

BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY

BRIDGET: It all began on New Year's Day in my thirty-second year of being single. Once again, I found myself on my own and going to my mother's annual turkey curry buffet. Every year, she tries to fix me up with some bushy-haired, middle-aged bore and I feared this year would be no exception.

BRIDGET'S MUM: There you are, dumpling.

BRIDGET: My mum--a strange creature from the time when pickles on toothpicks were still the height of sophistication.

UNA: Doilies, Pam? Hello, Bridget.

BRIDGET'S MUM: Third drawer from the top, Una. Under the mini-gherkins. By the way, the Darcys are here. They brought Mark with them.

BRIDGET: Ah, here we go.

BRIDGET'S MUM: You remember Mark. You used to play in his paddling pool. He's a barrister. Very well off.

BRIDGET: No, I don't remember.

BRIDGET'S MUM: He's divorced, apparently. His wife was Japanese. Very cruel race. Now, what are you going to put on?

BRIDGET: This.

MUM: Oh, don't be silly, Bridget. You'll never get a boyfriend if you look like you've wandered out of Auschwitz. Now, run upstairs. I've laid out something lovely on your bed.

BRIDGET: Tsk. [Sighs]

ANDY WILLIAMS SINGING: You're just too good to be true. Can't take my eyes off of you.

BRIDGET: Great. I was wearing a carpet.

UNCLE GEOFFREY: There she is. [Singing] My little Bridget.

BRIDGET: Hi, Uncle Geoffrey. Ha ha.

UNCLE GEOFFREY: Hmm. Had a drink?

BRIDGET: No.

UNCLE GEOFFREY: No? Come on, then.

BRIDGET: Actually, not my uncle. Someone who insists I call him uncle while he gropes my ass and asks me the question dreaded by all Singletons.

UNCLE GEOFFREY: So...how's your love life?

BRIDGET: Super. Thanks, Uncle G.

UNCLE GEOFFREY: Still no fellow, then, eh? I don't know. You career girls. Can't put it off forever.

UNA: Tick-tock, tick-tock.

BRIDGET: Hello, Dad.

BRIDGET'S DAD: Hello, darling.

BRIDGET: How's it going?

BRIDGET'S DAD: Torture.

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

BRIDGET: Uhh.

BRIDGET'S DAD: Human rights barrister. Pretty nasty beast, apparently.

BRIDGET: Hoo. Ding-dong. Maybe this time Mum had got it right.

BRIDGET'S MUM: Come on. Why don't we see if Mark fancies a gherkin?

BRIDGET'S DAD: [Whispering] Good luck.

BRIDGET'S MUM: Mark?

BRIDGET: Maybe this was the mysterious Mr. Right I'd been waiting my whole life to meet.

BRIDGET'S MUM: You remember Bridget.

BRIDGET: Maybe not.

BRIDGET'S MUM: She's used to run around your lawn with no clothes on, remember?

MARK: Uh, no, not as such.

UNA: Come and look at your gravy, Pam. I think it's going to need sieving.

BRIDGET'S MUM: Of course it doesn't need sieving. Just stir it, Una. Yes, of course.

I'll be right there. Sorry. Lumpy gravy calls.

ANDY WILLIAMS SINGING: Let me love you

BRIDGET: So.

MARK: So.

BRIDGET: You staying at your parents' for New Year?

MARK: Yes. You?

BRIDGET: Oh, no, no, no. I was in London at a party last night, so I'm afraid I'm a bit hung over. Wish I could be lying with my head in the toilet like all normal people. New Year's resolution: drink less. Oh, and quit smoking. And keep New Year's resolutions.

Oh, and, uh, stop talking total nonsense to strangers. In fact, stop talking, full stop.

MARK: Yes, well, perhaps it's time to eat.

ANDY WILLIAMS SINGING: I need you, baby

MRS. DARCY: Apparently, she lives just round the corner from you.

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

BRIDGET: Yummy. Turkey curry. My favourite.

BRIDGET: And that was it. Right there. Right there. That was the moment I suddenly realized that unless some thing changed soon, I was going to live a life where my major relationship was with a bottle of wine and I'd finally die fat and alone and be found three weeks later, half-eaten by Alsatians. Or I was about to turn into Glenn Close in "Fatal Attraction."

JAMIE O'NEAL SINGING: All by myself. Don't wanna be all by myself anymore.

VOICE: You have no messages.

[Guitar plays]

JAMIE O'NEAL SINGING: When I was young, I never needed anyone and makin' love was just for fun—those days are gone. All by myself, don't wanna be all by myself anymore.

BRIDGET: And so I made a major decision. I had to make sure that next year I wouldn't end up shit-faced and listening to sad FM easy-listening for the over-thirties. I decided to take control of my life and start a diary to tell the truth about Bridget Jones—the whole truth. Resolution number one--oh--obviously will lose twenty pounds.

Number two: always put last night's panties in the laundry basket. Equally important: will find nice sensible boyfriend to go out with and not continue to form romantic attachments to any of the following: alcoholics, workaholics, commitment-phobics, peeping toms, megalomaniacs, emotional fuckwits, or perverts. And especially will not fantasize about a particular person who embodies all these things.

ARETHA FRANKLIN SINGING: What you want, baby, I got. What you need. Do you know I got it?

BRIDGET: Unfortunately, he just happens to be my boss: Editor-in-Chief, Daniel Cleaver. And for various slightly unfair reasons relating to this year's Christmas party, I suspect he does not fantasize about me.

BRIDGET, DRUNK, SINGING: Oh, can't live if living is without you. I can't live, can't give anymore.