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编 前 小 引

钱 锋 刘爱萍

记得十几年前读大学的时候,曾经有一门最为同学们喜欢的课程就是《英美原文电影赏析》。由于当时的条件还不能像现在一样可以轻易获得大量片源,所以能在课堂上看到由外籍老师从国外带来的随便一部英文原版电影,对于当时英语专业的学生来说,都是一次难得的机会,因为不仅可以欣赏故事情节,而且还可以听到地道的、原汁原味的英语。那时候,如果说有一本汇集这些影片对白以及讲解的文字读本,对于许多学生来说,都应该是一本最理想的教材。因为它不仅可以拿来帮助背诵、朗读影片中经典的对白,同时也可以通过影片情节,了解和学习更多在正式英语教材中很难见到的语言现象。所以在十几年后有机会着手做这样一本书,自然欣喜万分。

然而欣喜之余,也许是出于时间的关系,也许是由于对电影有了更为专业角度的认识,动笔之时,却多了几分顾虑:一方面,电影之所以区别于传统戏剧,其中一个最大的特点就是:戏剧是主要依赖于台词来讲述故事的艺术;而电影却是更多由画面来讲述故事的艺术。国外有位优秀导演曾经说:一部优秀的电影应该是在去掉所有对白后,依然能让人看得懂的故事。因此,最好的电影不一定就拥有最精彩的对白。脱离画面,单独提出电影对白进行赏析,是否还能保持对白原有的味道,值得考虑;而另一方面,在电影的百年发展史上,的确还是有许多经典的电影对白给人们留下了深刻的印象,甚至被人们在许多场景下引用。一些对

白在阐述影片主题、推动剧情发展等方面也起到了重要的作用,比如《刺杀肯尼迪》中最后法庭上检查官吉姆的那段慷慨而蕴意深刻的陈辞,《廊桥遗梦》中男女主人公多次代表不同生活方式的话语交锋,无论从语言角度还是主题内容上都是值得人们在看完电影之后再来进行仔细琢磨的。同时,作为大众文化具体形式之一的电影,使用的对白语言也最能典型地体现当代社会最为流行的语言文化现象,这一点,也是我们这本《英文名篇鉴赏金库(电影卷)》同本套丛书中其他诗歌、戏剧卷等相比所具有的不同之处。它是更为“活”的语言学习范本。

正是基于上述原因,我们在谨慎考虑之后开始了这部书稿的准备工作。在选择影片和对白段落的时候,考虑到了一些电影的自身特点,尽可能地保留原剧本中对于言语环境及动作的描述,因为同样朴实的语言,只有在特定的语境中表达,才有可能精彩、准确地承载整部作品要表达的主体内涵。整本书以影片拍摄时间为顺序编排,对选读章节中的重点、难点词汇,以及涉及对白理解的语言、文化现象进行了注释。同时为了使读者更好地理解影片,我们对每部影片的背景资料都做适当的介绍,包括影片的获奖情况、西方评论,以及编、导、演等主创人员艺术成就等,同时附以影片故事梗概,以期帮助读者熟悉剧情,理解所选内容以及其间的联系,进而更好地欣赏所选电影片段,感受这些精彩对白的魅力之处,激发学习英语的兴趣。

书中外文及注释部分由钱锋选著,影片介绍部分由刘爱萍编著。另外,在本书的筹备工作中,刘梦龙同志,以及共事的爱尔兰籍专家 Enda Brogan,美籍主持人 Nathan 在片源提供和对白的注释等方面投入了大量的工作。同时,天津人民出版社解鸿茹编辑也为本书的出版做出了大量努力,在此一并感谢。

2005年3月于北京

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Casablanca

卡萨布兰卡

(1943)

导演:迈克尔·柯蒂斯(Michael Curtiz)

编剧:爱泼斯坦兄弟(Julius J. Epstein & Philip G. Epstein)

主演:英格丽·褒曼(Ingrid Bergman), 亨弗莱·鲍嘉(Humphrey Bogart),
保罗·亨莱德(Paul Henreid), 克劳德·伦斯(Claude Rains)

获奖:奥斯卡最佳影片、最佳导演、最佳改编三项大奖

【影片介绍】

1941年,在纳粹的铁蹄之下,要从欧洲逃往美国,必须绕道摩洛哥北部城市卡萨布兰卡,这座城市云集了来自世界各国形形色色的人。两个德国信徒被杀死在沙漠中,他们的特别通行证下落不明。“里克酒店”是人人喜欢去的社交场所,老板叫里克·勃兰,美国人,曾参加反法西斯战争,为了逃避纳粹迫害,从巴黎来到卡萨布兰卡,开了这家夜总会。一天晚上,从德国集中营逃出的反纳粹领袖、捷克志士维克多·拉斯罗偕同妻子伊尔莎光临酒店。同时警察局长雷诺特和纳粹少校斯特拉瑟也来到夜总会,他们命令里克不许帮助拉斯罗逃离卡萨布兰卡。黑人钢琴家山姆正在演奏,伊尔莎认出了山姆,并恳求他弹奏一首《时光流逝》。原来里克与伊尔莎在巴黎有过一段恋情。当时巴黎即将沦陷,他们相约一起逃离巴黎,然而伊尔莎却未能如约。里克为此十分伤心,后来变得郁郁寡欢。里克听到歌曲,看到伊尔莎,往事开始一幕幕重现脑海。

拉斯罗和伊尔莎在卡萨布兰卡已受到纳粹分子

的跟踪,处境非常困难。深夜,伊尔莎来到里克住处,恳求他帮助他们出境。里克想起往事,不肯拿出通行证。伊尔莎无奈掏出手枪,逼着里克交出通行证。当里克表示只有打死他,才能得到通行证时,伊尔莎抑制不住内心的委屈。她倾诉着当年拉斯罗出走、被捕、关进集中营和传说他死讯的情景,表达对里克的愧疚之情。里克原谅了伊尔莎,并决定帮助伊尔莎和她的丈夫出境。

第二天,拉斯罗夫妇从里克手里拿到了通行证,里克逼迫雷诺特在上面填上拉斯罗夫妇的名字,让机场放两人通行。斯特拉瑟少校企图阻止拉斯罗夫妇上飞机。一声枪响,少校慢慢趴倒在地。里克盯着飞机起飞,送恋人远行,飞机上的灯光渐渐远去。

珍珠港事件的第二天,华纳电影公司一名审阅剧本的人听了罗斯福总统的广播讲话后,心潮澎湃,立刻决定要物色一部反法西斯战争的剧本投拍,以此向英雄致敬。刚巧《人人都上里克酒店》这个舞台剧的剧本送到。华纳兄弟公司想请罗纳德·里根(就是后来的里根总统)和安·谢里丹在这部影片中担任男女主角。但因剧本的问题,两人均退出了剧组,替代他们的是英格丽·褒曼和亨弗莱·鲍嘉。

影片拍摄于1942年,当时二次世界大战正是白热化阶段,影片一经放映便取得了巨大的成功。可是在拍摄时并未预示有这样辉煌的未来,拍摄组的人都不知所终,剧本一改再改,演员每天都不知道该演些什么。英格丽·褒曼在她的自传《我的故事》里说:“我们每天都是临时凑集起来研究对白。他们每天给我们一些台词,我们则试图了解其意义。我一直想知道我爱上了谁,是保罗·亨莱德扮演的反法西斯抵抗运动领袖维克多·拉斯罗,还是亨弗莱·鲍嘉扮演的酒吧老板里克。”导演迈克尔·柯蒂斯也不知如何是好,他含含糊糊地跟英格丽·褒曼说:“你到底是爱谁我也不太清楚……介于两者之间吧。”男主人公亨弗莱·鲍嘉每天跟人抱怨说:“我每天要问‘我今天到底演什么?怎么演?’”然而,正是褒曼举棋不定的眼神和鲍嘉颓唐热烈的注视成全了这部影片,他们的表演令众人难忘。

导演柯蒂斯和爱泼斯坦两兄弟每天修改剧本,在无数次的改动当中,他们完全忘记拍摄此片是为了向战争致敬。柯蒂斯在他的拍摄笔记里说:“战争背景不过是个借口。”《卡萨布兰卡》更多地表现了人生的无奈,每个人的命运总是被偶然所改写,尤其是在战争年代,所以那个曾被认为是最糟糕的剧本变成了好莱坞的经典影片。

【精彩对白】

INT. RICK'S CAFE-HALL - NIGHT

Carl: Well, you are in pretty good shapes.¹

Rick: How long can I afford to stay closed?

Carl: Oh, two weeks, maybe three.

Rick: Maybe I won't have to. A bribe has worked before. In the meantime, everybody stays salary.

Carl: Oh, thank you, Herr Rick. Sacha will be happy to hear it.

I owe him money. (Carl laughs.)

Rick: Now you finish locking up, will you, Carl?

Carl: I will. Then I am going to the meeting of the -

Rick: (interrupting) - Don't tell me where you're going.

Carl: I won't.

Rick: Goodnight.

Carl: Goodnight, Monsieur Rick. (Rick walks up the stairs to his apartment.)

INT. RICK'S CAFE-APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rick opens the door and goes inside the dark room. Light from the hall reveals a figure by the window. He lights a small lamp. Ilsa faces him, her face white but determined. Rick pauses for a moment in astonishment.

Rick: How did you get in?

Ilsa: The stairs from the street.

Ilsa comes over to meet him.

Rick: I told you this morning you'd come around, but this is little ahead of schedule, well, won't you sit down?

Ilsa: Richard, I had to see you.

Rick: You use "Richard" again? We're back in Paris.

Ilsa: Please.

Rick: Your unexpected visit isn't connected by any chance with the letters of transit²? It seems that as long as I have those letters I'll never be lonely.

Ilsa: You can ask any price you want, but you must give me those letters.

Rick: I went through all that with your husband. It's no deal.³

Ilsa: I know how you feel about me, but I'm asking you to put your feelings aside for something more important.

Rick: Do I have to hear again what a great man your husband is? What an important cause he's fighting for?

Ilsa: It was your cause, too. In your own way, you were fighting for the same thing.

Rick: I'm not fighting for anything anymore, except myself. I'm the only cause I'm interested in.

He walks over to the window and Ilsa follows.

Ilsa: Richard, Richard, we loved each other once. If those days meant anything at all to you –

Rick: (interrupting, harshly) – I wouldn't bring up Paris if I were you. It's poor salesmanship.⁴

Ilsa: Please. Please listen to me. If you knew what really happened, if you only knew the truth –

Rick: (cutting in) – I wouldn't believe you, no matter what you told me. You'd say anything now to get what you want.

Rick walks over to a table and opens a cigarette box, but finds it empty.

Ilsa: You want to feel sorry for yourself, don't you? With so much at stake⁵, all you can think of is your own feelings. One woman has hurt you, and you take revenge on the rest of the world. You're a ,you're a ,you're a coward and a weakling. (There are tears in her eyes now.)

Ilsa: No. Oh, Richard, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. But, but you, you

are our last hope. If you don't help us, Victor Laszlo will die in Casablanca.

Rick: What of it? I'm going to die in Casablanca. It's a good spot for it.

He turns away to light a cigarette, then back to Ilsa.

Rick: Now if you –

He stops short as he sees Ilsa holding a small revolver in her hand. It's pointed directly at him.

Ilsa: – All right. I tried to reason with you.⁶ I tried everything.

Now I want those letters. Get them for me.

Rick: I don't have to, I've got them right here.

Ilsa: Put them on the table.

Rick: (shaking his head) No.

Ilsa: For the last time, put them on the table.

Rick: If Laszlo and the cause mean so much to you, you won't stop at anything. All right, I'll make it easier for you.

He moves closer to her.

Rick: Go ahead and shoot. You'll be doing me a favor.

Her hand drops down, and there are tears in her eyes again. She turns and walks away from him.

Ilsa: Richard, I tried to stay away. I thought I would never see you again, that you were out of my life.

Rick follows her and takes her in his arms. He presses her tight to him.

Ilsa: The day you left, if you knew what I went through!⁷ If you knew how much I loved you, how much I still love you!

Rick kisses her passionately. She is lost in his embrace.

INT. RICK'S CAFE-APARTMENT – LATER

From his window, Rick watches the revolving beacon light at the airport.

Ilsa sits on the couch. On a table before her rests a bottle of

champagne along with two half-filled glasses.

Rick walks over to her.

Rick: And then ?

Ilsa: It wasn't long after we were married that Victor went back to Czechoslovakia. They needed him in Prague, but there the Gestapo⁸, were waiting for him. Just a two-line item in the paper: " Victor Laszlo apprehended. Sent to concentration camp." I was frantic. For months I tried to get word⁹. Then it came. He was dead, shot trying to escape. I was lonely. I had nothing. Not even hope. Then I met you.

Rick: Why weren't you honest with me? Why did you keep your marriage a secret?

Rick sits down with Ilsa.

Ilsa: Oh, it wasn't my secret, Richard. Victor wanted it that way. Not even our closest friends knew about his work, and if the Gestapo found out I was his wife it would be dangerous for me and for those working with me.

Rick: When did you first find out he was alive?

Ilsa: Just before you and I were to leave Paris together. A friend came and told me that Victor was alive. They were hiding him in a freight car on the outskirts of Paris. He was sick. He needed me. I wanted to tell you. But I, I didn't care. I knew, I knew you wouldn't have left Paris, and the Gestapo would have caught you. So I... well, well, you know the rest.

Rick: Huh. But it's still a story without an ending. What about now ?

Ilsa: Now ? I don't know. I know that I'll never have the strength to leave you again.

Rick: And Laszlo ?

Ilsa: Oh, you'll help him now, Richard, won't you? You'll see that he gets out ? Then he'll have his work, all that he's been

living for.

Rick: All except one. He won't have you.

Ilsa puts her head on Rick's shoulder.

Ilsa: I can't fight it anymore. I ran away from you once. I can't do it again. Oh, I don't know what's right any longer. You'll have to think for both of us, for all of us.

Rick: All right, I will. Herr's looking at you, kid.

Ilsa: I will. I didn't love you so much.

She snuggles closer to Rick.

INT. EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

Laszlo and Carl make their way through the darkness toward a side entrance of Rick's café. They run inside the entryway. The headlights of a speeding police car sweep toward them.

They flatten themselves against a wall to avoid detection. The lights move past them.

Carl: I think we lost them.¹⁰

Laszlo: Yes. I'm afraid they caught some of the others.

Carl: Come inside. Come.

INT. RICK'S CAFE-MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Laszlo and Carl enter and cross toward the bar, out of breath from their exertion.

Carl: Come inside. I will help you. Come in here.

Laszlo: Thank you.

Carl goes behind the bar.

Carl: I will give you some water.

INT./EXT. RICK'S CAFE-APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rick and Ilsa hear voices below. Rick crosses to the door. He opens it just enough to see below, and turns off the light.

Ilsa stands just in back of him. She makes a move as if to go

out to the balcony but Rick pushes her back. She withdraws behind the door.

Rick walks out to the balcony railing.

INT. RICK'S CAFE-BALCONY / MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rick sees Carl attending to Laszlo, who appears to be injured.

Rick: Carl, what happened?

Both Carl and Laszlo look up.

Carl: (excitedly) The police break up our meeting, Herr Rick! We escaped in the last moment.

Rick: Come up here a minute.

Carl looks up wonderingly, then starts toward the stairway.

Carl: Yes, I come.

Rick: I want you to turn out the light in the rear entrance. It might attract the police.

Carl: But Sacha always puts out that light -

Rick: - Tonight he forgot.

Carl: Yes, I come. I will do it.

Carl climbs the stairs.

INT. RICK'S CAFE-APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carl enters Rick's apartment and sees Ilsa. He looks at Rick and says nothing.

Rick: (in a low voice) I want you to take Miss Lund home.

Carl: Yes, sir.

INT. RICK'S CAFE-APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rick comes down the stairs. Laszlo wraps one of the small bar towels around his cut wrist. Rick looks questioningly at the injured hand.

Laszlo: It's nothing. Just a little cut. We had to get through a window.

Rick walks to the bar, picks up a bottle, and pours a drink.

Rick: Well, this might come in handy.

Laszlo: Thank you.

Rick: Had a close one, eh?¹¹

Laszlo: Yes, rather.

Laszlo takes a drink.

Rick: Don't you sometimes wonder if it's worth all this? I mean you're fighting for?

Laszlo: We might as well question why we breathe.¹² If we stop breathing, we'll die. If we stop fighting our enemies, the world will die.

Rick: What of it?¹³ Then it'll be out of it's misery.

Rick reaches in his jacket for his cigarette case, opens it, and takes out a cigarette.

Laszlo: You know how you sound, Monsieur Blaine? Like a man who's trying to convince himself of something he doesn't believe in his heart. Each of us has a destiny, for good or for evil.

Rick: Yes, I get the point.

Rick lights his cigarette.

Laszlo: I wonder if you do. I wonder if you know that you're trying to escape from yourself and that you'll never succeed.

Rick: You seem to know all about my destiny.

Laszlo: I know a good deal more about you than you suspect. I know, for instance, than you are in love with a woman. It is perhaps strange that we both should be in love with the same woman. The first evening I came here in this café, I knew there was something between you and Ilsa. Since no one is to blame, I, I demand no explanation. I ask only one thing. You won't give me the letters of transit. All right. But I want my wife to be safe. I ask you as a favor to use the letters to take her away from Casablanca.

Rick: You love her that much?

Laszlo: Apparent you think of me only as the leader of a cause.

Well, I am also a human being.

He looks away for a moment.

Laszlo: Yes, I love her that much.

Suddenly there is a CRASH at the door of the café, followed by the forced entry of several gendarmes. A French officer walks in and addresses Laszlo.

French officer: Mr. Laszlo?

Laszlo: Yes?

French officer: You will come with us. We have a warrant for your arrest.

Laszlo: On what charge?

French officer: Captain Renault will discuss that with you later.

Rick: It seems that destiny has taken a hand.¹⁴

Laszlo looks for a moment at Rick, then in dignified silence crosses to the officer. Together they walk toward the door. Rick's eyes follow them. But his expression reveals nothing of his feelings.

INT. RICK'S CAFE-APARTMENT - NIGHT

Renault sits at his desk and smokes while Rick nervously fidgets his hat. They're interrupted by an orderly.

Renault hands some forms to the orderly, who then exits, and the conversation continues.

Rick: But you haven't any actual proof, and you know it. This isn't Germany or occupied France. All you can do is fine him a few thousand francs and give him thirty days. You might as well let him go now.

Renault: Ricky, I'd advise you not to be too interested in what happens to Laszlo. If by any chance you were to help him escape -

Rick: – WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I 'd stick my neck out for Laszlo?¹⁵

Renault: Because, one, you're bet ten thousand francs he'd escape. Two, you have the letters of transit, now don't bother to deny it, and, well, you might do it simply because you don't like Strasser's looks. As a matter of fact, I don't like him either.

Rick: Well, they're all excellent reasons.

Renault: Don't count too much on my friendship, Ricky. In this matter I'm powerless. Besides, I might lose ten thousand francs.

Rick: You're not very subtle, but you are effective.¹⁶ I, I get the point. Yes, I have the letters. But I intend using them myself. I'm leaving Casablanca on tonight's plane, the last plane.

Renault: Huh?

Rick: And I'm taking a friend with me, one you'll appreciate.

Renault: What friend?

Rick: Ilse Lund. (pause) That ought to put your mind to rest about my helping Laszlo escape. The last man I want to see in America.

Renault: You didn't come here to tell me this. You have the letters of transit, you can fill in your name and hers and leave any time you please. Why are you interested in what happens to Laszlo?

Renault gets out of his chair and crosses to the front of his desk.

Rick: I'm not. But I am interested in what happens to Ilse and me. We have a legal right to go, that's true. But people have been held in Casablanca in spite of their legal rights.

Renault retrieves a fresh cigarette from a box on his desk.

Renault: What makes you think we want to told you ?

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