

BRIDGET JONES'S BABY

by

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and

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and

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Based on the characters and story created by Helen Fielding

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT
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- 1 OMITTED 1
- 1A EXT. LONDON. DAY. 1A
Sweeping aerial shot of London, establishing the city in all its glory.
- 1AA EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE. DAY. 1AA
We swoop down the Thames to find a svelte figure on the bridge hailing a taxi.
- 2 INT. CHURCH. DAY 2
SHAZZER, early forties, and her folk singer husband FERGUS, scurry down the aisle.

The church is packed with people we might recognise. A few literary and TV celebrities amongst them. Shazzer spots JUDE, now a pillar of married respectability, her husband GILES and their tiny baby. They take the seats beside them.
- 3 OMITTED 3
- 4 INT. CHURCH. DAY. 4
BRIDGET JONES enters the church. She's older than when we last saw her, forty three to be exact, slim and elegantly dressed. She takes a deep breath and collects herself. Bridget spots Jude and Shazzer and heads towards them. Shazzer greets her with a big hug.
- SHAZZER
How are you feeling, you OK?
- BRIDGET
Yes, but I still can't believe he's gone.
- REVEAL - at the front a portrait of DANIEL CLEAVER.
- ANOTHER REVEAL - The congregation consists mainly of ludicrously attractive, glamorous women, all weeping.
- BRIDGET (CONT'D)
His death seems to have hit the Eastern European teenage modelling community particularly hard.
- JUDE
They found the flight recorder but still no bodies.
- SHAZZER
Yep, in the Australian outback. And strangely fitting that he died going down in the bush.

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

A dour looking Minister assumes the pulpit.

MINISTER

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

SHAZZER

(aside to Bridget)

A selfish but gifted lover?

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

BRIDGET

Fuck. What the fuck is he doing here?

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

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

JUDE

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

SHAZZER

Is that his wife?

Bridget nods.

JUDE

She's pretty.

BRIDGET

I mean, yes, conventionally, I suppose.

SUDDENLY DARCY LOOKS OVER.

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

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Sorry, I'm just very emotional.

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

Darcy faintly but discernibly registers this.

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

MINISTER

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

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

BRIDGET

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

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

GLAMOROUS YOUNG WOMAN

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

In the front pew several more young women look at each other awkwardly, clearly sharing exactly the same memory.

Bridget, Shazzer and Jude all laugh, they can't help themselves. The rest of the congregation look at them disapprovingly.

Mark and Bridget make fleeting, but definite eye contact, as he catches her mid gorgeous, life-affirming laugh.

Bridget then looks sadly at the portrait of Daniel at the front.

MINISTER

Would anybody else like to say a few words?

No one else in the congregation stands up. After a nudge from Shazzer, Bridget gets up.

BRIDGET

Daniel was a man who touched many of us, here today, including me.

There is a small, slightly awkward pause, but she continues unabated.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Right now, if Daniel were here, he would have told me to 'Shut up, Jones' and he would've been right. All I really need to say is, I miss you, dear Daniel. We all do. Thank you.

4A INT. CHURCH. DAY. LATER.

4A

The congregation is leaving. At the back of the church Bridget says goodbye to her friends. As she turns, she finds herself face to face with Mark Darcy and his wife.

MARK

Bridget.

BRIDGET

Mark.

MARK

Camilla, my wife. Bridget Jones, my.....an old friend.

BRIDGET

Less old....more childhood.

BRIDGET/CAMILLA

Hello. Hello.

Awkward pauses all round.

BRIDGET

Nice memorial.....as memorials go. Almost makes one look forward to one's own.

Camilla just stares at Bridget strangely.

MARK

Right. Yes. Well. Goodbye.

BRIDGET

Yes. Goodbye.

They part in opposite ways. At the last moment, Mark looks back.

CUT TO:

AMY WINEHOUSE'S 'MY TEARS DRY ON THEIR OWN' kicks in.

TITLE: BRIDGET JONES'S BABY

5 OMITTED

5

6 EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE AND SOUTH LONDON STREETS. DAY

6

Bridget walks across the familiar bridge.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Here I am Bridget Jones, one day short of 43. Of the two loves of my life: one is dead and the other is married.

She walks on...

BRIDGET (V.O.)
 Still, not to dwell on the negatives. Many positives to note. Am down to ideal weight! Am 685 days without a single cigarette. Am hitting government target for recommended intake of alcohol. 2-3 units per day.

A good looking man clocks her and takes her in as she walks - she smiles to herself once he has passed.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
 Have top job as producer of award winning intelligent persons news programme.

Bridget walks through the now fashionable Borough Market. She passes the smallest Italian restaurant in the world, and waves at GIANNI, the owner.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
 AND...have foot on London's property ladder in now-fashionable Borough Market...

7 EXT./INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. CONTINUOUS

7

She trips up over a brand new, unused bicycle in the hallway. Looks at it guiltily. She enters her sitting room just as a fast train bullets past the windows, shaking the walls.

BRIDGET(V.O.)
 ...cleverly acquired just before the new-improved transport links. And even though I am still single, I have NOT acquired a cat.

Then she opens a 'funny' birthday card featuring an old lady and a cat.

She enters her make-shift office and goes to the shelf where her old diaries are. She rifles through them to find a photograph of her and Daniel, which is placed between the pages. She looks at it mournfully before her eyes settle on the diary entry on the page behind the photo... "Reasons why Mark Darcy and I could never work" followed by a list of reasons.

8 INT. BEDROOM. BRIDGET'S FLAT. NIGHT

8

Bridget lies in her bed.

On one bedside table is a pile of serious political tomes and on the other, some self-help books. "Spinsterhood is the new Feminism", "Jog yourself Happy", A 5:2 diet book with an empty Kit-Kat wrapper on top, and on the floor in a pile of dirty clothes "The Life Changing Powers of Tidying" She opts for none of these, and picks up her iPad with a red cover and types.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
If today has taught me anything,
it's that life is short, you've got
to seize the day, stop making the
same mistakes, stop looking back
and... and not be dissuaded by the
very simple fact that the future,
seems to be something-

Suddenly the screen goes black. Bridget drags a charger and a stray bra tangled in the wires across the floor. Plugs it in. She then tries to get back in bed with the iPad, but realizes the lead is just too short to reach.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
...that happens to everyone else
whilst I am still scrabbling around
for an iPad charger.

She attempts to lean out of her bed and continue to type, but realizes it's too awkward and uncomfortable.

BRIDGET
(randomly)
I mean, it's not like we even had
that much in common when it came
down to it.

She gives up and switches off her light.

9 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. EARLY NEXT MORNING.

9

In the near darkness. Bridget's phone rings loudly. She bolts up out of bed.

MUM (O.S.)
Hello darling, it's Mummy. Just
wanted to wish you a happy
birthday.

Bridget fishes around for the TV remote control and flicks on breakfast TV - a clock on the corner of the TV screen.

BRIDGET
Mum, it's 6.00am!

Bridget studies her phone curiously.

MUM (V.O.)
I'm doing The Facetime, Una taught
me, it's really marvellous.

CLOSE-UP - Bridget's phone - there is an extreme close-up of MUM'S EAR.

BRIDGET
The point of Facetime is that you
don't have to hold it to your ear.

Mum removes it from her ear, the camera swings round to reveal Dad sitting on the loo, oblivious.

MUM (O.S.)

This time forty three years ago I was having a lamb Biryani in an attempt to coax you out. Twenty-three hours of labour. I was never the same again down there, but I've hardly ever regretted it.

Bridget half listening. An Ad for an internet dating site called Qwantify just audible: happy cartoon couples meet and kiss, voiced by real couples who've found love on the net.

MUM (CONT'D)

It's a miracle, the gift of childbirth. Penny Husbands-Bosworth's son sells his sperm on the internet. You don't even need a man, Bridget.

10 INT. MUM'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME.

10

We see there are flyers with Mum's face on them lying on a bedroom table.

MUM (CONT'D)

And some people have marvellous lives without them. I mean, look at you! You've got a nice flat, a great career, a nice flat...

BRIDGET (O.S)

I'm putting the phone down now Mum.

DAD emerges from the bathroom.

MUM

(holding up phone to Dad)
Say Happy Birthday to Bridget.

Dad hurriedly covers his naked torso.

DAD

Happy Birthday to Bridget.

MUM

I love you darling. Don't forget I'm counting on you to head up my media campaign.

BRIDGET

Mum, it's the Parish Council election, not the U.S. Primaries.

Bridget hangs up.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

At least no one at work knows it's my birthday.

11 EXT/INT. HARD NEWS TV STUDIOS. DAY. 11

Bridget strides into the studio, ready for the day.

EVERYONE
SURPRISE!!

Bridget's face falls as she sees her office is filled with people. A PA holds up a card which says '43 TODAY' in huge letters. Someone else holds out a toy tombstone that says 'Bridget Jones 1973-2016'.

BRIDGET
Oh God, oh God. Who told you?

MIRANDA, a gorgeous, thirty-something friend of Bridget's and presenter of the show, steps forward and takes a selfie with her.

MIRANDA
Guilty. Thought it would cheer you up. Hashtag 'Bridge's bday'.

Bridget looks horrified as SUSAN the pregnant Floor Manager brings up a cake emblazoned with forty three candles for her to blow out.

SUSAN
So hot... so many candles.

They start to sing 'Happy 43rd Birthday to you' as the Floor Manager continues to hold the cake up.

Then mid-song the fire alarm starts to go off and then the sprinklers start.

RICHARD FINCH, Bridget's fifty-something-but-trying-to-look-younger boss, pops his head through the studio backdrop.

RICHARD FINCH
Who the fuck set the sprinklers off?

12 INT. HARD NEWS. CORRIDOR. DAY. 12

Bridget is striding down the corridor - a woman at the top of her game - West Wing style - with two young, deferential assistants JOSH and LAURA striding alongside, hanging on to her every word, taking notes.

BRIDGET
Josh, I want you to see what Reuters are saying about the attacks in Ramallah. I might need a live link. And Laura, tell Adam I'll be in to check the human trafficking VT.

JOSH and LAURA peel off and MIRANDA joins her.

MIRANDA
So, how will I be changing the
world today?

BRIDGET.
Well our main feature will be the
exclusive interview with the
Foreign Secretary about NGochi.

As she says "NGochi"- she does it with the authentic African
click.

MIRANDA
OMG, how do you do that? N-Gochi, N-
Gochi.

She tries but fails to do the click.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
You are so good at that.

BRIDGET
I know, I've really been
practising, "NGochi"

They go backwards and forwards "NGochi-ing" at each other.

13 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. HAIR & MAKE UP DEPT. DAY. 13

Bridget and Miranda continue to talk as Miranda is primped
and preened by a hair and make-up woman, CATHY.

Cathy tries to N'Gochi too. They are all at it.

CATHY
Oooh, it's harder than you think.

BRIDGET
It's all in the throat.

MIRANDA
And after "NGochi"...

She gets it right and high fives with Bridget and Cathy.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
... how do we plan to celebrate
tonight?

BRIDGET
Night out with the gang.

MIRANDA
Please say that involves group sex.

CATHY
I know a smashing little club for
that, just round the back of
Berwick Street.

BRIDGET

Chance would be a fine thing. I'm beginning to think I've passed my sell-by-date. I'm like an old packet of custard creams, all mouldy and crushed.

MIRANDA

Nonsense. There are names for people like you now Bridge, you're a cougar, a MILF.

BRIDGET

I'm not a MILF, I'm not even a Mum. I'm a spinster, I'm a SPILF.

SUSAN comes in.

SUSAN

Three minutes until we're on air.

Cathy has jotted down details. Hands them to Bridget.

CATHY

It's called Voyeurz, with a z. Tell them Cathy sent you. If you go on a Thursday, there's a Chinese buffet. All you can eat...as it were.

14 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIO GALLERY. DAY. 14

Bridget takes prime position at the desk in the gallery in front of all the monitors. She slips on her microphone.

15 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIO. FLOOR. DAY 15

Miranda takes her place on set, slips in her ear-piece.

FLOOR MANAGER

Twenty seconds to air.

HARD NEWS TITLES RUN.

Miranda continues to talk to Bridget through her microphone.

MIRANDA

Anyway, far too many women are wasting their lives having babies in their thirties and forties when they should be getting on with their careers.

FLOOR MANAGER

TEN, nine, EIGHT, seven, SIX, five...

Miranda suddenly changes character - into impressive Emily Matlis-type anchorwoman.

MIRANDA
Hello, and welcome to Hard News.

BONG -

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Tonight, more attacks in Ramallah,
we go live as the world asks is it
time for the UN to intervene?

FOOTAGE RUNS so they can go on talking.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
You didn't by any chance freeze
your eggs?

BRIDGET
God no, I imagine they're hard
boiled by now.

MIRANDA
You know what Bridge, this weekend
we need to go out and engage in
some serious -

BONG - back on air.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Binge drinking; A dangerous scourge
on society. Is new legislation
needed?

FOOTAGE RUNS.

16 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIO. GALLERY. NIGHT

16

RICHARD FINCH enters.

RICHARD FINCH
Bridget, Miranda, I've told you not
to talk between the bongs.

Without looking up, they both give him the finger. Richard
exits the gallery.

BONGS AGAIN.

MIRANDA
The Foreign Secretary will be live
in the studio to talk about the
looming crisis in Muribundi.

FOOTAGE RUNS.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Or you could always try online
dating again.

BRIDGET.
Those dating sites are just full of
married men wanting affairs.

MIRANDA

No, I've met all sorts of men. The other night I was on Tinder and half an hour later I'm in a three way with...

BONG - BACK ON AIR

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Prince Andrew; The Royal Special Representative for Trade and Investment has written his first children's book.

FOOTAGE RUNS.

Two young, hip and serious-looking professionals glide into the back of the studio; power-dressed ALICE PEABODY and her assistant. She watches proceedings sternly.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

But first, live in the studio I'm joined by Foreign Secretary, George Wilkins, who has just returned from war ravaged Muribundi, where the assassination of bloody dictator, Charles Ngochi...

She can't help but look pleased with herself.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

... has resulted in civil war. Minister, was this a military coup?

GEORGE WILKINS

The signs are that Ngochi's own generals did take him out in a bloody way, yes...

INTERCUT TO:

17

INT. GALLERY. DAY.

17

Bridget's mobile rings. It reads TOM. Bridget picks up.

BRIDGET.

(hurriedly, whispering)
Hey Tom. Can't really...

TOM

How was the service?

Bridget checks Miranda. She seems to be doing fine.

BRIDGET.

(to Tom)
Well, It's just sad. I can't believe he's gone actually.

Miranda hears Bridget in her earpiece.

MIRANDA
 (to Minister)
 Well, it's just sad. I can't
 believe he's gone actually.

GEORGE WILKINS
 (somewhat bemused)
 I don't think there was a great
 deal of *sadness* at his passing,
 even by his most loyal followers.
 His persecution of the Unbutu
 people amounted to genocide. That's
 well documented.

18 INT. GALLERY. SAME TIME. DAY

18

BRIDGET
 (to Tom)
 I know he had his faults, he
 could be a massive arsehole.
 But I miss him. We all do.

MIRANDA
 (to Minister)
 I know he had his faults. He
 could be a massive arsehole,
 but I miss him. We all do.

The minister, clearly confused, but trying to play along.

At the back of the set, Alice takes notes.

GEORGE WILKINS
 Well, he was a *colourful* character
 on the world's stage, I give you
 that. But I think the genocide
 along with his eugenics programme
 resulting in the deaths of over
 10,000 of his own people, men,
 women and children, put him on the
 wrong side of....

BRIDGET
 At least he was never boring.

MIRANDA
 At least he was never boring.

Wilkins looks at Miranda, now totally perplexed and
 speechless.

19 INT. GALLERY. SAME TIME.

19

Bridget signs off to Tom and puts down the phone.

Thinking everything is going well, she now starts paying
 attention to the interview.

BRIDGET
 (to Miranda)
 Do you think a spirit of
 democracy can carry over into
 West Africa now Ngochi's
 dead?

MIRANDA
 (to Minister)
 Do you think a spirit of
 democracy can carry over into
 West Africa now Ngochi's
 dead?

Back on course! Phew.

GEORGE WILKINS
Now that IS an interesting
question. Finally.

Bridget looks very pleased.

20

INT. HARD NEWS STUDIO. GALLERY. LATER.

20

Richard and Miranda stand in the gallery.

RICHARD
Thank you Miranda and Bridget, you
couldn't just behave yourself when
the new management team were here?

BRIDGET
They're the management team? I
thought they were the interns.

Richard points to the floor and Peabody.

RICHARD
No, that's Alice Peabody. New Brand
Manager. Apparently Hard News is
too old fashioned, too serious, and
she's the smiling assassin sent in
to sack anyone older than her.

BRIDGET
Everybody's older than her. I've
got cans of soup in my cupboard
older than her.

RICHARD
(to Bridget)
You should watch your back.

MIRANDA
They won't sack Bridget. She
rescued this show, she made it
relevant. She made us award
winning! And as a result she has no
life. Because everyone has
mercilessly abused the fact that
she is a lonely, single, childless
SPILF who works all hours.

BRIDGET
Thank you Miranda.

RICHARD
Look at them all with their apps
and their ironic beards.

MIRANDA
Maybe one of them will give Bridget
some sex.

RICHARD
Does Bridget need sex?

BRIDGET

No!

MIRANDA

Yes. Which is why I'm taking her on the girls' weekend to beat all girls' weekends.

A rap on the glass door makes them all whirl round. It's Alice Peabody. Richard looks at the studio floor confused.

ALICE

Bridget, isn't it?

Alice looks her up and down, slightly witheringly.

BRIDGET

Yes. Pleased to...

ALICE

Team meeting tomorrow morning. We can do introductions then.

Alice sashays out, Bridget does a pantomime 'scared face' behind her back as she walks away, Alice turns on her heels and catches Bridget at it. Bridget disguises it as something else, but fails.

ALICE (CONT'D)

9 a.m. We should all start an hour earlier from now on.

21 EXT. OFFICE. NIGHT.

21

Bridget leaves with Miranda.

MIRANDA

And you're sure you don't want to come out with me and my crew?

BRIDGET

Thanks, but I can't let the old gang down. They'd be disappointed.

Bridget switches her phone on after work and a flurry of texts come through. Miranda heads towards the bike racks.

She reads a text from SHAZZER: 'Happy Birthday. Sorry Bridge, but can't get a 'sitter tonight.'

Bridget's phone pings again. She reads a text from JUDE. A vomiting emoji, four BABY FACE emojis and a SAD FACE emoji.

A third ping. TOM: "Where are you? Get your freak on, bitch?"

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Thank God for the gays!

22 INT. GYM. STROBE CYCLE. NIGHT.

22

Bridget enters a strobe-lit gym, almost tripping over. A large sign reads STROBE CYCLE. Loud, gay club anthems bang out.

TOM O.S.
Okay ladies, click in.

TOM, at the front of the class, on a spinning cycle. He's manning the record decks while simultaneously cycling and speaking into a head-mic.

TOM
Whatever fears, whatever
insecurities you're bringing in
with you today, I want you to take
those fears and tell them to FUCK
THE FUCK OFF!

An adoring, pumped up crowd of lithe young female bodies furiously pedalling. They whoop. "Alright!". Bridget struggles to click her shoes into the pedals.

TOM (CONT'D)
THIS moment is about YOU, your
body, your dreams, your POTENTIAL.

The music's pumping up to a crescendo.

TOM (CONT'D)
Are you ready for this? Are you
ready for this?

The women yell orgasmically. The music swells.

TOM (CONT'D)
Now. Ride, sexy bitches, ride!

And the women rise from their saddles and pedal like fuck. Tom sprays water at them. Bridget looks like she might have a seizure.

23 INT. GYM. NIGHT.

23

Tom waving off the last Strobe Cyclist. Bridget, exhausted, barely able to breathe.

BRIDGET
(wheezing)
It will take me three martinis to
recover and you are buying.

TOM
About that. I'm so sorry Bridget.
I'm going to have to blow you out
too.

Bridget masks her disappointment.

TOM (CONT'D)

The thing is... I didn't want to have to tell you this today. Eduardo and I are adopting.

BRIDGET.

Adopting what... a baby?

TOM

No, a new stance on illegal immigration! Yes, a baby, or a gayby, in fact.

BRIDGET

Oh Tom, this is fantastic news!

She gives him the biggest hug.

TOM

I didn't want to say anything because we always do our "we're pointless-empty-husks- sticking-together" thing. And I love that. But truth is...if I'm being honest, I feel it's important for me, in myself, to start caring for someone other than me. And well, it looks like we've been successful.

BRIDGET

Brilliant.

TOM

We're going to Bogota to start the official paperwork and I've got to pack.

BRIDGET

It's alright. Go! Go!

Bridget is left alone on a bicycle.

24 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. NIGHT. DARKNESS.

24

Bridget, alone, lights a candle on a single cupcake. She pours herself a glass of wine and reaches for a cigarette in an old packet on top of the cupboard. Then thinks better of it. The radio plays, "All By Myself".

BRIDGET.

Oh fuck off!

She flicks it off.

25 INT. ST. PANCRAS STATION. DAY.

25

The station concourse is thronging with commuters.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
 Must not dwell on why the biological clock, though clearly ticking, has not compelled me yet to Colombia, or Olly Husbands Bosworth's sperm, or even into the arms of inappropriate men met on Internet. Always thought I'd find love of my life and then baby would follow. I may be old of womb, but will remain young at heart. Will start to embrace life in manner of thirty-something friends like Miranda, who don't seem to care about settling, or babies, or ticking clocks.

We tilt up from a pair of Hunter wellies, cut-off denim shorts, a backpack. Miranda makes her way across the concourse to meet Bridget.

We tilt up from a pair of elegant high-heels, a smart dress and a giant wheelie suitcase. Bridget spots Miranda.

BRIDGET
 What the fuck!

26	OMITTED	26
27	EXT. MUSIC FESTIVAL. DAY	27

Miranda and Bridget enter the festival. Bridget is wheeling her smart suitcase through the mud with little success. There are posters everywhere advertising bands or specific tents and wherever there is a sign it features a 'SPONSORED BY QWANTIFY' logo.

MIRANDA
 I didn't tell you because I knew you wouldn't come. Anyway, it's not camping, it's 'glamping'.

BRIDGET
 Putting a 'Gl' before it doesn't make it any better. Calling him Gladolf Hitler wouldn't suddenly make you forget all the unpleasantness.

MIRANDA
 Come on Bridge, it'll be fun. What you need is a good shafting, some good old fashioned, lie-back-and-think-of-England bonking. Festivals are sexual free-for-alls, it's like Sodom and Gomorrah, with tofu.

Bridget looks at her.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Seriously. It's been five years. You need to get out of this self-imposed purdah you've been in since you split up from "he whose name shall not be mentioned."

BRIDGET

Rubbish, I barely think about him.

MIRANDA

Prove it. The first man you meet, you have to sleep with.

BRIDGET

The first man?!

MIRANDA

I'm not taking no for an answer. We've got backstage passes, we'll be rubbing shoulders with rockstars. And we've got yurts. I got you this... in case of an emergency.

Miranda holds out a loo roll and 2 plastic bags, One Lidl, one Marks and Spencer's - Bridget grabs the M&S bag.

A DREAD-LOCKED GUY approaches Bridget with a suspicious wrap.

DREAD-LOCKED GUY

Meow meow?

BRIDGET

Woof woof.
(to Miranda)
I'm *not* sleeping with him.

Behind him is a poster advertising the literary tent, with a picture of JACK QUANT - the caption reads 'Algorithms Change The World'.

MIRANDA

(to Bridget)
I'll get the backstage passes. You find a map.

She strides off. Bridget heads in the opposite direction. As she walks her heels gets stuck in the mud and as she steps forward, she leaves it behind. She tries to go back to grab it, but the other heel gets stuck, and she is caught in what is effectively the splits, unable to extricate herself from her shoes.

After a struggle she pulls one of the heels out.

JACK (O.C.)

That's exactly why I didn't wear my heels.

Reveal JACK QUANT, an insanely handsome 45 year old American.

JACK (CONT'D)

May I?

He lifts the floundering Bridget out of the mud, rescues her heel and places her safely at the top of the little hill. He places her shoe back on her foot.

JACK (CONT'D)

It fits!

Bridget laughs, faintly embarrassed.

BRIDGET

Thank you... I....

Miranda appears waving wellies and shorts. She shouts.

MIRANDA

Bridget!

JACK

Is that your wicked stepmother?

BRIDGET

I should go, or she'll have me sweeping fireplaces all afternoon. Nice to meet you...

She's already heading off.

JACK

It's Jack...

28 EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY. 28

Bridget and Miranda faced with a hundred identical yurts.

BRIDGET

Right. Which one's ours?

29 INT. YURT. DAY 29

Miranda and Bridget open the door to reveal one bed.

MIRANDA

Cosy.

BRIDGET

Intimate.

Miranda breaks out a bottle of vodka - hands it to Bridget, who tucks straight in.

30 EXT. FESTIVAL BAR AREA. DAY. 30

- We track along a row of themed bars, where Bridget and Miranda are downing every cocktail, real ale and vodka shot, and as they 'cheers' each other, they shout.

MIRANDA
NGochi!

BRIDGET
NGochi!

31 INT. EDM DANCE TENT. DAY. 31

Bridget and Miranda are dancing away like dervishes amongst the ridiculously young crowd to a thumping dance track, having the time of their lives. There are people in Zorb balls on the dancefloor. Bridget shouts across to Miranda.

BRIDGET
(Gleeful)
It's 2.30 in the afternoon! I
should be hoovering!

32 INT. BACKSTAGE. DAY. 32

A tipsy Miranda and Bridget are backstage having fun by the bar.

BRIDGET
This is incredible, we have to get
a photo.

Bridget turns round to find somebody to take a photo of them. She taps the person next to them at the bar on the shoulder.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Excuse me, would you mind if we
asked you to...

He turns round - REVEAL - it's ED SHEERAN.

ED SHEERAN
Of course not, total pleasure.

Bridget hands Ed the camera and he then places himself in the middle of Bridget and Miranda - who just stare at him like he's insane. There is a long pause.

MIRANDA
What on earth are you doing?

ED SHEERAN
I thought you wanted a picture.

MIRANDA
We did! Of us!

BRIDGET
Yes, terribly sorry, we thought it
would be fun to have a picture of
us backstage among all these
glamorous people. I think that's
the man from 'Cash In The Attic',
it would be great if you could get
him in shot.

ED SHEERAN

Right, and you don't want me in the picture at all?

BRIDGET

We just wanted you to take a selfie of us.

He attempts to make a joke to lighten the situation.

ED SHEERAN

Well then it wouldn't be a selfie, would it? It would be a 'youfie'.

Miranda just stares at him witheringly, then grabs back the phone.

MIRANDA

And an attitude to boot! Is it really so difficult?

They walk away leaving a shocked Ed Sheeran hanging.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Honestly, they let any riff-raff backstage nowadays.

As they walk away Bridget turns around and exchanges a smile with him.

BRIDGET

I thought he was kind of cute. He looked very familiar. I think he works in the Starbucks in Balham.

33 INT. EDM TENT. DAY.

33

A tipsy Miranda and Bridget are looking lost. They spot a tent.

MIRANDA

Let's go to the Mantra tent next, that's where FKA Twigs is playing.

BRIDGET

Great! I love him... her... them?

34 INT. LITERARY TENT. DAY

34

An INTERVIEWER sits on stage opposite Jack Quant. Behind them a bank of screens bearing the 'Qwantify' logo.

INTERVIEWER

Since floating his empire which includes the online dating site Qwantify, internet philanthropist Jack Quant, hasn't sat still. He has just written a New York Times bestseller QWANTUM LEAP...

(holds up book)

(MORE)

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
And he's also sponsoring this
festival.

A round of polite applause.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
But it all began with the strum of
Cupid's arrow, right?

The audience laughs.

JACK
Well, it began with a broken heart.
Dating seemed irrational, so I
wanted to see if the mysteries of
human attraction could be broken
down into something mathematical.

Suddenly a rowdy Bridget and Miranda bound into the tent
assuming it's FKA Twigs.

MIRANDA
Wooo, fuck yeah!

All heads turn as Bridget and Miranda stop in their tracks.

JACK
(looking directly at
Bridget)
I believe there is someone out
there for everyone... if we just
ask the right questions and apply
the laws of mathematics.

The audience listen intently.

MIRANDA
Come on let's go. Who wants to do
maths at a festival? Let's get shit-
faced.

BRIDGET
(whispering to Miranda)
Let's stay...he's interesting.

Bridget forces Miranda to sit down in two empty seats. Back
on stage Jack has the crowd rapt.

INTERVIEWER
And now you've moved from match-
making to global business
partnerships.

JACK
Yes, that same algorithm has helped
bring together the world's most
needy with the world's most
wealthy.

As if to illustrate this point, behind him photos of cocoa farmers in Columbia switch around the screen to match with chocolate factories in Switzerland; Yak farmers in Tibet with coffee houses in San Francisco.

MIRANDA
(shouting out to the crowd)
BORING!

JACK
Okay. I get it, you don't want to talk about algorithms at a festival. So let me show you how they can be...sexy. Take out your phones.

Murmured curiosity as the audience take out their phones. Jack reaches into his pocket and takes out his own.

JACK (CONT'D)
Take a photo.

Jack takes a photo of himself, taps on the screen and uploads it. At once his ludicrously handsome photo appears with some of his answers underneath.

It reads - Jack Quant 'interests - Environmentalism, Trekking, Lady Mary'.

JACK (CONT'D)
Now quickly answer a couple of questions.

Miranda takes out her phone and hurriedly fills out the questionnaire. She takes a photo of a resistant Bridget.

MIRANDA
I've put down that you like French cinema - it's sophisticated and slutty at the same time.

Miranda takes a snap of herself.

JACK
Then upload it to the Qwantify website and the results should start coming up on the screen behind me.

More and more photos upload from the audience. Suddenly a photo of Miranda appears - she looks amazing. Then one of Bridget - she is slightly out of focus, mouth open.

JACK (CONT'D)
French cinema, huh? Slutty and sophisticated.

As more pictures appear he comments.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's science, you'd be foolish to resist it.

(ALT)
This could be the start of something special, or at least a quick fumble in a sleeping bag.

To guy with white hair & beard.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ooo, there you go Gandalf, seems you're not the only one looking for a ring.

The good looking couple are matched.

JACK (CONT'D)
Now you guys would have good looking babies.

A pair come up who both have as one of their interests - 'nights in on my own'

The girl does the 'call me' motion.

JACK (CONT'D)
He doesn't have to call you, he's literally here.

Various other photos appear with captions. INTERVIEWER'S picture comes up with - 'Social Anthropology, Sunsets'.

A quiet marvelling as more and more photos upload from the audience, coming together, aligned in 'couplings'.

The INTERVIEWER'S photo attaches to a particularly attractive woman, his eyes light up.

Miranda flushes, now matched with a rather odd looking man sitting to her left.

JACK (CONT'D)
Remember what happens at the festival, stays at the festival, unless it goes on Instagram then 300 million people can see it.

Miranda grabs Bridget's arm. A rather earnest looking man with a very old plastic bag in his hand smiles at Bridget. She looks back at the screen. They've been matched.

JACK (CONT'D)
Never question the algorithm, see there really is someone for everyone...

Bridget and Miranda get up and edge out of the tent.

Suddenly on screen, Jack's photo is matched with Bridget's and the earnest man is knocked down to a photo below.

Jack's eyes fall back to where Bridget was sitting. She's gone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Guess I scared her off.

35 EXT. FESTIVAL. NIGHT.

35

Ed Sheeran belts out the iconic and brilliant 'Sing'. The crowd love him, so do Bridget and Miranda.

Bridget, now loving festival life, jiggles on top of Miranda's straining shoulders.

MIRANDA
Oh my god.

BRIDGET
I know... It's the guy from Starbucks!

LATER: Miranda bucks Bridget off her shoulders. As she is crowd-surfed over the heads of the fans, Bridget's image appears on a multitude of screens flanking the stage.

LATER: Miranda is in her bra inside a giant inflated zorb ball rolling around.

36 INT. YURT. NIGHT. LATER.

36

Bridget crashes into the pitch black yurt, laughing. She rips off her dress, flops into bed, exhausted.

BRIDGET
I've got to admit, that was *fun*.

No response.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You know what, you're right, what I need is a good shafting, some good old fashioned, lie-back-and-think-of-England bonking.

JACK
Sign me up.

Bridget sits bolt upright, startled. Jack puts on the light, smiles gently at her.

BRIDGET
Oh my god... how? (*genuine surprise*) What are you doing in my yurt...?

She looks around and sees all his things scattered.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
With all your possessions, and clothes, and luggage...

They laugh.

JACK
Yup, it's almost as if I've come in
and made it my own, right?

Bridget takes another look at Jack.

BRIDGET
Oh my god, you're the algorithm
guy.

JACK
And wait, it's you, the creature
from the black lagoon, who likes
French cinema, right?

Bridget smiles at him. Jack scoots across the bed to make
space.

JACK (CONT'D)
You don't really expect me to
believe you accidentally crashed
into my yurt, do you? But since
you're here and obviously looking
for a mate, maybe I can help you.

Bridget laughs. Damn he's hot.

37 INT. FESTIVAL TENT. NIGHT. 37

Ed Sheeran performs an unplugged version of 'Thinking Out
Loud' to a rapt small audience.

As he sings a giant Zorb ball with Miranda inside, rolls
gently into the tent.

38 INT. JACK'S YURT. NIGHT. 38

Bridget is lying on her front on the bed, facing Jack as he
fills in the Qwantify questionnaire online. Their faces
illuminated by the screen.

BRIDGET
I thought you said a few questions.

JACK
Nearly there. Do you believe in
God?

BRIDGET
Only when absolutely necessary.
When facing major illness and/or
when stuck in a lift.

JACK
Have you ever eaten anything off
the floor?

BRIDGET

Usually after applying the five-second rule, but not if it's butter-side down.

JACK

Have you ever done anything you're ashamed of?

BRIDGET

Well, I pretended to be disabled to get to the front of a Duran Duran concert; I watched 'Dirty Dancing' eight times in one day, and had sex with Olly Husbands-Bosworth in my Dad's old Renault.

Jack laughs.

JACK

I'm running out of space... Would you sleep with someone on the first date?

There is a long pause.

BRIDGET

Tricky....but on reflection...quite possibly...yes. (Beat) Does it count if you've got money on it?

JACK

Depends how much?

BRIDGET

Terms were not officially agreed but it went along the lines of my friend betting me that I had to sleep with the first man I met.

JACK

And was I? The first man?

BRIDGET

Second.

JACK

You might have just lost your bet.

He leans forwards and kisses her.

BRIDGET

Are we finished with the questions?

JACK

A couple more.

Things are heating up. Jack kisses her again.

JACK (CONT'D)
I need to know what things you aren't prepared to do, just to make absolutely sure I don't offend.

He starts to kiss her neck.

JACK (CONT'D)
Is this off the agenda?

BRIDGET
A hundred percent. I'm not that kind of girl.

JACK
Right. So I presume this is a no-no?

He reaches round to undo her bra.

BRIDGET
Without question.

JACK
Excellent. I'm really beginning to paint a picture of the kind of girl you aren't.

BRIDGET
Do you think you may have found me a match?

JACK
I'll have to run the numbers but I'm pretty hopeful we can find someone within your criteria. It's looking like a 97 percent match. Although would you mind an American?

BRIDGET
An American? Sounds terrible...

They kiss.

39 EXT. FESTIVAL PORTALOOS. NIGHT

39

Miranda is now in the giant zorb ball with Ed Sheeran. They roll down a hill and straight into the portaloos, two of which they knock over.

40 INT. YURT. SUNDAY MORNING. DAWN.

40

Bridget wakes with a start. Turns. The other side of the bed is empty. She looks around blearily, she sees her phone to check the time and there is a text from Miranda.

"Where are you?"

With a panic Bridget jumps out of bed and grabs her clothes.

- 41 EXT. YURT. LATER. 41
 Nobody is awake. It's been raining and the field is a swampy, muddy bog.
 Bridget, in a flap, jumps out of Jack's yurt, lands in a boggy patch and can't extricate her Wellington boot. Panicked, she simply takes her foot out and runs off with one bare foot.
- 42 OMITTED 42
- 43 EXT/INT. YURT. MORNING. 43
 Jack returns to the yurt with coffee and croissants. He sees the empty bed. Looks outside again where he sees the abandoned Wellington boot. He extricates it from the mud and looks at it wistfully.
- 44 OMITTED 44
- 45 OMITTED 45
- 46 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. SOME DAYS LATER. 46
 Bridget exits her flat hurriedly with a poorly-wrapped toy. Shazzer and her twins, RUBY and SPIKE (5) wait by Shazzer's car. Shazzer oblivious as Bridget slips two blue fizzy Haribo bombs into their mouths. They smile at her in delight.
- SHAZZER
 So it lasted six hours?
- BRIDGET
 At least.
- Ruby shouts over.
- RUBY
 What lasted six hours Mum?
- SHAZZER
 Erm, a puppet show Auntie Bridge went to...
- 47 INT. CAR. DAY 47
 They pile into the car.
- SHAZZER
 Six hour puppet shows. And were they little puppets or...
- BRIDGET
 Very nice sized puppets.

SHAZZER

And did he...(struggling) put the
puppets in your mouth?

The children look very confused. Bridget nods.

SHAZZER (CONT'D)

God I feel like my days of puppet
shows are behind me. I've never
even had 2 puppets at a time, had a
mile high puppet show... And has he
called? It's been a week.

BRIDGET

That's not how it works now. You
just hook up with rugged
troubadours at music festivals and
there are no strings. Puppets with
no strings.

48 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL. BEDROOM. DAY. 48

A chic, expensive room. JUDE dresses her 6 year old, POPPY,
whilst talking on speaker into her iPhone. They both have
frightful colds. Giles is in the background getting ready.

JUDE

Where the fuck are you?

The child watches her mother carefully and expressionlessly
before sneezing wetly all over her.

49 INT. CAR. LONDON TRAFFIC JAM. DAY. 49

The car in stationary traffic. Shazzer's children's mouths
are agape at hearing the swear word.

BRIDGET

Speeding through lovely
countryside.

SPIKE

No we're not, why is Auntie Bridget
lying...

50 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL. BEDROOM. DAY. 50

JUDE (O.S.)

You'd better be.

Jude lifts up Poppy's dress and looks at her severely.

JUDE (CONT'D)

You are not going to a christening
without wearing knickers.

51 INT. CAR. DAY.

51

BRIDGET
We are wearing knickers.

SHAZZER
Speak for yourself.

JUDE
Bridge, I thought you should know,
after Tom dropped out, Giles asked
Mark to be the godfather, the
prick.

BRIDGET
(Horrorified)
He did what?

JUDE (O.S.)
I know he really is a useless cock,
did it without asking me.

Bridget tenses.

52 INT. COUNTRY CHURCH. DAY.

52

The service is already underway. Bridget, Shazzer and the kids come in at the back of the church.

BRIDGET (V.O)
Oh fuck, fuck, fuck.

A roiling sea of smug-marrieds and their offspring fill the pews. Shazzer and the kids duck into a pew, leaving Bridget to run the gauntlet, tottering down the aisle to the font where the christening party is waiting for her. The baby is crying.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(muttering left and right)
Sorry, sorry, sorry!

POPPY stands beside a cross-looking Jude as Bridget approaches.

POPPY
(repeating her mother's words)
Where the FUCK were you?

Bridget gets a frosty reception from Jude, Giles and the VICAR. She acknowledges Mark Darcy. He gives what looks like a disapproving nod in return.

Irritably, Jude hands Bridget the baby. It immediately stops crying. The baby loves her.

53 EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH. DAY.

53

Bridget and Darcy still haven't had a chance to speak. Jude, Giles, Bridget and Darcy are lining up for photos.

Bridget is still holding the baby who is sleeping peacefully. MAGDA and JEREMY, friends of Bridget's, are there with three ill-behaved boys in tow.

MAGDA

Look at Bridget - she's a natural.

JEREMY

Need to get a move on though. Mind you, that woman in Italy had a baby at 65.

Magda nudges him, smiles apologetically at Bridget.

BRIDGET

Number one on my to-do list!

JEREMY

Want a hand?

Magda hits him. Mark looks awkwardly at the floor.

PHOTOGRAPHER

OK, can I just have the godparents now?

The rest of the congregation peel away, leaving just Mark, Bridget and the baby. In an alternate universe...

MARK

(stiffly)

So, how are you?

BRIDGET

Very well thank you? And you?

MARK

Well. Yes. Thanks.

Mark is incredibly uncomfortable and awkward around the baby.

BRIDGET

Are you here with your wife? I'm sorry I can't remember her name.

MARK

Camilla. No. She er... no. Couldn't make it. Are you with anyo....?

BRIDGET

No. Not...today... No.

She trails off, busies herself with the baby.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Come on it's not a funeral. What about a couple of smiles from you two? Maybe give her a little kiss on the forehead?

Darcy leans over to give Bridget the most awkward of pecks on the forehead.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
That's lovely, but I was talking
about the baby.

BRIDGET
(tries to break the ice)
We should probably just acknowledge
that this is unbelievably awkward,
no?

MARK
Sorry?

BRIDGET
This? You and me holding a baby,
you know, since well... you know.

MARK
Right, yes, put like that...

He doesn't get a chance to elaborate because Jude interrupts.

JUDE
Bridget, they want to get a photo
with you and me and the baby.

BRIDGET
Yes. Good.

MARK
Well. I'll see you later I
shouldn't wonder.

BRIDGET
Yes... unless I try and make a
break for it with this thing.
Healthy babies can fetch a fortune
on the black market and I
desperately need a new boiler.
(talking to the baby)
Shall we sell you? Shall we?

The baby chortles back at her. The photographer looks
horrified, Mark smiles.

54 INT. DRAWING ROOM. HOTEL. DAY.

54

The party is well underway. Darcy stands with a group of
fathers including Giles & Fergus. Bridget is wandering around
followed by a crocodile-line of kids. Darcy and Bridget
pretend not to notice each other.

On a band of mothers, all talking to a HEAVILY-PREGNANT
WOMAN, GINNY. Bridget tries to sneak past.

WONEY
Here she is. Everyone's favourite
godmother. How many godchildren
now, Bridget?

BRIDGET
Running into six figures, Woney.

WONEY
Better hurry up though!

Bridget grabs a fork from a passing tray and stabs it into Woney's arm. Woney screams.

BRIDGET
Do you think it hasn't crossed my mind?

BACK TO REALITY.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Good advice. Thanks.

GINNY
You know there was a woman in Italy who had a baby when she was 65.

BRIDGET
Wow, I did *not* know that.

GINNY
Ooh! There she goes! She's kicking me!

BRIDGET
And who can blame her?

The women stare at her.

BRIDGET.
With all this noise and excitement.

GINNY
Do you want to feel?

BRIDGET
No, I'm okay -

GINNY
I really don't mind. Feel. The. Bump.

BRIDGET
Oh. Right. Okay.
(does so reluctantly)
Ahh. Lovely. Wow.

Bridget, all smiles.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Excuse me, must go and get er... impregnated.

As she leaves all the women watch her and 'Aaah' in patronising sympathy.

CUT TO:

55 INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM. DAY.

55

Bridget and Mark arrive at the bar simultaneously. Mark gives her a polite smile as two efficient bar-people reach them.

MARK
Hello again.

BRIDGET
Hello.

MARK
How are you?

BRIDGET
I'm very well thank you. How are you?

MARK
I am fine.

BRIDGET
So am I. Well good bye then.

MARK
Good bye.

They turn away to a separate barman.

BRIDGET
Give me a glass of wine. Big, big glass.

MARK
(to his barman)
And a whisky. Double.

They go off in opposite directions. Drinking fast.

56 INT. TV ROOM / CORRIDOR. HOTEL. DAY.

56

Mark spots Bridget who is heroically trying to stop Magda and Jeremy's three ill-behaved boys and Shazzer's twins from killing each other in order to get a turn on the iPad.

BRIDGET
Zak, your Mum said thirty minutes.
Off! Now!

BOY ONE
Wait! I'm about to shoot the pimp!

Bridget looks at the screen horrified as the boys kick and thump each other. The youngest winds Bridget's hair around a Thomas the Tank Engine. Suddenly the child is hoisted away as if by magic. Bridget sags with relief.

MARK
That's no way to treat a lady,
boys. Here, look -

Mark picks up the iPad and sits on the floor. The boys cluster around it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Right, vigilantism is no solution, let the police deal with the pimp, he'll face a minimum of eight years in custody, assuming no previous, and how about you all sit round and watch this thing with cows in space...

Bridget rises to her feet, watching. The boys, absorbed in this new film, have forgotten she exists. Mark speaks without looking up.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'd go while the going's good.

BRIDGET

Thanks.

Bridget walks away. She stops behind a flower display and looks back at Mark patiently watching a film with five irritating children.

MARK

See that's the first issue right there, cows with opposable thumbs, ludicrous...

56A INT. HOTEL. NIGHT

56A

We find Jude fast asleep in her hotel room, with the baby next to her.

57 INT. DANCE FLOOR. HOTEL. NIGHT.

57

Dancing has started - a kind of kid/adult disco affair as children run around drunk adults. Giles & Fergus are DJing badly.

The music playing is GANGNAM STYLE.

Bridget - by now quite merry and wearing Poppy's fairy wings - still has the toy train wound into her hair. She's dancing with all the children, and doing all the horsey-ridey moves. Despite the silliness of the dance Bridget is in her element, she knows the dance really well and is mesmerizing, a strange combination of graceful, sexy and fun.

Mark Darcy stands aloof, a bit tortured, observing, inadvertently rapt by her. Bridget, mid dance, spots him looking alone and after a moment's pause 'Gangnam Styles' over.

BRIDGET

I'd ask you to join me, but I'm pretty sure you're not a real Gangnam Style kind of guy.

MARK
I was only there very briefly.

BRIDGET
Where?

MARK
Gangnam.

Bridget looks puzzled.

MARK (CONT'D)
What are we talking about?

BRIDGET
Gangnam? Dancing.

MARK
Ah, I see. Not the suburb of Seoul.

BRIDGET
No.

MARK
Right.

BRIDGET
I'm not familiar with Gangnam the suburb.

MARK
It literally means 'south of the Han river'. It was inhabited as early as the Paleolithic period.

Bridget stops dancing.

BRIDGET
Right, it suddenly seems so much less catchy.

Fergus, on 'the decks' spots them together and immediately changes the tune. Something lovely starts to play.

FERGUS (O.C.)
Now a little something for all you lovers out there. We're entering the 'erection section'.

A shout rings out over the crowd.

SHAZZER(O.C.)
Don't say fucking 'erection' at a christening.

MARK
(to Bridget)
Shall we get some air?

They walk outside.

58

EXT. TERRACE. HOTEL. NIGHT.

58

Mark leads Bridget to the terrace overlooking the moonlit lake.

MARK

I don't suppose you have a cigarette?

BRIDGET

(shocked)

No. I gave up. 691 days ago.

MARK

Not that you're counting...

BRIDGET

Since when did you smoke?

MARK

I don't. It's been a tense time. And maybe I'm nervous.

BRIDGET

Why?

They stop and stare at each other.

MARK

You have a train in your hair.

BRIDGET

I am aware of that.

MARK

Seems to be stuck. And is this... cake?

BRIDGET

Profiterole.

MARK

Technically more of a dessert than a cake, I suppose.

Mark starts getting the train out.

Suddenly he pulls her to him. They kiss. She pulls away.

BRIDGET

What are you doing? You're married.

MARK

No I'm not. Well I am. We're getting a divorce. That's why she's not here.

BRIDGET

But you were there together at Daniel's memorial?

MARK

No, she was just there to be supportive.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

She's gone back to The Hague. Where she's now living and I'm not.

BRIDGET.

Mark. I'm so sorry.

MARK

Right at this precise moment, I'm not sorry at all.

And he pulls her to him and kisses her again.

59 INT. PARTY ROOM & HOTEL RECEPTION. HOTEL. SAME TIME. NIGHT 59

The dance floor is crowded with Mums, Dads and children miming the actions to YMCA. Bridget and Darcy leave the party, their eyes locked on each other.

60 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 60

Mark tries to undo the many tiny buttons on her dress, it takes a ridiculously long time. They both start to laugh.

MARK

How the fuck am I meant to get in here?

61 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM. LATER 61

The familiar trail of clothes and undies leads to the bed. Mark and Bridget are having sex.

BRIDGET

Mark Darcy. Wow.

62 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM. LATER 62

Mark and Bridget happy, content, post-coital.

MARK

Bridget?

BRIDGET

Yes.

MARK

Were you faking not having an orgasm?

BRIDGET

(sheepish)
Uh huh.

MARK

Why do you *do* that?

BRIDGET

So you won't stop.

MARK
God. I've missed you.

Mark's iPhone alarm goes off. He reaches for it.

BRIDGET
Are we on schedule?

Mark laughs.

MARK
Sorry. It's gone off early. I've
got a flight to Damascus tomorrow.

He turns over and goes back to sleep. Bridget looks at him.

F L A S H B A C K M O N T A G E

- 63 INT. AIRPORT. DAY 63
Bridget waits for Mark at arrivals. The arrivals board reads 'DAMASCUS'. He doesn't appear. Bridget anxious.
- 64 INT. RESTAURANT. GIANNI'S ITALIAN. NIGHT. 64
Bridget is at a candlelit table ordering. Mark is outside the window on the phone.
- BRIDGET
(to herself)
Happy anniv....
- Mark waves an absent minded finger at her, talking into his phone. She points to something on the menu and he gives her a thumbs up, still on the phone.
- 65 INT. AIRPORT. DAY. 65
Bridget waits for Mark at arrivals. The arrivals board reads 'BASRA'. He doesn't appear. Bridget anxious.
- 66 INT. MARK'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 66
It is Mark's birthday. Bridget has prepared a spectacular birthday meal, with balloons, candles, flowers. She's dressed in an apron. She hears someone at the door. She opens it to Mark. Simultaneously the camera pulls back to reveal a wide shot of: Bridget from behind, ENTIRELY NAKED. Mark's four work colleagues appear in the door behind him.
- 67 OMITTED 67

67A INT. AUDITORIUM. DAY - FLASHBACK - LATER 67A

On a podium, looking gorgeous but professional in a posh frock, Bridget accepts the award for 'Daytime Television News Producer of the Year 2010' from a well known presenter. She heads off the stage and back to her seat with her impressive-looking award.

68 EXT. TATE BRITAIN. DAY - FLASHBACK 68

Large banners outside the building announce the 'BRITISH DAYTIME TELEVISION AWARDS'

Bridget stands alone on the steps of the imposing building. She is holding her award. She is looking up and down the road, as if waiting for someone to arrive. The last of the event's attendees trickle down the steps, one or two of them congratulating her as they pass.

Finally, she walks down the steps, alone and sad, and stands waiting on the pavement.

At the sound of a car, she looks up and smiles with relief and delight, as if seeing someone she knows.

E N D M O N T A G E .

69 INT. MARK'S HOTEL ROOM. CONT. 69

At that moment Mark's mobile lights up. We see a text flash up from Camilla (complete with photograph): 'Call me. X'.

Bridget reflects. She gives him a tender kiss on the cheek before gathering her clothes and leaving.

70 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL. DARCY'S BEDROOM. DAY. 70

Morning light flutters across DARCY'S lids.

MARK

Bridget?

This is met with ominous silence. He looks around and deflates as he spies a note on the bedside table.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

I'm so sorry, Mark. Had to leave. This probably sounds pathetic but I got scared. We've been here once before.... and I'm not sure either of us are ready to go through it again. We always loved the fantasy of us. But the reality, as we both know, is quite different. BRIDGET.

CLOSE on MARK'S face.

71 OMITTED

71

72 EXT. ALBERT BRIDGE. MORNING. **TIME PASSING SEQUENCE.** 72

On four different days over the eight following weeks, Bridget wobbles to work on the new, unused-before bicycle. She can't filter into the traffic. She dings her bell.

BRIDGET (V.O.) CONT.

Must keep trying something new and frightening each day, like finally plucking up courage to ride bicycle through scary urban streets which we now call village. And will - as always - throw myself into my work.

Bridget happily cycling along the busy road. Smiling at her achievement. Pull out to reveal a LONG LINE of honking cars and trucks stuck behind her.

EIGHT WEEKS LATER.

73 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. BOARDROOM. DAY. 73

Alice Peabody is addressing the assembled staff of Hard News.

Richard Finch sidles in looking every inch the hipster with full beard and moustache. He smiles smugly at Alice's hipster assistants.

ALICE

It's called 'news' because it should feel new, otherwise it would be called 'olds'. Last night our top three stories were twenty-three dead in the Middle East, boring, Earthquake in Asia, seen it before, car crash on the M5, blah blah blah. We are making 'olds'. We need to flip the switch, mix it up. I want to nutri bullet the shit out of the news.

Richard leans across to Bridget and Miranda.

RICHARD

She's on the warpath. Susan the Floor Manager has gone. She was 37 for God's sake.

BRIDGET

She was 6 months pregnant!

Alice Peabody confers with an assistant about the powerpoint presentation.

ALICE

We need to grab the attention, get eyes on screen, we need stories like, is your sofa bed giving you cancer? Is your freezer giving you Alzheimer's?

BRIDGET

And are they?

Alice is annoyed at this challenge.

ALICE

Literally no evidence, but you're missing the point. You're intrigued aren't you? I want to launch Hard News's rebranding with a clear new, objective. We have a presentation in twelve weeks at the London Media Show and I need someone dynamic, innovative and focused to lead the charge. Any volunteers?

In a fit of enthusiasm Bridget thrusts up her hand, she is the only person to do so. Everybody looks stunned, including Alice, who chooses not to acknowledge her.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Anybody at all?...

Still, only Bridget's hand remains aloft. Miranda leans over to her and whispers.

MIRANDA

You do realise this is extra work for no money.

ALICE

Do you need the loo Bridget?

BRIDGET

No, I want to volunteer.
(then unconvincingly)
Hashtag letsdothis!

74

INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. EVENING.

74

The TV is on in the bedroom. Mark Darcy is on the news. He is outside the Supreme Court in his Barrister's garb, standing with four female punks. Bridget stops what she's doing and looks at the screen somewhat sadly.

TV NEWS (V.O.)

The all female punk band, Poonani, who have already served a prison sentence in their native country for criticizing their President, are now being accused of fraud and face extradition from the UK.

Mark addresses the assembled press.

MARK

This case isn't about fraud. It's about freedom of speech. We shall use the full force of the British judicial system to ensure that P...
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
(he can't bring himself to
say the name)
these *artists* are entitled to
exercise that freedom in the twenty
first century...

Bridget is putting on her jeans. She can't fasten them.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Hashtag letsjustwaitasecond and
launch into presentation as soon as
I corral increasingly worrying
middle-aged spread.

CUT TO:

Bridget is skype-ing Shazzer on her laptop in her sitting
room as she googles p.e.r.i.m.e.n.o.p.a.u.s.e. A frenzy of
websites: Hotflush.com, Bioidenticals.co.uk etc.

SHAZZER
So you're what?

BRIDGET
Peri Menopausal. The symptoms are
'Memory lapses, mood swings, weight
gain.
For some women this can begin as
early as thirty five.' We're a
biologically oppressed race!

SHAZZER (O.S.)
Before you become too oppressed,
let's rule out some other options.
You're not pregnant, are you?

BRIDGET
Of course not! I always carry
condoms in my handbag and I made
them use mine!

She pulls out the condom-box from her bag and examines it.
It's crumpled and decrepit.

SHAZZER
Oh god, you didn't use those weird
Vegan thingies?

BRIDGET
Bio-degradable and dolphin-
friendly. If I'm going to be slutty
it's nice to think at least it's
helping the environment.

SHAZZER
Christ Bridget, I remember when you
bought those things, that was
decades ago.

She looks at them closely - the sell by date says USE BY
September 2010.

BRIDGET
Sell by dates don't mean anything,
do they?

75 OMITTED 75

76 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. MIRANDA'S OFFICE. NEXT MORNING. 76
CLOSE UP on a draw full of pregnancy tests.
Miranda hands one to Bridget.

MIRANDA
They were a gift. Don't ask...

77 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. LADIES TOILET. DAY. 77
Miranda stands outside a toilet cubicle talking to Bridget
inside.

MIRANDA
Tumbling rapids, frothing
waterfalls, a babbling brook...

She turns on the taps as we cut to a pensive Bridget sitting
on the loo.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
So here I was, weeing on another
stick, thinking back over all the
times I feared it was positive, or
negative, wondering what I wanted
this time.

CUT TO:

Bridget and Miranda look at the pregnancy test stick.
CLOSE UP. A blue line appears.

MIRANDA
I think that's a positive result.

For a moment, both of them are in stunned silence.
Miranda shakes the stick.

BRIDGET
Don't shake it, you'll hurt the
baby.

MIRANDA
The baby's not in the sodding
stick, Bridget. Well the good news
is you're not having the menopause.

BRIDGET
Right.

Bridget looks at Miranda - she can't believe it.

MIRANDA

This is when you are meant to leap
for joy.

BRIDGET

I am?

MIRANDA

You're pregnant. You're pregnant!
You're going to have a BABY!!

BRIDGET

Yes.

(with a genuine smile)

A baby.

Alice Peabody marches in, and in a panic Miranda sweeps the test from the sink tops into a rubbish bin to hide them. Alice heads into a cubicle and a panicked Bridget fishes the test out of the bin.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

(whispers to Miranda)

That is no place for a child of
mine.

78

INT. GALLERY. HARD NEWS STUDIO. DAY.

78

Miranda and Bridget in whispered discussion, aware that Alice and her team are hovering in the background.

MIRANDA

You don't have to keep it...

BRIDGET

Don't I? Maybe that's a good thing?
Is it?

MIRANDA

Bridget, do you want a baby?

BRIDGET

I don't know, but I'm 43 and it
might be the only chance I'm going
to get.

MIRANDA

One broken out-of-date condom... I
might have believed it was an
accident but two? You wanted it.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Maybe I did?

79

INT. ANTE-NATAL CLINIC. WAITING ROOM. DAY. **2 MONTHS.**

79

Bridget sits in a full waiting-room. She flicks through a *Hello* magazine, stopping at a double page wedding feature.

BRIDGET(V.O.)

This is not how I thought this moment would be. I thought I would be with the square-jawed love of my life, I imagined him returning home from work in a suit to the joyous news. Breathe. Stay calm, whole world about to change.

80 INT. ANTE-NATAL CLINIC. DAY.

80

Bridget is sitting with DR. RAWLINGS who is holding up a chart. Bridget consults her iPad.

BRIDGET

So which of the times with me and my wonderful man do you think we might have got pregnant on?

DR. RAWLINGS

Does it matter?

BRIDGET

Well, yes! It's such a special moment! We want to know which one it is so we can treasure it.

DR. RAWLINGS

Can't you treasure both of them?

BRIDGET

We will and do, of course, but surely one of those dates is more likely than the other?

DR. RAWLINGS

Actually Day 10, his birthday, is a bit early and Day 16, which was -

BRIDGET

- after our anniversary dinner -

DR. RAWLINGS

- yes. Is a bit late. Are you sure there wasn't another treasurable occasion in between?

BRIDGET

Quite sure because - he was away for a few days - he's such a busy bee! Always on business trips. So which of the two would you go for?

DR. RAWLINGS

No idea. Both equally likely. Could've been after the events because as you know, sperm can live for several days after ejaculation.

Bridget's eyes bulge.

BRIDGET
Couldn't you just have a guess for me?

DR. RAWLINGS
No.

BRIDGET
Just pretend you're putting money on a horse?

DR. RAWLINGS
Certainly not.

BRIDGET
What about the first scan then? Will that show when conception took place?

DR. RAWLINGS
No. Call this number to fix a date for it. And do bring the father. If you can work out which one he is...

Bridget is caught.

BRIDGET
Right. Just out of interest...

DR. RAWLINGS
Yes?

BRIDGET
If someone did have an element of confusion about who the father was -

DR. RAWLINGS
- you can get DNA from the baby at the amniocentesis. And I do recommend that you have the amniocentesis. There are always more risks with a geriatric mother.

BRIDGET
Geriatric? That's outrageous.

DR. RAWLINGS
Indeed.

BRIDGET
Unless it means they can sign on for their pension and child support at the same time.

Dr. Rawlings laughs.

81 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM. DAY.

81

Bridget sorts through her underwear drawer.

BRIDGET(V.O.)
Where ARE they?

She produces a pair of the almost full body spanx, they extend from knee to just under the breast.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Here they are! The constrictors!
Must prove to world, Bridget Jones
can do this. Independent career
woman, single mother. Must prove
myself as key millennial attractor.

Bridget now with full body spanx on.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Hashtagletsdothis!

82 INT. HARD NEWS OFFICE. DAY.

82

Bridget is at her desk as Alice marches up. Bridget spots her and puts on her best 'concentrating face', focusing on her computer.

ALICE
Hi, so I just wanted to connect,
check how the presentation was
shaping up.

BRIDGET
Uh, huh, yup. Totally on top of it,
nutri bulleting the shit out of it.

Alice screws her face up.

ALICE
What?... I'm relying on you
Bridget. I need you to get this
right. Understand?

BRIDGET
One hundred percent. You can count
on me.

As Alice sashays off, Bridget lifts up her bin and vomits into it, then puts it down as if nothing has happened.

83 EXT. ST.PANCRAS FOUNTAINS. DAY.

83

Shazzer and Tom are happily drinking al fresco as Bridget nurses an orange juice. Bridget furtively sniffs Shazzer's wine as Tom shows them pictures of his Colombian baby on his phone. In the background an outdoor experimental puppet show is taking place. Shazzer's children are watching the show.

TOM
Eduardo's still out there, he's so
excited about being a Dad.

Bridget and Shazzer 'ooh and aah' at photo.

SHAZZER

Speaking of which have you told your 'fathers' yet?

BRIDGET

Yes of course. Do I? What if I'm too much of a coward? No, you're right.

TOM

Or at least one of them. Get their DNA and you can eliminate one of them from your enquiries.

BRIDGET

This isn't CSI St. Pancras... Which one do I tell? What would I even say to Mark? 'Hello Mark, I was just passing by, I know I left you asleep etc etc. But I don't suppose you've got any blood, sperm or old fingernails lying around?'. And Jack's a bloody billionaire. It's not like I can just ring him up or give him a friend request on Facebook.

Shazzer is busy googling him on her phone.

TOM

I can't believe you slept with a gorgeous billionaire. If you need his DNA, I'm totally prepared to extract it for you.

BRIDGET

Why couldn't I have just shagged a bloody plumber? He'll just think I'm another awful gold digger, he'll never answer my calls. I have no clue how I'll ever even see him again.

Bridget takes another desperate sniff of the wine.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Can you order a scotch, I need a sniff of something stronger.

The puppet show ends, the children come running over.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Did you enjoy the show, kids?

SPIKE

Yes Auntie Bridge
(aside to Ruby)
She thinks we don't know what puppet shows really mean.

84 INT. HARD NEWS GALLERY. NIGHT.

84

The gallery is buzzing as it's show time. A skittish Bridget is at the desk, in Miranda's ear.

BRIDGET
OK, nice job Miranda, you have 3
minutes of VT before the interview.

Alice enters.

ALICE
I have to say Bridget, I'm actually
excited about this next guest.
Relevant, relatable and extremely
fuckable. Good work.

85 INT. HARD NEWS. STUDIO FLOOR. NIGHT.

85

REVEAL: Down on the studio floor Jack is getting mic'ed up. He can't see Bridget who is up in the gallery.

The Make Up person, Cathy, approaches. Brush, powder etc at the ready.

CATHY
I'm thinking some simple magenta
eyeshadow to really make you pop
and a hint of rouge...

Jack smiles. The surrounding crew laugh as Cathy subtly looks up to Bridget in the gallery who gives her a nod.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Ooh, you've got a little grey patch
here, shall I...

Before he has a chance to reply she whips out a pair of scissors and snips off a lock of hair. She secretly puts it in a plastic zip-loc bag.

CATHY (CONT'D)
And this silver fox's nails could
do with a little bit of a trim too.
Ooh, these hands have not seen a
days manual labour. They're silky
soft.

Bridget gives a thumbs up. Jack looks perplexed.

JACK
Wow, real attention to detail. I
could get used to this.

Cathy laughs.

CATHY
Now tell me, Jack, do you by any
chance like Chinese food?

86 INT. GALLERY. NIGHT. 86

A nervous Bridget talks into Miranda's earpiece.

BRIDGET
OK, coming out of the VT in 5,4,
and remember - gear shift.

87 INT. STUDIO FLOOR. NIGHT. 87

Miranda puts on a concerned face as the Floor Manager counts her down.

MIRANDA
And we have a number for a helpline
on our website.
(Perking up)
But now though, I'm joined by Jack
Quant. Raised by a single mother in
Baltimore, he won a scholarship to
Harvard at 17, created the website
that made him a billionaire and
he's here today to tell us all
about his number one bestseller,
QWANTUM LEAP. It's absolutely
wonderful to have you on the sofa.

Miranda is in full flirt mode.

JACK
It's great to be here.

88 INT.GALLERY. NIGHT. 88

Bridget talks into her earpiece.

BRIDGET
Can you please try not to shag him
on air.

Alice comes over and leans in.

ALICE
This is dynamite, tell her to flirt
more.

89 INT. STUDIO FLOOR. NIGHT. 89

MIRANDA
Now we're going to be talking about
your new book of course, but first
let's talk about romance. We found
this picture of you from your
college days.

Up pops a Maths faculty photo showing seven of the geekiest
looking boys imaginable - all glasses, braces and
awkwardness.

JACK
 (smiling)
 Wow - you've done your research.
 I'm the good-looking one at the
 front right!

MIRANDA
 You've changed a lot since then and
 Qwantify has brought true love to
 millions...Has it worked for you?

JACK
 (easy charm)
 If I answer that, can we move on
 and talk about my book?

Miranda nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Ok then, some people had Farrah
 Fawcett as their first crush, but
 my first love was an algorithm.

90 INT. GALLERY. NIGHT.

90

Alice's face goes black.

ALICE
 And we've lost them... if he
 carries on talking about
 'algorithms' I'm cutting to that VT
 of cats who look like Hitler.

Bridget steels herself, speaks into the earpiece.

BRIDGET
 He's avoiding the question. Get him
 off maths. Ask him if he's with
 anyone now...

91 INT. HARD NEWS, STUDIO FLOOR. NIGHT.

91

MIRANDA
 So, for someone so good at
 matchmaking is there someone
 special in your life?

JACK
 Ha! Apart from Downton's Lady Mary?
 I thought we were moving on now...

92 INT. GALLERY. NIGHT.

92

ALICE
 Cue Hitler Cats!

A picture comes on the monitor of a cat that looks exactly
 like Hitler - all ready to roll.

Bridget now has the bit between her teeth...

BRIDGET
Don't be evasive, it's
apparent you have everything,
but why have you chosen to
have no family, no children?

MIRANDA
Don't be evasive, it's
apparent you have everything,
but why have you chosen to
have no family, no children?

RICHARD FINCH
Brilliant, zoom in on 4.

ALICE
Love it!

93 OMITTED 93

93A OMITTED 93A

93B INT. HARD NEWS. STUDIO FLOOR. NIGHT. 93B

Jack is a little bit rattled.

JACK
Look, I love kids, but I always
found the idea of being a father
myself kind of petrifying. That's
why I'm drawn to algorithms.
They're rational, predictable.
Everything a child isn't.

Cut to Bridget - her face drops.

Miranda flinches as she hears the next question come down the
earpiece. She steels herself and becomes all Paxmanesque.

BRIDGET
So, can you have children?
Are the soldiers working?

MIRANDA
So can you have children? Are
the soldiers working?

Jack looks shocked and the crew look confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
Well... I believe so, the barracks
are in pretty regular use.

93C INT. GALLERY. SAME TIME. 93C

BRIDGET
Really, because for somebody
with a supposed algorithm for
love, isn't it odd that
you've never found it?

MIRANDA
Really, because for somebody
with a supposed algorithm for
love, isn't it odd that
you've never found it?

93D INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. NIGHT. 93D

JACK
Well I suppose in order to find something you have to actively look for it, and I guess I work so hard these days, I haven't got time.

93E OMITTED 93E

93F OMITTED 93F

94 INT. GALLERY. NIGHT. 94

<p>BRIDGET How much do you know about the Quant family bloodline? Any skeletons in the closet? Sexual deviants...Criminal records...Serial killers...?</p>	<p>MIRANDA How much do you know about the Quant family bloodline? Any skeletons in the closet? Sexual deviants...Criminal records...Serial killers...?</p>
--	--

Alice now looks confused, as does everybody in the gallery at this random non-sequitur.

95 INT. HARD NEWS. STUDIO FLOOR. NIGHT. 95

Jack now looks totally perplexed.

JACK
I'm sorry, I'm not sure where we are going with all of this, but in all honesty, I have to be wary. I can attract the wrong type of women.

He looks around and recognizes Bridget in the gallery.

JACK (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe some of the weirdos who cross my path.

Seeing him see her, she takes evasive action and ducks behind her desk. Unfortunately, her headphone lead doesn't extend far enough and she ends up jolting her head back and having to lean at forty-five degrees to the floor.

96 INT. GALLERY. NIGHT. 96

Bridget, still at forty-five degrees to the floor, everyone in the gallery staring at her like a lunatic.

BRIDGET
(Floundering)
Fuck! Ask him something about
algorithms.

97 INT. RECEPTION. HARD NEWS. NIGHT.

97

A furtive Bridget tries to sneak out of the building when she finds...

JACK
Well how about seeing you here.

BRIDGET
Oh, hi! Great to see you, I'm
sorry, I wanted to come and find
you, say hello, but you know what
live TV is like, so chaotic...

JACK
You know, there are easier ways to
get in touch with me than inviting
me on national TV to ask me about
my sperm.

BRIDGET
What? No... I...

JACK
Because I would have *liked* to have
heard from you. I was disappointed
when I came back that morning and
you'd gone.

BRIDGET
You were?

JACK
We had an amazing night. I thought
you were great, at least I did,
before I became a clip on 'The
fifty most embarrassing chat show
moments of all time'.

BRIDGET
I'm sorry... I don't know how to
explain it...
(deep breath)
...The thing is...I'm pregnant.

JACK
Wow! Congratulations, that's so
much better than you being mental.

BRIDGET
Around twelve weeks.

JACK
Oh... Wait... You mean... The
Festival?

Bridget nods. Jack looks dumbstruck.

BRIDGET
Yes, it's quite a surprise. But I'm fine. I just want you to know I'm not looking for anything from you...

JACK
(laughing nervously)
Except for a complete DNA check and review of my medical records.

Bridget embarrassed. Awkward.

BRIDGET
I'm sorry about - in there. I suppose I wanted to find out more about you, in case you,..., in case we...Look, the thing is, I didn't really mean for you to find out about this.

Bridget points to her tummy.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
And of course, *obviously*, you'll want your lawyers or whoever you have checking for the 'weirdos who cross your path', make sure I'm not one of *those*...

JACK
Right, I didn't have you down as one of those. Forgive me, I'm a little in shock, this wasn't what I was expecting.

BRIDGET
And I'm feeling very foolish right now, so if it's ok with you, I will just retreat gracefully. Thank you. Good-bye.

She goes. Leaving JACK feeling a great wash of mixed emotions.

Jack sees Miranda scuttling past.

JACK
Hold it, Katie Couric! I need to talk to you.

JACK'S hair and fingernails are in the zip-loc bag on a medical trolley.

BRIDGET
So, the baby's okay?

DR. RAWLINGS
Sound as a bell.

A great, beatific smile breaks out on Bridget's face. Pure joy...

The baby's image comes up on the screen, Dr. Rawlings melts into the background as Bridget becomes mesmerized by what's on the monitor.

BRIDGET
Oh my god, is that it?

Bridget starts to laugh and then to cry.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Is it alright?

DR. RAWLINGS
Perfect. You're approximately 12 weeks along. Listen.

Dr Rawlings turns up the sound and there it is - the heartbeat. Bridget looks smitten.

Dr. Rawlings goes out to organise the amniocentesis needle.

DR. RAWLINGS (CONT'D)
I'm glad you've decided on the amniocentesis.

Bridget doesn't hear this. She is staring at the image. Suddenly a tiny hand is raised, this little bean of life. Bridget smiles, tears pricking her eyes. Tiny feet are just visible.

BRIDGET
Hello you. Wow. Is that your foot or your ear? You have big feet. Ooh, look at you waving already. Hi! You're obviously very advanced. Quite the genius. This is it, this is - you're the best thing I've ever seen. This wasn't quite how I planned to bring you into the world but I'll certainly try my best. So you just keep snug and safe in there while I try and sort the mess out here and hopefully...

A pause.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
What the FUCK is that?

Dr. Rawlings has come back in and is bearing down on her with the amnio needle. It's ENORMOUS.

DR. RAWLINGS
The amniocentesis needle. We pop it in and get a tiny bit of fluid which we can use to check for any abnormalities and, of course, for the DNA sample you need.

Bridget's eyes widen.

DR. RAWLINGS (CONT'D)
Now there is a very slight risk of miscarriage so you'll have to keep extremely still to make sure the needle doesn't come into contact with the -

BRIDGET
- oh, no, no. That's INSANE!

She gets up, clutching her midriff and backing away.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
What kind of a maniac would stick a needle in a baby? Put it away, you monster, put it away - Come on little one. I'm taking you home.

She exits the cubicle, leaving the bewildered Dr. Rawlings holding the needle.

99

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

99

Bridget comes into the flat, she flops on the sofa and unwraps a baby outfit.

BRIDGET
I know they say it's bad luck to buy things for a baby before it's born, but I beg to differ. I think it's good planning. After all, who doesn't want to plan the outfit for their big entrance? And you are going to make such an entrance!

Bridget gets a piece of paper and a pen. She starts to draw.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You know what, we're going to be fine. I'm sure of it. In Africa they say it takes a whole village to raise a child - Look, I'll show you our village... Look, there's you and me.

She draws a big smiley face in the middle of the paper with a body and another, much smaller smiley face inside it. She draws 'spokes' out from the faces.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
There's Miranda, Tom and Shaz, in reality they all *have* hands, but hands are very tricky to draw.

She draws a cartoon of the friends, they all have stumpy hands. She draws a cartoon of Jude at the end of the second spoke. She's surrounded with lots of babies.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
There's Jude and she's got four babies already and you're all going to be great friends!

She draws two more smiley faces at the end of the third.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
There's Mum and Dad. They'll spoil you rotten, once I actually tell them you exist.

Then, at the end of the fourth spoke, she draws Jack.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
There's Jack, who we probably need to - get to know a little bit better before we decide about him, but according to Google he does have his own helicopter.

She adds a helicopter.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I know that looks like a cat, but it is in fact a helicopter.

And finally, at the end of the fifth spoke, she draws Mark.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
- and there's Mark who will find this a bit messy and modern, but we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

She looks at her drawing - it seems to comfort her, the smiley faces surrounded by lots of other little smiley figures. She pats her tummy.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
What?

There is a small pause. Bridget listens.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
What's that? I ought to tell Mark too? That's very mature of you. No, you're right. Absolutely. I absolutely must. I've been avoiding it. You're right. Would you like a Aero or crisps? ... What's that? Both, you say?

Bridget walks into the imposing lobby, looking apprehensive.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
 Mark, I have some exciting news.
 Mark, I have the funniest story to
 tell you. Mark, I'm up the duff.

She takes a deep breath and heads towards the courtrooms.

101 INT. MAIN COURTROOM. DAY.

101

Bridget enters the public gallery. She can see Mark Darcy, in wig and gown, getting to his feet. Nine supreme court judges are seated, smart in their suits. Mark is dashing, authoritative and incredibly impressive.

MARK
 My Lords, there is only one fraud
 that has been committed here and it
 is this. To use the laws of one
 country to try to destroy the
 freedom of speech of another. A
 Trojan Horse to take away the right
 of these brave young women to speak
 the truth about the reality of
 their beloved country.

In the dock are four 'Poonani' singers, wearing anti government T-shirts.

MARK (CONT'D)
 You may not like their music and
 for that I cannot blame you. They
 may not have mastered the
 fundamentals of melody, or even the
 most basic tenets of musicianship,
 However, this is the land of
 Shakespeare, Orwell, Lawrence. A
 land built on the defence of free
 speech. This is your opportunity,
 my Lords, to send a very clear
 message back to any country, any
 ruler, any despot, that here in the
 United Kingdom we will always
 defend and protect women such as
 P... P... Women such as these, who
 have courageously and selflessly
 chosen to risk their liberty and
 quite possibly their lives to tell
 the truth. Accordingly we
 respectfully ask that the request
 for extradition be denied and
 quashed forthwith.

He is masterful, compelling. He takes his seat. The court erupts.

JUDGE
 Thank you, Mr. Darcy. The Court
 will now adjourn and judgement will
 be given in due course.

The Judge rises and everyone gets ready to leave. Poonani explode in the dock.

POONANI MEMBER
Poonani! Power to the Poonani!

In unison they form their hands into a triangle and point them towards their crotches. Mark turns to his assistant, PIERCE.

MARK
Oh Christ, I'm looking forward to going back to some good, old-fashioned genocide.

As Mark collects his things to leave, he spots Bridget in the public gallery.

102 EXT. ALLEY. NEAR TEMPLE. DAY. 102

Mark walks Bridget towards his office.

MARK
I wasn't expecting to see you again, after the 'events' at the Christening.

BRIDGET
No, right... I understand. You were very impressive in there today.

MARK
Thank you, although dealing with them for the last month has made me feel a certain amount of sympathy for the totalitarian dictator who wants to silence them. There's only so many times I can listen to the resolutely un-catchy 'Menstruation, Castration, Liberation'.

BRIDGET
Makes you pine for a bit of Ed Sheeran.

MARK
Who?

103 INT. MARK'S OFFICE. DAY. 103

Mark shows Bridget into his immaculate office

MARK
So....?

BRIDGET
So....Mark....

MARK
Yes...

Long pause.

BRIDGET
The gardens look lovely. Autumnal.

MARK
Yes?

BRIDGET
Is that a conker tree?

MARK
Err... Yes.

BRIDGET
And what about that one...?

MARK
Bridget?

BRIDGET
(blurting)
I'm pregnant.

MARK
Right... *Congratulations.*

Bridget nods.

MARK (CONT'D)
And how can I help?

BRIDGET
I'm three months pregnant.

Absorbing that this is something to do with HIM.

MARK
Oh! The Christening? You mean....

Bridget nods, she looks anxious as it sinks in.

MARK (CONT'D)
Well. This is... Right. If you'll
excuse me for just one moment.

He leaves the room. She stands there, not knowing how this
will play out.

104 INT. CORRIDOR. MARK'S OFFICE. DAY. 104

Mark heads out into the deserted corridor where he tries to
compose himself.

105 INT. MARK'S OFFICE. DAY. 105

He returns and looks at her, breathes, braces himself.

MARK

So. I think... this is possibly the single, most wonderful piece of information I have ever been given in my entire life.

BRIDGET

Is it? OK. Obviously I have no expectations of how all this will turn out. But I just thought you should know.

MARK

Of course. And I mean, how do you feel? are you... happy?

BRIDGET

Yes, I think so, but my being pregnant doesn't mean the last ten years haven't happened. So much has changed, you've been married, I've... been on a number of long haul holidays... Sri Lanka was a real highlight. A baby isn't some sort of panacea.

MARK

I know that, but, right now, I just can't feel gloomy about it.

On Bridget's face.

BRIDGET (V.O)

GAAAAAAH! How can I tell him now?

106 INT. JUDE'S KITCHEN. DAY.

106

Bridget visiting Jude. The place is mayhem. JUDE, still in a dressing gown with a huge cold-sore, is holding the new baby. GILES is in a business suit, on the phone and trying to leave for work. He is cleaning sick off himself and feeding the toddler. Everyone is thick with colds. A Polish builder wanders through, on the phone having a loud argument in Polish. Through the kitchen window, another child is bouncing on the trampoline in the garden.

BRIDGET

Thing is, they are both so happy that it just feels cruel to tell them the truth about the other and frankly, I'm terrified.

Giles makes his way out of the room.

GILES

(on the phone)

Sorry Margaret, I am covered in porridge. What time is my flight?

JUDE
That's the least of your
problems....POPPY! NO!... You've no
idea.

She just turns and shouts maniacally at Poppy mid sentence without missing a beat. Bridget looks horrified.

BRIDGET
What do you mean?

Jude waits for Giles to leave the room. The Polish builder shouts again.

JUDE
I know I've gone on and on about
how wonderful motherhood is in
public, Bridge, but I've been
lying.

BRIDGET
What? Why?

JUDE
Because everyone does. No-one tells
the truth. Babies are GHASTLY. They
ruin your life. Ruin it... PUT IT
DOWN!...
(she shouts at an unseen child)...
You're always ill, you can't go
out, you're covered in a constant
layer of sick, wee, old food and
poo, there's no time to wash, and
anyway there's no point because you
don't see anybody and you will
never have sex again - Giles tried
the other night and apart from the
fact that when he pulled off the
duvet I looked like I still had it
on, I couldn't feel anything - not
a thing because it's a wind-tunnel
down there, he said it was like the
Hadron fucking Collider and as for
my nipples -

Jude whips out a boob. We only see Bridget's horrified reaction. Jude spoons the boob back in.

JUDE (CONT'D)
Don't do it, Bridge, or have it,
sell it, and buy a nice new car...
one of those lovely new Minis. Get
out, escape while you can.

BRIDGET
Thanks Jude. You've been - a great
help.

JUDE
No, thank you. That was good to get
off my chest.

She gets up to leave and as she turns the corner she sees MILO, her nine year old boy, throwing darts at Poppy. Bridget looks horrified, and gives both of them a Haribo.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Let them get on with it, natural selection.

107 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LATER. 107

The door slams behind a panicked Bridget.

She passes her drawing pinned to the fridge door. She takes a pen and crosses out Jude's little cartoon figure.

BRIDGET (V.O)

Best avoided...

108 EXT. PARK BENCH. DAY 108

Dad and Bridget sit on a bench eating a sandwich.

DAD

Your Mum is going to be over the moon.

BRIDGET

You promise not to tell her? I can't handle that right now.

DAD

I promise. It's probably for the best in any event. She's pretty wrapped up about whether to hold a referendum over making the A418 a dual carriageway. She thinks it will bring in a flood of undesirables from Kettering.

BRIDGET

Dad, I'm sorry. Not to know about the father.

DAD

Don't be daft, love. I know dozens of people who could have been anybody's.

BRIDGET

So you're not - disappointed? You don't think I belong on Jeremy Kyle?

DAD

Not a bit of it. I'm thrilled.

He hugs her.

DAD (CONT'D)

Actually, still not sure if you're mine or that nice Lieutenant Colonel's who ran the bowling club.

BRIDGET

Dad!

DAD

Only joking, you've got my feet. I've always had very dainty feet. Just tell the truth, Bridget. You can never go too far wrong telling the truth.

109 INT. GIANNI'S CAFE. NIGHT.

109

Bridget and Mark staring at each other. GIANNI and his brother, SERGIO, smile from the bar area, uncomfortably close to their table.

BRIDGET (V.O)

So there I was. In the split of an eco-condom I had gone from carefree-girl-slash-slightly-too-old-single-woman-about-town to Mum-to-be with two rather fantastic men in my life, and with no clue about how I was going to tell them the truth.

MARK

You sounded pre-occupied on the phone, not your usual self. Is everything OK...

Before Bridget can answer an enthusiastic Gianni comes to the table and interrupts.

GIANNI

Mister Mark. Miss Bridget. I so glad to see you back together. Mister Mark she was so miserable when you two parted.

Bridget trying to brush him off.

GIANNI (CONT'D)

I mean soooooo miserable. She eat so much pasta.

BRIDGET.

Yes. Yes. Thanks Gianni.

GIANNI

And Pizza, and Chianti, but look Miss Bridget now is so good you are fat in a good way, fat with a bambino, not with gnocchi and Tiramisu and calamari. Now you are eating for two.

Bridget smiles.

BRIDGET.

Ah, can't let young Balthazar go hungry, or Bartholomew.

MARK

Very, Notting Hill school gates. I was actually thinking Jack, after my grandfather. Jack's a good strong name, you can rely on a Jack.

Bridget blanches.

BRIDGET.

Yes, it's one for the list certainly.

MARK

Our little Jack.

Gianni raises a glass.

GIANNI

Here's to Jack! Is wonderful news Mr. Mark, wonderful.

Mark smiles proudly. Takes her hand.

MARK

It is, Gianni. It truly is.

Bridget smiles, conflicted.

110 OMITTED

110

110A INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. NIGHT.

110A

Bridget is sitting preparing her presentation on her Laptop.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Hard to concentrate on impending big presentation when all I can think of is how to tell at least one father the truth. Mark was trickier than expected, he just seemed so happy...

The buzzer goes. A voice comes slightly distorted through the intercom, Bridget gets up to answer.

JACK (O.S.)

Hi surprise! It's the father of your child...

BRIDGET

Jack?

JACK
Ha! Who else?

He is buzzed up. Bridget opens the door. Jack enters, excited, carrying two huge bags and the Wellington boot she left at the festival.

BRIDGET
You kept it?

JACK
Should we make sure it fits?

Bridget smiles.

BRIDGET
I wasn't expecting to see you.

JACK
I wasn't expecting to come. I'm not used to being rejected...twice. But I've been doing some thinking.

BRIDGET
I hope you have cake in that bag.

An excited Jack composes himself.

JACK
Bridget, this baby situation threw me initially. We squashed an entire relationship into one night and skipped straight to the starting a family phase. We never even had a real second date, but just so you know I would have taken you to Ottolenghi's, an amazing place in Notting Hill. You would have had the grilled salmon and pine nut salsa. It's unbelievable AND healthy.

He produces takeaway boxes from inside his bag.

JACK (CONT'D)
We would have come back here, had incredible sex and spent the next couple of days sending each other filthy texts.

He gets out his phone and presses send. Bridget's phone beeps, she picks it up and reads it - clearly a filthy text.

BRIDGET
I would not have let you do that to me on a second date!

JACK
Why not? You let me do it on our first...

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

We would then have gone on a dirty weekend away to the seaside, I would have been manly and won you a cuddly toy on the pier.

He produces a cuddly toy.

BRIDGET

But I really wanted the giant Scooby Doo.

JACK

Nobody ever wins those, the coconuts are glued on.

Bridget's phone beeps again - another filthy text.

BRIDGET

(Flirtatiously)
OK... as long as you clean up afterwards.

Unprovoked Jack starts shouting.

JACK

You are wilfully misunderstanding me, I don't even know her!

He storms out and slams the door. Bridget looks confused. After a beat he returns with some amazing flowers that he has hidden in the hallway.

BRIDGET

What are these for?

JACK

To say 'sorry'. We had our first fight, I wasn't flirting with that waitress, she means nothing to me.

Bridget smiles. He goes out to the hallway again and produces a flat pack Ikea cabinet.

JACK (CONT'D)

And I've brought us some Swedish furniture to make, because if we can get through that, we can get through anything.

Bridget is being swept off her feet.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'd find it adorable how your neck goes blotchy when you're nervous, and I'd know you'd be the greatest possible mother to my child. Why does your neck go all blotchy by the way?

Jack takes her in his arms, it feels incredibly safe and reassuring.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
 I could have told him then, of course, but suddenly the possibility of a life of spontaneous takeaway and flat pack furniture seemed sort of inviting...Bit of a pity to ruin it and we wouldn't want my neck going all blotchy again... I'm going to tell them both tomorrow. Definitely. Without a shadow of a doubt.

111 INT. ANTE-NATAL CLINIC. DAY. **4 MONTHS.**

111

Bridget is lying in a darkened room on the examination bed, her belly exposed as Dr. Rawlings rubs on the conductive gel.

DR RAWLINGS
 So this is Dad, I presume. Pleased to meet you, I'm glad you could be here, this is a unique and wonderful moment.

Mark smiles proudly.

DR RAWLINGS (CONT'D)
 Back from your many business trips then?

Darcy looks confused. Bridget panicky.

DR. RAWLINGS
 Before we start, would you like to know the sex?

BRIDGET
 I don't know, I can't decide.

MARK
 Maybe we should be prepare...

Then 'Thump. Thump'. The sound of a heartbeat fills the room.

Mark is transfixed by the image on the screen. It's a moment. The tiny miracle of life stretching and squirming.

DR RAWLINGS
 So would you like to know, Bridget?

BRIDGET
 Yes please.

DR RAWLINGS
 It's a boy.

BRIDGET
 A boy.

MARK
 A boy.

Bridget and Mark stare at the grainy image lovingly.

MARK (CONT'D)

Our boy.

Bridget is overcome with happiness and then instantaneously riven with guilt.

BRIDGET

Mark, I wonder whether you might give us a second.

MARK

Oh right... Of course.

Mark exits.

BRIDGET

Dr Rawlings, I wonder whether you could do me a little favour?

112 INT. ANTE-NATAL CLINIC. NEXT DAY.

112

Bridget is lying in a darkened room on the examination bed, her belly exposed as Dr. Rawlings rubs on the conductive gel.

DR. RAWLINGS

So this is Dad. Pleased to meet you, I'm glad you could be here, this is a *unique* and wonderful moment.

REVEAL - Jack smiles proudly.

DR. RAWLINGS (CONT'D)

So, would you like to know the sex?

BRIDGET

(Bad acting)

Oooh, I'm not sure, such a big decision. Should we? Shouldn't we?

Dr. Rawlings does an eye roll.

JACK

I'm not sure we should...

Bridget swiftly interrupts, saying brightly.

BRIDGET

Actually yes, let's find out.

Dr Rawlings goes through the motions as Jack remains awestruck by the process, transfixed by the monitor.

DR. RAWLINGS

It's a boy.

JACK

A boy. *My* boy.

He's overwhelmed with happiness.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Both men deliriously happy, despite
my best intentions, I had no idea
how I could tell them the truth...

113 INT. HARD NEWS OFFICE. DAY. 113

Bridget enters the office and walks towards her desk.

ANGLE ON: 2 bunches of flowers.

One card reads, "Thinking of you, best of luck with the
presentation. Mark x".

The other, next to a much bigger bunch, reads, "To My
Incredible Bridget, thinking of you both, good luck tomorrow,
knock 'em dead, Jack, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx"

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Two bunches of flowers, one big
dilemma. I would tell them once I
had my presentation out of the way,
I would definitely tell them then.
Definitely. Hundred percent.

Alice walks over to Bridget's desk.

ALICE
Ah, lovely, pregnant Bridget, how
are you feeling...

BRIDGET
Well, thank you it's very exciting,
I...

ALICE
(Totally cutting her off)
Ahhh, that sounds amazing. How's
the presentation looking for
tomorrow?

BRIDGET
Excellent, ship shape. I've
actually been getting help from
someone rather brilliant, he's...

Alice, clearly not listening, marches off.

114 INT. SMALLER CONFERENCE HALL. DAY. 5 MONTHS. 114

A crowd waiting for the presentation to start. A banner with
the words: **Exposure - Crowd-Sourcing the News**. Amongst them,
a concerned looking Alice and an amused looking Finch.

A nervous Bridget stands, hands-free microphone on.

BRIDGET

From Tokyo to Teddington, Hollywood to Cricklewood, in a digital age where every cellphone is a camera, we are all broadcasters.

Bridget waves her hands in the air, as we've previously seen Jack do, and suddenly the checkerboard of screens behind her light up. The images animate with young people on the streets of South London, Africa and India.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Ready to interview, interrogate and investigate the global and local news stories that affect us 24 hours a day.

Alice is impressed. The room is impressed. At the back of the room, Jack watches, willing her on.

And now she's waving her hands again and the cornucopia of images are swapping.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

From Designer Jeans...

Images of celebrities in jeans all selling their product.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

...to Designer Genes.

Images of IVF twins all talking at once.

In the back of the audience, Bridget sees Jack, he gives her a re-assuring smile, gesturing for her to slow down.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

We are partnering with London Media Show to rebrand Hard News for the digital generation, so that YOU, our viewers, will be able to use your smart phones to become your own news broadcasting channels. You simply download the new Hard News App and broadcast directly to our studio, where Miranda is waiting for this evening's live simulcast.

Behind Bridget, we see Miranda, live in the studio, waiting to go on air.

We see the Hard News countdown clock on the screens and then the Hard News Opening Titles....

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Go into the app, hold up your phones and say "Good Evening Miranda".

Bridget holds up her phone and says "Good Evening Miranda". The audience hold up their phones, chorusing : "Good Evening Miranda".

ON SCREENS BEHIND BRIDGET: We see Miranda, live on air at the Hard News Studios, surrounded by an abundance of screens and faces, including Bridget's, chanting "Good Evening Miranda"

MIRANDA

"Good Evening everyone live at the London Media Show.

Miranda continues to introduce the show on air, while Bridget turns back to the conference centre audience.

BRIDGET

As of now, we're live and our audience is broadcasting. Starting close to home, 16 year old Daryl Baines is live at Wembley Arena where he's about to tell us what he thought of the Jessie J concert.

She presses a button. Behind Bridget, A TEENAGER'S BARE BOTTOM APPEARS ON A HUNDRED SCREENS.

LIVE ON NATIONAL TV, the bare bottom appears behind Miranda's desk. Bridget dives for the exit button.

TEENAGER

Hard News sucks balls!

BRIDGET

Jesus! Well there's always one isn't there.

MIRANDA

(laughing, covering)
OK...Let's go to the Grampians where Adam Wollaston is leading a group of Venture Rangers to the top of Ben Nevis.

CUT TO - A group of Venture Rangers all showing their bare arses to camera.

VENTURE RANGERS

Hard News sucks balls.

ADAM WOLLASTON

Who's the pregnant granny?

BRIDGET

Ha! Well there's always two. Some technical glitches there, our apologies. Let's go to Anthony Mathis, a company director who has been attending the GBI conference in Brighton.

CUT TO - A suited middle aged man, ANTHONY MATHIS, addresses a phone camera being held by a friend.

ANTHONY

It has been a monumental day here at the conference...

Suddenly, without warning, he spins round, takes down his trousers and reveals his bare ass to camera.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Hard News sucks balls!

While Miranda covers for the screw up, a flustered Bridget soldiers on, trying to ignore a fuming Alice Peabody.

A new face appears on the screen behind her. She looks up at it.

BRIDGET
And if you think I'm falling for that, you can think again, sir. Nobody has any desire to see your bottom.

A caption appears on the screen.

DAVID CARTWRIGHT - CEO - London Media Show

We see his face register fury, before a reeling Bridget gets rid of him, hurriedly switching screens.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Of course emailing or tweeting the show could not be easier, simply type in hardnews.co.uk...

At once Jack reaches for his cellphone.

A tweet pops up JACKQ1971- "Excellent new site, Hard News as ever at the cutting edge". Bridget looks to Jack who gives her an elaborate and morale boosting thumbs up.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Ah, there we go, a bit more representative.

Another tweet pops up, MARKDARCE 'Can't wait to interact with the number one news show on TV'.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
..or search 'Hard News' or simply H.

Bridget types 'H' into the browser, but gets distracted when she sees MARK DARCY, THERE at the back of the audience. Oh shit...she wobbles....

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Because at Hard News we believe...We believe...Hard News is...ready and on the front line.

Bridget collects herself, but she's left the H on the screen and all her previous searches starting with 'H' displayed on the massive screen behind her.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Asking the questions that the world
wants answers to.

ON THE SCREEN:

HOW CAN I MAKE MY THIGHS LOOK THINNER?

HARRY STYLES NAKED.

HOW CAN I MAKE MY BOSS LIKE ME?

HOW CAN I GET MY BOSS FIRED?

HOW CAN I FIND OUT WHO IS THE FATHER OF MY CHILD?

The crowd are mesmerized by the searches. Bridget blissfully unaware. She then looks behind, sees the searches. Is horrified.

115 INT. SAME. FIVE MINUTES LATER.

115

Mark makes his way over to her. Her happiness at seeing him is significantly tempered by the fact that she can see Jack approaching behind.

MARK
I hope it's okay me turning up,
surprising you. I mean, well done.
It was very...*technically adroit*?

As he says this Bridget sees Jack approaching and panics.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
GAAAAAH!

She grabs the nearest person to her.

BRIDGET
Mark Darcy I'd really love you to
meet....

She squints at this stranger's name badge...

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Ariyaratna Sithamparanathan,
Ariyaratna is Area manager for DTC
technological solutions aren't you
Ariyaratna?

Both men look perplexed as Bridget rushes to cut off Jack.

She is intercepted by Alice Peabody.....

ALICE
What the hell was that? What were
you thinking? I have 4 voicemails
from David Cartwright on my phone
that I dare not listen to.

BRIDGET
Well they say there's only one
thing worse than being talked
about...

Bridget is trying to extricate herself, but Alice is
steadfastly blocking her way.

ALICE
Is it *that* presentation?

BRIDGET
Alice, I'm so sorry.

ALICE
Sorry doesn't cut it, I seriously
have to question whether there is a
place for you at Hard News...

To her horror, she now sees Ariyaratna intercepting his hero,
Jack Quant and introducing him to Mark Darcy.

BRIDGET
So sorry I really have to...

And she leaves a furious Alice hanging, mid sentence.

MARK
Bridget! This is Jack Quant. He's
really rather brilliant. I read
this tremendous profile of him in
the New Yorker-

BRIDGET
Right, yes. We actually know each
other.

Jack puts his arm round Bridget.

JACK
We sure do!

Mark slightly balks, looking confused. Ariyaratna
Sithamparanathan is still there.

JACK (CONT'D)
Why didn't you introduce me to this
guy earlier? He's great, you know
he's representing that punk protest
band who are being extradicted?

BRIDGET
Yes. Yes I knew that too.

ARIYARATNA
Hi, we met fleetingly before, I'm
in charge of the data management
for most of Daventry.

A shell shocked Bridget ignores Ariyaratna.

BRIDGET

Well, I have to say it's fantastic that you are getting on so well... because you actually have a lot in common. I feel we should go and discuss somewhere a bit quieter...

JACK

Fantastic.

MARK

Why not? I booked GIANNI'S.

ARIYARATNA

Great idea.

BRIDGET

I think you might have to sit this one out, Ariyaratna.

116 INT. GIANNI'S RESTAURANT. NIGHT

116

Mark, Jack and a shell-shocked, silent Bridget are sitting at a table. Mark and Jack are getting on like a house on fire. GIANNI, laying the table, is enjoying the conversation too.

MARK

...so you really believe that mathematics can help us - how did you put it in your book - 'analyze human behavior previously invisible to science.'

JACK

Well, it's a theory.

GIANNI

(Butting in)
Is incredible idea.

MARK

Really? In my experience emotions have a lot to do with it.

A pause. Bridget looks uncomfortable.

JACK

My dating algorithm is to help people *find* love, not necessarily replace it. Have you ever tried it out?

Bridget laughs nervously.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're single right?

MARK

Well-

Mark looks to Bridget - she smiles, even more uncomfortable. GIANNI, frankly, confused.

MARK (CONT'D)

I suppose in a way...Yes...So, how do you two know each other?

Bridget takes a deep breath.

BRIDGET

Well... it's sort of a funny story, sort of. You see, the thing is, a few months ago on June 4th I met Jack at a music festival.

MARK

Right.

BRIDGET

(Interrupting)

We got on very well and sort of had... relations.

GIANNI backs off, pretends not to be listening.

GIANNI

Dio Mio!

MARK

Oh...Right...I see...that's...

All of a sudden it's a bit awkward.

BRIDGET

- and then the following week, that is to say... on the 11th June at Jude's baby christening to be precise, and following the consumption of quite a lot of alcohol, Mark and I..um..well..we had similar 'relations'.

It's now very awkward.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

And this is the 'funny' part, I suppose, and why in many ways it's good that we all met and are getting on so well. The thing is that owing to these 'relations' the resulting - um - life-form currently residing in my - um - tummy - could in fact be either of yours. I know I should have told you both before, but I just didn't...you both seemed so happy.

JACK

Correct me if I'm wrong but did you just say that the baby could be either of ours?

Bridget nods.

MARK

So you have no idea which of us is actually the father?

GIANNI, wishing he was invisible.

BRIDGET

I know this is all very confusing. I've made a mess of it and I'm sorry, but one thing I'm certain of, is, however we choose to do this, the most important thing now is this.

She points to her bump.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

OK?

A long pause.

JACK

Bridget, I'm not going to pretend this isn't a shock, but I just want you to know whatever the circumstances, you're right, the most important thing is the baby, and I'm here to support you both. Who knows this could be a great adventure?

He puts his arm around her.

MARK

(Less convincingly)
I'm sorry, you'll have to excuse me, I have a meeting.

He gets up and leaves.

117 OMITTED

117

118 INT. VILLAGE HALL. GRAFTON UNDERWOOD. DAY.

118

Bridget tentatively inches her way into the back of the hall where Mum's campaign launch is in full swing.

All of Grafton Underwood is present and the room is bedecked with campaign slogans. There is a photographer in the background. Mum sees Bridget and rushes over to greet her.

MUM

I say we bring back National Service.

DAD

I don't disagree in principle Pam,
it's just I'm not sure Grafton
Underwood Parish Council has the
power to conscript.

MUM

Don't be sarcastic Colin. Add it to
the minutes.

Dad rushes off to talk to speak to an official. Mum sees
Bridget at the back and rushes over to greet her.

MUM (CONT'D)

... Honestly, we started half an
hour ago where have you...

BRIDGET

What's the emergency?

MUM

The Argus wants a family portrait.
What are you wearing?

Then she notices Bridget's bump and stops dead.

MUM (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Bridget, are you...

Bridget nods, half nervous, half excited. Mum's face lights
up.

MUM (CONT'D)

Why didn't you say anything?

BRIDGET

I was worried you might be angry...

MUM

Why would I be?... (the penny drops)
Oh no Bridget. Who's the father? Is
it Mark's Bridget, do say it is?

BRIDGET

Well, yes in a manner of speaking,
sort of. What I mean is, there is
at least a fifty per cent chance.

MUM

A fifty percent chance?

BRIDGET

Mark and Jack Quant, he's an
American.

MUM

Oh no Bridget...An American? Did
you have a three way?

Mum's face drops. She sees the photographer heading over and
her face fills with fear. She sees the coat rack, grabs a few
coats and thrusts them at Bridget.

MUM (CONT'D)

Oh no. Here, carry these, act as if everything's fine.

BRIDGET

What? Everything *is* fine.

As they walk the photographer spots her and wants a picture.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Mrs. Jones can we...

Before Bridget can answer, Mum barks.

MUM

Here, this is a lovely place for you to stand.

She places Bridget behind a counter where her bump is hidden. Mum frantically starts to arrange sandwiches and cakes in front of the bump to obscure it.

BRIDGET

What are you doing? Are you ashamed of me? Are you hiding your first born grandchild behind a pile of mini quiches?

Somebody comes over to take a mini quiche - Mum slaps their hand away.

MUM

Look, darling it's just the circumstances, I'm running for high office and I'm presenting myself as a paragon of family values, see?

She points to a poster that reads 'PAMELA JONES, IF YOU LOVE FAMILY AND YOU LOVE VALUE VOTE PAMELA JONES FOR FAMILY VALUES'.

BRIDGET

Wait.... Still reading... It's so long...

(she finishes reading)

... Look, you might not be proud of the circumstances, but at least you can be proud of me. This isn't the 1950's. It's not all nuclear families and 2.4 Children any more. Look around you; Mavis Enderbury's daughter is raising 2 kids on her own, Una's son's a single father, two lesbians have adopted at Number 32. If you don't change the way you look at the world you're not only going to lose your daughter, you're going to lose your precious election as well.

She storms off, pauses, turns back, grabs a handful of mini quiches and storms off again. As she marches out she passes Una who spots her bump.

UNA
Bridget, so lovely to see you...
are you...?

BRIDGET
(Defiant)
Pregnant? Yes. Yes I am.

UNA
How wonderful! We thought you'd
just got all fat again.

119 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE. DAY. 119

Lots of pregnant women with loving partners go in and out of the entrance. Bridget waits alone and consults her watch nervously.

BRIDGET (V.O)
Am suddenly freak in weird social
experiment. But why couldn't this
work? We were all mature,
sophisticated adults who wanted the
best for the baby. People might
look back and see this as the dawn
of a new vanguard of parenting.
Perhaps I was a visionary, ahead of
my time.

Jack swoops in on his Vintage Triumph motorbike and dashinglly removes his helmet. Bridget looks relieved to see him.

JACK
Our first ante-natal class.
Exciting stuff, huh?

TIME CUT TO:

119A EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE. MOMENTS LATER 119A

Bridget and Jack are about to go in when Bridget sees Mark running up the street towards her and she can't help but let out a big smile, he decided to come!

Mark hands her a small paper bag.

MARK
I brought you a nice tea.

BRIDGET
Thank you. I'm glad you came.

JACK
Me too, awesome to see you buddy.

He grabs the tea.

JACK (CONT'D)
 There's a heck of a lot of caffeine
 hidden in that tea.

Jack takes out a smoothie from his bag and swaps it out for the tea. Bridget looks slightly horrified by Jack's hideous looking concoction.

BRIDGET
 Thank you... both. Shall we go in.

JACK
 Here, let me carry that for you.

He takes Bridget's big handbag from her, she's genuinely appreciative of the gesture. Mark looks put out.

MARK
 Right, do you want me to carry your
 phone for you?

She is also carrying a tiny mobile phone. She hands it to him.

BRIDGET
 Thank you.

120

INT. HALL. COMMUNITY CENTRE. LATER.

120

All the couples sit together in a semi-circle around DAISY, a very pretty young woman, who listens with earth-shattering brightness to one particularly lovely couple who are addressing the group. Bridget, Mark and Jack are the oldest people in the class, and obviously stand out as the only trio in the room. Bridget looks anxious and self conscious as the couples all introduce themselves.

DAISY
 And who do we have here then?

BRIDGET
 I'm Bridget. This is Mark and this
 is Jack.

DAISY
 (reading her list)
 Oh lovely! You're our second same
 sex couple tonight.

Everyone claps. A lesbian couple look over and wave.

MARK
 No, actually....

JACK
 (looks at Mark
 mischievously)
 Absolutely, and we just need the
 gift of a baby to make us complete.

DAISY
 (Looking at Bridget)
 And you must be ...the surrogate?

Bridget plays along, looking at Mark and Jack.

BRIDGET
 Exactly, just trying to make this
 wonderful couple's dream come true.

DAISY
 Well the plan is to take you
 through some of the basic things to
 expect during the birth. To start
 off, perhaps someone can tell me
 what signs to look out for that
 might indicate labour is starting?

Jack's hand shoots up. Daisy points to Jack who leaps in.

JACK
 Early labour will be characterized
 by mild to moderate contractions,
 up to thirty to forty-five minutes
 apart, and often, but not always, a
 rupture of the amniotic membrane.

Jack looks pleased with himself. Daisy looks surprised. Mark
 speaks quietly.

MARK
 Right yes, absolutely. Of course. I
 mean, isn't this something one
 would normally leave to the
 midwife?

JACK
 Mark gets nervous about all of
 this, it's very new to you isn't
 it, lamb chop?

Mark could not look more uncomfortable.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
 Like all visionaries I would
 encounter bumps along the road, but
 still had faith in my grand plan.

121 INT. SWIMMING POOL. NIGHT.

121

Jack with a row of dads watching the new mums-to-be including
 Bridget in the water, mid aqua-ante-natal class. Jack is
 referring to a pregnancy book. Suddenly Mark joins them, late
 and hassled, still in his court clothes.

JACK
 (book in hand)
 How would you like to give birth to
 your placenta?

BRIDGET
 (laughing)
 Quickly?

Water sloshes over Bridget.

Suddenly she begins to choke, then sink.

At once, Jack strips off his clothes, revealing a rippling six pack, and leaps in to save her.

On Mark, catching his reflection in the window. He looks old, tired and grey.

122 INT. MARK'S OFFICE. CHAMBERS. NIGHT

122

Mark sits in his office, late at night, reading studiously with a glass of wine and takeaway on his desk. His assistant Pierce pops his head in.

MARK
 You should leave, I'm just going over some of the details on the Al Bashir case.

PIERCE
 Absolutely. I think knowledge of 'problems of breech delivery' may be crucial in proving the Sudanese are using aid money to fund the SPLM insurgents.

REVEAL: Mark is not looking at his briefs but instead is studying 'The Expectant Dad's Handbook' and has other Pregnancy/baby books strewn on his desk. He has been busted.

MARK
 When you had Charlie did it all come naturally? Did you know you were going to be a good Dad?

Mark, troubled.

PIERCE
 All the books in the world won't prepare you for what's about to happen, but for what it's worth, I think you'll make an amazing father.

Pierce leaves.

123 INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE. DAY.

123

Back at the ante-natal class, all the same people, new week. Today the partners are standing behind their wives as Daisy demonstrates massage techniques. Every woman has one man behind her apart from Bridget, who has Mark and Jack, vying for pole position.

DAISY

And of course massage can have many benefits throughout pregnancy, can we name some of them?

Jack's hand shoots up.

JACK

It can lower stress and promotes feel-good hormones.

Mark shoots his hand up.

MARK

And to be safe, it should also be avoided in instances of high-risk pregnancy for example where there is a geriatric mother.

Bridget looks slightly put out. Everybody laughs, Mark looks embarrassed.

DAISY

Right, excellent, someone's been reading up. Let's put some theory into practice.

A super enthusiastic Jack grabs Bridget, manoeuvres her into position and takes control.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Take an unclenched fist and begin at the nape of your partner's neck.

Jack sets about this and Bridget can't help but swoon with pleasure, he's great at it.

Mark stands awkwardly, pathetically, by the side - the only person in the place not either massaging or being massaged.

Daisy spots him.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Oh, erm... do you want a go...?

MARK

It's Mark, I think I'll probably leave it to Jack, he seems to have it covered.

JACK

(Mischievously)
You're so sweet, that's why I love you, pumpkin.

A huge, lumbering, tattooed Neanderthal man looks over to them and turns to his wife.

NEANDERTHAL GUY

Lovely couple, it's great that they get to enjoy the miracle of childbirth.

124 OMITTED 124

125 OMITTED 125

126 OMITTED 126

126A INT. MARK'S BEDROOM. DAY. 126A

Mark is on his computer, he appears to be deep in work, but...

REVEAL: His computer screen shows the QWANTIFY website, he has put his details in and there are pictures of him and Bridget and a Graphic that reads 'COMPATABILITY 3%'.

A page comes up of suggested matches - photos of slightly stern masculine women who look just like Mark.

126AA INT. HARD NEWS OFFICES. DAY 126AA

Bridget is working intently at her desk. She gets a pain and reaches for her stomach. She looks around for help, all the hipsters are busy working away at their stations wearing oversized headphones, oblivious to her.

126AB INT. COURT. DAY. 126AB

Mark is addressing the court.

MARK

My lady, may I please make an application for leave to appeal in the case of H.M. Government and Saddiq Al Bashir. As your Ladyship is no doubt aware, Mr Al Bashir lost his case in the court of appeal and he now seeks this courts leave to appeal on a point of law of public importance, namely, the question of whether permission for the electronic intercepts of his phone was lawfully granted by the Foreign Secretary. As it stands, the law on intercept warrants lacks clarity and on our proposed appeal we shall be inviting your Ladyship's court to give greater definition to the Home Secretary's powers and duties.

C/U: Mark's mobile phone vibrates silently by his papers, out of his sight.

There are six missed calls from Bridget and a group text to Mark and Jack.

"ON MY WAY TO HOSPITAL. STOMACH PAINS. WORRIED"

126B INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY

126B

Bridget sits on an examination couch in a blue robe. Jack sits next to her.

DR RAWLINGS

Gherkins, anchovies, banana juice, Pringles? Its the combination that's done it. Any baby would need a nap after that.

BRIDGET

So essentially...

DR RAWLINGS

Wind.

DR. RAWLINGS leaves. Jack smiles reassuringly, putting his arms round her.

126BA INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM. DAY.

126BA

Dr. Rawlings enters the waiting room and sees Mark Darcy at reception. Mark approaches Dr. Rawlings.

MARK

How's Bridget? Is everything alright?

Dr. Rawlings subtly moves to block the window and then makes Mark face the other way round so that he can't see Jack.

DR RAWLINGS

She's fine. She's currently in there with Dr... Pringle...

As she says this, through the window, they see Jack and Bridget laughing.

DR RAWLINGS (CONT'D)

He has a very unique bedside manner, its new technique we're trialling out of Oslo.

MARK

It's fine, I know about Jack, but thank you, Doctor.

DR RAWLINGS
Oh, for heaven's sake, why didn't
you tell me before. She's fine,
he's done very well and calmed her
down completely.

Mark pauses a moment, looking through the window.

126C INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY

126C

Bridget and Jack are mid conversation as Mark enters the
room. Her face lights up.

BRIDGET
Hi.

MARK
I'm sorry. I just got your
messages. I was in court.

BRIDGET
That's alright. Can't be helped.
Freedom of speech needs to be
defended.

Mark's phone rings.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You should take it. It might be
work.

JACK
It's totally fine. I have it
covered.

MARK
Yes. I can see that.

JACK
C'mon buddy, you need to take a
chill pill. We've got to do this
together. In Peru, the UM BAT DO
consider paternity a task to be
shared among many tribesman.

MARK
Well, unfortunately we UM BAT DON'T
live in Peru, I live in Ealing.

Bridget looks from Mark to Jack.

BRIDGET
Stop it. We're not in the 18th
century and this isn't pistols at
dawn to prove who's the better man.

JACK
Look, the vibes are bad for the
baby. Let's go talk it out.

BRIDGET

Yes, that would be better. Thank you. Won't be a minute...

Jack follows Mark out into the waiting room.

JACK

Why are you so angry....

126D OMITTED

126D

126E INT. HOSPITAL MAIN RECEPTION. DAY.

126E

JACK

Hey buddy why are you so angry?

MARK

You know what? I'm really not your buddy, I don't know about vibes or negative energy or prenatal wind and even less about algorithms and automated reasoning, so I'll admit that I struggle to understand the laws of attraction especially when I apply them to myself. Bridget just defies comprehension generally. But despite, or perhaps owing to, the bewildering litany of catastrophes I've witnessed over the last forty years, I feel I know her rather well and have spent every one of those years caring for her very deeply. In doing so I may be going expressly against my own better judgment but there's nothing I can do about it.

(CONT'D)

JACK

Do about it? You could try being around a little instead of saving the world by cell phone. I make her feel happy, Mark.

MARK

And I suppose your algorithm tells you that you and Bridget are destined to be together, does it?

JACK

Actually it does, and the fact that you have been trying and failing to make it work with each other for the last ten years should tell you that maybe you are not.

This hits Mark hard. Jack relents.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't want to fight with you Mark. We need to think about Bridget and the baby, and for better or worse, fate has brought us together.

MARK

It wasn't fate. It was condoms.

A beat.

JACK

What do you mean?

MARK

You know those disastrous dolphin friendly things from the bottom of Bridget's bag.

JACK

Sorry, I'm not sure I know what you're talking about. When Bridget and I...How do I put this..? I did not dress for the occasion...

A silence while this revelation sinks in.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why don't we calm down and grab a beer?

126F INT. HOSPITAL MAIN RECEPTION. STAIRCASE. DAY

126F

Bridget comes down the stairs. She sees Mark and Jack still arguing.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

This is going to be so much harder than I thought. If they can't get along now, before the baby's even here, how are they going to deal with the really big things, like who gets up for the night feed, or whether he can have an iPad for his first birthday, or which granny to spend Christmas with? So much for the social experiment.

127 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. DAY.

127

Bridget returns home to find a letter from Mark. She reads...

MARK (V.O.)

Dear Bridget, I'm sorry about today. I think you were right when you said the fantasy of us was always better than the reality. What you want me to be and what I am just don't add up.

L E T T E R M O N T A G E

128 INT. MARK'S OFFICE. DAY. 128

Mark writing the letter.

MARK

I do realise how difficult I make
it for you to love *me* and it was
never my intention to leave you so
alone. Because in truth there must
be something that I've never been
able to give you. Why else did you
go back to....

129 EXT. TATE BRITAIN. DAY - FLASHBACK 129

Bridget stands alone on the pavement, clutching her award.
At the sound of a car, she looks up and smiles with delight,
as if seeing someone she knows.

MARK (V.O.)

Daniel Cleaver.

CUT TO:

Mark Darcy, hurrying across the pavement. He stops on seeing
Daniel Cleaver's convertible driving off with Bridget clearly
in the passenger seat.

130 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. DAY. 130

Bridget still reading at her flat. Tears roll down her face.

MARK (V.O.)

It's alright Bridget.

131 INT. PREGNANCY YOGA CLASS. NIGHT. 131

Bridget struggling in a pregnancy yoga class. She's
surrounded by young, nubile pregnant women.

MARK (V.O.)

I've always made myself believe
that our history should lead us to
be together.

132 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM. DAY. 132

CLOSE-UP on Mark closing up a suitcase.

MARK (V.O.CONT'D)

But maybe deep down, despite
everything we've shared, we're not
compatible.

- 132A EXT. GREENWICH PARK. DAY 132A
Jack and Bridget walk hand in hand. Bridget looks distracted.
- 133 OMITTED 133
- 133A INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. NIGHT. 133A
Bridget and Jack are together on the sofa watching television.
- 134 OMITTED 134
- 135 INT. AIRPORT. DAY. 135
Mark, distracted, at the boarding gate for KHARTOUM. He makes his way towards the plane.

MARK (V.O.)

And now information has come to light that has led me to believe that my further involvement in this situation is impossible. Be assured of my concern for your well-being and some sense of my responsibility in the situation...

- 136 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. DAY. 136
Bridget back reading the letter. She looks at an enclosed cheque, indignant.

MARK(V.O.)

A financial contribution would seem to me appropriate. Should you have any practical needs, you need only alert my office. I wish you every happiness for the future. Mark.

The cheque falls to the floor.

She walks up to the African chart, zones in on Darcy's name, with tears rolling down her cheeks. She strokes her bump.

E N D M O N T A G E

- 137 INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE. NIGHT. 137
Ante-natal class. Just Bridget and Jack - Mark is conspicuous by his absence.

DAISY

OK, take your partners and let's practice breathing... No Mark today?

Bridget shakes her head sadly. The Neanderthal guy turns to his partner and mutters.

NEANDERTHAL GUY

Ahhh, shame. They seemed so happy... I was really rooting for them.

138 EXT. GREENWICH PARK. DAY.

138

Shazzer sits with Bridget on a bench. In the background Jack is holding Shazzer's children's attention with his animated retelling of a fairy-tale.

SHAZZER

How do you orchestrate such cliff-hangers in your life?

BRIDGET

Well thanks for that. I hadn't thought of it like that.

SHAZZER

I can't believe Mark ducked out again.

BRIDGET

Well the last time wasn't really his fault.

SHAZZER

(looking at Jack)
I suppose we better just hope it's Jack's, right?... let's face it, things could be worse, he is pretty fucking amazing.

Jack holds out an apple, overacting as a Wicked Queen. The children and Tom are enthralled. Shazzer's nose slightly turns up.

BRIDGET

He definitely *seems* to be, I don't really know anything about him.

SHAZZER

How much do you need to know? He's gorgeous, he's richer than god and has a very nice sized puppet.

BRIDGET

He does, and we match up very well on paper. In some countries they just make you marry a boy in the next village because his Dad has a nice horse, and those marriages seem to work.

SHAZZER

Exactly... And he's certainly *enthusiastic*.

Shazzer says this like it's a negative.

Jack is now juggling the apples, the children are rapt.

BRIDGET

(Pensive)

Right. I suppose he is.

SHAZZER

I mean, it's difficult, but you just have to ask 'can I see myself growing old with him'? Sending the kids off to school, teaching them how to swim, how to drive their first yacht?

Bridget laughs.

BRIDGET

How do I know? I don't know anything about him, he may wear socks with sandals when he goes on holiday. What happens then?

SHAZZER

For that? Divorce. But you have to have faith. Nobody knows what life has in store. You know, look at me and Fergus. When we met he had a record deal and exciting plans, I had the great career in journalism. Now me and the kids are off next week accompanying him on a tour of pub back rooms in the Shetland Islands, living in a fucking camper van. I'm just saying when it comes down to it, when you are stuck holding the baby and it's pissing with rain, is that the man you want to be in a camper van with?

BRIDGET

I suppose he is a billionaire, so it will be a fucking nice camper van.

Jack rushes over and takes a cupcake out of Bridget's hand and replaces it with the apple.

JACK

Watch that blood pressure Bridge. Let's go with nature's candy. Right little fella?

He talks into Bridget's belly. Shazzer slightly raises her eyebrows. She turns to Bridget.

SHAZZER

I'm sorry I'm not going to be here, Bridge.

139 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY. 139

Bridget crosses Shazzer off the African family chart.

139A EXT. STREET. DAY. 139A

A pensive Bridget, looking a bit breezier is walking along a street, shopping for the baby.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Shazzer was right, I had landed on my feet, with an amazing man who was happy to be with me. He ticked every box. The only thing that was going to get in the way of this was me...

140 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. SPARE ROOM. DAY. 140

Jack's been decorating Bridget's spare room for the nursery - a half-finished, black and white pattern on one wall. Bridget, shopping bags in hand, enters the room to find Jack painting.

She stops for a while, silently watching him.

JACK

Oh, hey! For the first few months they can only see black and white. This will stimulate his spatial awareness.

BRIDGET

Right. It's actually making me feel a bit sick.

JACK

So much better than the floating pizzas.

REVEAL - Bridget has been painting on the other wall.

BRIDGET

They were teddy bears. But thank you.

JACK

Well my Mom put Captain Caveman wallpaper on my wall when I was a baby. You can imagine how much that traumatized me.

He starts to do the voice... He stops, no recognition. There is a moment of silence.

BRIDGET

I bought him one of those bouncy chairs, I'm not even sure where we're going to put it.

JACK
Yeah, about that. It's kind of cramped in here, don't you think?

BRIDGET
Cosy.

Jack pauses, readies himself for something big.

JACK
I was thinking, maybe it might be nice if we moved in together?

This hits Bridget hard.

BRIDGET
Do you think we're ready for that?

JACK
Of course. I'm tired of living in hotel rooms, and airport lounges. We could be a family, you, me, him. What do you say?

There is a long beat - Bridget trying to makes sense of things.

BRIDGET
What if it isn't yours?

JACK
What?

BRIDGET
What if the baby turns out to be Mark's? What will you do then?

He pauses a moment too long.

JACK
I mean, obviously that would change things...

BRIDGET
I see.

There is a very long beat.

JACK
And is that what you want? For it to be Mark's?

This time Bridget pauses a moment too long.

BRIDGET
I don't know what I want.

Jack takes a deep breath.

JACK
Are you in love with him?

BRIDGET
I have been.

JACK
And me?

BRIDGET
I don't know...I could be, one day.

JACK
Bridget, I've not been entirely
honest.

Bridget looks at him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mark thinks the baby isn't his. I
let him believe it was
mine...that's why he disappeared.

BRIDGET
Why would he think that?

JACK
Because I let him. You blind-sided
me Bridget, with the chance to have
a family. I didn't want to lose
you. We can be good for each other.
Ninety seven per cent, remember.

She drops her bags.

BRIDGET
Yes, on paper, and we might even be
having a baby together, but falling
in love doesn't happen on paper.
Sometimes it doesn't make any sense
at all. Sometimes you love a person
for all the ways they are not like
you. Sometimes you just love a
person because they feel like home.

She looks at him, in shock and confusion. She picks up her
phone.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I need to find Mark.
(into phone)

Pierce? It's Bridget. I'm trying to
get hold of Mark.

She listens, then looks hopeful.

A heavily pregnant Bridget 'runs' through the market.

- 142 EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE. DAY. 142
Bridget crosses Southwark Bridge.
- 143 EXT. MARK'S HOUSE. DAY. 143
Bridget, breathless, turns the corner to see a taxi pull up. Mark gets out with his suitcases.
Bridget, about to call out, when she sees his front door open and Camilla waiting to greet him. She watches as they hug.
- 144 EXT. LONDON STREETS. DAY. 144
CHASING PAVEMENTS by Adele plays.
Bridget marches back towards her house, still reeling from what she's seen. She steps off the curb, not looking when a car screeches to a halt. BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP. Bridget steps back and looks down to her bump. It's a wake up moment.
BRIDGET (V.O.)
And that was the moment I decided to stop. Stop trying...
...to force everything to be like everyone thought it should be. Like I thought it should be.
- 144A OMITTED 144A
- 145 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LATER. 145
Bridget comes in exhausted. She slumps down on a chair.
BRIDGET (V.O.)
It was backs to the wall, me and my sweet little lovely baby, and I was bloody well going to make it work.
Bridget walks over to the African Village drawing, and crosses out Jack, then Darcy.
BRIDGET
Fucking Africans. What do they know?
- 146 EXT. STREET. EVENING. 7 MONTHS. 146
It's Christmas. Bridget, now 7 months pregnant, sadly drags a Christmas tree on her own to her apartment.
- 147 EXT. MUM AND DAD'S HOUSE. DAY 147
A bedraggled and miserable Bridget arrives in front of the house.

Taking the place of Christmas decorations is a 'Pamela Jones for Councillor' campaign banner, that Dad is in the process of hanging. He spots Bridget.

DAD

Ah, you're here. Are you OK?

He gives her a huge hug - just what she needed.

148 INT. MUM AND DAD'S HOUSE. DAY

148

She enters - takes stock of the party, is clearly surprised.

DAD

Mum's throwing a combined Christmas party stroke political rally. It's like the G8 summit in there, but with pigs in blankets.

Mum spots Bridget and rushes across eyes wide with excitement.

BRIDGET

I'm sorry, I didn't realise everybody would be here, I don't want to derail your campaign, I can just sneak upstairs.

MUM

Nonsense. Look Una had all the leaflets and posters re-printed, you've inspired me.

The slogans on the wall now read...

'TOLERANCE is not a four letter word, but PREJUDICE is a four letter word.'

'Pamela Jones - Supports Single Mothers, minorities, the majority of homosexuals, Italians.'

BRIDGET

Wait, still reading, still so long.

MUM

You were right darling as it turns out, this place is teeming with single mothers, single fathers, bisexuals, surrogates and they are all lovely and so normal.

Bridget smiles.

MUM (CONT'D)

Family values aren't just about two married parents anymore, Bridget. I've even got two homosexuals on the team.

Jeffrey and Graham wave.

MUM (CONT'D)

Who knew?

UNA

Everybody.

MUM

I am very proud of you darling, you know that? What you're doing is not easy, but if anyone can make it work it's you. That child is the luckiest boy on earth to have you as his Mum. He'll have all the support, protection and love of a million fathers as long as you are by his side.

Bridget melts. Just what she needed. Dad looks across and smiles warmly at her.

MUM (CONT'D)

Now come on, we've got some campaigning to do.

Mum grabs Bridget and starts escorting her through the crowd.

MUM (CONT'D)

Make way! Make Way! Pregnant single mother coming through.

149 INT. ANTE NATAL ROOM. DAY.

149

Bridget, minus the two men, at a scan. Dr Rawlings gives her an understanding smile.

DR RAWLINGS

Eight weeks to go.

Bridget musters a half hearted smile. Dr Rawlings detects the sadness.

DR RAWLINGS (CONT'D)

You don't need them, you know. All they're really useful for is fitting car seats and blaming things on. They just get in the way. You can do this on your own you know. I did. Next time I see you, we will be in the delivery room.

Bridget smiles. The baby's image appears on screen. Bridget, spellbound, by the fully-formed little being.

She looks to her belly. The camera follows her gaze and continues INSIDE as the baby moves around, growing. A life forming all on its own.

CUT TO:

150 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. LONDON. **7 WEEKS LATER. (36 WEEKS)** 150

Bridget, her bump now bigger, struggles to load the laundry. She pours Alpen muesli into the washing machine. She starts scooping out the Alpen; a phenomenal mess.

151 INT. BABY'S ROOM. NIGHT. 151

Bridget defiantly paints over Jack's graphic mural.

152 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. NIGHT. 152

Back in the kitchen Bridget pours milk into the washing machine compartment and starts eating the Alpen.

153 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. CORRIDORS. DAY. 153

In another West Wing scenario, a heavily pregnant Bridget is now waddling down the corridor with her researchers not so much in tow as walking incredibly slowly to match the ponderous Bridget.

BRIDGET

We need to give six minutes to Lu Tong, it's a huge scoop.

LAURA

Alice wants to pull the interview, she has a feature on 'Is the world really ending on Tuesday?'

BRIDGET

Lu Tong is pulled over my dead body. This is a news show... Wait a second.

She has to stop her West Wing walking for a little rest - she is totally out of breath.

CUT TO:

154 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. RECEPTION. NIGHT. 154

A harried and breathless Bridget bustles in to the chaotic reception area. She looks around and spots a Burmese man wearing a uniform.

BRIDGET

Sorry, it's chaos here today, but thank you for coming on. We're on live in two minutes, Miranda will probably want to start with what's happening in Naypyidaw...

The Studio Guest tries to speak but Bridget hurries him along.

155 INT. GALLERY. HARD NEWS STUDIO. NIGHT. 155

Bridget sits in the gallery. The new-look, crowd-sourced news show is in play. Up on screen appears a Poonani member at a press conference on the street.

POONANI MEMBER

This is a great victory for free speech. We must thank one person who was prepared to fight for us when no one else would, and we say to that person with all our hearts...

ON SCREEN: The Poonani girls lifting up their t-shirts in unison revealing WE LOVE YOU MARK DARCY, QC scrawled across their bare breasts. The crowd roars.

The camera swings to Mark Darcy smiling awkwardly.

The screen, now bearing Mark Darcy's image, freezes.

Bridget distracted. Her assistant nudges her.

BRIDGET

(barking into microphone)
Miranda, you're back on General Lu Tong. Keep pressing him. This could make the front pages, Peabody!

RICHARD FINCH

He's on the rack, tight on three, get those beads of sweat.

156 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. NIGHT. 156

Miranda is interviewing the guest.

MIRANDA

I'll ask you again, General Lu Tong will you take responsibility for the human rights abuses perpetrated by your government?

GUEST

I'm sorry I can't answer that.

157 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. GALLERY. NIGHT. 157

Bridget is triumphant. She shouts into the earpiece.

BRIDGET

Ha! Can't or won't, Lu Tong?

REVEAL - Alice Peabody has sneaked in behind with an angry looking, very dignified and smartly dressed man.

ALICE

On balance I would suggest 'can't' considering I just found General Lu Tong in the lobby, and his chauffeur is currently live on air answering questions about Burmese human rights violations. Good job!

158 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. BOARDROOM. NEXT DAY.

158

Alice sits at her desk opposite Richard and Bridget. The front pages of the newspaper reads "So long Lu Tong!".

RICHARD

It's actually illegal to fire somebody for being pregnant.

ALICE

I'm not firing her for being pregnant. I'm firing her for gross incompetency.

RICHARD FINCH

Bridget's the beating heart of this show, why would you fire her?

ALICE

How about for interviewing a chauffeur instead of a General, publicly insulting the CEO of the London Media Show, using a TV interview to determine if a guest might be the father of her child and being responsible for broadcast of 36 bare arses.

BRIDGET

It's okay Richard. I was going to quit anyway.

(to Alice)

Believe it or not, I was it like you when I started here, a bit chunkier maybe, and with less make up. I was going to make my mark too. But I can't be part of your "re-branding". I haven't got the right haircut, and I don't drink my cocktails out of jam jars or put photos of my lunch on instagram. It might be old fashioned to want to make something worthwhile but I'd rather be old fashioned and unemployed than be part of a show that celebrates the inane.

Alice and her acolytes look at each other, shocked.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Maybe when my son is old enough to understand, integrity will be fashionable again. Good luck and goodbye.

At the door, one of Alice's hipster assistant hands her a box containing her belongings. She walks out.

159 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. DAY. 159

Bridget arrives home, exhausted.

BRIDGET
Oh, dear. What have I done?

She opens the fridge. Nothing.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
It's all very well fighting for
your principles when there's no
food in the fridge.

Wearily, she heads back out.

159A INT. MARK'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 159A

Mark is searching in a drawer and finds the old reindeer jumper.

160 INT. MORRISON'S SUPERMARKET. EVENING. 160

Bridget struggling with her shopping, queues for the checkout.

SHOPPER
Is it a boy or a girl?

BRIDGET
It's a boy.

SHOPPER
When's it due?

BRIDGET
Two weeks, more or less, I think!

Just as she gets to the checkout the cashier goes on her break. Bridget's long queue shuffles over to the next till.

CASHIER
Is it a boy or a girl?

BRIDGET
Boy.

CASHIER
When's it due?

BRIDGET
Um, two weeks, we think.

As the cashier rings up Bridget's purchases, another shopper comes up and stares at Bridget's bump.

SHOPPER 2

Is it -

BRIDGET

Boy. Two weeks.

CASHIER

(talking to the next cashier)

Did you read about the woman in Italy who had a baby when she was sixty-five?

(turns to Bridget)

That will be £40.67 please. Enter your pin.

Bridget puts her card in machine, she goes blank.

BRIDGET

I've forgotten it. Oh, God.

The other customers in the queue are getting restive.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I'll pay with cash.

She fumbles in her purse, and manages to rustle up £29.60.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I'll put something back.

She starts to hand back some of the items, one by one, reluctantly. The unhealthy ones first. The cashier de-scans them until the total is down to £27.60.

At the last minute Bridget defiantly takes back a carton of Ben and Jerry's bringing the total up to £23.10. Bridget marches out triumphantly passing a lady who is entering the shop.

160A EXT. MARK'S HOUSE. DAY.

160A

Mark is loading suitcases into a cab. Camilla exits the house. They BOTH get into the car and drive off.

161 INT. HIGH STREET BANK. DAY.

161

Bridget is at an ATM in one of those bank lobbies, she's still trying to remember her PIN as she attempts to get cash.

BRIDGET

(mumbling)
Birthday?

INCORRECT PIN flashes.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Battle of Hastings?...
First shag?.....

INCORRECT PIN flashes and the machine swallows the card.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Oh fuck it!

Bridget shuffles out.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(to her tummy)
Oh, my darling, I've gone all crap
all of a sudden.

161A EXT/INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT. SAME TIME. DAY. 161A

Mark and his wife enter the airport with the suitcases. They pause at the departures board.

161B EXT. HIGH STREET BANK. DAY 161B

It starts to rain very hard. Bridget suddenly realizes, as the glass doors close, that she has left all of her shopping inside the bank.

BRIDGET
Oh! Oh - come on, let's just get home.

162 OMITTED 162

162A INT. AIRPORT. SAME TIME. DAY. 162A

Mark is helping Camilla at the check-in desk. He turns around, just in time to see:

Tom and Eduardo, emerging into arrivals carrying their little boy. Tom strokes his head. Eduardo fusses with the buggy. Mark watches this scene. He smiles. He thinks. Unbeknownst, Camilla's observing him.

163 OMITTED 163

164 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. DAY. 164

The rain is easing off. Bridget feels in her bag for her keys. She becomes increasingly agitated.

BRIDGET
Oh, no! Please no.

No keys. No phone.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Oh, no! I've left them inside! Oh,
fuckity fuckity fuckity fuck fuck.
(to her tummy)
Sorry.

She presses all the other buzzers. No answer...she slumps, utterly defeated.

She looks just like a crumpled old street-dweller.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
 I'm so sorry, little bean.
 Everything that I need to call
 someone for help is in my bag, and
 I'm just too exhausted to go back
 and get it. I bet someone's
 already tucking into my Ben and
 Jerry's right now. I suppose I
 could call Jude or Shazzer, but I
 can't remember their numbers these
 days, and it's probably bath time,
 bed time, or story time, or some
 other inconvenient time. And Tom's
 got my spares, but he's on his way
 back from Ecuador, so that's no use
 to us. Hmm, I wonder if Gianni's is
 open? I'll just sit here for a
 little rest while I come up with a
 plan.

She closes her eyes, starts to drift off.

165 EXT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. - TRANSITION TO NIGHT

165

She comes to, looks up and thinks she's imagining.... MARK DARCY coming round the corner.

She watches him as he approaches. He gets near to her and then.... dips his hand in his pocket and gives her a tenner. He then rings Bridget's door bell.

BRIDGET
 Hey!

MARK
 Bridget? My god. What are you doing
 there? You're all wet. You're
 outside!

He kneels down, helps her up.

BRIDGET
 I locked myself out. I lost my
 phone... and my keys... and my
 credit cards. Like a bloody idiot.

He puts his coat round her.

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

MARK
 It seems I can never, ever leave
 this street.

BRIDGET
But I thought you were back with
Candida.

MARK
You know very well she's called
Camilla...

BRIDGET
Camilla. I came round to find you
and she was there.

MARK
She was coming to collect her
things. She's gone back to The
Hague.

Without a beat he wraps his scarf around his hand and punches
the glass of the front door, before letting himself in.

166 INT. BRIDGET'S FLAT. NIGHT.

166

They are both now inside the flat, Bridget still reeling.
Mark takes Bridget in his arms.

MARK
Look you know I find emotional
declarations.... difficult, but the
truth is...
(a beat)
Bridget?

BRIDGET
Mmm?

MARK
Why are my trousers all warm?

BRIDGET
Oh!! Oh!! Fuck! My waters must have
broken!

MARK
Jesus Christ!

BRIDGET
I am so sorry. I'll get a cloth!

MARK
No, no. It doesn't matter. But
you're not due for another two or
three weeks at least.

A contraction. She winces.

BRIDGET
Ooh! And that's a contraction.

MARK

And we are ruling out "Braxton Hicks" which tend to be longer and non - rhythmic in nature...

BRIDGET

Yes we bloody are. I think we should go to the hospital, quickly.

Suddenly the mood is all urgent action whilst trying to maintain calm.

MARK

Absolutely!

BRIDGET

We'll go in your car.

MARK

I came in a cab.

BRIDGET

(contraction)
Oh for fuck's sake!

MARK

Well how was I supposed to know!?

BRIDGET

Not you - the contractions!

MARK

We'll take your car.

BRIDGET

Can't, the keys are in my bag along with everything else.

She lets out a scream.

MARK

Right. Ok. You just pant and breathe and relax and count. That's what you're supposed to do, right?

Darcy's phone starts to ring. Will he answer?

BRIDGET

41, 42, 43, 44... Should you get that? It might be work.

Mark marches over to the window and in a dramatic gesture, goes to throw the phone out.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Don't!

But he throws it out triumphantly. He's proved himself.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Great! But we need to get a cab.

MARK

Oh shit... Can I borrow a phone?

She throws him the house phone. He starts to dial.

MARK (CONT'D)

Where's your overnight bag?

BRIDGET

... 48 ... 49 ... over there.

MARK

Hi there. A cab from 7A Stonier Street.

A great suite of immense luggage.

MARK (CONT'D)

Good God, Bridget, it's an overnight bag, do you really need -

BRIDGET

Don't shout at me! I've lost count now. 48 - 49 -
(another contraction)
OHhhhhhhhh!

MARK

Jesus!

BRIDGET

I'm sorry but it's painful.

MARK

No, not you. 45 minutes for a cab, apparently it's gridlock.

BRIDGET

What do we do?

Mark looks out of the window and sees Gianni's pizza van.

MARK

We'll work something out. I'll carry the bags. And we should call Jack.

167 INT. GIANNI'S PIZZA DELIVERY VAN. NIGHT.

167

Bridget and Mark are in Gianni's pizza delivery van. Bridget is in some pain now.

GIANNI

Don't worry Miss Bridget, we get you there... no traffic this time of night.

The van stops. Mark looks confused.

GIANNI (CONT'D)
A Quattro Stagione and Margherita
with onion and pineapple for number
17.

Gianni hands 3 pizzas to Mark, he realizes it's futile to argue and rushes out. Gianni turns to a panting Bridget.

GIANNI (CONT'D)
Who has pineapple and onion - some
people they a-crazy.

Mark returns from his delivery and the van moves off again.

GIANNI (CONT'D)
Dio Mio! It's like rush hour, Mr
Mark.

The van stops again.

CUT TO:

167A INT/EXT GIANNI'S PIZZA DELIVERY VAN. NIGHT. 167A

All three in Gianni's van. He is trying to avoid the traffic. He does a 3-point turn and then goes uphill.

CUT TO:

168 EXT. LONDON STREETS. NIGHT. 168

The roads are indeed gridlocked and Bridget is in real pain.

BRIDGET
This is really happening, I'm going
to be a mother, Mark. Have I left
it too late...?

Before Mark can answer Gianni pipes up.

GIANNI
Do not worry about the age, there
was a woman in my country, she was
65 when she...

BRIDGET
YES! I KNOW!

They hit traffic again and come to a stand still.

GIANNI
Is unbelievable, is a bloody
women's rights march. You know I'm
a big fan of women's rights.. And
their lefts. Yes Mr Mark? You get
it, their lefts? I talk about their
boobies.

MARK
Oh Christ, it's those infernal
women.

CUT TO: Hundreds of incensed chanting women on bicycles with placards block the streets.

BACK IN THE CAB:

MARK (CONT'D)	BRIDGET
Hold my hand - squeeze my	17, 18, 19, 20, 21 -
hand, hard as you like - not	
long now - stay calm -	
actually, not too hard.	

BRIDGET
22, 23, 24, 25 - they're coming
quicker - oh my god we need to get
there.

Gianni honks repeatedly on the horn.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Right. We're getting out. You
ready?

And they step out into the street.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I don't think I can walk.

MARK
There's no need. I'll carry you.

GIANNI
I come behind with bag Mr Mark.

And there's a great rush of romantic music as, in true *Officer and Gentleman*-style, Mark lifts her into his arms.

BRIDGET
I must be very heavy.

MARK
Nonsense, I don't feel a thing!

JUMP CUT to ten yards later. Gasping, red-faced, doubled over, Mark can't go one step further.

MARK (CONT'D)
Good God, Bridget, you're immense!

BRIDGET
I can't help it!

MARK
I think my lung's collapsed, but
this is not about me.

BRIDGET
 Contraction's starting again! I'm
 going to have the baby in the
 street!

MARK
 Okay, we'll walk for ten, rest for
 ten.

And he hauls Bridget on towards the hospital.

169 EXT. STREETS NEAR HOSPITAL. NIGHT. 169

Mark is still carrying her. Almost on his knees...when Jack,
 on his motorcycle, screeches to a halt. He gets off.

JACK
 I'll take it from here!

Darcy hands Bridget over to Jack. He tries to carry her.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Holy shit - I think this is a two
 man job.

170 EXT/INT. HOSPITAL. LABOUR UNIT. NIGHT. 170

Mark and Jack carry Bridget in through the doors. A MIDWIFE
 runs up with a wheelchair.

MIDWIFE
 Which of you is the father?

Mark and Jack step forward.

MARK/JACK
 (in unison)
 I am.

The mid-wife looks confused, but ushers them into the
 delivery room.

171 INT. HOSPITAL. BIRTHING ROOM. NIGHT. 171

Bridget is on her hands and knees on the birthing bed. Mark
 and Jack simultaneously rub her back. Two midwives busy
 themselves preparing the equipment.

DR RAWLINGS enters the room and looks from JACK to MARK, and
 smiles knowingly.

DR RAWLINGS
 Ah, I was wondering how many
 fathers we might get today - full
 house! Bingo!
 (calm)
 OK Bridget, how are we going to do
 this? Epidural?

JACK

You can do this, a positive mental attitude is stronger than any drug, think away the pain.

BRIDGET

Bollocks to that. I want everything - gas, air, injections, morphine -

JACK

Bridget... Remember your yoga.

BRIDGET

Fuck yoga!

DR RAWLINGS

Couldn't agree more. It's supposed to be relaxing but I spend my entire time worried that I'm going to let out a fart. Now, let me have a look at that cervix of yours.

She lifts up Bridget's gown and Jack can't help but get a look at the 'action area'. He looks queasy. A blood curdling scream comes from the woman giving birth in the room next door.

DR RAWLINGS (CONT'D)

Oh, good!

CLOSE on Bridget's relief.

DR RAWLINGS (CONT'D)

You're already at six centimetres so you can't have any drugs at all.

BRIDGET

WHAT?

DR RAWLINGS

You're too far on. Oooh another contraction.

Bridget winces in excruciating pain. Jack and Mark wince as Bridget winces.

DR RAWLINGS (CONT'D)

(to Jack and Mark)

I'm not sure there is much to gain from you being at the coal face, if I'm honest. My ex-husband said it was like watching his favourite pub burn down.

Another huge scream.

MIDWIFE

Maybe dad should go and fetch mum a cool flannel.

Mark and Jack look confused, unsure which of them should go, there is a bit of awkwardness then Mark goes to get it.

Mark returns with a cool flannel in his hand, Jack grabs it from him and places it on Bridget's forehead, leaving Mark floundering and annoyed.

MARK

Bu...

JACK

You can do this, just think the pain away.

As Jack gets closer, gently imploring her to manage the pain, she lifts her fist and punches him hard in the face, knocking him down.

JACK (CONT'D)

Motherfuckers!

MARK

Just think the pain away...

Jack nurses his bleeding nose.

BRIDGET

GET OUT! BOTH OF YOU!

Unwilling to infuriate her more, the men share a look and both go to leave.

BRIDGET CONTINUED

Make it stop, make the pain stop.

(to the departing men)

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Both men are at the door, look at each other and turn round, sheepishly making their way back towards the bed.

BRIDGET

It's too painful! I can't do this I just can't.

CUT TO:

LATER

Bridget lets out a blood curdling scream, she is clearly in huge pain. Both men simultaneously put out their hands for support, but as she screams, just as the pain appears that it might be too much and faced with the choice of the two men in her life, impulsively, instinctively, she reaches for...
MARK.

Jack sees this and realizes that Bridget has made her choice. As Bridget clings to Mark, the two men share a look. Jack gives a conciliatory and defeated nod then quietly, graciously, withdraws from the room.

Oblivious to this, Bridget continues to squeeze Mark's hand with superhuman might. He swallows his anguish and puts his face in front of Bridget so she can see him.

MARK

You can! You can do it, Bridget!
And we can do it together.

BRIDGET

Really?

Mark nods.

MARK

Look at what life's thrown at you
already.

As he talks, Bridget grabs his arm and starts to bite into it - it's clearly extraordinarily painful, but Mark just grits his teeth and talks through the agony, barely letting it register.

MARK (CONT'D)

Christmas jumpers, massive pants,
cheating boyfriends and repressed
men who don't deserve you. You've
turned disasters into triumphs with
your sheer joyful, infectious,
indefatigable lust for life, time
after time in succession. You've
managed your pregnancy almost
entirely alone whilst having to
deal with two juvenile men, a
lunatic mother
and...P...P...Poonani!

He finally said it! She bites down harder. Mark conceals the pain.

MARK (CONT'D)

This is just the last few moments
and at the end of them, you'll see
your beautiful baby!

BRIDGET

And what if the baby isn't yours?
What if he's Jack's?

MARK

(no hesitation)
Then I will love him anyway. Just
like I love you, just the way you
were; the way you are; and - no
doubt - the way you always will
be...

Bridget looks at Mark through the red haze. He's making sense. Then the next pain is upon her and she bows her head to it.

She takes her teeth out of his now bloody arm, teethmarks apparent. He turns his back to her and lets out a massive silent scream.

DR RAWLINGS

You should probably go and get those seen to. I'll handle it from here.

She ushers him out.

DR RAWLINGS (CONT'D)

Honestly... 'think the pain away'... absolute nonsense, you're squeezing out another human, I'd love to see them 'think it away'. You're doing brilliantly, Bridget and you're nearly there -

BRIDGET

I can't -

DR RAWLINGS

(firm)
Yes, you can actually, and I think you know it.

172 INT. GRAFTON UNDERWOOD VILLAGE HALL. NIGHT.

172

It's the night of the election, and the recount has gone on late into the night. Mum is on stage, next to all the other candidates, awaiting the results. Una stands next to her.

UNA

The results are in.

A formal looking official clutching a piece of paper approaches the microphone. Mum - tenses then braces herself.

OFFICIAL

With three hundred and sixty-six of the votes, Mavis Rita Enderbury....

DAD

Pamela-

Dad fights his way to the stage, phone in hand.

OFFICIAL

With three hundred and sixty-seven of the votes...

MUM

What?

DAD

Darling, it's Bridget.

OFFICIAL

Pamela Margaret Jones.

MUM

Not now, Colin.

DAD
It's about the baby.

OFFICIAL
Ladies and Gentleman, I hereby
declare that the said Pamela
Margaret Jones is duly elect...

Mum leans over to whisper in his ear. The mic picks it up.

MUM
I'm so sorry, you will have to
excuse me. We're about to become a
grandmother!

There are cheers from her supporters and she scurries off the stage, pushing Una forward as she goes.

MUM (CONT'D)
I'll leave you in the capable hands
of my deputy, Una.

Mum and Dad rush out of the hall, leaving the official and other candidates totally confused.

173 INT. HARD NEWS STUDIOS. NIGHT. 173

Miranda is finishing up presenting the programme.

MIRANDA
And that's all for this late night
special edition of Hard News...

She looks up at the control room and Richard Finch is fist pumping the air. He shouts into his headset.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Except to say, Bridget Jones is in
labour.

Alice Peabody lets out a small, but discernible, smile.

174 INT. HOSPITAL. LABOUR UNIT. EARLY MORNING. 174

The injured men sit next to each other, heads between hands, slumped, exhausted, both bandaged from their Bridget-induced wounds.

JACK
She's pretty amazing, isn't she?

MARK
Formidable, always has been.

JACK
Listen, I owe you an apology. I
know I haven't behaved very well in
all this.

MARK
It's okay.

CUT TO:

174A LATER

174A

It's early morning after what has clearly been a long night. Jack and Mark are fast asleep in the waiting room chairs. Jack's head resting on Mark's shoulder. Suddenly there is a huge cry like a great lion's roar. They wake up with a start, and whirl round to look at the door. Seconds later, the mewl of a new-born babe.

175 INT. HOSPITAL. BIRTHING ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

175

Bridget is on the bed. The midwife is standing beside her and Dr Rawlings watches on, happy.

The sudden cessation of pain has flooded her body with endorphins and she is in a blissful state. In her arms, a naked baby, still attached to the umbilical cord, yells lustily. Bridget looks up at the haggard faces before her.

BRIDGET
We did it! Say hello to our
beautiful boy!

Jack embraces Mark and kisses him. Mark almost kisses him back, then stops himself.

Mark rushes to Bridget's side and for a moment they both look down at the mite in her arms, the perfect, everyday miracle.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Let's tell everyone.

MARK
Why don't you tell them yourself,
they're all here.

He opens the door and Jude, Shazzer and Tom pop their heads in blowing kisses and congratulating her. Bridget smiles at them, so happy.

176 INT. HOSPITAL. LABOUR UNIT. BRIDGET'S ROOM. DAY.

176

Bridget cradles the baby, who is now washed and swaddled and quite simply the most beautiful thing ever. One by one, the friends rush in.

CLOSE on Jude.

JUDE

So sorry, I'm late Bridge, some Lesbians are having a stupid all night march.

MARK

Actually they're marching in aid of freedom of speech, it's a rather important...

Shazzer rushes in.

SHAZZER

Bridge - I can't believe I wasn't here - there's some unbelievably annoying march...

BRIDGET

Don't worry. I would only've punched you as well.

MARK

Actually, the march is rather...

Tom rushes in.

TOM

Can I be Godfather?

BRIDGET

I'm depending on you.

They all clasp hands tightly. The vignette is interrupted by a loud speech.

MUM (O.S.)

Bridget Jones! My daughter! She's my daughter! Where is she?

The thundering of blue heels as Mum approaches. She is ushered in. Everyone else draws back.

MUM (CONT'D)

So sorry we didn't get here on time, there is some march for women's rights. Honestly, do we really need any more rights?

Mum, tearful and overjoyed all at once, kisses Bridget wherever she can get at her.

BRIDGET

Meet your grandson, Mum.

MUM

Grandson! My grandson! Say hello to new Parish Councillor Jones.

Bridget beams at them both.

MUM (CONT'D)

Oh - the darling! He looks so like -
oh. Not that it matters, but do we
know who Daddy is yet?

Everyone turns to look at the men - Mark with a blood-boltered bandage on his forearm and Jack, not looking rich at all with a wodge of loo-paper up his nostril. Dr. Rawlings bends a finger at the two of them.

DR. RAWLINGS

Come along, you two. Time for a
little test, so exciting, it's like
the final of X Factor. Phone in
adding an 01 for Mark or an 02 if
you want it to be Jack.

Mark and Jack look at each other. They shake hands.

MARK

Good luck.

JACK

(gravely)
And to you, my friend.

CLOSE on Bridget - still high on her endorphins, regarding Mark with love and Jack with affection.

Back on the men as they turn to her - FREEZE on their faces.

Over this, the sound of a baby's laugh. The best sound in the world, in fact. It laughs and laughs.

A caption comes up: ONE YEAR LATER.

177 OMITTED 177

178 INT. CHURCH. DAY. 178

Bridget Jones, finally a bride, enters at the back of the church on dad's arm, smiling, nervous.

She walks down the aisle passing Miranda, Richard, the friends, Una, Mum, Dad and other friends and relatives.

Bridget arrives at the altar. Jack steps forward.

JACK

(to Bridget)
You look beautiful.

She smiles. Jack steps aside - to REVEAL - Mark Darcy.

MARK

We're really doing this.

On the congregation smiling, happy.

BRIDGET
There's no going back now.

MINISTER
We are gathered here to celebrate
the union of Bridget Rose Jones and
Mark Fitzwilliam Darcy.

Bridget and Mark stand together, holding hands.

CUT TO:

MINISTER (CONT'D)
I now pronounce you husband and
wife.

Bridget and Mark kiss.

178A OMITTED

178A

179 EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION. DAY.

179

A laughing William is thrown high into the brightest, bluest
sky. Laughing, giggling, hysterical, idyllic.

Y
What's that, higher?

And he throws the laughing boy even higher.

X (O.S.)
Y, what are you doing with my son?

X and Bridget approach hand in hand -

Y
Don't leave me alone with him
again. I've no idea what I'm doing.

BRIDGET
Come on. We'll be late for lunch.

The two men lift the baby up and join Bridget. She takes the
baby and gives him a big smacker.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Alright then, William X X.
Hashtagletsdothis!

Bridget takes a moment to survey the scene. It is a motley
crew and no mistake.

She watches as X walks ahead, chatting animatedly with Y.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Dear Diary, and so I Bridget Jones
am a singleton no more... married?
Yes. Finally. Smug? Maybe just a
little.

Bridget swipes a glass of champagne, knocks it back.

On a nearby park bench, a newspaper flaps in the breeze. **The newspaper headline reads: "AIRPLANE FOUND IN BUSH ONE YEAR LATER. PUBLISHING PLAYBOY MIRACULOUSLY ALIVE".** A photograph shows a bearded Daniel Cleaver standing surrounded by several gorgeous Aboriginal women.

THE END.