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FADE IN:

INT. POLLY'S OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

PAULETTE "POLLY" HAPSBURG, female, 20-30s, a slightly overweight African American accountant, wearing a Jennifer Anniston styled hairdo, with questionable fashion sense, is sitting in her cubicle with an earplug in one ear.

She listens to oldies Rocking the 80s radio station while typing on her computer. She jerks her head in a precise, robotic motion to the beat of the song barely noticeable to the others around.

Close on a "Polly Hapsburg" name signature with graffiti on it with the word "Per" written in permanent marker in front of her last name reading "Polly PerHapsburg".

Under her desk are several pairs of shoes, not excluding a pair of Uggs though it's summer. The shoes clutter leg space causing her to have to sit awkwardly.

To conceal that she is listening to the radio, she leads the earplug deceptively into a tape machine, as if she were transcribing notes. Next to the tape recorder is a picture of Queen Elizabeth of England with the words "Keep Calm and Carry on" inscribed on it.

Her lunch box labelled "Vegan Couscous Tagine" is layed trickling in her "Inbox". The scent wafts across the rest of the office. Other office workers walk by and sniff as if smelling inside of a French cheese shop.

A cheesy 80s song comes on. Polly looks at her PICTURE OF KATE MIDDLETON. She stares at it, and begins lip syncing... She daydreams.

DAYDREAM - INT. CHURCH - DAY

Like in "White Wedding" song video, a woman in a white bride dress walks down aisle in the church.

At the end of the aisle is MARK DARCY, British A-List celebrity living in London, who's every woman's fantasy man, wearing a white, Alexander McQueen custom-made suit. His hair is blowing as if there is a stiff wind.

Mark is smiling and gazing down the aisle, as the woman walks closer to him. Along the way, women in the congregation appear to be crying in disappointment.

As the bride approaches, he puts his arm out signalling the bride to take his hand. They stand in front of a priest. Cheesy 80s song still playing.

MOMENTS LATER

The priest signals they kiss. Mark lifts the veil and it is Polly looking like she's had a makeover.

A photographer steps in front of the Mark and Polly and snaps a photo... The still photo is then the front cover of OK! Magazine.

END OF DAYDREAM

INT. POLLY'S OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY

PETER FOWLER, PR Manager in POLLY's department, mid 30s, stylish, a lady's man.

PETER

Dreaming on the job again Polly? You won't get that promotion that way. Well, you can't manage to get a promotion anyhow?

POLLY

(startled)

What? What are you doing at my desk Fowler.

PETER

Hey, my fans all call me by my first name Peter.

POLLY

I prefer FOWLER. FOWLER by name, and FOULER by nature.

Peter walks off laughing at Polly. She looks around... Notices while she was daydreaming, someone had put 10s of yellow sticky notes on her entire desk, monitor, chair and keyboard.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

(looking up and shouting)

I know it was you FOWLER!

Looking over her cubicle

POLLY

(CONT'D)

I should, I should, I should "Boys in the Hoodie" your ass Fowler!

Beating her hand on her legs. She steps outside her cubicle in the direction of Peter's office, everyone in the open watching...

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Fowler. I am on a level  
higher than you.

She raises her hand over her head.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
People like you are just  
trying to be me down.

She slowly lowers her hand below her knees.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
But I refuse to go down --

She turns to her computer monitor. A REMINDER is on her screen. She tries to remove all the sticky notes from the monitor.

Looking at the clock the time is 9.30am. The pop up reminder on her screen reads "Board Meeting 10:00.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Damn you apes to hell!

She hits her fist into one hand.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Board Meeting.

She quickly sits back down, pulls her swivel chair close to her desk, throws shoes underneath out the way and falls back in her seat.

She ruffles her papers looking for a notepad and something to write with.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Oh crap! I have to take  
meeting minutes at the Board  
Meeting!

Fixing her hair, she closes her eyes. She takes a deep breath and exhales.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 (as in meditation)  
 Soo...hummmmmmm. Soo..hummmmmmm.

Polly opens a Book of Affirmations that is on her desk. For that day it reads, "If you shoot for the heavens, even if you miss, you will still be amongst the stars". She nods her head in agreement.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 Amen to that.

She makes the sign of the cross... For a quick moment, Polly seems at peace.

Another beep heard. Another pop up message on her computer screen with message, "INTERNET NEWS ALERT: Elizabeth Bennet is Dead".

Polly starts to cough and gag uncontrollably to the point she falls out of her chair. She lies on the floor and looks listlessly into the air, as if she is floating on a cloud

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 If only what I've just read  
 were true. God, if it is  
 true, I promise to go to  
 London in a heartbeat and  
 make Mark Darcy all in love  
 with me. Because I know you  
 have sent me this sign.

A faint voice becomes clearer and clearer.

PETER  
 Sleeping on the job again?  
 Tisk Tisk Polly. You might  
 be like last night's  
 Apprentice. Fired!

He laughs.

POLLY  
 Oh go blow on one Fowler!

Peter laughs and walks off.

Polly gets off the floor. Remembering what she read, she picks her chair up and sits in front of her computer screen again.

The computer screen shows 9:50am.

Polly clicks repeatedly on the link and it takes her to a video clip of the news given by TMI Magazine.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 (biting her nails)  
 Hurry up and download!

INT. TMI MAGAZINE NEWSROOM - DAY

TIM WORTHY, founder and head of TMI Magazine, late 50s gay, well-groomed and fashion trend setter, wearing a blond wig.

TIM  
 Good morning Ladies and Gentleman. I am Tim Worthy with TMI Magazine News reporting live from our studios... It is with great sadness we report the sudden death of Mrs Elizabeth Bennet Darcy in a freak accident while walking on their estate. Yes, I know most of you, including myself, never tagged on the Darcy, but she leaves behind her no children, just that hot and sexy husband of hers that every woman, and man, will be vying to get. But at this time, we want to send our condolences to her family. Let the games begin!... This is Tim Worthy with TMI Magazine. Making news worthy is our motto. Hashtag T.M.I.

INT. POLLY'S OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY

Polly sits a moment at her desk with her mouth wide open. She picks up the picture of Kate Middleton and smiles. Then she looks at her computer screen and sees that it is 9:55am.

Picks up the phone.

POLLY  
 (waiting for the person to pick up the phone)  
 Come on. Come on.  
 (pause)  
 Jane!

JANE WINSOME, Polly's gorgeous British, single white best friend who believes in conspiracy theories.

JANE (V.O.)  
Hiya luv! What's up!?

POLLY  
Did you hear it yet already?  
I am sure it all over the  
news by now. Elizabeth  
Bennet is dead!

JANE (V.O.)  
Who?

POLLY  
Elizabeth Bennet! The wife  
of Mark Darcy!

JANE (V.O.)  
...ah ok. Yeah. -- And?

POLLY  
I thought you listened to  
me! It is just as I imagined  
it. This can't be a  
coincidence. Coincidences  
don't kill innocent people.  
She was meant to die.

JANE (V.O.)  
I am lost here love. Didn't  
you tell me this woman took  
the man you were to marry  
away?

POLLY  
Look. I gotta go to this  
bleeping board meeting. I  
will speak to you later to  
explain. I can smell the  
fish and chips already.  
London is calling!

Her monitor beeps showing it is 10:00am.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Call ya later!

She hangs up the phone.

INT. POLLY'S OFFICE - DOWN THE HALLS - DAY

Polly runs ungracefully towards the board room knocking  
over various office items and bumping into colleagues.

INT. POLLY OFFICE - BOARD ROOM - DAY

Polly enters the board room. Executives are chatting amongst themselves.

She interrupts by waving her notepad as if they didn't notice her arrival.

POLLY  
 Sorry I am a bit late.  
 (grinning  
 nervously)  
 Good thing you haven't  
 started yet.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE, older, senior executive.

CHIEF  
 EXECUTIVE  
 Every board meeting needs to  
 document its beginning,  
 middle and end. They call it  
 a note taker. That is you I  
 am afraid.

POLLY  
 Don't be afraid. I take good  
 notes.

She take a seat.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 Sorry about being late. You  
 might have heard the news  
 reports...

All the executive around the table have blank looks on their faces.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 ... Elizabeth Bennet is  
 dead!

Executives around the table looking at one another confused about what she is talking about.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 Never mind. Shall we begin?

The Chief Executive looks at Polly with squinted eyes. The board meeting proceeds. Polly stares out at the window.

Executives talk business at the table while Polly barely takes any notes.



INT. POLLY'S OFFICE - DOWN THE HALLS - DAY

Polly walks back to her desk through the office. Along the way she crosses paths again with Peter.

PETER

I heard before the board meeting was over what a failure you were. The chief executive wanted to fire you right on the spot.

POLLY

(calmly) \*

I don't care anymore. My life is not about numbers, and taking notes or taking your B.S... It is about finally finding true love.

We see the cover of Polly's notepad is the wedding picture of Prince William and Kate Middleton

PETER

Are you having had a mental breakdown?

(he sniffs her). )

Yup. Smells like something inside your head is leaking. I knew it.

POLLY

I am fine perfectly. Eherm. I'm perfectly fine. I see everything clearly now. Anyway, they won't fire me.

PETER

Oh yea?

POLLY

Yea. Because I quit. Ba-bye Fowler.

She takes her finger and pushes Peter's nose to the side, Peter wipes his face.

She walks away and turns to Peter.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Oops. Did I remember to wash my hands just doing a Nr. 2?

Peter wipes his face harder and grimaces.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

That is the real meaning of  
a brown nose Fowler.

Polly goes back to her desk with looking at the remainder  
of the sticky notes still left around her desk.

She looks around on her wall at her Posters of Mozart (with  
a fake moustache drawn on it) and Queen Elizabeth picture  
with "Keep Calm and Carry On"... now reading "Keep Calm and  
Carry On""ly Condoms".

She picks up the phone.

VOICE (V.O.)

Good morning.  
Cheapandeasyflights.com at  
your service. How can I help  
you today?

POLLY

Um yes. I would like to book  
a flight to London, England.

VOICE (V.O.)

Do you have any special  
dates in mind?

POLLY

No. Not really. I just wanna  
leave within the next two  
weeks.

VOICE (V.O.)

No problem Ma'am. Let me  
just take down some  
information from you first.

The telephone conversation is muted.

Polly takes out a flat packed box while talking to the  
airline customer service line. It has British paraphernalia  
on it.

She starts to empty her desk still while talking. She puts  
her shoes in a backpack. She puts away her model "Mini Car"  
paper weight. She packs away her Will and Kate Middleton  
wedding photo mug.

Putting in her box, she lets down old issues of EBONY  
Magazine... revealing Hello magazines hidden inside.

Polly quickly tries to pick up the stack of magazines while  
holding the phone.

POLLY

Ok. Just send that to me to my personal email address as an e-ticket. Sorry, but my boss is in front of me so gotta go.

Polly hangs the phone up to continue arranging her magazines on the floor. While she's looking down she hears a voice.

PETER

Polly Hap-hazard-burg. Hello? Is the psycho woman throwing her life away on a silly dream still there?

POLLY

Did Peter Pan dream? Or Annie the Orphan? Or Kate Middleton for that fact?

Polly puts magazines on her desk in a neat stack while Peter looks a bit surprised at her reply.

PETER

Seriously? Is this a reflection of your mental state?

POLLY

Dreams are made while you sleep. I am wide awake and making a perfectly plausible life changing decision. Plus, I mediate.

Polly sits up straight, making sure Peter doesn't notice her Hello magazines.

Peter notices her holding what he thinks are EBONY magazines.

PETER

Well you know, it might be hard for you to find copies of those over there.

Peter points at Polly's fake stack of Ebony magazines. He then gets closer to POLLY and puts his hand on her shoulder.

PETER

(CONT'D)

It wouldn't be easier for you over there as it is here. Might as well stay here.

POLLY

!?.... And stay here with you?

She takes his hand off her shoulder.

PETER

Can I say it enough? Just call me the voice of reason. I have met many women like you. You try so hard to get my number. You even try to ignore me pretending that is a strategy. But we all know that someone like you, could never get a man like me.

Polly continues packing pretending to ignore Peter while he talks.

PETER

(CONT'D)

I am not trying to be rude. In fact, I am trying to save you from heartache. It is better to go through life being as realistic as possible. Then you don't get hurt...

Peter manages to pick up a half used carton of Acidophilus milk. He pauses, grimaces, then coughs

PETER

(CONT'D)

...the food chain.

POLLY

This is one decision that food has nothing to deal with. Would you leave me alone now. I have a letter of resignation to write.

PETER

Suit yourself. Like I said, you have been warned that you are making the biggest mistake of your life.

Polly turns on her radio without the earplugs so the whole office can hear. The radio is still on oldies Rocking the 80s station. She starts singing loudly to the main chorus.

POLLY

(singing)

I want to break free...

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)  
(she does a robot  
dance)  
I want to break free...

She does the running man dance.

Polly continues to dance while Peter walks away and people in her office walk towards her cubicle to see what is going on. She continues to dance despite the whole office watching her.

INT. POLLY'S OFFICE / RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Polly holds a box of personal items. While people are walking by doing work, she looks around and smiles.

A picture of Obama next to the American flag is near the entrance of the building. She puts her box down and salutes it. As she bends down to pick up the box again, she hears a voice.

PETER  
Why gotta stop meeting like  
this.

Polly looks up and rolls her eyes and shakes her head. She looks up to the sky.

POLLY  
So this is the payment for  
my fortune?  
(to Peter) )  
Look, I am gone. We have  
nothing else to talk about.

PETER  
I know that. But just to  
remind you that we all have  
a 30 clause in our contract.  
If you break that contract  
be prepared to suffer the  
consequences.

Polly points her finger at Peter.

POLLY  
Look. Your people made a  
contract with my people a  
long time ago. Now you tell  
me who broke what contract  
and what kinda consequences  
you talking about again?

peter throws his hands in the air.

PETER

Here we go again. The race card?

POLLY

No. It's not the race card. It is presidents.

She snaps her finger in his face and walks away. Peter shakes his head

PETER

Did she say "presidents"?  
(shouting back)  
It's "precedence"! And it's still a race card.

Peter tries to follow POLLY as she walks away, shouting.

PETER

(CONT'D)

And I bet you don't even have a passport "Miss Making Informed Decisions"!

Polly stops. She drops the box. She hits her head with the inside of her hand.

POLLY

Crap!

Peter stops trying to follow her and smirks. Polly picks up the box and she hurries out the door.

INT. PASSPORT OFFICE - DAY

Polly walks in and looks around trying to figure what is the procedure at the passport office. She asks a random person sitting in a seat for information.

POLLY

Excuse me, where is the beginning of the line?

The person points to a huge sign marked "Information". Polly looks over at the sign and puts her hands in prayer position.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Thank you.

She walks over to the Information Desk to speak with the female DESK CLERK.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Hi, my name is Polly  
Hapsburg. I would like to  
apply for a passport because  
I am going to --

DESK CLERK

Here. Take a number and have  
a seat. Thank you.

POLLY

Um, well can you tell me how  
long it will take to process  
my passport? I mean I am on  
a deadline here.

DESK CLERK

After your number is called,  
you can ask questions to the  
passport officer.

POLLY

I know. But I wanted to ask  
you since the sign over your  
head reads "Information".

The desk clerk turns around and looks up at the sign to  
read it.

DESK CLERK

Ma'am, all day long I get  
the same mess. Don't you  
think I know what the sign  
says over my head?

POLLY

Well, yeah? But maybe you  
are not implementing what is  
says, you do?

Polly makes a sign with her thumb and index finger to show  
a small distance.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Maybe you squeeze out a  
little information for me.

DESK CLERK

The information I give is  
telling people to take a  
number.

Polly puts her hands on her hips.

POLLY

Seriously? You mean to tell me all they pay you for is to say "take a number".

DESK CLERK

What I am about to say to you though, it's free of charge.

Desk Clerk signals with her finger for Polly to come closer as if to whisper to her.

POLLY

Aha. You gotta secret to tell me?

Polly moves closer to the Desk Clerk. Voice of the desk clerk starts soft and gradually increases volume.

DESK CLERK

If you don't sit your ass down, I will make sure that number you'll get passed by like a crack head on the street begging for bread.

Polly jumps back and walks away backwards signalling with her hand for the Desk Clerk to calm down. She gets a ticket - Nr.105 - takes a seat... looks around the room...

A couple is kissing. She stares. The couple notices her staring and Polly pretends to be looking up in thought by putting her hand on her chin contemplatively.

Number 105 is called. Polly proceeds to the PASSPORT OFFICER's counter, a Korean male.

PASSPORT  
OFFICER

Good afternoon ma'am. Can I have your ticket please.

POLLY

What ticket?

PASSPORT  
OFFICER

I am waiting on Nr. 105. Please show that it is your number.

POLLY

Duh!

She hits her head with her hand.



POLLY  
(CONT'D)

Of course.  
(looking in her  
handbag)  
Now let me get it out.

Polly has a hard time finding the number. Putting her bag on the floor she looks for the ticket. She isn't visible to the Passport Officer.

The Passport Officer tries to lean over the counter to see what Polly is doing. He speaks down to her.

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
Ma'am. Is everything ok?

Polly replies while on the floor searching for the ticket.

POLLY  
Yup. Got it right here.

Polly continues to search for a minute. Her hair gets messed up and clothes become disheveled

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
Ma'am. Ma'am. It's ok.  
Please can you get back up  
here.

POLLY  
I am Nr. 105. Just give me a  
sec.

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
Look Ma'am. Don't worry.  
Since no one else is here,  
you must be Nr. 105  
otherwise someone else would  
have claimed to be Nr. 105  
too.

POLLY  
Right. Why would I lie to a  
Passport Officer? Phew!

She rubs her finger across forehead as a sign of relief.

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
How can I help you today  
Ma'am?

POLLY

Well, I found out this morning that Elizabeth Bennet is dead. That was a sign that I had been waiting for all my life...

Polly looks up at the Passport Officer who looks bewildered.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Aha! You want me to get to the facts. Well, I booked a ticket to London this morning. But I don't have a passport. How soon can I get one?

PASSPORT

OFFICER

Have you ever been issued a passport before?

POLLY

Something told me years ago to apply for a passport. Then I decided to get my Accounting degree...

Polly looks up at the Passport Officer who doesn't look too amused.

PASSPORT

OFFICER

The general service times for processing new passports is about 3-4 weeks.

POLLY

(loud high pitched voice)

3-4 weeks?!!

PASSPORT

OFFICER

Ma'am.

POLLY

(lower high pitched voice)

3-4 weeks?!

PASSPORT

OFFICER

That is what we inform customers.

Polly puts her head on the counter. Nothing is said.

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
(CONT'D)

Ma'am. Do you wish to apply?

Polly talks back to the Passport Officer with her head on the counter faced down.

POLLY  
What is the point? It will  
be too late.

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
Sorry but there is nothing I  
can do.

Polly starts crying on the counter.

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
(CONT'D)  
Ma'am. Ma'am. Are you ok?

Polly does a small dance move while her head is still faced down. Music starts to play from a K-Pop girl band group.

Slowly Polly lifts her head and looks at the Passport Officer while dancing.

POLLY  
(singing)  
...tells me that I am the  
best.

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
What did you say to me  
Ma'am?

POLLY  
That's right. I am the best.

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
OMG. You like K-Pop.

POLLY  
I am K-Pop. Strike a pose.

Polly does a Vogue-ish pose, then takes out a pink wig and puts it on after putting her hair in a ponytail. She starts to sing and dance to the song in front of the Passport Officer.

People in the Passport Office gather around and cheer Polly on as she dances.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
(singing and dancing)  
"Nay ga chay cha la ga...  
Nay ga chay cha la ga...  
Nay ga chay cha la ga...  
Nay ga chay cha la ga...  
Che che che cha la ga...  
Byatch!! --  
bom a rocka da da da da da  
da da... Byatch! --  
bom a rocka da da da da da  
da da... Byatch! --  
bom a rocka da da da da da  
da da... Byatch! --  
bom a rocka da da da da da  
da da" Oh my god!

PASSPORT  
OFFICER  
Ok... Ok... I see you got  
skills. I gotta help a  
fellow K-Popper. But only  
this once. Here.  
(he gives her a  
piece of paper)  
Come back in a week. All  
your dreams can come true.

POLLY  
Wow.  
(taking paper)  
Now my life is really  
becoming like Cinderella's.

Polly kisses the transparent barrier since she is not able to kiss the Passport Officer directly.

She takes a piece of white paper and on them is written "I heart you".

INT. POLLY'S STUDIO APARTMENT (NEW YORK) - DAY

Polly's apartment is sparsely decorated. A Victorian sofa and a wooden African statue is on the side table.

A picture with her mother and Polly wearing an Annie the Orphan costume is on a shelf.

There is a homemade flag half American and half British on the wall.

The centre piece of the room is a desk with a computer and monitor.

Polly puts her bags down, sits on the sofa and puts her feet up on a footstool. She clicks on the tv and begins to watch Old Rerun channel. It plays the theme song for Dynasty.

DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

INT. LUXURY LIVING ROOM - DAY

We hear the words repeated that the Passport Officer spoke, "All you dreams can come true". Then the song "When you wish upon a Star" is played.

The scene is as in one of the Dynasty episodes. Everyone is dressed in 80's high fashion.

Polly comes through the door dressed like Joan Collins with same hairstyle and shoulder pads. She sees a character like BLAKE CARRINGTON sitting at his study.

POLLY (AS  
ALEXIS  
CARRINGTON  
COLBY)  
(in a bad British  
accent)  
Blake darling. I am come.

BLAKE  
Alexis. What are you doing  
here?

Polly walks over towards Blake with a cigarette holder in her hand and a wide-rim hat.

POLLY  
Blake. I love you.

Polly tries to kiss Blake. But he turns his head.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Plus I own half of  
everything in your estate.

BLAKE  
Alexis. You know I will  
fight you tooth and nail to  
keep everything for me and  
my family.

POLLY

I was once your family  
Blake. Can't you see? Look  
into my eyes.

Polly grabs Blake's chin to pull towards her face.

BLAKE

I have looked into those  
eyes and have seen evil. Now  
I have moved on.

POLLY

Blake. You can't move on.  
Didn't you know?

BLAKE

Know what? Now if you mean  
to try to blackmail me  
Alexis, this time it will  
not work!

POLLY

No Blake. I am a Black  
Female darling. British  
accent is a feature. You  
can't move on, because you  
know... you know... you know  
that...

BLAKE

Spit it out woman!

POLLY

(shouting)  
You know that once you go  
Black you can't go back!

LA-LA-LA-LA... The intro of Beethoven's 5th Symphony  
resonates tragically close up to Polly.

END OF DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

INT. POLLY'S STUDIO APARTMENT (NEW YORK) - DAY

Polly sits on her sofa staring at the ceiling. She seems to  
awaken from another daydreaming session and picks up her  
mobile phone and dials a number...

POLLY

Hi Jane.

JANE(V.O.)

Hello love.

POLLY

I know you remember the unbelievable news I called you about earlier that Elizabeth Bennet is dead!

JANE(V.O.)

How could I forget? But I hoped maybe you were keeping a cool head about the news.

POLLY

I have -- NOT! I have totally quit my job, bought a ticket to London and am just waiting to get my passport! All in a day!

JANE(V.O.)

Oh Polly! Did you also call your mum and told her?

POLLY

Of course I didn't! She would only worry. I like to tell her after things have been sorted out.

JANE(V.O.)

But this a real biggie! And how long do you think you can hide it?

POLLY

I can stay in the UK for 90days before having to come back on my visa. In the meantime, I will tell my mother that I am in London on a "Second-mint".

JANE(V.O.)

It's pronounced "Secondment".

POLLY

She won't know what it means either. As long as she thinks it is for work she will be happy.

JANE(V.O.)

But I am concerned that you will be happy?

POLLY

But I have you! To tell me  
all the London stuff I need  
to know. How to say things  
like "Jolly good mate".

JANE(V.O.)

(laughing)

Yea. Right. So will I see  
you before you leave?

POLLY

Of course. Let's meet  
Saturday for brunch.

JANE(V.O.)

At our usual then?

POLLY

It is. See you then.

JANE(V.O.)

Bye for now.

Polly hangs up. She gets up and goes to her closet to get  
out her suitcase.

It is covered with British paraphernalia and it still has  
the purchase ticket on showing it never used. She goes to  
her bookshelf and pulls out a book titled "British English  
for Dummy Americans".

Polly opens the book and we hear her trying to speak in a  
British accent. She is doing an awful job.

POLLY

*I would like to order a  
bottle of water... I would  
like to order a bottle of  
water... I would like to  
order a bottle of water.*

Polly prances around her room reading the words in British  
English. She puts the book down.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

*The rain in Spain falls  
mainly on the plain. The  
rain in Spain falls mainly  
on the plain.*

(increasing voice  
in volume)

*The rain in Spain falls  
mainly on the plain.*



Polly jumps up with joy and looks at herself in the mirror. She's reminded that she's a far cry from the "My Fair Lady" type of woman in every sense.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

Polly waits for Jane at their local café for brunch. The WAITER comes.

WAITER  
Is there anything I can get  
you this morning?

Polly adopts her new terrible British accent...

POLLY  
(BRITISH...)  
*Yes. I wish to kindly have  
Sir a glass of tap water.*

WAITER  
(confused by her  
accent)  
Excuse me?

POLLY  
*You heard me my good boy.  
Tap Water.*

WAITER  
Suit yourself.

The waiter walks off and whispers inaudibly to a colleague pointing at her. Polly notices and ignores.

Polly picks up the LONDON TIMES she just bought. She holds it up high so everyone can see what she is reading.

The Waiter brings her water and puts it on her table. Polly ignores him, continuing her reading.

Jane comes up to restaurant and looks for Polly. As she scans the area, she notices the London Times newspaper. Jane approaches the table.

JANE  
Excuse me, but is this seat  
free, because I heard that  
Elizabeth Bennet is dead?  
(laughing)

Polly puts the newspaper down and sees Jane. She smiles. She picks up her phone.

POLLY

(BRITISH...)

*Hold a moment. Let me check  
with my fiancé. Mark Darcy!*  
(she laughs loudly)

Jane takes a seat. The waiter comes back to take their order. He smiles at Jane but looks with disdain at Polly.

WAITER

Good morning. What can I get you today?

JANE

(looking at menu)  
I will have the veggie omelette and a latte.  
Thanks.

WAITER

And are you ready to order Queen Elizabeth?

POLLY

*And as Queen, then, serve me  
the same as my friend here.  
Now off with your head!*

She sways her hand, the waiter leaves. Jane looks at Polly surprised.

JANE

What is going on with your voice?

POLLY

*There is nothing wrong with  
my voice. Same as it's been  
all these 10 years I have  
known you.*

JANE

Polly!? When did you get a fake British accent?

POLLY

*Well, firstly, it isn't  
fake. Its mine. Maybe not  
the best accent. But not  
fake.*

JANE

Well, if this is the start of a new life for you. Then at least let me help you! Firstly, people don't say "off with your head" in the 21st century.

POLLY

*You know how I am prone to exaggeration.*

The Waiter brings their food and drinks.

JANE

That was quick.

The Waiter leaves the order slip on the table close to Jane. Polly takes a look at it and shakes her head.

POLLY

*Just as I thought. He left his number on it. He fancies me.*

She puts the slip in her bag.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

*Unfortunately, I am taken. Any who Jane. I want you tell me all about London!*

JANE

But darling. Shouldn't we talk about your big move? It is in about a week now. What about your apartment? How will you explain this break on your resume?

POLLY

*Wait. Wait. There will be no "break" in my resume --*

Polly forget her terrible accent:

POLLY

(CONT'D)

*... Well there will be but I really plan to meet Mark and shortly after, we fall in love.*

JANE

But Polly what are your chances? What about all the other women in the world who are probably thinking just as you are?

POLLY

*I have spent thousands of dollars for portrait photos for exclusive dating clubs.*

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

I have had this waxed, that trimmed, and this tweezed. What do I have to show for it?

Looking at herself up and down.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

I might be putting all my eggs in one basket. Right now, if I don't go, someone could write a book about me and document today what I will be doing in the next 30, 40 or 50 years. I can't live with my steps already laid out in a straight line for me.

JANE

No... Well... Ok, yes... I was just thinking you were putting all your eggs in one basket.

POLLY

Well Jane I see it this way. I never confided in anyone about this. My gyn told me that there something wrong with my ovaries and I couldn't carry a child.

Jane clutches her mouth in shock and sadness.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

No. Don't say anything. I am settled within myself about it. So you see. I need to find something in life to give birth. Something unique and that is a miracle. This chance is my miracle and I think it's my baby.

JANE

Darling.  
(she gives her a hug)  
Say no more.

They both hug a while. Then Polly touches a lock of Jane's hair and plucks it out.

JANE

(CONT'D)

Ouch! What you do that for!?

POLLY

It just reminded me!

JANE

Reminded you of what dammit?

POLLY

Hair!

JANE

Want to watch the movie Hair  
Spray before leaving.

POLLY

No. Are you mad? I need to  
buy some hair!

Polly jumps out of her seat, and walks away. Then she comes back and gives Jane a box and leaves. Jane opens the box and inside is a Best Friend Forever locket.

INT. HAIR SHOP - DAY

Polly enters Hair Shop. The HAIR SHOP CLERK sorts out merchandise at the counter. He doesn't acknowledge Polly.

POLLY

(BRITISH...)

*Excuse me? Didn't you hear  
the shop bell? You have a  
customer.*

HAIR SHOP

CLERK

How can I help you?

POLLY

*I would like to kindly  
purchase some of your finest  
real human hair. Something  
that looks like one of those  
movies stars on the tele.*

HAIR SHOP

CLERK

Which movie star do you have  
in mind?

POLLY

*Oh I am not sure my good  
Sir.*

Hair Shop Clerk looks doubtful at Polly's British accent speaking abilities.

HAIR SHOP

CLERK

A party? Or wedding?

POLLY

(amazed)

*Not another coincidence. How did you know?*

HAIR SHOP

CLERK

Madame. I just made a lucky guess.

POLLY

*Say what you like. I know I am in the right place. And the word wedding. Four Weddings and a Funeral. Yes! Hugh Grant meets and American Winnie Driver and they get married. Just like my prophecy with Mark.*

EXT. LONDON - HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

A Boeing 777 from American Airlines is landing.

INT. HEATHROW EXPRESS TRAIN - DAY

Polly wears her new Andie MacDowell hair. She looks larger than life with high heels making it difficult to carry her bags.

Carrying far too much luggage she struggles to get all of it on the train before it departs. Sweating, she meets FABRIZIO NEUMANN, an Oxford Professor.

FABRIZIO

Excuse me. But can I help?

POLLY

(BRITISH...)

*Ah. You speak English.*

Fabrizio a bit surprised both by the question and Polly's accent:

FABRIZIO

... Indeed I do.

POLLY

*So do I?*

FABRIZIO  
Beg your pardon?

POLLY  
*I speak English as well.*

FABRIZIO  
(laughing)  
And very well indeed.

Polly doesn't realise Fabrizio is being facetious. He helps her get her bags on the train as the buzzer to depart had sounded. They take a seat in the same four-seater carriage area.

POLLY  
Phew. Made it

FABRIZIO  
We both made it.

Polly checks her hair and takes out her face powder to powder her nose.

FABRIZIO  
(CONT'D)  
My name is Fabrizio by the way. Fabrizio Neumann.

POLLY  
Oh. Pardon my manners. I should thank you for helping me with my luggage.

Polly moves to shake his hand.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Hi. My name is Polly. Polly Hapsburg.

FABRIZIO  
Ah. The Hapsburg. What a unique name. I thought the House of Hapsburg was no more officially.

POLLY  
(confused)  
Huh? My house is in New York.

Fabrizio is amused.

FABRIZIO  
You travelling from America?

POLLY

(BRITISH...)

No. Why do you ask?

FABRIZIO

I detected a slight American accent there.

POLLY

*What you detected was a slight British accent. And yes. I just so happen to be travelling from America. It was a temporary trip.*

FABRIZIO

Aha. So whereabouts in London do you live.

Polly isn't prepared for the question, having no idea about the different areas of town. She looks down on the seat table and sees the name of her hotel with a W3 address on it.

POLLY

*Well, I am not in the business of telling perfect strangers where I live. All I can say is that I live in the W3 area.*

FABRIZIO

Well, it has been a long time since someone referred to me as "perfect".

(smiling)

I will take it.

POLLY

*But since we are talking about addresses. I have to first drop by my colleagues office to pick up some important documents.*

FABRIZIO

Aha.

POLLY

*The address is in W3. I want to save some time. Do you have any recommendations about the quickest way to get there from Paddington station?*

FABRIZIO

Let me think.



POLLY

*I mean I read about all the new underground lines being built.*

FABRIZIO

If you tell me the exact address I could tell you the best way.

POLLY

*It's the Human Resources office at the London Star Hotel off Kensington High Street.*

FABRIZIO

Aha. Kensington High Street. That is a difficult one.

Fabrizio is being facetious unbeknownst to Polly.

FABRIZIO

(CONT'D)

Well, don't take the Circle Line. It is god awful. Your best bet is to go to take the District Line which has more trains. Then straight to Kensington High Street station.

POLLY

*Brilliant. --But for some reason it seems that you are teasing me when you answer my questions.*

FABRIZIO

I am a gentleman. I wouldn't do that.

POLLY

*Good. Because I know when someone is taking the Mickie. You know what I mean about the Mickie right?*

Polly turns her head to the side to sneak a look into her book titled "British Words".

FABRIZIO

No. I am not taking the Mickie. But what would be nice is to take you to dinner one evening.

POLLY

*Oh. That was sudden -- I would have to consult my diary. I mean, I am just back in town, and I have so much stuff to catch up on.*

FABRIZIO

I understand. Just give me your number and we can arrange something later, when you are more caught up.

POLLY

*-- Well, give me your number and I will call you.*

FABRIZIO

Sure. That will work as well.

Fabrizio writes his number down on a business card and gives it to Polly. She puts it in her handbag.

Fabrizio and Polly arrive at Paddington station. He helps her get all of her bags off. They separate.

Polly manages to get them all and proceeds to catch her connecting train.

INT. LONDON STAR HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

Polly arrives flustered at the hotel to check-in. Her hair is put up on a ponytail, and she is wearing flat shoes. The STAR HOTEL RECEPTIONIST sees her struggling but doesn't assist her.

POLLY

Help me someone please?

STAR HOTEL

RECEPTIONIST

We are not busy today. You may just leave your bags right there.

POLLY.

Thanks. Just the help I needed. Polly walks up to the reception counter. She leans on the counter to take a break.

STAR HOTEL

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have a reservation?

POLLY

Are you kidding? I am not here to give myself a hernia. Polly Hapsburg.

STAR HOTEL  
RECEPTIONIST

(looking on the computer)

Ah yes. Well done. May I have your ID and credit card please.

POLLY

I tell you chivalry is surely dead in this country.

STAR HOTEL  
RECEPTIONIST

I would agree. The gangs of kids these days. Outrageous!

POLLY

Who needs gangs when you can't count on a gentleman to help you with your luggage.

STAR HOTEL  
RECEPTIONIST

Indeed. And if it wasn't for the Health and Safety regulations that tie my hands, I would have assisted you. But my hands are legally tied.

POLLY

I see.

STAR HOTEL  
RECEPTIONIST

You are in room 323. Here are your documents. Please note that long stay guests we debit your credit card at the end of each month.

POLLY

Ok. Thanks.

Polly goes back to pick up all her bags. She falls down. She then decides to take the bags little by little up the lift.

INT. LONDON STAR HOTEL - POLLY'S ROOM - DAY

All of Polly's bags are on the floor in her room in an untidy pile. She falls on her bed which finds is so soft that she almost gets lost in it.

She gets up and sits on the edge of the bed and begins to look around the room...

She goes into the bathroom and notices how tiny the shower area is.

POLLY  
What the hell? Can I even  
fit in that?

Polly tries to enter the shower and gets stuck. After managing to get out, she looks on the counter in the living room and sees a tea making area.

POLLY(CONT'D  
)  
Well it wouldn't be Britain  
if they didn't have a place  
to make tea. This would cost  
extra in the states.

Polly gets her laptop out. She tries to access the computer internet. She logs onto her "voice over ip" service and calls Jane.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Jane! I am here! Tick!

JANE (V.O.)  
Welcome to your new  
beginning.

POLLY  
I know right. And I met this  
handsome guy on the train.

JANE (V.O.)  
Polly! You are not there to  
meet sexy men.  
(laughs)  
Just one man.

POLLY  
So true! Hold on -- I have  
his card.

Polly looks in her bag to retrieve Fabrizio's card. She looks at it a while

JANE (V.O.)  
What is it?

POLLY

HUH. He is a professor at Oxford University.

JANE (V.O.)

Does that make a difference?

POLLY

Never mind. So now I have to figure out a way to meet Mark. Any suggestions?

JANE (V.O.)

Well I have some good news and bad news.

POLLY

Give me the bad news first. The contrast will make the good news better.

JANE (V.O.)

Well darling. I managed to find out where Mark lives. Thought I felt bad potentially encouraging you to stalk the poor chap. He doesn't live in London Polly.

POLLY

What the heck?

Polly falls off her chair. While on the floor she mimes a tantrum. She gets up before Jane comes back to continue speaking.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Then where does he live then?

JANE (V.O.)

EXETER

POLLY

Ethiopia? Wah..what the... Where?

JANE (V.O.)

Not Ethiopia. Exeter in County Devon. It is still in England.

POLLY

AHA. Phew! I thought for a moment I have screwed up majorly. So which train do I take to get there.

JANE (V.O.)

It takes a few hours.

POLLY

A few hours. He might as well bloody live in Ethiopia! I can't afford to stalk him that far away. I mean meet him being so far.

JANE (V.O.)

Your British accent is improving.  
(chuckles)

POLLY

Well it doesn't help with me in London and Mark in Exeter.

JANE (V.O.)

But I also have good news.

POLLY

What, his house burned and he is moving to London?

JANE (V.O.)

Close. He is attending a charity event despite the fact that Elizabeth Bennet is dead. He should be at the Children's Haven Charity near Angel tube station.

POLLY

Children and Angels. This is yet more confirmation. Give me the address.

JANE (V.O.)

It's 55 Shepherdess Walk. But Polly he will only be there for another hour.

POLLY

Crikey! Well then I gotta dash! Talk to you later. Bye!

Polly quickly shuts her laptop and quickly tries to fix her and change shoes. She looks at her watch.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

I have one hour. And I have  
no idea how to get there!

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY

Polly is frantically trying to get on a bus to Angel Tube Station. She grabs strangers who show her directions on her travel map, then try to give her directions. She then runs and catches a bus. She sits on the bus.

POLLY

I am almost there. I have 10  
minutes.

EXT. CHILDREN'S HAVEN CHARITY - DAY

Polly arrives at the charity discombobulated. There are a few remnants of fans standing around. She tries to ask one of the FANS if Mark is inside.

POLLY

Hiya. Is Mark still inside?

FAN

Sorry love. He is gone now.

POLLY

Crikey! My chance to finally  
meet him and I bleeping miss  
him!

Polly does a small tantrum dance and walks away disappointed. She continues to walk and gets on a local bus without knowing where it is going. She sulks on the bus while viewing the London sites.

Polly passes by the London Eye, then the Houses of Parliament, then she notices she is close to Kensington Gardens. She gets off the bus and walks around.

EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - DAY

Polly walks around Kensington Park. She walks past the ponds and looks at the duck and swans. Romantic couples are in the park. She gets to Kensington Palace.

She gets very close to the palace. The guards signal her to step back. She throws her hands in the air and then takes out a small picture of Kate and Prince Williams wedding photo to show the guard who doesn't pay any mind. She flips him her middle finger.

Polly then walks towards the area of the park where there are sun chairs to sit in. She randomly sits in one of the chairs. She gets comfortable and puts on some shades to try and take a little nap on the chair. She is interrupted by a PARK ATTENDANT.

PARK  
ATTENDANT

Miss. Thar will be 3 pounds  
50.

POLLY

I am not a prostitute sorry.

PARK  
ATTENDANT

I mean it costs 3 pounds 50  
to hire the chair.

POLLY

That is ridiculous.

PARK  
ATTENDANT

I don't set the prices Miss.

POLLY

Well you should advise your  
supervisors that charging in  
halves is so inconvenient.

Polly proceeds to get her purse to dig out some change.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

I mean really. It would be  
better to just charge  
4pounds even. Or 3 pounds?  
Even amounts are just better  
and easier. Don't you think?

Polly hands the Park Attendant the money.

PARK  
ATTENDANT

Sure Miss. Easier.

Park Attendant walks away and Polly continues to sit on the lawn chair. Then someone taps her on the shoulder while sleeping.

POLLY

Look Sir. I have already  
paid.

Polly looks up and it is Fabrizio. She sits up surprised. She takes off her sunglasses.



POLLY  
(CONT'D)

Shouldn't Oxford professors  
be teaching or doing some  
fantastical research or  
something?

FABRIZIO

Indeed we should. However!  
It's my day off and I  
decided for a leisurely walk  
in town after meeting a  
colleague in town for a bit  
of lunch. Then voila! I meet  
you in the park. What a fine  
coincidence you think?

POLLY

Not everyone believes in  
coincidences coincidentally.

FABRIZIO

So. You read my card then?

POLLY

What card?

FABRIZIO

My business card? You know  
that I am a professor at  
Oxford.

POLLY

You have "professor" written  
all over you. It could have  
been a lucky guess. Isn't  
everyone in the park with a  
posh accent an Oxford  
professor? Wait. Don't  
answer that. Yeh. Yeh. You  
caught me.

Polly puts her hands up as if she was going to be  
handcuffed.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

But please don't taze me.

FABRIZIO

Oh no. But I am glad though.  
I mean..... I thought you  
would have thrown my card  
away as soon as we departed.  
Now I feel like I have a  
chance.

POLLY

Hey I might look  
desperate... what d'ya mean  
"chance"?

FABRIZIO

Don't be offended. It is a  
compliment. That a woman  
like you wouldn't totally  
disregard a man like me.

POLLY

What sort of man are we  
talking about? I mean if you  
are an undercover serial  
killer then -- well... you  
know what I mean.

FABRIZIO

You are delightful. Have  
dinner with me tonight.

POLLY

And you are bold Sir.

FABRIZIO

Is that a yes?

POLLY

Let's just say I prefer not  
to turn down an offer of  
dinner. And where may I ask  
is the place we shall dine?

FABRIZIO

We shall dine at the  
Shanghai Temple. I hope you  
like Asian food?

POLLY

I prefer Chinese. But that  
is ok.

FABRIZIO

Ok. Do you think you can  
find the place?

POLLY

Of course! Just write the  
address here.

Fabrizio writes the address on her travel map.

INT. ASIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Polly meets Fabrizio for dinner. They enter the restaurant. They immediately go and take a seat. When they sit down an ASIAN WAITER greets them.

ASIAN WAITER  
Good evening. Your menus.

The waiter hands them the menu.

FABRIZIO  
Thank you. We will need a few minutes.

The Asian Waiter leaves for a while.

FABRIZIO  
(CONT'D)  
So... how was the rest of your day?

POLLY  
I was tired. Jetlagged and slept a few hours. And yours?

FABRIZIO  
Quite tiring as well. I haven't been able to get back home all day.

POLLY  
So I guess right about now you would be quite ripe for a shower.

FABRIZIO  
Well, I guess. I didn't about that.

POLLY  
So you wouldn't mind going French style then?

FABRIZIO  
French style?

POLLY  
You know?

Polly sniffs under her arms.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Loving the natural odour.

The Asian Waiter comes back to take their order.

ASIAN WAITER  
Are you ready to order?

POLLY  
Look. You haven't put any  
free water on the table. How  
can one order when they are  
parched?

The Asian Waiter is surprised.

ASIAN WATER  
I am sorry Madame. I come  
right back.

POLLY  
Service. Britain is still  
behind America.

FABRIZIO  
A fan?

POLLY  
Not really. This air  
conditioning in the place  
seems to work quite well.

FABRIZIO  
I mean a fan of the  
Americans.

POLLY  
No. Not really. It is not  
that I am a fan as such. I  
appreciate courtesy.

The Asian Waiter comes back with the water and puts it on  
the table.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Thank you. We are ready to  
order.

INT. ASIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)

Polly and Fabrizio sit and talk at the table.

INT. ASIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)

The Asian Waiter is clearing away the table where Polly and  
Fabrizio are sitting. They look across the table from each  
other.

POLLY

Well. This was a pleasant evening.

FABRIZIO

Did you doubt it would be?

POLLY

I don't normally make presumptions. You know what they say? It makes an ass out of you and me.

She laughs.

FABRIZIO

Well. I hope I can see you again. I mean, I have to catch a train now, so will have to dash. Join me for lunch in Oxford?

POLLY

I don't know. I didn't come here to be seduced by Oxford professors. And I told you that I am kind of on a time limit with... with... with a work project.

FABRIZIO

Ok.

POLLY

Yeah. As freelance writers, our lives are like a paparazzi's, only with a slightly better reputation.

FABRIZIO

I promise. You will enjoy it.

Polly looks at her watch.

POLLY

What time did you say your train was leaving again?

FABRIZIO

Is that also a yes?

POLLY

Ok. Fine.

FABRIZIO  
 Saturday then. I will pick  
 you up at Oxford Main  
 station at 10.30am.

POLLY  
 Ok.

Fabrizio signals for the Asian Waiter. He asks for the bill.

FABRIZIO  
 Please charge everything on  
 my card.

The Asian Waiter takes out his payment machine and puts the bill on the table.

EXT. OXFORD MEADOW - DAY

Fabrizio and Polly have a lunch in a remote meadow in Oxford. They lie on top of a blanket spread out with a basket close to them, filled with various breads, cheeses, wine and beer.

FABRIZIO  
 So tell me honestly Polly.  
 Why have you decided to move  
 to London.

Polly takes something to eat and stuffs her mouth to begin answering Fabrizio's question.

POLLY  
 Well, I decided I was sick  
 of the 9 to 5. You have  
 heard that before right?

FABRIZIO  
 Yes. I have.

POLLY  
 Then I thought, I had to  
 make a leap. A real big  
 leap.

She stretches her arms out.

FABRIZIO  
 I see.

POLLY  
 Then I thought, staying in  
 New York to change my life  
 wouldn't be much of a real  
 change.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

I mean, I got a great paying job in the states and decided to take it.

FABRIZIO

That explains the slight hint of American in your accent.

POLLY

Exactly. It does, doesn't it? Well, I needed to really step out of my depth. That meant a career change as well.

FABRIZIO

So what were you doing before?

POLLY

Accounting.

FABRIZIO

Respectable.

POLLY

Yeah. I know. So I wanted a change from that.

Polly puts more food in her mouth and drinks.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

So again right, I thought what is it that I really love doing? Then it hit me. Bang!

FABRIZIO

Let me guess. Journalism.

POLLY

Close. It's freelance journalism. Yes. That's it. I changed career To freelance journalism.

FABRIZIO

Because the internet makes it easy for anyone just to dive in and make their mark.

POLLY

That sounds about right. Making a "mark". It is all about "Mark".

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

I mean about making my  
"mark". That's it right on  
the head.

FABRIZIO

So. Shall we have a drink to  
your new career.

POLLY

Sure. I am parched.

She sips her drink.

Fabrizio looks into the picnic basket. He sees a special  
imported beer he brought along which needs a bottle opener  
to open. He looks around the area to see if it was there.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

What is it?

FABRIZIO

Seems I might have forgotten  
to bring my bottle opener.

POLLY

Oh.

FABRIZIO

You see here. I brought  
along this special beer and  
this seems like the right  
time to open it.

POLLY

Don't you worry. I can open  
it.

FABRIZIO

Ah. So you were so efficient  
that you even brought along  
an extra bottle opener?

POLLY

I am going to show how my  
mother did it when I was a  
child. I grew up poor. We  
didn't have such fancy  
things as bottle openers. If  
there wasn't a door around  
we used our teeth.

FABRIZIO

Polly. Oh no. It is not that  
important. Just forget about  
it.



POLLY

No really. I used to do this  
all the time. No worries.

Polly gets the bottle and she tries to open the top with  
her teeth. Suddenly she screams and there is blood.

FABRIZIO

Polly. Oh my gosh. Are you  
all right?

POLLY

I think I just broke my  
tooth.

Polly pushes Fabrizio away. He gets up to help her.

FABRIZIO

I think I have to take you  
to A&E.

POLLY

No. I just want to go back.

FABRIZIO

Of course. I will gather  
everything immediately.

Fabrizio quickly folds the picnic blanket with all the  
items in one swoop without regards to the items being  
mashed or damaged.

INT. LONDON STAR HOTEL - POLLY'S ROOM - DAY

Polly is in her room eating in bed. She spills some tea on  
herself and tries to wipe it off. Then her phone rings. She  
looks at it to see who's calling.

POLLY

Oh no. Arghhh!

She answers.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FABRIZIO'S CAR - DAY

FABRIZIO

Hi Polly. How are you?

POLLY

Oh you know. Here today,  
toothless tomorrow.

FABRIZIO

I am so sorry about what happened.

POLLY

Well technically it wasn't your fault.

FABRIZIO

I should have remembered to bring the bottle opener. Then our lovely lunch wouldn't have been ruined.

POLLY

No worries.

FABRIZIO

But Polly. I have to confess something.

POLLY

What is it?

FABRIZIO

I find you to be the liveliest person I know.

POLLY

Ah. Thanks.

FABRIZIO

No. I mean it. I have to just be blunt about it. Polly I want you to move in with me and make me a happy man.

Polly spills the rest of her drink on the bed.

POLLY

Oh Fabrizio. Now that came from left field! You don't even know me yet.

FABRIZIO

I know enough to know I want to know more.

POLLY

Oh Fabrizio. This is awful.

FABRIZIO

Why? I didn't think you were dating someone if you accepted a lunch date with me.

POLLY

Technically you are right.  
But I am already in love  
with someone and they are  
waiting for me.

FABRIZIO

Are you just saying that  
because you don't want to  
accept my offer.

POLLY

Fabrizio. Your offer is  
lovely. But I am sorry I  
can't accept it. I think its  
best that we not talk again  
for a while.

FABRIZIO

As you wish. Maybe I read  
the signals wrong.

POLLY

I'm sorry Fabrizio. You are  
an Oxford professor. I know  
a thousand women who would  
be more than happy to be  
with you. But I am already  
taken, in my heart.

FABRIZIO

Well. I respect your  
response and wish you a  
happy and successful time  
with your new career.

POLLY

Thank you. Bye.

Polly hangs up the phone feeling sorry. Her phone rings.  
Thinking it's Fabrizio, she immediately answers the phone  
without first looking at who was calling.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Fabrizio?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LONDON STAR HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

STAR HOTEL

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Polly Hapsburg?

POLLY

Oh. Yes. This is Polly.

STAR HOTEL  
RECEPTIONIST

I am calling to inform you that your credit card has been declined? Do you have any other form of payment to provide us?

POLLY

What?! That can't be.

STAR HOTEL  
RECEPTIONIST

We tried several times.

POLLY

Well. I have to check and I will get back to you straightaway.

STAR HOTEL  
RECEPTIONIST

Thank you. Will look forward to hearing from you soon. Goodbye. Polly hits her hand to her head.

POLLY

And I just gave up a free room with Fabrizio! My timing!

(pause)

No! I will not be defeated. I will solve this problem. Maybe there is something wrong with my salary being deposited into my account since I changed everything before leaving.

Polly gets on her phone and dials.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLLY'S OFFICE - RECEPTIONIST - DAY

PETER

This is Peter. How can I help?

POLLY

Peter Fowler!? What the hell are you doing answering the office phones?

PETER

Well, well if isn't old Pollyana Hap-pen-to-wanna-crawl-back-burg on the phone.

POLLY

I don't want to crawl back to anything! Transfer me to Human Resources.

PETER

And what's the magic word?

POLLY

Transfer me to Human Resources Prick. Magic enough?

PETER

I thought you would have already learned a bit of British conservatism by now.

POLLY

And I thought you would have learned that I don't give a toss about what you think.

PETER

Such harsh words, when I have news for you.

POLLY

You have news for me?

PETER

That's right.

POLLY

Spill it quick.

PETER

Well normally I don't ... but anyway. A little birdie told me that HR wasn't able to put your salary in your account because you changed your details and didn't inform them.

POLLY

Ah. That's all?

PETER

And, that it wouldn't before  
the next cheque run next  
month before they are able  
to remedy the situation.

POLLY

Next month!? I have to wait  
until next month for more  
funds when I have spent so  
much already.

PETER

I told you. Tisk tisk. You  
should have listened to me.

POLLY

Tisk tisk this! I am dating  
an Oxford professor and I  
have been here no time!  
Everything is fine with me  
and you can just sod off!

Polly hangs up the phone abruptly. She puts her head in the  
bed and looks over at the side table. A newspaper is there.  
She gets up and flips through the pages of the newspaper.

She sees and advert for a safe house for Muslim women. She  
goes to her closet and takes out a scarf. She goes to the  
mirror and wraps the scarf around her head.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

I think this is gonna have  
to do.

INT. ISLAMIC WOMEN'S CENTRE - DAY

Polly enters the Women's centre dressed in a Muslim outfit.  
She goes to the WOMEN'S CENTRE RECEPTIONIST to ask about  
applying for assistance.

WOMEN'S

CENTRE

RECEPTIONIST

Assalamu alaikum.

Polly looks behind her to see if someone else was there.

POLLY

No. Polly Hapsburg here.

Polly gives the Receptionist a pack of Hubba Bubba chewing  
gum.

WOMEN'S  
CENTRE  
RECEPTIONIST

Thanks.

(unsure)

How can we help you today my  
sister?

POLLY

Well I have been abused by  
my boyfriend.

WOMEN'S  
CENTRE  
RECEPTIONIST

Boyfriend? You mean husband?

POLLY

Oh. Right "husband".

(she winks)

Yes. My husband has been  
abusing me and I need a room  
please.

WOMEN'S  
CENTRE  
RECEPTIONIST

Well, you have to be a  
Muslim in order to use our  
service as we are funded by  
the Muslim community.

POLLY

Oh I am a Muslim. Aren't we  
all Muslim deep down?

Polly leans over the stokes the Receptionist's hand

WOMEN'S  
CENTRE  
RECEPTIONIST

Sister! Do you have a  
certified "Shahada"?

POLLY

Is that a new range from  
Marks and Sparks?

The Receptionist stands up.

WOMEN'S  
CENTRE  
RECEPTIONIST

Madame. I am sorry. But I am  
going to have to ask you to  
leave.

POLLY  
 Hey. I have no affiliation  
 to terrorists.

WOMEN'S  
 CENTRE  
 RECEPTIONIST  
 Madame. You are not a  
 Muslim.

POLLY  
 That is why I said I have no  
 affiliation to terrorism.

WOMEN'S  
 CENTRE  
 RECEPTIONIST  
 Out! Out!

The receptionist grabs Polly by the arm to guide her to the door.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Polly walks aimlessly around town.

Streets, garden's, buses... gardens, streets...

As she ~~gets~~ get off a bus, a hand in the crowd picks her purse up from her handbag.

She ends up near Queen's Park Tube station. She crosses the street and sees The Ritz Hotel. She looks inside.

POLLY  
 (speaking to  
 herself)  
 Well at least if I do this,  
 I will have a nice final  
 chapter to my story.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Polly enters the Ritz Hotel. She looks at the sign which shows the location of the restaurant for afternoon tea.

She proceeds towards the restaurant area. The RITZ HOTEL HOST is at the entrance.

RITZ HOTEL  
 HOST  
 Madame. Do you have a  
 reservation?



POLLY

No. Is there a table for one? Or can I sit at the bar?

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

This is tea time where people book a year in advance.

POLLY

Well do they cancel last minute?

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

Let me check.

The Ritz Hotel Host checks and sees there is a free place available for one.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

(CONT'D)

Madame, today must be your lucky day. Please follow me.

POLLY

Lucky. That is exactly how I would describe my day.

Polly is placed at a small table.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

Do you wish to order the standard lunchtime tea service.

POLLY

Well I just wanted to enjoy the food.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

Will that be our tray with various cakes and scones.

POLLY

I am a vegetarian.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

Quite. I shall bring you service shortly.

Polly looks around the plush surroundings of the Ritz Hotel. She notices people there eating very quietly and civilized. She makes sure she sits upright.

The Ritz Hotel Host brings her tea service.

POLLY

Wow. This is wonderful.

Polly eats her tea service. She carefully chooses each sweet dish and savours every bite as if it was her last. When she is finished devouring the lunch, she has bits of sugar powder on her face. The Ritz Hotel Host comes to take her service away.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

I have to come to take your tea service away.

POLLY

Boy that was simply delicious. If someone is on death row, they should have this as an option as a last meal.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

Quite.

The Ritz Hotel Host takes her tea service away. He then comes back and presents Polly with her bill.

Polly takes the bill and looks at the price... Then laughing, to the host:

POLLY

Wow! This place is like a shop where they don't advertise the price. The reason is that if you need to ask, then you can't afford it.

Polly looks in her handbag for her purse... She digs and digs... No purse... She empties the content of her bag on the floor. The Ritz Hotel Host looks embarrassed.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

It was here somewhere.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

Take your time.

Polly can't seem to find her purse with her last bit of cash in it.

POLLY

I am sorry my good Sir. But it seems that I have been pickpocketed.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

How convenient.

POLLY

No really. I think I will have to police or something.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

I think I will have to call my manager. Please wait here and don't think about going anywhere.

Polly sits at the table still trying to look around to see if she dropped her purse somewhere near.

In the distance the Ritz Hotel Host is approaching with the Ritz Hotel Manager.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

Madame. Is there a problem?

POLLY

Well I would have thought that your lieutenant there would have given you a heads up before coming over here. Hell yes there is a problem. I have been burglarised.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

The correct term is robbed.

POLLY

Correction. I have been robbed. Now can someone call the police?

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

Madame. It seems highly irregular that you somehow just realized that you have no capacity to pay the bill at this stage in the service here.

POLLY

And at what stage should I  
have noticed I was burgled?

RITZ HOTEL  
MANAGER

Madame. If the police get  
involved then it will be  
such a to do. Would you  
please check once again to  
see if you are able to find  
your purse.

POLLY

Are you listening to the  
words coming outta my mouth.

She makes hand gestures like a duck's beak.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

I can't find it because  
someone knicked it. Innit.  
Betta. You do understand  
innit? Innit?

RITZ HOTEL  
MANAGER

Ok Madame. I am going to  
have to ask you for some ID.

POLLY

Are you people stuck on  
stupid. I don't have my  
purse which had my wallet  
and cash and ID!

The Ritz Hotel Manager talks to the Host.

RITZ HOTEL  
MANAGER

Would you go and get our  
incident report form.

RITZ HOTEL  
HOST

With pleasure.

The Ritz Hotel Host leaves to get the form. Polly and the  
Ritz Hotel Manager wait at the table.

POLLY

You don't know what a big  
mistake you are making. You  
have no idea who I am buddy.

The Ritz Hotel Host comes back with the form.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

Ok Madame. Would you please tell me your name.

POLLY

Fine. But I am going to sue you people after this.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

As you wish. Your name please.

POLLY

Paulette "Polly" Hapsburg.

The Ritz Hotel Manager gasps.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

Oh my. Did you say Hapsburg?

POLLY

Tomato, tomata. Hapsburg. That is what I said.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

Well! You must beg our pardons! We have been such arses.

POLLY

I was trying to tell you that before. I wouldn't have used the word arses myself. But that sums it up about right.

The Ritz Hotel Manager whispers in the ear of the Ritz Hotel Host who seems unclear about the change of events. After some explanation, he brightens up and salutes Polly.

RITZ HOTEL

HOST

~~Oh~~Ho. Your Highness.

POLLY

(teasing)

Your Highness... No familiarity please. I stay incognito.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

How should we address you then?

POLLY

Most people just call me Polly. That's because I don't look like a Polly. Kinda irony.

RITZ HOTEL  
MANAGER

Well here at the Ritz Hotel, we treat our highly reputable guests with the utmost respect.

POLLY

But just a second ago, I was highly likely to get my arse put in jail.

RITZ HOTEL  
MANAGER

That was our mistake Your Highness.

POLLY

You repeated it. Are you trying to tell me that I am stuck up?

RITZ HOTEL  
MANAGER

No. Just that a member from the royal family of Austria, the Habsburg are our treasured patrons. Your money is worthless here anyway.

POLLY

Well I have heard that before. So wait a minute. You mean to tell me that you know about my family the Hapsburg.

RITZ HOTEL  
MANAGER

Indeed. We know all about the elite members of royalty all over the world.

POLLY

Well I guess America is part of the world. Sort of.

RITZ HOTEL  
MANAGER

Forget the bill. It is on the house.

POLLY

Really? Well that is very kind of you. But you wouldn't have a place for me to stay for the night as well huh?

(laughing)

Just kidding. I wouldn't want to overstay my welcome.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

We don't have a room just for the night, but for as long as you like Your Highness.

POLLY

Now are you taking the Mickie?

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

No, we never take the Mickie Your Highness.

POLLY

Well shut my mouth. But please just call me Polly. I try to keep a low profile and don't want other people to know who I really am.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

We understand.  
(he winks at Polly)  
Follow me "Polly".

The Ritz Hotel Manager takes Polly to the Reception area where the RITZ HOTEL RECEPTIONIST checks her in.

RITZ HOTEL RECEPTION

RITZ HOTEL

RECEPTIONIST

Hello Sir. Can I help?

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

Yes. This is one of our most distinguished guests. Her name is -- Polly. Would you please check her into one of our Superiour Suites.

RITZ HOTEL  
 MRECEPTIONIS  
 T

My pleasure Sir.

The Ritz Hotel Manager whispers into the ear of the Ritz Hotel Receptionist. She responds with a nod to the head and a wink.

POLLY

While you guys chit chat, I will be right back. I have to use the loo.

Then the Ritz Hotel Manager talks the Ritz Hotel Receptionist while Polly is using the toilet.

RITZ HOTEL  
 MANAGER

Indeed. She is a member of the Austrian royal family. The Habsburgs.

RITZ HOTEL  
 RECEPTIONIST

I really think Austria is becoming more modern every day.

RITZ HOTEL  
 MANAGER

So do I. First that bearded lady that won the Eurovision Song Contest, now this.

RITZ HOTEL  
 RECEPTIONIST

I think it started with Arnold Schwazenegger.

RITZ HOTEL  
 MANAGER

Indeed.

Polly returns from the toilets.

POLLY

Is everything still ok?

RITZ HOTEL  
 MANAGER

More than ok. You are room 1215. Please follow our attendant. Are your bags here?



POLLY

My bags... well... oh, I  
will have my man bring my  
bags later.

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

Just let us know any way we  
can be of assistance.

Polly looks at the attendant the receptionist just called.

POLLY

Ho ... you remember what  
just happened to me ... I  
need some change for the  
evening. Could I have £100  
from my account please?

RITZ HOTEL

MANAGER

Of course. **Much as you like,  
Miss Polly.**

He gestures the receptionist who gives Polly a wad of £10 bills. Polly gives the Manager and Reception a pack of Hubba Bubba chewing gum and then goes to the lifts to go to her room.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - POLLY'S ROOM - DAY

Polly enters the room and is amazed at the luxury. It is a full suite with living, dining, bathroom, bedroom, study area and fantastic views.

She turns to the attendant and gives him £10. The boy salutes with a smile and gives her the room's card, then leaves.

POLLY

Aha! Not as stupid as Pretty  
Woman!

Polly goes to the bed and falls into it. It doesn't buckle in. She feels it is the best bed she has ever laid on.

Polly goes to the bathroom and notices how much space there is and the bathtub has a shower. She checks out the toiletries which are all from British Brands and in nice packaging.

Polly goes to the window and looks at the view.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

I think I'm really gonna  
like it here.

There is a ring at the door. Polly drops to the floor as if to hide from them. She hears that it is a RITZ HOTEL ATTENDANT.

RITZ HOTEL  
ATTENDANT

Miss. It is room service.  
Polly goes to the door and  
speaks through door.

POLLY

But I didn't order any room  
service. Are you the FBI?

RITZ HOTEL  
ATTENDANT

No Miss. I was given this  
mission by my manager.

Polly opens the door. The Ritz Hotel Attendant has a cart full of goodies and things for Polly to wear until her bags arrive.

POLLY

Wow. Tell your manager  
Thanks.

RITZ HOTEL  
ATTENDANT

It is our pleasure Your  
Highness. I mean Miss Polly.

POLLY

Just Polly will do.

She gives him £10.

RITZ HOTEL  
ATTENDANT

Thank you Miss.

Polly closes the door and inspects the cart. She drinks some of the sparkling wine on it and eats some of the fruits. She notices a note included on the middle shelf of the cart.

The card reads, "You are cordially invited to the exclusive VIP balcony at the Odeon Cinemas Theatre for the Premiere opening the new movie starring Mr. Mark Darcy."

On top of the invite is a note is a note from the Ritz Hotel Manager which reads, "Your Highness, please accept this invite on behalf of our staff."

Polly slides down on the floor with the invite clutched tightly to her chest.

POLLY  
 Cha-ching! I have hit the  
 jackpot!

Polly gets up and does a weird dance. Afterwards, she stops  
 and thinks.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 Oh my gosh. What the hell  
 will I wear? I surely can  
 not screw up this  
 opportunity.

Polly gets on the phone and calls the Receptionist.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 Hello. Help!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RITZ HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

RITZ HOTEL  
 RECEPTIONIST  
 What is it Madame. Is there  
 an emergency?

POLLY  
 Yes there is! I am invited  
 to a VIP event tomorrow  
 night and I have nothing to  
 wear!

RITZ HOTEL  
 RECEPTIONIST  
 Don't you worry. We will  
 help you with all your  
 needs. We have an in-house  
 stylist, DAVID MODA. We will  
 contact him to assist you in  
 preparing you for the event  
 tomorrow night.

POLLY  
 That would be great! What  
 time is he coming?

RITZ HOTEL  
 RECEPTIONIST  
 Since this is a bit last  
 minute, would you be able to  
 be ready at 9:00 sharp.

POLLY

I will be as sharp as a  
knife ready at 9:00  
tomorrow.

RITZ HOTEL

RECEPTIONIST

No worries. Sleep well and  
we will arrange everything  
in the meantime.

POLLY

Thank you! Good evening.

Polly hangs up the phone.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Polly goes to the entrance of the hotel. A fashionably  
dressed man approaches her.

DAVID MODA

Hello. Miss Polly?

POLLY

Oh. Are you David?

DAVID MODA

Yes I am. Nice to meet you.

POLLY

Nice to meet you. And please  
just call me Polly.

DAVID MODA

Well Polly are you ready for  
a full make over?

POLLY

I am!

David grabs her hands and they get into a black taxi.

INT. POSH BOND STREET BOUTIQUE - DAY

David and Polly arrive at the entrance of a posh boutique.  
They are greeted by the BOUTIQUE MANAGER.

BOUTIQUE

MANAGER

Are you the party with the  
Royal Highness Polly  
Habsburg?

POLLY

Um. No one is supposed to know that. I am just Polly.

BOUTIQUE

MANAGER

As you wish. You are right on time. Follow me.

Polly give the Boutique Manager a pack of Hubba Bubba chewing gum. The Manager puts it on the counter then directs them to the manicure and pedicure area. They seat Polly while David watches. Later she has her legs waxed.

Afterwards, Polly is directed to the clothing section. They provide her with various formal wear to show. One by one she tries on an outfit to let David and the Boutique Manager critic it.

Polly is put in a hair salon chair to get her hair done. Assistants come over and bring her various pictures of hairstyles. Polly picks one out.

The salon hairstylist fixes Polly's hair in a wonderful manner.

Polly is sent to have her make up done. Her eyebrows are plucked and face-contouring done. She looks at herself in the mirror.

POLLY

I think this look doesn't suit me.

DAVID

(laughing)

It's not finished yet

Polly gets the VIP treatment. She tries on various looks. They bring her new hair. She gets a manicure and pedicure and facial and looks fabulous like Cinderella before the ball going to meet her Prince.

EXT. ODEON CINEMAS - RED CARPET - NIGHT

Polly arrives in a VIP car onto the red carpet. Papparazzis are all around. No one seems to know who she is. Polly tries to pose for the photographers, but no one is taking a picture of her. She proceeds into the Odeon.

INT. ODEON CINEMAS - VIP BALCONY - NIGHT

Polly arrives at the VIP balcony and takes a seat. There are a few other people around but she is looking around only to see if Mark has already arrived.

She takes off her wrap and tries to get comfortable in her seat. No one is talking to her. She overhears a pair of VIP GUESTS talking.

VIP GUEST 1

I heard he wouldn't show up tonight.

VIP GUEST 2

Well he did just lost his wife some weeks ago.

Polly looks disappointed. The lights are dimmed and the presentation of the film starts. Her chin is resting on her hands. Someone taps her on the shoulder.

MARK

Eherm. Excuse. Can I get over there?

Polly doesn't look up but answers.

POLLY

Sure. There is no one special sitting there.

MARK

Ok.

Mark goes pass Polly in her seat. She still doesn't recognize it's him.

MARK

(CONT'D)

Do you think this movie will be worth a damn?

Polly looks over and sees it is Mark. She tries to remain calm but has a stiff smile on her face.

POLLY

Shhhh Sir. There is an important actor in this movie.

(grinning)

Mark sits back and continues to watch the movie.

Lights are turned back on after the movie is over. Polly gets up and starts to walk out. Mark follows behind greeted by the VIP waiting in the wings. Polly sees that Mark is pushed along by his assistants to leave the building. She hesitates not knowing what to do. She calls out to Mark.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Mark!

Mark's assistants turn and look back at Polly. She tries to look away as if she didn't call him. Mark breaks through and walk toward Polly.

MARK

Excuse me. Have we met?

POLLY

Well not properly. My man was delayed this evening and so I am here unescorted you see.

MARK

Ah right.

POLLY

Well. I just wanted to say. To say that well I thought you did well.

MARK

Well, thank you. And your name is?

POLLY

(speaking loudly)  
My name is the Royal Highness Polly Hapsburg of royal house of Austria.

Mark's assistants gasp. He signals for them to leave, then suavely approaches Polly and takes her hand.

MARK

I knew from the moment I saw you that I was in the presence of royalty.

Polly giggles.

MARK

(CONT'D)

Well, you shouldn't be here left all alone with those hungry jackals outside.

POLLY

Oh the British are fine people.

MARK

Shall I escort you to your driver?

POLLY

That would be wonderful.

Mark takes Polly's arm and escorts her towards the entrance of the Odeon. As they walk, they chat a little.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

I must say something.

Polly stops walking for a moment and looks Mark in his eyes.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

I send you my deepest and sincerest sympathy at the passing of your wife. What a pity to lose someone so young.

Mark and Polly continue walking.

MARK

Yes. Indeed. No one will ever be able to replace my Lizzy.

POLLY

You seem to be coping well. And attending this premiere?

MARK

Well I had to. Don't tell anyone.

Mark whispers in Polly's ears.

MARK  
(CONT'D)

I had to. It's a financial decision.

Polly smiles because she is so happy to be that close to Mark. Then she changes her facial expression back to sympathetic.

POLLY

Oh. Oh dear.

MARK

Yes. You see Lizzy was the one who handled the finances. Now that she is gone, I have to put my trust in money hungry accountants.

POLLY

What a coincidence. I am a money hungry accountant...  
(MORE)



POLLY (CONT'D)

Eherm... I mean I am an accountant.

MARK

You are?

POLLY

Naturally it is something I don't have to practice. I mean, I don't use my skills professionally. Only to help charities you see. Got my degree from some Ivy Leaf school in America. Ruined my British accent.

MARK

(smiling)

I see.

POLLY

Look, this is not the proper place to discuss such matters. If you like I could have my person contact your person and we can continue this chat another time.

Mark pulls out a card from his pocket. He takes out a pen and scribbles something on it and hands it to Polly.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

(reading)

Mark Darcy. And ooh. You wrote your private number on the card.

MARK

Only for royalty.

Mark kisses her hand and leaves Polly. Polly then takes his card and smells it like it was a rose.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - POLLY'S ROOM - DAY

Polly gets on her phone and dials a number.

POLLY

Jane you will not believe who I met this evening?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JANE'S CAR (NEW YORK) - DAY

JANE

Mark Darcy.

POLLY

(stunned)

How do you know already?

JANE

Polly sweetie. It is all over the media. It is the most retweeted message this year!

POLLY

What the hell. How do they know?

JANE

Photographers, huge media circus at the Odeon... ring any bells?

POLLY

Oh crikey. That is true! Oh my God. I am famous!

JANE

Polly. This is amazing!

POLLY

I know right. I never thought about being famous before.

JANE

No. That you actually met Mark Darcy and have taken hundreds of paparazzi shots with him no less.

POLLY

I know right. Ooh Jane. Mark.

JANE

Yes.

POLLY

I have his direct number and I need you to pretend to call him and set up an appointment for us to meet. Would you please, please, do me this huge favour?

JANE

Polly! Of course.

POLLY

Try to book it for Saturday and if possible at his place! Ok. Gotta go. I must get online to read all the news about me. Thanks Jane.

Polly hangs up the phone on Jane.

INT.MARK'S HOME (EXETER) - DAY

Polly arrives in a hire car to meet Mark at his estate. She rings the door bell and see Mark walking to open the door to let her in.

MARK

Willkommen Polly.

POLLY

Huh? Is Will coming as well?

Polly looks over her shoulder to see if anyone else was arriving.

MARK

Come in your Highness.

POLLY

Oh no. Please just call me Polly.

MARK

Polly it is.

Polly gives Mark a pack of Hubba Bubba chewing gum. He takes it.

MARK

(CONT'D)

Chewing gum?

POLLY

Not just any chewing gum. It was the kind my mom gave to me as a child after having bad dreams. It made me feel better, so I give it to others to do the same.

MARK

That is very touching.

Mark escorts her to the dining room. It is set nicely with food all prepared.

POLLY

Oh my. What a wonderful spread you have.

MARK

I thought you might like a spot of lunch.

Mark pulls out a chair so Polly can sit down. He then serves a dish for her.

POLLY

Wow. This is nice. What is it?

MARK

Pulled Pork on rye bread.

POLLY

Ooh. Fancy.

Mark pours some wine.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

And wine so early in the day.

MARK

Well it is Saturday. A holiday right? Frankly Polly, I don't want to talk shop with you today. Can we just enjoy the pleasure of each other's company?

POLLY

The pleasure I hope will not be all mine.

Mark walks over to Polly and kisses her. She falls off her chair. He helps her up.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Oh my. I didn't expect this.

MARK

Polly I was bewitched by your beauty from the moment I saw you. I can no longer hold my feelings in. Life is too short.

Mark kisses Polly again.

POLLY

But what about your wife?

MARK  
Elizabeth Bennet is dead.  
Remember?

MARK'S BEDROOM

Next Mark and Polly are in bed together. Mark rolls over and looks at Polly.

POLLY  
What just happened?

MARK  
Well, I am not sure what they call in German. But in English we call it having sex.

POLLY  
That is what I meant. How did that happen?

MARK  
These are questions I thought your parents were supposed to go over with you.

POLLY  
Mark! Stop teasing me!

MARK  
Polly look. It has been a long time since I have had sex.

POLLY  
Your wife just died a couple months ago.

MARK  
But Elizabeth was too much into her career, and writing to have time for intimacy with me. She was only really intimate with the characters in her book. But you. You Polly make me feel alive!

POLLY  
I am sorry to hear that. We should have met sooner then. I mean.

MARK  
I mean. I loved Lizzy. I still do.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

But we were more like best buddies than lovers. That was something I missed in our relationship. That is why we didn't have any children. I really want to have children.

Polly starts to cry.

MARK  
(CONT'D)

Don't feel sorry for me.

POLLY

No. I feel sorry for me!

MARK

Why?

POLLY

I can't have children! Mark hugs her.

MARK

I am so sorry to bring up this topic so early on! Please stop crying.

POLLY

This is faster than a whirlwind relationship. It is like a Big Bang Theory.

MARK

Wow. I didn't expect all this. I am going to take a shower.

MONTAGE:

Mark and Polly are seen all around Exeter, London and other places.

They visit the theatre, coffee shops and charity shops buying 2nd hand clothes.

News of their relationship spreads across the media.

Twitter, Youtube and other social medias are abuzz with news.

Rumours are found in every newspaper asking who is the mystery woman with Mark.

Paparazzis are all around snapping photos of them together.

EXT. EXETER - DAY

There is an old couple in the Town Square. Polly overhears the OLD LADY speak to her HUSBAND.

OLD LADY  
Shame how he carries on when  
his wife just died.

The Husband is reading a newspaper not making eye contact as his wife speaks.

HUSBAND  
Yes dear.

OLD LADY  
It's only been a few months  
when it was reported that  
Elizabeth Bennet is dead.

HUSBAND  
Yes dear.

The Old Lady looks and sees Polly looking at her. Polly flips her the middle finger.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Jane is in town for an art exhibition and invites Polly along. Mark also accompanies Polly.

JANE  
Polly. You made it.

POLLY  
You know I wouldn't miss  
seeing you while in London.

She hugs Jane.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Jane. I would like for you  
to meet Mark Darcy.

Mark goes to give Jane a kiss on the cheek.

MARK  
Polly has told me everything  
about you.

JANE  
The same here.

POLLY  
You two are my favourite  
people in the world.  
(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

Now you two chat amongst  
yourselves as I go and find  
the ladies room.

Polly goes to the toilets. While walking there she is  
pulling up her tights from under her clothes.

Mark and Jane continue to talk while Polly is in the  
toilet.

MARK

So Jane. I see you have a  
love of art.

JANE

Yes indeed. I have a  
collection of my own. I am  
just waiting to exhibit it  
all once I get a sponsor.

MARK

Oh really. I love art. Do  
you have some pieces that  
you could show me?

JANE

Sure. I have some on my  
website. Hold on. Let me  
show you some pictures of my  
work that I have saved on my  
mobile phone.

Jane and Mark are standing very close together as they view  
the pictures of her work on her mobile phone.

Polly emerges from the toilets and sees how close Mark and  
Jane are standing. She gets a jealous look on her face.  
Then she walks up to join them again.

POLLY

So. I see you two have hit  
it off.

MARK

Jane was showing me some of  
her pictures. I think she is  
a brilliant artist and I  
asked her if she didn't mind  
displaying her work at one  
of my studios.

POLLY

Well isn't that grand. As  
long as that is all she is  
displaying.

JANE

I am really flattered.



POLLY

Well then. Sounds like you two made a lot of plans in the short time I was in the toilets. Mark can be fast like that sometimes. Not in bed though.

MARK

Polly.

POLLY

Oh come on. She is my best friend. You gotta know we talk about "it".

JANE

Well Mark, I look forward to getting information about displaying my work. I will be in town for a short time, so if possible, the sooner the better.

MARK

I will make it happen.

POLLY

All right now. Mark and I have to dash Jane.

JANE

So soon.

POLLY

Well, we want to spend more quality time together.

Polly makes a gesture like having sex by grinding her hips.

POLLY

(CONT'D)

Ok. Tootaloo! Come on Mark.

EXT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Polly and Mark try to catch a taxi.

MARK

Polly. What was all that about back there?

POLLY

You tell me.

(mimicking)

She is a brilliant artist

MARK

I get it. You are jealous.

POLLY

What do I have to be jealous about. She is only my best friend, and gorgeous and British.

MARK

Look Polly. I know our relationship has moved along extremely quickly. Though I am a celebrity, I try not to live that rock star lifestyle. You hear me.

POLLY

I hear you Mark. I am sorry. Silly me. To accuse my own best friend of such a thing. What am I turning into?

Mark gives Polly a hug.

MARK

You are turning into someone who cares about something valuable. I hope.

They get into a taxi.

INT. JANE'S EXHIBITION DEBUT - NIGHT

Jane is having her exhibition thanks to Mark's support. It is a formal event. Lots of guests and some people from the media are present. During the evening, there is a time for speeches.

Mark gets up.

MARK

Ladies and Gentleman. Tonight has been a successful event. Would you give a round of applause to Miss Jane Winsome.

The crowd applauds.

MARK

(CONT'D)

I am happy to be here. As you all know, recently I lost my first wife. But I don't want to focus on that.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

I want to announce that  
since, I have met a special  
woman and feel very blessed.

The crowd starts taking their mobile phone out to record  
the speech. Polly gets closer to the front of the crowd.  
She seems nervous about what Mark is about to announce.

MARK CONT'D)

In fact, to my surprise,  
this woman, Polly, has  
changed my life in such a  
short period of time.

Polly drops her glass.

POLLY

Stop!

The crowd is surprised and everyone looks at Polly.

MARK

Polly. What is it?

Polly signals for Mark to come down from the podium to talk  
to her. He feels a bit embarrassed.

MARK

(CONT'D)

Excuse me Ladies and  
Gentleman. Polly is also an  
excellent PR woman among her  
other talents.

Mark gets off the podium and walks towards Polly. She grabs  
his hands and walks him in a quiet corner.

The crowd is observing and recording their every move.

MARK

(CONT'D)

Polly what is it? This is  
not the best time.

POLLY

Oh I think it is.

MARK

What is going on?

POLLY

Mark. I haven't been  
completely honest with you.

MARK

About what?

POLLY  
About me. Maybe everything.

MARK  
Come on. It can't be that  
dire?

Mark touches her face after she lowers her head.

POLLY  
I'm not referring to my hair  
colourist.

MARK  
Look at me. What is so bad?

POLLY  
I am not a Habsburg from  
Austria. I mean I am just  
Polly Hapsburg.

Polly turns away dramatically. Mark grabs her arm as she  
tries to pull away. Then Mark begins to laugh with  
increasing volume.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Seriously? You are laughing  
at the most important speech  
to anyone I have had to  
give.

Mark continues to laugh out loud.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Mark! Don't you care? Or  
maybe you feel a sense of  
relief?

MARK  
Relief?  
(trying to stop  
laughing)  
That's it. Relief.

POLLY  
Well it's better this way. I  
will pick up my things from  
your place in the next few  
days.

MARK  
Stop being so melodramatic.  
I thought I was the actor in  
this relationship.

POLLY  
I think I am feeling a bit  
ill.

Polly bends over a bit holding her mouth as if she has to  
throw up. She then quickly regains her composure.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Honestly Mark. I am  
surprised by your reaction.

MARK  
What did you expect?

POLLY  
Nothing I guess.

MARK  
Polly. I know.

POLLY  
What?

MARK  
I know. I mean I figured it  
out myself.

POLLY  
So you have been pretending  
with me all this time?

MARK  
You are a bleeping brilliant  
actress. You should take up  
the art in my opinion. I  
would hire you.

Polly punches him lightly in the chest.

POLLY  
You. You. You actor!

Polly jumps in his arms and gives him a hug.

MARK  
What was that for?

POLLY  
For you being more than a  
dream.

Polly hugs Mark again. While embraced, she asks a question.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
But what will people say?

MARK

Say about what?

POLLY

About the false pretenses we met under.

MARK

Polly. I am in the movie business. Everyone I meet is under false pretenses.

Both Mark and Polly look at each and laugh.

MARK

(CONT'D)

And by the way. Mark Darcy is just my stage name. My real name is Sid Shoeman.

They both laugh out loud.

POLLY

Those poor people at the Ritz. They really took me in when I was desperate. Though it wasn't my fault they confused me with a Royal Habsburg.

MARK

Don't you worry about the Ritz. I contacted them already and told them to put your bill on my tab. You don't owe them anything.

POLLY

Oh yes I do. If it wasn't for them I would have never had the chance to meet you.

MARK

Look right now I think we should go back out there. I have to finish my speech.

Mark goes back up on the stage. In the background Polly is routing for him.

POLLY

Speech speech!

MARK

Sorry about the pause Ladies and Gentlemen. Apparently, I had something in my teeth.

The crowd laughs.

MARK  
(CONT'D)

What I was about say is that  
let us focus on celebrating  
the remarkable exhibition by  
Jane. To Jane everyone.

The crowd toasts to Jane.

INT. MARK'S HOME (EXETER) / BEDROOM - DAY

POLLY

I am going to take things  
easy. I feel a bit  
overwhelmed about how the  
past few months have  
transpired.

She picks up a magazine and ~~sees~~ see an advertisement for a  
Harley Street private doctor for unplanned pregnancies.

The article writes "do you have morning sickness? Just  
found out you are pregnant?"

Polly thinks she might be pregnant though it shouldn't be  
possible. She jumps up out of the bed and puts on a big  
coat and proceeds to leave the house.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Polly arrives at a pharmacy wearing shades. She keeps  
looking back over her shoulder to make there are no  
paparazzis around.

She creeps around the small pharmacy making herself look  
suspicious. She finds the pregnancy test. She takes it off  
the shelf and puts it immediately in her huge coat pocket.  
She walks towards the CASHIER who has observed everything  
she did.

CASHIER

Madame. Did you plan to buy  
that or steal it?

POLLY

Sorry. I am just a famous  
person and I didn't want all  
the paparazzis to see what I  
was purchasing.

The Cashier looks around and there is absolutely not a  
person in sight.

CASHIER

Sure. Would you let me register what you put in your pocket on the till?

Polly quickly takes the pregnancy test out of her pocket and throws it over the counter and on the floor.

POLLY

Sorry I had to do that. But I didn't want the paparazzis to see what I was throwing you.

CASHIER

Oh right. Thanks. I will get that for you Madame.

The Cashier picks up the pregnancy test and proceeds to scan it.

POLLY

(whispering  
forcefully)  
Lower! Lower!

CASHIER

(whispering)  
I can't change the price Madame.

POLLY

No! Lower the container.

Polly reaches over the counter and puts her hand on the Cashier's to lower the view of the pregnancy test.

POLLY

(CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
That's better

The Cashier puts the pregnancy test in a bag.

CASHIER

That will be 8 pounds 50.

POLLY

What?! Those things are so expensive!

Polly takes out her purse and pays for the pregnancy test. She takes the bag and puts it in coat pocket.



INT.MARK'S HOME (EXETER) - DAY

Polly gets back to Mark's home and proceeds to go straight to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

She takes the pregnancy test out of the package and reads the instructions. She gets a towel to lay the stick on. She then tries to measure with her hands the distance from the toilet to the sink counter where the stick is laid.

POLLY  
Hope nothing spills on the  
floor in between that gap.

She goes to pee on the stick and then puts it back on the sink counter.

She paces around the bathroom.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
I gotta relax.

She shakes her hands to release the tension.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
Tina Turner. Remember Tina  
Turner. In tough times she  
also meditated.

She gets on the bathroom floor after laying a towel down. She closes her eyes and meditates.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
"Ooom. Nay ga chay cha la  
ga... Ooom. Nay ga chay cha  
la ga... Ooom. Nay ga chay  
cha la ga..."

She peeks open one eye to look at the stick?

POLLY (CONT'D)  
"Ooom. Nay ga chay cha la  
ga... Ooom. Nay ga chay cha  
la ga..." Scrap that. It's  
been long enough I think.

She picks up the stick. There is a full line on it.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
)  
Shit! A full line. Maybe  
that is a negative sign.

Polly takes the instructions again to confirm.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Oh my god. I am pregnant!

Polly slides down onto the floor. After a moment, she takes her mobile phone and calls Mark.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Hi Mark.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SCRIPT READING ROOM - DAY

MARK

Polly dear. Feeling better today?

POLLY

Well, you remember I told you that I wasn't able to conceive because of that nasty issue with my ovaries?

MARK

Yes.

POLLY

Well, I think a miracle has occurred.

MARK

What is it Polly? I am at a script reading session.

POLLY

Things are happening so fast.

MARK

Yes. I would agree but not this phone conversation. Can we talk about it tonight?

POLLY

I don't think the results last that long. I want you to see what I am looking at.

Polly holds up the pregnancy stick.

MARK

Well Polly. I can't very well see anything as we are not in the same place.

POLLY

Oh. Well I am holding up a stick. It has a full line on it.

MARK

Did you buy one of those selfie sticks?

POLLY

No Mark. It is a pregnancy stick!

MARK

Ooh. Who else is there with you?

POLLY

No one Mark.

MARK

Well who is pregnant then? And in my house.

POLLY

It's me Mark!

MARK

What!? I thought you said you couldn't get pregnant? Something about a nasty problem with your ovaries.

POLLY

I thought so too. I am just as surprised as you are. Oh Mark. I hope you don't think I am like one of those broom closet prostitutes who sets out to trap a Boris Becker type guy.

MARK

Don't be silly. Look, we have to talk about this evening. I will come home as soon as I get a chance. And Polly don't worry. We will sort this out.

POLLY

Ok. Bye.

Polly hangs up the phone. We see her rubbing her stomach.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)

I wonder what he meant to  
"sort this out"? I hope to  
God he doesn't mean an  
abortion -- There is no way!  
I thought I was barren, but  
now I am carrying a baby  
inside me. I will think  
about that later.

INT. MARK'S HOME (EXETER) KITCHEN - DAY

Polly is in the kitchen looking in the fridge. She finds a  
cake that looks like cookies and cream. She pulls it out of  
the fridge and places it on the table.

Then Polly gets a spoon and tastes the cake. She seems to  
like it by nodding her head and smiling. She notices a  
label under the plate that the cake is served on. It reads,  
"23 May 2015- Spotted Dick".

Polly drops the plate on the floor and spits out the cake  
that she has in her mouth.

POLLY  
Spotted Dick. Yuck! What the  
hell do these people eat  
over here!

Polly takes a napkin and wipes her mouth clean. She goes  
back to the fridge and gets something to drink.

Taking a drink she looks through the cupboards and finds  
some Marmite. Not knowing what it is, she takes it out and  
proceeds to eat a spoonful. Immediately she spits it out.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
What the hell!?

Polly moves back from the kitchen area as if it was an  
enemy trying to surround her.

POLLY  
(CONT'D)  
Get back you filthy kitchen  
with foods that I have  
tasted and now hate with a  
passion.

Polly proceeds to move to the Living Room.

CONTINUE

Polly sits on the sofa. She kicks her feet up and knocks over the standing lamp. She gets up to pick it back up. Then she turns on the television.

The lunchtime news report is on. Polly listens to the latest celebrity news. A story is on the news about her and Mark.

INT. LONDON LOCAL NEWS NETWORK STUDIOS - DAY

The ANCHOR REPORTER is reporting on breaking news about Mark Darcy and the secret woman in his life.

ANCHOR  
REPORTER

... and now to the latest Celebrity News. It has been reported that Mark Darcy, who we first brought to you the news that Elizabeth Bennet is dead report, is now engaged to a Paulette "Polly" Hapsburg from America. It is also reported that Ms. Hapsburg has a checkered past including rumours of her impersonating Royalty in order to gain access to the VIP area in the Odeon as well as obtaining free accommodation at the Ritz Carlton. Now reporting live from our Ritz Hotel location is our JASON WEBB.

JASON WEBB

Good afternoon everyone. My name is Jason Web and I am here live with an Attendant at the Ritz Hotel who delivered room service to Ms. Hapsburg. Sir, can you confirm that Ms. Hapsburg stayed at the Ritz Hotel.

\*  
\*

RITZ HOTEL ATTENDANT

Yes. I confirm that the person we now know of just Ms. Hapsburg did stay at the Ritz hotel.

JASON WEBB

And can you confirm under what pretense did Ms. Hapsburg stay at your hotel?.

RITZ HOTEL ATTENDANT

Yes. My manager told me she was a member of the Royal Family of the Habsburg from Austria. I couldn't see the family resemblance.

JASON WEBB

And what contact did you have with Ms. Habsburg?

RITZ HOTEL ATTENDANT

Well, since we thought she was royalty, we gave her the VIP treatment. I delivered her room service. Rumour had it that she said she had lost her ID.

JASON WEBB

And do you feel that Ms. Hapsburg abused the staff by misrepresenting who she really was.

RITZ HOTEL ATTENDANT

Yes. That's it. We work hard at...

JASON WEBB

(interrupting)

Thank you. Back to the studio.

ANCHOR

REPORTER

Thank you Jason for that report. Hold on a moment.

The Anchor Reporter holds his ear to listen to information.

ANCHOR

REPORTER

(CONT'D)

News just in. You heard it here first. We have just been informed by the spokesman for Karl von Habsburg, living in Germany, that Paulette "Polly" Hapsburg is not, I repeat, is not a member of the royal family of Habsburg. Shocking revelations.

(MORE)

## ANCHOR REPORTER (CONT'D)

Now ladies and gentleman, we all have to wait and see the fate of the imposter who has been seen for weeks with our beloved celebrity Mark D'arcy. Who is this mystery woman? What are her intentions? Next on NEWS we review our past story "Elizabeth Bennet is Dead".

INT. MARK'S HOME (EXETER) LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sitting on the sofa, Polly turns the tv off.

POLLY

I feel like O.J. Simpson!

She buries her face in the sofa.

INT. MARK'S HOME (EXETER) - NIGHT

Mark comes home. Polly seems afraid.

POLLY

Oh Mark! What a falafel. Everything is falling apart.

MARK

Why so final?

POLLY

You haven't heard?

MARK

What?

POLLY

I have been accused of representing the royal house of Austria, which apparently is illegal. I don't know why maybe because they think I am a Nazi.

Polly cries into Mark's chest.

MARK

Now there there. No one is going to accuse you of being a Nazi.

POLLY

No really Mark. I am afraid.  
And you know, we haven't  
even talked about the fact  
that I am pregnant now.

MARK

I know. Look we have time.  
Let us...

The doorbell rings. Mark goes to answer it to see who is  
calling. It is a POLICE OFFICER.

MARK

(CONT'D)

Who's there?

POLICE

OFFICER

Police Sir.

Polly hears that it is the police and gets down on the  
floor as if she heard gun shots. Mark opens the door.

MARK

Good day officer. How can I  
help you?

POLICE

OFFICER

We have a warrant for a Miss  
Polly Hapsburg through our  
extradition department.

MARK

Are you serious? What for?

POLICE

OFFICER

Well Sir, we have received a  
report that she has been  
using the name of the  
Hapsburg which has been  
outlawed in the European  
Union.

MARK

Aha. Well. Polly is not  
here. In fact, she left last  
night for America.

POLICE

OFFICER

Sir, we have reports that  
she has been living here.



MARK

That is true. But she had to go home suddenly. An illness in the family.

POLICE  
OFFICER

Sir. You wouldn't lie to a police officer. That is a criminal offence punishable by jail and a fine.

MARK

I am an upstanding member of the community. I certainly would not.

POLICE  
OFFICER

Do you have any way I can get in touch with her?

MARK

Ah well you will have to come back tomorrow. She is visiting a sick relative and will let me know her whereabouts when she arrives.

POLICE  
OFFICER

Ok. We will check back later. Good day.

Mark closes the door. He then goes to Polly who is still on the floor scared.

POLLY

Mark I can't go to jail! The clothes don't fit my body type.

MARK

Don't you worry. I will get the best lawyers to represent you.

POLLY

So I am going to be arrested. This is a nightmare. A nightmare! -- By the way, what is the address here?

MARK

Chadwell Estates. Elmstreet. Exeter.

POLLY  
 Elmstreet!? Oh no. I am in  
 my own nightmare on  
 Elmstreet!

INT. POLLY'S STUDIO APARTMENT (NEW YORK) - DAY

Polly wakes up and realises that her alarm clock didn't go off. There is an empty bottle of wine on her sofa table.

Polly feels her stomach as if she is pregnant. She looks around.

POLLY  
 Mark? Mark?

Then her phone rings. She picks it up.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

PETER  
 Well, well, well. Seems I  
 was right. You are home and  
 late for the board meeting  
 today.

POLLY  
 Peter Fowler?

PETER  
 Pollyana "Hap-pen to be late  
 for the board meeting -  
 sburg".

Polly hangs up the phone. She looks into the mirror.

POLLY  
 It was all a dream. There  
 are no police. I am free!

Polly gets up and does a dance. Again she goes to the mirror and looks at herself.

POLLY  
 (CONT'D)  
 I think I need a big change  
 in my life. Maybe I should  
 become an actress?! --But  
 first, I will have to go  
 into the office and quit my  
 job. --I didn't have that  
 dream just by coincidence.

FADE OUT: