

## ***Bridget Jones's Diary***

**3- Listen to the video and fill in the blanks. Then use the script to justify your answers in ex.2.**

*It all began on New Year's Day in my thirty-second year of being **single**. Once again, I found myself on my own and going to my mother's annual turkey curry buffet. Every year, she tries to **fix me up** with some bushy-haired, middle-aged bore and I feared this year would be no **exception**.*

**Mum:** There you are, duckling.

*My mum. A strange **creature** from the time when the gherkins were still the height of sophistication.*

**Una:** Doilies, Pam? Hello, Bridget.

**Mum:** Third drawer from the top, Una. Under the mini gherkins.

**Mum:** By the way, the Darcys are here. They brought Mark with them.

*Ah, here we go.*

**Mum:** You remember Mark. You used to play in his paddling pool. He's a **barrister**. Very **well-off**.

**Bridget :** No, I don't remember.

**Mum:** He's divorced, apparently. His wife was **Japanese**. Very cruel race. Now, what are you going to **put on**?

**Bridget :** This.

**Mum::** Oh, don't be silly, Bridget. You'll never get a boyfriend... if you look like you've wandered out of Auschwitz. Now, run upstairs. I've laid out something **lovely** on your bed.

[...]

**Bridget :** Great. I was wearing a **carpet**.

**Uncle Geoffrey:** There she is. [Singing] Myyy liiiiittle Bridget

**Bridget :** Hi, Uncle Geoffrey.

**Uncle Geoffrey:** Had a drink? Come on, then.

*Actually, not my uncle. Someone who insists I call him uncle while he gropes my ass and asks me the question dreaded by all Singletons.*

**Uncle Geoffrey:** So...how's your love life?

**Bridget :** Super. Thanks, Uncle G.

**Uncle Geoffrey:** Still haven't got a fellow, then...

**Una:** You career girls. Can't put it off forever. Tick-tock, tick-tock.

**Bridget :** Hello, Dad.

**Dad:** Hello, darling.

**Bridget :** How's it going?

**Dad:** Torture. Your mother's trying to fix you up with some divorcee.

**Bridget :** Mmm.

**Dad:** **Human-rights barrister**. Pretty nasty beast, apparently.

*Hoo. Ding-dong. Maybe this time Mum had got it right.*

**Mum:** Come on. Why don't we see if Mark **fancies** a gherkin? Mark?

*Maybe this was the mysterious Mr. Right I'd been waiting my whole life to meet.*

**Mum:** You remember Bridget.

*Maybe not.*

**Mum:** She's used to run around your **lawn** with no clothes on, remember?

**Mark:** Uh, no, not as such.

**Una:** Come and look at your **gravy**, Pam. I think it's going to need sieving.

**Mum:** Of course it doesn't need sieving. Just stir it, Una. Yes, of course. I'll be right there. Sorry. Lumpy gravy calls.

**Bridget :** So...ha. -So. You staying at your parents' for New Year?

**Mark:** Yes.

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**Bridget** : Mmm.

**Mark**: You?

**Bridget** : Oh, no, no, no. I was in London at a **party** last night so I'm afraid I'm a bit hung over. Wish I could be **lying** with my head in the toilet. Like all normal people. Ah, ah, ah ... New Year's resolution-- drink less. Oh, and quit smoking. Mmm.

**Mark**: Ha.

**Bridget** : And keep New Year's resolutions. Oh. And, uh... stop talking total **nonsense** to strangers. In fact, stop talking, full stop.

**Mark**: Yes, well, perhaps it's time to ... eat. Mmm.

**Mrs Darcy**: Apparently she lives just 'round the corner from you.

**Mark**: Mother, I do not need a blind **date**. Particularly not with some verbally incontinent spinster who smokes like a chimney, drinks like a fish and dresses like her mother.

**Bridget** : Yummy. Turkey curry. My **favourite**.