her death grip tightens. For a beat, it seems funny...

CHARLIE

Just stand still. She'll let go
in a...

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (3)

121

RAYMOND

It's gonna be a... it's gonna...
C-H-A-R... L-I-E...

June tries to come to the rescue and pull him free. But it's not easy.

JUNE

Natalie! Let go!

Charlie watching in growing despair. As if his own life is crumbling...

CHARLIE

C'mon, Ray. She's not hurting you. She likes you, she...

RAYMOND

C-H-A-RRR... L-I-EEEE!!

An animal shriek. As Charlie watches in horror, Raymond viciously bites the back of his own hand. Much fiercer than before. Eyes wild and terror-sticken. Charlie lunges for the hand, the arm. Desperately trying to pry it loose...

CHARLIE

Ray! Ray stop it!

... but he can't. And Raymond's blood is flowing now. Down over his hand and arm. And over Charlie's.

122 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MARSTON'S OFFICE - MORNING

122

Elevator doors open. Revealing... the brothers. Dressed to kill. Down to the identical green ties. Except for the bruises on Charlie's face, and the bandage on Raymond's hand, they are straight GQ stuff. Charlie carries a large briefcase.

123 INT. MARSTON'S OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

123

The door. PHILIP MARSTON, M.D. Charlie pushes it open for Raymond, who sees...

... GILLIAN, Marston's secretary, just heading into the inner office with a coffee tray. She is thirty, British, cheerful.

GILLIAN

Ah, Mr. Babbitt...?

Raymond nods. He is.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

GILLIAN

Fancy a coffee...?

Raymond shakes his head. He does not.

GILLIAN

Please have a seat. We'll just
be a minute.

And as she disappears, Raymond comes fully through the door, with Charlie following behind. Matisse prints. Another aquarium, which makes Raymond point. Charlie smiles a smile that can't hide his nerves. They are raw.

He sits on a herringbone sofa. Pats the space beside him. Raymond comes and sits. He seems fine. Charlie is a wreck. Tries to keep his smile reassuring...

CHARLIE

Okay. You remember everything.

Raymond nods. Just once. No problem.

CHARLIE

'Course you do.

RAYMOND

No. No 'course.' We don't say
'course.'

CHARLIE

'Course we don't.

Raymond nods.

CHARLIE

So. Everything stays quiet.
The hands are quiet. Voice is
quiet. No looking around...

(imitates Birdman)

No notes. No fast-talking. And
of course...

Oops. He said the word. Raymond is amused.

CHARLIE

No what...?

RAYMOND

No whispering. No spelling. No
pitching. No biting.

CHARLIE

And when they ask about the
hand...?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

123

Raymond pantomimes driving a car. He's got it. Charlie is straightening his brother's jacket. His tie. Murmuring...

CHARLIE

You're gonna do it. Gonna make me proud.

He unbuckles Raymond's belt. Lowers the pants. Takes out a comb. Carefully parts Raymond's hair just so. Gives Raymond a thumbs up.

Raymond reaches now. With both hands. Takes Charlie's belt and... pulls Charlie's pants up. Way up. Then takes the comb from Charlie's hand. And does his brothers's hair. Charlie is now ready to compete in the nerd finals.

RAYMOND

Po-tential.

Charlie starting to feel better. Ray is loose. This is working. He opens the briefcase and inside is... all Raymond's stuff. Rummaging now...

CHARLIE

Okay, it's all here. If you start missing something... or thinking about it... you just look at my briefcase. And you'll know it's all right here with us.

(beat)

See... the socks... got the T.V... all the notebooks, see...

He pulls out...

CHARLIE

... Serious Injury List...

RAYMOND

Roger. And Billy.

Charlie just looks up. Huh?

RAYMOND

Iris's friends. They had their names on their bodies...

(points to his chest)

... like Sally Dibbs.

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (3)

123

RAYMOND

'Course, they're numbers nineteen
and twenty... Serious Injury
List...

Charlie's holding the red notebook. So he turns the
pages...

CHARLIE

'Course, they never touched you...

See it now. Nos. 19 and 20. Roger and Billy.' For
hitting and punching my brother Charlie Babbitt...

... and just above that entry. No. 18. Charlie Babbitt.
With a little star next to the name. SCAN TO the bottom
of the page. Another star. The words... Charlie Babbitt
is forgiven. July 18, 1988.

Charlie just stares at the words. Stares and stares.
When he looks up, Raymond is watching the aquarium.

RAYMOND

Pitiful.

Charlie watching him. With a new eye.

RAYMOND

Pitiful fish.

And softly...

CHARLIE

How much... do you hear?

No answer. No acknowledgment that Charlie is even there.
But there's something on Charlie's mind right now. And
it won't go away...

CHARLIE

Ray. Look at me.

And Raymond does. Charlie pauses. How to say this...?

CHARLIE

If I needed to... talk to someone.
About something important. To me.
Just for today...

Staring at Raymond. Searching his eyes. Can he hear
this?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Can you listen to me? Will you
try to... really listen? Just
for this once.

Raymond thinks on that. And begins to nod his head. It
just keeps nodding. And Charlie waits 'til it stops.

CHARLIE

Ray, I don't know... what I want.

The sound of that gives Charlie a grin. Small, but
honest.

CHARLIE

Guess that runs in the family,
huh?

Raymond doesn't follow. The dull, flat look makes
Charlie feel alone. He looks down at the open red
notebook in his hands...

CHARLIE

There isn't anything. In the
world. That I want.

That sounded very lost. And very desperate. His eyes
come up to find Raymond's waiting.

CHARLIE

So where... do I go?

But there's no answer. The look holds. Then Charlie's
eyes drift back to the notebook. Just staring, as...

... Gillian reappears. Looks quickly at Charlie. The
pants, the hair. The blank stare at his notebook.
Turns to Raymond...

GILLIAN

If you're ready, Mr. Babbitt, the
doctor will see your brother
now...

Raymond nods. Stands. Straightens his jacket. Charlie
looks up. Raymond gestures with his head, c'mon. Charlie
looks from him... to Gillian's sweet patronizing gaze...
back to Raymond... back to her. She speaks to Charlie
like he was six years old.

GILLIAN

Can we get you something? Apple
juice? Seven-Up?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (5)

123

He stares at her. Stands. Tugs down his slacks. Smooths down his hair. Picks up the briefcase. And on the way by her...

CHARLIE

... Bourbon and soda.

124
thru
128

INT. MARSTON'S OFFICE

124
thru
128

A large private study. Old books. Old leather. A comfortable, quiet place. Across the room, Susan is scanning a bookshelf.

Lenz stands near the door, chatting quietly with a slender man in his late fifties. The man wears a flannel shirt and a gentle smile. This is DR. MARSTON. Their eyes turn...

LENZ

'Morning, Raymond. What a handsome suit. Very distinguished.

But Raymond does not answer. He's looking all around, in his classic Bird-Man mode. Fascinated by something. As the others watch this, Charlie is getting a reality sandwich about his game plan.

LENZ

Raymond, this is Dr. Marston.

Marston extends his hand, but...

RAYMOND

Are they... are they all yours?

The doctor doesn't understand.

CHARLIE

He means the books. He was admiring all the books.

Ah. Marston's gaze lingers on Charlie for a flicker, then returns to Raymond...

MARSTON

You enjoy books, do you?

LENZ

Oh, Raymond loves to read. And he remembers every word. It's quite remarkable.

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED:

124
thru
128

Marston smiles pleasantly. But he watches Raymond with appraising eyes. Meanwhile, Susan has crossed to join them.

LENZ

And I think you know this young lady...

SUSAN

Good morning, Raymond. I love your tie.

But he's not looking at her. Still taking book inventory. She holds her smile in place, but she's just a little hurt by his indifference.

LENZ

That's... quite a bandage, Raymond. How did you hurt your hand?

Charlie tightens. But...

RAYMOND

In my daddy's car. I shut the door on me. Here...

And he points to the back of his hand. Charlie resumes breathing. Lenz just smiles. Gestures to a nearby sofa...

LENZ

Well. Would you like to sit over here...?

As the others head off, Susan finds herself standing alone with Charlie. Their eyes meet. Hers flutter down awkwardly. Then back to his.

SUSAN

They wanted to... ask me things. Why you took him.

(beat)

I... told them the truth.

And softly...

SUSAN

I'm sorry.

Heartfelt. And from the sofa, the words ignite Raymond's attention...

RAYMOND

Charlie Babbitt...

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (2)

124
thru
128

But Charlie and Susan are staring at each other.

RAYMOND

Charlie Babbitt! She said...

CHARLIE

Yeah, I know, Ray. Sometimes.
Sometimes it works.

A last look, and she turns away. Sits beside Raymond on the sofa. The doctors have taken comfortable chairs. Marston turns to Charlie, whose nervous energy has him on his feet near a bookcase...

MARSTON

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

Charlie's motor is running. He nods.

MARSTON

No lawyers... no judge... just the people who... care about Raymond.

(beat)

It's a time for being... honest.
With each other.

That did not sound good. And the following silence doesn't help.

MARSTON

There's no easy way to say this, Mr. Babbitt, but...

CHARLIE

... You've made up your mind.

And now the silence is truly ominous.

MARSTON

I'm not judge and jury. I'm a doctor. Making a recommendation to a court.

Charlie's nervous energy calms. A warrior now. Digging in for a battle.

MARSTON

Lynwood is an outstanding facility. Dr. Lenz is a respected professional. Very respected, I must tell you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (3)

124
thru
128

MARSTON (CONT'D)

(beat)

Your brother's condition is
lifelong. And meticulously
documented.

Charlie nods. Fine.

CHARLIE

C'mon, Ray, these guys are
wasting our time. Let's go hit
some baseballs.

(to Lenz)

See you fellas in court.

LENZ

Hold on, son.

That was not Charlie's favorite word. It shows.

LENZ

This man is trying to help you
understand something. No one's
your enemy here.

CHARLIE

Yeah, that's right. Nobody wants
to lock me away. For the rest of
my life.

It's all coming back to him now. The evangelical rhythm
to his words...

CHARLIE

But if they were. There's only
one person in this room, in this
world, who'd stand by me. That
man there!

(beat)

You're gonna take him away from
me, you're in a knife fight!

LENZ

Stop selling, Charlie.

As cool as Charlie is hot. Each man with his best
weapon.

LENZ

Y'know, your father, for all his
faults, didn't let his ego get in
the way of the truth. About
your brother.

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (4)

124
thru
128

CHARLIE

Ego, huh? Look in a mirror, pal.
Ray came further with me in five
days than he did with you in
twenty goddam years!

(beat)

And you can't handle it. And
that's the truth!

In the silence, Lenz does not look angry. Only sad. He and Marston share a glance. And then Marston turns to Raymond. Raymond stops doing tennis match. Martson smiles.

MARSTON

Boy, this must have been some trip. With your brother. What happened...?

Raymond thinks. And then...

RAYMOND

I saw Daddy's ground. And the cars tried to hit me. And I played cards. And I struck out Charlie Babbitt. And I watched him fight Roger and Billy. And I went to jail. And I drove the car. And...

MARSTON

Whoa, whoa there... I'm getting dizzy from your trip...

He's pantomiming a headache. Like a children's clown. Raymond likes that. He likes this guy. Marston turns the smile to Charlie. And his voice lowers a notch...

MARSTON

He drove... a car?

RAYMOND

Fast! And I waved...

Raymond happily demonstrates the one-finger wave. To Charlie's dismay, this time Raymond gets it right.

MARSTON

Sounds like fun. What else...?

RAYMOND

And I met a whore, and...

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (5)

124
thru
128

Marston holds up his hand. Traffic cop. Raymond snaps his mouth shut. Marston grinning at him...

MARSTON

Tell me about that one...

RAYMOND

That one is Iris. She's pretty.

Lenz is watching Charlie. And Charlie looks real uneasy.

LENZ

Where did you meet Iris, Raymond?

RAYMOND

Where you drink the drinks.

LENZ

In a bar.

And Raymond nods. He remembers the word.

MARSTON

How did you know... she was a whore, Raymond?

RAYMOND

Charlie Babbitt said. He said a whore is nice to men for money. He said money makes people nice. He gave me money to give her...

SUSAN

But nothing happened!

And everybody turns. All eyes on her now.

SUSAN

She was just going to dance with him. It was innocent... and sweet and... Charlie was right to do it.

Her cheeks are coloring slightly. She does not look at Charlie. But he's sure looking at her.

LENZ

Do you know what Raymond would do ... if a pretty girl put her arms around him?

SUSAN

He'd dance with her.

And Lenz smiles. Not condescending. But amused enough to bring...

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (6)

124
thru
128

SUSAN

He danced with me. Real dancing.
Holding each other.

A show stopper. Charlie is more astonished than Lenz.

RAYMOND

Not like Charlie Babbitt!!

And the heads turn back to Ray. The tennis-match image
is building.

MARSTON

What does that mean, Raymond?

Raymond's hands begin to twist together. Just a little.

RAYMOND

Charlie Babbitt... held me bad.
He kept holding me and... c'mon,
brothers do this stuff, and... it's
not faggy, and...

(more agitated)

... serious injury... serious
injury, and I'd be... I'd be
number one serious injury in... in
1988, and...

... Turns now. Straight to Charlie.

RAYMOND

... And... we're not... we're not
brothers.

Silence.

CHARLIE

I thought... I was forgiven.

RAYMOND

Sometimes.

Charlie nods. Sometimes. Turns to Lenz...

CHARLIE

I did it wrong. I tried to make
him hug me. I thought I... was
the one who could... break through
... make him...

(beat)

... hug his brother... kiss a
girl...

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (7)

124
thru
128

RAYMOND

I kissed a girl!

And the heads swivel once more. All except hers.

CHARLIE

You... kissed... Iris...?

But Raymond's finger stabs out, identifying the "woman in question." And the heads swivel back. She wants to crawl in the deepest hole. The eyes she turns to are Charlie's...

SUSAN

... In the elevator. After we danced.

RAYMOND

It was wet!

The heads go back again. Particularly hers. Raymond seems proud. And so... she smiles at him...

SUSAN

... Then we did it right.

Very quiet now. Until Marston clears his throat.

MARSTON

Raymond's condition is...
seductive. To all of us. We all
want to... be the one. That's
part of your charm, Raymond.

Raymond nods. It is.

MARSTON

You liked being outside the home
for awhile, huh? It was fun.

Raymond nods. It was. Marston turns to Charlie...

MARSTON

You know, Dr. Lenz has a halfway
house program. Starts off... one
weekend a month... and builds.
Good foster families in the
Chicago area...

CHARLIE

Mercenaries. They smile in your
face. They take the money. You
think they care about Ray?

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (8)
thru
128 Dead at Marston's eyes...

124
thru
128

CHARLIE

Look. We don't want the doctor's
money... or his foster 'families'
... or his fatherly advice.

(beat)

Open your eyes. Ray and I...
we're doing fine.

But Lenz leans forward now. To Raymond. Steady gaze.
A smile that could only be called fatherly...

LENZ

Tell me again, Raymond. How did
you hurt your hand? Really.

Raymond looks from Lenz to Charlie and back. Then, he
does it once more.

RAYMOND

'Course, Daddy's car door was...
it was...

LENZ

(to Marston)

'Course' means he's anxious.
Almost as if...

CHARLIE

... He's lying. For me.

The air comes out of Charlie. He seems smaller somehow.
Scared to death. But...

CHARLIE

I took him to see... a retarded
woman. His pen-pal. She hugged
him... she wouldn't let go... and
... and...

Staring at his brother. So hard to say...

CHARLIE

... He went crazy. Almost... bit
his own hand off.

To Marston now, pleading...

CHARLIE

My mistake. Mine. I learned.
I promise...

But Lenz stands. Shakes his head sadly.

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (9)

124
thru
128

LENZ

You want to, Charlie. But the
water... the water's too deep.

He turns to Raymond. Stands over him.

LENZ

Raymond. What do you want?

He gets the reaction. Right off. Confusion. Disorien-
tation. Lenz's voice is firm. Demanding...

LENZ

Tell me, Raymond. What do you
want?

Raymond's head turns away. His breath coming harder.
Hands wringing, twisting at each other. Lenz moves now,
blocking Charlie's view as...

LENZ

Look at me! What do you want!?

Raymond rapidly disintegrating. Charlie lurching to see
him...

CHARLIE

Stop it!

Heads turn to Charlie. He looks to Marston...

CHARLIE

It makes him crazy. And he knows
it...

Raymond's lips move rapidly. Whispering secret thoughts.

MARSTON

What is it? What's doing this?

CHARLIE

Asking what he wants. He doesn't
like it.

LENZ

You have to tell me, Raymond. You
have to tell me NOW! What do you
WANT?

And slowly, Raymond slides from his seat. On his knees
now. Eyes locked ahead. Hands clutched together. He's
beginning to rock back and forth, as he whispers
inaudibly...

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (10)

124
thru
128

MARSTON

(gently)
No. I don't believe he likes
it...

Rocking harder now. Rhythmically. It's scary as hell...

SUSAN

Charlie! Make him stop!

But Marston raises a hand. Wants to see. And now...
Raymond begins to shiver. Teeth chatter. Body
trembling. Just like at the bathtub...

LENZ

It's not that he doesn't like it.
It frightens him. Immobilizes
him. Because he doesn't know.

Hear the whispering now. Just barely...

RAYMOND

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

And with feeling we've never heard from Charlie before,
he says simply...

CHARLIE

He knows.

Charlie brushes past Lenz now. Sinks to the floor.
Starts to reach both hands behind his brother's head.
Thinks better of it. The hands come away.

CHARLIE

Ray. Look at me. Please.

And Raymond does. Somehow, the eyes focus. Charlie's
voice comes so softly...

CHARLIE

Tell me, Ray. 'Cos I really want
to know...

(beat)

What do you want...?

Raymond's eyes. Moving across Charlie's face.

RAYMOND

What do you want, Charlie Babbitt?

Charlie's face, inches from his brother.

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (11)

124
thru
128

CHARLIE

No. What... do you... want...
Charlie?

And straight back...

RAYMOND

What... do you... want... Charlie?

So simple. But it brings Charlie right to the edge. He just manages to say...

CHARLIE

I want... you.

Quiet now. Very quiet.

CHARLIE

You would have been... my big brother. And my best friend.

(beat)

And you would have... taken care of me, and... been there when...

Yes, he would.

CHARLIE

So. I need my brother.

It sounds so sad somehow. Charlie tries to lighten it with a smile. But that comes out sad, too.

RAYMOND

C-h-a-r... l-i-eee...

... Musical and funny. Trying to cheer him up. But that's not easy now.

CHARLIE

Look. Maybe... they'll make you go away. From me.

Oh. Raymond thinks about that. He reaches into his pocket now. Digging out the little wallet. He pulls from it the water-stained photo. Raymond at eighteen. Charlie at two. Sets it aside to reveal...

... the other photo. From the MGM Grand. Two brothers and a lion. Charlie's arm around his brother's shoulder. Raymond's eyes bugging out.

Raymond reaches out now. Hands it to Charlie. As Charlie stares at the photo, Raymond gently closes Charlie's hand around it. It's yours now. Charlie staring... staring...

(CONTINUED)

124
thru
128

CONTINUED: (12)

124
thru
128

... he's fighting back tears now. Because his brother's hand is grasping his knee. Three seconds. Four. It just stays there.

And Charlie reaches his own hand. Gently holds his brother's knee. Nobody says secret hug. Nobody says anything.

LONG SHOT

... Two brothers in a silent room.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

129

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

129

Train at the platform. ENGINE RUMBLING, ready to go. The Chicago chief.

Two figures coming down the landing. Susan and Lenz, talking MOS. He carries a suitcase. PULL BACK to see...

The Babbitt brothers. Walking slow. Charlie has Raymond's suitcase. They stop now. At the rear door of a car. Up ahead, Lenz is just boarding the front end. Calls back...

LENZ

Raymond. You say goodbye. But just a minute now...

And Lenz says goodbye to Susan. Kisses her cheek. He boards. She stands alone down the platform, looking away. Not wanting to invade the privacy of the brothers' goodbye.

Charlie looks at Raymond now. They are alone in the world. Charlie taps his brother's backpack...

CHARLIE

So. You got the sandwiches.

RAYMOND

Susan made them.

Charlie knows. He also knows...

RAYMOND

Bologna. And banana.

Well, that's great.

RAYMOND

You could come. On the train.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

Charlie's eyes begin to fill. Shakes his head.

CHARLIE

We talked about that.

RAYMOND

We talked about that.

(whispers)

You could come. On the train.

Deep breath.

CHARLIE

I told you. I can't come.

RAYMOND

You could.

And then...

CHARLIE

I told you... it's gonna take two weeks. Sell all my stuff... settle everything out. It's a big move, Ray. To Chicago.

He reaches out. Straightens Ray's backpack. It doesn't need straightening, but it's something to do.

CHARLIE

You'll help me find a place...
We'll hang on weekends... it'll be...

Looks at the open, staring eyes...

CHARLIE

It's two weeks. You'll be fine.

Quiet now. Just the sound of the ENGINES.

RAYMOND

Susan is coming?

Charlie looks up the platform. She's still turned away. She looks so lovely.

CHARLIE

I'm... working on that. We could get lucky.

CONDUCTOR

Bo-oard!!

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

129

The train shivers into life. Charlie stares at his brother's eyes.

CHARLIE

Shit. I'll miss you.

RAYMOND

It's two weeks. You'll be fine.

Charlie can't quite smile at that. He helps Raymond climb up the two steps. Charlie rests his hand on the handrail...

CHARLIE

So, look, I'll...

The train moves slightly. Without thinking, Charlie's foot goes up on the step...

CHARLIE

I'll just...

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

BO-OARD!!

As the train starts to roll, Charlie's other foot comes up off the platform. He looks to Raymond's eyes and then turns sharply to see...

... Susan. He head gesturing... go. And he's... inside the car, rolling past her. The wave of his hand. And when she waves back...

... The brothers are off. Down the road.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS.

THE END