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ENGLISH ON SUNDAY

中央电视台电视教育节目用书

中央电视台电视教育部编

中国广播电视出版社出版



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PART I

This part of the magazine contains the scripts to some of our English on Sunday programmes, including drama serials, documentaries, feature films and also excerpts from Forum, our monthly interview show.

The scripts are annotated, but instead of giving literal translations of difficult phrases or sentences, only a general explanation of the concepts underlying them will be rendered, so that viewers can work out for themselves the actual meaning of the words concerned. The scripts are followed by questions to test how well you have understood the content of the programmes; answers to these will be provided in each subsequent issue.

LARRY

Countryside. Day. A car is moving toward a hospital.)

(Title. This film was made on the grounds and in the wards of a state hospital. While names and places have been changed, the story on which the film is based is true.)

(NANCY'S VOICE: As I think back on it, it's hard to believe it really happened. That he came into our lives and so deeply affected us and is gone now without a trace. I guess that's why I'm setting it down, trying to put it all in perspective¹ and make some sense of it. Not only to myself but to provide some body of evidence, some kind of record . . . that we actually lived through it and that the man we knew as Larry really did exist.)

(The car stops in the hospital parking lot.)

COP:² *(Opening the car door for Larry)* Okay, out.

(In Nancy's office.)

COP: Hey, got a package for yuh.³ *(Holding out a slip)* Just sign here, Doc.

NANCY: I'm not a doctor.

COP: Well, sign it. I gotta get goin.⁴

NANCY: Why is this man cuffed?

COP: When the court sends 'em here, it's regulation.

NANCY: Take 'em⁵ off.

COP: Not until you sign, then he's your responsibility.

NANCY: *(Signing the slip and handing it to the cop)* Take 'em off!

(The cop removes the cuffs from Larry's wrists and releases the strap around his waist.)

NANCY: *(Into the telephone)* Dr. McCabe, please?

COP: Listen, this guy comes right from a real snake-pit⁶. When they come from places like that, they can be real⁷ dangerous.

NANCY: This man is severely retarded. Retards are not dangerous.

COP: Well, that's your opinion. You're entitled to your opinion.

NANCY: *(Into the phone)* Uh, would you tell him we have a new resident in the Section, please. Thank you. *(Turning to Larry)* Hello, my name is Nancy. What's your name? H'm? Can you tell me your name? I'll get your things and we'll go in here. Right in here. You're gonna like it here. There's lots to do. You're gonna meet a lotta⁸ new friends. *(Leading Larry into the inner office)* Okay, now, I want you to sit right down here. Can you sit down for me? H'm? *(Larry sits down.)* That's good. Good boy. "Larry". Your name is Larry. Can you say your name for

me, Larry? Can you speak, Larry? Or maybe you just don't hear me, is that it?
(*Nancy opens a desk drawer and slams it closed. Larry turns to look.*) Fooled yuh,
didn't I?

McCABE: (*Entering the office*) Well, what's this?

NANCY: This is Larry Herman. Larry, Larry Herman, this is Dr. McCabe.

McCABE: Larry? Larry? Hello.

NANCY: He just came in. He's waiting for an assignment.

McCABE: What does his file say?

NANCY: Well, the file indicates the bottom level.

McCABE: I think we'll start him on eight,⁹ okay?

NANCY: Can I talk to you for a minute?

McCABE: Yeah, sure, but, uh, later. I got a sick kid on twelve. (*He leaves.*)

NANCY: (*To Larry*) Everybody's got problems, huh? Everybody but you and me.

(*Larry takes a handful of clips from the desk and shoves them into his mouth.*)

NANCY: (*Forcing Larry to spit out the clips*) Look at me, Larry. No, no! (*Picking up
Larry's sack*) You come on with me and I'll show you the Hilton.¹⁰ Come on.

*

(*Night. Nancy leads Larry into Ward Eight.*)

NANCY: (*To an inmate*) Tony, say hello. That's a boy.¹¹ Atta boy.

(*Nancy leads Larry into an office.*)

NANCY: (*To the woman at the desk*) Beverly, this is Larry Herman.

BEVERLY: Hello, Larry. How are you?

NANCY: Larry?

BEVERLY: Would you like to sit down here?

NANCY: Sit down, Larry. That-a boy.

*

(*Hospital grounds. Day. Inmates with Larry and Nancy are sitting on the ground as
she plays guitar and sings.*)

NANCY: (*Singing*)

"Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

My master's gone away...

(*Speaking*) Sing, Bo.

(*Singing*)

"Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

My master's gone away.

(*Inmates making sounds of ad lib singing*)¹²

NANCY: Once again, louder. (*Singing*)

"Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

My master's gone away...

(*Speaking*) Larry?

(*Singing*)

Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

My master's gone away..."

(*Speaking*) Go. Sid, clap.

(*Singing*)

"Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care."

Good.

"Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care."

Larry...

"Jimmy Crack corn and I don't care

My master's gone away."

(NANCY'S VOICE: For the first month I merely watched him and he continued to intrigue me demonstrating qualities quite unlike the rest. He had a preference for certain colors. Yellow instead of blue. For certain television shows. Live shows instead of cartoons. And all this seemed somehow too sophisticated for a man with an infantile mentality¹³. In a State Mental Hospital things are never quite like they seem. So I tried hard not to jump to any conclusions. But when I found that Larry's file was incomplete with no up-to-date I.Q. test I had good reason to bring it to the attention of Dr. McCabe.)

*

(*McCabe and Nancy are watching a TV screen in his office.*)

(DR.'S VOICE: I see you lived in a private home, Larry, since the time you were a baby.

You must have made a lotta friends there. Do you miss your old friends, Larry?)

McCABE: (*To Nancy*) Where did he come from?

NANCY: Private Home¹⁴ for the Mentally Retarded. The Board of Health closed it down.

McCABE: Family?

NANCY: Apparently they dumped him when it closed.

(DR.'S VOICE: What is it, Larry? You see something out there in the hall?)

NANCY: And here's the part. Watch this.

(On TV screen)

(DR.'S VOICE: Larry? Do you know what it is? Can you say it? Candy-machine.

That's good. What else can you say?)

LARRY: Candy-machine.

NANCY: Watch!

(On TV screen)

(DR.'S VOICE: What kind of candy do you like best, Larry?)

LARRY: Mmm and uh...

(DR.'S VOICE: What?)

LARRY: M and uh!

(DR.'S VOICE: I'm sorry, Larry, I couldn't... What did you say?)

LARRY: Mmmm... M'mmm...

McCABE: That's it?

NANCY: Don't you get it? M and M. Mmmm and Mmmm. M and M.¹⁷ When it wasn't understood that he said M and M, he vocalized the sound of the letter M. He identified a letter of the alphabet. He vocalized the sound of it and then he touched his lips like he was teaching or something.

McCABE: Is that what he did?

NANCY: You saw it.

McCABE: Or did he say 'mmm' like 'mmm, good'?¹⁸ Which would have nothing to do with the letter M. It would be in perfect consistency with the infantile mentality his file indicates.

NANCY: I'd like permission to re-test him.

McCABE: What to you think you'll find?

NANCY: He's been in a home for the mentally retarded since he was two weeks old. We have no up-to-date records on his mental standing.¹⁹

McCABE: Nannie,²⁰ I.Q. of a mental retard doesn't change.

NANCY: Okay, there's something about him. Uh, something. Uh, awareness, a feedback²¹ you don't get from the others.

McCABE: Can I tell you something?

NANCY: Yeah.

McCABE: When I came here, ten years ago, a retiring doctor told me something that made me very angry. He said one third of the residents here get better, one third stay the same and one third get worse... no matter what you, or I, or any of us do.

NANCY: Did he also tell you that the earth was flat?

McCABE: As far as Ward Eight is concerned, you're just a caretaker. To think of yourself otherwise'd be a mistake.

NANCY: Doctor, you're an inspiration.²³ Can I tell you something? Larry reads.

McCABE: He what?

NANCY: He reads.

McCABE: It's impossible.

NANCY: Of course it's impossible, but he goes to the playroom every night and gets himself a book and reads it.

McCABE: They all hold onto books once in a while.

NANCY: McCabe, he turns pages, he reads!

McCABE: Imitation. I once saw a monkey do it.

NANCY: What are you trying to prove?

McCABE: That there are certain realities to this job.²⁴

NANCY: I'm not talking about the job, I'm talking about Larry!

McCABE: You people come in here thinking you're all Annie Sullivan and Helen Keller's²⁵ just waiting to be found. You put these poor guys through tests trying to make them into something they aren't...and can't be!

NANCY: He's different, McCabe. Come with me and see.

(In front of a candy-machine in the corridor)

McCABE: You know what your trouble is?

NANCY: I don't have enough dimes.

McCABE: Well, you cloister yourself behind these walls, you lose your perspective. You forget this is a devious society.²⁶ Most o'²⁷ these people are incurable.

NANCY: Why do you call it a devious society? What do you call it...out...there?

McCABE: Well, it's no bed o' roses,²⁸ but it's the only one we got.

NANCY: I'll take the devious, they're not so scary.²⁹

McCABE: Uh, don't you think you're overdoing it a little bit with the candy bars?

NANCY: Nope!³⁰

McCABE: How many you gonna give him? Ten for every right answer?

NANCY: Just one.

McCABE: Well, unless he's Albert Einstein³¹, you're gonna have a lot left over.

*

(Office. Larry is fitting some pegs into odd shaped holes in a cube.)

NANCY: Good! Very good. One more. Fine, Larry. That's good.

(Larry draws a picture.)

NANCY: Finished? *(Handing the picture to McCabe.)* It's pretty. I like it. That is six year old level and I might add...going strong.³²

(Larry works a jigsaw puzzle and finishes it.)

NANCY: That's fine. *(Giving him another candy bar.)* Okay, Larry. Larry. Look at me. I want you to listen very carefully. I want you to do exactly as I tell, in exactly

the order that I tell you to do it in. Okay? Open a drawer, . . . close the curtains, . . . bring me a book . . . take off your shoes and begin to read the book.

(Larry does exactly as Nancy told him to do.)

NANCY: You wanna send out for more candy?³³

LARRY: *(Reading aloud from a book)* 'In the morning, Cheo . . .

NANCY: 'Geppetto.'

LARRY: ' . . . Geppetto came home . . . bringing food for breakfast and . . . great was his . . . joy at finding his little puppet alive and safe!'

NANCY: That's fine. That's fine.

(Larry reaches out for another reward.)

NANCY: Oh, I'm sorry. *(Giving him a piece of candy.)*

McCABE: Larry? Where did you learn to read?

NANCY: Larry, look at me. Larry? Look at me. Somebody taught you to read. Who taught you to read, Larry?

(Larry slowly points at himself.)

McCABE: That's not possible.

NANCY: Neither is any of this.

•

*(In the dayroom.)*³⁴

NANCY: Okay, Larry. We're gonna shoot the works³⁵. Winner take all.³⁶ *(Hands Larry the whole snifter full of candy, but puts her hands on the top of the snifter.)* All right. Do you know what definitions are?

McCABE: Too advanced.

NANCY: It's a hundred I.Q.³⁷ Normal intelligence.

McCABE: Too far.

NANCY: For who?

McCABE: Him.

NANCY: Well, we're gonna see. 'Real'. The word is 'real', . . . and I want you to tell me what it means. What does 'real' mean?

(Larry picks up a cup. Nancy takes it.)

NANCY: Possible correct answer.

McCABE: That's a coffee cup.

NANCY: But it's real, isn't it?

McCABE: Sure it's real. That doesn't prove anything. He can't have normal intelligence; he's been in an institution all of his life. Now, you're going too fast! You're gonna confuse him.

NANCY: One more question, okay? Please?

McCABE: Okay.

NANCY: Larry? 'Imaginary?' What does the word 'imaginary' mean?

(Larry picks up the cup and sets it down under the table. Then he reaches over the table and moves his hand as if holding the cup and hands it to Nancy.)

McCABE: I accept that answer.

NANCY: This man is not retarded. He's normal.

*

(Hospital grounds. Day. Nancy is leading Larry and other inmates around bars, doing physical exercises.)

NANCY: Fa, fo, fie. Fa, fo, fie! Good.

(NANCY'S VOICE: After going through several weeks of red tape,³⁸ I discovered some disturbing facts about Larry's former home. It was not an accredited institution, but a place of brutality and mismanagement where the sole occupation of the attendant was to keep the patients from making any trouble. When it closed down, Larry's doctor, if any had existed, could not be found.)

NANCY: All the way.³⁹

(Larry grabs onto bars as he moves with wide steps.)

NANCY: *(Laughing)* Slow, slow, stride. Slow, slow, stride. Larry. Long, long, strides. Long, long, strides. Long, long, strides. Long, long, strides.

(NANCY'S VOICE: And so our initial excitement gave way to frustration. Because we didn't know exactly what to do. Here was a normal man, who had for some reason remained an infant. And it was up to us now to grow him into an adult.)

NANCY: *(Walking with long strides, followed by Larry)* Hey! Good, good, Larry. Long, long strides!

*

(In the medical portion of the hospital.)

DOCTOR: It's simple atrophy.⁴⁰ The facial muscles have just dried up.

McCABE: But why?

DOCTOR: Can't say. He hasn't had a stroke, doesn't have brain damage. It's like his walk. There's a physical reason for it. It's just here.

McCABE: Is it possible . . . this is pure mimicry?⁴¹

NANCY: Larry? Look at me. Go out in the hall and wait for us there, okay? Okay, you can have one. *(Gives him a candy. Sends Larry out and returns.)* You can't mimic atrophy.

McCABE: No, but atrophy comes from disuse. Now look at the facts. Larry entered a home for the mentally retarded when he was about two weeks old. He grew up associating only with retarded people. That was his peer group. All of them expressionless. Most of them having coordination problems.⁴²

NANCY: Limping.

McCABE: Limping, . . . shuffling. Walking like Larry has learned to walk now.

NANCY: But if his intelligence was normal . . .

McCABE: He may have been punished for it. Look, if he'd stepped outta line,⁴³ showed any initiative, wanted to do things differently from the rest, he'd have met with disapproval. Maybe even been beaten for it. As a child, he knew what was expected of him. He became what he had to become in order to survive.

NANCY: Who did this to him? Who put him there?

McCABE: The most important . . . why?⁴⁵

*

(Hospital grounds. Day. Nancy is pulling Larry along on roller skates.)

(NANCY'S VOICE: At first I concentrated on his physical problem. Thinking that if his face and body could be made to work normally, it might affect his own sense of who he was.⁴⁵ His imitated walk was so ingrained⁴⁶ that I used roller skates⁴⁷ to familiarize him with the kind of leg movement other than the shuffling gait⁴⁸ he was accustomed to.)

(Larry holds onto Nancy tightly.)

NANCY: I want you to go again. Listen to me, Larry. We're gonna go again. I want you to take long, slow steps. Let go. Let go. Oooh. *(Breaking loose from Larry's grip, who moves forward on skates.)*

LARRY: *(Screaming)*

NANCY: That's okay. That's okay. You're okay, Larry. You're okay. Here. Here. That-a boy. Get your feet together. You ready? Larry, look at me. You ready? Here we go. Get that leg out. Get your leg out. That's good. That's good. Here we go. Good boy.

LARRY: Ooooh!

NANCY: Terrific! That's good.

(Larry drops to posterior⁴⁹)

NANCY: Good, good!

LARRY: *(Sobbing)*

NANCY: Ooooh. Larry, look. Ooooooh! Ooooh! Look at me, Larry. Look at me. Look! Look! Ooooh!

LARRY: Ooooh!

NANCY: Ooooh! *(Moving her facial muscles, trying to get Larry to do the same.)* Eyebrows. Eyebrows. Up, down. Move . . . your . . . mouth . . . like a clown . . . with a great . . . big smile . . . and a . . . great frown. Larry, . . . look at me. Larry?

(NANCY'S VOICE: Without any precedence⁵⁰ of therapy, I was really improvising,⁵¹ trying to move forward and into the time. While Dr. McCabe continued digging into Larry's past.)

*

(McCabe's office.)

MALE ASSISTANT: Well, that's the end of the deposit tickets.⁵² And there's no matching last name.⁵³ Hagel, Hotchkiss, Hidebrand, Haggmann. Whoever supported him at that home did not send the money under the name of Herman.

WOMAN ASSISTANT: So what now?

McCABE: The court gave us thirty years' worth of business records.⁵⁴ Now the answer's gotta be in here somewhere.

*

(Grounds. Day. Larry is skating with Nancy walking behind him.)

NANCY: Don't skate so fast, you're gonna fall on your pratt!⁵⁵

*

(NANCY'S VOICE: After five months of intensive physical therapy, I moved into the realm of behavior modification,⁵⁶ trying to establish a pattern of acceptable social behavior.)

(Nancy stands in the corridor, while Larry sits in his bedroom with his bed in great disorder.)

NANCY: All you have to do is comb your hair and then you can go to breakfast just like everybody else.

(Larry throws and slams all things in the room in great anger.)

LARRY: *(Screaming)* I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! *(Banging the door with his head and sobbing.)*

NANCY: I love you.

LARRY: *(Sobbing and gasping)*

*

(Cafeteria. Day. Larry and Nancy sit opposite one another at table.)

NANCY: You know, you really oughta try some of this stuff. It's really good. I guess if you won't eat with a fork you'll just have to take my word for it,⁵⁷ huh? It's really good.

(Larry tosses food on Nancy's face.)

NANCY: You know, that's really too bad, because I was hoping you were gonna get to watch TV tonight.

(Bedroom. Angry kicks at the door until at last he drops on his bed.)

*

(Cafeteria. Larry is eating with a fork.)

NANCY: *(Laughing)*

*

(McCabe's office. Night.)

McCABE: I don't know. There's something too easy about it.

NANCY: If you think it's so damned easy, why don't you try it?

McCABE: It's just happening too fast. Like he's switching roles. For his last set of jailors he pretended to be retarded, for you he's pretending to be normal. They beat him for being normal, and you reward him for it. For you it's the same thing.

NANCY: Well, what's the difference between pretending and being? I'm pretending I'm normal every minute of the day. Aren't you?

McCABE: Apparently you're not understanding me.

(NANCY'S VOICE: Maybe it wasn't understandable, but Larry was progressing. So we started him on a program of token⁵⁹ economy, giving him plastic chips⁶⁰ to buy things with. He earned these chips as a gardener on the hospital grounds.)

*

MALE ASSISTANT: (*Running into McCabe's office*) Doctor McCabe! His name isn't Larry Herman. It's Larry Whitten. Take a look at these deposit checks.⁶¹

McCABE: I don't understand.

MALE ASSISTANT: Well, they're from a woman named Maureen Whitten who sent a check at the first of every month, plus one. There are thirteen deposit tickets instead of twelve for every year.

McCABE: And?

MALE ASSISTANT: The extra deposit ticket is dated February fourteenth each and every year.

McCABE: So?

MALE ASSISTANT: Larry's birthday is February fourteenth. The extra deposit ticket is a birthday present.

McCABE: Maureen Whitten, five dollars.

MALE ASSISTANT: Yeah, and here's the address. So what could be simpler?

McCABE: How right. (*Talking into the intercom*)⁶² Get me Nan Hockworth. Okay.

*

(*McCabe and Nancy go to Maureen Whitten's home. A man points the way for them.*)

McCABE: Thank you.

(*Nancy knocks at the door of Mrs. Whitten.*)

MAUREEN: Yes?

NANCY: Mrs. Whitten?

MAUREEN: I'm sick. Who is it?

NANCY: Uh, you don't know me. My name is Nancy Hockworth.

MAUREEN: What do you want?

NANCY: I was wondering if I could come in for a minute. We'd like to talk to you.

MAUREEN: What about?

NANCY: About your son.

MAUREEN: What's he done now? Is he in trouble?

NANCY: No, Mrs. Whitten, he's in a hospital.

MAUREEN: Oh, my God. He crack up that car?⁶³

NANCY: I'm sorry, I must be talking about a different son. I didn't know that you had more than one.

MAUREEN: You talking about Bob?

NANCY: I'm talking about Larry.

MAUREEN: I don't know any Larry.

NANCY: May we come in for a minute?

MAUREEN: Listen, I got one son and one daughter. Robert and Catherine. That's all the kids I got.

McCABE: Mrs. Whitten. I'm Doctor McCabe. We're from the State Mental Hospital.

MAUREEN: H'h, why? You think I'm crazy?

NANCY: No.

McCABE: We think you're Larry's mother.

(In the room)

McCABE: Mrs. Whitten, what made you think there was something wrong with him?

MAUREEN: The doctor said so.

McCABE: Right away?

MAUREEN: In a few days.

McCABE: Who was the doctor?

MAUREEN: I don't know.

McCABE: Don't you have a birth certificate?

MAUREEN: No.

McCABE: Where did you have the baby, Mrs. Whitten?

MAUREEN: What?

McCABE: What hospital did you have the baby at?

MAUREEN: I had it at the home.

McCABE: The home?

MAUREEN: That's right.

NANCY: You weren't married, is that right? And you had the baby at a home for unwed mothers?

MAUREEN: No.

NANCY: You said the home.

MAUREEN: At the... Retarded Home.

McCABE: The Retarded Home?

MAUREEN: The Home where Larry lived.

McCABE: Larry was born in a Home for the Retarded?

MAUREEN: Yes.

NANCY: Why?

MAUREEN: The doctor owned it.

McCABE: What doctor?

MAUREEN: The doctor who delivered him. He . . . he said he'd put him up for adoption.

McCABE: But he didn't put him up for adoption.

MAUREEN: No.

McCABE: Why not?

MAUREEN: The baby was . . . backward.

McCABE: How did you know? Who said so?

MAUREEN: The doctor told me.

McCABE: How did he know?

MAUREEN: He's a doctor.

McCABE: Mrs. Whitten, did the baby look backward?

MAUREEN: I, I, I don't know.

McCABE: Well, what do you mean you don't know? If a baby's normal . . .

MAUREEN: I never saw it. I never saw . . . I never saw it. I never looked at it. I didn't wanna see it. *(Sobbing)*

NANCY: Mrs. Whitten, have you ever seen Larry?

MAUREEN: Yes.

NANCY: When?

MAUREEN: He . . . was . . . five.

NANCY: And how did he appear to you then?

MAUREEN: Why are you doing this?

NANCY: Did he appear retarded to you?

MAUREEN: Yes.

NANCY: In what way?

MAUREEN: *(Sobbing)* Why the hell⁶⁴ are you doing this?

NANCY: In what way retarded?

MAUREEN: Everything. His eyes, his, his walk. Why are you doing this to me?
(Sobbing)

McCABE: Mrs. Whitten, did you ever think about Larry? Did you speculate on . . . what he might have been like if things had been different? I'm sorry. Let me put it another way. If we'd come to your house today to bring you good news about Larry even though that would seem impossible, the very best news⁶⁵ you could possibly imagine, what would that news be?

MAUREEN: That he's dead. That's all I've wanted since the day he was born.

*

(Street. Day. McCabe is driving a car with Nancy beside him.)

(NANCY'S VOICE: We could only speculate on the details of what had happened to the infant Larry Whitten. Without a birth certificate, he was probably unadoptable and so