



SCRIPTS

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Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason

By Andrew Davies

Another year,
a brand new diary.
Once again I was summoned,
kicking and screaming,
to my mother's turkey curry buffet,
where I've had some of the most
shaming experiences of my life.
Hello, darling.
Lovely to see you.
It was, as usual, crammed full
with some of the most dangerous perverts
in the UK,
disguised as close, personal friends
of my parents.

- Hello, Bridget.
- Hello, Una.
- Oh, no, thanks.
- Love the jumper.
- I prefer what's underneath it.
- Uncle Geoffrey!
- Hello, gorgeous.
- Hello.
- Hello, darling.
- Hello, Dad. How's it going?

I wish I was dead.
But this year,
there was one crucial difference.

- Nice jumper.
- My mother's taste never falters.

Never.
You always wonder how it's going
to work out at the end of the story.
Maria and Captain Von Trapp,
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,
Mark Darcy and Bridget Jones.
I've found my happy ending at last.
And nothing in the world can spoil it.
Well, almost nothing.
Bridget Jones,
what the fuck are you doing?

- I, I can't see anywhere soft to land.
- How about on your arse?

Bridget, unless you want to get sacked
at 6,000 feet,

you will be on your way
in exactly three seconds.
Three, two, one... cue Bridget.

Skydiving:

A dangerous bane to the countryside
and emergency services,
or a safe and exhilarating hobby?
Well... let's see, shall we?

Go. Jump.

For Christ's sakes, go!

- She's out. Unit Two, you got her?

- We see her.

Bridget, open the chute.

Open it.

Open your fucking parachute!

Pull the thingy or you will die!

Oh.

Honestly,

you forget just one teeny, weeny detail
and everyone treats you like an idiot.

Nobody does it better

Makes me feel sad for the rest

Nobody does it

Half as good as you

Baby, baby

Darling, you're the best

Baby, you're the best...

Where was I?

Oh, yes... Mark Darcy.

The question is:

after you walk off into the sunset?

Bridget?

Earth to Bridget Sodding Jones.

Bridget, you're on.

You're live.

Well, this is Bridget Jones

for Sit Up Britain,

reporting to you

from a big vat of excrement.

Give me a close-up of the porker.

Who cares about

the odd professional hiccup?

I've been in a functional relationship
with an adult male
for six wonderful weeks,
four fabulous days
and seven precious hours.
Or to put it another way,
71 ecstatic shags.
He's given up being snooty,
and I've given up smoking.
- Loving you...
- Well, he thinks I have anyway,
which is practically the same thing.
...a dream come true...
Mark Darcy is perfect.
Not a fuckwit, alcoholic, workaholic,
pervert or megalomaniac,
but total sex god
and human rights lawyer.
He is a miracle, really.
Bridget, will you stop?
Stop staring at me.
Go and find something to do.
Sorry.
La la la la la...
So, as you can see,
the incredible truth is
the wilderness years are over.
Bridget Jones is a love pariah no more.
Morning, Bridget. Late again.
Yes. Sorry.
I was in bed with my boyfriend.
He's a human rights lawyer, you know.
Yes, we know.
I cannot believe how fantastic
shagging was last night.
Maybe I'll ring him.
No, no...
Obviously it's important to tell one's
boyfriend how nice he looks naked,
but I have crucial,
Pulitzer Prize winning journalism to do.
Hello?
It's me. Just wondered how you are.
I'm fine, thanks.

Everything all right with you?

Fine, though, er...

I've just had a rather graphic
shag flashback.

And you do have

a genuinely gorgeous bottom.

Thank you.

I'm with the Mexican ambassador,
the head of Amnesty International
and the Undersecretary
for Trade and Industry.

And you're on speakerphone.

Oh. Right, well...

I'm quite busy

with important stuff too...

Bridget, we're waiting for that tape
about Tom, the happy hamster.

- I'll call when I've finished.

- Excellent.

And Richard wants to see you
about that crap skydiving report.

Oh, fuck.

Oh, dear. Is this the end of my career?

No, it can't be.

I will fight this. I am a journalist of
the highest standards and integrity.

This is Bridget Jones

reporting from a big vat of excrement.

Look, I never said I could skydive
and I'm terrified of heights,

- so it was really hard to concentrate.

- Be quiet. They loved it upstairs.

Loved it. And they want us to come up
with another regular spot for you.

Oh, my God. That's...

- I won't let you down, Richard.

- Precisely.

...my friends' motto was "When in Rome,
do as many Romans as you can. "

But if your tastes are marginally
more highbrow, I also have tips.

Forget the Forum,

definitely forget the Coliseum,

no fun now they can't

slaughter Christians.
Forget the Sistine Chapel, first example
of a poof interior designer gone mad...
What is Daniel Cleaver
doing on the television?
It's called The Smooth Guide.
"Making culture bearable".
...equally serene and equally beautiful
Professore Giovana Dabrache.
Who is about to show me her diptych.
Same old creep.
Oh. Shame.
He always speaks very warmly of you.
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah.
How about we go out
for a bite to eat tonight?
Oh. Can't.
I have to go out with my boyfriend.
- He's a human rights lawyer.
- I know.
I'm meeting him for a romantic supper.
Oh.
- Bridget Jones.
- Bridget, it's Mark.
Oh. I was just talking about you.
I'm running late.
Do you want me to cancel?
- Oh. No, that's fine.
- Are you sure?
Be as late as you like.
Chuck him, while you're not pregnant
with his unwanted child.
I only said he was working late.
In one hour, he'll be coming
in his secretary's mouth
while he rings to say
what he wants for starters.
Friends spend years
finding you a boyfriend,
then instantly tell you to dump him.
Even if he isn't shagging her already,
he's thinking about it.
A man dating a woman with large breasts

will bed one with small breasts.
Rubbish. Mark's above all that nonsense.
Jellyfisher alert. Jellyfisher alert.
Janey Osborne.
Talking to her is like swimming in a sea
and being stung repeatedly
by an enormous jellyfish.
Bridget. How's it going
with that divine man of yours?
You must be so pleased
to have a boyfriend at last.
First jellyfish of the evening.
Is he taking you
to the Law Council Dinner?
Oh. Well, I'm sure he's just forgotten.
Better start slimming into that dress.
He's given you the night off
to cheer up your single friends. Sweet.
Actually, he's got a big case on, trying
to get everyone in Mexico out of prison.
We're meeting for a very late
romantic dinner.
Really? That's so odd,
'cause I saw him an hour ago going
into his house with Rebecca Gillies.
She's only 22.
She's got legs up to here.
And Daddy owns half of Australia.
See ya, babes.
Who is Rebecca Gillies? What's she doing
going into my boyfriend's house?
Where he never asks me.
And with legs up to here?
- My legs only come up to there.
- You have fine legs.
Climber's legs.
I say go over there and ask him,
straight out,
are you or are you not
sleeping with Rebecca Gillies?
- If he says...
- I won't dignify that with an answer...
Then you know he's shagging her.
All that I have

is all that you've given...
It's all about confidence and
trust. Mark would never betray me.
Everything will be lovely
and we'll have sex in the kitchen.

- Oh, God.

- I'm coming.

Oh, God! What is that?

Two seconds,

I'll be straight down.

Who is that?

...I find you lied

And I can't believe it's true

Wrapped in her arms

I see you across the street

I see you across the street

And I can't help but wonder

If she knows what's going on

You talk of love

But don't know how it feels

When you realise

You're not the only one

Let's get on with it.

...oh, you better stop

- Stop

- Before

You tear me all apart

You better stop

- Stop...

- You are a very demanding man.

...you go and break my heart...

Bridget Jones.

No, I'm Bridget Jones.

- That's what I meant.

- You must be...

Rebecca Gillies. I've been

so looking forward to meeting you

- after everything Mark's told me.

- Why? What's he said?

- Where is Mark?

- Actually, er...

- Becky, who is it?

- Becky?

- Right.

- Great.
- Right...
- Bridget.
Hello, Mark.
Hello...
lawyers who work with Mark.
Good evening.
Everything under control, I see.
Um... Excellent graph.
- Lovely legs.
- Thank you.
I am so sorry.
I thought...
Oh, I don't know what I thought.
Now you're really angry with me.
- No, I'm not.
- It's OK, you can say if you are.
- It's not the end of the world.
- I'll get you a glass of wine.
The thing is I ran into Janey Osborne,
who said she'd just seen you
with this girl, with really long legs,
and Shazzer and Jude said
I should get over here straightaway.
Following the orders of the dating
war command, you executed a raid.
- You are angry.
- I'm not, just disappointed.
Disappointed?
Oh, God, that's worse than angry.
I'm just disappointed
I can't take you home this instant.
Oh.
What about all those lawyers?
Oh, plenty of time to butter them up
at the Law Council Dinner next Friday.
Don't want to go, do you?
I'd love to.
Oh, stupid Bridget, stupid friends.
Wonderful, loyal Mark Darcy...
...who loves me just the way I am.
- What are you doing?
- Getting dressed.
Why are you dancing around in that tent?

Because I don't want you to see
any of my wobbly bits.
That's pointless, because I have
a very high regard for your wobbly bits
in all circumstances.

- Really?

- Absolutely.

I think it's high time
we had another look.

Yeah

Are you digging on me?

Yeah

I'm digging on you, now, baby

Yeah

Do you want a little bit of my love?

Yeah...

He really is very, very, very nice.

All the time I knew

That you loved me

And you promised me...

I miss you too.

That you would be my only man

Yeah

Are you digging on me?

I've never been happier

in my entire life.

However, must not obsess or fantasise.

Bridget Darcy.

Mrs Darcy.

Mr and Mrs Darcy.

Lord and Lady Darcy.

Wonder what Mark Darcy
would be like as a father.

To his children, I mean, not to me.

That would be a weird,

Cedipus-like thought.

At last, life is on track.

Bridget Jones:

mother.

Bugger.

Ever fancied doing it in the dark
with a total stranger?

All right, perhaps not a total stranger.

Back off, Cleaver, or I'll report you to a sexual harassment tribunal.
I'm a serious journalist.
Is that your most serious skirt, Jones?
Oh...
Do you like it?
I thought you hated television.
I hate watching television.
Being on it is... Hello there.
...entirely different.
Daniel, thought the Madrid piece was outstanding, really original.
Cheers, Jeremy. Appreciate that.
We had to work really hard on that one.
Tosser. Talking of which,
how is Mark Darcy?
- You still...?
- Yes, I am.
And I intend to be for a very long time.
Good. You know what a fan I am of any woman married to Mark Darcy.
- That's not funny.
- Seriously, though, Jones, speaking purely unselfishly, I worry about you.
You do know that it's a fact that most lawyer's wives die of boredom?
And what about you?
Still shagging anything that moves?
As a matter of fact, no.
No shagging whatsoever.
I'm in shag therapy.
It turns out I have a problem. I go to meetings, talk about my feelings.
Hug people who smell.
- I don't believe you.
- I'm trying...
...to be a better man, Bridge, so that the next time a better woman comes along, I won't make a pig's ear of it.
Daniel. Meeting?
Yeah, yeah. Thanks.
Very good hair, Jones.

By the way, um, you're not free
for dinner tonight, are you?
No, I'm not.
I'm going to the Law Council Dinner.
It's a very important evening.
I can't wear that.
Bridge, do you want to get married and
have babies before you become barren?
Trust me...

Magda:

friend. Married to Mark's partner.
She actually got engaged
on the night of the Law Council Dinner.
Try it with the dress.
Oh, my God!
Remember, we are trying to reduce
your body size by 15 per cent.
You hold the front, I'll hold the back.
One, two, three...
What's going on in there?
Not too bad, actually.
Tra-la!
Fantastic.
Right, let us begin.
I am going to make you into a princess.
Goody.
Nothing like being
in the hands of a total genius.
Wow.
- Whatever you do...
- Bugger it.
...don't iron your hair.
It's a lot worse than I thought.
We could flatten it with Brylcreem.
What about a wig? Lawyers love wigs.
- I preferred you in the gold.
- No, whatever you do, not the gold.
Great. I'm late with mad hair and can
barely breathe in scary knickers.
La la la
La la la la la...
Oh, God. I'm very worried.
What if someone says "Bridget Jones,

get out of here, you are ridiculous"?
Stop it.

The most important thing, of course,
is to look absolutely wonderful
and make a magnificent entrance.

I just can't get you out of my head...

Hi. Sorry I'm late.

- Hello.

- I think you should go to the ladies.

But I went before I left home.

Trust me on this one.

Oh.

Not good.

All right, tiny make-up mistake,
but I always have wit and conversation
to fall back on.

Thank you.

- Bridget.

- Hello.

Derek, Horatio, Camilla.

- Horatio?

- Yes, Horatio.

Horatio was just saying
he's totally against charitable giving.

- What?

- Well, obviously you don't mean it.

Absolutely. Do you think it's helpful
to give a beggar fifty pence?

- Maybe he's just hungry.

- Don't be so naive.

The people you see outside the tube
every day are there by choice.

- End of story.

- Oh, no, it's not.

Some people
have terrible personal problems,
and other people might have lost their
family in some tragic ferry disaster.
And some people are just plain hopeless.
Honestly, this is the sort of rubbish
you'd expect from fat, balding
Tory, Home Counties,
upper-middle-class twits.

Yeah, very good.

Tested my resolve.
How did I do?
You seem to have made
quite an impression.
I've put you next to Giles Benwick.
- Oh, I'm not sitting next to you?
- No. He's terribly nice,
but his wife's just run off
with one of the partners.
He probably won't mention it,
but you should know.
I always knew she was out of my league.
You see, there's the high-fliers,
like Annabel and Mark Darcy
and there's the gorgeous girls,
like Rebecca there
and there's the rest of us.
Like you and me, you mean?
Absolutely.
I mean, look at the state of us.
You and me stumbled into the VIP room
by mistake
and it's only a matter of moments
before they show us the door.
My lords, ladies and gentlemen,
let the quiz begin.
Oh, goody. I love quizzes.
All those years of playing
Trivial Pursuits are about to pay off.
Now I want to see your hands
poised over those bells. Ready?
Here we go. What are something
called "customary freeholds"?
Superior copyhold.
Yes.
What is the correct grace
used in the Inner Temple
for the second mooted night
of Michaelmas term?
Amas bibendo... fructis.
Jolly good.
What is an overreaching conveyance?
What is rack-rent?
When was breach of promise abolished?

Define "damnum sentit dominus".

Translate "reddendo singula singulis"
into Ancient Greek.

I believe this is the answer.

Hippodamoi credemnon louestai.

Absolutely correct.

Now, for our final
and deciding round,
the category is contemporary culture.

Who did the design
for Princess Diana's wedding dress?

The Emmanuels.

- Correct.

- Excellent, Bridget.

Name the character in Footballers' Wives
who, in one memorable episode,
set fire to her own breasts.

Chardonnay.

Correct.

At this point,
there are only two tables in contention
and only one question left.

What was the name of Madonna's
first UK single?

Lucky Star.

- Sorry, I didn't quite hear.

- Are you sure?

- Wasn't it Holiday?

- No, everyone thinks it is,
but it's not.

My entire life has been leading up
to this very moment.

Take that knife, slice off my head
and boil it if I'm wrong.

The correct answer is Lucky Star.

No.

- The correct answer is...

- Is it Holiday?

Holiday, indeed, yes.

The winners of
the 42nd Annual Law Council Quiz are...
the Legal Eagles.

- Lovely to see you, Bridget.

- Oh, thanks, Rebecca.

Good night.

Why didn't you speak to me all night?

That's the point of those dinners.

But you talked to Rebecca.

And you talked to Horatio.

I'll never fit in with your friends.

Not if you go on calling everyone
"balding, upper-middle-class twits".

Well, they were balding,
upper-middle-class twits.

Except for the ones who had hair.

I suppose you agree with them
that poor people deserve to be poor?

Don't be ridiculous.

- So now I'm ridiculous?

- Yes, tonight you were a little.

Well, tonight you were an arrogant arse.

I think I may have
made a mistake inviting you
and your folding underpants
into my life.

Good night.

If you had asked me tonight,
I'd have said no, anyway.

Asked you what?

Bridget?

Asked you what?

Oh, God, I've done it.

I've gone and done it.

One minute, you're closer to someone
than anyone in the whole world,
next minute,
you're never going to see them again.

If you have a message for
Mark Darcy, please speak after the tone.

Hello, it's me.

I'm really, really sorry...

Sorry, it's the door.

Don't go away, I have something
really, really important to say.

- Yes, who is it?

- It's me.

- Mark.

- Oh, right.

Er, just a moment.
I'm on the phone.
You're outside.
Look, er...
I'll ring you later.
Unless you've come to chuck me
once and for all.
In which case,
bye and thank you,
and... sorry.
Oh, God, please don't chuck me.
If you have chucked me,
please change your mind,
I'll behave much better in future.
On the other hand, if you haven't,
please behave better
next time we go out. Stuck-up snob.
What do you want?
I'd like to come up.
You are, after all, my girlfriend.
Even though I shouted at you
and called you an arrogant arse?
Unfortunately, yes.
You see, the problematic thing is...
I love you.
W- what?
- I said I love you.
- I'm sorry, I missed that again.
I said I love you, for God's sake!
All right, no need to shout.
I'll come down and let you in.
You might be needing this in the future.
He said he loves me.
- He said he loves you?
- He said he loves me.
- Right, where is he now?
- He's in the bedroom.
Go back in there, Bridge,
and whatever you do,
act completely nonchalant.
Bridget, you're staring at me again.
Sorry.
Listen, I know this evening
didn't go exactly as planned,

but there was a very important question

I wanted to ask you tonight.

- Oh, really?

- Yes.

I've actually been meaning
to ask this for quite some time.

I've just never really found
the right way to put it.

Darling Bridget...

...would you...

...like to go on a skiing mini-break?

Yes!

What the world...

This is not just a mini-break.

This is a holiday in heaven.

Told a tiny lie about being
an extremely experienced skier.

But, honestly, how hard can it be?

- Ah.

- Shall we?

I know I'm going to like skiing a lot.

Very romantic, very relaxing.

- Bar going up.

- No. What? Why?

Um...

Er...

Oh. Oh, God.

Oh, God. Oh.

Ah.

Bridget.

Rebecca. What are you doing here?

- Didn't Mark tell you we were coming?

- No, he didn't.

It was me who recommended the place.

- I've been coming since I was 11.

- Really?

Three whole years.

Come on, up you get.

Come on.

- There you go.

- Are you all right?

Yes, fine, thanks.

- You sure?

- Why is Rebecca here?

Oh, God. Well, I mentioned
that we were coming
and she said why didn't they come too,
and I couldn't say no, could I?
Come on, you two, let's crack on,
shall we?
Actually, I might just sit this one out.
You head on.
- See you down there.
- You sure?
Absolutely. I'll be fine in a minute.
Right, I'll see you at base camp, then.
Bastard.
I can't believe he's left me.
Ooh.
Ooh.
So, romantic getaway
has turned into lawyer's reunion.
Ooh.
I can't believe
we're already into group holidays
after only eight weeks
of total, undisturbed sex.
Wait a minute...
No. Eight weeks?
It couldn't be, could it?
Totally undisturbed...
Oh, God. I'm pregnant.
And going to die!
Oh, my God!
I can't see!
Big bump!
Get out of the way!
Who's this? An eccentric
but exhilarating performance
from a total unknown,
who's now solidly in position
for the bronze.
I would like a pregnancy test, please.
A pregnancy test.
Ich bien, er, possibly...
mit baby.
Er...
Kinderl I am on back...

and he, er...
maken ze lieben.
Er, with me.
She's pregnant!
Oh, no! No, no, not pregnant.
She's bloated.
- Condom?
- Nein. Nein, nein.
Maybe like this, but maybe like this.
I think her problem is psychological.
There is nothing
a pill can do to help her.
I'm a girl and I met a boy.
Fraulein, and I met frau... boy.
And possibly now mit baby, uh-huh?
Right, moment of truth awaits.
What if I am pregnant?
I must try not to get hopes up too high.
Boyfriend and baby seems just too lucky.
Bridget? I have been looking
everywhere for you.
I thought you'd broken a leg
or something... Oh, God.
- You're not...?
- I might be.
- What if I were?
- Well, I suppose I'd...
To be quite frank,
it'd be bloody fantastic.
I mean, if a little ahead of schedule.
- Are you really pregnant?
- Well, give it three minutes.
- What do you fancy? Boy or a girl?
- I dunno, it doesn't matter.
Although, I suppose I've always had
the fantasy of a son.
- Another Mark Darcy.
- Or maybe something like Huck.
Or River. Or some fabulous
Hebrew name like Noah.
Anyway, I could teach him
to play cricket and rugby
and visit him at Eton
on St Andrew's Day.

Eton?

Yes. The Darcy men have been going to Eton for five generations.

Well, my son's not going to be sent away from home.

Especially to some fascist institution where they stick a poker up your arse that you're never allowed to remove again.

I see.

- I didn't mean you.

- No, of course not.

So what's the alternative?

Sleeping in his parents' bed, breastfeeding until he's a teenager and some progressive school, where the day is spent singing Yellow Submarine? Oh, you're absolutely right.

It's madness to allow a child to enjoy his education or live with his parents.

What is madness is to have a child if his parents can't have a discussion without one shouting at the other.

It's negative.

- That's too bad.

- Yes, very sad.

Perhaps we should go out for lunch tomorrow. Get out of the grump.

That's a good idea in theory, but you made a family arrangement.

Oh, God.

Darlings!

I've had the fabulous idea of inviting your parents.

Another one of Mother's culinary triumphs.

- Everything in miniature.

- Mini treacle tart, Admiral Darcy?

No, no, thank you. The mini spotted dick rather finished me off.

So, Mark, Bridget, when are you two lovebirds going to name the day?

Bridget, you must want to hear those ding-dong bells.

Well, we're certainly not thinking about that yet. Are we, Bridget?

No. God, no.

Of course not.

Good.

Well, that's that sorted.

So, Admiral, out on the high seas.

How was it?

- Did you mean that thing you said?

- What thing?

- You know what thing.

- No, I don't know what thing.

The thing thing.

Now, let's see, there are any number of things, um...

in an afternoon full of all sorts of things, so I, um...

The thing where you said you're not, um...

That you're not, not even thinking about, um...

What's the matter?

Let's get a drink.

I'm going to go to the loo, then I'm going to come back.

And then we're going to be civilised.

If you have a message for Mark Darcy, speak after the tone.

Mark, it's Rebecca. Are you there?

Obviously not.

Probably still out with Bridget.

Um... Anyway, I hope lunch with the parents went well.

I'm sure you were dutiful and very polite, as usual.

Er... Whatever. Anyway, look, maybe give me a ring when you get back.

I thought I might pop round for a nightcap.

But I suppose that's a silly idea.

Bridget's probably there.

Sleep tight.

Oh, Christ, what now?

Are you or are you not having an affair
with Rebecca Gillies?

I won't dignify that question
with an answer.

Right.

All I did was go to the loo.

Bridget!

Bridget.

That's not your coat.

Oh, right.

Oh, Bridget, what are you doing?

I read you should never date someone if
you can think of three reasons not to.

- Can you think of three?

- Yes.

- Which are?

- Well, first off, I embarrass you.

I can't ski, I can't ride,

I can't speak Latin.

My legs only come up to here and yes,

I will always be a little bit fat.

And you, you fold your underpants
before you go to bed.

- Now, hang on, that can't be a reason.

- No, it's not a reason.

But you're not perfect either.

You look down your nose
at absolutely everyone,
and you're incapable of doing anything
spontaneous or potentially affectionate.

It feels like you're waiting
to find someone in the VIP room
who's, who's so fantastic...

just the way she is,
that you don't need to fix her.

Bridget, this is mad.

Perhaps you've already found her.

Do you want to marry me?

Look, I...

You see, you can never
muster the strength...

to fight for me.

I can't believe I did that.

What do I gotta do

to make you love me?
What do I gotta do to make you care?
What do I gotta do
when lightning strikes me
Hmm
And I wake to find
that you're not there?
What do I gotta do
to make you want me?
Hmm
What do I gotta do to be heard?
And what do I say
when it's all over, babe?
Oooh-oooh
And sorry seems to be the hardest word
It's sad
So sad
Why can't we talk it over, babe?
Always seems to me
When sorry seems to be
The hardest word
Five weeks later.

Weight:

Am enjoying a relationship with two men
simultaneously.
The first is called Ben,
the other, Jerry.
Number of current boyfriends: Zero.
Number of calls from ex-boyfriend:
You have absolutely no messages.
Not a single one.
Not even from your mother.
- Hello?
- Hello, darling.
- You haven't forgotten our lunch date?
- Of course I have.
- I'm suicidally depressed.
- Don't be silly, Bridget.
Meet me at Debenhams at twelve o'clock.
Mum... I thought we were going
to have something to eat.
Patience, please. I've got
a big surprise for you, darling.

- What?
- Don't say "what", say "pardon".
Tra-la!
- What do you think?
- Oh, my God.
Daddy and I are getting married.
- You're already married.
- We're doing it again.
Reaffirming our vows.
You are going to be a bridesmaid,
and absolutely everything
is going to be lavender.
And when I say everything, I mean...
...everything.
Oh, God, I'm never going to get married
and my sodding mum and dad
are doing it twice.
No more candlelight
No more romance
- No more small talk...
- Bloody know-it-all.

New York:

The city that never sleeps
with the same person two nights running.
My favourite place in America, where Sex
And The City isn't just a programme,
it's a promise.
Morning, Rach.
Sorry.
Oh, cheer up, misery guts.
I have good news for you.
Sure, right.
What's the angle?
I interview some rocket scientist
while he looks through my skirt
with X-ray glasses?
No.
Although that is a bloody good idea.
No. The fact is The Smooth Guide
is doing very well with women,
but the network want us to cast
a wider net and use a Smooth Guide-ess.
Me? With Daniel Cleaver?

It's the next logical step.
I think Thailand is first on the list.
No. I won't do it.
Not now.
Not in a million years from now.
- Excuse me?
- I am a top television journalist,
not some boorish bint in a bikini.
Really? Strong words from somebody
who doesn't know where Germany is.
Who told you that?
Clever. He said he couldn't be expected
to go out with someone
who thought Iran was David Bowie's wife,
and who didn't know where Germany was.
Daniel Cleaver is a deceitful, sexist,
disgusting specimen of humanity,
that I wouldn't share a lift with,
let alone a job.
Come on, Jones, there must have been
something you liked about me.
Come on, Jones, there must have been
something you liked about me.
Well... you have a nice car.
And quite nice manners.
Outside the bedroom.
But that's about it.
And by the way,
I know exactly where Germany is.
The question is do you know the location
of your arsehole?
As a matter of fact, I do know the
exact location of my arsehole. And hers.
Oh, come on, Jones,
it was just a silly joke.
Not a very funny one.
- Go on, then.
- What?
Where is it? Where is Germany?
- Next to France.
- And?
And also Belgium...
Poland. And it has a sea coast.
Which sea?

Oh, sod it. Now, look,
I think we should talk
about Finch's suggestion.
I am going to Thailand, Jones.
Wouldn't you like to be
my little Girl Guide?
Thailand?
- You'll shag before you leave Heathrow.
- I'll be perfectly fine.
I'm eschewing all men.
And cigarettes. And carbohydrates.
- We can't possibly let you go.
- On your own.
Oh, stop it, all of you.
I am a mature, sophisticated,
professional woman
and I'm going to Thailand
entirely on my own, thank you very much.
- Fuck!
- Sorry.
- Fuckity fuck.
- Sorry.
And now our final passengers
have joined us, we can get underway.
Someone's gotta be last.
Are we not sitting together?
Oh, fuck.
I don't think we're really
in a position to, um...
...make a fuss.
Sorry. Hi.
Sorry.
What's our film?
What's your name? Mine's Clive.
Er, Bridget.
Good afternoon again,
ladies and gentlemen.
We're about to offer a wide range
of duty-free items.
Details can be found
in your in-flight magazine.
Wonderful people, the Thais.
Particularly the young ladies.
If you know what I mean, eh?

- Oh, for heaven's sake.

- Come with me.

Come with me now.

- Where are we going?

- Just through here.

Thank you. This is worse than school.

It really wasn't my fault.

It's a fizzy drink, you know, it just...

It just sort of fizzied over.

Couldn't bear to think of you back there
in slum class, Jones.

Graham, thank you. You are the best
air steward I've ever come across.

And if I may say so, the smartest.

Thank you, sir.

I thought you were there already,
doing research.

Fuck, no. I make it up as I go along.

It's 13 hours for this trip.

I need some in-flight entertainment.

Why don't you tell me, in detail,
about your school netball tour,
particularly the unsavoury incident
in the communal showers.

I didn't play netball.

Or go to a girls' school.

- Or have showers.

- Now that's just not true, is it?

- Let me start you off.

- No.

If you're gonna be dull, I'm going
to plunge back into Mrs Dalloway,
and you know how she loves that.

Dirty, dirty bitch.

Here's a new thing

That's gonna please ya

Just a little town down in Indonesia
Bangkok...

Arrived Bangkok. Very hot.

Relieved at last to throw myself
into serious journalistic work.

Thailand has long called travellers
from around the globe
to take spiritual succour

and karmic rest.
For centuries, Western visitors
have been inevitably drawn
to some of Bangkok's oldest sanctuaries.
So true, Bridget. Even I,
fight it as I may, am no exception.
The moment I arrive here,
I almost feel an irresistible pull...
...to this. The Temple of Tranquillity.
Indeed, nothing symbolises Thailand's
extraordinary fusion of East and West,
of tradition and innovation,
better than this.

Fully body-to-body massage.

- Sawatdee kha?

- Sawatdee khrab?

An incredible thing about Thailand
is the amazing traditional cuisine.

I'm going to taste kapaluk,
the ultimate delicacy.

Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!

Oh, my God. My God.

Um... Er... Mmm.

How about a lovely locust?

I can't. No, no, I can't.

They're delicious.

Oh!

Now that is Ko Panyi, which is
the setting for a very famous Thai poem,
which I think you'd like very much,
Jones.

It's all about a badly-behaved prince
who finds true love with a beautiful,
and as it happens,
very slightly overweight princess.

- You're teasing me.

- I never tease about poetry.

"Oh, Suvarnamali

Why can you not see that I adore you?"

"Why do you avoid and scorn me?"

"If you cast me off and leave me

How should I live another day?"

And you thought all I knew of Thailand
was pussies and ping-pong balls.

- You wouldn't sleep with him?

- No, of course not.

Absolutely not.

But he is clever.

- Yes?

- And handsome.

He's also a dysfunctional,
fucked-up, middle-aged, lost boy.

Well, no-one's perfect.

I didn't realise you were busy.

- He's young enough to be your grandson.

- I know. Isn't that great?

Come on, guys, I've got a very special
treat lined up for lunch.

I'm getting rather fond of Jed,
and I must say he has a genuine interest
in Thai cuisine.

I wouldn't have thought
omelette would be big in Thailand.

- Or mushrooms, for that matter.

- It's magic.

It is a magic mushroom omelette,
isn't it?

Well, that's awful.

There is nothing funny in this at all.

Although, thank God,
the mushrooms don't actually
seem to be working.

Just what is it
that you want to do?

Such lovely colours!

We wanna get loaded

And we wanna have a good time...

Beautiful Bridget! Beautiful Bridget!

Beautiful Bridget!

Bridget Jones!

Bridget Jones!

But, wait...

- Bridget Jones?

- What sound is that?

It is Daniel Cleaver.

How unutterably beautiful he is.

Jones, what the hell are you doing?

You are lovely colours.

- I don't wanna lose your love...
- Here.
Here I am.
I think you're completely off your face.
Hey.
Bloody hell.
Oh... Oh, I'm an angel.
Oh. How lovely.
Glorious sand.
Oh.
I want to be naked.
- Naked as a baby.
- Come on, then, angel. Up you get.
- All right?
- Mmm.
- How are you feeling?
- Completely embarrassed.
Don't be. You're charming on drugs.
In future, just say yes.
Do you know, I never really understood
why you wanted to go out with me.
- It seemed so unlikely.
- Come on. For God's sake.
You're sexy. You make me laugh.
At you, of course, not with you.
And you were...
...incidentally...
...the best shag...
...I ever had.
The best?
Aside from Simon Reade
in the fifth-form locker room, yeah.
Suppose I said you were pretty good too?
Pretty good?
Was I better than Mark Darcy?
By the way, is it true he always says
"I'm sorry, I think I'm going to come"?
- Who told you that?
- It's common knowledge, isn't it?
Come on, Jones. Who gave who the hoof?
And why?
Let's just say
that we suffered
from a fatal incompatibility.

I have missed you, Jones.
I don't suppose
there's any circumstances
in which you would ever consider
thinking about trusting me again?
Absolutely not.
Well, I suppose I'll be getting back
to my little hut now.
Thank you very much, Daniel.
I had a nice time.
Is that the Big Dipper
or the little one?
I can never tell them apart.
Definitely the big one.
You can't see the little one
this close to the equator.
Oh, please.
You don't know about astronomy.
I most certainly do.
I'm passionate about it.
You know, Jones, if stargazing
is something that interests you,
then it has to be said that the view
from my balcony is quite outstanding.
Perhaps you'd like to come up
and have a little look?
I don't think so.
See over there? Along my arm.
That's it, over there.
That is Orion's Belt.
And next to that is a very sexy little
constellation called Ursa's Maiden.
Ah.
She's being very naughty
and trying to undo Orion's belt.
All right, what about...
that one?
Yes, well that is
a very, very famous star.
Um, right next to, of course, um...
I don't know, some other fucking star
that's been there for years and years.
Seen one star, you've seen the lot,
that's what I say, Jones.

Different with girls, though.
Some girls...
...are special.
Are they?
I think so.
What is this special power
you hold over me, Jones?
And what about your therapy?
I think you might be it.
I'm not in love
So don't forget it
It's just a silly phase
I'm going through
And just because
I call you up
Don't get me wrong
Don't think you've got it made
I'm not in love...
God, I hope you're wearing
those giant panties.
Please.
Please be wearing the giant panties.
Please.
Oh, my old friends.
Oh, Daddy's home.
Did you miss me?
Because Daddy missed you. Yes, he did.
Wait.
Sorry.
Can I just have a minute?
Just a minute.
Oh, God.
Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God.
Big boys don't cry
Big boys don't cry
Big boys don't cry
Big boys don't cry...
- Everything all right?
- Yeah, sure.
Just a bit... nervous.
I mean, you see,
if I stay with you tonight,
well, it's definitely
the end of something...

important with someone.

Um, which has probably ended already,

- but perhaps...

- Bridge, Bridge Bridge, Bridge.

Doesn't everyone

deserve a second chance?

Hmm?

Except Hitler.

Well, he was very, very, very naughty.

What?

Nothing. Er, come back later, please.

Thank you very much.

Bridge, it's nothing.

Leave it. Leave it.

You made order for 10.30.

Order for what?

Me.

10.30.

You know, I've had it up to here
with this hotel.

- It's been cock-ups like this all week.

- You Mr Cleaver?

Yesterday, you with Maria.

She say you big tipper.

I mean, I'm up for it if you are.

Actually, no, that was stupid.

It's just one little slip.

Don't let it ruin what was gonna be
a fantastic weekend shagathon.

- I don't want a shagathon.

- No, nor do I. Nor do I.

- You're right.

- You're looking for a weekend of sex,

- I'm looking...

- For more. I feel I can change.

- I absolutely can change.

- I need to change.

I can't believe I fell for it again.

Daniel, I really do think

that you should go and fuck yourself.

Or her. But definitely not me.

- Think

- Think

Think about

what you're trying to do to me

- Think

- Think think

Let your mind go...

I can't believe he made up
the sex therapy thing.

Doesn't matter.

I finally learnt my lesson,
and it's an excellent lesson
to have nailed.

- Fuck!

- What?

No fucking room in the fucking suitcase.
There's room in mine. Give me something.
Great.

- What the hell is this?

- It is a fertility-snake bowl.

- Ooh.

- Jed gave it to me.

- Think think

- Let your mind go...

How romantic.

Freedom...

The way I look at it, in everyone's
life, there's a certain amount of shit.

- That's true.

- In the last year,
things have turned out pretty shitty.
So logically, mathematically, even,
it's got to be time
for something not shit.

- Like what?

- Maybe Mark will have chucked Rebecca.
And he'll run to my door,
fall to his knees,
possibly wearing a wet white shirt,
and beg me to come back.

- Think

- Think

Think about

what you're tryin' to do to me...

Yes, I very confidently expect
very, very good times ahead.

Final call

for all passengers to London...
Isn't he cute? Hello.
Hello. Oh...
Seems to be getting a bit excited.
Oh.
Er...
- Bridget!
- It's just a misunderstanding.
Hold the plane.
Hold the plane.
Excuse me! Excuse me!
All remaining passengers
please report to Gate 27 immediately.
It's not mine.
- These yours?
- Yes.
I mean, they're not my favourite pair.
You can't do this. I'm English.
And an award-winning journalist.
Well, maybe not award-winning, but I
have been to lots of award ceremonies.
Hello. Bridget Jones.
Lovely to meet all of you.
Oh, my bloody God and fuck.
I hope they've told
the British ambassador.
Surely Shazzer
would have raised the alert.
Maybe they got Shazzer as well.
Oh, God, 28 hours.
How much longer?
Jones.
Bridget Jones, you come now.
Charlie Parker-Knowles,
Assistant Consul.
Thank God you're here.
Um, shall we...
I really had absolutely
nothing to do with it.
Jed planned the whole thing.
That's why he snogged Shazzer,
who's much older than him
and slightly past her peak.
Yes, he sounds the most frightful shit.

Mmm.

The bore is everyone who gets caught
has exactly the same story,
so unless we find this, this Jed fellow
and get a full confession,
you're on a bit of a sticky wicket.

Well, how sticky?

Something like 15 to 20 years.

- 15 years?

- Or maybe ten if we're lucky.

Ten years!

In here?

Very black.

All my life I've had the feeling
something terrible was about to happen.

Now it has.

Bijjit, right?

Bridget, actually.

My name Phrao.

You're my friend?

- Steady on!

- Superbra!

You lend me. One day, two cigarette.

Oh.

Well, I'll think about it.

Actually, I was thinking of giving up,
but that was before I was arrested
and thrown into a Thai prison
for ten to 15 years.

Circumstances change.

No, it really, really is "touched".

"Like a vir-gin,
touched for the very first time".

- No, you wrong.

- No.

Like a wersion

- Vir-gin.

- Fucked for the very first time

- Touched.

- Like a wersion

Ten years of this? I

Stop! Enough. Enough.

If you're going to do it,
you really ought to do it properly.

After all, Madonna is nothing
if not a perfectionist.
Five, six, seven, eight and one...
Like a virgin
Touched for the very first time
Like a virgin
When your heart beats
Next to mine...
Dear Mum and Dad,
I'm missing you a lot.
Please write as soon as you can.
I'm feeling pretty low.
Bijjit Jone.
In there. You have five minutes.
Just five.
Mark?
You all right?
Oh... Fine.
Hmm.
And... scared shitless.
But, you know, perky.
I can't believe
you've come all this way.
I haven't. I was out here
handling a Foreign Office case
when I heard about your situation.
I haven't done anything wrong.
I promise you, it's all a big mistake.
Yes, well, I'm sure it is.
I've got all the papers here
and I'm sure we can sort it out.
I think about you all the time.
And I'm so sorry,
I really, really am,
for everything that happened between us.
Yes, well...
We don't have much time and I need you
to identify someone for me.
Is this the man with whom you were
seen taking hallucinogenic mushrooms
before you spent the night
with Daniel Cleaver?
Yes, that's him,
but I think you should know...

The same man who gave you
the snake containing the drugs?
Yes, that's him, that's Jed.
But it was Shazzer's snake, not mine,
and as far as Daniel Cleaver goes...
Your sex life doesn't concern me at all.
Has there been any ill treatment here?
No, no. Well, I mean...
...the toilet facilities
are well below par, but...
Good, that makes things simpler.
Listen, they're prepared
to drop all charges against you
which is extremely lenient,
given the circumstances.
You're going to be out within a week.
And...
Goodbye.
Mark?
Thank you.
You're welcome. I'm just the messenger.
The order came from above.
Well, good luck.
Glad I could be of help.
So, Bijjit, what happen?
Well, um...
Bijjit! How this can happen?
This is terrible! You are innocent!
- They're always cheating us.
- No, no, no. That's all fine.
They've dropped the charges
and they're letting me go.
But that good news.
What is wrong?
Mark Darcy definitely...
...doesn't love me anymore.
Ohhh.
You see the trouble is
it was me who chucked him.
He treat you bad?
Yeah, actually, he did.
My boyfriend treat me bad too.
- Me too.
- Mine as well.

Me too.
Then you know all about it.
You think you've found the right man,
but then there's so much wrong with him
and he finds there's so much wrong
with you and it all just falls apart.
Don't tell me. My boyfriend,
he seem really nice.
Then he start to hit me.
Make me work on street.
My boyfriend, he say he love me.
But he do no work,
and make me work 24 hour a day.
Then he make me take heroin drug.
What about you, Bijjit?
What your bad boyfriend do?
Well, er...
...he really didn't stick up for me
at this lawyers' supper...
and, um, then he would fold his...
Oh, same sort of thing, really.
Hitting me and making me take drugs.
Stealing all my money and stuff.
Oh, God.
I've been the world's biggest fool.
Bijjit?
Just a few tiny leaving presents.
No luxuries.
Living in a material world
And I am a material girl
You know that we are living
in a material world
And I am a material girl
Living in a material world
And I am a material girl
If you want something smooth
on your wall,
you could do worse than John Currin.
He is about the only
contemporary painter who can paint.
There's usually something
interesting and allegorical,
plus of course,
there is a very high perv quotient.

- Did you see her?
- Out. Out it.
Sorry, everyone, sorry. It's my stalker.
Fuck off, Darcy,
some people have jobs to do.
Did you see her surrounded by police,
dogs, handcuffs?
Come on, she's a big girl,
she can take care of herself.
I'm only going to ask you one more time.
Did you see her?
You're only gonna ask me one more time?
- You haven't got your wig on now, dear.
- I'll take that as a yes.
Yes, I did see her.
I thought she was smuggling seashells,
or mangoes.
Right.
Right, good.
Will you step outside, please?
Oh, no, it's not possible.
Darcy, do you have any idea
what century we actually live in?
Are you gonna step outside
or am I gonna have to drag you?
I think you're gonna have to drag me.
- You're insane!
- And you're a disgrace, Cleaver.
You're pulling my hair!
I'm not going in the sodding water.
Touching you
'Cause you're touching me
I believe in a thing called love
Just listen to the rhythm of my heart
There's a chance we can make it now
We'll be rockin'
till the sun goes down
I believe in a thing called love
Ooh-oooh ooh...
- Fuck off!
- No, you're going in, Cleaver!
If I'm going in, you're coming with me.
You smug bastard.
- Oh, my God.

- Get up.

Well, what are you gonna do now?

Drown me in 16 inches of water?

Yes, good idea.

Fuck! Stop, stop.

Listen, listen, listen...

OK, I left her at the airport.

I shouldn't have done that.

But she bumped into Jed herself
and I didn't fucking well seduce her,
all right?

- You didn't?

- There's something wrong with her.

She's gone all frigid.

I spent the night

with a gorgeous Thai girl.

Who in fact turned out to be

a gorgeous Thai boy.

Satisfied?

Yes.

Thank you.

You know what, mate?

If you're so obsessed with Bridget

Jones, why don't you just marry her?

'Cause then she'd definitely shag me.

I believe in a thing called love

Just listen to the rhythm of my heart

I believe in a thing called love

- Bridget!

- Bridget! Over here!

- What was it like?

- How did you survive?

Any girl who's been single in London

knows how to handle herself.

- Darling!

- Will you be going back?

Sorry I didn't write.

I've just been so busy.

Hello, darling. You look lovely.

- Skinny, but lovely.

- Oh, thank you.

Oh, it's good to be home.

- Ciggy?

- No, no, thanks.

- I've given up again.
- Shame. I find them very useful.
I take great comfort in the fact they
might kill me before things get worse.
The Darcys rang to say how pleased
they were you were out.
I rather thought Mark might be here
to meet you.
Yes, but you must remember we split up.
So no hope there?
No hope there.
Believe me,
next time I will not fuck it up, Mum.
- Language, darling.
- Sorry.
Next time, I will not fuck it up...
...Mother.
Trying to be misunderstood
But it doesn't do me any good
Love the way they smiled at me
Hold that face for eternity
Now let them all fly off
When it comes down
It all comes down
And you will not be found
When it's over
It's all over
Even if I make a sound...
Surprise!
- Hello.
- Hello.
- Oh, darling.
- Hiya.
Bridget...
I'm so sorry.
It's all right.
Well, thank God for Mark Darcy.
I mean, he might be a boring arse,
but he performed a miracle.
That's a bit of an overstatement.
He actually seems
to be the villain of this piece.
He's a top human rights lawyer and he
left it to someone else to get me out.

He was just a messenger.

- Who told you that?

- He did.

Straight from the horse's mouth.

The horse wasn't quite
telling you the truth.

I called Mark

the minute I landed in London.

We went to his office

and within half an hour,

he'd woken two Cabinet ministers
and half of M15.

But none of them could locate Jed,
so Mark flew over to Interpol.

Which is in Lyon.

They located Jed in Dubai,

but they don't normally

extradite people,

so Mark rang the Home Secretary

who rang our ambassador...

In Riyadh. Then Mark flew to Dubai

where he identified Jed,

who was impounded and pushed out into...

Saudi Arabia, where Mark was waiting
with the police.

Jed was arrested and extradited back

to Britain. Then Mark flew to Bangkok,

to make damn sure they'd let you go.

Oh.

He was just angry about Daniel Cleaver.

- He must still love me.

- He fucking must.

Taxi?

Yes, please.

Get in the cab!

Hurry!

Oh. I forgot about you.

Er, I, I, I just wanted to, um...

say something to Mark.

He's at the office.

Do you want to come in?

Oh, no. No, no, I don't think I will.

I really hope

that you'll be happy together.

- Sorry?

- You and Mark.

I really hope that you'll be
very happy together.

No, no, no, Bridget, listen...
you've got it completely wrong.

I'm not in love with him.

How could I be when I'm...

seriously heartbroken

and smitten with someone else?

Someone else?

- You, Bridget.

- Me?

Ever since I saw you here
with your hair messed that night
and bits of garden stuck to you.

You must have noticed.

I try to hide it,

but every time I see you, I light up.

I thought you were just, you know...

...lying.

Was every look I ever gave you a lie?

I've been looking forward to this.

Lovely to see you, Bridget.

Thank you very much.

That was lovely.

Really lovely.

But I'm afraid it's still men
in general,

and Mark Darcy in particular,

that I love.

Right.

Lf, er, if I ever do decide to, um...

you know, but for the other side...

...well, there's no-one else.

Only you.

- Hello, Giles.

- Hello, Bridget.

Open up your eyes

Then you'll realise

Here I stand with my

Everlasting love

Need you by my side

Girl, to be my bride

You'll never be denied...

Inns of Court, please. Fast as you can.

What do you think of this jacket?

- Yeah, very nice indeed.

- No, be honest.

What do you think of the whole jacket/trouser combination?

- Disaster.

- Actually, can we take a tiny detour?

I'll be back in literally two seconds.

Where life really flows

No-one really knows

Till someone's there to show

The way to lasting love

Need a love to last forever

Need a love to last forever...

Oh.

You're the first

The last

My everything

And the answer to

All my dreams

You're my sun

My moon

My guiding star

My kind of wonderful

That's what you are...

- You look gorgeous.

- Thank you.

Very important at this moment.

There's no way

They could have made two...

Doesn't matter. It's not about looks.

- Your love I'll keep for evermore

- As I was saying.

You're the first...

Excuse me, I'm looking for Mr Darcy.

Down there, right along the corridor,
and just to the left.

Thank you very much.

Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no

Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no

Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no

Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no...

I love you.
I always have and I always will.
Oh, um...
I don't love you,
and I never have, and...
...I never will. Sorry.
Come in.
Hello, Bridget.
Hello, Mark.
Er...
I'm sorry, I'm disturbing you.
- Well, yes, a bit.
- I'll just...
sit outside while you finish.
No, no, no, please,
say what you have to say, young lady.
Mr Santiago
is the Peruvian Secretary for Trade.
And Mr Hernandez is his number two.
Hello.
Hello.
Hello, hello, hello.
How can we help you, young lady?
Well, er...
Er...
I just wanted to tell Mr Darcy here
that I heard what magnificent work
he actually did
releasing me from prison.
Tiny, tiny misunderstanding to do
with an enormous stash of cocaine.
And I also wanted to say,
since having found out that his
girlfriend is actually a lesbian...
...that I love him.
Always have. Always will.
And that I'm...
...you know...
...available for dates...
...if he should feel so inclined.
So, er, your girlfriend is a lesbian.
Look, if you'll all just excuse us
for a second...
I think we should...

Bridget, that was not the most romantic proposition I've ever heard.

Well, maybe it is romantic because it's not. I mean...

I know there's no music playing, and it's not snowing, but that doesn't mean that it, that it can't really be something.

You're right.

In fact, there's a question I've been meaning to ask you. All right. As long as it's not "Will you marry me?"

Oh, God.

It is "Will you marry me?"

Well, I'm not gonna say it now.

- Is it "Will you marry me?"

- The moment's gone.

No. No, no, no. No, wait.

Wait.

- Bridget.

- Start again.

- No.

- Start again.

I'm not gonna... It's...

We've just stepped out into the corridor, you say "I've got a question to ask you" and I don't say anything.

And... And...

You say...

Bridget Jones, will you marry me?

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here this day to unite this couple.

Do you affirm your love, one to the other?

I do. Again.

And Colin?

I do. Again.

As well. Of course.

I've been really tryin', baby...

December 31st, year-end summary.

Prison stays, one.

Lesbian kisses, one.
Pounds lost, minus one.
Boyfriends lost but then regained
following major diplomatic incident,
one.
Marriage proposals, one.
An excellent year's progress.
Bridget Jones has cocked things up
for the very last time.
Your love is king
Crown you in my heart
Your love is king
Never need to part
Your kisses ring
Round and round and round my head
Touching the very part of me
It's making my soul sing
Tearing the very heart of me
I'm crying out for more
Your love is king
Crown you in my heart
Your love is king...
So, as you can see,
I have found my happy ending at last.
And I truly believe
that happiness is possible.
Even when you're 33 and have a bottom
the size of two bowling balls.
Your love is real
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no
I look and stare so deep in your eyes
Touch on you more and more every time
When you leave
I'm begging you not to go
Call your name
two, three times in a row
Such a funny thing for me
to try to explain
How I'm feeling
and my pride is the one to blame
'Cause I know I don't understand

Just how your love can do
what no-one else can
Got me lookin'so crazy right now
Your love's got me lookin'so crazy
right now
Your love's
Got me lookin'so crazy right now
Your touch got me lookin'so crazy
right now
Your love's
Got me hopin'you'll page me right now
Your kiss got me hoping
you'll save me right now
Lookin'so crazy
Your love's got me lookin'
Got me lookin'so crazy in love
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh no no...
Hearts gone astray
Deep in her when they go
I went away
Just when you needed me so
You won't regret
I'll come back begging you
Hmm
Won't you forget
Welcome love we once knew
Open up your eyes
Then you'll realise
Here I stand with my everlasting love
I need you by my side
Girl to be my pride
You'll never be denied
everlasting love
Hearts gone astray
Deep in her when they go
I went away
Just when you needed me so
You won't regret
I'll come back begging you
Won't you forget
Welcome love we once knew

Open up your eyes
Then you'll realise
Here I stand with my everlasting love
Need you by my side
Girl to be my pride
You'll never be denied
everlasting love
From the very start
Open up your heart
Feel that you fall in everlasting love
Need a love to last forever
Need a love to last forever
Need a love to last forever
Need a love to last forever