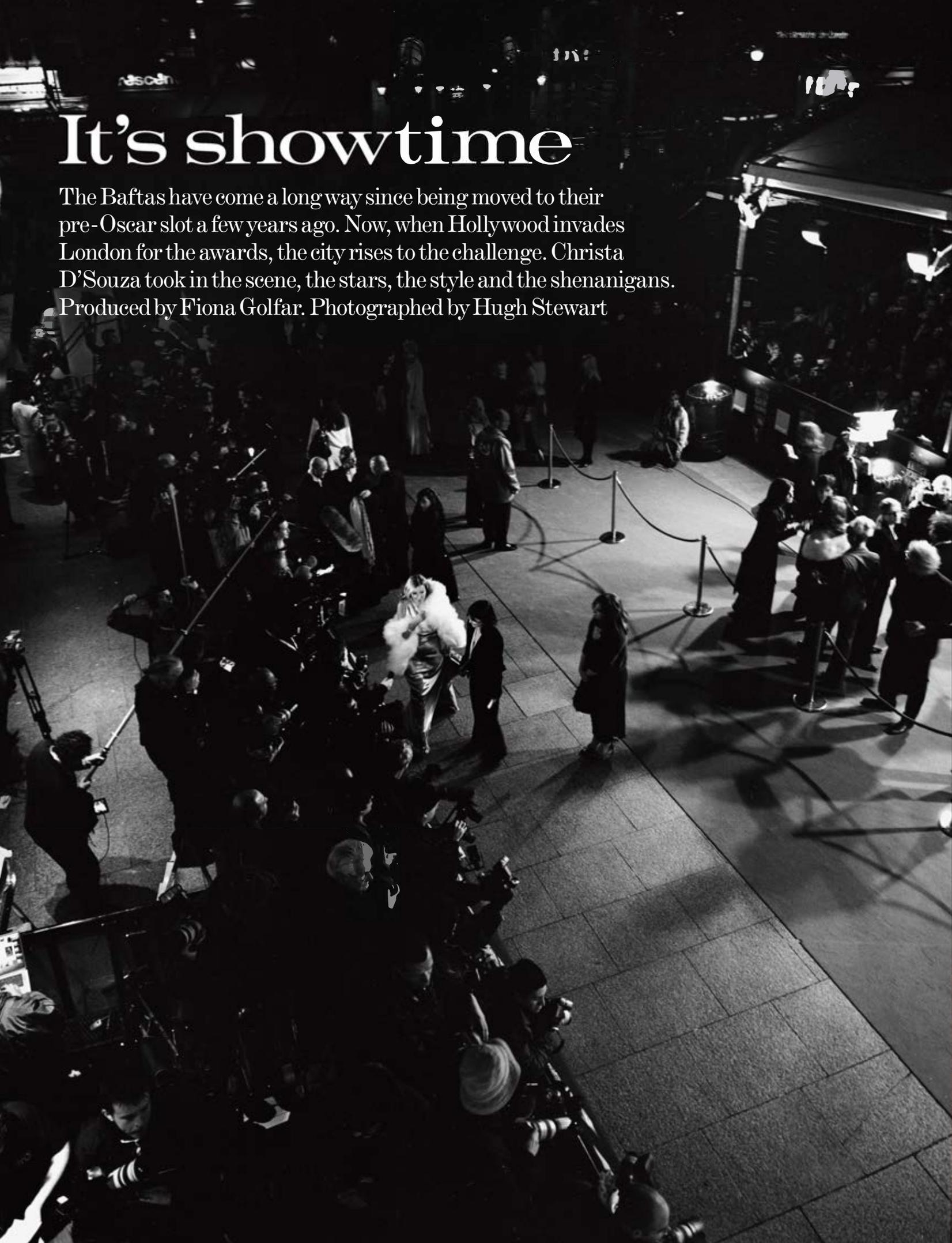


# It's showtime

The Baftas have come a long way since being moved to their pre-Oscar slot a few years ago. Now, when Hollywood invades London for the awards, the city rises to the challenge. Christa D'Souza took in the scene, the stars, the style and the shenanigans. Produced by Fiona Golfar. Photographed by Hugh Stewart



A full-page photograph of Sofia Coppola. She is seated on a wooden floor, wearing a strapless, floor-length dress with vertical black and olive green stripes. Her hands are clasped in her lap. She is wearing black pointed-toe pumps with thin ankle straps. Behind her is a large Union Jack flag. To the right, a metal stand holds a white card with the text 'LA GENS' and 'SE MENS'.

## Sofia Coppola

Nominee, Best Director and Best Original Screenplay, "Lost in Translation"

Sofia Coppola always gets it quietly right. Not only did she write, produce and direct *Lost in Translation* – arguably the best film of the year – but she also carries the banner for New York boho chic. Caught on camera in Lanvin amidst a storm of showbiz hysteria at The London Party in Middle Temple, her old-fashioned assurance and stillness shone through.

## THREE WEEKS TO GO

It is a good three weeks until the actual British Academy of Film and Television Arts Awards take place, until that huge, 8m-high gold-leaf mask will be hauled out of storage and set up on the red carpet in front of Burger King, and until all those starry, spangled bottoms sit on the edges of their faux-leopardskin seats in the stalls of the Odeon, Leicester Square. However, as we blearily file into the Bafta headquarters on Piccadilly at 8.45am to hear Stephen Fry – Bafta’s MC for four years now – announce the nominees, there is a definite feeling of anticipation, a vibe that London is gearing up for the onslaught.

A veritable spread has been laid out for us – cocktail sausages sprinkled with sesame seeds, glossy baby croissants, miniature bacon-and-egg canapés and good coffee. After some mucking around on the microphone by one of the paparazzi present, the lights are dimmed and we are shown a short, snazzily edited film of past Bafta highlights – including Michael Douglas’ eyes filling with tears as his wife accepts her Bafta for *Traffic*, Nicole accepting her Bafta for *The Hours*, the vice-president of Orange, the Baftas’ main sponsor, saying his thing, and so forth. As soon as Fry has finished announcing the nominees for each category and the lights go up, everyone taps numbers into their mobiles to disseminate the news – that *Cold Mountain* has got a whopping 13 nominations; that *The Lord of The Rings* has got 12; that *Love Actually* has only got three; that Scarlett Johansson has been nominated not once, but twice; that Nicole hasn’t been nominated at all, and so on – before filing back to the office.

## TEN DAYS TO GO

The administrative offices of Bafta, tucked behind its headquarters in a mews just off Jermyn Street, seem admirably calm. Amanda Berry, the elegant yet animated chief executive, bids me into her office, which is dominated by a large oblong table and framed newspaper covers of past Bafta years. There’s Sam Mendes accepting his award for *American Beauty*. There’s Judi Dench accepting hers for *Iris*, and there, too, is Alec Guinness accepting his for *The Bridge on the River Kwai* in 1958. Laid out in front of her is a typed list of the nominee and citation readers’ names. Those who have said “Yes” get the yellow fluorescent marker; those who say “No” get the orange one. Jennifer Aniston is a no-no because she doesn’t like flying (although she does fly in a week later for the premiere of *Along Came Polly*); as is Uma, because that’s her weekend with the kids; Nicole “wants to present, she really does”, but doesn’t know if she’s going to

be able to swing it because she’s in the middle of filming. Samantha Morton can’t do it because she’s got a big wedding to go to in Ireland, while Julia Roberts, who has been sent a request to present (along with 1,000 white roses) has not yet replied. But Jon Voight is a yes, LL Cool J’s a yes, Scarlett’s a yes and so is Alicia Silverstone. Not bad when one thinks of how, not so very long ago, the high point of the Baftas was when Bet Lynch turned up to accept her award at the Palladium...

Indeed, until the Baftas got their crucial time slot before, as opposed to after, the Oscars in 2001, that’s really what they always signified to Hollywood: “a quaint little British ceremony attended mostly by local soap stars,” as Berry, a dry cleaner’s daughter from Yorkshire, cheerfully puts it. Thanks to that

Depending on who you talk to, Scarlett Johansson is a lot of people’s project. If I were her, I’d be feeling like a tug-of-war rope, what with her every body part being seen as a billboard for someone or other’s company

date change; thanks to Miramax’s Harvey Weinstein, who has always been instrumental in bigging up the Baftas; and thanks to Nicole, who once stood on the red carpet and said it was “insulting” people even compared them to the Oscars when they were such a cool, in-their-own league thing, they have become a different animal altogether. Compound all that with the general embracing by the Hollywood A-list of London as the Capital of Cool, and with everybody, but everybody, filming here at the moment – from Renée, who’s finishing off *Bridget Jones*, to Natalie Portman, who’s doing *Closer* with Jude Law, to Johnny Depp, who’s over at Ealing Studios doing *The Libertine* (and soon to transfer to the Isle of Man) – it’s no wonder Berry’s got 200 people on the waiting-list for tickets, that she’s got the E channel coming over from LA, for the very first time, to film. Neither is it any wonder there aren’t goodie bags this year so much as goodie boxes – great big black cardboard things you could fit a toddler into, filled with his ‘n’ hers make-up kits from Lancôme, his ‘n’ hers watches from Burberry, and, OK, no vouchers for £20,000 worth of laser eye surgery like you get if you’re up for an Oscar, but state-of-the-art mobile phones nonetheless, all to be dropped off to the 250 lucky nominees and citation readers (or their assistants) on the first floor of Claridge’s, deemed the official Bafta 2004 hotel.

It is here that Lancôme, the official Bafta make-up artists, Nicky Clarke, the official Bafta hairdressers, Autore pearls, the official

Bafta jewellers, and Ashley Isham, the official Bafta women’s designer, will all take up temporary residence in interlocking suites, with Austin Reed, the official Bafta menswear designer, just across the corridor. Who knows who’s actually going to turn up? Celebs are such a fickle lot after all. But already Stephen Fry (who describes his figure to me as “a bin liner filled with yoghurt”) has committed to wearing Austin Reed. Already, too, there is talk that a dress that Autore has commissioned the designer Ben de Lisi to make – an oyster-coloured gown hand-sewn with £27,000 worth of South Sea pearls – is being considered by Scarlett Johansson’s people for her to wear on the night (get it? Girl with the Pearl Dress?). Miranda Richardson’s stylist has almost definitely said she’ll be wearing Ashley Isham,

and then there’s all the ADs and second ADs and assistants to the second ADs who need to look great on the night too...

But, oh, the shenanigans surrounding the whole “suite” issue. The official Bafta hotel may very well be Claridge’s, but in fact a splinter group has formed over at The Dorchester. A posse made up of Tamara Mellon of Jimmy Choo, MAC make-up, the hairstylists Charles Worthington and De Beers diamonds, all of whom who were at Claridge’s last year, aren’t quite sure they want to associate themselves with everyone who is there this year. Neither does any of them want to pay up the five-figure amount Bafta (a registered charity) is charging for the “deal”. “Just to get our names in the brochure?” shrugs Fran from Charles Worthington. “No, thank you very much.” Tagging along with the splinter group is someone called Inge Theron, a bubbly South African blonde with a distant connection to Charlize (“via my stepdad”), who co-runs a luxury-goods PR company called Bleach. Among Theron’s clients are the Hilton hotel jewellers Moussaieff, and The Steinmetz Group, who are co-sponsoring “The London Party”, a £300-a-ticket do hosted by United International Pictures and *Variety* magazine being held at Middle Temple the Saturday before the awards. As the press release goes, “a galaxy of stars” is expected to attend, among them, Theron promises, Scarlett Johansson, who will be formally presented, earlier that day, with a £20,000 diamond necklace from Moussaieff “for special achievement in film”. >



There aren't goodie bags this year so much as goodie boxes – great big black things you could fit a toddler into, filled with his 'n' hers make-up kits from Lancôme, his 'n' hers watches from Burberry and state-of-the-art mobile phones

## *Jude Law*

Nominee, Best Actor,  
“Cold Mountain”

The leading man of the moment was a bit surprised when he wandered, post-ceremony, into a room at the Grosvenor House Hotel and was effectively kidnapped by the *Vogue* team for his photograph. “I thought I’d come in here to do an interview with German TV,” laughed the handsome star of 25 films, including *The Talented Mr. Ripley* before sitting down, lighting a cigarette and posing for the camera while happily chatting about his children.

Does Hollywood care about the Baftas? Is there any value, at the box office, to a film winning a Bafta? "Ach, value, *schmalue*," says Miramax's Liz Miller. "It's all about the Gestalt. It's out there, it's in the air. When it comes to promoting a film, every little helps"

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## Naomi Watts

Nominee, Best Actress,  
"21 Grams"

Naomi Watts doesn't play the diva. Despite having flown in the night before and with two events later that evening, she still enthused about the Lanvin dress she wore for this shoot, which she said made her feel like a princess and look like a modern-day Marilyn.



## *Eric Fellner and Tim Bevan*

Co-chairmen, Working Title Films; winners, Bafta Award for Outstanding Contribution to British Film

It's the most successful relationship in the British film industry. These two men have 20 years of film-making under their belts (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *Elizabeth* and *Love Actually* are just three of their productions). This photograph was taken in Bridget Jones' "sitting room" at Ealing Studios on the day the film was being wrapped. A lot of dipping into Bridget's self-help books and plenty of mutual leg-pulling went on.



*Benicio Del Toro*

Nominee, Best Actor, "21 Grams"

At The London Party the night before the awards, the brooding, bear-like Puerto Rican (*Traffic*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*) had women falling at his feet. But he wasn't so busy flirting that he didn't have time to have his picture taken.



## *Ian McKellen*

Nominee, Best Supporting Actor,  
"The Lord of the Rings:  
The Return of the King"

Whereas many Hollywood actors arrive with a full entourage of publicists and assistants, Sir Ian McKellen manages on his own. The morning after losing out to his equally low-key friend Bill Nighy at the Baftas, McKellen had a quick cup of tea at The Ritz before wandering into the nearby park and playfully plucking a daffodil for his lapel.

For Ian McKellen - grooming, lit. law. Suit, from a selection, from John Vanvase



As Renée wafts out, all creamy skin and black taffeta, I hear one PA murmuring to another, “Hey, if that’s supposed to be fat, I’ll be fat”

*Renée Zellweger and  
Harvey Weinstein*

Winner, Best Supporting Actress, “Cold Mountain”; co-chairman of Miramax Films

“Why am I always surrounded by bossy women?” Harvey Weinstein jokingly asked the assembled crew at the Grosvenor House Hotel as Renée Zellweger, dressed in Carolina Herrera, taunted and teased him. A lot of big brother-little sister tomfoolery ensued, but the relationship between the two film power players—who previously worked together in *Chicago*—is clearly one of mutual admiration.

“On Saturday,” declares Theron with a steely glint in her baby-blue eyes, “Scarlett Johansson is definitely *our* project.” But then, depending on whom you talk to, Scarlett is a lot of people’s project. Indeed, if I were her, I’d be feeling a bit like a tug-of-war rope, what with this frenzy of product placement and her every body part being seen as a potential billboard for someone or other’s company. And yet, on the night itself, the stars willingly reel off whose dress, shoes and diamonds they’re wearing. But then that’s the way it always goes whenever a red carpet is rolled out – and boy, does it seem like there’s a lot of red carpets being rolled out right now. Indeed, such is the *embarras* of awards ceremonies being held at the moment, all of them desperate to get in before the “closure” of Oscar night (which this year, irritatingly, has been moved a whole month forward), it’s no wonder everyone’s running around high on Pro Plus. No wonder the talent, as one journalist covering the whole awards trail wryly observes, “hasn’t got time to pick its own nose”.

### WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 11

Four days to go until showtime, and every single London paparazzo, or so it seems, has gathered outside the portals of Sketch on Conduit Street, where Autore is throwing its pre-Baftas cocktail do. As my taxi pulls up a swarm of them looms towards the passenger door, and then slopes away in disappointment.

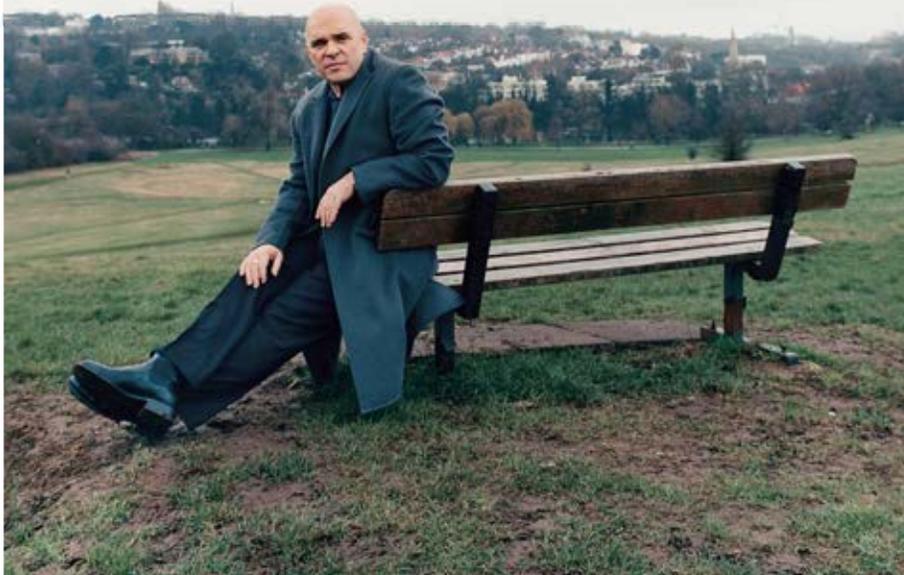
Autore, whose headquarters are in Sydney (and who, as an Australian friend of mine cheekily tells me, you’d think were responsible for the very existence of the Baftas if you were a reader of *The Sydney Morning Herald*), has obviously spent thousands on tonight’s event. The tea room on the first floor looks absolutely beautiful, with tiny tea lights glittering throughout, fresh red rose petals sprinkled everywhere, champagne, oysters, butternut-squash soup laced with Rice Krispie croutons and so forth coming at you from every corner of the room. The only missing ingredient – at this point, anyway – is the talent. Paul Bettany, Jennifer Connelly, Jude Law, Sienna Miller and Sadie Frost are all supposed to come, but so far the most famous people here are Jodie Kidd and Michelle Collins. As for the progress of *That Dress*: Patricia, Autore’s nice London publicist, tells me that unfortunately Scarlett has declined the offer to wear it. So, too, has Laura Linney, who’s nominated for Best Supporting Actress for *Mystic River*. But all is not lost. They are, as she adds brightly, in the process of speaking to Joely...

Already there are some particularly scurrilous rumours circulating. Like the one about the nominee who sent a letter of thanks to the Bafta jury member who voted for her. Or the one about the studio head who has employed someone full time to call up jury members and persuade them to vote for said studio’s films. Already, too, in true Brit style, there are those who say they’re not going to attend the awards on principle. “The Baftas will always be seen as an indication of British elitism and prejudice until they get rid of this ridiculous jury system,” as one successful screenwriter, who refuses to be named, crossly offers, “a jury system which is basically a bunch of Hampstead neighbours sitting round a smoky table, eating ciabatta and voting for their friends.” “Oh, it’s far more political than it appears,” pronounces another British Bafta member (one of some 5,000 who can vote in the first two rounds of the five-tiered process), >

## Anthony Minghella

Nominee, Best Director, Best Adapted Screenplay, Best Film, “Cold Mountain”

On Hampstead Heath, on the morning of the awards, a tired but charming Anthony Minghella told *Vogue* how he had become so used to waking up in hotel rooms that earlier that morning, he hadn’t realised he was in his own home. And there was no end in sight to his travelling, as the man responsible for *The English Patient* and *The Talented Mr Ripley* would be heading to LA for the Oscars in just a few days.



## Richard Curtis and Duncan Kenworthy

Nominees, Alexander Korda award for Outstanding British Film of the Year, “Love Actually”

The team behind such British greats as *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *Notting Hill* and *Love Actually* were all Bafta-ed out by the time this picture was shot (Kenworthy is deputy chairman of Bafta) – but there were still 24 hours to go.

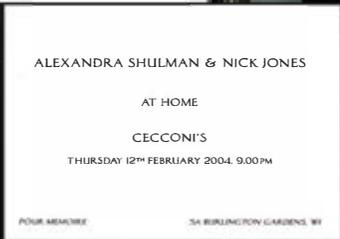




**Digging the scene at Cecconi's: above, from left, Laura Bailey, Jemima Khan and Hugh Grant. Right, LL Cool J. Below, Martine McCutcheon shares a joke with Julien Macdonald. Bottom: Steve Coogan; Jamie Oliver and Martine McCutcheon**



**Vogue celebrated the awards with a pre-Bafta party at Mayfair restaurant Cecconi's. Clockwise from above, Jacquetta Wheeler; Cate Blanchett; Nigella Lawson and Julian Metcalfe; Juergen Teller. Below, the invitation to the event**



“but more in the sense that we are so led by the nose by the Americans. It’s a bit like Blair and Bush. The British film industry would not survive without Hollywood, which is why it always ends up being about Brits giving out all these awards to American films. Is there any value, at the box office, to a film winning a Bafta? I don’t think so.”

“Ach, value, *schmalue*,” shrugs Liz Miller, the straight-talkin’, no-bullshittin’ envoy from Miramax who works out of the offices of film publicists McDonald & Rutter and who, as the lady who will be controlling the door of Harvey Weinstein’s Miramax party at the Sanderson hotel late on Sunday night, is a very, very key person to know. “It’s all about the Gestalt. It’s out there, it’s in the air. When you’re promoting a film, every little helps.”

## THURSDAY FEBRUARY 12

Tonight *Vogue* is throwing its own pre-Bafta dinner at the restaurant Cecconi’s, with its new proprietor, Nick Jones of Soho House. Inevitably there is a barrage of calls from people who want to know if their invitations got lost in the post. Inevitably there are people putting in *placement* requests. At least three people have said they *have* to sit next to Hugh Grant. Inevitably, too, there are last-minute cancellations, and cancellations of those last-minute cancellations. Naomi Watts, for one, who wasn’t going to come, has now decided she *is* going to after all. Oh, but then it’s a no again. Poor girl, it’s no surprise she’s exhausted.

## FRIDAY FEBRUARY 13

I am now sitting in the espresso bar section of The Wolseley, waiting while *Vogue* sets up a shoot for Charles Finch, the chairman of Artists Independent, whose pre-Bafta dinner at San Lorenzo takes place tomorrow night. While Finch, a heavier-set version of his father, the late actor Peter, talks into his Bluetooth, snippets of last night’s *Vogue* do – whose attendees included a heavily pregnant Cate Blanchett, Hugh Grant (who jokingly leaned over to Liberty Ross and asked, “So, Liberty, do you want to be an actress?”), Nigella Lawson, Jacquetta Wheeler, Stephen Frears, Nicholas Hytner and Patrick Marber – waft back into memory... Mariella Frostrup suddenly realising, like poor Madame Loisel in that Maupassant short story, that she was only wearing one of her borrowed diamond earrings; Sol Kerzner, who sat between her and Tamara Mellon, falling asleep; Clive Owen insisting he was only going to stay for a drink and ending up leaving somewhere around 1am; and a certain actor doing it with a certain London party girl in the loos; and the reaction to the news that the Inland Revenue is suddenly closing the tax loophole which such a large portion of the British film industry has always relied on for survival. According to the *Financial Times*, more than 20 films in pre-production may never get made thanks to this sudden decision by the Treasury.

“It’s a terrible, terrible day for British film,” says Finch, a swaggering yet likeable figure of a man, going on to explain how his clients Johnny Depp and John Malkovich (whose film *The Libertine* is one of those 20) are just *furious* about the whole thing. I ask him whether he is nervous about his party and what he thinks it will be like. “Like *Vogue*’s, only with more stars,” he says, poker-faced, going on to point out that there is absolutely no agenda to his party the following night, no sponsors (“I *hate* the word ‘sponsors’”), no press, it’s just a gathering of “mates” who happen to be in town at that particular moment. Oh, and a few wild cards “like the leader of the Tory party, Michael Howard”. Whose office, I manage to winkle out of him, hasn’t actually said no but hasn’t actually said yes, as yet, either. In other words, they may all be mates, but it’s clearly just as much of a scrabble, just as much a case of pulling every >



**Clockwise from above, Paul Bettany signs autographs; Jodie Kidd at Sketch; Nick Rhodes and John Taylor outside Sketch; Sir Bob Geldof and his girlfriend Jeanne Marine; and Bill Nighy and Naomi Watts, all at San Lorenzo**



**Designer Ben de Lisi works on a Bafta dress for Aureore pearls, the official Bafta jewellers. It’s hand-sewn with £27,000 worth of South Sea pearls**

## Charles Finch

Agent and manager

A slightly frazzled chairman of Artists Independent had breakfast at The Wolseley while pulling every last string for his starry pre-Bafta dinner at San Lorenzo.



## Billy Boyd

Actor

Glaswegian actor Billy Boyd, who played the hobbit Pippin in *The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King* (nominated for 12 Baftas) was in London to support the epic film. He was all smiles as the traffic on the Golborne Road swerved around him – he was probably anticipating his film's imminent awards sweep.

string possible for him as it is for anybody else to get the oh-so-fickle talent to commit.

"You can keep your bloody Bafta, just give me the suit," jokes Bill Nighy in a suite in The Ritz where Team *Vogue* is now temporarily assembled. Sadly all the Austin Reed jackets are too short in the arm, so the editor-at-large, Fiona Golfar, suggests we stroll down to the swish, scarlet environs of Dunhill on Bond Street to see if there is anything there for him to wear on the night. As we walk out, Nighy, with pins in the hems of his trousers, tells how his mobile keeps beeping with text messages congratulating him for awards he hasn't actually won. He tells, too, of the last time he was on the red carpet, dressed courtesy of Mr Giorgio Armani. "That was my answer to every single question," he says. "Some reporter would ask how was it working with so and so on the film and I'd answer, fantastic... But then everybody feels fantastic wearing *Mr Giorgio Armani*."

## SATURDAY FEBRUARY 14

Uh-oh. It's Saturday morning and poor Inge and her partner Jasmin have been "chucked out" of The Dorchester. Apparently Joan Parker, the daunting American terrier-like publicist for De Beers, has complained to Keith, The Dorchester's special-events man, that the girls represent "a conflict of interest" and has demanded they find alternative accommodation. As such, Bleach PR has had to decamp – jewels, look-books, promo DVDs and all – to the penthouse suite at The Berkeley. To top it all, Inge has the worst hangover in the world. But the show must go on. This afternoon she must take a rather humiliating trip back to The Dorchester, where she has now been so cruelly designated *persona non grata*, to present Scarlett Johansson with her special diamond necklace from Mrs Moussaieff. She says I can come if I pretend I'm her assistant. "Do me a favour, though," she says weakly. "If she doesn't like it, please don't write it down."

"Holy Toledo!" pronounces Scarlett when Mrs Moussaieff – a short, daunting figure in flesh hose and patent sneakers – presents her with the extraordinary pendant (two gold masks, one happy, one sad, studded all over with diamonds) in the suite where Scarlett's manager is staying. "Holy Toledo!" scowls her mother, who looks just a couple of years older than her daughter and is dressed like a college student. "Hey listen," she adds casually. "We're both in the market for some diamond studs. You got anything we can look at?"

Patricia from *Autore*, meanwhile, is in a blind panic. Joely has just decided she's not going to wear That Dress either. But she's put in a call to Sienna Guillory's people, and also to the person who looks after someone called Davinia Taylor. Have I heard of her? A TV presenter who bought Noel Gallagher's house in Hampstead?

It is now 7pm and the stars are starting to pitch up at the red-carpeted portals of Middle Temple, where the much-hyped London Party, benefiting the Elton John Aids Foundation, is to take place. Inge, standing there to receive, has obviously made a full recovery from last night and is holding a glass of champagne. The space is huge – too huge, perhaps; you could have thousands of people in here and they'd still rattle around like peas – but the turnout is pretty impressive. Paul Bettany, Naomi Watts, Sofia Coppola, Scarlett (looking actually rather sweet in her funny Bafta necklace, which she wears with a dress by Alice Temperley), her manager Marcel (looking so ashen and bug-eyed with fatigue from this Golden Globes/Baftas/Oscar conga he's been dancing, he might faint) and gosh, Benicio Del Toro, whom I have a short chat to. He's not a man of many words, it has to be said, but in some small way I feel we bond.

Across town, it's hard getting into San Lorenzo because of the sea of paparazzi gathered round the white-tiled steps, but eventually I claw my way in. Michael Howard is not here. Hugh Grant is not here, nor is Johnny Depp. But everyone else is, from Benicio to Bill Nighy, >237



## *Laura Linney*

Nominee, Best Supporting Actress, “Mystic River”

The Oscar-nominated star of *You Can Count on Me* works hard to stay unspoiled. Taking a turn around Hyde Park courtesy of Norman the cab driver just hours before the Bafta ceremony, she happily discussed the art of screen kissing.

A photograph of Stephen Fry riding a carousel horse. He is wearing a dark suit and a black turtleneck. The carousel is brightly lit with red and yellow lights. In the background, there is a sign that says "Van Gogh's Colour".

## Stephen Fry

Writer, actor, director, Bafta Awards compere

Bafta's secret weapon – and the man whose erudite wit is the reason the awards now give the Oscars a run for their money – likes nothing better than a trip to the Trocadero in London's West End for a virtual-reality horse race. The only problem is, he sometimes has a spot of bother mounting and dismounting.

Van Gogh's Colour

# LL Cool J

Musician and actor,  
Bafta presenter

Rapper, movie star and spiritual giant LL Cool J (Todd Smith to his friends) loved being photographed as a quintessential Englishman. In fact, he was so swept up by the shoot that he tried to move into the suite at Claridge's. "It's the first time I haven't been shot in rapper mode," he explained, helping himself to a cucumber sandwich. "I could get used to this."

Grooming for LL Cool J - Liz Law. Location: Claridge's Hotel, London W1. Hair - from a selection at Dolce & Gabbana. Grooming for Charles Finch - Liz Law. Location: Claridge's Hotel, London W1. Styling - Liz Law. Location: Claridge's Hotel, London W1. Photo - [unreadable]





*Joely Richardson*

Actress, Bafta presenter

Dressed in Christian Dior, Joely Richardson kills time backstage at the Odeon Leicester Square before presenting the Bafta for cinematography.

## Bill Nighy

Winner, Best Supporting Actor, "Love Actually"

Having spent years as a relatively anonymous jobbing actor, Bill Nighy is rather enjoying a spot of adulation. During the shoot outside The Ritz, he was as playful as it's possible to be, lapping up the Sixties quirkiness of his look and making everyone fall a little bit in love with him.

HUGH STEWART

