**纪录片**

BBC: Japan, Earth’s Enchanted Islands, 1-1, 0:00:00—

The sun rises on Japan. More than 6000 islands on the edge of the Pacific. Life here is at the mercy of Earth’s mos*t* powerful elemental forces. From the wilds of the frozen north, to the subtropical warmth of the south, animals along this chain of islands have ha*d* to adapt in unique and sometimes bizarre ways. Throughout this land, people have developed an extraordinary relationship wi*th* the natural world. Trying to capture its fleeting beauty, an*d* tame i**ts s**pirits. But these islands remain wild, mysterious, and magical. This is Japan. （英式发音）

BBC: Jeremy Paxman: Empire, Episode 1: A taste for power, 0:00:00—

It was the empire on which the sun never set, or, a*s* some said, on which the blood never dried. At its height, Britain ruled over a quarter of the world’s population. Many convince*d* themselves it was Britain’s destiny to do so. Much of the empire was built on greed and a lust for power. But the British came to believe they had a moral mission, too, a mission to civilize the world. The builders of Empire were bold. They were adventurous. Some were ruthless, and some were just a bit unhinged. The sheer expanse of British rule was breathtaking. I**t s**tretch*ed* from the wilderness of the Arctic, to the sands of Arabia, and the isles of the Caribbean. （英式发音）

Discovery: Legions of conquest: 0:00:00—

They were the mo*st* successful warriors in history. They conquered the greatest empire the world had ever seen. In their brutal grasp, they held i*t* together for more than one thousand years. It’s a saga of proud men and almost unending triumph. It’s the story of the conquest of empire.（美式发音）

History: Mankind (1), Episode 1: 0:00:00—

We are born to survive, in a world full of danger. Hardship makes u*s* stronger. We dream impossible dreams, and make them real. But we are not one. Mankind’s *s*truggle*s* shape our destiny; and in *th*o*se* struggles, new worlds, new futures are born. Amids*t* the chaos of an unforgiving planet, mo*st* species will fail. But for one, all the pieces will fall into place, and a set of keys will unlock a path for mankin*d* to triumph. This is our story, the story of all of us.（美式发音）

Episode 4: Warriors, 00:00:00—

From the dust of empires, new forces rise. New ideas propel us forward. New beliefs unite us, and tear us apart.

Amids*t* the chaos of an unforgiving planet, mo*st* species will fail. But for one, all the pieces will fall into place, and a set of keys will unlock a path for mankin*d* to triumph. This is our story, the story of all of us.（美式发音）

Discovery: Robots rising

Technology is an incarnation of the human urge to survive and prosper. Our machines help us to overcome our limitations. Endowing *our* robots with intelligence is the nex*t* step in our ongoing effor*t* to make our lives easier. But as our creations grow ever more complex and self-reliant, our fear of technology grows. We surround ourselves with high-tech tools, but we don’t quite trus*t* them. But living machines, even artificial humans, may turn ou*t* to be less alien than airplanes or television sets, all of the complex devices we depend on, bu*t* don’*t* really understand. Perhaps by making our machines more like ourselves, we are bridging the gap between creation and creator.（美式发音）

**BBC: The Nile (Crocodiles and Kings)**

0: 00: 00—

It’s the longest river on earth. Flowing from the heart of a continent, it *h*as written a story across the landscape as it forges its way north, through mountain, forest, marsh, and desert. For centuries its waters have sustain*ed* life in some of the harshes*t* places on earth. Without it, this corner of Africa would be only rock, and dust, and sand. Civilizations have risen and fallen on its banks. Without its gifts, the pyramids would never *h*ave been built. Mankind has looked on this river and wondered at its mysteries: where it comes from; why it floods every year; and how flowing through the desert for thousands of kilometers, it never runs dry? Many died attempting to unravel its secrets, and in doing so they became legends themselves, their names forever boun*d* to the great river (‘Dr. Livingstone, I presume’). Journey along this river, through the ages, into the heart of Africa. A river that *h*a*s* shaped history, a river with the power to change the lives of all who encounter it: the Nile.（英式发音）

**National Geographic: The secret life of cats, 0:00:00—**

In an ordinary house, on an ordinary street, there lived a cat. He had everything a kitty could want. Affection, food, shelter, and a family who thought he was the sweetes*t* kitty in the whole wide world. But this is only half the story. There is another si*de* to this contented kitty, one his family knows nothing about. Like *h*is ancestors, he has the heart of a hunter. Well-fed and showered with affection, wildne*ss* still courses throughhis veins. He may look domesticated, but, look again. This is a real-life Jekyll and Hyde. It is the paradox of the cat. There’re more than a hundred million cats in the US alone. What goes on in *th*eir secret world? In the next hour, you may learn more about cats than you ever wante*d* to know. It’s 8 p.m. Do you know where your kitty is?（美式发音）

电影电视剧

**Becoming Jane**

**Anne Hathaway as Jane Austin (英式发音)**

**James McAvoy as Tom Lefroy (英式发音)**

0:21:43—

Tom: Miss! Miss! Miss! Miss! Miss! I……Miss? Eh, Miss…Miss…

Jane: Austen.

Tom: Eh, Mr. Lefroy.

Jane: Yes, I know, but I am alone.

Tom: Excep*t* for me.

Jane: Exactly.

Tom: Oh, come! What rules of conduct apply in this rural situation? We have been introduced, have we not?

Jane: What value is there in an introduction when you cannot even remember my name? Indeed, can barely stay awake in my presence?

Tom: Madam.

Jane: The*se* scruples mu*st* seem very provincial to a gentleman with such elevated airs, but I do no*t* devise these rules. I am merely oblig*ed* to obey them.

Tom: I have been told there is much to see upon a walk, but all I’ve detected so far is a general tendency to green above and brown below.

Jane: Yes, well, others have detected more. It i*s* celebrated. There’s even a book about Selborne wood.

Tom: Oh. A novel, perhaps.

Jane: Novels? Being poor, insipid things, read by mere women, even, God forbid, written by mere women?

Tom: I see, we are talking of your reading……

Jane: As if the writing of women did no*t* display the greates*t* powers of mind, knowledge of human nature, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor, and the bes*t* chosen language imaginable?

Tom: Was I deficient in rapture?

Jane: In consciousness.

Tom: It was…it was…accomplished.

Jane: It was ironic.

Tom: An**d y**ou’re sure I’ve not offended you?

Jane: Not at all!

0:26:00—

Jane: Well, I call it very high indeed. Refusing to dance when there are so few gentlemen, Henry.

Henry: Jane.

Jane: Are all your friends so disagreeable?Where exactly in Ireland does he come from, anyway?

Tom: Limerick, Miss Austen. I would regard it as a mark of extreme favor, if you would stoop to honor me with this nex*t* dance. Being the firs*t* to dance with me, Madam, I feel it only fair to inform you tha**t y**ou carry the standard for Hampshire hospitality.

Jane: Ah, then your country reputation depends on my report. This, by the way, is called a country dance, after the French, contredanse. Not because it is exhibited at an uncouth rural assembly, with glutinous pies, execrable Madeira, and truly anarchic dancing.

Tom: You judge the company severely, Madam.

Jane: I was describing what you’d be thinking.

Tom: Allow me to think for myself.

Jane: Give me leave to do the same, sir, and come to a differen*t* conclusion. Will you give so much to a woman?

Tom: It mus*t* depend on the woman, and what she thinks of me.

Jane: But you are above being pleased.

Tom: And I think that you, Miss……what was it?

Jane: Austen, Mr.……

Tom: Lefroy. I think that you, Miss Austen, consider yourself a cut above the company.

Jane: Me?

Tom: You, ma’am, secretly.

Jack, the Giant Slayer

**Nicholas Hoult as Jack (英式发音)**

0:20:00—

Jack: What? Fine, I’ll go after *h*im.

Isabelle: I’m sorry to disturb you, but I saw your light, and I’m lost.

Jack: Well, come in, please. (…) I’m Jack.

Isabelle: How do you do, Jack?

Jack: What are you doing out in this nasty weather?

Isabelle: Well, it wasn’*t* like this when I set out. The storm jus*t* crept up o**n m**e.

Jack: What, and you jus*t* saw my light?

Isabelle: Yes.

Jack: You were riding alone?

Isabelle: A*t* the moment.

Jack: Do you do that often?

Isabelle: Is this your farm?

Jack: Yes. No. Sort of. My uncle and I are tenant farmers. We jus*t* work the land.

Isabelle: And, uh, these books?

Jack: Yeah, they’re, they’re mine.

Isabelle: It’s unusual for a farm boy.

Jack: Judging by the cover, are we?

Isabelle: Wha*t***do y**ou like reading?

Jack: I like a good adventure.

Isabelle: I**n b**ooks or in life?

Jack: Well, till I can find a way to get off this farm, I have to settle for books.

Isabelle: And, uh, that mark on your face, was that an adventure?

Jack: I, um, got in a figh*t* today, a*t* the marke*t*.

Isabelle: What about?

Jack: I was defending the honor of the princess.

Isabelle: Princess? Really?You sure you, uh, you didn’*t* rea*d* tha*t* in one of your books? How di**d y**ou know it was the princess?

Jack: I didn’*t*. Jus*t* saw she needed help. It wasn’t until the Guardian*s* showed up that I realize*d* who she was. Anyway, that happene*d* very fast. I wouldn’*t* blame her if she didn’*t* remember me. (…) What are you running away from?

Isabelle: Who says I’m running away from anything? Maybe I’m running towar**d s**omething, jus*t* looking for an adventure of my own.

Jack: Well, so far you’ve run towar*d* the light o**n m**y porch, Your Highness.

Isabelle: Plea*se* stand. You mus*t* think I’m very silly.

Jack: No. I jus*t* wish tha*t*…well, earlier, at the market.

Isabelle: Thank you, for defending my honor, Jack.

Jack: Anytime. Here, I’ll take your coat. And, until you fin**d y**our own adventure.

Isabelle: The Giants ofGantua.

Jack: My father use*d* to rea*d* tha*t* to me.

Isabelle: That was always my mother’s job.

Jack: I hope you find wha*t* you’re looking for, Your Highness.

Isabelle: Call me Isabelle.

Jack: Isabelle.

01:00:00—

Jack: Tha*t* shoul**d s**to*p* the bleeding.

Isabelle: What is it?

Jack: Yarrow. It’s just a wee*d* tha*t* grows everywhere, bu*t it* can be useful.

Isabelle: You know a lot about the land.

Jack: Ough*t* to. Been working it all my life.

Isabelle: Whereas I have merely owned it. If I hadn’*t have* run away, none of this woul*d have* happene*d*. A princess i*s* such a useless thing.

Jack: If you hadn’*t* run away, Roderick woul*d have* taken over the kingdom with no warning. Your running away jus*t* migh*t have* given Cloister a fighting chance. So no one’s useless, least of all the princess. That’s why we nee*d* to ge*t* you back, because one day you’ll be the queen, and from then on you’ll have the power to make the world abetter place. Isabelle, imagine all the goo*d* thing**s y**ou coul*d* do.

Isabelle: That’s wha*t* my mother use*d* to say. (…) The bleeding stopped!

Jack: Good.

01:42:00—

Jack: And so returned the giant hordes. The stalks cu*t* down with gian*t* swords. The king struck down the law that read: A princess must a noble wed. Then, such a wedding no*t* seen since, of a princess and her farm boy prince.

Son: You skipped a part. What happened i**n b**etween?

Jack: I**n b**etween? Well, um, you know, they courted for a bit…

Son: No, no*t* that. What happene*d* to the crown?

Daughter: You never tell us what happene*d* to the crown.

Isabelle: The crown?

Son: Yeah. What if the giants come back?

Jack: Don’*t* worry. It’s in a very safe place.

Daughter: Can you tell the story abou*t* the giants again?

Jack: Again? All right, bu*t* this is the las*t* time tonigh*t*. Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum, as*k* no*t* whence the thunder comes. As*k* no*t* where the herds have gone. Nor why the birds *have* cease*d* their song. When coming home, don’*t* take too long, for monsters roam in Albion.……

Johnny English: Reborn (Rowan Atkinson as Johnny English)

**Rowan Atkinson as Johnny English (英式发音)**

**Gillian Anderson as Pamela (英式发音)**

0: 06: 20—

Pamela: Pamela Thornton, head of MI 7.

Johnny: Johnny English.

Pamela: Have a seat. You’ve been away for some time, English, bu**t y**ou haven’t been forgotten.

Johnny: Humm. Come on.

Pamela: People *h*ere often talk abou**t y**our adventures in Mozambique. Well, MI7 has come a long way since then. The guns, the fast cars and the chauvinism are all on their way out. Frankly, I didn’*t* wan*t* to see you back. You are everything I came into this service to change. But my hands are tied. There are times when one has to go against one’s better judgment. We have a situation.

Johnny: Indeed.

Johnny: So, Pegasus, this situation.

Pamela: E*x*-CIA agen*t* Titus Fisher has contacted us from Hong Kong. He has intelligence of a plo*t* to assassinate the Chinese Premier at the Anglo-Chinese talks nex*t* week. We nee**d y**ou to go and find out what he’s got.

Johnny: Well, in that case, Pegasus, coun*t* me in.

Pamela: Agent One will mee**t y**ou downstairs.

0: 11: 40—

Pamela: Gentlemen, may I remin**d y**ou all, that MI7’s current weapon of choice is dialogue?

Simon: We do love it when you get strict, Pegasus.

Pamela: English, you go to Hong Kong tonight. Fisher will contact you there. To ensure protocol is observed, I’m sending someone with you. Agen*t* Tucker.

Tucker: It will be an honor, sir.

Johnny: Well, it will be good to have somebody to carry the bags.

Pamela: You made a laughing stock out of thi*s* service once, English, not o**n** my watch, clear?

0:27:45——0:30:01

Johnny: He has every reason to be so. There is a plot to kill the Chinese Premier, masterminded by a group of ruthless assassins called Vortex. (Good Lord!) The danger, however, has been averted, now that we have this. (English?) Now, I know wha**t y**ou’re going to say. It’s a pretty small object. Well, it’s often the little things that pack the biggest punch. (Sir!) After all, David killed Goliath with a pebble. The mighty Vortex has been slain by my possession of this small key. （英式发音）

**Kate & Leopold**

**Hugh Jackman as Leopold (英式发音)**

**Meg Ryan as Kate (美式发音)**

0:26:13—

Kate: Stuart, you forgot the pointy thing! Stuart? Look, this is not complex. He gave me the palm pilot, but *h*e forgot the pointy thing.

Leopold: I’ve been warned abou**t y**ou.

Kate: Oh, really? And what, pray tell, did the great disappointmen**t s**ay?

Leopold: Tha**t y**ou were dangerous, though you hardly look it.

Kate: Really?

Leopold: A lady in trousers isn’*t* dangerous, merely plain. I take i**t y**ou’re a career woman.

Kate: Yeah, market research.

Leopold: Mm, fine avocation for women, research. Perfect for the feminine mind.

Kate: Huh. You’re a trip, Lionel.

Leopold: I myself once courted a librarian inSussex.

Kate: Oh. Good for you. Aha!

Leopold: I mus*t* confess I feel as though we’ve met on a previous occasion.

Kate: Well, Lionel, seeing as I’ve never met a single friend of Stuart’s, I’m not even sure if *h*e’s had any, I really don’*t* see how that’s possible. （……）Oh, man! Bart! He jus*t* made Lake Erie out there. You jus*t* can’*t* toss a dog out into the hall like that! You can’*t* do that!

Leopold: I assure you I did not.

Kate: Let’s go.

Leopold: I beg your pardon?

Kate: Come on, let’s go! Bart!

0:41:47—

Charlie: So when’*s* Stuart getting back?

Kate: Couple of days, maybe a week.

Leopold: He promis*ed* me that *h*e would return late this evening.

Kate: Well, maybe he will, Leopold. He’*s* so big on keeping his promises.

Leopold: May I have the nex*t* course?

Kate: There is no nex*t* course. Ha!

Leopold: Where I come from, the meal is the result of reflection an*d* study. Menus are prepared in advance, timed to perfection. It i*s* said, without the culinary arts, the crudeness of reality would be unbearable.

Charlie: We had a saying in the McKay house: “You shake and shake the ketchu*p* bottle, none will come and then a lot’ll.”

Kate: What is that?

Leopold: I beg your pardon?

Kate: Why are you standing?

Leopold: I’m accustom*ed* to stan*d* when a lady leaves the table. Tell me, Charles, when Stuart and your sister were engaged, did you happen to read *h*is papers on the temporal universe? I spen*t* the morning perusing them, an*d* mus*t* confess the method……

Kate: Stuart and I were never engaged. Not even close. But I did read……Thank you. But I did read *h*is papers, however, to show support.

Charlie: I*s* Stuart still trying to build a time machine?

Leopold: That’s the beauty of it. He discovered no machine was necessary. All one ha*d* to do was to develop formulae to forecast portals, natural windows in the fabric of time. Apparently, Stuart located one utilizing modern……

Kate: Ah!

Leopold: Utilizing modern theories of weather prediction.

Charlie: What’s a portal?

Leopold: An opening which exists for but a moment. This explains why one mus*t* jump through it from a height in order to achieve the required velocity, the speed of gravity, to be exact. It’s quite brilliant.

Charlie: You’re so method. You don’t even break for a second, do you? It’s unbelievable.

Kate: Oh, stop it, please! No more! Sto*p* please? I beg you. I’m tired. Can you go away? Can you jus*t* go away? Can you go away?

Charlie: She’s drunk, Leo.

Kate: Oh, shut up, Charlie! And you, can you go upstairs? Can you go away?

Leopold: I am truly sorry if I have offended you in any way. Good night, Charles.

Charlie: Good night, Leo.

0:47:14—

Kate: Bart, shut up!

Leopold: That thing is a damned *h*azard!

Kate: It’s just a toaster!

Leopold: Well, insertion of bread into that so-call*ed* toaster produces no toast at all, merely warm bread! Inserting the brea*d* twice produces charcoal. So clearly, to produce proper toast it requires one and a half insertions, which i*s* something for which the apparatus doesn’*t* begin to allow! One assumes that when the General of Electric built it, he might *h*ave tried using it. One assumes the General migh*t* take pride in his creations instead of jus*t* foisting them on an unsuspecting public.

Kate: You know something? Nobody gives a rat’s ass that you have to push the toas*t* down twice. You know why? Because everybody pushes their toas*t* down twice!

Leopold: Not where I come from.

Kate: Oh, because where you come from, toast is the result of reflection and study.

Leopold: Ah, ye**s y**ou mock me. But perhaps one day when you’ve awoken from apleasan*t* slumber, to the scent of a warm brioche, smothered in marmalade and fresh creamy butter, you’ll understand that life is no**t s**olely comprised of tasks bu*t* tastes.

Kate: Say that again.

Leopold: Pardon me?

1:33:24—

Kate: Leopold. Leopold. Hey, Leopold! What’s going on? What are you doing? They nee**d y**ou back in there.

Leopold: Do they?

Kate: Yeah. They have to shoot the rest of the spot. They’re not finish**ed y**et.

Leopold: Well, I wan*t* no part of it.

Kate: Why?

Leopold: Have you tasted it?

Kate: Farmer’s Bounty?

Leopold: Yeah, Farmer’s Bounty.

Kate: Yeah, I’ve tasted it.

Leopold: It’s revolting.

Kate: I know.

Leopold: You know it’s revolting, yet you have no qualms enlisting me to endorse it?

Kate: It’s diet, it’s *s*uppos*ed* to be awful, I mean; what is the problem?

Leopold: The problem is that for no reason beyon*d* my affection for you, I fin*d* myself peddling pon**d s**cum to an unsuspecting public.

Kate: Listen, the stakes are very high for me here. You can’*t* jus*t* quit because you don’t like……

Leopold: Yes I can, and so can you. When one finds oneself participating in an endeavor entirely without merit, one withdraws.

Kate: No, no. Becau*se* sometimes you have to do things tha**t y**ou don’*t* like. Sometime**s y**ou have to suck it up and finish what you started. It’s part of life.

Leopold: You sound like my uncle.

Kate: Look, Leopold. Jensen Foods is a very important accoun*t*for my company. If you don’*t* go back in there, then I get into a lot of trouble.

Leopold: Is this what you do at work, Kate? Research methods to deceive people?Refine lies until they resemble truth? It’s no wonder you dread your work week.

Kate: Oh! Man! I don’t have time for this.

Leopold: What *h*as happen*ed* to the world? You have every convenience, every comfort, yet no time for integrity.

Kate: No. What I don’t have time for are piou*s* speeches by 200-year-old men who’ve never ha*d* to work a day in their life.

Leopold: You have no idea what I’ve done with my life.

Kate: And you, you have no idea what I’ve done with mine! I haven’t had all that many comforts and conveniences, Leopold, because I’ve been paying dues all of my life, and I’m tired, and I need a rest, and if I have to peddle a little pon**d s**cum to get one, the so be it.

Leopold: Very well.

**Merlin, season 1, episode 1, 0:00:00—**

Narrator: No young man, no matter how great, can know his destiny. He cannot glimpse his part in the grea**t s**tory that is abou*t* to unfold. Like everyone, he mus*t* live and learn. And so it will be for the young warlock arriving at the gates of Camelot, a boy that will in time father a legend, his name, Merlin.（英式发音）

Pearl Harbor

**Kate Beckinsale as Evelyn Johnson (美式发音)**

Evelyn: When the action is over and we look back, we understan*d* both more and less. This much i*s* certain. Before the Doolittle raid, America knew nothing bu*t* defeat. After it, nothing but victory. Japan realize*d* for the firs*t* time that they could lose, and began to pull back. America realized that she could win, and surged forward. It was a war that changed America. Dorie Miller was the firs*t* black American to be awarded the Navy Cross, but he would not be the last. He joined a brotherhood of heroes. World War II for us began at Pearl Harbor, and 1,177 men still lie entombed in the battleship Arizona. America suffered, but America grew stronger. It was not inevitable. The times tried our souls, and through the trial, we overcame.

**The Princess Diaries 2**

**Anne Hathaway as Princess Mia (美式发音)**

0:01:08—

Mia: “Dear diary, well, it’s me, bran*d*-new college graduate-slash-princess. Oh, I can’*t* believe it’s been five years since Grandma tol*d* me that I was a princess. ‘Me? A…a princess? Shut—up!’ And right after that, my mother surpris*ed* me by marrying my high school teacher, Patrick O’Connell. It mus*t* be going well, because they are now expecting a baby. Lily’s remain*ed* the same, a*s* she continues to cause turmoil, but now as a gradua**te s**tudent at Berkeley, which she calls ‘Berserkeley’. ‘How’s Michael?’ you may ask, well, we’re jus*t* friends now, as he went off to tour the country with his band.

Joe: Princess Mia, look out the window, an*d* welcome back to Genovia.

Mia: “Oh, there it is, my beautiful Genovia. Of course I’m completely excite*d* to be going back, but I’m also a bit nervous.

Man: GenoviaOne has landed.

Mia: “Grandma Clarisse will step down by the end of this year as queen, and I’ll be taking over, since I’m now 21.

Woman: Mia, la Princesa Mia!

Girl: It’s the princess from America! Hi!

Man: Viva la Princesa!

Mia: “I know I studie*d* diplomacy an*d* political science a**t s**chool, but…there was no course in ‘queen’ or ‘how to run a country one-o-one’. But Grandma’s going to hel*p* me, and I’ll take over when she thinks I’m ready. Of course I wonder…will I ever be ready? In the meantime, I’m going to live in a beautiful palace like in a fairy tale, and eventually sit on the throne an*d* rule the people of Genovia. Is tha**t s**cary or what? Well, maybe Fat Louie can give me some help.

Man: Her Royal Highness Princess Amelia Mignonette Thermopolis Renaldi has arrived.

Secretary: Welcome home, Princess.

Man: And her royal pussycat, Sir Fat Louie.

Mia: “The one downer in my fairy tale is I’ve never been in love.

Man: Countess Puck of Austria.

Mia: “However, this evening is my 21st birthday party, and our tradition says I have to dance with all the eligible bachelors in Genovia. Maybe I’ll meet my Prince Charming tonight.”

The X-Files

**Gillian Anderson as Agent Dana Scully (美式发音)**

**(Season 5, episode 1: Redux I: 00:30:40)**

Scully: The cruelest ironies are those consecrated by the passage of time, chanced and occasioned by shocking discovery. I had joined Agent Mulder on the X-Files because of my background in the medical sciences. My assignment was to question his work, to debunk *h*is investigations, an**d r**ein him back into the FBI mainstream. Now, as fate would have it, I am calling on these very same skills to prove that *h*e has been the target of a scheme, orchestrated by someone close to us in the FBI, someone we have trusted above all others, involved in a highly organize*d* plot, to keep a dangerou*s* secret from the light of day. I could only guess at what Agent Mulder may have uncovered on his own, what *h*e may ha*ve* foun*d* to confirm or deny, what *h*e has long hel*d*to be a conspiracy to control the public inquiry into the government’s knowledge and contact with an alien race or races. If he had hoped, as I do, to learn the identity of those who sough*t* to destroy us, I had, wi*th* the discovery of this unidentified micro-organism, what could amoun*t* to forensic evidence. Hard and undeniable genetic evidence, of a connection between the conspirators and the cancer which has now metastasized i**n** my bloodstream.

I ha*ve* few short hours to conduc*t* these tests before I must appear before an FBI panel to explai**n** myself. And as I am ready to lie to them about Agent Mulder, I am also ready to confron*t* them with proof—proof extracted from this tiny organism’ that could blow open a conspiracy of global consequence.

Underworld (as Selene)（英式发音100）

**Kate Beckinsale as Selene (英式发音)**

0:00:20—

Selene: The war had all but groun*d* to a halt in the blink of an eye. Lucian, the most feared and ruthless leader ever to rule the Lycan clan had finally been killed. TheLycan hor**de s**cattered to the wind in a single evening o*f* flame and retribution. Victory, it seems, was in our grasp, the very birthright of the Vampires. Nearly si*x* centuries had passed since that night, yet the ancient blood feud proved unwilling to follow Lucian to the grave. Though Lycans were fewer in number, the war itself had become more perilous, for the Moon no longer held *h*er sway. Older, more powerful Lycans were now able to change at will. The weapons had evolved, but our orders remainedthe same: hunt them down and kill them off, one by one. A mo*st* successful campaign.Perhaps, too successful. For those like me, a Death Dealer, thi*s* signaled the end of an era. Like the weapons of the previou*s* century, we, too, would become obsolete. Pity, because I lived for it.

Wanted (as Wesley)

James McAvoy as Wesley (美式发音)

0:49:00——

Wesley: To kill Cross, the man who betrayed the Fraternity and murdered my father, I mus*t* prepare. I have to become *h*i*s* student, memorize every move he ever made, every attack he ever executed. When he dropped a patient in an airtight room surrounded by secret service agents, when *h*e took out that businessman in the elevator, his bullets untraceable, of course.Or no matter what the weapon or how he eliminated *h*is target, he was always one chess move ahead, one move more prepared, one step quicker, one shot more precise. In fact, in all my research, I found that he never missed a target. Not until me.

01:39:30—

Wesley: Six weeks ago, I was ordinary *and* pathetic, jus*t* like you. *But* who am I now? Accoun*t* manager? Assassin?Or just another tool who was mind-fucked *into* killing his father?I am all of these. And I am none of these. Who am I now?

This is no*t* me fulfilling my destiny. This is no*t* me following i**n m**y father’s foo**ts**teps. This is definitely no*t* me saving the world.

(Sloan: Still trying to find out who you are?)

This is no*t* me. This is just a motherfucking decoy.

(Sloan: Oh, fuck!)

This is me taking control, from Sloan, from the Fraternity, from Janice, from billing reports, from ergonomi*c* keyboards, from cheating girlfriends and sack-of-shi*t* bes*t* friends. This is me taking ba*ck* control of my life.

What the fuck have you done lately?

X-men: Days of future past

**James McAvoy as Charles Xavier (英式发音)**

**Hugh Jackman as Logan/Wolverine (美式发音)**

**Nicholas Hoult as Hank McCoy (美式发音)**

00:31:00—

Charles: Hank, what’s going on here?

Logan: Professor?

Charles: Please don’*t* call me that.

Hank: Why? You know this guy?

Charles: Yeah. He looks slightly familiar. Get off the bloody chandelier, Hank.

Logan: You can walk.

Charles: You’re a perceptive one.

Logan: I thought Erik……

Charles: Which makes i*t* slightly perplexing that you manage*d* to miss our sign on the way in. This is private property, my friend, I’m gonna have to ask him to ask you to leave.

Logan: Well, I’m afraid I can’*t* do that, because, uh, because I wa*s* sent *h*ere for you.

Charles: Well, tell whoever it was tha*t* sen**t y**ou that I’m…busy.

Logan: That’s gonna be a little tricky, because the person who sen*t* me wa**s y**ou.

Charles: What?

Logan: About 50 years from now. I know. Stay with me.

Charles: 50 years from now, like in the future, 50 years from now?

Logan: Yeah.

Charles: I sen*t* you from the future?

Logan: Yeah.

Charles: Piss off.

Logan: If you had your powers you’d know I was telling the truth.

Charles: How do you know I don’t have my p……Who are you?

Logan: I tol**d y**ou.

Charles: Are you CIA?

Logan: No.

Charles: You’ve been watching me.

Logan: I know you, Charles. We’ve been friends for years. I know your powers came when you were nine. I know you though**t y**ou were going crazy when i*t* started all the voices in your head. And i*t* wasn’t until you were twelve tha**t y**ou realized all the voices were in everyone else’s head. Do you wan*t* me to go on?

Charles: I never told anyone that.

Logan: Not ye*t*, no, but, you will.

Charles: All right, you’ve pique*d* my interest. What do you want?

Logan: We have to stop Raven. I nee**d y**our help. We nee**d y**our help.

Charles: I think I’*d* like to wake up now.

Hank: Wha*t* doe*s* she have to do wi*th* this?

………………

Charles: So you’re saying they took Raven’s power, and what? They weaponized it?

Logan: Yep.

Hank: She is unique.

Charles: Yeah, she is, Hank.

Logan: In the beginning, the Sentinels were jus*t* targeting mutants. Then they began to identify the genetics in non-mutants, who would eventually have mutan*t* children *and* grandchildren. Many of the humans trie*d* to help us, but it was a slaughter, leaving only the worst of humanity in charge. I’ve been in a lot of wars, I’*d* never seen anything like this. And *it* all starts with her.

Charles: Let’s ju*st* say for the sake of…the sake, that I choose to believe you, that I choose to help you, Raven won’*t* listen to me. Her heart and soul belong to someone else now.

Logan: I know. That’s why we’re gonna nee*d*Magnito too.

Hank: Erik? You do know where he is?

Logan: Yeah.

Charles: Coul**d y**ou give me that one more time, please?

Logan: You hear*d* me.

Charles: He’s where he belongs.

Logan: That’s it? You’re jus*t*gonna walk out?

Charles: Ooh, to*p* marks. Like Isaid, you are perceptive.

Logan: The Professor I know woul*d* never turn his back on someone who’*d* los*t* their path, especially someone he loved.

Charles: You know, I think I do remember you now. Yeah, tall, angry fellow wi*th* the contentious hair.We came to you a long time ago, seeking your help. And I’m gonna say to you wha*t* you sai*d* to us then. Fuck off.

Logan: Listen to me, you little shit. I’ve come a long way, and I’ve watched a lot of people die. Good people, friends. If you’re gonna wallow in self-pity and do nothing, then you’re gonna watch the same thing. You understand?

Charles: We all have to die sometime.

Hank: Tol**d y**ou there was no professor here.

Logan: Wha*t* the hell happene*d* to him?

Hank: He lost everything, Erik, Raven, his legs. We buil*t* the school, the labs, this, this whole place, then, just after the fir*st* semester, the war in Vietnam go*t* worse. Many of the teachers and older students were drafted. And, Hm, i*t* broke *h*im. He retreated into himself. I wante*d* to help, do something, so, I designed a serum to treat *h*i*s* spine, you know, derive*d* from the same formula tha*t* helps me control my mutation. I take just enough to kee*p* myself balanced, bu*t*, he takes too much. I tried easing him back, bu*t*, he jus*t* couldn’t bear the pain, the voices. The treatmen*t* gives him his legs, but it’s not enough. He’s, he’s jus*t* los*t* too much.

00:37:10—

Charles: I’ll help you get *h*er. No*t* for any of your future shite, bu*t* for her.

Logan: Fair enough.

Charles: But I’ll tell you this. You don’*t* know Erik. Tha*t* man is a monster, a murderer. You think you can convince Raven to change, to come home? That’s *s*plendid. But wha*t* make**s y**ou think you can change him?

Logan: becau**se y**ou and Erik sen*t* me ba*ck* here together.

……

Hank: The room they’re holding him in was buil*t* during the Second World War, when there was a shortage of steel. So the foundation is pure concrete and sand, no metal.

Charles: He’s being held a hundre*d* floors benea*th* the most heavily guarded building on the planet.

Logan: Why is he in there?

Charles: What, he forgo*t* to mention.

Hank: Uh, JFK.

Logan: He killed…?

Charles: What else explains a bulle*t* miraculously curving through the air? Erik’s always had a way with guns. Are you sure you wan*t* to carry on wi*th* this?

Logan: This i**s y**our plan, no*t* mine.

Hank: We don’t have any resources to get us in.

Charles: Or out. It’s jus*t* me and Hank.

Logan: I knew a guy. Yeah, he’*d* be a young man now, grew up outside of DC. He coul*d* get into anywhere. I jus*t* don’*t* know how the hell we’re gonna fin*d* him.

Hank: I*s*Cerebro out of the question?

Logan: If only you guys had Internet.

Hank: What’s “Internet”?

Logan: Hhhhh……

Hank: We have a phone book.

1:22:40—

Logan: It’s no*t* the machinery, is it?

Charles: I can’*t* do this. My mind……

Logan: Ye**s y**ou can.

Charles: I*t* won’*t* take it.

Logan: You’re just a little rusty.

Charles: You don’t understand. It’s not a question of being rusty. I can flip the switches. I can turn the knobs. Bu*t* my power comes from here, i*t* comes from…and it’s broken. I feel like one of my students, helpless. *It* was a mistake coming down here. *It* wa*s a* mistake freeing Erik. This whole thing has been one bloody mistake. I’m sorry, Logan, bu*t* they sen*t* back the wrong man.

Logan: You’re right. I am. Actually *it* wa*s* suppose*d* to be you. But I was the only one who coul*d* physically make the trip. And, I don’*t* know how long I’ve go*t* here. But I do know that a long time ago, actually, a long time from now, I wa**s y**our most *h*elple*ss* student. And you unlocke*d* my mind. You showe*d* me what I was; you showed me what I coul*d* be. I don’*t* know how to do tha*t* for you. You’re right, I don’t. But I know someone who migh*t*. Look into my mind.

Charles: You saw what I di*d* to Cerebro. You don’*t* wan*t* me insi**de y**our head.

Logan: There’s no damage you can do that *h*asn’t already been done. Trus*t* me. Come on.

01:47: 40—

Charles: Raven doesn’*t* realize that if she kills Trask at an event like that, wi*th* the whole world watching……

Logan: Then I came a long way for nothing.

Hank: And there’s more bad news. I saw in a repor*t*, they foun*d* traces of *h*er blood i**n** Paris. For all we know, they already have her DNA, which is all they’*d* need.

Logan: To crea*te* the Sentinels of the future.

Hank: There’s a theory in quantum physics tha*t* time is immutable. It’s like a river. You can throw a pebble into it *and* create a ripple, bu*t* the current always corrects itself. No matter wha*t* you do, the river jus*t* keeps flowing in the same direction.

Logan: What are you trying to say?

Hank: What I’m saying is, what if the war is inevitable? What if she’s mean*t* to kill Trask? What if this is ju*st* simply who she is?

Charles: Jus*t* becau*se* someone stumbles, and loses their way, doesn’*t* mean they’re los*t* forever. No, I don’t believe tha*t* theory, Hank. And I cannot believe that is who she is. Ready the plane, we’re going to Washington.

02:18:15—

Charles: The past, a new and uncertain world. A world of endless possibilities, and infinite outcomes.Countless choices define our fate. Each choice, each moment, a ripple in the river of time.Enough ripples, and you change the tide. For the future is never truly set.

**快语速**

0:40:10—

Carter: I understan**d y**ou’re not happy with your meal. (You work here?) Unfortunately, no. Ju*st* so we’re clear. This is pressed into your brachial artery. It may be dull, but I’m determined. Keep smiling. Once you star*t* to blee*d* you’ll lose consciousness in 15 seconds, you’ll die in 90 unle*ss* someone comes to your aid. Now, given your recen*t* behavior, how likely **do y**ou think that is to happen? To preven*t* this not entirely unfortunate event from occurring, I’*d* suggest you find a new place to eat. Do we understand each other? (Yeah.) Good. Oh, one more thing, tip generously. （英式发音）

Big bang theory: season 1, episode 1

Sheldon: What’s the difference? (Here we go.) In the winter that seat is close enough to the radiator to remain warm and yet not so close as to cause perspiration; in the summer it’s directly in the path of a cross-breeze created by opening windows there and there; it faces the television at an angle that is neither too direct thus discouraging conversation, nor so far wide as to create a parallax distortion. I could go on, but I think I’ve made my point.（美式发音）

Merlin: Season 2, episode 2: The Once and Future Queen

0:18:20——

Merlin: Do you think I sit around doing nothing? I haven’t had a chance to sit around doing nothing since the day I arrived in Camelot. I’m too busy running around after Arthur. “Do this, Merlin; do that, Merlin.”And when I’m not running around after Arthur, I’m doing chores for you. And if I’m not doing that, I’m fulfilling my destiny. Do you know how many times I’ve saved Arthur’s life? I’ve lost count. Do I get any thanks? No. I have fought griffins, witches, bandits; I’ve been punched, poisoned, pelted with fruit, and all the whileI have to hide who I really am, because if anyone finds out, Uther will have me executed. Sometimes I feel like I’m being pulled in so many directions, I don’t know which way to turn. （英式发音）

Sherlock 2010

Episode 1: A Study in Pink

Holmes: I know you’re an army doctor and you’ve been invalided home from Afghanistan. I know you’ve got a brother who is worried about you but you won’t go to him for help because you don’t approve of him, possibly because he’s an alcoholic, more likely because he recently walked out on his wife. And I know that you therapist thinks your limp’s psychosomatic, quite correctly, I’m afraid. That’s enough to be going on with, don’t you think? The name’s Sherlock Holmes and the address is 221B Baker Street. Afternoon.（英式发音）