Bridget Jones's Diary

By Andrew Davies
EXT. LONDON. VIEWS. DAY.

It is snowing. Hushed New Year's morning. Views of London after the night before. Party stragglers. The fountain in Trafalgar Square has frozen. Lone pigeons cower under falling snow.

EXT. BRIDGET'S STREET. BRIDGET.

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. SKYLIGHT WINDOW. DAY.

Framed through the skylight window, a very messy bed - no human being decipherable.

INT. BRIDGET JONES'S FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Strange sounds emerge from the bed - then slowly movement - and at last - the worse for wear - mascara eyes - crazy hair - still in clothes from the night before - Bridget Jones emerges.

BRIDGET:

As she crawls out of bed.

BRIDGET V.O.:
else has mutated into Smug Marrieds, having children - Plop! Plop! Plop! - left, right and centre. And I'm still going to bad parties.

INT. NEW YEAR PARTY. NIGHT.

Cut to Bridget at a party drinking a dangerously large shot.
Cut to Bridget being chatted up by a questionable man at the party - while scooping from an enormous bowl of Guacamole... over his shoulder Sharon shows dismay and Jude thinks he's gay.

Cut to Bridget, still talking to the handsome man, takes a mighty drag from a joint - and falling straight behind a couch. The man takes advantage of the moment to slip away.

Cut to Bridget emerging from behind the couch, by Sharon and Tom and Jude - making a 'don't worry - I'm fine' sign - then taking the joint back again casually - having a puff - and there she goes again, down behind the couch.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Cut to her sitting, present time, on a chair, in a short nightgown. She picks up a diary, unwraps plastic wrapping.

BRIDGET O.S.:
control of my life and become perfect modern woman. Resolution Number One - in order to mark triumphant year in which everything stops being shit and turns out v.g. - will keep a diary.

Kick straight into Sinatra's upbeat version of the Rodgers & Hart classic 'Have You Met Miss Jones?' for the credits.

Bridget cross-legged, writing in new diary.

BRIDGET O.S. (CONT'D) : January 1st. 9 stone 5. Alcohol units - 35 (ouch!) cigarettes 22 (she crossed out the '2' and make it '3' - '32') calories 5424 - shouldn't have finished that Guacamole.

BRIDGET V.O.:
resolutions - but major ones include... [During this sequence she is seen enacting most of these] will stop smoking, stop drinking... (She stubs out an only just lit cigarette - throws away a glass of wine and then sort of catch-scoops it just in time back into the glass, has a sip - nasty! - so throws it away again.) ...a lot. Stop fantasizing about unrealistic men...

: INT. BRIDGET'S BATHROOM. INT./EXT.

: Her hand slips in and slips a George Clooney calendar off the hook it hangs on the door.

: INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM. DAY.

: BRIDGET O.S.:
yesterday's used pants in laundry basket... (She pounces on a rogue pair, but we see, as she turns towards the laundry basket, that she actually has another pair of pants stuck to the back of her thigh. The phone goes. She walks towards it.) Will also live own life without being bullied by people into things I don't want to do.

: She answers it. The music stops dead.

: BRIDGET:

: She hangs up.


: She instantly takes the cigarette out of the ashtray.

: INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.
Bridget, wrapped up for winter, coming downstairs with a big case. She passes a pleasant 60 year Indian man old, just taking his garbage out - Mr Ramdas.

MR RAMDAS:

BRIDGET:

MR RAMDAS:

BRIDGET:
Year!

MR RAMDAS:

EXT. ST. PANCRAS STATION. EUSTON ROAD. DAY.

Snow falls on the road towards St. Pancras Station. New Year's Party revellers are making their way home. Bridget comes into view, bit by bit, through flurries of snow, carrying her overnight bag.

BRIDGET V.O.:
self as mature woman of substance, complete without boyfriend... as best way to obtain boyfriend. And not end up tragic bag lady.

Which is exactly what she looks like. She lights a cigarette - but muddles it and it drops into the snow.
BRIDGET:

BRIDGET V.O.:

INT. ENTRANCE TO ST. PANCRAS STATION. DAY.

She walks past a huge poster of a very slim, long-legged model.

BRIDGET V.O.:
will learn to love my thighs as being just the sort of thighs many men enjoy lying between, especially those alive in 18th century.

She stops to give money to a gaunt homeless couple, and their dog. She walks on...

HOMELESS MAN:

HOMELESS WOMAN:

HOMELESS MAN:

INT. ST. PANCRAS STATION. MAIN CONCOURSE. DAY.

Bridget walks on through.

STATION ANNOUNCER V.O.: Western Rail wishes to inform all passengers that
there is actually nothing whatsoever the matter with Bridget Jones thighs...

:
INT. ST. PANCRAS STATION. PLATFORM. DAY.

:
STATION ANNOUNCER V.O.: Passengers are reminded once again that you do not need to look like a stick insect to be attractive. Marilyn Monroe is a good example— and Madonna in the early days— and, of course, that girl who plays the flatmate in Ally McBeal and Benton’s ex-girlfriend in E.R.

:
INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAY.

:
Cut to on the train. BRIDGET is writing in her DIARY in her tight scrawl.

:
BRIDGET:
commitment phobics, misogynists, megalomaniacs, freeloaders or perverts. (She looks at male passengers beside her and coming towards her. By the time she reaches 'pervert', the camera whizzes back to 'misogynist' man.) Will also become more intelligent by reading excellent books of prize-winning quality. (She takes out a copy of 'The Famished Road' by Ben Okri. Nods intelligently as she starts to read— we glimpse a picture of the author on the back as we do— and instantly her eyelids start to droop.) Though must be careful not to lose touch with popular culture.

:
She takes out 'Hello' and devours it. She speaks this line out loud...

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): O Fergie, Fergie, Fergie: who told you you looked good in that?

:
Turns another page— then obviously her concentration drifts a bit...

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Also will not obsess HOPELESSLY about Daniel Cleaver as is pathetic to have crush on boss in manner of Miss Moneypenny...
The train enters a tunnel. The windows black out.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

Ping. Out of black, the lift doors open. Slo-mo on Daniel Cleaver walking through office. He is about 35, stylish and indeed gorgeous.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): ...although, pretty damn sure that he looked at me in distinctly unprofessional manner at Christmas party. Though might have been amazement at number of flat notes in rendering of Nilsson classic.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. NIGHT.

Cut to Bridget screaming into a microphone at Christmas party. Other office characters are there: Perpetua, Daniel's timid secretary, plump Simon from Marketing, Leslie from Design, Dave from Sales.

BRIDGET:
liiiiiive...'

Cut to slow-mo Daniel Cleaver, in deep conversation with Managing Director, Mr Fitzherbert, stopping, looking round in an enigmatic manner.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): Can't deny it, though - he's absolutely flipping gorgeous...

Someone crosses him, creating momentary blackness which turns back into the black of the train now suddenly emerging from the tunnel...

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAY.
Bridget stop writing and looks up.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): ...would say 'fucking gorgeous' - but certain Mother will at some point read diary and therefore the less four letter words the better - not to mentions of blow-jobs and nobs up back bottom etc.

INT./EXT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY.

Detached 50's house on the edge of pretty, thatched village. Bridget's taxi pulls up. She slumps against the front door as the bell rings the tune of a town hall clock. Her mum opens it.

MOTHER:
been?
INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. STAIRS. DAY.

MUSIC. BIM BOM by Joao Gilberto - cheesy Bosa Nova music.

As Mother drags Bridget upstairs, Una Alconbury, Mother's best friend, pops her head around a door.

UNA ALCONBURY:

MOTHER:
(Triumphant, to Bridget) By the way, the Darcys are here! They've brought Mark with them. He's just back from the U.N., for Heavens Sake.

From Bridget's blank look...

MOTHER (CONT'D):
pool? He's a barrister. Very well off.

BRIDGET:

MOTHER:

UNA ALCONBURY:

BRIDGET: will not, repeat not be reduced to being match-made with the dreadful children of your awful friends.

MOTHER: Mother just looks at her blankly - and continues.

MOTHER: was Japanese. Very cruel race. Now, what are you going to put on?

BRIDGET:

MOTHER: you look like you've wandered out of Auschwitz. Go upstairs. I've laid out something lovely on your bed.

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY.

The guests are mainly Bridget's parents' friends, including Penny Husbands-Bosworth. But there is a smattering of guests of Bridget's age,
with babies and toddlers.

Bridget enters self-consciously in a horrible, lurid outfit, similar to her mother's. The whole scene as slightly surreal nature: through Bridget's eyes we watch this weird world in which she once lived. Three strange, static relatives - Hamish, Bernard and Shirley, frozen like characters out of 'Blue Velvet'.

BRIDGET:

Then Geoffrey Alconbury, 60, looms at her side, a Bruce Forsythe shuffle in his step...

GEOFFREY ALCONBURY: Here she is. My li-tle Bridget!

Geoffrey gives her an enthusiastic clumsy kiss, hitching up the waistband of his trousers.

BRIDGET:

GEOFFREY ALCONBURY: Got a drink? No? Come on then, I could do with a fill-up.

BRIDGET O.S.:
who insists I call him Uncle while he stares at my breasts and ask why I'm not married yet.

He leads her to the drinks table through the chattering guests. Una Alconbury has sidled up next to them.

GEOFFREY ALCONBURY: So... not married yet, eh, Bridget? How's your love
life?

: DISSOLVE TO WHAT BRIDGET WANTS TO SAY:

: 

BRIDGET: 
old man with an almost permanent erection. I don't ask you how your marriage is.

: GEOFFREY ALCONBURY: How's your love life?

: DISSOLVE TO WHAT BRIDGET REALLY SAYS:

: 

BRIDGET: 

: GEOFFREY ALCONBURY: Still no fellow, then, eh? I don't know.

: 

UNA ALCONBURY: 
Tick tock! Tick tock!

: 

BRIDGET: 

: Bridget moves on to join her father, a shy man, who's awkwardly filling drinks, and has been cornered by a 60 year old woman.

: 

BRIDGET'S DAD: 
itroduces the woman.) Ah, this is... do you know, I'm terribly sorry, I've know you for forty years and I've completely forgotten your name.

:
PENNY:

:

BRIDGET'S DAD:
is... sorry, it's gone again.

:
Penny gives him a terrible look and walks off. Bridget smiles.

:

BRIDGET'S DAD:
divorcee. (Nods in his direction)

:
WHAT BRIDGET SEES: a solitary figure by the window, his back to the room, his head turned in handsome profile, his whole posture indicating haughty disengagement. This is MARK DARY. Bridget's reaction shows some interest - he's a rather romantic looking figure.

:
BRIDGET'S DAD (CONT'D): Human rights barrister. Pretty nasty beast apparently. Nearly bit Uncle Geoffrey's head off when he asked for some advice on his mortgage.

:
Mother swoops in, thrusting a tray at Bridget, and sweeping her off.

:

MOTHER:

:
Mark Darcy talks in low, urgent tones to his rather grand looking, military-type well-born parents.

:

MOTHER (CONT'D):

:
Mark turns slowly, revealing a brightly coloured set of reindeer on the
front of his sweater.

MOTHER (CONT'D):

lawn with no clothes on. Remember?

The Darcy Parents politely back off, leaving their son, Mark, stranded. Mark takes his time looking at Bridget.

MARK:

He says that in a very formal, rather forbidding sort of way, very Mr Darcyish, in fact.

BRIDGET:

An awkward silence. Una, sizing up the situation from afar, moves in.

UNA ALCONBURY:

Pam! I think it's going to need sieving.
MOTHER:

Una shoots Mother a meaningful look, 'Leave them alone'. Mother looks at Bridget and Mark, then twigs.

MOTHER (CONT'D):
calls.

Mark clenches his jaw muscles in embarrassment at Mother's vulgarity, as he and Bridget are left alone. Long pause, conscious of parental stares.
BRIDGET & MARK SIMULTANEOUSLY: So...

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:

Bridget stares at him.

BRIDGET:
Dozed off - but I'm sure the story's really going to kick in on page 4.
Is there a tiny glint of amusement in Mark's eye?

:

BRIDGET:

:

MARK:

:

BRIDGET:
I'm a bit hungover. Wish I could be lying with my head in a toilet like all normal people.

:
She does a little laugh. Inscrutable reaction from Mark.

:

BRIDGET:

:

MARK:
Looking at her drink and fag.

BRIDGET:
nonsense to strangers. In fact, stop talking full stop. Keep my big mouth firmly shut until I've got something incisive and intelligent to say...
(Pause) Nice jumper. Can't beat a reindeer, that's my theory.

:

MARK:

:
Mark walks off. Bridget notices all eyes staring at her, then hurriedly averted. She walks to the Turkey Curry Buffet.

BRIDGET:
made yet. She repulses men.
INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY.

Mark is by the buffet, eyeing a turkey drumstick warily. His mother approaches him.

MARK'S MOTHER:
lives just around the corner from you.

MARK:
verbally incontinent spinster who smokes like a chimney, drinks like a fish and dresses like her mother.

Mark looks around to see Bridget. He can't tell whether she has heard or not. Bridget has heard. She smiles at him as if she hasn't - and helps herself to a plate of food.

BRIDGET:
smiling broadly) Oh God. Oh God. Oh Jesus. Even dumped divorcee wearing reindeer sweater thinks I'm horrible. Am destined to die alone.

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. TOP OF STAIRS. NIGHT.

Bridget sits at the top of the stairs in a pair of pajamas, writing her diary.

BRIDGET O.S.:
a shower cap and half-heaten by Alsathians.

Her mum calls from downstairs.
MUM V.O.:

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' SITTING. NIGHT.

Mum bustling in and out of the sitting room with a dustbuster. Dad is engrossed in the cricket on the TV. Mum looks a bit deflated.

MUM:

Dad grunts.

MUM (CONT'D):
to chew it over.

Dad grunts again.

MUM (CONT'D):
them. (More grunt.) Then I thought we could invite Penny Husbands-Bosworth and have a sadomasochistic orgy.

DAD:

Mum looks at him - deeply. Still shocked by his indifference.

DAD:

INT. PARENT'S HOUSE. STAIRS. NIGHT.

Back to Bridget surveying this desultory scene, perplexed...
BRIDGET O.S.:
which, when found, also grisly.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE. DAY.

Music:
bridge shot - hundreds of people, and hundreds of Bridgets, fag in hand, walking across the river to work. Bridget looks at the world around her, at the others Bridgets, at the old ladies in housecoats with shopping trollies - at happy couples holding hands. What will become of her?

EXT. BOND STREET. DAY.

Bridget walks to work. And, as Bridget does - she pulls herself together again.

BRIDGET V.O.:
independent woman, with good prospects, good job, good brain, and famously nice nipples. Surely eternal happiness must be round the corner.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

Bridget slinks into the office late. She is wearing a rather cute short skirt. Perpetua, her Sloany superior, is on the phone. On the desk is a framed photograph of Perpetua's large, pink, fleshy, hooray boyfriend, beside countless estate agents details of houses.

BRIDGET:
PERPETUA:
(Back to the phone) Describe it to me, Gavin - big dining room - good! - plum ruched curtains with a floral frieze - very good indeed...

:

BRIDGET:

:
Bridget logs on, types 'KAFKA'S MOTORBIKE' heading.

:
She can glimpse Daniel Cleaver, through the glass wall of his windowed office. He suddenly looks up, looks straight at her with no expression. She blushes, looks away, just as Mr Fitzherbert, the Managing Director, passes her desk.

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Happy New Year, Mr Fitzherbert.

:

MR FITZHERBERT:

:
He glances at her breasts fondly and then goes into Daniel's office. Closes the door.

:
The phone rings.

:

BRIDGET:

:

JUDE O.S.:
he wanted to come on a mini-break to Paris.

:
INT. JUDE'S OFFICE. DAY.
Jude, investment banker, is in a cubicle, in floods of tears, mascara streaking her cheeks.

BRIDGET O.S.:
happened?

Bridget, turned away from Perpetua, talking low.

JUDE:
co-dependent?

BRIDGET O.S.:
Vile Richard. He's just a big nobhead with no nob...

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

Breaking off as she notices that Daniel is standing in front of her desk, with a manuscript. He must have overheard.

BRIDGET:
they couldn't be more wrong. This book is a searing vision of the wounds our century has inflicted on traditional masculinity: positively Vonnegutesque. But tell you what, I'll send over a review copy on a bike. Not at all. Thank you for calling Professor Leavis.

She disconnects.
Bridget blushes.

INT. JUDE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Jude wipes her tears away and walks out into the main office, full of men in suits.

JUDE:
the balls for it - I think it's time to kill.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

Daniel has started to walk away. Then stops.

DANIEL:

BRIDGET:

DANIEL:

He seems impressed. He's about to walk off again.

DANIEL (CONT'D):
MINORITY CULTURE?

BRIDGET:
DANIEL:

BRIDGET:

He continues on his way. Bridget's face.

PERPETUA:
Don't let anyone else set foot in it. (To Bridget) Bridget, I've got to see a property. You'll have to do the presentation to that Michael chap. Is that okay?

BRIDGET:

INT. PRESENTATION ROOM. DAY

A stylish meeting room. At one end stands a slightly flappy Bridget with some folders and presentational aids. At the other end of the table - Mr Fitzherbert, Daniel Cleaver, Plump Simon from Marketing, and an author, Michael, with a beard.

MR FITZHERBERT:

BRIDGET:
success with teaser campaigns to precede actual publication - and we've decided really to go for that this time.
MR FITZHERBERT:

: The writer is quite serious. Daniel is unreadable - and cool.

:

BRIDGET:
appear on posters and in a wide range of magazines.

:
Unveil a slick graphic board, on it are just the words - 'It's Coming'. Very Gothic print - and blood seeping from the stone wall it's printed on.

:
Cut to the 4 presentees - they seem to be concentrating hard.

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Then... a week later, we take it a step further...

:
Unveil the next board: it reads - 'If you liked 'Highway of Blood' and 'Slit-throat Alley', On March 3, You'll be Very Happy And Very Scared.'

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): As you can see - still not revealing the name of the book...

:
Cut to the listeners again - concentrating really hard. Inscrutable - serious.

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Then, at last, just two days before publication day, we reveal the book itself:

:
Reveals the last board, a horrific bloody image and speaks along with it:

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): From the pen of Michael Harper - a new horror classic - The Red Door'...
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Which, I suspect you would think was a better campaign if you actually were Michael Harper but the look on your face make me realise that I've made a little mistake and you are in fact Michael Naughton, author of 'Teddy Knows Best' which means that this is not a particularly suitable campaign so if you just give me a minute...

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. OFFICE CORRIDOR. DAY.

Bridget runs and skids frantically along the corridor.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. PRESENTATION ROOM. DAY.

Bridget is back in exactly the same position as before.

BRIDGET:
publication, with something like this...

Unveil a slick graphic board on which are just the words - 'It's Coming'. Print like gingerbread cookies, held up by balloons, with little teddies all over the brick wall that forms its background. Maybe quick shot as we cut off her, of next board 'If you liked 'Teds in Space' and 'Who's a Naughty Ted', On March 14 You're Going to go Very... Gooey.'

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

A club - as Bridget speaks, a waitress is serving them - 5 boxes of cigarettes - 3 bottles of wine...

BRIDGET V.O.:
of single life is replacement of frightful real family with specially
chosen group of friends for rational,...

: 2 bottles of vodka and lots and lots of crisps and guacamole.

:

BRIDGET V.O.:
Like Prime Minister choosing Cabinet of Ministers - after ten years of adult life have selected Tom... pop icon who only wrote one song then retired because he found one song was quite enough to get him laid for the whole of the nineties. Total poof, of course.

:
He is watched - talking on his mobile that matches his shirt.

:

BRIDGET V.O.:
things to do with banking. Utter bollocks at all things to do with men.

:
Jude, smoking heavily.

:

BRIDGET V.O.:
lot and can't be arsed to write first novel - therefore puts energies into giving incisive advice on all matters personal.

:

SHARON:
fucking lesson - you don't fucking mess with Bridget Jones.

:

BRIDGET:
your assistants made a harmless little mistake like that?

:

JUDE:
BRIDGET:
this particular crisis?

TOM:

BRIDGET:

TOM:
answer.

A stranger suddenly comes up to the table, and addresses Tom...

STRANGER:

Tom gets this all the time.

TOM:

STRANGER:

TOM:
It's actually true – his orange mobile phone goes perfectly with his peach-coloured shirt.
STRANGER:

:

TOM:

:
The Stranger leaves.

:

BRIDGET:

:

ALL:

:

BRIDGET:

:

JUDE:
promised mini-break.

:

SHARON:

:

JUDE:
yesterday...

:

SHARON:
emotional decision you make 100%, but it's time you realised that Richard is a cowardly fuckwit who for 11 years has engulfed you in a seething swamp of EMOTIONAL FUCKWITTAGE... and should be fucking spayed then killed.
At that moment a very young girl walks past in a distinctive almost see-through blouse. All of the girls turn to watch her as she goes. They turn back - and together...

THE THREE GIRLS:

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. NIGHT.

A taxi drives along. We hear conversation inside.

TOM/JUDE/SHARON:

and bastards - and fuckwits.

BRIDGET:

have you, Tom. And you, Jude and Shazzer. And you, Tom. Night all.

The taxi stop - the door opens - and Bridget falls out spectacularly.
INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

The next morning. Bridget taking off her coat as she comes in nervously. A bit hungover, today wearing another rather delicious short skirt. Perpetua on phone.

PERPETUA:
thing we want is some towel-head buying it from under our noses. (Looks up) Morning, Bridget. I hear it went very well.

BRIDGET:

Bridget guiltily pretends to start working hard straight away.

Suddenly. MESSAGE PENDING flashes on her computer screen. She is perplexed. She presses EXE.

ON THE COMPUTER:

She gulps - feels firing on its way. It continues...

ON THE COMPUTER:

Now she really is worried.

ON THE COMPUTER:
off sick? I thought was made perfectly clear in your contract of
employment, staff are expected to be fully dressed at all times.

Bridget is startled. She looks up and across at Daniel. He is not looking at her.

PERPETUA:
where frankly there isn't room to swing a cat - and, as you well know, we have two cats.

BRIDGET:
Skirt was demonstrably neither sick nor absent. Appalled by management's blatantly size-ist attitude to skirt. Suggest management sick, not skirt.

She pressed SEND, looks shyly at Daniel as he reads the message. He laughs, turns to look at her. A warm, sexy, mischievous smile.

INT. COMMUNAL CHANGING ROOM. EVENING.

MUSIC. 'JUST MY IMAGINATION' by Temptations.

Bridget, Jude and Sharon are trying on clothes. Bridget, wriggling into a skimpy skirt, is headless as it is caught over her head.

BRIDGET:
because he's my boss. There are certain types of etiquette within a business structure that you transcend at your peril. You don't want me fired, do you?

She finally frees her head from her skirt. Sharon and Jude have left the changing room and she's been talking to a total stranger... who tries to be helpful.
NICE WOMAN:

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

Bridget is labouring with the art-work for another book - 'Kafka's Motorbike'. She is actually wearing the shirt we glimpsed on the 'tart' girl in the first friends scene. Light flashes: message pending.

BRIDGET'S COMPUTER: MSG Jones. Still worried about skirt. And shirt today looking peaky too; wan, thin. May I please have skirt's address and phone number so may send flowers?

Bridget reading...

DISSOLVE TO INT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

Flowers everywhere. Bridget as bride, Daniel making speech. Guests include everyone we've seen, including the smiling author of 'Teddy Knows Best' plus a celebrity or two, all laughing at Daniel's joke.

DANIEL:
Bridget's non-existent skirt.

Guests laugh. Bridget smiles modestly.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

The next day. Bridget walks past Daniel's office in short skirt and different top. He seem deep in concentration. By the time she gets back to her desk, there is MESSAGE FLASHING.
BRIDGET'S COMPUTER: If walking past office was attempt to demonstrate presence of skirt, can only say that it has failed parlously. Cleave.

BRIDGET:
busy and important. P.S. How dare you sexually harass me in this impertinent manner? Jones.

Daniel reading screen, laughing then typing.

MESSAGE PENDING on Bridget's screen.

ON THE COMPUTER:
avoid all non-PC overtones in future. Deeply apologetic. P.S. Like your tits in that top.

Bridget reads and laughs - looks up - there, for the first time - at her desk - in the flesh - is Daniel.

DANIEL:
night?

BRIDGET:

Bridget reaches for her diary, a 'not to sure' look on her face.

DANIEL:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.
Triumphant pop music blaring. In the bathroom. Manic activity. Bridget, through a haze of condensation, massaging anti-cellulite massage oil, plucking eyebrows, cleansing, moisturising.

BRIDGET V.O.:
weeding, crop-spaying. I sometimes wonder what would happen if I just let myself revert to nature - within days would I find myself sporting a full beard on each shin...? Ow!

She utters short sharp cry as she waxes her bikini line out of shot. The entryphone goes.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Bridget jumps out of bathroom...

BRIDGET:
She heads for the door. Looks at herself in the mirror. With her dressing gown quite louche and her hair up, she look rather divine.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): What the hell - it's a look.

She pick up the entryphone.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): Hello. (Beat) Oh. Hello Dad.

She buzzes him in. Very unexpected, this.
INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Dad is sitting on the sofa with a mug of tea. Bridget is listening to him. It's a big shock.

BRIDGET'S DAD:
Christmas she's behaving oddly and then yesterday she came in at four a.m. When I asked her where she'd been, she said it was none of my business. Suddenly thirty years of marriage would appear to count for nothing.

BRIDGET:

Dad stares at her aghast. Is he at the end of his life too?

BRIDGET (CONT'D): I mean not end of life... you know - mid-late life crisis type of thing.

DAD:

BRIDGET:

DAD:
but butterfly collection.

BRIDGET:

DAD:
all round your heart - and then when it's taken away...

:
The phone rings.

:

BRIDGET:
okay... I know. I know. I'll go and look.

:
She disconnects, gives the phone to Dad, indicates Tom's number in her phone book...

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Dad, call this number in two minutes. Tom's left his mobile here, and I think I've thrown it away with the newspapers.

:
She grabs a coat and exits.

:

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. NIGHT.

:
Bridget stands on a low wall by three communal dustbins. Her overcoat covers her bath towel and not much else. She has 2 curlers in the back of her hair. Suddenly, out of the darkness, Mark Darcy appears, dressed in jogging clothes...

:

MARK:

:

BRIDGET:

:

MARK:
Pause. There's the ring of a phone. Mark is startled, as Bridget reaches into one of the dustbins, struggles to locate the phone. Mark reaches into the dustbin nearest him, retrieves the phone, answers it...

MARK:

called Colin.

:

BRIDGET:

an attractive man - should know - I'm your daughter.(To Mark) Thank you for your help.
She heads back into her house, he continues on his way. She turns and looks back at him - he seems to be laughing.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.
Bridget enters, breathless, races into the bathroom.

BRIDGET:
heart attack and they find he wasn't wearing clean pants. Dad, I'm rushing, but I'm listening. Quite an important date - possible future husband and father of children arriving in 5 minutes and I still have no - repeat no - brassiere on - but I'm still listening.

BRIDGET'S DAD:
means. (He mimes a slit throat) Oh, somebody rang. David?

BRIDGET:

BRIDGET'S DAD:

BRIDGET:

BRIDGET'S DAD:

BRIDGET:

BRIDGET'S DAD:

later. Anyway look I'd better get back. Mum'll wonder where I've been. If
she's home... herself.

Bridget's face.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Bridget, on the couch, waiting for the phone to ring. The End titles music to Frasier is heard on the TV. 'Frasier has left the building'.

Later. Bridget in same outfit. A bit more dishevelled.

She scrambles through her CD collection. Finds 3 CD called 'Only Women Bleed'. Puts it on and we hear the first 3 seconds of 2 famous, big girl numbers - like 'You Don't Have to Say You Love Me' by Dusty Springfield, and 'The Power of Love' by Jennifer Rush - and then it settles on 'All By Myself' - in spectacularly melodramatic version by Celine Dion.

BRIDGET:

But, as it happens - she gets hooked - it plays during this next episode - sometimes mimed by very passionate Bridget.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

BRIDGET'S DIARY LIES OPEN: Bridget is now playing both drums and piano on the Celine track - shouting at the top of her lungs.

BRIDGET:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.
Bridget sitting in the same spot, next morning, staring into space, eating muesli straight out of the packet.

The page in her diary reads 'SATURDAY' plus scrawl.

At the bottom right of screen, Bridget's familiar scrawl writes up on screen. It's what she's thinking as she's eating.

BRIDGET O.S.:
very moment penetrating Kate Moss's skinnier younger sister.

Then into voice-over.

BRIDGET V.O.:
times have picked up phone to check it's still working - 144. Am now insane person.

Bridget looks towards the door.

DISSOLVE TO INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

The front door is slightly ajar. Something is seen to push it open. It creaks eerily. A dog's nose sniffs - close up. We follow the Dog's point-of-view as it steadicams round Bridget's flat - the kitchen disaster area, and into the sitting room, where it happens upon a slumped figure in a lilac nylon housecoat, face down. It's Bridget thirty years from now. Another Alsatian appears behind the first one.

The dogs look at Bridget in the present. Bridget stares at the scene.

DISSOLVE TO INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY.
Bridget paces the room. She now eats Branston pickle from a jar... Then makes decisive decision:

She crosses to the phone.

BRIDGET:
just wondering how you are and if you wanted to meet for the skirt-health summit, like you said.

She plucks up her courage, picks up the phone.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): Hi, it's Jones here. I was just wondering how you are and if you wanted to meet for the skirt-health mummit... like you... Shit a tit... Summit. Obviously!

She put the phone down, then doubles up cringing.

To her surprise, the phone rings again. Bridget forces herself not to pounce on it... She turns the music up.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): (As if there's other people with her) ...yeah, get yourself a glass. Hello? (Face falls) Shaz? Have you gone out of your mind? Get off the phone! Get off the phone!

INT. SHARON'S FLAT. PHONE AREA. DAY.

Quick cut to very perplexed Sharon at her end of the phone.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.
Bridget slams down the receiver. She goes to slope off towards the bathroom and then the phone rings again. Bridget forces herself not to pounce on it...

BRIDGET:
Hiya... (Face collapses) Mum?

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. SHOP FLOOR. DAY.

MUSIC:

Bridget walks through the cosmetics department on her way to the coffee shop. She hears a familiar voice on the PA system. She wanders over towards a crowd.

MUM ON PA SYSTEM: There we go, Madam. Super!

Mum done up to the nines is demonstrating a rubber boiled egg peeler.

MUM:
off it comes in your hand! Ooh. Mind the overspray.

BRIDGET:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. CAFÉ. DAY.

Bridget sits opposite her mother in a booth, still in a state of shock.
MOTHER:
his clothes, bringing up his children...

:

BRIDGET:

:

MOTHER:
all it's cracked up to be. Given my chance again, I'm not sure I'd have any...

:

BRIDGET O.S.:

:

MOTHER:
got anything of my own. No career, no power, no sex life, no... life at all. I feel like the grasshopper who sang all summer. I'm like Germaine sodding Gear.

:

BRIDGET:

:

MOTHER:

:

BRIDGET:

:

MOTHER:

:

BRIDGET:
After a bit.


BRIDGET:

MOTHER: comes into the store to get his colours done.

BRIDGET:

MOTHER: Apparently, it's the highest rated show on the channel, apart from the one where the fat people beat up their relatives.

Looking at her watch, getting up.

MOTHER (CONT'D):

BRIDGET:

MOTHER:
BRIDGET:

Mother kisses Bridget, and when she walks away it looks as if she is walking on air. In men's underwear she steers towards a deeply solariumed and sleek man, in his forties. This is Julian. The music pipping out is ME AND MRS JONES BY Billie Paul.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

MUSIC:

Bridget comes in, makes straight for the answering machine, doesn't even bother to take off her coat.

MAGDA ON ANSWERING MACHINE: Hello Bridge - you won't forget tea on Sunday, will you - your godchildren are very excited. Well, that's a lie actually - but I am.

BRIDGET V.O.:
with lovely if incontinent children - but last thing one needs when feeling v. insecure.

INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

Cut to Magda and Jeremy - sitting next door to each other - something undeniably smug about them. Magda is a beautiful mother of three, who used to run with Bridget's urban pack. She's is holding her new baby. Jeremy, Magda's handsome husband, has a dish towel over his shoulder, a child in his arms and the Law Gazette by his side. Sound of a third toddler somewhere...

JEREMY:
BRIDGET:

MAGDA:
come along. What do you think, Jezzer?

JEREMY:

BRIDGET:

MAGDA:
Daddy's hand then.

Jeremy resignedly holds out his hand with a patient smile - we don't see it - but some disgusting exchange ensues. He looks dangerously at Magda, then both smile at each other. Bridget watches an ache in her heart about their warmth. Jeremy exits with the turd.

MAGDA (CONT'D):

BRIDGET O.S.:

MAGDA:
disinterested. Transform into the Ice Queen. Worked for me. I gave you hell, didn't I, darling?
JEREMY:

That lovely optimism of Bridget when a new plan comes along.

BRIDGET:

The opening bars od 'ICE ICE BABY', Vanilla Ice using Queen/Bowie's 'UNDER PRESSURE' begin to play.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

CLOSE UP:

office - he's not in yet.

PERPETUA:

over a thousand pounds on a survey, and now you tell me you have sold the house to someone else. It is that correct? (Listens) Right - excuse me for being a little personal - but may your children burn in hell, you shifty, smarmy, lying bastard...

She slams down the phone. Looks across at Bridget in disbelief.

PERPETUA (CONT'D): We've been gazumped.

The door bursts open. Daniel enters, looking not in the least furtive or guilty, breezes through...

DANIEL:
He leans and whispers as he passes Bridget's desk.

DANIEL (CONT'D):

She turns her head away, disdainfully.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

BRIDGET'S COMPUTER: Message pending: 6

ON DANIEL. Looking across at her, willing her to access her e-mail.

ON BRIDGET. Calmly marking up a manuscript, completely ignoring him.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

BRIDGET'S COMPUTER: Message pending: 14

Daniel suddenly gets up, walks out of his office, crosses to Bridget. He speaks in low, urgent tones.

DANIEL:
your skirt's number at home...

Bridget's phone rings. She answers and deliberately turns away from him.

BRIDGET:
INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

Magda, child in arms, on phone to Bridget.

MAGDA:
Queen...

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

BRIDGET:
Daniel) You were saying...

But the phone goes again.


INT. FIRST RESTAURANT. DAY.

Tom is drinking coffee, talking into another mobile that goes with another shirt.

TOM:

A stranger sidles up to him.

STRANGER 2:
TOM:


STRANGER 2:


TOM:


INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

Bridget puts the phone down and tries to hide a smile. She looks down.

BRIDGET'S COMPUTER: (Flashing repeatedly) Message pending: 24.

ON DANIEL:

ON BRIDGET:

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. ELEVATOR. DAY.

It's the end of the day. Bridget gets into the lift, followed by plump Simon from marketing. Daniel slips in, then, as the doors begin to close, a breathless PERPETUA calls out...

PERPETUA:

A barely perceptible flicker behind Daniel's eyes.
DANIEL:

Doors close. Tense silence. 2 people in a lift wishing the third would bugger off.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. ELEVATOR. DAY.

The door opens on Daniel and Bridget and Simon: Simon gets out. Just as the doors close again - Mr Fitzherbert enters.

DANIEL:

And Daniel calmly put his hand, out of view, on Bridget's bottom. She looks at him.

MR FITZHERBERT:

word before you leave tonight.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. LOBBY/ELEVATOR. DAY.

The lift lands and opens. Fitzherbert heads out first.

DANIEL:

MR FITZHERBERT:
BRIDGET:

MR FITZHERBERT:
be fun if you introduced me before I introduce him – add a lovely sense of occasion.

BRIDGET:

He heads off.

DANIEL:

take your skirt out for dinner, fatten it up a bit. And maybe you could come, too. What about tomorrow?

BRIDGET:

She motions to a standee in the lobby for this Kafka book. We've glimpsed it in the office before.
BRIDGET:

Then, as she walks away seductively, leaving Daniel dangling...

BRIDGET O.S.:

INT. MOROCCAN RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Modern Moroccan, glowing candles, low tables, sumptuous cushions for chairs. The gang's all there...

JUDE:

behave on this one social occasion.

BRIDGET:

JUDE:

love with you in science, pure science. First - look gorgeous.
START OF MONTAGE: 'THAT THING' by Lauryn Hill.

Bridget emerges from the Underground and heads towards the party. She looks, well, gorgeous... Neon signs flash glamourously around her.

Now intercut between: 1. Bridget walking through London on party night. 2. Bridget at home leading up to the party in days previous. 3. Friends advice.

INT. MOROCCAN RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

JUDE: else.

SHARON: this is Daniel. Daniel, this is Sheila. Sheila enjoys horse-riding and comes from New Zealand. Daniel enjoys publishing and comes...

BRIDGET:

TOM:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

She is reading the book as she hoovers in bra and pants.
BRIDGET:
Chechyna', 'Hello, Melvyn - isn't it terrible about Chechyna.'

:
INT. MOROCCAN RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

:

BRIDGET:

:
They all nod in unison.

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): And it works?

:

JUDE: here today - would we? We'd be changing nappies and snogging husbands. But it's worth a stab.

:

TOM:

:

SHARON:

:

TOM: at the most expensive restaurant in London, after you've driven him fucking wild with desire by rubbing your knees against his nob for two and a half hours, then...

:

ALL THREE:
BRIDGET:

An elderly man suddenly comes up to the table and addresses Tom...

ELDERLY MAN:
middle of your dinner but...

Tom interrupts - he gets this all time.

TOM:
to record anything else. Sorry.

ELDERLY MAN:

TOM:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Close on her, head and shoulders...

BRIDGET V.O.:
chance, end up in flagrante, surely these (she holds up tiny pair of knickers) would be most attractive at crucial moment. However, chance of actually reaching crucial moment greatly increased by wearing these (camera moves backwards to see her pulling up sensible stomach-constricting big tight pants) scary stomach-holding-in-pants, very popular with grannies the world over. Tricky. Very tricky.

EXT. LONDON STREET. EVENING.
Close up on Bridget's nice tight tummy. Walking proud. Suddenly Bridget sees, coming towards her – Jeremy – arm-in-arm with a very young woman. They catch each other's eye.

BRIDGET:

JEREMY:

And they both keep walking, past each other. Bridget, perplexed. Walks on – determined not to lose her inner poise.

INT. LITERARY PARTY. NIGHT.

Everyone's here - real, famous writers galore - for the launch of 'KAFKA'S MOTORBIKE'. The room is dominated by the display: vintage Kawasaki motorbike, photo of Kafka. The author, looking as miserable as Kafka himself, stands next to a pile of his books, ignored.

Bridget, overawed, hovers on the outskirts of a small group which actually includes Salman Rushdie.

SALMAN RUSHDIE:
is that it only applies to him...

SIMON FROM MARKETING: That doesn't sound like Martin. Not.

Salman smiles at Bridget, trying to include her.
SALMAN RUSHDIE:

: He's staring at Bridget. The group all turn to look at her. Bridget's mind goes blank. But her tone is that of someone who is actually answering the question...

:

BRIDGET:

:

INT. LITERARY PARTY. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

:

Bridget hits herself hard on the forehead.

:

BRIDGET O.S.:

:

She looks up to see Melvyn Bragg glaring at her.

:

INT. LITERARY PARTY. NIGHT.

:

Bridget exits from the toilets. She sees Daniel Cleaver, across the room, talking to Melvyn Bragg and other celebrities. Cleaver's eyes meet Bridget. He smiles. Bridget turns coolly the other way, only to find herself face to face with Mr Fitzherbert, surrounded by several guests.

MR FITZHERBERT:

Road'.

:

BRIDGET:

think it's a rather poor conceit.

:

MR FITZHERBERT:
But I'm sure the author would be interested to hear your views.

Mr Fitzherbert turns to reveal the guest beside him is none other than Ben Okri.

BRIDGET:

A drinks tray passes, and Bridget seizes the opportunity to spin 180 degrees, only to find herself face to face with Mark Darcy, who, from the look on his face, obviously just overheard Bridget's clanger. She's genuinely surprised to see him there in designer suit, looking handsome.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): What are you doing here?

MARK:
colleague.

Mark Darcy stands rigid, clearly hating every minute.

MARK (CONT'D):

BRIDGET:
not to see my favourite reindeer jumper again, but otherwise well. And you?

At that moment, the crowds part and Perpetua arrives, still stuffing her face with canapes...

PERPETUA:

Bridget finally has an opportunity to put Jude's book, 'Making Parties Work for You', into practice.
BRIDGET:
Perpetua...
DISSOLVE TO WHAT BRIDGET WANTS TO SAY:

:  
BRIDGET (CONT'D): ...Mark is a prematurely middle-aged prick with a cruel-raced ex-wife. Perpetua is the old fart arse bag who spends her time bossing me around.

:  
DISSOLVE TO WHAT BRIDGET REALLY SAYS:

:  
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Mark is a top barrister... who comes from Grafton Underwood. (To Mark) Perpetua is one of my work colleagues, and... she's just been gazumped.

:  
PERPETUA:

course.

:  
Bridget looks at him in a new light. She thought he was a nerd. She didn't know he was famous.

:  
At this point, Natasha Glenville arrives. She is sleek and beautiful and not kind. Mark's very intelligent fellow lawyer.

MARK:
Perpetua - this is Bridget Jones - Bridget, this is Natasha. Natasha is a top attorney and specialises in family law. Bridget works in publishing and keeps her mobile phone in the dustbin.

:  

NATASHA:

:  
Perpetua and Natasha, who has just dismissed Bridget as a zero immediately fall into conversation - two posh peas in a pod.
PERPETUA:
gorgeous!

:

NATASHA:
give me time, babe. Give me time.

:
Bridget grabs a drink from a passing tray, then looks up at Mark, who has, after all, just made a joke – but Mark Darcy, meanwhile, suddenly falls silent when he sees Daniel Cleaver checking out the room. He sees Mark, staring at him. Disconcerted, he quickly looks away.

:
Bridget has seen this. She's slightly at a loss now.

BRIDGET:
pep me up for my speech, and I think I saw Salmaaan handing out cocaine.

:

MARK:

:

BRIDGET:
time' etc. Blink and you'll miss it.

:
Bridget turns to walk in Daniel's direction, only to find he has disappeared, and there's no-one to talk to. Behind her, Mark watches, perhaps regretting his remark.

:
INT. LITERARY PARTY. NIGHT.

:
Cut on – Bridget on to little stage in the venue. Mr Fitzherbert and the author next to her. Mr Fitzherbert nudges her to go. There is a microphone mid-stage. She walks up to and stands at it.
BRIDGET:
gentlemen... (the mike isn't working. The crowd talks at full volume. She panics a bit and screams) OI! (Total silence - the whole audience stares at her) Sorry - the microphone's not working. Ladies and gentlemen - thank you for coming to the launch of 'Kafka's Motorbike' - the greatest book of our time. (She looks out - sees a slightly perplexed Salman) Obviously except for your books, Mr. Rushdie - which are very good too. (She keeps looking round - now she's in trouble) As are yours, obviously, Mr Barnes and Mr Amis and Mr Bragg and Nick Hornby and, of course - Mr Okri - particularly the Famished Road - excellent... conceit... but anyway, ahm - what I mean is -welcome to the launch of one of the, you know, top 30, anyway best books of our time... and anyway... here to introduce it properly is... ah the man we all call... ah Mr Fitzherbert. Thank you.

She stands back. Mr Fitzherbert walks over.

MR FITZHERBERT:
switches on the mike, easily) Right...

INT. LITERARY PARTY. NIGHT.

Cut to Bridget later - standing in a corner on her own - totally frozen in horror. Mark, who is talking to Natasha and Ben Okri, sees her...

MARK:
As he move away, Salman approaches him, full of friendship, and slaps him on the back.

SALMAN:
MARK:

:
Salman a bit thrown - everyone asking him about the toilets today - he points, and Mark heads on towards Bridget, then stops in his tracks as he sees Daniel creep up behind her, put his hands on her waist.

:

DANIEL:
masterpiece of oratorical fireworks.

:
Mark Darcy, in the background, stops stranded, watching Bridget and Daniel.

:

DANIEL (CONT'D):
you out to dinner now, whether you like it or not.

:
He gives her one of his wonderful girl-melting looks, promising all sort of delights.

:
INT. LITERARY PARTY. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

:
As Bridget and Daniel exit together, they bump into Darcy.

:

BRIDGET:
executive, and enjoys computer messaging. Mark's a...

:

MARK:

:
Bridget, gobsmacked, watches as he walks away.

:
BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:

: He turns back to look at him - at exactly the instant Mark does the same thing. There's something going on here.

: INT. PONT DE LA TOUR. NIGHT.

: The two of them dining intimately.

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL: Darcy?

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL: on his own. Dreadful shoes. Horrid sideburns. I liked him though. We became friends... (He tails off)
BRIDGET:

of mine. In fact I suspect I dislike him intensely.

DANIEL:

introducing him to my fiancée.

INT. A HOME SOMEWHERE. DAY.

A mysterious, silent scene - the camera represents the viewpoint of a man walking up some stairs. It reaches a door - it opens - and then a sense of confusion - clearly there are two people, naked on the floor of the room - legs - a naked breast...

INT. PONT DE LA TOUR. NIGHT.

DANIEL:

really forgiven him.

BRIDGET:

bastard, as well as a dull bastard.

DANIEL:

another glass of wine and tell me more about practicing French-kissing with
the other girls at school.

Bridget:

Daniel:

EXT. PONT DE LA TOUR. NIGHT.

Lights twinkle on the Thames and Tower Bridge. Bridget and Daniel emerge from the restaurant. A tangible atmosphere.

Daniel:

Funny business. Just full sex.

Bridget:

Get a taxi. But thank you so much for the lovely dinner.

He lightly brushes the hair from her forehead. Bridget hails a taxi that's passing... Then Daniel kisses her. Sexual tension everywhere.

Daniel:

Bridget:

EXT. LONDON STREET/INT. TAXI. NIGHT.

Bridget is recovering from the kiss, half-regretting that she left...
BRIDGET O.S.:

She turns her head to see if she can surreptitiously look back at Daniel...

The taxi stops at a set of lights. Suddenly the door behind her opens and Daniel jumps in.

DANIEL:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Daniel and Bridget snogging. He begins to undress her.

DANIEL:
absolutely enormous pants.

BRIDGET:

She sprints out.

EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE. DAY.

The next morning. Bridget walking up Shaftesbury Avenue. On the neon screens in front of the theatre, we read:

NEON SCREENS:
Close up on Bridget, triumphant.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The next evening. Daniel and Bridget have just had sex again. Daniel flops down beside Bridget.

DANIEL: her cheek tenderly) to put the car in the Citroen garage.

Bridget go to look outraged, when she realises Daniel is laughing. She laughs too. A pause.

BRIDGET:

DANIEL:

BRIDGET:

DANIEL: people write things for us and we print out all the pages and fasten them together and make them into a book.

Bridget giggles.
BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:
in a long-term relationship yet. It started on Tuesday, now it's Wednesday.

:

BRIDGET:
complication. But be honest with me. This is a very, very important question. What do you think of mini-breaks?

:

DANIEL:
of Corby trouser presses and ugly maids?

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:
BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:

our relationship in the context of work. It could put pressure on it. Would it be all right if - and absolutely say 'no' if it worries you - would it be all right if, let's say, once a week, I asked you not to wear any pants to work?

:

BRIDGET:

:

She rolls over on to him and they start wrestle. The phone goes. Bridget answers...

:

BRIDGET:

man between her thighs. Dad. Hi.

:

EXT. RAILWAY. DAY.

:

A hight speed train roars past.

:

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. KITCHEN. EVENING.

:

Dad is going to pieces in some style, sitting unshaven in his vest at the kitchen table with a bottle of whisky. The television is on in the background. Bridget has just arrived with a weekend bag and sat down. She still has her coat on.

:

DAD:

:

Dad picks up the remote control and flicks through the channels.
INT. SHOPPING CHANNEL. SET. DAY.

On TV:
brightly solariumed individual we glimpsed earlier - Julian. He has a deep, mellifluous voice, and his immaculately manicured hands hold a minute ruler to a hideous set of earrings.

JULIAN:
and lapislazuli, in a lovely mock gold finish. The exact replica of those worn at Wimbledon in 1993 by the Duchess of Kent...

MOTHER:
the Royal Household, they're also perfect for day wear...

JULIAN:

BRIDGET:

DAD:
are suddenly an item. Half our friends have had them round to bloody dinner.

BRIDGET:

DAD:
Bridget looks a bit guilty. She didn't convey her suspicions about her mother to her dad.
DAD (CONT'D):

it's better to pretend there's no one else involved? Do they actually believe it's less hurtful to imagine they spontaneously decided they couldn't stand the sight of you anymore?

:

BRIDGET:
or something.

:

DAD:

them with my Black and Decker bandsaw in a sickening suburban bloodbath. She's even bringing Jaundiced Julian the jewellery thief to Una Alconbury's Tarts and Vicars party. That's no the Pam I knew. That's cruel.

:

BRIDGET:
opportunity. If you spend the ENTIRE party flirting with other women, it'll drive Mum wild with jealousy.

:

DAD:

:

The phone rings twice, then goes onto answer-phone. Dad goes to answer it...

:

MOTHER:
sure you're coping! Don't forget - there's a lot of chicken fricassee in the freezer.

:

BRIDGET:

:

Dad nods.
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Rule No 1! NEVER call, and NEVER return calls. Aloof... unavailable. You are the Ice Queen.

Dad's not sure about any of this, especially the 'Queen' bit.


DAD:

Big smile and a nod.

BRIDGET:

EXT. DANIEL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

A beautiful London day.

BRIDGET V.O.:
Having boyfriend is absolute heaven. Of course, there are one or two little lifestyle changes...

INT. DANIEL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Close on an image of a good-looking HAPPY COUPLE punting down the river, looking straight out of a Ralph Lauren ad.

BRIDGET:
inspired John Keats to write 'The Eve of St Agnes'.

: Pull back to reveal Bridget is looking at a mini-break brochure in her flat.

: 

**BRIDGET:**

: 

**DANIEL:**
faith in God.

: Curtains drawn against the sunlight. Empty beer cans, overflowing ashtrays everywhere. Daniel sits on the sofa watching cricket, with his hand down Bridget's top, nibbling nuts.

: On the screen, an English bowler bowls a perfect leg break.

: 

**TV COMMENTATOR:**
they were.

: 

**DANIEL:**

: Bridget's face.

: 

**EXT. HAMPSTEAD LADIES POND. DAY.**

: 

**A pastoral scene:**
grass.

:
Almost all topless - except Bridget, Jude and Sharon sit at the perimeter fence sunbathing in bra and shorts. A Nazi pool attendant is shouting at people to turn off their mobile phones.


JUDE:
of love.


BRIDGET:


SHARON:


TOM O.S.:

Tom is banished by pond regulations to the other side of the fence.


TOM (CONT'D):

Jude and Sharon stare at Bridget. She nods very quickly. At this moment, a girl comes and lies next to them with no top on her bikini.


SHARON:


BRIDGET:


SHARON:
BRIDGET:

JUDE:

TOM:

BRIDGET:

A stranger approaches him.

MAN:

TOM:

JUDE:

BRIDGET:
all.

SHARON:

BRIDGET:
sexy and he doesn't mind that my tum's a bit squidgy. Just you wait – next
weekend we're going to do something really good.

Sharon snorts. You can hear Tom's laughter. Widen again to show that in a square now of 15 girls they are the only ones still wearing bras.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): Oh hell, let's do it.

And in one split second move, all our three remove their bras and lie back down again. Cut.

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY.

Sunshine, blue sky, couples walking arm in arm. A small plane overhead trails the following...

BRIDGET'S DIARY:

INT. DANIEL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Curtains drawn, beer cans, ashtrays. Daniel sits on sofa with Bridget. He's watching rugby, his hand down her shirt, on her left breast.

DANIEL:

Bridget pouts, removes his hand from her front. Daniel doesn't really notice.

DANIEL:
BRIDGET: television. (She grabs the remote control and mutes the sound.) Please talk to me.

DANIEL: Daniel looks puzzled. He moves his mouth as though talking to her and no sound comes out.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): I'm not joking. I've had enough.

DANIEL: among other things, a number of competitive sports. I'm warning you, don't come between me and my rugby.

BRIDGET: basketball...

DANIEL: or something.
DANIEL:
relationship. You wanted us to spend Sundays together - we spend Sundays together. But now it appears we have to go frolicking over hilltops and shagging in creaky four poster beds. I can't win, can I? No matter how hard I try, I won't be able keep up with this desperate mystical romantic agenda of yours, Bridget. (Bridget looking shell-shocked at his outburst.) I think it's time for this.

: Daniel maintaining the tension, dramatically reaches into his pocket, and, like a referee about to show a red card, produces an envelope from his pocket.

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:

:
Bridget looks first at Daniel, then the envelope, picks it up and opens it. Inside she find a brochure and reservation for next week-end at Havershott House.

:
She looks at him guiltily.

:

DANIEL (CONT'D):
frightful nancy-boy Keats to each other.

:
He turns up the volume on the telly.

:

DANIEL (CONT'D):

:
Bridget hugs him tight.
BRIDGET:

stops herself) ...love mini-breaks. But next Sunday is the Tarts and Vicars. I promised Dad I'd go to support him.

Daniel slips his hand back down her front.

DANIEL:

hugs him and loves him.) 'Tarts and Vicars' - Christ, they're a warped generation.

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. DAY.

MUSIC:

Bridget skips out of her flat to where Daniel is waiting by his flash convertible, holding the door for her. Radiant, she greets Daniel with a kiss, gets in the car.

EXT. SUSPENSION BRIDGE. DAY.

An aerial of the car on a suspension bridge swoops into Bridget's face. Bridget's hair streaming in the wind. The perfect scarf and dark glasses bridge shot. She tips her head back to feel the wind, at which point, the glasses fly off her face. And the scarf too.

EXT. HOTEL DRIVEWAY. DAY.

Bridget and Daniel head from the car towards the hotel entrance. On the hotel terrace: a wedding party is in progress. Pictures going on with everyone posing - lots of bridesmaids in hideous orange dresses.
INT. HOTEL RECEPTION. DAY.

Bridget and Daniel go to the reception desk. Bridget has Edward Scissorhands hair.

DANIEL:
Seems very quiet here. Are we the only guests?

RECEPTIONIST:
just four of you not involved.

Bridget hears a voice she recognizes.

NATASHA:

She turns. It's Mark Darcy and Natasha, returning from a walk outside. Natasha stays by the door to organize tea with a waiter.

BRIDGET:

She is, amongst other things, aware of her hair.

MARK:
rockery?

BRIDGET:
MARK:
make it a not entirely wasted weekend.

DANIEL:
I'll see you upstairs in a minute.

Mark and Bridget left looking at each other.

EXT. HOTEL LAKE. DAY.

On the lake, in a rowing boat, Mark and Natasha. They look straight out of a Ralph Lauren catalogue, sensibly clad.

NATASHA:
they made on August 30th.

MARK TRIES TO LISTEN - WHAT HE SEES: On the other side of the lake, Bridget and Daniel are in two boats racing. Much laughter and 'Here I come' from Daniel. Daniel catches her.

DANIEL:

He steps off his boat as it draws level and as he does so, it tips and he falls in. Bridget laughs in delight.

Back in Mark's boat.

NATASHA:
MARK:

INT. HOTEL. SUITE. EVENING.

Chintz, four-poster. Daniel and Bridget in hotel bathrobes watching snooker with curtains drawn. His hand is down her front...

DANIEL:

He reaches for his cigarettes, pocket is empty.

BRIDGET:

cigarettes.

BRIDGET:

He grins, gets off the bed, pulls on his clothes.

DANIEL:

INT. HOTEL. CORRIDOR. EVENING.

As he walks along the corridor, three bridesmaids in bridesmaids dresses sprint past him, chased by a man in dressing gown.
CHASING MAN:

:

ONE BRIDESMAID:

:

CHASING MAN:

:
She keeps on running.

:
EXT. HOTEL. STEPS. EVENING.

:
Daniel comes out, opening the pack of cigarettes, lighting up, inhaling deep... A few wedding guests walk by him. He flicks open his mobile phone.

:
Mark Darcy is coming up the steps.

MARK:

:

DANIEL:

:

MARK:
lucky to have you at its helm.

:
Silence. These two really don't like each other. Mark walks away. As he does, a 14 year old bridesmaid comes up behind Daniel.

:
YOUNG BRIDESMAID: Excuse me.

:

DANIEL:
YOUNG BRIDESMAID: You don't by any chance have any cocaine on you, do you?

DANIEL:

YOUNG BRIDESMAID: That's okay. She turns to join an 11 year old usher who emerges from behind a pillar.

YOUNG BRIDESMAID (CONT'D): Nah...

INT. HOTEL. SUITE. NIGHT.

Pitch darkness.

BRIDGET:

DANIEL:

BRIDGET: countries.

DANIEL:

BRIDGET: desk and ask them to call the police and arrest you.
DANIEL: today.

BRIDGET: doesn't mention it more in speeches. 'Come to Britain, visit Buckingham Palace, see the Changing of the Guard and do unspeakable things in bed to each other without having your hands cut off.'

DANIEL:

BRIDGET:

DANIEL:

BRIDGET:

DANIEL:

EXT. HOTEL. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT.

Cut outside the hotel again. Sound of laughter. Maybe the married couple still dancing out in the moonlight.

EXT. HOTEL. SUITE. DAY.

Next morning. Bridget slowly wakes from a blissful sleep. Languidly stretches out to touch Daniel, but finds an empty space in the bed beside
her, where he ought to be. She sits up with a start, fearing the worst...


WHAT SHE SEES:
dressed and he's been waiting for her to wake up.


DANIEL:


BRIDGET:


DANIEL:
some figures.


BRIDGET:
pleads) We could just pop in to the party, leave early...


Bridget stares at him.


DANIEL:


Little pause.


BRIDGET:
out and say it...


He stares at her.
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Because I don't see what could be so important.

:

DANIEL:
don't have the faintest bloody idea of just how much trouble the company is in. (She stares at him.) The company has been losing money in the UK. This meeting isn't a case of 'blah, blah, have you heard the one about Salman and the snake' - it's bottom line stuff. The Americans have flown in, that's how serious it is. We could all be shut down tomorrow.

:
She can't speak.

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:

:
Daniel sight, crosses to her, puts his arm around her.

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:
arrange for a car to collect you from the party, take you back to town. If you have to travel alone - travel in style.

:
She allows him to comfort her.

:

DANIEL (CONT'D):
competition.
EXT. ALCONBURY'S HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

Daniel drives up in the convertible, kisses Bridget goodbye. She steps out. She is now perfect in the bunny outfit.

DANIEL:

He watches as she walks up the driveway. She can feel his eyes on her, gives him a cute wiggle of her tail.

EXT. ALCONBURY'S HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY.

Julie London's 'FLY ME TO THE MOON' is playing on the hi-fi. A buffet is laid out on the lawn. We recognise many of the guests from the Turkey Curry Buffet. There is one of the three Blue Velvet relatives, Hamish, who always seem to stand in exactly the same position.

Bridget, the rabbit, makes an entrance. It is immediately apparent that she is the only guest wearing fancy-dress. People gawp at her, and for a brief moment, a kind of hush descends.

UNA ALCONBURY:

BRIDGET:

UNA ALCONBURY:

you telephone Colin and Bridget?

GEOFFREY ALCONBURY: (Looming up drunk) How's my little Bridget? (Squeezing her tail) Parp, parp.
UNA ALCORBURY:

GEOFFREY ALCORBURY: Well, I got one of those ruddy answerphone thinghummies. So, where's this chap of yours, then?

BRIDGET:

GEOFFREY ALCORBURY: Ha! A likely tale. Off they run – weeeeh!

Bridget looks around and sees Mark Darcy and Natasha, both looking immaculate, standing with Mark's Mum and Dad. They inspect Bridget.

BRIDGET:

Geoffrey Alconbury continues to fuss embarrassingly over Bridget in her bunny costume.

NATASHA:

MARK:

Slapping Geoffrey Alconbury's hand away from Bridget's tail, Bridget's Mother - looking like Judith Chalmers and wearing so much Home Shopping Channel jewellery she glitters like a chandelier - bears down on Bridget, Julian in tow.
MOTHER:
common prostitute.

:

BRIDGET:

:

MOTHER:

:

BRIDGET:

:

JULIAN:
lovely bracelet. What I call an all-rounder. The sort of thing you can wear with anything, to any occasion. And aren't those sapphires a lovely finishing touch?

:

BRIDGET:

:

MOTHER:
trying to flirt with Penny Husbands-Bosworth. Poor thing - she got very frightened. She's only just had her ovaries done.

:
Bridget looking a little guilty here... Mum and Julian spot someone and drift away. As they go...

:

JULIAN:

:

MOTHER:
EXT. ALCONBURY'S HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY.

Bridget walks towards Una Alconbury standing by the barbecue, helping Mark Darcy to two plate-fulls. Bridget freezes, turns 180 degrees, but Una has spotted her...

UNA ALCONBURY:
the only one. This is Penny. Geoffrey didn't get in touch with her either.

UNA ALCONBURY:
It's the same 'Penny' whose name Bridget's Dad forgot at the Turkey Curry Buffet.

PENNY:

UNA ALCONBURY:
either to tell you that the Tarts and Vicars concept had got out of the window.

PENNY:

UNA ALCONBURY:

Penny, who was definitely worn something a little too fruity for someone of her age, moves off unhappily.

UNA ALCONBURY:
Bridget. What's his name? David? Darren?
Hearing the name, Mark Darcy turns.

MARK:

UNA ALCONBURY:

She winks Bridget.

MARK:

BRIDGET:
your past behavior.

Mark looks incredulous, wounded.

MARK:

BRIDGET:
NATASHA:

Natasha sweeps across the lawn.

NATASHA (CONT'D): Your mother was just telling me about how she met your father. Aren't they lovely.

Mark is taken away, leaving unfinished business with Bridget. Bridget stands alone.

She notices a swirl of smoke coming from behind one of the topiary hedges.

She looks behind and finds her Father, sitting on an ornamental toad stool, dressed as a vicar. She approaches him.

BRIDGET:

He shakes his head.

DAD:

Sitting alone in a corner is Bernard, the terrible relative, dressed in full regalia as the Archbishop of Canterbury. Bridget notices that her father's been crying.

BRIDGET:

DAD:
BRIDGET:
temporary glitch.

DAD:
someone and you feel some sort of combination of lust and tenderness and
call it love, and then you marry them and find out what they're really like
and what you're really like and either you come to feel a mixture of
contempt and loathing and fear, or, if you're lucky, something more like
rueful camaraderie... and basically you have two choises; to go through the
whole caboodle again with someone else - or you settle for the one you've
got, and hope to trudge together towards the grave with some vestige of
dignity. And that was what I was hoping for, you see, before this. Bit
ruddy optimistic it would seem.

BRIDGET:

BERNARD:

BRIDGET:

BERNARD:

SHIRLEY:

SHIRLEY:

EXT. DANIEL'S FLAT. STREET. DAY.
Bridget rings on the buzzer. For a long beat, there is no answer. She rings again. Finally, Daniel looks out of the window. Bridget waves. She sends the car away. He disappears.

\[
\text{DANIEL:}
\]
you in the pub in five minutes.

\[
\text{BRIDGET:}
\]

\[
\text{BRIDGET:}
\]
like a big rabbit. I'd really like to see you.

\[
\text{Silence. Then...}
\]

\[
\text{DANIEL:}
\]
The door is buzzed open.

\[
\text{INT. DANIEL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.}
\]
Daniel opens the door to Bridget. Papers, spread-sheets spread out everywhere, evidence that Daniel has been hard at work.
DANIEL:
go home, have a long hot bath with lots of soothing oils in it and I'll call round later for dinner...

BRIDGET:

DANIEL:
Bridget's face brightens. It's a good idea. Then suddenly, O.S. a SOUND, as if someone is moving around in the next room.

BRIDGET:

DANIEL:
in, without telling me.

BRIDGET:
confused about everything suddenly. My Mum is dating Roger Moore - my Dad has turned from my Dad into my, I don't know, son or something - suddenly it's time for me to take care of my parents. And every time I sit down my tail goes ever so slightly up my bottom.

DANIEL:
bottom. But as you can see - I have got a lot done. In fact, I wouldn't
mind another hour.

BRIDGET:
know last night when I said that I loved you - I didn't mean it. I was being ironic.

DANIEL:

She kisses him tenderly. As she walks to the door, she stops in her tracks.

WHAT SHE SEES:
draped around the arms of a chair.

DANIEL (CONT'D):

Bridget turns, goes back into the flat, opens the bathroom door. Daniel covers his face with his hands.

INT. DANIEL'S FLAT. BATHROOM. DAY.

IN THE BATHROOM:

DANIEL:
Lara, this is Bridget.

LARA:
They just stare at each other.

LARA (CONT'D):

EXT. LONDON. STREETS. DAY.

A totally dazed Bridget, walking through the streets. Total silence.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. HALLWAY. DAY.

She lets herself into the flat.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Bridget sits in the bath crying.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Bridget, on the couch, watching TV. 'Fatal attraction'.

GLENN CLOSE:

A few minutes later.

Cut to the film again - Glenn rises from the bathtub with a knife in her hand. Bridget clicks off the TV using the remote.
Pause. She picks up the phone and dials, starts to talk. Cut round the various answer machines - in 3 different locations.

:

BRIDGET:

:

INT. TOM'S FLAT. PHONE. DAY.

:

Each flat characterised in miniature round the phone - the ansaphone clicks on.

:

BRIDGET O.S.:

:

INT. JUDE'S FLAT. PHONE. DAY.

:

An answerphone again...

:

BRIDGET O.S.:

:

INT. SHARON'S FLAT. PHONE. DAY.

:

Answerphone again.

:

BRIDGET O.S.:

cut between the three machines) and utter King of Fuckwittage. Call me. Please.

:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

:
She is looking massively unwilling to go in to work. She finishes a cigarette and stops by a newsstand to light another one.

: Buys a paper for consolation. She opens it up to a big news feature - 'Aging Working Women - Empty Nests - Barren Wombs.' Oh God.

: INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

: Perpetua, as usual, is on the phone.

: PERPETUA:

: Bridget glances over at Daniel's office. The door is closed, but through the glass you can see that a meeting is in progress. Mr Fitzherbert and Lara are present. Lara is leaning over Daniel's shoulder, pointing to figures on a spreadsheet. Daniel is clearly loving it until he catches Bridget's eyes.

: INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

: Bridget is typing listlessly. Suddenly Daniel is there.

: DANIEL:

: INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. DANIEL'S OFFICE. DAY.

: As Bridget enters Daniel's office, Perpetua looks up knowingly and perhaps worried for Bridget. She knows something's awry with these two. Bridget pretends to be totally oblivious to the situation. She has a clipboard on her knee.

:
BRIDGET: 
campaign. Had various local radio bids for author interviews.

:

DANIEL: 
Lara and I - well, you know...

:

BRIDGET: 

:

DANIEL: 
people of a certain age looking for the moment to commit and finding it really hard. And I think in the end it's got to be something extraordinary, something which makes us go that extra mile - and, well... I think Lara and being American and something to do with confidence and being so, well, young, you know...

:

BRIDGET: 

:

DANIEL: 

:

BRIDGET: 

:

Then in slowly dawns on her that this isn't the case.

:

BRIDGET (CONT'D): Oh, Silly Bridget. You haven't only just met her.

:

DANIEL: 
New York Office.
BRIDGET:

DANIEL:

be the first to know that we're engaged.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

BRIDGET back at her desk. Frozen. The phone goes. She picks it up, like an automaton. As in a Rock Hudson/Doris Day movie, the screen may be split for these phone conversations.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. MARKETING OFFICE. DAY.

SIMON FROM MARKETING: Hello, Bridget - it's Simon from Marketing.

BRIDGET:

SIMON FROM MARKETING: I've just heard that Danny boy's engaged - no wonder he's looking so chipper - just wanted to be the first to say 'Congratulations.' Well done, babe, really hit the jackpot.

BRIDGET:

She hangs up - the phone goes again.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. SALES OFFICE. DAY.
DAVE FROM SALES:
just told me. (Mock Italian) Congratulationees - who would have thought you'd make it as the Great Cheesess - good on you, sister.

:

BRIDGET:

:
She hangs up. Phone goes again. Bridget answers.

:
INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. DESIGN OFFICE. DAY.
GREG FROM DESIGN: Bridget - it's Greg from Design.

:
BRIDGET:
helpful for me to point out that Daniel's not marrying me - he's marrying some blonde bitch from Brooklyn whose pubic hair is the colour of coal - so you better tell everyone that the next person who rings me I will personally castrate.

:
GREG FROM DESIGN: Oh right. Sorry. Gotta run.

:

BRIDGET:

:
The phone goes again. She picks it up and talks straight away.
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Right - you son of a bitch. Get your fucking facts straight - I'm not getting married - on the contrary, I'm going off to a pet store to buy an alsatian to eat me later this evening.

:
INT. MICHAEL'S FLAT. PHONE. DAY.

:
Half the screen is now filled with Michael 'Teddies Knows Best'.
MICHAEL:
wondering what sort of response you're getting to the Teddy Knows Best
teaser campaign?

:

BRIDGET:

:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

:
Bridget, sitting alone, half way through a bottle of vodka. She rings the
friends again, trying to joke through the despair.

:

BRIDGET:

:
Once again, we cut round between the machines.

:

ANSWER MACHINES:
of suicide in manner of Marilyn Monroe. (Back to Bridget's flat: we see the
actions of the next 4 lines, while her answering machine voice continues.)
Will finish this rather nice bottle of vodka. Then decide which pills to
take. Not to worry about me as vodka is raspberry flavoured and therefore
at moment of death will still be getting recommended daily amount of
vitamin C.

:
Bridget puts down the receiver and dissolves into tears.

:

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. EVENING.

:
Cut to a mysterious hand putting a plug in a socket. Place uncertain - but
inside.

:
Bridget stares at the carpet. She goes to her photo box and begins picking out photos of her with previous boyfriends.

Mysterious hand leads flex to plug in a second plug into a plug fourway.

Bridget again. Looking at the photos. Tears plopping down her cheeks. The photos all reveal a pattern. There is a tendency in each one for her to be happier than the boys are - she's hugging one. She's fooling around on a beach with another - while the boyfriend in shades looks reserved. She's a girl who loves her boyfriends. Can't help being herself.

Walking feet drag unrolling red round flex-holding thing along a night-time road.

Bridget again.

Extent of rolling flex thing ends. A plug is put into the red flex thing. And then a smaller plug is placed into the side of something black.

Back to Bridget. She suddenly hears the sound of a slightly tacky 80s style synthesizer... it begins to play a tune she doesn't recognize. Then the song itself starts - beautifully sung, though it has to be said, not perhaps as impossibly high as the original Eddie Holman version:

TOM:
heart like new, Hey there Lonely Girl, Don't you know this lonely boy loves you!

By this time Bridget has looked out into the street - and there in the light cast by a street lamp is Tom. It is his first public performance for a decade. He wears a sharp black suit.

He then introduces his backing singers.
TOM (CONT'D):

Out of darkness, Jude and Sharon appear and sing, not very tunefully into the mike...

JUDE AND SHARON:
Each time you pass my way...

TOM:
again) Oh how I long to take your hand, And say don't cry, I'll kiss your tears away, your tears away.

By this time, a crowd is gathering and most of the windows in the street have been thrown open and people are watching.

Tom whacks his way through the high pitched chorus. And comes to an end. Bridget is grinning with glee - suddenly someone shouts.

TOM'S FAN:

TOM:

This cry is taken up by everyone - 'Painted Lady! Painted Lady!' - and suddenly camp Tom can't resist the cry of the his so-long-denied public.

TOM (CONT'D):


And kicks straight into the famous opening chords of eighties classic 'Painted Lady', as memorable as those opening bars of 'Tainted Love'.


INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

It's now the end of a long drunken night. They've clearly sorted out the world and are saying good-bye at her door.

BRIDGET:

TOM:

women in their 30s - together forever.

SHARON:
dysfunctional - especially you Jude - but it's a bit like a family, isn't it?

BRIDGET:

SHARON:

JUDE:
and gets us out of this bunch of sad losers.

SHARON:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.
BRIDGET O.S.: 

She tips over.

Blackness. Snoring. Then more blackness. Then birds, then sounds of normal life. Then a snippet of a song. Then...


More Blackness. Sound of the Easteders theme tune and lots of other recognizeable TV theme tunes - American and British. Then sound accelerates - like the end of Day in the Life of Sergeant Pepper, with little fragments of stuff.

After the longest black screen in the history of the cinema...

BRIDGET O.S.: 
careful in future.

Cut to see Bridget pulling the diary out from a crack in the sofa. She then goes back to watching the television - a trashy game show.

BRIDGET V.O.: 
romantic vacuum, will throw myself into work in manner of Elizabeth I and Hillary Clinton. Have decided to work in television. Always preferred it to books anyway - everyone knows E.R. is great and Ben Okry is a boring arsehole. V. commited. V. optimistic.
INT. INTERVIEW BOARD # 1. DAY.

INTERVIEWER V.O.: Why do you want to be in television?

BRIDGET:
up-to-the-moment in-depth news and political agenda.

INTERVIEWER V.O.: What do you think of Bill Gates?

BRIDGET:

INT. GYMNASIUM. DAY.

MUSIC. IT'S A SHAME by Detroit Spinners.

Bridget and Sharon on exercise bicycles, side by side. Bridget is cycling so slowly, the wheels are barely turning.

BRIDGET:
out?

SHARON:

Pause - they both roar with laughter. The first sign of recovery.

BRIDGET:
SHARON:


INT. INTERVIEW BOARD # 2. DAY.


INTERVIEWER 2 V.O.: Why do you want to be in television?


BRIDGET:
They are the future.


INTERVIEWER 2 V.O.: Do you have any children of your own?


BRIDGET:


INT. GYMNASIUM -DAY.: Cut on to 3 hours later. A very hot Bridget is still on the cycle. It's night-time. She's totally alone in the big room.


GYM PERSON:


BRIDGET:


She steps off the machine and collapses, her legs completely defeated by 6 hours cycling.


INT. INTERVIEW BOARD # 3. DAY.


RICHARD FINCH V.O.: Why do you want to be in television?


BRIDGET:

RICHARD FINCH V.O.: Go on then...

BRIDGET:
and glamorous and because I've got to leave my current job because I've shagged my boss.

Cut round for the first time to see the interviewer - Richard Finch. Big, round diamond - a great bully with a great sense of humor. Pause. A set behind him says 'Sit Up Britain'.

RICHARD FINCH:
go...

Huge smile from Bridget - she's on her way. Finch stands and walks away - then turns back - he has an important point to explain...

RICHARD FINCH:
ever gets sacked for shagging the boss. That's a matter of principle.

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY.

Perpetua bustles through the office on her way to her own ringing phone. Bridget is sitting at her desk typing away. She's ignoring MESSAGE PENDING.

Daniel is on the phone, but looking out at Bridget.

PERPETUA:
what you're doing. Very important announcement! (Dramatic announcement to entire office - they all look up) We have bought Drayton Gardens. It is ours!


: DANIEL:
Keep up to date with your e-mail will you, Jones?

: She checks the computer.

: BRIDGET'S COMPUTER: Your silent hauteur is driving me insane. We need to talk. Please come into my office. Cleave.

: INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. DANIEL'S OFFICE. DAY.

: DANIEL:
recently...

: Bridget remains silent.

: DANIEL (CONT'D):
- swept away by hope I suppose. But - well, the grisly truth is... I'm suddenly not quite so sure...

: BRIDGET:

: DANIEL:
dinner, perhaps. Incredibly expensive - to punish me. Or, of course,
Kentucky Fried Chicken - to punish me. What do you think?

: 
Pause. Bridget's face. Inscrutable.

:

DANIEL (CONT'D):

:
He gets up and closes the door behind her.

:

BRIDGET:
complicated with lovely Lara - I'm pretty familiar with how perplexing the ups and downs of love can be.

:
He's pleased.

:
BRIDGET (CONT'D): But I think I'll give dinner a miss, because the reason I came in here was in fact not to rake over our sordid past, but to hand in my notice.

:
She hands him an envelope. Her notice.

:

DANIEL:
but there's no need to leave.

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:

:

BRIDGET:
leaving in about... 3 minutes.
DANIEL: you but I think by contract you're expected to give at least six weeks notice.

BRIDGET: trouble, you wouldn't really miss the person who just fannies around with press releases in a see-through top.

Bridget get up to leave. Daniel is left speechless as she opens the door, to find Perpetua has been listening.

DANIEL:

BRIDGET:

Perpetua moves up next to Bridget.

PERPETUA: going to fire her bony little bottom anyway for being totally spineless.

BRIDGET:

DANIEL: prospects here for a talented person... (The marketing department - led by
Simon - all four guys who rang about the engagement - have just turned up for a meeting.) Just give me a minute Simon...

SIMON:

DANIEL: reasons has been slightly overlooked professionally.

Bridget think for a while.

BRIDGET: staying here means working within 10 yards of you, frankly I'd rather have a job wiping Saddam Hussein's ass.

Cut to Daniel secretary - very happy: Simon and his guys holding in their amusement - the music is beginning to swell.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): (To Perpetua) Thanks for calling my bottom bony, by the way.

PERPETUA: just bought, so I should know.

Everyone else is now really loving this.

BRIDGET: you.

Everyone turns to look at Daniel. Bridget marches out of the office to
triumphant music. Cut back to everyone watching Daniel.

DANIEL:

INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. ELEVATOR. DAY.

On the second floor. Mr Fitzherbert is standing there alone. The lift door opens. There is Bridget - he gets in and stands there nervously.

BRIDGET:
afternoon. I'm leaving.

MR FITZHERBERT:
miss you.

Pause.

BRIDGET:
with each other, Kenneth. It's not me you'll be missing. It's these, isn't it?

She just opens her jacket. He blushes beetroot red.

EXT. FIRE STATION. STREET. DAY.

Chaos as an outside broadcast TV crew set up for a live broadcast. Among the crowds of crew and production staff, we pick out Bridget, standing beside a uniformed Chief Fireman.
INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION GALLERY. DAY.

Richard Finch sits in front of a bank of monitors, with the live images from Lewisham fed onto one screen.

RICHARD:
are on fire! We've got live fire station feeds from Newcastle, Swansea, Sheffield, and Lewisham just poised for tragedy.

On the screens:
microphones, doing sound-checks.

RICHARD (CONT'D): Bridget Jones. Where is she?

Bridget step forward.

BRIDGET:

RICHARD:

BRIDGET:
meet my Mum and Dad for lunch...

RICHARD:
got. I'm thinking mini-skirt. I'm thinking fireman's helmet. I want you pointing a hose and I want you sliding down a pole, then go straight into the interview.
BRIDGET:

: INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. CAFÉ. DAY.

: Bridget has just sat down with her Mum and Dad.

:

BRIDGET:

:

BRIDGET'S DAD:

:

BRIDGET'S MOTHER: Daddy's right. Let's just have a sandwich. I think I spotted some nice egg and cress.

:

BRIDGET:

:

BRIDGET'S MOTHER: Well, the truth is, little Pooh, Daddy and I have decided to file for a divorce.

:

Bridget shocked, looks at her Dad. The bottom has fallen out of his world, but he's putting on a brave face.

:

BRIDGET'S MOTHER (CONT'D): The problem is... Daddy fell in love with someone else.

:

BRIDGET'S DAD:

:

BRIDGET'S MOTHER: When your father and I came together, he loved a very different Mummy. I've changed and so as he. We don't want the same things
anymore.

Dad just shakes his head.

BRIDGET:

BRIDGET'S DAD:

ginger gigolo.

BRIDGET'S MOTHER: Daddy!

BRIDGET'S DAD:
rather taken aback by Dad's new anger.) And don't try to pin this on me - I love you and always will - you're leaving, and... that's the end of it. Don't try to fool Bridget, or me... or yourself that's any other way.

Mother and Father just look at each other. It's a moment of truth - 30 years of each other, and now this. Then Mum recovers.

BRIDGET'S MOTHER: Well Colin - a fine time to show you've got a bit of backbone for the first time in your life.

BRIDGET:

EXT. FIRE STATION. POLE. DAY.

Bridget is poised at the top of the pole, ready to slide down into shot, where the Chief Fireman waits for her. A stage manager, holding his ear piece, is waiting over-excitedly to cue her...
STAGE MANAGER:
Fireman Bevan. Yup. Yup. Go, go, go, go, GO!

Bridget lets go of the pole and starts to slide down.

STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D): (Holding ear-piece) Oh, no! We're going to firefighters in Newcastle first. Climb back up! Stand by. On you in 30 seconds.

INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION GALLERY. DAY.

RICHARD:
go, go, GO! Oh, for fuck's...

On the monitor, Bridget is climbing up the pole.

RICHARD (CONT'D): Neville, what the fuck is she doing! She's meant to be sliding down the fucking pole, not climbing up it.

STAGE MANAGER:

RICHARD:

Bridget freezes, panicked, then slides back down the pole, falls over and looks to camera.

BRIDGET:
we have time for in Lewisham. So thank you Chief Officer Bevan. Excellent fire station. Now, back to the studio.
INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION GALLERY. DAY.

Richard Finch, head in hands, rocking, but when he looks up, he's laughing.

INT. DANIEL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Daniel smiles and turns off the TV.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

The same bit of footage on the telly. Bridget watches it - rewinds it. Watches it again.

BRIDGET O.S.:
daughter of broken home. Am useless at all things.

She opens her diary.

BRIDGET V.O.:
The only thing worse than a smug married couple - lots of Smug Married Couples.

INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. EVENING.

Bridget with Magda. In the kitchen - pictures by the kids are blue-tacked everywhere.

MAGDA:
and Jane. And Julia and Michael.
Three smug married couples, all in their pairs.

Bridget flinches and is about to reply when, fortunately, the doorbell goes.

Magda opens the door to reveal a man we've never seen before, with a crowd coming up behind him.

Back in the kitchen - Magda introduces Bridget.

Mark enters a little late. Bridget is clearly shocked to see him. And he to see her.
BRIDGET:

MARK:

NATASHA:

BRIDGET:
occasions.

MAGDA:
Jeremy's going to arrive.

INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Along the table. Magda, endless couples, boy/girl, boy/girl, boy/girl - and Bridget.

COSMO:

BRIDGET:

Bridget looks embarrassed. Mark Darcy, has overheard this... and is straining to hear Bridget's reply.

COSMO:


BRIDGET:

now, or one in three?


MARK:


At which moment Jeremy comes in...


JEREMY:

(Bridget catches his eye.) Eat on, eat on.


COSMO:

- fine physical specimens, but they just can't seem to hold down a chap.


WONEY:

Yes, why are there so many unmarried working women these days, Bridget?


CUT TO WHAT BRIDGET WANTS TO SAY:


BRIDGET:

milch cow, and because if I had to cook old Chubby Chop's dinner, then get in the same bed as him just once, I'd tear off my own head and eat it.


WONEY:


WHAT BRIDGET ACTUALLY SAYS:
BRIDGET:  
underneath our clothes, our entire bodies are covered in green scales.

:  
People laugh - but there's a gap which Mark Darcy strives to fill.

MARK:  
to wait.

:  

NATASHA:  
to me that a good marriage is like a well-planned merger. (She seems to glance a little towards Mark during this.) Both parties bring something to the table, both negotiate, both make little concessions - and what emerges is more than the sum of the parts...

:  
Mark Darcy continues.

:  

MARK:  
is... (Getting a bit near his emotions) We tend to think we're failures... unless we rush headlong into marriage. Perhaps if we, you know, waited - found out what we really wanted... there might not be two lives in ruins... so often. As we lawyers find.

:  
This brings the conversation to a halt. Alistair, the other partner, hastily taps his glass and proposes a toast.

:  

ALISTAIR:  

:  

COSMO AND HUGO:  

:  

JEREMY:
Yes. Well. Ten years. I don't think any of us realise what a major step it is when we do it - committing your whole life to just one person.

He puts his hand on Magda's, looks at her, soulful.

MAGDA:

She gently slips her hand aside.

MAGDA (CONT'D):
or, you know, what's the point of being in the world? And there are times when you just think Christ... this was all a terrible, terrible mistake...

You could hear a pin drop in the silence in the room.

MAGDA (CONT'D):
great rush of love just as you're clearing up some sick, or wiping a bottom, or something, and you think - this extraordinarily beautiful creature, we made him together, we did that... And you can forgive and forget all the other things... which aren't quite right...

She sort of stops - and sort of covers his hand again. Bridget knows she knows.

BRidget:
(Concentrating on Magda) my beautiful friend. Thank God you are married - because if you were still single, nobody would ever give plain girls like me a second glance. (Pause) Bitch...

Pause - then Magda laughs, as does everyone and the tension is broken. Bridget knows how to be good friend.
INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Bridget is getting her coat. Darcy on his way down the stairs approaches her.

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:

BRIDGET:

a complete idiot every time I see you. And actually, you don't need to bother. I already feel like an idiot all the time anyway - with or without a fireman's pole.
At that moment the doorbell goes.

:  
BRIDGET (CONT'D): That'll be my taxi. Good night.

:  
She goes to turn away. He touches her arm to stop her.

:  

MARK:

:  

BRIDGET:

:  

MARK: elements of the ridiculous about you... your mother's pretty interesting... and you do have a tendency to let what's in your head come out of your mouth without much consideration of the consequences...

:  

BRIDGET: smoking. Like a chimney.

:  
Mark winces, as he remembers...

:  

MARK: unforgivably rude and wearing a reindeer jumper that my mother gave me the day before... but the thing is... what I'm trying to say - very inarticulately - is that in fact, perhaps against appearances and situations - I like you very much.

:  
Pause.

:
BRIDGET:
drinking, the vulgar mother and the verbal diarrhoea.

:

MARK:

:
He stares at her. She stares back.

:

BRIDGET:

:
The doorbell rings again and Natasha suddenly pops in. The spell is broken.

:

NATASHA:

:

MARK:

:
He turns away and heads back to the dinner party, leaving Bridget standing.

:

BRIDGET:

:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

:
Lush music. Bridget, the girls and Tom are watching the very end of UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME, where the hero walks down the platform, looking for the heroine. The whole dialogue might be voice over the French footage.

:

JUDE:
BRIDGET:

: sake! But then he said he liked me... 'Just as I am'.

: The final seconds of UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME. He sees her. She sees him. They kiss. It freezes. The whole background goes white. Cut back out to the friends - all of whom are staring at Bridget, who is staring at the screen, unaware of the effect her last line has caused...

: BRIDGET (CONT'D): God, that's good.

: TOM:

: Bridget nods. For once in her life, Sharon is lost for words.

: JUDE:

: bigger breasts and a slightly smaller nose?

: Bridget just shakes her head.
SHARON:

:
Pause, taking in everyone. Her dark stranger may have turned up.

:

TOM:

:

BRIDGET:

:
But now she's not so sure.

:
INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY.

:
At the office - Bridget is sitting trying to look busy.

:

:
Enter Richard Finch.

:

RICHARD:
the Aghani Heaney case is expected today. Get yourself down to the High Court. I want a hard-headed interview.

:
From Bridget's utterly blank expression...

:
RICHARD (CONT'D): You do know the Aghani Heaney case?

:

BRIDGET:
someone called Aghani Heaney.

RICHARD:

BRIDGET:

RICHARD: The Government want to extradite him home, where he'll certainly be executed – she's married to him and they fought to save him for 5. Today's the decision.

BRIDGET:

BRIDGET:

EXT. HIGH COURT. STREET. DAY.

3pm. Outside the High Court. A huge CROWD of photographers and news hounds. Among them, Bridget.

BRIDGET O.S.:
longer ask what my job can do for me – remorselessly dedicated to what I can do with my job for truth and justice.

She opens a pack of fags, and – horror – finds it empty. Bridget looks
towards the Court House door. No sign of activity. Pause. Then...

BRIDGET:

CAMERAMAN:

SOUND MAN:

BRIDGET:

OTHER CAMERAMAN:

A gang is beginning to gather around Bridget.

INT. NEWSAGENTS. COUNTER. DAY.

In the shop, an exasperated shopkeeper fiddles with coins as Bridget is reading from a huge list.

BRIDGET:

Orange Solero, and I owe you 14p for the Mars Bar and pack of Wheat Crunchies...
MALE VOICE (DARCY): Packet of Marlborough Lights please.

Bridget bristles in irritation, then spins around.

BRIDGET:

She tails off, make a weird noise. Standing in front of her is Mark Darcy all dressed up in his barrister outfit.

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:

She blurts without thinking...

BRIDGET:

MARK:

BRIDGET:

Mark is about to explain, but at that moment the cameraman appears in the shop's doorway followed by the sound man.
CAMERAMAN:
and gone.

BRIDGET:

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:
interviews. Look, she's out in my car...

BRIDGET looks out to see Eleanor Heaney put her head out of the car window, and shout:

ELEANOR:
Bridget and Mark exchange a glance.

MARK:

INT. INN OF COURT. LARGE CHAMBERS. DAY.

Eleanor Heaney and Kafir Aghani giving exclusive interview to Bridget. They are in a huge empty court-room. He's a beautiful looking Eastern man. Mark Darcy sits beside them.
BRIDGET: delighted.

MARK: criminal. Her only crime was to fight for 5 years, in every way she possibly could, to save the man she loves. To reject their case - now that would have been a crime.

Bridget is momentarily enraptured by the passion in Darcy's voice, then shakes herself out of it, turns to the camera...

BRIDGET:

fancy Kafir the first time that you saw him?

INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION OFFICE -DAY.

A television screen - full frame. Bridget stands beside Richard Finch in the crowded offices, watching the interview on TV.

BRIDGET:

KAFIR:

Bridget nods, blushes and turns to camera.

BRIDGET:

let's face it, a bit of a crush actually now. Good afternoon.
Richard Finch hits the TV. It clicks off.

RICHARD:

Bridget looking very pleased with herself.

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. DAY.

MUSIC:

Bridget rushing to her flat. With four big colourful cook-books under her arms and 4 bags of groceries.

BRIDGET V.O.:
Celebrating by preparing feast of the century for Shaz, Jude and Tom, in manner of 5 star cookery wunderkind, with name like Marco or Raymond... (Her stride takes on a skip.) 7.00 prepare Grand Marnier souffles. 7.10 marinade caper berries for caper berry 'gravy' to go on tuna. 7.20 make frisee lardon frizzled caruso bollocks thingy. 7.30 remove all pants from radiators.

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Bridget prepares stock for dinner party.

BRIDGET:
and celery together with string. (Out loud) String... string...

As she opens kitchen drawers, rummages in the chaos therein. Finally
locates a ball of festive blue string.

: 
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Perfect.

: 
INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

: 
BRIDGET (CONT'D): (Reading from recipe book) Finely slice oranges and grate zest.

: 
She sighs, pick up heap of thirty-six oranges.

: 
INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

: 
Everything seems to be going smoothly until... Bridget's shriek as the food processor spins out of control, sending mashed potato everywhere. She reaches for the Grand Marnier, gulps straight from the bottle.

: 
BRIDGET:

: 
She opens the fridge, begins emptying its contents onto the floor.

: 
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Where the fuck is the fucking tuna...? (Mimicking interview) This is Bridget Jones for 'Sit Up, Britain', searching for tuna. (Then, suddenly remembering) Oh Crikey, Jesus. No. No. 'This is Bridget Jones remembering where she left the tuna.'

: 
The phone rings. Bridget snatches it.

: 
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Hello - Bridget in a genuine crisis - only talk to me if you're in the middle of a suicide attempt.
MUM V.O.:
chat.

:

BRIDGET:
birthday.

:

INT. PHONE/SET. NIGHT.

:
Mum on phone. Intercut between them.

:

MUM:
all that birthday stuff now, aren't you.

:
Bridget's mortified face.

:

MUM (CONT'D):
believe her bad luck.) thing is, darling - between you and me - I'm not entirely sure that Julian isn't something of a shit and I thought since dating shits is rather your area of expertise you might be able to offer some advice.

:

BRIDGET:

:

MUM:
in St Kitts for Christmas.

:

BRIDGET:
MUM:
still full of surprises – why the other night, quite unexpectedly, I was just dozing off and I felt this huge thing...

BRIDGET:

She hangs up. And instantly the entryphone rings.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): Oh God – what time do you call this.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. DOORWAY. NIGHT.

Bridget opens the door.

BRIDGET:

It's Mark Darcy. He is holding an excellent bottle of white wine. For a long beat, neither of them says anything.

MARK:

Mark is taking in her half-dressed, frazzled appearance, and the fact that there are strands of mashed potato hanging from her hair.

MARK:

affairs.
He produces a copy of the Evening Standard - then tails off as he notices a table laid with plates, candles, etc.

:  

MARK (CONT'D):  

:  

Pause as Bridget stares at him.

:  

BRIDGET:  

sodding bus.

:  

MARK:  

:  

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.  

:  

In the kitchen, Mark is helping to sort the carnage out. He is stirring the soup.

:  

BRIDGET:  

:  

MARK:  

:  

BRIDGET:  

:  

MARK:  

food...
BRIDGET:

:

MARK:

:

Bridget surveys the carnage around here.

:

BRIDGET:

:

MARK:
glances at the recipe book) Orange Parfait in Sugar Cages. Here, have a drink.

:

He find two glasses, pours the wine, and touches glasses with her.

:

MARK (CONT'D):

:

BRIDGET:
your lawn naked?

:

MARK:

:

BRIDGET:

:

MARK:
There is a pause. Odd little intimate moment.

BRIDGET:

Mark looks around at the various unappetising dishes.

MARK:
end. And for the main course you have... congealed green gunge.

BRIDGET:

MARK:

She nods.

MARK (CONT'D):
With caper berry 'gravy'.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Cut to Bridget and Mark working together, breaking and beating eggs.

MARK:
you?

Bridget looks puzzled.
BRIDGET:

In a tiny moment one friend manages to pull a face meaning, 'what's going on?' - Bridget returns with an 'I don't know'.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Mark looks to Bridget.

BRIDGET:

Mark, Sharon, Jude and Tom are seated around the table. Everybody stares at the soup, which is blue - then look at Bridget, who dares them to say a
They are policing his attentions to Bridget. Like parents.

Tiny pause - is he going to be sensitive about it?

MARK:

JUDE:

BRIDGET:
courses to go.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Cut to 40 minutes later - they're all eating the chewy orange pudding.

TOM:

SHARON:

JUDE:
TOM:
of blue soup, omelette and marmalade. That's worth drinking to. (Raising a
glass) To Bridget, who can't cook, but who we love - just as she is...

EVERYBODY:

Close on Bridget. She is exchanging looks with Mark - he looks back at her - suddenly there is a chance of happiness... And then suddenly - at exactly that moment...

The ring of the bell. Everybody looks quizzically at Bridget. She shrugs: I don't have a clue.

JUDE:

When she reappears, she stands in the doorway.

BRIDGET:

Jude steps aside to reveal Daniel, a little bit tiddly, holding a bottle of Champagne. Mark gets to his feet.

DANIEL:
you here?

Daniel look at Darcy, then Bridget.
DANIEL (CONT'D):
have guessed. And you must be Sharon. Not at all what I expected. And Jude - I'm told I should fear you because you are dangerously clever.

TOM:
meet you at last.

DANIEL:

Bridget walks off into the kitchen. Daniel follows.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Daniel and Bridget are in there alone.

DANIEL:
thinking what a fucking idiot I've been. Christ - is that blue soup?

BRIDGET:

DANIEL:
hotel, that wedding, meeting your parents... I just panicked. (He seems genuine.) You know me. I'm a terrible disaster with a posh voice and a bad character. You're the only one who can save me, Bridge. I need you. Without you, twenty years from now I'll be in some seedy bar with some seedy blonde.

BRIDGET:
DANIEL: that I hadn't got over you.

Bridget holds her head... unsure what to believe.

DANIEL (CONT'D): promise you, every time I see that skimpy little skirt on TV, I just shut my eyes and listen to all the intelligent things you're saying. I was thrilled that nice little Kurdish was set free. (Bridget smiles) Bridge... I've missed you a lot.

BRIDGET:

He's leaning towards her to kiss her.

WHAT BRIDGET SEES: over Daniel's shoulder, Mark, standing in the doorway.

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:

DANIEL: put the past behind, don't you, Darce?
Darcy doesn't say anything. Daniel puts his arm around Bridget.

DANIEL (CONT'D):
Bridge.

On Mark.

MARK:

He clatters down the stairway. He doesn't look back. He walks straight out of the downstairs front door without closing it.

Bridget runs to the window and sees Mark, striding away down the street. She comes back - they stare at each other - is this the moment all is resolved... Bridget thinks hard - then...

BRIDGET:

There's a knock on the flat door. Bridget goes to it and opens it: it is Mark.

MARK:

DANIEL:
pistols? Or my sword?

Mark walks out - Daniel shrugs his shoulders.
EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. NIGHT.

Mark is waiting. Daniel comes out.

MARK:

DANIEL:

MARK:

He hits Daniel hard in the face - Daniel falls, totally shocked.

DANIEL:

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Bridget, Jude, Sharon and Tom are crowded around the open window.

TOM:

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. NIGHT.

They all tear into the street as Daniel gets up.

DANIEL:
MARK:

And he hits him again.

DANIEL:

Tom races into the Greek restaurant a few doors down the street. The girls all tear into the street as Daniel gets up.

INT. GREEK RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Tom bursts inside.

TOM:

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. NIGHT.

The waiters pour out into the street. Mr Ramdas also there. Daniel struggles to his feet - hands in the air.

DANIEL:

second here, just let me get my breath back, okay...?

He sits down on the little wall outside Bridget's flat - then surreptitiously takes one of the metal dustbin lids and whacks Mark hard.

TOM & WAITER: Cheat! Cheat!
Mark, stunned, buckling at the knees, struggling to remain upright. The fight goes on dramatically in the background.

TOM:

SHARON:
American...

JUDE:

BRIDGET:
broken-hearted.

TOM:

INT. GREEK RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

The fight near the restaurant. Mark tackles Daniel - they fall into the restaurant. Daniel falls on to a table - it knocks over someone's salad.

DANIEL:

They both get off the floor. Daniel leaps back forward, and whoops Mark in the stomach. Mark falls back and knocks over a whole table.
MARK:

:

DANIEL:

:

MARK:

:

He punches him again. At which moment, two waiters emerge holding a birthday cake, and move towards a table at the other side of the restaurant.

:

WAITERS:
stops - even Mark and Daniel try to join in.) Happy Birthday dear... schjuju... (As usual, no-one knows the name of the birthday boy - a 14 year old boy in suit and tie, there with his parents.) Happy Birthday to you!

:

Everyone applauds. And then Daniel turns head down and charges Mark - and the two of them smash right through the window and outside on to the street again.

:

EXT. GREEK RESTAURANT. STREET. NIGHT.

:
Then Mark lands Daniel a very violent punch. There is a sickening thud as fist hits face.

:
Bridget reacts. As Daniel lies, unconscious, Bridget runs across to him. She looks up at Mark, foxed by his alarmingly violent behavior.

BRIDGET:

:

MARK:

:
BRIDGET:
and helpful in the kitchen, but you're just as bad and as mad as the rest of them.
Mark stares down at the scene.

MARK:
was clearly mistaken.

:

BRIDGET:

:

MARK:

:
Close on Bridget watching as Mark walks. From behind the her, the sound of mumbling...

:

DANIEL:

together. Me, you... and the poor little skirt.

Bridget takes this in. Once again, it's just the sex, isn't it.

:

BRIDGET:

:

DANIEL:
can't make it with anyone.
She looks at him and considers.

BRIDGET:
to gamble my whole life on someone who isn't quite sure. And loses fights. At least one of us is still looking for something much more extraordinary than that.

And she walks away slowly.


EXT. GRAFTON UNDERWOOD. HIGH STREET. DAY.

'Ding, Dong Merrily on High', sung church singers in Grafton Underwood High Street, with snow falling around them...

It's a touching Xmas scene. Perfect Little England.

BRIDGET O.S.:
Alcohol - incalcuable. Cigarettes - fuck of a lot. All irrelevant. Because am now going out with...

EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE. DOOR. DAY.

A small group of carol singers, one adult and 2 little children are chirruping expectantly outside the Jones' door.

BRIDGET O.S.
INT. BRIDGET'S PARENT'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY.

Inside Bridget and Dad, curtains drawn against the world, sit in front of two televisions. They are surrounded by Fray Bentos tins and TV Dinner cartons. A box of mince-pies sits on Bridget's lap - she has had eleven - in her hand is the final, twelfth one. An opened bottle of Bayleys at her side, beside an empty bottle of red. The Val Doonican Show is blasting out... in competition with the noise of the carol singers.

DAD:

Bridget passes Dad the fags and an overflowing ashtray.

Dad lights up his fag, flicks channels in a distracted fashion... and lands at the HOME SHOPPING CHANNEL, where Julian, is selling a matching bracelet, pendant, earring set. Mother sits beside him.

INT. SHOPPING CHANNEL. SET. DAY.

JULIAN:
of mine, with its unique feature incorporating the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel's Messiah, every hour on the hour.

It plays the chorus.

JULIAN (CONT'D):

Julian toast Mother. She gives a slightly nervous, slightly unhappy smile to camera. We sense that all is not well there. Bridget and Dad look at each other. Dad clicks off the TV.
BRIDGET:
clean - but better. Come on - a toast... to singleton wherever they may be.

DAD:

They toast - cut round Sharon/Jude/Tom, all of them singletons with their families.

INT. JUDE'S PARENTS' HOUSE. DINING ROOM. DAY.

JUDE'S DAD:
is one hell of a bonus - more than I earned in my whole career.

They turn to toast Jude. She bursts dramatically into tears.

JUDE:

INT. SHARON'S PARENTS' HOUSE. DINING ROOM. DAY.

SHARON'S MUM:

SHARON:

INT. TOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE. DINING ROOM. DAY.
TOM'S DAD:

having Christmas without your girlfriend.

TOM:

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENT'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

Bridget in her pyjamas. She takes off her Christmas hat and kisses her Dad good night.

AT THAT MOMENT the key goes in the door.

Bridget and Dad turn to see Mother standing sheepishly in the doorway. Dad turns, unable to believe his eyes. Mum looks at him. Their eyes meet in an apologetic, nervous first smile.

MOTHER:

is firmly in the air. If you're expecting a tail between the legs, then I'll just trot on off again.

DAD:

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENT'S HOUSE. STAIRS. NIGHT.

LATER. Bridget is sitting at the top of the stairs in her pyjamas like a child listening to Mum and Dad in the sitting room...

MOTHER:
such a lovely normal color. And he had a filthy temper. And then I realised that I was making the same sort of decision Bridget always makes – choosing the flashy chaps, while the nice chaps never get a look in. And although the jewellery is fabulous, and really very reasonably priced, I thought I might ask the nice chap if he'd... take me back. Obviously with some effort on his part to pay a bit more attention to me. I do know what I'm like sometimes, but it doesn't help that you and Bridget have your lovely grown-up club of two and always saying 'what's silly old Mummy gone and done this time.' You know, you used to be mad about me. You couldn't get enough of me. What do you think?

DAD:
It's been very hard.

MOTHER:

Pause. He can no longer hide the fact he's just pretending. Huge smile. The first time we've seen him happy in the whole story.

DAD:

She does.

DAD (CONT'D):

There is a silence. Bridget cranes her neck round the stairs. Mum and Dad are hugging each other. She's pleased – but worried.

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENT'S HOUSE. TOP OF THE STAIRS. NIGHT.

Bridget writing the diary.
BRIDGET O.S.: That's the glory of, that's the story of love...

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

The following morning. Bridget comes down the stairs in her nightie, very much the worse for wear, to find Mother in a large, wide-brimmed hat and Dad dressed in a suit and tie. It's as if they're going to the Royal Garden Party.

MOTHER:

BRIDGET:

MOTHER:
be there... He's (taps nose/knowing) still divorced!

BRIDGET:
I'm not going.

MOTHER:
Japanese wife left him on Christmas Day. Cruel race.

BRIDGET:
ON BRIDGET:

INT. A HOME. DAY.

The same scene as before - the camera coming up the stairs - the legs - the naked people - but this time the camera moves up whips around - and it shows Darcy - HE was the man coming up the stairs - then cut to the girl, lipstick-smeared, Japanese - then Daniel - he was the guilty one.

MOTHER (CONT'D):

wedding - and then Christmas Eve, Mark comes home early from work and finds the pair of them in a most unorthodox position, stark naked, at it like rabbits... with the telly on, watching football...

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENT'S HOUSE. DAY.

Back on Bridget. Everything has now fitted into place.

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. NIGHT.

FLASHBACK:

MARK:

was clearly mistaken.

BRIDGET:
MARK:

INT. BRIDGET'S PARENT'S HOUSE. DAY.

BRIDGET:

She runs upstairs to get changed.

And comes straight down - looking devastating and modern.

MUM:

BRIDGET:

MUM:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. PARENT'S CAR. DAY.

Bridget father is driving at a fatherly pace.

BRIDGET:

Father stops. Bridget gets out.
MOTHER:

Bridget opens the door on her father's side.

BRIDGET:

FATHER:

BRIDGET:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. PARENT'S CAR. DAY.

The Jones car just speeding along, Bridget at the wheel.

EXT. DARCY HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

A manor house on the edge of town. Not big enough to be a 'Hall' nor naff enough to be called 'The Willows'. But assured. Comfortable, with a large gate. The kind of place you'd find a retired Major reading his 'Wisden', but not the Prince of Wales, which is how everyone is behaving.

INT. DARCY HOUSE. DINING ROOM. DAY.

All the usual suspects are there: Geoffrey and Una Alconbury. Penny Husband-Bosworth, all grimacing and giggling awkwardly at one another, as uniformed caterers waft trays of salmony thingies under their noses. Geoffrey is already very far gone on the free Champagne.

Bridget's Mum and Dad enter holding hands, lighting the room, quite indecently satisfied. Mum sees Una and Geoffrey. Big grin.
Bridget freezes. Mark approaches. He is beautifully dressed apart from a hideous Pooh Bear bow-tie. His eyes meet Bridget's.

MARK AND BRIDGET SIMULTANEOUSLY: So...

Awkward pause – and then Natasha approaches.

NATASHA:
father wants to begin very soon.

NATASHA:
screwed up – does nothing work outside of London?
BRIDGET: about Daniel. He said you ran off with his fiancee. Broke his heart, he said.

: 

MARK: :


: 

MARK: :

BRIDGET: They move into a slightly odd private place - under the stairs or something amongst coats. She talks very fast.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): There's something I have to say. You once, unexpectedly, said that you liked me as I was - something no bastard boyfriend has ever done - and I just wanted to say that... well... likewise, you know - you wear stupid things your Mum buys you - tonight's another classic - you're haughty and you always say the wrong thing in every situation and I think you should rethink the length of your sideburns. But you're a nice man and I like you... and, well, whatever - you know my address and if you drop by soon, it would be nice. More than nice.

: 

MARK: :

: Long pause. Neither of them know what to say. Both just about to speak when... Mark's father hits a glass with a spoon. It's a toast.

MARK (CONT'D):
BRIDGET:

He walks away.

MARK'S FATHER:

quite a lot in this day and age and I've been blessed for 40 years with a dear wife and companion, Geraldine. A toast to her. My wonderful wife, Geraldine.

GUESTS:

MARK'S FATHER:

Mark. He has always made us proud - and we couldn't be prouder of him than on this particular day. Because I'm thrilled to announce that he has just been invited to be a senior partner in the firm of Abbott & Abbott in New York. He leaves by Concorde on Tuesday and so - surprise surprise - this is also a farewell party from him. (Mark looking shy - Bridget very shaken.) He also, incidentally takes with him his brilliant partner in law, Natasha - and don't think they'll mind, since we're amongst friends, if I say that some day this remarkable, clever girl is going to be something else in law as well.

A real gasp from everyone - that turns into applause, and a bit of shouting. Cut to very smug Natasha - and very abashed Mark.

MARK'S FATHER (CONT'D): So I ask you now to charge your glasses once again to... Mark and his Natasha!

Before anyone can take up the toast, a lone voice cuts through.

BRIDGET:

INT. DARCY HOUSE. DINING ROOM. DAY.
FANTASY:

Mark, Natasha, the Darcys, Bridget's Mum and Dad, the Alconburys go into their usual fantasy slo-mo.

BRIDGET:
marrying some posh girl who's just been waiting and pounced at the right moment. It's the classic 30-something compromise - marriage as merger. Please, please. Get the fuck out of it now!

We then cut back to Bridget - she hasn't said any of this.

GUESTS:

Through the cries of 'Mark and Natasha'/'Natasha and Mark', we see Bridget, thinking about what she has just imagined - what she'd like to say - she screws up her will for the single most important time in her life, and, this time for real, starts again:

BRIDGET:

This time of course everyone really reacts, in real time - everyone turns to stare: Mark, Natasha, the Darcys, Bridget's Mum and Dad, the Alconburys. BRIDGET (CONT'D): It's just that it's the most terrible pity - for England - to lose such a great legal brain - and for... the people of England, people like you and me, to lose... one of our top people. Our top person really. It's a real... shame. Not to mention the fact that - incidentally - Mark - I love you. Sorry. Needed to be said though. Better dash - got another party must go to - lots of single people - mainly poofs. So... byeee...

Deathly silence. Bridget turns and makes for the door - and just trips on the carpet as she goes.
BRIDGET (CONT'D): Whoops.
Cut back to Mark and Father - and Natasha - totally perplexed.

: INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAY.

:

MONTAGE:

:
Bridget on the train: head leant miserably against the train window - in the style of Anouck Aimee in the final scene of UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME. In fact, the haunting strains of the UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME music can be heard.

:
EXT. ST PANCRAS STATION. PLATFORM. DAY.

:
At St Pancras Station: shot from behind, as in the original film - a man walks along the platform looking for someone. Bridget gets off the train - walks towards him - and past him - he hugs a woman behind her and Bridget simply heads on up to the platform - there is no hero waiting for her.

:
EXT. SKY. DAY.

:
A Concorde flies through the air - possibly even taxi-ing in to New York airport.

:
INT./EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. HALLWAY. DAY.

:
She lets herself in. She picks up her diary - crosses out the words 'Bridget Jones' Diary' and writes 'The Diary of Bridget Jones - Spinster and Lunatic.'

:
INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. ARRIVALS. DAY.

:
Mark and Natasha just emerging having picked up luggage and done customs etc. She calmly slips her arm through his as they head through. Waiting for
them holding a sign saying Mark and Natasha is a very smartly dressed young man - clearly a keen junior lawyer from the firm.

BERNARD:
specially chosen red tie) I am your red carpet. The name's...

: INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

: She looks out the window - it starts to snow.

: BRIDGET:

: INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

: A long glass corridor - Bernard is now pushing their luggage.

BERNARD:
impressed by your work Mark - and yours, Natasha. Human rights is absolutely key stuff at Abbott & Abbott. Although, you know - not that it matters to you Brits I know - but I should tell you, this is also a VERY profitable firm you are moving into - to say that all the partners are more than millionaires would be an understatement.

: MARK:

: He stops dead.

BERNARD:

: MARK:

:
BERNARD:

:

MARK:

:

BERNARD:

:

MARK:
something... behind.

:

BERNARD:

:

MARK:

:

NATASHA:

:

MARK:
ah... London, in fact.

:

BERNARD:

:

MARK:
no, quite... heavy. Look, you just head on and I'll...

:
Looks up to check TV above saying 'Departures.'
MARK (CONT'D):
an arse – and Natasha is really 'superb' – just 'superb'. And, to be honest, (to her) better off without me.

:

BERNARD:
Abbott. Are you sure about this, Mark?

:

MARK:

:
He kisses Natasha quickly on the cheek, then turns and simply sprints down the long glass corridor away from them.

MARK:

:
INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

:
She is writing in her diary. Her voice speaks calmly over it.

:

BRIDGET V.O.:
thinking of song by country and western girl with big hair and too much mascara – 'I never will marry – I'll be no man's wife – I expect to stay single – For the rest of my life.'

:
The doorbell goes. Bridget freezes. It rings again. A glimmer of hope goes through her eyes as she moves towards the door.

:
She picks up the entryphone.

:

BRIDGET:
TOM, SHARON AND JUDE: Hi - it's us.

:

BRIDGET:

:
Cut to them arriving.

:

TOM:

:

BRIDGET:

TOM:
Paris for the weekend. Forget about everything - particularly, forget about Mark Darcy.

:

JUDE:

:

BRIDGET:
Buffet.

:

TOM:
heirlooms and whip you up in his arms, then sod him.

:

JUDE:

:

SHARON:
but has he ever actually stuck his fucking tongue down your fucking throat?
BRIDGET:

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. NIGHT.

Bridget is being very quiet in the corridor - while the others flap around outside and begin to put things in the car.

TOM:

SHARON:

The friends are now all packed tight in the little car. Bridget stands on the steps. With cold little fingers, she searches in her bag for the keys, can't find them. She pours the contents of her bag onto the pavement.

BRIDGET:

Tears begin to plop down her cheeks.

Suddenly, the camera changes focus and there, on the opposite side of the street - like a stalker, or a ghost - is Mark Darcy, standing beside his car, watching her. Still dressed in exactly the clothes he wore at the airport.

TOM:

Sharon nudge him in the car - and points - all three of them turn - and see Mark - he doesn't see them seeing him - he continues to look just at Bridget. They stare at him open-mouthed. Bridget finds the keys.
BRIDGET:

She locks the door and turns. And there Mark is. They look at each other. Then he walks slowly across the street.

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:

BRIDGET:

MARK:
know if you were available for Bar Mitzvahs and christenings as well as Ruby Weddings? Excellent speech.

BRIDGET:

MARK:

something back home.

BRIDGET:

MARK:
BRIDGET:

: He moves to kiss her...

: BRIDGET (CONT'D): So you're not going to America?

:

MARK:

:

BRIDGET:

:

MARK:

:

He moves to kiss her again: but just doesn't make it, because there is a tremendous tooting and hooting from the now very fogged up car down the street. And lots of shouting - 'Hooray', 'Hooray', 'That's my girl'.

:

MARK (CONT'D):

:

BRIDGET:

:

He moves to kiss her again.

SHARON:

:

BRIDGET:

:
INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Mark and Bridget are entering from the snow.

BRIDGET:
with you in a minute. Keep yourself busy - read something. Lots of very high quality magazines with very useful romance and fashion tips.

She goes out of the room. Mark looks over all the copies of Hello and Red and Cosmopolitan. Then his eyes light upon her diary. She'd been warned! He reaches to pick it up.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Bridget is changing from big pants to little knickers.

BRIDGET:
up her skirt to remove the big pants she was wearing.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Meanwhile Mark reads a bit of the diary... we see what he reads - with increasing horror as he flicks the pages...
WHAT THE DIARY SAYS: 'Mark is a prematurely middle-aged prick' - 'I hope he dies of a heart attack and they find he wasn't wearing clean pants' - 'A real geek' - 'I dislike him intensely.'

MARK:
He closes the diary quietly, and walks out the door.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Bridget is halfway through changing. Perhaps now has on her top half only. She hears the heavy slam of the door. She rushes out, and sure enough...

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

...No one's there. She looks out the window and sees Mark walking away. It is still snowing. She opens the window and shouts out.

BRIDGET:

He doesn't hear - or won't hear - as he strides down the street. She looks at the diary. Reads the words 'utterly hateful boring snob'.

BRIDGET (CONT'D): Oh shit. (And has to decide what to do.) Oh double shit.

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

She charges down the stairs.

EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET. NIGHT.

Bridget in bare feet and legs sprints out into the snow past Mr Ramdas and a couple of Greek waiters.

BRIDGET:

WAITERS AND RAMDAS: Good luck, crazy girl.
She reaches the main street - turns a corner.

:  
EXT. HIGHT STREET. NIGHT.

:  
It is snowing. Bridget turns on to the main high street. She can't see Mark. Then up ahead she sees Mark turn the corner. She runs after him.

:  
EXT. STATIONARY SHOP. NIGHT.

:  
Bridget staring wildly around her. Suddenly Mark emerges from the shop, which has a constant flow of very respectable middle-aged ladies. He looks at the under-dressed shivering Bridget in the snow.

BRIDGET:  
it - but I was stupid you see, so I didn't mean what I meant... (Pause.) For Christ's sake - it's only a diary - and it's common knowledge diaries are just full of crap.  
Pause.

MARK:  
buying you a new one. Time to start again, perhaps.

:  
Total joy - she jumps up on him - arms right around his neck, feet in the air - and hugs him.

MARK (CONT'D):  

:  
And then they kiss. It lasts a genuine amount of time. They split apart - Bridget is a little breathless - and confused.

:  

BRIDGET:  

:  

MARK:  


Both smile - both know the future is full of strange delights.

TITLE MUSIC - THE EXPLOSIVE VERSION OF 'WHEN I MET MISS JONES'.

EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE. GARDEN (1960'S). DAY.

Home Movie Footage shows Bridget Jones, 4 years old, tormenting Mark Darcy, 8 years old. The setting is Bridget's parents garden - swing, slide, paddling pool - and Bridget is clearly crazy about Mark: hugging him, trying to kiss him, mugging at the camera. Mark seems mortified, constantly trying to get away. In the background their parents, in outrageous 60's clothes.

At the paddling pool, Bridget takes off her clothes and walks back to Mark. He looks uncomfortable - but then smiles and kisses her. Baby Bridget radiantly happy - Mark not unhappy. Freeze.

THE END.