

# Bridget Jones's Diary

*(Daniel and Bridget entering her apartment)*

DANIEL

Jones, your introduction was a brilliant post-modernist masterpiece of oratorical fireworks...You're looking very sexy Jones. I think I am going to have to take you to dinner from now on whether you like it or not...Can I come in...Come on.

BRIDGET

So...how do you feel about this...whole situation in Bosnia. Isn't it a nightmare.

DANIEL

I don't give a flying fuck Jones...Now, look how do you know Fartsy-Darcy?

BRIDGET

Well, apparently I used to run around naked in his kiddy pool, as a child.

DANIEL

I betcha ya did you dirty bitch!

BRIDGET

What about you?

DANIEL

Same...No I was best man at his wedding, knew him from Harvard. He was my friend.

BRIDGET

And, then what?

DANIEL

And, then nothing.

BRIDGET

You don't have to protect him. He's no friend of mine.

DANIEL

Well, then many years later...I made the mistake of introducing him to my fiance and ...um...I couldn't say in all honesty I ever forgave him.

BRIDGET

Oh God! What a nasty bastard. And, a dull bastard.

DANIEL

Yes, yes I think nasty...well anyway...Fuck him don't let him ruin our evening. Now why don't we have some wine and tell me more about practicing french kissing with girls at school, that sounds like a very interesting story.

BRIDGET

It wasn't french kissing.

DANIEL

Don't care, make it up.

*(Long uncomfortable pause)*

So...why don't you let me stay here tonight. Totally innocent, no funny business. Just full sex.

BRIDGET

No...no...no, I should...call you a cab. But, I did have a great evening.

DANIEL

It's a pleasure Jones.

*(He kisses her sweetly and then more passionately. They are all over each other. They end up on the floor)*

DANIEL

Now, these are silly little boots Jones. And, this is a silly little dress...and these...good God are absolutely enormous panties.

BRIDGET

Oh FUCK!!! Dammit...

DANIEL

No...no...no, don't apologize. I like them.

*(he's playful)*

I'm sorry I have to have another look they are too good to be true. Oh mama!!

BRIDGET

No! No!

DANIEL

Don't worry I'm wearing something quite similar myself...take a look.

BRIDGET

Oh, God! No.

*(They start kissing, laughing, playing, cuddling again)*

BRIDGET

Daniel, what happens at the office.

DANIEL

Well, I'm glad you asked that. You see it's a publishing house...so that means people write things for us and we print out all the pages and put them all together into what we call a book, Jones.

BRIDGET

Now do you think people will notice...

DANIEL

Notice what?

BRIDGET

Us...us working together...playing together?

DANIEL

Hang on a minute Jones...slow down, it just started...It's not exactly...a...longterm thing...is it now?

BRIDGET

Yeah...yeah...you are a very bad man....a very bad bad man.

*(making-out again)*

- PHONE RINGS -

BRIDGET

Bridget Jones wanton sex goddess with a very bad man between her thighs...Oh...Mom...Hi!