

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 _____. Once again, I found myself on my own and going to my mother's annual turkey curry buffet. Every year, she tries to _____ with some bushy-haired, middle-aged bore and I feared this year would be no _____.

Mum: There you are, duckling.

My mum. A strange _____ 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 _____. Very _____.

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 _____ on your bed.

[...]

Great. I was wearing a _____.

Uncle Geoffrey: There she is, myyy llliiittle 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: _____. 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 _____ 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 _____ with no clothes on, remember?

Mark: Uh, no, not as such.

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

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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.

Bridget : Mmm.

Mark: You?

Bridget : Oh, no, no, no. I was in London at a _____ last night so I'm afraid I'm a bit hung over. Wish I could be _____ 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 _____ 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 _____. 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 _____.