

Class 8 生活英語、聽力綜合練習

重點提示

Friends

- Joey: Morning!
- Rachel: Hi! Oh, how was your date last night?
- Joey: Pretty good.
- Rachel: Oh good. Ahhh! My God, sorry! (She closes the door and confronts Joey.)
- Joey: Okay, really good. Anyway I gotta go; I'm late for work.
- Rachel: What-what?! You're gonna leave this person with me?!
- Joey: Yeah—Hey, don't worry, she's a terrific girl. And hey listen, could you do me a favor? When she comes out could you just mention that I'm not looking for a serious relationship; that'd be great.
- Rachel: Why?! What?! Are you kidding?!
- Joey: Just casually slip it in, y'know lay the groundwork. Tell her uh, I'm a loner—No! An outlaw! Tell her she doesn't want to get mixed up with the likes of me.

- Rachel: Y'know what? That's a lot to remember, can't I just tell her you're a pig?
- Joey: Hey, I'm gonna call her later! Honest! Oh come on, Chandler used to do it! He'd even make the girl pancakes! Plus, he'd make extras and leave 'em for me.
- Rachel: Well forget it, I'm not telling that girl anything. That is not my responsibility.
- Joey: Fine! Now, where'd we land on those pancakes? (She chases him out the door as his date emerges from the bathroom.)
- Joey's Date: Hi!
- Rachel: Hi.
- Joey's Date: Sorry about that, but I couldn't get that lock to work on the door.
- Rachel: Yeah, Joey kinda disabled it when I moved in.
- Joey's Date: You must be Rachel, I'm Erin.
- Rachel: Hi.
- Erin: Hi. I don't mean this to sound like high school, but did he say anything about me?
- Rachel: Would you like some pancakes?
- http://www.geocities.com/friends_greatestsitcom/script.htm

Family Man

- Jack:** Kate! You can't go. Don't get on that plane. Please! Let's just go have a cup of coffee. That, that's all I'm asking for. I'm sure there's another flight to Paris tonight.
- Kate:** Jack? What are you doing here? Do you need closure? Because if you do after all these years, you got it. I'm ok. I'm fine. I, I was heartbroken, Jack. But I got over it. I moved on. And, you should move on, too. Ok? I'm sorry. I just can't -- I've gotta go. I'm sorry, Jack.
- Jack:** We have a house in Jersey! We have two kids, Annie and Josh. Annie's

not much of a violin player, but she tries real hard. She's a little precocious, but that's only because she says what's on her mind. And when she smiles -- And Josh -- he has your eyes. He doesn't say much, but we know he's smart. He's always got his eyes open. You know, he's always watching us. Sometimes you can look at him and you just know he's learning something new. It's like witnessing a miracle.

The house is a mess, but it's ours -- after a 122 more payments it's gonna be ours.

And you -- you're a non-profit lawyer. That's right, you're completely non-profit. But that doesn't seem to bother you.

And we're in love. After 13 years of marriage we're still unbelievably in love. You won't even let me touch you 'til I've said it. I sing to you. Not all the time but definitely on special occasions. And we've dealt with our share of surprises, and made a lot of sacrifices, but we stayed together.

You see, you're a better person than I am. And it made me a better person to be around you.

I don't know, maybe, maybe it was all just a dream. Maybe I went to bed one lonely night in December and I imagined it all. But I swear, nothing's ever felt more real. And if you get on that plane right now, it'll disappear forever.

I know we can both go on with our lives. And we'd both be fine. But I've seen what we can be like together. And I choose us.

Please, Kate, one cup of coffee. You can always go to Paris. Just, please, not tonight.

Kate: Okay, Jack

練習方式：背誦

Pulp Fiction

[Ezekiel 25:17]

The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the iniquities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he, who in the name of charity and good

will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee.

A Few good Men

Jessep: You want answers?

Kaffee (Tom Cruise): I think I'm entitled to them.

Jessep: You want answers?

Kaffee: I want the truth!

Jessep: You can't handle the truth! Son, we live in a world that has walls. And those walls have to be guarded by men with guns. Who's gonna do it? You? You, Lt. Weinberg? I have a greater responsibility than you can possibly fathom. You weep for Santiago and you curse the Marines. You have that luxury. You have the luxury of not knowing what I know: that Santiago's death, while tragic, probably saved lives. And my existence, while grotesque and incomprehensible to you, saves lives...You don't want the truth. Because deep down, in places you don't talk about at parties, you want me on that wall. You need me on that wall.

We use words like honor, code, loyalty...we use these words as the backbone to a life spent defending something. You use 'em as a punch line. I have neither the time nor the inclination to explain myself to a man who rises and sleeps under the blanket of the very freedom I provide, then questions the manner in which I provide it! I'd rather you just said thank you and went on your way. Otherwise, I suggest you pick up a weapon and stand a post. Either way, I don't give a damn what you think you're entitled to!

Kaffee: Did you order the code red?

Jessep: (quietly) I did the job you sent me to do.

Kaffee: Did you order the code red?

Jessep: You're goddamn right I did!!

Sex and the City

- They're stupid and lazy and they should be shot outside.
- I've been out with a lot of guys and they said that I'm just as beautiful as a model, but I work for a living. I mean, I'm like... well, I'm like a model who's taking a high roll.
- The advantages given to models and to beautiful women in general are so unfair. It makes me wanna puke.
- Oh... you shouldn't say that. You are so cute.
- Cute doesn't cut it in this town. What's cute compare to the supermodel?
- There's nothing like raising the subject of models amongst four single women to spice up another white dull Tuesday night.
- They have this distance sexy look
- That's not sexy. That's starvation.
- That's starvation in the best restaurant
- What I want to know is: When did all the men get together and decided they will only get it up for giraffes with big breasts?
- In some cultures, heavy women with mustaches are considered beautiful.
- And you are looking at me while you are saying that?
- We should just admit that we live in a culture that promotes the impossible standards of beauty.
- Yeah, except men think that's possible.
- Yeah. I just know that no matter how good I feel about myself, if I see Christy Turlington, I just wanna give up.
- Well, I just want to tie her down and force-feed her lard. But that's the difference you and me.
- What are you talking about? Look at you two. You are beautiful.
- Uh, I hate my thighs....
- Oh come on!
- I can't even open a magazine without thinking: thighs, thighs, thighs...
- Well, I'll take you thighs and raise you a chin.
- I'll take you chin and raise you a mmm...
- What?
- Oh come on.

- Hey, I happen to love the way I look.
- You should. You paid enough for it.
- Hey, I resent that. I do not believe in plastic surgery. Or not yet.
- I find it fascinating that four beautiful flash and blood women to be intimidated by some unreal fantasy. I mean, look.... look at this.... Is this really intimidating to any of you?
- I hate my thighs
- Pass the chicken.
- You know, I have that dress.
- Suddenly I was interested: If model could cause otherwise a rational individual to crumble in their presence. Exactly how powerful was beauty?
- There are two types of guys that fall for beautiful women. Either they are slime balls that are just out to get laid or they fall in love with you instantly. It's pathetic.

Clerks

CUSTOMER: I'll never come to this place again.

DANTE: Excuse me?

CUSTOMER: Using filthy language in front of the customers...you both should get fired.

DANTE: We're sorry. I guess we kinda got carried away.

CUSTOMER: Well, I don't know if sorry can make up for it. You've highly offended me...

RANDAL: Well, you think that's offensive... check this out.

DANTE: Why do you do things like that? You know he's going to come back and tell the boss.

RANDAL: Who cares? That guy's an asshole. Everybody that comes in here is way too uptight. This job would be great if it wasn't for the fucking customers.

DANTE: Jesus, I'm gonna hear it from the boss tomorrow.

RANDAL: Would you loosen up, You'd feel a hell of a lot better if you'd rip into the occasional customer.

DANTE: What for? They don't bother me if I don't bother them.

RANDAL: Liar! Tell me there aren't customers that annoy the piss out of you on a daily basis.

DANTE: There aren't.

RANDAL: How can you lie like that? Why don't you vent? Vent your frustration. Come on, who pisses you off?

DANTE: I guess it isn't any customers in particular; it's more of separate groupings.

RANDAL: Let's hear it.

DANTE: The milkmaids.

RANDAL: The milkmaids?

DANTE: The women that go through every gallon of milk looking for a later date. As if somewhere-beyond all the other gallons-is a container of milk that won't go bad for like a decade.

RANDAL: You know who I can do without? I could do without the people in the video store.

DANTE: Which ones?

RANDAL: All of them.

FIRST: What would you get for a six-year-old boy who chronically wets his bed?

SECOND: Do you have any new movies in?

THIRD: Do you have that one with the guy who was in that movie that was out last year?

RANDAL: They never rent quality flicks; they always pick the most intellectually devoid movie on the rack.

CUSTOMER: Ooooh! Navy Seals!

RANDAL: It's like in order to join, they have to have an IQ less than their shoe size.

DANTE: You think you get stupid questions? You should hear the barrage of stupid questions I get.

FIRST: What do you mean there's no ice? You mean I've gotta drink this coffee hot?!

SECOND: So how much is this thing anyway?

THIRD: Do you sell hubcaps for a '72 Pinto hatchback? Ohhhh,
Mini-Trucker magazine.

RANDAL: See? You vented. Don't you feel better now?

DANTE: No.

RANDAL: Why not?

DANTE: Because my ex-girlfriend is getting married.

RANDAL: Jesus, you got a one-track mind. It's always Caitlin, Caitlin,
Caitlin...

RANDAL: Some guy just came in refusing to pay late fees. He said the store
was closed for two hours yesterday. I tore up his membership.

DANTE: Shocking abuse of authority.

RANDAL: I'm a firm believer in the philosophy of a ruling class, especially
since I rule.

RANDAL: Want something to drink? I'm buying.

DANTE: No, thanks.

RANDAL: Who was on your phone this morning at about two-thirty? I was
trying to call for a half an hour.

DANTE: Why?

RANDAL: I wanted to use your car.

RANDAL: Snake cake.

DANTE: You don't want to know.

RANDAL: You called Caitlin again?

DANTE: She called me.

RANDAL: Did you tell Veronica?

DANTE: One fight a day with Veronica is about all I can stomach, thanks.

RANDAL: What do you two fight about?

DANTE: I guess it's not really fighting. She just wants me to leave here, go
back to school, get some direction.

RANDAL: I'll bet the most frequent topic of arguments is Caitlin Bree.

DANTE: You win.

RANDAL: I'm going to offer you some advice, my friend: let the past be the past. Forget Caitlin Bree. You've been with Veronica for how long now?

DANTE: Seven months.

RANDAL: Chick's nuts about you. How long did you date Caitlin?

DANTE: Five years.

RANDAL: Chick only made you nuts. She cheated on you how many times?

DANTE: Eight and a half.

RANDAL: Eight and a half?

DANTE: Party at John K's-senior year. I get blitzed and pass out in his bedroom. Caitlin comes in and jumps all over me.

RANDAL: That's cheating?

DANTE: In the middle of it, she calls me Brad.

RANDAL: She called you Brad?

DANTE: She called me Brad.

RANDAL: That's not cheating. People say crazy shit during sex. One time, I called this girl "Mom."

DANTE: I hit the lights and she freaks. Turns out she thought I was Brad Michaelson.

RANDAL: What do you mean?

DANTE: She was supposed to meet Brad Michaelson in a bedroom. She picked the wrong one. She had no idea I was even at the party.

RANDAL: Oh, my God.

DANTE: Great story, isn't it?

RANDAL: That girl was vile to you.

DANTE: Interesting postscript to that story: Do you know who wound up going with Brad Michaelson in the other dark bedroom?

RANDAL: Your mother.

DANTE: Allan Harris.

RANDAL: Chess team Allan Harris?!

DANTE: The two moved to Idaho together after graduation. They raise sheep.

RANDAL: That's frightening.

- DANTE: It takes different strokes to move the world.
- RANDAL: In light of this lurid tale, I don't see how you could even romanticize your relationship with Caitlin-she broke your heart and inadvertently drove men to deviant lifestyles.
- DANTE: Because there was a lot of good in our relationship.
- RANDAL: Oh yeah.
- DANTE: I'm serious. Aside from the cheating, we were a great couple. I mean, that's what high school's all about-algebra, bad lunch, and infidelity.
- RANDAL: You think things would be any different now?
- DANTE: They are. When she calls me now, she's a different person-she's frightened and vulnerable. She's about to finish college and enter the real world. That's got to be scary for anyone.
- RANDAL: Oh shit, I've got to place an order.
- DANTE: I'm talking to myself here.
- RANDAL: No, no, I'm listening. She's leaving college, and...?
- DANTE: And she's looking to me for support. And I think that this is leading our relationship to a new level.
- RANDAL: What about Veronica?
- DANTE: I think the arguments Veronica and I are having are some kind of manifestation of a subconscious, desire to break away from her so that I can pursue the possibility of a more meaningful relationship with Caitlin.
- RANDAL: Caitlin's on the same wave-length?
- DANTE: I think it's safe to say yes.
- RANDAL: Then I think all four of you had better sit down and talk it over.
- DANTE: All four?
- RANDAL: You, Veronica, Caitlin.....and Caitlin's fiancé?

"A Great People Has Been Moved to Defend a Great Nation"

President George W. Bush's Address to the American People on 9/11/2001

Good evening.

Today, our fellow citizens, our way of life, our very freedom came under attack in a series of deliberate and deadly terrorist acts. The victims were in airplanes or in their offices: secretaries, business men and women, military and federal workers, moms and dads, friends and neighbors. Thousands of lives were suddenly ended by evil, despicable acts of terror. The pictures of airplanes flying into buildings, fires burning, huge structures collapsing have filled us with disbelief, terrible sadness, and a quiet, unyielding anger. These acts of mass murder were intended to frighten our nation into chaos and retreat. But they have failed. Our country is strong.

A great people has been moved to defend a great nation. Terrorist attacks can shake the foundations of our biggest buildings, but they cannot touch the foundation of America. These acts shatter steel, but they cannot dent the steel of American resolve. America was targeted for attack because we're the brightest beacon for freedom and opportunity in the world. And no one will keep that light from shining. Today, our nation saw evil -- the very worst of human nature -- and we responded with the best of America. With the daring of our rescue workers, with the caring for strangers and neighbors who came to give blood and help in any way they could.

Immediately following the first attack, I implemented our government's emergency response plans. Our military is powerful, and it's prepared. Our emergency teams are working in New York city and Washington D.C. to help with local rescue efforts. Our first priority is to get help to those who have been injured, and to take every precaution to protect our citizens at home and around the world from further attacks. The functions of our government continue without interruption. Federal agencies in Washington which had to be evacuated today are

reopening for essential personnel tonight and will be open for business tomorrow. Our financial institutions remain strong, and the American economy will be open for business as well.

The search is underway for those who were behind these evil acts. I have directed the full resources of our intelligence and law enforcement communities to find those responsible and to bring them to justice. We will make no distinction between the terrorists who committed these acts and those who harbor them.

I appreciate so very much the members of Congress who have joined me in strongly condemning these attacks. And on behalf of the American people, I thank the many world leaders who have called to offer their condolences and assistance. America and our friends and allies join with all those who want peace and security in the world, and we stand together to win the war against terrorism. Tonight, I ask for your prayers for all those who grieve, for the children whose worlds have been shattered, for all whose sense of safety and security has been threatened. And I pray they will be comforted by a Power greater than any of us, spoken through the ages in Psalm 23:

*Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I fear no evil for you are with me.*

This is a day when all Americans from every walk of life unite in our resolve for justice and peace. America has stood down enemies before, and we will do so this time. None of us will ever forget this day, yet we go forward to defend freedom and all that is good and just in our world.

Thank you. Good night. And God bless America.

"I Have a Dream" (Martin Luther King, Jr.)

Delivered 28 August 1963, at the Lincoln Memorial, Washington D.C.

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves, who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity. But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination.

One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds."

But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to

take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual.

There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must ever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.

The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. They have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long

as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecutions and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. I say to you today, my friends, so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow. I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed; we hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal.

I have a dream,

that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream,

that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream,

that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification; one day right down in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and

brothers. I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, and every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain and the crooked places will be made straight and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I will go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day. This will be the day, this will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring!" And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.

And so let freedom ring

from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire.

Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.

Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.

Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.

But not only that.

Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi, from every mountainside,

let freedom ring! And when this happens, when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last, free at last. Thank God Almighty, we are free at last."

<http://www.americanrhetoric.com/top100speechesall.html>

Desperado (Eagles)

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses,
You've been out ridin fences for so long now,
Oh and you're a hard one, but I know that you've got your reasons,
The things that are pleasin' you can hurt you somehow.

Don't you draw the Queen of Diamonds boy, she'll beat you if she's able.
You know the Queen of Hearts is always your best bet.
Now it seems to me some fine things have been laid upon your table,
But you only want the ones you can't get.

Desperado, you ain't gettin no younger,
Your pain and your hunger, they're drivin you home,
And freedom, oh freedom, well that's just some people talkin.
Your prison is walking through this world all alone.

Don't your feet get cold in the wintertime,
The sky won't snow and the sun won't shine,
It's hard to tell the nighttime from the day.
And you're losin all your highs and lows,
Ain't it funny how the feelin goes away?

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses,
Come down from your fences- open the gates.
It may be rainin, but there's a rainbow above you.
You'd better let somebody love you,
LET SOMEBODY LOVE YOU.
You'd better let somebody love you,
before it's too late.