

The Graduate - Clip 1 - 1967 • US • c.7 min. 06:02 - 13:08 • Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft • ["Plastics" & Mrs Robinson - YouTube](#) • [IMDb](#) • [Il Laureato - Wiki](#)

- **grammar points:** say s.t. to you, how / how to, will, some of the, imperative, whatever, let's, would, can, passive, may, present perfect, must have, reported speech, should, past perfect

- **phrasal verbs:** get the lights on, sit down, be back, put on, open up

- **idioms:** just, great, deal, head, I guess, fine, such a, look, upset, sort of, Well, take home, take, Here, foreign shift, What for?, mind+ing, funny, all right, way, nearly, if you don't mind my saying so, any minute now, For God's sake

.....
MR. MCGUIRE:

I **just** want to **say** one word **to you**. **Just** one word.

BEN:

Yes, sir.

MR. MCGUIRE:

Are you listening?

BEN:

Yes, I am.

MR. MCGUIRE:

Plastics.

BEN:

Exactly **how** do you **mean**?

MR. MCGUIRE:

There's a **great** future in plastics. Think about it. **Will** you think about it?

BEN:

Yes, I **will**.

MR. MCGUIRE:

Shh...Enough said. That's a **deal**.

MRS. SOMEBODY:

Here he is now. Here's Ben.

BEN:

Excuse me **just** a minute.

MRS. BRADDOCK:

Listen, everybody. I want you all to **be quiet**. I've got Ben's college yearbook here, and I **just** want to read you **some of the** wonderful things about Ben.

Be quiet, please!

"Captain of the cross-country team, **Head** of the debating club, Associate editor of the college newspaper in his junior year, Managing editor in his senior..."

(0:55 - 1:31 silence)

MRS. ROBINSON:

Oh, **I guess** this isn't the bathroom, is it?

BEN:

It's down the hall.

MRS. ROBINSON:

How are you, Benjamin?

BEN:

Fine, thank you, Mrs. Robinson. The bathroom's down at the end of the hall.

MRS. ROBINSON:

Such a pleasant room.

BEN:

Look. Mrs. Robinson, I don't **mean** to be rude, but I'm awfully...

MRS. ROBINSON:

Is there an ashtray in here?

BEN:

No.

MRS. ROBINSON:

Oh, yes, I forgot...The track star doesn't smoke. Is it a girl?

BEN:

Is what a girl?

MRS. ROBINSON:

Whatever it is that's **upsetting** you.

BEN:

Oh, no, I'm **just sort of** disturbed about things.

MRS. ROBINSON:

In general?

BEN:

That's right.

MRS. ROBINSON:

Well, congratulations.

BEN:
Thank you.

MRS. ROBINSON:
Oh, Benjamin. I want to ask you something.

BEN:
What?

MRS. ROBINSON:
Will you take me home?

BEN:
What?

MRS. ROBINSON:
My husband took the car. Will you drive me home?

BEN:
Here, you take it. Do you know how to work a foreign shift? You don't?

MRS. ROBINSON:
No.

BEN:
Let's go.

(2:57 - 3:23 silence)

MRS. ROBINSON:
Thank you.

BEN:
Right.

(3:26 - 3:44 silence)

MRS. ROBINSON:
Will you come in, please?

BEN:
What?

MRS. ROBINSON:
I'd like you to come in till I get the lights on.

BEN:
What for?

MRS. ROBINSON:

Because I don't feel safe till I **get the lights on**.

Would you **mind** walking ahead of me to the sun porch?

I feel **funny** about coming into a dark house.

BEN:

But it's light in there.

MRS. ROBINSON:

Please. What do you drink? Bourbon?

BEN:

Look, Mrs. Robinson, I drove you home. I was glad to do it, but I have some things on my mind. **Can** you understand that?

MRS. ROBINSON:

Yes.

BEN:

All right.

MRS. ROBINSON:

What do you drink?

Benjamin, I'm sorry to be this **way**, but I don't want **to be left** alone in this house.

BEN:

Why not?

MRS. ROBINSON:

Please wait till my husband **gets** home.

BEN:

When is he coming back?

MRS. ROBINSON:

I don't know...Drink?

BEN:

No. Are you always this much afraid of being alone?

MRS. ROBINSON:

Yes.

BEN:

Well, why **can't** you **just** lock the doors and go to bed?

MRS. ROBINSON:

I'm very neurotic. **May** I ask you a question? What do you think of me?

BEN:
What do you mean?

MRS. ROBINSON:
You've known me nearly all your life. You must have formed some opinion of me.

BEN:
Well, I've always thought that you were a very nice person.

MRS. ROBINSON:
Did you know I was an alcoholic?

BEN:
What?

MRS. ROBINSON:
Did you know that?

BEN:
Look, I think I should be going.

MRS. ROBINSON:
Sit down, Benjamin.

BEN:
Mrs. Robinson, if you don't mind my saying so, this conversation is getting a little strange. Now, I'm sure that Mr. Robinson will be here any minute now...

MRS. ROBINSON:
No.

BEN:
What?

MRS. ROBINSON:
My husband will be back quite late. He should be gone for several hours.

BEN:
Oh, my God.

MRS. ROBINSON:
Pardon?

BEN:
Oh, no, Mrs. Robinson. Oh, no.

MRS. ROBINSON:
What's wrong?

BEN:

Mrs. Robinson, you didn't...I mean, you didn't expect...

MRS. ROBINSON:

What?

BEN:

I mean, you didn't really think I'd do something like that.

MRS. ROBINSON:

Like what?

BEN:

What do you think?

MRS. ROBINSON:

Well, I don't know.

BEN:

For God's sake, Mrs. Robinson.

Here we are, you got me into your house, you give me a drink, you put on music. Now you start opening up your personal life to me and tell me your husband won't be home for hours.

MRS. ROBINSON:

So?

BEN:

Mrs. Robinson, you're trying to seduce me.

Aren't you?

MRS. ROBINSON:

Well, no, I hadn't thought of it...I feel very flattered.

BEN:

Mrs. Robinson will you forgive me for what I just said?