

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

door knock

Mark Darcy stands at the door. Still dressed in exactly the clothes he wore at the airport.

MARK: Bridget.

BRIDGET: What are you doing here?

MARK: Looking for you.

BRIDGET: What?

MARK: Don't say 'what?' Bridget - say 'pardon.' I just wanted to know if you were available for Bar Mitzvahs and christenings as well as Ruby Weddings? Excellent speech.

BRIDGET: I'm so, so sorry. (Beat) I thought you were in America.

MARK: Well, yes - I was - but then I remembered I'd forgotten something back home.

BRIDGET: Which was?

MARK: I'd forgotten to kiss you goodbye... Do you mind?

BRIDGET: Not really, no.

He moves to kiss her but Bridget interrupts...

BRIDGET (CONT'D): So you're not going to America?

MARK: No, not.

BRIDGET: You're staying here?

MARK: It would seem so.

BRIDGET: Excuse me - there's just a little something I must... I'll be with you in a minute. Keep yourself busy - read something. Lots of very high quality magazines with very useful romance and fashion tips.

She leaves the room. Mark looks over all the copies of Hello and Red and Cosmopolitan. He reaches to pick it up her open diary.

Mark reads a bit of the diary with increasing horror as he flicks the pages...

MARK: (reads aloud) 'Mark is a prematurely middle-aged prick' - 'I hope he dies of a heart attack and they find he wasn't wearing clean pants' - 'A real geek' - 'I dislike him intensely.'

He closes the diary quietly as Bridget re-enters the room.

BRIDGET: Oh shit. Oh double shit.

Mark gathers up his bag as if to leave

BRIDGET: Mark, Mark - I'm sorry - I didn't mean it - I mean, I meant it - but I was stupid you see, so I didn't mean what I meant... (Pause.) For Christ's sake - it's only a diary - and its common knowledge diaries are just full of crap.

Pause.

MARK: I know that. (He removes a leather book from his bag.) I bought you a new one. Time to start again, perhaps.

Total joy - she jumps up on him - arms right around his neck, feet in the air - and kisses him.

BRIDGET: Wait a minute - nice boys don't kiss like that.

MARK: Oh yes, they do.