NOTTING HILL

Screenplay by Richard Curtis

Title

EXT. VARIOUS DAYS

'She' plays through the credits.

Exquisite footage of Anna Scott -- the great movie star of our

time -- an ideal -- the perfect star and woman -- her life full of

glamour and sophistication and mystery.

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 parlour -- 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

hair, 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 the 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.'

SPIKE

Cool, huh?

WILLIAM

Yes -- she might think you don't have

true love on your mind.

SPIKE

Wouldn't want that...

(and back up he goes)

Okay -- 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 proudly. 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 very 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.

MARTIN

Shall I go get a cappuccino? Ease the

pain.

WILLIAM

Yes, better get me a half. All I can

afford.

MARIN

I get your logic. Demi-capu coming up.

He salutes and bolts out 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

beside 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 towards 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 ?20 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 lighting 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 coffees.

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 could 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 drains 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 Westbourne 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 way, 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 towards 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. Forget 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

strangeness 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. BOOKSHOP - 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

Oh 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 leans 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 was?

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 'Flintstone.'

WILLIAM

(to Spike)

What?

SPIKE

I think she said her name was

'Flintstone.'

WILLIAM

Does 'Flintstone' mean anything to

you?

RITZ MAN

I'll put you right through, sir.

Flintstone 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 joined 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 Florette.' 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

didn'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 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 nearly.

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 tow. 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

Pleased 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 carnivoro

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 favourite among

the 22?

GIRL

Working with Leonardo.

WILLIAM

Da Vinci?

GIRL

Di Caprio.

WILLIAM

Of course. And is he your favourite

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 bad 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 I'm going

to fail a hundred percent. I absolutely

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 on 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 favourite

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: and 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 villages.

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 see Anna, 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 films 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 corner 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 awry. 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 it?

Jeff drifts into view behind. He is a very famous film star and

looks the part -- well built, very handsome. Unshaven, 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 favour

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 goodbye 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 clasps 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 vibrations.

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 -- someone

who... self-evidently can't be mine --

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 Jeff 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 mortals

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 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?

MAX

Wine?

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 feelings 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 miniscule. 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 Anna on their front

page. Headlines --'Anna Stunna'-- '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, dringking

tea.

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 cover.'

WILLIAM

And I think the book is the poorer for

it.

Anna 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 poster 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? It's delicious.

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)

Anyway -- 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 to 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?

And then gets over it straight away.

WILLIAM

Nothing.

And kisses her.

INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The middle of the night. They are both asleep -- 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 heads 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 thumbs 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

after 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 grey 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. Chicks 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 packing.

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 you 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 perspectives

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 sale 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 in 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 we must 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

decided to get 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 towards 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 lakes.

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

a 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. Bit 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 her 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 said 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 daft 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.

A pause.

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 Corner.

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.

William is very grateful. He kisses the Ritz Man. Bernie's also

gratuful. He kisses him too.

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 shoots 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 is 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 daft 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 and laughing.

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 tie 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