

Dad and Mom (with Benjamin)

Mom What are you putting on, Ben? Ben, it's a party; you can't wear those old things.

Benjamin I'm not coming to the party, Mom.

Mom Then what are you doing?

Benjamin I'm leaving home.

Mom What?

Benjamin I'm leaving home. I'm clearing out.

Mom You're going away?

Benjamin That's right.

Mom You're taking a trip?

Benjamin That is right.

Mom Well, where are you going?

Benjamin I'm going on the road.

Mom On the road?

Benjamin I believe that's the conventional terminology.

Mom You mean you're just going to pack your bag and go?

Benjamin I'm not taking any bags.

Mom What?

Benjamin I'm taking what I have on.

Mom Are you serious?

Benjamin Yes.

Mom Well, how much money are you taking?

Benjamin Ten dollars.

Mom Well, how long will you be gone?

Benjamin Maybe five years. Maybe ten. I don't know.

Benjamin's father comes in.

Dad Ben, you get your sorry ass down those stairs right now. *(To his wife.)*

What's the matter with you?

Mom Ben, you tell your father, because he's not going to let you do this.

Dad Do what?

Benjamin I'm going on a trip.

Mom He's not taking any clothes. It's nine o'clock at night and he has ten

dollars in his pocket and he's...

Dad He's what?

Mom He's going to do the road.

Dad He's what?

Benjamin I'm leaving.

Dad You're what?

Mom Ask him where he's going.

Benjamin I don't know where I'm going.

Mom He's going God knows where and he's leaving tonight.

Dad He's what?

Mom Tell him he's doing no such thing.

Dad You're doing what?

Benjamin I'm heading out. Across the country. Around the world.

Dad You're gonna bum around the world?

Benjamin I'm through with all this.

Dad All what?

Benjamin All this. I want something else.

Dad Well what the hell else do you want?

Benjamin You know what I want?

Dad No, son, I do not.

Benjamin I want simple people. I want simple honest people that can't even read or write their own name. I want to spend my life with those sort of people.

Dad Ben ...

Benjamin Farmers. Truck drivers. Ordinary people who don't have big houses. Who don't have swimming pools.

Dad Don't get carried away now, son.

Benjamin Real people, Dad.

Mom Aren't we real?

Dad You have a romantic notion here, Ben.

Benjamin Real people like Gramps.

Dad Your grandfather built half of Toledo.

Benjamin I am going out to spend some time with the real people of this country.

Benjamin's *father thinks, then takes out his pocketbook and gives Benjamin the contents.*

Dad I want you to take this.

Benjamin I don't want it.

Dad Here.

Benjamin No.

Dad Take it.

Benjamin I won't.

His father puts it in Benjamin's pocket. Thank you.

Mom So do we approve of this?

Dad Do we *approve*? Son, lets you and I walk down those stairs. Let's show that bunch of . . . *grotesques* down there just what Benjamin Braddock is made of.

Benjamin OK.

Dad OK?

Benjamin OK.

Dad Call collect if you get into trouble.

Benjamin I will.