

THE BILLIONAIRE'S ACCIDENTAL BRIDE

"MARCO POLO"

Written by

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INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY

JACOB (20s, suave) is escorted in by prison guard BONNIE (40, tough-as-nails). Jacob clutches his stomach in pain.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jacob played his cards perfectly.
He had made himself vomit, knowing
it would land him here. A plan was
already forming.

Jacob sits on the medical bed as a NURSE (20s) approaches.

NURSE

Where does it hurt?

JACOB

Sharp, stinging pain... like
something's lodged in there.

The Nurse eyes him suspiciously.

NURSE

Did you swallow something to
smuggle it in?

Jacob shakes his head.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jacob knew she wouldn't believe
him. That was the point.

The Nurse closes privacy curtains around Jacob while Bonnie
stands outside keeping watch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Protocol meant privacy. Privacy
meant opportunity. Jacob knew it
would take an hour or more for the
emergency doctor to arrive. He was
counting on it.

Jacob side-eyes the curtain blocking Bonnie, smirking.

JACOB

(whispery)

Marco...

Bonnie rolls her eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bonnie prided herself on her quote-unquote "military bearing." That's what her ex-husband called it anyway. So she ignored him.

Jacob creeps along the curtain, sniffing the air.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A prison guard wearing perfume wasn't typical. Jacob filed away that detail for later.

Jacob places his head against the curtain, lowering to her height.

JACOB

(whispery)

Marco.

Suddenly, the curtain between them SWEEPS open. Bonnie storms in, baton raised.

BONNIE

Stand down! Stand down!

Jacob raises his hands, backing up to the bed.

JACOB

Alright, alright.

Bonnie glares at him, then gestures to the bed.

BONNIE

On the bed. Now.

Jacob complies, sitting down with a sly smile.

JACOB

Chanel Number Five.

BONNIE

What?

JACOB

Your perfume. A classic.

BONNIE

If you try that again, you're not leaving this infirmary.

She turns to leave, but Jacob can't resist.

JACOB
Did your husband buy it for you?

Bonnie freezes, turns back with venom in her voice.

BONNIE
You've got a big mouth, you know
what?

JACOB
Didn't think so.

Bonnie closes the curtain, stepping closer to Jacob, her hand on the taser.

BONNIE
Looks like it's up to us prison
workers to teach you some manners.

JACOB
Because what kind of a man would
buy you the perfect perfume and let
you out of his sight?

Bonnie pauses, thrown off.

BONNIE
You don't know anything about me.

JACOB
You can tell a lot from the little
things.

Bonnie removes her hand from the taser.

BONNIE
Try me.

Jacob lowers his hands.

JACOB
Women who wear Chanel spray it
where they like to be kissed...
like just under the ear...

Bonnie tries not to blush.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Coco Chanel's perfumer, Ernest
Beaux... he traveled to the Arctic
for inspiration... fresh air
northern lakes, midnight sun...
eighty scents blended into
perfection...
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)
(leaning in now)
Smell isn't the only clue. There's
sound. Like a slight Southern
drawl.. A woman far from home,
maybe always feeling that way...

Bonnie's eyes widen, betraying Jacob's accuracy.

JACOB (CONT'D)
And sight... A faint streak of
white where a wedding ring used to
be.

Bonnie glances down at her hand, noticing the mark.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Or a top button left undone,
against dress code. Deep down,
she's overdue for someone to notice
her.

Bonnie reaches to fix her button. Jacob takes her hand
gently, standing.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Touch is my favorite. You can feel
someone's heart race... their hairs
stand... their whole being aching
to break free...

Jacob steps closer, his hand lightly around her waist. Bonnie
gulps, unable to move.

JACOB (CONT'D)
There's just one sense left... the
one that really brings people
together.

Bonnie closes her eyes, leaning in. At the last moment, Jacob
whispers in her ear.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I do things for you, and you do
things for me. How's that sound?

Bonnie opens her eyes, startled but intrigued.

BONNIE
What kind of things?

CUT TO BLACK