



Scripts.com

# Bridget Jones's Baby

By Helen Fielding, Dan Mazer, and Emma Thompson

SHOOTING SCRIPT.

1

1 OMITTED 1

1A EXT. LONDON. DAY. 1A

Sweeping aerial shot of London, establishing the city in all its glory.

1AA EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE. DAY. 1AA

We swoop down the Thames to find a svelte figure on the bridge hailing a taxi.

2 INT. CHURCH. DAY 2

SHAZZER, early forties, and her folk singer husband FERGUS, scurry down the aisle.

The church is packed with people we might recognise. A few literary and TV celebrities amongst them. Shazzer spots JUDE, now a pillar of married respectability, her husband GILES and their tiny baby. They take the seats beside them.

3 OMITTED 3

4 INT. CHURCH. DAY. 4

BRIDGET JONES enters the church. She's older than when we last saw her, forty three to be exact, slim and elegantly dressed. She takes a deep breath and collects herself. Bridget spots Jude and Shazzer and heads towards them. Shazzer greets her with a big hug.

**SHAZZER :**

How are you feeling, you OK?

**BRIDGET:**

Yes, but I still can't believe he's gone.

REVEAL - at the front a portrait of DANIEL CLEAVER.

ANOTHER REVEAL - The congregation consists mainly of ludicrously attractive, glamorous women, all weeping.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

His death seems to have hit the Eastern European teenage modelling community particularly hard.

**JUDE:**

They found the flight recorder but still no bodies.

**SHAZZER:**

Yep, in the Australian outback. And

strangely fitting that he died  
going down in the bush.

SHOOTING SCRIPT.

2

A random guy, JOHN, takes his place next to Bridget. A hush  
descends and the service begins.

A dour looking Minister assumes the pulpit.

**MINISTER :**

Dear friends, we are gathered here  
to celebrate the life of Daniel  
Vivian Cleaver. Daniel was a kind  
and wonderful son, a loving Uncle  
and brother, a fantastic friend...

**SHAZZER :**

(aside to Bridget)

A selfish but gifted lover?

Bridget gives a little smile, but then stops in her tracks.

**BRIDGET :**

Fuck. What the fuck is he doing  
here?

We see MARK DARCY enter at the back of the church. A little  
older, a little greyer, but still just as handsome.

As Bridget takes this surprise in, she sees an attractive  
woman, CAMILLA take his arm.

**JUDE :**

You know what he's like, wanting to  
do the decent thing.

**SHAZZER :**

Is that his wife?

Bridget nods.

**JUDE :**

She's pretty.

**BRIDGET :**

I mean, yes, conventionally, I  
suppose.

SUDDENLY DARCY LOOKS OVER.

Bridget, aware of Darcy's gaze, grabs onto random John's arm.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Sorry, I'm just very emotional.

Darcy looks over, she pretends not to see and affectionately brushes the fluff from a bewildered John's shoulder.

Darcy faintly but discernibly registers this.

John tries to shake himself free. Bridget struggles to cling on to his arm but John uncouples himself, and Bridget is left solo. Darcy glances over.

SHOOTING SCRIPT.

3

**MINISTER :**

I would now like to invite his loved ones up to share some of their memories of Daniel.

Shazzer gives Bridget a nudge, as if to say go on. Bridget contemplates the idea as a glamorous young woman gets up from the front pew.

**BRIDGET:**

(whispers to Jude)

You know he could be very sensitive, he could make you feel like you were the only woman in the world. I remember when he took me rowing on the Serpentine and quoted Keats by heart. "Where be ye going, you Devon Maid? And what have ye there in the basket?"

Bridget drifts off in fond reverie. The glamorous young woman stands in the pulpit.

GLAMOROUS YOUNG WOMAN

... "Ye tight little fairy just fresh from the dairy, Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?"