

新时代出版社
New Times Press

82.1.1
3343

飞跃英语世纪行



影
视
版

张连栋 主编

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

阶跃英语世纪行:影视版/张连栋主编. —北京:新
时代出版社, 2000. 8

ISBN 7-5042-0535-4

I. 阶… II. 张… III. 英语-语言读物, 电影文学
剧本 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2000)第 30489 号

新 时 代 出 版 社 出版发行

(北京市海淀区紫竹院南路 23 号)

(邮政编码 100044)

三河市腾飞胶印厂印刷

新华书店经售

*

开本 787×960 1/32 印张 11 242 千字

2000 年 8 月第 1 版 2000 年 8 月北京第 1 次印刷

印数: 1—4000 册 定价: 15.00 元

(本书如有印装错误, 我社负责调换)

前 言

当今,民族文化与世界文化正日趋相互融合,英语已成为人们交流信息与情感的重要工具,并在一定程度上促成了整个人类文明的有机统一。因此,无论是在交通方式日益改进的今天,还是在信息技术高速发展的未来,英语无疑将具有越来越重要的作用。

正是基于这样的认识,我们编写了这套《阶跃英语世纪行》丛书,作为新世纪的礼物奉献给中国广大的英语爱好者和学习者。这套丛书是编者精心设计和编写的结晶,它摒弃了以往单纯的英语学习模式,更加突出了文化氛围。从留学异域的校园文化,到世界各地的民土风情;从异彩纷呈的影视精典,到各领风骚的风云人物,从应接不暇的崭新科技,到视角犀利的时事点评,丛书蕴涵了知识性、趣味性和实用性的多层意义。因而,无论对希望提高词汇量的学习者,还是对希望扩展知识面的读者,丛书都能够提供有效的帮助。同时,丛书特别强调了实用性特点,在以实用应用文和对话为主的《交际版》中提供给读者可以借鉴和参考的许多范例,而在《求学版》中更

IV

为希望到外国著名大学进一步深造的读者介绍了部分院校的翔实状况。

值得一提的是,编者在文章的选取和编写上力求保持语言的地道和内容的新颖,并对阅读时具有一定难度的词汇给出了较为详尽的注释,以从各个角度为读者使用本书给予最直接的帮助。全书由清华大学张连栋主编,杨涛、丁鹏、舒雯、王敏、宋莉莉、李莉蓉等参与了本书的编写工作。由于时间仓促,疏漏之处在所难免,恳请读者予以指正。同时,编者也衷心希望丛书的出版可以为国内英语学习的普及和水平的提高尽到力量。

最后,编者感谢新时代出版社各位编辑对于本丛书的出版所给予的大力支持和精心指导,他们严谨的治学态度和为读者负责的敬业精神使我们受益匪浅。在此,谨向他们致以崇高的敬意和诚挚的感谢!

编 者

2000 年 2 月

目 录

Roman Holiday	1
罗马假日	
The Bridges of Madison County	15
廊桥遗梦	
The English Patient	39
英国病人	
The Godfather	60
教父	
Stars War	85
星球大战	
Lion King	109
狮子王	
Brave Heart	134
勇敢的心	
The Silence of the Lambs	156
沉默的羔羊	
Ghost	179
人鬼情未了	
Shakespeare in Love	198
莎翁情史	

Titanic	220
泰坦尼克号	
Forrest Gump	251
阿甘正传	
Schindler's List	276
辛德勒名单	
Sense and Sensibility	305
理智与情感	
Sleepless in Seattle	326
西雅图不眠夜	

影 视

ROMAN HOLIDAY

罗马假日

导演：威廉·怀勒 William Wyler**主演：**奥黛丽·赫本 Audrey Hepburn

《罗马假日》由美国派拉蒙(Paramount)公司1952年出品,获第26届奥斯卡最佳女演员、最佳电影故事等三项大奖。

剧情梗概：

年轻的公主安娜乘船来到意大利首都罗马,不禁对平民百姓的生活心向往之。她溜出宾馆,遇到了记者乔。第二天乔从报纸上看到自己昨天收留的少女竟然是公主,采访之兴大起。公主只想过普通人的生活,他们无拘无束在一起,分手时难舍难分。公主又成为公主,但她给乔留下了永久的甜蜜回忆。

赏析：

世界上没有哪个地方有好莱坞那样的造梦能力,更何况导演威廉·怀勒又是一位大师。当然,《罗马假日》成为经典更多的原因是奥黛丽·赫本。



赫本横空出世，一鸣惊人，一夜之间，满街的妙龄少女都留起了她的发式，戴上了电影中的墨镜。这部浪漫爱情喜剧几十年来一直是电影观众和影评人必提的经典。无论从哪个角度来看，它的艺术性都完美无缺，堪称黑白时代的完美佳作。在科技发达的今天几乎所有的老片都被处理成彩色，只有包括本片在内为数不多的几部影片遭到禁止。

* * * * *

*Later that night in Princess Ann's bedchamber.
She stands on her bed dressed in her nightgown, her
hair let down. She picks up the skirt of her night-
gown and drops it.*

ANN:

brushing her hair

I hate this nightgown. I hate all my night-
gowns. And I hate all my underwear too.

COUNTESS:

*coming over to tend to her bed, dressed in a bed
robe and wearing glasses*

My dear, you have lovely things.

ANN:

But I'm not two hundred years old!

dropping down on the bed

Why can't I sleep in pyjamas⁽¹⁾?

COUNTESS:

looking up as she folds the sheets into place



Pyjamas!

ANN:

Yes!

The Countess takes off her glasses, shocked, then walks over to the window. Ann pulls the covers over her, sitting up.

ANN:

Did you know there are people who sleep with absolutely nothing on at all?

COUNTESS:

opening the window

I rejoice to say that I did not.

ANN:

lying against the headboard, smiling as she hears distant music coming in through the window

Listen.

She jumps up out of bed and runs over to the window, looking out.

COUNTESS:

Oh, and your slippers.

She goes to fetch them from beside the bed as Ann looks out with pleasure at the dancing going on far below in the distance.

Please put on your slippers and come away at the window.

Ann walks back to the bed, dejected, as the Countess shuts the window. The Countess holds a tray.



Your milk and crackers.

ANN:

*taking the tray; as the Countess helps her pull
the covers over her*

Everything we do is so wholesome.

COUNTESS:

They'll help you to sleep.

ANN:

stubbornly⁽²⁾.

I'm too tired to sleep—can't sleep a wink.

COUNTESS:

*putting on her glasses, taking a diary from the
bed table*

Now my dear, if you don't mind: tomorrow's
schedule—or skedule, whichever you prefer—both are
correct.

running through the items with a pen

Eight thirty, breakfast here with the Embassy
staff; nine o'clock, we leave for the Polinory Auto-
motive Works where you'll be presented with a small
car.

ANN:

disinterested; absently playing with a napkin

Thank you.

COUNTESS:

Which you will not accept.

ANN:

No, thank you.



COUNTESS:

Ten thirty-five, inspection of food and agricultural organisation will present you with an olive tree.

ANN:

No, thank you.

COUNTESS:

Which you will accept?

ANN:

Thank you.

COUNTESS:

Ten fifty-five, the Newfoundling Home For Orphans. You will preside over the laying of the cornerstone, same speech as last Monday.

ANN:

Trade relations?

COUNTESS:

Yes.

ANN:

chewing a cracker

For the orphans?

COUNTESS:

No, no, the other one.

ANN:

‘Youth and progress’.

COUNTESS:

Precisely. Eleven forty-five, back here to rest. No, that's wrong... eleven forty-five, conference here with the press.



ANN:

‘Sweetness and decency’.

She rolls her eyes.

COUNTESS:

One o’clock sharp, lunch with the Foreign Ministry. You will wear your white lace and carry a small bouquet of (& ANN) very small pink roses.

The Countess looks up, unimpressed. Continuing, as Ann drinks her milk from a glass.

Three-o five, presentation of a plaque⁽³⁾.

ANN:

(to an imagined guest)

Thank you.

Four-ten, review special guard of Police.

ANN:

No, thank you.

Four forty-five.

ANN:

screaming at the Countess

STOP!!!

looking away, her hair covering her face

Please stop! Stop...!

COUNTESS:

retrieving the tray

It’s all right, dear, it didn’t spill

She places the tray on the table.

ANN:

I don’t care if it’s spilled or not. I don’t care if I



throw her head into the pillow. Drown in it!

COUNTESS:

putting her hands on her shoulders to comfort her

My dear, you're ill. I'll send for Doctor Bonnachoven.

ANN:

turning over, facing the opposite way

I don't want Doctor Bonnachoven; please let me die in peace!

COUNTESS:

You're not dying.

ANN:

facing the Countess

Leave me.

sitting up, shouting at her

Leave me!

COUNTESS:

It's nerves; control yourself Ann.

ANN:

throwing herself on the pillow, beating it with her fist

I don't want to!

COUNTESS:

standing up straight, speaking with authority

Your Highness.

Ann continues blubbing⁽⁴⁾.

I'll get Doctor Bonnachoven.



She heads for the door.

ANN:

looking up as she leaves.

It's no use; I'll be dead before he gets here.

She gives a defiant blub.

Later, the Countess enters the bedchamber, followed by Doctor Bonnachoven and the General. They walk to her bed and the doctor looks at Ann, who doesn't move.

DOCTOR:

to the Countess, puzzled

She is asleep.

COUNTESS:

She was in hysterics three minutes ago, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

He puts his Doctor's bag on the table and bends over to her; quietly.

Are you asleep, ma'am?

ANN:

without moving

No!

DOCTOR:

Oh.

He feels her forehead then takes a thermometer from his bag.

I'll only disturb Your Royal Highness a moment, ah?

ANN:

I'm very ashamed, Doctor Bonnachoven; I...



The Doctor places the thermometer in her mouth.

suddenly I was crying.

DOCTOR:

reassuring

To cry—a perfectly normal thing to do.

GENERAL:

It most important she be calm and relaxed for the press conference, Doctor.

ANN:

Don't worry, Doctor I...

takes the thermometer out

I'll be calm and relaxed and I... I'll bow and I'll smile and... I'll improve trade relations and I, and I will...

She throws herself onto the pillow, in hysterics⁽⁵⁾ again.

COUNTESS:

There she goes again. Give her something, Doctor, please.

DOCTOR:

holding up a syringe from the bag

Uncover her arm, please, hmm?

The Countess uncovers her arm as the General looks away.

ANN:

calming down; without looking up

What's that?



DOCTOR:

Sleep and calm. This will relax you and make Your Highness feel a little happy. It's a new drug, quite harmless.

As he injects her the General faints behind them, unnoticed.

ANN:

I don't feel any different.

DOCTOR:

You will; it may take a little time to take hold. Just now, lie back, ah?

ANN:

Can I keep just one light on?

DOCTOR:

Of course. Best thing I know is to do exactly what you wish for a while.

ANN:

smiling

Thank you, Doctor.

COUNTESS:

The Countess looks round at the General on the floor.

Oh, the General! Doctor, quick!

DOCTOR:

Oh!

ANN:

sitting up

Hah!



She puts her hand over her mouth, covering her smile.

GENERAL:

embarrassed; straightening his bed robe

I'm perfectly all right.

to the Princess

Goodnight, ma'am.

He bows and leaves.

DOCTOR:

bowing, smiling at the Princess

Goodnight, ma'am.

ANN:

Goodnight, Doctor.

The Doctor leaves, followed by the Countess, who turns off the light and, looking back at the Princess, shuts the door behind her.

Alone, the Princess looks around the large room at the lavish⁽⁶⁾, ancient ornamentation on the ceiling and the huge sculpted headboard. She lies back, and then, remembering, eagerly climbs out of bed and runs to the window. She looks out longingly at the dancing below, the breeze blowing in her face then out over the city, the buildings lit up in the night far in the distance. Thinking, she looks back at the door and then back out the window, then she runs to her wardrobe, and starts rummaging in the clothes hung there.

Later, dressed in a plain white blouse and skirt

