

ENGLISH SUBTITLES

Every year she tries to fix me up with some bushy-haired, middle-aged bore and I feared this year would be no exception.

PAM: "There you are, dumpling".

My mum, a strange creature from the time when a gherkin was still the height of sophistication.

UNA: "Doilies, Pam? Hello, Bridget".

PAM: "Third drawer from the top, Una, under the minigherkins.

By the way, the Darcys are here. They brought Mark with them."

BRIDGET: "Ah, here we go".

PAM: "You remember Mark. You used to play in his paddling pool. He's a barrister, very well off".

BRIDGET: "No, I don't remember."

PAM: "He's divorced, apparently. His wife was Japanese. Very cruel race. Now, what are you going to put on?"

BRIDGET: "This".

PAM: "Don't be silly, Bridget. You'll never get a boyfriend if you look like you've wandered out of Auschwitz. Run upstairs. Laid out something lovely on your bed."

Great. I was wearing a carpet.

UNCLE G.: "Here she is. My little Bridget."

BRIDGET: "Hi, Uncle Geoffrey."

UNCLE G.: "Have a drink? Come on, then."

Actually not my Uncle. Someone who insists I call him "Uncle" while he gropes my ass and asks me questions dreaded by all singletons.

UNCLE G.: "So, how's your love life?"

BRIDGET: "Super. Thanks, Uncle G."

UNCLE G.: "Still no fellow, then, eh? All right then."

UNA: "You career girls can't put it off forever, you know. Tick-tock, tick-tock."

BRIDGET: "Hello, dad."

DAD: "Hello, darling."

BRIDGET: "How's it going?"

DAD: "Torture. You're mother's trying to fix you up with some divorcé. Human rights barrister. Pretty nasty beast, apparently."

Ding-dong. Maybe this time mum had got it right.

PAM: "Come on. Why don't we see if Mark fancies a gherkin."

DAD: "Good luck."

PAM: "Mark!"

Maybe this was the mysterious Mr Right I've been waiting my whole life to meet.

PAM: "You remember Bridget."

Maybe not.

PAM: "She used to run around your lawn with no clothes on, remember?"

MARK: "No, not as such."

UNA: "Come on and look at your gravy, Pam. I think it's going to need sieving."

PAM: "Of course it doesn't need sieving. Just steer it, Una.

Yes, of course. I'll be right there. Sorry. Lumpy gravy calls."

BRIDGET: "So."

MARK: "So."

BRIDGET: "Are you staying at your parents' for New Year?"

MARK: "Yes. You?"

BRIDGET: "Oh, no, no. I was in London at a party last night so I'm afraid I'm a bit hung over. Wish I could be lying with my head in a toilet like all normal people. New Year's resolution: drink less. Oh, and quit smoking. And keep New Year's resolutions. And stop talking total nonsense to strangers. In fact, stop talking full stop."

MARK: "Yes, well, perhaps it's time to eat."

MARK'S MOTHER: "Apparently she lives just around the corner from you."

MARK: "Mother, I do not need a blind date. Particularly not with some verbally incontinent spinster who smokes like a chimney, drinks like a fish and dresses like her mother."

BRIDGET: "Yummy. Turkey curry. My favourite."

And that was it. Right there. Right there. That was the moment.