



*English Through Movies*  
*Book Two*

# 大学英语 视听说

主编 刘路喜

## 亲情篇

编著 周 洁 阮东生

上海交通大学出版社



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## 内 容 提 要

本书是《大学英语视听说》系列之一——《亲情篇》，其内容以亲情为主题、选自于三部原版经典英语影片，其特点是：内容充实、新颖；练习形式活泼、多样；使用灵活、方便。借助本书，读者可以通过看电影来提高英语的听说能力。本书适合于大学生、研究生及英语爱好者学习之用。

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## 前 言

在英语教学中,强调培养学生的听、说、读、写四项基本技能。其中听与说能力的提高是中国学生的最大难点,突破这个难关不仅有利于提高其他单项技能,也为培养学生的英语交际能力奠定一个良好的基础。为了帮助学生说得一口地道、流利而又标准的英语,我们从众多的英、美国原版经典影片中精心挑选出部分电影,按不同的题材组成系列丛书,如:《爱情篇》、《亲情篇》、《动物篇》、《科幻篇》、《战争篇》、《历史篇》等等。每一册都围绕特定的主题,均由三部影片构成。所选影片既有一定的观赏性,又适合英语语言教学,使学生寓学于乐,通过看电影来提高英语的听与说的能力,同时又学会流利、地道、标准的英语。

与国内现有的听力或视听说教程相比,本系列丛书具有以下几个特点:

1. 内容充实、新颖。根据每部影片,我们用流畅的英语编写了“*Movie Story*”,目的是帮助读者了解影片的全部内容和精华,并保留了原片中的精彩对白。这样,对于即使没有看过影片的读者,通过阅读“*Movie Story*”完全能够理解并欣赏整部影片;对于一些虽看过影片但不能完全理解原版影片内含的读者,本书将有积极的作用。另外,为了促进读者积极思考、扩大阅读面,我们还从英特网上选用了不同观点、风格的评论性文章,组成“*Movie Review*”。

2. 练习形式活泼、多样。在每部影片后,我们专门编写了形式新颖、活泼多样的“*Exercises*”,既有供读者用来检测听懂原版对白的“*Spot Dictation*”;还有用于检测阅读能力的“*Comprehension*”;也有供观看影片之后组织小组讨论的“*Discussion*”;最后还有让读者写出观后感和人物评论的“*Writing*”。总之,练习的范围涉及英语学习过程中听、说、读、写各项技能的训练。所有练习





均有参考答案以方便读者自学。

3. 使用灵活、方便。读者既可使用本系列丛书,也可使用单本书,每本书均独立成册,并配有练习部分的录音磁带;如能与电影 VCD 一起使用,效果更佳;如能在教师的指导下组织小组讨论,效果则更理想。

以上特点不仅使本书适合课堂教学,同时也为社会各阶层的英语爱好者提供了良好的自学模式。

由于各方面原因,本书肯定存在许多疏漏之处,恳请广大读者批评指正。

编 者

2000 年 9 月



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# 1 Rain Man 《雨人》/《手足情未了》(1988)

**Director:** Barry Levinson

**Screenplay:** Ronald Bass and Barry Morrow

**Starring:** Dustin Hoffman (as Raymond Babbitt), Tom Cruise (as Charlie Babbitt), Valeria Golino (as Susanna), Gerald R. Molen (as Dr. Bruner)

## Main Characters

- Charlie:** Raymond's younger brother, a very shrewd car dealer
- Raymond:** Charlie's elder brother, an autistic savant
- Susanna:** Charlie's secretary and girlfriend
- Dr. Bruner:** Raymond's doctor and also the trustee of the fund named by Charlie's father
- Sanford Babbitt:** Charlie's father, a rich man who leaves behind a big sum of money after he dies

## Plot Summary

Charlie Babbitt (played by Tom Cruise) is young and self-centered. He's been on his own long enough to know how to work people and situations. His father threw him out as a teenager. When he goes home from the West Coast to the Midwest for his father's funeral, he learns that he's been cut out of his father's inheritance and is left with now an antique convertible and the roses. He also gets to know that he has a grown brother, Raymond Babbitt (played by Dustin





Hoffman) who's autistic and who's been kept in an institution for most of his life but is able to calculate complicated mathematical problems in his head with great speed and accuracy. Their father has left his fortune to Raymond who doesn't even understand what money is for. Charlie is enraged by what has happened and by his father's keeping Raymond's existence from him for his entire life. He knows it is Raymond's doctor he must fight to get the money. He kidnaps Raymond from his residential home, Wallbrook, but then finds that Raymond refuses to get on the plane for fear of a crash. So the two begin a long road trip that will lead them to an understanding of each other. This movie has got Winner of Oscars for Best Picture, Director, Actor (Hoffman), and Screenplay (Ronald Bass and Barry Morrow).

## 1.1 Movie Story of Rain Man

### Chapter One

It is Friday afternoon in the office of Babbitt Cars, Los Angeles. Charlie Babbitt is shouting on the phone. "But I have waited five weeks for these cars. Where are they?" On another phone, Charlie's assistant, Lannie, is talking to a customer. The customer wants six Lamborghini cars and he wants them that day, otherwise he will get back his down payment.

Then a call comes from the bank. Charlie's secretary Susanna puts her hand over the phone. "They want you to pay back the money you borrowed," she says. "They want it this afternoon. If we don't pay back, they will take away all the cars." "Tell them I'll pay on Monday," says Charlie. Then he tells Lannie how to talk to the customer and promise him to knock off five thousand dollars on each car







because of his patience. They will surely have the cars ready on Monday . . .

Charlie puts the phone down and smiles for the first time in a week. Monday! And it is only Friday today! He has the weekend to think of something to save his business. He looks over at Susanna, his beautiful Italian secretary, who is his girl. Charlie loves every part of her little body, her big black eyes and her long brown hair.

“Ready for Palm Springs?” asks Charlie.

“Charlie, you still want to go with all these problems?” Susanna looks surprised.

“Within a second, we are closing this deal,” says Charlie. “Don’t worry about this little problem. I’m going to make seventy five thousand dollars from those cars.” He smiles his best smile. “Not bad for a couple of phone calls.”

“Lannie, you know where to find us, right?” says Charlie.

“Right, I’ll get everything under control,” replies Lannie.

\* \* \* \* \*

They are driving through the desert when a call comes through on Charlie’s car phone.

“Charlie, this is Lannie. I’m sorry to contact you for a while. I’ve got a call, long distance call from Mr. John Mooney. He’s your father’s lawyer. He’s been trying to reach you. Your father has died. Charlie, I’m sorry, the funeral is tomorrow in Cincinnati. He said you know where. I’ve got his number . . .”

“That is not necessary. Anything else?” asks Charlie.

“That’s it. Listen, Charlie, if there’s anything I can do, just call me . . .” says Lannie at the other end of the line.





His face doesn't change. But a few seconds later he turns off the road and stops the car.

"Sorry about the weekend," says Charlie.

"Charlie, the weekend?" asks Susanna.

"I told you before we have fallen out long time ago. My mother died when I was two. And then it was just ... me and him. We just didn't get along," says Charlie.

"You are going to the funeral?" Susanna says suddenly. "I'm coming with you."

"That's very sweet of you. But you don't need to. There's really no point, you know?"

"I want to go," Susanna replies.

"Sorry. I forgot whom I was talking to." Charlie looks across at Susanna, with a small, sad smile.

## Chapter Two

Now Charlie Babbitt and Susanna are attending his father's funeral in Cincinnati. He is walking away from the funeral without looking back. Getting into the car beside Susanna, he says, "We're going to stay in Cincinnati another night, OK? There's something I have to do before we go." Charlie started the car.

"Where are we going now?" Susanna asks.

"East Walnut Hills."

Walnut Hills is the richest part of Cincinnati. All the houses are big and very expensive. Charlie parks the car in front of one of the largest, most expensive houses in Walnut Hills-Sanford Babbitt's house.

Charlie tells her that this is where he lived when he was a boy and he left when he was sixteen. He puts the suitcases down and walks





towards a car that is in front of the garage. It is a 1949 Buick Roadmaster. It is light blue and everything about it is still perfect. "I've always known this car," Charlie says in a quiet voice. "But I only drove it once." Near the garage is a flower garden with some wonderful roses.

"Someone must water those roses," says Susanna, who loves flowers. "They're all dying."

"I hate those roses!" Charlie says suddenly.

Susanna looks at him in surprise, but Charlie has already opened the front door. Charlie and Susanna are looking round Charlie's old bedroom. When she is looking at the old picture of his father and making some comments on the picture, Charlie gets angry and tells her his story.

"You know that car in front of the garage?" Charlie asks suddenly.

"It is beautiful," replies Susanna.

"My father loved that car and the roses. The Buick was his car and I could never drive it. I was sixteen years old, the tenth grader. For once, I went to him and said 'Can I take the car out? Take the guys on a sort of victory drive round town.' He said no. I took it anyway. I stole the keys and sneaked it out ... " "You took the car with no permission?" asks Susanna.

"... because I deserved it. Nothing I did was good enough for this guy ... There were four of us. We got pulled up by the police. He knew I had the car, but he telephoned the police and said, 'Someone has stolen my car.' He did not say his son took it without permission. The police stopped us and took us to the police station."

Charlie's face becomes angry now. "My friends' parents came for them after an hour. My father left me there in the prison for two





days.”

“Two days!” Susanna is surprised. “And you were only sixteen. Were you scared?”

“Yeah, I was scared. Since then I left home and I never saw him again,” says Charlie

“We have been a year together. This is the first time I hear this story. It’s strange,” she says, her eyes wide, full of questions. This is a Charlie Babbitt that she doesn’t know before.

Charlie looks over at Susanna and says, “Oh, when I was a kid and I got scared, a Rain Man would come to sing to me.” “Rain what?” asks Susanna.

“Well, that is my imaginary childhood good friend,” replies Charlie.

“What happened to him?” asks Susanna. She is laughing and touches Charlie’s arm.

“I don’t know,” Charlie replies. “I just . . . grew up, I think.”

He turns the coat around him in his hands for a few seconds. Then he throws it back into the box. “Let’s go and eat,” says Charlie to Susanna.

\* \* \* \* \*

That evening, Charlie Babbitt and his father’s lawyer, John Mooney, meet in the diningroom. Mr. Mooney puts on his glasses and takes some papers from his case.

Then Mr. Mooney opens an envelope and takes out two pieces of expensive paper. Mooney starts to read the letter written by Charlie’s father. “To my son, Charles Babbitt. Dear Charles,” the lawyer begins. “Today is my 70th birthday. I am an old man, but I well remember the day when we brought you home from the hospital.





You were the perfect child . . . And I remember too the day you left home. You were so full of bitterness, all these big ideas, so full of yourself. 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, all these I forgive. But your failure to write, to telephone, to reenter into my life anyway has left me without a son. I wish you all I ever want for you. I wish you the best . . .” The lawyer stops reading to look up at Charlie, but there is no change in the young man’s facial expression. After John Mooney stops reading, he puts the letter back into its envelope. The old lawyer seems sad. But Charlie does not say anything. He just sits there, waiting for Mooney to read the will . . .

Now Mooney picks up the will. Without looking at Charlie, he begins to read. “To my son Charles Sanford Babbitt, I give my 1949 Buick which kindly and unfortunately brought our relationship to an end. I also give him my high prize winning rose bushes, making him reminding the value of excellence and possibility of perfection . . .” Hearing this, Charlie moves anxiously in his chair. It is obvious that he does not like what he is hearing.

“As for my home and all my property, they should be placed in trustee . . .” Mooney finishes reading and looks up at Charlie.

“I don’t understand. What does the last paragraph mean?” asks Charlie.

“It means the estate, in excess of three million dollars, after expenses and taxes, will go into a trust fund for a beneficiary to be named in this document . . .” replies Mooney.

So Charlie Babbitt does not get his father’s house, or his father’s





money. He is very disappointed about this will.

"Who's that?" Charlie asks one more time.

"I am afraid I can't tell you that," John Mooney replies and then puts the will back into his bag. At this, Charlie is beginning to get angry.

"Who controls the money? You control the money?" asks Charlie.

"No. It's called 'trustee'." He walks towards the door and then turns to face Charlie.

"What is that? How does that work? How does that work?" asks Charlie.

"Forgive me. But there's nothing more I can say. I am sorry, son. I can see that you are disappointed," says Mooney.

"Disappointed? Why should I be disappointed? I got rose bushes, didn't I? I got a used car, didn't I? What's the name of the ... What do you call him ... beneficiary? He got three million dollars! He didn't get rose bushes. I got rose bushes. I definitely got rose bushes ... " Charlie flies into a rage.

"Charlie, there's no need to ..." says Mooney.

"To what, to be upset? To be upset?" asks Charlie. "There's a hell, sir. My father is in it. He's looking up right now. He's laughing. He's an asshole, Sanford Babbitt. You want to be that guy, Sanford for five minutes? Did you hear the letter? Were you listening?" Charlie is so angry that he can not continue speaking.

"Yes, sir, I was," John Mooney replies, looking at Charlie straight in the eye. "Were you?"

"No, could you please repeat it because I can't hear my fucking ears ... " says Charlie angrily.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I was looking for you. How did it go?" says Susanna. She is standing by the window and finds Charlie walking outside.





"I got what I expected," replies Charlie angrily.

### Chapter Three

Charlie wants that three million dollars! It should be his money! But first he has to know who is looking after it. So next morning, he goes to his father's bank and talks to a woman there. He smiles his beautiful smile and lies to her that he has a problem with the trustee and that his father is Sanford Babbitt . . . Five minutes later he has the name and address that he urgently needs in his pocket. "Dr. Walter Bruner of Wallbrook Home, Ohio." "We're going to see a Dr. Bruner," Charlie says to Susanna. He doesn't say another word.

With Susanna sitting next to him, Charlie is driving the Buick out of Cincinnati. It is a hot July day, so they have the roof of the car open. On both sides of the road are the Ohio hills.

Twenty minutes later, Charlie slows the car down and turns to the left. The new road is very narrow, with big trees on both sides. "This is the place," he says, "Wallbrook Home."

"But why have we come here, Charlie?" Susanna asks.

"It's something about my father's will," replies Charlie. "It won't take long."

On the way up to the house, they see a strange man. There is paint all over his face and he is smiling like a child. They get out of the car and walk up to the front door. A nurse comes out to meet them. "I'd like to see Dr. Bruner, please," says Charlie. The nurse takes them into a comfortable waiting room. Then she says, "Could you wait here, please? Dr. Bruner is at meeting."





As soon as the nurse leaves the room, Charlie goes through a door into another room. "Charlie," Susanna calls. "Where are you going? We are not supposed to be looking around, uh?" She follows him into the other room where a group of people are watching television. Others sit at tables, playing with children's games. Two nurses in white coats sit at the back of the room. But nobody speaks. "I don't like being here, Charlie," Susanna says. "It isn't right! Let's go back to the waiting room . . ."

Then Dr. Bruner comes out of his office. He is a big man, about fifty-six, with grey hair and a calm face.

"Whatever this is, I don't understand the point of secrecy. Is this patient an old girlfriend of my father's?" asks Charlie.

"Mr. Babbitt, I knew your father since you were two years old," Dr. Bruner says softly.

"The year my mother died?" Charlie turns and asks quickly.

"Look," replies Bruner. "I am the trustee of the fund. But this hospital receives nothing from that."

"It seems fair. Maybe there's something we can discuss about," says Charlie.

"I took this burden out of loyalty to your father. That's where my loyalty ends."

"And you think I should feel a little about loyalty?" asks Charlie.

"I think you have been treated out of your birth right . . . by a man who has difficulty to show love . . ." replies Dr. Bruner.

"I was wondering if we can talk to you to explain how my father signed that to help me understand right what he has done to his son. Feeling that, I have responsibility of my own and that has to be met even if that means a fight," says Charlie, beginning to feel very angry.







\* \* \* \* \*

From the window, Charlie can see the old Buick. Susanna is sitting in the back, enjoying the afternoon sun. A small man, carrying a bag, is moving towards the car. He walks in a strange way, moving from side to side. The man is taking a small notebook out of his bag. He begins writing in it. He is talking to Susanna about the car.

"I'm sorry it isn't your car. It's my boyfriend's," says Susanna.

"Yeah. My dad lets me drive slowly on the drive-way. I am an excellent driver," replies the man.

"Are you sure that you drive this car?" asks Susanna.

"Of course, I drove it a week ago last Saturday. It should be more than 28 miles," replies the man.

"Look, my boyfriend is coming." Susanna says.

"Today is Monday. I always drive the car on Saturday, never drive on Monday," says the man to himself.

Charlie goes to the car and sees the man sitting in the car. He is angry and tells him to get out of it.

"Dad lets me drive slowly on the drive way. Of course, the front seats were brown leather rather than this pitiful red," Raymond says to himself and doesn't look up from his notebook.

Then Charlie looks at Raymond in surprise. He tells Susanna that the man is right and the seats were brown leather. He is a small man of about forty. He looks clean and tidy, with short hair and very ordinary clothes. What is a little strange is that there is no expression on his face. There is no light in his black eyes, and no movement in his mouth. It is a face, neither happy nor sad.

