**Notting Hill (1999)**

 EXT. STREET - DAY

 Mix through to William, 35, relaxed, pleasant, informal. We follow him

as he walks down Portobello Road, carrying a load of bread. It is spring.

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 Of course, I've seen her films and always thought she was, well, fabulous –

but, you know, million miles from the world I live in.

Which is here -- Notting Hill -- not a bad place to be...

 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY

 It's a full fruit market day.

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 There's the market on weekdays, selling every fruit and vegetable

 known to man...

 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY

 A man in denims exits the tattoo studio.

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 The tattoo parlor -- with a guy outside who got drunk and now can't

 remember why he chose 'I Love Ken'...

 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 The racial hair-dressers where everyone comes out looking like the

 Cookie Monster, whether they like it or not...

 Sure enough, a girl exits with a huge threaded blue bouffant.

 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - SATURDAY

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 Then suddenly it's the weekend, and from break of day, hundreds of stalls

 appears out of nowhere, filling Portobello Road right up to Notting Hill Gate...

 A frantic crowded Portobello market

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 ... and thousands of people buy millions of antiques, some genuine...

 The camera finally settles on a stall selling beautiful stained glass windows of

 various sizes, some featuring biblical scenes and saints.

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 ... and some not so genuine.

 EXT. GOLBORNE ROAD - DAY

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 And what's great is that lots of friends have ended up in this part of

 London -- that's Tony, architect turned chef, who recently invested

 all the money he ever earned in a new restaurant...

 Shot of Tony proudly setting out a board outside his restaurant, the sign still being

 painted. He receives and approves a huge fresh salmon.

 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 So this is where I spend my days and years -- in this small village in

 the middle of a city -- in a house with a blue door that my wife and I

 bought together... before she left me for a man who looked like Harrison

 Ford, only even handsomer...

 We arrive outside his blue-doored house just off Portobello.

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 ... and where I now lead a strange half-life with a lodger called...

 INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - DAY

 WILLIAM

 Spike!

 The house has far too many things in it. Definitely two- bachelor flat

 Spike appears. An unusual looking fellow. He has unusual hairs, unusual facial

 hair and an unusual Welsh accent: very white, as though his flesh has never seen

 the sun. He wears only shorts.

 SPIKE

 Even he. Hey, you couldn't help me with an incredibly important

 decision, could you?

 WILLIAM

 This is important in comparison to, let's say, whether they should

 cancel third world debt?

 SPIKE

 That's right -- I'm at last going out on a date with great Janine and I just

 want to be sure I've picked the right t-shirt.

 WILLIAM

 What are the choices?

 SPIKE

 Well... wait for it...

 (He pulls on a t-shirt)

 First there's this one...

 The t-shirt is white with a horrible looking plastic alien coming out of it, jaws open,

 blood everywhere. It says 'I Love Blood.'

 WILLIAM

 Yes -- might make it hard to strike a really romantic note.

 SPIKE

 Point taken.

 He heads back up the stairs... talks as he changes...

 SPIKE

 I suspect you'll prefer the next one.

 And he re-enters in a white t-shirt, with a large arrow,

 pointing down to his flies, saying, "Get It Here.'

 WILLIAM

 Yes -- she might think you don't have true love on your mind.

 SPIKE

 Wouldn't want that... (and back up he goes) -- just one more.

 He comes down wearing it. Lots of hearts, saying, 'You're the

 most beautiful woman in the world.'

 WILLIAM

 Well, yes, that's perfect. Well done.

 SPIKE

 Thanks. Great. Wish me luck.

 WILLIAM

 Good luck.

 Spike turns and walks upstairs. Revealing that on the back of the t-shirt, also

 printed in big letters, is written 'Fancy a fuck?'

 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 And so it was just another hopeless Wednesday, as I set off through the

 market to work, little suspecting that this was the day which would

 change my life forever. This is work, by the way, my little travel book shop...

 A small unpretentious store... named 'The Travel Book Co.'

 WILLIAM (V.O.)

 ... which, well, sells travel books -- and, to be frank with you, doesn't

 always sell many of those.

 William enters.

 INT. THE BOOKSHOP - DAY

 It is a small shop, slightly chaotic, bookshelves everywhere,

 with little secret bits round corners with even more books.

 Martin, William's sole employee, is waiting enthusiastically.

 He is keen, an uncrushable optimist. Perhaps without cause.

 A few seconds later, William stands gloomily behind the desk.

 WILLIAM

 Classic. Absolutely classic.

 Profit from major sales push – minus 347 pound.

 MARTIN

 Shall I go get a cappuccino? Ease the pain.

 WILLIAM

 Yes, better get me a half. All I can afford.

 MARIN

 I get you logic. Demi-capu coming up.

 He salutes and bolts out of the door -- as he does, a woman walks in.

We only just glimpse her.

 Cut to William working. He looks up casually. And sees something.

His reaction is hard to read. After a pause...

 WILLIAM

 Can I help you?

 It is Anna Scott, the biggest movie star in the world -- here --

 in his shop. The most divine, subtle, beautiful woman on earth.

 When she speaks she is very self-assured and self-contained.

 ANNA

 No, thanks. I'll just look around.

 WILLIAM

 Fine.

 She wanders over to a shelf as he watches her -- and picks out a

 quite smart coffee table book.

 WILLIAM

 That book's really not good – just in case, you know, browsing turned to

 buying. You'd be wasting your money.

 ANNA

 Really?

 WILLIAM

 Yes. This one though is... very good.

 He picks up a book on the counter.

 WILLIAM

 I think the man who wrote it has actually been to Turkey, which helps.

 There's also a very amusing incident with a kebab.

 ANNA

 Thanks. I'll think about it.

 William suddenly spies something odd on the small TV monitor behind him.

 WILLIAM

 If you could just give me a second

 Her eyes follow him as he moves toward the back of the shop and

 approaches a man in slightly ill-fitting clothes.

 WILLIAM

 Excuse me.

 THIEF

 Yes.

 WILLIAM

 Bad news.

 THIEF

 What?

 WILLIAM

 We've got a security camera in this bit of the shop.

 THIEF

 So?

 WILLIAM

 So, I saw you put that book down your trousers.

 THIEF

 What book?

 WILLIAM

 The one down your trousers.

 THIEF

 I haven't got a book down my trousers.

 WILLIAM

 Right -- well, then we have something of an impasse. I tell you what --

 I'll call the police -- and, what can I say? If I'm wrong about the whole

 book-down-the-trousers scenario, I really apologize.

 THIEF

 Okay -- what if I did have a book down my trousers?

 WILLIAM

 Well, ideally, when I went back to the desk, you'd remove the Cadogan

 guide to Bali from your trousers, and either wipe it and put it back, or

 buy it. See you in a sec.

 He returns to his desk. In the monitor we just glimpse, as does William, the book

coming out of the trousers and put back on the shelves. The thief drifts out toward the door. Anna, who has observed all this, is looking at a blue book on the counter.

 WILLIAM

 Sorry about that...

 ANNA

 No, that's fine. I was going to steal one myself but now I've changed

 my mind. Signed by the author, I see.

 WILLIAM

 Yes, we couldn't stop him. If you can find an unsigned copy

It's worth an absolute fortune.

 She smiles. Suddenly the thief is there.

 THIEF

 Excuse me.

 ANNA

 Yes.

 THIEF

 Can I have your autograph?

 ANNA

 What's your name?

 THIEF

 Rufus.

 She signs his scruffy piece of paper. He tries to read it.

 THIEF

 What does it say?

 ANNA

 Well, that's the signature – and above, it says 'Dear Rufus – you belong in jail.'

 THIEF

 Nice one. Would you like my phone number?

 ANNA

 Tempting but... no, thank you

 Thief leaves.

 ANNA

 I think I will try this one.

 She hands William a \_$B!r\_(J20 note and the book he said was rubbish.

 He talks as he handles the transaction.

 WILLIAM

 Oh -- right -- on second thoughts maybe it wasn't that bad. Actually

 -- it's a sort of masterpiece really. None of those childish kebab stories

you get in so many travel books these days. And I'll throw in one of these for free.

 He drops in one of the signed books.

 WILLIAM

 Very useful for fighting fires, wrapping fish, that sort of things.

 She looks at him with a slight smile.

 ANNA

 Thanks.

 And leaves. She's out of his life forever. William is a little dazed.

Seconds later Martin comes back in.

 MARTIN

 Cappuccino as ordered.

 WILLIAM

 Thanks. I don't think you'll believe who was just in here.

 MARTIN

 Who? Someone famous?

 But William's innate natural English discretion takes over.

 WILLIAM

 No. No-one -- no-one.

 They set about drinking their coffee.

 MARTIN

 Would be exciting if someone famous did come into the shop though,

 wouldn't it? Do you know -- this is pretty incredible actually -- I once

 saw Ringo Starr. Or at least I think it was Ringo. It might have been

 that broke from 'Fiddler On The Roof,' Toppy.

 WILLIAM

 Topol.

 MARTIN

 That's right -- Topol.

 WILLIAM

 But Ringo Starr doesn't look anything like Topol.

 MARTIN

 No, well... he was quite a long way away.

 WILLIAM

 So it would have been neither of them?

 MARTIN

 I suppose so.

 WILLIAM

 Right. It's not a classic anecdotes, is it?

 MARTIN

 Not classic, no.

 Martin shakes his head. William drinks his cappuccino.

 WILLIAM

 Right -- want another one?

 MARTIN

 Yes. No, wait -- let's go crazy -- I'll have an orange juice.

 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY

 William sets off.

 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

 William collects his juice in a coffee shop on Wesbourne Park Road.

 EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY

 William swings out of the little shop -- he turns the corner of Portobello Road and

bumps straight into Anna. The orange juice, in its foam cup, flies.

It soaks Anna.

 ANNA

 Oh Jesus.

 WILLIAM

 Here, let me help.

 He grabs some paper napkins and starts to clean it off – getting far too near her

breasts in the panic of it...

 ANNA

 What are you doing?

 He jumps back.

 WILLIAM

 Nothing, nothing... Look, I live just over the street -- you could get cleaned up.

 ANNA

 No thank you. I need to get my car back.

 WILLIAM

 I also have a phone. I'm confident that in five minutes we can have you

 spick and span and back on the street again... in the non-prostitute sense obviously.

 In his diffident ways, he is confident, despite her being genuinely annoyed.

She turns and looks at him.

 ANNA

 Okay. So what does 'just over the street' mean -- give it to me in yards.

 WILLIAM

 Eighteen yards. That's my house there.

 He doesn't lie -- it is eighteen yards away. She looks down. She looks up at him.

 INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

 They enter. She carries a few stylish bags.

 WILLIAM

 Come on in. I'll just...

 William runs in further -- it's a mess. He kicks some old shoes under the stairs,

bins an unfinished pizza and hides a plate of breakfast in a cupboard.

She enters the kitchen.

 WILLIAM

 It's not that tidy, I fear.

 And he guides her up the stairs, after taking the bag of books from her...

 WILLIAM

 The bathroom is right at the top of the stairs and there's a phone on the

 desk up there.

 She heads upstairs.

 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

 William is tidying up frantically. Then he hears Anna's feet on the stairs.

She walks down, wearing a short, sparkling black top beneath her leather jacket. With her trainers still on. He is dazzled by the sight of her.

 WILLIAM

 Would you like a cup of tea before you go?

 ANNA

 No thanks.

 WILLIAM

 Coffee?

 ANNA

 No.

 WILLIAM

 Orange juice -- probably not.

 He moves to his very empty fridge -- and offers its only contents.

 WILLIAM

 Something else cold -- coke, water, some disgusting sugary drink

 pretending to have something to do with fruits of the forest?

 ANNA

 Really, no.

 WILLIAM

 Would you like something to nibble --

 apricots, soaked in honey – quite why, no one knows -- because it stops

 them tasting of apricots, and makes them taste like honey, and if you

 wanted honey, you'd just buy honey, instead of apricots, but nevertheless

 -- there we go -- yours if you want them.

 ANNA

 No.

 WILLIAM

 Do you always say 'no' to everything?

 Pause. She looks at him deep.

 ANNA

 No.

 (pause)

 I better be going. Thanks for your help.

 WILLIAM

 You're welcome and, may I also say... heavenly.

 It has taken a lot to get this out loud. He is not a smooth- talking man.

 WILLIAM

 Take my one chance to say it. After you've read that terrible book,

 you're certainly not going to be coming back to the shop.

 She smiles. She's cool.

 ANNA

 Thank you.

 WILLIAM

 Yes. Well. My pleasure.

 He guides her toward the door.

 WILLIAM

 Nice to meet you. Surreal but nice.

 In a slightly awkward moment, he shows her out the door.

He closes the door and shakes his head in wonder. Then...

 WILLIAM

 'Surreal but nice.' What was I thinking?

 ... He shakes his head again in horror and wanders back along the corridor in

silence. There's a knock on the door. He moves back, casually...

 WILLIAM

 Coming.

 He opens the door. It's her.

 WILLIAM

 Oh hi. Forgot something?

 ANNA

 I forgot my bag.

 WILLIAM

 Oh right.

 He shoots into the kitchen and picks up the forgotten shopping bag.

Then returns and hands it to her.

 WILLIAM

 Here we go.

 ANNA

 Thanks. Well...

 They stand in that corridor -- in that small space. Second time saying goodbye

A strange feeling of intimacy. She leans forward and she kisses him.

Total silence. A real sense of the strangers of those lips, those famous lips on his.

They part.

 WILLIAM

 I apologize for the 'surreal but nice'

 comment. Disaster...

 ANNA

 Don't worry about it. I thought the apricot and honey business was the

 real lowpoint.

 Suddenly there is a clicking of a key in the lock.

 WILLIAM

 Oh my God. My flatmate. I'm sorry -- there's no excuse for him.

 Spike walks in.

 SPIKE

 Hi.

 ANNA

 Hi.

 WILLIAM

 Hi.

 Spike walks past unsuspiciously and heads into the kitchen.

 SPIKE

 I'm just going to go into the kitchen to get some food -- and then I'm going

 to tell you a story that will make your balls shrink to the size of raisins.

 And leaves them in the corridor.

 ANNA

 Probably best not tell anyone about this.

 WILLIAM

 Right. No one. I mean, I'll tell myself sometimes but... don't worry

 -- I won't believe it.

 ANNA

 Bye.

 And she leaves, with just a touch of William's hand. Spike comes out of the

kitchen, eating something white out of a styrofoam container with a spoon.

 SPIKE

 There's something wrong with this yogurt.

 WILLIAM

 It's not yogurt -- it's mayonnaise.

 SPIKE

 Well, there you go.

 (takes another big spoonful)

 On for a video fest tonight? I've got some absolute classic.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 The lights are off. William and Spike on the couch, just the light from the TV

playing on their faces. Cut to the TV full screen. There is Anna. She is in a

stylish Woody Allen type modern romantic comedy, "Gramercy Park," in black and

white.

 INT. MANHATTAN ART GALLERY - DAY

 Anna's character -- Woody Anna -- is walking around the gallery with her famous

co-star, Michael. They should be the perfect couple, but there is tension. Anna is not happy.

 MICHAEL

 Smile.

 ANNA

 No.

 MICHAEL

 Smile.

 ANNA

 I've got nothing to smile about.

 MICHAEL

 Okay in about 7 seconds, I'm going to ask you to marry me.

 And after a couple of seconds -- wow -- she smiles.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 SPIKE

 Imagine -- somewhere in the world there's a man who's allowed to kiss

 her.

 WILLIAM

 Yes, she is fairly fabulous.

 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

 The next day. William and Martin quietly co-existing.

An annoy- ing customer enters. Mr. Smith.

 MR. SMITH

 Do you have any books by Dickens?

 WILLIAM

 No, we're a travel bookshop. We only

 sell travel books.

 MR. SMITH

 On right. How about that new John Grisham thriller?

 WILLIAM

 No, that's a novel too.

 MR. SMITH

 Oh right. Have you got a copy of 'Winnie the Pooh'?

 Pause.

 WILLIAM

 Martin -- your customer.

 MARTIN

 Can I help you?

 William looks up. At that moment the entire window is suddenly taken up by the

huge side of a bus, obscuring the light – and entirely covered with a portrait of

Anna -- from her new film, "Helix."

 INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - CONDOR/LIVING ROOM - DAY

 William heads upstairs and pauses.

Spike coming down, wearing full body scuba diving gear.

 SPIKE

 Hey.

 WILLIAM

 Hi...

 INT. WILLIAM'S KITCHEN - DAY

 The two of them fixing a cup of tea in the kitchen.

 WILLIAM

 Just incidentally -- why are you wearing that?

 SPIKE

 Ahm -- combination of factors really. No clean clothes...

 WILLIAM

 There never will be, you know, unless you actually clean your clothes.

 SPIKE

 Right. Vicious circle. And then I was like rooting around in your things,

 and found this, and I thought -- cool. Kind of spacey.

 EXT. WILLIAM'S TERRACE - DAY

 The two of them on the rooftop terrace, passing the day. William is reading 'The

bookseller.' The terrace is small and the plants aren't great –

but it overlooks London in a rather wonderful way. Spike still in scuba gear, goggles on.

 SPIKE

 There's something wrong with the goggles though...

 WILLIAM

 No, they were prescription, so I could see all the fishes properly.

 SPIKE

 Groovy. You should do more of this stuff.

 WILLIAM

 So -- any messages?

 SPIKE

 Yeh, I wrote a couple down.

 WILLIAM

 Two? That's it?

 SPIKE

 You want me to write down all your messages?

 William closes his eyes in exasperation.

 WILLIAM

 Who were the ones you didn't write down from?

 SPIKE

 Ahm let's see -- ahm. No. Gone

 completely. Oh no, wait. There was –

one from your mum: she said don't forget lunch and her leg's hurting again.

 WILLIAM

 Right. No one else?

 SPIKE

 Absolutely not.

 Spike looks back and relaxes.

 SPIKE

 Though if we're going for this obsessive writing-down-all-messages

 thing -- some American girl called Anna called a few days ago.

 William freezes -- then looks at Spike.

 WILLIAM

 What did she say?

 SPIKE

 Well, it was genuinely bizarre... she said, hi -- it's Anna -- and then

 she said, call me at the Ritz – and then gave herself a completely different name.

 WILLIAM

 Which one?

 SPIKE

 Absolutely no idea. Remembering one name's bad enough...

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

 William on the phone. We hear the formal man at the other end of

 the phone. And then intercut with him.

 WILLIAM

 Hello.

 RITZ MAN (V.O.)

 May I help you, sir?

 WILLIAM

 Ahm, look this is a very odd situation. I'm a friend of Anna

 Scott's -- and she rang me at home the day before yesterday -- and left a

 message saying she's staying with you...

 INT. RITZ RECEPTION - DAY

 RITZ MAN

 I'm sorry, we don't have anyone of that name here, sir.

 WILLIAM

 No, that's right -- I know that. She said she's using another name -- but

 the problem is she left the message with my flatmate, which was a serious

 mistake.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM

 WILLIAM (cont'd)

 Imagine if you will the stupidest person you've ever met -- are you

 doing that...?

 Spike happens to be in the foreground of this shot. He's read- ing a newspaper.

 RITZ MAN

 Yes, sir. I have him in my mind.

 WILLIAM

 And then double it -- and that is the -- what can I say -- git I'm living

 with and he cannot remember...

 SPIKE

 Try 'Flinstone.'

 WILLIAM

 (to Spike)

 What?

 SPIKE

 I think she said her name was 'Flinstone.'

 WILLIAM

 Does 'Flinstone' mean anything to you?

 RITZ MAN

 I'll put you right through, sir.

 Flinstone is indeed the magic word.

 WILLIAM

 Oh my God.

 He practices how to sound.

 WILLIAM

 Hello. Hi. Hi.

 ANNA (V.O.)

 Hi.

 We hear her voice -- don't see her.

 WILLIAM

 (caught out)

 Oh hi. It's William Thacker. We, ahm I work in a bookshop.

 ANNA (V.O.)

 You played it pretty cool here, waiting for three days to call.

 WILLIAM

 No, I've never played anything cool in my entire life. Spike, who I'll

 stab to death later, never gave me the message.

 ANNA (V.O.)

 Oh -- Okay.

 WILLIAM

 Perhaps I could drop round for tea or something?

 ANNA (V.O.)

 Yeh -- unfortunately, things are going to be pretty busy, but... okay,

 let's give it a try. Four o'clock could be good.

 WILLIAM

 Right. Great.

 (he hangs up)

 Classic. Classic.

 EXT. RITZ - DAY

 William jumps off a bus and walks toward the Ritz. He carries a

 small bunch of roses.

 INT. RITZ HOTEL - DAY

 He approaches the lifts. At the lift, he pushes the button and

 the doors open. As he is getting in, William is jointed by a

 young man. His name is Tarquin.

 WILLIAM

 Which floor?

 TARQUIN

 Three.

 William pushes the button. They wait for the doors to close.

 INT. RITZ CORRIDOR - DAY

 The lift lands. William gets out. So does Tarquin. Rooms

 30-35 are to the left. 35-39 to the right. William heads right.

 So does Tarquin.

 William is puzzled. He slows down as he approaches room 38. So

 does Tarquin. William spots, so does Tarquin. William points

 at the number.

 WILLIAM

 Are you sure you...?

 TARQUIN

 Yes.

 WILLIAM

 Oh. Right.

 He knocks. A bright, well-tailored American girl opens the door.

 KAREN

 Hello, I'm Karen. Sorry – things are running a bit late. Here's the

 thing...

 She hands them a very slick, expensively produced press kits,

 with the poster picture of Anna, for the film 'Helix.'

 INT. THE TRAFALGAR SUITE ANTE-ROOM - DAY

 A few seconds later -- they enter the main waiting room. There

 are a number of journalists waiting for their audience.

 KAREN

 What did you think of the film?

 TARQUIN

 Marvellous. 'Close Encounters' meets 'Jean De Forette.' Oscar-

 winning stuff.

 They both turn to William for his opinion.

 WILLIAM

 I agree.

 KAREN

 I'm sorry I didn't get down what magazines you're from.

 TARQUIN

 'Time Out.'

 KAREN

 Great. And you...

 WILLIAM

 (seeing it on a coffee table)

 'Horse and Hound.' The name's William Whacker. I think she might

 be expecting me.

 KAREN

 Okay -- take a seat. I'll check.

 They sit down as Karen goes off.

 TARQUIN

 You've brought her flowers?

 William goes for the cover-up.

 WILLIAM

 No -- they're... for my grandmother. She's in a hospital nearby. Thought

 I'd kill two birds with one stone.

 TARQUIN

 I'm sorry. Which hospital? Pause. He's in trouble.

 WILLIAM

 Do you mind me not saying -- it's a rather distressing disease and the

 name of the hospital rather gives it away.

 TARQUIN

 Oh sure. Of course.

 KAREN

 Mr. Thacker.

 Saved by the bell.

 INT. TRAFALGAR SUIT CORRIDOR - DAY

 KAREN

 You've got five minutes.

 He is shown in through big golden doors. Karen stays outside.

 INT. THE TRAFALGAR SUITE SITTING ROOM - DAY

 There Anna is, framed in the window. Glorious.

 WILLIAM

 Hi.

 ANNA

 Hello.

 WILLIAM

 I brought these, but clearly...

 There are lots of other flowers in the room.

 ANNA

 Oh no, ho -- these are great.

 A fair amount of tension. These two people hardly know each other –

and the first and last time they met, they kissed.

 WILLIAM

 Sorry about not ringing back. The whole two-names concept was totally

too much for my flatman's pea-sized intellect.

 ANNA

 No, it's a stupid privacy thing. I always choose a cartoon character --

 last time out, I was Mrs. Bambi.

 At which moment Jeremy, Karen's boss, comes in. A fairly grave,

 authoritative fifty-year-old PR man consulting a list.

 JEREMY

 Everything okay?

 ANNA

 Yes, thanks.

 JEREMY

 And you are from 'Horse and Hound' magazine?

 William nods.

 ANNA

 Is that so?

 William shrugs his shoulders. Jeremy settles at a little desk in the corner and

makes notes. A pause. William feels he has to act the part.

They sit in chairs opposite each other.

 WILLIAM

 So I'll just fire away, shall I?

 Anna nods.

 WILLIAM

 Right. Ahm... the film's great... and I just wondered -- whether you

 ever thought of having more... horses in it?

 ANNA

 Ahm -- well -- we would have liked to -- but it was difficult, obviously,

 being set in space.

 WILLIAM

 Obviously. Very difficult.

 Jeremy leaves.

 William puts his head in his hands. He was panic.

 WILLIAM

 I'm sorry -- I arrived outside – they thrust this thing into my hand –

I don't know what to do.

 ANNA

 No, it's my fault, I thought this would all be over by now. I just

 wanted to sort of apologize for the kissing thing. I seriously don't

 know what got in to me. I just wanted to make sure you were fine about it.

 WILLIAM

 Absolutely fine about it.

 Re-enter Jeremy.

 JEREMY

 Do remember that Miss Scott is also keen to talk about her next project,

 which is shooting later in the summer.

 WILLIAM

 Oh yes -- excellent. Ahm -- any horses in that one?

Or hounds, of course. Our readers are equally intrigued by both

 species.

 ANNA

 It takes place on a submarine.

 WILLIAM

 Yes. Right... But if there were horses, would you be riding them yourself

or would you be getting a stunt horse person double sort of thing?

 Jeremy exits.

 WILLIAM

 I'm just a complete moron. Sorry. This is the sort of thing that happens

 in dreams -- not in real life. Good dreams, obviously -- it's a dream to

 see you.

 ANNA

 And what happens next in the dream?

 It's a challenge.

 WILLIAM

 Well, I suppose in the dream scenario. I just... ahm, change my personality,

 because you can do that in dreams, and walk across and kiss the girl but

you know it'll never happen.

 Pause. Then they move towards each other when... Jeremy enters.

 JEREMY

 Time's up, I'm afraid. Sorry it was so short.

Did you get what you wanted?

 WILLIAM

 Very neatly.

 JEREMY

 Maybe time for one last question?

 WILLIAM

 Right.

 Jeremy goes out -- it's their last seconds.

 WILLIAM

 Are you busy tonight?

 ANNA

 Yes.

 They look at each other. Jeremy enters, with another journalists in row.

Anna and William stand and shake hands formally.

 ANNA

 Well, it was nice to meet you. Surreal but nice.

 WILLIAM

 Thank you. You are 'Horse and Hound's' favorite actress.

You and Black Beauty. Tied.

 INT. TRAFALGAR SUITE CORRIDOR - DAY

 William exits fairly despondent and heads for the door. Tarquin

 is in the corridor calling on his mobile phone.

 TARQUIN

 How was she?

 WILLIAM

 Fabulous.

 TARQUIN

 Wait a minute -- she took your grandmother's flowers?

 William can't think his way out of this.

 WILLIAM

 Yes. That's right. Bitch.

 He turns to go, but is accosted by Karen.

 KAREN

 If you'd like to come with me we can rush you through the others.

 WILLIAM

 The others?

 INT. RITZ INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

 KAREN

 Mr. Thacker's from 'Horse and Hound.'

 A forty-year-old actor with great presence warmly shakes William's hand.

 MALE LEAD

 Please to meet you. Did you like the film?

 WILLIAM

 Ah... yes, enormously.

 MALE LEAD

 Well, fire away.

 WILLIAM

 Right, right. Ahm -- did you enjoy making the film?

 MALE LEAD

 I did.

 WILLIAM

 Any bit in particular?

 MALE LEAD

 Well, you tell me which bit you liked most -- and I'll tell you if I enjoyed

 making it.

 WILLIAM

 Ahm right, right, I liked the bit in space very much. Did you enjoy

 making that bit?

 INT. RITZ INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

 Same room same seat, minutes later, with a monolingual foreign

 actor and an interpreter.

 WILLIAM

 Did you identify with the character you were playing?

 INTERPRETER

 Te identicaste con el personaje que interpretabas?

 FOREIGN ACTOR

 No.

 INTERPRETER

 No.

 WILLIAM

 Ah. Why not?

 INTERPRETER

 Por que no?

 FOREIGN ACTOR

 Porque es un robot carnivore psicopata.

 INTERPRETER

 Because he is playing a psychopathic flesh-eating robot.

 WILLIAM

 Classic.

 INT. RITZ INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

 And now William is sitting opposite an eleven-year-old American

 girl.

 WILLIAM

 Is this your first film?

 GIRL

 No -- it's my 22nd.

 WILLIAM

 Of course it is. Any favorite among the 22?

 GIRL

 Working with Leonardo.

 WILLIAM

 Da Vinci?

 GIRL

 Di Caprio.

 WILLIAM

 Of course. And is he your favorite Italian film director?

 INT. RITZ CORRIDOR - DAY

 William emerges traumatized into the corridor. It is full of

 camera crews. And there is Karen.

 KAREN

 Mr. Thacker?

 WILLIAM

 (so weary)

 Yes?

 KAREN

 Have you got a moment?

 INT. ANNA'S SUITE SITTING ROOM - DAY

 They knock on her door.

 ANNA (V.O.)

 Come in.

 William enters. A certain nervousness. They are alone again.

 ANNA

 Ahm. That thing I was doing tonight -- I'm not doing it any more. I told

 them I had to spend the evening with Britain's premier equestrian

 journalist.

 WILLIAM

 Oh well, great. Perfect. Oh no -- shittity brickitty -- it's my sister's

 birthday -- shit -- we're meant to be having dinner.

 ANNA

 Okay -- fine.

 WILLIAM

 But no, I'm sure I can get out of it.

 ANNA

 No, I mean, if it's fine with you, I'll, you know, be your date.

 WILLIAM

 You'll be my date at my little sister's birthday party.

 ANNA

 If that's all right.

 WILLIAM

 I'm sure it's all right. My friend Max is cooking and he's acknowledged

 to be the worst cook in the world, but you know, you could hide the food in

 your handbag or something.

 ANNA

 Okay.

 WILLIAM

 Okay.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 Bella and Max are in the kitchen.

 MAX

 He's bringing a girl?

 BELLA

 Miracles do happen.

 MAX

 Does the girl have a name?

 BELLA

 He wouldn't say.

 MAX

 Christ, what is going on in there?

 The oven seems to be smoking a little. Then the bell rings.

 MAX (cont'd)

 Oh God.

 It's had timing. Max shoots out of the kitchen.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

 Max heads for the door impatiently. He opens it and turns back

 without looking at William and Anna standing there.

 MAX

 Come on in. Vague food crisis.

 William and Anna move along the corridor to the kitchen.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 Bella is there.

 BELLA

 Hiya -- sorry -- the guinea fowl is proving more complicated than

 expected.

 WILLIAM

 He's cooking guinea fowl?

 BELLA

 Don't even ask.

 ANNA

 Hi.

 BELLA

 Hi. Good Lord -- you're the spitting image of...

 WILLIAM

 Bella -- this is Anna.

 BELLA

 Right.

 (pause)

 MAX

 Okay. Crisis over.

 He rises from his stove position.

 WILLIAM

 Max. This is Anna.

 MAX

 Hello, Anna ahm...

 (He recognizes her – the word just falls out)

 Scott -- have some wine.

 ANNA

 Thank you.

 Door bell goes.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

 Max opens the door -- it is Honey.

 MAX

 Hi.

 She does a little pose, having worn a real party dress.

 MAX

 Yes, Happy Birthday.

 They head back along the corridor.

 MAX

 Look, your brother has brought this girl, and ahm...

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 They enter the kitchen.

 HONEY

 Hi guys.

 (sees Anna)

 Oh holy fuck.

 WILLIAM

 Hun -- this is Anna. Anna -- this is Honey -- she's my baby sitter.

 ANNA

 Hiya.

 HONEY

 Oh God this is one of those key moments

 in life, when it's possible you can be really, genuinely cool -- and totally

 and utterly adore you and I think you're the most beautiful woman in the

 world and more importantly I genuinely believe and have believed for

some time now that we can be best friends. What do you think?

 ANNA

 Ahm... I think that sounds -- you know -- lucky me. Happy Birthday.

 She hands her a present.

 HONEY

 Oh my God. You gave me a present. We're best friends already. Marry

 Will -- he's a really nice guy and then we can be sisters.

 ANNA

 I'll think about it.

 The front door bell goes.

 MAX

 That'll be Bernie.

 He heads out into the corridor to the front door.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

 Max opens the door.

 MAX

 Hello, Bernie.

 BERNIE

 I'm sorry I'm so late. Bollocksed up at work again, I fear. Millions down

 the drain.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 They enter the room.

 MAX

 Bernie -- this is Anna.

 BERNIE

 Hello, Anna. Delighted to meet you.

 Doesn't recognize her -- turns to Honey.

 BERNIE

 Honey Bunny -- happy birthday to you. (hands her a present)

 It's a hat. You don't have to wear it or anything.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 A minute or two later -- they are standing, drinking wine before dinner.

Bernie with Anna on their own -- William helping Max in the kitchen.

 MAX

 You haven't slept with her, have you?

 WILLIAM

 That is a cheap question and the answer is, of course, no comment.

 MAX

 'No comment' means 'yes.'

 WILLIAM

 No, it doesn't.

 MAX

 Do you ever masturbate?

 WILLIAM

 Definitely no comment.

 MAX

 You see -- it means 'yes.'

 Then on to Bernie's conversation.

 BERNIE

 So tell me Anna -- what do you do?

 ANNA

 I'm an actress.

 BERNIE

 Splendid. I'm actually in the stock- market, so not really similar fields,

 though I have done some amateur stuff -- P.G. Wodehouse, you know –

farce, all that. 'Ooh -- careful there, vicar.' Always imagined it's a

 pretty tough job, though, acting. I mean the wages are a scandal, aren't they?

 ANNA

 Well, they can be.

 BERNIE

 I see friends from university -- clever chaps -- been in the business

 longer than you -- they're scraping by on seven, eight thousand a year.

 It's no life. What sort of acting do you do?

 ANNA

 Films mainly.

 BERNIE

 Oh splendid. Well done. How's the pay in movies? I mean, last film you

 did, what did you get paid?

 ANNA

 Fifteen million dollars.

 BERNIE

 Right. Right. So that's... fairly good. On the high side... have you

 tried the nuts?

 MAX

 Right -- I think we're ready.

 They all move towards the kitchen.

 ANNA

 (to Bella)

 I wonder if you could tell me where the...?

 BELLA

 Oh, it's just down the corridor on the right.

 HONEY

 I'll show you.

 A moment's silence as they leave -- then in a split second the

 others all turn to William.

 BELLA

 Quickly, quickly -- talk very quickly what are you doing here with Anna

 Scott?

 BERNIE

 Anna Scott?

 BELLA

 Yes.

 BERNIE

 The movie star?

 BELLA

 Yup.

 BERNIE

 Oh God. Oh God. Oh Goddy God.

 The horror of his remembered conversation slowly unfolds.

 Honey re-enters.

 HONEY

 I don't believe it. I walked into the loo with her. I was still talking when

 she started unbuttoning her jeans... She had to ask me to leave.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

 A little later. They are sat at dinner. Bella next to Anna.

 BELLA

 What do you think of the guinea fowl?

 ANNA

 (whispering) I'm a vegetarian.

 BELLA

 Oh God.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

 Moving through the evening -- they are very relaxed, as they eat dinner. A few

seconds watching the evening going well – Anna is taking this in -- real friends –

relaxed -- easy, teasing. And there's a cake. Honey wears Bernie's unsuitable

hat. Anna watches William laughing at something and then putting his head

 in his hands with mock shame.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

 Coffee time.

 MAX

 Having you here, Anna, firmly establishes what I've long suspected,

 that we really are the most desperate hot of under-achievers.

 BERNIE

 Shame!

 MAX

 I'm not saying it's a bad thing, in fact, I think it's something we should

 take pride in. I'm going to give the last brownie as a prize to the saddest

 act here.

 A little pause. Then William turns to Bernie.

 WILLIAM

 Bernie.

 BERNIE

 Well, obviously it's me, isn't it -- I work in the City in a job I don't

 understand and everyone keeps getting promoted above me. I haven't had

a girlfriends since... puberty and, well, the long and short of it is, nobody

fancies me, and if these cheeks get any chubbier, they never will.

 HONEY

 Nonsense. I fancy you. Or I did before you got so far.

 MAX

 You see -- and unless I'm much mistaken, your job still pays you rather a

lot of money, while Honey here, she earns nothing flogging her guts out at

 London's seediest record store.

 HONEY

 Yes. And I don't have hair -- I've got feathers, and I've got funny goggly

 eyes, and I'm attracted to cruel men and... no one'll ever marry me

because my boosies have actually started shrinking.

 MAX

 You see -- incredibly sad.

 BELLA

 On the other hand, her best friend is Anna Scott.

 HONEY

 That's true, I can't deny it. She needs me, what can I say?

 BELLA

 And most of her limbs work. Whereas I'm stuck in its thing day and night,

 in a house full of ramps. And to add insult to serious injury -- I've

 totally given up smoking, my favorite thing, and the truth is... we can't

 have a baby.

 Dead silence.

 WILLIAM

 Bella.

 Bella shrugs her shoulders. Bernie is totally grief-struck.

 BERNIE

 No. Not true...

 BELLA

 C'est la vie... We're lucky in lots of ways, but... Surely it's worth a

 brownie.

 William reaches for her hand. Max breaks the sombre mood.

 MAX

 Well, I don't know. Look at William. Very unsuccessful

 professionally. Divorced. Used to be handsome, now kind of squidgy

 around the edges -- and absolutely certain never to hear from Anna again

 after she's heard that his nickname at school was Floppy.

 They all laugh. Anna smiles across at William.

 WILLIAM

 So I get the brownie?

 MAX

 I think you do, yes.

 ANNA

 Wait a minute. What about me?

 MAX

 I'm sorry? You think you deserve the brownie?

 ANNA

 Well... a shot at it.

 WILLIAM

 You'll have to prove it. This is a

 great brownie and I'm going to fight

 for it. State your claim.

 ANNA

 Well, I've been on a diet since I was nineteen, which means basically I've

 been hungry for a decade. I've had a sequence of not nice boyfriends –

 one of whom hit me: an every time my heart gets broken it gets splashed

across the newspapers as entertainment.

Meantime, it cost millions to get me looking like this...

 HONEY

 Really?

 ANNA

 Really -- and one day, not long from now...

 While she says this, quiet settles around the table. The thing is –

she sort of means it and is opening up to them.

 ANNA

 ... my looks will go, they'll find out

 I can't act and I'll become a sad

 middle-aged woman who looks a bit like

 someone who was famous for a while.

 Silence... they all look at her... then.

 MAX

 Nah!!! Nice try, gorgeous -- but you don't fool anyone.

 The mood is instantly broken. They all laugh.

 WILLIAM

 Pathetic effort to hog the brownie.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

 Anna and William are leaving.

 ANNA

 That was such a great evening.

 MAX

 I'm delighted.

 He holds out his hand to shake. She kisses him on the cheek.

 He stumbles back with joy.

 ANNA

 And may I say that's a gorgeous tie.

 MAX

 Now you're lying.

 ANNA

 You're right. I told you I was bad at acting.

 Max loves this.

 ANNA

 (to Bella)

 Lovely to meet you.

 BELLA

 And you. I'll wait till you've gone before I tell him you're a

 vegetarian.

 MAX

 No!

 ANNA

 Night, night, Honey.

 HONEY

 I'm so sorry about the loo thing. I meant to leave but I just...

 look, ring me if you need someone to go shopping with. I know lots of

 nice, cheap places... not that money necessarily... (gives up)

nice to meet you.

 And Honey gives her a huge hug.

 ANNA

 You too -- from now on you are my style guru.

 Anna and William head out... Bernie tries to save some dignity.

 BERNIE

 Love your work.

 They move to the door and wave goodbye.

 EXT. MAX AND BELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

 William and Anna step outside. From inside they hear a massive

 and hysterical scream of the friends letting out their true

 feelings. William is a little embarrassed.

 WILLIAM

 Sorry -- they always do that when I leave the house.

 The house is in Lansdowne Road, on the edge of Notting Hill.

 They walk for a moment. A bit of silence.

 ANNA

 Floppy, huh?

 WILLIAM

 It's the hair! It's to do with the hair.

 ANNA

 Why is she in a wheelchair?

 WILLIAM

 It was an accident -- about eighteen months ago.

 ANNA

 And the pregnancy thing -- is that to do with the accident?

 WILLIAM

 You know, I'm not sure. I don't think they'd tried for kids before,

 as fate would have it.

 They walk in silence for a moment. Then...

 WILLIAM

 Would you like to come... my house is just...?

 She smiles and shakes her head.

 ANNA

 Too complicated.

 WILLIAM

 That's fine.

 ANNA

 Busy tomorrow?

 WILLIAM

 I thought you were leaving.

 ANNA

 I was.

 EXT. NOTTING HILL GARDEN - NIGHT

 A little later in the walk.

 ANNA

 What's in there?

 They are now walking by a five foot railing, with foliage behind it.

 WILLIAM

 Gardens. All these streets round here have these mysterious communal

 gardens in the middle of them. They're like little village.

 ANNA

 Let's go in.

 WILLIAM

 Ah no -- that's the point -- they're private villages -- only the people

 who live round the edges are allowed in.

 ANNA

 You abide by rules like that?

 WILLIAM

 Ahm...

 Her look makes it clear that she is waiting with interest on the answer to this.

 WILLIAM

 Heck no -- other people do -- but not me -- I just do what I want.

 He rattles the gate, then starts his climb -- but doesn't quite make it,

and falls back onto the pavement...

 WILLIAM

 (casually) Whoopsidaisies.

 ANNA

 What did you say?

 WILLIAM

 Nothing.

 ANNA

 Yes, you did.

 WILLIAM

 No, I didn't.

 ANNA

 You said "whoopsidaisies."

 Tiny pause.

 WILLIAM

 I don't think so. No one has said "whoopsidaisies," do they -- I mean

 unless they're...

 ANNA

 There's no "unless." No one has said "whoopsidaisies" for fifty years and

 even then it was only little girls with blonde ringlets.

 WILLIAM

 Exactly. Here we go again.

 He fails, and unfortunately spontaneously...

 WILLIAM

 Whoopsidaisies.

 They look at each other.

 WILLIAM

 It's a disease I've got -- it's a clinical thing, I'm taking pills and

 having injections -- it won't last long.

 ANNA

 Step aside.

 She starts to climb.

 WILLIAM

 Actually be careful Anna -- it's harder than it looks...

 But she's already almost over.

 WILLIAM

 Oh no it's not -- it's easy.

 A few seconds later. Anna jumps down into the garden.

 ANNA

 Come on, Flops.

 William clambers over with terrible difficulty, dusts himself

 off, and heads towards where she stands.

 WILLIAM

 Now seriously -- what in the world in this garden could make that

 ordeal worthwhile?

 She leans forward -- and, for the firs time since the first

 time -- she kisses him. This time a proper kiss. A tiny pause.

 WILLIAM

 Nice garden.

 EXT. MAGIC GARDEN - NIGHT

 They walk around the garden. It's a moonlit dream. We see

 the lights of the houses that surround the garden. They come

 across a single, simple wooden bench.

 ANNA

 "For June, who loved this garden --

 from Joseph who always sat beside her."

 We cut in and see an inscription carved into the wood. She

 doesn't read the dates, carved below -- "June Wetherby, 1917

 - 1992." She is slightly chocked by it.

 ANNA

 Some people do spend their whole

 lives together.

 He nods. They are standing on either side of the bench, looking at each other.

The camera glides away from them, up into the night sky,

leaving them alone in the garden. Music plays.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

 William in a towel rushes downstairs, having just had a shower.

 He shoots past Spike.

 WILLIAM

 Bollocks, bollocks, bollocks. Have you seen my glasses?

 SPIKE

 No, 'fraid not.

 WILLIAM

 Bollocks.

 (still searching -- with no help from Spike)

 This happens every time I go to the cinema. Average day, my glasses are

 everywhere -- everywhere I look, glasses. But the moment I need them

 they disappear. It's one of life's real cruelties.

 SPIKE

 That's compared to, like, earthquakes in the Far East or

 testicular cancer?

 WILLIAM

 Oh shit, is that the time? I have to go.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM/CORRIDOR - EVENING

 He sprints downstairs, now fully dressed.

 WILLIAM

 (not meaning it) Thanks for your help on the glasses thing.

 SPIKE

 (sincerely) You're welcome. Did you find them?

 WILLIAM

 Sort of.

 INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

 Mid-film. We move across the audience. And there is in the middle of it, we seeAnna, watching the screen, and next to her, William, watching the film keenly, through his scuba- diving goggles.

 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

 A very smart Japanese restaurant.

We see Anna and William sitting, near the end of their meal.

 ANNA

 So who left who?

 WILLIAM

 She left me.

 ANNA

 Why?

 WILLIAM

 She saw through me.

 ANNA

 Uh-oh. That's not good.

 We've been aware of the conversation at a nearby table -- now we can hear it.

Two slightly rowdy men.

 LAWRENCE

 No - No- No! Give me Anna Scott any day.

 William and Anna look at each other.

 GERALD

 I didn't like that last film of hers. Fast asleep from the moment the

 lights went down.

 Again -- Anna reacts.

 LAWRENCE

 Don't really care what the film are like. Any film with her in it --

 fine by me.

 GERALD

 No -- not my type at all really. I prefer that other one -- blonde --

 sweet looking -- has an orgasm every time you take her out for a cup of

 coffee.

 Anna mouths "Meg Ryan."

 LAWRENCE

 Meg Ryan.

 William and Anna smile -- they're enjoying it.

 GERALD

 Drug-induced, I hear -- I believe she's actually in rehab as we speak.

 LAWRENCE

 Whatever, she's so clearly up for it.

 Anna's twinkle fades.

 LAWRENCE

 You know -- some girls, they're all "stay away chum" but Anna, she's

 absolutely gagging for it. Do you know that in over fifty percent of

 languages the word for "actress" is the same as the word for "prostitute."

 This is horrible.

 LAWRENCE

 And Anna is your definitive actress -- someone really filthy you can just

 flip over...

 WILLIAM

 Right, that's it.

 He gets up and goes round the cover to the men. There are in fact four of them,

the two meeker men, Gavin and Harry, hanging on the other guys' witty words.

 WILLIAM

 I'm sorry to disturb you guys but --

 LAWRENCE

 Can I help you?

 WILLIAM

 Well, yes, I wish I hadn't overheard your conversation -- but I did and I

 just think, you know...

 He's not a very convincing or frightening figure.

 WILLIAM

 ...the person you're talking about is a real person and I think she

 probably deserves a little bit more consideration, rather than having

 jerks like you drooling over her...

 LAWRENCE

 Oh sod off, mate. What are you, her dad?

 Anna suddenly appears at his side and whips him away without being recognized.

 WILLIAM

 I'm sorry.

 ANNA

 No, that's fine. I love that you tried... time was I'd have done the

 same.

 They walk on and then...

 ANNA

 In fact -- give me a second.

 And she walks straight back to their table.

 ANNA

 Hi.

 LAWRENCE

 Oh my God...

 ANNA

 I'm sorry about my friend -- he's very sensitive.

 LAWRENCE

 No, look, I'm sorry...

 ANNA

 Please, please -- let's just leave it there. I'm sure you meant no harm,

 and I'm sure it was just friendly banter and I'm sure you dicks are all

 the size of peanuts. A perfect match for the size of your brains. Enjoy

 your meal. The tuna's really good.

 And she walks away. Gerald turns to Lawrence.

 GERALD

 You prick.

 EXT. RITZ ARCADE - NIGHT

 They are walking.

 ANNA

 I shouldn't have done that. I shouldn't have done that.

 WILLIAM

 No, you were brilliant

 ANNA

 I'm rash and I'm stupid and what am I doing with you?

 WILLIAM

 I don't know, I'm afraid.

 ANNA

 I don't know either.

 They have arrived at the end of the arcade.

 ANNA

 Here we are.

 (pause)

 Do you want to come up?

 WILLIAM

 (he hoes)

 There seem to be lots of reasons why I shouldn't.

 ANNA

 There are lots of reasons. Do you want to come up?

 His look says yes.

 ANNA

 Give me five minutes.

 He watches her go -- and stands in the street. Music plays.

 INT. RITZ CORRIDOR/ANNA'S SUITE - NIGHT

 William coming along the hotel corridor. He knocks on the door.

 ANNA

 Hiya.

 There's something slightly angry. He doesn't notice.

 WILLIAM

 Hi.

 He kisses her gently on the cheek.

 WILLIAM

 To be able to do that is such a wonderful thing.

 ANNA

 (pause)

 You've got to go.

 WILLIAM

 Why?

 ANNA

 Because my boyfriend, who I thought was in America, is in fact in the

 next room.

 WILLIAM

 Your boyfriend?

 He is duly shocked. She's trying to be calm.

 ANNA

 Yes...

 JEFF (V.O.)

 Who is this?

 Jeff drifts into view behind. He is a very famous film star and looks the part –

well built, very handsome. Unshaved, he has magic charm, whatever he says.

Over a t-shirt, he wears a shirt, which he unbuttons as he talks.

 WILLIAM

 Ahm... room service.

 JEFF

 How you doing? I thought you guys all wore those penguin coats.

 WILLIAM

 Well, yes -- usually -- I'd just changed to go home -- but I thought

 I'd just deal with this final call.

 JEFF

 Oh great. Could you do me a favor and try to get us some really cold

 water up here.

 WILLIAM

 I'll see what I can do.

 JEFF

 Still, not sparkling.

 WILLIAM

 Absolutely. Ice cold still water.

 JEFF

 Unless it's illegal in the UK to serve liquids below room temperature:

 I don't want you going to jail just to satisfy my whims...

 WILLIAM

 No, I'm sure it'll be fine.

 JEFF

 And maybe you could just adios the dishes and empty the trash.

 WILLIAM

 Right.

 And he does just that.

Scoops up the two used plates and heads to the bin.

 ANNA

 Really -- don't do that -- I'm sure this is not his job.

 JEFF

 I'm sorry. Is this a problem?

 WILLIAM

 Ah -- no. It's fine.

 JEFF

 What's your name?

 WILLIAM

 Ahm... Bernie.

 Jeff slips him a fiver.

 JEFF

 Thank you, Bernie. (to Anna) Hey -- nice surprise, or nasty

 surprise?

 ANNA

 Nice surprise.

 He kisses her.

 JEFF

 Liar.

 (to William)

 She hates surprises. What are you ordering?

 ANNA

 I haven't decided.

 JEFF

 Well, don't over-do it. I don't want people saying. "There goes that

 famous actor with the big, fat girlfriend."

 He wanders off taking off his t-shirt.

 WILLIAM

 I better leave.

 Anna just nods.

 WILLIAM

 -- this is a fairly strange reality to be faced with. To be honest, I

 don't realize...

 ANNA

 I'm sorry... I don't know what to say.

 WILLIAM

 I think good bye is traditional.

 INT. RITZ CORRIDOR - NIGHT

 William walks away.

 EXT. RITZ - NIGHT

 William walks down the arcade outside the hotel. He is stunned.

 EXT. LONDON BUS - NIGHT

 William sits alone on a bus. We see him through the side window.

As it drives away, we see that the whole back of the bus is taken up with a huge

picture of Anna.

 INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

 He gets into his room and sits on the bed.

 INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

 Space Anna, in the very hi-tech environment and a serious moods, fastens the last

claps on her uniform. She takes a helmet type thing, and places it on her head.

 INT. CONNECT CINEMA - NIGHT

 Cut round to the Coronet cinema where this film is showing. It's not full.

The camera moves and finds, sitting on his own...William. Just watching.

We see a momentous flash of light from the screen explode, reflected in his eye.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

 William is looking out the window, lost in thought. Spike enters.

 SPIKE

 Come on -- open up -- this is me -- Spikey -- I'm in contact with some

 quite important spiritual vibrators. What's wrong?

 Spike settles on the arm of a chair. William decides to open up a bit...

 WILLIAM

 Well, okay. There's this girl...

 SPIKE

 Aha! I'd been getting a female vibe. Good. Speak on, dear friend.

 WILLIAM

 She's someone I just can't – and it's as if I've taken love-heroin --

 and now I can't even have it again. I've opened Pandora's box. And

 there's trouble inside.

 Spike nods thoughtfully.

 SPIKE

 Yeh. Yeh...tricky...tricky...I knew a girl at school called Pandora

 ... never got to see her box though.

 He roars with laughter. William smiles.

 WILLIAM

 Thanks. Yes -- very helpful.

 INT. TONY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

 Only two tables are being used. William and his friends are on their first course.

Bernie reads an "Evening Standard," with a picture of Anna and left at Heathrow

Airport.

 MAX

 You didn't know she had a boyfriend?

 WILLIAM

 No -- did you?

 Their looks make it obvious that everyone did.

 WILLIAM

 Bloody hell, I can't believe it -- my whole life ruined because I don't

 read "Hello" magazine.

 MAX

 Let's face facts. This was always a no-go situation. Anna's a goddess

 and you know what happens to morals who get involved with the gods.

 WILLIAM

 Buggered?

 MAX

 Every time. But don't despair – I think I have the solution to your

 problems.

 WILLIAM

 Really?

 They all look to him for wise words.

 MAX

 Her name is Tessa and she works in the contracts department. The hair,

 I admit, is unfashionable frizzy -- but she's as bright as a button and

 kisses like a nymphomaniac on death row. Apparently.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 The kitchen. William is looking uneasy. A doorbell rings.

 MAX

 Now -- try.

 William nods. Max heads off to the door. We stay with William

 -- and just hear the door open and a voice come down the corridor.

 TESSA (V.O.)

 I got completely lost -- it's real difficult, isn't it? Everything's

 got the word 'Kensington' in it -- Kensington Park Road, Kensington

 Gardens, Kensington bloody Park Gardens...

 They reach the kitchen. Tessa is a lush girl with a huge hair.

 MAX

 Tessa -- this is Bella my wife.

 TESSA

 Oh hello, you're in a wheelchair.

 BELLA

 That's right.

 MAX

 And this is William.

 TESSA

 Hello William. Max has told me everything about you.

 WILLIAM

 (frightened)

 Has he?

 TESSA

 Oh yes please. Come on, Willie, let's get sloshed.

 She turns to take the wine and William has a split second to send

 a message of panic to Bella. She agrees -- it's bad.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S KITCHEN/CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

 Max walks over to the table. Honey, Bella, William and another girl.

 MAX

 Keziah -- some woodcock?

 KEZIAH

 No, thank you -- I'm a fruitarian.

 MAX

 I don't realize that.

 It is left to William, who has been set up here, to fill the pause.

 WILLIAM

 And ahm -- what's a fruitarian exactly?

 KEZIAH

 We believe that fruits and vegetables have feels so we think cooking is

 cruel. We only eat things that have actually fallen from the tree or bush

 -- that are, in fact, dead already.

 WILLIAM

 Right. Right. Interesting stuff. (pause) So these carrots...

 KEZIAH

 Have been murdered, yes.

 WILLIAM

 Murdered? Poor carrots. How beastly.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

 Time for coffee and chocolates. Beside William sits the final,

 perfect girl. She is Rosie, quite young, smartly dressed,

 open-hearted. It is just Max and William and Bella and her.

 ROSIE

 Delicious coffee.

 MAX

 Thank you. I'm sorry about the lamb.

 ROSIE

 No -- I thought it was really, you know, interesting.

 WILLIAM

 Interesting means inedible.

 ROSIE

 Really inedible -- yes that's right.

 They all laugh. It's going very well.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

 William is with Rosie by the door -- just about to say goodbye.

 ROSIE

 Maybe we'll meet again some time.

 WILLIAM

 Yes. That would be...great.

 She kisses him gently on the cheek. He opens the door – she walks out.

He shuts the door quietly and heads back into the living room...

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 Max and Bella wait excitedly.

 MAX

 Well?

 WILLIAM

 She's perfect, perfect.

 BELLA

 And?

 William makes a gentle, exasperated gesture, then...

 WILLIAM

 I think you have forgotten...

 (he looks at them) what an unusual situation you have

 here -- to find someone you actually love, who'll love you -- the chances

 are... always minuscule. Look at me -- not counting the American -- I've

 only loved two girls in my whole life, both total disasters.

 MAX

 That's not fair.

 WILLIAM

 No really, one of them marries me and then leaves me quicker than you

can say Indiana Jones -- and the other, who seriously ought to have

known better, casually marries my best friend.

 BELLA

 (pause)

 Still loves you though.

 WILLIAM

 In a depressingly asexual way.

 BELLA

 (pause)

 I never fancied you much actually...

 They all roar with laughter.

 BELLA

 I mean I loved you -- you were terribly funny.

But all that kissing my ears...

 WILLIAM

 Oh no -- this is just getting worse. I am going to find myself, 30 years

 from now, still on this couch.

 BELLA

 Do you want to stay?

 WILLIAM

 Why not -- all that awaits me at home is a masturbating Welshman.

 Music starts to play to take us through these silent scenes.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 Max lifts Bella off her couch and carries her upstairs.

 Mix through -- William sits on the couch downstairs -- eyes wide

 open -- thinking.

 INT. MAX AND BELLA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

 Morning. Max, all in his suit for the city... Bella kisses him goodbye.

William sees this from the kitchen. She is also dressed for work –

and moves back into the kitchen to pack her briefcase with law books from the

kitchen table.

 EXT. MAX AND BELLA'S HOUSE - DAY

 William emerges from the house, a little ruffled from a night away from home,

a heads off.

 EXT. NEWSAGENT - DAY

 William walks past the newsagent, heading for home. We see, though he doesn't,

a rack of tabloid papers, all of which seem to have very grainy, grabbed pictures of

Annie on their front page. Headlines --'Annie Stunned'-- 'It's Definitely Her!' and 'Scott of Pantartica.'

 INT. WILLIAM'S BATHROOM - DAY

 William is shaving. The bell goes. He heads out to answer it.

 EXT./INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE -DAY

 William arrives at the door and opens it. There stands a dark- glassed Anna.

 ANNA

 Hi. Can I come in?

 WILLIAM

 Come in.

 She moves inside. Her hair is a mess -- her eyes are tired. Nothing idealized.

 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

 The two of them.

 ANNA

 They were taken years ago -- I know it was... well, I was poor and it

 happens a lot -- that's not an excuse -- but to make things worse, it now

 appears someone was filming me as well. So what was a stupid photo-

 shoot now looks like a porno film. And well... the pictures have been

 solid and they're everywhere.

 William shakes his head.

 ANNA

 I don't know where to go. The hotel is surrounded.

 WILLIAM

 This is the place.

 ANNA

 Thank you. I'm just in London for two days -- but, with your papers,

it's the worse place to be.

 She's very shaken.

 ANNA

 These are such horrible pictures.

 They're so grainy... they make me look like...

 WILLIAM

 Don't think about it. We'll sort it out. Now what would you like -- tea

 ... bath...?

 ANNA

 A bath would be great.

 INT. WILLIAM'S CORRIDOR - DAY

 Spike enters through the front door. William doesn't hear him.

 Spike is reading newspapers with the Anna pictures in it.

 SPIKE

 Christ alive... brilliant... fantastic.... magnificent...

 He heads up the stairs. Opens the bathroom door, walks in.

 INT. WILLIAM'S BATHROOM - DAY

 Spike heads for the toilet -- undoes his zip...

 ANNA

 You must be Spike.

 She's in the bath. Spike turns in shock -- and sidles out of the bathroom.

 INT. WILLIAM'S CORRIDOR - DAY

 Spike calms himself down. He then opens the bathroom door again –

and looks in.

 INT. WILLIAM'S BATHROOM - DAY

 Anna is still lying low in the bath.

 ANNA

 Hi.

 SPIKE

 Just checking.

 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

 Spike comes back out into the corridor. Looks to heaven.

 SPIKE

 Thank you, God.

 INT. WILLIAM'S KITCHEN - DAY

 William and Anna at the kitchen table, eating toast.

 ANNA

 I'm really sorry about last time. He just flew in -- I had no idea -- in fact,

 I had no idea if he'd ever fly in again.

 WILLIAM

 No, that's fine. It's not often one has the opportunity to adios the plates

 of a major Hollywood star. It was a thrill for me.

 (she smiles. Pause) How is he?

 ANNA

 I don't know. It got to the point where I couldn't remember any of the

reasons I loved him. And you... and love?

 WILLIAM

 Well, there's a question – without an interesting answer.

 ANNA

 I have thought about you.

 WILLIAM

 Oh no no -- no.

 He doesn't think she has to talk about this.

 ANNA

 Just anytime I've tried to keep things normal with anyone normal --

 it's been a disaster.

 WILLIAM

 I appreciate that absolutely. (changing subject tactfully)

 Is that the film you're doing?

 ANNA

 Yes -- start in L.A. on Tuesday.

 WILLIAM

 Would you like me to take you through your lines?

 ANNA

 Would you? It's all talk, talk, talk.

 WILLIAM

 Hand it over. Basic plot?

 ANNA

 I'm a difficult but brilliant junior officer who in about twenty minutes

 will save the world from nuclear disaster.

 WILLIAM

 Well done you.

 EXT. TERRACE - DAY

 A little later. They're in the thick of the script.

 WILLIAM

 'Message from command. Would you like them to send in the HKs?'

 ANNA

 'No, turn over 4 TRS's and tell them we need radar feedback before the

KFT's return at 19 hundred -- then inform the Pentagon that we'll be

needing black star cover from ten hundred through 12.15' -- and don't you

dare say one word about how many mistakes I made in that speech or I'll

pelt you with olives.

 WILLIAM

 'Very well, captain -- I'll pass that on straightaway.'

 ANNA

 'Thank you.' How many mistake did I make?

 WILLIAM

 Eleven.

 ANNA

 Damn. 'And Wainwright...'

 WILLIAM

 Cartwright.

 ANNA

 'Cartwright, Wainwright, whatever your name is, I promised little Jimmy

 I'd be home for his birthday – could you get a message through that I may

 be a little late.'

 WILLIAM

 'Certainly. And little Johnny?'

 ANNA

 My son's name is Johnny?

 WILLIAM

 Yup.

 ANNA

 Well, get a message through to him

 too.

 WILLIAM

 Brilliant. (the scene's over) Word perfect I'd say.

 ANNA

 What do you think?

 WILLIAM

 Gripping. It's not Jane Austen, it's Not Henry James, but it's gripping.

 ANNA

 You think I should do Henry James instead?

 WILLIAM

 I'm sure you'd be great in Henry James.

 But, you know -- this writer's pretty damn good too.

 ANNA

 Yes -- I mean -- you never get anyone in 'Wings of a Dove' having the

nerve to say 'inform the Pentagon that we need black star over.'

 WILLIAM

 And I think the book is the poorer for it.

 Annie smiles her biggest smile of the day. He is helping.

 INT. WILLIAM'S DINING ROOM

 Anna and William. Sat down at table.

There's a picture hanging on the wall behind.

 ANNA

 I can't believe you have that picture on your wall.

 It is a picture of a Chagall painting of a floating wedding couple,

with a goat as company.

 WILLIAM

 You like Chagall?

 ANNA

 I do. It feels like how being in love should be. Floating through a dark

 blue sky.

 WILLIAM

 With a goat playing a violin.

 ANNA

 Yes -- happiness wouldn't be happiness without a violin-playing goat.

 Spike enters with three pizzas.

 SPIKE

 Voila. Carnival Calypso, for the Queen of Notting Hill -- pepperoni,

 pineapple and a little more pepperoni.

 ANNA

 Fantastic.

 WILLIAM

 I don't mention that Anna's a vegetarian, did I?

 SPIKE

 (pause)

 I have some parsnip stew from last week.

If I just peel the skin off, it'll be perfect.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 Later in the evening. William and Anna on their own. They're sipping coffee.

A few seconds of just co-existing. Anna looks up.

 ANNA

 You've got big feet.

 WILLIAM

 Yes. Always have had.

 ANNA

 You know what they say about men with big feet?

 WILLIAM

 No. What's that?

 ANNA

 Big feet -- large shoes.

 He laughs.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 A few hours later -- eating ice-cream out of the tub.

 ANNA

 The thing that's so irritating is that now I'm so totally fierce when it comes

 to nudity clauses.

 WILLIAM

 You actually have clauses in your contact about nudity.

 ANNA

 Definitely. 'You may show the dent at the top of the artist's buttocks – but

 neither cheek, in the event of a stunt person being used, the artist must

have full consultation.'

 WILLIAM

 You have a stunt bottom?

 ANNA

 I could have a stunt bottom, yes.

 WILLIAM

 Would you be tempted to go for a slightly better bottom than your own?

 ANNA

 Definitely. Ths is important stuff.

 WILLIAM

 It's one hell of a job. What do you put on your passport?

Profession – Mel Gibson's bottom.

 ANNA

 Actually, Mel does his own ass work. Why wouldn't he?

 WILLIAM

 The ice cream or Mel Gibson's bottom?

 ANNA

 Both.

 INT. WILLIAM'S UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

 They are walking up the stairs -- and stop at the top.

 ANNA

 Today has ben a good day.

Which under the circumstances is... unexpected.

 WILLIAM

 Well, thank you.

 (awkward pause)

Anytime -- time for bed. Or... sofa-bed.

 ANNA

 Right.

 Pause. She leans forward, kisses him gently, then steps into

 the bedroom and closes the door.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 William downstairs -- on a sofa -- under a duvet. Eyes open.

 Thinking. Pause and pause.

 He waits and waits -- the ultimate 'yearn.' But nothing happens.

William gets off the sofa decisively. Sits on the side of it.

Then gets back in again.

 Pause, pause, then... in the darkness, a stair creaks. There's someone there.

 WILLIAM

 (to himself) Oh my God...

 (then...) Hello.

 SPIKE

 Hello. I wonder if I could have a little word.

 He drifts round the corner, half-naked.

 WILLIAM

 Spike.

 SPIKE

 I don't want to interfere, or anything... but she's split up from her boy-

 friend, that's right isn't it?

 WILLIAM

 Maybe.

 SPIKE

 And she's in your house.

 WILLIAM

 Yes.

 SPIKE

 And you get on very well.

 WILLIAM

 Yes.

 SPIKE

 Well, isn't this perhaps a good opportunity to... slip her one?

 WILLIAM

 Spike. For God's sake -- she's in trouble -- get a grip.

 SPIKE

 Right. Right. You think it's the wrong moment. Fair enough.

 (pause)

 Do you mind if I have a go?

 WILLIAM

 Spike!

 SPIKE

 No -- you're right.

 WILLIAM

 I'll talk you in the morning.

 SPIKE

 Okay -- okay. Might be too late, but okay.

 Back to William thinking again. Dreamy atmosphere. And then...

 more footsteps on the stairs.

 WILLIAM

 Oh please sod off.

 ANNA

 Okay.

 WILLIAM

 No! No. Wait. I... thought you were someone else.

I thought you were Spike. I'm delighted you're not.

 The darkness of the living room. We see Anna in the shadow.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

 A few moments later. William and Anna stand in the middle of the room.

He kisses her neck. Then her shoulder. What a miracle it is just to be able to

touch this girl's skin. Then he looks at her face. That face.

He is suddenly struck by who it is.

 WILLIAM

 Wow.

 ANNA

 What?

 WILLIAM

 Nothing.

 And kisses her.

 INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

 The middle of the night. They are both sleep -- a yard apart. In sleep, her arm

reaches out, touches his shoulder and then she wriggles across and re-

settles herself, tenderly, right next to him. He is not asleep and knows how

extraordinary this all is.

 INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

 The morning.

 WILLIAM

 It still strikes me as, well, surreal, that I'm allowed to see you naked.

 ANNA

 You and every person in this country.

 WILLIAM

 Oh God yes -- I'm sorry.

 ANNA

 What is it about men and nudity? Particularly breasts –

how can you be so interested in them?

 WILLIAM

 Well...

 ANNA

 No seriously. I mean, they're just breasts. Every second person in the

 world has got them...

 WILLIAM

 More than that actually, when you think about it.

You know, Meatloaf has a very nice pair...

 ANNA

 But... they're odd-looking. They're for milk. Your mum's got them.

You must have seen a thousand of them -- what's the fuss about?

 WILLIAM

 (pause)

 Actually, I can't think really – let me just have a quick look...

 He looks under the sheet at her breasts.

 WILLIAM

 No, beats me.

 She laughs...

 ANNA

 Rita Hayworth used to say -- 'they go to bed with Gilda –

they wake up with me.' Do you feel that?

 WILLIAM

 Who was Gilda?

 ANNA

 Her most famous part -- men went to bed with the dream –

and they didn't like it when they woke up with the reality --

 do you feel that way with me?

 WILLIAM

 (pause)

 You're lovelier this morning than you have ever been.

 ANNA

 (very touched)

 Oh.

 She looks at him carefully. Then leaps out of bed.

 ANNA

 I'll be back.

 INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

 William on the bed. The door opens. It is Anna with a tray of toast and tea.

 ANNA

 Breakfast in bed. Or lunch, or brunch.

 She bends across. She smiles and sits on the bed.

 ANNA

 Can I stay a bit longer?

 WILLIAM

 Stay forever.

 ANNA

 Damn, I forgot the jam.

 The doorbell goes.

 ANNA

 You get the door, I'll get the jam.

 INT./EXT. WILLIAM'S CORRIDOR - DAY

 William heads down the corridor and opens the door. Outside are hundreds of

paparazzi -- an explosion of cameras and questions, of noise and light.

The press seem to fill the entire street.

 WILLIAM

 Jesus Christ.

 He comes back inside, snapping the door behind him. Anna is in the kitchen.

 ANNA

 What?

 WILLIAM

 Don't ask.

 She heads back the corridor, with no suspicion.

 ANNA

 You're up to something...

 She thinks he's fooling around.

She opens the door, the same explosion. In a split second she's inside.

 ANNA

 Oh my God. And they got a photo of you dressed like that?

 WILLIAM

 Undressed like this, yes.

 ANNA

 Jesus.

 INT. WILLIAM'S KITCHEN - DAY

 Anna is on the phone.

Spike is blithely heading downstairs to the kitchen in just his underpants.

 SPIKE

 Morning, daring ones.

 He does a thumb up to William -- very excited about what he knows was a 'result.'

 ANNA

 (on the phone)

 It's Anna. The press are here. No, there are hundreds of them. My

 brilliant plan was not so brilliant at all. Yeh, I know, I know. Just get

 me out then. (she hangs up) Damnit.

 She heads upstairs.

 WILLIAM

 I wouldn't go outside.

 SPIKE

 Why not?

 WILLIAM

 Just take my work for it.

 The moment William goes upstairs, Spike heads for the front door.

 EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - DAY

 From outside -- we see this scrawny bloke in the frame of the doorway, in his gay

underpants. A thousand photos. Spike poses athletically.

 INT. WILLIAM'S CORRIDOR - DAY

 Spike closes the door and wanders along to a mirror in the hall- way, muttering.

 SPIKE

 How did I look?

 Inspects himself.

 SPIKE

 Not bad. No bad at all. Well-chosen briefs, I'd say. Chick love grey.

 Mmmmm. Nice firm buttocks.

 INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

 William enters. He's unhappy for her. She's almost dressed.

 WILLIAM

 How are you doing?

 ANNA

 How do you think I'm doing?

 WILLIAM

 I don't know what happened.

 ANNA

 I do. Your furry friend thought he'd make a buck or two telling the papers

 where I was.

 She's pacing.

 WILLIAM

 That's not true.

 ANNA

 Really? The entire British press just woke up this morning and thought

'Hey -- I know where Anna Scott is. She's in that house with the blue

door in Notting Hill.' And then go out in your goddamn underwear.

 SPIKE

 (dropping in) I went out in my goddamn underwear too.

 WILLIAM

 Get out, Spike. (he does) I'm so sorry.

 ANNA

 This is such a mess. I come to you to protect myself against more crappy

 gossip and now I'm landed in it all over again. For God's sake, I've got

 a boyfriend.

 WILLIAM

 You do?

 It's a difficult moment -- defining where they stand.

 ANNA

 As far as they're concerned I do. And now tomorrow there'll be pictures

of you in every newspapers from here to Timbuktu.

 WILLIAM

 I know, I know -- but... just -- let's stay calm...

 ANNA

 You can stay calm -- it's the perfect situation for you -- minimum input,

 maximum publicity. Everyone, you ever bump into will know.

'Well done you -- you slept with that actress -- we've seen the pictures.'

 WILLIAM

 That's spectacularly unfair.

 ANNA

 Who knows, it may even help business.

Buy a boring book about Egypt from the guy who screwed Anna Scott.

 She heads out.

 INT. STAIRS/LIVING ROOM - DAY

 WILLIAM

 Now stop. Stop. I beg you -- calm down.

 Have a cup of tea.

 ANNA

 I don't want a goddamn cup of tea. I want to go home.

 The doorbell goes.

 WILLIAM

 Spike, check who that is... and for God's sake put some clothes on.

 Spike leans merrily out of the window.

 SPIKE

 Looks like a chauffeur to me.

 INT. WILLIAM'S KITCHEN/CORRIDOR - DAY

 They move from the kitchen into the corridor.

 ANNA

 And remember -- Spike owes you an expensive dinner. Or holiday --

 depending if he's got the brains to get the going rate on betrayal.

 WILLIAM

 That's not true. And wait a minute... this is crazy behavior. Can't we just

 laugh about this? Seriously -- in the huge sweep of things, this stuff

 doesn't matter.

 SPIKE

 What he's going to say next is – there are people starving in the Sudan.

 WILLIAM

 Well, there are. And we don't need to go anywhere near that far.

My best friend slipped -- she slipped down- stairs, cracked her back and

she's in a wheelchair for the rest of her life. All I'm asking for is a normal

amount of perspective.

 ANNA

 You're right: of course, you're right. It's just that I've dealt with this

 garbage for ten years now -- you've had it for ten minutes.

Our perspective are different.

 WILLIAM

 I mean -- today's newspapers will be lining tomorrow's waste paper bins.

 ANNA

 Excuse me?

 WILLIAM

 Well, you know -- it's just one day. Today's papers will all have been

 thrown away tomorrow.

 ANNA

 You really don't get it. This story gets filed. Every time anyone writes

 anything about me -- they'll dig up these photos.

Newspapers last forever. I'll regret this forever.

 He takes this in. That's the end.

 WILLIAM

 Right. Fine! I will do the opposite, if it's all right by you –

and always be glad you came. But you're right – you probably better go.

 She looks at him. The doorbell goes again. She opens the door.

 Massive noise and photos. Outside are her people, including Karen, a chauffeur,

two bodyguards. And then the door is shut and they're all gone. Silence.

 INT. WILLIAM'S KITCHEN/CORRIDOR - DAY

 Spike and William sitting there. Pause.

 WILLIAM

 Was it you?

 SPIKE

 I suppose I might have told one or two people down the pub.

 WILLIAM

 Right.

 He puts his head in his hands. It's over now.

 EXT. LONDON - DAY

 As full, sad music plays -- William begins to walk through Notting Hill.

 This walk takes six months... as he walks, the seasons actually and magically

change, from summer, through autumn and winter, back into spring...

 First it is summer -- summer fruits and flowers -- a six-month

 pregnant woman -- Honey with another leather-jacket boyfriend.

 As he walks on the rain starts to fall -- he turns up his coat collar – umbrellas

appear. Followed by winter coats -- chestnuts roasting -- Christmas trees on

side and the first hint of snow.

 Then he comes to Blenheim Crescent, which is startling snowscape,

 for the hundred yard, right across Ladbroke Grove.

 By the time he reaches the purple cafe, the snow is melting and in a few yards, it

is spring again. He passes Honey again -- arguing with her boyfriend, walking

away tearful. Then turns past 'the pregnant woman' -- now holding her three-

month baby. The camera holds on her.

 INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

 A grey day in the bookshop. Martin and William. As ever.

A feeling that things in there ever change.

 Ten seconds pass. Honey rushes in. Spike, still feeling in disgrace, comes with

her but lingers in the doorway.

 HONEY

 Have we got something for you.

 Something which will make you love me so much you'll want to hug me

every single day for the rest of my life.

 WILLIAM

 Blimey. What's that?

 HONEY

 The phone number of Anna Scott's agent in London and her agent in

New York. You can ring her. You think about her all the time –

now you can ring her!

 WILLIAM

 Well, thanks, that's great.

 HONEY

 It is great, isn't it. See you tonight. Hey, Marty-- sexy cardy.

 And she rushes out. William looks at the piece of paper, folds

 it and then places it gently in the garbage bin.

 INT. TONY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

 Bella bangs a spoon on a wine bottle. All the friends are

 gathered in the restaurant.

 BELLA

 I have a little speech to make -- I won't stand up because I can't...

be bothered. Exactly a year ago today, this man here started the finest

restaurant in London.

 TONY

 Thank you very much.

 BELLA

 Unfortunately -- no one ever came to eat here.

 TONY

 A tiny hiccough.

 BELLA

 And so much face the fact that from next week,

we have to find somewhere near to eat.

 Tony's brave face breaks. The dream is over.

 BELLA

 I just want to say to Tony -- don't take it personally.

The more I think about things, the more I see no rhyme or reason

 in life -- no one knows why some things work out, and some things don't

-- why some of us get lucky -- and some of us...

 BERNIE

 ... get fired.

 BELLA

 No!

 BERNIE

 Yes, they're shifting the whole outfit much more towards the trading side –

 and of course... (he owns up) I was total crap.

 They're all rather stunned.

 TONY

 So we go down together! A toast to Bernie –

the worst stockbroker in the whole world!

 They toast him.

 HONEY

 Since it's an evening of announcements... I've also got one, Ahm...

I've got engaged.

 Total bewilderment from the others.

 HONEY

 I've found myself a nice, slightly odd looking bloke who I know is going to

 make me happy for the rest of my life.

 Special cut to Bernie -- the shot shows he had special feelings for Honey.

 WILLIAM

 Wait a minute -- I'm your brother and I don't know anything about this.

 MAX

 Is it someone we know?

 HONEY

 Yes. I will keep you informed.

 As she sits down, Honey leans toward Spike and whispers.

 HONEY

 By the way -- it's you.

 SPIKE

 Me?

 HONEY

 Yes. What do you think?

 SPIKE

 Well, yes. Groovy.

 MAX

 Any more announcements?

 WILLIAM

 Yes -- I feel I must apologize to everyone for my behavior for the last

 six months. I have, as you know, been slightly down in the mouth.

 MAX

 There's an understatement. There are dead people on better form.

 WILLIAM

 But I wish to make it clear I've turned

 a corner and henceforward intend to be impressively happy.

 INT. TONY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

 Two hours later. They've had a very good time. There's been a

 chocolate cake. Lots of alcohol. Tony is playing 'Blue Moon'

 on the piano, and Bernie joins him, singing.

 At one table Bella and Honey sit -- beer and wine on the table.

 BELLA

 I'm really horribly drunk.

 Elsewhere, Max an William are relaxed together.

 MAX

 So -- you've laid the ghost.

 WILLIAM

 I believe I have.

 MAX

 Don't give a damn about the famous girl.

 WILLIAM

 No, don't think I do.

 MAX

 Which means you won't be distracted by the fact that she's back in

London, grasping her Oscar, and to be found filming most days on

Hampstead Heath.

 He puts down a copy of the 'Evening Standard' with a picture of Anna on its cover.

 WILLIAM

 (immediate gloom) Oh God no.

 MAX

 So not over her, in fact.

 EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY

 Cut to the wide sweep of Hampstead Heath. William entirely alone.

He marches up a hill... goes over the crest of it – and sees a huge film crew and

hundreds of extras in front of the radiant white of Kenwood House, with its lawn

and its lake.

 EXT. KENWOOD HOUSE - DAY

 Now closer to the house, William approaches a barrier –

where he is himself approached.

 SECURITY

 Can I help you?

 WILLIAM

 Yes -- I was looking for Anna Scott...

 SECURITY

 Does she know you're coming?

 WILLIAM

 No, no. She doesn't.

 SECURITY

 I'm afraid I can't really let you

 through then, sir.

 WILLIAM

 Oh right. I mean, I am a friend -- I'm not a lunatic but –

no, you basically...

 SECURITY

 ... can't let you through.

 At that moment -- thirty yards away, William sees trailer door open.

Out of it comes Anna -- looking extraordinary -- in a velvet dress; full, beautiful

make-up; rich, extravagant hair. She has a necessary cluster of people about her.

Hair, make-up, costume and the third assistant who has collected her.

 She walks a few yards, and then casually turns her head. And sees him.

Her face registers not jut surprise, certainly not a simple smile.

His being there is a complicated thing. Cut back to him. He does a small wave.

She pauses as the whole paraphernalia of the upcoming scene passes between

them. The movie divides them. But then she begins to walk through it, and

 followed by her cluster, she makes her way towards him. When she reaches him, the security guard stands back a pace, and her people hold back. She doesn't really know what to say...

 ANNA

 This is certainly... ah...

 WILLIAM

 I only found out you were here yesterday.

 ANNA

 I was going to ring... but... I didn't think you'd want to...

 The third assistant is under pressure.

 THIRD

 Anna.

 She looks around. The poor third is nervous -- and the first is approaching.

 ANNA

 (to William)

 It's not going very well -- and it's our last day.

 WILLIAM

 Absolutely -- you're clearly very busy.

 ANNA

 But... wait... there are things to say.

 WILLIAM

 Okay.

 ANNA

 Drink tea -- there's lots of tea.

 She is swept away, four people touching her hair and costume.

 KAREN

 Come and have a look...

 EXT. KENWOOD PARK - DAY

 As they make towards the set...

 KAREN

 Are you a fan of Henry James?

 WILLIAM

 This is Henry James film?

 EXT. KENWOOD HOUSE - DAY

 A complicated shot is about to happen -- with waves of extras --

 and a huge moving crane. They end up next to the sound desk.

 KAREN

 This is Harry –

he'll give you a pair of headphones so you can hear the dialogue.

 Harry the sound man is a pleasant, fifty-year-old balding fellow.

He hands him the headphones.

 HARRY

 Here we go. The volume control is on the side.

 WILLIAM

 That's great.

 William, the headphones on, surveys the scene -- the cluster is full 100 yards

from the action, to allow a gracious sweeping wide-shot. He watches Anna.

She is with her co-star in the Henry James film -- let's call him James.

 JAMES

 We are living in cloudcuckooland -- we'll never get this done today.

 ANNA

 We have to. I've got to be in New York on Thursday.

 JAMES

 Oh, stop showing off.

 He studies an actress a few yards to the left.

 JAMES

 God, that's an enormous arse.

 ANNA

 I'm not listening.

 JAMES

 No, but seriously -- it's not fair – so many tragic young teenagers with

 anorexia -- and that girl has an arse she could perfectly well share round

 with at least ten other women – and still be beg-bottomed.

 ANNA

 I said I'm not listening -- and I think, looking at something that firm,

you and your droopy little excuse for an 'arse' would be well-advised to

keep quiet.

 Back by the desk, William is listening and laughs. That's his girl. Anna prepares.

 ANNA

 So I ask you when you're going to tell everyone, and you say...?

 JAMES

 'Tomorrow will be soon enough.'

 ANNA

 And then I... right.

 JAMES

 Who was that rather difficult chap you were talking to on the way up?

 ANNA

 Oh... no one... no one. Just some... guy from the past. I don't know what

 he's doing here. But of an awkward situation.

 EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY

 Cut back to William -- he has heard.

 WILLIAM

 Of course.

 He takes off the headphones and puts them gently down.

 WILLIAM

 Thank you.

 HARRY

 Anytime.

 William walks away. The moment of hope is gone.

He couldn't have had a clear reminder.

 INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

 William is emptying Anna Scott videos into a box.

 SPIKE

 What's going on?

 WILLIAM

 I'm going to throw out these old videos.

 SPIKE

 No. You can't bin these. They're classics. I'm not allowing this.

 WILLIAM

 Right -- let's talk about rent...

 SPIKE

 Let me help. We don't want all this shit cluttering up our lives.

INT. BACKROOM OF THE BOOKSHOP - DAY

 The next day. William is hard at work, doing the accounts in a

 dark small room with files in it. Martin pops his head in.

 MARTIN

 I have to disturb you when you're cooking the books, but there's a

 delivery.

 WILLIAM

 Martin, can't you just deal with this yourself?

 MARTIN

 But it's not for the shop. It's for you.

 WILLIAM

 Okay. Tell me, would I have to pay a wet rag as much as I pay you?

 They head out, Martin behind him, incomprehensively rubbing his hands –

he's in a very good mood.

 INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

 William enters -- and there stands Anna -- in a simple blue skirt and top.

 ANNA

 Hi.

 WILLIAM

 Hello.

 ANNA

 You disappeared.

 WILLIAM

 Yes -- I'm sorry -- I had to leave... I

 didn't want to disturb you.

 ANNA

 Well... how have you been?

 WILLIAM

 Fine. Everything much the same. When they change the law Spike and I

will marry immediately. Whereas you... I've watched in wonder.

Awards, glory...

 ANNA

 Oh no. It's all nonsense, believe me.

 I had no idea how much nonsense it all was -- but nonsense it all is...

 (she's nervous) Well, yesterday was our last day filming and so I'm just

off -- but I brought you this from home, and...

 It's quite a big wrapped parcel, flat -- 3 foot by 4 foot, leaning against a bookshelf.

 ANNA

 I thought I'd give it to you.

 WILLIAM

 Thank you. Shall I...

 ANNA

 No, don't open it yet -- I'll be embarrassed.

 WILLIAM

 Okay -- well, thank you. I don't know what it's for.

But thank you anyway.

 ANNA

 I actually had it in my apartment in New York and just thought you'd... but,

 when it came to it, I didn't know how to call you... having behaved so...

badly, twice. So it's been just sitting in the hotel. But then... you came,

so I figured... the thing is... the thing is...

 WILLIAM

 What's the thing?

 Then the door pings. In walks the annoying customer, Mr. Smith.

 WILLIAM

 Don't even think about it. Go away immediately.

 Mr. Smith is taken aback and therefore completely obedient.

 MR. SMITH

 Right. Sorry.

 And he leaves.

 WILLIAM

 You were saying...

 ANNA

 Yes. The thing is... I have to go away today but I wondered, if I didn't,

 whether you might let me see you a bit... or, a lot maybe...

see if you could... like me again.

 Pause as William takes this in.

 WILLIAM

 But yesterday... that actor asked you who I was... and you just dismissed

me out of hand... I heard -- you had a microphone... I had headphones.

 ANNA

 You expect me to tell the truth about my life to the most indiscreet man in

 England?

 Martin edges up.

 MARTIN

 Excuse me -- it's your mother on the phone.

 WILLIAM

 Can you tell me I'll ring her back.

 MARTIN

 I actually tried that tack -- but she said you said that before and it's been

 twenty-four hours, and her foot that was purple is now a sort of blackish

 color...

 WILLIAM

 Okay -- perfect timing as ever – hold the fort for a second will you, Martin?

 Martin is left with Anna.

 MARTIN

 Can I just say, I thought 'Ghost' was a wonderful film.

 ANNA

 Is that right?

 MARTIN

 Yes... I've always wondered what Patrick Swayze is like in real life.

 ANNA

 I can't say I know Patrick all that well.

 MARTIN

 Oh dear. He wasn't friendly during the filming?

 ANNA

 Well, no -- I'm sure he was friendly -- to Demi Moore –

who acted with him in 'Ghost.'

 She's kind in here, not sarcastic.

 MARTIN

 Oh right. Right. Sorry. Always been a bit of an ass.

 William returns a little uneasy.

 MARTIN

 Anyway... it's lovely to meet you. I'm a great fan of yours.

And Demi's, of course.

 Martin leaves them.

 WILLIAM

 Sorry about that.

 ANNA

 That's fine.

There's always a pause when the jury goes out to consider its verdict.

 She's awaiting an answer.

 WILLIAM

 Anna. Look -- I'm a fairly level- headed bloke. Not often in and out of

 love. But...

 He can't really express what he feels.

 WILLIAM

 ... can I just say 'no' to your kind request and leave it at that?

 ANNA

 ... Yes, that's fine. Of course. I... you know... of course... I'll just...

 be getting along then... nice to see you.

 WILLIAM

 The truth is...

 He feels he must explain.

 WILLIAM

 ... with you, I'm in real danger. It took like a perfect situation, apart

 from that foul temper of yours -- but my relatively inexperienced heart

would, I fear, not recover if I was once again... cast aside, which I would

 absolutely expect to be. There are too many pictures of you everywhere,

too many films. You'd go and I'd be... well, buggered, basically.

 ANNA

 I see.

 (pause)

 That reality is a real 'no,' isn't it?

 WILLIAM

 I live in Notting Hill. You live in Beverly Hills. Everyone in the world

 knows who you are. My mother has trouble remembering my name.

 ANNA

 Okay. Fine. Fine. Good decision.

 Pause.

 ANNA

 The fame thing isn't really real, you know. Don't forget -- I'm also just a

 girl. Standing in front of a boy. Asking him to love her.

 Pause. She kisses him on the cheek.

 ANNA

 Bye.

 Then turns and leaves. Leaving him.

 INT. TONY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

 The restaurant is in the middle of being deconstructed. The pictures are gone off

the walls -- a kettle on a long extension lead is on the bare table behind. They're

all sitting there.

 WILLIAM

 What do you think? Good move?

 HONEY

 Good move: when all is sad and done, she's nothing special. I saw her

 taking her pants off and I definitely glimpsed some cellulite down there.

 BELLA

 Good decision. All actresses are mad as snakes.

 WILLIAM

 Tony -- what do you think?

 TONY

 Never met her, never want to.

 WILLIAM

 Brilliant. Max?

 MAX

 Absolutely. Never trust a vegetarian.

 WILLIAM

 Great. Excellent. Thanks.

 Spike enters.

 SPIKE

 I was called and I came. What's up?

 HONEY

 William has just turned down Anna Scott.

 SPIKE

 You draft prick!

 Bella is casually looking at the painting that sits beside William.

It is the original of the Chagall, the poster of which was on his wall.

 BELLA

 This painting isn't the original, is

 it?

 WILLIAM

 Yes, I think that one may be.

 BERNIE

 But she said she wanted to go out with you?

 WILLIAM

 Yes -- sort of...

 BERNIE

 That's nice.

 WILLIAM

 What?

 BERNIE

 Well, you know, anybody saying they want to go out with you is...

pretty great... isn't it...

 WILLIAM

 It was sort of sweet actually -- I mean, I know she's an actress and all

that, so she can deliver a line -- but she said that she might be as famous

as can be -- but also... that she was just a girl, standing in front of a boy,

asking him to love her.

 They take in the line. It totally reverses their attitudes.

 WILLIAM

 Oh sod a dog. I've made the wrong decision, haven't I?

 They look at him. Spike does a big nod.

 WILLIAM

 Max, how fast is your car?

 EXT. TONY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

 Max's car arrives in the street outside. They pile into the car.

 MAX

 If anyone gets in our way -- we have small nuclear devices.

 BERNIE

 And we intend to use them!

 MAX

 Where's Bella?

 HONEY

 She's not coming.

 MAX

 Sod that. Bernie -- in the back!

 He shoots out of his door, rushes round and grabs Bella out of the chair.

 MAX

 Come on, babe.

 EXT./INT. CAR. STANLEY CRESCENT/NOTTING HILL GATE - DAY

 Max's car is shooting up Stanley Crescent. We are inside and outside the car.

 BELLA

 Where are you going?

 MAX

 Down Kensington Church Street, then

Knightsbridge, then Hyde Park Center.

 BELLA

 Crazy. Go along Bayswater...

 HONEY

 That's right -- then Park Lane.

 BERNIE

 Or you could go right down to Cromwell Road, and left.

 WILLIAM

 No!

 Suddenly the car slams to a halt.

 MAX

 Stop right there! I will decide the route. All right?

 ALL

 All right.

 MAX

 James Bond never has to put up with this sort of shit.

 EXT. PICCADILLY - DAY

 The car turns illegally right across Piccadilly the wrong way down a one-way

street and ends up outside the Ritz. William sprints into the hotel. Bernie follows.

 BERNIE

 Bloody hell, this is fun.

 IT. RITZ LOBBY - DAY

 WILLIAM

 Is Miss Scott staying here?

 It is the same man.

 RITZ MAN

 No, sir.

 WILLIAM

 How about Miss Flintstone?

 RITZ MAN

 No, sir.

 WILLIAM

 Or Bambi... or, I don't know, Beavis or Butthead?

 Man shakes his head.

 RITZ MAN

 No, sir.

 WILLIAM

 Right. Right. Fair enough. Thanks.

 He turns despondent and takes two steps when the Ritz Man stops

 him in his tracks.

 RITZ MAN

 There was a Miss Pocahontas in room 126 -- but she checked out an hour

ago. I believe she's holding a press conference at The Savoy before

flying to America.

 BERNIE

 We have lift off!!

 A Japanese guest assumes this is the way to behave and the Ritz

 Man gets kissed a third time.

 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

 The car speeds through London.

It gets totally stuck at a junction where no one will let them in.

 SPIKE

 Bugger this for a bunch of bananas.

 He gets out of the car and boldly stops the traffic coming in the opposite direction.

Our car shoots past him.

 SPIKE

 Go!

 They leave him behind. Honey leans out the window and shouts...

 HONEY

 You're my hero.

 Spike waves wildly -- he loses concentration and is very nearly hit by a car.

 EXT. THE SAVOY - DAY

 They pull to a stop. William leaps out.

 MAX

 Go!

 INT. THE SAVOY - DAY

 William rushes up to the main desk.

 WILLIAM

 Excuse me, where's the press conference?

 MAN AT SAVOY

 Are you an accredited member of the press?

 WILLIAM

 Yes...

 He flashes a card.

 MAN AT SAVOY

 That's a Blockbuster video membership card, sir.

 WILLIAM

 That's right... I work for their in- house magazine.

 (mimes quotation marks) 'Movies are our business.'

 MAN AT SAVOY

 I'm sorry, sir...

 Honey shows into shot, pushing Bella's chair.

 BELLA

 He's with me.

 MAN AT SAVOY

 And you are?

 BELLA

 Writing an article about how London hotels treat people in wheelchairs.

 MAN AT SAVOY

 Of course, madam. It's in the Lancaster Room.

I'm afraid you're very late.

 HONEY

 (to William)

 Run!

 INT. SAVOR ROOM - DAY

 William runs, searching. At last finds the room, and enters.

 INT. LANCASTER ROOM - DAY

 Huge room -- full of press. Row after row of journalists, cameras at the front, TV

cameras at the back. Anna clearly gives press conferences very rarely, because

this one is positively presidential. She sits at a table at the end of the room,

beside Karen: on her other side os Jeremy, the PR boss, firmly marshalling the

questions.

 JEREMY

 Yes... You -- Dominic.

 QUESTIONER 1

 How much longer are you staying in the UK then?

 ANNA

 No time at all. I fly out tonight.

 She's in a slightly melancholic and therefore honest mood.

 JEREMY

 Which is why we have to round it up now. Final questions.

 He points at a journalist he knows.

 QUESTIONER 2

 Is your decision to take a year off anything to do with the rumours about

 Jeff and his present leading lady?

 ANNA

 Absolutely not.

 QUESTIONER 2

 Do you believe the rumours?

 ANNA

 It's really not my business any more. Though I will say,

from my experience, that rumours about Jeff... do tend to be true.

 They love that answer, and all scribble in their note books.

Next question comes from someone straight right next to William.

 QUESTIONER 3

 Last time you were here, there were some fairly graphic photographs of

you and a young English guy -- so what happened there?

 ANNA

 He was just a friend -- I think we're still friends.

 JEREMY

 Yes, the gentleman in the pink shirt.

 He is pointing straight at William, who has his hand up.

 WILLIAM

 Yes -- Miss Scott -- are there any circumstances in which you two might

be more than just friends?

 Anna sees who it is asking.

 ANNA

 I hoped there might be -- but no, I'm assured there aren't.

 WILLIAM

 And what would you say...

 JEREMY

 No, it's just one question per person.

 ANNA

 No, let him... ask away. You were saying?

 WILLIAM

 Yes, I just wondered whether if it turned out that this... person...

 OTHER JOURNALIST

 (to William) His name is Thacker.

 WILLIAM

 Thanks. I just wondered if Mr. Thacker realized he'd been a draft prick

and got down on his knees and begged you to reconsider, whether you

would... reconsider.

 We cut to Max, Bella, Bernie and Honey, all watching. Then back to Anna.

 ANNA

 Yes, I'm pretty sure I would.

 WILLIAM

 That's very good news. The readers of 'Horse and Hound' will be

absolutely delighted.

 Anna whispers something to Jeremy.

 JEREMY

 Dominic -- if you'd like to ask your question again?

 QUESTIONER 1

 Yes -- Anna -- how long are you intending to stay here in Britain?

 Pause. Anna looks up at William. He nods.

 ANNA

 Indefinitely.

 They both smile -- suddenly the press gets what's going on --

 music -- noise -- they all turn and flash, flash, flash photos

 of William. Max and Bella kiss. Bernie kisses a total stranger.

 Spike finally makes it -- he's bright red from running.

 SPIKE

 What happened?

 HONEY

 It was good.

 Honey hugs him. It's a new experience for Spike.

 Cut to William's face -- flash after flash -- still looking at Anna.

They are both smiling.

 INT./EXT. THE HEMPEL ZEN GARDEN WITH MARQUEEN - DAY

 Anna and William at their wedding -- they kiss and walk into the crowd.

 Honey, a bridesmaid in peach satin -- she is surrounded by at

 least four other bridesmaids, all under five.

 Nearby, Tony standing, glowing, beside his fabulous, pyramidical wedding cake.

 William's mother is not quite happy with how he's looking.

She tries to brush his hair.

 Max, dressed in the most devastating Bond-like white tuxedo is dancing with Anna

-- thrilled. He does a rather flashy little move.

Cut to Bella who is watching andlaughing.

 Martin, in an awkward tweed suit, is jiggling to the beat of a

 song, entirely happy in the corner.

 EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE - NIGHT

 A huge premier -- screaming crowds -- Anna and William get out of the car, she

holding his hand -- looking ultimately gorgeous -- he in a black suit that doesn't

quite fit. He's startled.

 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

 A pretty green communal garden. Children are playing, watched by mothers, one

of whom holds a new baby in a papoose. A very old couple wander along slowly.

 A small tai chi group moves mysteriously. And as the camera glides, it passes a

couple sitting on a single, simple wooden bench overlooking the garden. He is reading,

she is just looking out, totally relaxed, holding his hand, pregnant. It is William and Anna.

**THE END**