BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY

SCREENPLAY BY

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BRIDGET

#022

SHOOTING DRAFT
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A1 EXT. LONDON. VIEWS - DAY A

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.

A2 EXT. BRIDGET'S STREET - BRIDGET A

A3 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. SKYLIGHT WINDOW - DAY A

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

1 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
Fuck a duck.

As she crawls out of bed....

BRIDGET V/O
New Year's Day. Another year gone. O God. Everyone else has mutated into Smug Marrieds, having children - plop! plop! plop! - left, right and centre. And I'm still going to bad parties.

2 SCENE DELETED

3 SCENE DELETED

4 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 & 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.

5 SCENE DELETED

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

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

BRIDGET O.S.
Have made big decision. This year will take total 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.

BRIDGET JONES'S 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 Ist. 9 stone 5. Alcohol units - 35 (ouch!) Cigarettes 22... (she crosses out the '2' and makes it '3' - '32') Calories 5424 - shouldn't have finished that guacamole.

BRIDGET V.O.
Not time in short credit sequence to demonstrate all 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...

6A INT. BRIDGET'S BATHROOM. INT. /EXT 6

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

6B INT. BRIDGET BEDROOMS. DAY. 6

BRIDGET O.S.
...and, crucial I believe, will always throw 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.

BRIDGET

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
Yes, don't worry, Mum - I'll be there.

She hangs up.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Very bad start.

She instantly takes the cigarette out of the ashtray.

7 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
Happy New Year, Bridget.

BRIDGET
Thanks Mr Ramdas - how's your wife?

MR RAMDAS
Still dead.

BRIDGET
O yes - that's right. Sorry. Still sorry. Still - Happy New Year!

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CONTINUED:

MR RAMDAS
Thank you, sweetheart.

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

Snow falls on the road snow 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.
All in all, will develop inner poise, and sense of 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
Fuck.

BRIDGET V/O
Doesn't matter - giving up anyway, of course.

8A INT. ENTRANCE TO ST PANCRAS STATION - DAY. 8

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

BRIDGET V.O.
Will also not be paranoid about being overweight and 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
What a lovely, caring person.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Yes. Shame about the thighs.

HOMELESS MAN
Yeah, she could lose a stone or two. Thanks, Chubbs!

8B INT. ST PANCRAS STATION. MAIN CONCOURSE - DAY 8

Bridget walks on through.

(CONTINUED

8B CONTINUED: 8B

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

8C INT. ST PANCRAS STATION. PLATFORM - DAY. 8

Bridget continues to walk.

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.

9 SCENE DELETED

9A SCENE DELETED 9

10 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY. 1

CUT TO on the train. BRIDGET is writing in her DIARY in her tight scrawl.

BRIDGET
V. important - will not fall for any more of the following: 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...

(CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: 10

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.

CUT TO:

11 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 1

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
....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.

12 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - NIGHT 1

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)
"Can't liiiiiiiiiiiiive if living is without you - can't liiiiiiive..."

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

BRIDGET
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...

12A INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY. 12A

Bridget stops writing and looks up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: 12

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 mention mentions of blow-jobs and nobs up back bottom etc.

13 INT./EXT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - DAY 1

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
O! There you are, Tigger. For heavens sake, where have you been?

14 INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. STAIRS - DAY 1

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
(to mother)
Doilies, Pam? Hello, Bridget.

MOTHER
Third drawer from the top, Una. Under the mini-gherkins.
(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 heaven's sake.

From Bridget's blank look..

MOTHER (cont'd)
You remember Mark. You used to play in his paddling pool? He's a barrister. Very well off.

BRIDGET
No. I don't remember.

MOTHER
Beetroot cubes and stuffed olives are in the garage fridge.

UNA ALCONBURY
Righto Pam.

BRIDGET
And I want you to stop right there - I may be single, but I will not, repeat not be reduced to being match-made with the dreadful children of your awful friends.

14 CONTINUED: 14

Mother just looks at her blankly - and continues.

MOTHER
He's just back from America. Divorced last Christmas. Wife was Japanese. Very cruel race. Now what are you going to put on?

BRIDGET
(indicates what she's wearing - nice modern outfit)
This.

MOTHER
Don't be silly, Bridget - you'll never get a boyfriend if you look as though you've just wandered out of Auschwitz. Go upstairs & I've laid out something lovely on your bed.

BRIDGET

15 INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - DAY 1

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 has a 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
Hello Hamish, ... Shirley... Bernard.

Then GEOFFREY ALCONBURY, 60, looms at her side, a Bruce Forsythe shuffle in his step...

GEOFFREY ALCONBURY
Here she is. My li-tel Bridget!

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

BRIDGET
Hello, Uncle Geoffrey.

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

BRIDGET O.S.
Uncle Geoffrey....well not really my Uncle. Someone who insists I call him Uncle while he stares at my breasts and asks 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..

(CONTINUED

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

DISSOLVE TO:

WHAT BRIDGET WANTS TO SAY:

BRIDGET
Mind your own business, you horrid, horrid, nosey, shiny old man with an almost permanent erection. I don't ask you how your marriage is.

GEOFFREY ALCONBURY (O.S)
How's your love life?

BRIDGET

DISSOLVE TO:

WHAT BRIDGET ~~REALLY SAYS~~:

BRIDGET
Super, thanks, Uncle G.

GEOFFREY ALCONBURY
Still no feller then? I don't know.

UNA ALCONBURY
You career girls! Can't put it off for ever you know. Tick tock! Tick tock!

BRIDGET
Hello, Dad.

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
(face lights up)
Hello, Darling.

Bridget's DAD introduces the woman..

Ah, this is... do you know, I'm terribly sorry, I've known you for forty years and I've completely forgotten your name..

PENNY
It's Penny.

DAD
That's right, of course it is. Darling Bridget - this is... sorry, it's gone again.

PENNY gives him a terrible look and walks off. Bridget smiles..

(CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2) 15

BRIDGET'S DAD
Your mother's trying to fix you up with some 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 DARCY. 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.

BRIDGET

MOTHER
Come on. Why don't you see if Mark fancies a gherkin?

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

MOTHER (cont'd)
Mark! Here she is!

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

MOTHER (CONT'D)
You remember Bridget? She used to run round your 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
No. Not as such.

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

BRIDGET
Can I tempt you with a gherkin?

MARK
No, thanks.

MOTHER
Bridget works in publishing, don't you Bridget?

BRIDGET
I do... indeed.

(CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (3) 15

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

UNA ALCONBURY
(to Bridget's mother)
Come and look at your gravy, Pam! I think it's going to need sieving.

MOTHER
Of course it doesn't need sieving. Just stir it, Una!

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

MOTHER (cont'd)
Of course! I'll be right there! Sorry - lumpy gravy calls!

BRIDGET

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
Publishing. Have you read any good books...lately?

BRIDGET
Um...The Famished Road, by Ben Okri.

MARK
Ah, yes. I read that when it first came out.

BRIDGET
All the way through?

MARK
Mmm. Don't you think it's a rather poor conceit?

Bridget stares at him.

BRIDGET
Erm...Well, not too poor. Actually I'm only on page 3. 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?

You been staying with your parents over New Year?

MARK
Yes. You too?

(CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (4) 15

BRIDGET
No. Sorry. I was at a party in London last night, so I fear 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.

New Year's Resolution to drink less. And stop smoking.

MARK
Ah.

Looking at her drink and fag.

BRIDGET
And keep New Year's Resolutions. And stop talking total 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 reindeer, that's my theory.

MARK
Perhaps it's time to... eat then.

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

BRIDGET
(muttering to herself)
Ah - so that's why Bridget isn't married yet. She repulses men.

16 INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - DAY. 1

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

MARK'S MOTHER
There'd be no harm taking her number. Apparently she lives just around the corner from you.

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

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.

(CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED: 16

BRIDGET
Yummy. Turkey curry. My favourite.
(THEN INTO V/O, STILL SMILING BROADLY)
Oh, God. Oh God. Oh Jesus. Even dumped divorcee wearing reindeer sweater thinks I'm horrible. Am destined to die alone.

17 INT. PARENTS' HOUSE. TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT 1

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

BRIDGET O.S.
(in her diary)
And be found three weeks later, wearing a shower cap and half-eaten by Alsatians.

Her Mum calls from downstairs.

MUM V/O
Darling - come on down and join in the post-mortem.

18 SCENE DELETED 1

19 INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' SITTING - NIGHT. 1

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
Thought it went very well, didn't you?

Dad grunts.

MUM (cont'd)
I thought we might invite the Alconburys over tomorrow to chew it over.

Dad grunts again.

MUM (cont'd)
I thought we could make them into a lasagne and eat them

More grunt

Then I thought we could invite Penny Husbands-Bosworth and have a sado-masochistic orgy.

19 CONTINUED: 19

DAD
Yes. Very good evening. Lovely turkey curry.

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

19A INT. PARENT'S HOUSE. STAIRS - NIGHT 19A

Back to Bridget surveying this desultory scene, perplexed...

BRIDGET O.S.
V. complex - life grisly because of lack of love, which, when found, also grisly.

20 EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - DAY 2

MUSIC. 'IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR'. SLY & THE FAMILY STONE.

Music: IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR. Great big 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 other Bridgets, at the old ladies in housecoats with shopping trollies - at happy couples holding hands. What will become of her?

20A EXT. BOND STREET - DAY 20A

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

BRIDGET V.O.
Still - not to despair. Am thrusting, modern independent women, with good prospects, good job, good brain, and famously nice nipples. Surely eternal happiness must be round the corner.

21 SCENE DELETED 2

22 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 2

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
Morning.

PERPETUA
Morning. I need that 'Kafka's Motorbike' release by 11.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: 22

PERPETUA (cont'd)
(BACK TO THE PHONE) Describe it to me, Gavin - big dining room - good! - plum ruched curtains with a floral frieze - very good indeed...

BRIDGET
Right.

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
Happy New Year, Brenda.

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

The phone rings

BRIDGET
Hello. Publicity

JUDE O.S.
(sobbing into phone)
.....all I asked/ I only asked?..if he wanted to come on a mini-break to Paris.

23 INT. JUDE'S OFFICE - DAY 2

Jude, investment banker, is in a cubicle, in floods of tears, mascara streaking her cheeks

BRIDGET O.S.
Calm down. Breathe deeply. That's right. What's happened?

Bridget, turned away from Perpetua, talking low.

JUDE
He said I was getting too serious and too needy. Am I co.....co-dependent`?

BRIDGET O.S.
No you are not. It's not you. You're lovely. It's Vile Richard. He's just a big nobhead with no nob....

24 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 2

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

(CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED: 24

BRIDGET
(covering up)
...is some people's opinion of Kafka.... but 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.

DANIEL
Don't let me interrupt the Stakhanovite flow.

Bridget blushes.

BRIDGET

24A INT. JUDE'S OFFICE - DAY. 24A

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

JUDE
Right - that was Tokyo on the phone - if you gentlemen have the balls for it - I think it's time to kill.

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24B INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 24B

Daniel has started to walk away. Then stops.

DANIEL
F.R. Leavis.

BRIDGET
Mmmmm-hmm.

DANIEL
Wow.

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

DANIEL (cont'd)
The F.R. Leavis who wrote MASS CIVILISATION AND MINORITY CULTURE?

BRIDGET
(unsure, but nods cheerily)
Mmmm-hmm

DANIEL
The F.R. Leavis who died in 1978?

(CONTINUED

24B CONTINUED: 24B

BRIDGET.
(a rather high pitched squeak)
Ahm...

He continues on his way. Bridget's face.

PERPETUA
(to phone)
Stay right there - I'll be round in 10 minutes. 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.
Yes - good.

25 SCENE DELETED 2

26 SCENE DELETED 2

27 INT. PRESENTATION ROOM. DAY 2

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
Right - fire away, Brenda.

BRIDGET
Right. Well, recently we've been having quite a lot of success with teaser campaigns to precede actual publication - and we've decided really to go for that this time.

FITZHERBERT
Excellent.

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

BRIDGET
So - three weeks before publication - this will begin to appear on posters and in a wide range of magazines:

Unveils 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.

27 CONTINUED: 27

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

Unveils the next board: it reads - " If You Liked "Eighway 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:

BRIDGET

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

From the Pen of Michael Harper - a new horror classic - 'The Red Door'...

Cut back to the other 4...

Which, I suspect you would think was a better campaign if you actually were Michael Harper but the look on your face makes 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'd just give me a minute...

28 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY. 2

Bridget runs and skids frantically along the corridor.

29 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. PRESENTATION ROOM - DAY 2

Bridget is back in exactly the same position as before.

BRIDGET
We'd probably like to start, a couple of weeks before publication, with something like this....

Unveils 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.'

10 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT. 3

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

BRIDGET V.O.
Jan 4 - emergency meeting with urban family. Great joy 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.

...mature discussion of problems that we all share. Like Prime Minister choosing Cabinet of ministers - after ten years of adult life have selected Tom. . pop idon who only wrote one song then rebired 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 phone that matches his shirt.

Jude - petite business dynamo - utter genius at all things to do with banking. Utter bollocks at all things to do with men.

Jude, smoking heavily.

BRIDGET V.O. (CONT'D)
And Shazza - great novelist who like to say 'fuck ' a lot and can't be arsed to write first novel - therefore puts energies into giving incisive advice on all matters personal.

SHARON
Fuck the lot of 'em. Resign tomorrow just to teach them a fucking lesson - you don't fucking mess with Bridget Jones.

BRIDGET
Good. What do you think Jude? What would you if one of your assistants made a harmless little mistake like that?

JUDE
I'd fire you tomorrow.

BRIDGET
Excellent. And Tom - what's the homosexualist viewpoint on this particular crisis?

(CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED: 30

TOM
Is that Cleaver chap still as cute as ever?

BRIDGET
Absolutely.

TOM
Then I think, as usual, a well-timed blow-job is probably the answer.

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

STRANGER
Aren't you that chap who sung.....?

Tom gets this all the time.

TOM
Yes.

STRANGER
What are you up to now?

TOM
I spend my time buying phones that perfectly match my clothes.

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

STRANGER
O right. Far out. Well, great song.

TOM
(BIG SMILE) Thank you so much.

The Stranger leaves.

BRIDGET
More vodka anyone?

ALL
No, no, no - o all right, fill her up etc.

BRIDGE
Now what's this about Vile Richard?

JUDE
Well, yes - I've got a bit of a new situation vis a vis a promised mini-break.

SHARON
Don't get me started, Jude - don't get me fucking started.

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

JUDE
We sort of got back together at Christmas - but then, yesterday....

SHARON
Too late - I'm started - Judith, you know I support every 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.

JUDE
Right. Right. Good. So do you think I should call him?

TOM/SHARON
No!

BRIDGET
(simultaneously)
Yes. I mean no.

BRIDGET O.S.
As you can see - just like a family - but with much more vodka.

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
Tart.

31 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET - NIGHT 3

A TAXI drives along. We hear conversation inside.

TOM/JUDE/SHARON
(drunk)
Men are all fuckwits, fuckwits, perverts and bastards - and fuckwits.

BRIDGET
Zackly. Exackly. I have no need of men or job - because I have you, Tom. And you, Jude and Shazzer. And you, Tom. Night all.

The taxi stop - the door opens - and Bridget falls out spectacularly.

32 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 3

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
I'm very excited indeed Gavin: let's move on it - the last thing we want is some towel-head buying it from under our noses.(looks up) Morning, Bridget. I hear it went very well.

BRIDGET
Morning.

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
'Message Bridget Jones from Daniel Cleaver...'

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

Re: yesterday's presentation...

Now she really is worried.

A 02

You appeared to have forgotten your skirt. Is skirt 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
(on the phone)
The only problem I can see is the kitchen, where frankly there isn't room to swing a cat - and, as you well know, we have two cats.

BRIDGET
(as she types)
Message Mr Cleaver. Am appalled by message. Skirt was demonstrably neither sick nor absent. Appalled by management's blatantly size-ist attitude to skirt. Suggest management sick, not skirt.

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

33 INT. COMMUNAL CHANGING ROOM - EVENING 3

MUSIC. JUST MY IMAGINATION. 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
I'm not flirting with him. But obviously I had to reply 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 tried to be helpful.

NICE WOMAN
No, no - not at all.

34 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 3

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? Cleaver.

Bridget reading...

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY 3

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
And it all began with some very childish e-mailing over Bridget's non-existent skirt.

GUESTS laugh. Bridget smiles modestly..

36 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 3

The next day. Bridget walks past Daniel's office in short skirt and different top. He seems 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
(typing on computer)
MSG Cleaver. Shut up please. I am very 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
MSG Jones. Mortified to have caused offence. Will avoid all non-PC overtones in future. Deeply apologetic.
PS. 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
I wondered if the skirt would care for dinner on Friday night?

BRIDGET
Um. Friday? O - uhm - I'd love to, but I think I've got...

Bridget reaches for her diary, a "not so sure" look on her face.

DANIEL
Don't even TRY it, Jones.

37 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 3

Triumphant pop music blaring. In the bathroom. Manic activity. Bridget, through a haze of condensation and fag smoke, is brushing dry skin, exfoliating, massaging anti-cellulite massage oil, plucking eyebrows, cleansing, moisturising.

BRIDGET (V/O)
Being a woman is like being a farmer: harvesting, weeding, crop-spraying. 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!

(CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: 37

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

38 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

Bridget jumps out of bathroom...

BRIDGET
Is he out of his mind? He's forty minutes early.

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

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

She picks up the entryphone.

BRIDGET (cont'd)
Hello.(beat) Oh. Hello Dad.

She buzzes him in. Very unexpected, this.

39 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT 3

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

BRIDGET'S DAD
I don't know what's happening at all. Ever since Christmas she's been 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. Maybe it's a sort of <u>end of life</u> crisis..

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

BRIDGET (cont'd)
I mean not <u>end of life</u>...you know - mid-late-life crisis type of thing.

DAD
And she said.....she said...

BRIDGET
What?

(CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED: 39

DAD
...she said for all I knew the clitoris was something in Geoffrey's butterfly collection.

BRIDGET
Oh dear.

DAD
(pause...) When someone loves you - it's like having a blanket all round your heart - and then when it's taken away....

The phone RINGS.

BRIDGET
(into PHONE)
Tom, this isn't a good time.
(listens)
Okay. 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 (contid) (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.

40 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET - NIGHT 4

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
Hello.

BRIDGET
Oh, God.

MARK
(taking her in)
Everything okay?

BRIDGET
(pulling her coat tightly)
Yup. Super.

MARK
What are you doing?

BRIDGET
I'm waiting...for the dustbin... to ring.

(CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED: 40

MARK
Have you been waiting long?

BRIDGET
Not very long, no.

MARK
Do you think it will be ringing soon?

BRIDGET
Yes, I have high hopes of a phone call in the very near future.

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
Bridget Jones's phone - may I tell her who's calling? Someone called Colin.

BRIDGET
Thank you.
(into phone)
Thanks.... No. You're still a very attractive man - I should know - I'm your daughter.
(to Mark)
Thank you for your help.

MARK
You're welcome.

She heads back into her house, he continues on his way. She turns and looks back at him - he seems to be laughing.

41 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 4

Bridget enters, breathless, races into the bathroom..

BRIDGET
Bloody Mark Darcy. Can't stand joggers. Hope he dies of a 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
She says we need some time apart. You know what that means. (HE MIMES A SLIT THROAT) Oh, somebody rang. David?

BRIDGET
(heading out of bathroom)
David?

(CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED: 41

BRIDGET'S DAD
Darren...

BRIDGET
Not Daniel.

BRIDGET'S DAD
That's it.

BRIDGET
What did he say?

BRIDGET'S DAD
He said he had to work tonight. He'll try to call you later. Anyway look I'd better get back. Mum'll wonder where I've been. If she's home...herself..

Bridget's face.

42 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 4

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 a 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
(snootily)
O God.

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

43 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 4

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
All by myself!!!!
I don't want to be -
All by myself
Anymore!

44 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 4

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.
Sat. January 30th. Am fat and hideous. Daniel at this very moment penetrating Kate Moss's skinnier younger sister.

Then into voice-over...

BRIDGET V/O.
Number of bowls of disgusting muesli - 4. Number of times have picked up phone to check it's still working. 144. Am now insane person.

Bridget looks towards the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

45 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 4

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

46 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN - DAY 4

Bridget paces the room. She now eats Branston pickle from a jar... Then makes decisive decision:

She crosses to the phone

BRIDGET
(reads aloud in cheery manner)
Hi, it's Jones here. I was 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.

(CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED: 46

BRIDGET (cont'd)
Hi, it's Jones here. I was just wondering how you are and if you wanted to meet up for the hurt-skealth mummit.....like you...Shit a tit...Summit. Obviously!"

She puts 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!

46A INT. SHARON'S FLAT. PHONE AREA - DAY. 46A

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

46 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY CON'T 4

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
Deep breath. Deep breath.
(picking up the phone, cool)
Hiya...
(face collapses)
Mum?

47 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. SHOP FLOOR - DAY 4

MUSIC: UP, UP & AWAY. FIFTH DIMENSION.

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
That's it, nice firm grip then and up and down, up and down and off it comes in your hand! Ooh. Mind the overspray.

(CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED: 47

BRIDGET
Christ alive.

48 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. CAFE - DAY. 4

Bridget sits opposite her mother in a booth, still in a state of shock..

MOTHER
I have spent thirty-five years cleaning his house, washing his clothes, bringing up his children...

BRIDGET
I'm actually your child too.

MOTHER
Well right ~~[illegible]~~ and to be honest darling, having children isn't all it's ~~cracked~~ up to be. Given my chance again, I'm not sure I'd have any..

BRIDGET O.S.
Even own mother wishes had never been born.

MOTHER
But now it's the winter of my life and I haven't actually 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 Greer.

BRIDGET
Greer.

MOTHER
The Invisible Woman.

BRIDGET
Actually, she was the Female Eunuch.

MOTHER
Who was the Invisible Woman?

BRIDGET
I don't know. The wife of the Invisible Man.

After a beat...

MOTHER
Well, whatever - I'm not having it - and I've been talent-spotted. Julian thinks I've got great potential.

BRIDGET
Who's Julian?

(CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED: 48

MOTHER
(as if she should know)
From the Home Shopping Channel. He comes into the store to get his colours done.

BRIDGET
Potential for what?

MOTHER
As a demonstrator on his cable show. His assistant. Apparently it's the highest rated show on the channel, apart from the one where fat people beat up their relatives.

Looking at her watch, getting up..

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Listen, I must whizz. How are you, anyway?

BRIDGET
Suicidal.

MOTHER
(totally casually) O dear. Heard from Mark Darcy?

BRIDGET
(through clenched teeth)
Goodbye, Mum

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.

49 SCENE DELETED 4

50 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING 5

MUSIC: TIRED OF BEING ALONE. AL GREEN.

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.
O God - Smug Marrieds. Obviously lovely best friends with lovely if incontinent children - but last thing one needs when feeling v. insecure.

51 INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY. 5

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
So, Bridge - how's your love life?

BRIDGET
As I was just telling Magda - disastrous.

MAGDA
I think you should dump him now and wait for a nice guy to come along. What do you think, Jezzer?

JEREMY
I agree entirely with my gorgeous wife.

BRIDGET
Well, that's all very well for you to say, Mags, but...

MAGDA
(to potty child)
No. In the POTTY. The potty. Well put it in 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)
What does he look like?

BRIDGET O.S.
Fucking gorgeous.

MAGDA
In that case, seduce him, by pretending to be completely disinterested. Transform into the Ice Queen. Worked for me. I gave you hell, didn't I, darling?

JEREMY
(RETURNING) Certainly did.

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

BRIDGET
Yes. Okay. Yes. Okay. Good. It's definitely worth a try.

(CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED: 51

The opening bars of 'Ice Ice Baby', Vanilla Ice using Queen/Bowie's 'Under Pressure' begins to play. Dung dung dung dugga dung dung - Ice Ice Baby.'

52 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY. 5

CLOSE UP: Bridget walks in. She darts a quick look at Daniel's office - he's not in yet.

PERPETUA
(icily)
Let's just get this clear, Gavin. We have spent 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...

BRIDGET 022

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
Morning, everyone!

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

DANIEL (cont'd)
Message pending, Jones.

She turns her head away, disdainfully.

53 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 5

BRIDGET'S COMPUTER
Messages 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.

CUT TO:

54 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 5

BRIDGET'S COMPUTER
Messages pending: 14

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

DANIEL
Look, sorry Bridget. I suddenly got called out of town. Left your skirt's number at home..

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

BRIDGET
(Sweet)
Excuse me. Publicity.

55 INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 5

Magda, child in arms, on phone to Bridget.

MAGDA
Aloof..unavailable..ice queen.
Aloof..unavailable..ice queen.

54A INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 54A

BRIDGET
Thank you so much for your enquiry. (hangs up and turns to Daniel) You were saying...

But the phone goes again.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Sorry. Publicity.

55A INT. FIRST RESTAURANT. DAY. 55A

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

TOM
Excellent plan... stony, merciless - Ice Queen.

A stranger sidles up to him.

STRANGER 2.
Are you that guy who sang 'Painted Lady'

(CONTINUED

55A CONTINUED: 55A

TOM
Yes I am. Are you that guy who bought it?

STRANGER 2.
Well, yes - I am!

TOM
Thank you so much. (into mobile) Ice, ice baby.

56 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY. 5

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

BRIDGET'S COMPUTER
(flashing repeatedly)
Messages pending: 2

ON DANIEL: looking across at Bridget hungrily.

ON BRIDGET: she ignores him, carries on typing.

57 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. ELEVATOR - DAY. 5

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
(to Daniel; holding phone)
The New York Office for you.

A barely perceptible flicker behind Daniel's eyes..

DANIEL
I'll get back to them.

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

58 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. ELEVATOR - DAY. 5

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

DANIEL
Good evening, Kenneth.

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

MR FITZHERBERT
Evening, Daniel. If you've got a moment, I'd like a word before you leave tonight.

(CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED: 58

DANIEL
Certainly.

59 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. LOBBY/ELEVATOR - DAY 5

The lift lands and opens. Fitzherbert heads out first.

DANIEL.
I'll be with you in a second.

MR FITZHERBERT
Excellent. (TO BRIDGET) And Brenda...

BRIDGET
Yes.

FITZHERBERT
At the Kafka's motorbike thing I thought it might be fun if you introduced me before I introduce him - add a lovely sense of occasion.

BRIDGET
Certainly, sir.

FITZHERBERT
And try to get the author's name right this time.

BRIDGET
Certainly, sir

He heads off.

DANIEL
All right, Jones, you devil. Busy later?

BRIDGET
In fact I am.

DANIEL
Oh. Shame - I just thought it might be a charitable thing to take your skirt out to dinner, fatten it up a bit. And maybe you could come too. What about tomorrow?

BRIDGET
Sorry, no - it's the launch.

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

DANIEL
Ah yes, of course - possibly the worst book ever published.

(CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED: 59

BRIDGET
In the end, that's not the ad line we've gone for.

DANIEL.
How about the next day then?

BRIDGET.
Let's see, shall we? Goodnight, Daniel.

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

BRIDGET O.S.
Feb 2 - am sex goddess - perfect in every way.

60 INT. MOROCCAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT 6

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

JUDE
Right. Your whole future happiness now depends on how you behave on this one social occasion.

BRIDGET
Right. So what do I do?

JUDE
It's all in here. (SHE HAS A BOOK)
Getting someone to fall in love with you is science, pure science. First - look gorgeous.

61 EXT. TUBE STATION - EVENING 6

START OF MONTAGE: MUSIC. THAT THING. (DOO WOP). 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.

61A INT. MOROCCAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT 61A

JUDE
Two: then totally ignore Daniel and be fabulous with everyone else.

TOM
Think Tina Brown - think TOTAL Queen of Society.

(CONTINUED

61A CONTINUED: 61A

SHARON
Introduce people with thoughtful details such as "Sheila, this is Daniel. Daniel this is Sheila. Sheila enjoys horse-riding and comes from New Zealand.. Daniel enjoys publishing and comes...

BRIDGET
...all over your face.

TOM
Exactly. Then 3 - circulate - oozing intelligence...

62 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING. 6

She is reading the book as she hoovers in bra and pants.

BRIDGET

BRIDGET
'Lovely to see you, Salmaaan - what do you think about Chechyna', "Hello, Melvyn - isn't it terrible about Chechyna.''

62A INT. MOROCCAN RESTAURANT. 62A

BRIDGET
Have you all read this book then?

They all nod in unison. #022

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
And it works?

JUDE
Of course it doesn't fucking work or we wouldn't be sitting here today - would we? We'd be changing nappies and snogging husbands. But it's worth a stab.

TOM
So on to Number 4 - most important....

SHARON
Fucking important.

TOM
...after the party, after you've unwillingly yielded to dinner 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
Don't sleep with him.

BRIDGET
Obviously.

(CONTINUED

62A CONTINUED: 62A

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

ELDERLY MAN
Excuse me, I'm sorry to bother you like this in the middle of your dinner but....

Tom interrupts - he gets this all the time.

TOM
Yes. Painted Lady. It was me. Nine years ago. No current plans to record anything else. Sorry.

ELDERLY MAN
....Your chairleg is on my wife's coat.

TOM
Of course it is - of course it is.

63 SCENE DELETED 6

64 SCENE DELETED 6

65 SCENE DELETED 6

CUT TO

66 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BATHROOM - DAY. 6

Close on her, head & shoulders...

BRIDGET V/O
Major dilemma - if actually do, by some terrible chance, end up in flagrante, surely these...

she holds up tiny pair of knickers

would be most attractive at crucial moment. However, chances 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.

67 EXT. LONDON STREET - EVENING 6

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
Hello Jeremy.

JEREMY
O, hi, Bridget.

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

68 INT. LITERARY PARTY - NIGHT 6

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
The problem with Martin's definition of the novella 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
I could be wrong. What do you think?

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
Ahm...Do you know where the toilets are?

69 LITERARY PARTY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 6

Bridget hits herself hard on the forehead.

BRIDGET O.S.
Very bad start.

She looks up to see Melvyn Bragg glaring at her.

70 INT. LITERARY PARTY - NIGHT 7

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
Ah, Brenda. We were just discussing 'The Famished Road'.

BRIDGET
Really..? Apart from the first three pages, don't you think it's rather a poor conceit?

MR FITZHERBERT
No, as a matter of fact, I think it's a masterpiece. 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
Right. Ben. Ahm. Sorry. I've been very sick recently. In the head. E.C.T. Bzzzz. Not nice.

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
I've been asking myself the same question. I came with a colleague.

MARK DARCY stands rigid, clearly hating every minute.

MARK (cont'd)
So how are you?

BRIDGET
(sharp, but not confrontational)
Well, very disappointed 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..

(CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED: 70

PERPETUA
Anyone going to introduce me?

Bridget finally has an opportunity to put Jude's book, 'Making Parties Work For You', into practice..

BRIDGET
(as in book)
Perpetua, this is Mark Darcy. Mark this is Perpetua...

DISSOLVE TO:

WHAT BRIDGET WANTS TO SAY:

BRIDGET (cont'd)
...Mark is a prematurely middle-aged prick with a cruel-faced ex-wife. Perpetua is the old fartarse 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
(obsequiously)
Oh, Mark. I know you by reputation, of 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
(playing the game, straight-faced)
Ah, Natasha - you know 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
How odd. Perpetua - how's the house-hunt?

PERPETUA and NATASHA, who has just dismissed Bridget as a zero, immediately fall into conversation - two posh peas in a pod.

(CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED: (2) 70

PERPETUA.
Fucking disaster. But far more important - that man is gorgeous!

NATASHA
Ah yes - Mark. (conspiratorially - looking at him) Just 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
Yes, well, I better move on - I could do with something to pep me up for my speech, and I think I saw Salmaaan handing out cocaine.

MARK
You're making a speech?

BRIDGET
Only a tiny one - " Kafka's Motorbike - greatest book of all 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.

71 INT. LITERARY PARTY - NIGHT 7

CUT ON - Bridget on to the 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
Ladies and gentlemen... ladies and gentlemen.... ladies and 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.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED: 71

BRIDGET (cont'd)
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 10, anyway best books of our time... and anyway, I'm here to introduce it properly is... ah the man we all call... ah Mr Fitzherbert - because that's his name. Mr Fitzherbert. Thank you.

She stands back. Mr Fitzherbert walks over.

MR FITZHERBERT
Thank you, Brenda. Just switch this on...

He switches on the mike, easily.

Right....

1022

72 INT. LITERARY PARTY - NIGHT 7

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
(to Natasha)
Excuse me...

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

SALMAN
Mark!

MARK
Ah, yes - Salman - do you know where the toilet is?

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.

(CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED: 72

DANIEL
Jones. Sod 'em all - it was a brilliant post-modernist masterpiece of oratorical fireworks.

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

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You're very sexy, Jones - I'm going to have to take you out to dinner now, whether you like it or not.

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

73 INT. LITERARY PARTY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 7

BRIDGET

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

BRIDGET
Ah, Mark, have you met Daniel? Daniel's a top publishing executive, and enjoys computer messaging. Mark's a...

MARK
Good night, Bridget.

Bridget, gobsmacked, watches as he walks away.

BRIDGET
That was Mark Darcy. He is SO rude!

DANIEL
Yes, I know who he is.

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

74 INT. PONT DE LA TOUR - NIGHT 7

The two of them dining intimately.

BRIDGET
So where do you stand on the whole situation in Chechyna?

DANIEL
O who gives a fuck, Jones? Now, how do you know Arsey Darcy?

BRIDGET
Apparently I used to play naked in his paddling pool.

DANIEL
I bet you did, you dirty bitch.

(CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED: 74

BRIDGET
What about you?

DANIEL
We were at Cambridge together. He was a strange chap, always on his own. Dreadful shoes. Horrid sideburns. I liked him though. We became good friends.....
(he tails off)

BRIDGET
Then what..?

DANIEL
Nothing.

BRIDGET
No really. You don't need to protect him - he's no friend of mine. In fact I suspect I dislike him intensely.

DANIEL
Well, then years later I made the rather crucial mistake of introducing him to my fiancee.

75 INT. A HOME SOMEWHERE - DAY. 7

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....

76 INT. PONT DE LA TOUR - NIGHT 7

DANIEL
And I'm not sure I could say, in all honesty I've ever really forgiven him.

BRIDGET
(suddenly she understands everything)
Oh... so he's a nasty bastard, as well as a dull bastard.

DANIEL
I'm afraid so. But don't let him ruin our evening. Have another glass of wine and tell me about practising French-kissing with the other girls at school.

BRIDGET
It wasn't French kissing.

DANIEL
Who cares - make it up.

77 EXT. PONT DE LA TOUR - NIGHT 7

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

DANIEL
So, how about a drink at my place. Totally innocent. No funny business. Just full sex.

BRIDGET
(smiling and then primly)
No - actually I think I'd better 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
Good night then.

BRIDGET
(slight choke) Yes. Good night.

78 EXT. LONDON STREET/INT. TAXI - NIGHT 7

Bridget is recovering from the kiss, half-regretting that she left...

BRIDGET O.S.
My knickers are made of iron - cast iron. Mmmm...

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
Weren't looking back, were you Jones?

79 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 7

Daniel and Bridget snogging. He begins to undress her.

DANIEL
Silly shoes, Jones.. Very silly skirt - Christ alive - absolutely enormous pants.

BRIDGET
(VERY FAST) Oh Jesus fuck fuck fuck...

(CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED: 79

She sprints out.

79A EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - DAY. 79A

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

NEON SCREENS
Monday something the somethingth. Nine stone two. Plus 4 x 10 c.c. Cigarettes - 22... all post-coital.

Close up on Bridget, triumphant.

80 SCENE DELETED 8

81 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 8

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

DANIEL
That was fantastic - and I must must must remember... (touches her cheek tenderly) to put the car in the Citroen garage

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

BRIDGET
Daniel?

DANIEL
Mmmmm?

BRIDGET
What happens at the office?

DANIEL
Well you see, it's a publishing house, so that means 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
No. Do you think people will notice?

DANIEL
Notice what?

BRIDGET
Us - working together, sleeping together..

(CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED: 91

DANIEL
Wait a second Jones, slow down. Remember - we're not exactly in a long-term relationship yet. It started on Tuesday, now it's Wednesday.

BRIDGET
I know that - I know. It's just... All right. Forget work complication. But be honest with me. This is a very, very important question. What do you think of mini-breaks?

DANIEL.
Hideous weekends in over-decorated country house hotels full of Corby trouser presses and ugly maids?

BRIDGET.
Yes.

DANIEL.
I absolutely love them.

BRIDGET.
Hurray.

DANIEL.
And let me ask you a very important question.

BRIDGET.
Right.

DANIEL.
You were talking about the office - and I am concerned about 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 if, let's say, once a week, I asked you not to wear any pants to work?

BRIDGET.
Bad man. Bad man.

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

BRIDGET
Bridget Jones - wanton goddess of sex.... with a big, bad man between her thighs. Dad. Hi.

82 EXT. RAILWAY - DAY 8

A high speed TRAIN roars past..

83 INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING 8

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
Take a look at this.

Dad picks up the remote control and flicks through the channels.

84 INT. SHOPPING CHANNEL. SET - DAY 8

ON TV: a Home Shopping Channel presentation. Mother is assisting the brightly coiffured individual we glimpsed earlier - Julian. He has a deep, mellifluous voice, and his immaculately manicured hands hold a minute relief to a hideous set of earrings...

JULIAN
...just over a centimeter, and genuine diamante with topaz and lapis lazuli, in a lovely mock gold finish. The exact replica of those worn at Wimbledon in 1993 by the Duchess of Kent...a

MOTHER
And although they're very ornate, as befits a member of the Royal Household, they're also perfect for day wear....

JULIAN
(nodding meaningfully)
Absolutely, Pamela..

Bridget is shell-shocked.

BRIDGET
Well... wait a minute - has Mum actually moved out?

DAD
(HE NODS) - and apparently her and the tangerine tinted buffoon are suddenly an item. Half our friends have had them round to bloody dinner.

Bridget looks a bit guilty. She didn't convey her suspicions about her mother to her dad.

DAD (CONT'D)
Why, when people abandon their partners, do they think 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?

(CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED: 84

BRIDGET
Perhaps she's worried that you might, you know, attack him or something.

DAD
Yes, I suppose that's an option - I could slaughter the pair of 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 not the Pam I knew. That's cruel.

BRIDGET
Still - looking on the bright said - it could be a golden opportunity. If you spend the ENTIRE party flirting with other women, it'll drive Mum wild with jealousy.

DAD
Will it? Think she'll suddenly see sense and dump the dirtbag?

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

MOTHER
(on answer-phone)
Hello, Daddy, it's me-eee! Just making sure you're coping! Don't forget - there's a lot of chicken fricassee in the freezer.

BRIDGET
DON'T PICK IT UP!....Do you want her back?

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.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Well - King. That's how I got my man.

DAD
You've got a boyfriend? A real one?

Big smile and a nod.

BRIDGET
I have Father. I have. And he is perfect.

85 EXT. DANIEL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY. 8

A beautiful London day.

BRIDGET V.O.
Whole damn month of April gone in blur of sex. Having boyfriend is absolute heaven. Of course, there are one or two little lifestyle changes...

85A INT. DANIEL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY. 85A

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

BRIDGET
(reading)
'Have Knole House. The romantic surroundings which 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.

How does that sound to you?

DANIEL
Perfection. How can anything be so perfect? It restores your faith in God.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Bridget is looking at a mini-break brochure in her flat. 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
And they said Tufnell had lost his spin. How wrong they were.

DANIEL
(turns to Bridget)
How wrong they were.

Bridget's face.

86 SCENE DELETED 8

87 EXT. HAMPSTEAD LADIES POND - DAY 8

A pastoral scene: water, trees, women alone, or in groups on the grass.

(CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED: 87

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
So? Go on, how's it going. Make us sick with your sickly tales of love.

BRIDGET
It's really nice. Every weekend we just..

SHARON
What? Fucking what?

TOM (O.S)
I bet he makes you stay in.

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

TOM (CONT'D)
I bet he makes you watch sport on the telly.

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
Chuck him.

BRIDGET
Already?

SHARON
Yup, fucking chuck him. You've had him - move on.

BRIDGET
But I love him. Maybe. (FUNNY LINE)

JUDE.
Tough titties.

TOM
I bet he eats crisps and puts his hand down your blouse.

BRIDGET.
He does not!....eat crisps. He eats peanuts.

A stranger approaches him.

STRANGER 3
Are you...?

TOM
Sod off, please.

(CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED: (2) 87

JUDE.
Definitely chuck him.

BRIDGET
But if we're that strict, we'll never get boyfriends at all.

SHARON.
Story of my fucking life.

BRIDGET
Well, I think you're wrong. He's handsome and clever and 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 mile of 15 girls they are the only ones still wearing bras.

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

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

88 SCENE DELETED 8

89 SCENE DELETED 8

90 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY. 9

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

BRIDGET'S DIARY.
'Saturday May 4. Weight - 8'9 - fat absolutely falling off. Daniel thrilled - says he's shagging me into shape. Fags 11. Glasses of wine - 6. France - 15. England - 6.

91 SCENE DELETED 9

92 INT. DANIEL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 9

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
Noooo! Tackle him, you great wet tart!

(CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED: 92

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

DANIEL.
O stop acting and get up, you French pillock.

BRIDGET
No. Actually this is not great.

DANIEL
(not really listening)
What? Why?

BRIDGET
It's another lovely sunny day and we're stuck in watching television.

She grabs the remote control and mutes the sound.

Please talk to me.

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
What can I say. I'm a person of wide interests which include among other things, a number of competitive sports. I'm warning you, don't come between me and my rugby.

BRIDGET
Or cricket - or darts. Or Dutch Second Division female basketball.....

DANIEL.
Bette Van Huyten is a genius.

BRIDGET.
I just thought we could go away for once, have a mini-break or something.

DANIEL
Ah. Ah. Here we go. You wanted a relationship - we have a 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.

(CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED: (2) 92

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
What is it?

DANIEL
Open it and you'll find out.

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

She looks at him guiltily.

DANIEL (cont'd)
Just ~~promise me we don't have to sit~~ and read that frightful nancy-boy Keats to each other.

He turns up the volume on the telly.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Foul! Filthy, dirty foul!

Bridget hugs him tight.

BRIDGET
Daniel, I love...
(she almost tells him she loves him, but 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
OK, it's not far - we'll go on to the Tarts and Vicars.

She hugs him and loves him.

'Tarts and vicars' - Christ, they're a warped generation.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT - STREET - DAY 9

MUSIC: L.O.V.E. AL GREEN

(CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED: 93

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.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. SUSPENSION BRIDGE - DAY 9

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.

95 EXT. HOTEL. DRIVEWAY - DAY 9

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.

96 INT. HOTEL RECEPTION. DAY. 9

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

DANIEL
(to the receptionist)
Daniel Cleaver and Bridget Jones. Seems very quiet here. Are we the only guests?

RECEPTIONIST
We have a wedding this weekend. I believe there are just four of you not involved.

Bridget hears a voice she recognizes.

NATASHA
I'll do tea, you ask about the boats.

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

BRIDGET
Oh Jesus.

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

MARK
Well, well. I take it you're also heading for the Alconbury's rockery?

BRIDGET
Yes. That's right.

(CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED: 96

MARK
I brought Natasha - get a bit of work done - thought I might make it a not entirely wasted weekend.

DANIEL
How interesting. What a gripping life you lead. (to Bridget) I'll see you upstairs in a minute.

Mark and Bridget left looking at each other.

97 EXT. HOTEL LAKE. DAY. 9

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

NATASHA
I think the weakness of their case lies in the deposition 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
I'm boarding you, Bridge. I can't see an alternative.

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.

NASTASHA
So childish.

MARK
Yes.

98 INT. HOTEL. SUITE - EVENING 9

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

DANIEL
No! Noooo! You great wet pussy!

He reaches for his cigarettes, pocket is empty.

Do me a favour, Bridge. Go and get me a packet of cigarettes.

BRIDGET
Get them yourself.

(CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED: 98

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

DANIEL
O, but you're a tough, modern woman.

98A INT. HOTEL. CORRIDOR - EVENING. 98A

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

CHASING MAN
You're mine, all mine.

ONE BRIDESMAID
But I'm your sister.

CHASING MAN
Even better.

She keeps on running.

99 EXT. HOTEL. STEPS - EVENING 9

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
Call you can't make from the room?

DANIEL
O, just go fuck yourself, Darcy.

MARK
Such a command of the language - the literary world is very 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
Yes?

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

DANIEL
No, sorry.

(CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED: 99

BRIDESMAID
That's okay.

She turns to join an 11 year old usher who emerges from behind a pillar.

BRIDESMAID (CONT'D)
Nah....

100 SCENE DELETED 100

101 INT. HOTEL. SUITE - NIGHT 101

Pitch darkness.

BRIDGET

Daniel.

DANIEL
Yes, Bridget.

BRIDGET
That thing you just did is actually illegal in many countries.

DANIEL
I'm sorry about that. Couldn't help myself.

BRIDGET
In many parts of the world, I would ring down to the front desk and ask them to call the police and arrest you.

DANIEL
That's the major reason I'm so glad to be living in Britain today.

BRIDGET
I agree. I can never understand why the Prime Minister 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
You should write to him about it.

BRIDGET
I intend to....(PAUSE) Daniel - do you love me?

DANIEL
Shut up or I'll do it again.

(CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED: 101

PAUSE

BRIDGET
Do you love me?

DANIEL
You asked for it.

102 EXT. HOTEL. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 102

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

103 INT. HOTEL. SUITE - DAY. 103

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: Daniel is sitting in a chair opposite the bed. He is dressed and he's been waiting for her to wake up.

DANIEL
I have to go back to town. A meeting's come up.

BRIDGET
On a Sunday?

DANIEL
The meeting's first thing tomorrow but I need to work on some figures.

BRIDGET
(devastated)
Now they'll all think I've made you up. (she pleads) We could just pop in to the party, leave early..

Bridget stares at him.

DANIEL
I really am sorry. I just can't go - I have to head back.

Little pause.

BRIDGET
If you've changed your mind, why don't you just come right out and say it -

He stares at her.

BRIDGET (cont'd)
Because I don't see what could be so important.

(CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED: 103

DANIEL
Of course you don't!

He gets to his feet..

DANIEL
Because you don't have the faintest bloody idea of just how much trouble the company is in!

She stares at him.

DANIEL (cont'd)
All you ever do is swan in your short skirt and see-through blouse and fanny around with press releases.

She is aghast.

DANIEL (cont'd)
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
(her mumble)
I'm sorry...

DANIEL
No - shit - I'm sorry. Sorry I shouted. I'm sorry.

Daniel sighs, crosses to her, puts his arm around her.

BRIDGET
Is this because of Mark Darcy?

DANIEL
(Maybe it is)
Nah - he's just adds to - no - look. I'll 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)
And let's at least make sure you win the costume competition.

104 EXT. ALCONBURY'S HOUSE. DRIVEWAY - DAY. 104

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

DANIEL
It's seriously no wonder bunnies have so many children.

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

105 EXT. ALCONBURY'S HOUSE. GARDEN - DAY. 105

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, Ramesh, 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!

BRIDGET
Where are the rest of the Tarts? And Vicars.

UNA ALCONBURY
Oh, dear. Didn't Geoffrey call you? Geoffrey didn't you telephone Colin and Bridget?

GEOFFREY ALCONBURY
(looming up drunk)
How's my little Bridget?
(squeezing her tail)
Parp, parp.

UNA ALCONBURY
(coldly)
Geoffrey..

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

BRIDGET
He had to work.

GEOFFREY ALCONBURY
Ha! A likely tale. Off they run - weeeeh!

(CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED: 105

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

BRIDGET
O God.

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

NATASHA
Bizarre, what some men find attractive.

MARK
Yes. (long beat) Yes.

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
Darling! What on earth are you wearing? You look like a common prostitute.

BRIDGET
That was actually the point.

MOTHER
Say 'Hi' to Julian..

BRIDGET
Hi Julian.

JULIAN
My dear, you and your mother - could be sisters. And what a 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
(TO MUM) Have you spoken to my Dad?

MOTHER
Yes - he's behaving very bizarrely. I think he was actually 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 & Julian spot someone and drift away. As they go...

JULIAN
I don't know what you ever saw in him.

(CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED: (2) 105

MOTHER
Shush. Bad man!

106 EXT. ALCONBURY'S HOUSE. GARDEN - DAY. 106

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
Ah, Bridget, there you are! Don't worry - you're not the only one. This is Penny. Geoffrey didn't get in touch with her either.

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

PENNY
Sorry?

UNA ALCONBURY
I was just saying - Geoffrey didn't contact you either to tell you that the Tarts and Vicars concept had got out the window.

PENNY
Yes, he did.

UNA ALCONBURY
O right. Lovely dress. ~~Very exotic~~.

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

UNA ALCONBURY (cont'd)
What a shame you couldn't bring your boyfriend, Bridget. What's his name? David? Darren?

Hearing the name, Mark Darcy turns..

MARK
Daniel Cleaver

UNA ALCONBURY
Oh, is he a friend of yours, Mark?

MARK
Absolutely not.

UNA ALCONBURY
I hope he's good enough for our little Bridget.

She winks at Bridget...

(CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED: 106

MARK
I think I can say, with total confidence, absolutely not.

BRIDGET
(flashes)
And I'm sure he'd say the same about you given your past behaviour..

Mark looks incredulous, wounded..

MARK
Sorry?

BRIDGET
You know so well what I mean.

NATASHA
(calling out)
Mark!

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
They didn't tell you either.

He shakes his head.

DAD
Though I didn't spend as much as Bernard, thank God.

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! I'm sorry.

DAD
The way she looked at me....

BRIDGET
But she loves you really. You love each other. This is a temporary glitch.

106 CONTINUED: (2) 106

DAD
Is it? I don't know. I'll tell you how I see it. You meet 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 choices; 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 cuddy optimistic it would seem.

BRIDGET
Let's go.

BERNARD
Mind if I join you.

BRIDGET
Please do.

BERNARD
(TO A BUSH) Come on, Shirley. We're leaving.

Shirley, 55, comes out from behind the bush - the most graphic prostitute of them all.

SHIRLEY
Evening.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. DANIEL'S FLAT. STREET - DAY 107

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.

DANIEL
(on entryphone)
I'm just on the phone to New York. I'll meet you in the pub in five minutes.

BRIDGET
Okay.

She turns to walk away, then suddenly stops. Turns back. She looks up at the window, he's looking out. At Daniel's door, the presses the buzzer again..

(CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED: 107

DANIEL
(on entryphone)
Bridget...

BRIDGET
Daniel, I've had such a horrible day, I'm still dressed up like a big rabbit. I'd really like to see you.

Silence. Then...

DANIEL
Up you come.

The door is buzzed open.

108 INT. DANIEL'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 108

BRIDGET

Daniel opens the door to Bridget. Papers, spread-sheets spread out everywhere, evidence that Daniel has been hard at work.

DANIEL
Sorry, I'm really in the thick of it.

BRIDGET
I know. I just wanted to see a friendly face.

DANIEL
Tell you what, why don't you let me finish this, while you go home, have a long hot bath with lots of soothing oils in it and I'll call round later for dinner...

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
Is there somebody here?

DANIEL
Not... as far as I know. Unless a Bosnian family have moved in, without telling me.

Bridget stares at him. Then, before he can stop her, she strides through to the bedroom, flings open the closed door. There's no one there. She sits down.

BRIDGET
(rueful)
Sorry - I'm going a bit mad. I'm getting all 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.

(CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED: 108

DANIEL
Sorry, my little Bun. I hate it when things go up your bottom. But as you can see - I have got a lot done. In fact, I wouldn't mind another hour.

BRIDGET
Fine - fine. I'll go home and de-bunny. By the way - you know last night when I said I loved you - I didn't mean it. I was being ironic.

DANIEL
Of course.

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

WHAT SHE SEES: A woman's cardigan, expensive cashmere, carefully draped around the arms of a chair.

DANIEL (cont'd)
(holding open the door)
Thank you, madam.

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

109 INT. DANIEL'S FLAT. BATHROOM - DAY 109

IN THE BATHROOM: a tall, young blonde, stark naked, perched on the edge of the bath. Wearing designer specs, perusing a book of spread-sheets.

DANIEL
(behind Bridget)
This is Lara, from the New York office. Lara, this is Bridget.

LARA
(big phoney smile)
Hey, there..

They just stare at each other.

LARA (cont'd)
I thought you said she was thin.

110 EXT. LONDON - STREETS. DAY. 110

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

111 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. HALLWAY - DAY. 111

She lets herself into the flat.

111A INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY 111A

Bridget sits in the bath crying.

112 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 112

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

GLENN CLOSE
I'm single and I'm 36.

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.

BRIDGET

Pause. She picks up the phone and dials, starts to talk. Cut round the various answer phones machines - in 3 different locations.

BRIDGET
Hello.

113 INT. TOM'S FLAT. PHONE - DAY. 113

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

BRIDGET O.S.
It's Bridget. Jones. Jilted.

#022

114 INT. JUDE'S FLAT. PHONE - DAY 114

- an ansaphone again.....

BRIDGET O.S
As prophesied by wise friends...

115 INT. SHARON'S FLAT. PHONE - DAY. 115

- ansaphone again.

BRIDGET O.S.
Daniel Cleaver turns out to be total...

And continue to cut between the three machines.

and utter / King of Fuckwittage. / Call me. Please. -

116 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY. 116

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

(CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED: 116

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

CUT TO:

119 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 119

Perpetua, as usual, is on the phone.

PERPETUA
Good. Good. Good. Good. How much? (pause) Not good.

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 eye.

120 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY. 120

Bridget is typing listlessly. Suddenly Daniel is there.

DANIEL
Bridge, please - we really need to talk.

121 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. DANIEL'S OFFICE - DAY. 121

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
There's been a good response to the Teddy Knows Best teaser campaign. Had various local radio bids for author interviews.

DANIEL
Look, Bridge - stop that. I feel so terrible. The thing is - Lara and I - well, you know....

BRIDGET
No - you'll have to fill me in.

DANIEL
The truth is... we're the same, Bridge, you and I - two people of a certain age looking for the moment to commit and finding it very 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...

(CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED: 121

BRIDGET
What are you saying, Daniel?

DANIEL
We've become very close.

BRIDGET
But you've only just met her. She flew in yesterday.

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

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

DANIEL
No. We got to know each other pretty well when I was in the New York Office.

BRIDGET
Oh.

DANIEL
Fuck - there's no easy way to say this, but I wanted you to be the first to know....that we're engaged.

122 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 122

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.

123 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. MARKETING OFFICE - DAY. 123

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

BRIDGET
Hello, Simon.

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
Thank you.

She hangs up - the phone goes again.

124 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. SALES OFFICE - DAY 124

DAVE FROM SALES
Hello, Miss Jones - it's Dave from Sales. Tom's just told me. (MOCK ITALIAN...) Congratoolationees - who would have thought you'd make it as the Great Cheese-ess - good on you, sister.

BRIDGET
Thank you, Dave..

She hangs up. Phone goes again. Bridget answers.

125 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. DESIGN OFFICE - DAY. 125

BRIDGET

GREG FROM DESIGN
Bridget - it's Greg from Design.

BRIDGET
Before you go any further, Bernie, do you think it might be 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.

#02

GREG
O right. Sorry. Gotta run.

BRIDGET
That's okay. Have a nice day.

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.

126 INT. MICHAEL'S FLAT. PHONE - DAY 126

Half the screen is now filled with Michael 'Teddies Knows Best'.

MICHAEL
(hesitantly)
Perhaps it's not a good moment. I was just wondering what sort of response you're getting to the Teddy Knows Best teaser campaign?

(CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED: 126

BRIDGET
Excellent. Just excellent.

126A SCENE DELETED 126A

127 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING 127

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

BRIDGET
Hello. Er...Me again...desperate new development....

Once again, we cut round between the machines.

BRIDGET
ANSWER MACHINES
Am now in total despair and suddenly see advantage 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.

128 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET - EVENING. 128

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.

(CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED: 128

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 recognise. 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
"Hey there Lonely Girl
Lonely Girl
Let me make your broken heart like new.
Hey there, lonely girl
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)
I apologise about this bit.

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

JUDE & SHARON
Ever since he broke your heart.
You seem so lost,
Each time you pass my way...

TOM
I think that's all we can take of that
(so he takes over again)
O 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
Play 'Painted Lady'.

TOM
Never!

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.

(CONTINUED

TOM (CONT'D)
O, all right then.

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

129 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 129

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
Thank you very much, Tom. That was very nice.

TOM
You're welcome. We're in this together, babes: poofs and single women in their 30s - together forever.

SHARON
Absolutely. I know we're all psychotic and completely dysfunctional - especially you Jude - but it's a bit like a family, isn't it?

BRIDGET
Yup.

SHARON
Single and proud of it.

JUDE
Until some dark stranger in a big coat sweeps us off our feet and gets us out of this bunch of sad losers.

SHARON
Obviously.

130 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 130

BRIDGET O.S.
Aug. 16. Weight - who cares. Fat as me. Cigarettes - lots - hurrah!. Vodka - teensy weensy bit. Everzing sschuperb. Life coulden be better. Ooof.

She tips over.

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

BRIDGET O.S. (CONT'D)
Fuck. Fuck.

130 CONTINUED: 130

More blackness. Sound of the Eastenders 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'S O.S.
October 16. Found diary. Behind sofa. Must be more 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.
Have meantime made important decision in total romantic vacuum, will throw myself into work in manner of Elizabeth 1 and Hillary Clinton. Have decided to work in television. Always preferred it to books anyway - everyone knows E.R. is great and Ben Okri is a boring arsehole. V. commited. V. optimistic.

131 INT. INTERVIEW BOARD #1 - DAY. 131

INTERVIEWER (V/O)
Why do you want to be in television?

BRIDGET
I'm deeply committed to communicating to the public the up-to-the-moment in-depth news and political agenda.

INTERVIEWER (V/O)
What do you think of Bill Gates?

BRIDGET
Who?

131A INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY 131A

MUSIC. IT'S A SHAME. DETROIT SPINNERS.

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

BRIDGET
Shaz. Is it because I'm overweight that things never work out?

SHARON
(deadpan)
Yes.

(CONTINUED

131A CONTINUED: 131A

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

BRIDGET
No, but seriously...?

SHARON
Yes. It is.

132 SCENE DELETED 132

132A SCENE DELETED 132A

133 INT. INTERVIEW BOARD #2 - DAY. 133

INTERVIEWER 2 (V/O)
Why do you want to be in television?

BRIDGET
I'm passionately committed to communicating with children. They are the future.

INTERVIEWER 2 (V/O)
Do you have any children of your own?

BRIDGET
Christ no - yucch. Sorry.

133A INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY 133A

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
We're just about to close.

BRIDGET
Fine. Fine. I'm done.

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

134 INT. INTERVIEW BOARD #3 134

RICHARD FINCH (V/O)
Why do you want to be in television?

BRIDGET
Can I be honest with you?

RICHARD FINCH (V/O)
Go on then....

(CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED: 134

BRIDGET
Because I like watching telly and I thought it might be fun and glamourous and because I've got to leave my current job because I 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 humour. Pause. A set behind him says ' Sit-Up Britain'.

RICHARD FINCH.
Fair enough - start on Monday and we'll see how we 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...

FINCH
....and incidentally - at Sit Up Britain no-one ever gets sacked for shagging the boss. That's a matter of principle.

135 SCENE DELETED 135

136 SCENE DELETED 136

137 SCENE DELETED 137

138 SCENE DELETED 138

139 SCENE DELETED 139

140 SCENE DELETED 140

141 SCENE DELETED 141

142 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE - DAY 142

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
Yes. Yes. Yes. No! I don't believe it! Everyone - stop what you're doing. Very important announcement!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED: 142

PERPETUA (cont'd)
(dramatic announcement to entire office - they all look up)
We have bought Drayton Gardens. It is ours!

Everyone applauds. Daniel walks past.

DANIEL
My heart, it soars like an eagle.
(under breath to Bridget)
Keep up to date with your e-mail will you, Jones?

She checks the computer.

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

BRIDGET

143 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. DANIEL'S OFFICE - DAY 143

DANIEL
Bridge, I know it's been difficult for both of us recently...

Bridget remains silent.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It's just that with Lara and I, I got swept away - swept away by hope I suppose. But - well, the grisly truth is... I'm suddenly not quite so sure...

BRIDGET
Pardon?

DANIEL
I just wondered - if we might just have - you know - just 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)
Bridget. Can you ever forgive me?

He gets up and closes the door behind her.

BRIDGET
Yes - Daniel I think I can. I'm sorry things are complicated with lovely Lara - I'm pretty familiar with how perplexing the ups and downs of love can be.

He's pleased.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED: 143

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
Oh...come on, Bridge. I know it's been awkward as arse - but there's no need to leave.

BRIDGET
I'm afraid there is. I've been offered a job in television.

DANIEL
(scornfully) Television?

BRIDGET
Yes - and they want me to start straightaway. In fact, I'm leaving in about... 3 minutes.

DANIEL
Well, now hold it right there, Miss Jones - I hate to inform you, but I think by contract, you're expected to give at least six week's notice..

BRIDGET
I know, but I thought with the company being in so much trouble, you wouldn't really miss the person who just fannies around with press releases in a see-through top.

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

DANIEL
Bridget....

Bridget spins round, a thunderous look..

BRIDGET
What?

Perpetua moves up next to Bridget.

PERPETUA
I want to hear this. Because if she gives one inch, I'm going to fire her bony little bottom anyway for being totally spineless.

BRIDGET
(to Daniel) What?

(CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED: (2) 143

DANIEL.
I just think you should know that there are lots of 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
Right-ho, Boss Man.

DANIEL
- lots of prospects for a person who perhaps for personal reasons has been slightly overlooked professionally.

Bridget thinks for a while.

BRIDGET

BRIDGET
Well, thanks, Daniel. That is very good to know. But, if staying here means working within 10 yards of you, frankly I'd rather have a job wiping Saddam Hussein's arse.

Cut to Daniel's 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
You're welcome, darling - mine's the size of the house I just bought, so I should know.

Everyone else is now really loving this.

BRIDGET
Bye everyone. I'll miss all of you - well, quite a lot of you.

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

DANIEL
O just sod off.

144 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE. ELEVATOR - DAY. 144

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

(CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED: 144

BRIDGET
I think you should know, sir, that this is my last afternoon. I'm leaving.

MR FITZHERBERT
O dear, Brenda - I'm very sorry to hear that. I'll miss you.

PAUSE

BRIDGET
It's Bridget actually. Bridget Jones.... And let's be honest 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.

145 EXT. FIRE STATION. STREET - DAY 145

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.

146 INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION GALLERY - DAY 146

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

RICHARD
(into microphone)
OK, everyone. It's Bonfire Night and we're on fire! We've got live fire-station feeds from Newcastle, Swansea, Sheffield and Lewisham, just poised for tragedy.

On the screens: several PRESENTERS around the country, holding microphones, doing sound-checks.

RICHARD (cont'd)
Bridget Jones. Where is she?

Bridget steps forward.

BRIDGET
I'm here, Richard

RICHARD
Right - put on more make-up. I want you on camera.

BRIDGET
O God. Ahm. O Jesus. Damn. Unfortunately I've arranged to meet my Mum and Dad for lunch...

(CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED: 146

RICHARD
Tough - I've sent Cara to Liverpool, so you're all I've 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
Fine - great - I'll do it.

147 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - CAFE. DAY 147

Bridget has just sat down with her Mum & Dad.

BRIDGET
I'm sorry - I've only got two minutes. What's up?

BRIDGET'S DAD
Pam, this isn't the right time.

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

BRIDGET
What can wait? What is it? Dad tell me.

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
Now hang on a minute, Pam.....

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

Dad just shakes his head.

BRIDGET
So what's going to happen?

DAD
Your mother's decided to move in with her ghastly ginger gigolo.

(CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED: 147

MOTHER
Daddy!

DAD
For God's sake, Pam. My name's Colin.

Mother is 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 it'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.

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

BRIDGET
(remembering the time) O Christ!

148 EXT. FIRE STATION. POLE - DAY 148

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
So you drop into shot, and then interview Chief Fireman Beavan. 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! Climb back up! Stand by. On you in 30 seconds.

CUT TO:

149 INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION GALLERY - DAY 149

RICHARD
And thank you Newcastle, and cut to Lewisham and Go! Go, go, go, GO! Oh, for fuck's...

On the monitor, Bridget is climbing up the pole.

(CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED: 149

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
Go, go, go, go, go.

RICHARD
Oh, Jesus Christ.

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

RICHARD (cont'd)
OK, we're out of time, we're out of time. Wind her up.

BRIDGET
(gabbling, horror-struck)
Well, that seems to be all we have time for in Lewisham. So thank you Chief Officer Beavan. Excellent fire station. Now, back to the studio.

BRIDGET

CUT TO:

150 INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION GALLERY 150

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

#022

151 INT. DANIEL'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING 151

Daniel smiles and turns off the T.V.

151A INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING-ROOM - EVENING. 151A

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

BRIDGET O.S.
Am national laughing stock. Have huge bottom. Am daughter of broken home. Am useless at all things.

She opens her diary.

BRIDGET V.O.
O God - and am having dinner with Magda & Jeremy. The only thing worse than smug married couple - lots of Smug Married Couples.

152 INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING 152

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

MAGDA
Right. Obviously you know Cosmo and Woney. And this is Hugo and Jane. And Julia and Michael.

Three smug married couples, all in their pairs.

BRIDGET.
Hi. Hello Cosmo.

COSMO
Hey, Bridget - how's your love life?

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

MAGDA
This had better be Jeremy.

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

ALISTAIR
Jeremy sent us on ahead.

MAGDA
(disappointed) Right.

Back in the kitchen - Magda introduces Bridget.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
These are Jeremy's partners from chambers - this is Alistair Frayn, and Henrietta. Natasha Glenville. And this is Mark Darcy.

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

BRIDGET
Hello there.

MARK
Hello.

NATASHA
Not in your bunny girl outfit today?

BRIDGET
No, we bunnies only wear our tails on very special occasions.

(CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED: 152

MAGDA
Come on, everyone - we might as well eat. God knows when Jeremy's going to arrive.

153 INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM - NIGHT. 153

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

COSMO
So, Bridge - still going out with that publishing chappie?

BRIDGET
Er...no...no.

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

COSMO
You really ought to hurry up and get sprogged up, you know old girl. Time's running out. Tick tock.

BRIDGET
Yes....is it one in four marriages that end in divorce now, or one in three?

MARK
One in three.

At which moment Jeremy comes in.

JEREMY
Sorry, I'm late, darling, everyone. Work, work, work.

Bridget catches his eye.

Eat on, eat on.

COSMO
Seriously, though. Office is full of single girls over thirty - fine physical specimens, but just can't seem to hold down a chap.

WONEY
(thin veneer of concern while stroking her pregnant stomach)
Yes, why are there so many unmarried working women these days, Bridget?

CUT TO:

WHAT BRIDGET WANTS TO SAY

153 CONTINUED: 153

BRIDGET
Because I don't want to end up like you, you boring Sloaney milch cow, and because if I had to cook old Chubby Chops's dinner, then get into the same bed as him just once, I'd tear off my own head and eat it.

CUT TO:

WONEY
What do you think's the reason?

WHAT BRIDGET ACTUALLY SAYS

BRIDGET
Ahm - I don't know - I suppose it doesn't help that underneath our clothes our entire bodies are covered in green scales.

BRIDGET

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

MARK
Yes, for my part, I wonder if it actually doesn't make sense to wait.

NATASHA
Quite right. No use just coupling willy-nilly. It's seems 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
Yes - no - you're right, Natasha - but I suppose what I mean 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
Jeremy and Magda. Ten years. Well done. Brilliant.

(CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED: (2) 153

COSMO & HUGO
Speech! Speech!

JEREMY
Thank you, Alistair, thanks everybody, thanks for coming. 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
Yes, it is scary, but you have to take that big risk.

She gently slips her hand aside.

MAGDA (cont'd)
You have to offer yourself up to - to whatever comes 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)
Then a child comes into the room, and you you feel this 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
(raising her glass - gently)
To Jeremy and Magda - (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.

153A SCENE DELETED 153A

154 INT. MAGDA'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT. 154

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

MARK.
I very much enjoyed your Lewisham Fire Report, by the way.

BRIDGET
(is he being sneery?)
Oh....thanks.

MARK
Yes. Well... so, it didn't work out with Daniel Cleaver?

BRIDGET
(exasperated)
No, it didn't.

MARK
I'm delighted to hear it.

BRIDGET
Look, are you and Cosmo in this together?

MARK
I'm sorry...

BRIDGET
I mean you seem to go out of your way to make me feel like 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
(awkward/stumbling)
Look, I'm sorry if I've been...

BRIDGET
What? What?

MARK
I don't think you're an idiot at all... I mean, there are *elements* of the ridiculous about you... your mother's pretty interesting....
(MORE)

(CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED: 154

MARK (cont'd)
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
Please don't forget drinking also. Like a fish. And smoking. Like a chimney.

Mark winces, as he remembers...

MARK
I realize when I met you at the Turkey Curry Buffet I was 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
(still smarting- not teasing)
Apart from the smoking, the drinking, the vulgar mother, and the verbal diarrhoea.

MARK
No. I like you very much just as you are.

He stares at her. She stares back.

BRIDGET
What?

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

NATASHA
Mark. We're really making progress on the case in here...

MARK
Right. Right.... must go... because... Bye.

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

BRIDGET
"Just as I am?"

155 SCENE DELETED 155

156 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING. 156

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
You don't mean Mark Darcy, the human rights lawyer?

BRIDGET
Yes. Do you know him?

JUDE
Only by reputation, which paints him as a God in trousers.

SHARON
I thought you said the chap at the Turkey Curry Buffet was a real geek.

BRIDGET
He was. I mean, his parents are friends of my mum for God's 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
He said he liked you 'Just as you are?'

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

JUDE
Just as you are? Not thinner - not cleverer - not with slightly bigger breasts and a slightly smaller nose?

Bridget just shakes her head.

SHARON
Well, fuck me.

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

TOM
But this is someone you hate, right?

BRIDGET
O yes - of course - that right. Hate him. Phew.

(CONTINUED

156 CONTINUED: 156

But now she's not so sure.

157 INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY 157

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

BRIDGET'S DIARY O/S/
November 9th. Weight - 9st. Cigarettes - 3. Birthday - 33.

Enter Richard Finch.

RICHARD
OK, Bridget. Try and get it right this time. The verdict on the Aghani Heaney case is expected today. Get yourself down to the High Court. And don't want to see any boles or pants. I want a hard-headed interview.

BRIDGET

From Bridget's utterly blank expression..

RICHARD (cont'd)
You *do* know the Aghani Heaney case?

BRIDGET
Yes. Of course. Big... important... case... featuring someone called... Aghani Heaney.

#022

RICHARD
Or two people called Kafir Aghani and Eleanor Heaney.

BRIDGET
Of course. That's it.

RICHARD
She's a British Aid Worker. He's a Kurdish Freedom Fighter. The Government want to extradite him home, where he'll certainly be executed - she's married to him and they've fought to save him for 5 years. Today's the decision.

BRIDGET
Exciting.

RICHARD
Yes it is - so what are you waiting for?

BRIDGET
Nothing. I'm off. Watch me.

158 SCENE DELETED 158

159 EXT. HIGH COURT. STREET - DAY 159

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

BRIDGET O.S.
Am suddenly hard-headed professional journalist. No 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
(to cameraman)
I'm going to nip to the shop for 5 minutes.

CAMERAMAN
Right. You couldn't get me a Milky Way while you're at it?

He rifles in his pocket for change..

SOUND MAN
Oh, love, if you're going, I could murder a Twix.

BRIDGET
(remembering)
Twix.. Milky Way, right..

OTHER CAMERAMAN
Pack of Polos, please. But not the mints, the fruit ones. Or, if they don't have those, I'll have Wine Gums, but not the ones in the packet, the ones from the jar..

A gang is beginning to gather around Bridget..

160 INT. NEWSAGENTS. COUNTER - DAY 160

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

BRIDGET
No, I still need 8p change for the Milky Way, 6p for the Orange Solero, and I owe you 14p for the Mars Bar and pack of Wheat Crunchies..

MALE VOICE (DARCY)
Packet of Marlborough Lights please.

(CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED: 160

Bridget bristles in irritation, then spins round..

BRIDGET
Excuse me, I haven't finished.

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

MARK
Good-afternoon.

BRIDGET
Hello.

MARK
Hi.

She blurts without thinking..

BRIDGET
You like me just the way I am.

MARK
Sorry?

BRIDGET
Nothing. How are you? Having a crafty fag yourself eh?

Mark is about to explain, but at that moment the CAMERAMAN appears in the shop's doorway followed by the SOUND MAN..

CAMERAMAN
Bridget! We've fucked up utterly. Eleanor Heaney's come and gone.

BRIDGET
Oh God. I'll be sacked. Did the others get interviews?

CAMERAMAN
Don't know. I was having a slash.

MARK
Actually, nobody got interviews.

BRIDGET
How do you know?

MARK
Because I WAS defending her - and I told her not to give any interviews. Look, she's out there in my car...

Bridget looks out to see ELEANOR HEANEY put her head out of the car window, and shout..

(CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED: (2) 160

ELEANOR
Actually, make it Silk Cut, will you, Mark.

Bridget and Mark exchange a glance.

MARK
Look....

CUT TO:

161 INT. INN OF COURT - LARGE CHAMBERS - DAY 161

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
Mr Darcy - you were defending Miss Heaney you must be delighted.

MARK
Yes - it's a good day for justice. Eleanor is a hero, not a criminal. Her only crime was to fight for 5 years, in every way she possibly could, to save the life of 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
Right - well - Eleanor - over to you. Be honest, did you fancy Kafir the first time you saw him?

CUT TO:

162 INT. TV COMPANY. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY. 162

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

BRIDGET
Thank you Eleanor. Thank you Kafir.

KAFIR
Thank you, Miss Jones - a privilege.

Bridget nods, blushes and turns to camera.

BRIDGET
This has been Bridget Jones for SIT UP BRITAIN - with, let's face it, a bit of crush actually now. Good afternoon.

(CONTINUED

162 CONTINUED: 162

Richard Finch hits the TV. It clicks off..

RICHARD
Bridget Jones. Already a legend.

Bridget looking very pleased with herself.

CUT TO:

163 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT - STREETS. DAY. 163

MUSIC: THE WAY YOU DO THE THINGS YOU DO. TEMPTATIONS

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

BRIDGET

BRIDGET (V/O)
Historic and joyous birthday I am broadcasting genius. 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 carriso bollocks thingy. 7.30 remove all pants from radiators..

164 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT. 164

Bridget prepares stock for dinner party.

BRIDGET
(reading from recipe book)
....tie flavour-enhancing leek 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.

CUT TO:

165 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 165

BRIDGET (cont'd)

(CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED: 165

(reading from recipe book)
Finely slice oranges and grate zest.

She sighs, picks up heap of thirty-six oranges.

CUT TO:

166 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT. 166

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
Okay. Okay. Tuna. Tuna.

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

BRIDGET

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
Hello darling - happy birthday. Just rung for a little chat.

BRIDGET
Mum, I seriously can't talk. I know you're happy it's my birthday.

166A INT. PHONE - SET - NIGHT. 166A

Mum on a phone. Intercut between them.

MUM
Actually - it wasn't that I rang about - you're a bit old for all that birthday stuff now, aren't you?

Bridget's mortified face.

MUM (CONT'D)
I just wanted a bit of a chat -

(CONTINUED

166A CONTINUED: 166A

Bridget can't 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
Dump him.

MUM
O, I can't possibly do that - we're booked into a lovely hotel in St Kitts for Christmas.

BRIDGET
Then don't dump him and make the best of it.

MUM
Yes - that was rather my plan. And I can't deny, the sex is still full of surprises - why the other night, quite unexpectedly, I was just dozing off and I felt this huge thing...

BRIDGET
Bye Mom.

She hangs up. And instantly the entry-phone rings.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
O God - what time do you call this.

167 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. DOORWAY - NIGHT 167

Bridget opens the door.

BRIDGET
Gah.

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

MARK.
The door was open.

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

MARK
I came to congratulate the new face of British current affairs.

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

(CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED: 167

MARK (cont'd)
...I see I've come at a bad time.

Pause as Bridget stares at him.

BRIDGET
It's my birthday, and I've left the sodding tuna on the sodding bus.

MARK
I see.

CUT TO:

168 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 168

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

BRIDGET
How does it look?

MARK
Great. Blue.

BRIDGET
Blue?

MARK
But blue is good, if you ask me, there isn't enough blue food..

BRIDGET
Oh, shit. It must have been the string.

MARK
It's *string* soup?

Bridget surveys the carnage around her.

BRIDGET
Oh God, they'll be here soon.

MARK
Don't worry. I'm sure they're coming to see you, not..
(he glances at the recipe book)
Orange Parfait in Sugar Cages. Here, have a drink.

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

MARK (cont'd)
Happy Birthday.

(CONTINUED

168 CONTINUED: 168

BRIDGET
Thank you. (slightly romantic pause)
Did I really run round your lawn naked?

MARK
Yes, you did. You were four - I was eight.

BRIDGET
That's a pretty big age difference. Quite pervy really.

MARK
Yes. I like to think so.

There is a pause. Odd little intimate moment.

BRIDGET
Oh God. What are we going to do about this bloody dinner?

Mark looks around at the various unappetising dishes.

MARK
Well, you have blue soup to start. You have orange pudding to end. And for the main course you have... congealed green gunge.

BRIDGET
....caper berry gravy, actually.

MARK
Do you have eggs?

She nods.

MARK (cont'd)
(taking off his jacket)
Right. Omelette it is then. With caperberry 'gravy'.

169 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 169

CUT TO Bridget and Mark working together, breaking and beating eggs.

MARK
You wouldn't, by any chance, have any beetroot cubes, would you?

Bridget looks puzzled.

MARK (cont'd)
A mini-gherkin? Stuffed olive?

Bridget catches on and smiles.

(CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED: 169

BRIDGET
No. And besides - I'm busy - the gravy needs sieving.

MARK
Surely not - just stir it, Una.

They smile, familiar in each other's presence. The doorbell goes.

Cut to all three friends are at the door with gifts shouting "Happy Birthday". But when they see Mark, they're a little taken aback.

TOM
Hello. Are you joining us?

Mark looks to Bridget.

BRIDGET
Ahm, yes - of course.

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

170 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 170

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 word.

MARK
(spooning a mouthful)
Excellent.

EVERYBODY
Mmmm. Delicious. Yum.

They are policing his attentions to Bridget. Like parents.

SHARON
So - Mark - why did your wife leave you?

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

MARK.
She was Japanese. Exceptionally cruel race.

JUDE.
And so are you dating anyone at the moment?

BRIDGET
(cutting her off)
Come on - eat up! Two whole lovely courses to go.

171 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 171

CUT TO 40 minutes later - they're all eating the chewy orange pudding.

TOM
Delicious.

SHARON
It reminds me of something - tastes like ...

JUDE
Marmalade.

TOM
Well done, Bridge. 4 hours of careful cooking. 3 and a fast 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
To Bridget. (CHEEKILY) Just - as - she - is.

CLOSE ON BRIDGET. She exchanges 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
I'll go.

When she reappears, she stands in the doorway.

BRIDGET
Who?

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

DANIEL
I'm sorry, I can see I'm interrupting. Darcy! What brings you here?

Daniel look at Darcy, then Bridget.

DANIEL (cont'd)
(putting two and two together)
Of course. I should 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.

(CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED: 171

TOM
(no loyalty as he sees handsome Daniel)
And I'm Tom. So good to meet you at last.

DANIEL
I just came to... I thought you might be on your own..

Bridget walks off into the kitchen. Daniel follows.

172 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT. 172

Daniel and Bridget are in there alone.

DANIEL
I've been going crazy. I can't stop thinking about you. And thinking what fucking idiot I've been. Christ - is that blue soup?

BRIDGET
Yes.

DANIEL
That Sunday, in the country, it was all going so fast. The 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
What about Lara?

DANIEL
Over. Totally fucking finito. Dumped me when she realised I hadn't got over you.

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

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I know you think it's just a sex thing, but I 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
Oh, God...

(CONTINUED

172 CONTINUED: 172

He's leaning towards her to kiss her.

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

MARK
(strangled)
I'm going now. Goodbye.

BRIDGET
No - please wait...

MARK
No, I don't think I will.

DANIEL
Don't leave on my behalf. I think we're both old enough to put the past behind, don't you, Darce.

Darcy doesn't say anything. Daniel puts his arm around Bridget.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
At least stay for a birthday drink with me and Bridge.

On Mark.

MARK
Goodbye Bridget.

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.
Why are you here?

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

MARK
(to Daniel)
Cleaver. Outside.

DANIEL
Sorry? Outside?

Mark nods.

Shall I bring my duelling pistols? Or my sword?

Mark walks out - Daniel shrugs his shoulders.

173 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET - NIGHT 173

Mark is waiting. Daniel comes out.

MARK
I should have done this years ago.

DANIEL
Done what?

MARK
This.

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

DANIEL
Fuck me. That hurt!

174 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 174

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

TOM
Oh my God. Fight! Fight!

175 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET - NIGHT 175

They all tear into the street as Daniel gets up.

DANIEL.
What the fuck do you think you're doing?

MARK
This.

And he hits him again.

DANIEL.
Christ - not again.

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

176 INT. GREEK RESTAURANT - NIGHT 176

Tom bursts inside.

TOM
Quick everyone! Fight! Real fight!

177 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET - NIGHT 177

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

DANIEL
(hands raised)
Okay, okay - I give up - just give me a 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 & WAITERS
Cheat! Cheat!

Mark, stunned, buckling at the knees, struggling to remain upright. The fight goes on dramatically in the background.

TOM
Who's side are we on?

SHARON
Mark's obviously. He never dumped Bridget for some naked American...

JUDE
...and he said he liked her just the way she is.

BRIDGET
But he also knicked Daniel's fiancee - and left him broken-hearted.

TOM
Good point. This one is very hard to call.

178 INT. GREEK RESTAURANT - NIGHT. 178

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
Sorry.

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
I really am sorry - very sorry. I'll pay..

(CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED: 178

DANIEL
Had enough, Darcy?

MARK
Not quite, if that's all right by you.

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
Happy Birthday to you,
Happy Birthday to you...

Everybody stops - even Mark & 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.

179 EXT. GREEK RESTAURANT. STREET - NIGHT. 179

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 behaviour.

BRIDGET
(to Mark)
What is your problem?

MARK
(incredulous)
My problem?

BRIDGET
Yes - you give the impression of being all noble and moral and normal 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
Forget it. I thought it might be my job to protect you - but I was clearly mistaken.

BRIDGET
Protect me?

179 CONTINUED: 179

MARK.
Yes - but very, very foolish mistake. Forgive me.

CLOSE ON BRIDGET watching as Mark walks. From behind her, the sound of mumbling..

DANIEL
..I love you, Jones.

BRIDGET
What?

DANIEL
I love you. Let's go back upstairs. Come on. We belong together. Me, you... and the ~~poor little skirt~~

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

BRIDGET
Right. Right.

DANIEL
(important, final statement) If I can't make it with you, I can't make it with anyone.

She looks at him and considers.

BRIDGET
No. That's not a good enough offer for me. I'm not willing to gamble my whole life on someone who ~~[illegible]~~ 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.

BRIDGET'S DIARY O/S
Down to zero boyfriends. Again. Forever.

180 EXT. GRAFTON UNDERWOOD. HIGH STREET - DAY 180

'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.
December 25th. Weight - 9st 4 plus 11 mince pies. Alcohol - incalculable. Cigarettes - fuck of a lot. All irrelevant. Because am now going out with...

181 EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE. DOOR - DAY 181

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

BRIDGET O.S.
.... Dad.

182 INT. PARENT'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - DAY 182

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 Baileys 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.

BRIDGET

DAD
Pass the ciggies.

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.

183 INT. SHOPPING CHANNEL - SET - DAY. 183

#022

JULIAN
This baroque carriage clock is a particular festive favourite 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)
Merry Christmas.

Julian toasts 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.

DAD
I don't understand it - the man has actually turned red now.

BRIDGET
Forget it. We're better off without her. Worse fed - less clean - but better. Come on - a toast... to singletons wherever they may be.

(CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED: 183

DAD
To singletons.

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

184 INT. JUDE'S PARENTS' HOUSE. DINING ROOM - DAY. 184

JUDE'S DAD
Well, congratulations to Judith - half a million pounds 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
He promised he'd come.

185 INT. SHARON'S PARENTS' HOUSE. DINING ROOM - DAY. 185

SHARON'S MUM
How's your love life, darling?

SHARON
Shut it!

186 INT. TOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE. DINING ROOM - DAY. 186

TOM'S DAD
Shame that Bridget couldn't be here. It must be tough having Christmas without your girlfriend.

TOM
Yes. But I guess this year her Dad just... needs her more.

CUT TO:

187 INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT. 187

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
I am not coming back with my tail between my legs. My tail is firmly in the air. If you're expecting a tail between the legs, then I'll just trot on off again.

(CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED: 187

DAD
I'll take you however you choose to come.

CUT TO:

188 INT. PARENTS' HOUSE. STAIRS - NIGHT. 188

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
The thing is, close up he was almost purple - and you're such a lovely normal colour. 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 are 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
(deeply uncertain)
I don't know now, Pam. I just don't know. It's been very hard.

MOTHER
O Colin.

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
I'm only joking you daft cow. Come on - give us a hug.

She does.

DAD (CONT'D)
Pam. Pam. I just don't work without you.

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

189 INT. PARENT'S HOUSE. TOP OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT. 189

Bridget writing the diary.

(CONTINUED

189 CONTINUED: 189

BRIDGET O.S..
1 a.m. So that's it I suppose. Compromise all round. That's the glory of, that's the story of love.....

190 INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 190

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
Get back up those stairs young lady and get changed.

BRIDGET
(Still half-asleep)
What for

MOTHER
The Darcy's Ruby Wedding party. What for indeed? Mark'll be there... He's
(taps nose/knowing)
.. still divorced!

BRIDGET
Yes, I know. He's also...
(taps nose/knowing)
..still deranged. I'm not going.

MOTHER
Poor Mark. This is always a bad time of year for him. Japanese wife left him on Christmas day. Cruel race.

BRIDGET
Yes, I'm not sure it was that way round in fact, Mummy.

MOTHER
Ran off...with his best friend from Cambridge.

ON BRIDGET: she mentally starts to join the dots....

190A INT. A HOME. DAY. 190A

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.

....total scoundrel apparently.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED

190A CONTINUED: 190A

MOTHER (cont'd)
Best man at his 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...

190 INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY. 190

Back on Bridget. Everything has now fitted into place.

179 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT - NIGHT. 179

FLASHBACK: Mark looking his most attractive - hot, bloodied, noble.

MARK
I thought it might be my job to protect you - but I was clearly mistaken.

BRIDGET.
Protect me?

MARK.
Yes - but very, very foolish mistake. Forgive me.

190A INT. BRIDGET'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY. 190A

BRIDGET
Mum. Dad. Give me five minutes.

She runs upstairs to get changed.

And comes straight down - looking devastating and modern.

MUM
And what do you think you're wearing, young lady?

BRIDGET
I think I'm wearing exactly what I want to wear, old woman.

MUM
Daddy! Do something.

191 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. PARENT'S CAR - DAY. 191

Bridget's father is driving at a fatherly pace.

BRIDGET
Stop! Stop the car!

Father stops. Bridget gets out.

(CONTINUED

191 CONTINUED: 191

MOTHER
What is it now?

Bridget opens the door on her father's side.

BRIDGET
Get out.

FATHER
What?

BRIDGET
Too slow.

192 EXT. COUNTRY ROADS. PARENT'S CAR - DAY 192

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

BRIDGET

193 EXT. DARCY HOUSE. DRIVEWAY - DAY 193

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..

194 INT. DARCY HOUSE. DINING ROOM - DAY 194

All the usual suspects are there; Geoffrey and Una Alconbury, Penny Husbands-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.

MOTHER
(to Bridget)
It's a bit showey, isn't it?

BRIDGET
What?!

MOTHER
Don't say 'what', Bridget. Say 'pardon'.

Bridget freezes. Mark approaches. He is beautifully dressed apart from a hideous Pooh Bear bow-tie. His eyes meet Bridget's.

BRIDGET
Thank you for inviting me.

MARK
(stiffly)
I didn't. It must have been my parents.

(CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED: 194

MARK & BRIDGET SIMULTANEOUSLY
So...

Awkward pause - and then Natasha approaches.

NATASHA
Hello, Bridget. I didn't know you were coming. Mark, your father wants to begin very soon.

MARK
Does he? Right....

NATASHA
Come on - be helpful, Mark. The caterers have totally screwed up - does nothing work outside London?

Natasha races off. Bridget watches her go.

MARK
I better...

BRIDGET
Listen.... I just wanted to say I owe you an apology... about Daniel. He said you ran off with his fiancee. Broke his heart, he said.

MARK
Ah. No. Other way round. My... wife. My... heart.

BRIDGET
I'm sorry. And that's why you always behaved so weirdly with him. And why you beat him to a pulp. Quite rightly. Well done.

MARK
Well....

BRIDGET
Look - ahm -.... could we just pop in here for a second...

They move into an 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...
(MORE)

194 CONTINUED: (2) 194

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
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
(giving nothing away) Right. Crikey.

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)
Fuck. Excuse me.

BRIDGET
Of course.

He walks away.

MARK'S FATHER
Dear friends. 40 years of happy marriage counts for 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
To Geraldine

MARK'S FATHER
And we, in turn, have been blessed with our son, 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 for 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED: (3) 194

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
No! Nooooo!

195 SCENE DELETED 195

196 SCENE DELETED 196

197 INT. DARCY HOUSE. DINING ROOM - DAY. 197

FANTASY: WHAT BRIDGET WANTS TO SAY:

BRIDGET

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

BRIDGET
Stop! Stop! Mark. For God's sake, don't get tricked into 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!

#022

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

GUESTS
Mark and Natasha!

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
No! Nooooo!

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...

(CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED: 197

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.

198 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY 198

M O N T A G E

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

199 EXT. ST PANCRAS STATION. PLATFORM - DAY 199

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 the platform - there is no hero waiting for her.

199A EXT. SKY. DAY. 199A

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

199B INT/EXT BRIDGET'S FLAT. HALLWAY - DAY. 199B

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.'

199C INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. ARRIVALS - DAY. 199C

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 & Natasha is a very smartly dressed young man - clearly a keen junior lawyer from the firm.

BERNARD
Mark, Natasha. Welcome to New York. (HE POINTS TO HIS BIG SPECIALLY CHOSEN RED TIE). I am your red carpet. The name's...

199D INT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY. 199D

She looks out the window - it starts to snow.

(CONTINUED

199D CONTINUED: 199D

BRIDGET.

Typical.

199E INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT - CORRIDOR - DAY. 199E

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

BERNARD
It is great to see you guys. Really superb. We have been so 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
Damn.

He stops dead.

BERNARD
What - can I help?

MARK
Not really, no. Ahm - truth is, John - is it John?

BERNARD
No, Bernard. (SAID IN THE AMERICA WAY - STRESS ON 'ARD')

MARK
Bernard (IN THE ENGLISH WAY)

BERNARD
BernARD.

MARK
Right - Ber-whatever. Truth is, I've gone and left something... behind.

BERNARD
On the luggage carousel?

MARK
No, more...

NATASHA
O, not on the plane, Mark?

MARK
Well no - more rather - further back - in...ah.. in.. ah... London, in fact.

(CONTINUED

199E CONTINUED: 199E

BERNARD
O don't worry about that - we can Fedex anything.

MARK
Well no - actually, this might be hard to Fedex - very, well, no, quite.... heavy. Look, you just head on and I'll...

Looks up to check tv above saying 'Departures.'

I'll sort this out. Terrible timing I know - but I'm an arse - and Natasha is really 'superb' - just 'superb'. And, to be honest, (to her) better off without me.

BERNARD
I'm going to find this hard to explain to Mr Abbott and Mr Abbott. Are you sure about this, Mark?

MARK
Yes. Quite sure. Bye.

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

NATASHA
Mark. Mark! Marky!!!!

200 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING. 200

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

BRIDGET V/O
The time has at last come to face the truth. Keep 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
Yes?

TOM, SHARON & JUDE (V/O))
Hi - it's us.

BRIDGET
(disappointed, unsurprised) O great. Come on up.

(CONTINUED

200 CONTINUED: 200

Cut to them arriving.

TOM
Have we got a fantastic surprise for you.

BRIDGET
New Kids on the Block have re-formed?

TOM
Not that fantastic - but still pretty good. We're taking you to Paris for the weekend. Forget about everything - particularly forget about Mark Darcy.

JUDE
I can't believe you said what you said you said.

BRIDGET
I know. There goes my invite to next year's Turkey Curry Buffet.

TOM
Well, sod them all - if he didn't just leap over the family heirlooms and whip you up in his arms, then sod him.

JUDE
Yes - he's clearly the most dreadful cold fish.

SHARON
Exactly - there have been all these bloody hints and stuff, but how he ever actually stuck his fucking tongue down your fucking throat?

BRIDGET
No. Not once.

201 EXT BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET - NIGHT. 201

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

TOM
This is so romantic. Snow bound for Paris.

SHARON
Hurry up, Bridge, we're freezing our bollocks off out here.

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..

(CONTINUED

201 CONTINUED: 201

BRIDGET
O damn.

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
(out a wound-down window) Come the fuck on Bridget!

Sharon nudges 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

Thank God.

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

MARK
Bridget

BRIDGET
What are you doing here?

MARK
Looking for you.

BRIDGET
What?

MARK
Don't say 'what?' Bridget - say 'pardon.' I just wanted to know if you were available for Bar Mitzvahs and christenings as well as Ruby Weddings? Excellent speech.

BRIDGET
I'm so, so sorry. (BEAT) I thought you were in America.

MARK
Well, yes - I was - but then I remembered I'd forgotten something back home.

BRIDGET
Which was?

MARK
Ahm - I'd forgotten to kiss you goodbye.... Do you mind?

201 CONTINUED: (2) 201

BRIDGET
Not really, no.

He moves to kiss her....

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
So you're not going to America?

MARK
No, not.

BRIDGET
You're staying here?

MARK
It would seem so.

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)
Friends of yours?

BRIDGET
Never seen them before in my life.

He moves to kiss her again.

SHARON
Look - are you coming to Paris or not?

BRIDGET
Not.

MARK
Maybe we should go upstairs for a minute.

BRIDGET
Good idea.

CUT TO:

202 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 202

Mark and Bridget are entering from the snow.

BRIDGET
Excuse - there's just a little something I must... I'll be 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.

203 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BATHROOM - NIGHT. 203

Bridget is changing from big pants to little knickers.

BRIDGET
Definitely an occasion for genuinely tiny pants.

She lifts up her skirt to remove the big pants she was wearing.

204 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 204

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
Right. Right.

He closes the diary quietly, and walks out the door.

204A INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. BATHROOM - NIGHT. 204A

Bridget is half way through changing. Perhaps now has on her top half only. She hears the heavy slam of the door. She rushes out, and sure enough...

204B INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. 204B

...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
Mark! Mark!

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)
O shit.

And has to decide what to do.

O double shit.

205 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 205

She charges down the stairs.

206 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. STREET - NIGHT 206

Bridget in bare feet and legs sprints out into the snow past Mr Ramdas and a couple of Greek waiters.

BRIDGET
Wish me luck!

WAITERS & RAMDAS
Good luck, crazy girl.

She reaches the main street - turns a corner.

BRIDGET

206A EXT. HIGH STREET. NIGHT. 206A

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.

207 EXT. STATIONARY SHOP. NIGHT. 207

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.

#0222

BRIDGET
Mark, Mark - I'm sorry - I didn't mean it - I mean, I meant 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
I know that.

He holds up a little leather book.

I was just buying you a new one. Time to start again, perhaps.

Total joy - she jumps up on him - arms right round his neck, feet in the air - and hugs him.

(CONTINUED

206A CONTINUED: 206A

MARK (CONT'D)
(to on-lookers) Sorry. Heroin is a terrible drug.

And then they kiss. It lasts a genuine amount of time. They split apart - Bridget is a little breathless - and confused.

BRIDGET.
Wait a minute - nice boys don't kiss like that.

MARK.
O yes, they do.

Both smile - both know the future is full of strange delights.

TITLE MUSIC...THE EXPLOSIVE VERSION OF " WHEN I MET MISS JONES"

BRIDGET

210 EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE. GARDEN (1960'S) - DAY 210

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.

FRANK SINATRA
Now I've met Miss Jones
And we'll be meeting
Till the day we die.
Miss Jones & I.

THE END.